

THAT RAILROAD GAME,

As Played on a Colored Cattle Man, in East Sedalia, Last Night.

This morning about 9 o'clock, a colored cattle man, from the Indian Territory, by the name of Joseph Johnson, accompanied by two other colored men and Officer Pfeiffer, came to Squire Fisher's office to SWEAR OUT A WARRANT.

Johnson, when asked by the justice as to whom he wanted arrested and for what offense, related the following: I am a cattle raiser and shipper; my ranch is in the Indian Territory. I am on my way to St. Louis, now, with five car loads of cattle. I arrived with the cattle at the stock yards, in East Sedalia, yesterday evening late, and STOPPED OVER NIGHT.

After the cattle were unloaded and fed, I went to the Sedalia house and put up for the night. After getting my supper, I went over to a saloon on Third street and took a drink with the men that are helping me through with the cattle. We had not been there long before six men, in a bunch, came into the saloon, and one of them, walking up to me, said he and the five others with him were the party who would

RUN THE TRAIN, on which my cattle would be shipped in the morning. He said he was a brakeman, and pointed out one of the six as the conductor.

I understood what he meant and called the six up to take a drink, thinking that they were really what they claimed to be. After a short time the party who spoke to me first went out the back way of the saloon. It was not long, however, before he

RETURNED WITH A NEW GANG and tried to get me to treat again, palming the new men off as those whom I had already treated. I saw the game immediately and refused. Shortly afterward I started back to the boarding house, and was followed by the six. After we had gone some distance one of them spoke to me and suggested that I go with them to their caboose and sleep, saying I

COULD HAVE HIS BED. I refused the offer. Seeing that I could not be "sucked in" in that way the gang took hold of me and began trying to

GO THROUGH MY POCKETS. This was on the street, but it was so dark no one could see me. I hallooed for help and my men came. The three of us raised such a racket that the scoundrels were glad to let us loose.

They did not get any money from me, but I want the parties arrested for assault with

INTENT TO ROB. The drinks which I "set up" cost about \$2, but I don't care for that. I ought to have had better sense than to take them for what they said they were. They are a gang of crooks who make a business of getting money out of traveling men whom they think are green enough to be "fleece" without the crooks having to resort to the methods of

DOWNRIGHT ROBBERY. That's the kind of men you have in East Sedalia.

Squire Fisher prepared a warrant for the arrest of such of the men as could be identified, and put it in the hands of Officer Pfeiffer, who started out in search of them. Officer Pfeiffer turned the warrant over to Constable Barnett and Ramsey and they proceeded to East Sedalia and arrested two of the parties who were identified.

The prisoners, Peter Shuler and J. Osborne, were brought before Justice Fisher and their trial proceeded with.

About 2 o'clock, this afternoon, Officer Meyers came in with another and lodged him in the calaboose.

The third party arrested was Vincent. He will be allowed to remain in the calaboose probably until Friday, when his preliminary trial will take place before Justice Fisher.

Shuler and Osborne were found guilty in their preliminary trial and, in default of \$500 bail each, were committed to the county jail to await the next criminal court.

Dr. Gross, of the St. Thomas restaurant, was the man who identified the three parties who were arrested. He watched the whole of the attempted robbery from his house, through a partially open door.

The case will probably go pretty hard with the boys.

Officer Pfeiffer had a fourth party in tow who it is supposed had a hand in the crooked business. He, however, could not be identified. He will probably acknowledge his complicity on promise of being released for turning state's evidence.

Burglars at Knob Noster.

Special to the Bazaar. Friday night the business house of Kimzy & Talpey, the leading drug and jewelry firm of this place, was entered by burglars and their safe blown open and robbed of its contents.

The thief or thieves entered the building by cutting a pane of glass from the window at the west end at about 1 o'clock this morning. The safe was blown open by the use of powder, the explosion occurring during a severe thunder storm which prevailed at that hour. The safe had, until very recently, been used for storing the jewelry as well as the money of the house, but a few weeks previous to the robbery the jewelry, amounting to about \$1,000, had been removed to another part of the building, thus preventing what might have been a severe loss. The exact amount of the loss was \$105 in cash and some notions. Mr. Kimzy had taken \$400 home with him that night, a thing he had never done before. The thieves, after securing their booty, took the Missouri Pacific track for the west.

Two suspicious characters were seen in the city late yesterday evening, and it is supposed that these are the persons who perpetrated the deed. Officers are on their track, and are confident that they will be captured.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by all druggists.

DEAD,

And the Mystery of His Death Will be Buried With Him.

The old gentleman, G. W. Sprinkle, who was found in a dying condition, near the Missouri Pacific railroad, on Friday morning, is dead. He lingered until 8:30 this morning and quietly passed away.

He was in a state of semi-consciousness from the time he was found until his death, and nothing definite and intelligible could be obtained from him as to the

MANNER OF HIS DEATH. At times, when questioned about the matter, he would say that he fell from the car, and at other times he said he jumped from the train. He never said anything about being pushed off and it is fair to believe that the work was not done by some one else. He seemed to be suffering from mental aberration, but whether this set in before the fall or was the result of the fall could not be determined. It might have been a case of

VOLUNTARY SELF MURDER, no one can tell, and no one will be able to tell, since the secret of his death will be laid in the grave with him.

In response to a telegram, his son-in-law, Mr. W. T. Ross, who lives at Belton, Mo., on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe branch, eighteen miles beyond Pleasant Hill, came down on Saturday and remained with him since.

The remains will be taken away this afternoon, on the 4:30 train, to Belton, where they will be interred. Mr. Sprinkle was about seventy-five years of age, and was living at Marion, Virginia, when he started on the trip which cost him his life. It was not known whether he had any large amount of money on his person when he started on the trip or not. When found his clothing had the appearance of having been searched for money and other valuables. The immediate cause of his death, as well as the physicians and surgeons could learn, was concussion of the brain and spinal column. It could not be determined whether the skull was fractured or not.

The hospital people deserve great praise for the care which they took of the stranger.

THAT LITTLE GAME.

Played by Bonker and Atkinson -It is Partly Shown Up.

The readers of the BAZOO will remember the article in Friday's paper concerning Atkinson, for whose arrest Bonker got out a warrant, charging him with the theft of \$15.00.

Later developments have been made which prove Bonker and Atkinson to be a pair of as sharp crooks as have visited Sedalia for some time.

At the same time that Bonker says Atkinson stole the fifteen from himself a fine gold watch and about \$1,600 in money were stolen from a man named Aiken, who was also boarding at the Lindell hotel. Aiken suspected that Atkinson had got his money along with that of Bonker and employed Detective Smith to

FERRET OUT THE MATTER. Bonker went to Smith and told him that he was also over-anxious for the arrest of Atkinson and said that he believed the thief had

GONE TO APPLETON CITY. Smith's detective instincts led him to suspect Bonker of being an accomplice in the stealing, and that the issuing of the warrant was only a blind to deceive the officers as to the part he himself had taken in the stealing of the \$1,600 from Aiken and to draw attention from himself until he could escape and join Atkinson, who, he knew, had not gone to Appleton City.

BUT TO KANSAS CITY. Smith accordingly took the information of Atkinson's going to Appleton City for what it was worth and kept an eye on Bonker.

On Friday afternoon Bonker was discovered to be non est in this city, and, on inquiry, it was learned that he had gone to Kansas City. It was immediately surmised that he had gone there to meet Atkinson and get his share of the booty.

In the meantime Aiken had also gone to Kansas City and informed the officers there of his loss and the probable thief. Yesterday a telegram was received here that

ATKINSON HAD BEEN ARRESTED and awaited the pleasure of the officers of Sedalia. Word was telegraphed that if Aiken would prosecute the supposed thief he would be brought back to this city. There the matter rests.

The authorities of Kansas City have not yet been able to learn anything of the whereabouts of Bonker, but all efforts are being made to find him. This is truly a

WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL, and it is hard for the detectives to get at the bottom of any part of the affair; but one thing is true the three most interested parties are not in Sedalia, and there may be some rich developments soon. What the outcome of the whole matter will be, cannot even be surmised. When arrested Atkinson had Aiken's watch, but it was not learned whether he had any of the money in his possession or not. Probably Bonker has that.

—WILL YOU SUFFER WITH Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by all druggists.

—The announcement of Prof. French Strother, principal of Prairie High school, of this county, as a candidate for state superintendent of public instruction, is made in our candidates' column this week. Prof. Strother was educated at the University of Virginia, and for more than thirty-five years has been engaged in teaching. During that time he has taught in schools of all grades, from the ordinary public school to the position of president of a college. His abundant qualifications for the position will not be questioned by any one who knows him. He is widely known as one of the successful educators of the state, and is in every way worthy of the distinguished honor he seeks.—Paris Mercury.

A GIRL IN IT.

Lem Davis, Cut to Pieces by Sam Brown, at the Picnic Yesterday.

Yesterday evening, about 6 o'clock, Wm. Johnson, colored, special policeman at the colored picnic held at Beaman's station, yesterday, arrived at the depot with Sam Brown, colored, in charge.

Brown had badly cut Lem Davis, also colored, at the picnic, and was arrested therefor. He was turned over to Sheriff Conner and lodged in the county jail.

Lew Davis, who was cut, was also brought down on the morning train and carried to his home in Northwest Sedalia. Dr. Ed. Small was called and Davis' wounds were dressed.

It was rumored last night, that Davis could not possibly recover, although, as yet, he was not dead.

A BAZOO reporter visited Brown, in jail, this morning, and in answer to his questions, received the following story: "My name is Sam Brown. I am about seventeen years old. Live in Sedalia. Davis and I have had words on several different occasions before yesterday. We, along with the other colored folks of Sedalia, went to the picnic at Beaman station yesterday. About 4:30 o'clock we all began gathering at the depot preparatory to coming home. I was standing by

ELLA JONES, A GOOD LOOKING COLORED GIRL,

talking to her. Davis came up to me with a cane in his hand, and began fooling with me and tried to get Ella to leave me and talk with him. I said something and he struck me a sharp blow on the leg with the cane. I grew angry because I knew he hit me because he was jealous of me, and started after him. He tried to find a stone, but not finding one, he started towards some base ball bats; and I knew if he got hold of one of them he would hurt me badly, so closed on him as quickly as possible and cut him. We scuffled for some little time, I cutting him and he trying to get something to strike me with. All this time the bystanders were yelling,

"SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM, DAVIS!" I did not know whether Davis had a pistol or not, but I tried to use him up to prevent his using the pistol if he had one. I started to run off after the fight but was caught by Bill Johnson, who was policeman of the day, and brought to Sedalia.

Brown is a pretty sharp negro, and does not seem to realize how serious a matter the cutting may prove for him. He seems to think that he will not be found guilty of anything but assault and battery.

After seeing Brown, the reporter went to the house where Davis was lying.

He found Davis, apparently, not in as bad a condition as had been reported. He seemed not to be suffering much, and talked for several minutes with the reporter.

R—How are you hurt, Davis? Davis—Am

CUT IN FIVE PLACES: once in the left arm, which, at the time it was done, paralyzed the arm so that I could not lift it; once in the shoulder blade; twice in the spine, and once in the left side, just above the hip. The gash in my side

EXPOSED THE ENTRAILS. The cutting was done by Brown with a spring-back dirk knife.

R—How did the fight occur? Davis—I saw Brown standing on the platform by the side of Ella Jones. He and she were talking and I went up to him and began talking to him in a playful manner. He answered in the same way and shortly afterwards I

TAPPED HIM ON THE LEG with my stick. He got angry at that, and I saw he would hurt me if I did not get out of his way. I ran to the edge of the platform and jumped off. He drew his knife and followed me closely, jumping from the platform on top of me before I could get out of his way.

HE BEGAN CUTTING, and a terrible hubbub started off all around. I did not fall immediately, but grew deathly sick. I was brought home on the same train that Brown was brought on.

R—Is Ella Jones a good looking girl, and did you care much for her? Davis—She's a daisy, and I liked her, as all the boys do.

Davis does not seem dangerously hurt, but he will,

PROBABLY, NOT RECOVER. He has worked at the Garrison house and in the baggage department at the Union depot. He came from Kansas City here, where his father is a policeman. He is said to be

A BAD YOUNG MAN, but it is not known whether this is the case or not. Brown says he had to leave Kansas City on account of some crooked work he did there.

Another colored boy was arrested along with Brown for resisting the officers when they attempted to arrest Brown.

The whole matter seems to have originated about the girl Ella Jones, who is, as Davis says, a "daisy," according to the opinion of the colored people.

From Eminent Dr. H. R. Hopsop Memphis, Tenn.

"I have made used Colden's Liebig's Liquid Extract of Beef and Tonic Invigorator in several cases of consumption and general debility, and have found it to act admirably in such case as a nutritive food, tonic, and stimulant." (Take no other.) Of druggists.

Valuable Suggestions to Mothers. DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Long experience in care of children, and great success in bringing them safely through sickness, gives confidence to assure that croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, diphtheria, and all throat and chest affections will be speedily relieved and cured by using Dr. Acker's English remedy, which is exceedingly palatable, and may be safely given to the youngest infant. Adults will find it the best and most potent known specific for consumption, asthma, etc., and a single trial will prove this true.

AN OLD NURSE. To sustain above, trial bottles may be had for ten cents from Bard & Miller. Regular sizes, fifty cents and \$1.

ON THEIR KNEES.

The Indicted Gamblers Begging for Mercy.

R. C. Pate, H. C. Pate, August Sotdman, Arthur Lyons and Peter Manning Plead Guilty to Felony.

Judge Laughlin Sentences Them to Six Months in Jail Each—The Five Boss Gamblers Taken Into Prison.

Post-Dispatch. Long before Judge Laughlin appeared in the criminal court this morning the corridors and rotunda of the Four Courts swarmed with reformed gamblers. They stood in knots and groups along the flats in front of the court rooms, and fringed the bars of the court rooms, and neighboring saloons. As the hour of opening drew near the criminal court was packed with the fraternity whose cases were docketed for trial to-day. Half a dozen short-hand reporters and a score of lawyers stood each other in the auditorium, while the sports exchanged jokes and poked fun. A brass band leading a colored lodge to a picnic marched by on the way to the union depot, and as they passed the main entrance of the temple of justice they struck up the tune of "The Gates Ajar," receiving loud applause for the appropriateness of the selection.

Like a general on the battlefield R. C. Pate promenaed the second rotunda, where he gave counsel and advice to his soldiers, who reported to him like clock work.

At 10:45 Judge Laughlin ascended the bench and ordered the sheriff to call the list of jurors summoned. Seventy jurors answered, and when the sheriff announced that all jurors who had reasonable excuses why they should not serve might present the same to the judge, the full seventy arose and took place in a line leading past the judge's desk. At 1:30 the work of excusing was completed, and the case of Pete Manning and others, the first of the gambling cases on the docket, was called by Judge Laughlin. Mr. Patrick approached the bar and said: "If your Honor please, I desire to make a statement to the court. I wish to say generally in reference to this law which your Honor held unconstitutional and the supreme court valid, that my clients, proprietors of gambling houses, took legal advice concerning it in the beginning and were advised that it was not unconstitutional. Relying on that advice and in order to test the validity of the law the present cases were made. The supreme court overruled your honor's decision, and, as this was final, my clients yielded to the decision and closed, and presented a petition to have the cases continued generally and they would agree not to violate the law. In view of the readiness and willingness of my clients to abide by law, having violated it on the advice that it was illegal, and in view of other circumstances, the state might continue the cases generally. That suggestion did not meet with favor. I called on Col. Normile to speak with him on the arrangement of the cases and on some plan. Col. Normile referred me to Mr. Bliss, saying that, as Mr. Harris' death was then expected, the management of the cases had been placed in his hands. I stated to Mr. Bliss that my clients, R. C. Pate, H. C. Pate, Hy. Lehndorf, Arthur Lyons and August Sotdman, the alleged proprietors of what is known as Pate's house, and Pate's of the American races, were willing to plead guilty with the understanding that punishment was to be inflicted in one case and the others dismissed, and in regard to the employees, that their cases were to be continued generally. Mr. Bliss said the representatives of the state could not make any agreement, and after some further talk about the cases he said if pleas of guilty were entered the state would express an opinion, but not until then. On consultation to-day my clients have resolved to come into court and plead guilty with the understanding that they leave their cases to the judgment of the court."

Judge Laughlin—Let them step forward. Mr. Bliss—I desire to say, your honor, that as far as my name has been used by Mr. Patrick he has used it correctly. The State has refused to make any agreement, as stated, but now that the pleas are entered—

Judge Laughlin—They are not formally entered.

Mr. Patrick—Call the defendants to plead.

R. C. Pate, Robert C. Pate, Peter Manning, Arthur Lyons and August Sotdman were arraigned and asked if they would waive reading, which they answered affirmatively.

"They cannot waive reading, Mr. Clerk," said Judge Laughlin. "They must know the nature of the charge. Read them the substance of the indictment."

This was done, and in each case the defendant answered, "I am guilty," by advice of Mr. Patrick.

"Have you any recommendation to make, Mr. Bliss?" asked Judge Laughlin, who was referred to Col. Normile. The colonel said he had just come from the grand jury and was not in at the time the pleas were entered, and would prefer to have sentence postponed until 2 p. m.

Mr. Bliss—We do not propose to take any action until these defendants have been sentenced.

Judge Laughlin—I am ready to act immediately if you are. What is your recommendation?

Col. Normile—I must consult with Mr. Bliss, and will let you know at 1 p. m.

Judge Laughlin—Will the other cases go over until then?

Mr. Bliss—Necessarily.

THEY HAVE GONE INTO JAIL. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, R. B. Pate, Harry C. Pate, August Sotdman, Arthur Lyons and Pete Manning were assigned quarters in jail.

—SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

HELP.

An Appeal On Behalf of the Stricken People of Iowa,

Who Were Visited by the Tornado, Last Friday Night.

Death and Destruction on Every Hand.

A Thrilling Story by Editor Clarkson.

Des Moines, Ia., June 26.—The following appeal for aid has been furnished the Associated Press, with the request for its publication in all the papers in the country:

"To the public: After two days and nights spent in traversing the track of the tornado that swept over the state with such fearful havoc last Saturday night, and having reports from scores of reporters of the Register and Associated Press, sent to all parts of it, I find the condition of the stricken people so pitiable and so needful of instant and generous help that I send this appeal to the people of the United States in their behalf. The tornado caused destruction through thickly settled portions of Iowa, some 150 miles in length, and an average half a mile in width, extending from a point south of Ames, in the center of the state, and swept to South English, in Keokuk county, in the southeastern part of the state.

WE HAVE THE NAMES OF SIXTY-NINE DEAD and at least five hundred wounded. Half of the latter are grievously hurt, and probably a fifth of them fatally. Over 300 families have had their homes totally destroyed, and there are now at least 1,500 homeless and in want. The loss of property will exceed \$2,000,000, and may reach \$3,000,000. In the town of Grinnell, alone, over \$400,000 worth of property was destroyed, on none of which was a cent of insurance. As in the case of fires, it will take at least \$500,000 to put the people there beyond need and distress. It will take \$100,000 at once to put the wounded people in a condition to be cared for. It will take \$1,000,000 at the lowest to keep the sufferers from want and help them

PUT THE HUMBLEST OF ROOFS OVER THEIR HEADS

The people of Des Moines and Iowa are responding generously. The citizens of this city subscribed \$8,000 this morning, and will make it \$20,000 before night, and are also sending provisions and clothing besides, but it will take the help of every humane city and town in the west, and of every liberal city in the east, to put comfort and safety between these stricken people and further suffering and fatality. Grinnell is a town of thirty and intelligent New England people, with the lowest rate of crime and illiteracy in the State, and the highest rate of intelligence and morality.

The rich towns of the east may well help these sons and daughters of New England in their distress and need caused by the calamity visited upon them so cruelly by this monarch of the air, which has killed fifty of their people, destroyed 160 homes, maimed and mutilated 200 more of its people, many of whom will soon die, and all of whom must be cared for for months, and wiped out totally nearly half a million of dollars in uninsured property. The Iowa college has had all its buildings destroyed, its

FOUR HUNDRED STUDENTS MADE HOMELESS, and has suffered a loss of \$75,000; uninsured. The property condition of other towns and farming communities are fully as pitiable and helpless.

All that the people of Iowa can do will be done to alleviate the condition and repair in part the losses of the sufferers, but it will take a million dollars to do it, even to half comfort them, and the people of the state who have also borne their share and done their part in all national calamities may fully ask the people of other communities to help them in this hour of great calamity to many of its worthiest people, and to this end I ask my fellowmen of the press throughout the United States to place these facts before their readers and to give their timely help, for the purpose of raising and providing aid at the earliest moment possible.

THE FURY AND POWER OF THIS CALAMITY were as indescribable in their might of strength as their havoc and power were cruel and complete. Many people were bereft of their homes, not a splinter as large as a finger, not a shred of furniture as large as a skein of silk remaining, and hundreds have no clothing except their night clothes they had on. Little children, with both parents killed, were left maimed and wounded themselves. Every condition of woe exists that most tenderly appeals to the pity of the human heart, wounds inflicted by the debris that filled the air like chaos, by the electric balls of fire that exploded with a fearfully fatal effect.

The storm, which was clearly of electric origin, may be described as having been electricity itself. It may be understood from the statement that in various places it took up in its great spirals and funnels, HORSES A THOUSAND FEET HIGH AND DROPPED AND carried large flocks of cattle through the air for thousands of feet, and dashed them down in heaps. Many thousands of cattle, horses, hogs and other animals now lie in the track of the tornado, already rotting, and adding, in hot weather, the horror of putrefaction to the foul and horrid odors that are being given off by the millions of tons of decaying matter left in the wreck of the tornado. The horrors of the storm, the unspeakable cruelties that it inflicted, the pitiless wail of its coming in the night when the dead were not known and the wounded could not be found.

THE PITIFUL STATE IN WHICH IT PASSED HUNDREDS OF FAMILIES, before prosperous, may not be described in words, but once known to generous hearts must command the instant sympathy of the liberal and immediate help. Remittances may be made to Hon. J. B. Grinnell, at Grinnell, or the mayor of Grinnell. I write from the knowledge of two whole

days and nights spent in the scene of desolation, and among the dead and wounded, and tell the facts of the multitude of horrors simply as they are, feeling that they will themselves best appeal to the country and most effectually aid the sufferers.

J. S. CLARKSON, Editor Des Moines Register.

St. Joseph Saturday Democrat, Aug. 27, 1881.

A Friend to the Friendless.

Sorrow and sickness is the too common heritage of humanity, and when we see how little is done to alleviate the miseries of the great mass of humanity we are almost out of patience with life. Even when the intentions are best, ignorance is prone to bid the afflicted "suffer and be strong," instead of "ministering to the mind diseased," or laying a hand of healing on the poor tortured body.

Ah! when Science and Philanthropy, with love and sympathy and skill, come to the aid of the sufferers, they feel as if the angel of annunciation had drawn near.

Samaritan Nerve really is salvation to thousands. I speak from a full heart when I say it, for friends very near and dear to me have been restored to health and happiness by means of it.

"God bless Dr. Richmond," said one of them to me the other day. "I feel as I know the man mentioned in Scripture must have felt when he went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thistles, and when robbed and at the point of death, was befriended and restored to health by the Good Samaritan."

"Yes," he continued, "that is exactly my condition. I have spent a fortune in doctor's bills and patent medicines. Everything I could hear of I tried, so desperate was my situation, but I grew worse steadily, until some kind friend told me of the Samaritan Nerve. Since taking it I am, as you see, restored to perfect health."

With such incontrovertible proof of the beneficent nature of the remedy, it is not strange that an editor, always solicitous for an accurate knowledge of what could benefit the world in general, should take the earliest opportunity of visiting the inventor and proprietor of the medicine at the World's Epileptic Institute.

We found the doctor in his elegant private office busily engaged in superintending the gentlemen whose business it is to attend to the details of the immense correspondence which is a natural result of his wide-spread reputation.

On making known our wishes, he very kindly accompanied us in our tour of inspection through the magnificent building and grounds.

Almost as soon as we entered the office our attention was arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousand. All nations, ages and stations were represented. The elegant carte of the society leader was side by side with the picture of the humble artisan; innocent childhood and withered old age showed in their counterfeit presentments the gratitude they could not speak; doctors, lawyers, ministers of the gospel, soldiers, laborers, plain mothers of families, haughty children of wealth, rich and poor, high and low, black and white, all were represented. It reminded me of the miracle cures of Europe, only instead of the crutches, bandages, gold, silver and wax images of the recuperated pilgrims, left before the shrine of the miracle worker, Dr. Richmond has as testimonials the pictures of his deeply grateful patients.

"You must feel very happy, doctor, when you look at this collection," we said.

"Ah! yes," said the doctor pleasantly, "but if you like my Art Gallery, what would you say to my Library?"

He led the way to the next apartment, and we followed, expecting only to see perhaps one bookcase filled with dusty tomes of abstract science. Instead, the walls were lined with very handsome bookcases, containing over one hundred thousand unsolicited testimonials from those whom the Nerve had cured.

"How wonderfully fortunate as well as talented you are," we exclaimed in amazement. "The Nerve has proved a perfect gold mine."

"The doctor looked at us reproachfully. "I am not one to underestimate the value of wealth," he answered, "for I have known what it is to be without it, but what is the most colossal fortune that was ever in the grasp of mortal man in comparison to the good my remedy is doing? Picture to yourself, if you can, what must be the feeling of an epileptic. Think of him with his dreadful disease so long pronounced incurable. He cannot take part in the studies, duties, employments, recreations or amusements of an ordinary fellow being. He is an object of horror rather than of pity to his friends. His malady never stands still; it is constantly growing worse and more dreadful in all its phases. Last and most dreadful before him stands the awful phantom of insanity. Sleeping or waking he feels that it is there, and that sooner or later it will clutch him; and it does. An epileptic must be, like Job, tempted to curse Heaven and die. Why, it would bring tears to your eyes to read a letter I received from a gentleman at Potsdam, New York, telling how he had two thousand dreadful fits in eighteen months, and is now, thanks to the Nerve, entirely cured. That poor fellow can scarcely find words strong enough to express his feelings. That's the kind of a thing to make a man feel happy."

To the Pen.

Sheriff Fisher, of Vernon county, passed through, yesterday, on his return from Jeff City, where he had been to place three prisoners in the penitentiary. Their names and sentences are as follows: Henry McDaniel, colored, two years; Isaac Phipps, forgery, two years; Charlie Woodward, horse stealing, two years.

—\$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. 11-1wly