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KEEP YOUR

How Barbara Allen Lived and Died—A Rich Old Woman who Was Supposed to be a Pauper.

The fact was reported in the Times yesterday that a poorly-clad woman had died in an ambulance on Tuesday night while being conveyed to the City Hospital from the ladies' waiting-room in the Fulton Ferry-house, where she had been seized with an apoplectic fit. It was ascertained yesterday that the woman's name was Barbara Allen, that she was supposed to be very poor, and resided in a room on the top floor of the house No. 149 Madison street, in this city. The people from whom she rented the room knew little about their tenant's history. She told them that she was an English woman, that she had been divorced from her husband about eighteen years ago, and that he was captain of a vessel, plying between New York and Liverpool. When found in the ferry-house she had with her a basket containing scraps of broken meat and bread, which led to the belief that she was a beggar. Yesterday, on searching the body at the Raymond-Street Morgue, Keeper McGuire found in the pocket of an inside coat \$15.07 in money, and a bank-book showing that she had \$1,995.88 to her credit in the Bleeker-Street Savings Bank, the last deposit having been made on January 1, 1878. Sewed up in her clothes were found slips of paper giving the number of bank-books and the names of banks in which she is supposed to have money. The banks are as follows: Seaman's Savings Bank, Bleeker-Street Savings Bank, Brooklyn Savings Bank, Broadway Savings Bank, and the Bowers Savings Bank. The first deposit made in the Bleeker-Street Savings Bank was in 1861, and no money has since been drawn out. Coroner Simms ordered a post-mortem examination of the body, by which it was ascertained that the deceased, who was about seventy-five years of age, had died of apoplexy. The house at which Mrs. Allen last boarded in the private residence of Mr. John Clift, a civil engineer. His wife is a very charitable woman, and for several years past she was accustomed to assist Mrs. Allen in a small way. Miss Clift, her daughter, said last evening that the late Mrs. Allen was too proud to beg, and she had never known her to solicit alms, although she had been accustomed to receive proffered assistance gratefully. About two months ago the old lady came to Mrs. Clift and desired to take a room, and board there. Mrs. Clift granted her the privilege, and Mrs. Allen paid her board regularly. Miss Clift said that she had been in the habit of receiving assistance from St. Paul's Episcopal Church. She had frequently expressed the fear that she would some day die of apoplexy, and exacted a promise from Mrs. Clift that she "would not bury her in the Potter's Field." Her room contains several old barrels and boxes, which had not been disturbed last evening. Miss Clift said that had her mother known that Mrs. Allen had so large a sum of money, she would not have allowed her to wander around alone in her old age.

ON THIS SPACE.

An Adventure of Carl Schurz. It was in Spandau that the adventure occurred which won Carl Schurz his knight's spurs—if one may use a mediæval figure in this unknighly age. But the whole adventure is thoroughly romantic. Before the troubles of 1844, Schurz was studying medicine at Bonn, and there became intimate with the poet and professor Gottfried Kinkel. This Kinkel was a wild, visionary writer, but seems to have possessed that personal magnetism which secures the trust and most self-sacrificing friend. Both he and Schurz took part in the so-called Baden revolution in 1849—a campaign which so far as the revolutionists were concerned, resembled more closely a Fenian invasion of Canada than any other military event with which I am acquainted. At the break-up those patriots who were able crossed the frontier into France or Switzerland. Schurz, reaching the latter country, but Kinkel was caught, and locked up in the penitentiary at Spandau, where he spent the most of his time in spinning yarn for the government's benefit. His friends, however, were not going to let him pine away at this useful but unconvivial employment without making an effort to release him from it. His wife—a woman of great energy of character—wrote to Schurz asking if he were ready to help, and he came at once to Bonn to see her. From there he went with letters to some trustworthy persons in Berlin, notably to a certain physician there, and these two, with the assistance of a country gentleman living in the neighborhood of Spandau, arranged and carried out the daring attempt. They succeeded in a bribing a turnkey, who between eleven and twelve at night, having provided himself with the duplicate key to Kinkel's cell which hung in the prison office, and on a rope, let the latter out, and got him on to the roof of the building, whence he was let down to the street, where Schurz and the physician were waiting. They conducted him with all possible haste to a neighboring inn, where a suit of plain clothes was waiting him, the doctor taking in exchange his prison gear, which he intended, and, to his sorrow, actually did, preserve as a relic, though implored by his friends to destroy so dangerous a possession. For not long afterward, he being suspected of having had a hand in Kinkel's flight, his house was searched, and the clothes being found, he was sentenced to a long term in prison, and died there. This, however, is a digression. After the change of dress was effected, the before-mentioned gentleman appeared with a carriage and a span of horses, himself on the box, and after Schurz and Kinkel had got in, started for the Mecklenburg boundary. They reached in safety the port of Rostock, being everywhere helped by trustworthy friends, and from there the two sailed for Scotland in a vessel dispatched by its generous owner solely to convey them. Mr. Schurz was at this time (November 1850), but twenty-two years old.—Arthur Venner, in Harper's Magazine for May.

There is a general notion that earthquakes herald their approach by a rumbling noise. This is a mistake; the greatest noise comes after the earthquake, not before it. People who are awakened from their sleep by this rumbling may, therefore, renew their slumber immediately, with the comforting assurance that the earthquake is by the time they have opened their eyes several miles away, for earthquakes travel at a rate exceeding that of express trains.

W. B. Stewart, the commercial traveler, who lately died very suddenly at Topeka, was a brother-in-law of Col. D. W. Wilder, of St. Joe. The Topeka Blade says: Mr. Stewart was well known throughout the West as a young man of extraordinary general ability, and possessed those general qualities of heart that made friends wherever he went.

You have certainly missed a good, if you have not seen the elegant goods displayed in Taylor's cases. Step in and see the elegant Watches, Diamonds and rich Jewelry. The finest ever brought to Sedalia, and they are being sold lower than have ever been known in the jewelry business.

Written for the Sunday Morning BAZOO. ONCE, ONLY. BY BOA FEARLE.

DEATH OF AN OLD MISER.

Once only, once only, they're with us, Those days in the Spring time of youth; Once only we feel all their beauty, Once only believe in their truth. Once only the rivers are silver, The moonlight, a mystical sheen, The stars, the pure eyes of the angels, From azure bars looking between. Once only our castles are builded, With faith that is holy and sweet; Once only the future is golden, Once only its tures are complete. Once only we trust as in Heaven, Vows given 'neath friendship's bright name; Once only—alas! how they cheat us, These vows which so speedily wane. Once only we quaff from the chalice, That proffers us treasures of bliss. Once only we love, and are happy In watching the heart with a kiss. Once only we pass through the portal, And walk on the roses of Life, Once only we note but their blooming, And heed not the toiling and strife. And once, only once, we are blinded, To all of the shadows of Fate, Once only we sleep—then we waken To feel all its tures and its hate. Oh, sad, with a sorrow undying, Is "once, only once" born of pain, Oh, bitter and deadly the anguish, Oh! Hope that is ruthlessly slain.

WARRENSBURG.

Stray Pebbles from the Quarry City.

From Our Regular Correspondent. —The martins have come. —Eggs are eight cents per dozen. —The bees are beginning to swarm. —Preaching in all the churches to-day. —We had a lively hail storm last Monday. —The negroes are having a revival in Old Town. —The Daily News went off half cocked last Monday. —Jay Tinkles on the supper bells and sings among the boards. —W. H. Lee, our jolly hardware man, returned from St. Louis last Friday. —The newly elected mayor and councilmen were sworn in last Monday night. —The singing society is called the Vocal Union. Prof. Whiting is the leader. —That was all a mistake about W. W. Doherty going to St. Louis to get married. —H. Martin Williams made a greenback speech at the court house, last Monday night. —A hawk was selling boot blacking and singing comic songs on the street here last week. —A company of young men will start from here to Sac river, on a fishing excursion, next Monday. —The Normal school boys have organized a military company of 57 members. Prof. Bahman is their captain. —Duke Harwood, of Montevart, came up last night to spend Sunday in the city. He reports things lively at the mines. He asked her if she would be his. Then gave a sweet farewell. She smiled a smile but after while said, no, no, yes-ah. —Miss Kate Kerby, Carrollton, Mo., who has been visiting friends and relatives in this city, returned to her home last Thursday. —There will be a musical concert in this city next Friday night by Miss Annie Greenbeck's musical class, for the benefit of the Normal library. —Miss Portie Calaway and Miss Sallie Zoll went to California, Mo., on a visit, yesterday morning. They will answer our call at the Normal school to-morrow morning. —We have sprained ourselves kicking at nothing.—Warrensburg Daily News. —Bray belongs to a class of quadrupeds that are proverbial kickers. —The people are jubilant over the Supreme Court decision declaring the Township aid act unconstitutional. It invalidates \$100,000 bonds of Warrensburg township.

LAMONTE.

LAMONTE, April 20, 1878. From Our Regular Correspondent. —Dr. R. H. Stephens, of St. Louis county, was on a visit here this week, looking after his lands. —Farming has been stopped for the past week, some few are now planting corn, but it is very wet. —There is a great deal of corn now coming in to market. Prices the same, 20 to 22 cents per bushel. —G. L. Japes, formerly of this place, but now of Ohio, is on a visit here to his brother and numerous friends. —Messrs. Lawrence and Heine, two blind men, are giving musical concerts here in the Good Templars hall. Very entertaining and humorous. —During the thunder storm last Saturday night, the lightning struck the corner of Thomas Terry, about a mile south of this place, setting it on fire. It was discovered in time to throw the pen down, and thus save a good deal of the corn, but in a damaged condition. Loss about 300 to 400 bushels.

LAMONTE INSTITUTE.

Our institute will meet on Saturday, April 27. We invite teachers from all parts of Pettis county as well as the people of our vicinity to be present. Prof. E. R. Booth will be here from Sedalia, Miss De Tray from Boonville, and, possibly, one of the faculty from Warrensburg. PROGRAMME. Opening exercise, Written Arithmetic, J. H. Teague; Grammar, R. A. S. Wade; Orthography, John Hill; Critic report, Afternoon—Reading, E. R. Booth; Geography, Miss Lizzy Hart; History, Miss Nettie De Tray; Discussion and Critic's Report. Respectfully, R. A. S. WADE.

R. R. M.

Which Means Railroads and Railroad Men.

Something about the Cost of Constructing a Railroad.

Paper No. 1.] In this wonderful age, in these stirring times, when the whole universe teems with enterprise and a thousand brains teem with inventive genius, in this country where so many public improvements have been made within the last half century, we as a people, have a great deal to congratulate ourselves upon, and it cannot be denied that we also have many things to deplore, many blunders to condone, and many triumphs to achieve. Science has done a great deal for us, but, horny hands and skillful fingers and plerthoric pocket books have done a great deal more. A poor devil of a genius may fret till his proud heart breaks, he may invent and may out, and he may, in patent his inventions, and all that, but unless he has money, or is backed by the influence of moneyed men, he may as well lock his brains up. Money is the lever that moves the universe, it is the *corpus motu* of every enterprise, it is the *serpente urina* of every nation, the desire of every heart and the one thing needed in all our pockets. We have all seen what it can do and very few of us can do without it. Take the mine, the telegraph, the steam ships, the railway and the lightning rod peddler out of America and the country would relax into a state of barbarism in twenty-four hours and ten minutes. Half a century ago if any young Daniel with the spirit of prophecy upon him had declared to the old fog grandfathers of that day, that after the lapse of fifty years, America would be a complete network of railways, a lions den would have been constructed outwiring in strength and security the most ancient times, and after the requisite number of wild beasts had been procured, Daniel would have been remorselessly thrust in. Speaking of that little reminiscence of ancient times, reminds me of a scene that occurred in a picture gallery in St. Louis three or four years ago. There was an exhibition there, a large collection of oil paintings. Several young ladies were standing before a picture of a man and a woman, and after the requisite number of wild beasts had been procured, Daniel would have been remorselessly thrust in. Speaking of that little reminiscence of ancient times, reminds me of a scene that occurred in a picture gallery in St. Louis three or four years ago. There was an exhibition there, a large collection of oil paintings. Several young ladies were standing before a picture of a man and a woman, and after the requisite number of wild beasts had been procured, Daniel would have been remorselessly thrust in.

ALL OUT.

The Full Details of Mrs. Tilton's Confession.

New York, April 16.—When your correspondent saw Mrs. Tilton yesterday she quietly but firmly refused to say anything further than that the letter published as her confession was genuine. Even this much she said with a look of pain that touched the sympathies of the reporter, but no more could be gained from her. But Mrs. Tilton, like most women, has talked of her affairs to her friends, to Mrs. Anna Field, of Plymouth Church in particular, and a number of others, and to-day your correspondent succeeded in unearthing one of these confidantes. The lady is a married woman in good standing, who has been a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton for many years. When she was informed that her visitor was a newspaper man she assumed a look of deep alarm, and made a motion as if to retire at once. "Oh, I can't talk to you," said she. "I know perfectly well what you want, and I tell you at once I can say nothing." "But I am not going to urge you to say anything you ought not to say," said the correspondent; "and you will certainly do me the justice to listen to my questions." "You want to ask me about the Beecher matter," she remarked. "That's it," remarked the correspondent. "I know it," she replied, "and I tell you again I can say nothing," and the lady put up her hands deprecatingly. Your correspondent seeing that she evidently knew something of the matter, and that she was determined not to tell what she knew, executed a flank movement. He modestly inquired if her husband was acquainted with the facts in her possession. She replied that he was, and added that if he chose to tell it, he was at liberty to do so. With this the correspondent obtained directions for finding that esteemed gentleman, and sought him out at the office in the city. After a good deal of trouble he succeeded in obtaining the following story, being substantially that related by Mrs. Tilton to his wife: Mrs. Tilton states that for many years she had regarded Mr. Beecher with great affection, though until the month of October, 1868, his attachment to her was innocent, and such as was natural between a devoted member of a Christian church and her pastor. Shortly before the time mentioned she lost a child, and its death left her in a very weak state of mind. She longed for love and comfort from any quarter, and the presence and conversation of her pastor had a peculiarly soothing influence on her. She had long been familiar with him, and he was accustomed to kiss her when they met, although this salutation had heretofore taken place only in the presence of others. On the evening mentioned, she called, in a depressed state of mind, on Mr. Beecher, at his own house. She asked for Mrs. Beecher, but was told that that lady was away. She then inquired for Mr. Beecher, and while she was speaking the library door opened, and her pastor came out and asked her into his room. As she went in Mr. Beecher spoke kindly to her, and in an outburst of anguish she threw her head upon his breast and burst into tears. Mr. Beecher placed his arm about her, and after a few comforting words, kissed her tenderly and sat down upon the sofa with her. He talked to her there for a long time, and in that particularly bewitching manner which always seemed to banish her gloom and give her such a better and brighter view of life. As he talked to her he seemed like an inspired man, and she was completely in his power and as incapable of resistance as a babe. Gradually he drew her closer to him, and when, at last, his familiarities became so marked as to convince her that wrong was intended, she besought him, for her own sake and his, to spare her. He then began an argument to convince her that no act of intercourse between them could be criminal, and such were his powers of argument and persuasion that, for the time being she became wholly convinced of the innocence of the deed. It was then the first act of criminality took place between them. The next offense took place the following Saturday night at her own house, and afterwards these acts were repeated at frequent intervals, sometimes at her own house, sometimes at the Beecher residence, and sometimes during rides and walks, which she was accustomed to take with him by appointment. The first suspicion by her husband of anything wrong between Mr. Beecher and herself occurred nearly a year after their criminal intimacy began. She and Theodore were at Beecher's house one evening, and while she was seated on a low stool examining some engravings Mr. Beecher came and reclined on the floor by her side and began commenting on the pictures. Mr. Tilton was at the other end of the room engaged in conversation, but it seems that he saw her on them. While in the position described he placed his hand upon her ankle, and was proceeding to take further liberties, when she said in a low tone: "Don't! Dory will see you." And thereupon he removed his hand. It seems that Theodore noticed the movement, however, and, after they

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