

Written for the Sunday Morning Bazaar. LONGFELLOW.

Out of the eloquent Past where he wrought... Out of the present, wet with our tears...

SOCIETY NEWS.

Many items of interest suitable for this department, from Sedalia or neighboring places, are respectfully solicited.

If the proverb, "Variety is the spice of life," be true, then, in no sense, is it more applicable than in what may be termed the social circle.

—Mr. and Mrs. Marean are in Boston, Massachusetts. —Mrs. F. Loubet has returned from a visit to St. Louis.

graceful lady skater at the park Wednesday evening last.

—Miss Agnes Ames, of Minneapolis, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Delia Hardcastle, for the past six weeks, returned to her home last Wednesday.

—Miss Callie Clark, after a pleasant visit with friends and relatives in this city, returned to her home in Marshall Friday evening.

—Mrs. Julia T. Hill arrived in this city last Wednesday and will again make her home among those who have known and loved her for so many years.

—Mrs. S. E. Pack, of Calhoun, and her young daughter, Miss May, visited their son and brother, T. W. Pack, and other friends in this city last Wednesday and Thursday.

—Prof. Birchfield, whose violin solo was one of the chief features at the mid-year concert Thursday evening, was the recipient of an exceedingly lovely bouquet from some of his admiring friends.

—Miss Emma G. Tunnel, of State Centre, Iowa, and Miss E. Grossman, of Rockport, Mo., who visited their cousins, Frank and Ben Meyer, in this city last week, left for Booneville Friday evening.

—Some of our society young ladies look as if they had wrapped the glory of the sunset around their faces to protect them from the wanton kisses of the wind, and all because Dame Fashion pronounces in favor of "cardinal veiling."

—As a slight token of esteem and as a tribute to her merits as one of the sweet singers at the concert Thursday evening, Miss Maggie White was made the recipient of a handsome bouquet of natural flowers, Friday evening, by two of her masculine friends of this city.

—Mrs. Robert Garrett, of Leavenworth, Mrs. James H. Lumey, of Osceola, Frank and Ben Meyer, Miss Annie Keil and Mrs. J. Sutphen, of Kansas City, and Mrs. W. A. Stahl, of Clinton, all attended the Woman's Missionary society held in this city last week.

ELEGANT ENTERTAINMENT. The elegant entertainment given by Mrs. J. C. Thompson, last Thursday afternoon, was one of the most elaborate and elegant in point of refreshments and general details of any given upon a similar occasion this season.

The home of Mrs. Thompson is a beautiful one, and the hostess herself is noted for exquisite taste in all things pertaining to its arrangement. The rooms last Thursday were beautifully decorated, and beneath the rays of the lighted gas the scene was indeed lovely.

The refreshment tables were adorned with natural flowers and the gleaming silver and rare glass made a fitting background. Many luxuriously prepared dishes were selected for the guests, among which were oysters, raw and in salad, cold tongue, sandwiches, egg and chicken salad, hot rolls, chocolate blanc mange, with nut and orange ices, cakes of many varieties, fruits, chocolate and coffee.

There were present Mesdames Sheldon, Walmsley, Clute, Sneed, Cam Sneed, John Montgomery, W. J. Maltby, Dr. Carr, Cyrus Newkirk, Joel Gentry, Albert Parker, John Hall, Dr. Montgomery, Cliff Harder, James Montgomery, Frank Houston, Judge Lacy and Misses Alice Parker, Hattie Marvin, Sallie Potter, Lou and Fannie Barnes, Mary, Bettie and Nanie Gentry, Neely Collins, Lottie Smith and Belle Hall.

There were some most exquisite toilets worn, those worthy of especial mention being: Mrs. Clute, rich black brocaded satin toilet adorned with point lace and tea roses.

Mrs. Walmsley, dress of wine velvet with Roman gold jewelry. Mrs. John Hall, rich toilet of black brocaded silk with combination effects of velvet. Corsage bouquet of golden yellow sunflowers.

Mrs. Cam Sneed, black satin marvilleaux heavily trimmed with black plush. Mrs. W. J. Maltby, dress of wine velvet combined with rich brocaded velvet of the same shade.

Mrs. James Montgomery, black brocaded silk and velvet, with corsage bouquet of scarlet locust blossoms. Mrs. J. M. Offield, Lenten costume of black nun's veiling heavily trimmed with Spanish lace.

Mrs. John Montgomery, navy blue satin, richly trimmed with puffs and shirring. Miss Cammie Thompson, mourning toilet of black camel's hair.

Miss Alice Parker, cream satin and brocade, with overdress and fichu of rich cream Spanish lace. Diamond ornaments. Miss Bettie Gentry, ivy green brocade satin with richly puffed jupe and drapery in Patti folds.

Miss Sallie Potter, ice blue brocade satin with alternate flounces of cream duchesse lace. Small bonnet of the same lace adorned with pearls and pale pink daisies.

Miss Hattie Marvin, pearl silk toilet, with panelings and drapery of cardinal satin. Coral ornaments.

Miss Mary Gentry, black satin surah, with double scarf drapery of brocade. Diamond ornaments.

Miss Lou Barnes, black satin costume richly trimmed with steel passementerie. Miss Nanie Gentry, black satin combined with brocaded velvet. Diamond ornaments.

Miss Fannie Barnes, aesthetic costume of black moire cloth heavily trimmed with jet.

Miss Neely Collins, black satin and moire toilet, trimmed with fine shirring and deep double puffs.

Miss Belle Hall, elegant-pink camel's hair with over drapery and Marie Louise sleeves of cream Spanish lace. Bonnet of elegant-pink crepe adorned with apple blossoms.

Miss Mattie Sneed, black drap d'etat costume richly and effectively trimmed with lustrous beads.

A Foolish Mistake. Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of merit with quack medicines. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative which will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See advertisement.—Times.

COLD BLOOD MURDER.

A History of T. C. Early's Crime at Leadville, Colorado, on Tuesday Last.

The Leadville Chronicle of Tuesday afternoon has this to say regarding the killing of Officer Samuel Townsend in this city by Thomas C. Early, a former resident of Sedalia:

Shortly before 3 o'clock this afternoon, one of the most terrible tragedies in the history of Leadville took place on upper Harrison avenue, the victim being Officer Samuel Townsend, one of the oldest and most popular officers of Leadville, and his slayer, Thomas C. Early, a leading young lawyer of this place.

At the hour mentioned, the passers-by on Harrison avenue, near the corner of Fifth, were startled at the loud report of three pistol shots, one following the other in quick succession, and a thin, blue cloud of smoke, that curled and drifted from the hallway of the Union block, located the spot where one man stood with heated weapon clenched within his hand and another writhed in the agonies of dissolution.

The crowd that hurried around the hallway were horrified-stricken to see the well-known form of Officer Sam Townsend, the constable of Judge Talbot's court, prone upon the landing. Mr. T. C. Early was standing on the stairs, a few steps above, and paused, irresolute which way to go. His hat lay at his feet, and his clothing was disheveled, as though from a recent struggle.

Fortunately among the first who were at the spot was Captain John Byrne, the detective in the city's employ, and taking in the situation at a glance, he placed Early under arrest, and hurried with him into Babcock's hat store next door.

Here this time the word that a murder had been committed, passed with lightning-like rapidity from mouth to mouth, and the pavement was blocked by a dense crowd that surged into the street and well nigh trampled one upon the other in their effort to reach the scene of the killing.

As Byrne arrested Early, several gentlemen lifted Townsend up and carried him across the street to Dr. Dodge's drug store, where he was laid upon a pallet placed upon the floor, and Drs. Dougan and Gallaway were speedily at his side.

He was suffering the greatest agony, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be held down while an examination of his injuries was made. His garments were pulled open, and in the abdomen, about three inches above the right groin, a ghastly wound was revealed. The leader messenger of destruction had buried itself in his bowels, and it was well nigh certain that death was only a matter of the briefest time.

A messenger had been sent at once to his wife, and with his little boy, she arrived in a few moments. The poor woman was scarcely able to realize the magnitude of the blow that had fallen upon her, and kneeling with streaming and agonized eyes by her husband's side, she pressed his hand convulsively to her breast, while the little one with great bewildered eyes stood holding to her dress. It was a sight that will never leave the memory of those who witnessed it.

The case that the quarrel grew out of was a replevin suit brought by a woman named Mannie Mordell against Carrie Adams, the proprietress of a Third street bagnio. Early represented the woman Mordell, and asked for a change of venue. This was granted, and Early claimed that Townsend had over-charged him in fees—a matter of ten or fifteen cents.

Judge Talbot says: "Townsend never either abused Early or threatened to whip him when in my court."

Irving Houser, the jeweler, took Townsend's gun out of its sheath after the shooting, and when it was prone on the landing. It had not been drawn. An eye-witness of the tragedy, a well-known citizen of Leadville, who is familiar with every shooting in the bloody history of the camp, declares that the cold-blooded and deliberate determination with which Early shot Townsend was absolutely parallel. The man took deliberate aim and fired successively without the least sign of fear or trembling. His face, he says, wore an expression that can only be described as devilish in its murderous determination. The victim is a man about forty years of age, and has been a resident of Leadville for about three years. He was a valuable and trusted member of the police force under Chief E. H. Watson, a position which he continued to fill up to a very recent period, having been reappointed by the present administration. He was also, during L. R. Tucker's regime, a faithful and efficient deputy sheriff, and during all his official career demeaned himself in such a manner as to command the confidence, not only of his superiors, but the respect of all with whom his duties brought him in contact. He has at various times engaged in mining, and a short time ago owned considerable mineral property in New Mexico, as well as in the vicinity of Leadville. By a series of reverses, however, he lost nearly all of his possessions, and at the time the calamity overtook him, to-day was, a comparatively poor man. He has a wife and a child, who were immediately notified of the distressing event, and at once hurried to the place where the unfortunate man was dying. Mr. Thomas Chestnut, of the firm of Newman, Chestnut & Stevens, of Pueblo, brother-in-law of Townsend, was notified by telegraph, and will probably come up on the first train.

T. C. Early, the murderer, is a man of perhaps 27 or 28 years. He is a native of the south, and has been a resident of Leadville for perhaps three years. He is a lawyer, and a member of the firm of Danford & Early. He has never enjoyed a very large or lucrative practice, but has engaged in some outside speculations, notably Denver real estate, from which he realized considerable money. He has been known as a fierce, partisan democrat, and figured to a greater or less extent in the manipulation of party affairs in this county. During the past year he was employed in several criminal cases tried in the district court, and had a leaning toward that branch of his profession. He was quiet and unostentatious in his manners, and not a man one would pick out for a murderer. He has a wife and one or two children living on upper Harrison avenue.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Written for the Sunday Morning Bazaar. JOHN.

NOT SO BAD.

They scream, "you John, I'll make you hear if I come there to see you." A girl is what you need, my boy, and you will get it, too!

Then, too, if any mischief's done— Or paper-slippers on the cat— They lay it on to John.

If Sister Emma's tony head— Rips out and aways, because he sits Upon a crooked pin.

It is no use for me to speak Of playing on the lawn; They all declare, with one accord, "Was 'nagony, nagony John."

And so it goes; I think I'll leave And run away to sea to sea, Or shoot wild injuns on the plains, Along with Buffalo B.

It can't be there—hello! what now— A box for me, I swan, And in it tops and marbles, both— This time, I'm glad I'm "John."

Where Whisky Will Land a Man of Bright Talents and Good Heart.

Readers of the BAZOO will recollect the case of J. B. Jennings, an able young lawyer of Osceola, who was sent to the penitentiary from that place about two weeks ago.

Jennings tried the experiment which so many men have failed in, and that was trying to get the best of whisky. He went on until the red liquid had totally ruined him, his character, integrity, reputation and moral qualities. He became a swindler and a cheat. Finally, under the pretense that he had reformed for good, and would drink no more, he induced the circuit clerk of St. Clair county to lend him forty-two volumes of the Missouri reports, saying that he wanted to refresh his memory as to the law and prepare himself for active practice. In common with every-body in Osceola, the clerk desired to help in every possible way a man who was trying to get up again in the world. He accordingly lent Jennings the books, and that worthy took them to his office. His first step towards refreshing his memory consisted in removing the name of the clerk from the backs of the books, and putting his own in its place. The demon of drink had got possession of him again, and his design was to take the books to St. Louis and there sell them at second-hand, such books being always staple and of ready sale. He went to St. Louis, sold the books and realized quite a sum of money. He went on a prolonged drunk, and was finally arrested and indicted for his crime. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. He was guilty of numerous other swindles, which will now, of course, go unpunished.

But Jennings had a good heart after all, and a more than common intelligence, as the subjoined letter to the people of Osceola, and the poetry which follows it, will show. No better temperance lecture than that afforded by the history of Jennings could possibly be devised.

The following are the letter and the poem to which reference has been made. The letter is the last he ever wrote and the poem was composed while in jail awaiting the trip to Jefferson City in pursuance of his disgraceful sentence:

JENNINGS' LAST LETTER. When this letter is read by your many readers I will be dead in law and dead to the world. This is Sunday night, and dear old mother has been with me all day long. We have been trying to school ourselves up to the point that we might part without emotion. But when the hour came—oh, who can tell the anguish of that parting. Together we have trod the wine-press for twenty-five years. She has just gone tottering away from her boy with great pain straining upon her heart-strings. The warm kiss is still upon my lips. The only kiss left me on my departure to a convict's cell.

My memory sweeps back to-night through the circle of years to boyhood's home when that now wasted and trembling form of my mother toiled over the mountains of Virginia—up and down rugged heights—through the deep snows of winter to find warmth, shelter and food for her hungry boy. If your readers could see her as I have seen her out in the storms of winter and then could trace our life lines on up to the present they would begin to understand the great soul—the heroic self sacrificing spirit of she who has been so unfortunate to call me her son. Oh! mother, can I ever see the day when I can make you happy? I have brought you nothing but sorrow all my life. And yet God knows I love my aged mother with an undying affection, and if ever I get back I will prove myself worthy of her love.

I hereby tender my heart's grateful thanks to those whole-souled friends who aided me in my trial. May God bless them all. Let me in a special manner thank my attorneys, Messrs. Lucas, Statton, Mead and Neal with a full heart. I make this public acknowledgment to those big-hearted, philanthropic men who worked so nobly without fee or the hope of reward. They will not like for a witness when we all meet before the bar of final judgment. I do hope that my life may be spared that I may be able to at least in a small way remunerate them financially, to show my gratitude. And there is Tom Emerson, the jailer, who has ever been so courteous and kind and patient with his nervous prisoner, and always feeding on the best his own table contained, that I feel like saying grand old Tom, may that big heart never know sorrow, for a better heart never beat than yours. He has been kinder to me than my own brothers.

Now, dear friends, I must bid you a long farewell. In a few days more and J. B. Jennings, with all his faults and follies, will be forgotten amid the scenes of active life. But, dear friends, in this my last letter for the public, permit me to commit to the care of the christian ladies of Osceola a sacred trust. I commit to them the care of my aged mother. She whose destiny has been so closely linked with mine throughout my eventful life, and who has suffered so much and so long. She is so frail, so feeble; and she will totter amongst you 'till I get out 'till she lives. If she lives 'till I get over it. O, then, may the great and just God warm your hearts toward my old mother, that you may keep her cheerful until I return redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled from all evil habits. May God bless you all. J. B. JENNINGS.

The following is the poem: REQUITAL. Cold and dumb and blind within me. At the setting of the sun, Lay my soul amid the ruins Of a life for aye undone; Gathering shadows fell around me. Wild winds with a direful cry Fled before the desolation Of the weary earth and sky. On the dim dismantled threshold, With their faces in the dust, Wept the sweet attendant angels. Human Love and Human Trust; Clothed in sackcloth and in ashes, Of the hopes forever dead, Mourned they in voiceless sorrow, That would not be comforted. Blacker fell the night and wilder Swept the winds with dismal roar, While my soul lay spent and fainting 'Neath the heavy cross she bore; Deaf to comfort, blind, despairing, With a passion beyond tears, Prone she groveled mid the shattered Idols of the wasted years. Till a voice athwart the darkness Thrilled me like a trumpet call: "Though the mills of God grind slowly, Yet they grind exceedingly small;" In His hidden hand the balance Of a just avenging fate, Weighs the wrongs His righteous judgment Sure will cancel, soon or late. Vain I answered are the judgments Of the fate that carries long. What if heaven's just requital Falls in vengeance on the strong? Will the daisies blossom brighter? Will the grasses greener grow? O'er the broken heart that mouldered Into ashes long ago? Never in the long hereafter, Will the circling reasons bring To my life all gloom—enshrouded Gleam of morn or hint of spring; Never shall my wrong be righted 'Till the hills like dreams have fled— Till the rolling snows have vanished, And the seas give up their dead, March 19th, 1882. J. B. JENNINGS.

Friday Night's Sport. There was a very animated crowd at Smith's opera house, Friday night, either to indulge in the sport of roller skating or to watch those who did and to laugh and cheer whenever the laugh or cheer came in.

On that evening the proprietors of the rink at Smith's hall presented a special prize in the form of a most elegant basket of cut flowers, all the way from one of St. Louis' finest conservatories. Prof. Webb's band was also present in all the gorgeousness of their rich red uniforms and white-plumed caps. The music was good.

A committee of three, Messrs. J. L. Hall, Jim Merrifield and Harry Watkins was selected to award the prize. They gave it to Miss Eva Johnson and the young lady was loudly cheered. Among those present the reporter noted the following: Ben Lyon and wife, Geo. T. Brown and wife, Harry Watkins and wife, J. Patterson and wife, Jno. Hall and wife, Mrs. J. D. Russell, Mrs. J. A. Fisher, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, Miss Eva Johnson, A. L. Goodwin and wife, Louis Jacobs and wife, Mrs. Hoffman, Brent Demuth and Miss Mamie, Howard, Parke and wife, Rube Lampton, Al Donohoe, Chas. King, Walter and Ed. Kent, Miss Belle Hall, H. C. Barker and wife, W. M. Buchanan, Mrs. Merrifield, Miss Ella James, Miss Maggie Cowie, James Merrifield, W. A. McMillan and wife, Jno. Montgomery and wife, Miss Lizzie Baker, Miss Venie Hammond, Lizzie KeKeen and Patterson, Miss Bebie McVey, Mrs. C. G. Ford, Mrs. Stella Jones, Misses Ada Greenwood, Annie Allen, Frevie Bartlett, Lizzie Howard, Allie Bixby and Maggie Smith; Dr. Field, Mr. Jno. Caton, of Blackburn, and Miss Gordon, of St. Joe; Mrs. Annie Slack, Jake Brandt, Miss Melia Sarman and Miss Wolf, Mrs. E. W. Ford and Mrs. J. C. McNeil.

LAMONTE ITEMS. —Miss Ollie Shively, of Sedalia, is visiting at the Files house.

—J. L. Conway, of Booneville, has been visiting his brothers here.

—Miss Jennie Zilhart, of Sedalia, was visiting in town this week.

—R. G. Yocom returned Friday evening from Indiana, looking hale and hearty.

—The sale by R. W. Gunthrie, assignee of C. E. McConnell, was concluded Saturday morning.

—J. Baldwin has sold his farm to W. F. Yankee, of Warrensburg. Consideration, one thousand dollars.

—Miss Fannie Stock, of Sedalia, has been visiting her sister and friends, for the past week, in this vicinity.

—The Good Templars had an interesting lodge Friday night and changed the night of meeting to Thursday night.

—It is talked around here that a certain old gentleman is going to housekeeping, he having purchased largely at the sale.

—Emma Tunnel, of Iowa, and Eliza Grossman, of Rockport, who have been visiting the family of Jule Busch, on Friday morning left for Booneville.

—J. M. Offield, of Sedalia, attended the sale of hardware, stores and tinware in this place on Thursday. We understand that he is somewhat interested.

—Elder J. A. Brooks, of Warrensburg, will deliver lectures on temperance in the Baptist church in this place next Thursday and Friday evenings. All are invited.

—Dr. Walker has been circulating a subscription paper to obtain the wherewith to repair the damages to the Methodist church, also to carpet and make other necessary improvements.

—Miss Lulu Stock returned home yesterday, after having passed the last eight months teaching the Weikal school. She has been very successful as a teacher, having given general satisfaction.

OUT AT THE HOSPITAL.

A Visit There Yesterday by a BAZOO Condoler—Recent Arrivals—Landscape Gardening.

The BAZOO does not neglect that big brick building wherein are to be found the maimed, the halt and the sick, victims of the cruel cars or some unforeseen accident by life on the rail.

Yesterday a visit was paid to the "boys" by a representative of this paper and he was rejoiced to find all, even the worst cases, getting along splendidly. This is due largely to the skillful treatment and nursing, but the genial weather should receive some credit also.

The latest arrivals are: Thomas Carmody, section laborer, from Merriam, who, while placing a rail in position, had his right hand crushed. He arrived Friday night.

William McClain, a brakeman, running with Conductor Harry Manning. He had his right hand crushed while coupling an engine to a car. Came from Denison yesterday.

Frank Lloyd got tired of the presence of a tramp in a box car, and so kicked the cuss off. In doing this Frank found the latter end of that tramp as hard as a bumper, and the result was he sprained his ankle. Frank should select some softer place next time whereon to plant his foot. He runs with Conductor Chedell, and came in from Kirkwood yesterday morning.

The reporter was shown what is intended to be a very handsome reception room. It is the first room to the left, as you enter the main building, and is now being fitted up. The walls and ceilings are covered with a handsome decorative paper, with a maroon border. The wood-work is to be grained with black walnut, and the panels with French walnut. Gold and ebony furniture with plush upholstery, a marble-top center table and large mirror, will give an added cheeriness to the room. The papering is done by F. R. Hurland, and the graining by Oscar Swineford, both of the K. & T. paint shop. This work reflects great credit on these young men, and is an indication that they are very fine artists.

In the rear of the reception room is one to be fitted up for a library for the use of the hospital patients. Here will be kept all the latest papers, periodicals, and such books as will entertain and instruct. Out in the yard Superintendent Wesson was found bossing the putting up of a wire fence. The reporter offered his services, but they were sarcastically declined, and he left in a hurry. That fence will blow down in less than a week.

—The only bitters and the only preparation of iron that gives complete satisfaction is Brown's Iron Bitters. It contains no alcohol. It does not blacken the teeth. It gives real strength.

SOLD THEM ALL.

The Man McIntyre the Grimmost Joker Who ever Struck Sedalia—He Takes the Cake.

The neatest piece of jugglery which has been played on the police and reporters of this city for a great many moons, was that one reported by the fellow who claimed to have been robbed and denuded in a box car on last Friday evening, just about the twilight hour, but which he could not make known until darkness had thrown its mantle over the earth.

Our Saturday morning papers came out strong and glaring in this sensational matter, crowning their accounts with striking headlines that a blind man could read. It was a "fat take," for there had been a dearth of news for several days, the like of which was almost unprecedented. Even the police were getting lonesome, and were anxious for something to turn up.

That fellow McIntyre told a plausible story, and the officers only did their duty in searching for the villains, as likewise did the reporters in duly interviewing and writing him up.

But, holy Moses! wasn't that a sell. And didn't the police wish, yesterday, that they could lay hands on that man! He would have been stripped, sure enough and well bastinadoed, and don't you fail to write that on the tablet of your memory.

Imagine Officers Holland and DeLong trotting around over about ten miles of territory with that fellow ambling along with them in Dr. Boyer's big breeches and a pair of boots seven numbers too large for him. What a sight was that, my countrymen!

And then to think that it was all a ghastly, anticipated April-fool joke. Well, now, laugh some more. Why, that fellow went into a Main street saloon Friday, and begged a drink; then he went over across the track to a dive, where he was stripped and thrown into outer darkness. This, in brief, the story of McIntyre's sad experience in Sedalia. He came here without a cent, played it fine on police and reporters, and yesterday morning walked out of town, after having recovered his own suit of clothes. Let us go out and weep, gentlemen of the press.

—Victorian Sardou is the best known of all the French dramatists of the day, both in and out of France. He is a prolific author, having written nearly fifty plays in about a quarter of a century. One-fourth of this number may be said to have been great successes. Nearly one-half of his plays have been performed, at one time and another, on the American stage. M. Sardou is a member of the French Academy. He is very rich, and is fifty years of age. He owes his wealth and the honor of a seat among the forty French immortals to his plays.

—Charlie Ballou, a former clerk at the Garrison house, but more recently filling a similar position at Jefferson City, has returned to his first love, and has accepted the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Newsom at the Garrison. Charlie has friends without number here, and with the traveling public he stands second to none. Welcome home, son.

—Button-hole bouquets are cheap, now that the peach trees are in bloom.