WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA

TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1880.

THE REIGN OF SCANDAL.

We wonder if there is more wickedness going on in the world than there used to be. Or is it that reporters have come to be a preternaturally acute race? At any rate there seems now to be more scandal unearthed in a day than there used to be in a week in "the good old times." It is distressing to the BAZOO to publish these matters, but it believes that its duty as a public instructor requires that it should. The exposure of man's badness and woman's guilt may have the effect of thrusting into the face of some who are on the borders of sin the consequences of stepping over the line, and so deter them before they can only say "too late."

If, then, our columns have been unwillingly crowded with these stories of evil, it must be accepted as an evidence of an intention to promote that which is good. If the unhappy tales of error which have of late been so thickly thrust upon us result in the saving of one downward tending soul, a work will have been accomplished which may be viewed with just pride and satisfaction. The reward is not now, but it will be hereafter.

Pennsylvania democrats set an example of wisely foreseeing statesmanship which it would be of advantage for the party everywhere to follow. There was what appeared to be an irreconcilable split between the contesting delegations which were respectively in the interests of Randall and Wallace. Even the always conservative and non committal associated press went so far as to say there would undoubtedly "be lively times" when the convention met. But its session was as harmonious as possible. The differences were settled in a manner satisfactory to both sides, and without a sign of tumult. The Pennsylvania democrats see the necessity of united action and they will go into the campaign of '80 with a better prospect of success than has been there had for years.

Young Kalloch, now in jail at San Francisco, is a preacher, the son of a preacher, and the grandson of a preacher. He was brought up on the bible. Prayer has been a familiar sound in his ears ever since he began to understand the meaning of words. He has heard hundreds of sermons, and latterly he has preached them himself. As a minister it has been his professional business to expound to sinners the ten commandments and the precepts of Christ, including that one about returning good for evil. Yet all this has not prevented young Kalloch from shooting the man who shot his father.

The delegation from Georgia to Chicago are uninstructed, and this gives a fine margin for guessing how they stand. One report is that there are 12 for Sherman, 6 for Blaine and 4 for Grant. Another has it 16 for Blaine, 4 for Sherman and 2 for Grant. While a third places them as 10 for Grant, 8 for Blaine and 4 for Sherman. The only fact upon which they all agree is that there are twenty-two delegates in all.

There is reason for anxiety about the English training ship Atalanta, which set sail from the Bermudas on February 7th for England with 300 young seamen on board, and has not been heard of since. The anxiety is not lessened by the recollection that the Atalanta's sister ship, Eurydice, went down in the channel with a loss of 400 lives.

The rain storm was general throughout this state and in Kansas. Farmers are jubilantly sitting on the fences to-day, watching the wheat grow. The amount of good done it is hard to estimate in dollars and cents, for the long drouth, in certain sections, had threatened, if not the destruction, at least irremediable injuries to the crops.

Connecticut yesterday chose her democratic national delegation. There was an attempt made to pass resolutions condemning the candidacy of Mr. Tilden, but it met with prompt suppression. It is understood that ten of the twelve delegates have a preference for Mr. Tilden.

To a man up a tree, it looks very much as if Mr. Tilden had his grip on Pennsylvania as well as New York and Connecticut. The convention adjourned yesterday without closing its labors, but the result of what will be done to-day can be pretty accurately guessed.

South Carolina is "solid." Solid for the third term and the doctrines of those who have so long held aloft that emsanguined garment which has become historical. Nothing else was expected of the negro politicians of the Palmetto State.

Tom Boyd, the new Sam Patch, is hindered in his feats by the railroad officials who will not let him use their high bridges to leap from. He will build a floating tower from which to make his jumps into the Mississippi and its tributaries.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

The Ship Trident, of New Bedford, Ice Bound for Sixty Years in Baffin's Bay.

New York World.

"There are no doubt, sir," said the old sailor, "that when it comes to a question of savin' life sailors don't never hang back, but are willin' to take all risks. I never remembers no time when a call were made for volunteers to save life but what every man at once stepped forward, and the officer be to pick as to who he'd have with him. If it were a question of property simply, Jack wouldn't take an extra risk, but if it are life, why there's never no hesitation.

"I were a tellin' you awhile ago of a v'yage what I made in the ship Colossus when we was druv away up to the north'ard and come athwart a ship ice bound in Davis' Straits. We fust made her out at sunrise of a morning in the latter part of September, we bein' a reachin' along on the port tack, with the wind west by south. She were about two p'ints onto our lee bow, and we kept a p'int off, so as to give her a good hard full and increase her way. The ship in the ice were soon clearly visible from the deck with the naked eye, or rather her spars were, for all that we could see were her three lower and topsail yards and her three topmasts, the to'gallan' masts bein' sent down. There weren't no sails set, neither no flag a flyin' so as it didn't look very probable as there was anybody on board of her, 'cause if there had a been they would have seen us and would have made a signal. Nevertheless, the old man be to go to her if it were possible, and arter runnin' in to within a mile of the edge of the ice-pack we clewed the to'gallan' sails up, hauled up the courses and hove her about, leavin' the head-yards square and the jib sheet flowin', so as her only motion would be a slight drift dead to leeward. Then the word were passed for 'volunteers to save life' and all hands come forward. There weren't no credit into it, 'cause nobody didn't see as there were any danger in the service, and all hands had a curiosity to see what were aboard of the craft into the ice. Her hull was clearly visible now, and as near as we could judge she was a ship of about 400 tons, and probably a whaler. Two boats' crews were sent in, and the old man's idea bein' for to land a exploring party and then return with the boat to the ship. Then the party, on its return from the wreck, could be guided by our ship, and come to the pint nighest to her and be took on board agin. It were seen that it were goin' for to be a work of some hours for to git to this ship after the party landed, for she looked to be a good distance from the edge of the pack, and no doubt were a good bit further than she looked. I bein' awfully young and strong, this being the fust voyage I'd shipped as a able seaman, were the fust one chosed by the mate as were a'goin for to lead the landing party. The other three men was Joe Cook, Barry Williams and Bill Benson, all of 'em young and powerful strong, and all 'em good sailormen. It was a good long mile to the pack, and much further than it had looked from our ship decks, but we got in at last, and coasted along the ice for to find a good landin' place, the sea rollin' in agin it too heavy for to be comfortable, although it had seemed quite smooth afore we left our ship. Finally we finds a little cove, and we stuck the boat in there, and got safe to the shore, or rather to the ice, and then sent the boat off agin. Then we turned our faces toward the wreck and set out. She seemed to us much further off than she had afore we left the ship, and it were clear that we had no fool of a job afore us, and that it involved a tramp of at least five miles over the ice. This afore we left the ship looked as smooth as a deck, but it were in reality all humped up into ridges, some of which was too high and rough to climb over, and we being to make long circles around 'em. It were 9 o'clock when we landed, and it were noon when we finally got to the ship in the ice. It weren't a dangerous service so long as the weather kept clear, and it weren't very uncomfortable so long as the wind kept moderate and with a bit of sunshine into it, but if it should come on thick we might never find our ship again, or if a sudden change to the north'ard took place, unused as we was to extreme cold, we might have got frosted. As it were, the hard labor of making our way over the rough hummocks kept us warm, and although very tired when we got to the wreck, we was otherwise putty comfortable. It were a dreary waste we'd traveled over, as one could well imagine. To the north'ard as far as the eye could reach the field ice extended, its solitude unbroken by a sign of life of any kind, either bird or beast. To the south'ard and west'ard towered an ice mountain at least a thousand feet high, its ascent broken into innumerable peaks, that shone like silver in the noonday sun. Everywhere the eyes turned they rested on nothing but ice, save and except the ship which we had come so far to examine.

"She had by successive pinchin's been raised entirely out of the water, and rested on the top of the ice as secure as if in a dry-dock. Her head were toward the north-ard, and the hummocks had formed under her bows chock up to the level of her knightheads, while under her stern she were free from ice down to the lower pintals of her rudder. We passed under the stern and read her name upon the trail-board. The letters were well-nigh blotted out by time, but our mate made it out to spell 'Trindent, of New Bedford.' No sign of life were visible aboard of her, and the silence weas oppressive. As we passed around on the starboard quarter our mate hailed at the top of his voice, 'Trident, a-hoy?' There weren't no answer, and we proceeded for to climb aboard of her. Each side of her there were a curious ice formation, a closer inspection of which showed that it were a whale. Evidently they'd had open water and had got a couple of whales alongside, when they was nipped sudden by the ice. Her topsails and courses was furled snug and the ice had formed a heavy crust over 'em so that they looked like spars of ice. The riggin', too, were crusted with successive layers of ice, and it no longer had the appearance of ropes, but seemed so many massive icicles. The deck was thick with ice hummocks which had formed high as her rails. Her boats had broken from the davits in some instances entirely, and in others still hangin' by one tackle. As nigh as we could make out she had a half poop cabin with the entrance aft through a companion-way. Abaft this again was sprung a sort of hurricane deck, which covered the wheel and binnacle, and in either side of which were a bosen's locker.

"Stan iin' by the wheel, and evidently held up by it, were a man. He were stone dead, but preserved so well that it were difficult to believe it till you come close to him. The sou'wester of his head had rotted so that it crumbled to dust at the touch, and all of his clothes was the same, but here were the man completely petrified, a solid statue of ice. Pullin' open the doors of the companion-way they dropped from their hinges, and fell a mass of rot upon the icy deck. The steps leadin' down below was equally decayed, but at the table were another man with paper afore him and pen in his hand. Evidently he had been tryin' for to write somethin' when overtook by death. What it were our mate couldn't make out. In a bunk on the star-board side of the cabin were another man, dead for years and years. Movin' the paper from under the arm of the man at the table, our mate soon come to a date.

"Great Cæsar, boys!" says he, 'do you know when this here were written? This here date are 1780, and they'd then been froze up for ten years. We looked for'ard to see if there were any more of the crew to be found, but there weren't. These three were all that remained of the whole ship's company. Our mate finally found the log-book of the ship, by which it appeared that in 1768 the vessel had left New Bedford with four boats and a crew of thirty men all told. She'd passed up through Davis' Straits and into Baffin's Bay. The summer of 1769 found 'em inside of the Arctic Circle and in a open sea, with whales as thick as possible, so that they almost always had one fast on each side. The further north they went the more open water they found, the temperature being but a trifle below zero. They arrived at the north pole on the 20th of August, 1769, and bein' then about two-thirds full of ile the captain, which his name were Baker, so our mate said, concluded for to return to the south'ard afore the winter set in. They didn't hurry, but jist fished away as they went, killin' and cuttin' in and trying out continual. On the 6th of September they made a ice barrier to the south'ard of 'em, and for a month they made all sorts of traverses for to find a hole for to git through. On the 18th of November, 1769, the ice closed in around 'em and held 'em fast. They'd still kept on a takin' whales and had got a couple alongside the afternoon afore they was froze in. They made good fenders for the ship, and perhaps kept her from bein' cut through with the ice; but the ice formed so rapidly all over the ship and whale that they never tried to cut 'em in. The sails was cled up and furled, and everythin' was made as comfortable as possible for the winter. It passed at last, and spring came and summer, but the ice remained fast. The reg'lar log-books was all filled, and our mate skimmed hasty through 'em jist glancin' from winter to winter and from summer to summer and seein' that there were no change to note. After two years they begun to die off. Almost all their stores was eaten, but in the summers game was plenty, and they had the two whales to fall back on, it bein' always possible for to chop out a block of that, and arter thawin' of it out it made passable eatin'. The galley were on the main deck. They kept a fire goin' constantly, and with plenty of ile in the hold they was never out of lights. When the fifth year went by there was but ten of the thirty left. They laid out a buryin'-ground a short distance from the ship, and there they carried their dead. When eight years had gone there was but five remainin', the only officer alive bein' the captain, who seemed for to keep up his courage to the last, and who tried from time to time to keep a record of their sufferings. Sometimes a month would elapse atwixt the entries. The last one as were legible were: 'There are now but three of us left, and it does not seem possible that we can survive much longer. John Williams has just taken to his berth, and says he shall never rise again. Joseph Pinkham is scarcely any better, and I do not think I can last another week.'

"He had tried for to write somethin' arter this, but it were illegible. There was four of the log books and then a whole raft of these loose sheets of paper, all of which our mate gathered together, and armin' us each with a log-book apiece, we left the corpses and the ship as we found 'em and started on our homeward journey. For sixty years the ice had held the ship and her secrets. Then some sudden convulsion of nature had broken off this field from the mass, and wind and current was a bearin' it south. In a month it would pass south of Newfoundland, and the storms of the Atlantic would break it in many pieces, the August sun would melt it, and the ship, freed from the ice cage, would fill with water, but, buoyed by the casks of ile in her hold, would float for awhile until her decks gave way and freed the ile, when she'd sink to the bottom.

"This were the way we settled it amongst ourselves, as we struggled back over the ice hummocks weary and awfully hungry. Fortunate, the weather kept fine, and we was enable for to keep our ship in sight continual. At about four o'clock we come to the edge of the pack, and signaled to the ship and soon seen the boat a shovin' off and a comin' for us.

"What the blazes kept you so long?" were the first salutation we got from the old man, but when the mate explained how far the ship were away, he were pacified. That night the wind backed to the north'ard, and away we went a flyin'. It seemed as if it had been reckoned up that we be to be forced up there to the north'ard, so as we could git the records of this here missin' ship, and soon as ever we get 'em the wind shifted, and we made a elegant run to this city. Arter we got in, the old man spins this here yarn for the newspapers, but it weren't very generally believed. He also sent on the log-books to New Bedford, and from there I've heard tell they was took to Boston and stowed away in some museum in that city. Anybody therefore as thinks I'm yarnin' has only got to go to Boston and he'll find the log-books of the ship Trident, if so be as how they aint afore now perished with age, as is very likely."

MARRYING AN ARTIST.

Experiences of a Lovely Woman Who Became the Wife of a Sculptor.

Jealous of a Model, She Disrobes and Goes into the Model Line Herself.

Paris Figaro.

The following is a part of a letter recently picked up in the Rue de Rivoli by a lady who has handed it to this paper for publication:

What it has cost me to have married an artist! Ah, my dear, if I had only known! But young girls have such strange ideas about matters in general. Now at the Exposition, when I used to see the artists' addresses upon the picture cards—far off in quiet streets at the extreme corners of Paris—I would conjure up visions of peaceful, happy lives, and of husbands always at home. I knew that I was of a jealous disposition, and I said to myself "Now, that's the kind of a husband I would like. He would be at home all day—at work on his statue or his painting—and I at his side reading or sewing, drinking in his words. And then the tranquil atmosphere of the studio!" Poor innocent that I was! Little did I know what a studio was, or its singular visitors. Never had I dreamed, in gazing upon those marble goddesses so lightly clad, that there were women bold enough to—And that even I—. Well, well, you must know that had I not so thought, I should never have married a sculptor. No indeed!

And then all the family were opposed to it. He was wealthy, young, famous. Yet all were against it, except myself. But then he was such a charming fellow. It is true, he used to concern himself almost too much about my dress, my hair: "Wear it a little higher—so," and he would toy with my curls, and place a flower in their midst with the coolness of a hair dresser. So much experience—and unmarried, too—It was alarming, was it not? I should have been warned. But you shall see.

"Well, we returned from our wedding journey, and installed ourselves in the delightful house he had prepared for me—"the cage for his bird," as he said. My husband's studio was immediately adjoining our house, and upon our return he plunged into his interrupted work. Every evening he spoke to me with enthusiasm of the approaching completion of his statue. It represented a "A Roman Lady Emerging from the Bath." He was striving, he said, to give the skin that delicate little shiver which it has upon encountering the cold air, the close clinging of the wet drapery upon the rounded shoulders—and—and—oh, all sorts of fine things that I don't remember. Between you and me, my dear, when he talks to me of his art, I do not understand quite so well as I might. But no matter—I always said, "Oh, it will be splendid!" and in imagination I saw myself standing before the completed work in the gallery, while the throng behind me murmured, "Look! it's the sculptor's wife."

At last, one day, being curious to see how our Roman lady was getting along, I determined to surprise him in his studio, which I had not yet entered. I found the door unlatched, and walked in without knocking. Judge my amusement, my horror, at the scene before me. There was my husband, with a dirty blonse like a stonemason's, his hair every which way, his hands covered with clay, and standing upon a platform as tranquilly as you please. And on a chair lay the creature's clothes—an ugly dress, a hat with a bedraggled feather, shabby boots, and—and so forth. All this flashed upon me in a second, for you may imagine how I darted out, Etienne tried to detain me, but with a look of horror, I fled from him; and I never stopped, I promised you, until I reached my mother's house.

"Ah my poor child! There, there—don't cry! Tell mother what is the matter."

And so I told mamma all about how I had gone to the studio, and about the awful woman, and how she had nothing on. And oh, how I cried!

Mamma was much moved, and did all she could to console me. She said it was probably a model.

"A model? But, oh, mamma, it is perfectly awful. He never said anything about models before we were married."

At this moment Etienne arrived, breathless. He also tried to make me understand that a model is not like other women, and that they are indispensable to sculptors. But I was inflexible. I informed him that I would have nothing to do with a husband who passed entire days with creatures in such a costume—or rather, in such a lack of it.

"Well well, my dear children," said poor mamma, striving to bring peace to our convulsed household, "let us see if we can make some arrangement. Could you not contrive to work with a pastboard woman—a manikin, or something of that kind, that would satisfy your wife."

My husband gnawed his moustache—"Impossible, my dear mother, impossible!"

"But, my dear Etienne, it seems to me that—milliners you know, have imitation heads for bonnets. Now if that will do for the head, why not for the—for the—"

Apparently, however, it would not do. At least, so Etienne assured us, at great length, with an infinitude of technical terms. He certainly seemed most unhappy. I glanced slyly, now and then, in wiping my eyes, and I saw plainly that he was almost as miserable as I.

Finally after an interminable discussion, it was agreed that, the model being indispensable, I should be there whenever she was. There was a little apartment adjoining the studio, whence I could see without being seen, (I know you are saying now, my dear—that I should be ashamed of myself for being jealous of such creatures, and more ashamed to show it. But wait until you are married, my dear, and above all, until you are married to an artist.)

The following day the model was to come. I plucked up courage, and installed myself in my little apartment. Before doing so, however, I stipulated that when I rapped, were it ever so gently, my husband should hasten to me. Scarcely had the door closed upon me when the model arrived. How poor, how dreadful poor she looked! I could not help wondering at my foolish jealousy of a woman who wore an old, green-fringed shawl, and showed no trace of white at wrist or throat. But, my dear, when I saw the creature cast aside shawl and dress in the centre of the studio, and continue to disrobe with such an utter lack of modesty, I could not restrain myself. I was stifling with anger. I rapped on the door. Etienne found me pale and trembling. He made sport of my fears, gently chided me, and returned to his work. The woman was now upright and posing, almost nude, her long hair coiled upon her back and shoulders with a certain massive grace. She was no longer commonplace—she was almost a statue. My heart sank, but I said nothing. Suddenly my husband cried:

"The right leg—advance the right leg!"

And as the model did not seem to understand him, he approached her, and—oh, I could bear it no longer! I rapped. He did not hear. I rapped again, almost furiously. This time he did hear, and hastened to my side, but with a frown upon his brow."

"Come, come, Armand," he said, somewhat brusquely, "don't be so unreasonable!"

"Oh, Etienne," I replied through my tears, "it is too much for me—I cannot bear it!"

He left me without replying, and passing into the studio bade the awful woman dress herself and leave.

For several days Etienne did not go to his studio. He remained with me and did go out, refusing even to see his friends, all the white kind, though seemingly sad. One day I said to him, very timidly:

"You do not work any more."

He replied, somewhat coolly:

"It is impossible to work without a model."

However, by many little attentions and a good deal of coaxing, I made him promise to return to his studio and set himself to work to finish the statue by—what shall I call it?—well, either from imagination, or by mamma's method. As for myself, I thought the plan quite easy enough, but he poor fellow, took an entirely different view of it. Every evening he came home irritable, discouraged, almost sick. In order to cheer him up I frequently went to see him, and would invariably say to him, "Why, it's charming!" or something to that effect. But I could see at a glance that the statue made little progress. In fact, I doubt whether he worked at all, as I usually found him stretched upon the sofa, smoking, or rolling bits of clay into balls, and spitefully hurling them against the wall.

One afternoon I was there, looking at the poor Roman lady, only half completed, so long in emerging from her bath, when a foolish whim suddenly seized me. The statue was about my size; perhaps I could—could—

"Etienne, what do you sculptors call a—a—well, a handsome—er—limb?"

He went on to tell me at some length, showing me what his statue still lacked, and that he could not supply the deficiency without the aid of a model.

Poor fellow! He said this with such a disconsolate air! What do you think I did? Well, I tell you, I quickly gathered up the drapery, which was lying in one corner, and went softly into my little apartment, without saying a word, while he was still looking at the statue. I got upon the platform in front of him, in the same costume and pose as that dreadful model. Oh, my dear, imagine Etienne's emotion when he lifted his head and saw me! I felt like laughing and crying at the same time. Why, I was just as red! And then that horrid old drapery would keep falling in every direction! Well, never mind. Etienne was delighted; his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and I was quickly at my ease.

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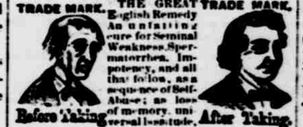

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of Missouri, Pettis county, Circuit Court, in vacation March 4, 1880. Thomas B. Pemberton vs. Marion Embree, Milton Embree and Elvira Embree, heirs of Thomas Embree, deceased, Wm. L. Embree and Allen Embree, Martillas and George Embree, heirs of Calvin Embree, deceased, Abraham, Adams, Louisa Malcom, and Calvin Malcom, her husband, Jasper, and Ann E. Embree, heirs of Margaret Embree deceased.

Now, at this day comes the plaintiff by his attorney, and files a petition, from which it appears that the defendants Martillas Embree, Allen Embree and George Embree, are non-residents of this State. Whereof, on motion of plaintiff by his attorney, it is ordered by the clerk that the defendants Martillas Embree, and Allen Embree, and George Embree, be notified that a civil action has been commenced against them, the object and general nature of which is to correct error as to report and approval of sale of the lands hereinafter mentioned, made by Wm. L. Embree, administrator of estate of Mastillas Embree, deceased, and to divest the title out of and from them, and vest the same in plaintiff, of, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section thirty-four, in township forty-six, range twenty-three, and unless they appear at the next May term of this court, to be begun and held at Sedalia within and for Pettis county,

ON THE FIRST MONDAY OF MAY NEXT,

and on or before the sixth day thereof, and answer the plaintiff's petition, the same will be taken against them as confessed. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law, in the Sedalia Weekly Bazoo, a newspaper printed and published in the county of Pettis.

A true copy—Attest:

B. H. IN RAM, Clerk.

By C. L. Jackson, D. C.

H. C. Sinnet, Plaintiff's Attorney. 3-3 w4t

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of Missouri, Pettis county, Circuit court, in vacation, March 3, 1880. Thomas B. Pemberton vs. The unknown heirs of Fayette Winston and the unknown heirs of James Winston.

Now, at this day comes the plaintiff by his attorney and files a petition from which it appears that the names of the defendants are unknown to plaintiff. Whereof, on motion of plaintiff by his attorney it is ordered by the clerk that the defendants, the unknown heirs of Fayette Winston and the unknown heirs of James Winston be notified that a civil action has been commenced against them, the object and general nature of which is to obtain a decree for the specific performance of a contract in said petition mentioned, and also to divest the title from and out of said defendants and vest the same in plaintiff of in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The east half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-four in township forty-six of range twenty-three, and the northwest fourth of the northwest fourth section second township forty-five range twenty-three, and unless they appear at the next May term of this court to be begun and held at Sedalia within and for Pettis county,

ON THE FIRST MONDAY OF MAY NEXT,

and on or before the sixth day thereof, and answer the plaintiffs petition, the same will be taken against them as confessed. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law, in the Sedalia Weekly Bazoo a newspaper printed and published in the county of Pettis.

A true copy—Attest:

B. H. IN RAM Clerk

By Clifford L. Jackson D. C.

H. C. Sinnet, Plaintiff's Attorney. 3-3w4t

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Flavius J. McClure, J. B. McClure and James M. Boyle, by their certain deed of trust dated the 19th day of June, 1878, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, in deed book 17, page 169, conveyed to the undersigned, Jas C. Thompson, all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Lot two, block fourteen, town of Houstonia, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of one certain promissory note in said deed described; and whereas, said note having become due, and unpaid; now, therefore, in accordance with the provision of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state afores to the highest bidder for cash, at public au on

MONDAY, THE 2nd DAY OF MAY 1880,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

JAS. C. THOMPSON, Trustee.

4-13d1t wtd

ASSIGNEE'S APPLICATION FOR DISCHARGE.

All persons interested in the estate of Walker and Keik, are hereby notified that the undersigned, assignee of said estate will apply to the Circuit Court of Pettis county, on the 1st day of the next term thereof, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, to be discharged from the administration of said estate.

D. H. SMITH, Assignee of Walker & Keik.

2 17w4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Amos Wimer, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator at the next term of Probate Court, of Pettis County, Missouri, to be holden at Sedalia, in said County, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1880.

A. W. Wimer, Administrator.

4 6w4t

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of the provisions of a deed of trust made on the 8th day of October, 1873, by Abner Hollen, and delivered to John Montgomery Jr., as trustee, to secure a certain note therein mentioned and described, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, Missouri, in book 8, page 162, whereby he conveyed to said trustee for the purpose aforesaid, the following real estate, situate in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, to-wit: The northeast quarter of the southeast quarter, of section eleven (11), township forty-six (46) of range twenty two (22), containing forty (40) acres, more or less. And, whereas, default having been made in the payment of said note and interest, I will on

SATURDAY, MAY 22nd, 1880,

at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, Pettis county, Missouri, sell said real estate for cash, to satisfy said note, interest and costs.

JNO. MONTGOMERY Jr., Trustee.

4-22d1t-wtd

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