MRS. McSHERRY.

She Routs a Glazier and Gives Him a Severe Whipping.

Kansas City Star.

This morning a fellow who follows the business of going about the city looking for windows that have glass broken and soliciting the repairing of the same, was passing out Third street near High, when he discovered a window that wanted two lights. He knocked and the sylph-like form of Mrs. McSherry appeared at the door. The Hebrew gentleman, whose name is Wolf Rosenthal, asked Mrs. McSherry if she wanted the two vacancies filled. Mrs. McSherry informed him in a very bland manner that she did. Rosenthal went to work and soon performed his part of the contract and demanded his pay. Mrs. Mc. informed him that she would pay him when she got ready. This did not suit Rosenthal, and he commenced to take out the light, when Mrs. McSherry seized a kettle of boiling water and attempted to scald Rosenthal. He retired to the sidewalk with Mrs. McSherry closely in the rear. Unfortunately for Rosenthal he had a large woolen comforter wrapped around his neck with both ends hanging down his back. Mrs. McSherry took hold of the ends of the comforter and gave a backward lurch. She being a large and powerful woman, the pressur on the man's throat was fearful. She had him entirely at her mercy. She then held both ends of the comfort with one hand while she administered a beating with the other. She finally took Rosenthal's hat. He fled to the police office for protection. Rosenthal is a good sized man, but was no match for Mrs. McSherry She is noted for rough-and-tumble fights, as many can testify who have came in contact with her.

Another Good Boy

A Detroit grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand, and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir"

"And a good boy should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother, and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a little chuck as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned we was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight-dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?

"Yes"

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.—Detroit Free Press.

—Time is too valuable to be wasted in credulously experimenting with various remedies when a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will at once cure your cold.

He Didn't Have Confidence in Himself.

A flat-footed, old fashioned Western merchant, hailing from a country store in Michigan, was buying stock in New York a few days ago, and the firm took advantage of the occasion to make inquiries concerning some of their customers around him. When they asked about Smith, of Cashville, he replied:

"Smith! Yes, he's in trade yet, but he's just married a second wife, and she's going through his wealth like saltpetre. He'll fail in less'n six months."

"How about Jones, of your town?"

"Jones! Well, Jones is digging along after the old style, and he's bought him a bicycle, and everybody says he'll go to the wall in a year."

"And Brown & Son—are they all right?"

"Brown & Son! Wall, they may keep along till spring, but I doubt it. Old Brown has got so nigh-sighted that he can't tell a sheep-pelt from a coon-skin, and the boy is dead stuck on a widow woman who never wears anything less than six-dollar stockings"

"But Davis is doing a good trade, isn't he?"

"Davis! Well, pooty fair, but he won't last. He rented the upper part of his store to a Chicago milliner, and she broke up two families and caned a preacher. Everybody blames Davis, and his sales last week only footed up a pound at saleratus and a washboard."

"Well, you are the only customer out there, and, of course, you are all right."

"Me! Well, I'm all right just now, but things may change. My wife belongs to three literary societies and is the big toad at church festivals, while I've bought a 2:40 trotter and learned to play old sledge. You needn't be surprised any day this winter to here that I've been busted from garret to cellar; so clean that creditor's can't find enough dry goods to wipe a baby's nose."

—An experienced traveler says: "The most troublesome companion a person can have while being away from home, is a cough, and I would advise everybody to procure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup before starting.

—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. 1-8dw4t

SUNDAY SINGE.

Two Dwelling Houses Burned and Two Warmed Up Yesterday on East Third Street

Yesterday at about 1:30 p. m. an alarm of fire was given, when a dozen, more or less, locomotives screeched forth unearthly sounds in the shape of whistles, the only way they could demonstrate their fear or give alarm.

From the direction the alarm came it was at first feared that the fire was in the Pacific railroad shops.

The fire proved to be the burning of a small one story double box house on the north side of Third street, near Engineer street, occupied by two families, viz: F. M. Heath and John Morrow, both firemen on the Pacific. The inmates got out with all of their furniture, bedding and wearing apparel, which, of course, was in a damaged condition.

The house belonged to Curd Petty and was valued at about $600; insured in the Phœnix, of Hartford, for $300.

East of the box house was a large two-story brick house, the property of John Willhite, an engineer on the Pacific, who kept a boarding house. The house had fifteen boarders, quite a number of them being ladies, wives of railroad men. This house took fire on the roof from the burning box house, and notwithstanding the herculean efforts of the bucket brigade, it was burned to such an extent that it was a total wreck inside before the fire department could get water on the flames.

This house is probably worth $2,500; insured for $1,500 in the Ætna company. Mr. Willhite built the house in 1879, and the loss falls heavily on a man who works hard for everything he gets.

East of Willhite's house is Pat. Sullivan's saloon building. The goods were all moved out, and the building was threatened with destruction, but by the efforts of the bucket brigade was saved.

West of the box house burned was another double box house, owned by Mr Petty. This was occupied by Al. Conner and family and Mrs. Lynch, whose son is a fireman on the middle division of the Pacific. Their household goods were distributed around in the street and back yard. The house was saved from fire, but was gutted and somewhat damaged. A defective flue in the box house was the probable cause of the fire.

The fire department was promptly on hand, and but for the fire plugs being frozen up, would have had water and saved Willhite's house. Water was finally secured from the Pacific railroad. They filled a tender full of water and then backed up so as to be accessable to the fire steamer, and in this way the fire was kept from spreading. Water was finally secured at the fire plug when the flames were nearly subdued.

This is the second fire in 1881. A very good beginning for the New Year.

—A better article it is impossible to get sir; I have tried them all and unhesitatingly pronounce Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup superior to any.—Ex.

SAVAGE CRUELTY.

A Similar Case in Sedalia's Early Days.

How some people can have the heart, or rather the want of heart to do such things as they do, surpasses the comprehension of humble scribe. Yesterday some one, it would seem in the near vicinity of Osage and Third streets, saturated a cat with coal oil, took it out on the street and set it on fire. The flaming creature, writhing and screaming with agony, made a bee line for Farnham & Gilman's stable, on the corner of Third and Osage, and ran into the building. It got into some hole among the straw and came very near setting the building on fire, before it expired in great agony. Have we a rival of Jesse Pomeroy in this city?

This reminds the Bazoo reporter of an incident which occurred in this city in 1863. At that time Sedalia was the headquarters of this section for quartermaster's stores. Up on the north side of Main street, near where Gayhart's blacksmith shop now stands, there was a long building, a simple, rough frame, filled from top to bottom with valuable army supplies. It was in charge of Mr. Ward, who hanged himself in the fair grounds. He was then quartermaster's clerk. The place was over run with rats. The porter of the building caught, in a large trap, three rats. These he saturated with coal oil. While Mr. Ward and the reporter, who was then a small boy, were sitting in the front office at about 8 p. m., they saw what seemed to be three balls of fire, rolling over the prairie grass, about thirty yards distance from the building. Soon the heavy grass was in flames. Mr. Ward and the reporter then rushed out and found the porter making frantic endeavors to put out the burning grass, as the flames were slowly creeping towards the building; and at the same time trying to kill three flaming rats, which he had set on fire, as they ran around in a ring. One of the rats, covered with flames a foot high, finally made a rush for the building, crept under it and as it did so, set fire to a large tuft of prairie grass, which grew right against the building. It was with difficulty that the grass was put out and the building saved from the flames. The porter got a deserved cursing for his cruelty and carelessness.

A Pastor Made Happy.

I have been greatly troubled with my kidneys and liver for over twenty years, and during that entire time I was never free from pain. My medical bills were enormous, and I visited both the Hot and White springs, noted for the curative qualities of the water. I am happy to say I am now a well man, and entirely as the result of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. With such glorious results I am only too glad to testify regarding the remedy which has made me sleep so happy.

P. F. HARKLER.

Coal Run Crossing, Arkansas.

For Sale.

A farm of forty acres for sale, six miles southeast of Sedalia, all under good fence, and is new land. Eighty acres improved; good frame house, nearly new; a good log stable and corn crib; a good living well of water, found in dry time, all of which I will sell at $700 cash, and give a good warranty deed. The reason why I would sell as I wish to quit farming.

Address, JOHN WIBLOW,
1-11w6t* Sedalia, Mo.

KERFOOT AND SCROGGINS.

Two Young Men Well Known in Sedalia.

They are Arrested on a Charge of Saying a Preacher Was an Old Drunkard, Not Married to His Wife, and That His Wife Had Once Run Off With a Man.

A few days ago it was stated that C. H. Scroggins, a young man who is pretty well known in this section and has been in trouble a number of times, had been arrested at Otterville on a charge of attempted rape, and taken by the officers who made the arrest to Hermitage, Hickory county.

This morning Mr. G. C Scroggins, a brother of C. H. Scroggins, was in the city to procure the services of Capt. L. L. Bridges, of this city, to defend his brother, and he, Scroggins, explained the matter to a Bazoo reporter. The Scroggins boys are the sons of a respectable farmer who resides in the northwest corner of Morgan, Pettis and Cooper counties. C. H. Scroggins was not arrested for an attempted rape, but on a charge of slander. A. J. Kerfoot, with whose record the people of this section are pretty familiar, was also arrested at Slater, Saline county, on a similar charge and is now in the Marshall jail. Kerfoo is the man who was charged with robbing a store at Pilot Grove, and complicity in the recent robbery of J. D. Strain's postoffice store at Otterville.

G. C. Scroggins says that about a month ago A J Kerfoot and C. H. Scroggins were at Quincy, a small village in Hickory county, selling fruit trees. While at Quincy the two young men boarded with a Mr. Butcher, who is deputy postmaster. While at Quincy Kerfoot learned that there resided near Wheatland a Campbellite preacher named Marksberry, who also preached at Quincy. When Kerfoot heard the name he asked Butcher and some others a number of questions about Marksberry; and, one evening a few days later, told Butcher that he was very much surprised to learn that Marksberry was a preacher, because the man was well known to him, and used to be a mighty hard case. Kerfoot went on to say that some three years ago Marksberry owned a saw mill near Arrow Rock, and that the present reverend used to come to Sedalia, get as drunk as a lord, and have a high old time generally. Kerfoot said further, that at one time, Mrs. Marksberry had run off with a man and gone to Colorado, and that he would bet that the Rev. Marksberry couldn't show a marriage certificate from any woman. Kerfoot went into more elaborate details, but this is the substance of the story, which it is said he related to Mr. Butcher. Mr. B. told him that it was a very hard story to tell on a preacher, that the reverend gentleman was much respected in that neighborhood, and finally that he thought the story was false. Kerfoot said: "Just wait until my partner, Scroggins, comes back, and I will prove every word I have said by him." When Scroggins came in he said he used to know Marksberry when he kept the sawmill, and had heard some stories about him, but he did not know whether they were true or not.

Kerfoot told Butcher to keep the matter quiet and wait until Marksberry came to Quincy again, and then he would confront him before the people, and show up his record.

Butcher let it alone for a few days and in the meantime Kerfoot was absent in the country canvassing. Thinking he had skipped out, Butcher let out the story Kerfoot had told him. It reached the ears of Mr. Marksberry, who had an interview with Mr. Butcher Mr. M. pronounced the whole story a tissue of base and slanderous falsehoods, manufactured by an irresponsible scamp, and went before the proper officer and swore out warrants for the arrest of both Scroggins and Kerfoot. When the officers went to look for them they were not to be found, and neither of them was arrested until a long search had had been made for them. G. C. Scroggins says his brother has has never been in trouble except when he was led into it by Kerfoot. He says more over that the prosecuting attorney of Hickory county would not have had Scroggins arrested if he had known the nature of the testimony against him. This is G. C. Scroggins story, and he knows nothing whatever about Mr. Marksberry.

The police, the reporters and the public of Sedalia, who know Kerfoot, will not be much inclined to believe any narrative related by a man of Mr. Kerfoot's reputation. Kerfoot has not yet been taken to Hermitage. It will be a sad day for newspaper reporters when something is proven against Kerfoot.

Circuit Court Docket.

The following are the entrees on the docket of the circuit court yesterday, and the disposition made of cases:

C. M. A. Chaney vs. Maranda J. Stevens et al.; defendant by consent files answer.

Mary A. Hill vs. Henry D. Stringer; plaintiff files affidavit; plea in abatement sustained at plaintiff's cost.

David Hills et al. vs. Henry D Stringer; plaintiff's file amended affidavit; defendant's file amended plea in abatement; cause continued at plaintiff's cost.

Curtis field vs. Thomas Skelly; diminution of record suggested; certiorari on J. R. Webber, justice of the peace; cause continued at plaintiff's cost.

J. H. Knappe vs. J. Frank Tomlin; plaintiff's files motions for new trial and in arrest of judgment; and George Calvert and F. A. Logan file motion for new trial and in arrest of judgment.

A. Smith vs. Dan Sullivan; dismissed.

Curtis Field vs. E. C. Wilson; defendant files plea in abatement.

Rachael McKee vs. Iona Starkey et al.; continued, generally.

James T. Kemp vs Jas. W. Rhine et al.; John Montgomery, guardian ad litum, files bond.

Iona Starkey et al. vs. Rachael McKee; continued generally.

Archie Fox vs. Joel H. Thomas; Joseph Settles, justice of the peace, files a transcript herein and return of the writ of certiorari.

Wm. C. Krandler et al. vs. Annie Beinman et al.; report of sale approved and cause disposed of accordingly.

Edward Martin et al. vs. Stewart Hook; judgment for $685.

C. Gamahl et al. vs. Albert Wittstock; judgment for plaintiff for $308 76.

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

RICH, RARE, RACY,

Is Exactly What H. D. Stringer Said,

In the Circuit Court This Morning in the Famous Case Between Stringer, Baker and Lamy.

This morning the lawyers began to examine witnesses in the case of I. N. Baker vs. H. D. Stringer and E. Lamy. This is "a celebrated case," and out of it has grown an amount of litigation and revelations of the "tricks of the trading trade," which have kept the lawyers busy and happy, and the social knots around the bar room stoves gossiping for months.

It will be remembered that a year and a half or two years ago, I N. Baker and H. D. Stringer made a trade. I. N. Baker owned the brick building on Ohio street now occupied by Bronson & Pierce as a drug store. Baker traded this building to H. D. Stringer, receiving in exchange for it money and a farm, owned by Stringer in Cole county. Shortly after, only a day or two, we believe, Stringer sold the property to Mr. E. Lamy, receiving checks in payment. A few days after, or at least in a very short time, Baker found that there was a heavy mortgage on the farm he had received from Stringer. Then he began to kick, and legal proceedings were begun against Stringer by Baker.

This present suit is one in equity in which Baker is trying to recover his building from Mr. Lamy on the ground that in the original trade Stringer came "a very slick game over him."

The court room this morning was still as a tomb when the tall form, saturnine countenance and piercing eyes of H. D. Stringer came in view on the witness stand.

It is impossible to give all of his testimony, but a sample of it will give an idea of the charming frankness and unaffected simplicity with which the famous trader unwound his tale. Smith & Shirk for Baker and Snoday & Short and O. A. Crandall for the defendants.

This is about the style of the testimony.

Lawyer—Mr. Stringer, were you not some time in consumating this trade with Mr. Baker?

Stringer—Oh, yes, me and the old man-meaning Baker—were haggling over the matter for several days.

Q—During the time were you much together?

A—Oh, yes; we were bumming around town watching each other pretty close.

Q—During that time did you and Mr. B. ever drink together?

A—Well, I should smile—I mean I should rather think we did.

Q—Did you drink often?

A—Pretty often.

Q—Did the propositions to drink while you were haggling over this trade always come from you or Mr. B.?

A—Well, they did not always come from me.

Q—During this time that you and Baker were going around together, talking over this trade, did Mr. B. get drunk?

A—Not exactly drunk; he's got a hard head and can stand a good deal, but he was pretty full for several days.

Q—Did you have any object in going around and drinking with Baker?

A—It was this way: I knew that Baker was an awful keen hand at a bargain. I knew he was a man who was troubled with very little squamishness when it came to trading; that he did not, in fact, have very much honor or principle when it came to getting money out of a trade. So I thought if I could keep the old man in a good humor and feeling pretty comfortable during the time, that I could get a little the advantage of him, and get the best end of the bargain. I was on the trade, and I meant to trade right from the start.

When Mr. Baker was put on the stand he also made spicy revelations. He said that Stringer had pictured the farm in Cole county in glowing colors; had told him that there were several brick houses on it; plenty of water and all such good points as these. Baker said there was some truth in what Stringer told him about the plentiful water and brick houses. When he, Baker, went down to see the farm, he found it had several brick houses and a big mortgage on it. But the brick house consisted of an old ram-shackle rattle trap that was about to tumble down, and some brick out-houses that would double discount the others for meaness. There was a supply of water which was a little too plentiful, consisting of two great big bayous that took a little too much room to make them perfect.

This is merely the outline and substance of their remarks, which were a little inclined to be strictly personal. The case is in progress.

Not a Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poor whisky or poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."—Evening Express on Hop Bitters.

Fooling With a Mule.

Butler Dixon will not fool with a mule again very soon. The Bazoo reporter has known Mr. Dixon for many years; he is a smart fellow, and we always thought he knew enough not to fool with a mule, even if it was made of castiron.

A. B. Dempsey has a small mule made of castiron. On its back is its inseparable companion, a negro. You put a nickel in the niggers mouth, some one touches a secret spring, the mule throws his heels into the air, that throws the nigger forward and he lets the nickel drop from his mouth into a slit in a money box. Dixon was examining this cunning contrivance, when, by chance, he touched the secret spring. The mule threw up his heels with a loud click like the crack of a pistol, which startled Dixon so that in springing back from the infernal machine he knocked in on the floor and broke it all to pieces. Don't say mule to him unless you are dressed in armor.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.—Advance.

VALUABLE FIGURES.

Pettis County Real Estate Increases in Value $339,069 in One Year.

County assessor Middleton is writing up his books, and the result is highly satisfactory, as will be seen from figures given below. Not only has Sedalia during the past season expended $450,000 in buildings and other improvements, but the assessor's books show that the assessed value of real estate in the city and county for 1880 is greater than it was for 1879 by $339,069.

The assessed value of city real estate is greater by $152 587 than it was in 1879. The following total figures are taken from the assessor's books for the year 1879:

Assessed value of farm lands, $3,054,125.

Assessed value of town lots, $1,421,580.

Total assessed value of city and county and county, $4,475,705.

For the year 1880

Assessed value of farm lands, $3,232 035.

Assessed value of town lots, $1,572,739.

Total assessed valuation of city and county, $4,804,774.

Gain in assessed value, $339 069.

If this is not satisfactory the Bazoo can not tell what would be.

—From numerous cases of dyspepsia and constipation, cured by the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, after every other known remedy had been used in vain, its efficacy in restoring the functions of digestion and evacuation is manifest.

VILLAGE BURIED IN SNOW

A Relief Party Finds Three Hundred People Almost Buried.

The town of Paris is in Clark county, New York The following account of the efforts of a relief party from Berryville, N. Y., is taken from the New York Sun, of Jan. 8th:

The relief party which was despatched from here to the snow bound village of Paris succeeded in reaching the place yesterday, after an exhausting and dangerous journey. The unfortunates of the 300 villagers who have been buried in the snow since Dec. 20, have been described in the Sun. To day Charles A Watson, one of the relief party, returned here. He says that they were all painfully frostbitten during their journey. The relief party, which started out in a four horse sleigh, made rapid progress for five or six miles, but when they reached the foot of the mountains the roads became almost impassible. Several drifts were encountered of immense depth, while the men were rendered nearly helpless by the cold. One of the horses got stuck in a snow drift and had to be abandoned. During Thursday night the party only made four miles.

The crust of the snow was not quite strong enough to bear the sleigh, which broke through again and again, compelling the half-frozen men to get out and struggle through the drifts on foot. They kept bravely on, however, and reached the village by 10 a. m. Friday, having meanwhile lost another horse. Not a sign of life could be seen, and the relief party at first thought that they had arrived at a city of the dead only to die themselves. They urged on the two horses that had survived the night, and, traversing the main street, finally reached what they judged to be the schoolhouse where the committee of fifteen had established themselves. The building was almost hidden from view, but, in answer to the shouts of the party, a faint response was heard, followed by a man's head emerging from an opening cut in the wall twenty feet above the ground. He proved to be Mr. Wright, the energetic head of the committee.

Mr. Wright quickly summoned his men, and had the relief party carried into one of the houses, which, in honor of their arrival, was soon aglowing with a generous fire. In the other occupied houses only small fires were burning, as the fuel had become very low. Nearly all were suffering from severe frostbites, and were almost incapacitated for work. The women and children had also suffered a great deal, although given the warmest rooms and supplied with old clothing in which to wrap themselves.

After the four visitors had been made comfortable, Wr. Wright summoned the committee, who, since last Monday, had been governing the villagers with an iron rule. An inventory of the stock of fuel and provisions showed that there were four cords of wood and a number of old buildings left with which to keep the fire going. The committee had seized the stock of the two village grocery stores, which, together with the frozen game furnished a supply sufficient to allay all fears of immediate starvation. The contents of the sleigh, consisting of medicine, soft linen for bandages, canned fruits, preserved meats, wine and liquors, proved an invaluable addition to their little store.

The doctor who formed one of the relief party at once went to work in the hospital relieving the exhausted physician in charge, who, with nearly a hundred cases to care for, had not been to bed for over a week. The committee expressed the opinion that they would be able to get along for another week without further aid, provided the snow ceased and a crust formed. This would allow forage parties to walk without serious trouble, and they could then doubtless procure fuel.

The committee have made a number of excellent rules for the government of the village. In the early part of the week daily attempts were made to keep communications open by cutting tunnels through the immense drifts which every night formed around many of the inhabited houses. The work was terribly exhausting and the committee determined to stop it. A number of men were detailed to each inhabited house. They were given a supply of provisions and fuel, one man was placed in charge, and the snow was then allowed to accumulate at will. As a consequence, one-half of the villagers were prisoners when the relief party arrived. Every morning each house furnishes its quota of men, who are lowered by ropes or ladders from the roofs of the half-buried dwellings.

These men make a tour of the village, ascertain the condition of the sick, and then depart on their search for fuel and birds. These latter, as well as deer, foxes, coons and chickens, are succumbing to the cold by thousands, and the villagers, by gathering them before they are covered by the snow, obtain a wholesome and agreeable supply of food. The daily struggle through the snow is attended with varying success, the party usually returning about noon. Mr. Wright then gives to each man a generous drink of whisky or brandy, and the exhausted villagers return to their homes, those inside hauling them in through the windows or roof.

Mr. Wright has every drop of liquor the village contains locked in his own house. At first the liquor was in charge of the committee, but the chief found that they were not all to be relied upon, several getting gloriously drunk. He thereupon had the barrels removed through the snow, with great difficulty, to his own house, where either he or his sons mount guard at all times. Many of the houses, by direction of the committee, have been partially torn down, in order to get supplies of fuel.

—When a remedy has stood the test of more than thirty years trial and to-day is more largely used than ever, its worth is evidently unquestioned. Such is the record of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

STRINGER-BAKER CASE.

They All Seem to Have Fine Descriptive Powers.

This morning additional evidence was heard in the famous Baker Stringer trade case. Mr. Wm. B. Riley, with whom, it seems Mr. Baker had some talk about a trade, after the one made by Stringer and Baker, was called to the stand. Mr. Riley was asked to tell what Mr. Baker had said to him when he (Baker) was trying to sell the Cole county farm to him. Mr. R. said substantially:

Baker came to me a few days after, or a short time after he had been down to see the Cole county farm. Baker said: "Stringer has done a good deal better by me in that farm than I thought he had, Bill; it is just about as he described it to me, though I didn't have any idea he was telling me the truth. Bill, you just ought to have that farm. If you was to go down and see it and ride over it, you would never go off the farm until you had bought it of me. There is a big brick house on it, a fine, smooth lawn and great big evergreen trees in front of it, the land is bottom land and as rich as cream, and it is so near to the river that you can hail the passing steamboats on the Missouri river, and have 'em back right up to your kitchen door, and you can just load your butter and eggs and chickens right on to it and send 'em to market. It don't make no difference to me how trade. I'll take money or notes or Sedalia property or anything that suits you. If you will go down and see the farm I'll pay your railroad fare and hire a carriage to take you out and you can ride over the whole place." Mr. Riley then said: "I was all together too old at a trade to be very much taken in by Baker's glowing account of the farm and told him that if it was such a fine place he had better go and live on it himself; it would make a man of him and he could make a fortune out of it, for I did not want to get any nearer to Jefferson City and that Sedalia and my present prospects were good enough for me."

Mr. Baker was recalled and cross questioned as to the time when he had this conversation with Mr. Riley. His testimony went to show that he had had the conversation after a visit to the farm. He also admitted that he had said that Stringer had done better by him in the trade than he had expected. The most of the testimony is in, and the case is still unsettled.

The Silent Woman of Montana

Butte Miner.

On Willow Creek resides a woman who for fifteen years, except on one occasion, has not uttered a word. In 1865 she was relentlessly forbidden by her parents to marry the man of her choice. Soon after this the family moved to Montana, and since the day of their starting the lady, now grown to a woman of 30 years, has not articulated as much as half a dozen words. Her long silence is attributed to intense and abiding indignation at the cruelty of her parents, and probably conceiving words to be useless and inadequate to express the poignancy of her suffering, she concluded never to speak again, a resolution which she has adhered to so far with remarkable tenacity. She lives with hea parents, occupies a room by herself, refuses to see strangers, and to all intents and purposes is absolutely dumb. Her memory is strong and accurate for one who neither talks nor reads nor takes other intellectual exercise. Through the partition in her room she will sometimes listen to the conversation of those in the adjoining apartment, and occasionally, several days after it has taken place, it will be found on paper in her room, writtin out. There is no doubt of her ability to sperk.

Twenty Years Without Water.

Joplin Herald.

Dr. Tanner has gained not only a national but a world wide reputation by abstaining from food for the period of forty days, and his only nourishment during the fast being water. In Joplin is at present a gentleman who has undoubtedly out Tannered Tanner by having not tasted a drop of water during the past twenty years.

Dr. O. C. Evans in conversation yesterday with a Herald reporter remarked that not within the past twenty years has a drop of water passed his lips, and that he not only felt no inconvenience by abstaining from the "necessary" fluid, but his health was actually better than when he used it as is usual with the most of people.

The only fluid he used is a cup of coffee during meals and no fluid of any kind at any other time. He believes the excessive use of water injures the system and the drinking of it worse that unnecessary, and his healthful appearance, though a gentleman upwards of 76 years of age, goes a long ways to prove the correctness of his theory.

Joseph was a scoffer. Meeting an officer at the American Bible Society he asked: "You gave out a good many bibles in the course of last year?" The officer said: "Yes." "And what do you suppose becomes of them?" "They fall into hands that need them, I doubt not." "Well," said Joseph, producing a book, "this bible I got in a rum shop. You gave it to a sailor and he sold it for a glass of rum!" "Well," said the other, "I am glad it has fallen into your hands, Joseph, I don't know any one who needs it more."

CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

Married.

Last night, at the residence of the bride, in West Sedalia, David Melbourn and Miss Carrie Butler; the Rev. Heinlein of the Northern M. E church officiating.

Perfect Sight

As thousands can testify, there is nothing so much to be desired as perfect sight, and perfect sight can only be obtained by using perfect spectacles. C. G. Taylor our own optician, exercises great skil and patience in fitting those needing spectacles with ease and comfort to the wearer. d1f

How Mr. Slinger Won a New Bible.

Two young colored preachers met on the street the other day, when Mr. Slinger, the Methodist, remarked to Mr. Billings, the Baptist:

"Good morning, Brother Billings, how do you feel since your labor of Sunday?"

"First rate. I had a large audience and it makes me feel good to think that the people are turning from their ways of wickedness. There was a time in Little Rock, when, if a minister could group together 100 people he was doing well. Yesterday I had 300, which, considering the number of our churches, is remarkable. I am sorry to learn that your church is not getting along well.

"How do you know that my church is not getting along well?" asked Mr. Slinger.

"Oh, well, I hear so from authentic sources."

"That's all right," continued Mr. Slinger, "let that go for what it is worth. It is, of course, inconsistent with our profession to bet, but waiving for the moment the requirements of our divine calling, I'll bet you a Bible that I had a larger congregation on Sunday than you did."

"The requirements of a divine calling shall for a moment be waived. Notwithstanding the fact that I am a preacher I remain a human being all the same, and do not propose to be bull-ragged. Come on, and put up your Bible."

The two preachers went into a bookstore, selected Bibles, and called up a deacon as a witness.

"Well," said Mr. Billings, "my congregation numbered 300. I know this to be a fact, for I hired the sexton to count the people."

"My congregation was 500," remarked Slinger, with a confident air.

"Did you count 'em?"

"No."

"Well, how do you know? Why, your little church won't hold that many."

"That's all right. I had a congregation of 500. Not a man got up and left. There was not the slightest disturbance, and the three women who were present behaved themselves."

"Look a-heah, where did you preach?"

"I preached to the convicts at the penitentiary."

There is a new Bible on the stand at Mr. Slinger's house.—Little Rock Gazette.

Preparing to Issue an Extra.

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing on William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica.

"Why so?" inquired William Henry.

"Well, they commenced as a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

"Yes," said William Henry, bracing up, "and after we are married we will issue an extra——"

"Sh-h," said Angelica, and then they went out for a stroll.

She Entered Politics.

Miss Sarah E. Bowser was a good looking young woman of twenty, highly esteemed and the daughter of old settlers of the first respectability in Danbury, Iowa, when she was appointed post mistress of that place last spring. There was a party in the town that favored the claims of another applicant for the position, and a Mr. McNear who owned a store in the town became her champion and political manager. She was thrown often into his society and was persuaded to make a number of trips with him to neighboring towns working up influence to retain her position. The result is that she has resigned the office in disgrace, and McNear has fled, abandoning a good store and a fine trade, he being already a married man and unable to clear up the stories about their dormitory arrangements at sundry hotels where they stopped. She is now a sadder and wiser woman, having learned that politics makes strange bed fellows, and that office holding is liable to demoralize even the elect.

A Novel Trick.

A very interesting experiment was lately made at Milan of Signo-Mainetti's invention for instantaneously detaching a horse from a carriage The horse, put at a gallop, was detached without the least shock, leaving the carriage behind, and only carrying off the harness on his back. The contrivance consists of a lever within reach of the coachman, who with the slightest effort withdraws two little iron pegs which fasten the traces. Now, as all the harness on the horse is fastened to two iron bolts, fixed on the shafts, and these bolts are only held in their places by the traces, it follows that the moment the latter are loosened the bolts slide out, and the whole of the horse's harness is detached from the carriage, while the shafts and bars remain in their places. The experiment was repeated with success several times.

A Model Clergyman.

A Connecticut, clergyman, being asked to officiate at the funeral of a poor man's wife, inquired of the widower what carriages had been hired; and when told, requested that a particular team and vehicle be hired in addition, because they were the ones him and his wife habitually used, and he might wish to take a pleasure ride after the services. This disgusted the widower, and he secured the services of another minister. On the following day the first clergyman sent for him, and inflicted a severe reprimand for disrespectful treatment of his late wife's pastor. "I want you to understand," said he, "that when I marry or bury any one I expect to be paid for my services. As for that other fellow, he's always ready to do any dirty work." His name is not given, but the New Haven Palladium says: "All this happened in the year of our Lord 1880, in an old and populous town. To the credit of our State be it said that this clergyman was born and reared elsewhere."

Lost,

At Lamonte, October 26th, an orange colored setter dog, white breast, star on the forehead. A liberal reward will be paid for the return of the dog to John Menefee Sedalia, Mo. 12-19dwtf

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