

MR. CONROY.

He is Subjected to the Indignity of Lying in Jail Six Months and Paying a Fine of \$100.

John Conroy, the individual arrested last Thursday for the larceny of a pocketbook containing thirty-five dollars, from John W. Lloyd, a gentleman living in Colorado, was brought before Squire Clark this morning for trial.

The evidence of Conroy himself was enough to have convicted him. It will be remembered that he was seen to pick up Mr. Lloyd's pocketbook by a bystander at the waiting room at the depot.

He was arrested and locked up and Mr. Lloyd took his departure for Clinton. He was notified by telegraph to come back and prosecute, but no answer came up to Saturday afternoon.

Conroy was released under the supposition that Lloyd would not appear. But a telegram was received later requesting that Conroy be held, and that he would be up on the first train.

Conroy had allowed his golden opportunity to escape pass and was soon found and re-arrested. His own testimony this morning was in accordance with the facts above stated, and when asked why he had thrown away the pocket book replied that he didn't want to give himself away by having it found on his person.

Squire Clark was convinced of the guilt of the man beyond all question, and accordingly gave him six months in the county jail and a fine of \$100.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford, for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it.

We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves cough and whooping cough at once.

How Sarah Got Fooled.

Miss Sarah Simpson is a fair daughter of Bates county, and resides somewhere near Butler. Her heart only a week ago was wholly inhabited by Mr. McMinis, but to-day it is tenanted.

It was a very sad affair, and it is sadly recorded by the Butler Times as follows: "A gay and festive young man all the way from the land of 'peanuts' (Georgia), stopped in Bates, became acquainted with wood and won the heart and hand of one of Bates' fairest daughters, Miss Sarah Simpson.

Living Witnesses.

The hundreds of hearty and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from bed-ridden pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth.

Sent Home.

T. S. Mackey, the Quiney banker who met with an accident on the narrow gauge last Thursday, being thrown over a seat by the sudden bumping of the cars, and sustaining a severe injury to the hip, was carried from the hotel this morning and placed on the north-bound K. & T. train.

For the Pen.

Sheriff Hopkins, of Henry county, passed through Jefferson City this morning, having in charge John Geary who goes to the penitentiary for two years for burglary committed at Montrose some weeks ago.

Society Belles.

On account of its remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance society belles are loud in their praises of Floriston Cologne.

There are twenty murderers confined in the St. Louis jail, seven of whom are negroes.

Borden, Selock & Co., St. Louis, sell the best and cheapest Car Starter made. With it one man can move a freight car.

THE DRUNKEN HATTER AND HIS PARD.

Cullings from the Lives of Professional Vagabonds-- Two Thoroughbreds Interviewed.

A Night in Camp by a Tie Fire. Partaking of Onions and Bacon, and the Exhilarating Fluid.

Reminiscences of a Tramp Hatter and a "Typographical Error."-- How They Eat and Drink, and Raise a Stake.

It was at the hour of noon one day last week--at the hour when mortal man, who toils in the sweat of his brow, drops the implements of warfare which stern fate has placed into his hands for the purpose of fighting the wolf that grows forever before his door, and hies himself to the bosom of his family, or that other bosom with the "comforts of home" which is so well known and dear to the American people under the name and style of boarding house, or such endearing pet names as hash mill, chuck shop or slap jack foundry, and which is, in fact, described and defined by appellations as multifarious and mysterious as are the dishes.

SET BEFORETH--UNSOPHISTICATED and unexpected boarder--when up Fourth street wandered a solitary young man who wore a black dress coat and a still-brimmed hat, either habitually showing in bold relief the melancholy ravages of the tooth of old Father Time--a communistic old gentleman who makes meals of people's coats, and vests, and silk dresses and gowns, and hats and the beautiful bonnet, and who, in his ill-bred gluttony, spares neither rosy red cheek nor pearl tooth, nor rich nor poor, but feeds upon all alike in his heartless attempt to make things even in this world.

Of the coat of the young man he had taken many a bite, one here, one there; and as if to season his meal, he had scattered the garment with grease and spots of wine, liquor and lager, the whole being richly and loudly perfumed with the odor of "The Miner's Delight," the "Long Green" and other choice brands of the seductive weed.

THE EVIDENCES OF A CONFLICT he had had with Mother Earth, in whose embrace he probably had lingered when drowsiness overtook him and "pink eye" reigned supreme. There was a mutual recognition, a cordial shake of the hands and a hasty embrace.

"At last I have found thee!" ejaculated the young man who had first appeared upon the scene. "Thanks to the Eternal Fountain of all Goodness, I have found thee, friend! Where hast thou been and whither driest thou?"

"Alas! the sun has risen above the sinful city of Sedalia three times since I was with thee, my comrade. My ways have been on the public roads and highways, and short my victuals and small my supply of drink. Hast thou with thee the price of a 'snifter' or hast thou a kind-hearted friend among the dispensers of the liquid, for I am dry and yearn for creature comfort?"

It was at this moment when the couple was spied by a hungry newsgatherer of the BAZOO, who quickly walking toward the conversing friends, to introduce himself and be a miserable spy upon them for the purpose of gaining an item for the paper published for the people now on earth, recognized in them two gentlemen whom it had been his pleasure and

DUTY TO WRITE UP

in his daily report of police court happenings only a few days before this solemn meeting took place. An introduction became unnecessary. The man with the overcoat was a tramp printer, or "typographical error," as he styled himself, his friend a vagabond hatter, a deer of odd jobs in the hat line and a cleaner and brush-up of the outward garments of the needy and impennious. Both men had been gathered in by a Samaritan policeman at the same hour and on the same day, and the same charge was placed against their names on the police court register--that of being found drunk and down, and sleeping on the sidewalk. To make still more conspicuous the strange analogy between the faces of the two men, they were both found guilty, fined, were unable to pay, and were both sentenced to the rock pile, to hew out of the stones in the back yard of the prison compensation enough to satisfy the demands of the unrelenting city for the dignity and place lost by her through the wicked ways.

OF HER UNREGENERATE SONS

The newsmen was greeted with a hearty welcome and a demand upon his purse for the price of two papers of the optics. This seemed a reasonable enough price for an item, which the BAZOO spy knew would be the result of his temporary affiliation and association upon an equal drinking footing with the two "thoroughbreds," and the request was cheerfully complied with. The size of the drink they took made the saloon man look daggers, but the restraining presence of the scribe prevented a catastrophe. It was then imparted to the spy that there was a pressing necessity which compelled his temporary friend, the hatter, to leave the limits of the city without delay, and that gentleman proposed to the "typographical error" a business trip to Texas. To avoid complications with the police, he preferred to forego for this time the opportunity of leaving the city, like other gentlemen travelers, on board a freight train, and

PROPOSED TO TAKE A "DRILL."

as he expressed it, as far as the next water tank. The reason for deciding upon Texas as his place of sojourn during the coming winter, he gave in the epigrammatic reply that Texas was not an overcoat state, and when questioned as to his strong desire to so suddenly shake off his feet the

dust of the beautiful Queen City of the Prairies, he gave an equally short and satisfactory reply. The good-natured city reverberated his release upon his making a solemn pledge that the fine should be paid, if he would only give him a day or two to resume his vocation; that day or two had passed, and he feared a return to the quarry in the jail yard. Unwilling to thus lose his item at a time when it had just fairly commenced to sprout and shoot into buds, the reporter resolved to stay with his men, happen what might. A negotiation was entered upon on the part of the reporter with the gentleman presiding over the bar relative to the acquisition, on credit, of a bottle, and credit being granted,

A CRYSTAL FLASK WAS FILLED

and delivered to its purchaser. A squint from the eye of the hatter, and an ill-disguised broad grin on the face of the printer, proved that the wily newsmen had struck the right thing when he thought of securing the liquid. The trio then started, and the people living along the K. & T. track going south were no doubt startled by the appearance in their neighborhood of the finely dressed reporter, with gold watch and chain, diamond breast pin, golden finger rings and broadcloth habit, in company with two vagabonds and jailbirds, upon whom the large glass of whiskey they had drunk at his expense, had rapidly taken the desired effect, and who were reeling about and staggering in a rather uncomfortable way. The outskirts of the city were, however, soon reached, and

THE SCRIBE FELT MORE AT EASE.

A slow amble down the track about four miles from town brought the trio to a pile of cross-ties, which had grown old in the service of the company, and had lately been relieved from the task of carrying the heavy burden of passing trains, to make room for healthier and stronger material. The hatter suggested that this was a good place to camp and spend the night, and there being no objection offered and no more hospitable place in view, both printer and reporter consented. The ties were laid in the proper position and a fire started. Around it three or four boards which were obtained from a fence were laid, to serve as resting places for the tired wanderers. The printer was appointed

CAPTAIN IN CHARGE OF THE CAMP

and master of provisions. He made a dive into his overcoat pocket and pulled out a package, which, upon opening, proved to contain bacon and onions. The bacon was fried, and together with the bulbous root and a pull from time to time out of the flask, made the supper of the campers. The reporter then thought it time to commence his investigations, and called the meeting to order. The hatter, upon whom the reporter turned his left eye, fixing at the printer the right, was the first ready to talk business, provided he could get another pull at the bottle. This done, he pronounced himself ready.

Reporter--I don't think I want your name, for that might be interesting reading to the general public, but I'd like to know where you were born.

Hatter--Don't know, sir, that I was born anywhere to speak of. I've been on the road since ever I remember.

R.--Well, you learned your trade somewhere, didn't you?

H.--I don't know that I did, I picked it up.

R.--Did you ever follow any other occupation?

H.--Yes sir, I've been a newspaper writer in Chicago.

R.--Ah! Well I'm glad I have met you, my friend. There's a heap of information in you, I'm sure. What papers did you write for?

H.--The Staatszeitung, Eutenspiegel, Volksblatt and others.

R.--But they are German papers, and you do not understand the language.

H.--Oh! that's nothing. They hired a man to translate what I wrote.

R.--Did you ever try your hand on an English paper?

H.--I did write some for the Times, but only once. I'll never do it again. It's the meanest paper I ever wrote for. They wanted me to pay, to have the article inserted, ten cents a line. I couldn't do that, you know, when the other papers would do it for nothing.

Here the "typographical error" when gazed upon showed a broad grin upon his face and cocked his eye at the reporter.

R.--What was the subject of your efforts in the author line?

H.--Well, some of it was spring poetry, but the best part of it were funny items that I had a chance to pick up while I was running a free lodging house in Chicago.

R.--A free lodging house! You must have been a sort of means?

H.--I ran it for a Chicago alderman, who kept it for "bums" that voted for him.

R.--You make a pretty easy living by your business. You ought to be able to save money and be in comfortable circumstances.

H.--How it all in, I do; but you bet your gold watch and chain I make money at my trade.

R.--You've been in trouble here in Sedalia; have you ever been in trouble before?

H.--Been lots of times in the calaboose, but I've got a trick that gets me out every time.

R.--Ah! and that is?

H.--I have naturally a melancholy-looking countenance; I give it an extractivist when I speak to the police judge. I tell him that I had a wife once whom I dearly loved, and that her death got me to drinking; and that I have a beautiful and pure daughter to provide for.

R.--Does that carry the point?

H.--It carries it every time.

I took it off my finger--for that's the easiest way to sell 'em, and told her it was poor mother that gave it to me when she died, and that I had promised on her death bed I'd never part with it. It glittered like real gold, and she bit like a hungry sucker. Sometimes I tell 'em it's my wedding ring, and then I generally get an extra quarter.

R.--Supposing that you have not even that seemingly last resort left, and your jewelry is gone, is there some other mode you adopt to make a living?

H.--Lots of 'em.

R.--Well, what do you do when your jewelry gives out?

H.--Pass myself off for a doctor. I've made many a meal out of the niggers down south playing the doctor. Of course, I've got to skip before they find out that I can't cure 'em, but that's nothing. I'm always on the "skip" anyway.

R.--Ever meet with any adventures worth speaking of?

H.--Lots of 'em.

R.--Well, for instance?

H.--Oh, I've been arrested lots of times. Sometimes I get arrested for not returning the hats to my customers. I once took eight hats along with me from Chattanooga to Nashville, Tenn., for they treated me mean in Chattanooga, and I wanted revenge. They came near arresting me in Nashville.

R.--Didn't do it though, did they?

H.--No; I was too quick for 'em.

R.--Know any more?

H.--Lots, but I'm tired and want a snooze.

The reporter then tapped the "typographical error" for news, but he was sleepy and would not reply. After all, it was hardly necessary to get a statement of his case, for everybody knows how a tramp printer fights his way through the world. It had got to be pretty late, and the reporter for a while thought he would stay with his two vagabond friends, but casting his eye upon the scanty sleeping accommodations, he struck out for town at a rapid gait.

CLINTON CULLINGS.

A Convict's History--Out Sleighing--Personals--Celebration--Public Schools.

Marsh Wright left last night for Versailles.

J. M. Snavely, jr., went to St. Louis yesterday.

Judge Macbeth is expecting to rebuild the St. Stephen hotel in the early spring.

W. H. Graham, mine handsome host, of the Allen house, is still smiling affably on travelers.

See advertisement of the Sherman house in another column. It is a new house and well kept.

Seven hundred pupils are attending the public schools, superintended by Prof. C. B. Reynolds, formerly of Sedalia.

The popular feeling here seems to be that Mrs. Harper should be admitted to jail so that she could be sent to an insane asylum.

Mr. Eugene Costly, a boot and shoe merchant, was married last night at the residence of J. N. Barlow, to Miss Minnie Melar.

C. C. Dickenson, prosecuting attorney of Henry county, left last night for Jefferson City to resist the admitting to jail of Mrs. Harper.

Miss Fannie Garth, one of the teachers of the public schools, was out sleighing last evening. The team which the young lady was behind was four rosy checked little misses, who were taking her around the public school yard on a hand sled.

The centennial birthday of Daniel Webster was celebrated on the 18th inst. in the high school department presided over by Miss Ernie Owens. The exercises were varied between a sketch of his early life, school days, professional and political career, all of which was compiled by the pupils and a short address from Rev. J. N. Pierce on the life and services of the dead statesman. It was a pleasant affair and reflects credit on Miss Owens and her pupils.

Sheriff Hopkins returned from Jefferson City, yesterday, where he had been to take old man Carey to the penitentiary, who was sentenced to two years for robbery at Montrose. When John Carey arrived there on Tuesday he was at once recognized by Captain Bradbury as a third-termer at the pen, as he has been there twice before for exercising his thieving propensities. The old man has quite a history if it was all known. Captain Bradbury says he is a Marylander by birth and came to Illinois and settled near where Bloomington now stands in 1837. In 1839 he came to Daviess county, Missouri, where he resided until the Mexican war. He enlisted in Sterling Price's regiment and in the same company with Captain Bradbury, and went through that well known and hard struggle. He has no family, or at least says he is a single man. He is about fifty-seven years of age.

Extract of Report from the Celebrated Physician, Erasmus Wilson, of London, England: "Several cases of incipient Consumption have come under my observation that have been cured by the timely use of Colden's Liebig's Liquid Extract of Beef and Tonic Invigorator." (Remember the name, Colden's--use no other.) Of druggists.

Robbed on the Train.

An old man named Timothy Gilmes, who is a laboring man and resides at Baxley, Illinois, arrived in this city this morning going to Chetopa, Kansas. While on the C. B. & Q. train at Hannibal--that wicked city--he was surrounded in the aisle of the car by five sick-fingered gentlemen. They jostled him around considerably and when he got free from them he found his pocketbook containing six dollars gone, and very soon they, too, were gone. It was not all the money the old man had and he continued his journey, going south on Conductor Brown's train.

It is a pity these thieves do not undertake to rob some one who is up to their games and is capable of combatting them in their schemes of robbery. They are judges of humanity and know who to attack.

Some six hundred men in the employ of the Missouri Pacific, at St. Louis, have been discharged.

CREMATION AT LEWIS.

Mrs. Smith and Four Children Burned to Death.

Special to the BAZOO.

LEWIS, Mo., January 18, 1882.

A fire broke out between three and four o'clock this morning. The house of Geo. C. Smith, a coal miner, was entirely consumed, burning to death five beings: Mrs. Smith, forty-three years; Elizabeth, seventeen; Raehael, thirteen; Ella, six; Theodore, sixteen, all children of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was badly burned endeavoring to save others, and did save his daughter Rebecca, eight years old. The house took fire from clothing hanging near the stove or a coal oil explosion, it is not known which. A jury viewed the five bodies at the place where the house burned. The bodies were unrecognizable. It was a sickening sight. It was a story and a half house, and the family slept in the second story. Dr. Land is the coroner.

Special to the BAZOO.

LEWIS, JANUARY 18, 1882.

A little neighbor girl, Hattie Mathews, sleeping with those burned, escaped with her clothes burning. She rolled in the snow and thus extinguished the flames. Or, a white young man, engaged to marry Elizabeth Smith, was at the house until one o'clock. They were to wed soon.

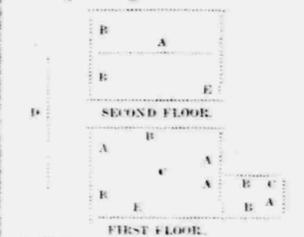
LEWIS, Mo., January, 18, 1882.

A woman and five children were burned at Lewis station, Henry county, 35 miles south from Sedalia and five miles north of Clinton. It was a miner's family. The miner's name is Geo. Smith. Coroner of Henry county has arrived and is holding an inquest.

LATER.

Yesterday's BAZOO contained special dispatches from Lewis station, relative to the burning to death of Mrs. George C. Smith and four of her children. It was impossible to give all the particulars surrounding the tragedy, as the testimony taken by the coroner's jury arrived here too late for publication in yesterday's number.

Mr. George C. Smith is a miner in the employ of the Osage Coal and Mining company, and lived in a story and a half house east of the street. His family consisted of his wife and five children. The following is a diagram of the house:



A--Dress, B--Windows, C--Stoves, D--Street, E--Hairs, F--Beds, G--Tables, H--Chairs, I--Sofas, J--Chests, K--Trunks, L--Cupboards, M--Dressers, N--Wardrobes, O--Bathrooms, P--Halls, Q--Kitchens, R--Living rooms, S--Bedrooms, T--Barns, U--Stables, V--Sheds, W--Fences, X--Gates, Y--Porches, Z--Lawns.

As already stated, the house was a story and a half frame building. The upper room was partitioned off, and in one apartment slept the boy Theodore, while the other was occupied by his sisters, Raehael and Elizabeth, and Hattie Mathews, a neighbor's girl, who had come to stay all night. The rest of the family slept below. Smith and his wife had retired to bed about ten o'clock Tuesday night, Elizabeth Smith, who was engaged to marry a young man named Orville White, remaining up with her brother and sisters, the young man to whom she was engaged, and a little neighbor's girl by the name of Hattie Mathews. They did not go to bed till quite late. Mrs. Smith woke up about two o'clock and discovered their bed clothing on fire. She awakened her husband and jumping out of bed, Smith got a bucket of water and tried to extinguish the flames. The fire, however, was soon beyond control, and Smith started to wake up his children, but he became greatly confused and ran out of the house. He then heard a noise up stairs, and seeing the little girl Hattie Mathews, he thought that his children would find their way out. His wife was standing in a window, screaming for the children to come out. Smith caught hold of her and tried to get her to jump out, but the woman seemed to be out of her senses, and resisted, pulling back. Smith then ran around to enter the house by the door, to try to get his wife out of the room, but the smoke was thick and he could not see. Feeling around in the room, he got hold of a leg. It was Rebecca's, his little girl's, whom he succeeded in getting out of the room. It is supposed that the fire originated by some of the clothing which was hung up near the stove, to dry, catching fire. There was a kerosene can in the room, and it is supposed that it exploded from the heat, and thus caused the flames to spread more quickly, and made the escape of the five victims an impossibility. The inquest was held by Coroner J. F. Land, and the jury was composed of T. J. Fair, Geo. W. Armstrong, Frank Davis, Major F. Day and C. R. Ferrell. The names of the dead were Mrs. Sarah Smith, wife of Geo. C. Smith, aged 41; Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, aged 17; Raehael, a girl aged 15; Sarah Ellen, aged nine and Theodore, a young man, aged 14. The bodies presented a horrible sight, and were unrecognizable, except by their size. The only surviving members of the family are the father, Geo. C. Smith, aged 46, and his little daughter, Rebecca, aged 11 years. Smith is badly burned about the head and hands, and little Rebecca was also, probably fatally, burned.

Smith came to Lewis station about five years ago from Bloomington, Ill. The house he lived in belonged to Harvey Hays, a farmer living near Lewis. Dr. Hibble, under whose treatment the two survivors were placed, thinks that little Rebecca cannot recover.

The remains of the woman and children were buried yesterday afternoon. It is said that the unfortunate woman ran twice out of the burning building, and could have saved herself, but that she ran back in the vain effort to save her children.

I strongly recommended the use of Fettes' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites to all who suffer in any way from disease or weakness of the lungs, bronchial tubes, or general debility.

J. H. W. Scott, M. D., Gagetown, N. B.

BEAUTY IS VAIN.

What Rev. A. H. Stephens Had to Say to the Young Ladies of Sedalia Last Night.

On account of the inclement state of the weather, the attendance at the Cumberland Presbyterian church last night was not what it should have been, considering the interesting nature of the sermon, which was pronounced in Mr. Stephens' well-known earnest and convincing manner. The only objectionable thing about the sermon was that it was much too short. The following is a brief outline of Mr. Stephens' remarks:

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain," such was the apt text chosen by Mr. Stephens. He said he believed in nothing of working for glory. He liked to see a young man struggling ahead trying to make a name for himself. If a man did well and performed his part to the utmost, glory would come soon enough. If a man deserved it there would be no trouble in securing glory. It would be thrust upon him, and he could not help himself. Mr. Stephens said: "You often hear that this man or that man is working only for glory, and that ministers and others care only for the glory they are endeavoring to achieve. But if a man works straight ahead unmindful of who he pleases or displeases, and does his work with all his soul, he need not trouble himself about glory it will come soon enough. Those are the kind of heads upon which glory is heaped, as a natural consequence, because they deserve it and the world is not slow to bestow it."

Fidelity to friends is something that every young lady should adopt as one of the rules of her life. Stick to your friends to the last, and never desert a worthy companion. Make this a rule and you will never want for true and loving friends--yourself when you most need them.

Prudence and discretion should be another rule which you should follow above all things. The young lady who is prudent never finds herself placed in any false position or annoying situation. Discretion is the brightest jewel you can possess. Every young lady can exercise the greatest influence over young men if she will only try. Prudence and discretion are all you need. Never have any associates which can do you any harm. If you have a young gentleman friend who has a bad habit, use your influence to break him of it. He will not drink if he has any respect for you. You can make him quit it if you will, and you never should let an opportunity pass to exert your influence. Try it, and see what you can do. There is no woman who cannot exert some influence upon the young men of their acquaintance.

Sweetness of disposition is also one of the most attractive characteristics which a young woman can have. A sweet disposition will gain for you more friends and more admirers than mere beauty of person. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. I saw an Irish woman go to the place where her husband was working, and she called to him, "Oh Pat, come here!" in a sharp tone of voice. Pat replied in a snarling manner, "I ain't going to come there." Do you suppose that she had given her such an answer if he had gone to him and laid her hand on his shoulder and said gently, "Pat I want you to come home?" But she did not have sweetness of disposition. Beauty of disposition make everybody about you happy.

We all know that many of the greatest annoyances and petty ill of this life flow from an ill-natured way of teasing those about us, and harsh speech. If one has not naturally a good disposition it is not hard to cultivate it, and every young lady ought to cultivate it.

Fidelity to parents is the chief beauty of a young lady's character. It has often been said that accordingly as a young woman treats her parents she will treat her husband if she ever gets one. I read not long ago of a young wife in New York City who lived in a magnificent mansion on one of the fashionable streets of the city, in luxury and ease, being married to a very rich man, and all the while her mother was off somewhere in the poor house. She was ashamed of her mother. Never be ashamed of your parents, no matter how humble they are. I recollect a lovely young lady whose father was so hideous in appearance as to be a kind of nondescript. Yet her affection for him was the remark of all. Wherever he went there she was, exhibiting her affection and ministering to his wants. In course of time the father died, and after the corpse had been laid in the coffin his daughter came, and taking the inanimate hand, which was scarred and crooked, raised it to her lips and kissed it. When asked why she did so, she replied that that hand had once saved her life. And this was the secret of her love for her homely and unlovely parent.

Cultivate intellectual adornment. When young ladies leave school, it is too often the case that instead of keeping up their reading and intellectual progress they neglect all books, and either remain at an intellectual stand-still, or go backwards. There is nothing so pleasing to man as intellect in a woman. It is more than beauty in the eyes of a sensible man. How does a woman expect to keep her hold on the admiration and affection of a man unless she can satisfy his intellectual demands.

I remember a young man and a young lady who graduated from college about the same time. They had been rather lovers, and I believe, had at one time been engaged. But they were separated for some time, and when they met again, he asked her what books she had read during the time they had been apart. She was compelled to acknowledge that she had read none. He then wanted to know whether she had made any intellectual progress. She had made no progress. How could there be anything congenial between them. He had progressed from the time he left college and she had retrograded. It is the complaint of the age, this intellectual retrograde.

Young ladies, read good books, the Bible among them. Cultivate your minds, progress in knowledge and the accomplishments which are so much admired by men. Be assured that they are more than beauty of face. It is by this means that women become leaders in society and in the church. Learn to talk about something more than the ordinary chit chat of society, and you will be attractive and your society will be sought out and honored.