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J. WEST GOODWIN,
Editor and Proprietor

SEDALIA WEEKLY BAZOO.

VOLUME IX. SEDALIA, MISSOURI TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1877. NUMBER 9.

DAILY BAZOO

The oldest daily paper in the city, and extensively read throughout the central portion of the State, by business men, and reaching all classes, it offers inducements to advertisers as the best medium through which to reach the public.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS

We have adopted and will strictly adhere to the following rules:

All subscriptions for the WEEKLY BAZOO must be paid for in advance.

All papers will be promptly stopped upon the expiration of the subscription, unless notification of renewal, accompanied by the cash, is received previous to such expiration.

The time of expiration is printed with each direction, and subscribers may rest assured that the paper will be promptly stopped at that date.

OUR LOCAL AFFAIRS.

It is understood that the council meets to-night to take into consideration the difficulties between the Mayor and the Marketmaster. It is peculiarly a local concern and should be settled, with an eye single to the interests of the city and people. It makes no earthly difference what may be the politics of the parties in the controversy. The council has nothing to do with political opinions. Its business is to take care that the public whom it represents shall suffer no injury from a faithless or incompetent officer. Yet the fear has been expressed on the street and elsewhere that the council would look at the difficulty from a purely political standpoint; the Republicans siding with the Marketmaster and the Democrats with the Mayor. It is to be hoped that this will not be the case, no matter what conclusions may be arrived at. It only needs such a nonsensical and utterly reprehensible course to press home the conviction that Sedalia has now the worst local administration it has been called upon to endure. Men who are unable to rise above the local clannishness of small partisans are certainly unfit to have control of the municipal affairs of so important a town as Sedalia. The question properly before the council to-night is simply this: Is the Marketmaster guilty of the charges preferred against him by the Mayor? Has he neglected to discharge the duties of his office? If he is justly amenable to the complaints on which these charges are founded, he is certainly incompetent, and no matter what his politics is, he ought to be removed from office. If he is not guilty—if he has performed the duties of his office, according to the ordinances, he should be sustained by the council. There is, and should be, no question of politics in the matter. Sedalia is entirely too small a city to incur the risk of a neglect of public duties in order that an official may be maintained in office on account of his political opinions. The BAZOO hazards no opinion as to the merits of the controversy. It neither takes Mayor Clark's view of the difficulty or Mr. Shanafelt's. It only knows, or cares to know, that our local officials are indulging in a wrangle alike disgraceful to the city and injurious to the public service. Whichever side is to blame should be made to pay the penalty of their wrong doing. It doesn't matter the toss of a copper to the people of Sedalia whether one man or the other is a Democrat or a Republican. But it does matter immensely whether this disreputable wrangle goes on indefinitely or not.

FORTUNE SEEKING.

In the good old days of our grandfathers, society was very much as it is now. It is the custom of old people to dwell with a relishing delight upon the story of how things were done when they were boys and girls. But humanity has been the same in all the ages, and civilization, with its onward and far reaching pace, has merely polished without digging up by the roots, the evils of society. Now and then we see a virtue redolent of old time purity, blooming on the stem of a latter day exotic, while its companion flower nurses the nettle of an ancient evil. But there is one thing about society which has never masked its features or changed its complexion: that is fortune seeking. It is one of the rank weeds which has tangled itself in the social parterres, and has grown for centuries interlaced with its bursting buds and fragrant roses. It is both an exotic and home grown flower. It springs from all conditions of life.

It may be, perhaps, to some extent, the result of the mischances with which our social life is so thickly strewn. Fashionable life cultivates tastes which poverty is unable to extinguish. Young men and women are educated in the belief that they must make a fortunate marriage. Every other consideration is made subordinate to this. They look to marriage as a means of surrounding themselves with luxuries that can be acquired in no other way. Brought up with vitiated tastes and extravagant ideas of what is proper and right, and perhaps an exaggerated estimate of their own charms and deserts, they throw themselves into the social current, caring little in what direction it leads, so that they are wafted to a haven of fortune. Some of them have this idea instilled into their minds from earliest infancy. It grows with their growth and becomes a part of their nature. Like the patient angler, they bide their time and wait for the favorable moment to land their golden fish. Educated to this purpose in life, their affections run to waste—their hearts become innured to selfishness and meanness, and when it happens, as it often does, that they miss their chance in life, they are like the unwise mariner, who goes to sea on a shattered plank, and trusts to miracles for safety. The young men and women who stake their fortune upon the uncertainties of a rich marriage, are liable, in the end, to reach their goal, bankrupt in sentiment and desolate in fortune. Like the gambler who has hazarded his all upon the turn of a card, the wager is more frequently lost than won. The stake may be but little, but small or great, it carries with it the hopes and happiness of a life.

Better, by far, to be guided by the homely rule to "earn what you wear." The acquisition may be slow, but it is certain. Toil is the only true nobility—the only true courage. There is no honor in being thrown by accident upon fortune's summit. The glory is, to mount it.

Old fashions become new when they are forgotten.

Gen. Gibbon is called the hero of Big Hole Pass.

Tice sows the wind, but the country reaps the tornado.

Terry and Crook should join in the pursuit of Joseph.

The dog killers have disappeared with the dog days.

The kiss of a Sweet Springs girl has a Saline flavor.

The Internationalist's idea of liberty, is to do as he pleases.

A nod is as good as a wink, to a long winded preacher.

Howard proposes; but Joseph doesn't agree with him.

Surplus labor can find no relief but in diversity of industry.

Milk punches are knock down arguments for temperance.

A great many men leave their opportunities behind them.

There is a great deal of re-Joyce-ing in the Whisky Ring, now.

Anna Dickinson loves justice. The most of her sex love men.

Kemball is taking the starch out of the Administration Schurz.

Suspicion is a sort of boomerang, and always strikes backward.

There is no particular style required in eating corn off of the cob.

Brownsville subserves the purpose of a depot for the Sweet Springs.

Militia companies are organized as safety valves for surplus valor.

The editor who plays upon words, is generally a pun-gent writer.

Kate Claxton is a grass widow. No wonder she has so many flames.

Horsethief Vigilantes, is the name of a Vernon county association.

Every tramp is a poor devil; but every poor devil is not a tramp.

Wisconsin Sunday school scholars go on excursions to the Devil's Lake.

Hilton persists in his refusal to "Open his Windows Towards Jerusalem."

Very few people in Central Missouri have escaped the Murphy excitement.

The man inclined to save for a rainy day, should never forget his umbrella.

Young men who never propose, are not considered, by the girls, beaux of promise.

Gail Hamilton has large feet. That is the reason it hurts so when she treads on a man.

The theatre of the war needs a drop curtain to hide its atrocities from the public gaze.

It shows good taste in the Londoners to call Fanny Davenport the beautiful American.

Side saddles are going out of fashion. The lady of the future will ride like a man.

That was rather an artistic blending of profane and sacred poesy, when the old lady sang at camp meeting: "We flung our clothes on the gravelly beach and waded across to Canaan."

Pastors should remember that the hot months are peculiarly adapted to short sermons.

An Indian never laughs. That's the reason Joseph fails to see the fun in Howard's dispatches.

The mule ought to make a genuine striker. He generally carries with him the traces of labor.

Howard's order to his troops: Keep, oh, keep near the telegraph wires, but don't go near the Indians.

The lightning, imitating the example of the laborers, has gone on a strike all over the country, of late.

The reason the working men are putting out State tickets is explained: they want a home rule that will work.

It is a terrible blow to a lady's religious serenity to be compelled to wear a last year's bonnet to meeting.

The man who compliments his parson on a long sermon, is a true Christian. He likes to make his enemies happy.

A pull-back doesn't invariably indicate a stringency in the sugar market although it's binding on a sweet thing.

The President doesn't expect to be at the next Bennington Centennial, so he proposes to make the most of this.

The new fashioned railroad tickets relieves conductors of all responsibility, and considerable revenue at the same time.

Kite flying has become a family affair in Canada. John and Sarah Kite, cousins, eloped from Montreal, last week.

There is no question but what Gen. Howard has hostile intentions towards the Nez Perces, but he seldom carries them into effect.

Kindergarten schools are largely patronized in the cities. The educational facilities of Sedalia will never be complete without one.

Men will generally raise money to have their dogs registered, whether they can afford a washerwoman for their wives or not.

Of the two American representatives recently attracting attention in Europe, the natives take kindlier to Grant than the potato bug.

The St. Louis *Times* has a very accurate conception of the situation, when it remarks: "Better one hour of Gibbon, than a whole century of Howard."

If the St. Louis Browns want an engagement really worth their bat sticks, let them come to Sedalia. Our nine is in search of more worlds to conquer.

Rossetti's great picture "Venus Astarte," represents a beautiful woman just emerging from the sea. It's enough to give anybody a start to see a Goddess in that kind of fashion.

New Life for Women

'Tis generally believed that woman is more subject to disease than man; such is not the case; but from the modes and customs Tyrant Fashion imposes on her, and her disregard of the laws of health, to-day not one in ten is in good health. This would be fearful, were it not for the fact that Dr. Turner's New Life for Women is a sure and certain cure for all diseases and derangements peculiar to them. It cures whites, ulceration of the womb, hysterics, green sickness, palpitation, headache, smothering, drawing down pains in the stomach, bowels, limbs and backs. It is a mild yet perfect uterine regulator in painful, irregular, obstructed, suppressed or profuse menstruation, effective in establishing nature in delicate young girls; also in change of life, aiding digestion, removing barrenness and sterility, and all derangements and diseases of women.

Prepared only by Dr. Louis Turner, who makes a special practice of diseases of women, at 810 North Eleventh street, St. Louis, Missouri. Price, $3.00 per package. Send one stamp for 115 page pamphlet. Sold by Bard & Miller, Sedalia, Mo.
[2-2d&w]

To the Afflicted.

Pains in the back, head, heart, lungs' rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatic gout, nervous and kidney diseases, positively cured by Dr. Fosters Rheumatic Remedy and Vegetable Liver Pills. A physician's specialties for 42 years, never fail when taken as directed. Charles Roll & Co., sole agents for Sedalia.
235:d&w1y

Read This.

Go to your druggist Chas. Roll & Co. and get Dr, Fitler's Rheumatic remedy and Liver Pills. They will cure the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, it matters not how long standing.
3-25d&w1y.

Wanted

A boy to learn the printing business at the BAZOO office, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who has a good common school education, willing to do as he is told to work and make himself useful. A lad living with his parents preferred. The boy must agree to stay three years, and none not willing to to do need apply. tf

—Notes given for Pettis county maps must be paid with interest at the Sedalia Savings Bank when due, or costs will be made. WARNER & FOOTE.

Written for the Sunday Morning Bazoo.

BOTH SIDES.

BY ROSA PEARLE.

[She, at the Springs.]

Yes sir, 'tis really quite charming—
Please don't hold my fingers so tight—
There is nothing more sweet to the senses—
"Than love?" No! the moon's glowing light,
It makes one forget one is married,
And pictures of Fairy land brings—
"You're fond of the fairies?" how naughty,
But still it is nice at the Springs.

[Writes to her husband.]

Dear one, I am writing to tell you
I slowly am gaining in strength,
But the days, my own precious darling
Without you seem years in their length.
To-night while the moonlight was shining,
I sat in my room all alone,
And I sighed (may the good Lord forgive me)
For you with a heart-weary moan.

[He, at home.]

Yes, it is rather nice I confess it,
To be left quite alone for awhile—
That girl in the opposite window
Has truly a ravishing smile;
I think, I'll improve the acquaintance,
What joy precious liberty flings,
Here boy is a dollar, this note, yum! Miss B—
I hope wife will STAY at the Springs.

[Writes to his wife.]

My wife—what a tender sweet music
The name wakes to life in my heart—
I scarce can attend to dull business
Since you and myself are apart;
I long for your presence, my dear one,
From morn till the evening draws nigh
Then the hours spend in sweetest communing,
(If she knew WHERE, I'd catch it) Good bye.

TAKEN TO JAIL.

For Prowling Around the Streets Late at Night, and Resisting the Police.

Officers Gray and Smith had a desperate struggle with a street prowler Friday night, and were obliged to call three citizens to their assistance before they could get him to the cooler. The midnight marauder was perambulating Ohio street at a late hour of the night, and as his movements were rather suspicious, the officers thought they would take him in. They walked up to him and asked him what he was doing on the street at that time of the night, when all of the people were asleep; but he only uttered a hoarse grunt of rage, and made for the officers with head lowered and fire flashing from his eyes. The officers made a grab for him as he dashed at them, but he eluded their grasp, and, wheeling around, came at them again with the force of a battering ram. They were more successful this time, and succeeded in getting a good hold on him, but as he was a powerful fellow, he easily got loose and went for them a third time. They got good hold on him this time and held him. When they attempted to march him to the cooler, however, he set his feet forward, shut his eyes, and refused to budge an inch. After trying in vain to drag him to the calabooze, the officers summoned three men who had gathered around during the struggle, and they carried him to the lock-up, he kicking and struggling, and making the night re-echo with his yells. He is no stranger in the city, having been a resident for quite a while, and had, up to Friday night conducted himself in a very quiet and orderly manner. He is an employee of Mr. Farnham's livery stable, having been employed there for some time. He will be released to morrow morning on remitting a heavy fine for disturbing the peace and resisting the officers of the law. The BAZOO refrains for prudential reasons, from giving his name, as he is well known in the city, and a notice sprearing in the papers that he was arrested, might make him lose his situation.

GONE UP.

Mattie Bufford Sentenced to Four Years in the Pen, while Henry Williams goes for Nine.

An account appeared in the BAZOO a few weeks since of Mattie Bufford, stealing from between sixty and ninety dollars from Sicher Bros., and her subsequent confession of the theft, and, later of the arrest of one Henry Williams, an old penitentiary bird, for burglariously entering the packing house of Snedaker & Kearns, and stealing therefrom, some ten or twelve hams, They both appeared befored before Squire Clark, who remanded them to the county jail, to await the special session of the criminal court, which convened on the 15th inst. "Guina," as Henry Williams as usually called, on account of his close resemblance to that fowl, had his trial Friday evening, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for nine years. This makes the fourth time this high-toned gentleman has had the pleasure of residing in that nice place.

Mattie Bufford had her trial the same day that Guina had his trial, and pleaded guilty of burglarizing Sicher Bros., and was given permission to accompany the meat thief to his future place of residence. She goes for four years, and it will, no doubt, learn her to be more careful, in the future, about whose money she takes.

Sheriff Murray left yesterday morning with the prisoners on the nine o'clock train for Jefferson City, where he will turn them over to the tender mercies of the warden of the pen. The depot platform was literally crowded with "coons," who assembled to bid them good-bye.

They are both hard cases, and expressed no compulsion at going to Jeff. If they did, they didn't show it, and laughed and chatted with their friends as if they hadn't the least fear of going to the pen.

Criminal Court.

The Criminal court adojourned at 9 o'clock yesterday morning until the regular November term having got through with all the business before it.

In the Toils.

Thos. Ferrell, a young man living in this city, was arrested Friday, by officer Murphy, and lodged in the cooler, charged with robbing Terrence O'Brien. Ferrell was taken out of the cooler on a State warrant, by constable Conners, and put in the county jail, to await trial.

SWEET SPRINGS.

The Party Friday Night.—Costumes Worn and Characters Represented.—Who Rolls Ten Pins Arkansas Fashion—Personal and General Items.

"The young delight to dance, the old to pray." So spoke a wise and philosophic Greek. The quaint epigram is as true to-day as when the brilliant Pericles uttered it to the Athenian youth. Fashion has her votaries, and morality its disciples, but young blood will quicken to the music of sweet sounds, and bright eyes gladden to the thrilling raptures of the dance. It is right that it should be so, for age comes on apace, and the subtle limbs grow weary and the feathery tread like lead. Perhaps without thinking of them, the young people at the Sweet Springs have acted upon these reflections. At all events, they have had

A SPLENDID DANCE

and enjoyed it in a regal way. For weeks it has been the one thing uppermost in the minds of the guests and the brilliant butterflies of fashion round about. The news of it went far and wide, and Friday night one of the most elegant and *recherche* gatherings of the season assembled in the splendidly appointed ball room, and chased the hours with flying feet far into the gray dawn of Saturday morning. As early as nine o'clock fifty couples were in the room, waiting impatiently for the first throb of the music to quicken into action the quivering feet that ached for motion. It came; down the long hall went the eager couples: men in their prime of youth and vigor, women in all their loveliness and beauty. Music arose with its voluptuous swell, and the happy throng kept time to the poetry of motion. But why describe it, even if it could be done? Dancing, like a banquet, conveys no pleasure in description. The revelers were all

IN COSTUME.

Miss Sallie Crawford, of Mobile, was elegantly attired as a flower girl, and supported the character well.

Miss Jennie Hanna, of Kansas City, as one of the administering angels—Sister of Charity, personated her character admirably.

Miss Wood, of Lexington, personated a lady of the Orient, realizing the luxuriant beauty and languishing graces of the far South.

Miss Crawford, of Mobile, could be easily selected out in the hall on account of her very pretty costume, personating a Russian Princess.

Miss Mary E. Watkins, of Richmond, Mo., as "Queen of Hearts," no doubt left many a heart ache after her, as she was a success in the character.

Miss Bettie Todd, of Columbia, appeared as Widow Bedott. This lady is a brunette and has a *petite* form and is exceedingly vivacious. She did the charcter well.

Mrs. Leslie Marmaduke, as Lady Washington, wore a dignified mien, so characteristic of the character. Her personation was proud but not haughty; grave but pleasant.

Miss Iola Harwood, of Saline county, took the character of a Castillian lady. The costume and character was admirably supported and the lady wore it with acknowledged grace.

Miss Lillian Jamison appeared as Tennyson's Polly, a quaint and attractive character, which won insensibly upon the admiration, not so much on account of its beauty, as its fresh simplicity and grace.

Miss Emma Anderson, of Columbia, Mo., personated "Aurora," in an elegant and appropriate costume. Fair, dignified and accomplished in all bewitching graces, she was the center of attraction to many an admiring eye.

Miss Moore, of New Orleans, as Mary Stuart, was as charming and graceful as the famous beauty after whom she patterned, and cavaliers flocked around her as in the old fudal days they did around the Scottish Queen.

Miss Jennie Thompson, of Boonville, appeared as a snow flake, in white silk and talle, wearing pearl jewelry. It was a bewitching costume, and was worn in a way that enhanced the statuesque beauty of the charming wearer.

Miss Pauline Frazier, a Baltimore belle and a famous beauty representing "Night," was dressed in a beautiful black velvet dress, black veil enveloping the figure, studded with the stars of heaven, the whole surmounted by a crown—a moon—rivaling, old *Luna* in brilliancy.

Night was never more radiant than when tender and beautiful as summer twilight, she floated in among the revelers under the auspices of Miss Jennie Finney, of Cooper county,—a black tarletan overskirt with silver stars, and diamonds not near so luminous as the eyes that robbed them of their lustre.

Miss Cordell, of St. Louis, took Folly, and the character was well carried out. This young lady is of petite form, a lithe and very graceful dancer. Her costume was of the comic order, and her movements as she glided about the room, jingling the bells attached to her costume, made her the observed of all observers.

Miss Sallie Higgins, of Pettis county, looked charming as the "Gipsey Fortune Teller." One of Pettis county's most attractive and accomplished young ladies, was Miss Higgins, a pleasant spoken, graceful dancer and whose company was often sought. As a fortune teller her gift is, no doubt, beyond the ken of mortals.

Miss Maggie Nelson, of Boonville, a pretty brunette of *petite* form, was a dashing Gipsey Queen, and looked elegant in her nobby and appropriate costume. In the soft light of her lovely eyes the fortunes of many an admiring youth were read. The coquetish attire gave piquancy and zest to a beauty that is always attractive and Friday night was simply enchanting.

The belle of the ball room was a stately girl from the Missouri Athens, Miss Sarah Anderson, as bewitching in her quaint conceit as any naiad born amid the grottoes and caverns of the Rhine. She appeared as Undine, Queen of the Nymphs, and no legend of goddess or fairy story ever described a more charming character. Clad in white satin, with a veil of green tarletan, which shimmered in the light like the ripple of waters, and dotted with water lilies she realized in vivid grace and beauty those poetic creations, which are thought to dwell "in fairy grottoes 'neath the Sea."

Miss Sallie Marmaduke, of Saline county, assumed the character of the "Daughter of the Regiment." An old soldier, when recounting his experiences upon the tented plain, or on the field of *gore*, will have thoughts of gratitude for the one who quenched his thirst and bandaged his wounds, while his comrades were facing the enemy's shot and shell. Such was the mission of the one whom Miss Marmaduke so admirably personated. She was dressed in a jaunty suit, had epaulets, and carried a canteen, a tiny drum, a haversack and a light rifle. As a graceful dancer, she was second to none on the floor.

Miss Lizzie Waddell, daughter of Major Waddell, manager of the Springs, personated Maud Muller, and realized in her beauty and grace the brightest conceptions of the author of that famous pastoral romance. Clad in a toilette of exquisite simplicity and carrying the sheaf of oats and the rake which marked the character of Whittier's conceit, she was like another Ruth gleaning in the social field and raking up hearts by the score. When the industries of a farm are seen through a medium so attractive, it is no wonder that the youth within the sphere of her influence, make an earnest aspiration of the wish, "A farmer's boy I'd be."

GENTLEMEN'S COSTUMES.

A number of other gentlemen in costume were worthy of mention, for they all were dressed with taste, and are noted for their gallantry.

L. B. Harwood, of Montserrat, was a striking miner, but dressed as an Italian brigand hunting wild turkies in Clear Fork bottoms. It was a good character, and admirably personated.

Tarvey Waddell and Lon V. Stephens were a pair of humpty dumptys—limber jacks—pant-mime kings, without the pantomime. Their drolleries and eccentricities created much merriment.

John Breathitt, of Marshal, personated General Washington crossing the Blackwater in the dead of winter. He wore a white wig with cue, and a three-cornered hat. He become the outfit he wore.

Leslie Marmaduke, of the Sweet Springs Company, did General Lafayette up in a style to be admired, with knee breeches, low-necked shoes, topped with huge silver buckles. His grey wig and three-cornered hat was good.

Ben. G. Chapman, of St. Louis, was on hand with his shape representing "Prince Como." He is a young gentleman of rare business attainments and many good social qualities. His unique costume was much admired.

W. J. Crawford, of St. Louis, represented an Irish barrister. He was dignified and fully up to the standard of his profession—an old stand-by beau, but young. He was the wit of the evening, always ready with a "that reminds me."

C. E. Dean, of the Springs Hotel, as Lord Dundreary, the English Swell, was the best character among the gentlemen. Those huge whiskers of foxy red, and an eye glass hung by a long blue ribbon, was the most attractive feature of his get-up.

A. A. Walker, of Cooper county, personated the horny handed yeomanry of the country and sung: "I want to be a granger, and with the grangers stand, etc." He wore as follows:

1 Paper collar,
1 Gingham necktie,
1 Pair plow shoes, high heeled,
1 Swallow-tailed coat,
1 Pair corduroy pants.

EVENING TOILETS.

Mrs. Selig, of Marshall, in a handsome black silk, draped with point lace.

Among the more noticeable evening toilets, the BAZOO reporter noticed the following:

Miss Ida Nixon, of St. Louis, becomingly dressed in white swiss over blue silk trimmmed with valenciennes lace.

Miss Hodges, of Mobile, was in a dress of Paris muslin, trimmed elaborately with valenciennes lace and forget-me-nots.

Mrs. D. W. Marmaduke, of St. Louis, in an elegant black silk, trimmed with black velvet and pink roses. Pearl jewelry.

Mrs. B. Teah, of St. Louis, a handsome black silk, trimmed with thread lace, over which was worn a sacque of duchess lace.

Mrs. Arthur Nelson, of Boonville, was elegantly dressed in navy blue silk, cut *en train*, trimmed with knife pleatings of same.

Mrs. A. R. French, of Kansas City, in princess dress of beautiful plum colored silk and velvet, trimmed with point lace. Very neat and tasty toilet.

ITEMS IN GENERAL.

—About one hundred guests at the Springs.

—As cool weather approches the number of guests diminish.

—Mrs. Thos. F. Tootle and two daughters, of St. Joe, have been here for the past two weeks.

—A. A. Walker, rolls ten pins Arkansas fashion, and when he makes a ten strike it is a caution.

—Zach Chandler, a prominent Republican politician of St. Louis, parts his hair before a glass in room twenty-one.

—C. C. Gibson, a young merchant of Franklin, Howard county, has been sojouring at the Springs a few days.

—Dean's red neck-tie was in considerable contrast with the white one worn by L. B. Harwood at the ball Friday night.

—Prof. Darnes' string band furnished most excellent music for the party Friday night. The time was good, the selections excellent and the prompting was the best.

—Mrs. A. R. French and Miss Mamie Simpson, of Kansas City, are in room 27. Mrs. F. is a writer for the press of some note and has many friends and admirers in Sedalia and Central Missouri.

—A. A. Walker and family, Arthur Nelson and wife, Lon V. Stephens and Miss Maggie Nelson, of Boonville, left for home Saturday morning. Lon went *via* Marshall—reckon he was afraid to ride in painted cars.

NOTHING BUT A BUTTON.

An Embarrassing Situation for a Nice Young Man.

It is difficult to imagine all the trials which beset the path a nice young man. He has his troubles as has the belle. If her new bonnet is sometimes late, his tile is often awry. But things like these are minor discomforts. It takes something like the incident, which it is the purpose of this article to relate, to rise to the dignity of

AN ACTUAL GRIEVANCE.

A few evening since a number of young ladies accompanied by a gentleman, were lolling on the green sward in front of the Sweet Springs hotel. The ladies were charming and their escort affable. He always made it a point to be pleasing, and his elaborate courtesy never failed to make a due impression upon his lady acquaintances. He was dressed in summer costume loose and flowing. His pantloons was of that roomy fashion made especially for comfort and the chief reliance of which, was upon a pair of suspenders. Just as the party left the hotel, the gentleman felt by a sort of

PREMONITION OF EVIL,

that there was something the matter with his pants. Either the buttons were giving way, or the suspenders were failing in their duty. But it was too late to return and make an investigation, so he went on like a great many other unhappy creatures, trusting in Providence. But his faith was shakey. Perhaps that was the reason Providence precipitated the catastrope. For as he took his seat upon the lawn he felt the buttons on

HIS PANTS GIVE WAY.

Heavens what a fix! Here he was out upon the lawn with a party of young ladies, and if he attempted to rise, his pantloons would come dangling abour his feet. What was he to do? The perspiration broke out in great beads upon his forehead, and a nameless fear seized upon his vitals.

One of the young ladies asked him to fan her. He leaned over and agitated the atmosphere from a distance.

"Come nearer, Mr. B——, come nearer," demanded the lady, impatiently.

He slid along towards her on his thigh, keeping his right hand hard pressed against the waistband of his pantloons.

"Upon my word!" cried the impatient beauty. "That's a nice way to approach a lady. Why don't you get up and come to me in the proper way?"

He said he was a little bit tired, and preferred not to stand.

"Well then, lets go to the spring and get some water. That will refresh you."

Heavens what a proposition? What a figure he would cut walking to the spring. The first step would leave him like a schooner which a squall had stripped of its sails—under bare poles. He declined with more energy and warmth than was at all necessary in the young lady's estimation, and although she was the darling of his heart, she gave him a look that

FROZE HIS SOUL

with terror. But he protested that he was ill. He did look pale. A sudden dizziness had overwhelmed him. Would they please return to the hotel and leave him alone. He would loll there for a while and then come in.

What! leave him there alone and ill? perish the thought. They would stay by him. Their young hearts warmed with sympathy and their beautiful eyes grew tender and consoling. One ran off to the spring and brought water,

TO BATHE HIS FOREHEAD—

they applied eau d'cologne to his nose and wet his temples with the odorous essence. But it was of no avail. The patient grew worse. What medicine indeed could minister to mind distraught with the apprehension that his pants were falling down? Finally his condition became so alarming that a physician was sent for. To this gentleman the young man confided his ailment in

A WHISPERED CONFERENCE.

At the doctor's request the young ladies retired, and with the assistence of some friends the sadly stricken youth reached his apartment in safety. Once there it is needless to say his recovery was rapid. But he has resolved in his heart, never again to entrust his peace of mind to the uncertain stability of a suspender button.

Tramps Again.

Yesterday evening about 3 o'clock, a tramp applied at the house of Mr. J. B. Rickman, in East Sedalia, and asked for something to eat. Not getting what he asked for he left, and went to the house of Mr. Thomas Wood, an engineer on the Missouri Pacific road. Mr. Wood was out on the road, and his wife had just stepped out, leaving a pocket book containing $3.75 lying in the cradle. She returned shortly afterward and found the pocketbook lying on the sewing machine, and the money gone. The supposition is that the tramp entered the house, and seeing the pocket book, coolly abstracted its contents and left. Officer Murphy made diligent search for the rascal, but could not find him. He is a rough looking man, with long, curly, black hair, a slouch hat, and a black suit of clothes. Anybody seeing such a man, should spot him on sight, and turn him over to the police.

A Birthday Dinner.

To-day there will be grand times at the residence of Mr. Nat. Parberry, south of Sedalia. It is no less than a birthday dinner, growing out of the somewhat remarkable circumstance of Mrs. Parberry's and her two children's, Mr. Thomas Parberry's and Mrs. John D. Crawford's birthdays all coming on the 20th of August. It has grown to be a custom in the family to celebrate this anniversary in real old-fashioned princely hospitality and good cheer. Perhaps no family in Missouri know better how it is to be done. With all the good things which the farm and the market supplies, made more engaging by the genial hospitality which accompanies it, Mrs. Parberry's dinner to-day will be a regular feast of the mind as well as the body.

BIG HOLE PASS.

An Indian Romance Connected With It—Something of the Tragic and the Beautiful.

Those of our citizens who attended the performances of Buffalo Bill's Combination in Sedalia a few months ago, will remember the plot upon which the play was founded. A deep valley surrounded by mountain ranges is represented as the scene of a murder. Through this gorge of moonlit nights the spirit of a woman wanders restlessly. She is supposed to be the ghost of one who was murdered. In weaving the plot upon an incident prevalent in

INDIAN SUPERSTITION,

the author touched upon a sentiment that forms a part of the religion of the savage. He believes that the dead come back to life, to avenge or console, and it is perhaps in some way connected with this belief of the Indians, that we are indebted to the tragic results which attended the recent battle at the Big Hole Pass in Montana. For grand and startling scenery it is unrivalled in the mountains. The abrupt descents dip into steep precipices. Huge boulders and ragged defiles cut the landscape into monstrous combinations of weird and fantastic grandeur. Through its center rushes a mountain torrent which dashes over rock and precipices, flinging high in the air

A MISTY SPRAY,

which congealed by the cold air whitens the hoary pines with perpetual frost. Thousands of feet above the pass tower the snow crowned peaks of the rocky ranges. Far down the mountain side a hot spring rivulet cuts its way through the yielding soil and emits through the frozen air dense volumes of evaporation, outlined in spiral columns that congeal as they ascend into curled and fantastic pillars of frost. The pass or basin was once the scene of an Indian tragedy, which, although it occurred ten years ago, is yet recurred to by

THE BORDER SAVAGES

with a shudder. It was no less than the extermination of an entire band of *Pen d'Oreille* Indians by the mountaineers. Women and children, old men and braves were ruthlessly given to the slaughter by a company of gold seekers whom they had offended. It is believed by the Indians that the spirits of their friends haunt the Big Hole Pass, and will yet bring vengeance on the white man. It is not improbable, that acting upon this superstition the Nez Perces chieftain selected the

BIG HOLE PASS

as his best chance of securing a victory over his pursuers. The idea is in perfect accord with the habits and instincts of the savage. Besides there is no place in the mountains so admirably adapted to Indian defense. It is impossible to bring artillery into play, and this is the only arm of which the Indian stands in dread. The superstitious belief that the Big Hole Pass would prove fatal to the whites was intensified a few years ago by an incident which to the savages was confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ. It was no less than the drowning in it of

A STAGE LOAD OF PASSENGERS,

consisting of seventeen people. They were caught in a deep defile by a water spout from the mountains, which bursting suddenly overwhelmed them before they could reach a place of safety. It was a perfectly natural incident, and has its frequent counterpart in those desolate ranges. But the Indians looked upon it as a mark of vengeance, brought about by the spirits of

THEIR MURDERED TRIBE.

Next to their desire to kill and torture, their superstitious instincts are the strongest sentiments known to the savage. Wild and terrible as he may be, his religious feelings are never in abeyance, and he traces cause to effect through supernatural channels more readily than by legitimate reasoning. However that may be, the incident just related is not without its interest in the light of recent occurrences, and when the history of Gibbon's famous battle ground comes to be written, an occurrence so tragic will form no inconspicuous feature of

THE THRILLING STORY.

It was told to the writer, standing on one of the snow-covered peaks which overlook the scene, with all of its grand and beautiful scenery spread like a panorama at his feet. It was then, and is now, an incident full of pathos and regret, and will some day form a graphic chapter in the history of the race that is passing away.

A Sad Death.

The Kansas City *Journal of Commerce* records the death of Miss Ida Clark, a young and beautiful girl, under the following melancholy circumstances: On Thursday night she retired to rest with her sister as usual. Although partially unwell for several day no one had been summoned, as her illness was not considered serious. In the morning she was found dead. Her decease being occasioned by heart disease.

M., K. & T.

Statement of gross earnings for second week in August, 1877, 8th to 14th inclusive:

Freight	$51,992.47
Passenger	14,972.97
Mail, Express, etc.	3,179.04
Total,	$70,144.48

Corresponding period last year, $65,180.57

The Weekly Topic.

The BAZOO is in receipt of the initial number of the *Weekly Topic* published in Boonville by George W. Ferrel. It is a handsome print, carefully edited and indicates a decided literary taste. There is reason to believe it will prove a successful venture, and to this end it has the best wishes of the BAZOO for prosperity, and high fortune.

To Much of a Good Thing.

Mr. Phillip Kelly, the present City marshal, according to the last meeting of council, now assumes the duties of the offices of marketmaster, street commissioner, Marshal, etc., and doesn't get a cent of extra pay for attending to the duties of these numerous positions. Isn't that rather steep on Mr. Kelly?