

ONE CENT.

To Alleviate the Pains of the Poor.

"A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned."

Some time ago the penny movement was introduced into this city. Many of the large stores in St. Louis have adopted it, and the introduction of pennies in the great Western metropolis, seems to have been attended with good results.

Take, for instance, a box of matches, for which we pay five cents; under the penny system the price would be three or four cents; the same with apples, cigars or nuts, and a thousand little necessities or luxuries of life.

Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, \$18.25 a year—and this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year and the interest thereon at six per cent, computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$689—enough to buy a good farm.

Five cents before each breakfast dinner and supper; you'd hardly miss it; yet it is fifteen cents a day—\$1.05 cents a week—enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over \$5,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week—it would buy several yards of muslin; \$35.50 in one year; deposit this money as before, and you would have \$2,240 in twenty years.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children; \$2.10 cents each week—more than enough to pay a year's subscription to a good newspaper; \$105.50 a year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could produce good music, pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$15,000.

Anxious to see how the penny system worked in Sedalia, we dropped in at Doc Allen's store yesterday to interview him in regard to it.

He informed us that it succeeded admirably, and thought it only a matter of time to be generally adopted by all the stores in the city. A man makes a purchase, and he pays for the exact amount that he gets and no more. If he gets 21 cents worth of butter and lays down a quarter of a dollar, he receives 4 cents in return. And there is a certain satisfaction the average exact man feels in being able to be exact, that will ultimately bring the penny system into general use throughout the Western States.

An Eastern paper in speaking of the cent movement in the West, says that it is glad to see it and hopes that it will be successful. We have great respect for the cent—not on account of the material from which it is made, nor yet because it represents any great amount of value. But it teaches the value of money. The child should not grow up to man's estate supposing that nothing can be bought for less than a nickel, and that a five cent piece is the most insignificant of all denominations because it is the smallest with which he is acquainted. Dr. Franklin's economy could never apply to him. How could he take care of the pennies if there were no pennies, and so grow up with notions formed upon an extravagant principle that is positively injurious to true economy. The Western boy, deprived of his coppers, grows up to the western man. Five cents to him are one. A dollar is twenty cents, and five dollars are no more than one dollar. Money looks small in his eyes. He wants a great deal of it, and he wants it cheap of course.

He wants it of paper and he wants it of silver. With cheap money he can carry out cheap ideas. He can cut canals, tunnel mountains, build railroads that nobody wants or needs, and gratify his reckless spirit without any check. The trouble is, he started too far along. He was educated with a contempt for little things. An atmosphere inimical to healthy economy was thrown around him. Therefore save the rising generation by giving them the pennies again, and if they will save those, the pounds will take care of themselves.

Babies cry because they suffer; and the most reliable relief for the sufferer of their discomfort is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Only 25 cents per bottle.

Warlike News from the Border. The Kansas City Times of yesterday had the following special:

AUSTIN, TEX., Dec. 14—10:35 p. m.—Governor Hubbard has just received a dispatch from the Sheriff of El Paso county, stating that fighting between the State troops and Mexicans from the other side of the Rio Grande progressed all day yesterday. Commander Ellis was taken prisoner. Governor Hubbard telegraphed the President to send the nearest U. S. troops to the scene.

A STORY OF CHINESE LOVE.

The festive Ah Goo. And too they, the fair—The met, and the two—Concluded to pair.

They "spooned" in the way That most lovers do, Ah Goo kissed Too Hay, And Too Hay kissed Ah Goo.

Said the festive Ah Goo, As his heart swelled with pride, "Me heep like you you—You heep like my blide."

A d she looking down All so modest and pretty, "Twist a smile and a frown, Gently murmured, "You heep."

Head This. Go to your druggist Chas. Bull & Co. and get Dr. Fittler's Rheumatic Remedy and Liver Pills. They will cure the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, it matters not how long standing.

25-cent.

OUR BUTTER.

Something New Under the Sun.

But Which Will Rather Exercise Our Housekeepers.

Time was, in this western country, when store tea and the indigenous egg held two different positions in household economy. One was a home production—the other a foreign one and only to be procured at the store.

Molasses and sugar, too, were distinguished under the euphonious appellation of "long" and "short" sweetening. Although almost every thing natural that can be had, has been imitated, the last thing on earth that ordinary mortals would think that would be attempted to be counterfeited would be butter.

Good fresh butter. Nevertheless, it is true. And the new compound, it is said, can not be detected from the genuine product of the patient, docile bovine that young America is sent after morning and evening. It is called oleomargarine, and is manufactured and consumed in New York to the extent of 80,000 pounds per day. The Eastern dairymen are fighting the introduction of this new article bitterly, but it appears without success. Even Western cities are adopting it, and the St. Louis papers are advocating its introduction there. But we would not be surprised if they were not already consuming it.

A Bazon reporter yesterday morning visited one of our grocery stores but the most persistent investigation only revealed the fact that so far, Sedalians are eating the real old thing. But here's a description of the new substitute yelet oleomargarine: The name itself may be just as well applied to dairy butter, as it is nearly the compound of olein and margarine—the main components of both artificial and dairy butter. Again, as to the product itself nothing can be purer, healthier, or more simple. It is no chemical invention, but the mere discovery of a law of nature that the French chemist Mege brought into practical use. When he was satisfied that butter was directly derived from the fat of the cow, he commenced his experiment on the pure calf fat, and after some patient study produced the pure oil known as oleomargarine, which was afterwards churned up into butter. In the English and French commercial reports this substitute for dairy butter is spoken of in the very highest terms, and has already taken the place of all second and third class dairy produce. It is invaluable as a butter for warm climates or to be used as such, as it keeps sweet and pure for such a length of time. Prof. Charles F. Chandler, of Columbia College, probably the first analytical chemist and expert of the day, speaking of oleomargarine, says: "I am acquainted with the butter product, such as is made by the Commercial Manufacturing Company, and have used the same. I find it to be a good and wholesome article of food, and equally as free from injurious effects as the butter made from cream. The process described in the Mege patent for making this artificial butter in no way produces any injurious effect upon the product, and when artificial butter is produced by strictly following the Mege patent as to temperature, etc., the products cannot be distinguished from the butter made from cream, either by the taste or smell." Such an inducement as the above should certainly carry weight in a community of people of intelligence.

"There was a law passed by the Legislature of Missouri at its late session requiring that the imitations of butter known as 'oleomargarine' sold in this state shall be branded so as to signify their true character, under a penalty for non-compliance. It forbids any person to make or to sell such imitation of butter without this brand. The object of the law was two-fold; to protect consumers of butter against imposition, and to protect the manufacturers of genuine butter from fraudulent competition. Butter-making is the business of farmers and dairymen, and the Legislature took the correct view that it ought not to be discouraged by the imitation business carried on in cities. And yet, although the manufacture of oleomargarine and the consumption of it are largely increasing, this law is disregarded. It would be impossible to find a tub of oleomargarine in the market; it is all butter or, at least, it pretends to be, and there is so much of it consumed in cities that we are in danger of losing our knowledge of real butter. An investigation in New York has developed the fact that there is one large factory of imitation butter in that city, operating under a French patent, besides, some smaller ones that operate in violation of the patent. There are establishments also in St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Pittsburg, Providence and New Haven. The whole process consists in the melting of beef tallow at a low temperature, mixing with it ten per cent of dairy cream and ten per cent of dairy butter to give it flavor, and a small quantity of annatto to give it the requisite color—the whole being churned to make the mixture perfect. It is then cooled, worked into rolls and packed in tubs, with the word 'oleomargarine' branded on the bottom in small letters so that it cannot be seen. It is sold as butter, and many consumers do not distinguish it from the genuine article.

"The art of extracting butter from the meat of the animal may be classed as one of the great discoveries of the day, and, like all other inventions that have been of benefit to the world, has brought out a number of spurious imitations. The sewing machine was no sooner invented than the lawyers were busy with suits attacking all infringers, and, as the law in regard to patents is very clear, the inventor is generally well protected. Rubber, when utilized as an article of commercial manufacture, was patented by the Goodrich Company, and the victory they obtained over the dentists that were utilizing the substance in the manufacture of gums, is still fresh in the mind of every one, and shows how jealously the law protects the holder of a patent. The United States Dairy Company have vigorously prosecuted all who have attempted to manufacture butter from animal fats. The success of oleomargarine, and its value as an important article of food, has induced a number of people to attempt its manufacture in cellars and out-of-the-way places, and, although the detectives employed by the company are not always able to capture the offenders, they have already broken up a number of their establishments and expect to free the city from them. It is not merely

AN OLD RELIQU.

What a Choctaw Indian's Note Was Worth in 1830.

In many of the old New England land grants can be yet seen the signatures of some of the ancient chiefs who decided them. Each is itself a curiosity, and the quaint hieroglyphics they use attest them individually as untrustworthy to others as the hand writing upon the ancient monuments and tombs of Egypt.

Upon our table lies a queer document yellow with age indented, serrated, and cracked with time. The handwriting upon it, though yet legible, is very pale, and ere many years, will have faded into the oblivion of obliterated events.

The document is a promissory note given by a Choctaw Indian, whose name in English is pronounced "Maugh," to Mr. Wm. Davis, of Warrensburg, who still preserves it as a memoir of the past. It reads as follows:

"For value received I promise to pay William Davis or bearer the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars on or before the first day of March next, or on my hand this 7 day of December 1830.

There is an article in Friday's St. Louis Republican about the "Raising of Calves"; and Lydia Thompson can learn a few all about it and a good deal of other agricultural knowledge in one kick.

—Right under it is another on "Raising of Fowls"; but every base ball player knows how to do that.

—So will volunteer a little agricultural information: To "Raise the Devil." Take 1 kaig of best-head whisky and work it with four good industrious laborers, subsoil it lively, and then, after the thrashing, comes the highest yield to the acre you ever saw.

—Just as soon as Tennie pored his corns and healed that of stone bruise, he began to lecture on "Tramps."

Our young handsome friend, Christ. Burger, Esq., of Jefferson City, called upon us last night. "Sedalia Dem. cut. [Now we hope Fritz hasn't changed his name to Christ, just because he happened in a strange town.]—J.G. City Tribune. Sh-sh-sh! Tennie. Bend over; let us whisper in your ear: If he'd told 'em his right name in Jefferson they'd crucify him in a minute.

—Why is it, gentlemen? Nobody writes: "The handsome and genial Geo. Frame, Esq., dropped in on us," etc.

—Some of the boys at the public school were firing a small cannon loaded with nails at the colored school children yesterday afternoon. Deputy Marshal Taff took the young cannon away from them, and a warrant will probably be issued for the arrest of some of them to-day.—Kansas City Times.

Always the way—always the way. Never will the little deers enjoy themselves.

—A reader asks: "Why did Aimee, the French opera buff, once wear a ring on her thumb?"

Because her toes were too small.

—One Kentucky farmer appropriates the yearly products of one acre of his farm to the purchase of reading matter for himself and family.—Ex.

That's what the old kow tells the folks at home. But he trades it off for patent juice and fills up the aching void with patent medicine almanacs. Oh, we know!

Talk about whiskey!—whiskey that you can see little niggers boeing corn in—whiskey full of snakes, lizards and tarantulas—whiskey that will make a man murder his grandmother at first sight, and all that; but for the pure article of quick-step blue ruin, just recommend the Quincy whiskey, which is built up on fish bones and tied together with dog's bristles. Listen to the Ocoela Sentinel-Democrat:

Sometimes since a young man visited Quincy and partook of considerable alcohol. Upon his return home he was taken violently ill. Dr. Stevens, of Quincy was summoned and did all in his power to relieve the young man but without avail, as he died in a few hours. The doctor made a post-mortem examination and found in his stomach hog bristles and fish-bones. How they came there is a mystery.

Now that's what we call whiskey.

"The envelope system" has been adopted by the Methodist church as the mode of paying the pastor. That is the best and most popular mode of "paying the preacher," and is in vogue in a great many places.

Yes, it is a right good way. Lets pay 'em all in envelopes. Big official ones for Beecher and Talmage, and little ones for the small fry. Won't second-hand envelopes do? They're just as good to eat, and besides they'll have a nutritious postal stamp on.

—The BAZON "Flea" has flown. We always thought there was something snide about that flea, anyhow. It had wings.—Enterprise.

A flea never flies—it hops, as it were. It has legs, not wings. The latter are for such cherubs as Phippus.

AN OLD RELIQU.

What a Choctaw Indian's Note Was Worth in 1830.

In many of the old New England land grants can be yet seen the signatures of some of the ancient chiefs who decided them. Each is itself a curiosity, and the quaint hieroglyphics they use attest them individually as untrustworthy to others as the hand writing upon the ancient monuments and tombs of Egypt.

Upon our table lies a queer document yellow with age indented, serrated, and cracked with time. The handwriting upon it, though yet legible, is very pale, and ere many years, will have faded into the oblivion of obliterated events.

The document is a promissory note given by a Choctaw Indian, whose name in English is pronounced "Maugh," to Mr. Wm. Davis, of Warrensburg, who still preserves it as a memoir of the past. It reads as follows:

"For value received I promise to pay William Davis or bearer the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars on or before the first day of March next, or on my hand this 7 day of December 1830.

There is an article in Friday's St. Louis Republican about the "Raising of Calves"; and Lydia Thompson can learn a few all about it and a good deal of other agricultural knowledge in one kick.

—Right under it is another on "Raising of Fowls"; but every base ball player knows how to do that.

—So will volunteer a little agricultural information: To "Raise the Devil." Take 1 kaig of best-head whisky and work it with four good industrious laborers, subsoil it lively, and then, after the thrashing, comes the highest yield to the acre you ever saw.

—Just as soon as Tennie pored his corns and healed that of stone bruise, he began to lecture on "Tramps."

Our young handsome friend, Christ. Burger, Esq., of Jefferson City, called upon us last night. "Sedalia Dem. cut. [Now we hope Fritz hasn't changed his name to Christ, just because he happened in a strange town.]—J.G. City Tribune. Sh-sh-sh! Tennie. Bend over; let us whisper in your ear: If he'd told 'em his right name in Jefferson they'd crucify him in a minute.

—Why is it, gentlemen? Nobody writes: "The handsome and genial Geo. Frame, Esq., dropped in on us," etc.

—Some of the boys at the public school were firing a small cannon loaded with nails at the colored school children yesterday afternoon. Deputy Marshal Taff took the young cannon away from them, and a warrant will probably be issued for the arrest of some of them to-day.—Kansas City Times.

Always the way—always the way. Never will the little deers enjoy themselves.

—A reader asks: "Why did Aimee, the French opera buff, once wear a ring on her thumb?"

Because her toes were too small.

—One Kentucky farmer appropriates the yearly products of one acre of his farm to the purchase of reading matter for himself and family.—Ex.

That's what the old kow tells the folks at home. But he trades it off for patent juice and fills up the aching void with patent medicine almanacs. Oh, we know!

Talk about whiskey!—whiskey that you can see little niggers boeing corn in—whiskey full of snakes, lizards and tarantulas—whiskey that will make a man murder his grandmother at first sight, and all that; but for the pure article of quick-step blue ruin, just recommend the Quincy whiskey, which is built up on fish bones and tied together with dog's bristles. Listen to the Ocoela Sentinel-Democrat:

Sometimes since a young man visited Quincy and partook of considerable alcohol. Upon his return home he was taken violently ill. Dr. Stevens, of Quincy was summoned and did all in his power to relieve the young man but without avail, as he died in a few hours. The doctor made a post-mortem examination and found in his stomach hog bristles and fish-bones. How they came there is a mystery.

Now that's what we call whiskey.

"The envelope system" has been adopted by the Methodist church as the mode of paying the pastor. That is the best and most popular mode of "paying the preacher," and is in vogue in a great many places.

Yes, it is a right good way. Lets pay 'em all in envelopes. Big official ones for Beecher and Talmage, and little ones for the small fry. Won't second-hand envelopes do? They're just as good to eat, and besides they'll have a nutritious postal stamp on.

—The BAZON "Flea" has flown. We always thought there was something snide about that flea, anyhow. It had wings.—Enterprise.

A flea never flies—it hops, as it were. It has legs, not wings. The latter are for such cherubs as Phippus.

YEARS AGONE.

A Relic of the Days of Ante Bellum.

Extracts from a Johnson County Paper of 1860.

We have before us a time-stained sheet, entitled the Weekly Union, published at Warrensburg, by C. A. & J. H. Middleton. It is dated Wednesday, August 31, 1859, and its contents, some of them, are quite interesting as compared with the present age. Old laws, habits and landmarks long since forgotten, are brought to recollection, and the deeds of the day—a day peculiarly prejudicial to this section—have a charm about them that is not to be forgotten.

Upon the first page the first column is very warlike, and commences with a poetic appeal, as follows:

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!! The following lines were written in the year 1856, by a citizen of this county, during the Kansas troubles, for the Border Times. We republish them now, by request, and because we think they are appropriate for the present time, as our State is again threatened by marauders of Kansas Territory:

Sons of the South, awake! awake! The foe is at the gate— He comes with a sword, And the assassin lies in wait; And must we write beneath the wrong? Our suffering has been all too long.

The moon's pale beams on the rifle gleams, The death-shout singeth loud, And the brave are hurled to sudden death, Between these two points of steel, And on the wind, there comes a sound Of horse-hoofs on the trampled ground.

There are some things we cannot bear, Bounds that no man may cross; Rights that we yield not while we live, For life were worse than death.

Work mischief thro' the groaning land, Then gather 'ye who love your native land, Sweep on, like ocean's wave, March forward, watchful of your rights; Yet, pause awhile, ye brave, And not until all shall be tried, A way into the conflict lead.

The hissing ball—the gasp of death— The scolding cry of the wounded man, Those left to live, who long to die, Wounded and blood-stained in their pain, The widow's wail and orphan's cry Drowning the shout of victory.

Such are the scenes that glorious war Must ever with it bring, Though pomp, and pride and panoply Be wonted to attend its wing. A wild romance, as war-steps dance And ranks to the wild charge advance.

But, rather than to suffer wrong; To death defend the right; Fling to the breeze our banner broad, Let the steel gleam and the knife, And cease to be traitor and the knave, And stand for ever crimson'd grave, Where sleep the brave who fighting fell For the land and laws they lov'd so well.

Very good—very good; but the writer little dreamed that the "Sons of the South" would arise as he desired, and that the "Sons of the North" would also arise, and that hundreds of thousands of lives be lost in the struggle that followed.

But here's one of those "over acts" that brought on the struggle by "Old Bill Montgomery."

From the Union Extra, August 25. ANOTHER WAR IN KANSAS!!! MISSOURI THREATENED BY MONTGOMERY!!!

By a gentleman just from Bates county, we have received the following startling news from the Border: "I will be recalled that an old gentleman by the name of Cruise, living in Vermont county, was brutally murdered some time since, by a band of Montgomery's men, and that one of the band, a certain 'Capt. Pickles' had been arrested and is now in the Bolivar jail, awaiting his trial on the charge of murder.

Montgomery is in the field with about five hundred men, and has just set a trap, he (Montgomery) wrote to Captain Pickles, of Bates county, telling him that if 'Pickles' was not released by the 20th (Saturday last), the State would be in the hands of the rebels, and that 'Pickles' was not, and will not be released until a ransom of \$10,000 is paid. It is thought that Paris has been destroyed.

On the 17th inst. Montgomery's men rode a runaway off from Sugar creek and (Osga, eleven families; the particulars of these robberies are revolting. Every Anti-Jayhawker in the counties of Lynn, Lykins, and the Territory, at the peril of their lives, such is the State of affairs now existing in Kansas. Who is to blame? What is to be done? Let the people answer.

"The dollars of our dollars" gave them as much trouble as they do us, it seems:—won't you LAWYERS CHILLICOTHE? We understand that on Saturday last, a gentleman presented \$11,000 in notes at the Branch of the Bank of the State of Missouri, at Chillicothe, for redemption; but by the time \$300 in silver had been paid out, a crowd of about twenty persons gathered in the banking room, and ordered him to present more of the bills. They, furthermore, ordered him to leave town and return in the evening, or to leave the notes to do it in. As the crowd was highly excited, cries of hang him I were heard, the gentleman thought it the part of prudence, to retire, particularly as he was not able to whip a mob of about five men.

His only offense was demanding the payment of a just debt, and if this be a crime calling for the intervention of Lynch Law, then every man of the Chillicothe mob, who gave a rich man assistance in the money for a note he holds against him ought to be lynched.

If the people of Chillicothe persist in such conduct as they will degrade the notes of their Branch, and bring on its ruin. We have no reason to believe that the Bank officers did anything to excite this demonstration, and we would be glad to see any Bank to condescend such acts.

All intelligent people admire beautiful sentiments when clothed in proper language; but most people are heartily sick of the nonsensical, bombastic gab, of some of our present newspaper writers. Our Congressman, Col. T. Crittenden, it seems, about that time appreciated a good thing:

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY. Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his efforts by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God in his eternal counsel, conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who truth constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy, and thus addressed them: 'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice, O, God, make him not, for he will trample upon my laws. Truth made answer, O, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries. But Mercy, deprecating the thought of man, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, O, God, make

BACK ON HIS ENGINE AGAIN.

Winning a mile in a minute, And getting all out that ever was in it!

As the song of the fast express and mail As it thundered along the iron rail. Away through cuts, and then out in the light— And then through the tunnels as black as night; Switches, bridges, levels long, Singing a wild, fantastic song. That clattered and rattled along the track, While the engine threw the echo back. And screamed through the green and waving, Singing a wild, fantastic song.

A loud shrill whistle on the breeze! And thus the train with its precious load A mile a minute went down the road.

Tommy Malone was the engineer, Who watched the puffing load and clear. "Aha! old thunder, brave and true! The same old motion still with you. The same old stroke and grand stride And months ago I quit your side!"

And he pulled the throttle just to see The iron giant turn its wheels, As if old Satan at its heels, Had joined the clamor and clang of song. That waited in fury the train along.

A mile in a minute and more they went, To beat the fastest time they meant; "Give her another shove or two," Said Tommy to his fireman, Jim Larue. The furnace roared as the coal went in, And the lurid sparks above the din. Were whirled away like the comet's tail As the fast mail whizzed along the rail. And sang its song in its wild flight down A mile a minute to the town.

"A mile in a minute, a mile in a minute, Getting all out that ever was in it!" They rattled along at lightning speed, And Tom on top of his iron steed. Felt happy, as one who death had passed; (Glad as a wanderer home at last.) From under his cap rim, snug and tight, He peered ahead and all was right; Then puffed and smiled on the "Number One."

The engine he left when the strike came on— "Beave, girl, we're together again, all right! Felt happy, as one who death had passed; (Glad as a wanderer home at last.) From under his cap rim, snug and tight, He peered ahead and all was right; Then puffed and smiled on the "Number One."

ROUGH COURTHIP. A Benton County Farmer in Pursuit of a Wife.

Near Lincoln, Benton Co., lives a German farmer, possessed of a goodly portion of worldly goods, but with no wife. For some years he has been casting his serene orbs about over the rising females, in search of a proper person for a life companion. Once or twice, he has found one whom he thought would suit him, providing her father would come down handsomely on the stamps, and has even been bold enough to inquire of the loving parent about how much would be the portion of the maid. From some mysterious cause, from that time forward, the girl would take no notice of him, and he was left lamenting the loss of the lady's money if not herself.

Such things are not kept secret, and before long he discovered that his company was acceptable to none of the ladies. He was in a dilemma. A few he must have, but none of the girls would speak to him. So matters continued for some months, when at last his eyes lighted upon a pretty maiden and his heart longed for her love. He set all his inventive genius at work, and devised a plan. The girl—an orphan—was living with her uncle, who, like our hero, is a lover of the mighty dollar. The suitor consulted the uncle, and requested his influence in the cause, and the latter thinking this an opportunity to better his pecuniary condition, seemed loth to render it.

At last the young man proposed that if he would persuade the girl to have him, he would give him a cow. Still was the uncle reluctant. A suit of clothes was added to the offer, when it was accepted, and the contract was made. The influence was exerted and the niece persuaded. All parties were happy, particularly the uncle.

The day was set for the wedding, and as is customary with the Germans, the two must, before the wedding, purchase their outfit. They came to Sedalia and bought their stove, table, chairs, bedstead, etc., which occupied their time until late in the evening, when it became necessary to find a place in which to spend the night. He was not a stranger in the city. He knew all of the various hotels, where he could secure a suitable abode for the lady, for fifty cents, or even half that sum, but he thought of what she had already cost him—of the suit of clothes and the cow, of the money, things he must not buy. It was too much, he could not afford it, they must economize. When here alone, he is in the habit of laying in Kullmer's lively stable. The hay in the loft makes a bed good enough for him, so why will it not as well for her? So, thither Sir Knight escorted his lady love. With the help of his timely boosting she succeeded in climbing into the loft. Several gentlemen were already there—some of whom well knew the couple—they politely arose and allowed the pair to pass. They selected a suitable place in a distant corner, where, in a great distance as lovers are wont to be from each other, they wrapped themselves in silent slumber.

The morning dawned, they arose, and while the groom occupied a convenient position to catch her should she fall, the bride descended. They finished their business and returned home.

Is due time the nuptial knot was tied. No cards. No Beer.

A Dutchman was riding in the car, and wanted to get out at a certain station. When the street was reached he came to the door of the car, thinking the conductor would stop. As the conductor paid no attention to him he said: "Say conductor, why don't you stop de car; I want to get out here!" The conductor was another Dutchman like himself, and replied: "Vell, yu don't you say so; I can't schell it."

"Why don't this fire keep up?" asked a Chicago husband pettishly, so he pruned around half dressed, and fervently pulled the stove grate, late one bitter morning. "It's so much like you" piped out his wife from her warm bed. "Like me?" exclaimed he, stopping his work. "How so?" "Because," said she, regularly, "It will go out at night!" He mumbled something to himself, and returned to his work.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, executor and trustee of the estate of J. B. Ellis, minor, will make final settlement of his accounts on the 15th day of January, 1880, at the next term of the Probate court of Benton county, Missouri, to be held on the 15th day of January, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M. J. B. Ellis, Executor and Trustee.

BOSTON TEA CASE. One well laden egg, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one well beaten egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream, dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar added to the dry flour, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and one teaspoonful of butter, mixed, bake in small tin.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, executor and trustee of the estate of J. B. Ellis, minor, will make final settlement of his accounts on the 15th day of January, 1880, at the next term of the Probate court of Benton county, Missouri, to be held on the 15th day of January, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M. J. B. Ellis, Executor and Trustee.

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER. Wall paper may be washed clean by using fine, dry Indian meal—rubbing it on with a soft dry cloth.

CELESTIAL. Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper; then pin it up in a towel and in a dark place, and keep as cool as possible. Before preparing it for the table place it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain for an hour. It will make a crisp and cold.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAIR INVIGORATOR.

Run, run, one pint; alcohol, one-half pint; castor oil, one-half ounce; carboline of ammonia, one-quarter ounce; tincture of cascubaria, one-half ounce; mix them well. This mixture will promote the growth of the hair and prevent it from falling out.