

CHARITON COURIER.

C. P. VANDIVER, Editor and Proprietor.

MAN WAS MADE TO HUSTLE.

TERMS: 1.00 A YEAR IF PAID IN ADVANCE IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, \$1.50.

VOLUME XXVI.

KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1897.

NUMBER 20.

Danger! Look Out For—!

We often see in our travels an immense sign bearing in great glaring black letters the above legend; or a red lantern, warning the traveler against some serious bodily danger he is approaching. And if we are discreet in guarding our physical bodies against harm we never fail to become cautious in approaching the place thus designated, or if the danger is imminent by turning in another direction. How different, though, is our treatment of our other self—the moral or spiritual nature. Humanity has traveled every highway and by-path of life, and at every danger point human experience has erected monster signal monuments on whose every face is written in letters of blackest failure the ominous warning, "Danger!" Through the gloom flares the red light of caution, pointing out the pitfall and bidding us turn aside. Yet how many thousands rush madly on and are crushed beneath the cruel wheels of a destroying custom, or pluge into some pitfall of secret sin.

Some things we have read recently as taking place in other communities and some that are taking place in our own have suggested to our mind the foregoing train of thought. And even under the danger of being called meddling some we have concluded to speak of some of those things and call the attention of the thoughtless or inexperienced to their dangers.

The Chiticothe papers have lately been making mention of some of the objectionable acts committed in that city by thoughtless young women of the town. Among these, that of two young ladies going out for "a lark" after dark, one dressed in male attire and the other in a costume hardly appropriate for a woman. Another, of two young ladies who "rush the growler" for their male guests. Such practices are very unwomanlike, but are venial when compared to the conduct of a certain married man and single woman of this community. It is unnecessary for us to print their names here in scandalous letters of black—their own consciences will tell them whom we mean. Or, if they will consult "They Say," that ubiquitous and omniscient personage who is cognizant of the evil committed by every man and woman in the community, they will hear their names mentioned in connections other than complimentary. By consulting this oracle of the public morals they will learn that whenever the aforesaid gentleman's wife leaves home he at once becomes very attentive to this young lady, taking her for long walks, lonely buggy rides and occasionally, perhaps, taking her on excursions to neighboring towns. It has been told the writer that this all-seeing personage on one occasion, while the gentleman's wife was away from home, saw the young lady enter his house in a clandestine manner. We know not whether their intercourse has been criminal, nor does it much matter so far as the woman's reputation is concerned for that is irredeemably gone—destroyed by her own acts—acts it may be of simple indiscretion, but utterly hopelessly destroyed beyond the hope of resurrection. Yet the case is not without its uses, for it erects another of those danger signals of which we spoke in the beginning, which it might be well for others to heed.

Society, whether rightly or wrongfully it need not now concern us to inquire, has enacted one standard of morality for men and an entirely different and higher standard for the woman. And it is an inexorable law. A man may be guilty of the most outrageous social crimes and be forgiven. A woman, however, if she commit an overt act of disobedience to the more serious canons of the social code, becomes then but the idle buffet of man's passion and the loathing of her own sex. She may just as surely lose social caste, while still remaining free of any overt act of criminality, by repeated violations of the proprieties of intercourse among the sexes. Woman can-

not with safety violate the prejudices, if you please so to term them, of society. Meredith has compared the social world in his Lucile to a nettle, which, if a woman but touch, it stings her; but if crushed firmly in the hand it stings not. This nettle must, by a woman, either be thrust aside or crushed if she would avoid its sting. Lucile would not thrust it aside, and she could not crush it because her woman's hand was too weak, and it stung her. None of her sisters are more cautious or stronger. Then tempt not the nettle of social custom.

All men, in their hearts, worship genuine female virtue—never fail to recognize its real presence, and in that presence stand abashed and defeated of their most selfish purposes as though they stood in the presence of Deity. The only reason some men profess to doubt the existence of female virtue is not on account of their own moral corruptions as much as on account of the thoughtless indiscretions of so many women in their associations with men.

Every woman has within herself the sure means of defense against the wanton tongue of scandal as well as the wily assaults of the libertine. We were forcibly impressed with this truth by a passage in Meredith's incomparable work—Lucile. In one of the many trying interviews with the man who loved her she effectually rebuked him with a look the truly virtuous woman alone can give, which led the author to remark that had Lucile so looked at Tarquin she had needed no dagger next morn to assert her innocence. The sentiment is no mere idle fancy of a poet's imagination, but the conscious assertion of a woman's virtue is an impregnable fortress the boldest lechery dare not assault. The libertine is a moral coward. He can no more stand unabashed in the presence of real virtue than the bats and owls and other denizens of darkness can sport in the glare of the noonday sun.

If women, young girls especially, would avoid the vicious and deadly tongue of scandal and live pure and happy lives, they will find sure protection in obeying the injunction of the apostle: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." They cannot do this by receiving the constant gallantries of married men, or in giving opportunity to temptation in their intercourse with any man.

The Tomb.

BROADDUS.—Mr. John A. Broaddus died at his home, three miles northwest of Keytesville, at 8 o'clock a. m., June 8th, 1897, after an illness from pneumonia of nearly two weeks, aged 63 years, 7 months and 28 days. Mr. Broaddus was born in Richmond, Ky., October 10th, 1828. He came with his parents to Missouri when about 10 years of age, settling with them on a farm situate between Glasgow and Fayette. There he grew to the estate of manhood and from among the daughters of that county chose and won his life partner, Miss Bettie Haston, to whom he was married September 22nd, 1859. Of this marriage there was born 12 children, all of whom are still living, namely: Oscar of Miles City, Montana; Horace of El Paso, Texas; Mrs. J. R. Allen of Shannondale; John of Miles City, Montana; Ernest of near Brunswick; Lee of Waco, Texas; Bettie, who lives with her mother; May and Haston of Miles City, Montana; Mrs. Henry and John Daily, Jr., of near Keytesville and William, the youngest, who continues to live at the family homestead.

Deceased has lived in Chariton county a number of years and on the place where he died for the past nine years.

Many years ago he united with the Christian church, but of late years had made no pretensions to religion. The remains were interred at New Hope cemetery, seven miles southeast of Keytesville, Wednesday, June 9th, at 3 p. m. with appropriate religious services conducted at the grave by Rev. J. T. Cose of Keytesville.

Deceased was a most affectionate and indulgent husband and father, a

good citizen and faithful friend. Peace to his ashes.

ALLEN.—Died, of consumption at the home of his brother-in-law, Jno. A. Venable, in Yellow Creek township, June 7th, Kendall Allen, aged 10 years.

Mr. Allen was a native of Virginia, but had lived in Chariton county for the past 30 years. His wife died about three years ago. He leaves two children, both boys, Charles K. and Arthur L., aged 12 and 14.

Mr. Allen was a consistent member of the Baptist church. He was also a member of the A. O. U. W., in which order he carried \$2,000 life insurance. This, together with his other property amounting to \$500, he left by will to his sons, appointing his brothers-in-law, Jno. K. Venable and C. H. Riddell as executors.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. B. Venable and the remains laid to rest in the Rothville cemetery Tuesday.

Commencement at North Missouri Institute.

With the end of the present session, Prof. G. C. Briggs completes his ninth year as principal of North Missouri Institute, justly popular in this section for the good work in the proper education of our young men and women it has accomplished. Prof. Briggs is a Christian educator of superior academic attainments, who believes in thoroughness in education and making moral training a part in the mental education of every boy and girl. The past year has been an exceptionally successful session and the best prophecy for continued prosperity is found in the success of his past.

We are indebted to our young friend, J. H. Jacob, for the facts of the following report:

The baccalaureate sermon to the members of the graduating class was preached Sunday morning in the opera-house by Rev. W. F. McMurry of Richmond, Mo. The discourse was short, but was replete with wise counsels for the severe battle of life and affectionate warnings of the dangers that await every soldier therein. The reverend gentleman preached again at night to a crowded house.

The annual declamatory and recitation contest was held Monday evening before a large audience in the opera-house. Ten young ladies and gentlemen contended for the distinguished honors of this popular event, viz: Misses Bertha Bushnell, Olivia Karning, Edna Allin, Addie Jacob, Lucy Bradley and Mildred Trueblood, and Messrs. A. L. Cloyd, L. T. Farr, A. L. Friesz and Ralph Berry. All the participants acquitted themselves with honor. The award of medals was made Thursday evening, too late for mention this week.

Tuesday evening the commencement exercises proper—the presentation of diplomas to the graduates and the annual literary address—were held at the opera house. The graduates numbered nine, four young ladies and five young gentlemen, as follows: Misses Mildred Trueblood, Vida Ratliff, Carrie West and Bettie Neal and Messrs. A. L. Cloyd, L. T. Farr, Geo. Ireland, Frank Shipp and Augustus Nolting. The diplomas were presented by A. C. Vandiver of Keytesville. The address preceding the delivery of the diplomas outlined the only road to success as lying in the direction of pure Christian character and studious and persistent devotion to a single object in life.

The annual address by Edward Page Gaston of Chicago was a masterpiece of eloquence and learning.

We have failed to get any report of the further proceedings of the week, which terminated Thursday evening.

Unlawful Detainer.

Leach vs. Leach, an unlawful detainer case, was tried in Squire DeMoss' court Monday before a jury. W. T., or "Toy" Leach as he is generally known, the plaintiff in the case in 1893 entered into a written contract with his

mother, wherein she agreed to turn over all her live stock of every description, even down to the poultry on the place, together with the possession of the farm and premises in consideration of his promise to care and provide for her comfort and support during the remainder of her life. The contract was placed in the possession of Squire J. W. Cazzell, a justice of Missouri township, who lives near them. Possession of the premises, however, never was surrendered by the mother, and it was not long until the contract was abandoned altogether, and W. T. Leach, the son, thereafter cultivated the farm simply as a renter, paying one-half of the crops produced as rent. About Christmas, 1895, Robert Leach, another son, who had been a soldier in the regular U. S. army, received his discharge and returned home. In the spring of '96 W. T. left the premises, taking with him his own personal effects and going to a neighbor's to board. Robert soon thereafter married, and at the invitation of his mother came with his wife to live with and care for her in her then extreme weakness, caused from consumption, with which she is afflicted. He never had and never claimed possession or the right to possession of the premises, but was merely there upon invitation of his mother. The testimony of many of the most reputable citizens of Missouri township proved that W. T. Leach by all his words and acts merely claimed an interest in the crops without adverse possession to that of his mother, or a right to the same. It was, therefore, quite a surprise to those present when the jury failed to agree on a verdict—standing five for the defendant to one for the plaintiff. The case comes up again June 21st. It is said it will be appealed to circuit court, no matter what the verdict of the jury may be in justice court.


One More Victim.

Strong drink has claimed one more of its victims. Last Saturday, Robert Frazier of near DeWitt, one of the most skillful artistic painters in North Missouri, was in DeWitt drinking heavily. After he had drunk almost to the point of helplessness he started east up the railroad track in the direction of home. This was some time after dark and was the last time anyone saw him alive. The next morning his dead body was found at the cattle guard, the head severed and the remainder of the body horribly mangled. Whether it was a case of murder or accident will doubtless never be positively known.

Mr. Frazier was of good family connections and except for his besetting sin of drunkenness would have been a prosperous and useful man. The one fault blasted his business prospects and separated him from family and friends. He had the habits of intemperance which prior to his aged mother's death, which time he was in the habit of separating from her to separate from her.

This miserable case is a warning to all of us if the victims of intemperance are not alone, but the entire body of our people suffers with them and is equally with the wretch who makes of a being lower than the beasts over indulgencies. The truth, however, is that they are falling thus around us every day. And the victim ruins not only himself, but often his dearest ones as well, and the thing that ruins them entails upon society more than one-half the burden of taxation it is compelled to bear. Why will society continue to foster a production that pauperizes and murders thousands of its best citizens and forces upon it an onerous burden of taxation? Without once considering the moral turpitude of our license laws, it does seem to us the commonest rules of business prudence would force us to put an end to such a wasteful policy.

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Dr. Fox Jumps His Bond.

Prosecuting Attorney J. A. Collet went to Linneus last Monday to prosecute the case there pending against J. R. Fox of Marceline under indictment found in this county, charging him with removing the dead body of Miss Leona Gates from its grave near Westville.

The Linneus Bulletin makes the following report of the proceedings in the case:

"Recognition forfeited, *scire facias* ordered, *alias capias* for defendant and cause continued."

The following historical sketch is taken from last week's issue of the COURIER:

"Fox, it will be remembered, was indicted on three counts in the Chariton circuit court at Keytesville in April, 1895, for disinterring and spiriting away the dead body of Miss Leona Gates from Bell cemetery Westville. He took a chance and case went to trial the case found guilty on the first count sentenced to three years in the penitentiary; but he appealed to the supreme court, where the lower court was reversed and the case remanded to the circuit court for a new trial."

There is now nothing left for the prosecution except to perfect the second count of the indictment and try Fox on that, and if he succeeds in running the gauntlet of the law's fury in that case he will be a free man, otherwise he must pay the penalty for his ghoulish glee."

When the case was called last Monday, Fox failed to appear and his bond in the sum of \$3,000 was declared forfeited. A man by the name of Martin of Marceline is his principal bondsman.

Not Our Fight.

We have received a communication from J. Wesley Isie, disappointed Republican applicant for the Indian Grove post-office piece of political "pie," in which he charges a person he designates as "one Louis Benecke," with various political crimes. We know nothing concerning the merits of Mr. Isie's "war for spoils," and care very much less. We are absolutely neutral and will not be entrapped into recognizing the belligerency of either. It is a Republican civil war, and they should succeed in other to the extent of cats, we, as Democratic Republicans far journal in the Republic believe.

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