THE STRIKERS.

The Resumption of Work on the M., K. & T.—A Gratifying Condition of Affairs all Around.

Yesterday, work was resumed all along the line of the M., K. & T., and this morning the work shops were opened as usual. The company, is again in full possession of the road and there is every indication of a prolonged peace between the officials and employes. It is useless to say that this condition of things is exceedingly gratifying to the people of Sedalia. For

A WEEK PAST

the town has been in a state of suppressed excitement and ill concealed fears of disorder similar to that which prevailed in other communities. That the strike ended without justifying any of these apprehensions, is an occasion for prevalent congratulation. But outside of any feeling of uneasiness excited by the strike, there is universal thankfulness that work has been resumed on the road. It revives business and gives a vitalizing influence to the prolonged lethargy which had settled upon the industrial forces. It sends new life along our great commercial avenues and

SETS IN MOTION

all the vital influences which lay dormant when trade had ceased. It opened up a market to the farmers, the tradesmen, the mechanic and laborer, and restores to their normal condition all the industrial agencies which combine to make a peaceful and happy community. And it is a special source of congratulation that the great M., K. & T., which is so indispensible to the prosperity of the Southwest has been restored to its proper directors, and will be in the future as in the past, the grand commercial medium through which the products of the south will find a speedy and profitable market. Considered from a purely business stand point, the strike upon this road has been of

INCALCULABLE INJURY.

Its immediate and remote consequences are not to be measured by dollars and cents, since it has unsettled values and produced a derangement in trade which it will take months to settle. It has intensified the fears which great labor movements always excite, and augmented the sensitiveness with which capital and industry always regard a panic. In view of these facts, it behooves the people connected with the M., K. & T. road to employ every energy they posses to recover the ground they have lost, and to renew the popular confidence which the strike has so

SERIOUSLY PUT IN JEOPARDY.

It is fair to presume that the men who precipitate these great social convulsions are not fully aware of the damages they occasion. Blind and unreasoning, they rush headlong to the brink of a precipice over which yawns ruin and around it clings despair. They sport with elements that may turn into a tornado which rises in desolation and spreads destruction

ON EVERY SIDE.

The communities which sympathise in these outbreaks sympathise in that which may turn them over bound hand and foot to lawlessness and riot, and give wind and breath to the flame which consumes them. Strikers are always lawless, and lawlessness is the factor out of which springs ruin and despair. That Sedalia has escaped these perils is to be set down more to accident and good luck than anything else. Isolated from the active agencies which secures society from the perils engendered by a mob, it might be destroyed before help could reach it. Not that there was anything in the demeanor of our local strikers that would occasion these apprehensions, for they were remarkably discreet,

ORDERLY AND QUIET,

but, inasmuch as they proved the exception is additional evidence of the dangerous tendencies of strikes. It is to be hoped that society will never again be menaced by perils so alarming, and that the future has in store for the men of the M., K. & T., laborers and officials, nothing but peace and happiness.

OPENING UP THIS MORNING.

Business commenced to move this morning at the Fifth street depot at 7 o'clock in accordance with the resolutions adopted by the men Sunday morning at White's Hall. The men wore cheerful faces and seemed glad to be at work again. Long trains of lumber were put upon the side tracks convenient for unloading, and orders given to agents at Schell City, Vinita and other points to re-load the stock that was unloaded one week ago when the strike was inaugurated.

PAY MASTER MORRILL,

commenced this morning to disburse the money due on the May pay rolls to the men. He will proceed South to-morrow and keep going until the last man's claim for May is liquidated.

THE DELEGATES

from the south end of the line who arrived here Saturday night, returned by the regular train last night to their homes, happy in the thought that all differences had been adjusted and that they would resume work on the morrow.

SUPERINTENDENT GARNER

wired the termination of the strike and the result, to manager Bond at Chicago, at an early hour Sunday morning. During the day a telegram was received from Mr. Bond congratulating all concerned.

Nothing In It.

While a couple of men were standing on the platform at the Garrison House, Saturday night, their attentions were attracted to cries of "murder!" proceeding from a house about a hundred yards west of them, on the railroad track. They determined to investigate, and proceeded to the house to try and find out what was the matter. They ascertaind that the gentleman of the house had attempted to whip his daughter for some misdemeanor, and his wife interfered, when they had a rough and tumble fight all round. The daughter was getting the worst of it, and yelled for help, which, were the cries heard by the gentlemen. After restoring peace between the parties, they left.

Attempted Robbery.

Last night about 12 o'clock some men tried to affect an entrance in Hobrecht's Mill for the purpose of robbing it; but one of Mr. Hobrecht's boys coming along they gave up the attempt and fled. The boy came up town and notified Officers Smith and Gray of the occurrence, and they went after the men. They arrested three men in a box car, but the boy said they were not the men, and they turned them loose. Somebody ought to make sieves out of some of these midnight marauders, and then, perhaps, the others would pick up their traps and "jump" the town.

A GIRL'S FANCY.

She Falls in Love With a Blind Fiddler and Runs Away With Him.

A woman's taste is an unknown quantity, and is one of those things which can never be calculated on with certainty. This fact is pretty well illustrated in a rather singular elopement which occurred a few days since in Cooper county, in which Miss Minnie Spears, a well-to-do farmer's daughter, eloped with

A BLIND FIDDLER

whom her parents had refused to permit her to marry. The gay Lothario in this remarkable piece of eccentricity is an Italian vagabond, very handsome and about twenty years of age, who goes about the country playing tunes for anybody who will listen to him, and give him a nickle. His name is Schutari, and this romantic appendage aided by his good looks is perhaps what won

THE GIRLS HEART.

Any way she seems to have been perfectly infatuated, and when her love was crossed by her unsympathetic parents, she managed to conduct her helpless lover to the railroad and together they fled to St. Louis where they propose to be united in marriage. Miss Spears communicated to a young friend a few days before

THE ELOPEMENT

that she meant to dress up as a dancing girl after they were married and learn to play the harp, and they would then travel from city to city and have a delightful time. This romantic damsel is about seventeen years of age and is said to be very pretty. She was well educated for her age, and had plenty of admirers in her own

SPHERE OF LIFE.

Whatever possessed her to fall in love with an apparently so unlovable object, is one of those things, which, perhaps, women alone can fully understand. Her father is now in St. Louis looking for his runaway daughter.

Death of Col. Blakey.

The sad news reaches us of the death of Col. Albert G. Blakey, editor of the Pleasant Hill *Review*. He expired at his residence in that place Saturday night after a lingering illness from dropsy of the brain. His remains passed through Sedalia Sunday morning on their way to Boonville for interment. In the going down of his sun, went out the light of a soul that was generous, noble and pure. The tidings of his death will carry sorrow and mourning to many a heart in Missouri, for he was a steadfast friend and all who knew him loved him. Almost a native of the State, for he came here in his youth, his name will never fail to inspire a tender memory. Frank in his manner sincere and open in his life, the genial sympathies of his nature beamed in his eyes and hallowed friendships which sprang from all classes and conditions in life. Gallant as a paladin, brave as a Templar, he was the pattern of courtesy and the soul of honor. Descended from an old Kentucky family he was proud of a stainless lineage, and wore without reproach an honored name. Those who knew him well would never suspect him of being proud. Yet a prouder man than Al. Blakey never lived. He was too proud to do a mean or unmanly thing. In an intimate acquaintance with him which extended over a period of twenty-five years, the writer never knew him to say an unkind thing of friend or foe. He was born in Kentucky and came to Missouri with his father in 1840. They settled six miles from Boonville on the old Georgetown road, and his father for many years kept there a noted tavern. It was here that Al. formed his large and extensive acquaintance and developed those remarkable qualities of personal fascination which became a noticeable trait through life. In 1854 his father removed to Cole Camp and established there a popular hotel. In the spring of 1858, Mr. Buchanan, then President, appointed Al. minister to one of the South American states and he did not return until 1860. At the close of the war he engaged in literary pursuits and shortly afterwords established a paper in Pleasant Hill. His career for the last half dozen years is familiar to nearly everybody in Central Missouri, and it is useless to relate it.

In his death the community which loved and honored him has lost a valuable citizen and the State one of its best and most remarkable men. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn a loss which to them is indeed irreparable.

Early Closing of Stores.

Hannibal and some other of the interior cities have inaugurated a movement for the early closing of stores during the months of July and August (Saturday excepted), so as to allow more hours of rest and relaxation to employees. It is founded on the belief that the community will readily accommodate itself to these conditions, and that a hard worked class of people will obtain by it a much needed benefit. It cannot be denied that the movement is a good one and the BAZOO hopes it may be carried out, and be as fruitful as its projectors anticipate

Couldn't Come It.

While the Germania festival was going on at the Fair ground last Tuesday night, a gentleman walked up to the gate-keeper and represented himself to be a United States detective from Texas, and asked permission to go in, as he had a man "spotted" and thought that he was attending the festival. The gate-keeper politely requested him to show his papers, and he would be admitted. The man said he had left them at the hotel. Then the gate-keeper informed him that he couldn't go in unless he showed his papers. The man persisted, and after spending half an hour in his vain endeavors to be admitted, finally give it up as a bad job, and went away. He is a prominent citizen of Johnson county, and well known in this city. What his object could have been in trying to beat his way into the festival is not known, unless it was that he wanted to save a half dollar, and thus gain admittance as a detective.

Killing of Amos Greer.

An investigation of the circumstances attending the fatal shooting of Amos Greer, an old citizen of Johnson county, on the 6th of July last, and which was at first supposed to be accidental, has revealed the fact that it was a deliberate murder. Shortly after the occurence the negro by whom the fatal shot was fired fled the country, and one circumstance after another coming to light since, leaves the firm conviction in the public mind that he was shot purposly. The negroe's name is John Baldin, and he is supposed to have gone to St. Louis.

From Colorado.

Correspondence of Bazoo.

DENVER, COL., July 27, '77.

Editor Bazoo:

Feeling like taking my ease to-day I will attempt to make good my promise to you.

I have not yet been over the State sufficient to give any general opinion of it, and have seen only along the line of the Kansas Pacific R. R., around Denver, and from here to Gov. Evan's ranch, twenty miles up Bear Creek, at which latter place we spent a week.

The "Great American Desert" of our school day geographies, commences in Kansas and reaches to the mountains. It is not a *desert*, but it is just as far from being a garden. For hundreds of miles there is found very little water and scarcely any vegetation, except the buffalo grass. There are sheep and cattle ranches scattered all over the country wherever water is found, either in springs, streams or standing pools, but it may be twenty miles from one to another, and the range is practically worth less except within reach of a water supply. During rains the streams become regular rivers, and impassable, but the next day the stream may have entirely disappeared.

John Sley, formerly of Pettis county, has a sheep ranch at Byers, a station on the Kansas Pacific railroad east of this place, and has had extra good luck with his sheep, having lost very few the past year, and obtained heavy fleeces from his whole flock. His success is due to his care and attention, his herder staying with the flock day and night, and scarcely sleeping under a roof from spring till fall.

Denver is a green spot, but it has been made so by man. The Holly water works furnishes water from the Platte river for irrigating all parts of the city, and almost every street has a stream of running water on either side by which the shade trees and gardens are made to grow luxuriously. Were the water supply to fail the yards and gardens would soon be almost bare, and add to the space from which the winds would blow and carry the dry sands.

Seven years ago this city was about the same size that Sedalia then was, but it now claims a population of 25,000, and its appearance is that of a regular city with large busines houses, well graded and kept streets, lines of street cars, numerous large hotels and fine private residences. It has but few manufactories and seems to depend on its commercial trade and the entertainment of tourists.

The snow-capped mountains are in plain sight, and appear to be at a distance of only an hour's walk, but it is seventeen miles to the foot hills, and fifty to one hundred to some of the peaks.

Several meetings have been held here to make arrangements to have Messrs. Page and Dunlap inaugurate the Murphy temperance movement here, and probably before this reaches you they will have them completed. I am sorry to learn that there has been a disturbance between the Murphy and anti-Murphy people in Sedalia. The fact that it resulted from a misunderstanding does not excuse the parties, as they should be sure they were right, before acting on street rumors.

Pratt Highleymen and family and others from Sedalia have been here, but I did not see them as I have just returned from the mountains. Yours &c, F.

Killed by a Bell.

A singular and fatal accident is said to have occurred in the vicinity of Monroe City, last Friday, by which the daughter of Mr. A. P. Vance, a well-to-do farmer, lost her life. She was ringing the farm bell for dinner. The bell occupied a position in a frame erected for the purpose, and was about ten feet from the ground. While ringing it the bell broke from its fastenings and falling, struck the girl on the head killing her instantly.

A Fatal Runaway.

About 4 o'clock Sunday evening an old man named Pierce, living twelve miles west of Sedalia, was returning from Lamonte in a light spring wagon, when the horses attached to it took fright and run away, threw him out, his body striking against a fence which run parallel with the road, producing fatal injuries. He was found a short time afterwards in an insensible condition by a neighbor and taken home, but there is no possibility of his recovery.

A Young Fiend.

The Moberly *Enterprise-Monitor* tells of a young fiend who claims to have come from Parsons, Kansas, and giving the name of Oliphant, who most brutally insulted the little six year old daughter of Conductor Duley, of the St. L., K. C. & N. road, a few days since. He was arrested and put in jail, and citizens could with difficulty be restrained from lynching him. Although so young, scarcely sixteen, he seems to possess all the characteristics of a full grown fiend.

A Slick One.

This morning about two o'clock, Officer Murphy was notified that John King, who lives north of the railroad, near the gas house, was raising quite a disturbance. As a matter of course, Officer Murphy at once proceeded to investigate, and find out what he was doing. When he arrived at King's house he found him lying on the floor, and, to all appearances, fast asleep. The officer slipped around the house to inquire of a woman what he had been doing, and while he was trying to find out, Mr. King quietly got up, slipped on his duds, and "moseyed" and has not been heard of since.

Negro Fight.

Two negro women, who live near the gas works, north of the railroad, had a rough and tumble fight about ten oclock last night, in which one of them got knocked down with a chair, cutting quite a gash over her eye, and otherwise injured her. It appears that one of them had gone blackberrying yesterday evening, and while she was out hunting for berries, she gathered quite a quantity of green walnuts. She took them home and give them to her children to play with. One of her children took one of the walnuts and went over to a neighbor' house, and while the child was over there, one of the neighbor's children took the walnut away from her. This created quite an uproar, and the mother run over to see what was the matter. She hadn't more than got in the door of the house, when a couple of flat irons whizzed by in close proximity to her head, and to clap the climax she was knocked down with a chair.

Officer Turner hearing of the affair, proceeded to investigate, and find out what was the matter. When he arrived at the scene of action everything was quiet, and after staying there a short time, went back up town.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

How a Railroad Conductor Was Taken In.

Two or three evenings since, when the western bound passenger train on the Missouri Pacific ran into the depot at Monitan station, a very nicely dressed and apparently respectable young woman got aboard and took a seat in the drawing room car.

When the conductor came, after the train had started, the lady told him with great trankness, but with evident signs of emotion, that she had no money, but having just learned that her father had

BEEN ACCIDENTALLY KILLED

in Sedalia, she had started without a moment's hesitation, trusting to the generosity of the conductor to pass her, and with assurance that the passage money would be repaid as soon as she returned. Of course the gallant railroader told her it was all right. It is doubtful if under any circumstances he could have been equal to the work of putting a girl so pretty, and so confiding

OFF THE TRAIN.

At any rate after getting through with the immediate duties in hand, he returned to her, and became very much interested in the artless prattle and bewitching graces of the country girl. He was touched at the story of her distress, and when she told him that she knew no one in Sedalia, and she was ignorant of the circumstances of her father's death, the railroad man's bosom began to yearn with a tender compassion. Whenever these great big blue eyes were raised to his swimming in tears, and the delicately chiseled mouth begun to

TWITCH WITH AGONY

he felt that the world was slipping from under his feet, and that if he ever expected to do anything in life, now was the time to do it. With this generous resolution in view, he pressed a little roll of bills on the girl's acceptance. She could hand it back to him some other time, and besides she was sure to need the money in Sedalia, where she knew no one. The blush that covered her face, the genuine reluctance with which she hesitated to receive this loan, made a

STILL DEEPER EFFECT

on the tender hearted conductor, and it was with the most studied courtesy, supplimenting his usual grace, that he handed her off the train at the Garrison House and saw her disappear in the crowd with a long sigh of compassion.

This was the last of her. He found out that no man had been killed in Sedalia, and this sorrowing daughter of Eve, is, no doubt, stell in search of the dead body of

HER LOST FATHER.

But that conductor's reflections are sad. He dosn't agree with the poet, that it is better to have been taken in once than to have ne'er been taken in at all. That girl come it over him in a way he dispises, and he keeps his weather eye skinned in a jealous search for the radient, but impecunious traveler.

SPECIAL TERM OF COURT.

A Call Session by the Judge of the Criminal Court.

Office of W. H. H. Hill, Judge of the Criminal Court, of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and the County of Johnson, at Sedalia, Mo., in vacation, July 30, 1877.

To Lemuel S. Murray, Sheriff of Pettis County:

WHEREAS, A special term of said Criminal court, within and for the said county of Pettis, has this day been called by me in vacation, to be begun and holden at the court house, in said county, on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, therefore.

You are hereby ordered to summon from the body of said county twelve good and lawful men, to be and appear before said court, at the time and place last aforesaid, to serve as a special grand jury in said court.

You are further ordered to summon from the body of said county, twenty-four good and lawful men, to serve upon a regular panel of petit jurors, to be and appear before the said court, on Thursday, the 16th day of August, next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, to serve until discharged by the court. And have you then and there, this order, with your return thereon.

Witness my hand, the day and date just above written.

WM. H. H. HILL, Judge.

UNDER THE TIMBERS.

Three Men Crushed by a Falling Derrick—Two Killed Outright and One Dies of His Injuries.

K. C. Journal of Commerce.

At the crossing of the Big Blue, on the road between Westport and Hickman's bridge, and about two miles north of the latter place, a frightful accident occurred about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. A number of men were employed in the construction of a bridge, and for the purpose of raising large stones from the ground to the top of the abutments had erected a huge derrick. This derrick was supported in its upright position by a number of guy ropes, and to all appearances was as secure as is possible to make such pieces of machinery. At the above hour a large stone was swinging aloft and several men were engaged on the ground beneath. In an instant one of the guy ropes snapped in two, the derrick swayed over and came crushing down upon the devoted laborers below. Two of the number, a man named Thomas Conners and an unknown companion, both recently from St. Louis, were instantly crushed to death and disfigured almost beyond recognition. A third man, Michael Cavanaugh, saw the falling timbers and attempted to escape it, but before he could do so he was struck by the end of it between the shoulders, anocked double to the ground, a crushed, mangled but living mass, with both legs and arms broken, and his ribs driven into his lungs. He was taken up and carried to a neighboring house. The best of medical aid was procured from this city, but his case was hopeless, and at five o'clock last evening he breathed his last.

The accident appears to have been one of those unfortunate events that no human care can provide against. The derrick, an instant before it fell, appeared to be perfectly secure, with but little strain upon the ropes. It is thought the strain and jerking upon the frame, favored by the weight of a large rock that was at that instant being raised, caused the base of the derrick to slip away a little, thereby throwing in an instant the strain of many tons upon the rope with the result above given. We learn an inquest will be held to-day.

MORSLAND'S WIFE.

An Effort Made to Obtain a Release of Her Vicious Husband.

The unfortunate lady who has the misfortune to be married to Morsland was trying yesterday to obtain his release. She had forgotten the cruelty, the injustice and the wrongs heaped upon her by the brute, and remembered only that he was her husband and in jail. It was a touching example of the foregiving spirit of a woman, but it is none the less to be hoped that she will not

OBTAIN HER REQUEST.

The evidence given before the Justice on the day of trial shows Morsland to be a brute without a single redeeming trait of character. A great strong overgrown man who will beat and abuse a frail delicate woman hasn't many of the elements of manhood about him, and it is only a matter of regret that he hasn't a yet

SEVERER PENALTY

to work out before his release. In the mean time he may have time for reflecition, and will be able to see the full measure of his disgraceful conduct in its true light. There is certainly vast room for improvement in Marsland and if his brief experience in jail is likely to have any reformatory influence, it would be a real injustice to him to abridge

A SINGLE HOUR

of his service. If the law was rigidly enforced there would be fewer wife beaters in the country. It is weak enough in all conscience, but such as it is Marsland should have the full benefit of it.

COUNTY COURT.

The Appointment of the New Judges by the Governor.

Yesterday Governor Phelps appointed Vantromp Chilton, Chas. G. Taylor and W. C. Gibson Judges of the County Court of Pettis county. The selections are in all respects satisfactory, and will be received with pleasure by the people of the county. Judge Chilson was a member of the late court and has served with marked acceptability. His re-appointment is particularly satifactory to all parts of the county. The other two members of the court are old citizens of influence and respectability intimately connected with the business interests of this part of the State, and will not fail to give an honest and conscientious discharge of their duty. The people of Pettis county may therefore congratulate themselves upon the appointments particularly fortunate in all respects.

Not True.

The report that was circulated on the streets yesterday evening, to the effect that a Mr. Ford, who lives north of the railroad track, had given his daughter such a beating on Saturday night, from the effects of which she died yesterday, is utterly false in every particular, there being no truth in the report.

A City of Sensations.

It is hardly possible for any city in the State to rival Moberly in the character and number of its sensations. It is evidently a sensational city. Within the last ten days it has had according to the *Enterprise Monitor* an impeachment trial, a railroad strike, a rape case, a baby waif, a marriage in high life, and a tornado—or rather a big blow, which is all the same. The latter occurrence however has grown to be habitual.

Starving to Death.

The Kansas City *Journal of Commerce* relates an incident just occurring in that city, which, in its peculiar aspects of distress, is one of the most remarkable cases on record. An emigrant family from the east, with young children ranging from three to seven years old, went three days without food. When found on the platform, they were literally dying of starvation. Kind hands, of course, ministered to their wants, and their distress was turned into rejoicing.

Death of Mrs. Carter.

The *Tribune* of Tuesday announces the death of Mrs. Roxana Carter wife of Mr James E. Carter, editor of the *Tribune* and daughter of Dr. Tennessee Mathews of Jefferson City. Mrs. Carter was one of those women whose lives brighten the society of which she was a leader and conspicuous ornament. Gentle and refined in manners, cultivated in taste and genuous to a fault. She came of a race with whom hospitality is a virtue and purity an instinct. Over her blameless life the memory of good deeds cluster and shine, as do the stars above her grave. Dying she has left behind her, a memory hallowed by her virtues and shrined in the hearts of those who love her.

Another Robbery.

The residence of Mr. J. N. Dalby, on Fifth street, was entered last night by a burglar, while he and his wife were at the train, and the thief came very near getting away with all of the valuables in the house. Mr. Dalby and wife had gone to the train to meet a friend, and not meeting the friend, Mrs. Dalby walked home by herself, and when she entered the house, she found all of the silverware in the house packed up in a bundle, ready to be taken away at a moment's notice. She found no one in the house, and the supposition is that the thief heard her coming and skipped out the back way. No clue has been obtained to the robber.

Taken In.

Yesterday evening a man by the name of John Lemhan, a section hand on the railroad, came down town and took in a quantity of "bug juice." He was followed around wherever he went by a rough looking young man, about twenty-eight years old. Officer Gray spotted the man on Main street, and shadowed him, as he thought he was trying to get Lemhan drunk and then go through him.

About six o'clock Lemhan got so drunk that he could scarcely walk, and the young man was trying his utmost to get him off of the street, when the officer walked up to them, and after telling the young fellow to skip, he arrested Lemhan and lodged him in the cooler. Lemhan came down town with something over twenty dollars, and when arrested had only three dollars left. The officer thinks the young fellow went through Lemhan's pockets, and the only thing that he regrets now, is that he didn't pull him too.

—The ratio of insanity is ten per cent. greater in Missouri than it was ten years ago—even allowing for the increase of population.

CUPID ON THE WAR PATH.

The Serpent in the Eden of an Otterville Home -- The Mischief Wrought by a Light O'Love.

As long as men will woo and love, bright eyed women will listen to the story never old and always sweet. Even when it is whispered over broken vows and leads to ruin, there is sure to be found somewhere, a foolish woman, who turns her back on the glories of her household, to find delight in the stolen bliss which is thought to nestle, as the old song has it, "out in the moonlight 'neath the vine." But it really doesn't make a great deal of difference whether this kind of love matures in the moonlight or in the dark corners and shaded recesses of the house.

IT IS BAD LOVE

and is sure to end in misery. Of that, an Otterville husband is just now furnishing ample attestation. Over once happy lives the shadow of a great sorrow has passed, and a ruined woman and grief-stricken husband now sit amid the shattered wrecks of all they have loved and lost. The trail of the destroyer has blighted their Eden—for the woman, despair, and for the man litelong regret.

THE PARTIES

to this affair are Jno. F. Amick a furniture dealer at Otterville, Jodie Kuykendall, a harness maker and Chas. Swearingen, together with Mrs. Amick. Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Amick attended the Southern Methodist church, of which denomination they are both members. About two o'clock Kuykendall went to Amick's house. Mr. and Mrs. A. were lying on the bed. Mrs. A. got up and invited Mr. K. into an adjoing room.

SUSPICIOUS AMICK

was not asleep, not a bit. Directly he arose and went out of doors, ostensibly to go away from the house, but in place of going away he went quietly to a side window and he saw what he was looking for. His wife was seated in K's. lap kissing, hugging and squeezing in the most approved style of ardent lovers on a Sunday night. Amick rushed in and Kuykendall made hot haste for a door out side. He succeeded in gaining the outer door with Amick in close pursuit and through the yard across a pig sty and over a high paling fence went K. hatless. He

MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE

and Amick went back and made the evening hot for Mrs. A. The people in the vicinity say that they passed a tempestuous evening. It was noised all over the town what had occurred. Groups of men discussed the matter on the street corners and the ladies met across the back fences and whispered the scandal to the others with the injunction "don't tell it to anybody for the world."

A NEW MAN.

Monday passed and nothing out of the usual way transpired excepting that Judge Miller convened the Otterville Common Pleas court, which brought together several attorneys from Boonville and Sedalia. Tuesday about eleven o'clock a. m., Charles Swearingen, a poor fellow, with little intelligence and rather weak minded, a teamster, met Amick on the street and asked him if he had some moulding to make picture frames of? He told him he had and the two went into Amick's shop, and there the bargain was completed. They had some other conversation, all of a friendly tenor, as Swearingen says, and he turned to go out of the store, when Amick pulled a revolver

AND BLAZED AWAY.

The first shot took effect in a door post, the second struck Swearingen about the small of the back and the third in the fleshy part of the left thigh.

The news spread like wild fire over the usually quiet village. Judge Miller adjourned court, and all gathered around the wounded man. Drs. Saunders and Howlett attended to Swearingen's wounds and very soon pronounced them serious, but not dangerous to his life.

AMICK GAVE HIMSELF UP,

and went before Justice Dempsey, where he waived a preliminary examination, and gave a $1,500 bond, with seven good sureties, for his appearance at the next term of the Cooper circuit court.

The rumor was current in Otterville that Swearingen wrote a note to Mrs. Amick on Monday; but S. denys it, and further says that he gave no provocation for the shooting.

AMICK INTERVIEWED.

A BAZOO reporter called on Mr. A. at his place of business, this morning, and told him that he was a representative of a newspaper, and desired to know if he had any statement to make to the public.

He answered that he was in great trouble, that he had been advised by his attorneys, Messrs. Walker & Rice, and Draffen & Williams, to not say a word about the trouble in any way, and to their advice he should adhere strictly.

Reporter—You certainly have no objections to telling why you shot Swearingen?

Amick—That is just what they told me not to tell.

R—Pretty shrewd attorneys, to keep you still. Are they afraid you will prejudice your own case?

A—I don't know. I'm going to keep my tongue tied, anyhow.

R—How old are you?

A—Forty-three.

R—How old is Mrs. Amick?

A—Thirty-six.

R—Have you any children?

A—No.

R—How long have you been married, and what was your wife's maiden name?

A—I married Rebecca Jaqesh about twenty years ago, here in Otterville, and have always lived here.

R—Then you are not willing to give the public the reason why you shot Swearingen yesterday?

A—No, not after what my attorneys told me. They came to me several times yesterday, and impressed upon my mind the necessity of keeping still.

This ended the interview, as, since the lawyers had got to him first, it was no use. If the reporter had got to him before the attorneys did, it is quite probable he would have opened his mouth and told him all about it.

JODIE KUYKENDALL

is a harness maker by trade and at one time worked in Sedalia. He is about twenty-five years of age. He bears a very good reputation. He was at work as usual this morning as if nothing had happened. He had boarded at Amick's but quit there about two months ago.

MRS. AMICK,

her neighbors say, is not a very prepossessing woman in appearance. She loves dress, and there has been some talk about her before this, but what grounds there was for it the reporter failed to learn. Public opinion is somewhat against her in the recent transaction. It is reported that her husband said that her action on Sunday was

VERY INDISCREET,

but he believes she is a virtuous woman. Last evening they were seated in front of their house together and everything, even their tempers—was placid.

CHARLES SWEARINGEN

is a young married man whose family relations have always been pleasant. His wife is described as being very pretty and of good family, and it is the wonder of the neighborhood how she happened to marry such a fellow as he, who now lies on his back pierced with leaden balls. He is poor as poor can be and doubtless will soon be a charge upon the charitably disposed of Otterville and vicinity. The ball which went into his body has not yet been extracted. The shooting of Swearingen is shrouded in mystery. He declares that he gave no provocation and probably Amick has, or at least thinks he has a good excuse for attemping to take his life.

Such things are rarely done without a provocation; but what it was, it must be left to time to develop.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

A Scene in a Blackberry Patch that Has Led to Unhappiness in the Domestic Circle.

Some nine miles southwest of Sedalia lives an old gentleman, who about a year ago married a young wife. She was very pretty—a jolly, good natured sort of a girl, not altogether refined, but entirely proper and she succeeded very soon in becoming the apple of the old man's eye. He had children by another wife but they were grown and out of the way, and his laughing young wife, sat in his heart like a sweet sun-flower. She was indeed the

OLD MAN'S DARLING,

and he lavished upon her all the affections which old age and the rude buffetings of the world left him to lavish. But of late his wife had discovered an extraordinary fondness for picking blackberries. She makes a regular business out of it and goes every day. Strange to say she rarely has good luck and the amount of blackberries she has picked would not make a good sized pie or a tumbler of jam. After she had been gone a few hours Saturday, the old man concluded he would join her, and assist in filling her basket. It troubled him to think his gleesome black-eyed rose should have

SUCH BAD LUCK.

After searching for her over brake and bramble for an hour or two, he found her. But she wasn't picking blackberries. She was sitting down in a dense growth of underbrush, where the blue grass was soft and luxuriant and the green leaves were stirred by summer breezes; and close beside her sat a young man, the son of a neighbor. He wasn't picking blackberries either. It is true the couple might have gone their to rest. It was cool and nice, and was just the spot where the tired body might be thrown with a sense of ineffable relief. But somehow the old man didn't like it, and he came upon them with a shout that would have made pale the grandeur of an Indian war whoop. The young man cast one hurried glance at that

GRAY HAIRED APPARITION,

and then he vanished—dusted—got up, as it were, and lit. No race horse could equal his speed. The dun deer of the forest and prairie would have been put to shame in his flight. But the lady stood her ground. It was useless to run, and besides beauty is always bold. It may have been that she had no place to run to, except to her home, and that would only have postponed the interview, and besides, why should she run? She was only resting under the shade of the trees, and enjoying the perfume of

FOREST ODORS.

The old man raved and stormed, but it did no good, and as he watched the flush of pearly cheeks and eyes swimming in tears his heart relented. Reproaches finally melted into tenderness, and forgiveness hallowed reconciliation. That is all there is in it. But there has been no more blackberrying. It has been given up as a useless waste of labor. The young man who happened along that way accidentally is perhaps, still running. At all events nothing has been heard of him since.

A COAL STRIKE.

The Denizens of the Mines Take a Turn at the Wheel.

A special to the BAZOO from Lexington, last night, conveys the information that the coal miners in the vicinity of that city and Richmond, had struck for higher wages and shorter time. It is also believed that they are acting in connection with those of Huntsville and Camden, from which places, however, no reliable intelligence has been received. The men at Lexington are orderly, and disclaim any intention of

USING VIOLENCE,

but they utterly refuse to go to work again or suffer others to take their places until their demands are complied with. They deferred their strike until after the railroad difficulties had been adjusted, for the simple reason that when there was no means of transportation, a strike would not have amounted to anything. The miners are evidently under the guide of

SAGACIOUS LEADERSHIP,

and serious trouble is anticipated before the matter is settled. The owners of the mines declare themselves unable to pay any more than they are now giving for labor.

Discharged.

The trial of Mrs. Richardson—mother of Winfred Richardson, the jewelery thief—for being a receiver of stolen goods, was held at Squire Reese's office this morning, and resulted in her being discharged.

Thievery.

Mr. Peter Wire, an employe of Mr. Kulmer's livery stable, on Indana street, had a watch worth about $25, and $2 in money stolen from him Sunday morning by a man named Tom Rankin who had been working at the stable. No trace of the thief has been discovered.

Serenaders.

The Sedalia brass band was out last night—they first went to Col. Jayne's house and played several tunes, when the Colonel responded in a short but very appropriate address. They next proceeded to the Garrison House and serenaded Maj. Garner, who also responded warmly. After visiting several other places they all dispersed to their homes.

TRACKING A FIEND.

A Detective's Long Search and Successful Capture—A Kentucky Desperado Caught in the Mountains and Taken Back to the Scene of His Exploits—A Terrible Tragedy.

Last night in the sleeper of the Missouri Pacific train sat two men, one of them heavily ironed. The prisoner was John Owens, a noted desperado, of Grayson county, Kentucky—the other was Detective William Blythe, of Louisville. Owens had been captured by the officer in a mining camp near Pueblo, Colorado, and was being taken back to Kentucky to be put on trial for the murder of the Williams family two years ago. The circumstances of

THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY,

as a representative of the BAZOO learned them in a hasty interview with the detective, were as follows:

Andrew Williams, his daughter Amelia, a girl of eighteen and his son James sixteen years of age, lived near Litchfield, in Grayson county, and were respectable and influential people. Young Owens was a suitor of Miss Williams and had been rejected. He was of a

SULLEN AND MOROSE

disposition, and resented the slight put upon his affections with all the bitterness of his nature; and declared that if he couldn't have the girl no one else should. The report that she was shortly to be married excited him to frenzy, and armed with a revolver, he went to the Williams homestead on the night of the 20th of April, 1875, and inquired for Miss Williams. The family were seated at supper and he was directed to the dining room. Reaching the door of the apartment he halted, and directing his inquiry to Miss Williams, demanded if it was true that she was about to marry. There may have been something in the man's voice or action that frightened her. But at the sound of his voice she rose hastily from the table and attempted to leave the room. As she did so the fiend fired, shooting her through the heart and

KILLING HER INSTANTLY.

The father and son sprang towards him, and on them the tiger turned his pistol, firing rapidly until the revolver was empty. The father fell mortally wounded and expired that night. The boy lingered for a week and then died. Owens then turned leisurely on his heels and left the house—then fled the country. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension, but

NO CLUE WAS FOUND

to his whereabouts, until a month ago, the police at Louisville received information that a sister of Owens was corresponding with John O. Martin, in Colorado, which was believed to be the fictitious name of her brother John. On this information detective Blythe was dispatched to Colorado. The suspicion proved correct, and John Owens was captured. He is a young man about twenty-five years of age, heavy featured, with a black beetling brow and repulsive cast of countenance. He admits his crime, and says he would act the same way if it was to do over again. These are all the particulars, which, in a brief interview, the reporter was able to learn; but they indicate that John Owens stands an admirable chance of expiating his terrible crime upon the gallows.

ON THE ROAD.

A Man Leaves His Home and Family and Goes in Search of Work—His Wife Arrives in the City Last Night in Search of Him.

A woman arrived in this city yesterday evening on the Lexington Branch train, having with her two little children aged respectively eight and four years of age. The woman arrived here in destitute circumstances. She said her name was Griffin, and previous to her husband leaving home in search of work, they had been living in the town of Wallace, on the Atchison Branch road. When her husband left home he went to Lexington, and got work there, he telegraphed for her to pack up her things and come where he was. She immediately packed up all of her things, and after she had got them all ready to leave, she received another telegram from her husband, telling her not to come for a day or two. Having got her household goods all packed and ready to leave, she paid no attention to the last telegram, however, and got on a train and went to Lexington. When she arrived she found that her husband had left and come to Sedalia, and she got on the Branch train and came to this city. She says she thinks he is here, and hopes to find him at work. If she don't find him here, she intends to go to Joplin, to look for him.

Officer Turner gave her a place to sleep last night, and this morning Mr. Manker gave her some breakfast. The children are both very nice little girls, and are too young to realize their position. She is an honest hard-working woman, and it is to be hoped that she will succeed in finding her husband.

Lamonte Items.

These items are furnished this paper by T. J. Mason, Esq., who is the agent at Lamonte for the Daily and Weekly BAZOO. He will receive orders for subscription and advertising. His receipts for money will be honored by this office.

LAMONTE, August 1st, 1877.

—Shipping of grain has again commenced from this point and it is hoped will continue,

—The temperance folks have been here and commenced work. There is a protracted meeting going on in the Methodist church. A petition is being circulated to have the convicts removed, and is getting a great many names, but many wish the laws to take its course and wish light on the subject. Jule Bush and G. H. Handy, have brushed up their store houses and they look very nice. The suffering miners have held two or three meetings. The farmers are threshing their wheat and preparing the ground for another crop. We had a fine rain last night. All these things have taken place since we have said anything to your readers. We are now at home and will let you hear from this place occasionally.

August 2nd, 1877.

—A large party of young folks of this place and vicinity go this morning to McAlister's Spring's on a pic-nic excursion.

—The protracted meeting is still in progress at the Methodist church, and attended with some success. A few enquirers for the way of life.