

# THE HANNIBAL CLIPPER.

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## THE DAILY CLIPPER

S. D. RICH, Editor.  
OFFICE—Corner of Main and Church Streets.

READER, do not pay out a dime for Christmas goods until you have consulted the advertisements in THE CLIPPER, and visited the first class establishments they represent.

A SPECIAL to the *Republican* says reports are rife about Washington that the radical leaders are exerting all sorts of blandishments to draw Schurz back into the party traces. It is even rumored that several prominent senators have counselled offering him the Russian mission as a means to escape the whirl of politics for the moment and to give him a fitting opportunity to drift gracefully back among his old associates. This however lacks sufficient confirmation to give it much reliability.

As stated in the dispatch to THE CLIPPER Saturday afternoon, the district committee called the convention for the 13th senatorial district to nominate two candidates for delegates to the Constitutional convention, for Tuesday, the twelfth day of January, and appointed Hannibal as the place for holding it. It will now be the duty of the county committees in Marion, Shelby and Ralls to provide as soon as possible for conventions in their respective counties to appoint delegates to the district convention. We hear the 8th of January suggested as a suitable day for the county conventions. It is a day of glorious recollections and no more appropriate day in our opinion could well be selected.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, SUNDAY—DECEMBER 27, 1874.

Text—Mark xii. ch. from 18th ver. to end of chapter.

1. What were the peculiar tenets of the Sadducees? See Acts 23d ch. 8th ver.
  2. Did any sect hold contrary tenets? Acts 23d ch. 8th ver.
  3. Why did they ask the question about the woman?
  4. What errors had the Sadducees made?
  5. Why was it they had fallen into such errors? 24 ver.
  6. How did Jesus point out the error concerning the marriage relation? 25.
  7. How did he prove their error in regard to the resurrection? 26, 27.
  8. What question was next put to the Saviour? 28.
  9. Does the term *first* mean in order of place or importance?
  10. Is one commandment more important than another? See context and Mat. 23d ch. 23 ver.
  11. What is the most weighty matter in religion?
  12. What is meant by loving God with all the heart? what by all the understandings all the soul? all the strength?
  13. What is it to love a neighbor as yourself, and who is a neighbor?
  14. Were burnt offerings a matter of much importance in the Jews' religion?
  15. Were they commands of God?
  16. By what comparison did the scribe illustrate the importance of love to God and man? 33.
  17. Did Christ approve it? 34.
  18. Were, then, some of God's commands more important than others?
  19. If so, did it justify men in neglecting any command? See Mat. 23d ch. 23d ver.
  20. What difficulty did Jesus put to his audience? 35, 36, 37.
  21. How can the difficulty be disposed of?
  22. Did anyone receive the teaching of Christ with favor? 37.
  23. Will hearing the doctrine of Christ gladly save men? James 1 ch. 21, 22, 23.
  24. What caution did Christ give the people? 38, compare Mat. 23d ch. 2 to 7.
  25. Did Christ approve christians distinguishing themselves from worldlings, by any other means than keeping the commandments of God?
  26. Are long prayers in public a commendation?
  27. Why should they receive greater condemnation?
  28. Were the two mites of the widow equal in value to the much contributed by the rich?
  29. How was it she cast in more than all the others? 44.
- Prayer meeting Wednesday 6:45 P. M. Subject for general remarks: Obligations growing out of Christian relationship. Passage of scripture; 1 Cor. 25, 26 vers. The members should have the same care one for another, and if one member suffer—all the members suffer with it—or one member be honored all the members rejoice with it.

### A CONFIDENCE DODGE.

Two girls apparently fourteen years of age, and claiming to be twin sisters, arrived at Hannibal a couple of weeks since, in search of a brother—a carriage painter in this city. The police authorities took charge of them and boarded them at the National while search was instituted for the brother. But no brother could be found. Learning from the girls that they had an uncle residing near Barry, Illinois, their passage was paid to that point. During their stay in the city they had the sympathy of all who heard their story, to the effect that their parents had died near Shelby, thereby throwing them upon the cold charities of an unfriendly world. But, regarding the uncle at Barry, to Barry they went, but no uncle could there be found. They then claimed that they were from Ohio, where they had friends who would care for them. A purse was made up by the good people of that town and the girls were sent on their journey to the Buckeye state. From Ohio they were sent to St. Louis, where they asserted, their grandfather resided. At St. Louis they fell into the hands of the police, who, like those of Hannibal, took pity on the girls and saw that they were comfortably provided for. They commenced the work of ferreting out the whereabouts of the grandfather. The reporters got wind of the matter, and they dilated on the subject to a considerable extent. The *Globe*, in particular, was lavish of its sympathies for the poor girls. Not being able to find their grandfather, the girls finally collected that they had a grandmother living in Kansas, who, good old soul, would only be too happy to welcome them to her home. Money was accordingly raised, tickets purchased, and at last accounts the pair were in transit for the grasshopper regions. In playing the confidence dodge these girls are a success.

### THE COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT.

The complimentary Benefit Concert to be given to Miss Fannie Peake, Thursday evening, December 29, will be held in the new audience room of the Congregational church which the officers of the church have placed at the disposal of the managers for the occasion. No pains are to be spared to make this one of the most delightful concerts ever given in this city. Prof. de Campi, Miss Peake's instructor, and the musical director of the concert, writes to Mr. Foreman that "Miss Peake will be assisted by that excellent young alto singer, Miss Uhl, of St. Louis, and the young, talented violinist, Otto Knasable and others. This concert, it is our intention to make a first class one of its kind, and it will be chiefly, if not altogether, an English one, of musical selections that will please your audience I am sure."

### NEWS AND NOTES.

In Kentucky they give due notice of the assemblage of a Democratic State Convention. Thus the State Central Committee has called a Convention to meet at Frankfort on the 6th of May, 1875, for the nomination of Governor and other State officers, to be chosen in the August following.

That speakership question is not settled yet by any means even in anticipation. Witness, for instance, the epigrammatic remark of a Texan democratic M. C., "Well, Banks may sing with us but he can't lead the choir." Still, though Texas is becoming an important state, it is not the only one to hear from.

It is utter nonsense in sticklers for race supremacy to insist that the mind of the colored brother is not susceptible of at least a degree of development when the fact stares us in the face that he has discovered the difference in breeds of chickens and, of late, in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., has stolen only the varieties best adapted for table use.

The Georgia Grangers are reported to be at last engaged in raising cotton without relying on other labor than their own. Had this course been adopted long ago there would be more prosperity today in Georgia. There is an excellent old proverb of a religious turn, to the effect that "God helps those who help themselves."

The carpet-bag and negro legislature of Louisiana pays assessors of property for taxation purposes at a certain rate per cent upon the value assessed. Thus every assessor has a direct pecuniary interest to assess property not according to what it is worth, but at that figure which will give him the most compensation. How long would people in Missouri submit to a thing of this kind?

A REPORT from Washington says it is certain now that an attempt will be made directly after the holidays to restore the tax on tea and coffee. The prospects for the next fiscal year are claimed to be such that this increased taxation will be absolutely necessary. This is the view which Mr. Laves takes of the situation, and it is probable that he will be supported by a majority of the Ways and Means Committee.

HAMMOND, the revivalist, seems not to have acquired in that city of Illinois the deep hold upon the affections of the multitude which might have been expected from his success elsewhere. The *Plaindealer* of Galesburg is extremely unfeeling in its remarks, and the Rev. S. A. Gardner of the same city reviewed Mr. Hammond in a most scathing manner last Sunday, taking for his text the verse from Matthew: "Wo unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the

child of hell than yourself." We really do not see how Rev. Gardner could have been more severe on the saponaceous Hammond, without quoting publicly something from the latter's fearful and wonderful book on poems on the Holy Land.

The *Republican* estimates the amount received by the Missouri farmers for this year's hog crop at \$3,700,000. It adds: "In addition to this, the almost utter failure of the tobacco crop in Kentucky has doubled and even trebled the price of that article, and in all the tobacco counties of our state the farmers are in as good spirits as the hog raisers of other counties. On the whole, the Missouri farmers go into winter-quarters this year in better condition than they have been in for years."

In three years the carpet-bag and negro State printing in South Carolina cost over \$9,000,000. This is more than the whole debt of the State of Ohio contracted for canals and other internal improvements. Before the war, and before the thieves came into power, all the expenses of South Carolina were less than half a million dollars a year. Is it any wonder that the State debt of South Carolina can't be paid—that its interest is not met—that one-third of its real property is advertised for sale, and that there is general beggary and destitution? This is in accordance with Grant's "reconstruction policy," and this is the only State which has favored him for a third term.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

### OLD TOM ALLEN.

#### A Christmas Story.

Tom Allen was a miserable old miser. Nobody doubted that, for everybody said so, and what everybody says must be so; and then everybody called him Old Allen, instead of Mr. Allen, or plain Tom Allen; and who ever heard of old Smith or Brown or Jones, or old anybody else that was not miserable or miserly, which means the same thing; and, besides, Old Tom Allen, or Old Allen as he was called behind his back, was cross, crusty and ugly to every one. The children were afraid of him even the very dogs and cats disliked him, and that's enough to condemn any man; and so Old Allen was feared and shunned by all except those poor mortals who were compelled to borrow money now and then; and hard enough it went with them, I trow, when they were forced to apply to Old Allen for a loan, for he, like most misers, was rich, and owned blocks of houses in the city and broad acres in the country, and Government stock, and railroad stock, and canal stock, and all other kinds of stock, and report said had thousands in gold locked up in his iron safe.

Yet he never spent a cent when he could help it; he lived miserably, he dressed miserably and was miserable to his heart's content. But he did not know it; and all the time tried to think he was happy, and all the time kept trying to make himself happier by making himself and everybody else more miserable; and this was Old Allen.

Now Old Allen had two brothers and a sister, all poor enough; any one could see that, but strange to say, they appeared to be almost always happy, and this fact also added to Old Allen's misery. Not that he ever went to see them, far from it—but he could not help meeting them once in a while and occasionally would hear others speak kindly of them, a thing he never did—in truth he used to say: "Now, there's my brother Ben, he had to go and marry a milk-faced girl; they have a half a dozen squalling brats, and now he must work his life out of him to keep them from starving, so I'll have nothing to do with him.

Then there's Will, must needs set himself up for an artist, and goes 'round without his dinner daubing over canvas with bristles and lamp-black. I'll have nothing to do with him.

And then there's Mary, worse than all, married a poor printer—has a humped-back boy—faith, I'll have nothing to do with them, for sure."

Now this was the way Old Allen talked as he tucked himself in his miserable bed, after eating a miserable supper off a miserable plate, which sat on a miserable table in his dark, cold, macerated room; for he was too stingy to have a candle even, or warm himself by a fire when he could go to bed and keep himself warm that way.

Out of doors all things looked, and were, different, for it was Christmas Eve. The streets, and pavements, and houses were covered with new-fallen snow, and, for the matter of that, it was then snowing, and the gas-light from the corner lamps and the gas-light from the shop windows streamed out over the white snow, like great clouds of gold and silver and diamonds, as though they, too, had just dropped down from the heavens; and the shop windows were full of all sorts, kinds and descriptions of toys, and cakes, and candies, and presents for everybody, and everybody seemed to be out getting them.

Big men carrying bigger baskets, with turkey-legs sticking out from under the cover, with bundles in their great-coat pockets, and bundles in their arms; and little men with, if anything, larger baskets and longer-legged turkeys, and more bundles; and all sorts of women with all sorts of bundles; and no end of children, with foretastes of nuts and candies in their hands and mouths, and great expectations in their eyes; and all were laughing, and talking, and hand-shaking together, and all were so busy and so happy; and all this was what had driven Old Allen so early to his miserable bed in his miserable room, and made him so extra miserable on this particular Christmas Eve.

After Old Allen had laid in his miserable bed, in his miserable room, awhile, and had partially warmed his miserable body, he dropped off to sleep, and then he had, for him, a most wonderful dream. He dreamed that he, by some means, was picked up, miserable bed and all, and in the twinkling of an eye sat down just as he was in his brother Ben's house. How he knew it to be his brother Ben's he could not tell, for surely he had never been there before, but for all that he was sure he was there now; and more, for there before the fire sat Ben and his wife, and the poor printer and his wife, and Will, the artist, was there also, and all the children, even his sister Mary's little humped-back boy, or "Humpty," as some call him, was there, and they were all eating apples and drinking cider, and trying to be happy,

and were happy, even if the fire was poor, for coals were scarce with Ben, as scarce as money with all of them, and their clothes were old and patched here and there, and they spoke of hard times and the cold winter, and the little work and the less pay; yet still they ate their apples and drank their cider and tried to be happy, and were happy; and they spoke of Old Allen, but they did not call him Old Allen, but brother Tom, and wished he only would come and join them once more on Christmas Eve, and at least they hoped he was happy anyhow.

This made Old Allen wince a little, but he made up his mind that he didn't or wouldn't care.

By and by the apples were all ate up, and the cider all drank up, and the children were getting sleepy; in fact the baby was asleep; so they planned up a stocking for each one on the mantel-piece, not forgetting even the baby; and they took down and old, well-worn family Bible that Old Allen did recognize, for it had once been his mother's, and they read of the Christ-child of Bethlehem, and then one and all knelt in prayer; and here, too, "brother Tom" was remembered, and a blessing asked on him; and again Old Allen winced, this time worse than before; and when the prayer was finished, kisses and good-nights were exchanged, and all were off for bed, leaving Old Allen alone in his misery.

Then he thought in his dream that he dropped off to sleep again, and then he was again awakened by a most tremendous clatter, and had only time to rub his eyes open when he was astonished to see a real veritable St. Nicholas was down the chimney and out into the room. Old Allen knew him in a moment; there was no mistaking him; in fact, Old Allen would have sworn to him had he met him at a Fourth of July celebration, which he never would, of course; but that makes no difference; at least it did not with St. Nick, for he was out on business, and to work he went, all the time talking to himself like this: "Ben Allen's stocking—good fellow, this Ben—works hard—honest—good husband—good father—must give him something nice and serviceable—this pair of fur gloves do him."

"Ben's wife—good woman—good wife—good mother—new dress for her"—and so on till he came to "Humpty's" stocking.

"Humpty," said St. Nick—"poor little boy, Humpty shall be happy for once anyhow"—and then poured into "Humpty's" stocking such quantities of sugar-plums and candies and nuts and such odd-looking toys and a Noah's ark with a whole menagerie of animals, and finished off with a drum as large as "Humpty" himself.

Old Allen wondered how in the world one little stocking could hold so much, never for a moment thinking it was a dream-socking—nor had he time to think much about it either, for just then St. Nick turned around, and for the first time saw Old Allen on his miserable bed, and he was so startled by that sight that he crushed the stem of his pipe in his teeth, and the pipe itself went rattling over the floor.

[To be concluded to-morrow.]

### FOAM FLAKES.

Salisbury Point, Massachusetts, has three clergymen, all named Wright, and each, of course, thinks that the other two are wrong.

One point of difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor is that one clings to its ma and the other to its spar.

An Iowa editor wrote: "During the past week we have been visiting the Solons of the country," but the compositor made him say that he had been visiting the saloons.

The editor of an Indiana paper has been presented by admiring friends with a lot in a cemetery. This is the first instance on record of an editor being able to "dead head" it in a graveyard.

"Jack, how did you get that hole in your pants?" "You know old Snarley?" "Yes." "And his dog?" "Yes." "Well, thereby hangs a tail, and hereby hung the dog; and—that's the whole story."

And now the head of the family, returning home from his "club" through the sharp midnight air, gently rolls his sleeping spouse over to the cold side of the bed, and sinks softly into the vacated spot with a sigh of thankfulness.

One of the indirect advantages of an animated political canvass is instanced in the case of a candidate's wife who bases her application for divorce upon the accounts of her husband's private character published in the opposition newspapers.

"Short and pudgy women ought not to wear belts."—Fashion Notes. This is good advice thrown away. There is not a woman in the world who believes it applies to her. "Short and pudgy!" Not for Josephine.

A perplexed Schneider, who had made a garment for a youth and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fulness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously: "De coat is goot. Is no fault of de coat. De pay is too tin."

An old man in Virginia was traveling along a road, followed by his wife. By some means her clothes were set on fire by the pipe that she was smoking, and she was burned to death. The old man, who was some way ahead of her, knew nothing of the accident, until some men, finding the body, overtook him, and brought him back. After surveying the charred corpse a few moments, "Humpty! I told her she'd better leave her pipe to home," was his touching comment.

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy descending observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; the whistled, coaxed, threatened menacingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance? It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

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