WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1880.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

James H. Johnson, a former resident of Sedalia and now a prominent attorney of Boonville, is a candidate to represent Cooper county in the next general assembly. Mr. Johnson stands pre eminent and above all of his competitors for the place being a young man who is active, industrious, and withal, brilliant.

If the democracy of Cooper should in their wisdom select Mr. J. as their standard-bearer, his election would be insured by a handsome majority and our neighbors would have a worthy representative. Let the good people vote at the primaries for Mr. Johnson.

Stolen Horses Recovered.

The two horses stolen from farmers Carleleton and Plank in this city, Friday morning, have been returned. The evening of the same day the animals were stolen Geo. Hysenger was riding along between this and Georgetown, when two boys, probably sixteen years of age, approached him on horseback. When they saw him they left their steeds and went over into an adjacent cornfield. Hysenger knew nothing of the theft, so made no effort to capture the thieves, but brought the horses to town when they were turned over to their owners yesterday. Parties were searching for the boys yesterday, but their efforts to capture them proved futile.

A Mile a Minute.

The old reliable Missouri Pacific has always been noted for the good time made by its many trains; but a trip made last Wednesday, of which a BAZOO representative was given the particulars yesterday, lays all former efforts in the shade, so far as has been ascertained. The special car of Superintendent Talmage, drawn by engine No. 73, with Ran Brewster at the throttle, left Holden, for Sedalia, and made the trip, a distance of forty-four miles, in just forty-four minutes, including a stop at the tank a mile west of Warrensburg for water. 'Tis said the train went at such speed that the doors and windows of the coach were all closed, and the occupants were compelled to hold to their seats to keep from being tossed about promiscuously. A mile a minute is something that few roads can boast of, and the Pacific can justly lay claim to being the lightning line of the west.

The Teamsters' Kick

There is an ordinance requiring all teams, transfer wagons, etc., to stand on the square back of the market house, and the lot itself and the crossings leading thereto have been placed in proper condition by the city authorities. Heretofore the teamsters declared that the crossing over the Second street sidewalk was so that it was almost impossible to drive a heavy wagon over it. They asked the city council to remedy the evil, and they would then conform to the provisions of the ordinance. This was done, and the BAZOO now learns that still further objections are offered and the owners of wagons for public hauling propose testing the matter as to whether they can be compelled to remain on the square against their wishes. If the case is as the reporter understands it, there is a pretty good show for a strong fight ahead, with the odds in favor of the city dads.

A Fortune Squandered.

There is working in Sedalia to-day a young man who, on his twenty-first birthday, in the city of Philadelphia, was the recipient of $17,700 in cash, the same being his share of a legacy left himself, another brother and one sister. At the time referred to the young man had just completed one of the best trades known to the world, and although inclined to be a little wild, he was not given to dissipation to a marked degree.

On receipt of his newly acquired wealth a change came over the spirit of his dreams, and he thought it would be a good idea to squander a portion of his money, at least, in seeing the world. Of course, to be a thoroughbred, he must be a tippler at the wine cup. He tried it on, going from bad to worse, until in just eighteen months he had not a dollar in the world that he could call his own, although his relatives would willingly have assisted him had he asked it.

Disgusted beyond measure, he left the City of Brotherly Love, and from that time to the present he has wandered in almost every clime, working at his trade with varying successes. For the past three years he has left the red wine and red eye alone, and he gives promise of again getting up, financially and otherwise.

He has been in Sedalia about ten days, during which time he has worked at his trade. He has a splendid offer from Santa Fe, New Mexico, and in a short time will leave for his new field, hoping that fickle fortune may again smile upon him. The BAZOO reporters will ever pray that your fondest hopes may be realized, Wells.

The Man Who Winked.

He couldn't help it. He was delightfully tickled and that was his peculiar way of expressing his gratification. Had he been some men he would have laughed immoderately, threw his hat in the air and committed other foolish acts, but it was beneath the dignity of a well-dressed man to be foolish, so he simply winked and said he knew a thing or two. He knew where to buy his clothes. Blair Bros'. was the base place. He evidently knew what he was talking about.

Permanent.

The new music house of Conover Bros. is here to stay, not a temporary arrangement to work off a lot of shop worn instruments. Their entire stock is new, brought directly from the different manufactories especially for the trade of Sedalia and the surrounding country. They have come as permanent citizens and expect to work up a profitable business by selling the very best goods for the smallest amount of money.

—Counterfeiters are ever on the alert to find fresh fields to work, but they never imitate a worthless article. Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad was brought out about ten years ago, and since then a host of chaps without skill or conscience have sought to imitate it by many worthless affairs; but a discriminating public will hold "fast to that which is good," and the Guilmette Pad more than hold its own. It cures all kidney diseases and succeeds where medicine often fails. Ask your druggist if this is not so. For sale by Aug. Fleischmann, druggist, corner Second and Ohio streets.

Dead Men Tell No Tales.

Jefferson City's population has increased 1,200 during the past ten years. This includes occupants of the cemeteries, about 80 per cent of the growth in population being due to the prevalence of pneumonia during the session of the legislature.—*Kansas City Times.*

An Editor's Opinion.

Moline Review.

This is to certify that I used St. Jacobs Oil for Rheumatism, and after three days application was entirely relieved. I consider it a meritorious medicine for all forms of Rheumatism.

R. H. MOORE, Proprietor.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

That Was Addressed to "The Prettiest Girl in Sedalia."

Recently a letter came to the Sedalia postoffice addressed to "the prettiest girl in Sedalia."

The clerks didn't know what to do with it; that is, each one of them knew what to do with it, but taken collectively, they could not agree as to what young lady should receive the letter.

Charlie Parker said: "I know the girl it's intended for; let me take it."

Frank Shultz said: "Charlie, that's thin. I know who the best looking girl in town is. She is so far ahead, all other girls are distanced."

Another clerk says: "Neither of you are judges of beauty. I know what girl it was intended for." Just then Postmaster Parker came in, and listening to the warlike racket for a moment, said: "We'll just set that letter up in the window and let the girl who thinks she is the best looking of any in the city take the letter."

The letter was set up among the unclaimed letters.

Soon a dashing, saucy-looking young miss 15 years of age came in, read the address, began grinning, said to her companion, "I wonder why some one don't come and take it?" then examined the letter closely, and left the office, looking back at it with longing eyes.

Then came in a clerk who wanted the postmaster to give it to him for his girl, he vowing with the most ferocious oaths that she was the prettiest girl in the burg.

Then in came a sour faced young lady, on whose features vinegar and gall strove for mastery. She read the inscription. The dawn of a smile was for an instant visible in the wrinkle of her face, but it hastily hid on the approach of an old time frown, and she snapped out, "It ain't for me," and went wriggling out of the office.

An old lady read the address and hurried out saying, "I'll just send my gal Harriet up and let her gobble that letter; it's her'n, I know. That's just like some of her beaux, to write to her in that way."

A young lady about 17 years of age, with dark hair and eyes, wearing a small hat stuck on the side of her head, looked at the letter and said, "I know I am the one intended, but I'll never give myself away by asking for that letter. I've got too much 'culchah' for that, and don't you forget it."

A blue-eyed, stylishly dressed miss looked at the letter closely and said to a lady with her: "It looks like his writing. I wish they had just sent it to me and not stuck it up that way in a public place. I'll never get it now," and two tears, each about the size of a No. 4 bird shot, poked their foreheads up above the lower eye-winker of each one of her eyes, and a small-sized sigh escaped from her as with much agitation she swept out of the office.

A bevy of young ladies came in and reading the address, they stood around under pretense of reading the advertisements on the wall, for a long time, each hoping the others would leave so they could get the letter on the sly. They finally all departed together in disgust.

Several hundred letters have been received by the clerks from divers young ladies who requested the letter should be sent to them, many of the letters containing stamps.

But the letter still stays there. Hundreds of young ladies have looked at it. None have asked for it.

Modesty always was a characteristic of Sedalia girls.

FRED'S HARD LUCK

A Prominent Sporting Man Who Got Badly Left in St. Louis.

A Possible Clue for the Recovery of Some Valuable Jewelry.

The following from the St. Louis *Times* of yesterday morning refers to Fred Greider, a sporting man of this city, who is well known. Greider is now in St. Louis investigating his loss. The jewelry which he lost last April is known in this city and is very valuable, as represented:

Fred Greider is a resident of Sedalia, Mo., where he is rated a man in comfortable circumstances. He used to live in this city and was generally known as a liberal, whole-souled sporting man. He had a house on Sixth street. One day last April, Greider came down from his home in the future capital to spend a few days in the great metropolis, and thereby hangs a tale. He met old friends and imbibed freely of the best liquors. Finally he found himself

"PRETTY FULL."

in a well known Sixth street saloon, and sent a messenger for a hack. In the hack he visited several other saloons, until he reached one on Market street. There he took a parting drink with a number of friends and acquaintances and got back into the hack, giving the driver instructions to drive to the Union building, on Market street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he had engaged sleeping quarters. His last recollection is that he left the saloon on Market street, a well-known character whose name has figured on the police and criminal court records, forcing himself into the hack as company.

A BIG HAUL.

When he woke up that evening his breast pin, a magnificent three carat solitaire, worth $700; his gold watch, worth $250; and between $200 and $300 in cu rency were gone. He investigated the case the next day and satisfied himself that the thief was the man who had accompanied him in the hack to his room. The detectives were placed in possession of the facts, but for some reason no arrests were made. Greider soon after went to Sedalia where he had a good offer to go into business, and the robbery rested for awhile.

CLUES.

Yesterday Greider called at the Four Courts and had a talk with Chief McDonough. He had obtained information that caused him to believe that there was a chance, if not to recover the stolen jewelry, at least to capture the parties who had a hand in the robbery. The man who stole the stuff, Greider thought, turned it over to a party who had at one time been connected with the theatrical business here, and this latter party had "fenced" it. He wanted the chief to look into the case and see what could be done.

The City's Ornaments.

The city authorities have just received from the Sedalia foundry two sets of balls and chains, for the purpose of shackling the prisoners who work on the rock pile, thus giving the officer in charge an opportunity to turn his back without the fear of his wards escaping. They are splendid pieces of mechanism, and each one of the balls weighs thirty pounds, so there is little danger of anyone walking off with them without some difficulty. The police force wanted to try them on a couple of BAZOO reporters yesterday, but as they objected, the cops started out in search of some one who would break them in.

Ratification at Higginsville.

A grand Hancock ratification was held in the grove near Higginsville yesterday. An immense crowd was present. Speeches were made in the forenoon by Xenephon Ryland and Col. Philips. In the afternoon the people were entertained by an able address by Senator Cockrell, Capt. Dick Collins, E. M. Edwards and J. H. Blackwell. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

DON'T GO, YOUNG MAN!

A "Bazoo" Reporter Interviews a Man Who Says, "D--n the West."

The Returning Prodigal Satisfied That Experience is a Dear Teacher.

Mr. Joseph Croll, a young man whose home is in Middletown, Ohio, was in the city yesterday and was met and engaged in conversation by a representative of this paper. He was on his way home from Leadville, Col., whither he went some seven months ago with $1,300 in his possession. He had read the paragraph in Friday's paper relative to a man from Murphysboro, Ill., who was on his way to Leadville, and who was unlucky enough to get left in Sedalia—the train going off while he was taking in the sights on the platform, leaving him dead broke. He was commenting on the foolhardiness of any man going to Colorado without money in his pocket, when the scribe asked him if that section of county was overrun with paupers?

"Paupers!" replied Croll, "that does not half express the true situation in the mining regions of the far west."

R.—What is the show for a man with only a few hundred dollars in cash?

C.—Well, if a man has only a few hundreds he had better remain in the east. Since the great rush to the new mines thousands of eastern men with small capital for which they had disposed of their all to raise, have visited the country adjacent to Leadville, and it is safe to say that nine out of every ten are now without a penny of their own and unable to get back east.

R.—If possessed of a few thousands, what is the show for a man of enterprise and ability?

C.—If he is posted, the chances for striking it are what might be called passably good; if not, he runs a risk of losing his all at the hands of some shrewd speculator who has made his fortune off the misfortunes of others. I tell you, that country is full of sharpers and dishonest men, and they have no hesitation as to whom they shall fleece.

R.—Then there is a large number of unemployed men there?

C.—You was never more correct in your life. Mechanics do not fare so roughly, but those who were unfortunate in having never learned a trade, fare hard.

Mr. Croll then recited at length a number of the hardships encountered there, and wound up by giving the history of a young man whom the writer knew back in the east. The subject of the sketch is not yet in his twenty second year. He is the son of well-to-do parents. Having received from his father $700 in cash, he started for Leadville to make for himself what he thought was impossible to do in the east—a fortune. On his arrival he was astounded at the sights he beheld, and the gambling room and the gilded palaces of sin were his nightly haunts. Two weeks found him without a penny in his pocket, and then it was that he woke up to a realization of his true situation.

Among strangers and dead broke isn't a very pleasant predicament for any one to be placed in, much less an inexperienced youth. He sent word home that he had been robbed, and asked for a remittance of $200. The sum was speedily forthcoming, and his former experience was repeated, and in a few days the young man found himself again penniless. Humiliated and thoroughly sick at heart, with no such good luck as securing employment, he made an attempt to take his life, but only succeeded in inflicting a slight flesh wound which healed rapidly, while he was taken care of at the city's hands. He then made another attempt to secure employment, but was unable to procure any kind of a clerkship, so accepted an offer as waiter in a second class restaurant, where he now holds forth for $3 per week and his board.

Mr. Croll informed the BAZOO man that his experience in the west had been that of the vast army who left their eastern homes. With his $1,300 in his pocket he expected to speedily make a mint of wealth. He had been badly left in his calculations, and was thankful to get out of the country with enough money to pay his fare home.

He said he was interested in two mines, but neither of them had ever yielded him a dollar, and the probabilities were that they never would. He stated that he would never advise any one to visit Leadville or the Gunnison country, and whenever he found a man who said it was the poor man's paradise he should contradict him in most emphatic language.

Thanking Mr C for the information obtained, the reporter promised never to go further west than Knobnoster, then bade him farewell and took his departure.

ON THE ROCK PILE.

How a Young Man Helped His Brother Pay a Fine Yesterday.

By reference to the police court proceedings it will be noticed that Martin Goodwin was fined $3 by Recorder Fraker for drunkenness, and in default of the amount he was sent below. Among the spectators was Martin's brother Ezekiel, and when the sentence had been announced and the prisoner was taken below, Ezekiel accompanied him.

On entering the sweat-box Martin informed the marshal that he preferred working his fine out on the streets to being confined in a cell, and he was turned over to street commissioner Kelly, with instructions to have the young man do $3 worth of labor on the city rockery. The prisoner and his brother then held a short consultation, and Ezekiel asked permision to help pay his brother's fine. His request was granted, and together the young men walked up the street, carrying their hammers in their hands.

The above became known to a number of citizens, and when they were put to breaking stone on the corner of Second and Ohio streets, quite a crowd collected and commented on the circumstance, many vowing that they had seldom witnessed such devotion as the brothers exhibited for each other. They worked like good fellows until some time during the afternoon, when, owing to their excellent behavior and willingness to work, Martin was liberated, with the advice to go and sin no more.

The brothers were on their way to their father's home in Texas, having just returned from a visit to the old family homestead in Kentucky. They were both intelligent, and their general appearance betokened that they were accustomed to hard work. They drank a little too much on their arrival in this city Friday, and in the evening became separated, when Martin was run in. The action of the authorities in liberating the prisoner, under the circumstances, was indorsed by all with whom the BAZOO man conversed.

—Go to West's for cheap groceries.

The Harris Case.

The jury in the case of N. B. Harris, charged with murder, have not as yet agreed on any verdict, and probably will not for some time. The BAZOO would respectively call the attention of Judge Houston to the fact that this case has cost Pettis county considerable money, that now would be the very best time that will probably ever occur to get a verdict in the case, and that the jury should be kept in their room for some time yet, or until they agree on a verdict. By so doing, heavy expense will be saved to the county.

—Baker has the largest watermelon patch in the county on Ohio street.

DAN K. RUSSELL.

The History of a Man Who is as Well Known in Sedalia as Elsewhere.

The Wreck of a Once Popular Comedian and Husband of Adah Isaacs Menken.

Many citizens in Sedalia will readily call to mind Dan K. Russell, who some years ago came here and in company with his wife and Ed. Sylvester gave several entertainments in Smith's Hall. They had been playing with a company that broke up in this city, and took this method of making a raise. Russell and his wife afterward kept house on East Main street, remaining for a number of weeks. The following from the St. Louis *Republican* tells of poor Dan's hard luck:

Standing on Fourth street at dusk last evening were a quartet of gentlemen evidently amused at the facial grimaces and queer antics of one who looked like a man who had seen better days. This latter individual was dressed in dark clothing, an alpaca coat covering his somewhat stooping and rounded shoulders, and a slouch hat his head. His face is the face of a born comedian, and his name is Dan K. Russell. There is a history about him that is interesting in that it relates to one that is known in two hemispheres, Adah Isaacs Menken. Those who claim to know say this man was Menken's second husband. Russell himself, although now an imbecile and unable to gather his thoughts, remembers enough to write on a slip of paper the dates upon which he married and was separated from her. He gives as the date of the marriage the year 1855, and the date of the separation the year 1857. At that time Russell was but twenty years of age, but had achieved a reputation as a comedian. He had made his debut at the Front street theater, in Baltimore, when a boy, and leaving there had played in the great eastern and western cities before appearing at New Orleans. He played with Forrest in that great actor's palmiest days, and with the elder Booth at Chicago and Cincinnati. Menken, on the other hand, was at this time unknown to the theatrical and equestrian world. Her real name was Adelaide McCord, and she was a native of Louisiana. She was not a Jewess by birth but became one after marrying Menken, a Jew who came from no one knows where. It was after her separation from Menken that Russell is said to have married her. They lived together for two years, as already noted, and then Menken went her way and Russell his. Shortly after her return to Europe she died suddenly in Paris, and was buried in Pere la Chaise. While dying she wrote her own epitaph. Sculptured on the cold stone a white hand points upward—beneath it is the simple inscription:

THOU KNOWEST.

So much for the woman. As for Russell, he continued, as she did, his profession and secured fame and wealth. In the years 1866-68 he was the proprietor of a theater in Kansas City, and was considered well off in this world's goods. His last appearance was in Macauley's theater in Louisville on the night of January 17, 1879. He was then playing with the Milton Jasper combination, appearing in the role of a facial artist and playing "Brown, the tragedian." When upon the stage and acting his part, he was stricken by paralysis, which has robbed him of his intellect and memory. While drifting about the world he came here to St. Louis, where he was warmly received and cared for by the well known St. Lousian, Frank Angelo, who had formerly led the orchestra in Russell's theater in Kansas City, and who has not forgotten his old friend and employer. One thing mentioned last night by those surrounding the man was the contrast between him and Menken's other husband. One of them was Menken, not known or remembered, but the other two were Orpheus C. Kerr, the humorist, and John C. Heenan, the pugilist—one the incarnation of unreasoning brute force, the other an ideal type of the shy, shrinking man of letters. Compare them with Russell and the contrast is complete. Those gathered around last night wondered how one woman could at different times in her career have been attracted to men so diametrically opposite in character and disposition. But the fact remains.

Russell was born in Baltimore nearly fifty years ago. The K in his name stands for Kneass, and he claims to have taken that name from his uncle, Nelson Kneass, who wrote the famous song "Ben Bolt."

Rodgers and Mattie Vickers now performing at Uhrig's Cave, in this city, were members of the Milton-Jasper combination upon the night Russell was stricken down with paralysis.

"Gallused" Hugging.

Gloves are being made high, with slits on the top of the arm, through which ribbons can be drawn.—*Des Moines Mail Ore.*

Yes, just last evening the BAZOO man was met on the street by a beautiful young lady who bounced right at him and at once threw one arm around him and began hugging him with a one-armed Presbyterian sort of a squeeze. It is unnecessary to state that he tried desperately to escape, but failed, and he noticed that as she squeezed him more closely with one arm, the glove on the hand which hung on the end of the unsqueezing arm seemed to draw up tighter on the arm.

She evidently had a "gallus," or to state it in classical lingo, suspender, running from the top of one glove up her sleeve and across her shoulders, down the other sleeve and fastened to the top of the glove on the other hand. In fact, the two gloves were like the two legs—ah! limbs of a pair to pants, in the respect of being fastened of gether at the top.

This is a queer world.

We, poor, short-sighted, short-armed men have little idea of what sort of running gear there is in the world.

That kind of a gallus arrangement may work on a one-armed hug, but a good old-fashioned, orthodox, two-armed hug, would either bust the gallus or diminish materially the voluptuous flavor of the embrace.

Commend us to the old-styled, straight hugging without galluses.

—An unmarried man named Hoffman, aged about 35 years, who has been working for Segelbaum, the Ohio Street tailor, died yesterday afternoon, from inflammation of the bowels. He has been in poor health for some time. His funeral will take place to-day.

A Raffle.

Quite a large crowd witnessed the raffle last night at Louis Deutsch's saloon.

There were 100 chances at two dollars a chance. The first prize was to be given to the highest number of dice thrown, and the second to the lowest.

The first prize consisted of a combination diamond pin and ring and was won by Mr. Louis Cohn, traveling man for Louis Deutsch. Cohn was not present, and Mr. S. M. Lewis, of the Main street iron yard, threw for him, and struck the lucky number for him, although he lost on his own chances. For the second prize, consisting of a filled case watch, E. Wolf and Thomas Fry tied, when Kehoe bought out Wolf's chance for $10, and Fry and Kehoe carried off the ticker.

The highest number thrown was forty-five out of a possible fifty-one and the lowest number thrown was nineteen out of a possible nine.

HANCOCK'S LETTER.

A Document From the Pen of an Eminent Statesman

NEW YORK, July 30.—The following is Gen. Hancock's letter of acceptance:

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY, July 29, 1880.—Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 13, 1880, apprising me formally of my nomination to the office of president of the United States by the national democratic convention lately assembled in Cincinnati. I accept the nomination with gratified appreciation of the confidence reposed in me. The principles enunciated by the convention are those I have cherished in the past, and shall endeavor to maintain in the future. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the union, are inviolable. It call d to the presidency, I should deem it my duty to resist with all my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the constitution, which, in every article, section and amendment, is the supreme law of the land. The constitution forms the basis of the government of the United States. The power granted by it to the legislative, executive and judicial departments define and limit the authority of the general government. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, belong to the states respectively, or to the people. The general and state governments, each acting in its own sphere, without trenching upon the lawful jurisdiction of the other,

CONSTITUTE THE UNION.

This union, comprising a general government with general powers, and state governments with state powers, for purposes local to the states, is a polity, the foundations of which were laid in the profoundest wisdom. This is the union our fathers made and which has been so respected abroad and so beneficient at home. Tried by blood and fire, it stands to day a model form of free popular government, a political system which, rightly administered, has been and will continue to be the admiration of the world. May we not say, nearly in the words of Washington, the unity of the government which constitutes us one people is justly dear to us. It is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our peace, safety and prosperity, and of that liberty we so highly prize and intend at every hazard to preserve. But no form of government, however carefully devised, no principles however sound, will protect the rights of the people unless the administration is faithful and efficient. It is a vital principle in our system that neither fraud nor force must be allowed to subvert the rights of the people. When fraud, violence or incompetence controls, the noblest constitution and wisest laws are useless. The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen. It is only by a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our government. Take the foundation away and the whole structure falls.

PUBLIC OFFICE IS A TRUST,

not a bounty bestowed on the holder. No incompetent or dishonest persons should ever be entrusted with it or if appointed they should be promptly ejected.

Our material interests, varied and progressive, demand our constant and united efforts. A sedulous and scrupulous care of the public credit, together with wise and economical management of our governmental expenditures, should be maintained in order that labor may be lightly burdened, and that all persons may be protected in their rights and the fruits of their own industry.

The time has come to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation. As one people we have common interests. Let us encourage harmony and a generous rivalry among our industries which will revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign nations, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast national resources, and increase the prosperity and happiness of our people.

If elected, I shall, with the Divine favor labor with what ability I possess to discharge my duties with fidelity, according to my convictions, and shall take care to protect and defend the union, and to see that the laws be faithfully and equally executed in all parts of the country alike. I will assume the responsibility, fully sensible of the fact that to administer rightly the functions of the government is to discharge the most sacred duty that can devolve upon an American citizen.

I am, very respectfully yours,

W. S. HANCOCK.

To Hon. John W. Stevenson, president of the convention; Hon. John P. Stockton, chairman, and others of the committee of the national democratic convention.

WILLIAM S. JACKSON,

County Clerk of Saline County, Who Died at Marshall Yesterday Morning.

The following telegram was received at this office yesterday:

MARSHALL, MO., July 31.

Col. William S. Jackson, county clerk, died here at three o'clock this morning. His remains will be interred in Sappington grave yard, near Arrow Rock, at one p. m. to morrow.

The above is all the information the BAZOO was able to procure concerning his demise. He was the son of Gov. C. F. Jackson, and was a native Missourian, having been born in Saline county, near Arrow Rock, on the 13th of July, 1845. He was educated principally in the Howard county high school, but remained for some time in the Virginia state university, being in the law department of that institution one year. He then returned to his father's farm in Missouri, where he spent his time until his father was elected governor, when he was appointed his private secretary. He held the position but a short time, however, for the war broke out, and on the 21st day of May, 1861, he received his commission as aid-de-camp for the sixth military district of Missouri. He served the south valiantly through the war, and at its close he was among those who surrendered to Col. Denny at Glasgow.

He was married on the 29th of March, 1866, to Miss Lutie G. Vandeveer, and lived on the old homestead in Saline county until January, 1875, when he was appointed deputy county clerk by Capt. C. M. Sutherlin, whose election he had greatly contributed to accomplish. Capt. Sutherlin resigned in May, 1876, and Mr. Jackson was appointed to fill the vacancy until the November election following, when he was elected to that office by the democracy, after the bitterest and most spirited contest ever held in Saline county, by the overwhelming majority of 1,762. He held the same office ever since, and most acceptably to his constituents.

He was a fair type of that class of Missourians noted for their high-minded hospitality, and one of the most genial, whole-souled gentlemen of whom the state could boast. His friends were legion, and his death will be regretted by all, while the utmost sympathy will be extended his devoted wife and fatherless children.

—It is remarkable that the active ingredients of Fellows' Hypophosphites are alkoloids from trees which attain to very great ages, taken in connection with the fact that this preparation will increase the longevity of the human family is a somewhat singular coincidence.

—Cash paid for wheat and oats, by W. J. Bagby & Co. w2

FASHION'S PRAYER.

A Few Things Man's Better Half Offers up Supplications For.

Oh fortune, brace up my husband and may his faith, nerve and money hold out to the last.

Draw the ram's wool of unsuspicion over his keen eyes, so that my flirtations may look to him like victories, and my bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, oh fortune, my bangs and frizzes, and rats, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

Enable the poor to shift for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Grant that my hands may be always white and small.

Shed the light of thy countenance on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace, my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of my furs and the pin ples off my face.

I beseech thee, oh fortune, when I promenade the streets before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle, enable me to twist my train around elegantly, and add new grace to my gait.

When I bow myself to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Preserve my face from freckles.

Destroy mine enemies with the gall of jealousy and eat up with the teeth of envy all those women who gaze on my style.

Save me from wrinkles.

Load up both my eyes, oh fortune, with the poison of infatuation, that I may lay out my enemies—the men—as dumb as a ten year old corpse.

Foster my plumpness, and assist the wadding to appear robust and voluptuous.

Let the lily and rose strive together on my cheek, and may my neck seem like a goose swimming on the bosom of chrystal water.

Render the street crossings muddy, so that I may render my self-colored silk hosiery visibly without compromising my modesty.

Enable me while eating in the presence of the vulgar herd to eat delicately, but always to get a square meal, by thunder, and don't you forget it.

Keep my eyes bright.

Enable me, oh fortune, to wear shoes a little smaller.

Save me from corns.

Bless Fanny, my lap-dog.

Reduce the size of my waist.

Rain hailstones of destruction on all those who would hurt a hair of Hector, my kitten.

Smile sweetly on Tom, my canary.

Watch with the fondness of a guardian angel over my two little white mice, with red eyes.

Make my husband able and willing to keep me up to the latest style in dress.

Oh, yes, don't forget to bless my white and brown rabbit, "Daisy," with pink eyes and a stripe down her back.

If there's anything I've forgotten, you fill it up.

Goodbye, sweetness.

MATRIMONIAL MYSTERY.

A Young Man Finds Himself in a Strange Dilemma

From the N. Y. Sun.

The following announcement appeared in the Saugerties *Telegraph* of June 24 last, and greatly surprised the friends of both the parties said to have been united in matrimony:

Married.—At the Reform church parsonage, Upper Red Hook, March 22, by the Rev. E. C. Scudder, Lester Burton of Pine Grove and Anna Schoonmaker of Blue Mountain.

It is certain that, so far as good looks are concerned, Lester Burton and Anna Schoonmaker would have been extremely well mated. The young man is about 26 years of age, six feet tall, and of a fine muscular development. He is unquestionably good-looking, and not many of the young men of Ulster or Dutchess counties can boast of a finer figure. Miss Schoonmaker is twenty years old, of medium height, and is an extremely pretty young woman. The young people live on adjoining farms, some ten or twelve miles from Saugerties, at the foot of the Catskill mountains. They have been acquainted with each other from childhood, and when, in December last, Mr. Burton began to be a very regular visitor at Mr. Schoonmaker's farm, and continued so until March, many persons believed that they were engaged. Mr Burton says that once, when his friends were charging him with intending to abandon a bachelor's life and marry Miss Schoonmaker, he jokingly admitted that he was engaged to her, but he insists that he did so in such a way as to leave no doubt in the minds of his hearers that no such engagement really existed. To his mother, who questioned him about the matter, he emphatically denied it.

Of all the persons who were surprised by the *Telegraph's* announcement, Mr. Burton says that no one was more completely astounded than himself. Three times, in a kind of stupefied amazement, he read the announcement concerning his alleged matrimonial contract. Then he rubbed his eyes, and, in a glow of indignation, read it again. It was very evident to him that the editor of the Saugerties *Telegraph* required looking after, and though he was then visiting a farm, owned by a Mr. Lasher, some distance further up the Hudson, he at once started for Saugerties and hastened to the office of the *Telegraph*.

But the editor of that journal was not caught napping. Miss Schoonmaker has for years been a devout member of the Reformed Church at Blue Mountain and her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Le Bau, had written a letter to the *Telegraph's* editor, enclosing the written notice of the marriage, and offering to vouch "for its correctness. Mr. Burton is not a church member, but he has great respect for Mr. Le Bau, and on seeing this letter he raised his fist toward the clouds and declared that his brain tottered. There was nothing left for him to do except to adopt the theory that the Rev. Mr. Le Bau had played a somewhat unclerical joke upon Miss Schoonmaker and himself.

He went at once to the Schoonmaker farm, and was ushered into a room occupied by the young woman and some other members of her family. He had gone with the intention of sternly demanding an explanation, but the warmth of his reception disconcerted him a little. Miss Schoonmaker threw herself into his arms, called him her darling husband, and after gently chiding him for staying away so long, renewed her kisses until his breath was taken away. He did not entirely lose his presence of mind even then. With some difficulty he forced himself from her embraces, and asked her what she meant by calling him her husband, when they had never been married nor even engaged. This seemed to strike her as a somewhat untimely piece of humor on Mr. Burton's part, and, not without embarrassment, said she was "always up to his jokes," and attempted to caress him again.

But Mr. Burton stopped her by saying that he never was less inclined to joke, protested that he was not her husband, and challenged her to produce any proof that he had married her. Thereupon, Miss Schoonmaker went to a drawer and took thence a v ritable marriage certificate, signed by the Rev. E. C. Scudder, of Upper Red Hook, and purporting to show that on March 22 that minister had married Lester Burton, of Pine Grove, to Anna Schoonmaker, of Blue Mountain.

The toils were falling fast around Mr. Burton, but he made another effort to clear himself. Rushing from the house, without so much as wishing his alleged wife good-by, he hastened to Red Hook and confronted the Rev. E. C. Scudder, and here he found a grain of comfort. The minister could not identify him as the man whom he had married three months before to Miss Schoonmaker. He remembered the fact of the marriage, and knew that Miss Schoonmaker was one of the parties to it, and the bridegroom gave his name as Lester Burton; but as he had not seen either of them before, he could not remember the man's appearance sufficiently well to know him again. The clergyman had neglected at the time of the ceremony to give any certificate, but two weeks afterwards, when Miss Schoonmaker returned to him alone, and, reminded him of her marriage, asked for the document, he made it out and gave it to her without communicating with Mr. Burton; and this was the paper which she subsequently showed to her alleged husband.

Armed with this information, Mr. Burton put his case into the hands of Mr. Carroll Whittaker, of Saugerties, who wrote to Mr. Scudder asking for further information; but the clergyman had already regretted having said anything about the matter to Mr. Burton, and he now replied, through his counsel, that he would say nothing more upon the subject until he was compelled to do so by the courts. Miss Schoonmaker's relatives are determined that Mr. Burton shall acknowledge her as his wife, and the young man's friends say that he shall not. Ex-Att'y Gen. Schoonmaker has been retained in behalf of the young woman, and it is likely that the case will come up in a few months for trial.

Mr. Burton admits that at one time he had some intentions of asking Miss Schoonmaker to be his wife, but he refrained from doing so because he was largely dependent on his father for support. Like most of the farmers' sons in his part of the country, he did not stay much at home, but learned his business by working for a stranger. He was employed by Philip D Lasher, of Ulster county, and Miss Schoonmaker used to visit there. He says that on March 22, the day of the alleged marriage, he met her at the railroad station going, she said, to visit the Lashers. She had her trunk with her and had no conveyance. He left her at the hotel near the station and, going to Mr. Lasher's house, he told his employer of her visit. Mr. Lasher sent a man with a wagon to bring her to the farm, and Mr. Burton went away and was absent all the rest of the day. He says that he can prove that at the time of the alleged marriage he was visiting some friends at a distance.

Miss Schoonmaker says that the marriage was secret, and that in going to Red Hook to have it performed she only followed a very common custom of the young men and maidens of Ulster and Dutchess counties. Both the young people bear the highest character for respectability, and the friends of each indignantly deny all accusations of trickery.

—The real seed of a sick Baby is not so much medicine as it is something to "assist nature." Many things are recommended, but the best known remedy for the ailments of young children is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

LAMONTE ITEMS.

—Picnic yesterday at Roberts' grove and a great many went out.

—Mr. Blocher is still here, purchasing and receiving flax seed.

—J. W. Rhodes has again entered into the harness business, having sold his grocery store to Jepson Swope.

—Misses Della Inah and Haidee Pattison returned home to Sedalia, last Wednesday. Kind of dull after they left.

—Fine shower of rain last night—laid the dust, but not as much rain as needed. This will help the corn, as it was suffering from the heat and drouth.

—Has been a fine time for threshing wheat, oats and flax—there were seven at one time in this vicinity, within the bounds of six miles, this last week.

—Mr. ——— Inman, of Martin county, Indiana, is visiting his brother, Thomas Inman, of this place, and is looking at the country. He is well pleased and says he will return home, close up his business there and come to this country.

—Mr. B. Seim, South Adams, Mass., writes as follows: I deem it my duty to inform you how much good the Hamburg Drops have done me. I suffered with indigestion, and palpitation of the heart, so that I was unable to work. I had already wasted much money on the doctors, when I heard of the Hamburg Drops. I used the remedy, and could now write whole pages regarding its virtue and can recommend it to everybody.

—A Moberly man visited Sedalia the other night and lost $10 at poker. He was knocked down with a poker and the money taken from him. He told us to say nothing about it, as he plays poker himself, but not that way.—*Moberly Headlight.*

The party claiming to have been robbed evidently held his tongue better while here than when at home. It is news to the police, and the BAZOO doubts whether the man ever had $10. Sedalia isn't that kind of a town, anyhow.

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FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Items of Interest to the Play Folks from Everywhere

—Janauschek is in Germany.

—Boston has five successful open air theatres.

—Rubinstein does not want his children to study music.

—Sarah Bernhardt was in early life a dressmaker.

—Mr. Law