THE
Weekly Intelligencer,
The Leading County Paper,
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Skilled workmen employed in every department and satisfaction guaranteed.

VOLUME 21. LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891 NUMBER 26

HARVEST OILS! HARVEST OILS!!

I have on hand this summer a very large lot of

Lubricating Oils

for reapers, and all kinds of farm machinery. The prices are very low, ranging from 20 cents to $1. I can sell you an OIL for

VERY LITTLE MONEY

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Give me a call before buying.

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Main Street, Lexington, Mo.

HOWD'Y DO!

Sorry to disturb your equilibrium, but I must impress upon your mind that NOWHERE within a radius of forty miles can be found so large or complete a stock
—OF—
wines and Liquors
as is kept by reliable

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Fredrick, the Tailor

Owing to an unusually large increase in his business and in order to accommodate his growing trade, has removed to the storeroom next door to the Lafayette County Bank, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Tailoring in the latest and most approved style, and asks those who want good work, at the lowest prices, and a sure fit, to call and look at his stock of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PIECE GOODS,

and leave an order for a suit of clothes with those they know can make the same to suit your taste. I have only regular journeymen tailors employed, and of course turn out only the finest and best of work. One price to all. Thanking my friends for the many favors shown me in the past, and asking a continuance of the same, I am. Yours, truly,

JOHN H. FREDRICK, Merchant Tailor,
2-14-91-6m Next Door to Lafayette County Bank.

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Life, Accident, Fire and Cyclone Insurance.

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THIRSTY AND WARM
and would have something both delicious and refreshing try our
ICE CREAM SODA,
PRICE 10c.
We continue our custom of giving with each purchase, of not less than 25c, a soda water ticket, two of these tickets are good for a glass of Ice Cream Soda.
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Franklin Avenue Drug and Book Store.

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LEXINGTON, MISSOURI,
WILL do a general Banking business; buying and Selling Bonds, Gold and Exchange. Deposits received, collections made and promptly remitted for at current rates of exchange.
Liberal accommodations to Regular Customers
S. G. WENTWORTH, Prest.
R. FIELD, Vice President.
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Having decided to dispose of my real estate in Lexington, I offer for sale one two-story brick business house, with two store rooms and cellars, situated on Franklin avenue, due south of public square; also my residence, one block southwest of Central College, containing six rooms, smoke house, ice house, good stabling, carriage house, wagons sheds, corn crib and all other out houses; two good cellars, two cisterns and hydrant; three full lots, plenty of fine varieties of fruit and the nicest shade trees in town. Call on Joe Hook, at his store or residence. apr4tf

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William Young ..... Probate Judge
Samuel J. Andrew ..... County Clerk
Charles L. Ewing ..... Circuit Clerk
Charles C. Wallace ..... Recorder of Deeds
William Aull ..... Prosecuting Attorney
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John R. Sandmyer ..... Assessor
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Charles D. Ragland ..... School Commissioner
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T. C. Young ..... Constable

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Henry C. Wallace, Jr.
John M. Price.
James B. Hook.

COURT TERMS.

Circuit Court—First Mondays in April, September and December. Richard Field, judge; Chas. L. Ewing, clerk; Haywood Heathman, deputy.

Criminal Court—First Monday of March and second Monday of October. John E. Ryland, judge; Charles L. Ewing, clerk, Haywood Heathman, deputy.

Probate Court—Second Mondays of February, May, August and November. William Young, judge.

County Court—First Monday in each month. City council, regular session, second Monday in each month.

LEXINGTON CITY OFFICERS.

C. R. Russell ..... Mayor
J. W. Hamlett ..... Marshal and Collector
U. G. Pheizing ..... Attorney
Charles M. Noel ..... Recorder
Reid Moreland ..... Register and Treasurer
James N. Price ..... Assess
Denis Gavin ..... Engineer

COUNCILMEN.

1st ward, Wm. S. Chagett and John Carter.
2d ward, James P. Steele and Thos. Walton.
3rd ward, R. F. Waddell and Jacob Fegert.
4th ward, Geo. Simmons and Chris. Walk.

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Wm. R. Hamlett, C. G. Ludwigs, Sec.
R. T. John, Pres. George P. Venable,
R. B. Dickey, T. J. Bandon V. P.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Lexington Lodge, No. 157, K. P., meets every Monday night at their hall over postoffice. Sojourning knights cordially invited.
George Price, C. C.
John L. Jakowsky, K. of R. and S.

MASONIC.

Lexington Lodge, No. 149, A. F. & A. M.—Fuird Monday in each month.
Royal Arch Chapter, No. 16—First Monday in each month.
DeMolay Commandery, No. 3, K. T.—Fourth Monday in each month.

I. O. O. F.

Orion Lodge, No. 45.—Every Tuesday night.
Itaska Encampment, No. 6—Every second Friday night in each month.
Guttenburg Lodge, No. 323—Every first and second Wednesday night in each month.

A. O. U. W.

Lexington Legion, No. 105, Select Knights, and Harmony Lodge, No. 87, A. O. U. W.—Second and fourth Thursday in each month.

K. OF L.

Knights of Labor—Every Monday night.

PROFESSIONAL.

JOHN S. BLACKWELL,
Attorney-at-law. Will practice in all the courts of the state. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to my care. Office in Masonic building over Trigg's store. jantyr1

J. D. SHEWALTER, S. N. WILSON,
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Attorneys-at-law, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts in the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and the United States courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office over E. Winsor & Son's, opposite the court house.

HENRY C. WALLACE, WM. R. CHILES,
WALLACE & CHILES,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Lexington, Mo. Office, front room over the "Lexington Savings Bank," opposite the court house. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties, and also in the Supreme court of the state of Missouri, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts for the Western District of Missouri.

W. R. GOSEWISCH, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Will remain in Lexington until November. Office over Leroy Farmer's drug store. 5-26m

W. T. DAMERON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Lexington and vicinity. Office, Meng building. Residence, Wm. B. Bolton's. sept2ty1

DRS. WILSON & ECKLE,
Surgeon Dentists, office opposite court house, over Lexington Savings Bank, Lexington, Missouri. apr18

DENTIST.
J. F. Hassell, D. D. S. Office, front rooms over Commercial Bank, opposite court house, Lexington, Mo. mch13tf

DR. J. W. MENG,
Surgeon Dentist, office opposite the court house, up stairs, Lexington, Mo.

DR. J. J. GREER,
Surgeon Dentist, has opened an office over the Lafayette County Bank, next door to Dr. Tucker, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work. Special attention given to the filling of teeth and the making of artificial dentures. Bring your aching teeth and have them extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Lexington, Mo.

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Land, Loan and Insurance Agent, Abstracter and Conveyancer, Lexington, Mo. Money to loan on improved farms in Lafayette and adjoining counties, at lowest rates of interest, with privilege of paying part or all of principal before maturity.
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PURE POLAND - CHINA HOGS

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DESIRABLE SUBURBAN HOME FOR SALE.
I OFFER my suburban place for sale, consisting of 4 acres, situated ½ mile east of C. P. C. C., adjoining city limits on the south and Lexington Coal Company's land on the north, underlaid with coal, good spring, two large ponds, all kinds of fine fruit, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, quinces, damsons, Siberian crabs, grapes, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, large asparagus beds, pecan and chestnut trees all in bearing. Large, comfortable house, good cellar, two cisterns, large barn, ice house and other good out buildings. For particulars apply at the Mammoth grocery house of W. A. Lafferty, Main street, opposite Grand Central Hotel, Lexington, Mo. jan3tf

"LIKE YOUR MOTHER USED TO MAKE."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger lank and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant was kind o' guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie
And an extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—

"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty years ago,
And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm workin' back'ards slow;
But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe,
And I want to state, this coffee tastes like gittin' home to me?

"Four us out another, daddy," says the feller warmin' up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup—
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to Uncle Jake—
'Come in and get some coffee like your mother used to make'—

"I thought of my old mother and the Posey county farm,
And me a little kid ag'in a-hangin' on her arm
As she set the pot a-bilin'—broke the eggs and poured 'em in—"
And the feller kind o' halted, with a tremble in his chin.

And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back and stood
As solemn fer a minute as an undertaker would;
Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen door, and next
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of her specs—

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out, "It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller, as he grabbed her, says: "You bet I hain't forgot"—
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

JAKE MURPHY'S REVENGE.

DANIEL DANE.

BLACK JAKE Murphy was the bigger, but it didn't take longer than five minutes to determine who was the better man. Even Mike Hudok, the big Polander, saw it. He was viewing the fray from an upturned beer keg in front of Yankee Pete's saloon.

"Jim lick'um, dam quick," he ejaculated, and his words were prophetic. In less than ten minutes Black Jake was thoroughly and scientifically "licked," and he knew it. He would have fallen on his face again as he staggered up after the last knock-down blow, if some one had not given him an arm to lean on. Through the blood that blinded him he saw the crowd in a red haze. But his reeling sight looked for but one object, and his whole brain and soul were filled with a fierce and devilish hatred for the man who stood near with bruised face and bared arms—his conqueror.

Slocum's Patch had no sympathy for Black Jake Murphy. As a rule, the Patch displayed no excessive fastidiousness as to the component parts of its select society. It had even got beyond objecting to the Polander and Hungarian. But with Jake Murphy and his father it refused to associate on any terms more friendly than those involved in imbibing Yankee Pete's whisky at their expense. It could not be asserted that either father or son was at all discomposed by this partial ostracism. It rather seemed to suit their sullen and morose dispositions. They did not seek the allurements of Slocum Patch society, except on the rather rare occasions when together they sat down for a drinking bout at Yankee Pete's. Then all those who chose could drink at their expense, and then for the few hours their money lasted none were more popular. Yankee Pete did a land office business and could well afford the broken chairs and windows which usually ornamented his groggery the next morning.

Black Jake said no word as he turned from the fray a beaten man and staggered off toward his home. It was a rough cabin of battened hemlock boards. The two men had built it themselves on a strip of company land up on the hillside above the Patch. They lived there alone, and from one year's end to another no one else crossed its threshold. Around it, in summer, the soft breeze murmured among the scraggy hemlocks and oaks. The wild violet and honeysuckle gave out their fragrance. From its door the great Wyoming Valley stretched away as in a panorama. Pittville's many spires rose not four miles away, and on a still Sunday morning the distant chime of its bells was borne to the ear. Half a mile distant rose the massive timbers that marked the opening of the new Woodford shaft, the biggest and deepest in all that region; where 1,200 feet below the sinkers had just struck the red ash vein and were finishing their contract.

The old man smoking his pipe on his doorstep made no comment as his son washed the blood from his face at the little spring near the door. At last he said:

"Who'ye yer been lickin' now?"

"No one," growled his son; "curse him, he licked me."

The old man gave a grunt.

"Who was it?" he asked.

"Jim Carroll."

"Sarve yer right. I told yer ter quit foolin' round his gal. Easy nuff to see she thought more o' his little finger than o' yer whole carcass."

"God strike me dead ef I don't have his life."

It was a bitter threat that Black Jake made, and the deadly hate that filled his heart made it no idle one.

* * * * * *

It was midnight, but down in the shaft midnight and midday were the same. Looking up, a faint speck of white could be seen in the daytime, but no trace of light penetrated that awful depth. Three men stood there waiting for their turn to go up. The smoky lamps stuck in their oilskin caps threw a dull and flickering light over their faces and figures, wrapped to the chin in waterproofs. They stood in water almost to the knee, and the ceaseless splash and patter of the falling drops told where it came from. Thirty feet above them on a platform protected by heavy timbers, a powerful pump made the confined air throb with the heavy plunk, plunk of its stroke. The pump runner sat there motionless, smoking. It was old Murphy, Black Jake's father. Jake himself stood below, and one of the two with him was Jim Carroll.

There was a fierce and evil look in Black Jake's eyes as they stood silently waiting for the bucket to descend. That look had never left him since the day Jim Carroll had "licked" him for being too attentive to his sweetheart. Black Jake was not the man to forgive or forget, and the bitterness of defeat was made still more bitter by disappointed love. He was a rough and sullen man, but years ago he had set his heart upon that girl, before Jim Carroll ever knew her. But she was young and he not over-confident. He had waited and waited too long, for Jim Carroll stepped in, and now they were to be married. Black Jake set his teeth and breathed hard when he heard it. He said nothing, but his old father watching him knew that Carroll's life was in danger. Considered from an abstract point of view, the old man had no particular objection to his son putting Carroll out of the way, but some strange and deep-hidden bond held these two men together. Had such a possibility ever arisen, old Murphy would readily have laid down his own life to save that of his son. He watched him then lest he should do that which might necessitate his departure from this world at the hands of the sheriff. His watching brought him great uneasiness. Black Jake was changed. He did not seek an opportunity to revenge his defeat in open fight. Rather he avoided Carroll, and when they were together, and, working in the same shaft, they could not keep apart, he was quiet and fair-spoken. This was not Black Jake's nature and the old man feared for what was to come.

Sitting at his post, looking down at the three men below him, old Murphy, in the flickering light of the miners' lamps, caught a glimpse of his son's face and a terror fell on him. Something told him in those set and sullen features and eyes that seemed to burn with inward fire that the time had come.

With a rattle and rush the heavy iron bucket plunged down through the darkness and touched the water ere it stopped, slowly turning with the twist of the rope that, like a thin line of black, disappeared in the blackness above.

Jake Murphy gripped it and sprang inside. Only two men could go up in it at once.

"Come, Jim," he cried, "get in," and looked at Carroll.

Old Murphy's tongue was loosened. "Hold on, Jim," he called out. "I want yer to help me fix this valve afore yer go up."

Jim turned irresolute. In that moment the other man jumped into the buckett.

"All right!" he cried. "Let 'er go!"

Carroll saw that the bucket was filled. He must wait, and grasping the lever he gave the signal to the engineer on top. There was a moment's pause, and then, with a strong and sudden rush, the bucket and its occupants vanished in the darkness.

On top it was a calm, still summer night. Above the heads of the two men as they stepped out of the swinging bucket rose the framework of massive timbers that supported the huge sheave wheels. Twenty yards away stood the engine-house, the steam still curling from the exhaust-pipes. As they left the bucket Black Jake bid his companion a surly "goodnight" and started off as though for home. But once out of sight he turned and swiftly and silently crept back. He passed the mouth of the shaft, and disappeared in the shadow of the engine-house.

Within the engine-house Tom Allis, the engineer, stood at his post. Before him was the huge conical drum sixteen feet in diameter, round which the snake-like cable was coiled in grooves. On each side of him were those mighty engines whose gigantic power could, when the time came, snatch the carriage and loaded car up those 1,200 feet of depth in fifty seconds. With one hand on the throttle he waited for the signal to lower. It came. The bell clanked, the throttle shot open, the steam rushed into the great cylinders, and down dropped the bucket like a stone dropped down a well. With steady eye Allis marked the cable as it reeled swiftly off the drum. He never noticed the slowly-revolving dial that told of the bucket's descent. For his practiced eye a bar of white paint daubed on the cable was a better guide. In another instant that white mark was off the drum, when the throttle was closed, the reversing bar shot back with a crash, again the steam rushed into the cylinders, and the engine, with a few short pants, stopped. The bucket swung at the same depth within half an inch that it had when Black Jake climbed on board. It was Tom Allis's boast that if he knew a man's exact height he could drop that bucket on his head without doing more than smooth out his hair.

He knew there was one more man to come up. The pump runner's shift would not expire for four hours yet, and all the sinkers but one were up. With his hand on the throttle lever he waited for the signal to hoist. A minute passed and two, but he stood like a graven statue.

Clank! clank! clank! The bell struck three times. It was the signal to hoist with care, as human weight filled the bucket. Slowly he drew the throttle open, and the gigantic engines, waking from their brief rest, once more sent the drum flying round. Coil after coil of writhing cable was wound about it. One hand on the throttle and the other on the reversing lever, Tom Allis watched the spinning drum and the white marks on it that told him when to stop. As he stood there he felt the reversing lever shake and tremble, as if some one had touched it. He had no time to think of this, for in another second the bucket was within 100 feet of the surface. He closed the throttle and pushed the reversing lever.

A wild cry burst from his lips. As he pushed it, the bar shot back with a rattling crash, but the reversing gear never moved. The engines would not reverse. In that awful moment his presence of mind never left him. He seized the brake bar and threw all his weight upon it. The band of steel that circled the drum gripped tight. But what could that do to stop the massive engines running at high speed? He jammed it back and rushed from the engine-house.

As he did so, the bucket shot up from the shaft. Two men were in it. A cry burst from them as the bucket, without pause or stop, leaped up amid the heavy timbers and sped swiftly on toward the great sheave wheels. Another wild cry, and then an awful crash as the bucket dashed against the wheels. A human form whirled in the air, struck against the timbers, and plunged out of sight down the yawning blackness of the shaft. Another form was clinging to the timbers far aloft.

"Who is that?" called the engineer.

"Jim Carroll," answered the man clinging to the timbers.

"Who was that fell down the shaft?"

"Old Murphy."

Another awful cry broke the stillness of the night. Down from the shadow of the engine-house Black Jake Murphy came running.

"Who?" he cried, and no words can tell the fearful agony in his voice. "Who went down the shaft?"

"Your father, Jake," said the engineer.

With one bound Jake was at the shaft's mouth.

"Father!" he cried, "father!" But the black pit gave no answer to his frantic call. With a wild cry he turned. Throwing his hands aloft he shook his clenched fist at Carroll, still clinging to the timbers, and with a fearful imprecation on his lips fell backward into the awful depth.

* * * * * *

The investigation that followed showed that a connecting pin in the reversing gear had fallen out or been removed. It was beneath the floor on which the engineer stood, and any one who chose to crawl beneath could reach it unseen. It was also shown by Jim Carroll's testimony that old Murphy, the pump runner, who should not have left his post until relieved, had insisted on coming up to the surface with him.

An Essay on Flies.

The fly has some advantage over a man. For instance, he has a pair of double compound eyes, and with them he can see in any direction or in all directions at once without for an instant turning his head.

These eyes have 14,000 distinct faces, and all of them have direct communication with the brain, so that if a man comes along on one side of him and a lump of sugar on the other, he will be able to watch both of them and steer for the sugar so long as it is safe on account of the man.

When he sees he can get one and dodge the other, that is exactly what he does, and he does not have to twist his neck in two trying to keep track of the opposite object.

The fly is particular about the air he breathes. He hasn't a very big mouth, and his lungs are small in proportion to his body, but he is particular what he puts into them.

Good green tea, such as the best of the grocers sell for a dollar, steeped pretty strong and well sweetened, will kill as many flies as drink of it. And they will drink of it. It is estimated that a pound of tea and two pounds of sugar will rid a room of flies within ten days—that is, a small room.

Flies are voracious eaters. They do not care so much what they eat as when they eat it. They are particular about regular meals. They do not eat long at a time nor much at a time, but they eat often.

Careful observers have stated that a common house fly will eat 42,200 square meals in twelve hours. One female fly will produce 20,000 young ones in a single day, and they will develop so rapidly as to increase two hundred fold in weight in twenty-four hours.

Scientists have never been able to tell how a fly walks on the ceiling; or, rather, they have never been able to agree about it. All of them have told but no two are alike in their explanation. Some say that the fly has an air pump in each of his numerous feet, and that he walks up there by creating a vacuum in his instep and allowing the pressure of the air to sustain him.

Others thinks he carries a minute bottle of mucilage around with him and lubricates his hoofs with it, so that he can stay as long as he wants to on any surface, no matter what the attraction of gravity may have to say about it. Between these two schools of thought you may take your choice.

The State Bar Meeting.

The executive committee of the State Bar Association met at St. Louis Monday, to make arrangements for the meeting of the association. There were present at the meeting W. C. Marshall, R. T. Railey, F. M. Estis, Wm. A. Wood and E. L. Leavitt.

It was decided to hold the next annual meeting on September 2, 3 and 4 at Excelsior Springs, Mo.

The programme for the occasion was partially completed. If the arrangements can be made, J. Proctor Knott and John J. Ingalls will be put down on the programme for speeches.

Judge John L. Thomas, of the state supreme court, will read a paper, the subject of which has not yet been announced. Papers will also be read by Thomas K. Skinker, Frank Hagerman and Henry W. Bond.

Further arrangements will be made for other speeches and papers before the meeting.

Higginsville's Babies.

Last week's Lexington INTELLIGENCER publishes what it purports to be a "list of babies born in Lafayette county since January 1, 1891." According to this report, the little town of Alma is certainly coming to the front. More babies are reported from there than any town in the county, and they are nearly all boys, too. Higginsville makes a miserable showing, and we fear that unintentional injustice has been done our "proud little city." Bro. Payne gives us credit for but six since January 1st, when everybody knows that old time record beats that in almost any block in the city in that length of time.—Advance.

The INTELLIGENCER'S correspondent at Higginsville was not unfaithful to his trust, and was quite busy with other matters when this special duty was assigned him. There was no intention to slight the smallest and most obscure of Higginsville's dear little cherubs.

Eloquence Comes High.

Philadelphia Times.

There is one thing about these farmers, they recognize the power of intellect. The world is not all corn and potatoes to them. When it comes to platform making they as good as snatch the thunderbolts of promiscuous rhetoric entirely from the hands of the old parties. And now here comes the North Dakota Farmers' Alliance fixing the salary of its lecturer $100 higher than that of its president. Six hundred dollars a year is this important officer to receive from his alliance. He ought to be a regular Chrysostom for that money.

The Queen Regent of the Netherlands and her daughter declined the offer of a public reception during their recent visit to Amsterdam. They requested the city officials to use the money collected for the reception in feeding the poor.

AMONG THE NEWSPAPERS.

The papers were full of 4th of July last week.

The Troy Free Press began its fourteenth volume July 3d.

The Windsor Times, a semi-weekly, finished its first year Saturday.

The Moberly Saturday Sentinel began its second volume on the 4th.

N. A. Wade, of the Butler Democrat, has just recovered from a severe spell of sickness.

The Troy Free Press and Fayette Advertiser are two of the handsomest papers, typographically, in the state.

The seventh annual meeting of the National Editorial Association began at St. Paul Tuesday, and closed yesterday.

R. M. Wallace, of the La Grange Democrat, has sold his paper to I. B. Summers and it will be consolidated with the Herald.

E. W. Stephens, of the Columbia Herald, delivered an address on "The Newspaper Profession," at the Pertle Springs Chautauqua Assembly last week.

T. D. Bogie, editor of the Richmond Democrat, is attending the National Editorial Association at St. Paul, his youngest son, Rector, remaining in charge at Richmond.

The Jefferson City Tribune says Col. W. F. Switzler is the only man in the state that can set Greek type, and the Boonville Democrat adds that the colonel doesn't know a lower case f from a farmers' alliance fence rail. How about it, Colonel?

A. C. Baldwin, who sold the Sedalia Gazette about May 1st, and bought the Macon (Ga.) News, sold that paper last Saturday, and will no doubt return to Missouri. Mrs. Baldwin's health has not been improved by the climate of Georgia.

The editor of the Keytesville Courier and the pencil pusher of the Brunswicker are discussing morality. The Courier man calls the Brunswicker man a stinker. That word closes the argument for there is no answer to it.—Nevada Democrat.

The funny man of the Blue Springs News has this: "Every stray dog, at this time of the year, should see a little smoke, hear a bang, and the next thing to take place should be the appearance of some one with a spade to attend to the funeral ceremonies."

E. Eitzenhouser has retired from the editorial management of the Independence Gazette, published by Eitzenhouser & Crick, and is succeeded by D. E. Allen, who announces that he is in "thorough sympathy with the principles of the Farmers' Alliance." Allen was once connected with the Higginsville Advance.

Miss Rosa Pearle, of the Sedalia Bazoo, has blossomed out as the most polished newspaper writer in the state. Miss Rosa is serious, witty and sympathetic, all combined, in her writings. She is the owner of a heart as big as a watermelon grown on sandy ground; and she writes best when that heart is overflowing with sympathy for mankind. She's a blonde, and is as pretty as a June peach dressed in the garb of ripeness. Harry Myers, Walter Williams, Sam Johnson and Bill Barrett are among the many suitors for the hand and heart of this bright and winsome little lady. The man who wins her will in fact capture a pearl.—Rocheport Commercial.

Active steps are being taken to establish a new paper in this city and at present all indications point to the success of the enterprise. The paper will be published in the interest of the confederate home under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The ladies' auxiliary of this city will have direct charge of the paper. It will be a 5-column-folio, all home print, and for the time being will be issued monthly. The paper will be published in the Democrat office. The subscription price will be 50 cents per annum and 500 subscribers are pledged in St. Louis alone. The first copy is to appear about September 1. We wish the paper all possible success. It will be published in a worthy cause, the proceeds to go to the home.—Higginsville Democrat.

What Next, Girls?

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 13.—The white neck tie of Rev. S. B. Alderon, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian church of Washington Courthouse, a village near this city, fluttered gayly in the breezes Saturday as the gentleman sprang nimbly around in the official capacity of umpire at a game of base ball between a nine composed of the society belles of the place and a picked nine of the young ladies' best men. The girls' club was organized to while away the summer dullness, and is certainly a great success. The first game resulted in a score of 22 to 17 in favor of the young men, who, however it must be stated, used only their left hands, as they did not wish to defeat the girls too badly. The girls do not intend to travel; but have organized the club simply for exercise. The players all belong to the best families, as may be judged from the fact that they succeeded in inducing Rev. Mr. Alderon, the Presbyterian minister of the town, who is a great admirer of the national game, to act as umpire.

A Gubernatorial Guess.

Ike Bryson, of the Louisiana Press, besides running one of the best semi-weeklies in the state, lays just claim to the title "phunny man." He can say some "deuced good things" now and then, but one of the best is this:

A pleasing event of the recent republican convention at Columbus, O., took place after the nomination of Major McKinley when Governor Campbell and his wife drove around to the hotel and took Mr. McKinley out driving. Mrs. Campbell rode that evening with the next governor of Ohio, but nobody can tell until the polls close which one it is.

The Democratic Party and Silver.

Springfield Leader.

The democratic party is as positively committed to free and unlimited coinage of silver as it is to the preservation of the reserved rights of the states, tariff for revenue only, freedom of the press, and other cardinal doctrines enunciated in the declaration of independence, the constitution, and the platform of the democratic party at St. Joseph last June. The abandonment of only one of these principles by the party would absolve every member from further allegiance to the party, and would justify them seeking political alliance with any other organization that more nearly harmonized with their political faith.

To-day the distinct shibboleth of the democratic party is free and unlimited coinage of silver, and if the party in its coming national convention abandons the principle or nominates a candidate not in hearty, earnest, positive accord with it, a repetition of 1860 is imminent.

The democratic party is and ever has been the champion and advocate of a strict observance and construction of the constitution, which places gold and silver upon a par for the payment of debts and makes them the only legal tender, and it cannot violate one of its most sacred pledges to please any man or any set of men.

The democratic party is bigger, better and holier than any individual, and the man who wants its endorsement must come to the party and kneel at its shrine; the party cannot go to the man without self abasement and abandonment of its cherished principles.

Democrats, you are confronted with a "condition, not a theory," and you must meet it bravely and honestly.

The democratic party has many worthy sons who are willing to carry its banner without asking it to sacrifice its time-honored principles.

Evangelistic Work.

Rev. A. A. Wallace, of Mexico, Mo., thus writes to the Christian Observer, Louisville, Ky., in the issue of July 8th:

At the meeting of the executive committee of Evangelistic work in Missouri, held in Lexington, June 30, reports of the last two months' work were read. These reports showed results as follows:

Places visited by Evangelists	35
Additions by profession	75
Additions by certificate	17
Total of additions	92
Money collected by Evangelists	$353

The work of the last two months has been greatly hindered by the rain. But despite the fact of storms, and the consequent diminished congregations, the work has prospered, as the above figures clearly show. Judge Ryland, the executive officer of the committee, spent most of the past sixty days with Dr. Primrose, in Potosi Presbytery. When not with Dr. Primrose he was in Missouri Presbytery, and, as a result of his works, $1,200 was pledged for the Evangelistic work in the eight churches visited. Missouri Presbytery hopes to increase this amount by several hundred dollars. The work is being greatly blessed, for which we thank God. The committee will meet again in August.

How to Sew Wounds.

Hall's Journal of Health.

In small wounds a bit of rag will keep the pieces of cut skin close together, but in larger wounds the edge must be mechanically brought together. Some do this by pieces of sticking plaster, but more satisfactory results are got by putting in a few stitches. Any one with a little nerve can put stitches into the edges of a wound. Bring them together, and keep them in contact by tying the thread.

An ordinary needle will do; thread it with silk, push through the skin from the outside of the wound and about one-twelfth of an inch from its edge, draw the thread partly through, then pierce the skin of the opposite side from the inside of the wound, bring the two edges together, tie the thread with two or three knots, and the opperation is complete. Put the stitches about a quarter of an inch apart, and sew up all the wound.

Use a clean needle, uncolored silk thread, and dip both into boiling water before using.

For Practical Men.

New York World.

The opinion of eminent men of business, to whom the chief end of human endeavor is the accumulation of money, that a college course is a waste of time for young men who have not a profession in mind, does not weigh with the young men or with their judicious parents. The entering classes at all the great colleges will be larger this year than ever before. The graduates will be all the better men of affairs for knowing something else—that is, if there is good stuff in them, and they are not, as Emerson said, "mere punk." Besides, a man must bear with his own company all his life, and it is natural that he should desire to make of himself a companionable chap by both storing his mind and training his sensibilities.

Some Good in Pensions.

The attention of people who sneer at all phases of the pension laws, good or bad, including the publishers of some newspapers, is called to the following paragraph, simple and not written in finest language, which tells of some of the good points sometimes overlooked. It is from the Mount Zion correspondent of the Sweet Springs Herald:

We heard two men disputing about the pension law last Monday. One said the treasury was bankrupt. The other said he sold a cow for $43.00 to a soldier that had just drawn a pension, and that the soldier was never able to buy a cow before, and that he was looking around for another pension soldier to sell more cows to.

To Newspaper Borrowers.

Do you ever pause to reflect that you are a nuisance of the first water? Do you know that the neighbor from whom you borrowed this very paper you are now reading is often greatly inconvenienced by you? He subscribes and pays for the paper for his own individual use and benefit; it is not done for your pleasure, education or comfort. He may not tell you so to your face, because the class of men who subscribe and pay for a newspaper are too kind hearted fellows; but they do a good deal of thinking, all the same, when you ask for their paper. Stop borrowing and you will stop making a nuisance of yourself.—Ex.

Source of Salton Lake.

Capt. Frazer, of Banning, on the edge of the Colorado desert, an old river captain on the Colorado, furnishes a new theory of the source of the water in Salton lake. He says he is confident the water is a genuine arm of the Gulf of California and that this mysterious lake will be permanent. He says: "The water of Salton lake comes from the Hardis Colorado, a branch of the Great Colorado, which commences in the river about fifteen miles from the Gulf of California and its course is to the north and east."

Heroes and Bruisers.

Detroit Free Press.

The memory of one man like the brave collegian, Brokaw, who lost his life at Elberon while endeavoring to do his duty like a christian and a gentleman, is invaluable in the example it sets of the twin qualities of gentleness and manliness which go to make up the grandest word in the language. Yet there are those who will think three times of Slavin or ten of Sullivan, hired and paid brutes, where they will give one thought to this modest hero.

STATE NEWS.

Nevada owes $20,000.

Moberly has a humane society.

Stockton has a fruit evaporator.

Carterville has a female brass band.

Butler had a horse show Saturday.

Mexico, is is said, has a baccarat club.

Holden had seven inches of rain in June.

Hallsville, Boone county, has been made a money order office.

Nevada wants $22,000 to run the city and pay debts next year.

Independence is resplendent in the rays of twenty-five are lights.

A Vernon county farm of 120 acres sells for $35 an acre sometimes.

Henry county wants a hundred-thousand-dollar courthouse. May she get it!

Monroe City spent $3,406.58 last year, and wants to spend $2,122 the next.

The capital stock of the Stockton Exchange Bank will be increased to $50,000.

The Paris town cow and hog have been penned up by an ordinance passed last week.

The Odd Fellows of Cedar, Dade and Barton counties will picnic at Omer August 7th.

The Farmers' and Merchants' bank at Centralia, with a capital of $25,000, has begun business.

A humane society, whose object is to prevent cruelty to animals, has been formed at Hannibal.

Company B, N. G. M., of Butler, will attend the state militia encampment at St. Joseph.

The grand conclave of the Select Knights, A. O. U. W., will be held at Nevada, October 27th.

Nevada has a "wild" man who avoids other men and indecently exposes his person to ladies.

The amateur base ball club at Independence proposes to tackle any other amateur club in the state.

Col. Henry Newman and Captain Barlow will speak for the Confederate Home to-day, at Sweet Springs.

George W. Williams, state lecturer of the Farmers' Alliance, is lecturing in Cedar and adjacent counties.

Boone county celebrated the 4th of July by contributing $2,110 to the Confederate Home at Higginsville.

The Millersburg public school, which began a six-months term Monday, is perhaps the earliest public school in the state.

Holden school district received $9,367.56 from all sources for the year ended June 30, and expended all but $697.64 of it.

The executive committee of the state board of agriculture transacted only routine business at the Centralia meeting on the 8th.

Blue Springs people want to pick up pins and read newspapers out of doors at midnight, and are praying for an electric light plant.

L. L. Norton, the temperance lecturer, has returned from Dwight, Illinois, apparently cured of drunkenness.—Columbia Herald.

The old settlers of Cedar and adjoining counties are preparing for a reunion and barbecue at Stockton sometime between the 1st and 15th of September next.

Mrs. Senator Cockrell entertained a few friends one evening last week, at a 6 o'clock dinner, in honor of E. W. Stephens and wife, of Columbia, at her home in Warrensburg.

Missouri Dentists.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Missouri Dental Association at Louisiana last week:

Dr. George L. Shepard, Sedalia, president; Dr. E. E. Shattuck, Kansas City, first vice-president; Dr. J. T. Fry, Moberly, second vice-president; Dr. Wm. Conrad, St. Louis, corresponding secretary; Dr. W. M. Carter, Sedalia, recording secretary; Dr. Jas. A. Price, Weston, treasurer.

Death of Aquilla Jones.

The venerable Aquilla Jones died at