WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1877.

It is the thin-ear who is the educated dog.

It is always fall weather when it rains.

Has any one heard from Howard lately?

Now that Thiers is dead, the Empire lives.

The people in Greece live on the fat of the land.

The war footing of a Chinaman is a pair of slippers.

The weather changes when clouds coquet with sunshine.

Every brakeman killed is a dead loss to the workingmen.

There will be something extra in the next session of Congress.

The cane juice bleacher of Louisiana, takes sugar in his'n.

The Mayor of Sedalia refuses to be set down on by the clergy.

The distress of the Mormon widow has not been Ann Elize'd as yet.

Joseph is still lingering on the ragged edge of Howard's dispatches.

It will be fair times for sight seers when Goldsmith Maid gets to Kansas City.

A sage hen (such as they have in Colorado) is not necessarily a wise chicken.

It behooves the administration to determine whether Cornell is a vassal or a peer.

Everybody is getting ready for the fairs, and the fairs are getting ready for everybody.

It is no uncommon thing for the female satellite of Mars to cause men sleepless nights.

Cornell acknowldges the corn and wants to know what Mr. Hayes is going to do about it?

There can't help being disappointments in the ministry, when many are called and few are chosen.

The Mormons are not undertakers, but they have, nevertheless, had a great prophet in a funeral.

Morton is getting well. It is extremely unfortunate, but the ways of Providence are inscrutable.

The labor movement in New York, like its kindred folly in Ohio, is not likely to amount to anything.

The Salt Lake people don't think it will profit them anything to have a successor to Brigham Young.

Mrs. Bejam has just died in Saline county. She was, no doubt, a near relative of Jim Jam, a well known citizen of Sedalia.

Lucy Stone will begin to tell the Colorado people in a few days what a nice time they will have when all the women are voters.

The sick man of Turkey has been under the weather for some time, but he seems to be convalesing now with remarkable rapidity.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says that "Senator Morton is a poor man." It might have added, with entire propriety, "and a mean one, too."

Cornell's contumacy is giving Mr. Hayes a great deal of pain. He doesn't regard his work as civil service at all; in fact its very uncivil.

Wells and Anderson ought to be able to be able to do a nice business in France just now. They want a returning board over there badly.

Of all the presidential hand shaking party, the worst shook man is Key. In fact, that unfortunate postmaster general has had about the liveliest shaking up that ever befell an American statesman.

Mr. Beecher, the friend of the workingman, has not been heard of lately. Is it possible that he has fallen a victim to a bread and water diet?

Chicago has passed her financial panic, but the tornado pulled up her banks by the roots, and left nothing but a dreary waste to show where once they had been.

Will Mr. Hayes accept Senator Conkling's challenge or not? That's the question. It is about time Rutherford was showing what stuff he's made of, anyway.

There is a missing link between the Workingmen's and Republican platforms in Ohio. It surely can't be private Dalzell. That distinguished statesman was born to too noble a destiny to surrender to such base uses.

—Black feather bordering, studded here and there with peacocks' eyes, will be used on black mantles.

—Judging from the divorce stories told before our Courts is too much brimstone in the matchee.

MILITARY TACTICS.

There used to be a time in Pettis county when the militia and the irregular federal contingents were marching and countermarching in all directions in search of an actual or imaginary foe. At one time they would go into camp on the Big Muddy and the next day with banners flying and drums beating and the fife sending forth its ear piercing music, they would be stealing horses and making the campaign of Heath's Creek. This was in the early stages of the war, and the military enthusiasm which these brilliant military manouvres occasioned was as Dommie Sampson was wont to remark, prodigious! A sort of body guard of confederate citizens generally accompanied this army of occupation, so that some sort of foe should always be kept in sight. Whenever by taking the oath or proving loyalty this hostile contingent became lessened in numbers, some citizen of suspicious sympathies was pounced upon with sudden and sustained ferocity and marched away to recruit the diminished followers of the camp. These brilliant campaigns never really amounted to anything, but they kept alive the glow of military ardor in the breasts of the people, and fanned into flame, as it were, the *corpse d'esprit*. As the war blossomed into full vigor and maturity, these innocent and harmless occupations of the earlier organizations were recurred to as a sort of pleasant reminiscence, not unattended with a sentiment of regret. In contemplating the remarkable campaign of Howard in the Northwest, these incidents of the war, in its beginning, are brought forcibly to mind. He has traversed nearly the entire territory of Montana without ever coming in sight of the foe. His closest approach to the hostile savages was when, one dark night, they made a raid on him and captured his horses, but he succeeds in impressing the citizens of Montana with the conviction that an actual war is progressing, by carrying in his train a retinue of Shoshone and Bannock Indians, ostensibly as scouts, but really to keep them in surveillance lest, if left alone, they too, may become hostile. This marching and countermarching of Howard is seemingly fruitful of but one pervading necessity—a want of supplies. He is always stopping and demanding a recuperation of his depleted commissary. Like the soldiers in Pettis county in the early days of the war, he is actuated by a chronic and irrepressible desire to forage. It is barely possible that if Joseph would sit down and wait for Howard to come up, there would be a fight, but from present indications, both Joseph and Howard are actuated by a mutual desire to avoid a conflict. In the meantime, the country, like the famous Wilkins Micawber, is waiting patiently for something to turn up.

A POLITICAL STRAW.

It is a significant indication of the direction of public sentiment to find Mr. Stanley Mathews busily engaged in Ohio in defending Mr. Hayes' title to the presidency. It is the first time in American history that such a duty was imposed upon a politician. It is probably not too much to say, that it is the first time that an American citizen, sufficiently eminent to be thought of in connection with the presidency, could have been induced to accept the questionable honor of a position which more than two-thirds of his countrymen believe, was deliberately ravished from the custody of its proper incumbent. But this fact does not appear to concern Mr. Mathews at all. He goes before the people of Ohio on his self raised issue, much as an ordinary attorney would before a jury where the question involved a right to personal property. He assumes, which is utterly untrue, that the Democratic party is making a special issue out of the exceptional circumstances under which Mr. Hayes achieved "the rape of the presidency;" and having erected this man of straw, flings full in his face the wonderful argument he constructed for the benefit of the electoral commission. Assuming, possibly with good show of reason, that the rural Buckeyes had never had the pleasure of reading in the papers that remarkable speech at the time of its delivery, he converts himself into an oratorical pile driver and rams it home to them at their country gatherings. Indeed so sensitive is Mr. Mathews on this imaginary issue, that about two-thirds of his speech is taken up in demonstrating to his own satisfaction and the polite credulty of his listeners, that Mr. Hayes was just as good as he should be, and if he stole the presidency, he did nothing more than Mr. Mathews would gladly have done if circumstanced in the same way.

That Mr. Mathews perceives the necessity of arguing the question at a time when more important issues are crowding upon the consideration of his party, is to say the least remarkable. He evidently thinks that the monstrous crime in the perpetration of which he took such an important part is ever before the minds of the public, as it is the ghost which unceasingly haunts his own conscience. In a sort of eccentric way he strays off to discuss the President's Southern policy occasionally, but as invariably comes back to the principal burden of his discourse, by claiming that the President's magnanimity to the South, and his evident desire to conciliate public sentiment should be taken as a sufficient atonement for any wrong of which the instrumentalities which engineered the electoral commission made him the unconscious perpetrator. His entire effort seems to be founded in an earnest desire to stir public sympathy in behalf of an anomalous President and to galvanize, through the medium of compassion, into vitality and influence an administration which was conceived in fraud and brought forth in iniquity.

"NO MIDDLE GROUNDIN POLITICS."

It is an occasion of real pleasure to the BAZOO to note the endorsement which this morning's *Democrat* gives to the position assumed by this paper at the time, and since the strike, with reference to the labor troubles. It is the more gratifying, inasmuch as we had been led to infer from the previous course of that journal, that it entertained an entirely different view, and was fast becoming a recognized organ of the workingmen. Indeed, it said as much a few weeks since. But it will be seen from the subjoined extract from our contemporary that the hand of an experienced helmsman is guiding the *Democrat* into channels more in keeping with its name and pretensions, as an expounder of sound democratic doctrine. Speaking of the present condition of politics, the *Democrat* says:

"The future is big with the fate of many things. *There can be no middle ground in American politics.* The country has got to be all democratic or all despotic. The laboring men—no matter how they stick together—can never get control of the government without belonging to one party or the other. If they operate separately, they either put off the hour of their deliverance or defeat it for all time."

To the extent that this view recognizes the absurdity of the organized movement of the working men, as a party distinct unto themselves, the *Democrat's* position is entirely tenable. But it makes a sad mistake in the implied assumption that the Democratic party will work with these men in the attainment of the class legislation they so evidently desire. It is an error to suppose that the working men have any real grievances which the ordinary operations of sound and heathful government will not remedy. If the working men, as a class, persist in overcrowding certain branches of industry to the neglect of other pursuits, the plethora will exist under Democratic rule the same as it does under Republican auspices. The unhappy condition of labor is the fault of the laboring men themselves. They ignore the ordinary principles of supply and demand, and turning away from the field and the farm crowd to unhealthy repletion the railroad and the workshop. Under the pressure of these unnatural conditions, wages sink, and want and suffering go hand in hand with prevalent idleness. The Democratic party cannot undertake to regulate the wages of labor. It is not the province of government. The futility of such an undertaking was amply demonstrated in France under the reign of the Third Napoleon. Paris became a vast workshop and public improvements were projected on a gigantic scale. While these enterprises were in progress, everything went on merrily, but they could not last forever, and the end brought disaster and ruin. Out of it grew the lurid torch of the Commune and those tumults and disorders which spread an eccentric desolation over the fairest capital in Europe. Very nearly the same condition of affairs has been brought upon this country by the unwise policy of the Republican party. The reaction came and we are feeling its blight. But with the possible advent of the Democratic party to power, private enterprise under the stimulus of low wages is just beginning to develop employment for labor. It is not the province of the government to assist in this recuperation. It will accomplish its own redemption if left to the operation of those natural and inevitable laws, which constitute the ground work of all human society. The Democratic party has no intention of becoming the wet nurse of idleness, or the foster mother of the vagrant follies of labor. It has a higher mission to perform in the regeneration of a country cursed with vagabondage as a legacy of Republican improvidence. There can be no alliance between a political factor and an industrial agent.

The California legislative election occurred yesterday, and the probability is that the result has been the death knell of Sergeant's hopes for a reelection to the Senate. The people of that State have at last grown tired of being represented in the highest legislative body in the nation by a trickster and a thief.

The BAZOO's war map of the St. Joseph newspaper conflict is nearly complete. It will contain an elegant lithographic picture of the Bashi Bazouk of the *Gazette* leading a cavalry charge on the Bulgarians of the *Chronicle* and *Herald*, with an old house in the distance where he crams them in and sets them on fire.

—Vienna ladies wear short skirts and top boots, without being "strong-minded."

—Gambling is the ruling passion at Saratoga. Everybody seems to indulge in it.

EASY TIMES AHEAD.

It has been often predicted of late years that we were standing upon the threshold of a business revival and that the hard times were rapidly passing away. It is hardly necessary to say that these sanguine expectations have not been fulfilled. On the contrary, each successive business season since 1873 has left us a little lower in the scale of embarrassment, until it does seem that we have reached bed rock at last. Indeed the sentiment is prevalent that we have go to the turning point and that the country will now commence a new career of prosperity. The only drawback apparent to this opinion is the low rates of labor. Wages and prices are at the lowest standard both in the great importing emporiums and the manufacturing centers. This is seemingly inconsistent with the brilliant anticipations which nearly everybody is indulging for better times. But there is a prospective wide spread demand for cereals abroad, and while buyers are cautious and prudent, there is no disguising the fact that foreign markets will be eager purchasers of American productions. The present supply of manufactured articles is nearly exhausted, and the last year's crops can easily find a ready sale.

Awhile since everybody was complaining of over-production, but these conditions no longer prevail. The state of the markets for the last two years has been phenomenal in American history, nor is it at all easy to explain why it has been so. It is sufficient for practical purposes to affirm the unquestionable fact that low prices rule in the face of an unusually active demand. Nobody, of course, expects this condition of things to last. The great crops of the West are promising an abundant yield. It is impossible to estimate with any exactness what the result of these harvests will be, but it is not hazarding too much to say that they will be equal to the demand made upon them from abroad. With quick and remunerative sales, our farmers should be able to feel the vitalizing influences of a prosperity to which they have long been strangers. With better times to them, will come a corresponding benefit to the tradesman and merchant, and the entire country will feel its blessings. We think we are justified, therefore, in saying that the business outlook is encouraging. There is no room for any further depression, and the possibilities are favorable for those changed conditions for which we have looked for so long and so ardently. It is to be hoped that the prospect is not deceptive.

A Frightful Fall from a Tower.

Evansville Journal.

A fearful accident happened at the High School building, a little before noon. Workmen have been engaged for several days in repainting the school building under contract. Theodore Gerald aged about forty-five years was occupied in painting the cupola of the tower, which rises in the front of the building to a height of about fifty feet above the roof. The top of the tower is ornamented with a handsome cap set upon a cupola. The cupola is thirty feet from the roof, and upon this Gerald was painting. He was standing upon a ladder which set against the tower, and it is supposed that the ladder was not given enough inclination. He attempted to move it in some way, when the ladder slipped, and Gerald upon it

TUBLED HEADLONG DOWN

from the dizzy height to the steep roof, about forty feet below. The roof, which is very steep under the tower, is covered with slate. The unfortunate man struck the slate upon his head, about two feet from the edge of the gutter, and but for a marvelous accident would have fallen over the edge and to the ground below, a distance of seventy feet. His head, however, struck the roof dead, crushing in two of the slate pieces, into which the head and one of his arms were entangled and there he lay with his lower extremities dangling over the edge of the house.

Nobody saw him fall, but the ladder which went crushing down with him fell over to the ground and attracted the attention of other workmen, who at once ran up to the roof and discovered the peril of Gerald. He was immediately succored and drawn up the cupola, and messengers sent for a physician.

Dr. Achilles soon arrived and examined the wounded man. He was entirely unconscious, and bore several

FRIGHTFUL WOUNDS.

in the head, made by the rough edges of the slate through which he had broken in the fall. Over his left eye and extending up to the top of his head was a sickening gash fully six inches long and several in width, exposing the bone of the skull. On the back of the skull was another, not so long, but equally deep and painful. On the left cheek was a gash lying the bone bare, and under the chin on the throat were two severe gashes, very deep, but fortunately not dangerous. Besides these, he manifested signs of injuries in the back, which on examination developed two broken ribs. His shoulders and arms were badly bruised, and he was covered with blood from head to foot.

Dr. Achilles washed and dressed the wounds and packed the body to prevent any movement of it in removal, and Gerald was carefully let down from the tower over the roof to the ground, whence he was removed to his home.

Fortunately there was no fracture of the skull and no mortal injuries apparent. The physician had hope of his recovery with careful attention.

—Echoes from West Point—have you seen Minnie, the new ebony-hued cadet?

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

SWIMMING MATCHES.

Hawkeye.

They have swimming matches in San Francisco. Any match will swim well enough, but no match is good for much for illuminating purposes after it has swum a mile or two.

THE CIVIL SERVICE SPOOK.

St. Louis Times.

Is Rutherford B. Hayes sufficiently developed as a medium to materialize the spook of civil service reform? If not, will he fall back on the old excuse of "antagonistic conditions?"

A SOCIAL CONUNDRUM.

Globe-Democrat.

It is now said that Spencer, the model Chicago banker, was one of Moody and Sankey's converts. If a converted Chicago man rob a bank, what will an unconverted Chicago man do?

SENATOR MORTON.

St. Louis Journal.

Senator Morton has not only been one of the greatest and most successful politician leaders the country has had for the past quarter of a century, but the fact his entire fortune is estimated at less than $25,000 shows that he has been as honest and unselfish as he has been able and successful.

SINE DIE.

St. Joe Gazette.

The New York Republican Association at Washington has adjourned *sine die*. It was civil service reform that did it. Washington clerks are no longer permitted to run the government. Now let the whole party adjourn *sine die* and be buried face downward, and the country will breathe freer.

SITTING BULL.

Journal of Commerce.

It is now said to be uncertain where Sitting Bull is, and Gen. Terry and Col. Corbin are to hunt him up. If S. B. is in Canada, they are to arrange to bring him home. If he is at home they are to come away and let Gen. Miles run him back into Canada—if he can't kill him.

CONSIDERING CORNELL.

St. Louis Republican.

A Washington telegram says the case os A. B. Cornell, who holds the position of naval officer for the port of New York, and chairman of the Republican State committee at one and the same time, in violation of the letter and spirit of the President's civil-service regulations, was yesterday the subject of lengthy consideration in the cabinet, but the meeting adjourned without definite action. There is something peculiar in this case—something bordering on the mysterious. The President and his advisers have been wrestling with it for a long time, and appear to have become involved in a dilemma, the nature of which is unknown to the public. Cornell is apparently defiant. He is one of the worst species of machine-politician, and as such has been of great service to his party; likewise to Mr. Conkling.

ST. LOUIS IMPORTING TEXAS TIMBER.

Denison (Texas) News.

The first car load of bois d'arc logs was shipped to St. Louis Friday. We understand 500 logs have been ordered by Mr. James Scullin for the St. Louis Street Railway Company. It is to Major Shellenberger that we are indebted for the exporation of this article. Some time ago he sent samples of this wood to St. Louis, being satisfied that it was admirably adapted to street pavements. It was tried on a small scale and found to suit every purpose. The wood is cut into blocks of uniform size, securely fastened together, with a coat of tar applied to the surface, and then sprinkled over with sand or fine gravel. The pavement is said to be impervious to weather, and of great durability. The Street Railway Company intend to use this pavement between the rails on all their routes.

BEECHER, THE GREAT DEADHEAD.

Springfield Republican.

I saw Mr. Beecher, over at the Twin Mountain House, playing croquet. He had a mallet, was in his shirt sleeves, and looked more stocky than he once did.

He runs the Twin Mountain House, which is glad to let him do whatever he pleases, and gives him unbounded hospitality and a four horse team to drive at any time, for he is all that draws company to that hotel. It is not very attractively situated, and but for Beecher the visitors would be fewer.

He draws Sunday crowds that go there from all the hotels and region around to have a holiday and a good time, and he never preaches a poor or indifferent sermon.

He "came in scooting" on one drive over here to Bethlehem, driving the four horses grandly himself; and, on going back, he ran into a country team and had a little smash-up, but succeeded in arguing the old farmer into the belief that the blame was his (the farmer's) in not turning out far enough.

THE CASE OF JUDGE BRADLEY.

Buffalo Courier.

A San Francisco dispatch confirms the statement of *The Sun* as to Judge Bradleys action in the electorial commission. Having declared privately in the presence of Judges Clifford and Field that the electorial votes of Florida ought to be counted for Tilden he subsequently awarded them to Hayes.

We have previously called attention to the circumstance that Bradley's printed opinions or "remarks" contain an admission that he changed his views in two essential points.

We appreciate the embarrassing situation of Messrs. Clifford and Field the two judical members of the electorial commission who remained true to their oath. They naturally wish to shield their colleague from public exposure, but we think they owe higher duty to the cause of truth.

CONNECTICUT'S LOCAL OPTION LAW.

Hartford Times.

The license year expires on the first of October, so there is over a month yet in which receipts of license money will come in. So far, in Hartford county there have been 482 liquor licenses granted against 501 in the whole of last year, and forty-one beer licenses against thirty-three in 1876. The aggregate receipts are only $438 24 short in the revenue from the same sources last year, and when the year closes the amount will probably be increased so as to show no material falling off, if any. It is demonstrated that where "no license" is voted, the sale of liquor is not diminished, and the local authorities do not enforce the law. In some cases the liquor men have voted with the extreme temperance men to defeat license, and in doing it have kept on selling it just the same without pavilege. Four towns had no license last year that have this year, and three towns have taken them out that did not last. Several towns have had no license issued, yet the sale of liquor goes on in them without interruption. In those places where license is voted and granted, the law is enforced, as every dealers interest is involved in a rigid enforcement, and none escape who are liable to pay.

A WHITE GROUND-SQUIRREL.

Reading Eagle.

Nathan Dresher caught on his farm near Mertztown, East Penn Railroad, a white chipmunk or ground-squirrel He first saw it running along a fence and drove it into its hole in the ground where he captured it alive. It has pink eyes, and like white crows, robins or pigeons, is a singular freak of nature. It measures about seven inches from its nose to the tip of its tail, and weighs about two ounces, and its beauty is heightened by a spreading tail, in shape like a plume of feathers, which it raises above its head.

An American Tenor.

Mr. Charles R. Adams, a tenor, well known in the imperial opera-houses of Berlin and Vienna, a native of this country, but many years absent from it, arrived in the Egypt yesterday. Mr. Adams has never sung in this city yet. He took a run over to Boston last year and sang at the Handel-Haydn festival in May. He left in June for Europe, and there set to engage artists for a season of opera in America. He found some difficulty in obtaining first-class artists, as it was so late. Finally he succeeded, and if he had not he says he should not have ventured on coming over without a really perfect company. The first-class artists he engaged, and who will leave Europe September 5, are Mdlle. Vilda, dramatic prima donna. She will also sing in Ortrud, in Lohengrin, and Fidas in Le Prophete; Mme. Pappenheim singing Elsa and Bertha in the same operas. There Mr. Adams thinks, will also be a Russian lady, Mdlle. Alexandra Human, soprano legere—a pupil of Mme. Marchesi, in Vienna. She had already sung at a trial in the Imperial Opera, and won admiration. Mr. Marchesi was not on the best terms with the impressrio, and was glad to find Mr. Adams looking for an artist whom he could recommend, and the latter, having heard her at a private trial, engaged her at once. The bass will be Herr Weigand, who was for six years bass at Frankfort-on-Main. Mr. Adams brought with him several young lady artists from Vienna, who will make their debut. He says they have magnificent voices. They will open about the 1st of October at the Academy, with the "Huguenots," and a number of operas will be rendered—among them Wagner's "Reinzi"—that have never before been heard in this country. They will give operas operas in Italian, German and English.

A Brave Russian General.

A war correspondent writes: "In the dead of night that extraordinary fellow, Gen. Skobeloff, the younger turned up in Prince Schackosky's headquarters. He is the stormy petrel of the Russian army. If I were riding along a road in a given direction in expectation of seeing a fight, and if I chanced to meet young Skobeloff riding in the opposite direction, without any inquiry or any hesitation I would wheel my horse and ride in Skobeloff's tracks, in the full assurance that I was doing the best thing for myself and your readers. He is in the thick of everything. In the gray dawn of the morning of the crossing I shook hands with him on the bank of the Danube, after the bayonet charge in which he had taken part. His face was black with powder, and he, General as he is, carried a soldiers rifle with the bayonet fixed. He was in the fighting at Schipka, and led the first column which traversed that pass. There seemed some prospect of quietude for some days on the other side of the Balkans, and the Plevna expedition offered a prospect for fighting. Skobeloff is unattached, and can rove from flower to flower, from one fighting ground to another. He is, I sometimes think, a little mad but a man of real value in a kind of warfare such as this. It would be embarrassing if every General were a Skobeloff; but a few Skobeloffs scattered up and down through a great army have their uses. They generally end by getting shot, and earn a short memoir and a good many decorations. But I hope it will be a long time before Skobeloff meets his inevitable doom, for he is a right good fellow, and a stanuch comrade. He came to us from Baron Krudeneas headquarters, with instructions that he should take the temporary command of Col. Tutolmin's brigade of Circassian Cossacks, who have also been attached to this expedition, and execute a reconnaissance in the direction of Lovca. He rode off in the darkness, and came back last night, after having ridden about fifty miles, with the tidings that Covca was held by five battalions of Turkish infantry, and its rayon infested by Circassian and Bashi-Bazouks.

A Steamboat Reminence.

Dr. Conkling was sitting on a sandbag at the rip-rap, watching the bank crumbling away and gazing intently at the hungry waters of the muddy Missouri rapidly rushing by in ripples, waves and whirlpools. Said he, "I am forcibly reminded of a steamboat trip I once took on that dreary stream. It was a most monotonous trip. Most of the time I sat on the hurricane deck, viewing the numerous sandbars and the bluffs at a distance. The only thing that varied the monotony was when we occasionally came to a pile of driftwood, guarded by some seedy-looking cuss. Somebody on the boat would yell, as near as I could understand. "Berbulabulbulbuloboriobologia?" and the answer would come back promptly, "Four dollars and a half a cord.

Marriage of Relatives.

[From the New York Graphic.]

There is a good deal of confusion in the minds of physiologists touching the effects of intermarriages between relatives. In the plant and animal creation it is noticed that interbreeding generally has good results, and it is very certain that in some cases the marriage of cousins results happily in the matter of offspring among the human species. It is, however, quite true that in the majority of cases the offspring of children of cousins are defective, and public opinion in consequence declares against such unions. This topic is again being discussed on account of the following statement, which has been widely published, touching the celebrated naturalist, Darwin:

"Darwin married his cousin. His eldest son, William Darwin, is a banker at Southhampton; the second, George, took high honors at Cambridge, and is now a fellow of Trinity; the third, Frank, who has inherited his father's ill health, acts as his secretary; the fourth, Leonard, is an officer in the artillery, and distinguished himself as one of the scientific corps sent to observe the transit of Venus; the fifth, Horace, is an excellent mathematician. One married and one unmarried daughter complete the family."

The rule with regard to the interbreeding of either men or animals seems to be this: Strong and robust parents, if of allied bloods, are likely to have children in every way superior to their progenitors, while weakly and diseased parents, if cousins, are almost certain to have defective offspring. In other words, nature, in the intermingling of allied bloods, intensifies the ruling peculiarity, whether it be strength or weakness. The bulk of mankind is imperfectly bred, and, as a consequence, the children of people allied in blood are liable to be insane, blind, deaf, crippled, or in some way diseased. When, however, as seems to be the case with the Darwin family, parents are exceptionally healthy, or robust, the offspring is benefitted by the union. It will be remembered that in the ancient world brothers and sisters intermarried, and that a long line of Egyptian and Persian kings were the offspring of the members of the same family. Cleopatra, "the Jeweled Serpent of Old Nile," was the daughter of a brother and a sister, who were the children of a brother and sister. The subject of the marriage of cousins is receiving a good deal of attention in anthropological circles at present, and is destined to receive much more.

THE WHITE NECK-TIE.

A New and Mysterious Organization on the Boston and Albany Railroad.

From the Boston Transcript.

Patrons of the Boston and Albany railroad have been mystified the past few days by the strange demeanor of the conductors and officers toward each other. At the same time much curiosity has been excited at the abundance of white neck-ties. It appears as though the company had adopted a cheap method of further uniforming its employes by adding the white cravat to the gilt-banded cap, and also compelled the men to salute each other somewhat after the manner of hand signaling, in use among brakemen and engineers for backing and stopping trains in "making up." But inquiry—indeed a rather forced inquiry, brought about by the writer being initiated into the mysteries of these goings-on—shows the existence of an organization known as the "White Necktie Association." Its name is significant of its object. Its membership embraces nearly all the conductors upon the road and employes at the Boston Station, besides many honarary members. The initiation fee is ten cents, and the ranks of the society are swelling so rapidly that a method for the investment of the funds must soon be devised. The constitution of the society has but one article, and that belongs to the "unwritten law." It compels every member to wear a white neck-tie. The rendezvous of the society is the conductors' room in the Boston Station, and if the persons happening therein are refractory about being initiated, they are gently stretched upon the table and set upon by half a dozen interested members, and the neck wear quickly adjusted to the regulation color. After this proceeding, the candidate is given the signal and grip and shown a drawer full of linen ties, and told to call and help himself to a clean one when in need. The organization is so rapidly spreading over the line of the road, that, if not interrupted, it may cause a rise in the white neck-tie market. Already there are advertisements in the papers for "experienced neck-tie makers." There are but two officers to this organization—Conductor Frank Comee, who acts as President, and Conductor Thomas Cook, who, as Treasurer, collects, and, awaiting further instructions, still holds the dimes.

A Monster of the Deep.

From the Port Chester (N. Y.) Journal.

Last Friday, while a gentleman and lady were sailing on the Sound, between Byram Shore and Captain's Island Lighthouse, their attention was attracted by a queer hissing noise and a roaring sound, and they soon discovered not an eighth of a mile distant, a monster of the deep advancing rapidly. This monster stood up straight, was apparently as large round as hogshead, showed an enormous head, and exhibited not less than fifteen or twenty feet of his length. He advanced a short distance in this upright manner, when, with a roar and a hiss, he sank completely out of sight, only to reappear in a few moments uncomfortably near the boat. No wonder the party made haste for the shore, and were soon out of harm's way. The monster is neither whale, porpose nor shark, and what it is is still an open question. Our informants are trustworthy people, and are not given to telling fish stories.

—The Pope says, "Push the Antonelli case, and let the investigation be thorough."

$55 to $77 a week to Agents. Sam ples FREE. P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me. 10-17-wly.

Has Arrived!

DR. CONNAUGHTON

Whose professional visits to the principal cities and towns in the South have been productive of remarkable successful results to the afflicted, in compliance with many requests by parties in this vicinity, who have repeatedly written to him for Medical Aid, may be consulted at his.

CONSULTING PALORS,

ILGEN HOUSE

(Ladies' Entrance,)

First Floor.

SEDALIA, MO.,

—UNTIL—

OCT. 5TH, 1877,

DEAFNESS, CATARRH,

Discharges from the Ear,

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,

Dropsy, Affections of the Voice.

Consumption and Bad Breath,

And all Diseases of the

EYE, EAR, HEAD,

Throat and Lungs,

During the entire course of his practice, Dr. Connaughton has devoted exclusive attention to the treatment of chronic,

DISEASES, MINOR AND CAPITAL SURGERY

And with a success so flattering that invalids from every section of the country have frequently undertaken long and expensive journeys to place themselves under his care. A Care, however, that numberless persons throughout the country desirous of placing themselves under his care are surely debarred by the expenses incident to a journey, he has, in compliance with the earnest request of many parties, made this visit to Sedalia to afford such persons an opportunity of consulting him in their more immediate vicinity.

Determined that all the advantages derivable from treatment in the best infirmaries in America may be secured to those in this part of the country, Dr. Connaughton has made arrangements, at Great Expense, for the conveyance to Sedalia of many apparatus and instruments, comprising all the leading inventions adopted in medical practice with such signal advantages, together with many inventions and improvements of his own, by the judicious employment of which diseases can be conquered that have heretofore been considered incurable and beyond the reach of medical science. Among the most important of these may be mentioned the employment of

ATOMIZED FLUIDS,

In the treatment of

CONSUMPTION,

BRONCHITIS,

ASTHMA,

And all diseases of the

Respiratory Organs

In the treatment of

CATARRAH, DEAFNESS,

AFFECTIONS OF THE VOICE,

—AND—

Diseases of the Larynx Generally,

And the employment of an improved and perfected form of

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

In the treatment of

Female Diseases, Scrofula,

Consumption of the Bowels,

Torpidity of the Liver

Dyspepsia, Neuralgia,

Diseases of the Skin,

Nervous Debility, Disease

ARISING FROM AN IMPURE

—AND—

Vitiated Condition of the Blood

And all cases where a

POWERFUL TONIC

Is required for

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

DR. CONNAUGHTON

Is now at the

ILGEN HOUSE,

SEDALIA,

Where he will remain until October 5th

Office hours from 9 to 2 and from 3 to 6 o'clock.

Letters containing $1 will be answered and no others. Address P. O. 414,

SEDALIA, MO.