DAILY BAZOO.

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J. WEST GOODWIN.

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SEDALIA WEEKLY BAZOO.

VOLUME. X — SEDALIA, MISSOURI, TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1879. — NUMBER 50.

TEARS and TALK

WEEPING WEST'S WIFE

Visits Him in the Boonville Jail.

A Touching Tale Truely Told

He Sees his Child for the First and Last Time.

Another and a Last Confession.

As before stated, West desired to see his wife and child very much, and the BAZOO promised to carry out his wishes in this respect. It might also be proper to state here that the Prosecuting Attorney of Cooper county, Mr. James H. Johnson, offered to pay her expenses to Boonville and back. Mr. Oliver Garrison, of the Mo. Pacific, and Superintendent Mitchell, of the M. K. & T., both generously furnished her with transportation.

Messrs. Brown & Pratt, of the Garrison House, also kindly proffered her entertainment at their hotel without charge, and Mr. Ike Baker, of the City Hotel at Boonville, did the same.

MRS. WEST INTERVIEWED.

On Thursday night Mrs. West arrived in Sedalia, from Lamonte, and put up at the Garrison House. Friday morning a BAZOO reporter was dispatched to interview her, and found Mrs. West in the ladies' room alone. She is quite young, has rather a pleasing countenance, and was plainly, though neatly dressed. She expressed a perfect willingness to answer questions and the first one was

"How long have you known West?"

Mrs. W.—I have known him nearly all my life. His folks and mine were neighbors, and we lived three miles from Warsaw, in Benton county.

Rep—How long since you were married?

Mrs. W—Two years ago last April. But for four or five years previous to marrying I had not seen him, as he had moved to Illinois.

Rep—What did he do for a livelihood?

Mrs. W—He worked as a hired hand on a farm.

Rep—How long did you live in Benton county after you were married?

Mrs. W—Only three or four days, and then we went to Dresden, where West worked on Wilson's farm for a couple of months. After that we went to Lamonte, where West kept an ice cream saloon.

Rep—When did he leave you?

Mrs. W—He left on the 30th of last July.

Rep—Did he have any quarrel with you or any cause to leave?

Mrs. W—No; for about two weeks before he left he was very quarrelsome, but he never struck or abused me. He went off one morning without saying anything, and I have not seen him since. I never knew where he was until he was arrested for murder.

Rep—Was he industrious?

Mrs. W—Just tolerable.

Rep—Where is your child?

Mrs. W—There it is [pointing to a sofa at the other end of the room.]

The reporter looked in the direction indicated, and he saw a tiny but pretty face peeping out from a bundle of shawls, with its eyes wide open and apparently much interested with its surroundings.

Rep—How old is it?

Mrs. W—It was born on the 15th of January. It is a boy.

Rep—Mrs. West, if the Governor should pardon West to-day, and he could step out a free man, would you live with him?

Mrs. W [very decidedly] — No, sir; I would not. All my affection for him is dead.

Rep—Do you believe him guilty of this murder?

Mrs. W—Mo, I cannot believe West guilty of murder.

Rep—What was the character of his people.

Mrs. W—Tolerable good. The old man was pretty rough, and beat the boys a good deal sometimes. West has two brothers and one sister. One of his brothers came to see me about three months ago.

Rep—Are your parents living?

Mrs. W—No, my father and mother are both dead. I have two brothers and I live with one of them at Lamonte. My oldest brother attended West's trial at Boonville, but he would not speak to him. He won't tell me whether he thinks West is guilty or not.

Rep—How old are you?

Mrs. W—I am 18 years old; I was 16 when I was married.

Rep—Who married you?

Mrs. W—Rev. Mr. Akers married us.

After answering some questions about the train she was to take, the reporter withdrew.

A PRISON SCENE.

On Friday a BAZOO reporter accompanied Mrs. West, the wife of Jno. I. West, the condemned man, to Boonville.

About one o'clock that day Mrs. West, with her three month's baby in her arms, accompanied by Mr. Baker of the City Hotel, Mr. Revenel of the *Advertiser*, Sheriff McCullough and one or two jail attendants went in where West was confined.

The massive iron door leading to the corridor was unlocked, and the wife and baby of John West passed into the presence of the husband and father.

They shook hands and embraced without uttering a word, while the

HOT SCALDING TEARS OF SORROW

rained down the cheeks of each. They remained clasped in each other's arms for several minutes, during which the convulsive in tremors of the most poignant grief racked the frames of husband and wife, whose sorrow was too great to be expressed in words or lamentation. It was an affecting scene, and the suspicious moisture that gathered in the eyes of even the lion-hearted old sheriff turned to tears that coursed down his bronzed and furrowed cheeks. One could not stand there, even in the presence of that murderer and his innocent wife, without acknowledging that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so far as human sympathy goes.

At length West broke the stillness of the the prison cell by saying, between his sobs:

"Rachel, don't take it to heart so much."

And then he gazed, for the first time, upon the face of his baby as he playfully pulled the little bonnet from over its face as it lay sleeping in its mother's arms, and again he broke the stillness by saying:

"RACHEL, DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART—it can't be helped—I feel just as bad as you do about it."

Baker—John, this is the first time you ever saw your child, is it not?

West—Yes, sir.

B—Is it a boy or a girl?

West—It is a boy.

Baker—What is its name?

Mrs. West—William Francis Marion West.

[Here West took the child in his arms and pressed his lips to its cheek.]

Baker—You will keep the name of West then, will you?

Mrs. W—Yes. I can't do otherwise.

West—Rachel, did you come down on the train this morning?

Mrs. West [sobbing]—I did.

W—Don't take it to heart—it can't be helped.

Mrs. W—What did you do it for?

[Meaning the murder—REP.]

W—That is more that I can tell.

Baker—When did you see your wife last?

W—I have almost forgotten, but I think it was July 27th, 1878.

Mrs. W—No, it was on the 30th of July.

Baker—Did you leave for good then?

W—Yes, I left to stay.

Mrs. W—What did you leave for?

W—Because you told that

I CUT THE BEE TREE,

and wanted me arrested for it.

Mrs. W—You know that ain't so. I never knew for certain that you cut the bee tree.

Baker—Did you ever have any trouble with John before?

Mrs. W—Only a few words occasionally, little quarrels.

W—[Cheerfully.] That was not much, was it Rachael?

Mrs. W—[Countenance brightening up.] No, not much.

The child became restless and awakened, when its father said:

"Had I not better take the shawl off the baby?"

Ravenel—No, its too damp in here.

Baker—You had a stick secreted in your cell that they hunted for and could not find. You gave it up yesterday. Where did you hide it?

W—Yes, in the ventilator.

Mrs. W—[Looking him full in the face.]—John, you killed the man, did you?

West—[Eyes down.] I did.

Ravenel—John, make your wife feel as well as she can, and tell her what you did it for, and all about it.

Mrs W—You was not looking ahead to see that you would come to this?

W—I wish I had never come to Missouri.

Baker—[Addressing Mrs. West.] Would you live with West if he were to get pardoned or get out of here?

Mrs. W—No. I would not if he was to walk out of here now. I give no man

BUT ONE CHANCE TO LEAVE ME.

Baker—Would you like to see him loose and out?

Mrs. W—[Determinedly.] Yes, I would; but I don't want to live with him again.

West—I will be glad when the Colonel is through with me. [Meaning Sheriff McCullough.]

Capt. Collins, Deputy Sheriff—You don't blame anybody for your trouble, do you?

West—I blame Ewing for some of my trouble.

Ravenel—You should hold malice toward no one.

Capt. Collins—Do you want to see Ewing?

W—I don't care particularly. If he comes up I'll treat him well.

Ravenel—Is your father coming to see you?

W—Yes, he will be here Monday night next.

West—[addressing reporter]—I see by the papers, where a man killed his wife and three children while they were asleep. He claimed that he was not guilty of murder in the first degree. I think that is

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE

if my crime was that.

Reporter—Have the preachers been to see you?

W—Yes, some.

Ravenel—Do you feel better reconciled since the clergy have been to you?

W—Yes, sir.

Bystander—How do you feel toward John?

Mrs. W—I can forgive him, but I never can forget the injury he did by leaving me.

W—I think it is best they caught me—I'll get out of this world.

Mrs. W—But it is not the right way to get out of it—the way you are going.

Mrs. West was asked if she was ready to go as train time was approaching.

She signified her readiness to go at any time.

West urged her to stay longer and was very pressing in his invitation for her to remain.

She declined and got up to go.

He presented her with a Bible and told her of a locket at the photographer's for her to get.

He embraced his child, kissed it, then embraced his wife.

As Mrs. West walked out of the jail West broke completely down,

CRYING ALOUD,

so that he could be heard in the street.

It was a strange and painful meeting; but the parting was more painful still. Notwithstanding his crime—notwithstanding her wrongs—that woman realized in spite of her will that he was her husband, and that the ties that bound them were soon to be severed, leaving her free. Upon her breast she bore the innocent babe, whose first sight of its father was in a felon's cell. Happy it is for it, that some bright years will intervene before it realizes the stigma that will cling like a pall throughout the life before it. It was a sad sight. It was a mournful group. When it disappeared, his cries were those of dead despair.

WEST'S CONFESSION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMAN: The last confession of West, and I shall be unable to tell, and the readers of this paper may say that this is untrue, and many may say because I have told lies about by case, that I have told a lie in this, and as I believe that, I won't ask you to believe me. In the first place I left home with Gus Wood, and as I don't think it right to say anything about Gus I won't. When I left home I had no more idea of doing anything that was wrong in the least, but it would come to me often that if I would steal a horse and get away with it and sell it, I would have money enough to start me peddling, but before I would do it I would feel as if I was doing wrong and then I would stop and think that I would go to work. I will give to all young men a warning if they will take it. Young men for God's sake and your own sake take it. Never take my step in the way of living. I have forged notes of from $3.75 to $15.50—only three notes in all. I commenced by counterfeiting tickets for a dance, the tickets only had O. K. which was in large letters, and then I got to doing things larger, but I never stole very much money. The amount is only about $35 is about all I ever stole and about $27 of that was by forged notes, then I have stolen other things that was not mine and I should not have done it, but I never seen it till it was to late. Young man think of that, and shun it. You may think that I have no right to give you advice but I have had the right of it.

Our God in Heaven from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give angels to their God in Heaven.

and yet I stand guilty and may it warn you all. That confession I did make was more of it true than you think it was, and that is what I want to say to you. If you want to believe it, all right, if not it is all the same to me, but it is a sad moral fact that all I stated was true but that of the killing of that man. He did not wake when I killed him. What did I do it for? It was just meanness and the devil that was in me. He was asleep when I killed him. Coming to Boonville was true. In this way Frank and I was both going to Boonville. Frank was going to kill some one and I was going to help him, but my head turned and I killed him. We was up and talking a few minutes before. His name is just what I said it was, at least what he told me it was, and any other I never heard in regard to his name.

The orchard blooms in red and white,
The meadow glows with blossoms fair;
The river runs a stream of light,
Between its banks of beauty rare;
The homestead seems of heaven a part—
A little heaven here below,
Where only one is sad at heart,
For I shall roam through far off lands
The distant worlds beyond the sea.

I know you think of me at times, and long for rest, and love and home; the home I love so well.

The above is the facts of the case. No other name I never heard. It don't look as if it is true, but it is, and if I knew any other I would tell it, but I don't.

JOHN I. WEST.

LETTERS FROM HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

CHAPIN, Morgan Co., Ill., May 6, 1879.

MR. JOHN I. WEST.

My Dear Beloved Absent Son:—As this is Tuesday evening, I will try and answer your sorrowful letter, which came to hand yesterday evening. I was glad to hear from you and that you were well, but sorry to hear the bad news, that you cannot get a new trial. My dear son, if I ever did pity anybody, it is you, from the very bottom of my heart, to think you are there in jail, so far away from home, and I cannot come to comfort you in your distress. But, dear son, remember how the people done our Saviour, when he was on earth here with us; they mocked him, and scorned him; and then they were not satisfied, but crucified him and nailed him to the cross; and if they will do their blessed Savior that way, what will they not do with a poor, helpless man, who has not got the money to take him through? But, my son, I hope God's blessing may rest upon you now and forever, and bring you out safe yet. Well, John, I wrote you a long letter Sunday, and I will now bring these few lines to a close, as it is supper time. I wish you was here to take supper with us to-night; I know we would all feel very happy together once more. Write soon. I remain your mother till death, MARY WEST.

CHAPIN, May 7, 1879.

Well, John, my dear son, I will try and answer your letter that we got to-day. I read your letter in sorrow, grief and pain, and a broken heart. As I read, the tears fell from my eyes. I have had my trials and troubles till it seems that I can't stand it any longer. But just what we think we can't stand, we have to stand; but it seems hard. I know that God won't put anything on us we can't stand, but man will for the sake of money, and then hang because they haven't got money—hang a poor boy because he isn't rich, and torture him to the last, and torment an innocent man. My child, there is one chance for you yet—the Governor. There were several letters went to the Governor from this State, from different men, to-day, and I wrote your lawyers to do all they could. I know it looks hard because I can't come, but I have done all I could, and will still try to do more. Your mother wrote to the Governor, and will still urge him in your behalf. My child, I want to come and see you, and I think I will but it is hard to see my poor boy hung for nothing. Oh, my God, think of it! A father has done all that he could to save you. It is hard. A rich man can do anything and come out all right. Oh, if I was rich, or you were, then it would not do any good to tell lies. Then I could see my child come home. Yes, it would be all right. If nothing will do them but a West, they can hang me, it that will let you go. They won't cheat me out of many days. If wants a skeleton, and wants it out of a West, he can have it out of me. Well, my son, if I don't get footed, I will be there Monday night to spend a few hours. ISAAC WEST.

To his dear son, John I. West.

—Babies ought to be well taken care of; their system does not allow the slightest neglect. If your baby suffers from colic or bowel disorders, procure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a simple but always reliable remedy. Only 25 cents.

LAMONTE.

LAMONTE, May 10, '79.

—James Agee shipped some hogs to St. Louis, this week, from this place.

—Richard Stevens, of St. Louis county, is visiting friends at this place.

—Mrs. West went to Boonville, on Thursday night, to see her husband, John I. West.

—J. J. Penquite arrived at home on Wednesday last from his trip to Ohio and Virginia, hale and hearty.

—A warrant was issued yerterday morning upon the affidavit of Henry Wimer against J. D. Pace, charging said Pece with assault with intent to kill. The difficulty originated in regard to shutting a gate, which was on the road that Wimer had to pass over in coming to town.

—W. C. Ford, formerly of Knob Noster, robbed Phil. Sweet of some money at the house of J. D. Craghead, on the 30th of April. A warrant was issued by John W. Baldwin, Esq., upon which he was arrested. He confessed his guilt, and was sentenced to twenty days imprisonment in the county jail.

Delightful Perfumes.

Dr. Price has prepared a rich variety of perfumes, from which the most fastidious can select an odor with agreeable satisfaction. Dr. Price's Pet Rose, Meadow Flowers, and other perfumes, are great favorites, as their sweetness and freshness are so decided.

Change of Time.

The railroads change time to-morrow. The following is the change as shown in the new cards:

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD

LEAVE:

Westward through express.....5:35 a. m.
" Day express.....5:55 p. m.

ARRIVE:

Eastward through express.....10:45 p. m.
" day express..... 8:40 a. m.

All the above trains run every day.

LEXINGTON BRANCH.

LEAVE:

Westward passenger.....5:45 a. m
" Freight & passenger...5:45 p. m.

ARRIVE:

Eastward passenger.....10:20 p. m.
Freight & passenger.. 8:50 a. m.

MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS R'Y

LEAVE:

Southward, M., K. & T. express...5:20 p. m
" Passenger.....5:35 a. m.

LEAVE:

Northward, M., K. & T. express..8:55 a. m.
" Passenger..... 9:40 p. m.

—Nervousness and Indigestion. These and afflictions so destructive both to business and pleasure, arise from the morbid condition of the blood, which is relieved by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. Try them, they will do you good.

—S. A. Wright gives the lowest prices on new sewing machines of any make. See him before buying. s&w1t

FIERCE FLAMES.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S FIRE.

St. Louis Catches It Again.

Over the River's Red Ruin.

Special to the Bazoo.

ST. LOUIS, May 10—10 p. m.

A large fire is now raging at the corner of Seventh and Locust streets, and the whole city is illuminated.

An extensive conflagration is raging in East St. Louis. The property of the Wabash, Chicago & Alton, and Ohio & Mississippi Railways is all on fire, and an immense loss will be sustained.

Caruther's & Co's. warehouse is gone, and also Yocum & Co's. A lot of cars of the C. & A. were also burned. Among the losers are Goldstein Bros., Gauss, Hunicke & Co., Frankenthral & Co., and others. The fire broke out early in the evening in Caruther's warehouse.

FLEA BITES.

[COME AND LET US ALL SCRATCH.]

—A Philadelphia Quaker, name unknown, has given $10,000 to help along the negro exodus.

Taint the exodus that hurts; it's the exudus in hot weather. G'way nigger and wash dem feet.

—For remarking to a lady buying shoes in a store that her feet were small, a Richmond, Virginia, man met his death at the muzzle of a pistol.

Such a thing will never happen in Jefferson City.

—The New York *Herald*, after stopping and thinking a minute, has decided that the only thing that holds a man's framework together is his backbone.

There's where he's off. It's the stomach that holds a man together. Fill it full and you can't tear him to pieces. Let him get hungry, and his bones will creak over a rough road.

—We notice that some of our ladies have very large leg—hold on, now; don't run away—horn hats, bent into outlandish shapes. There.

—Look here. If the adventists must experiment, let them kill the book agents. If anything will rise on the third day—yes, before sundown—it's a book agent.

—Why is a hotel beat like an elephant? Because he relies on his trunk. Te-he, he, he! Have a seegiar?

—Miss Kellogg slid off to Europe on an avalanche of bouquets and kisses.

She did, hey? Look here, Mister, always think before you speak.

—A cat will jump at a conclusion when playing with its tail.

And it will jump at a concussion when a brickbat fondles it too. It concludes vite orf.

—A man told the father of fourteen children in Arkansas that all that country needed was home manufactures. He succeeded in reaching the bars of the front gate as the old man put on the percussion cap.

—We very much fear that Widow Oliver has lost her boom permanently.

Spanker boom?

—M. Post, banker from Warrensburg, Mo., was in the city yesterday, with a view, it is stated, of locating.

He'll do to tie to.

—He hung out a pair of new plaid togs in front of his store, and labelled them, "A Walking Suit." Ten minutes afterward he went to the door and they were gone. He looked up the street and down the street, and then scratching his head said: "Py sheesis! Dot vos a valking suit for shoor, and I ton't peleeve dot feller vill make some laps at dis gorner. I must look out scharp for de first gray. Shoseph! put up tings dwendy-five pert sent!"

—To be in unison with springtime many a new and bright thought must expand and ennoble every human soul.—*Denison News.*

Lem throw up for the beer and dried apples, the expandingest things we know of.

—A fat dog lying on a front step is a good boarding-house advertisement.

Watch the sausage when that dog is missing.

—The *Staats-Zeitung* will go to its numerous readers this week with a new inside dress.—*State Journal.*

We suppose that means drawers and undershirt.

—The horse epizootic has broken out in Ontario, Canada.

If epizootic is that kind of a horse, buy a new halter.

—An exchange wants to know why a woman always wants to sit on the floor to put her shoes on.

Respectfully referred to the Woman's Suffrage Convention. Address BAZOO with red stamp.

—There is nothing like introducing a long felt want gracefully, like this:

If ye plase, sir, I'm a timperance man, but if ye have any soda water of the stringth and quality of whisky I'll throuble ye for a little.

—If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of a fungus, be sympathetic, be brotherly, be charitable, and always speak a kind word when you can.

Yes, sit down, take off your things; supper will be ready in a minute. Lend us five dollars.

SMILING SMITH

THE BOSS BIBLE BANGER

And Winning Widow Wooer.

A Vivacious Victim in Vernon

Robbed of "Everything He Could Get His Hands On."

Smith Saunters Southward With a Sloping Syren.

[REV. HIRAM C. SMITH.]

Old man Weller cautioned his son Sammy to "beware of widders." Whatever it might have been in his day, it seems that the tables are now turned, and it behooves widows to beware of men, and especially itinerant preachers who go abroad like roaring lions seeking to devour plump prosperous widowhood. There are many of these

SLEEK, SANCTIFIED WOLVES,

who have donned the fleece of piety to hide their claws and fangs, and the boldness and success with which they conduct their rascality shows them to be sharp men, good judges of human nature, and thoroughly aware of the power that their hypocrisy places in their hands.

With the doings of one of these scoundrels, our community is well acquainted and *Rev.* Gordon Turner has left behind him in Central Missouri as well as elsewhere a record that time can never efface. But another master spirit of his ilk has made his appearance, ready to supply a long felt want in the person of

REV. HIRAM C. SMITH,

who can make Beecher turn pale with envy and cause the bones of Brigham to rattle with regret. Smith is a boss preacher, and wears the shoulder straps when it comes down to stirring up the animals and saving sinners. Why, he would deceive Old Satan himself, and if the devil was a widow, he would have all his spare change inside of three days.

It's pretty hard to tell who Hiram C. Smith really is, or where he came from. He claims to be from Buchanan Co. Missouri, but it is more likely Buchanan county has more claims on him than he has upon Buchanan. From his manner of working it is highly probable, and in fact almost certain, that he is

THE BOSS PREACHER BIGAMIST

who made such havoc among the widows of Indiana and Illinois last year. He played a brilliant engagement in both of those states, and at tea time there are thirty or forty widows who go out on the front porch, shade their eyes with their hands, look long and earnestly down the road, and then go in and sit down in the rocking chair and wonder where that pious cuss of a husband of their's is, anyhow.

Oh, he is a terrible worker in the Lord's vineyard.

His manner of working would be to slip into some small town, where he was not known, cultivate the acquaintance of parsons and—widows, produce his papers, take a great interest in Sabbath schools, preach every time he could get his gab in, select his victim, find out all about her finances—marry—realize—skip!

There are more lacerated widow's hearts in Indiana to-day than there were in war times. But it got too hot for him there at last, notwithstanding a new change of base and name every Monday morning, and

THIS REVEREND RASCAL

suddenly disappeared only to turn up in Missouri.

A little over a month ago he made his appearance in Metz, a small town in Vernon county, and preached in the Christian Church of that place with great unction. He played it fine, for he knew that there was there residing a widow lady in comfortable circumstances, with whom he had been acquainted years before. When he struck Metz he had nothing but the clothes he had on, the gift of gab, good looks, and a quarter section of cheek. His "baggage" consisted of an old account book full of medical recipes, a lot of cards, and some scraps of paper with headings and notes for sermons.

But he kept a stiff upper lip, and preached center shot sermons. When a committee proposed to pay him $25 for his services, he refused to take it. *He* had plenty of money. *He* didn't preach for filthy lucre. No sir.

HE LOVED JESUS,

and labored for the salvation of sinners without money and without price.

That's the kind of a hairpin he was.

Among those who attended the church when Smith preached was Mrs. Mary Hawkins, an estimable widow lady, and the mother of two children. Her husband had left her in comfortable circumstances, and she resided at Metz where her brothers lived. She had known Smith in Illinois, but knew nothing derogatory to his character, and she believed Smith what he represented himself to be—an enthusiastic worker in the cause of salvation.

"Happy is the wooing
That is not long in doing."

The Rev. Smith worked for

THE LORD AND THE WIDOW

with so much vigor that the latter soon surrendered, and they were married. So far, so good—for Smith. He induced his wife to move to Nevada City, and also to send for $200 from an amount of money she had invested in Pekin, Illinois. She did so, but the money not coming right off, his reverence got impatient and persuaded his wife to go after it. When they got the money, his wife gave him $100 of it at once. This was good for hubby. One day he came to her and wanted his dear little darling ducky to buy him

A NICE WATCH AND CHAIN.

It would be so nice coming from her, you know.

O O Oh, yes!

And he would send up to his folks and get $400, and then he would buy *her* a nice watch and chain!

O O Oh—Yes!

Well, what did that blessed woman do but take the other hundred dollars and buy her pious hubby a nice watch and chain!

In the meantime, unknown to his wife, he was buying clothing, etc., upon his wife's credit, and actually had the audacity to

FORGE HIS WIFE'S NAME

to an order for money to pay the minister who married them!

He was full of schemes for the future—he had been offered charge of a Normal school and lots of other golden opportunities were open to him, if one would believe his lying tongue. And his wife did. At last he told his wife he was going down the road to Girard to settle. He started that very night, but came back with his breeches tore across the knee and in a bad fix, at a late hour. He told his wife that he had missed the train and fallen down accidentally, etc., but the truth of it was, probably, he had been

"HAVING SOME FUN MIT TER FOYS."

The next night he was off for sure. He bid his wife good-bye with great tenderness. He called her "pet," and "dearest," and said parting with her was like cutting his heart-strings with a dull wood saw.

And then he cried.

And then he got up and dusted.

Time and other things wore on, and bad tales of her liege lord came to Mrs. Smith. She heard that he had other wives. She heard, too, that when her reverend husband left

HE TOOK A WOMAN

with him, who came from Sedalia to meet him, and that he was then living with her in Girard.

Determined to investigate the matter, she went to Girard and put up at a hotel, after which she sent for R. E. Carleton, District Clerk. She next sent for her husband, and he instantly responded, scared to death and "as white as a dead man." When accused of his deceit, he set

THAT SLICK TONGUE

of his wagging at both ends, and kept it wagging until his wife departed, protesting undying love and devotion for her as deep as salt water.

She went home again.

In a short time she heard that he was running up bills in her name, and that he was raising the devil generally. Again she took the train for Girard, but found that her husband and his mistress had fled to Fort Scott. Upon arriving at Fort Scott she ascertained that he had pawned his clothes,

HIS HARLOT

had pawned her jewelry, and both had fled to Texas. At last her eyes were opened, and Mrs. Smith realized that she had married a scoundrel and a villain.

In order to get her own version of the affair, a BAZOO reporter took the train Thursday morning and went to Nevada City to have

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SMITH.

Through the courtesy of G. S. Hom, prosecuting attorney for Vernon County, the reporter was escorted to the residence of Mrs. S. G. Smith. The dwelling is a small, unpretending brown house on Cherry street.

A rap at the door and a lady answered the call, who was introduced as

MRS. SMITH.

She appeared glad to know the fact when told that the stranger introduced was nothing but a reporter, when in fact she did not know but he was another preacher who desired to *prey* on her affections and the lucre gathered together by a former husband, whose ashes would be kicking around could he look upon this mundane sphere and see how preacher Smith had supplanted him in his wife's affections.

The reporter was invited to a seat after Mr. Hom had left, and he interrogated the lady about as follows:

Reporter—What is your name?

Mrs. Smith.—Mary Jane Hawkins.

R—But you married Hiram C. Smith?

Mrs. S—Yes, but I don't go by his name.

R—Now please tell me your history as brief as possible.

Mrs. S.—I was born in Tazewell county, Illinois, and my maiden name was

MARY JANE BRADBURN.

I am thirty-four years old. I was married to Mr. Hawkins seventeen years ago; he died six years ago, leaving me with two children—a girl, Alice, fourteen years old, and a boy seven years old. I came to Vernon county in March, 1878, to live with my two brothers, who live sixteen miles from here, at Metz, a small town in the north-western part of the county.

R—When did you first know Smith, your present husband?

Mrs. S.—I knew him first three years ago. He preached at Pekin, Illinois, a few times in the Christian church—the church I was a member of. He also preached at Groveland, El Paso, and Warsaw, Illinois.

R—Did you hear from him after that?

Mrs. S—Yes, he wrote me two letters from Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

R—Did you consider him a lover at that time and seeking your hand in marriage?

Mrs. S—Yes, I did. His letters were very affectionate, and I thought him

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

R—Have you those letters?

Mrs. S.—No, I have lost them.

R.—Where did you next see Smith?

Mrs. S.[tears coming into her eyes]—About the first of February last he came to Metz and commenced a series of meetings urging sinners to come to Christ under the auspices of the Christian church of that place.

R—Did he renew his acquaintance and suit for your hand?

Mrs. S—Yes, he did.

R—Did he stay at your brothers?

Mrs. S—No. He stayed at Bro. Petty's, Bro. Cary's and Bro. Baze's.

R—Where did you see him first?

Mrs. S—I met him at the church where I heard him preach.

R—When did he propose marriage?

Mrs. S—[thoughtfully]—About one week after that he proposed to marry me.

R—Did you say "yes" right off quick?

Mrs. S—No. I studied the matter over for more than a week, heard him preach every night, watched him close, supposing that I was getting a good man

I SAID YES TO HIM.

R—Did you counsel with your brothers?

Mrs. S—No. I was not staying with them at the time.

R—What do you know of Smith and his former history?

Mrs. S—He told me that he was a native of Buchanan County, Mo., and had been a principal of a school there. He said he preached one year in Buchanan county for $1,000; said he was a grandson of Raccoon Elder Smith who lived at Crab Orchard, Ky., and a good man. Smith told me that he was engaged to be married to a young lady at St. Joe who jilted him, after he had waited nine years for her, and then she married a lawyer. He was so terribly disgusted with the female sex and their duplicity at that time he had resolved never to marry, but he had a friend by the name of Lord, who lived in the Northwest who was the possessor of a most elegant fascinating wife, and if he ever could see a lady who was as prepossessing as Bro. Lord's wife, why then he could reconsider his resolution and marry that person provided his love was reciprocated. In me Smith said he had found that lady—that

I LOOKED LIKE BRO. LORD'S WIFE

and me he would marry if he could.

R—And you married him?

Mrs. S—Yes, on the 26th day of February at the residence of Henry Ferrel, one mile west of Metz, in Vernon, by Elder Wm. M. Rider.

R—What was Smith's purpose to do after you were married?

Mrs. S—He told me that he had an offer of being made principal, at Fayetteville, Ark., of a Normal School, and that we would go there to live. I wanted to live in Balltown, Vernon county, I told him, but he objected. He afterwards insisted on coming to Nevada. Said we would stay there until he could buy a farm and not go to Fayetteville.

R—What then?

Mrs. S—We came to Nevada and rented a hall over Jagnean & Co's. drug store and went to keeping house.

R—Did he look at any farm?

Mrs. S—No, not any, but he talked of buying out a furniture store, also of buying out a jewelry store, but

IT WAS ALL TALK.

R—Did he have any money?

Mrs. S—None. He said for me to send to Illinois, where I had some money on interest, and get $200, and he would send to St. Joe and get $400. This arrangement I consented to and sent to my agent at Pekin for the money. It was sometime coming, and he got impatient and desired me to go to Illinois and see what was the matter.

R—Did you go?

Mrs. S—Yes, I went on Tuesday and got back on Saturday.

R—Did you get the money?

Mrs. S—The money came to Balltown while I was gone, and the letter containing the draft was forwarded to Nevada. I got the draft on my return and drew the money at the banking house of Paul F. Thornton & Co. I gave $100 of it to my husband. Smith then concluded to go to Scott. Previous to starting he bought a suit of clothes and some jewelry.

R—How much of the $200 did he get?

Mrs. S—He got it all, almost. He came to me one day and said:

"DARLING,

I wish you would give me a watch and chain. I want it to come from you, and then when I get my money, I will buy one and make you a present." This seemed all well enough. I bought him a watch and chain and a gold ring of M. T. Hill, jeweler, and paid $58 00. Mr. Wood, a dry goods merchant at Metz, owed me some money. Smith wrote a postal card to Wood telling him to pay some party $3.50 and then the balance pay to Elder Rider for marrying us, and signed my name, Mary J. Hawkins, to the card.

R—What else did he do to defraud you?

Mrs. S—He took everything I had

THAT HE COULD GET HIS HANDS ON,

or he knew that I possessed. A bill of dry goods was bought of H. C. Moore & Co., amounting to $18 00. It was nearly all for him. So of the $200 he got it all but $6 or $7 which were for groceries to live on.

R—Did he preach in Nevada.

Mrs. S—Yes, he preached once in the Methodist church. The Christian church here had heard of some of his evil doings at Metz and refused to let him occupy their pulpit.

R—Was he a good preacher?

Mrs. S [enthusiastically]—Yes, indeed. He was as good as I ever listened to. He was well posted and a fine orator—one calculated to deceive.

R—He was a slick one, then?

Mrs. S—I don't know what you might call him, but he deceived me shamefully. Why, the people of Metz made up a purse of $25 for him for his preaching and he refused it. He said: "I have plenty of money and property and do not preach for wealth. I preach because

I LOVE THE LORD,

and I desire to extend God's word to all, free—without money and without price." He was very eloquent.

R—When did he leave Nevada?

Mrs. S—He left our house on Saturday night, March 22d, saying he was going to some small town below Fort Scott and settle wherever he thought he could do well, and go into business or preach, and then send for me and my children. He left the house after nine o'clock at night to take the 10:10 train. He was going by the way of the tailor shop and get his clothes.

R—Did he kiss you when he left and treat you affectionately?

Mrs. S—Yes, he kissed me and cried, and said,

"MY PET,

I do hate to part with you, though the absence may be ever so brief." And he went, my eyes following him in the night's darkness, and my ears listening to his retreating footsteps in the stillness of the gloom.

R—When did you see him again?

Mrs. S—About midnight that night he rapped at the door and wanted in. I let him in and he said that he was detained at the tailor shop and was late for the train. That he heard it whistle and he ran and fell down and tore his pants across the knee, and missed the train. He returned to the tailor's shop and had his pants sewed up and then come home.

R—When did he finally go?

Mrs. S—On the next day, March 23d, Sunday, at night he preached at the Methodist church. When we were coming home from church he said: "I believe I will go south to-night." I endeavored to persuade him to stay until Monday morning. He said: "No, I am going to-night." He said this several times, and so very decided that it almost frightened me. He left without bidding me "good-bye" or kissing me.

R—How do you account for his strange action?

Mrs. S—I don't know. I have since learned that on Saturday night

HE MET A WOMAN

from Sedalia at the train and took her to a boarding-house or hotel, and left her until Sunday night and then took her to Scott. The next Thursday my suspicions were aroused, and on Friday I left for Girard, where he had written me from, as follow:

GIRARD, March 26, 1879.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN:—I am progressing very pleasantly in my affairs as regards business. I will write you where to move as soon as possible. I have not heard from you yet; write soon. I hope you are all well. I have given you all the information I can just now. There is a good church here—all the best citizens belong to the Christian Church. I will send you the preacher's picture who is preaching for a short time for them. A kiss for all. Your CLAY.

GIRARD, KANSAS, April, 2, 1879.

DEAR WIFE:—I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. I am sorry you could not come any sooner than you can. I hope you are well. I am ready for you as soon as you can come. I am well at present. I was out in the country last Sunday and had a good time. I will look for you to-morrow sure. Good-bye with a kiss—kiss for all.

Yours, CLAY

P. S. Met an old Kentuckian who knew me. C.

GIRARD, April 5th, 1879.

DEAR WIFE:—I received your letter. I am sorry you cannot come yet, but will look for you soon. I am well at present. A kiss for all and good-by for the present.

Yours, CLAY.

R—What did you find at Girard?

Mrs. S—I stopped at the hotel and sent for Mr. Carleton, County Clerk. He came and I sent for Mr. Smith, telling the messenger to tell him that his wife was at the hotel. Smith came,

AS PALE AS IF HE WAS DEAD.

He seemed very much frightened when I said:

"Mr. Smith, I suppose when you got word that your wife was here, you didn't know which wife it was?"

Smith—Don't you know, Mamma, that I have no other wife but you?

Reporter—What did you then do?

Mrs. S—I came home that same day fully satisfied that I was his only wife. This was on March 29. The next week I learned through some friends at Metz, that Smith was at Girard preaching and getting goods on credit, saying that I would be down and pay for all in a few days.

On the 8th of April I started again for Girard, when I learned that he had left on the day before I arrived, for Scott. I returned at once to Scott.

R—What did you learn at Scott?

Mrs. S—I found out that Smith had been there

WITH A WOMAN,

That Smith had pawned his overcoat or cloak, which he had bought in Nevada for $16 and pawned it for $4, and the woman had pawned some jewelry, and that they had left together on the M. K. & T., going South, and I suppose they have gone to Texas.

R—How old is Smith?

Mrs. S—He told me that he was 28. He told in Girard that he was 26. I believe him to be about 35.

R—Was Smith a devoted christian and did he pray at home?

Mrs. S—Yes, he appeared to be. He would read a chapter in the Bible and pray every morning and night. If anything occurred in the morning that he did not get to read the Bible chapter he would

READ TWO AT NIGHT

to make up the deficiency.

R—Did he have any baggage—valise or trunk?

Mrs. S—He had nothing but what he had on as far as I know. He should no trunk or baggage of any kind.

R—What are you going to do in Nevada?

Mrs. S—I am going to keep boarders and learn hair work.

R—Will the next slick-tongued preacher that happens along marry you again?

Mrs. S—I will never be so easily deceived again

BY SAINT OR SINNER,

preacher or anybody else.

R—Do you desire to marry again?

Mrs. S—No. I shall never marry again. I would not know what man to trust now.

The following is Mrs. Smith's marriage certificate. The references and cards were found among Smith's "baggage:"

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

STATE OF MISSOURI, }
COUNTY OF VERNON. }

This certifies that Hiram C. Smith and Mary Hawkins were united in marriage on the 26th