

A VEST OVATION.

The Reception of the New Senators in Sedalia.

It was generally known that Col. Geo. G. Vest and Gen. James Shields, the newly-elected United States Senators from Missouri, would arrive here from Jefferson City on Friday afternoon, and accordingly a large crowd assembled at the Garrison House to receive them with such demonstrations of rejoicing as the weather and time would admit of. The car containing the Senators and their special friends was ornamented with the legend in 80 line pic: "Missouri's Choice, George G. Vest."

When the train came in sight a large bonfire was kindled on Ohio street, Joe Peitler's snail battery thundered forth a salute; the Sedalia Brass Band struck up a salute; and the "most sweet voices" of the multitude shouted welcome in prolonged cheer. When the train stopped and Col. Vest made his appearance on the platform the enthusiasm was boundless. When the party stepped upon the porch of the Garrison House, Gen. Shields was loudly called for and responded in a very happy little speech in which he warmly congratulated Col. Vest, remarking that he had "fought on opposite sides during the late war, but would now fight together—hand in hand and heart in heart—and they would be a hard team to beat."

Mayor Faulhaber then, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced Col. Vest, and was followed by Col. Phillips, who welcomed the Senator to his home in a brief but fervent and eloquent manner. Then Col. Phillips suggested that the next best thing the assembled crowd could do was to escort the senator to his home, at the residence of his son-in-law, Geo. P. E. Jackson, Esq., corner of Fourth and M-sachusetts streets, which was accordingly done, and an enthusiastic crowd of Col. Vest's admirers bringing up the rear, while a miscellaneous assortment of fireworks illuminated the victor's pathway.

The demonstration, though hastily gotten up, was a very creditable one, and highly enjoyed both by the citizens who rendered it and the gallant gentlemen, soldiers and statesmen who were honored by it.

Sedalia has vanquished St. Louis for the United States Senatorship, but this fact does not injure the excellent reputation of "Anshower Premium Bottle and Keg Beer," which still reigns supreme as one of the finest and most wholesome beverages furnished in the State, and bravely punches itself in champion over all its competitors. This celebrated beer, as well as a large variety of fine domestic and imported wines and liquors, can only be found at the reliable and extensive wholesale beer and wine emporium of Louis Deutch.

Any one desiring a genuine article in the above line will please bear this fact in mind. Remember the place. LOUIS DEUTSCH, Sole agent for "Anshower Premium Bottle and Keg Beer," wholesale dealer in fine wines and liquor, Main street.

Spiritual Songs. We have received from the publishers, Scribner & Co., New York, a copy of a new book, entitled "A Selection of Spiritual Songs, with music for the Church and Choir; selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D." The selection appears to have been made with care, and with a view to meet the requirements of Christians of all denominations. Externally, it is the handsomest hymn book we have ever seen—a gem of typography, and strongly and beautifully bound. It will be sold through the trade.

A Cooking Club. The young ladies of Fort Scott, Kansas, have organized a cooking club. Several of them assemble at stated times, dish up coffee and cake prepared by their own hands, and invite the young men to lunch. So mote it be.

An aged sinner lay once upon a time up on his death bed. He was not penitent worth a cent, but consented to receive a visit from a minister. The good man, after hearing a few introductory remarks concerning the weather, the crops, and the health of the neighborhood, venturously to suggest:

"Bro. Jones, you are aware that your condition is now critical; it is not certain that you will recover; and they say you have not lived a godly life."

"Well," said the dying sinner, meditatively, "I have been rather back, that's a fact, but—(here the old wretch chuckled audibly)—'I've had a dashed good time'."

"Brother Jones," again remarked the minister, "It is written, 'Man can not live by bread alone.'"

"In course not—in course not," assented the dying sinner; "he's obliged to have his meat and vegetables."

AN INCIDENT.

How Geo. Vest Secured the Senatorship.

Gallant and Courteous, at all Times and Under all Circumstances.

It is now in order to relate the following incident, illustrative of the manner in which Col. Geo. G. Vest secured a firm hold upon the esteem and good will of all whom he comes in contact. It is a secret which is known to many, though practiced by but few—because its practice involves real natural sympathy and courtesy, which cannot readily be assumed, but which are inborn in the gallant and great fully, and sit upon him easily and gracefully.

One cold, raw day last fall, an elderly plainly dressed lady, who was a passenger on the train from Sweet Springs to Sedalia, found the car window at her seat open, and the air, in consequence, disagreeably cool. She endeavored to close the window, but it resisted all her efforts. A gentleman sitting a short distance behind her volunteered his assistance, but the window remained immovable. He then courteously offered to exchange seats with her; she gratefully accepted the offer, and he, putting his shawl over the opening, occupied the seat until the train reached Sedalia, when he assisted the old lady from the car, escorted her to her hotel, and bade her a cordial "good bye."

It chanced that the gentleman had dropped upon the seat which he vacated on making the exchange an envelope addressed to "Col. Geo. G. Vest," which the old lady picked up and scanned with very laudable curiosity before returning it to him.

It chanced, also, that the lady was the wife of one of the most prominent, wealthy and influential citizens of one of the lower counties. When his wife related the circumstances he remarked:

"George Vest, eh? Well, he wanted to be Senator, and he shall be!"

And the old gentleman went to work for Vest as if he had a personal interest in his success. He wrote letters, personally interviewed members of the Legislature, and in every practicable way exerted all his great influence to secure the election to the United States Senate of the chivalrous Little Giant of Missouri, who had shown kindness and courtesy to his long and well beloved wife when traveling alone and among strangers.

That incident contributed in a large degree toward making Vest Senator, though doubtless many others of a like character assisted to build up the immense popularity which was developed so rapidly as to astonish even his most sanguine friends.

Such a man cannot fail to reflect credit upon the State which he has been chosen to represent in the national councils.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

—Mrs. Sallie Graves, eighty years of age, died from a death in her bed, near Salem, Ind., a few nights since.

—Stewart remains here, on recovery, on payment to the body snatchers of \$50,000, with the promise that they would not be prosecuted.

—John Jackson, charged with murdering his cousin, John H. Jackson, of Kaskaskia, Clark county, Mo., last fall, was arrested in Decatur, Ill., on Friday.

—At Leon Creek, Coryell county, Texas, on Thursday, William Hillis shot and killed his brother Erk, in an altercation over a trifling matter. The murderer saved like a man, and fled, but mounted a horse and escaped.

—Kate M. Cobb, tried in Norwich, Conn., for the murder of her husband, was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Her paramour and accomplice, Bishop, is yet to be tried. It is to be hoped he will be hanged.

—Two crippled veterans, one minus a leg, and the other having lost both legs below the knees, took to Sedalia on Friday night, on their way to St. Louis, and were hospitably treated by our citizens and authorities. If their statement is true, that they had been soldiers, and incurred their losses of limbs while in the United States service, we cannot imagine why they should be compelled to beg their way from the frontier to their former homes.

Fashionable Poisoning. But few people realize to what extent fashionable poisoning is carried at the present day in the use of various stimulants for the wretched suicides have acquired a fondness. Liquor in its various forms for a long time the great bane of society. But that is fast being supplemented by poisons not so stimulating and exciting, for more deadly in their effects. Opium eating and laudanum drinking is greatly increasing, and more than half of the deaths that are attributed to heart disease are composed by these habits. Morphine is but another form of the drug, and this is also being used to excess by thousands of people in this country. Chloral is fast growing into favor and is luring its victims down to death by the hundreds and thousands. It is time this matter was taken hold of in earnest by some of the zealous reformers of the day, for there is hardly a day passes but counts its victims to one or the other of these pernicious drugs. It is the gift of destruction by means of these narcotic poisons. The habit is formed by taking small doses to rest the overtaxed mind and brain, and the dose increases from day to day, until mind and brain are stilled and at rest in the quiet sleep of death. The news reaches us this morning of another victim to the use of chloral in the person of Chauncey K. Williams of Rutland, Vt., who was one of the first scholars of his native State, and a man of unusual moral excellence except in this one respect. He took chloral to induce sleep and rest yesterday morning. Sleep came to his eyelids speedily, but it was the sleep from which there is no awakening. Where is the Francis Murphy who will organize a crusade against the growing habit of fashionable poisoning.—Troy Post.

Oysters in bulk at Kaiser's.

SOCIAL CHAT.

Matters and Things in Every Day Life.

Posting Life's Ledger With Daily Accounts.

This fragrant and attractive fruit, as our readers are aware, is extensively cultivated in the vicinity of Boston. It grows, we believe, on vines. During the picking season it affords employment to a large number of poor but worthy people, and it is one of the chief articles of diet of the wealthy and cultured Bostonians. If it is to be made that makes the Bostonians, it is in cold-balls that gives them that immense development of brain for which they are famous.

Codfish-balls were formerly exported to the West in considerable quantities, and sold to second-class hotels and cheap restaurants. But they never acquired any wide-spread popularity, outside of their native habitat. Western people generally have turned up their noses at the seductive codfish-balls—some declaring that they could detect, by the smell, "something dead" in 'em; while old ladies have been heard to express the opinion that their peculiar odor was suggestive of immoral thoughts.

The Bostonians, however, anxious to extend to others the intellectual benefits they have derived from the daily consumption of this fruit, have resorted to a new plan for its more general introduction. On the plantations where it is produced they have established canneries, where the fruit, as soon as it is gathered, is cooked after the Boston method, and then inclosed in airtight cans for exportation. By this means they hope to be more successful in the dissemination of Boston culture and peccant ideas. They have already shipped a large quantity of the canned fruit to the West Indian, and hope soon to open up a profitable trade with the West. As in the case of canned baked beans, which are now a regular article of shipment from "the Hub," Boston cookery is supposed to eliminate everything offensive to Western palates and olfactory from the cod fish ball; and whereas, in its crude condition it tastes like a compound of silt and fish and potatoes, the canned fruit nearly resembles the flavor of boiled oranges.

Texas reporters as a class average as well as the fraternity elsewhere, but in the cattle districts they are better posted on stock than on social usages and the intricacies of dress. The Galveston News says:

A Texas reporter, who was detailed to write up a cattle show and a banquet ball on the evening of the same day, looked upon the wine when it was red, and got things mixed up in the following manner: Miss A. B., beautiful young belle, with red and white spots on her neck and forehead, was charmingly arrayed in green silk, trimmed with blue velvet, and ornamented with a very bold.

Mr. B. C., a very fashionable young fellow, looked splendidly in his lavender colored pants, and wore cockle burrs in his tail. No ornaments.

Mr. D. E., a Texas-raised cow, fine milk and very gentle, looked lovely in an her colored silk with trimmings. Wore a new leather halter on her shapely neck.

Col. F. G., an imported animal through-bred, looked splendid in low neck vest and coat. The reporter is harder to find than Charlie Row.

A lady—evidently of the great unkind, and who writes with disappointment rather than experience, unburies her mind as follows:

I wonder how any woman who has ever liked a clever man can go through the pretense of ever kissing a tobacco chewer. Did you ever see one suffer the penalty? This is how she does it. There is a preliminary shudder; and then she sits her teeth and looks her teeth, and makes a little pique dip at the foal lips of the grimacing beast, and then, pale with horror, flies to the kitchen, where, if you follow her, you will find her disinfecting with soap and water. Many of the blessed little hypocrites pretend that they like the use of a cigar, but even hypocrisy is powerless to force from a woman the confession of a fondness for hanging like the bee on a flower to a tobacco worm's plug.

We will wager a ten-cent plug of Lorillard's best that that woman is eminently unkindable. All the same, if somebody will hold our "chees," we'll step around and kiss her just once, "for sweet charity's sake." Then let her emigrate at once to Iceland, where courteous custom compels a man to kiss every woman he meets.

Missouri War Claims. The House has passed the bill (H. R. No. 822) to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to examine the evidence of payments made by the state of Missouri since April 17, 1862, to the officers and privates of the militia forces of the said State, for military services actually performed in the suppression of the rebellion, in full concert and cooperation with the authorities of the United States and subject to their orders, and to make reports thereof to Congress.

The preamble and bill are as follows: Whereas it is claimed by the State of Missouri that at the time of the reimbursement of said State under and by virtue of the act of Congress entitled "An act to reimburse the State of Missouri for moneys expended for the United States in equipping, equipping and provisioning militia forces, and providing militia forces, which had not been paid by said State and was not therefor included in said reimbursements, and that said State has since paid said militia forces, and has never been reimbursed; Therefore,

Representative of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and directed to investigate, consider and examine the evidence, vouchers and records relating to the payments claimed to have been made by the state of Missouri since the 17th day of April, 1862, to the officers and privates of the militia forces of the said State for military services actually performed in the suppression of the rebellion, in full concert and cooperation with the authorities of the United States and subject to their orders, which are now on file in his department and which may be filed by said State or its agent or agents, and to report to Congress as the earliest practicable time the result of such investigation and examination, and the amount or amounts, if any, which shall appear to be justly due to said State for such payments made since April 17, 1862.

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But we haven't long to stay, this time, and must get to business, for it will soon be time for Sunday school. The BAZOO wouldn't miss the Sunday school this morning, for anything, because one of the women is coming out in a new bonnet, and we are anxious to see whether it's as nice as folks say it is.

Talking about women, reader, we will tell you something in confidence. You must repeat it, now mind. It is this: "Women never eat and talk in their sleep."

And we'll tell you how we found it out. Going up the North Missouri Railroad one night, we managed to get a seat by ourselves, and prepared to monopolize it by stretching out upon it. Just then a lady came up the aisle and asked us to give her the seat for the same purpose.

We have a high regard for women. Our mother was a woman. So we gave her the seat, and sat by a man in front of her. Gentle reader that female had traveled. She laid down her portmanteau at one end of the seat; she put the hand-box under it; she folded the shawl upon the portmanteau, and then stretched out.

In five minutes she was asleep. In ten minutes she snored. In fifteen minutes she talked and groaned, and groaned and talked. She had it bad—regular old nightmare—clear case.

As we stopped at a station her misery became unendurable, and we turned around to look at her. "Wake her up!" "Wake her up!" yelled the passengers. Slowly and sadly we arose to do her bidding. We bent over her as she lay muttering, and hang it, reader, if we knew how to commence.

It is easy to talk about waking a woman up, but a confounded hard thing for a shy individual to do. First, we thought we'd put our hand on her shoulder and gently shake her; but it occurred to us some women don't like to be shook.

Then we resolved to try a speech, and began: "Madam, you are suffering—you are suffering—laboring—laboring—laboring—" "Woo!—a-h, ho—ooo! mur—ur—ur—" We turned red in the face, as the passengers were convulsed with laughter, and seeing her by the shoulder, we shook her out of the land of dreams. In an instant she was on her feet, and realizing from the laughing faces around her what had been the matter, she cut short our apology with a torrent of invective and abuse.

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That's your door-bell, reader, and this is the BAZOO. We've come to stay all day with you. All dressed up, you see. Got our meevin' clothes on—a luscious face and a grave-yard air. Sanctimonious, you know. We remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Will you go thou and do likewise? But you don't. But just as you please about that. We're not here to dictate. Ours is a higher and nobler purpose. We come chat with you while as is our custom—to tell you of some of your follies, and to indulge in a little confabulation on things in general and nothing in particular, just because we like it, and because you expect it. This is the reason why the ladies go calling. Plausible, isn't it?

But we haven't long to stay, this time, and must get to business, for it will soon be time for Sunday school. The BAZOO wouldn't miss the Sunday school this morning, for anything, because one of the women is coming out in a new bonnet, and we are anxious to see whether it's as nice as folks say it is.

Talking about women, reader, we will tell you something in confidence. You must repeat it, now mind. It is this: "Women never eat and talk in their sleep."

And we'll tell you how we found it out. Going up the North Missouri Railroad one night, we managed to get a seat by ourselves, and prepared to monopolize it by stretching out upon it. Just then a lady came up the aisle and asked us to give her the seat for the same purpose.