

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1879.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

No drum was heard because the drummer was not feeling very well, and asked to be excused—

Nor a funeral note of any kind.

As his horse to the rampart he hurried; not a single solitary gun of a gun of a soldier discharged his farewell shot.

Over the grave where the remains of the late Mr. Moore were deposited. The farewell shot business was omitted on account of the great scarcity of ammunition.

We buried him daintily at dead of night and did the best job we could under the circumstances. We could not borrow, beg or steal a pick or shovel in the entire neighborhood, and were obliged to turn to the use of our bayonets.

Which, by the way, was the first thing that had been turned by said bayonets since we were drafted. We did this all

By the struggling moonbeams' misty light and the lanterns dimly burning.

With just about half enough oil in it, and a strip of an old flannel shirt for a wick.

For and short were the prayers we said, the chaplain being on a furlough, and no one with forty miles to take his place—

And we spoke not a word of sorrow.

Our time being limited, as the enemy were not far distant and advancing with gigantic strides.

We thought as we followed his narrow bed, and sang out down his lonely pillow, with a caeser.

That that for the stranger would tread o'er his head.

And we saw on the follow.

You bet! The enemy outnumbered us two to one.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, and wonder where they can get another flask filled with the same;

And o'er his cold ashes they'll dig, knowing, of course, that 'tis in no condition to defend itself;

But little he'll care if they sleep on, in the grave where a Briton has laid him, and not bother him to get up and take out a burial permit or ask him to pay ground rent. We wish right here to correct the impression that

Sleepy and sad we laid him down. From the field of fame, fresh and young.

We did no such thing. The corpse was washed and put in good shape, and we defy any living man to show that there was a drop of gore about him. It is true that

We carried out a line, and we raised not a stone, because there was no stone-mason at hand who would do the job at reasonable figures.

About this time we heard the distant and random gun.

Which the loss was suitably firm.

So we adjourned the funeral, left the deceased

—alone with his glory, and made ourselves scarce in that vicinity.

Woman Suffrage.

The delegation of the Missouri Woman Suffrage Association has a very respectable hearing before the committee on constitutional amendments at J. F. Cannon City Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hazard made an address that was listened to with marked attention, and seemed to produce a profound impression. Mrs. Dickinson followed with a short address, which was very pointed and effective, and was listened to with great interest.

The ladies were treated with great deference and courtesy, and feel hopeful of getting a bill through the Legislature submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people.

Rather Cold.

The following is from a new beginner. It is not a first-class lie, but the author, if he persists in his efforts to master the art, will do to bank on before long.

"Talking about cold weather, why you ought to have been out in the State of Minnesota in '76. I don't 'spose thirteen thermometer-splitters, spoiled, would have given the mercury room to drop so low as it wanted to go. One awful cold night—colder than three dozen of our coldest nights consolidated—a hunter named Hooking built an extra big fire in his log cabin to keep warm. He kept piling on the wood until his shanty was ablaze, and when a few persons living in the neighborhood saw the light and ran to his assistance, they saw Hooking sitting in the midst of the flames, shivering and rubbing his hands as though he couldn't get warm, and when the shanty was burned down, they found him in the ruins, sitting on a half-burned log, frozen to death!"

"The Spring Time's Coming."

Spring, sweet, sweet spring will soon be here. The green will sprout, and the hoop and the lambkin will gambol on the green; the turtle dove will coo to his mate, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; the bumble bee will bumble his first buzz; the feative yellow-jacket and the small boy will renew their relationship; straw hats will come out; so will dusters, white pants, strawberry festivals—one strawberry for 25 cents—bills, and candidates for city officers, and the spring poet will mount the editorial stair with cheerful face and twelve pounds of manuscript. Spring is near at hand.

Immigration.

Mr. Beshaw introduced a bill in the House Friday providing for the creation of a board of immigration consisting of three persons, one of whom shall reside in St. Louis, the office of the board be situated at that place. The salaries of the members of the board are fixed at \$1,500 each, and the bill provides for an appropriation of \$10,000 as a contingent fund.

A Model Funeral Notice.

Here is a funeral notice taken from the Millville, N. M., Independent, which ought to satisfy the most bitter totaliter; we give it verbatim:

FUNERAL. The citizens of Los Angeles are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of J. F. Miller to take place from the bakery at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Turn out, everybody, and give him a good send off.

February 6th, 1879.

Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead to usefulness and humanity. Dead to all honor and self respect. Dead to all but liquor and its environs. Thus was wrapped the morning cloak about him; and little he'll care if they'll let him sleep on and enjoy the stimulus should afford him.

—Do not poison your little ones with any soothing remedy containing opium, morphine or paregoric. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is warranted not to contain any opium or anything injurious to the infant system.

YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.

The Van Potten Men Triumphant.

Four hundred and one votes were cast at the primary election held yesterday in this township to choose sixteen delegates to the Democratic county convention which will be held to-morrow for the purpose of putting in nomination a candidate for School Commissioner. The following are the names of the gentlemen selected, all of whom are said to favor Gen. Van Potten: William Hill 302, E. M. Hogue 293, J. K. Yastrow, continued here on 292, J. O. Edwards 290, Ed. Harley 290, W. E. Middleton 290, C. M. A. Chaney 289, C. M. Shirley 289, J. W. Mills 289, Robt. Morton 288, J. F. Selzer 288, H. F. McNew 288, James G. Gissel 288, David Levy 288, J. P. Thatcher 287, J. W. Galloway 286, R. C. Nichols 284, John Evans 283.

YESTERDAY.

It is the Only Substance We Possess.

Yesterday, in truth—looking through it may like a shadow and the phantom of itself—the only substance that we possess, the one immutable fact. To-day is but the symptom of to-morrow, that curve perpetually drawing near, but never reaching the straight line flying into infinity. To-morrow, the great future, belong to the heavens where it tends. Were it otherwise, seeing the indestructible elements and the two great central forces forever at their work, we might fancy ourselves, in our own minds, contained here on the round world. For when La Piaz, through the acceleration of the moon, dropping her ten seconds a hundred years towards us, discovered the change in the earth's orbit—swinging as it does from ellipse to circle and back again to ellipse, vibrating like a mighty pendulum—be taught us that the earth endures, and so that the clay with which we are clothed still makes a part of the great revolution. Yet since the future is no possession of ours, but a dote and pitance, we know that the earth does not endure for us, but that when she shall have submitted to the conditions of eternal spirit, yesterday, to-morrow and to-day must alike have ceased to exist, must have vanished like illusions; for eternity cannot be a mere duration of time, but rather some state of being past all our power of cognition.

And though we are to inherit eternity, yet have authority now only over the period we have passed, with what wealth then are the aged furnished? Sweet must it be to sit with folded hands and dream life over once again. How rich we are, how happy! How dear is the old hand in ours! Years have added up the sum of all the felicities that we have known together and carried it over to to-day. Those that have left our arms and gone out into other homes are still our own; but little sunny heads are sides cluster around the knee as once they did. Not only have we aged and wined, but youth and greenness as well. On what light and jocund scenes we look! on what deep and dearer bliss! We see the meaning of our sorrows now, and bless them that they came. With such firm feet we have walked in the lighted way we gaze back upon, how can we fear the Valley of the Shadow? None but they, indeed, who have three score years and ten hired away in the past, can see the high design of Heaven in their lives, and from the wrong side of the pattern picture out the right.

SYMPATHETIC LYING.

How It is Applied to the Living and the Dead.

Of what sheer hypocrisy eulogistic resolutions upon officers leaving their posts in Church or State so too frequently composed! The men who are tired and want to get rid of their Representative or Minister are so overjoyed at long sight of him that they can set no bounds to their thankful exaltation of his name. Truly they speak from their hearts, and launch with words about the ship of his future from their lips. They recommend him as a paragon of genius and learning to all communists or societies who want a service in his kind. How happy both sides to this transaction are expected to feel, and how willing people are sometimes to add to their own words a solid testimonial of gold, if only thus a dismission can be effected. But are not the reports of the committees and the votes of the meeting false coin, nowhere current in the kingdom of God, circulate as they may in this realm of earth? Nay, do not everybody, save the one that receives the somewhat insincere and left-handed blessing, read the solemn and formal record with a disposition to ridicule or a pitying smile?

How well it is understood that they are not to speak the truth, but only good of the dead! How melancholy it is, that lying has come to be so common an epithet for the grave-stones set over the departed! How few obituaries truly characterize those for whom they are written, or are distinguishable from each other in the terms of their funeral eulogies of departed virtue! How refreshing, as rare, is any real lamentation, and what suspicion falls on the morning in whose loquacity we cannot detect one natural tone! As if that last moment, who strips off all delusions and appearances, should be pursued and affronted with the mockery of our presence, and we could circumscribe the angel of judgment with the sentence of our fond wishes and the affection of our grand-children's claims. As if the disembodied, in the light of truth by which they are surrounded and pierced, could be pleased with our false-beliefs, or tolerate the tolly of our factitious phrase! With what address their purged eyes must follow the pen inscribing their epitaph, and the sculptors' chisels making the compassment of fullsome commendation permanent on their tomb! What vanity to their nice ears must be the sonorous and declamatory orator's breath! Let us not offend them. They will take it for the insult of perfumery labor, not for the sympathy it assumes to be. "Nothing but good of the dead," do you say? Nothing but truth of the dead, we answer. "Do not disturb their bones."

Let them run easy as best," is the commentary on all these eulogies of those who have played important parts in life, and whose infidelities have perhaps been a curse. No, we reply, their bones will run easier and their benedictions come to us as a spur for our unperfected plain dealing. The trick of flattery may succeed with the living. Those still in the world of shadows and glaring reflections may be caught by the images we flash upon them from the mirror of admiration we swing in our hands. But they who have laid down all the shows of things with their own superficial countenances and mortal frames cannot be imposed upon by the force of adulation we make up. They who listen to that other speech, whose tones are the literally truth, cannot be patient with the gloss and varnish of our art, but, in perfect language, let their awful presence shame and transfigure, terrify and transport us, into reality of communication akin to their own. "I will express myself in music to you," said a great composer to a baritone woman, as he took his seat at a piano. He felt that he could not manifest otherwise the feeling in him that was so deep. By sound or by silence, let it be only the conviction of our heart we venture to offer to spirits before whom the meaning of all things is unveiled.

FRANKIE LETCHER.

Her Death by Suicide at Denver, Colorado.

Frankie Letcher, or Frankie Bateman, as she was known lately, made an attempt upon her life at Denver, Col., last Sunday, and Wednesday afternoon, at half past three o'clock she died. The act was accomplished with a pistol, the fatal bullet entering the left breast and passing clear through the lungs, causing her death after nearly forty-eight hours of intense suffering.

EMOTIONAL INSANITY.

The Jury in the Brown-Parrish Murder Case Agree to Disagree.

Six for Conviction and Six for Acquittal on the Ground of Insanity.

The trial of Hayden Brown for the alleged murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Parrish, which had been going on at Moberly, Randolph county, for ten days, resulted in a disagreement of the jury on Wednesday, six of the jurors being in favor of a verdict of murder in the first degree, and six in favor of acquitting the prisoner, on the ground of insanity at the time the killing was done. A new trial will therefore be necessary.

PERILS OF THE RAIL.

A Plea for the Neglected Brakemen and Switchmen.

There are men employed by the railroads whose interest and welfare are but little considered. They are the brakemen and their mates, the switchmen. Their occupation is claimed by the insurance companies as "extra hazardous," and it would take nearly all their wages to pay for insurance. A man's chances in war are better than in breaking and switching, as the following will show: A road terminating in the State of New York had six killed and ten injured out of a force of twenty-one brakemen, on seven trains, in six months. That proportion in a six months' campaign of an army of 21,000 men would be 6,000 killed and 10,000 wounded. The men must be picked men—young men, active, quick and cool. Danger is always with them. A man running on the top of a freight train going at the rate of from twenty to forty-five miles an hour is in much greater danger than men meet in ordinary occupations, and a switchman making up a freight train is in more danger than Gen. Grant, Sherman or Sheridan would choose to meet. There is no glory connected with being crushed or crippled by a freight car. Often prisoners say, seeing a man go between the cars to couple, "I would not do that for the whole railroad."

MATTIE COLLINS.

A Short Talk with the Prisoner in Her Cell.

A Times reporter went down to the county jail yesterday afternoon, and had a chat with Mattie Collins, who shot and killed her brother-in-law, John Dark, one bright Sabbath morning not long since. The girl was found in her cell engaged in the perusal of some periodical, which was put out of sight as the reporter came up. She has changed very little since her incarceration, although there is a look about her eyes that is not natural, and her bright and pert remarks and pleasant manner appears forced, and not so on the day of her arrest, when she chatted so freely with any one. She stated that every thing possible was being done for her comfort, and that Jailor Farrell was very kind. "I do not expect things as agreeable here as at home," she said, "but I'm not going to stay long." She receives letters from her sister every few days, and is told that all are praying for her return. To strangers she is as cheerful as can be, but when alone indulges in good long crying spells, like any other woman. Her trial is to take place at the coming term of the Criminal Court, at Independence.—K. C. Times.

FLORA BITES.

—If you are not satisfied with your neighbor's call, you can return it.

—If you want to make the postmaster send you your postal cards in cypher.

—Greenland has no cats.—Eckers, E.

—That is because Greenland has no back porches.

—In the country they blow a horn before dinner; in town they take one before dinner and after, too.

—The dearest thing to a man is his wife.—Eckers, E.

—Mistake. It is his wife's milliner bill.

—The reason why there are so many idle men in this country—they haven't got time to work.

—Some people drink whisky punches until they get whisky punches. Therefore "punch with care."

—Siber, the St. Clair county, Illinois Treasurer, didn't steal anything; he simply voted himself \$30,000 "back pay."

—Why do so many people congregate about whisky shops?—Eckers, E.

—Because the "spirits" says "come."

—Patti is still supporting Nicolai.—Eckers, E.

—That's better than for her to support the Marquis de Caix.

—The greatest drawback to moving into a new neighborhood is the trouble one experiences in getting credit at the saloons in the vicinity.

—Yes the peach trees were killed and the cherry trees are all free up; but we noticed yesterday an extra-tree bearing over 1,000 pounds. Dead ripe, too.

—Bob Burdette says his book is published for two dollars per copy. That is a better reason than most authors give for publishing a book.

—John S. Gough never drinks a drop of liquor under any circumstances.—Eckers, E.

—Nor does the undignified. Six fingers is the charge we usually grapple with.

—Opera Buffs Solides has a daughter old enough to be married this month.—Eckers, E.

—She was old enough to get married last month if she'd wanted to.

—A man in Philadelphia has a dog that can cry.—Eckers, E.

—That is more than many a "jolly dog" of the two-legged variety can say when "irrigation" is proposed.

—The sculptor Hart worked eighteen years to perfect his statue of a woman.—Eckers, E.

—We know of a well-finished statue of that gender that was turned out in fourteen years.

—The corner of America still holds its own.—K. C. Times.

—Yes, and its ribs, too; but they don't feel 'em Sunday nights.

—A Pacific coast paper has an article headed "A Girl Chased by a Bear."

We didn't read the article, but will bet that if the girl wanted to be hugged as much as we know of the bear caught her.

—We are to have Kate Claxton in "Two Marriages" one night next week.—Augusta Evening News.

—Two marriages in one night! Kate's in luck. It puzzles the average woman to take a hand in one marriage in one night.

—When Eve ate of the apple she knew she was naked. We have often thought as we looked at some of Eve's dancing partners that another bird would be obliged to them—they might open their eyes to their uncovered condition.

—He was pleading. He grew eloquent, and his eyes became suffused with tears. He looked hopeful. She has a sigh, drew from her pocket a delicately embroidered handkerchief and—blew her nose. It was a bad cold, not emotion; and she was engaged to the other fellow.

—They never use a bulletin board on the Worcester Press. They merely take the names out of the editor's slipper and lend it to the editor of the second story window against the sidewalk and chalk their dispatches on that.—Norfolk Bulletin.

—If they tried that in Sedalia, people would labor under the impression that a car load of over ripe eggs had been wrecked in this vicinity.

—A verdant youth from the rural districts wanted to go to Waco yesterday by rail, without buying a ticket. Some heartless wretch advised him to apply to the baggage master and have himself checked through as baggage. He applied to that official as directed and the baggage number "03," in large figures was duly chalked on his back. As he walked around the depot waiting for the train he made a good deal of fun for the "boys," but the innocent traveler himself had no idea that he was a victim of a practical joke and looked as solemn as a tomb stone.—Dunsmuir News.

—Every one who has used it pronounces Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best remedy known to the complaints of early childhood. It contains no opiates.

NOTICE.

The Sedalia Co-operative Society has sold all its goods, wares, fixtures and assets of every kind to G. B. Norton, who has assumed the payment of all debts and obligations of the Society in accordance with the bond given to the trustees of the stockholders.

Mr. Norton will continue the business at the old stand and deserves the hearty support of the former patrons of the store and the community at large. I. WRIGHT, President of the Society.

I have sold a one-half interest in the store purchased as above to C. O. Green, for seven years in the co-operative Society by my seven years experience in their employ, and by our own and friendly business relations will continue to our mutual profit. G. B. NORTON.

I have associated myself in business with G. B. Norton, as above stated, and I hope that I have earned the esteem of all the friends of the Sedalia Co-operative Society by my seven years experience in their employ, and by our own and friendly business relations will continue to our mutual profit. C. O. GREEN.

SOCIAL CHAT.

"The right to watch, when others sleep: The right to dry the right to weep: The right to be comforted in distress: The right to watch, the right to bless: The right the widow's heart to cheer: The right to dry the orphan's tear: The right to feed and clothe the poor: The right to teach them to endure. For instance, the right when other friends have done and left the suffering all alone, And to know that such kind hands, And to meet the point of him who died, In a right happy home to reside, In any time, for Jesus' sake; Right, such as these, are all we crave. Until our last—a quiet grave!"

WOMAN'S WEAR.

The practical woman in a dress almost entirely by the women, who start off in the morning with their babies astride their hips, baskets balanced on their heads, and pulling like a miniature steam engine from small clay paws. They are high three or four inches, and the work hard; yet a lot of this dragging and pulling is easy, and they make no improvement. Their implements and methods are crude, and, as a rule, they are not made to last, and the repetitions of their propping, their cutting above mentioned carrying tables on the hip is as peculiar as it is ungraceful. The body is heavy, and the weight is in the neck, and the child sits astride the left hip, one leg dangling in front, the other behind, and supported by the sprawling left arm. A more uncomfortable-looking outfit must hardly be devised, and yet the journey to and from the wash-plantation is always made in this way, a baby being the proverbial accompaniment of the Indian housewife.

WOMAN'S WEAR.

I have never owned a washing machine, but I have learned to wash on the same principle and like my new way very much. It was taught to me by a friend who has lived West for many years. She says there is no need of hard to get, she has had to try her own strength, and she got it through with the wash of a very large household. It is as follows: Put all the pieces that are to be washed in a tub, and use a bar of soap in the morning, about three-quarters full of water, and shred about two inches of a bar of soap in the water. Seasonably get out all the fine clothes and hang them on the tub, and use one, rub the soiled parts with soap, and when the water in the boiler comes to a hard boil, then in a few minutes. Do not fill the boiler full of water, but use a tub and use a bar of soap in the morning, about three-quarters full of water, and shred about two inches of a bar of soap in the water. Seasonably get out all the fine clothes and hang them on the tub, and use one, rub the soiled parts with soap, and when the water in the boiler comes to a hard boil, then in a few minutes. Do not fill the boiler full of water, but use a tub and use a bar of soap in the morning, about three-quarters full of water, and shred about two inches of a bar of soap in the water. Seasonably get out all the fine clothes and hang them on the tub, and use one, rub the soiled parts with soap, and when the water in the boiler comes to a hard boil, then in a few minutes.

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