

FALL & WINTER UNDERWEAR.

Your attention is respectfully called to this popular department.

The largest stock in the city to select from in Ladies' Misses' and Gents'.

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WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, Mo.,

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1882.

Announcements.

Henry C. Levens, present incumbent, is candidate for the office of justice of the peace, for Sedalia township, at the election to be held on the 7th day of November, 1882.

We are hereby authorized to announce the name of S. H. Chappell as a candidate for the office of constable of Sedalia township. Election November 7, 1882. td

We are hereby authorized to announce the name of R. W. Barnett as a candidate for the office of constable of Sedalia township. Election November 7, 1882. td

BAZOO BUZZ.

—S. A. Wright for sewing machines.
—What kind of field is older than you are? That which is pasture.

—Geo. Longan, the democratic candidate for representative, is making a most vigorous canvass.

—The telephone line has been completed to the water works, to the perfect satisfaction of the committee.

—Man proposes, but the girl keeps him hanging around for his answer until a richer fellow comes along.

—Hanlan is not interested in mining operations, notwithstanding that he has made so much money out of his oar.

—All of the various candidates seem to be improving the shining hours, and electioneering has now begun in dead earnest.

—Dr. Ed. Small still holds the medal of the Sedalia Sportsman's club, having donned all competitors in the glass ball shoot at the park Friday afternoon.

—Col. More, the late aspirant for congressional honors before the democratic congressional convention of this district, is doing valiant work for the democracy in the campaign.

—Deputy Sheriff J. D. Dale, of Shelby county, passed through the city last night in charge of Jerry Johnson, sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of twelve years, for robbery.

—County Collector Moses complains that tax collections this month fall far behind those of the same month last year. Doubtless money will be more plentiful in a short time, when the farmers have disposed of their crops.

—Though it was the teachings of the great leader of the tractarian movement, Dr. Pusey, recently dead, which brought many Protestant divines over to the Roman Catholic church, he himself remained outside its pale to the last. Some years ago Cardinal Newman addressed him a very pathetic letter, appealing to him to consider the question more deeply, and many wondered why the master remained, as it were, hovering like a meteor between the worlds, while the disciple had become one of the most fervent and devoted children of the church of Rome. Dr. Pusey had been for years a kind of ecclesiastical enigma. Nevertheless the purity of his life and the greatness of his intellect won him a host of enthusiastic admirers. He had a special hatred of the photographic art, and never permitted a photograph of him to be taken.

M. & M.

Stands for

Messery & Meuschke

Proprietors of the

NEW STORE!

Whose efforts to please have been duly appreciated by a generous public, and the "boys" are flourishing.

ON MONDAY MORNING

We will open a large invoice of

"Special Drives" in Dress Goods,

And the 40-inch Cashmeres, in all colors, at 25c will be kept on sale one week more. Don't fail to see them. Our stock of

Dolmans, Cloaks and Sacques

Are the most perfect fitting and the most reasonable in price of any in the city. In a few days we will have a big lot of standard Gingham (dress styles) as good as any in the market and only 10c. Wait for them. Gossamer circular, \$1.50, and the best only 2. **MESSERY & MEUSCHKE,** OHIO STREET.

DOWNED BY DRINK.

Some of the Regular Contributors to our City Treasury.

The reporter, in the discharge of his duties, has many unpleasant tasks to perform, gazed upon many sad sights, and sees more of total depravity than any one else, except the officers of the law.

There is, ever has been, and doubtless, ever will be, a morbid curiosity on the part of the average boy or man to see the inside of a prison and gaze upon the scenes of human misery and degradation there presented.

Whenever our calaboose door is thrown open for the reception of some unfortunate, a curious crowd presses up to the doorway, and the officers are oftentimes compelled to use forcible measures to prevent the motley crowd from overrunning the prison.

The news gatherer, in his efforts to keep the public informed of all that is transpiring, is compelled to visit the city bastille at frequent intervals, and it is scarcely more than might be expected, if he becomes more or less impervious to the scenes of wretchedness and vice to which his attention is daily and nightly called.

Of course, every city is more or less afflicted with terrible and hopeless victims to the curse of drink and vice. Every city has its common drunkards, its petty thieves and its sluggers, thumpers and rowdies of high and low degree. Sedalia is no exception to the rule, as will be shown by an inspection of our police records.

The writer of this article, whose duty it is to dish up the criminal news for the readers of the BAZOO, a few days since, after visiting the cooler and noting several cases of aggravated drunkenness, on his return to the sanctum, fell into a reverie as to what should be done in the cases of several parties who spend a portion of nearly every week of their lives behind the bars of the city prison.

While not an advocate of prohibition himself, he could not avoid thinking that it would be a God-send to the families of some of these poor wretches and hopeless slaves to strong drink, if not to them individually, if every drop of liquor could be banished from the land. Day after day, month after month and year after year, the long-suffering wife and children, battling against all the miseries of poverty, and suffering humiliation and disgrace, the agony of which can never be known, except to those who have experienced it, hope against hope, feeling that they live simply because they cannot die, all of the brightness of life for them swallowed up in their one great sorrow, yet never entirely abandon hope or ceasing to love him who causes all their woes.

There are a number of men well known in this city, who have estimable families and are themselves not naturally bad men, who devote every dollar they can earn to the purchase of that which sinks them lower than the brutes and beggars their wives and children.

Their names appear on the police record so often that the recorder never has to inquire what the charge is. He knows that it is the same old drunk and the usual fine is assessed without much formality or talk about it. An investigation would reveal the fact that these unfortunates have contributed more to the city revenue than the wealthiest real estate owners in the corporation, while, at home, misery, despair and poverty gaunt and terrible reign supreme. The money that should be devoted to the purchase of the necessities of life, has to go to liberate the husband and father from prison. And thus the weary months and years roll on, bringing naught but impenetrable gloom to the heartbroken wife and children. What the remedy is, God in his infinite wisdom, only knows. It would be better, far better, terrible as it may seem and heartless as may appear the assertion, for the families of these abandoned drunkards, if they should break their necks, be run over by a railroad train, or meet death speedy and sure in some form.

—Mrs. Mary Morey, of Camden, N. J., writes: "Brown's Iron Bitters has cured me of much suffering and distress resulting from dyspepsia, urinary trouble, and weak lungs. It has made me very regular in my habits, and I feel in perfect health. Life is very happy to me now."

'Tis Our Nature.

The BAZOO now takes the whole of the associated press reports, and otherwise rustles things lively.—*Warsaw Times.*

Millions of Grasshoppers.

A gentleman, who has been several days in the country, informed a BAZOO reporter that in the vicinity of Longwood, yesterday, myriads of grasshoppers were seen in the air, and in such great number did they appear that the sun was almost obscured from view. He said that his attention was first attracted to the matter by the commotion among the fowls in the farm yard who were running hither and thither in great excitement, and that he and another gentleman stepping from the house to investigate, felt the grasshoppers falling on their hats like a shower of hail. Looking upward the atmosphere seemed to be white with the rapidly falling insects. Vast crowds passed over, but the greater number seemed to fall to the ground in the immediate vicinity.

The Vinita Fair.

The first fair ever held in the Indian Territory, will be open for visitors and exhibitors next Tuesday, the 17th inst., and continue three days. This fair will, no doubt, prove a most interesting one, and one well worth visiting. It would be well for Sedalia merchants to be represented there, thereby establishing closer relations with that section of the country.

Teachers' Institute.

The Teachers' institute of Pettis county will hold its regular meeting at Lamonte next Saturday. The programme will be as follows: Civil government discussed by Prof. Triplett, of Lamonte school; Arithmetic, Prof. Fisher; the school organ, Prof. F. Pottef, of the Knobnoster school; History, Mrs. Wood; Orthography, L. W. Bell; Mental arithmetic, M. S. Huffman; Reading, Miss Ruth Stevens.

Explicit direction for every use are given with Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, etc.

A SANCTUM SHOT.

Col. A. W. Slayback Slain by the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

A Terrible Tragedy in St. Louis, Late Friday Afternoon.

Personal and Vindictive Journalism the Cause of the Trouble.

Intense Excitement Prevails and Threats of Lynching Freely Made.

Whether the Killing Was Justifiable or Not, is Not Known.

The news of the killing of Col. A. W. Slayback, one of the most prominent lawyers and citizens of Missouri, in the editorial room of the Post-Dispatch, in St. Louis, Friday evening at 5:30 o'clock, sent a shudder throughout the length and breadth of the state.

THE HIGH STANDING

of the two men, their position in the legal and newspaper world, as well as their social standing, seemed like a barrier against a personal rencontre, which would result so fearfully. The man who was the victim of the fatal shot has long been recognized as one of the most brilliant members of the bar, and an orator of peculiar force and grace. At the time of his death he was the law partner of Hon. James O. Broadhead, and in the happy enjoyment of a lucrative practice, honored name, and surrounded by the delight of one of earth's happiest homes.

The man who shot down Col. Slayback, is none other than John A. Cockerill, the brilliant managing editor of the Post-Dispatch. Mr. Cockerill has become to be acknowledged the most pungent paragraphist in the west, and his brilliant work on the Post-Dispatch has made that paper a reputation of the most enviable character.

THE DIFFICULTY.

On the afternoon of the tragedy, the Post-Dispatch of the current day contained the following in its editorial columns:

"Mr. Alonzo W. Slayback, an individual whose chief claim to distinction rests upon the fact that he is the law partner of Col. James O. Broadhead, rose in a meeting of democratic ward politicians in this city last night, and without personal provocation, proceeded to apply a string of vile and virulent epithets to the Post-Dispatch and its conductors, making charges which he knew to be false. This is the same A. W. Slayback of and concerning whom the following card was written and published in this city by John M. Glover, Esq., on the 11th day of November, 1881. Mr. Glover recently ran as a democratic candidate for congress in the Ninth district, and received a hearty indorsement from the democratic voters of character. Mr. Glover is alive yet."

Following this was the card which Mr. Glover had inserted in that paper.

GLOVER AND SLAYBACK.

St. Louis, November 11.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

In your account of yesterday's proceedings, in a trial now pending, you quoted certain language used of myself by Col. Alonzo W. Slayback, to-wit: That I was "an impertinent young puppy," coupled with a statement on the colonel's own authority, that he had pocketed a great many insults from me the day before; also, that the presence of the court and the ladies in attendance had alone induced him to pocket said insults. The colonel also assured the court that he was a brave man.

Now in simple justice to the colonel it must be stated that he did not use the language quoted until I had told the court several times that I had no respect for him, and as he correctly says, had induced him to discontinue a certain line of remarks, by telling him that I would slap his face at any time and place he might appoint, except that court room. That he declined this invitation and pocketed those "insults," as he misnames these expressions of abstract truth, he will be able to prove, as he says, by every one in that court-room, and candor compels me to make the same admission. But when he says that the presence of the court and the ladies restrained his valor, perfect frankness requires me to say that, on the contrary, they account for it. In fact, so far from being a brave man, the colonel, notwithstanding his military title, is a coward. He dare not be brave except in a court room or a church, and he will beg or cringe out of any difficulty into which his vaporing humor may have gotten him. Any one who remembers the published correspondence a year or two since between him and a gentleman whom he called "a creature" before the city council, will see to what extremities cowardice may go after a vaporing insult. In fact, I have so often seen the calf drubbed out of that lion's skin that the process would lack both novelty and originality. Now the "colonel's" title, I believe, is "Colonel Alonzo W. Slayback." The word Alonzo is of Etruscan origin and means "coward," the name is never printed in full as having the same significance, and the title "colonel" is never applied except in derision, and originated in the gallant manner in which the "colonel" once marshaled a female sewing society.

JOHN M. GLOVER.

The publication of this editorial comment and the card, the former seeming to endorse the sentiments of the latter, and making them those of the editor, enraged Colonel Slayback, and he

DETERMINED TO SEEK REPARATION.

With this end in view, he, with W. H. Clifton as his companion for the occasion, sought the editorial room of the paper. What took place there can be briefly told in these words: John A. Cockerill killed A. W. Slayback. What transpired before the tragedy was enacted, and what led up to it, after Colonel Slayback had entered the room, is difficult to determine, so con-

flicting are the statements of eye witnesses.

THE FACTS OF THE TRAGEDY.

John M. McGuffin, and Victor T. Cole, at a late hour to-night made a statement as to what occurred in the room where the shooting took place. They are in substance, that Slayback, on entering the room, threw his coat back and drew a revolver, and advancing, said:

"Well, I'm here, sir."

Then observing a weapon on Cockerill's desk, he asked: "Is that for me?" to which Cockerill replied:

"No, it's for use only to defend myself."

Slayback then said:

"You are prepared to draw, then draw,"

and Cockerill answered:

"I don't have to draw. I don't want to draw. Go away from here. I don't want to have anything to do with you."

Slayback and Clifton meanwhile pressed forward and crowded Cockerill against the wall. Then they all got into a sort of tussle, each having hold of the other, Cockerill being the most crowded.

The latter asked McGuffin to take Slayback's pistol from him, and while he was attempting to do so a weapon was discharged and Slayback staggered and in a moment sank to the floor.

MCGUFFIN'S STATEMENT.

McGuffin says he did not see Clifton have a pistol, but thought that he was attempting in his struggle with Cockerill to turn the latter's weapon in such a way that he would shoot himself. McGuffin obtained Slayback's pistol and now has it in his possession.

W. H. Clifton, who accompanied Slayback to the Post-Dispatch, makes the following statement:

"I was at the office of the deceased on business. When starting away Col. Slayback called my attention to an article in today's Post-Dispatch. He spoke of the remarks he had made at a meeting last night, and referred to an article in a former edition of the paper, which he said justified him in his remarks. He asked me to go with him to the office of the paper, and I assented. On the way to the office he said an apology for the editorial would not satisfy him; that he would slap the editor's face and demand an apology afterwards. Arriving at the office Slayback passed rapidly to the editorial room, closing the door after him.

"I checked my progress an instant, but I at once entered the room and saw Col. Slayback in the act of removing his coat, and while the coat was on his arm, heard him say:

"Don't you draw that pistol on me."

Simultaneously with the remark Cockerill fired. Col. Slayback closed with Cockerill and I caught hold of Cockerill at once, forcing his right arm against the window to prevent his shooting again. I could not reach the pistol, but caught Cockerill between the elbow and the wrist and held him so until I saw that Slayback had been shot, when I released Cockerill and gave my attention to Col. Slayback. I eased him to the floor, he rested his head on my knee, and I held him so until he died.

Col. Slayback did not assault Cockerill until after he was shot and mortally wounded. Col. Slayback showed no pistol, and so far as I know, was not armed.

Cockerill had been in conference with his counsel most of the night, and at last advice it was arranged that he should surrender himself to the authorities at 1 o'clock. Whether this was actually done is not known, but if he hasn't he will give himself up early in the morning. Col. Slayback was one of the best known men in the city. He was the law partner of James C. Broadhead, who was a candidate for congress in the Ninth district, and was once a candidate in the same district himself against Erastus Wells. He was a warm-hearted, impulsive man, and in the heat of political discussion, a very free talker, which was really the cause of today's sad event.

The opinion seems to largely prevail that he was the aggressor in this case, but many attribute the tragedy quite as much to the strong personal journalism of the Post-Dispatch.

AFTER THE KILLING

There was the most intense excitement, and as the news flew over the city, a great crowd of people assembled in front of the Post-Dispatch building, many of whom made threats of summary vengeance on the editor. There was an attempt on the part of the police to disperse the crowd and it was well there was none made, for it would have proven futile and, perhaps, cost many lives.

During the excitement Cockerill left the building, in company with McGuffin, the business manager, and securing a hack, rapidly drove to the Lindell hotel, where he changed his

BLOOD-SMEARED CLOTHES

for a clean suit and then drove to the home of Joseph G. Lodge where he remained until 1 o'clock Saturday morning, when he was taken in charge by Chief of Police Campbell and locked up in the Four courts.

The only persons with the prisoner at Mr. Lodge's house, were Charles P. Johnson, Mr. Joy and Mr. Maguffin. Messrs. Johnson, Lodge and Joy will defend Cockerill.

WHAT PULITZER SAYS.

New York, Oct. 14.—Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the Post-Dispatch, was found at the Fifth Avenue hotel. He was in the company of several physicians who are in attendance upon one of his children, who is severely ill. He said he had just received the news of the tragedy in the Post-Dispatch office, and was too much shocked, amazed and afflicted to say anything. He was at a loss to understand how the affair occurred. He knew of no ill-feeling between the two men.

So far as he knew, their relations had been most amiable. Both were members of the same club, the Elk Club. Of Mr. Cockerill, he spoke in the highest terms, describing him as possessed of a peaceable disposition, in

NO SENSE A FIGHTING MAN.

Sober, popular, gentle, modest and of excellent habits, he never had a quarrel with any one and was never known to carry arms. Mr. Pulitzer said he was quite convinced of what he knew of Mr. Cockerill, that he had acted in self-defense.

He continued that he was deeply sorry for Mr. Slayback and for his family in the terrible calamity that had befallen them. He had always held Mr. Slayback in esteem; their personal relations were pleasant and he had entertained him at his house.

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

For once the St. Louis papers have met an event which has baffled the skill of their expert reporters to clearly relate. The Republican devotes two full pages to the story of this tragedy, and while there is a dramatic grouping of every incident and scene, there is a painful lack of definiteness about the whole which bewilders the reader. This is true of the Globe-Democrat, also.

But it is no fault of the reporters that this is so, for there was nothing but confusion and conflict of statement on both sides, and all that could be done was simply to write every detail and word.

Some of the more interesting portion of these reports are given:

IN FRONT OF THE POST-DISPATCH OFFICE.

A few minutes after the fatal shot was fired a crowd of nearly 2,000 gathered around the Post-Dispatch office.

"Take him out and hang him," cried a number of voices in the throng. "He ain't up there," said another, "I guess he has gone to give himself up."

"It's just what I've been expecting for some time," said a burly man addressing the crowd. "This is the result of obtaining news without capital and by abusing people, instead of by legitimate channels." Thus the crowd gave vent to their feelings. Not one word was said in defense of Cockerill's action; public opinion being entirely the other way. The mob besieged the doors leading to the editorial rooms, and swarmed into the business office. "He ought to hang," said John Davis, "and you bet he will."

"There will be \$50,000 raised by his friends to defend him," said Ben Davenport. "Yes," cried a voice, "and there will be \$100,000 raised to hang him."

FAVORS MOB LAW.

"When I entered the Post-Dispatch office," said Mr. Bain, "immediately after the occurrence, a reporter, or some person connected with the paper, said in a loud voice: 'When any man comes in here with a pistol in his hand, he ought to know what to expect.' That was the first I heard about his having a pistol, and as soon as I saw a policeman I called him in and had him search the room in which the body was lying. He did so while I searched the body. We turned the body over, we looked in every place for a pistol, but found none. There was no pistol there. All that we found on the body was a pocket-book and a bunch of keys."

As Mr. Bain ceased talking Col. Broadhead and a medical gentleman were heard discussing the affair. "The ball," said the doctor, who had just examined the body, "must have been fired from the rear. It passed through the auricles of the heart, evidently."

Col. Broadhead agreed with his friend, and as proof of the assertion pointed to the fact that the wound was in that part of the left side which is generally covered by the arm, so that if the shot had been fired at Col. Slayback from the front it would have struck his arm. He thought it must have been fired from the rear. "It was

AN ASSASSINATION."

said he. They ought to go to the Four courts building, drag that man out and hang him to a lamp post," said Frank D. Turner. "Hush, hush, hush," said George Boim. "I am in favor of mob law in this case," said Mr. Turner.

MR. COCKERILL'S STORY.

"Did Mr. Cockerill give any account of the shooting?"

"He said that he was in consultation with McGuffin and Cole about some theatrical advertisement, when Col. Slayback and Mr. Clifton walked in. Slayback had a pistol in his hand, and said, 'I am here.' Cockerill said, turning to the business manager, 'Mac, don't let him shoot.' Slayback advanced on Cockerill with pistol leveled. McGuffin endeavored to stop Slayback, and caught hold of the pistol. Cockerill then blazed away with his revolver, and Slayback fell."

"What did Cockerill say about the death of Slayback?"

"He said he was very sorry he killed him—particularly so because of the colonel's family. He said he would rather have killed himself than Slayback."

"What was said about the conduct of the case in court?"

"Mr. Cockerill expressed the desire that he should remain in jail, and that no bail should be procured for him. He requested that the case should take its course, and that he should be treated like anybody else."

LOCKED UP.

At half past twelve o'clock, John McGuffin, Victor Cole and a number of other witnesses arrived in the building. Five minutes later the chief entered the door at the west end of the building, and following a few feet behind him was John Cockerill. The latter was very pale though calm and composed. He was dressed elegantly and looked neither to the right nor to the left as he passed through the building. The crowd parted before the chief, who made his way steadily towards the stairs that leads to the "hold over." Cockerill followed with downcast eyes, and upon reaching the head of the stairs hurried down after the chief. Necks were craned to get a glance at the prisoner as he passed.

HE REGRETS THE DEED.

Dr. Frederick Kolbenheyer, an intimate friend of Joseph Pulitzer and a constant visitor at the Post-Dispatch editorial rooms, was seen after the shooting occurred. He had talked with Mr. Cockerill, and quoted him as saying, with considerable feeling: "Gentlemen, I killed this man in self-defense, but if I had to go through with it again, I should certainly shoot myself. I am alone in the world and this man has a family, and I would rather have killed myself than have been the cause of producing so much sorrow."

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Alonzo W. Slayback was born in Plum Grove, Marion county, Mo., July 4, 1838, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, in his 45th year. His father was Alexander A. Slayback, a lawyer of considerable ability, and his grandfather was Dr. Abel Slayback, of Cincinnati, one of the leading physicians of his time. His great-grandfather, Solomon Slayback, served with Gen. Washington in the revolutionary war, and was at Valley Forge with Washington. When but a small boy the mother of Alonzo—a good christian woman, who survives him, and resides with her son, Charles E. Slayback, began to pay attention to her son's education, and her careful, christian training incul-

cated ideas of the purest and most laudable nature into his young mind.

When he was but ten years of age he was sent to the Masonic college at Lexington, Mo. He remained there eight years, taking all the courses of a collegiate education, and graduated with the first honors, in 1856. As a boy he was very ambitious, and having made up his mind to adopt the profession of his father, he commenced the study of law, in the meantime teaching school in order to earn a livelihood. He was admitted to the St. Joseph bar in September, 1857, where he continued to practise until the breaking out of the war in 1861.

He was a gallant soldier under Price, in '61, and after that in the Confederate army. At Corinth and Farmington he distinguished himself for bravery. He was sent back, after these battles, to this side of the Mississippi river, where he raised another regiment and joined Shelby's brigade, with which he remained until the close of the war.

In 1859 he married Miss Alice H. Waddell, daughter of the late Wm. B. Waddell, of Lexington. He leaves this wife and the following children: Miss Susie, 21 years of age; his other children are Minnette, 14; Katie, 12; Mabel, 9; Grace, 7, and Alonzo W., Jr., 3.

THE LATEST.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 14, 5 p. m.—Nothing of special note occurred yet to-day, regarding the deplorable death of Col. Slayback, at the hands of Col. Cockerill, last evening. The latter was in consultation with his counsel, Ex-Lieutenant Gov. Charles P. Johnson, Joseph Lodge and Charles F. Joy, until after midnight, at the house of Mr. Lodge, when word was sent to the chief of police that

MR. COCKERILL WOULD SURRENDER himself about 1 o'clock. At that hour Col. Campbell, chief of police, appeared at the designated place and took Col. Cockerill in his buggy and drove to the Four Courts and assigned him to a cell. Col. Cockerill has made no statement, further than that he acted in self-defense, and had he not shot Col. Slayback he would have been shot himself.

Preparations were made to commence the inquest at 1 o'clock this afternoon, and testimony is now being taken. Opinion is much divided in regard to the matter, and, probably, will remain so until all the facts in the case are made public.

Col. Slayback will be buried to-day.