

WEEKLY BAZOO. SEDALIA. TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1879.

The House refuses to exempt producers of tobacco from taxation. The total debt of St. Louis is \$22,000,000. The taxes collected each year amount to over \$7,000,000.

D. M. Ream, editor of the Outpepper, Virginia, Times, was shot by G. W. Jamison in an election quarrel on May 22d, died last Monday.

The Mayor of Vicksburg denies the report put in circulation by the Globe-Democrat of the existence of yellow fever in that city, and says the place was never in a more healthy condition than at present.

Let's see: The Greenbackers of Ohio threw an insult into the faces of the Democrats by deciding against coalition before they had been asked, and now we are anxious to find out if they improved their situation in the least.

Since 1873 St. Louis has had nine bank failures, involving a gross loss of \$7,184,000. Out of this sum depositors have secured about \$40,000. The latest failure, the Broadway Savings and Loan, was managed by a hard tackle to pay depositors 3 per cent on the dollar.

It is now given out that the trouble with Mr. William Almon Wheeler of Malone is an inability to sleep. That is not surprising. We can imagine few things more likely to drive slumber from the eyes of a man of Mr. Wheeler's antecedents than the humiliating consciousness of being the appendage to a Fraud.

Strict tramp laws are being enacted in all parts of the country. Tramping as a profession should be abolished, but sometimes tramping is a necessity. The Legislature of Michigan doesn't make any distinction as to what the fellow tramps for, but tramps him to the penitentiary for five years. The members should be at once arrested.

Gen. Thomas Erving has been nominated by the Ohio Democrats for Governor, and A. V. Rice for Lieut.-Governor. The Greenbackers put forward A. S. Saunders and Hugo Pryor as their standard-bearers. As the Republicans have already nominated Foster and Hickenlooper the campaign is now fairly under headway and the battle promises to be a warm one.

Frank M. Bemis, editor of the National Prohibitionist called at the convention of the beer brewers, now being held in St. Louis, and asked admittance as a representative of the press. Being recognized, he was unceremoniously kicked down stairs, spit upon and severely handled. The assault by stalwart young brewers was continued even down stairs. The following article, taken from a late issue of his paper, is said to have caused the assault:

"That this drunkard-making crowd should be allowed a day outside the walls of the state prison is a shame on our civilization; that they should be welcomed amid the wrecks and ruin and havoc they have wrought, is both a shame and a crime!

"It only shows how stupidly blind the people have become to this infamy and how awfully guided we are to tolerate such a hydra headed monster as a convention of brewers.

"Better welcome a convention of robbers.

"Robbers only take money and leave character.

"Brewers take both character and money!

"Better welcome a convention of murderers.

"Brewers take all—money, character and life!!"

The Return Request on Letters. From the Detroit Free Press.

They have no such thing in France as the familiar legend on the American envelope, "If not called for in 10 days returned to," &c. It puzzles the Frenchman, who receive American envelopes so stamped to know just what is meant by the command to return. Not long since the chief editor of the Free Press had occasion to write to a correspondent in France, using an envelope with the Free Press' request to return printed on it. In answering the letter the Frenchman addressed his letter as follows:

"Return to the Detroit Free Press, Detroit, Mich., if not called for in five days. Amiqueux.

An insurance man in this city, on seeing this odd address, said he sent a letter to a citizen in Detroit last month to the effect that the time of his policy had expired. After a couple of weeks the honest citizen came around to the office with the unopened letter in his hand saying, "I guess I'm a dead man, and you don't give him, so I bring you round myself, eh?"

She Forgot Something. A lady in Portland, Me., called at a jewelry store, and after making a purchase went home. Two hours later a messenger called at her house and informed her that she had left something at the jeweler's. "Now, let me see," she mused, "what can it be? Here is my pocket-book, and there on the table is my fan, and I have my gold watch here, and my bonnet—why, where is my bonnet?—oh, there it is on the floor; it fell off the table—and really I don't think what I have forgotten!"

HIS FLIGHT FOR LIFE. Garrison's Escape on the Night of the Pennsylvania Hall Riot in Philadelphia, 1838.

Perhaps the most exciting experience Mr. Garrison ever had in this city, says the Philadelphia Times, was that attendant to his escape on the night of the Pennsylvania Hall riot (1838). Shortly before that time the Legislature of the state of Georgia had enacted a law authorizing the payment of \$5,000 for the head of Mr. Garrison, the object being understood to induce some one to take his life. By the way, it may be mentioned that the law is still on the statute books of the state, and never has been repealed. Whether any sordid feelings animated the riot or not it is impossible, of course, to say, but there is scarcely any doubt that some of the people engaged in it had that \$5,000 in their mind, and there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Garrison was the principal object of attack.

Fortunately he was not recognized at the hall. He stood face to face with a man who breathed threats and profanity against the abolitionist, smiled at him, and called him a foolish enthusiast. Had there been an identification Mr. Garrison would have swung from a lamp-post as certain as fate. His friends were much frightened for his safety, and under the pilotage of a little negro boy he was led by back streets and obscure alleys to Twelfth and Race, and subsequently by Broad street to Lombard, and thence to Fort's house. When once he was in the streets were guarded in different directions, in order that if the mob got on his trail he could escape. Then preparations were made for a hasty midnight ride. Railroads were not of those days, and stage coaches were used for traveling. But stages were not for Mr. Garrison. He was a marked man, and everybody's hand seemed to be against him, even as he was against slavery. He dare not travel by stage, for it would have been putting his life in the hands of people who wanted it very much indeed. Hastily James Forten ordered his horse hitched up, and calling to his son, Robert Forten, and Robert Purvis, who afterward became his son-in-law, he said: "You have four hours to drive Mr. Garrison to Trenton. Start at once. It was in vain that the great abolitionist protested that he would not steal away like a thief. His friends had measured the depth of hatred that was entertained for him, and knew better than he that the danger was eminent. It was only by threats that he was finally induced to step into the carriage. Robert Forten seized the reins, a heavy "God bless you, good bye," the carriage disappeared around the corner, turning northward. Ten minutes later, Mr. Garrison, leaning out to look at a crowd on the corner, heard a man abuse him with oaths and appellatives the reverse of complimentary. He leaned out further, and called the man to him. "Do you know Mr. Garrison?" he asked. "No, I never saw the man," "Well," said the abolitionist, courting danger, and making himself prominent on the scene, "now you do not know me?" The carriage drove on. Mr. Garrison looked at the faces of his colored escort, and broke out in loud laughter. They were so much affected that the pallor of fear came on their black faces, and could be seen there. Half an hour more the city was behind and the sturdy little horse was showing the dust behind, and moving at a four-mile gait, dragging the heavy load which it contained. Before they left the city Mr. Forten called Robert aside and admonished him to push on for dear life and reach Trenton as early as possible. He obeyed the instructions to the letter. They heard the midnight bell striking as they dashed through Bristol, leaving behind the echoes of the horses' hoofs and the rolling of the carriage wheels. The night coming on, the chieftain caught up with and passed so fast that the guard is understood to have always afterwards believed in ghosts. The clock struck one on the Jersey soil, in the streets of Trenton—the sturdy little horse had made the distance, thirty miles, and drawn three persons, in three hours. It was not until the next day that the howling mob found it had been cheated of its prey, and they took their vindictive revenge, making the negroes the object of their wrath.

—Some years ago a native of Camajore, in Italy, emigrated to America, leaving behind a wife and two children. After a time he sent home to them, through the post, his native place \$20. A few months later on this remittance was followed by a second, this time of \$200; and at intervals afterward other sums were sent, making altogether a total of over \$5,000. The priest, however, never gave the money to those for whom it was intended, but kept it for himself, sending by the woman, and telling her with many coaxing reflections, that her husband was dead. At the same time he wrote to the man, informing him that his family were dead, sending also with his letter an official certificate of their death. After a time the man married again, and a short time ago, having prospered in business and become wealthy, he determined to revisit his native place. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Camajore, and went to the priest who had been in the town. As he was walking one day a boy begged of him. Something in the appearance of the begger seemed to be familiar, and, questioning the boy, he found that it was his own child, and that his wife was living with the two children he had left behind, in great poverty. The priest, thus detected in his wickedness, endeavored to compromise the matter by offering to pay the 25,000 lire, but the authorities declined to allow it, and proceedings against him are now pending.

Charley Gagne's New Store. All kinds of home-grown and Southern vegetables and fruits at the lowest prices in the city, at the M. E. Church building next door to the Music Store, on Ohio street.

What to Teach Boys. A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men. What is it they ought to know then?

1. To be true; to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read; he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in thought and action, rather than being learned in all the sciences and all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boy that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life; pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with amatory stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as banished from society and compelled to cry "unclean!" as a warning to others to avoid the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood; to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things—when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find out the rest.

—That indulgence of stomach gas at night preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by using Hop Bitters.

MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND. Making Love.

The account of the bloody affair at the Comopolitan hotel, in which Thomas J. Gallagher, the ex-attorney of the French bank, and Mabel Curran were the principals, as published in the Chronicle the day after the attempted deed, was somewhat incomplete, owing to the veil of secrecy which the friends of both parties threw around it, but the complete account of the affair is contained in the following statement, which is the correct and true story of the attempted murder and suicide: About 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Gallagher went to the Comopolitan hotel, where Mabel was stopping, and while mounting the stairway to her room, he met one of the bell-boys, named Harry, and told him that he was going to shoot her. Continuing his way, he finally reached her room and knocked. The door was opened by Mrs. Curran's nurse, and she informed the blood-thirsty attorney that he could not come in, as Mabel was asleep, and the doctor had given orders that she was not to be disturbed. "Are you sure?" he asked. "I am," replied the nurse. At this moment a lady who was in the room came to the door and opened it wider, when Gallagher rushed in and drew up to the bedside of Mabel. "Will you kiss me?" he asked, to which she replied, "No, I don't want to." Then dropping on his knees by the bedside Gallagher began to cry. After a few moments of this liquid reasoning he said, "Mabel, I love you dearly." "I don't believe you," replied Mabel. "No man could love a woman and treat her as you have me." "I would give my last drop of blood for you," declared the attorney. "Would you believe me if I fell dead at your feet?" Mabel's companion at this moment said, "Why, Mabel, how could you doubt a man when he is on his knees?" Gallagher, catching hold of Mabel's arm, exclaimed, "Do you love me, Mabel?" "No," she replied. "Did you ever love me?" asked the amorous attorney. "Never," responded the fair Mabel. Gallagher, at this, rose to his feet, and in a moment he was again on his knees, and he said, "I would give my last drop of blood for you." "Would you believe me if I fell dead at your feet?" Mabel's companion at this moment said, "Why, Mabel, how could you doubt a man when he is on his knees?" Gallagher, catching hold of Mabel's arm, exclaimed, "Do you love me, Mabel?" "No," she replied. "Did you ever love me?" asked the amorous attorney. "Never," responded the fair Mabel. Gallagher, at this, rose to his feet, and in a moment he was again on his knees, and he said, "I would give my last drop of blood for you." "Would you believe me if I fell dead at your feet?" Mabel's companion at this moment said, "Why, Mabel, how could you doubt a man when he is on his knees?" Gallagher, catching hold of Mabel's arm, exclaimed, "Do you love me, Mabel?" "No," she replied. "Did you ever love me?" asked the amorous attorney. "Never," responded the fair Mabel.

At that time there was more prospect of his making a good mechanic than a great scholar; according to his own account, given later, he was inattentive to his studies and allowed his school-fellows to outstrip him, but one day, when he was the last in the lowest form but one, while on his way to school he was kicked in the stomach by the boy who ranked next above him. The pain was severe, and though the smaller of the two, the future philosopher after school challenged his assailant to fight. Encouraged by the schoolmaster's son the boy fought in earnest; spirit and agility made up for Isaac's inferior stature, and his opponent soon cried enough. The schoolmaster's son told Isaac that cowardly men have their noses rubbed against a wall. This direction being complied with, the vanquished was left to his reflections, and the victor began to ask himself, "Why should I allow this boy always to be above me; am I not his superior mentally, and morally, as well as physically?" The following a prolonged intellectual struggle, in which Isaac, again victor, passed above his old adversary and finally stood at the head of the school.

On one occasion he was approached by an agent who offered him a bribe of six thousand pounds, which was refused. "There would be no dishonesty in taking it; you do not understand your own interests," said the go-between. "I know well enough what my duty is, and no bribes shall corrupt me," was the reply. "But come from a great duchess—you would not refuse so great a lady; besides she has power to advance the interests of those she chooses to favor," persisted the agent. "I desire you to tell the lady that if she were here herself and had made me this offer I would have desired her to go out of my house; and I so desire that you should be turned out," Newton answered. Oh! for a score or two of Isaac Newtons in our country now.

As to private gambling, it can hardly be denied that there is a great deal more of it now than before the war, both actually and comparatively. It is a vice of our colleges, and games with stakes are played at many of the clubs, while in private houses it is very generally felt that the fascination of the play is much increased by the putting up of something at the corners. Betting of all sorts has also increased within twenty years, coming into vogue after other English and continental fashions. Poker has developed by the hundred thousand; and all sorts of athletic contests furnish occasion for gratifying the taste for taking hazards. The demand for lottery tickets has also grown within a quarter of a century.

Among the cards which are now most played in private circles, the noble and ancient game of what has lately regained its former supremacy. Euchre, of trifling consequence in comparison, and of far less interest for a time seemed to eclipse the glory of what in general estimation is leaving that dignified game to be courted by old fogies. But euchre has had its day; and now the whole pack is brought into requisition by those who seriously follow the intricacies of the most engaging games.

Since the introduction of new and improved combination games, by the rules of which what is made more scientific and satisfactory, the number of what clubs has increased throughout the country, and it is steadily driving out other games of cards. But why insist on money at the corners? Can't the game furnish excitement enough without such hazards? Many people think it can; and in fact it quickens the pace of the passing hours for thousands of conscientious men and women to whom a money stake is an offense and a wickedness.—N. Y. Sun.

—Most of the wine used in England for the holy communion in Roman Catholic churches comes from the vineyards of the English colleges of Lisbon and Valladolid, and is white; but elsewhere red wine is used.

The Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches have no rule as to the color, but demand pure juice of the grape.

—When any person of wealth dies in Paris the front door of the house is draped in black velvet, with silver fringe and moulding. It has a very solemn and imposing effect. Those attending a funeral always walk with their heads uncovered, and those on the sidewalks take off their hats while the cortege is passing.

Tom Gallagher's Vigorous Way of Making Love.

What a Kick did for Sir Isaac Newton. If we would bring before us Isaac Newton, now fairly started on his scientific career, we may imagine a quiet young man, not above middle height, of "most serene and humble carriage, never seemingly angry, of profound thought, his countenance mild, pleasant and comely; who could be drawn from his chambers by none of the recreations in which most young men delight; whose seldom went out except to read his lectures; whose time was spent in mathematical calculations and in experiments in optics, chemistry, and alchemy; whom students describe as "mighty famous for his learning, a most excellent philosopher and divine;" to whose rooms in college foreigners resorted, anxious to converse with the man of transcendent genius. We may think of this young man as growing gray with study, and as his scientific studies that he often forgot his meals or sat up all night when his chemical experiments required watching.

When Isaac was twelve years old he went to Grantham to attend the Grammar school and boarding at the house of Mr. Clark, an apothecary. At that time there was more prospect of his making a good mechanic than a great scholar; according to his own account, given later, he was inattentive to his studies and allowed his school-fellows to outstrip him, but one day, when he was the last in the lowest form but one, while on his way to school he was kicked in the stomach by the boy who ranked next above him. The pain was severe, and though the smaller of the two, the future philosopher after school challenged his assailant to fight. Encouraged by the schoolmaster's son the boy fought in earnest; spirit and agility made up for Isaac's inferior stature, and his opponent soon cried enough. The schoolmaster's son told Isaac that cowardly men have their noses rubbed against a wall. This direction being complied with, the vanquished was left to his reflections, and the victor began to ask himself, "Why should I allow this boy always to be above me; am I not his superior mentally, and morally, as well as physically?" The following a prolonged intellectual struggle, in which Isaac, again victor, passed above his old adversary and finally stood at the head of the school.

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Governor Coke and His Visitors.

Governor Coke, of Texas, tells the following story about two callers he had a few days ago: "I never saw such a town as Washington. You cannot have any privacy here. Now, when I came here to attend the special session of the Senate, I purposely went to a quiet place on D street and chose two rooms over a dry goods store. I gave orders if anybody called to have their cards sent up to my room, and further that the outside door should always be closed, which would compel callers to ring. You see, by adopting this plan, when cards were sent to me I would know just who called and could send word whether I wanted to see them or not. Well, would you believe it, a few nights ago I was sitting in my room when in rushed two gentlemen unannounced. Said one of them: 'Governor Coke, I believe. How do you do, Governor Coke?' Their manner disconcerted me a little, but I answered as pleasantly as I could: 'Yes, I am Governor Coke, but how in the world did you get in my room?' They answered cheerfully: 'Oh! the lower door was opened and we just walked right up.' If they told me that it would please me if they would go down stairs, ring the bell and send up their cards in the regular way. They both went down stairs and did as I told them. Their cards were presented to me in the regular way and then I sent them word that I wasn't in."

Invested in a Young Man. New York Times. Andrew J. Krick, a Chicago physician, was arrested by Detective King, of the Central office, and taken to the Tombs Police court on Wednesday on a charge of obtaining by false representations \$500 from Mrs. Maria Weiler. Mrs. Weiler told Justice Plummer that seven years ago she called a boarding house in East Tenth street. One of her boarders was Krick, who had arrived from Elgin on the Rhine, his home only a short time before and who then was an upholsterer. At that time she was living with her second husband, a man named Kaufman, but he was afterwards accused of bigamy and left the city. Then Mrs. Weiler became engaged to Krick. The latter is now 29 and Mrs. Weiler is nineteen years his senior. Krick had studied medicine as well as pharmacy in Germany and Mrs. Weiler agreed to supply him with money to continue his studies here and to board and lodge him for nothing until he got his degree. She says she spent \$3,000 on him in this way. After being graduated, Krick, according to Mrs. Weiler, fled to Hoboken. She pursued him there and thence to Cross Plains, Wis., where he eluded her. She was afterwards told that he went to Chicago. In March, 1878, he returned to New York and asked her to forgive him. He said that he was going to establish a homoeopathic college in Roswell, Ky., that he could make \$5,000 a year there and that when he got settled he would marry her. He asked her for \$500 to help pay for his house in Roswell. Mrs. Weiler's father, a Staten Island brewer, had died some time before leaving her some money, and so she was able to give Krick the \$500. After that he left and he heard nothing from him for months, so that becoming impatient she went on to Roswell, Ky., only to be told that Krick's story, at least as regards the homoeopathic college, was false. She did not see him again until last Friday, when she met him on Broadway. He was arrested. Mrs. Weiler took to court a stackful full of letters and documents to support her statement. Krick in his defense claimed that the proper remedy is by a civil suit, and he unkindly alludes to Mrs. Weiler as a married woman on account of the Kaufman affair. Justice Plummer remanded Krick until this morning.

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SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH.

A purely vegetable preparation entirely free of all poisons, and perfectly safe in all cases. It is the only medicine that will cure the disease in its most advanced stages, and is the only one that will not injure the system. It is the only medicine that will cure the disease in its most advanced stages, and is the only one that will not injure the system. It is the only medicine that will cure the disease in its most advanced stages, and is the only one that will not injure the system.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER. An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly medicated Plaster containing the choicest medicinal Gums and Balmine known to modern Pharmacy.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER.

A GOOD PLAN. Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating the system of J. West Goodwin, of Sedalia, Mo. The system is simple, and can be learned in a few days. It is the only system that will make money rapidly, and is the only one that will not injure the system.

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