

MINA'S MAD ACT.

Miss Lane Swallows Carbolic Acid at her Home Near Beaman.

Had Lived Three Years in Sedalia—A Story of Love and Despair.

The week's local record opens with another suicide, the details of which make up a story of love, betrothal, despondency and despair.

Early yesterday morning, at her home seven and one-half miles north-east of Sedalia, and near the village of Beaman, Pettis county, the dead body of Miss Mina Lane was found in bed, in her room. She had committed suicide sometime during the previous night.

A shadowy mystery surrounds the whole case, and it may be that the grave will keep it for all time to come.

Miss Mina Lane was 21 years old and was the daughter of A. D. Lane, a fairly well to do and respectable farmer residing in the Beaman neighborhood.

For several years past he had been furnishing Judge J. N. Dalby, of Sedalia, with butter and eggs. He was accustomed to make weekly trips to town with his produce and on one of these, three years ago, Mina accompanied him in his wagon, and an arrangement was made by which she at once became housekeeper for Mrs. Dalby.

From the first day she entered upon her duties, she grew in the favor and affection of the Dalby family.

She was a pretty girl, of a pronounced brunette type and of medium size. She had received a common school education and was fond of reading.

She thoroughly understood the conduct of domestic matters and was implicitly trusted in all things. She was fond of the children and they of her, accompanying them in their walks and drives about town.

Last summer, while Judge Dalby and his wife were spending a vacation in Colorado, their children were left in her care and she discharged her duties to the utmost satisfaction. She was treated with the greatest kindness in fact with almost if not quite the same consideration as though she had been one of the children.

Miss Lane was a member of the First Baptist church, of this city, and attended regularly. She manifested a true Christian spirit, and her deportment at all times was notably modest. In fact she gave evidence in every way of having been

CAREFULLY REARED.

Shortly before her engagement with the Dalby family, she met a young man named J. D. Lowrey, of Benton county, Mo. He is a bridge carpenter on the Missouri Pacific railway, and has a sister living near the Lane residence north of Beaman. A mutual attachment sprang up between the young people.

Lowrey's occupation necessitated his constant shifting about from place to place along the line, during which time a correspondence was kept up. They were engaged to marry next November.

The young suitor seems to have been acceptable, for he was considered industrious, intelligent and temperate.

Investigation brings to light the fact that Benjamin Monsees, a highly respectable young man of Beaman township, had been paying some attention to Miss Lane. He went to the state of California about a year ago, but recently returned home. A week ago he called at Judge Dalby's residence and asked to see Miss Lane. She declined to meet him, for some reason now unknown.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Dalby noticed a sudden and remarkable change in the manner and conduct of the girl. She had always been happy and most agreeable, but now she had grown gloomy—even melancholy—and had little to say to any one. Mrs. Dalby repeatedly inquired of Mina what was the matter, and finally she said she was ill and wanted to go home. She had also written two or three letters to her parents, declaring that she must go home. She also told Mrs. Dalby that she had bought a new trunk and intended to leave. Mrs. D., appreciating the situation, advised her to return home until she got better.

Last Thursday Mr. Lane came to town and brought his usual supply of eggs and butter. When he met his daughter and was apprised by her of her desire to go home, he was astonished, and did not

understand. Then Mina threw her arms around Mrs. Dalby, weeping violently and saying she was not coming back any more. Her father gently rebuked her for leaving Mrs. Dalby without sufficient notice, and the girl then broke out afresh weeping, and said that she could not tell it to Mrs. Dalby, because she and Judge Dalby and all the family had treated her with all possible kindness.

Upon her return home her family immediately detected a remarkable and sorrowful change in Mina's looks and demeanor. She seemed greatly depressed. Her mother begged her to say what ailed her, but she gave no satisfactory answer.

Saturday morning, preceding the night of her death, she took a bucket from one of the reasons, and told her mother she was going to a spring a short distance from the house, to get water. "What if I

SHOULD DROWN MYSELF?"

she laughingly asked. Mrs. Lane took the remark as a mere jest and said: "I wouldn't jump in if I were you, for you might spoil the water." Subsequent events showed that the girl was already brooding upon self-destruction.

She stood quite awhile at the water's edge and seemed to one who saw her, to be in a kind of reverie. She looked all about her and occasionally glanced at the sky. She was, doubtless, weighing most carefully the contemplated deed, even then. Perhaps she was wavering. Hamlet-like, she was hesitating and doubting and dreaming at death's door.

Shortly after supper she retired to a room alone, which was something unusual, as, when at home, she had always slept with her mother or sister.

She locked the door securely, disrobed herself, excepting her sleeping gown, and carefully placed her clothes on a chair. What time she swallowed the fatal poison, no one can know.

Early the next morning some member of the family called her to breakfast, but there was no response. The door was opened from the outside and she was lying in her bed, life wholly extinct. Two small bottles were picked up beside the bed. One was partly filled with carbolic acid, bore the label of Fleischman's drug store in this city, and was marked poison. The other contained tincture of opium or laudanum, and bore the label of Fletcher's drug store in this city. Her face was slightly mottled by the effects of the poisons, and her lips were considerably seared where the carbolic acid had touched them. Death doubtless ensued within a few moments. She left no last message of any kind.

A BAZOO representative called at Fleischman's this morning and had an interview with Fred J. Ott, head clerk of the establishment. "I remember," said he, "selling a quarter's worth of carbolic acid to Miss Lane one day last week. She told me she that wished to use it to cure her sore throat. Her manner was natural and did not arouse my suspicion, particularly, and yet, to fully guard her, I made known its deadly effect, and gave her explicit instructions how to use it in gargling her throat."

Mr. Fletcher could not remember of having sold any laudanum to Miss Lane, though he thought it probable that she obtained it at his drug store. Yesterday, soon after Judge Dalby heard of the suicide, Mrs. Dalby, by mere chance, found a bottle of carbolic acid hidden away on a shelf in the bathroom. Mina had evidently left it there.

A BAZOO representative also had an interview this morning with Mr. Merritt Sterling, a carpenter employed in the Missouri Pacific shops here, and uncle of the dead girl. He was on his way to Beaman. "I can't account for my niece's action," said he. "She was one of the best and purest of women, and I was heartily devoted to her. I often visited her and spent evenings with her. She told me about her engagement to Lowrey, and asked my advice in the matter. There were one or two objections she had to her lover, and she broke off the engagement of her own accord."

Judge Dalby and wife visited the Lane home yesterday and again this afternoon, to attend the funeral. They were quite overcome by the terrible fate of Miss Lane. They loved her almost as much as though she had been their own child, and cannot believe that she ever permitted herself to be wrongfully dealt with by any man.

THE INQUEST.

Coroner Muehl was notified of the affair and held an inquest yesterday. The following is a transcript of the testimony:

A. D. Lane—My daughter has been working as a domestic in the family of Judge Dalby in Sedalia for the past three years. She came home last Christmas and was cheerful, and she remained one week. She came home

again about a week ago, complaining of feeling ill. She seemed depressed in mind. Last night she slept alone in a room—she had been sleeping in the same room with the family before,—when we went to call her we found her dead; she was cold and had been dead for some time. I heard no noise in her room during the night. Near her bed we found two bottles. One bottle was empty and was labeled carbolic acid; the other bottle contained a dark fluid, nearly full, and contained laudanum.

Mrs. Mary E. Lane—I noticed that my daughter's mind was depressed when she returned home last Thursday. She did not tell me the cause of her depression.

Hattie Lane—My sister did not confide in me, she did not speak much to me, but seemed sad and depressed.

Dr. G. W. Schabe—from an examination of the body of Miss Lane, I am of the opinion that her death was caused by carbolic acid poisoning.

John D. Lowrey—I was engaged to be married to deceased. Was to be married next November. I live in Benton county. I called on her last Christmas when she was at home. She appeared contented and cheerful and we talked about the time when we were to be married. I corresponded with her. The last letter I received from her she told me she was going home. She did not write as if she felt depressed. I never had any difficulty or misunderstanding with my betrothed. I never heard that any other young man was waiting on her. A week ago last Monday I received the last letter from her. In the last letter to me she made a slight suggestion to me that we cease corresponding, but I did not consider it as being meant seriously.

The following verdict was rendered: We, the undersigned coroner's jury of Pettis county, after mature deliberation as to how and when Mina Lane came to her death, find that her death was produced by a dose of carbolic acid taken by her with suicidal intent.

ROBERT E. FERGUSON,
JOHN W. LEE,
VAN FERGUSON,
J. B. MILLER,
V. H. IGO,
NORVEL McFARLAND.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

ROBBED A FARM HOUSE.

Officers Scalley and Baldwin Capture the Thieves in East Sedalia.

About six o'clock last Sunday evening Officers W. A. Scalley and J. R. Baldwin, who were patrolling East Sedalia, arrested two young white fellows who had just beaten their way in from the north on a freight train. They were taken to headquarters and thoroughly searched.

Chief DeLong found in their possession one gray overcoat, one silver watch, one pistol, one pair of trousers, one pair of suspenders and one clothes brush.

The chief at once became convinced that the officers had made an important arrest. The prisoners, who gave their names as Frank Marion and William Jones, were locked up in the calaboose to await further developments.

Yesterday Chief DeLong received a telegram from Marshal J. E. Smith, of Pilot Grove, informing him that the farm house of Mike Myers, three miles north of that town, had been burglarized the following day, and a description of the stolen property was given. It tallied exactly with that found in possession of the two prisoners.

Marshal Smith was informed of the arrest, and promptly reached Sedalia. He returned to Pilot Grove with the burglars last night.

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to use Pierce's Purgative Pellets, Sir.
For nine-tenths of the diseases of the body begin with constipation or the clogging up of the sluice-ways, through which the impurities of the blood escape, so that they are reabsorbed into the system. The Purgative Pellets act gently but thoroughly upon the stomach and liver, and are the best laxative known. Without racking and straining the organs, they open the bowels and restore a natural, healthy digestion. Unequaled in dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, piles, or any of the resulting diseases.

Ground-Hog Meat

The Sedalia BAZOO published an eminently original and creditable "Ground-Hog" review edition Sunday.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

• TWELVE YEARS.

McCord Won't Hang for Killing Burress, but will Languish in the Pen.

BOONVILLE Mo., Feb. 1.—[Special]

At the opening of the court this morning McCord entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced by Judge Riley to a term of twelve years in the penitentiary.

MISSOURI.

James Davison, of Jefferson City, Meets Death While Skating.

Yesterday evening, a few minutes after 8 o'clock, James Davison, son of Dr. Davison, who is well known in Sedalia, was drowned while skating on the Missouri river.

At 7:40 James Davison and Charlie Dewey, his chum, started from Dr. Davison's residence to go skating. But twenty-five minutes after, the sad news was being circulated that young Davison was drowned.

The circumstances in the case are these: The ice covering the river has melted in some places and in other places it has been overflowed, and the water freezing made the second coating as smooth as glass, and very hard to distinguish from water at night.

James Davison was a good skater, but could not swim, skated into an open place in the ice about fifty feet long and ten feet wide. He called frantically for help and struggled violently to catch the edge, but his own struggles hastened his sinking. His companions were unable to render him assistance and he was washed under the ice, which is about fifteen inches thick.

Dr. Davison, with some members of his family, was at church when the news of the drowning reached him. The grief of the family is almost beyond description.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day.

In order to be healthy this is necessary.

BAZOO CHAT.

It was long before the Civil war that, one day, old John Carroll, a typical Kentucky slaveholder, concluded to attend a certain political gathering. Colonel Richard M. Johnson, the famous slayer of Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, was to be the orator. The attendance was, therefore, overwhelming.

Colonel Carroll lived some fifteen miles from the scene of the picnic and he determined to take with him an old negro slave who had never been out of sight of the plantation, and knew about as much concerning the outside world as a two-year-old baby. Soon after the picnic ground was reached some fool negro persuaded Caesar that if he could get across into Ohio he would be a free man.

The proposition fired the unsophisticated old fellow and in imagination he beheld the sweet beacon light of liberty just on the other side of the Big Elk Fork—which stream he had never seen or heard of before, and which he had been made to believe was the Ohio river.

During the speaking Caesar stole away from the crowd, secured a skiff and was soon on the farther side of the creek. When he landed he shouted and rejoiced in the delusive belief that he had at last obtained his freedom.

His sojourn in the land of liberty, however, was of brief duration. Old Colonel Carroll missed him shortly after the speaking, when he was about ready to go home, and stormed and raged around in great fury. He thought for a time his hitherto faithful servant was out in the woods somewhere having a quiet game of cards with other niggers, but was informed that Caesar had sought freedom beyond the Big Elk Fork.

The old colonel immediately gave pursuit, and was not long in finding the deluded fugitive.

Forty cruel lashes with a blacksnake whip was the *finis* of Caesar's short experience as a freeman.

In less than a month the old darkey—his hopes blasted—his dream shattered, his heart broken—crossed that other stream where no master could ever pursue with curses and lashes.

George D. Prentice, the celebrated Louisville poet, paragrapher and journalist, was very fond of cats—which fondness became a fad or a hobby with him toward the close of his life. After the death of his wife he occupied a bedroom in the rear of the Courier-Journal building, and there he was accustomed to keep two or three big Thomas cats. On one occasion, after Mr. Prentice

had been absent from the office some days an employe entered his room and was met by a very disagreeable smell, as though some sort of animal had died there and was decomposing. A search for the cause was made, and in the pockets of a coat Mr. Prentice had hung on the wall, were found several large chunks of meat, now decomposed, which he had picked up somewhere to feed to his feline pets.

Major-General John H. Morgan, the famous Confederate Kentucky cavalryman and raider, though not trained to arms, was a born soldier. In ante-bellum days he was captain of a high-touted military company in Lexington, and displayed those remarkable traits which were to make him renowned in Civil war annals.

One day, in the year 1859, a prisoner named Warren, confined in the jail at Lexington, murdered Jailer Blakoe, who was an exceedingly popular man in the community. The news spread like wildfire and a mob was immediately organized to visit the jail, batter in the doors, take Warren out and hang him.

The mayor of the city, seeing the desperate situation, called upon Captain Morgan to muster his men as quickly as possible and march to the defense of the jail.

The order was executed with wonderful promptness and celerity. The boys shouldered their guns and fell into line without waiting to put on their uniforms.

They had no sooner arrived at the threatened building than onward came a maddened, howling mob of men, numbering hundreds. Morgan had only eighty men, but they were thoroughly trained and disciplined.

The infuriated mass approached nearer and nearer as though it would trample down everything in its way.

Just then John Morgan gave the command to his boys to take aim, and a glistening row of Enfield rifles was levelled at the angry mob. Morgan, with the coolness and courage of the born leader that he was, stepped slightly in front of his ranks and told the mob he would fire balls first, and blank cartridges afterward if it did not disperse.

This had for a moment the desired effect, the would-be lynchers suddenly fell back, and the company were ordered to recover arms. The mob surged forth again with hardly less fury, but were again checked by the firmness of Morgan, and Warren was saved.

The murderer was afterwards adjudged insane and died in an asylum. John H. Morgan became the hero of Lexington and this feat of arms led to his selection for an important command at the beginning of the Civil war a year later.

Do you remember Noah Allen? About fifteen years ago he was a sprig of a lawyer in Sedalia and was a reporter on a paper, I think it was the *Bee* or *Ribbon*.

Noah was quite saucy and bright with a pen, and withal a little reckless in fondling with the truth.

Tom J. Lingle, now of the Henry County Democrat, the "snorting sorrel of the Tebo" [This is said in kindness] was, at the time I write, connected with the old Sedalia Democrat.

It was over politics. Tom and Noah had a street altercation.

They both came out ahead in the scrap.

I met Noah the other day at Topeka. He is a populist and a bung starter at that and stops at the Dutton House.

He would not be tolerated by the populists of Kansas unless he would stop at that tavern.

Reader, keep your equilibrium, Noah Allen is assistant attorney general of Kansas, and he is called "General Allen."

It is Col. Tom Lingle in Missouri. I would rather be a Missouri colonel and a democrat than to be a Kansas general and a populist.

When I met Noah, he was walking fast and seemed to have more business than a sheriff when court is in session.

It was January 23, about 4 o'clock, p. m. A train sped north toward Lexington.

It was a through train, the main line being blocked, to Kansas City. The train did not stop at Houstonia, and its speed was forty miles an hour or more.

Some four or five hundred yards north of Houstonia is a public road crossing.

A few minutes before the train reached that crossing, a lady on horseback crossed the railroad track going east. After she was at a safe distance from the flying cars, she stopped her steed and turned round facing the train.

The animal did not have the appearance of having a very high strung disposition, but of high or low degree, it did not like the look of matters, and

after giving two or three shakes of the head, it whirled and threw its fair rider to the ground and ran at full speed.

The woman turned a complete somersault and struck on her feet, just as all Pettis county girls do. She gazed at the fleeing horse and then at the train, the winds of which were full of protruding heads.

She gave a saucy and defiant twist of her head and then gathered her riding skirt in her arms and walked briskly in the direction where the horse disappeared.

If the lady who was dismounted will send her address, stating the color of the horse she was riding, as a means of identification, and state she was the one thrown, the WEEKLY BAZOO will be sent to her address for one year free.

Justice of the Peace H. C. Levens, one of Sedalia's most esteemed citizens, in early life was a country pedagogue—and a good one, too. He had received an excellent education and possessed the happy faculty of being able to successfully teach and manage children.

Forty years ago he conducted a large district school at Palestine, which was then, as it is now, one of the finest communities in Cooper county, Mo. When the school term drew to a close there were musical and literary exercises appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Levens, who was greatly beloved as a teacher, composed the following farewell verses, which, after forty eventful years, he still treasures in memory of that happy event.

The Chatter is permitted to make a transcript of them:

There is a treasure on science's hill,
Which you can gain if you only will,
Then persevere and try to climb;
And you'll get there in course of time.

Your path's not flowery all the way,
You'll meet with troubles day by day,
But if you stumble 'tis no sin,
Just get up and try it again.

What joy it is to think of this,
Of living there in constant bliss;
And taste the sweets while life shall last,
Forgetting all the toil that's past.

When you get there and look around,
And view the treasure you have found,
You'll be rejoiced and glad to tell
That you have spent your time so well.

You know it is well understood,
You were created for some good;
Then to your books, both soon and late,
For if you will you can be great.

Now scholars, while you have a chance,
Study your lessons and advance,
If you will only persevere,
You will improve yourselves this year.

Go to your school every day,
And do not idle your time away;
It's better for you to go to school
Than stay away and be a fool.

Some go a day and miss a day;
After the session's out they'll say,
My child's learned nothing all this quarter,
He hasn't advanced as he oughter.

Perhaps too much time I prolong,
In reading you this farewell song,
But now I will no longer dwell;
Then bid you all a long farewell.

"Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,
My peace for these, my love to those,"
Farewell, my scholars, parents too,
My love I give to all of you.

If I should see you here no more,
I hope to meet you on that shore
Where we shall have eternal rest,
Among the legions of the blest.

Pain Self-Inflicted.

This is supposed to be an age of enlightenment. Yet the half civilized persistence with which hosts of people keep dosing themselves on small occasion, argues a blind credulity characteristic of the dark ages. Constipation has a myriad of alleged cures, which in a numerous dose merely evacuate the bowels—this operation being preceded by pain and followed by weakness—the latter an effect of their excessive, violent action. Podyphylin, also, gamboge embedded in the form of pills, blue-mums, calomel—these are among the violent medicines for which should be substituted Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, most gentle laxative extant, never gripping, and resembling in its action an effect of nature in her happiest mood. This benign and thorough medicine is also an antidote to malaria and rheumatism, gives strength to the system, renders indigestion perfect, and regulates the kidneys and bladder.

The Direct Washington Route for the Inauguration.

The Ohio and Mississippi and Baltimore & Ohio system of railways running directly east from St. Louis form the short and direct line to the National Capital, and offer through train service which is not equaled by any other route. It is properly speaking the only line from the Mississippi River to Washington; all others may be classed as routes—ways of getting there, although circuitous and therefore to be avoided.

The O. & M. and B. & O. lines run two daily trains (morning and evening) from St. Louis, with Pullman Vestibule and Buffet Sleeping Cars through to Washington, and via Washington to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

No other road does this.

For the Inauguration of President Cleveland March 4th, excursion rates will be made by these lines from St. Louis and also by western lines via St. Louis and the O. & M. and B. & O. system, which is the only one having adequate facilities for storing Sleeping cars at Washington for those who desire to occupy them while attending the Inauguration.

For further information call on agents of connecting lines west, or address,
GEO. B. WARREN,
Gen'l West. Pass'r. Agt. O. & M. R'y., St. Louis, Mo. 2-7 wtf.