A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her Accordsteps ('twas raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"Oh! life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worrument goes to a bonnet,
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The mid-summer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall, the leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And mote in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
Its petting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break out fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,
Forever at war, and forever alert,
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield, I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded.
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.

FASHIONS.

—The lace was lovely, as fine as a cobweb, and the patterns beautiful.

—The newest trimmings for winter are lovely, and the designs numerous.

—Now is a splendid time to buy jewelry—even diamonds—as everything is at its lowest ebb.

—The newest galloons are flecked with gold and silver beads, and are lovely trimmings for sombre costumes.

—The over-skirts are long and slightly draped, the favorite finish being a deep-netted chenille and silk fringe.

—Silks are again very low in price. As good a black silk can be purchased now for $2.25 as commanded $4 one year ago.

—Colored flannel skirts, with the hem stitched in double points and edged with smyrna, have taken the place entire of white flannel skirts for both ladies and children.

—Rolled gold jewelry is now very popular, and ladies who can purchase as they will, select the new styles in this. It comes much less in price, is impossible to tell from solid, and all the latest styles are to be found.

—Velvet is much used in the combination of silks, and is lovely, if specially designed for this winter's wear, but we do not advise it where ladies look forward to wearing the dress next summer, for of all the out-of-place, hot looking costumes, it is one of silk and velvet in summer.

—Torchon, or smyrna, bids fair to be as popular this season as last; and we are told it is all the rage on the other side, from the finest mesh for lingerie to the coarser for under-clothing. Surely there is nothing more durable. Other sets are made of all torchon, with narrow inserting of swiss.

—Armure and gros-grain silks form a pretty combination, and one that is very popular, especially with young ladies. Costumes of this style are made with the trimmings a mixture of the two on the skirt, or if made princesse, alternate widths are of the two silks, and trimmings are similarly arranged.

—We were granted a peep at some new importations yesterday, that will be placed on the table for inspection the coming week. Very large, flat collars, and deep over-cuffs, formed the larger part of the sets. These are made of linen and torchon inserting bands, and finished with fulled edge of quite wide torchon.

—New silk costumes are made with narrow ruffles with the edge finished with a tiny band of the silk stitched upon the right side—five is the usual number, and the four overlapping; the fifth one is a little wider, and forms its own heading, being shirred about three-fourths of an inch from the top.

—New designs in hats, for second or lighter mourning, are made of mode, covered with black Brussels. The crown is heavily embroidered with jet, and a jet bandeau across the front, while an ostrich tip turns over the front, and a mixture of loops of silk and jet feathers trims the crown and back.

—Some of the costumes are made with the ruffles ornamenting the skirt entire, while others extend to the back side seams, where a deep pleated train is inserted. The same trimming all around is, however, the latest, and will remain in vogue longer, something to be considered where ladies intend wearing a suit more than one season without alteration.

—In evening tints the reduction is simply amazing. Damasse silks, in ivory white, pink, blue, gold, green and mauve, are sold for $1.10 per yard. These silks are lovely for party, ball, and wedding dresses; and if made up with accessories of ruby, or garnets, or black velvet, or satin, are quite inexpensive, as the price of such costumes go, and are very elegant in appearance.

—We saw a wedding dress made of ivory-white damasse and tulle, a few days ago, that was lovely, and its entire cost was $48.50. Of the silk itself, with just plaiting of tulle on the sleeves and the pompadour neck, $38 would make the dress. So our three correspondents, whose letters lie before us, deploring their lack of means for suitable wedding costumes, need not despair.

Appleton Items.

From the Pilot.

—The Appleton Dramatic Company played to a crowded house last Friday night. The play, "The Misteltoe Bough, or the Fatal Chest," is a good play, and well rendered by the amateurs.

—We have seen a letter from a brokerage firm, stating that St. Clair county R. R. bonds can be bought at 35 cents on the dollar, yet we are asked to pay 66⅔ cents—or 31⅓ cents more than the holders ask. Why?

—A number of horses in this vicinity are affected with a peculiar disease, which is becoming an epidemic. We are informed it resembles what might be called the "blind staggers," Their heads and eyes swell up, and generally the horse is unable to stand falls to the ground.

—We understand quite a serious fracas occurred at Johnson City last Friday between J. W. Wheeler and Wm. Hodgen. We learn that Wheeler was not hurt much, but that Hodgen was severely, if not fatally stabbed. The cause which led to the fight we are unable to learn.

—As matters pertaining to the affairs of the Savings Bank are more fully developed, the fact is also developed that Wm. O. Mead is a low down, scheming villain, ready to betray his best friends. He is a fit subject for the penitentiary, and in our opinion steps should be taken to bring the gentleman back to answer for his misdeeds.

—The investigation of the Appleton Savings Bank shows that the assets and liabilities are about even. That is after considering $5,280 as being doubtful, which of course will not all be lost, therefore the assets will surely be larger than the liabilities. We feel confident that Messrs. Hodkins and Salmon will arrange the business satisfactory to all. We wish to state here that the first committee who reported the condition of the Bank, reported that the assets exceeded the liabilities by about $9,000, but they did not strike out such notes and claims as were considered doubtful as did the last committee.

THE ORIGIN OF MUSH.

Being a Correct and Authentic Account of How This Useful "Vegetable" was Discovered.

BY MUG.

["'Twas fun to see them dance in glee."]

One sunny day,
In Charles's sway,
The Pilgrims old did Westward steer;
They beach'd their stock,
On Plymouth Rock,
When all in view was bleak and drear.

Yes, you just bet your life. There wasn't a firs class hotel within 3,000 miles, and the snow was ten feet deep. Capt. Standish said it put him in mind of the Children of Israel trying to find a Northwest Passage, but they had come there to worship God as they pleased, and he'd be hanged if anybody else should have the same privilege. Then the history of the Lost Saws goes on to describe, just as old Tice predicted that:

The winter's blast,
Came fierce and fast,
To those pilgrims unprotected;
They hardly knew
How to pull through
Such a season unexpected.

Well, it was conundrum, but there was plenty of timber and a good deal of government land lying around just then, for Jay Gould hadn't built many railroads that required ten square miles of government land for every tie he put down. So they went to work and made log houses, and managed to keep as warm as could be expected when men always cut the wood too short for the stove. But

Some thought it better
They should scatter,
And o'er the country wider spread,
That forest beasts
Might grace their feasts,
And help their meagre stock of bread.

That was a good scheme, wasn't it? I tell you teller Christians, religion's powerful soothin but there's a heap salvation in bread and meat to a hungry man, and a cup of hot coffee holds the age on amazin' grace. You see the country was new, then, and thar war a right smart chance of bar meat, and deer were so tame in this primeval paradise they'd walk right up to a man and ask him for a chaw terbacker!

The least of all
Was Podger small,
And small wife, his child and dog.
He built a home
Far off—alone—
And hewed it all of oaken log.

But I tell you if he was little, he was loud. He just shouldered his ax and struck out into the wilderness, where he tackled the monarchs of the forest. Every time he struck a lick he'd say "ha!" and every wood chopper says "ha!" even to this day. That little man Podger built the first log house in America, and is the only man who was never bothered with an insurance agent, a lightning rod peddler or a book agent. After he got his house built the little Podgers were as happy as clams at high water. The Ingins then were all good Ingins, and one old Lingo chief, "The-man-with-a-hole-in-his-breeches," was his name for short, brought the new comers a four-horse wagon load of corn, which was right kind in The-man-with-a-hole-in-his-breeches."

But hunger's press
Brought deep distress
To Podger sad and wife forlorn;
For all they had,
Their hearts to glad,
Were yellow heaps of "Ingin" corn.

And they didn't know how to use it. You see corn don't grow in England, and America is the only country that secured the copyright on corn. Things were getting blue around that house, and it was nip and tuck for as quare meal. The winters in New England are about nine months long, and the balance of the year is occupied by a late spring. That corn lay round useless like for

He did not know
How it did grow—
As the Red Man only used it—
He trod it o'er,
Upon the floor,
And a thousand times abused it.

Yes, he used to cuss it about as hard as the M. K. & T. freight agents. He didn't dream that corn provided entertainment for man and beast—that it would make bread and cake, and homing, and whisky, and sometimes, formed a cash basis for a successful game of poker. No he didn't know that, so

Beneath his heel
It ground to meal,
And in little piles did settle,
Until one day
'Twas swept away,
And slapp'd in an old black kettle!

Which was a monstrous careless proceeding, considering they were so hard up for grub. But the Lord brings good out evil, and that old kettle was big with an event that has since given us a heap of consolation and sustenance. Now mark what followed:

One rainy spell
The water fell,
As the pot stood on some brush—
As it grew drier
The brush caught fire—
'Twas thus the meal turn'd into mush!

Don't it look as if Providence had a hand in this—in the mush, we mean? Observe the miraculous chain of circumstances which led to this grand consummation—mush. It seemed as if everything, like a man going down hill, had been greased for the occasion. And when the contents of the pot bubbled joy and ran down over the sides, the Podgers stuck their fingers into it, and

When they tasted,
What they'd wasted,
Their hungry souls grew wild with joy
'Twas fun to see
Them dance in glee,
And the dog waltz around the boy!

You bet. It was a regular old family hoe down, and the whole outfit just went right in on their muscle. Even the dog waltzed around till he shook his toe nails off. It was the greatest discovery of the age, saved the Podgers from starvation, and handed down to a grateful posterity the inestimable blessing of—mush! Oh, mush!

And now I'll swear,
That then and there,
From that pile of burning brush,
Did angels rise
Unto the skies
And tuned their pipes to sing for mush.

Yes, sir, that's a fact—Phœnix like, they rose from the ashes and, sang hominy and hallelujah till they couldn't rest. From that day to this mush has been consecrated to the American people and dedicated in mush and milk festivals. May there never be less than three grains of corn in a hill, may the stalks grow a hundred feet high, may every stalk have forty ears, and every ear shell a bushel of corn. Thank you, a little more—mush!

And thus, you see,
A debt do we
Owe this ancient Pilgrim Podger.
Fill high to brim,
And drink to him,
Who gave to us our first corn dodger.

The End.

BARRELLED UP.

Found With Her Throat Cut

In an Old Deserted Building

St. Joe Herald.

The city of Council Bluffs seems to have the suicide fever. No less than an even half dozen human beings, tired of this earthly struggle against fate, have rashly "shuffled off" etc., in and around that usually quiet village within the last week. The last one recorded is that of a beautiful young lady named Annie C. Doyle, supposed to have lived in this city formerly, and to have gone from here to Council Bluffs for the purpose of being married. The Council Bluffs *Globe* has the following account of her discovery:

"It appears that a tramp came to a vacant house in the southeastern portion of the city, and wishing a place in which to sleep, tried to enter. He tried the front door and also the back door, but could not gain admission. Determined on entering, he went and raised a side window and effected an entrance. Once inside the house, he began to look for a place to lie down. In the corner of the room in which he was, he discovered a barrel which he supposed to be empty. He went to it, and moved it, with the intention of getting down behind it to keep off the cold while he slept. He noticed that the barrel seemed somewhat heavy, and he had a curiosity to know what was in it. He took off the cover, and striking a match, peered into the barrel, when to his horror he discovered the body of a young lady with her throat severed from ear to ear.

It was that of a young lady, apparently eighteen years old. She had on a plain calico dress, and on the index finger of the left hand was a plain gold ring. In her pocket was found a letter. The ring was was taken off, and on the inside was engraved, "Anna C. Doile, Sioux City." The next thing to do was to examine the letter, and it elicited the following information:

SIOUX CITY, Oct. 21, 1877.

DEAR ANNA: The races commence at Council Bluffs on Tuesday of this week, and as I have heard they were postponed until Nov. 6th, I will not be down till then. I will be there then if possible. Although I am coming to the Bluffs, I shall not come to see you. You came all the way from St. Joe to meet me in the Bluffs, and I have promised to meet you there and be married. I know the hotel you are working at, but I shall never call to see you. You may call me a hard-hearted wretch, as such no doubt I am, but I have lost all since I met you. My position as foreman is gone, and now I am little better than a vagabond. I have too much honor and respect to marry you situated as I now am; but try and bear up, and some day, perhaps, we will be happy together. I advise you to return to St. Joseph, and as soon as I can raise the money, I will come to that town and work at my trade.

— — SELLICAN.

Notice.

A house and lot for sale on Fourth street Good house and splendid locality. Apply to Dr. W. A. Mayfield. 11-28-d6t

RED HOT!

Raging Greasers on the Rio Grande.

Startling News from the City of Mexico.

HOUSTON, TEX., November 23.—Mexican news is more exciting than ever, as indicated by advices from the City of Mexico, via Havana. It is now known that Gen. Trevino, one of the most trusted of the Diaz chiefs, is marching northward from the Mexican capital for the Rio Grande, with a force of 2,500 well-appointed troops. When he arrives on the frontier and forms a junction with Gen. Canales, commanding in Tamaulipas, the Mexican force on the Rio Grande will amount to 4,000 regulars, besides Indian auxiliaries. The troops under Trevino are picked from the flower of the Mexican army, and the commander is said to have instructions to assume a

DEFIANT AND WARLIKE ATTITUDE,

and repel all raids and attempts at invasion. Latest advices represent the people of Mexico aroused with hatred, and eagerly urging their Government to a war with the United States, and the immediate seizure of Texas territory and re-establishing the old boundary of the Nueces. The Mexican Government has undoubtedly assumed a hostile attitude, and will, if it has not already done so, officially inform our Government at Washington of the intention to attack all invaders. It is certain orders to that effect have already been given. Gen. Falcon is commanding on the Middle Rio Grande, with headquarters at Piedras Negras.

GEN. ORD

is understood to have telegraphed to Washington for re-inforcements of cavalry. He has a force on the Rio Grande not exceeding 2,000 men, with which to repel an attack of the Mexican Generals, should they attempt one. The Texans are uneasy, and Gov. Hubbard has ordered an inspection and immediate drilling of State troops, and putting them in readiness. The report that detachments of Kickapoos have raided and killed citizens sixty miles from San Antonia, is confirmed. Indians from Mexico have also raided and killed persons forty miles this side of Laredo. If Gen. Ord pursues the raiders into Mexico

A COLLISION

with Mexican troops ensues. If he don't, he and our Government must assume a role of bulldozement and being intimidated. The situation is threatening.

VERY LATEST.

A special from San Antonio, Gen. Ord's headquarters, to-night, says: In military circles the danger of an outbreak of war with Mexico is increased by Gen. Trevino's advance to the Rio Grande with instructions to repel any attempt of United States troops to cross after raiders. Gen. Ord will not be bluffed, but will continue to pursue the raiders into Mexico. This may be considered official. Gen. Ord, as well as the State authorities, are preparing for trouble.

—Fresh bread and cakes at all times also, hot tea and coffee, at Winchelm's restaurant, 308 Ohio street. 11-9-d1m

POETIC POPS.

The "Long Roll" on the Commercial Bass Drum.

Idiotic Idiosyncracies of an Iowa Judge.

The drummer is a queer bug.

But he has got an entire language of his own, and it is all expressed in one word—"Our House."

The sun rises in the basement of "Our House," and sets in the garret of "Our House." The world was created for "Our House," and humanity was only thrown in for the especial benefit of contributing to the prosperity of "Our House."

Here is the beau ideal drummer!

This is the man who walks right into the retail house and says good morning. And before the proprietor can protest, the fellow goes right behind the counter and takes possession. He takes an inventory of what is needed, and then gets right down to his work. He throws down his samples and tunes his pipes. In two seconds he has that tongue of his running like forty buzz saws, and in two hours and a half he has cut that man into the marrow of subjection and passive acquiescence. He then departs victorious.

Such is the drummer. But aside from busidess we have generally found them an intelligent, genial and gentlemanly set of fellows. But here is an affair that we copy from the St. Joseph *Gazette*, which will make ye drummer red hot:

Judge Hubbard, attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern railroad in an argument, filed before the Supreme Court o Iowa, of a case involving the right of a railroad conductor to allow, or refuse passage to a commercial traveler, who had stopped at a station, without procuring a lay-over check, a few days ago, in closing his argument made some very unflattering remarks upon commercial travelers in general, and the men of that class are up in arms against the author of what they deem an outrageous slander, and of which the *Gazette* has also the same opinion. The *Gazette* has the honor of the acquaintance of a great many traveling men. A large number are residents of this city and are among the best members of society we have. Gentlemanly, courteous and honorable in their dealings between man and man, they are universally respected here, and the charges of Judge Hubbard, seem to us wholly without foundation. The offensive passage in his argument is as follows:

"It may be stated now as a matter of history, that the court will take judicial notice of, that this class of men are the 'hardest lot' known on the earth. They monopolize all the best rooms in the hotels; they insult or seduce every chambermaid between Maine and the Gulf of Mexico, and between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans every month in the calendar year; they rush into the ladies' cars on every railroad in the United States and the Canadas every day, and crowd into the seats of every respectable lady traveling alone, and insult her within five minutes afterwards; they travel with harlots, and make assignation houses on every Saturday night of every hotel in America; they have flirtations, intrigues and elopements with innocent, unsuspecting and respectable young girls in every city and village on the continent; they pursue virtue and goodness, as sharks pursue a ship with yellow fever; and still the learned counsel think conductors ought to be amiable enough to love them.

There may be men in other callings who, for some single vice, can challenge a comparison with a commercial tourist, but I have never seen them. But for a combination in harmonious blending of dishonesty, impudence, cowardice, poltrooney, lechery and leprous rascality, of all varieties, he stands without a rival and without a peer."

To this gentleman residing in this city, traveling at present for a New York tea house, makes a reply in which he "reaches for" the doughty attorney and brings down his man. Here is the reply. It is both poetic and pointed:

TO A MAN BY THE NAME OF HUBBARD.

Old Father Hubbard
Went to his cupboard,
And took down volumes ten;
And chuck full of port,
He waltzed into court,
And went for us traveling men.

He has blown his old cornet
And waked up the hornet,
With stinger as long as his arm;
And by sticking it into him,
Before we are through with him,
He'll wish he was back on his farm.

He called us "treacherous,"
Said we were "lecherous,"
A pack of knaves and poltroons;
That we did all insult,
From child to adult,
And assignate in the finest of rooms.

That for masks of the chambers,
We were rather night rangers,
Let the color be white, black or celestial,
That our thoughts from birth,
Were "the hardest on earth,"
With no hope of the future terrestrial.

Who is this man "Hubbard?"
That got up and blubber'd:
A paralyzed limb of the law,
That's dead in the brain,
And pretty insane,
But gifted with plenty of jaw.

Why this attack?
This stabbing in back,
This wholesale slaughter of men—
Can it be innate?
Or is it from hate?
Some "drummer" been squeezing his "lem?"

For the thing is well known,
And a scandal has grown,
Since he waged his war on our class,
That far from his home,
From his blood and his bone,
He is keeping a beautiful lass.

He must be a fool—
Was neglected at school—
To fancy, in these day of ease,
That an iron-gray beard,
With tobacco all smeared,
Will to him a loving girl freeze.

I think it a bilk
For one of his "ilk"
To prate upon virtue and such,
When to show up his life
Would bring shame to his wife,
And raise "merry h—l with the Dutch."

And now that this man
Has done all he can,
And built for himself a mause,
Let's all join hands,
And send him our "hags"
To help him along in his shause.

It might have been worse,
But as it is—a curse
Is all with which we'll endow him;
May he stalk so low,
And get on so slow,
That the dogs will whine as they pass him.

May all that he sips,
Turn to blood on his lips,
And his bed grow harder than stone;
And day after day,
His wealth fade away,
Till a full-sized pauper he's grown.

May his daughter's so sweet,
With traveling men meet,
And live on the fat of the land;
And give the old man
A chunk of cold ham
From the larder that's filled with their hand.

Old C. & N. W.
We'll no longer trouble you
With our passenger travel or freight;
But by some other route
We'll slip round about,
As long as old H—cffy's in the state.

FLEA BITES.

—Which one of our subscribers is going to bring us a nice little pig for a years' subscription?—*Clinton Advocate.*

Dunno. Getting lonesome? Squeal again?

—If the gentleman who comes in town Sunday's to attend church, will please tie his mule somewhere besides on the sidewalk nearly opposite the Cumberland church, he would confer a favor upon the ladies, who in coming home from church, are obliged to go in the street and give the mule the sidewalk. If it is there next Sunday, I am very much afraid the owner will be obliged to foot it home.—*Clinton Advocate.*

Always the way. Always the way. They never kin let a mule enjoy himself, even on Sunday.

—"Mug" should not be betrayed into the weak device of mutilating a paragraph in order to perpetrate a very thin joke. We said the perch was "six inches in length." Tote fair, you magnolia hunter.—*Jefferson City Tribune.*

And we say a perch ain't six inches—it's 16½ feet, if we die for it. And a joke 16½ feet aint thin, ither. Go ther, yourself. You're another.

—Which of our merchants is going to be first to inaugurate the "penny movement."—*Clinton Advocate.*

The man with the most sense.

—Every mechanic, every teacher, and every intelligent man should take the *Scientific American.*

And when he comes around with his new patent churn, "take" that scientific American and kill him.

—This don't appear to be a good season for theatrical combinations and traveling troupes. They are going to pieces in every direction.—*E.-M.*

Well, they make their living by "pieces."

—Says the "wise man:" "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings."

Just like the derned fool. But the other fellow will have a straight flush.

—The policemen's ball on the 21st will doubtless be a grand success.—*St. Joe Herald.*

We hope so. A policeman's ball ought to hit—once in a while.

—A Roman correspondent of the Paris *Univers* says that His Holiness Pope Pius IX. is about to give journalists as their patron the newly declared Doctor of the Church, St. Francis of Sales.

Bully! Now we've got a patron. How much money has Mr. Sales got? Sales—Sales. That sounds familiar. Oh, yes, newspaper sales. Good—patron, too. Hello! old Sales! Shake.

—First knock-down for the City Council—*Enterprise-Monitor.*

How much did they steal?

—If there is any one thing more than another that we do love it is to have the cork fly out of our ammunition bottle just as the dog flushes a quail. It's a good thing for the quail.—*Marshall Democrat.*

You bet it's a good thing for the quail. If it got one whiff of the brand you carry, it would have been a dead q.

—A Shanghai hen never feels perfectly at home until the prudent housewife has scissored off six inches of her tail and tied a piece of red flannel in her wing.—*Marshall Democrat.*

Please explain. We want to know which was scissored and who got the red "flannin."

—We have patiently studied the conundrum of J. D. Brown, of the M., K. & T., which is propounded under the head of "My Money" in the hope of getting a chromo, or a fine tooth comb, or something. He says:

Two persons stepping aboard the sleeping car "Sedalia," they approached each other from opposite ends of the car, and met in the centre; both dropped their satchels; one said to the other, "I am your son, but you are not my father." Now, the query is, what relation were they to each other?

Damfino, but we spec the fellow that grabbed and made off with both satchels while they were discussing it, knows all about it.

—"The woman who hesitates is lost." The man who hesitates is left.—*Exchange.*

The young men of Clarksville got "left," as recent developments have demonstrated.

—The "Baby's Best Friend is the most appropriative title for Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is absolutely free from opium, morphia and other powerful agents, is perfectly safe and reliable under all circumstances and by allaying the usual stomach and bowel disorders of babyhood keeps the child from fretting and crying, so injurious to itself and annoying to all. Price, 25 cents.

For Sale or Rent.

The latest improved church and parlor organs, for sale by Welsh & Chaffin, corner Third and Ohio, 20 per cent. cheaper than they can be bought at any other house in the city. Call and examine them. 11-18d&w1m.

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.

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 specialtion for 42 years, never fail when taken as directed Charles Roll & Co., sole agents for Sedalia. 26d&w1y

SATAN'S SON.

Makes One Step Nearer His Pape

And Leaves the Hospital for the Jailer's Cell.

The ambulance soon reached the hospital. Dr. Dean ushered the party into the cell occupied by the bandit. He was sitting on a bed leaning back against a pillow and was amusing himself with looking over some illustrated papers. Sergt. Hall and a couple of police officers were in the room, and Dr. Tipton, one of the assistant physicians, sat on the bed beside the prisoner. As the new-comers entered Rande looked up with a quick glance towards each, then began regaling the doctor with a criticism of one of the wood cuts.

"Frank," said Sergt. Chapman, "we have come to move you down to the calaboose."

"All right," was the quick response. "I suppose I'd better put on my clothes if I'm going out."

"Yes. If you can dress you won't be so likely to catch cold."

"But I can't get into my pants with these things on," and he stuck out his feet far enough to show the shackels on his legs.

This novel difficulty had not been anticipated, and as no key had been brought along a little time was lost in telegraphing to the Four Courts after one. While the key was on the way, Rande kept up

AN UNCEASING CHATTER

of small talk. His prospects for lynching over in Illinois were discussed in the most nonchalant manner. Dr. Tipton, who has been with the prisoner most of the time, rallied him on this point, apparently for the purpose of testing his nerve.

"Aren't you sorry to leave us?" he asked.

"I don't know. When I'm away you can't stick your —— thumbs into me."

(This in allusion to the doctor's practice of feeling for the bullet in his body. The method is to go pressing around the surface, at the same time inquiring "does that hurt? Feel sore there?" etc. The bullet has not been located.)

"But," continued the doctor, "when you get well they will take you over the river and——"

"Lynch me I 'spose you think. Well, Doc. if I've got to swing, I wish you may come along and see me swing." It might have been bravado, but the words were spoken lightly.

"I don't want to see it, but I'll give you ten dollars for your body."

"That ain't enough."

"Why you ought to give me your body for the good care I have taken of you."

The *Republican* man was here introduced, and Rande earnestly assured him that "that was a —— sensible editorial on the subject of lynching over in Illinois." (The article alluded to was one deprecating lynch law.)

Dr. Dean then came to make a final examination of the wounds. While he was unwinding the bandage from the leg the patient went at him to know if Tipton had offered him a fair price for his body, and if Dr. Dean wouldn't give more for it. The latter, however, thought it would be too much trouble to wire the bones together. He had no offer to make.

The bandages being removed the slight wound in the leg was

BROUGHT TO VIEW.

It was doing well and would soon heal. The wound in his breast appeared simply as a rough red spot, the flesh being slightly swollen around it.

Dr. Dean ordered a fresh bandage on the leg and gave Rande some directions for the care of his wounds.

"You are taking mighty good care of my health now you think I'm to hang," said the patient with a grin. "Think I'll get well?"

The doctor thought he would recover if he took care of himself.

"But you didn't think so when you tried to ring that old preacher in on me, did you, Doc? I guess I gave him some pretty good shots, didn't I?"

It seemed that when Rande's case had been regarded as critical, a clergyman had been admitted, and had attempted to administer religious consolation. The prisoner in his playful way had bluntly informed the divine that he didn't "give a ——" for all the preachers living. And so the effort to prepare him for something serious failed. He seems disinclined to be serious about anything.

Meantime the needed key was brought in and the shackles removed from his ankles. The suit of clothes he had worn when arrested was brought in and laid at the prisoner's feet. Without a moment's hesitation Rande pulled off the hospital shirt and picking up his own undershirt commenced hunting for the bullet hole.

A PATCH OF BLOOD

Two or three inches across showed him where to look. When he had found it he stuck his finger through and said: "It made a pretty big hole in the cloth didn't it, Doc?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "and I expect some of the cloth has gone inside, too."

As the prisoner sat on the bed looking at the bloody hole in the undershirt an excellent opportunity was given to see his physical make-up. He is deep through the chest, moderately large in the arm, and well made about the loins, but is nothing remarkable to look at. As it had not been anticipated he would be moved so soon his clothes had not been washed at all. They had been desperately dirty to begin with, and the drenching blood in which he had wallowed in the pawnshop as well as that which had flowed from his own wounds, had not improved them in appearance by any means. Rande pulled on the undershirt, using considerable care, but still doing so expeditiously and in a manner to indicate that it caused him no pain. The doctor continuously cautioned him about moving his arms and body too quickly, but he kept on just as expeditiously as before, remarking that he knew what he was about. He knew enough to quit when it hurt. As he picked up the shirt he seemed a little disheartened. The garment was one to make Henry Clay Dean turn green with envy. The whole back of it was stiff with blood and the bosom was so soiled that a blood stain wouldn't have shown on it.

"They might have had these washed anyhow," said he, as he poked his head through it. He pulled it down and arranged it very carefully so that the bullet hole came

JUST OVER

with that in the undershirt. Having poked his finger in and felt the hole in his skin he seemed satisfied and reached for his trousers. He had pulled them partly on when he discovered that his drawers weren't in them. "Does it make any difference if I don't wear my drawers, doctor," said he.

"You'll be more likely to catch cold if you don't put them on."

"Yes. Always so careful of my health now," with a chuckle.

The nether garments were given him. "Look there," said he, "tell me anybody's pistol but my own made that hole in my leg. See how that's burned?"—pointing to the powder-burned rim around the bullet-hole.

Rande's leg was very stiff and sore and it was only with assistance that he could rise from the low cot to a standing position. Once up, however, he was quite able to stand alone on his right foot. The process of getting into his trousers was somewhat slow and was accompanied by sundry grimaces that showed he did not altogether enjoy it. It was finally accomplished, however, and in a few minutes his toilet was made.

As he pulled on the rough top coat and set the cap on his head his eye began to rove around in a more animated way, and it was plain his thoughts were far outside the narrow bounds of his cell. He stood a moment, then sat down on the couch to let an attendant pull on his socks. The man soon accomplished it, and then the pair of low rubbers which he had worn were slipped on. The receipt book was brought in and the transfer of his property arranged, after which two of the officers stepped to the bedside and helped him once more to his feet. As he stood there, the bystanders for the first time were enabled to form an idea of what Rande

REALLY LOOKED LIKE.

From his astounding deeds in the field imagination would never picture him. Barely of medium size, certainly not up to the average height, he stood nearly erect, but, slightly favoring his lame leg. Whatever of symmetry nature may have bestowed upon his person was entirely lost in the bundling of a rough, heavy, old top coat that reached nearly to his knees. The coat was worn and frayed in texture, faded in color and so bereft of buttons that the two flaps were only held together by a loop of string which the man hitched over a single button on the opposite flap. This closed the coat up tight under the chin. The slouchy cap sat on a head of stiff, short dark hair, and from under the visor a pair of keen, restless, black eyes looked wistfully around. The dark, sallow cheeks separated by a pug nose shaded away into a thick growth of dark beard about an inch and a quarter long. Below the overcoat stuck out a pair of legs cased in dirty, even ragged, trousers, at the extremities of which appeared a pair of mud-splashed rubbers that did not entirely hide the dirty socks. As he stood between the two officers who were ready to assist him out to the ambulance, he looked down at himself, patted his side, and remarked, shaking his head, "Rande is rather a dilapidated specimen just now, isn't he?" He asked Dr. Dean what had become of his knuckles, and said he noticed his "pets" weren't with the property turned over. He also inquired particularly about his pocket compass, which he said had proved his safety more than once. When ready to start Rande showed more nearly his true character than he has hitherto been described. The whole effect of his appearance was to impress the observer with the idea that he was simply and purely

AN IDEAL TRAMP.

He looked exactly like the bummers who are hustled about the levee by the police, except that his face does not indicate intemperate habits. He looked a man whom any one would order off his premises without the thought that a discourtesy would be resented. Studying him in the light of his recent career one would see the dangerous and combative element in his composition, perhaps, still his appearance strikes one as rather insignificant than otherwise. Better clothes would, however, do much to improve him. He strikes the observer as one who having become a tramp, would burglarize a farm house on opportunity. Probably an early training to hardy pursuits and in a squirrel-shooting country gave him a certain confidence in his physical powers and skill with weapons, so that having been detected in burglary he had the insane pluck or viciousness to kill who pursued him. Thus having committed causeless murder he had the sense to see that if caught by the murdered man's friends he would have a short shrift, hence he became a desperado on the instant and continued so thenceforward.

THAT PICTURE.

Just before he was ready to start out somebody placed in his hand a copy of the wood cut of his mug, which on two evenings had been published in the *Dispatch*, and which, it seems,

OUT OF CONSIDERATION

for his feelings, had not previously been shown him. Holding the picture at arm's length, he looked at it and exclaimed appealingly, "*Do* I look like that?" and then, as though the thought was too much, he burst out, "It don't look like me, by C——st!"

The patient, supported by the officers, made his way pretty rapidly out to the ambulance, was lifted in without any trouble, and bade his adieux to the hospital and attendants very gaily indeed. On the way down town he talked incessantly as usual. One of the policemen who had been on guard at the hospital remarked, "There's only one thing can stop that fellow from talking, and that's the thing he says he isn't afraid of.

Arrived at the Four Courts it was found that quite a crowd had winded the arrival, and was hanging around the calaboose entrance to get a look at the prisoner. Rande's vanity was flattered, and instantly seized an opportunity to create an impression. He has a remarkable power of twisting his forehead and the upper part of his face into a hideous scowl. As he descended the steps from the ambulance probably a twinge or two of pain helped him to intensify the expression, and he at once fixed his face in the

UGLIEST SHAPE

he could, and without looking to right or left moved across the broad flagging between his two stalwart supporters, his countenance fairly loaded down with rage, hate and all the evil passions imaginable. Two minutes before he had been smiling and pleasant as possible, and two minutes later he was the same, but that crowd certainly saw something like the face of a devil, and it made an impression, too.

It is not anticipated that the prisoner will be taken over the river until some time next week. At all events he remains at present in the police calaboose.

Missouri's Big Trees.

The St. Louis *Republican* says: "Southeast Missouri rivals California in the size of its trees. There was a sycamore near Donaldson's Point in New Madrid county, twenty-seven feet high. It was hollow at the base, with an opening on the west side, through which a man on horseback could easily ride and turn around in the cavity. It was blown down by a hurricane in 1865. There is a cotton wood at Ruddle's Point, in the same county, 110 feet high and twenty-three feet in circumference. There was a white ash on the farm of Senator Morrison, a mile and a half east of New Madrid, twenty feet in circumference and eighty feet high, which was felled and cut up into ten cords of wood, exclusive of the crotches, knots, and crooked limbs. There was a black walnut in the west swamp twenty-one feet in circumference, and 100 feet high, and in the sunk lands on Whitewater there is a cypress twenty-five feet in circumference, and 110 feet high. In 1859 a red oak in the bottom two miles east of New Madrid, was felled and made into rails. It was twenty-two feet in circumference, and ninety-five feet high; it made five ten-foot cuts, and was split into 100 rails, averaging four inches square each.

Fondled with a Whip.

KAW AGENCY, I. T., Nov. 21.—A Kaw Indian, named Doane, convicted of pony-stealing, was publicly flogged here this afternoon. Three weeks ago Doane stole a pony belonging to Alemmo, also a Kaw, and traded him to a farmer in Chatauqua county, Kansas, for another. Last Thursday Superintendent Spray caused Doane to be arrested. On being charged with the theft, the prisoner stoutly denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of the missing animal, but subsequently confessed that he had left the pony with Mr. Ingalls, near Cedar Vale, Kansas, to be doctored. A council of Kaw Chiefs was convened here this forenoon, to devise suitable punishment for the thief. The result was that Doane was sentenced to receive twenty lashes from a raw-hide whip. This sentence being approved by the Superintendent, measures were immediately taken to carry it into effect. The whipping was witnessed by all of the chiefs, braves, Agency employes and many members of the tribe, together with the pupils of the Mission School, who were attracted from their play to witness the strange spectacle. Seven braves had been appointed to do the flogging. The prisoner was then stripped and led by one of the braves into the center of a circle formed by the chiefs and braves, and the whipping began. Doane received his punishment with true Indian stoicism, exhibiting no outward sign of physical pain during the application of the first thirteen lashes. At each of the next four lashes, which were administered by the muscular arm of Ma-ho jah, a powerfully-built savage, the spectators observed a slight shrugging of the shoulders of the victim. Another brave came forward and finished the flogging. Doane's blanket was then given him, and, attended by his squaw, he departed for home.

FOR TWO WEEKS.

PRACTICAL, SKILLFUL,

AND

ARTISTIC OPTICIAN.