WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, Mo.,

TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1881.

An insurance company has been formed in Prussia to insure against loss of hogs by trichinæ.

Strong efforts are being made to induce Sitting Bull and his followers to return to the United States, as the Canada government's patience is exhausted.

The latest novelty in spiritualism is the production of ghostly lights in dark seances. The luminous shapes are crosses, circles, triangles and other emblems, and they float mysteriously over the heads of the spectators. A Boston medium is the producer.

The man who sued a theatre manager at St. Louis because the best seats for a certain performance, though advertised to be put on sale at an hour when he was there to buy, had already been put into the hands of speculators, has gained a verdict of $500.

A young lady of Galt, Canada, having for some time been afflicted with the receipt of anonymous poetic effusions of a most amatory complexion, at length resolved to submit them to an intimate married friend, who at once recognized the handwriting as her darling husband's.

An Indian woman in a village of British Columbia was taken with an infectious fever. The medicine men held a consultation over the case and decided that she must be buried alive to prevent an epidemic. Victoria newspapers say that the decree was carried out literally.

Matt Lightfoot and Joseph Demott "belonged to two of the best families of Kentucky," yet they were quarrelsome drunkards, and getting into a brawl at Licking, went recklessly into the street to fight a duel. Demott was killed and Lightfoot wounded. A judge acted as second for both.

An astonishing verdict was that which sends the Derrance brothers, of New Orleans, to prison for manslaughter instead of to the scaffold for murder. The three prisoners sought out Edwin C. Mix with the avowed purpose of killing him, and took his life, because he had spoken insultingly to their sister.

One of the most famous of English jockeys has just died in the person of Henry Constable. He was only twenty-eight, but headed the long list of winning jockeys, and in a single year —1873—he won 109 races. Few persons inexperienced in turf matters understand what is the wear and tear of the popular jockey's life.

A young German who was witnessing the shoeing of a horse was struck by a small particle of iron, which penetrated the pupil of his eye and buried itself deep in the body of that organ. In an eye hospital at Wiesbaden the extraordinary operation of withdrawing the iron by means of a magnet was recently performed with entire success.

Some converts were to be baptized by immersion in the river at Pekin, Ill. The water was icy, which they had expected, and it was also muddy, which they could not make up their minds to bear. Therefore they went to a park in which was a mineral spring and pool, and the ceremony was performed in water strong with sulphur.

Salvini declined a banquet tendered jointly to him and Thomas W. Keene by a Chicago club. Keene is a western actor of considerable ability, and this season has been traveling as a star. His manager resorts to every conceivable means of advertising him, and Salvini regarded the supper as simply one of these devices. Separate banquets were given.

William H. Cochrane, the wealthy president of a bank at Grand Rapids, Wis., murdered Judge Hayden, of the county court, last September. He is at large on bail, his trial has been postponed four times, and he boasts of his certainty that he will never be punished. He found a note from the judge making an appointment to meet Mrs. Cochrane, and at once shouldered a gun, hunted Hayden up, and shot him dead.

Queen Victoria's drawing room on Friday, February 25th, was, according to the London World, not a brilliant affair, as, owing to the cold weather, the attendance was small. The queen was dressed in a black satin dress trimmed with sable. Some of the dowager ladies felt the cold very much, and one remarked that she had not been in low dress for the last five years. Miss Ethel Fuller carried off the palm among the young ladies presented.

Mr. Lancaster, near London, has forty-six acres of celery, and his celery commands the highest prices in market. His plantation, at 10,000 plants per acre, requires 460,000 plants. They are set in trenches, and vast quantities of manure are used. Seven horses are used in his eighty-acre vegetable garden. Radishes between the celery bring about $140 per acre, and the celery $250 per acre. The labor comes to $250 per week in summer and autumn.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please—ha! ha!—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications:

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"And thirdly, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of; still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intelligent man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings none doubted, who had ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived at length, when Katie was to take that all important step of which she had often spoken so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, discarding all except those favored ones, and consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals. If I could have my way one should be a poor genius and somewhat of a hero; the other a wealthy fool and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is:

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Frank Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions a "noble, good fellow;" and by the ladies generally a "darling."

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of a rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him "duke") was no idiot or hump-back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him, that I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. Frank Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out; and the amiably conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldy considerations to control the aspirations of the heart.

However, she said to him one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—she said to him, with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we have ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes—for we must part now—"

"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale.

It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—she, the proud Katie—wept—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me! But, you are proud—ambitious—selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word, and I go!"

"Go!" murmured Katie, very feebly—"go!"

"You have decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have!"

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face; then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms around his neck. But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble "yes" fell from her quivering lips.

And an instant later, she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately—alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her breath came more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was passed. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh.

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with everything around in the atmosphere of fairy-lane, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her outward existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast.

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved by a skillful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony; and now they were silent, motionless, muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead; not the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy and love, she could not but mourn for it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time became magnificiently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not longer be blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shadow of joy was unsatisfactory, however; and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her; panting with a hunger not all the food of flattery could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her heart heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried, "then why should you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong, sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy—who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and unclasp your hands, and sigh and sob in such desperation of impatience—for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; I will not complain. I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing that you call me—you know that this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington; I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I shall place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "The marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. Few know the conventional meaning of the term husband and wife; but do you know what it should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then, enough of this mummery! Farewell! I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay, do not tremble and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa, From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such a fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses—until, with a start, she cried:

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand.

"You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know! I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking to him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more—and found you here where I left you—asleep."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope then you did not dream you were married to me!"

"No—I thought I gave my hand, without my heart."

"Then, if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears—"and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his—he kissed it in transport.

And soon after there was a real marriage; not splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Milnot and Katie Yale.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, you system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of ague, bilious or spring fever, or some other spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—Burlington Hawkeye.

ELSIE'S FORTUNE.

The summer vacation!

What a world of changes it brings to the innocent young school girl! In all our future will ever the weeks come to us, garlanded with roses and radiant with the fancies of the heart as they came to us in the days of our summer vacation?

That was what Elsie Dale was thinking, as she sat beside the river, dipping water-lily buds in the cool tide and watching the birds' nests in the rushes.

She was homeless and motherless, and all the other girls were full of happy anticipations, as they clustered on the one green spot of shadow under the giant elm tree. And yet, there was a throb of exultation in her heart.

"I am to have a season at Saratoga," said Cynthia Vail, the beauty of the school. "Mamma says I am young, but then very young girls are all the fashion now."

"I am to go to the Adriondacks with papa, to take sketches, and strengthen my lungs," said May Allison, proudy.

"I am to have music lessons from Signor Rellantenda!" proclaimed little Bell Burton, "Tell us, Elsie, dear, what are you going to do?"

"Exactly the opposite from you, Bell," said Elsie, laughing, while the dimples came into her chin and the carmine color into her cheek. "I shall spend my vacation giving music lessons so that I can test my own capacity and earn a little money for the future."

Bell Burton looked on with wide open eyes of surprise.

"Oh, Elsie," cried she, "do you believe you can?"

"I shall try," said Elsie, bravely.

"I can't possibly fancy a music teacher without false hair and spectacles," said Bell.

Madame Duchesne is very kind," said Miss Dale. "She has gotten me this situation because she knew that I wanted employment during the vacation. Some lady wrote from the Shawangunta mountains—one of those castellated mansions on the heights, you know, that one dreams about—that she wanted her to come out and give a quarter's lesson in her family. And Madame Dutchesne could not leave town, and she wrote to propose me for a substitute."

"Are you to have many pupils?" inquired Bell, with interest.

"Only one," said Elsie. "I think I would rather have a girl, if I am to choose. But Madame Duchesne says that boys are the more intelligent and appreciative learners."

The next day came, with the flower-hung hall, its bands of music, and blue-ribboned diplomas, and bustle of departure—and when the gray shadows of evening fell Elsie Dale was on her way to Mount Sorel, in the Shawangunta mountains.

She had never been out of the city before, except during the year she been at boarding school, at the expense of the eccentric old aunt who had lately bethought herself to die, leaving all her property to a sectarian "home for old ladies," and the sublime crests of the everlasting hills were as new as they were delighful to her.

Mount Sorel was a fine old mansion, with a central tower of blue stone and two long wings, situated upon a level plateau on the hill-side, with a wall of almost perpendicular view extending to the south.

An old colored servant man, with wool as white as snow, and a suit of black, came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Sorel at home?" Miss Dale demanded, with what dignity she might command.

"Yes, miss," briskly answered the sable servitor.

"Tell her it is the music teacher," said Elsie.

And the old man showed her into a pretty little appartment, hung with antique chints, and spinkled with trees and butterflies in colors that would have driven a naturalist wild.

A fire of some scented wood blazed on a low marble hearth, and was far from disagreeable on the cold mountain hieghts, August though it was.

Presently a stout lady, in black silk and fluttering cap-strings, came hurrying in.

"Goodness, gracious me," ejaculated the stout lady in black, "there's some mistake."

Elsie rose up and dropped an alarmed courtesy.

"There's no mistake, ma'am, I think," said she.

"But you are a child!" said Mrs. Sorel.

"I am 18 ma'am,' said Elsie.

"I wrote for Madame Duchesne."

"Madame Duchesne could not come," said Elsie, feeling her heart-throbs begin to accelrate. "I am her favorite pupil, and she was convinced that I could represent her. Didn't you get her letter?"

"I have received no letter," said Mrs. Sorel, still viewing Elsie through her eye-glasses, as if she was some sort of an unaccountable rara avis.

Then ensued another embarrassing silence, which Elsie Dale felt must be broken at all hazards.

"If you would be so good as to introduce me to my pupil," said she, "I think——

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Sorel, with a little hysterical laugh, "I will introduce you to your pupil."

And opening a door which slid gently back under partieres of pink and blue chints, she led the way into a study lined with books, where by the soft light of a shaded lamp, sat a dignified gentleman of 30, busy over a heap of manuscript.

"My son, the rector of the parish said she. "Rudolph, allow me to introduce you to Miss Dale, who has come from New York to give you music lessons."

The dignified gentleman rose and bowed.

Elsie felt as if she could slide, invisible, through a crack in the floor.

"Rudolph has had every musical advantage at Prague and Vienna," said Mrs. Sorel, "but Madame Duchesne has a reputation for classical sacred music, and my son thought it might be well to refresh his memory with a course of lessons in Hayden and Mozart before commencing to instruct his choir-boys himself."

Elsie colored like a rose.

"I—I am very sorry," said she, "and so will Madame Duchesne be. She thought—and I thought, too—that the pupil was a child. I believe I am pretty well grounded in my musical education, but, of course, I couldn't undertake to teach a gentleman like Mr. Sorel. Perhaps I had better return to New York by the morning stage."

Here Elsie, quite forgetful of her dignity, burst into tears.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Sorel, gently. "Why should you not remain at Mount Sorel and instruct my choir boys in my stead? And while tthey are still in rudiments you can be practising with me."

"If I could earn my board in that way," Elsie said feebly.

"You can do a great deal more than that," said Mr. Sorel, kindly. "And now, mother, I am sure our pale little visitor needs a cup of tea."

Hospitable Mrs. Sorel made haste to conduct her to the bereakfast room, where fragrant tea, boiled chicken, and biscuits as light as puffs of snow were spread appetitizingly on the little table, glittering with old silver.

"That was an excellent thought about the choir boys," said Mrs. Sorel, as she poured the yellow cream into Elsie's cup. "Now, wasn't it, my dear?"

"I—If you you are quite sure that it wasn't merely to make me feel easy about staying here," faltered Elsie.

Mrs. Sorel smiled wisely.

"Nothing would have indueed him to say what he did not think," said she. Rudolph is truth itself."

So Elsie stayed at Mount Sorel, going down day by day to the little chapel with its picturesque gables and windows of stained glass, to teach the choir boys the difference between sharps and flats, "sol fa's," and "re me." And then, when the lesson was over, she wandered into the ravines, gathered rare ferns, and copied slender-stemmed wild flowers in water colors, and grew as rosy as a milkmaid.

Until September came, with the early frost and turned the ferns to gold, and hung pennons of scarlet and russet among the maple trees in the glen; and then, one day, Rudolph Sorel found Miss Dale sitting gravely on the moss covered rock beside the mountain spring, with an unwonted shadow on her face.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, smiling.

"I am thinking what I shall do this fall," said she. "Whether to advertise in the city papers for music pupils, or to open a little day-school in some unpretentious quarter of the town."

"Why do you go away from here at all?" he asked gravely.

"Because I have my living to earn."

"But why can't you earn it here?" said he.

"Because there is nothing to do," she replied.

"Are you quite certain of that?" he asked gently. "There is a great deal to do, Elsie Dale. I want you to stay at Mount Sorel—to stay for my sake. I want you to be my wife, Elsie!"

"Oh, cried Elsie, clasping her hands, "if I were worthy of that."

"But you are worthy," he said. "Sweetheart, my life would be vain without you, now that I have learned to know and love you."

So when Madame Ducheene wrote to Elsie dale that she had found a situation for her, Elsie Dale wrote back to Madame Ducheene that she had found one for herself; and that it had nothing to do with music lessons.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Peter Courtney, executor and trustee of Hugh M. Price, deceased, by his certain deed of trust, dated the 20th day of January 1878, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at deed book thirteen, pages 321 to 324, conveyed to the undersigned Franklin Houston, as trustee, all his right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section three (3) the south half of the northeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section four (4), the west half of the southeast quarter, and the west half of the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section four (4), all in township forty-five (45) and range twenty-two (22); also the north half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirty-three (33), and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-three (33), except fifteen (15) acres included in deed of trust from Samuel B. Hoss to Emily Hoss and ten (10) acres deeded to Hampton P. Gray, and also four (4) acres off of north side of southwest quarter of southwest quarter of section thirty-three (33), all in township forty-six (46) and range twenty-two (22); which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of one certain promissory note in said deed described; and whereas, said note has become due and is unpaid; now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on

SATURDAY, THE 9TH DAY OF APRIL, 1881,

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

FRANKLIN HOUSTON, Trustee.

Dated this 5th day of March, 1881. 3-8wtd

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Uppenheimer, jump seat Carriage	200 00	to	225 00
Binghampton Platform Wagon	135 00	to	150 00
Tennessee Farm Wagon, 3-inch Thimble, complete			61 00
" " " 3¼ " " "			64 00
" " " 3½ " " "			68 00

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Battle Creek, Michigan.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss
COUNTY OF PETTIS, }

In the Circuit Court of Pettis County, Missouri, January Term, 1881, January 8th, 1881. Theo. Hobercecht and Wm. Hoberecht, Comprising Firm of Hobercecht & Bro., against E. H. Kluber.

Now at this day comes the plaintiffs by their attorney and file their petition, which said bond is by the court approved and attachment ordered issued; and it appearing that defendant, E. H. Kluber, is a non-resident of the state of Missouri. Wherefore it is ordered by the court that defendant be notified by publication that an action by petition and attachment has been commenced against him in this court by the plaintiffs, founded upon a promissory note for the sum of eighty-three dollars and twenty-six cents, ($83 26-100); that his property has attached, and that unless he be and appear at the next term of this court, and on or before the third day thereof, (if the term shall so long continue, and if not, then before the end of the term), judgment will be rendered against him and his property sold to satisfy the same. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published in the Sedalia Weekly Bazoo, a paper printed and published in Pettis county, Missouri, for four weeks successively, the last insertion thereof to be at least four weeks before the first day of the next term of this court.

B. H. Isaman, Clerk.

H. C. Sinnett, att'y for plaintiffs. 3-1w4t

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