

DEACON DINWIDDIE.

The Old Gentleman Leaves Boston and Takes a Trip on the St. Lawrence.

He Goes Boat Riding, With a Beautiful Young Lady for His Companion.

He Catches Fish, Entertains the Deaconesses and Has a Good Time Generally.

THOUSAND ISLANDS,
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER,
JULY 5, 1890.

I left Boston, June 28 for Claremont, N. H., about 150 miles distant, where I arrived that evening. I here called upon Capt. H. C. Fay, editor of the National Eagle, a weekly paper published in an inland town of 6,000 souls.

Capt. Fay is a practical printer, with whom I learned to set type and run a paper forty years ago. It was quite a treat to visit one who was kind, patient and indulgent to a homeless boy, endeavoring to master the art preservative of all arts. He and his good wife greeted me almost as cordially as one of their own kin, and I spent the Sabbath at



CAPT. H. C. FAY.

their beautiful home, situated in a very picturesque locality near the Connecticut river.

THE FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

(J. R. Watson, general passenger agent.) On leaving Boston I took the Fitchburg railroad, one of the finest equipped and excellent tracked roads in any country. Remarkable speed was made, and as the train sped over the country it was abundantly patronized at the different stations, which were quite frequent. This was on the main line of the road, which runs to Troy, N. Y., and is the "Hoosac Tunnel Route," known in the west quite familiarly and favorably.

THE CHESHIRE RAILROAD.

(F. H. Kingsbury, general ticket agent, Keene, N. H.) At Fitchburg, Mass., I took the Cheshire road, which runs west. It is a small road, only sixty-four miles long, but is like all the balance of the roads in this country—the very best—and runs through the granite region, where great quantities of this beautiful stone are quarried and shipped to cities for building and paving purposes.

AT BELLOWS FALLS

I encountered the Central Vermont railroad. (S. W. Cummings, general passenger agent, St. Albans, Vt.) This is a great railroad system, extending through the state from east to west, and to Ogdensburg, New York, besides the various branches. The route of this road is a marvel of beauty—through the valley of the Connecticut river, winding along the narrow banks far above the waters of a rushing stream of clear water that is utilized in driving various manufacturing establishments which almost line its banks. The scenery along this line of road is simply grand, with the beautiful Green mountains towering far above the train, their very tops veiling with the clouds as to which should reach the blue canopy of heaven. No westerner can afford to visit the New England states without taking this route, as the scenery there is in very close competition with the beauty of the mountain views of the Rio Grande road in Colorado. The equipment of the Cheshire road with its great locomotives, comfortably appointed cars, and rock ballasted track makes it a very desirable route.

A NIGHT RIDE IN NORTHERN NEW YORK.

About 6 o'clock p. m., June 30, the White Mountain excursionists, including Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Columbia, overtook us at Swanton, Vermont. Their Wagner sleeper was coupled to the train on which I had traveled from Essex Junction, Vt., and away we went, crossing Lake Champlain on trestle, arriving at Rouse Point, New York, at twi-

light, which means about nine o'clock in this latitude. This point was 114 miles from our destination that night, Ogdensburg, N. Y., and our train over one hour behind schedule time. Such running as that engineer did! A mile a minute, much of the time, through the darkness, with a large train load of excursionists, each watching the fences and telegraph poles, which could hardly be counted. Mack, of Sandusky, a thorough, candid, devoted and reliable Sunday school teacher, sat beside your own deacon, perfectly resigned to the speed of the train and his pending fate.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Said he, as he slapped Ed Stephens on the shoulder and nudged Deacon Dinwiddie in the short ribs: "We are safe and I know it." This road is part of the Central Vermont system and is just as good, if not a little better, than the balance.

The Ohio excursionists bade us good night at Norwood, twenty-five miles distant from Ogdensburg. They were there coupled to a train on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg road, and away they went toward Niagara Falls, where they were due at 7 o'clock the morning of July 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and the writer arrived at Ogdensburg five minutes before midnight, on time, that engine driver having made up the time; and Stephens' hair, which "stood up" during the ride, was three days in getting down, or in its normal condition. We registered at the Seymour house and asked for rooms. The night clerk at that hotel was the dumbest bobby I ever met behind a hotel counter. He knew little or nothing about the trains or boats to leave the next morning, and it is a question whether "his mother knew he was out" or not. He had the conventional red necktie, and a bogus diamond as large as a skillet. I hope he will improve by the time he gets as baldheaded as I am.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The next morning we took a boat on the St. Lawrence river and arrived at the far famed Thousand Islands about one o'clock p. m. This is a great place. Food and devoted mothers have their day here, and old maids have two afternoons and several nights.

A perfect sea of water, a forest of foliage and shrubbery, a village of cottages, and an archipelago all in one. We took dinner at the Crossmore house. It will accommodate 500 guests and is a great resort for pleasure seekers. In the dining room we found white help. They had gentlemanly bearing and intellectual faces. They are all, with the exception of the head waiter, college students, earning the wherewith, during vacation, to pursue their studies the next term.

After dinner we boarded another steamer and landed at Clayton, eight miles distant, passing some beautiful places on islands, among which was "Castle Rest," owned by Geo. M. Pullman, of Pullman Palace Car Fame—one who is a real benefactor to the traveling public. His two daughters of Chicago, and much esteemed and venerable mother, arrived here from New York several days ago and are enjoying the quiet and rest of her son's palatial island home, where she is surrounded by every comfort that wealth and loving children can suggest. On August 12th, next, she will celebrate her 82nd birthday. Her son, Rev. R. H. Pullman, of Baltimore, is also at the Islands.

There are a hundred more cottages on the many islands up the river, and while not as imposing as Pullman's, they show outward comfort and exhibitions of architectural skill that are lovely in the extreme.

GREW WEARY OF "WAITING."

Among the young men who acted as waiters in one of the hotels on the river was a young man from Troy, who came up to the Thousand Islands to get experience in that line. His parents are wealthy and would certainly have raised serious objections to such a proceeding, had he not informed them that he was head clerk in a large hotel. But the young man tired in a few days of the life of a waiter and to-day neglected his duties to such an extent as to meet with discharge. He left the dining-room, doffed his waiter's garments, dressed himself in a neat, stylish suit, registered and went in to dine. He dined after he dined and the wine was charged up to him, when his identity was discovered. The gossips are all agog over the little lark of a rich man's son.

A FISHING EXCURSION.

On the morning of July 2, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens in a boat with an oarman, and the deacon with a young lady in another boat, started for a fishing excursion. Stephens said: "If I can only get some fish I will agree to tarry at the Islands several days." At noon we landed on an island and learned that Mrs. Stephens had caught nine bass and perch, while Mr. Stephens had secured five fish and four "nibbles." We in the other boat had

some eight or ten of the choice finny ones.

The fisherman here not only knows where and how to get the piscatorial prey, but he knows as well how to cook and serve them when he has landed his party in some secluded nook for the dinner, fit for the best, for Peter Pehl, never served a more palatable meal.

After we had landed from the inner depths of the boats came forth a surprising array of cooking utensils, and even a folding-table and camp stools to match were forthcoming. Fish are dressed and cooked, coffee made, pickles, cold meats, bread, potatoes and minor sorts of condiments, not neglecting, if you please, a bottle of "comfort" stolen in by Deacon Dinwiddie, were produced. A dinner like this serves to prolong life and make the world look brighter.

We lounged on the beautiful lawn, under the shade of the sugar tree, for an hour and then made another raid on the finny tribe, and at night it was found that Mrs. Stephens had led the party in the numbers caught and goodness of their kind.

The next morning Stephens was up with the lark and engaging the larder for the day. This day, all went up the river, and again we had a fine dinner on the rock-bound shore of an island. We quit fishing at 2:30 p. m. and returned to the hotel. Mrs. Stephens caught nineteen, while Mr. Stephens succeeded in capturing only seven, and all the evening he was telling how "we caught twenty-six." Deacon Dinwiddie does not luxuriate in telling "fish stories" like Col. Stephens, hence will not tell what a wonderful "catch" the fisherman and fisherwoman in the other boat made.

THE NEW ISLAND WANDERER.

At three o'clock our party boarded the above named steamer for a trip of forty miles among the islands, going up on the American side and going down on the Canadian side, through the "lost channel," touching at Gananoque, a busy and picturesque Canadian town; then on through a maze of apparently impassible channels, emerging into open water again near Westminster park, nearly opposite Alexander Bay, returning to Clayton through a group of islands crowned with beautiful and costly villas, touching at other resorts before reaching the place of starting—a two and one-half hours' trip, during which we were greeted from both shores with the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies and gentlemen and the hilarious shouts of happy children.

"Such is only two days' pleasure at this famous resort, and the one hundredth part is only seen. The beauties of this place are indescribable. Life is not worth clinging to unless this place is visited; then one will cling to it, to come again."

WESTMINSTER PARK.

This is a resort on Wells Island, organized and improved by the Presbyterians. I visited this place and stopped at the hotel kept by H. F. Inglehart. It is reached by a steamer run by Capt. Daniel J. Eames, who visited Sedalia two years ago. The captain is a safe mariner and bears the cognomen of "Old Skipper" honorably and successfully. The urbanity and polish he employs as he hands off and on his pretty craft the old ladies and pretty maidens, is wonderful to behold, and none would ever suspect that he was the ancient haysced who was an elderly companion of Deacon Dinwiddie in his boyhood days.

Before I visited this famous ecclesiastical resort, I made Capt. Eames promise that he would introduce me to the deaconesses and all others on the island as a plain matter-of-fact deacon of the Methodist church, fearing the people would take me for a Presbyterian preacher.

Then my embarrassment would have been great.

Through the kindness of Captain Eames I passed the ordeal very well, only a few old ladies would insist on calling me "Brother Dinwiddie."

Westminster park was established as a summer christain home for the Presbyterians, and other people of like tastes and culture could find a safe retreat from the cares and perplexities of business and where they could bring their families and feel that they were safe from the baneful influences that usually lurk around the fashionable summer resorts.

The air is cool here and heavily charged with ozone.

THE HAMMOCK

On beautiful grass lawns, with a wealth of shade in secluded nooks or side hills, hammocks do their full duty for rest and pleasure.

The hammock has much to answer for. It has developed from a lot of

strings into a patent factor in mid-summer social joys.

A summer bereft of a hammock would be to the American lad and lass a dreary and unromantic period.

Given a good article of moonlight and a hammock big enough for two, and there is no combination which will more rapidly and thoroughly advance the cause of Cupid and bring about the lighting of Hymen's torch.

Between the moon and the hammock there is a certain analogy. A young moon is very like a hammock, and when Luna appears in the west, her crescent apparently swung between two invisible trees and fastened with a pair of bright stars, the analogy is complete. One can readily fancy an angel swaying in the celestial hammock, which is said also to contain a man. And the idea is so apt to fix itself in the mind of the ardent mortal who gazes westward that his first impulse is to get a hammock and an earthly angel of his own, and then to sway joyously to the rhythm of two hearts that beat as one.

As an aid to flirtation it is twin sister to a fan.

If a couple ever trust themselves to the support of the same hammock at the same time, whether at Westminster park or elsewhere, Cupid has his own way thereafter. The pair must of necessity be brought into such sweet proximity that every particle of formality and reserve is melted away, into very thin conventionalities.

HOW THE YOUNG LADIES DRESS.

The young ladies and misses dress just as near like the boys as they can and preserve the identity of their sex. Woolen shirts; rolling collars, with the rollicking large necktie, tied in a bow knot, the ends fluttering in the breeze; navy blue skirts; fair leather shoes, and a cap of some soft, light texture, the front pulled down toward the nose; and when standing still, one foot forward the other, as if bracing against some impending sudden jar—such is the style here. Altogether, their make up is jaunty, ravishing, becoming and supremely lovely. (Boquets not expected by the writer.)

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

"Fish stories" are now ripe and are being harvested. The crop is unusually good. The other day E. W. Stephens, of Columbia, was telling how "we caught twenty-six at one seance." The Rev. Dr. Hillman, an eminent Baptist divine, of New York, whose hair is white with the baptism of many years, overhearing Stephens, said: "I caught fifty (?) to-day and returned before five o'clock—all black bass, the lightest weighing about two and one-half pounds."

Although no more a thoughtless youth, it's folly to be wishing That he will reverence the truth When just returned from fishing.

Stephens turned his head away, venturing a casual remark as to what the weather would be in Missouri on July 4. Later he said: "The Baptists are a little better all-around truth tellers than others." That night Dr. Hillman and Stephens went to a Baptist prayer meeting in the village of Clayton, where, I reckon, they evened up the fish stories in some manner or way that was in accordance with the practices and feelings of the Baptists. I noticed one thing, subsequently, that Dr. Hillman and Stephens told no more fishing yarns to each other, but each talked on that subject to outsiders.

HOW TO REACH HERE.

There is but one all-rail practical route to the Thousand Islands, and that is by the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad. (Theodore Butterfield, general passenger agent, Oswego, N. Y.)

The pleasure-seekers in going from St. Louis can take the Vandalia route (J. M. Chesbrough, assistant general passenger agent) for New York City, thence to Utica, N. Y., where you strike the R. W. & O. railroad. This brings you within three hours' ride of the greatest of pleasure resorts.

Another route from St. Louis is via the Wabash railway (F. Chandler, passenger agent, St. Louis) to Detroit, thence east on the Michigan Central, a grand road, with O. W. Ruggles, Chicago, as general passenger agent. A six hours' run from Detroit will bring you to Niagara Falls, where you can connect with the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad direct for the Thousand Islands, distant about seven hours' ride. At the Falls passengers have ample time to view this wonderful place, which can be seen by no other road to the Thousand Islands. This latter road is furnished with all the modern comforts of traveling. Its roadbed runs along the banks of Lake Ontario and through a picturesque country, noted for its beautiful landscape and pretty cities and villages, until you come to the majestic St. Lawrence river.

In my next I will tell you more of river life—its joys, sorrows unknown, and what can be seen at this American Venice.

SIMEON DINWIDDIE,
Deacon.

A STRANGE BURIAL.

Explosion of a Coffin at Midnight at South Fork.

Strange Scenes Witnessed by "Watchers" over the Dead—Hasty Funeral at Dead of Night.

One of the most singular burials, which was performed under the most peculiar and weird circumstances, took place at Spring Fork, some fifteen miles distant from this city, at an early hour a week ago yesterday.

Among the early settlers of this, Pettis county, were a young German by the name of John V. Peterson and his wife. They located in the southern part of the county, near Spring Fork. They were industrious and frugal and prospered, accumulating many acres of land and storing away a good bank account.

On last Thursday one week ago Mrs. Peterson, after nearly reaching the allotted three score and ten years died with dropsy. When a girl Mrs. Peterson was slim and supple, as graceful a maiden as ever became a bride, but as years passed on she grew in flesh and at the time of her death was a remarkably large woman, weighing nearly 300 pounds.

Immediately after Mrs. Peterson had passed from this world into another, arrangements were made for the funeral. The largest casket to be procured in this city was the exact measurement required, at the time of death, but as it was not delivered until Friday morning, the corpse had swollen so much that it was crowded into the too narrow case with much difficulty. The lid was then screwed down and the remains left in that condition for burial. As ice could not be procured the course taken was considered the wisest under the circumstances.

The funeral services were set for Saturday afternoon and, as is customary, a number of neighbors acted as "watchers" on Friday night. Just as the stillness of midnight was approaching, the watchers were startled by a loud report in the parlor of the mansion where the coffin had been placed. The women screamed and ran out of the house but the men plucked up enough courage to go, or rather attempt to go, into the parlor. Of necessity they halted at the door. The scene presented was a most horrible one. The gases of the body had accumulated within the casket until their force, like pent-up steam within a boiler with no safety-valve, burst the glass over the face and bosom of Mrs. Peterson. So terrific was the explosion that the body was shot forward and upward, the head of the corpse protruding from the coffin. The men in the hallway hailed in alarm—they were stricken with a panic, yet not one of them could command strength enough to fly. They did not stand in the doorway long. A vaporous cloud quickly filled the half-lighted parlor, and it was laden with the rankest of putrid odors. Then the men fled to the dining room and sent for John Peterson. He had been trying to sleep in a garret chamber but the hot sultry weather had kept him awake. He heard the explosion, and, after dressing himself, met the messenger on the stairway.

A consultation was held and it was decided that owing to the putrid condition of the remains of the deceased that the burial should take place at once. A half a dozen of the male "watchers" agreed to dig a grave in the garden plot, near the house, while the others attended to the other details of the burial. The grave having been prepared the coffin was carried to the burial place and strong ropes were placed under the casket. Just as the coffin was being lowered one of the assistants let go of his end of the rope. This threw the weight at the head of the coffin and the ropes were jerked from the hands of the men stationed there. The coffin fell with great force, head down, and was burst to pieces. Another consultation was held and it was decided to fill up the grave at once without waiting for another casket. It was evidently the best they could do under the circumstances.

Certainly, Give Her a Ring.

A correspondent at Beaman wants to know if it is still fashionable to give a young lady an engagement ring as soon as the timid but loving "yes" binds the bargain. The BAZOO unhesitatingly answers that it is just the proper caper. The girl won't kick. It is highly proper to present the young lady with the engagement ring at any time when you are alone with her, whether it happens to be her birthday or not. Being engaged to marry her, it would not be out of place to give her a gentle kiss in addition as a birthday gift. It is not necessary to hire a hall for this occasion.

A GRAND SCOOP OF Summer Goods

Messery & Meuschke's

Every vestige of merchandise pertaining to warm season will be cleared out regardless of value.

THIS WEEK.

Lawns must go.
Challies must go.
White Goods must go.
Gloves and Mitts must go.
Parasols and Fans must go.
Summer Dress Goods of all kinds must go.

PROFITS WILL GO.

Be on hand Monday morning and see how 'twill be done and help to close out summer goods and be benefited.

Excursion rates to all departments of our store.

Messery & Meuschke

NO. 232,

N. W. Cor. Ohio and Third Sts.

N. B.—Our store will be closed during the hot weather at 6 o'clock p. m. excepting the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and Saturdays.

TURLINGTON'S CASE SET.

The Trial Will Commence at Boonville Monday Next—Hensley's Continued.

Boonville, Mo., July 17.—[Special.]—In the circuit court of Cooper county, this morning, the case of the State vs. John O. Turlington, charged with the murder of Sheriff Thomas C. Cranmer, was set by Judge Edwards for trial on Monday next.

The case against Hensley will not come up this term of court.

Judge W. S. Shirk will defend both prisoners.

FOUND IN THE WOODS.

A Missing Man Shot Dead and His Throat Cut.

DeSoto, Mo., July 17.—News reached here yesterday of the finding of the body of the missing man, E. B. Day, who disappeared from Mineral Point some time since. The body was found in the woods within a mile of the place where Day was to take dinner on the day of his death. A bullet hole was found in his head and his throat had been cut. Definite particulars cannot be obtained to-night.

Health Improving.

Dr. Mills, of Longwood, says the condition of J. P. Kemp, democratic candidate for sheriff, is rapidly improving and that he will soon be able to be out and attending to business, all reports contrary, notwithstanding.

For the cure of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.