MISSOURI STATE NEWS

Judge Wofford Dead.

Judge John W. Wofford of the criminal court, died in Kansas City recently at the age of 69. His ailment was stomach trouble. He had been afflicted with it for a dozen years. For six months he had suffered greatly from it and while he often insisted on sitting as judge it was apparent to his friends that he was ill and should have been at home. He would not admit that he was sick and when asked about it would declare that he felt well or at least was merely undergoing a temporary spell of indigestion. John W. Wofford was born in Habersham county, Ga., August 14, 1837. He was of Scotch-Irish parentage. At the beginning of the war he was married to Miss Cornelia Trescot, of Charleston, S. C. He enrolled with Phillips Legion, composed of infantry and cavalry, and which was afterward disbanded. He remained with the cavalry and was later lieutenant adjutant. He was in Lee's army under command of George William T. Wofford, of Georgia and was wounded three times; slightly at Sharpsburg, and in a skirmish; dangerously at North Anna Anna river. He was in the battles of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg the Wilderness and North Anna river. He came to Kansas City in 1877 and became associated in public affairs with Dr. Morrison Munford, then editor of the old Kansas City Times. In 1890 he formed a law partnership with C. H. Nearing, still of the Kansas City bar, and in 1892 was appointed to succeed Judge H. P. White of the Jackson county criminal court, who died in office. He did not seek the honor and it is said to have been without his knowledge or consent that his name was sent to David R. Francis who was then governor. Since then, Judge Wofford has been regularly renominated and re-elected and only two years ago was elected for another term of six years.

Blew Him Up 100 Feet.

The boiler of a feed mill engine on Thomas Wardell's farm near Macon, blew up, killing Frederick Harris, 19 years old, and blowing his father, Seth Harris, 100 feet in the air. The father was on top of the boiler fixing the safety valve when the explosion occurred. He was uninjured and never lost consciousness. The boiler was blown across a shed and landed 1,000 feet away. A horse a quarter of miles back in the pasture was struck by a missile and killed. Harris's 10-year-old daughter, who was standing by the boiler, was badly scalded and blown 60 feet by the steam. Harris said the steam was low and there was plenty of water in the boiler. He cannot explain the accident.

Good Price for Mules.

A carload of big mules shipped from Warrensburg to St. Louis not only topped the market there at the price of $250 a head but broke all records. The highest price ever before brought by a car load of mules on the St. Louis market was $237.50 a head. Warrensburg mules beat that by $12.50 a head. There were 18 mules in the car and they weighed 1,405 pounds each on an average. At the price of $250 each or $500 a pair, they brought a total of $4,500.

Bridegroom is Arrested.

Charles A. Clark, who was married in Excelsior Springs to Mrs. Mary E. Griffin, was arrested on a charge of bigamy preferred by his first wife, who over from Kansas City after hearing of his marriage. She claims that he married her in Kansas City 18 months ago under the name of Jack Layton. Clark waived preliminary hearing and was taken to Liberty by Constable King and put in jail.

Draw the Color Line.

J. Datta, a Hindoo in attendance at the state university, has had a hard time trying to find a place to board in Columbia. The color line was drawn and even at the Cosmopolitan club, where the Japs and Cubans live, he was denied admittance. Now for a war scare with Hindoostan over the school question. J. Datta has not yet taken his case before the President.

Killed by Frightened Horse.

John Wheeler, a prominent farmer, was almost instantly killed near Braymer recently. He was unloading corn in a car which was on the side track when a freight train came by, frightening his team. He jumped from the wagon and went to the head of the horses and in some manner one of the horses reared up and struck him, breaking his neck.

Appointed a Coal Oil Inspector.

Governor Folk has appointed W. Y. Oliver coal oil inspector at Moberly for a term of two years from February 25.

Missouri Farmer Fleeced.

J. Moseley, a farmer living near Richland in Vernon county, while making a trip to Kansas City was fleeced of $60 by a young stranger who was a fellow-passenger on a Missouri Pacific train. On the old plea that he needed $25 more to take the body of a deceased brother to St. Louis, he secured $60 from Moseley. With Moseley he left a draft for $1100 as security. The farmer found the paper to be worthless when he arrived at Kansas City. He had to pay his watch in order to return

WHAT WESTERN CANADA DOES.

Satisfactory Yields of Wheat and Good Prices.

Dundurn, Sask., Sept. 30, 1906.

Mr. W. H. Rogers, Canadian Government Agent,
Indianapolis, Ind.

My Dear Sir:

When you were at our place in July I promised to write you what my north quarter made per acre. You will remember it was all sown to wheat. Well, I finished threshing yesterday and received from it an average of 43¼ bushels per acre—testing 64½ pounds per stroked bushel. The wheat is the best sample I have ever raised—so uniform and even in size. You may know it was a good sample when I tell you that I have already sold 2,000 bushels of it for seed to my neighbors. This year has been my best effort in farming during my life. My wheat totaled 9,250 bushels and my oats nearly 5,000.

If you remember I pointed out to you a half section lying just west of our house and joining my upper quarter on the south, which I said I should have in order to make one of the best farms in western Canada. I am very glad to be able to tell you that I now own that half section. My ambition now is to be able to market 20,000 bushels of wheat next year. If some of those good, honest Hoosiers could have been with me during the last two weeks and could have seen the golden grain rushing down the spout into my wagon and then could have seen it in great piles in my granaries, I feel sure they would have been forced to acknowledge there is no better farming country in the world than this. I may just say that I have done all my farming with eight head of horses and one hired man except during harvest and threshing. This year I proved to my neighbor that the Hoosiers, when once "woke up," can raise grain equal to the best Minnesota farmers. His best yield was 42½ bushels per acre, so you see "old Indiana" is holding the ribbon this year.

Yours very truly,
N. E. BAUMINK.

PREACHER AND THE POET.

Writer Speculates on Shakespeare as a Churchgoer.

Probably Shakespeare did his own thinking on questions of religion, said little, and conformed strictly to the existing order. Still we question if he was a good churchgoer. The town and church of Stratford had a decided bent toward Presbyterianism, and there is reason to think that he did not get on well with it in this respect. Himself the wisest of preachers, he does not seem to have been fond of preaching. That which sounds most like it—and very wise it is—comes from Polonius, whom he calls "a prating old fool." We fear that when he walked to church with his wife he went no farther than the porch, but strolled along the Avon, where he was found by Susanna and Judith on "a grassy bank" in close converse with "daisies pied and violets blue," and "herb-o'-grace" as became Sunday. And in winter he was not sorry "when coughing drowned the parson's saw." The preacher and the poet have never got on well together, and will not until they are identically the same person, as Cardinal Newman says; and they must not divide and antagonize what God have joined together.—Theodore T. Munger in the February Atlantic.

How to Sleep in a Blanket.

There are a great many very competent treatises telling you how to build your fire, pitch your tent and all the rest of it. I have never seen described the woodman's method of using a blanket, however. Lie flat on your back. Spread the blanket over you. Now raise your legs rigid from the hips, the blanket, of course, draping over them. In two swift motions tuck first one edge under your legs from right to left, then the second edge under from left to right, and over the first edge. Lower your legs, wrap up your shoulders and go to sleep. If you roll over one edge will unwind but the other will tighten.—Stewart Edward White in Outing.

COFFEE THRESHED HER.

15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little Ills. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating my condition. I was downhearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me.

"Several years ago while at a friend's house, I drank a cup of Postum and thought I had never tasted anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Postum instead of coffee, and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep well, and find life worth living, indeed. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless.

"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it.—T. Fuller.

Many a man's idea of hospitality is to bring other men home and have his wife cook for them.

It isn't always policy to believe the man who tells you what he would do if he were in your place.

According to statistics nine-tenths of the men who commit suicide are married. Comment is unnecessary.

Prefer diligence before idleness, unless you esteem rust before brightness. —Plato.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. If we can get rid of the former we can easily bear the latter.—Franklin.

Wages in Germany Advanced.

Wages in the machine factories of Germany advanced last year 10 to 15 per cent.

It is said of homemade troubles that they are very like home-made clothes, they never fit well, and they generally last longer than others.—Spurgeon.

Runabout—"Reggy's new automobile blew up with him on the first trip, and he sued the firm that sold him the machine." Speeder—"Did he recover anything?" Runabout—"Everything, I believe, but one finger and part of an ear."—Judge.

W. N. U., Kansas City, No. 10, 1907.