

WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.,
TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. W. S. HANCOCK.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

Governor—T. T. CRITTENDEN.
Lieutenant Governor—R. A. CAMPBELL.
Secretary of State—M. E. McGRATH.
Treasurer—JOHN WALKER.
Attorney General—RICHARD D. RAY.
Attorney General—D. H. McINTYRE.
Register of Land—ROBT. McULLOCH.
Railroad Commissioner—G. C. PRATT.
Electors at Large—J. DON MORRISON.
Circuit Judge—JOHN P. STROTHER.
State Senator—THOMAS T. HEARD.
Representative—THOMAS P. HOUSTON.
Collector—C. M. H. O'KINS.
Attorney—C. G. HEARD.
Probate Judge—JOHN A. LACY.
Sherriff—M. S. CONNER.
Treasurer—R. T. GENTRY.
Assessor—J. W. WALKER.
Coroner—DR. W. P. KING.
Surveyor—THOMAS MONROE.
Public Administrator—J. CLAPTON.
County Judge—W. D. W. PERDUE.
County Judge, E.D.—DAVID LEVYER.

A tunnel under the St. Lawrence river at Montreal is to be undertaken.

The prospect is good in Texas for an almost unprecedented yield of cotton.

Dr. Tanner's condition is bulletined every day by the prominent Paris journals.

The New York Herald's Irish relief fund reached the handsome sum of \$341,054.58.

After Tanner finishes his task, what will they have to talk about in New York? He has been a very good send to the women and newspapers.

Ten years ago there were three hundred men, boys and girls employed in the manufacturing of Chattanooga. Now there are three thousand.

The Arctic sailors believe they'll reach the North Pole, and Mr. Garfield believes he'll reach the White House. Life is full of delusions.

A Pittsburg man jumped from a bridge forty feet high, receiving fatal injuries, rather than meet his wife while he was walking with another woman.

The Rev. Father Synnot thought that a horse was hitched too close to his church, at Bridgeport, Conn. He struck the horse and its boy driver with a whip, and has been sued for \$500 damages.

Hon. Graham Frost was renominated yesterday by acclamation for congress in the Third district, in St. Louis. Mr. Frost is the youngest member of Congress, being now only twenty-nine years of age.

The military headquarters of the department of the Platte have been removed from Fort Omaha to the city of Omaha on the recommendation of Gen. Sherman. Fort Omaha is to be made a permanent post.

The Louisville Courier-Journal estimates the population of Kentucky at 1,734,531, which is an increase of 413,321 over the population in 1870. The estimate is based on official returns from forty-two counties in the state.

Mr. George Bancroft began fifty-five years ago this last July his "History of the United States," and in a few weeks he expects to celebrate its completion at his Newport country home. Mr. Bancroft is eighty years of age.

A shrewd farm hand bought for \$160 the big meter which fell in Euclid county, Iowa, last year, and was laughed at by his comrades for what they termed his idocy. He has now sold it to the British Museum for \$6,500.

The census returns, so far as known, show that the "barbarous" south has not been standing so still as has been supposed these ten years. Even the northwest will not have such a surprisingly larger number of congressmen than the "provinces."

If Wade Hampton, Zeb. Vance and John B. Gordon were to declare for Garfield, they would all forthwith become "most noble gentlemen," and the promises of foreign ministries would only be one of the common courtesies of life at Monticello.

A San Francisco manufacturer has received from the interior of the state an order for a pair of boots which, if the numbers in use ran so high, would be righteously in size. They will be 17 1/2 inches in length. The man who is to wear them is small, except as to his hand and feet.

It was so common for Freeman to whip his wife, at Memphis that the neighbors paid little attention to the bruises which she constantly bore. She never complained of them, and was seemingly resigned. But a few days ago a pistol shot was heard in her house and her husband was found with a bullet in his head. "I concluded that I stood it long enough," she said, "and Lady Anne, wasn't he surprised when I hauled out my pistol and popped at him?"

AUTORS AS MASHERS.

How the Painted Hero of the Stage Searches the Hearts of Susceptible Females.

Presents Which Make Mashing Profitable—Love Letters Received by the Wholesale.

New York Dispatch.

We do not find an actress' conquest at all unusual. But the amatory victories are full of curious features. Several years ago two stars on the New York stage were particularly famous for the impression they made upon the ever susceptible feminine. Their pictures were availed to be the chief treasures of every spinster album, and a good many collections whose owners bore another name than that of their maidenhood. Some devotees were said to carry their enshrined nearest hearts, and even erect altars at which they worshipped them with an impious perversion of the reverence extended to the holiest objects. However this may have been, the evidence of the photographer proves that their counterfeits presentments enjoyed a sale unprecedented in the history of any male portrait favorite, and their native performances were crushed sacred to the sex all men adore. The epidemic, for such it actually was, died out with the departure of its objects from the metropolis; but spasmoid cases constantly recur, and there is not an actor in any eminence, or even prominence, upon our stage, who has not been the recipient of attention as flattering to him as those the favorite actress evokes from the impressionable non theatrical male.

SOME LOVE LETTERS.

The writer one afternoon found the juvenile man in a leading theatre burning letters in his bedroom grate. One of the drawers of his dressing table was fairly packed with similar epistles, which exhorted an unmistakable aroma of the boudoir.

"My love letters," he explained laughingly, "Julia is coming back next week, and though she's the most sensible little woman in the world, I don't want to give her even the temptation for a kick."

"Do you mean to say these are all products of the present season alone?" "Why, this is scarcely half of them. I have brought them home at all but more than after the reading. Since she has been on the road I have relapsed into a dangerous bachelor habit of throwing my correspondence into the drawer, as you see. Just cast your eyes over them. It's no violation of confidence, for I have never answered one, or seen any of the writers."

It was a curious collection. All classes of society, from the represented by the monogram crested, rose tinted note, to the fragment of a letter from an aristocratic boudoir, down to scrawled lines, with capitals where they ought not to be, and blots and erasures that would cost a school boy a bitter penance, were there. From passionate eloquence of the educated woman, to the lovelorn illiterateness of the scullion, the whole gamut of amorous stillness was run. The stately diction of the woman of society, the hot admiration of the harlot and the timid declaration of the smitten schoolgirl, mingled with the

WEEKLY SLUSH-BUCKET sentiment of a belle of avenue A, and the groovy adulation of the kitchen. A great many of the letters of these latter sorts were evident copies from one letter writer, and in several cases were, with the exception of signatures and orthographical errors, precisely the same.

"My amateur correspondence," observed the recipient as he felt these relics of disclaimed devotion to the flames with a liberal hand, "is all one-sided. I make it a point never to answer letters of this sort. Experience has proved to me that there is no other way to treat them. Love that breaks out after this emotional fashion is too readily gained to be worth having, and by encouraging it a man is only heap-up a peck of trouble for himself."

"And do they drop the correspondence even with one trial?"

"Some do. As a rule, it takes two or three unanswered letters to bring the majority of my victims to reason. A favorite idea is expressed by them in phrase which all of them seem to have by heart: 'I want to win you!' And the ways they go about it are curious ones. The copy or envelope poetry on love and loving sentences, ring in everything from the Bible down to motto cards. Then they confide all sorts of real or fictitious personal histories to me, their unhappy lives, their faithful lovers and unrequited loves, their strict parents and guardians. Some go so far as to send me presents. I might almost have opened a jewelry store with the bribes in the way of stars, buttons, rings, chains and the like I have been the recipient of in the last four seasons."

"What do you do with them?" "I send to be fool enough to send them back, and so prolong the agony. Now I keep them, and find that the most effective way of putting a stop to the nonsense. The women drop then to the fact that I don't reciprocate, and are too much ashamed of themselves to keep the correspondence up. Tell anyone of my having taken a present from them! Not much. There isn't a woman alive who would give herself away like that."

"Don't they ever try to get hold of you personally?" "Oh, yes. But that is easily avoided. I have got the thing down so fine now that I can spot a 'masher' on sight. I may do a flirting now and then with a really attractive one, but as a rule I let them severely alone. A very good plan, I have found, is to leave a theatre in company with a lady or a couple of boys."

"The first maneuver, of course, knocks spots out of any flirtation. By the second, I can put the man who is with me on the third in my place—and that is an insult no woman can forget or forgive."

MASHERS' CHARACTERS.

"A curious feature of the business in how many different parts affect it. One character, the 'Gleaner,' in 'Two

Orphans," for instance—will bring a perfect deluge of love letters down on me. Another will result in only a few, the letters of some females as eccentric as the part which has scared the others off of *George de Lorraine*, in 'Lod Astray,' is one of these. Drawing-room roles always score conquests among the better class. When I put on a plumed hat and carry a rapier, the paper box factories and dry goods stores wake up. But there isn't a part you can scare up that wouldn't make a hit somewhere. There isn't a meaner role in the range of the drama, for instance, than *Michael Feary*, in 'Ar-ran-Pogue.' Some years ago I played it for a friend's benefit, and the papers did I made it as hateful as any man could. Well, may I be—never mind, I will be anyhow, I guess—if I didn't capture three idiots, even with my scratch wig and my sneaking villainy. In fact, come to think of it, I was once in company with a certain piece was 'Old Curiosity Shop.' The fellow who played *Quip* was an artist. His performance was the most elaborately villainous I ever saw. But he was a 'masher,' and the rate at which he perforated the sensibilities of his lady audience was incredible. "In the days when negro minstrelsy was an art, the

MINIATURES WERE FAMOUS for their conquests. I don't know whether there is any occult attraction in burnt cork or not, but they beat us all hollow for many long years."

Some very curious stories are told among the fraternity on this subject. One of the latest concerns a wife of a Philadelphia lawyer, whose name is a famous one throughout the country. At a burlesque performance at a well-known theatre, there she saw the comedian under other eyes than those of mere passing interest. She opened up a flirtation, which he helped along, and ended by abandoning her home and following him. While her money lasted she traveled from place to place, keeping pace with the company and her lover. When she went broke she contrived to obtain a position in the troupe sufficient to pay her board.

She has no dramatic talent and is no actress, and can have no hopes of her old life of luxury for that of a fifth rate traveling company, for a while now that object is almost tired of her, now that the charm of novelty is over. The little five-year-old daughter of a well known newspaper editor fell in love with an actor, a successful star, but married, with children older than herself, and by no means a man whom women would be thought to go mad over. She loved him with the ardor of a Patagonian worshipping his enemies' skull, and as it was impossible for her to give voice to her adoration she permitted concealment to perform the warm act until her watchful maternal parent began to notice the change in her, and sent trouble.

A CURIO FOR THE HEARTACHE. The little five-year-old daughter of a well known newspaper editor fell in love with an actor, a successful star, but married, with children older than herself, and by no means a man whom women would be thought to go mad over. She loved him with the ardor of a Patagonian worshipping his enemies' skull, and as it was impossible for her to give voice to her adoration she permitted concealment to perform the warm act until her watchful maternal parent began to notice the change in her, and sent trouble.

It was a scrap book of the most elegant character, as befitted its use, and it was half filled with laudatory notices of the capture of the collector's affections, and the romantic and, of course, veracious yarns the newspapers are in the habit of retelling about our favorite actors and actresses. Without informing Miss Blank of her discovery of her secret, Mrs. B. communicated with her husband. Blank didn't go off and horse-whip the

FACINATING DISCIPLE OF THESEPI; neither did he impute his enormous offspring in the nursery; or, in short, proceed to any of the violences an angry parent generally does. He simply returned the album to its hiding place, and spent a week collecting all the stories of the collector's life as he could find in all the office and change lists. When he had made a very extensive gathering of these he and his wife spent a night, while Miss Blank was away on a visit, adding them to the goodly company in his scrap book.

When the young lady returned she set to work to paste a couple of notices of her favorite she had picked up, in her precious volume. The folks in the next room heard an astonishing exclamation, which told that she had discovered the addition. There was a brief silence as she read the note, then the book banged against the wall, and Miss Blank washed her illusions away in a flood of tears.

"And I guess the cure is permanent, too," observed Blank, "for you can't induce her to go to the theatre at all now."

A ROMANCE OF A LOTTERY TICKET. There is another victim of the dramatic cupid here who cherishes a grudge against the theatre now, too. She is a dashing blonde, well known in sporting circles as Clara Wright, who presides over a dainty little temple of ornamented vice not so far from the Fifth Avenue hotel that the westerner can't tell there of an evening without finding himself. Clara is notorious as one of the most infatuated gamblers in the metropolis. Every dollar she can rake together goes, in one way or another, in the lap of chance.

A few months ago her blonde head became the slave of an infatuation for a young English actor playing at an up-town theatre. She commenced in the usual matinee button-hole bouquet fashion, and advanced by fast stages to writing and revealing her adoration to him. He was too fond of a flirtation not to respond, and a regular correspondence sprang up between them.

A succession of accidents prevented their meeting, though, with any closer intimacy than that permitted by the intervening orchestra. One favorite method of courting fortune with Clara was through the lotteries. As a special mark of devotion, she began to make her idol presents of tickets in her favorite drawings. Whenever she bought one for herself, she purchased another to forward to him, esteeming herself amply repaid by the charming courtesy of his acknowledgment. At last the lucky Thespian made a hit.

His ticket drew a \$3,000 prize. And two days later his name appeared in the passenger list of a Cunard steamer bound for the old world. He was too fond of a flirtation not to respond, and a regular correspondence sprang up between them.

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either, but that of his wife beside it. It is unsafe to talk these things within reach of Clara Wright now-a-days, especially if there is a piano stool or champagne bottle handy, and no shouting Methodist ever found

MORE ADAMANTINE WORDS in which to express his abhorrence of ungaily play-houses than the blonde tigress, whom it will be just as well for a certain young actor's bodily welfare not to meet.

The popular "Pinafore" tenor is affirmed to have captured an entire southern community to such an extent that on the day of his departure scores of notes asking for some reminder, if only a lock of hair, rained on him. In an inspirational moment he smashed a couple of his hair brushes and enclosed a few of the bristles in each copy of the following printed, printed in the form of a circular:

DEAR MISS—Nothing under the azure vault of heaven would afford me more pleasure than to gratify your request; but painful as the admission is to make, I must acknowledge that I am bald. I enclose you, however, a fragment of the brush with which I have been in the habit of brushing my wig. Ever yours devotedly.

Another well known artist, who was being continually pestered for his autograph, had a horrible cerebral engraving for distribution, with the inscription underneath, plagiarized from John Phoenix. "This autograph may be relied on as authentic, as it was written by one of Mr. ———'s most intimate friends." Apropos of autographs is a notorious fact among experts that scarcely any of those of Edwin Forrest in the possession of collectors is his own, most of them being the product of a secretary's pen.

VARIETY THEATRE CONQUESTS.

Our variety acts are particularly "heavy on the masher," to use their phraseology. Their victims, to be sure, are not of the same elevated social standing as a portion at least of their legitimate brethren are. In the case of fact, however, is the case. But they are given to the same libel of devotion, and as a rule it meets much more reciprocity. Variety theatres are specially favored by ladies of high complexion and easy manners, whom one encounters in the small hours in the dives on Sixth avenue, and they are always ready to back their claims against a rival with force, so that personal encounters are by no means uncommon. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The variety stars' fascinating qualities bear fruit for the dancing and banjo teacher.

"Half the girls who come to me to learn their steps," observed one of these to the writer, "are gone on some variety man or other, and have the pet idea of going into the business with him for a partner. I had a funny case a couple of months ago. A mighty pretty girl, the mistress of a prosperous young business man, who was only waiting for

A DIVORCE FROM HIS WIFE to marry her, got struck after a chap in one of the places down the street. It was a case of the dearest sort. She was wild after him. She came to me for instructions on the banjo, and a month ago they were married. The honeymoon lasted just a week. He got an engagement in one of the Coney Island dime shows, and wanted her to exhibit a trained cat there for him. It was too much even for her to stomach, and she left him and went back to her old lover. He wouldn't have anything to do with her, of course, and a couple of nights ago a friend of mine saw her at the Haymarket, helping a drunken granger to put his money where it would do the most good for somebody else.

Minard Lewis used to tell a story of a southern lady who fell violently in love with Mr. McKee, a barman, and followed him for a whole season, but he could find in all the office and change lists. When he had made a very extensive gathering of these he and his wife spent a night, while Miss Blank was away on a visit, adding them to the goodly company in his scrap book.

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Model Business Buggy, without top, \$80.00 to \$90.00

Corning Buggy, Leather Top, 115.00 to 125.00

Brewster style, Leather Top, 155.00 to 165.00

Uppenhimer, jump seat Carriage, 200.00 to 225.00

Binghamton Platform Wagon, 135.00 to 150.00

Tennessee Farm Wagon, 3-inch Thimble, complete, 61.00

These goods are all first-class, made by manufacturers who have millions of dollars invested in their work, it is utterly impossible for small manufacturers to compete with them, either in price or quality, and we Openly defy any Competition to give a price within \$20.00 of any article here mentioned, material and workmanship combined. Work built to order. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. [7-27-14-14] F. G. CROWLEY & CO.

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