WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, Mo.,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1881.

The Bazoo's motto for 1881 is: Never let up until the capital is removed to Sedalia.

Bernhardt only gives Cincinnati four nights of her intellectuality and the Paris of America is chagrined.

Mr. Cox's proposition to fix the number of members of the lower house of congress at 307 is gaining strength.

England imported from this country last year 50,000,000 pounds of leather, amounting to one-fourth of her annual consumption.

"You see," said Dr. Franklin, "the trouble with a man who never 'made a mistake in his life,' is that he never made anything."

The average age of a hog is only fifteen years. This always consoles us when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a railway car.

St. Louis has nearly trippled its grain shipments down the Mississippi river, the amount rising from 6,000,000 bushels last year to 15,000,000 bushels now.

An old judge of forty years' experience is credited with the saying: "I don't know which does the most harm, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best."

Kansas City Times: The Missouri legislature can do two good things before adjourning—remove the state capital to Sedalia and the state board of immigration to Kansas City.

The two distinguished writers of fiction, the late Jacob Abbott and the existing Victor Hugo, are said to have looked so much alike that they might be taken for twins. Yet there is no striking resemblance between "Hernani" and "Rollo on a Farm in Summer."

In a Harvard street Baptist church meeting in Boston a speaker was hissed by some women. He retorted: "Snakes and geese hiss by nature, and so I don't know as I blame you" Some of the brethren condemned him as an insulter of the sisters, and great disorder ensued.

A mortgage of $10,000, held by a Boston man on the farm of the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, Conn., has just been foreclosed, Mr. Murray having taken no steps to stay the execution. The stock once on the place is scattered all over country, and the famous "Murray farm" exists only in memory.

Nothing could be more delightfully reassuring to the country than the calm and dignified way in which the legislature of Pennsylvania proceeds to take one vote per day for senator. "Time driveth onward fast," but the near approach of the 4th of March doesn't seem to disturb the Pennsylvania Solons a particle.

A stock company was formed by seven boys of Belleville, Ind., for the purpose of sawing up railroad iron into chunks and selling it to junk men. They raised a capital of $6, with which they bought tools, and began operations. One rail had not been prepared for market, however, before the shareholders were all arrested. The concern is insolvent.

Boss Conkling sent his agents, Senator-elect Platt and Gov. Cornell, to Mentor, to see whether Garfield means fight. It is understood that Mr. G. humbly acknowledged the great power and influence of the majestic Roscoe, and promised to appoint a New York man and a representative of New York money-bags, to the treasury portfolio.

The glass manufacturing interest of Ohio forms in itself no inconsiderable element in the prosperity of the state. The following counties are officially recognized as the glass sections: Belmont, Franklin, Jefferson, Licking, Muskingum and Portage. In this section there are thirty-two furnaces, Belmont county having fifteen and Portage six. The value of glass manufactured yearly aggregates over $3,000,000.

The long illness which preceded Sothern's death seriously disarranged the theatrical business in the United States. Time was reserved for him in all the large cities, and, as he would be sure to draw well if he appeared, no other engagements were made until the latest possible moment. Traveling combinations then rushed in to fill the gaps, abandoning the smaller towns in which they had contracted to appear. Thus plans were upset right and left.

The simplest postoffice in the world is in Magellan Straits, and has been established there for some years past. It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rock of the extreme cape in the straits, opposite Tierra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask and to take letters out and place others into it. The postoffice is self-acting therefore; it is under the protection of the navies of all nations, and up to the present there is not one case to report in which any abuse of the privilege it affords has taken place.

DROPPING INTO POETRY.

The Experience of a Young Lady Who Could Not Make the Last Line of Her Verses Rhyme Properly.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady timidly, as an exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partly composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes the Eagle every day."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful eyes and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look upon her face, a hopelessness appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you will please be so kind as to help me—"

Help her! Though he had never read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of divine art flood his soul as he yielded to bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"How softly sweet the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And nature turns from restful care—"

"To Anti-Billous Pills," added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take any body now. Half the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is more like this:

"The dove eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek, and sad.
While from the valley comes the roar—"

"'Of the matchless liver pad!'" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business tomorrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. O, yes! Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"Badly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the glen,
And morning twilight seems to say—"

"'The old man's drunk again' would not do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say: 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? I smould say 'twas. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. O, don't be afraid—that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the forth verse:

"The merry milkmaid's somber song
Re-echoes from the rocks—
As silently she trips along—"

"With holes in both her socks,' by jove!" cried the delighted editor. "You see—"

"O, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we have busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it I think that's the best idea we have struck yet."

"I don't see to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

"As silently she trips along
In autumn's yellow tracks."

Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it! Does tracks rhyme with rocks! Not in the Brooklyn Eagle it don't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow heaving things at another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with the 'rocks' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you are right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

"And close behind, the farmer's boy
Thrills forth his simple tunes
And slips behind the maiden coy—"

"And splits his pantaloons!" Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left, but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life is quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute," and went out from him forever.

Mrs. Partington Says

don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus ultra* of medicines.—Boston Globe.

Wanted.

An active boy, 15 or 16 years of age. Apply at Bazoo counting room.

WON BY PROXY.

Mr. Boyle's Letter Writing Art Gets Mr. Ottman a Wife.

New York Sun.

John W. Boyle is suing Philip H. Ottman in the marine court for services rendered in assisting to woo the young lady who is now Ottman's wife Ottman is a butcher, young and good-looking, and resides at 73 Ludlow street. Boyle is a fruit broker, 28 years of age, and good-looking. Ottman's first transactions with Boyle was in a walking match in the Madison Square garden in 1879. Ottman entered in the match two men, Edward Williams colored, and David Hennessey, a white man. Boyle helped to train them. He includes in his suit a demand for payment for services thus rendered. It was at this time that Ottman had trouble with the young woman to whom he was paying his addresses, and asked Boyle to help him to regain his old place in her affections. In the latter endeavor he was successful, but his pedestrian venture proved a woful failure, and left him much out of pocket. The case came up for trial yesterday before Justice McAdam and a jury.

The complaint of Boyle avers that Ottman, having been engaged to and contemplating marriage with a lady of New York city of position and wealth, and having had his relations with her entirely broken off by reason of a misunderstanding, employed him to prepare a series of letters to the lady in the endeavor to propitiate her favor, regain her affections, and obtain a restoration of Ottman to her society. Boyle says that Ottman agreed to pay him a liberal sum of money and a new suit of clothes for his services, as soon as his relations with said lady was restored. He prepared the letters, which were recopied by defendant and transmitted to the lady, and through them relations were restored with her to Ottman's entire satisfaction. Boyle claims that his services so rendered are justly and reasonably worth the sum of $300, and the value of a suit of clothes, $35; no part of which has been payed, except the sum of $2 50 on account.

The answer of Ottman denies that he ever employed Boyle as trainer or promised to pay him anything. It avers that Boyle agreed to work for his board and lodging and a share of the prizes if any should be won by the pedestrians; that Boyle did his work carelessly and ignorantly; that in agreeing to work for a possible share in prizes Boyle has engaged in betting, contrary to the statutes, and therefore his claim is void.

Boyle repeated the pedestrian troubles on the witness stand yesterday, and then switched off on to the love story as follows:

"About the same time Ottman came to me and said: 'I want you to engage in something of a very private nature for me.' He told me that he had been paying attentions to a wealthy young lady named Fisher, but having offended her, she dismissed him. Knowing of my skill as a literary writer, he wished me to fix things by writing letters which he might copy and send to her. I said it was a pretty bad case, and asked if he knew any lady friend of Miss Fisher who could ascertain the present state of her feelings to him. Ottman introduced me to Miss Gussie Berger, who lived in the same house with Miss Fisher. We had an interview with Miss Berger, and she said Miss Fisher did not care for Ottman's company any longer. Ottman wished to send back an impudent reply, but I said he must not be reckless, and to leave it to me. Ottman says to me: 'Johnny Boyle, if you get me back in my former standing with that girl you can charge your own price; it will be worth $1,000 and over to you.'

"We had several more meetings with Miss Berger before I commenced. Ottman had written letters to Miss Fisher, and they were returned to him. She also sent back all his old letters and presents C. O. D. [Laughter.] I made drafts of letters to be sent her and Ottman copied them."

"Did he often suggest changes?"

"Once in a while he brought down my remarks from the standard of brilliancy in which I had written them [Laughter] to a more moderate standard."

"Why did he do that?"

"He thought she might understand them better. He said he wanted them to seem more natural."

"Did you work hard on those letters?"

"Yes; I devoted all my most practical skill and devotion to them. I treated them as if it was my own affairs."

"You considered it a difficult case?"

"I did; but then I have made a profession of writing such letters."

"What came of them?"

"I went to Ottman's room one day. He says to me: 'Johnny Boyle, shake!'

"I shook." [Laughter suppressed by the court.]

"'Those letters have fetched her,' says he. 'Who?' says I. 'The girl,' says he. 'I am back now, and just as strong as before. She is going to send away the other feller that is calling on her just as soon as he comes up. I am not going to let $30,000 slip through my hands this time.' Out of curiosity I asked him: 'Philip, how did the letters affect her?' Ottman answered, 'she said, 'Why, Philip, you must have been to college since I saw you last.' [Great laughter.]

"After the walking match," Boyle continued, "I went to Ottman and said: 'Philip, I done the best I could for you.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but I'm dead broke. I lost all my money on the match.' He handed me a $5 bill.

I took it and says: 'Philip Ottman, my former friend, this $5 bill is a long way off from $1,000 and a suit of clothes.' [Laughter.] He said I could always get a bed and a meal of victuals at his house."

"Was anything said about Ottmans' marrying Miss Fisher in your first talk with him?"

"No; matrimony was not mentioned. He said he simply wished to be put on his former standing in her esteem. He had not been engaged to her."

"Then what you say in your complaint about engagement and matrimony is untrue?"

Boyle was excused from answering, and his counsel said he could not explain the inconsistency. Boyle then described in what way Ottman had offended Miss Fisher.

"Is that what he told you?"

"I give it as near verbatimly as I can. He said she got on her dignity—on her ear—and shook him."

"He married her afterward?"

"Yes, to my astonishment"

"Have you ever written letters of this kind before?"

"Yes; I have made it one of the specialities of my life since I have reached the age of maturity. I have probably done it a score of times."

Boyle then gave more particulars in regard to the walking match, and said he had never trained any one before. When questioned concerning himself, he said he had practiced gymnastics eight years in the princeton college gymnasium; that ended eight years ago He had written literary articles and sold them to papers. His legitimate business was a fruit broker.

"Where is your office?"

"On the street"

He had been the New York agent for the Philadelphia Times and the correspondent of the New York Era in White Sulphur Springs.

"Did you do anything else there?"

"Yes; I tended bar, but I don't make that a speciality."

The case was adjourned until tomorrow.

ROMANCE OF A POCKET BOOK.

I was just 25 when I first met Alice Thorne, the daughter and heiress of George Thorne, the great banker I fell desperately in love with the charming girl, knowing well that such love was utter madness.

Her father was reported to be a very proud, ambitious man, who would look high for a son-in-law. I felt that he would not so much as give a hearing to my suit; and, as to winning her without his consent, what would that bring to her but misery? I had nothing with which to repay or compensate her for the sacrifice of a marriage with my poverty.

So we bade good-by without a word of explanation, though I knew she read the anguish in my heart, and tears were in the soft eyes averted from me. I kissed the trembling hand she placed in mine, and turned away and bade farewell to her and hope together.

Scarcely had I got back to town, and was striving earnestly to drown vain regret in the bustle and interest of business when a terrible misfortune fell upon me. Mr. Overton had given me a check for $20,000 desiring me to go to the bank and get it cashed. Having executed the commission and returned, imagine my horror on discovering that the pocket-book containing the money was gone.

Whether stolen by villains or lost by my own carelessness, what mattered it? It was gone and I was utterly ruined.

What I suffered during the next few hours God only knows; and when, after being dismissed, I returned to my own room, I was very nearly desperate; not only had I lost a lucrative position, but my future appeared to be irretrievably blasted, for there are suspicions which are so fatal to a man morally, as would be physically the wound of a rifle ball.

But I was young and of a hopeful nature, and I began to realize that I had been leniently dealt with. On recalling all that happened after my leaving the bank, and the utter impossibility of the pocket-book being taken from the breast pocket of my coat, I came to the conclusion that I must have dropped it, and therefore I resolved to have recourse to all means in my power to recovered the money.

I had saved during the last few years a considerable portion of my salary, and determined now to devote it to the purpose I had in view. I advertised daily in all the prominent journals, not offering the customary reward, but describing my unfortunate position, my honor lost and my fortune blighted.

For two weeks I kept my loss before the public, and had almost begun to dispair of any favorable results, when, one morning, a stranger came to me—a tall, dark, stern-looking man, who regarded me with a pair of kindly brown eyes, that had something familiar about them.

The stranger declined the seat I offered to him, and began at once speaking brusquely and to the point. "I have heard of your loss," said he "I have read your advertisement in the papers, and I feel deeply interested in and for you. I have just left your late employers, and after the satisfactory manner in which all my inquiries were answered I became your surety for the $20,000."

"What?"

I sprang toward him in the wildest excitement.

"Oh, sir," I bagan but he stopped me.

"Let me finish," said he. I've done this because I am convinced that you are an upright, honest man, and the greatest proof of my confidence I can give you is that I am about to offer you the position of cashier in my banking house, My name, sir, is George Thorne."

George Thorne, the father of Alice, the girl that I loved! Ah! the mystery was solved! It was of her his eyes had reminded me; it was to her I was indebted for this help.

Fifteen years had flown since the day I lost the pocket-book. I had now become a prosperous man, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth affords. I had found in Mr. Thorne more than a patron; I found a friend; under a brusque manner he had a heart of gold. From the first day of our acquaintance he had evinced toward me the liveliest interest and affection.

I was soon made partner, and when, on a blessed day, I became the husband of Alice, and his son-in-law, he presented me with a receipt for the $20,000 that he had paid to the sieers. Overton for my loss.

So time went on. The banking house, known as the firm of Thorne & Wallace, was in a thriving condition.

I had a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and yet, with all the sources of happiness, I was not quite contented—there was a crease in the rose-leaf.

For some time past I had been vainly endeavoring to account for the extraordinary interest which my father-in-law had first taken in me, because I discovered, as I grew older and saw more of this selfish, egotistical world, that very few such generous actions were performed without a motive, and the solution of this, to me, a difficult problem frequently occupied my thoughts.

At first I had attributed it all to Alice's influence, but I knew now that it had been as great a surprise to her as to myself.

About this time Dr. Bernard, one of Mr. Thorne's most intimate friends, arrived in New York, and one morning, while sitting at breakfast expressed great surprise at the numerous advertisements in the papers relating to money lost and found.

"Well," said he, "I have not the least sympathy for those who lose money. They are generally careless, stupid people, not fit to be trusted; although I remember having heard of a young man who lost a pocket-book some years ago, containing $20,000, and I declare when I read his piteous appeals, which were in all the papers, my heart fairly ached for him. But," continued he, addressing my father in law, who had become very pale, "you ought to remember the circumstance, for it occurred just at the time of the great failure in Philadelphia by which you were so heavy a loser."

"Yes, I recollect the affair," replied Mr. Thorne, who appeared to be suffering.

"I never heard," continued the doctor, "what become of the poor devil; and yet I should like to know."

"Should you?" said I, laughingly; "then let me gratify your curiosity. I, Arthur Wallace, am that poor devil, doctor; saved from ruin and despair by my benefactor here" And then I related all the events of the last 15 years,

The doctor sprang to his feet and grasped his old friend's hand.

"Well and generously done!" said he; but Mr. Thorne interrupted him. "I am not well," he said faintly. "I suffer greatly—let me go to my room."

The next day he sent for me to his private office. I found him looking pale and haggard.

"Sit down, my dear Arthur," said he, in a low voice, "and listen to me. For a long time I have had a confession to make to you, one that weighs on me so heavily that I must ease my conscience of its load. I can better bear to do so now than I have in a measure made some amends for the trouble I once caused you."

"The trouble you caused me," cried I. "You have been the most generous of men to me. It is through your kindness I occupy my present position; it is to you I owe my happiness, and, more than all, my honor."

Mr. Thorne opened his desk and took from it a pocket-book.

"Do you remember this?" said he, as he placed it in my hand.

"Yes," replied I, "it is the one I lost; but how—"

I could not finish my question. The truth stared me in the face. I sprang to my feet in dismay.

"Great heaven! I cried; "you found the money?"

"Aye, and kept it," he groaned, with anguish in his voice. "But oh! do not condemn without hearing me Yesterday you heard Dr. Benard allude to the great loss I had sustained by the failure in Philadelphia. I did not dare to make my embarrassment known, as that would have hastened my ruin—my ruin! God knows it was not for myself that I cared, but for Alice, my darling child It was on the 14th of December that you lost the money. Oh, I shall never forget the date. It was on that day that I meditated suicide. I was short $20,000 to meet my liabilities maturing on the 15th. I was overwhelmed with despair; the air of the office seemed to stifle me, and I rushed into the street. I had hardly gone ten yards when my foot struck something. It was your pocket book. I opened it, and the sight turned me giddy and faint. Then commenced within my breast one of those moral struggles which, even to the conqueror, is fearful, but in which, alas! I was miserably vanquished. The next day I satisfied all claims put upon me. To the world I was George Thorne, an honest, upright man; to myself, I was nothing better than a malefactor You know the rest. Through my guilt you passed two weeks of indescribable anguish. I have since endeavored to make reparation for the misery I caused; but I also suffered Moral atonements are the most cruel, because they are eternal. I have know and yet feel the bitterness of expiation. Say, my son, can you forgive my crime?"

Could I forgive? I looked at the pallid face, anguished eyes. What were my sufferings of these two terrible weeks compared to the secret pain and shame this man had born for years. This man—the victim of one solitary deviation from rectitude, so upright in all else, and whose life since had been one long atonement. I grasped his hand. Tears filled my eyes.

"Father," I cried, "Alice's father and mine—all is forgiven, forgotten. Do I not owe all the happiness of my life to that same lost pocket-book?"

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

All creditors and others interested in the estate of James W. Bohon, deceased, are notified that the undersigned administrator of said estate intends to make a final settlement of said estate at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be holden at Sedalia, in said county, on the second Monday of February, 1881.

JOHN BOHON, Administrator.

H. C. Sinnet, att'y for Adm'r. 1 11w4t

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For Sale by druggists and all Dealers at $1.25 per bottle. Largest bottle in the market. Try it

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HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It seems strange that any one will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when SWIFT'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all nervous disorders and debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it ACTS LIKE A CHARM, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man or Beast Use externally and internally and find instant relief.

DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS and removes the Secretion which causes them.

STRAY NOTICE.

Taken up as a stray, by E. F. Kemp, living three miles northwest of Dresden, Pettis county, Missouri, and posted before P. Courtney, justice of the peace of Dresden township, one red and white spotted yearling steer, marked with a crop and over bit in the left ear and branded with a letter K on the right hip; appraised at fifteen dollars by O. A. Stine, A. B. Shobe and V. C. Davis, sworn by me for that purpose. A true copy of my stray book. December 27th, 1880.

P. COURTNEY, Justice of the Peace.

1-11w4.*

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

All creditors and others interested in the estate of Benjamin R. Davis, deceased, are notified that the undersigned administrators of said estate intend to make a final settlement of said estate at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Mo., to be holden at Sedalia, in said county, on the second Monday of February, 1881.

H. G. DAVIS, D. R. DAVIS, } Administrators

H. C. Sinnet, att'y for adm'rs. 1-11w4t

THE BEST OF ALL

LINIMENTS

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to mankind all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

MUSTANG

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

LINIMENT

which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as

Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

THE BEST OF ALL

LINIMENTS

FOR MAN OR BEAST.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Thomas J. Cummings, deceased, were granted to the undersigned, on the 4 day of January, 1881, by the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator, within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred. This 4th day of January, 1881.

JAMES M. McLELLAN, GEORGE W. CUMMINGS, } Administrators

1-11 3t

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, J. B. Elliott and Anna M. Elliott, his wife, by their trust deed, dated Jan. 5, 1869, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, state of Missouri, in trust deed book 17, on page 176, conveyed to the undersigned trustee, to secure the payment of one promissory note, in said trust deed described, the following described real estate, situate in Pettis county, state of Missouri, to wit:

Lots eleven, twelve and thirteen, in block four, in the town of Hughesville.

Whereas, default has in said trust deed been made in the payment thereof. Now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and the beneficiary in said trust deed, and in pursuance of the provisions of said trust deed, the undersigned trustee will, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881,

at the court house door in said county and state, between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m., sell the above described real estate, at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder to satisfy said note and interest and the cost of this trust. S. W. RITCHEY, Trustee

H. C. SINNETT, Attorney. 1 25w5t

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
COUNTY OF PETTIS

In the circuit court of Pettis county, Missouri, in vacation, the 8th day of Jan. 1881. Martha A. Lathrope, plaintiff, vs. Washington L. Lathrope, defendant.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff by her attorney, and it is her petition and affidavit, from which it appears that the defendant is a non-resident of the state of Missouri, wherefore, it is ordered by the clerk, in vacation, that the said defendant, Washington L. Lathrope, be notified by publication that a civil action, by petition, has been commenced against him by plaintiff in this court, the general nature and object of which is that plaintiff may obtain a divorce from defendant, and that the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant may be dissolved, and that unless he, defendant, be and appear at the next May term of this court, to be begun and held at the court house, in the city of Sedalia, Pettis county, Missouri, on the first Monday in May next, and on or before the sixth day thereof, (if the term shall so long continue, and if not then before the end of the term) and answer the plaintiff's petition, the same will be taken as confessed against him and judgment rendered accordingly. It is also ordered that a copy hereof be published in the Sedalia Bazoo, a newspaper printed and published in Pettis county, Missouri, said publication to be at least four weeks successively and the last insertion thereof to be at least four weeks before the first day of the next May term of this court.

Attest: B. H. INGRAM, Clerk.

B. C. L. Jackson, D. C.

D. M. Leet, plaintiff's attorney. 1-4-w4t*

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

All creditors and others interested in the estate of George M. Pemberton, deceased, are notified that the undersigned administrator of said estate intends to make a final settlement of said estate at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be holden at Sedalia, in said county on the second Monday of February, 1881.

THOMAS B. PEMBERTON, Administrator.

H. C. Sinnet, att'y for Adm'r. 1-11w4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Darius Hartwell, deceased, that I, the undersigned administrator, de bonis non, of said estate intend to make final settlement of said estate at the next term of the Probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be held at the city of Sedalia, in said county, on Monday, the fourteenth day of February, 1881.

D. LAVY, Administrator de bonis non of Darius Hartwell, deceased. 1-1w5t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS—THE GREAT EUROPEAN REMEDY—DR. J. B. SIMPSON'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

It is a positive cure for Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and all diseases resulting from Self-Abuse as Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Pain in Back or Side and diseases that lead to Consumption, Insanity and an early grave. The Specific Medicine is being used with wonderful success.

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8-31-d&w1y

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THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggists for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irredeemable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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