WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, Mo.,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1881.

IT IS A FACT,

And the Paper Published for the People Now on Earth Can Prove It.

—That Officer Carnes is the pet of the ladies.

—That the "Cousin Mollie" gag is a good one.

—That 'Curg Marvin is now living in St. Louis.

—That Col. Hamlin's appetite is still pretty fair.

—That all the pool tables in town do a good business.

—That Al. Donohue knows how to entertain handsomely.

—That a new time card went into effect on the Pacific to-day.

—That "Don't Touch 'im" stamps "Sandy" Anderson as one of the boys.

—That the stove and ice men have been all smiles for the past two weeks.

—That Sedalia has more lawyers than any other profession can boast of.

—That "Don" Seeley is death on scrambled eggs—when he can get them.

—That all the police are jealous of Schanswerk because he is handsome.

—That Sedalians cannot appreciate a legitimate, talented concert company.

—That neither Jesse James or Charlie Ross were seen in Sedalia yesterday.

—That Joe Feltier will make a kind and loving husband if he is not handsome.

—That if a certain young man does not soon bandage his head it will "bust."

—That Sedalia is without a rival in the state as far as enterprise is concerned.

—That Sedalia has fewer old maids than any city of its size in the country.

—That a Sedalia woman takes in washing to support a lazy, drunken husband.

—That the recent cold snap came near killing "Babe" Mills' base ball mustache.

—That Tom Jeffries looks like a gentleman since he shaved his chin whiskers off.

—That no member of the present legislature has more friends than Hon. John T. Heard.

—That Bill Kearns can raise more boils to the square inch than any other man in Sedalia.

—That the Craig family have furnished more items for Sedalia's newspapers than any other.

—That the Saturday Evening Call is the best greenback paper in western or central Missouri.

—That more than one young man will swear to-day because he arose too late to get shaved.

—That Sedalia's benevolent society is receiving many kind words from the press of Missouri.

—That Jim Merrifield gave his wife ten pool tickets yesterday, mistaking them for milk tickets.

—That Charlie Ballou has more girls on his string than any other young man in Jefferson City.

—That I. Mac. Demuth writes the plainest and loudest hand of any newspaper man in Sedalia.

—That a South Sedalia man raised the devil with his wife because it was a girl instead of a boy.

—That there is no truth in the report Joe Schrieber is soon to marry a young lady of Cole Camp.

—That "Doc." Morrow has not said a word to his West Virginia girl about the one he left behind.

—That nine-tenths of our marriageable young ladies are now sorry they didn't say something last year.

—That Harry Heineken had just thirteen cents in his clothes when he returned from Indiana.

—That the original "Uncle Tom" has a home at the age of ninety-two, in Camden, Kent county, Canada.

—That Gentry, Bullen, Keho et al. are immense when it comes to singing, "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

—That "Red" Maclean put his foot in it when he wrote that equib about the Congregational church converts.

—That a Fifth street belle shed tears when she heard that Cephas was engaged to a widow residing in Marshall.

—That the Rentz-Santley blondes would pack Smith's Opera house with bald-headed men, would-be bloods and kids.

—That the Evening News must be down on Sedalia's temperance lodge, or it would not be constantly harping of black-balling.

—That the boy who throws a snowball at the old man's hat is the first one in the seat when the Christmas tree presents are given out.

—That a tramp presented himself at a Tenth street residence and was willing to make affidavit that he had not partaken of food for four days.

—That Senator Blaine thinks Uncle Sam can afford to carry a letter from Maine to California for two cents, instead of three, as now charged.

—That every town should have a baby show at least twice a year, and a valuable prize given to the baby that has waked up its father the fewest times.

—That Commodore Nutt is a little fellows, but he keeps a big saloon in New York, and has to take his chances on being fined once in a while for disorderly conduct.

—That when barbers talk to one another in their foreign language the victim in the chair is likely to think that they are talking about him. The result is not always in favor of the barber.

Was He Glorious?

Yesterday morning early, as a BAZOO reporter was pacing pensively down Ohio street, meditating upon the literary wants of the readers of the paper which "is published for the people now upon earth," and not for the sanctified saints who are twanging golden harps on top of the clouds, which float in the blue empyrean, he fell over a Lord Stanley cravat, in front of Sichers' hotel. The cravat was laying in the middle of the street on the flat of its back, and in the center of it glittered a rich, rare and costly jewel. How in thunder that style of cravat can get disengaged from a fellow's neck, without great personal violence, the BAZOO can not understand. The original owner was either robbed or else he was so "awfully glorious" that he tore it off himself and cast it on the ground. The cravat and the rare jewel are now on exhibition in the BAZOO's museum of rare curiosities, and the owner can have both by calling, proving his property, and paying fifteen cents a line for this notice.

—It is rumored that the sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has taken such dimensions that the proprietors are unable to supply all orders. We advise our druggists to prepare themselves for all emergencies as the people rely on them for the valuable remedy.

Runaway Boys.

Charlie Jackson, aged fifteen years, son of W. P., accompanied by another lad, still younger, who left home three or four day ago for a trip around the world, has been heard of at Moberly.

Jackson says his boy ran away from home because a thrashing had been administered. He concluded that he would return when he became hungry, and so concluded to let him take his time to it.

The boys will probably come sneaking in to-night or to-morrow.

BARNES' BAD BREAK.

His Crookedness Causes Him to be Strung Up by a Masked Mob.

He Was to Have Been Married in Sedalia on Tuesday Evening Last.

In Tuesday's BAZOO brief mention was made that the store of Frank M. Stotts, at Prairie Ridge, Saline county, had been entered Sunday evening, the 4th inst., by a burglar, who had secured $150 in cash and a revolver, but had subsequently been arrested, having been traced by tracks in the snow. The thief proved to be a man named Thos. Barnes, a traveling photographer, who had been doing business for a month or so in a tent in Prairie Ridge, having come to that place from Pilot Grove, Cooper county.

Yesterday Mr. Stotts, the gentleman whose money was stolen, was in Sedalia and gave the BAZOO a call. He related a story in connection with the affair that is full of interest.

After satisfying himself that Barnes was the thief, he placed him under arrest, and word was sent to Sheriff John Cason, at Marshall, to come and get the prisoner. Although there was no positive proof against Barnes, all felt confident that he was guilty and they hit upon a novel plan to wring from him a confession.

Sam Cockrell, E. B. Ruckle, and about twenty-five others, all among the best of Saline's citizens, organized themselves into a band for that purpose, and entered into an understanding with Sheriff Cason, who was to remove the prisoner to Marshall, that on the way out the party, masked, would be lying in ambush, and have in charge another prisoner whom they would be pretending to hang, after which they would seize Barnes and go through the performance of hanging him also, and thus, if he was guilty, obtain his confession.

Thursday night, when about three miles west of Prairie Ridge, as the sheriff and his prisoner were passing on their way to Marshall, they ran across the masked party, who had in charge a man named Jasper Smith, who had been informed of what was up and had been prepared for the occasion. Straps were securely fastened under his arms, and to these the rope was attached, after which he was suspended for a brief period, Barnes, in the meantime, being in the custody of the sheriff, some thirty yards distant. After four or five minutes had elapsed, Smith was pronounced dead, when the rope was cut and he was let to the ground. Of course he had not been hurt in the least, but it had the desired effect of scaring Barnes badly; and when, a few minutes later, the mob seized and gave him to understand that he, too, must suffer death, as they knew him as one of the thieves, he weakened perceptibly. The rope was placed around his neck in anything but a gentle manner, and the supposed mob was about to proceed to work, when Barnes, frightened nigh unto death, inquired if they did not intend to give him a show for his life. He was told to proceed and tell all he knew of the burglary. At first he claimed that Jasper Smith, whom he supposed to have been hanged until dead, and another man named Joseph Smith, were implicated with him in the theft. He signified his willingness to return to Prairie Ridge and turn over a portion of the stolen money and revolver, and his offer was accepted. In charge of four guards he returned to the Ridge, when $ 0 of the $150 was recovered, and also the revolver. The other $80 he had lost. He was then informed of the ruse that had been played upon him, and admitted, after learning that Jasper Smith was not dead, that he alone was guilty. This was all the masked party desired, and the prisoner was again turned over to Sheriff Cason.

Friday he was removed to the jail at Marshall, and at the next term of court will receive his sentence.

It seems that Barnes was to have been married in this city on Tuesday last to a widow lady with one child, who resides in Lincoln, Benton county, and who was to have met him on that day. He was probably short of cash, and resorted to the above method of making a raise, and will now suffer the penalty of his crime.

Hon. S. H. Yoder's Position.

A representative man's opinion on other than political matters, is often of great use to his constituency. The Hon. S. H. Yoder, of Globe Mills, Pa., has thus recorded his opinion on a subject of popular interest. I have been selling St. Jacobs Oil for the last year. I have never heard a person speak of it, except as a splendid medicine, and as the great specific for rheumatism affections, whether inflammatory, acute or chronic, swellings, sores, sprains, burns, wounds, etc. I sell more St. Jacobs Oil than of any other kind of liniment, and it gives universal satisfaction. I will always keep it on hand. The farmers say, that for man and beast they find nothing to equal it.—Des Moines State Register.

Three in One.

Mr. O. H. Coe, at his second-hand store, No. 213 West Main street, has now a stock of goods that reminds one more of a large establishment in a city the size of St. Louis than of a store in a city of 10,000 inhabitants. He has recently purchased the stores of Hathaway and Ramsey Bros., both of which have been consolidated with his already immense stock on Main street.

Mr. Coe has had a large experience in this branch of business, and knows exactly how the same should be conducted. If you have any second hand articles you wish to dispose of, you can rest assured he will give you more than any one else in Sedalia. He will sell from his large stock almost any piece of house-keeping goods, wearing apparel, etc., at prices that will astonish you, and invites a share of the public patronage.

Fire in the Band Room.

There was no fire in the armory of the Queen City Guards Friday evening, as erroneously stated in two of the city papers. There was, however, a slight blaze in the Q. C. G.'s band room that came near making a large conflagration.

An attorney from Warsaw, loaded to the muzzle with cheap whisky, was attracted by the music and staggered up into the room, where he managed to knock a lamp from a table to the floor. It broke, the oil ignited and the flame shot upward and created the greatest confusion.

The boys managed to extinguish it before any damage had been done, and in the meantime the drunken attorney made himself scarce. He was afterwards corralled in the Senate saloon, and was requested to pay for the lamp broken, but on pleading the poverty act, was allowed to depart and advised not to visit them again until an invitation was extended.

Some One Always Wins.

A correspondent invites attention to the fact that it has been everywhere remarked by the readers of the leading journals in all parts of the country that the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which occur without ever any interruption in their regularity on the second Tuesday of each month at New Orleans, La., and any assertion made over the name of M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York City, are invariably justified by the subsequent action of the company, so that $30,000 for $2 seems to be a certain happiness in store for some happy mortal somewhere.

Married.

In this city, yesterday forenoon, at the residence of Mr. Hilderbrandt, by Rev. J. H. Asling, of the German Methodist church, Mr. Hoel Emerich and Miss Mary Wegman.

LAST CALL!

—ON—

Cloaks AND Wraps

Beaver Cloaks at $1 65.

Beaver Cloaks at $2.

Beaver Cloaks from $2 50 to $12, or a trifle over half price.

We are determined to unload, regardless of cost.

Reduction in sacqueing and ulster cloths to correspond.

Curran & Fry,

223 Ohio Street.

DUEL IN THE TERRITORY.

A Quarter-Breed Named Proctor Killed by Sut Beck.

From 'Roy Codding, who returned yesterday from Vinita, I. T., where he had been as agent of the Pacific railway express company, a BAZOO reporter learned of a duel that took place in the Choctaw nation, some forty miles south of Vinita, wherein a quarter-breed named Proctor was killed by another named Sut Beck.

For a long time past there had been an enmity between the parties, and it was known that blood would be shed when they met. Beck lived near Vinita, while Proctor resided at what is known as Pigeon Roost.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst., Beck visited the neighborhood where Proctor lived, and the two men came face to face. It was evident that both were prepared for the meeting, for they were heavily armed and each wore a coat of mail. By agreement, the distance was marked off, and with revolvers they commenced the work of destruction. Every chamber in their respective revolvers was emptied, without any fatal results, although the coats of mail worn by them were hit a number of times. Seeing that extinction could not be accomplished with revolvers, Beck snatched up a Spencer rifle that he had armed himself with, and taking deadly aim, fired, the ball striking Proctor in the breast, killing him instantly.

Beck then shouldered his rifle and quietly left the spot without any attempt at arrest being made. It is said the feud that led to the killing had been of years' duration, and the only wonder is one of the men had not given up his life long ago.

And such is life in the Beautiful Indian Territory.

FOR FIFTY-FOUR YEARS

Has Col. George Knapp Been Connected With the St. Louis Republican.

As has been recorded in the BAZOO, Col. George Knapp, of the St. Louis Republican, was in the city the latter part of the past week, on business connected with our circuit court. While here he favored the BAZOO office with a brief visit, and some interesting facts in regard to his connection with the Republican were gleaned.

On the 8th day of January, 1827, at the age of twelve years, he entered the office, the paper then being known as the Missouri Republican, but subsequently was changed to the St. Louis Republican. Yesterday was the fifty-fourth anniversary of his connection with the journal, as apprentice, journeyman, editor and proprietor. He is still but little more than in the prime of life, enjoying the best of health, and attending regularly to his duties.

On the day that he entered the office the weather was mild and pleasant, the doors of the establishment being thrown open and no fire required. Two able bodied young men—Mr. Wm. Peterson and Mr. N. Paschall, the latter of whom came to be known as the Nestor of the western press—were at work at a wooden hand-press, capable, with hard labor, of making 240 impressions on one side per hour, equal to 120 perfect sheets. But now, after a lapse of fifty-four years, what a vast change is perceptible. Instead of 120, the two perfecting presses in the office can print 30,000 per hour on both sides. In 1827 the circulation of the Republican was less than 500 copies per week, while now it is somewhere in the neighborhood of 250,000.

Starting in a poor boy, Col. Knapp has, by his ability, industry and frugality, acquired a competency, and has succeeded in building up one of the great journals of the country. The example set by Mr. Knapp is a good one for Sedalia's young men to pattern after.

The BAZOO hopes Col. Knapp may live to celebrate many more anniversaries of his connection with journalism, and that his paper may improve with each succeeding year.

Hore, You Jefferson Cityites.

The following from the Warsaw Register will no doubt be relished by the newspapers of Sleepy Hollow, which have for months past been harping about their new railroad: "Railroads are generally built for the business they expect to do and it is not the practice for a corporation to build lines which comes in competition with roads under the same management; and a road from Jefferson City to Versailles, Cole Camp, Clinton, Butler and Mound City, Kansas, would run through a country, for its entire distance, which at present is territory paying tribute to Mr. Gould's roads. This being the case, the prospects of the Missouri Central being extended beyond the coal banks in Moniteau county is slim indeed. Clinton need have no hopes of a road in that direction."

Bank Officers Elected.

In the counting room of the Sedalia Savings Bank, yesterday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Mentor Thompson, president.
T. W. Cloney, cashier.
R. T. Gentry, assistant cashier.
R. E. King, book-keeper.

A semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent. was then declared, after which the meeting adjourned.

The Sedalia Savings is one of the solid institutions of the city, and the BAZOO is pleased to know that its business is constantly increasing. The officers of the bank are among our most worthy citizens, and the courteous treatment they extend to all who have dealings with them is a sure guarantee that the Sedalia Savings will always be popular with those who have banking business to transact.

—Over 155,000 Howe Scales sold Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, St. Louis, Mo

BOHEMIAN CONSPIRATOR.

Racy Incidents in the Life of Stanley Huntley, One of the Newspaper Men Charged With Getting Up the Famous Morey Letter—A Novel Prize Fight—How Huntley Used to Set 'Em Up for Rural Roosters.—His Personal Appearance — How He Dressed.

According to recent revelations made in New York, a cabal of Bohemians are charged with compounding, manufacturing and forging the famous Morey-Chinese letter, the publication of which came within an ace of defeating the republican candidate for the presidency. As this notorious scheme will undoubtedly go down in the political history of the world alongside of the gun powder plot, the treason of Arnold and other infamous schemes which have been concocted for political purposes, the actors have gained an unenviable notoriety, and anything about them personally will be of interest to the general reader.

One of the alleged conspirators is Stanley Huntley, who was recently connected with the Brooklyn Eagle, and is the author of the popular, humorous productions called the "Spoopendyke Stories," which have been so widely published all over the country.

During recent investigations into the matter it was reported in telegrams from New York that a warrant had been gotten out for Huntley's arrest, but that it was never served owing to the fact that he had skipped out.

Some few years ago the writer and Huntley were reporters at the same time upon the St. Louis daily papers. The writer became intimately acquainted with Huntley and knows "all his tricks and his manners." Huntley has, at last, gained what he has been striving after with insatiable eagerness for ten years—notoriety. He is the style of man who would rather be kicked down a pair of back stairs by some rich and prominent man than to remain in respectable obscurity. "Cheek," though a pretty strong and well understood word, is too mild a term to apply to the coarse impudence, the unblushing effrontery, the shameless absence of an iota of personal self-respect which distinguished the manners and conduct of Stanley Huntley during the time the writer knew him.

It is just like him if he has really been one of a gang to get up some scheme like the Morey letter. He is the style of a man who would sell his mother's corpse to a medical college and get drunk on the proceeds, rather than have his name kept out of the papers. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the newspaper business, that he has changed for the better in the past seven years.

Huntley is, in personal appearance, insignificant and ordinary. He is a tall, slender fellow, slightly stoop shouldered, with a very small head, large nose, large feet and long and slender hands. He has very small eyes, squints horribly and is very near-sighted. It seems as if he never could get a pair of pants long enough to cover his ankles. Not because his legs were so long, but because his breeches always drew up at the knee. His coat tails never would go far enough down his back, but always fell short about two inches.

He must be about 32 years old now and has been twice married. When the writer knew him he was always getting up some "fine scheme." He delighted in schemes as a duck does in water. He was for a time the "society reporter" for the Globe-Democrat, and he did his work splendidly. He was a natural born Jenkins, a sycophant, a tuft hunter, a toady and a man that could not be insulted. He got to spreading things on so thick, to giving so many details about social life, weddings, engagements, trousseaus, etc, etc., that many people of refinement, who did not ache for newspaper notoriety and social eclat, did not like to have him at their parties. A young blood in St. Louis once told the writer a little incident that illustrates Huntley's character. There was a grand party at a splendid mansion. Huntley was there in full party dress, swallow tailed coat, white kids and cravat, all hired for the occasion, eye-glasses on his long plebean nose, and was the very picture of the conventional "young Mr. Snooksey at an evening party." The son of the gentleman who was giving the party knew Huntley well, and knew him so well that he had positively refused to let an invitation be sent to him. Huntley was in one corner of the room taking notes, when the young man of the house came to him, took him to one side, told him he was an intruder and escorted him to the front door. Huntley went out the front door and in ten minutes after he was in another portion of the house taking down notes rapidly. A second time he was requested to take his departure. On his next attempt to enter the mansion the young man lost his temper, and told Huntley if he attempted to enter the house again he would have his negro serving man throw him out by the seat of his breeches. Huntley always felt and always showed his immense importance as "a member of the press." Then, as now, the Laclede hotel used to be a great resort for reporters and politicians during the meetings of the legislature. Huntley used to meet a great many rural solons there and used to play "the grand signor" with them. On several occasions the writer and Huntley were talking with a group of rural roosters, as they were then called, and rural politicians, when, with a grand flourish of the hand, a lordly air and the condescending tone of an English earl, Huntley would say:

"Ah, gentlemen, by Gad, you must have something to drink with me; come, walk into the bar and join me; fine place here; know all the bar keepers; sure to give the best in the shop."

It always happened that "we never refused." When we were standing before the bar Huntley would say to the bar keeper: "Ah, now Harry, give us the best you've got; nothing common if you please; these are distinguished friends of mine from the country, legislators and journalists. We want something A No. 1 you know, my dear fellow, as a special favor to yours truly."

After we had all drank, Huntley would run his hands down in his pocket with an air of confidence, as if he were just going to haul out a double hand full of golden doubloons with a few solitaire diamonds carelessly mingled with them.

Suddenly, when he didn't find the gold mine, a look of mingled surprise and astonishment would creep over his plebean nose, his squint eyes and his foxy lips; and he would begin a hurried examination of all his pockets, hunting for money to pay for the drinks.

When the bill was seventy-five cents, he usually managed to find fifteen cents, and then, with an air, as if he were conferring a great favor on you, he would turn to me and say: "Ah, deuced awkward, ain't it? Can't understand it you know; spent all my change and didn't know it, you know. Ah, Mac, pay the balance of that bill, my dear fellow, and I'll hand it to you to-morrow." This is a thing that happens often. The next day he would meet you, gush over you, squeeze your hand, but never say anything about the fifty-five cents he owed you. It was a trifle not worth mentioning, but when he played the same game on a man about three times it got a leetle monotonous. Sometimes some very "fresh" young man from the country, generous and not up to the ways that are dark, would come to the rescue with the money.

When the St. Louis bridge was to be formally opened he had charge, in partnership with another man, of a bureau of correspondence, the purpose of which was to furnish brilliant descriptions of the bridge and the opening ceremonies to various country weeklies. Huntley wrote a description of the appearance of St. Louis from the court house dome, on the night of the opening ceremonies. His aim was to produce a magnificent piece of word-painting. He was a good reporter, but on this occasion he produced such a magnificent, collossal mass of "slush," mixed figures, bad grammar, and damned nonsense generally, that he made himself the laughing stock of the whole press gang of St. Louis.

One very hot summer evening, about 7 o'clock, the writer met Huntley in front of a well known saloon on the corner of Sixth and Olive streets. He had in tow a handsome young Irishman of fine physique, who was about twenty-three years old, and likewise as drunk as a barn full of biled owls. Huntley stopped the writer and told him that he and his friend, who was a wealthy young cooper or owner of a machine shop, had been on a magnificent whirl since 12 o'clock, the Irishman of course paying for all drinks; and that he (Huntley) wished to "shake" his friend. At the moment the writer met the two fellows they were engaged in a violent controversy over the manly art of self defense.

The young Irishman maintained with much vehemence that drunk as he was, "he could knock the blood spots out of Huntley in two minutes and a half and not half try." The writer wanted Huntley to take the young Hibernian home and put him to bed, but both of them insisted on going to the Missouri gymnasium, on St. Charles street, where they could test their skill and powers with the gloves, with the writer to act as umpire and second to both. The two repaired to the gymnasium, and by the time they got there the young Irishman was drunker and more bellicose than ever.

Said the Y. I.: "Be jabers! this foighten' is goin' to be conducted accordin' till the strictest rules of the prize ring, d'ye mind, and the two both of us must strip to the tuff."

We tried to persuade the young fellow that this was not necessary, but he insisted on it, threw off his coat and vest, tore off his suspenders, buttons and all, and then began on his shirt. He was covered with perspiration and his shirt clung to his body as tight as if he were covered with a coating of glue. The writer refused to take a hand in the proceedings and assured them that they were both too much intoxicated to see each other, let alone hit each other. While the young Irishman was tearing and tugging at his shirt, which he finally succeeded in getting off, Huntley put his head under the hydrant, deluged his head with water and came up smiling to the scratch, looking very much like a drowned rat. The young Irishman and Huntley put on the gloves. The young Irishman could not get his hands up in front of his face to save his life, while Huntley, who was as quick on his feet as a cat, went dancing and leaping about his staggering opponent like a Comanche Indian about a victim, who was bound to the stake and awaiting horrible tortures. Suddenly Huntley flew at the young Irishman like a wild cat let out of a bag, threw out his long arm and struck his opponent such a terrific blow, in the forehead that both of them went tumbling and rolling and sprawling over the sawdust floor, as if they had been shot out of a cannon. Before Huntley could get up, having knocked himself off his own unsteady pins by the force of his blow, the young Irishman got astride of his breast, held him on the flat of his back, and began to bang aimlessly with both hands at Huntley's face, like a blind man trying to beat a drum. The writer himself had to lie down and laugh at the ridiculous sight of the shirtless man sitting astride of the other and banging away at his prostrate foe as if he were breaking rock. The umpire tumbled him off with great difficulty, and insisted that "that was not fighting according to the rules of the prize ring, to be hammering away at a fellow while he was lying on the flat of his back." Both were covered with sweat and sawdust, and it sobered them a little to tumble around. The umpire wanted them to call it a "draw," but they were bound to see it through. Huntley was almost sober now and too much of a match for his victim. They squared off at each other and soon locked horns. Huntley plugged away at his opponent's head with great fury until he backed him up against a rack full of Indian clubs and dumb bells into which he tumbled him by a blow square on the nose. As the Irishman lay among the scattered apparatus, and the overturned rack, with the blood streaming from his nose, the tears from his eyes and the oaths from his lips, the umpire rushed in, picked him up and declared the fight "a draw." After both had washed their faces, we attempted to put the young Irishman's shirt on him. The effort was like getting a number seventeen foot into a number two shoe. He was as limp as a rag and it was finally necessary to lay him down flat on a spring board, as if he were a corpse, and pull his shirt on by by main force. The writer then said to Huntley: "You got drunk with this fellow, helped him spend all his money, and have had the fun of banging him around for half an hour, while he was too drunk to hit you except when he sat on you, and as it is now dark, he is still drunk and you sober, you ought to get on the cars and take him home."

This Huntley solemnly promised to do, and off went the two, arm in arm in the twilight. An hour later the writer was called by his duties to the corner of Ninth and Washington avenue, about three squares from the gymnasium, where he found the young Irishman sitting sound asleep on the curbstone, and liable to be picked up at any moment by the police and put in the station house. Huntley had simply brought him there, and like the selfish whelp that he was, deserted him, cast him off like an orange from which he had sucked all the substance, and left him to his fate.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

The Grand Lodge of Missouri, I. O. O. F., will meet in St. Louis on Jan. 11th and 12th, for the purpose of transacting some important business. Two delegates will go from the lodges of this city to take part in the proceedings. R. L. Lampton, who is an active and influential member of Sedalia Lodge No. 354, will be one of the delegates, and R. J. Eggleton, also a prominent member of the order, will represent Neapolis Lodge No. 153. Both gentlemen will leave to-morrow evening and anticipate important results from the meeting.

His Seventy-Fourth Birthday.

On January 5th, Mr. A. L. Hagood, a well-known and popular young farmer, who resides five miles west of this city, gave a magnificent birthday dinner in honor of the seventy-fourth birthday of his father. The elder Mr. Hagood is one of the oldest residents and most esteemed citizens of this county, and though so advanced in years, retains much mental and physical vigor. Some twenty-five or thirty of his relatives, from both sides of the house, sat down to a splendid dinner, which was prepared with the skill, abundance and excellence which characterizes the dinners of a Central Missouri house-wife. The venerable gentleman in whose honor the dinner was given seemed to enjoy the occasion as much as the youngest of the guests. The BAZOO wishes him many happy returns.

Cause to be Angry.

A certain undertaker of this city was the angriest man in the state Friday night. He had retired, and was comfortably tucked beneath the bed clothing, when he was aroused by hearing a loud hammering on his front door. Muttering anything but words of welcome, he arose and in an angry tone of voice asked: "Who is there?" Instead of answering the question, the visitors propounded another, desiring to know if they were at the residence of the undertaker. An affirmative answer was given, when the two wags, well-known business men, and particular friends of the coffin dealer, belched forth: "Give us two (hic) biers." The visitors made good time getting down the street, while the man of the house again hunted his couch, but swearing vengeance on the disturbers of his slumbers.

—**Lands wanted.** All persons having good improved, timber, or prairie lands in Pettis county for sale cheap for cash should see or address me at once. F. Houston, Sedalia, Mo. 1-9dw4t

SLEIGHING.

Jingle, jingle, jingle!
'Tis the feast of Love.
Crystal snow below us,
Crystal stars above.
Like a globe of silver
Gleams the white-faced moon.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Oft-repeated tune.
Jingle, jingle, gingle!
Hearts and cheeks aglow!
Steel-encompassed runners
Cutting through the snow.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
See the vapor rise
From our steeds, like incense
From a sacrifice.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Jingle everywhere!
Hear the liquid laughter
Pouring on the air.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Hear the whip's sharp crack.
Hear the merry voices
Greet us on the track!
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Through the frosty night,
To prevent her falling
I must clasp her tight!
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
And the sound impels
Thoughts as sweet as twilight
Of our wedding bells.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Heaven speed the day!
May we glide into it
Smoothly as our sleigh.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Jingle everywhere!
Sweetest sound the sleigh bells
Ringing for a pair.

THIS IS BUSINESS.

Twenty-one Hundred Wagon Loads of Ice Stored by the Sedalia Brewery.

Just before the cold snap Messrs. Sieke & Helm, of the Sedalia Brewery, succeeded in completing their two large new ice houses. Since the coming of the big freeze they have had a large force of men and teamsters at work hauling ice from Flat creek. The ice is twelve inches thick and as clear as crystal. Last night they had stored in their houses 2,100 good big two-horse wagon loads of this ice. In another week they can complete the work, when they will have in store the enormous amount of 5,500 tons of ice. Last night they paid to their brewery hands and the extra force engaged in hauling ice $999 in cash, the salaries for the week's work. This is business.

Change of Time.

The following is the change of time which took place this morning on the main line and branches of the

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD.

LEAVE:

Westward through express.....3:50 a. m
" Day express.....4:30 p. m

ARRIVE:

Eastward through express.....10:55 p. m.
" day express .....10:50 a. m.

LEXINGTON BRANCH.

LEAVE:

Westward passenger.... ....4:30 a. m.
" Freight & passenger...4:00 p. m.

ARRIVE:

Eastward passenger.....10:00 p. m.
" Freight & passenger..10:30 a. m.

KANSAS & TEXAS DIVISION.

LEAVE:

Southward express.....5:15 p. m
" Passenger.....7:15 a. m.

LEAVE:

Northward, express..... .....9:40 a. m.
" Passenger.....7:00 p. m

Frantic Grays.

As the Missouri Pacific train left the Garrison house depot last night, moving west, two frantic "grays," who had just stepped in somewhere to get "another nail in their coffins" while the train was standing still, came rushing upon the scene with hats in one hand and overcoats and satchels in the other, trying to catch the train. Their eyes were as big as saucers, and their hair standing on end like quills upon the fretted porcupine. As they skinned out after the train, which was nearly fifty yards ahead of them, the crowd yelled encouragement in this style: "Ki yi! whoop la! whoop 'em up, Moses; hold on to your hair, mister; don't go off mad, old man; come and have a drink, won't you? are ye going all the way to-night, stranger? go in, boys, I'll bet against the engine." The fellows ran and halloed and yelped, until each of them got a hold on the rear end of the car and were hauled on by the porters, head over heels.

Died.

Yesterday forenoon, at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Green, wife of John D. Green, died of consumption at the family residence on the corner of Fifteenth and Kentucky streets.

The funeral has not been arranged last night, owing to the absence of relatives from a distance.

A Competent Juror.

Graphic.

Lawyer—Have you any fixed opinions about anything?

Juror—No.

Lawyer—If a murder were committed before your eyes, and it were proved that you did not see it, would you clear the prisoner on such proof?

Juror—No, indeed,

Lawyer—Is your mind so porus that it can bleach out all past fact, memory, impression and sense of justice?

Juror—It can.

Lawyer—Would you acknowledge on due evidence that you were not yourself, but somebody else?

Juror—I would.

Lawyer—Are you sure, without due legal proof, that it is I who am speaking to you now?

Juror—I am not.

Lawyer—You assume that this is the year 1880, A. D., but you are open to the conviction, on due and sufficient evidence, that it may be 1880, B. C., are you not?

Juror—I does.

Lawyer—You are of the masculine gender?

Juror—I am.

Lawyer—But on due and sufficient evidence being produced, you would even in this respect be willing to admit you might be mistaken?

Juror—I might.

Lawyer—Swear this gentleman. He is the juror we long have sought and mourned because we found him not.

The Friend of Delicate Ladies.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the remedy that will cure the many diseases peculiar to women. Headaches, neuralgia, disordered nerves, weakness, mental shocks, and kindred ailments are effectually removed by its use.—The Mother's Magazine.

For Sale.

A well established harness business at Dresden. [d6&w1t.] WM. GOTT.

MY MYSTERIOUS LANDLORD

From an English Magazine.

A pause of the heavy feet, and then they went on upwards, and my mind carried my body after them; for, with a sudden resolution, I turned into the black stairway, and followed my landlord in my stocking feet. He stayed a moment at the next landing in the darkness, and his wife came to her bed room door, and entreated him to rest. He answered her doggedly, ordered her back to her bed, shut her door after her and went on. I went on. A slight twist in the landing showed a step-ladder, whitened by the moon, that streamed through a small window. My landlord sped up this as agilely as if he were not stout. I watched him to the top of it. He unclosed his hand, and put a key in the door that fronted the ladder. The lock turned noiselessly, and he went in, leaving the door ajar. Up the ladder I crept carefully. I was not so corpulent as the landlord, but my feet blundered and were not certain.

I reached the top without making a sound. Then I pushed open the door and stood within a room that I knew was the top loft.

In one moment I saw its peculiarities; in another I saw its mystery. The moonlight was radiantly cool within its compass; there was nothing unrevealed. It showed an attic with a lean-to roof, and the rafters above were rough and splintered. It lit up, with the height of contrast, black hangings that were nailed against the walls. It shone into the empty, blackened, ill-shaped room and lay upon the pile of a red rug that covered the centre of the floor; and upon a box with silver handles raised high in the midst; and upon an old man groveling before in a posture that was too undone for kneeling and too utterly debased for devotion.

And I, with senses alert, and with cold vein, moved a heavy step further into the room. My landlord sprang to his feet, and stood before me, and looked at me, and spoke no word. I spoke.

"You are found out at last, Mr. Fern," I said.

He locked at me, and waited for the words to form sense with his brain. Then, with a sigh, and with unmoved acquiescence:

"Yes, at last."

I scarcely knew what to say next; the man did not defy me, he only looked nonplussed.

"The law has reached you through me, Mr. Fern; you must submit to it."

"Yes, yes," he said quietly; "but I have duped it this three year coming October."

"Great heaven!" I cried; "can you talk coolly of your crime? Are you hardened to the most awful form of murder—"

"Eh, what?" said the man, dazed at the first word and indignant and furious at the second. "I a murderer? Curse you! God judge you, sir, as you have foully judged me.

He laid his great hand upon my arm, and shook it. The tears were running down his face, while the deep curses of a broken heart thronged to his lips, and stayed there for powerlessness of utterance. I looked at him and at the silvered coffin and at the desolate room, and wrenched my arm from his grasp.

"Then, in the name of your Judge and mine, what is that?" I said, pointing to the sepulchral box.

His anger died; his passion was quenched, he covered his face with his hands and grooped his way to the little coffin and laid his head upon it and cried with words unintelligible some names of endearment that were framed in sobs. I felt a movement behind me and turned to see Mrs. Fern. Her face was as white as the light that illuminated it; but the strength of her bearing was unshaken by the funeral room of the stricken husband. She had put on a long gown, and beneath it her breath went and came quickly; otherwise the form of her mien was calm.

She looked at me and passed me, and went to her husband and put her arms around his neck. He moved to her touch, and laid his great touseled head upon her shoulder. The passion of grief which shook him showed the balance of that jovial temperament. She smoothed his face with her hands as if it had been a baby's; she bent over his head her indomitable one, tearless, tender, powerful. And after a time, with a slight movement she brought his eyes and hers to the small window, and pointed to him the heavens, from which all clouds were drifting, where the serene rested deep blue between the glittering stars, and stretched backwards from the bright white moon.

He lifted his small eyes to her face with a curious expression, like the appeal of the dumb brute that begs for a translation of the feeling that it cannot give tongue to. There was no shade of sentimentality in Mrs. Fern's spoken answer to this mute speech.

"Why will you not look there instead of here?"

He turned back to the coffin and hid his face from the suggestions of the far away heavens. His words were thick and his hoarse voice quivered.

"Because this is her. The bit of flesh I held in her; the lips I kissed are here; the cheek I loved is here. It is only the thing you say, not the spirit. The spirit may be yonder, as cold and uncanny as those blessed stars. But 'twas the dear body that I nursed and loved. The bright eyes, her blue eyes—I nailed them safe in here."

He nodded his head at me and went on with a proud mournfulness I should not have expected of him:

"You called me a hard word, sir—a word that might tempt a man to be the vile brute he named. Your scent is mighty keen, sir, but it sniffed astray at the last. The demon that killed my child was croup, and I kissed down her eyelids. You may go in the church yard and see her name written on a grave-stone, and you might have seen, three years agone, a funeral there. They put a coffin in the ground, didn't they, wife? but it don't hold my darling."

He stood up straight now, and faced me with a tremor, with eagerness. Grief and passion gave him eloquence, and his defence was warm.

"Do you think I would give my pretty one to the filthy worms to eat out her eyes and crawl into her ears, and feed on her lips? Do you think I would put her into the cold, the storm, the sodden earth? Couldn't the old roof that had sheltered her lively living body cover her when she was so mighty still, and gave no trouble? I read an old book that tells how to wrap up the dead, and they will keep at least for years. I made two coffins, one within the other, and put her on a soft feather-bed inside them, and I shut her up and brought her here, and kept her here, and they buried an empty box yonder, and I and wife held another service here, without even a clergyman, but with our groans and tears.

"And the child was always frightened in a storm; I always come to watch when there is rain or wind. But to night my lass persuaded me not to come, because you were in the house. I waited, but my spirit wouldn't hold. I had to come and I came at last,