

# PHELPS COUNTY NEW ERA.

"It is not in a splendid Government, supported by powerful monopolies and Aristocratic Establishments that the people find happiness; but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all and granting favors to none." — JACKSON.

W. Attridge J. Powell,

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 4

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[Formerly Rogers']  
3-3m SIXTH ST., ROLLA, MO.  
Next door West of Post Office. Horses boarded by the day or week at reasonable rates. Express teams run as usual. Patronage solicited.

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**DR. E. A. BOLLES,**  
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**DR. C. D. STOKES,**  
Office on Sixth Street near Pine, Rolla, Mo.

**DR. C. E. CASSEMAN,**  
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Rooms up stairs, next door south of Simmons & Heegan's Old Stand.

## HOUELS.

**GRANT HOUSE,**  
ROLLA, MO.  
This Hotel is good in all its appointments. Its tables are at all times supplied in the greatest abundance and with all the delicacies that the market affords. Terms reasonable.  
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Mrs. A. M. Crandall keeps a First Class Hotel. The traveling public are respectfully invited to patronize this hotel. Large house, airy rooms, and tables supplied with the best that can be procured at the market. Terms reasonable.  
There will be no pains spared to make the guests friends of this hotel.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.  
This Hotel, Prop., opposite Pacific R. R. Depot. Temporary Upper Depot Two Blocks from the House.  
Rates, \$2.00 per day. 1-17

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J. C. Cairns, Prop., Travellers will find at this Hotel good accommodations and the best fare the market affords at reasonable prices. The house is open for all night trains. Good stabling for horses.

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HOROLOGIST,  
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Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Exchange, Uncurrent Funds, Mutilated Currency, Gold and Silver Coin, Bonds of the United States, State and County, City and County Warrants &c. Special attention given to collections, and remittances promptly made. Interest allowed on Time deposits. Exchange on St. Louis and eastern cities furnished at accommodating rates. 11-18-17

**Thompson's Stables,**  
Rolla, Mo.  
The Best Equipped Livery Stable in Southern Missouri. Every thing first-class, and especially adapted to the wants of the surrounding country. Special attention paid to feeding and boarding horses. L. H. Thompson, Proprietor.

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Will do all kinds of work in the painting line, on short notice and reasonable rates.  
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Orders for Sign Writing from a distance promptly attended to.  
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BOOT & SHOE MAKER,  
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Announces to his friends and patrons that he is ever ready to do any work in his line in the most workmanlike manner. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges Reasonable.  
Leather and shoe findings for Sale. Will sell leather in any quantity from a Half Sole up to a Roll. Cheap for Cash and at St. Louis prices. 2-1-6m.

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BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,  
Pine Street, Rolla, Missouri.  
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Work guaranteed. Charges reasonable.

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—AND—

## STATIONERY!

Of all Kinds, Call at the

## OLD PIONEER BOOK STORE.

Where you will find every article will be sold at the lowest price possible.  
To the students of the Missouri School of Mines, I will sell you all books, and all other articles at the lowest prices possible (I am in no way and never have been) if there is any article that I have not got I will procure the same on short notice.  
Thankful for past patronage, I solicit a continued share of the same.

WILLIAM J. C. TAYLOR,  
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**N. M. THOMPSON,**  
Manufacturer of  
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.  
Shop, one and half miles south of St. James. Only the best material used. Work guaranteed. Prices very reasonable. 18-17

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**Saddles and Harness;**  
The Stock of Harness and Saddlery belonging to O'Brien & Bro. has been removed to the building known as the Red Store. We respectfully invite our patrons to favor us with their orders, convinced that with increased facilities we cannot fail to give satisfaction.  
Aug. 27, '75. O Brien & Brother.

**Livesay & Pillman,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
—DEALERS IN—  
General Merchandise

AND  
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ROLLA, MO.

(UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.)  
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SCHOOL OF MINES,  
AND  
METALLURGY.  
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A School of applied Science, for practical instruction in  
ENGINEERING,  
CHEMISTRY,  
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METALLURGY,  
ASSAYING, ETC., ETC.

The 6th year of the Institution began on Monday, September 20th, 1875. With a full corps of Professors and Instructors, and with thoroughly equipped laboratories, and other means for practical instruction in the sciences and their application to the industrial.

The Preparatory Department, Offers excellent facilities for instruction in the English branches.  
For particulars as to course of instruction, etc, address,  
July 3, 1-7 CHAS. P. WILLIAMS, Director

**Flouring Mills, &c;**  
ROLLA MILLS Co; JOS CAMPBELL, Pres.

**WOOL CARDING**  
—AT—  
Beddoe's Steam Custom Mills.  
ROLLA, MO.

The Proprietor of the above Mills would respectfully announce that he is ready to receive Wool to be Carded. Makes the Endless Rolls. Fair dealing guaranteed. Gristing a Specialty.  
April 1, 1876. WM BEDDOE.

**PRICES REDUCED.**  
New Excelsior Lawn Mower.

Largest Sale of any Lawn Mower in the World. It has been adopted, and can be seen in practical operation at Central Park and all other City Parks, New York; Government Grounds and City Parks, Washington; Boston Common, Boston; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; and on almost every prominent Park, throughout the United States and Canada.

At the trial held in New York City on the 25th of June, 1874, the New Excelsior was awarded the first Premium Silver Medal by the American Institute, in competition with all the different Lawn Mowers made in this country.

Four sizes for hand-power; four sizes for horse-power.  
Prices from \$14 to \$200.  
EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.  
CHADBOURN & GOLDWELL MFG. CO.,  
Send for Circular. Newburgh, N. Y.

**PARLOR SALOON;**  
5th Street, Rolla, Mo;  
J. W. JEFFER, Prop.  
(Successor to Wm. Potter.)

Having purchased the stock and good will of this Saloon, I will carry on the business at the old stand, and ask a share of the public patronage. The best of Wines, Liquors, Beer, Cigars, &c., constantly on hand.

## The Ruins of Pompell.

Two thousand years ago it was a populous town of 30,000 inhabitants. For 1,800 years it has been buried beneath the scoria and ashes of Vesuvius. From one-third to one-half of the town is now excavated. The forum, several temples and public buildings, two theaters, the amphitheater and many fine private buildings have been brought to light. The roofless walls average, perhaps twenty feet in height and are composed of concrete or bricks. The streets are narrow—from fourteen to twenty feet in width—and are paved with huge blocks of lava. There are high stepping-stones at intervals for the convenience of foot passengers in crossing from one side to the other. The pavements are deeply worn with passing wheels and the iron hoof of horses. The shops all open upon the streets, while the private dwellings are entered by a narrow passage leading into the court, around which is a covered passage, and in the center a reservoir for rain-water. Some of the courts are yet adorned with statues, though most of the works of art have been removed to the museum in Naples. In many of the houses, particularly in the eating and sleeping-rooms, fine frescoes in different states of preservation adorn the walls. Some of the floors are mosaics of plain but tasteful patterns. The wall paintings indicate but too plainly the pleasure-seeking tendency of the times. In the museum are the casts of four bodies which were discovered in the work of excavation. The cavities where these lay were filled with plaster of Paris, and thereby the attitudes of the deceased in the fearful contortions of the death-struggle were obtained. One of these is a man in the act of flight, and one a girl with a ring on her finger. But time and space will not admit of a detailed description of the half dozen temples here found, nor of the bas-reliefs, the Forum, the Theatre, the Theaters, the many beautiful private dwellings—beautiful even in ruins—or of the wonderful street of tombs. One made many days or even weeks here, and still find something new to excite his wonderful admiration. A walk through these desolated streets with no sound but the ghostly echoes of your footsteps among the ruins, gives one a sensation not easily described. We tread the same pavements, look upon the same walls, admire the beauty of the public and private buildings, and even invade the sleeping apartments of the rich and noble; but the dreamers have vanished like the visions of the night, though the pictured walls that guarded their slumbers yet remain while silence and desolation have reigned over the city for 1800 years!

**How I Studied Chemistry.**

I HAD long been actuated by a desire to study chemistry. It had always seemed to me a great art to be able to discover the elementary parts of the innumerable compounds of which the earth, the things upon the earth, and even the air is composed.

I had long wanted to study that art. At length I determined to do so. I parted off one corner of my room by the window for my laboratory, and purchased a number of chemical compounds, and a book on chemistry.

The first subject of in my book was oxygen. It said: Mix some chlorate of potassium, and some dioxide of manganese, and heat them. I decided to collect the gas through water.

I looked among my chemicals and found the chlorate; but alas! I had no dioxide. I thought I would try the experiment without it.

I soon had my chlorate heated, and was at length in the jar which I had placed to collect it in. I thought it was coming rather slowly, and accordingly turned up on more heat.

Alas! what fiend incarnate ever impressed me to do that? With a hollow gurgle, a huge bubble of gas came into the jar, blowing in out of the water about a yard.

The next instant there was a crash, and I felt a severe blow on the nose. Bits of glass flew gaily around the room, but luckily none struck me in the face; that is to say, nothing but the cork of the flask.

The gas had been liberated so rapidly that it had burst the jar. There was not much damage done; only two panes of glass were broken from my window, and I now have a new looking-glass. That was all, but it cooled my ardor considerably.

My experiments went on quite well after this, for some time. When I came to the subject of nitrogenous nitrous oxide was treated of. The popular name for this gas is laughing gas.

I made some. I hardly liked the idea of taking it myself, and yet I didn't like to ask any body else to do so.

But at last I found a subject in a pet dog in the neighborhood. I thought it would be jolly good fun to see a dog laugh.

I had heard of a ho (a)rac laugh, but never a dog. I sately enticed him to my room, and forced him to breathe some of the gas. He soon became unconscious.

Alas! his unconsciousness now. That was light moments ago, but if anybody would like to see a martyr to science, let him call on me and I will dig him up. He's buried in my back yard, with the cat that I killed with "My Clubs." I expect soon to have quite a happy family out there.

They lie out there, side, by side just as happy as can be. I don't profess to know what killed the dog; indeed, when the owner asked me about him, I didn't know he was dead. I think it was rather lucky that I didn't take any of that gas.

The next day I made some hydrogen, and filled a large piece of rubber with it which of course, made one of the best kinds of a balloon.

A villainous young rascal in the house got hold of it, and sent my pet kitten up in the air tied to it.

If anybody hears of a cross-eyed, white cat, with a yellow tail, being raised from the clouds, I wish they would have it sent to the office of N. L. Atmore & Co.

It it proves to be mine, I will pay a suitable reward to the finder. Perhaps this cat may, in some way, account for the meat rain in Kentucky.

## Living Next Door to a Second Advent.

Mr. Cobleigh moved on the 1st of May. We were going through Main street when we met him with a looking-glass, clock and lamp. If we had suddenly discovered our own family moving we could not have been more astonished. He had lived in the house whence he was moving for at least eight years. He set the lamp on a fence, and propped the clock and looking-glass on a fence, and against the same.

"You are surprised to see me at this?" he said, with an anxious look. "We admitted as much. "I little expected it at one time myself," and he sighed deeply. "Any trouble with the landlord?" "No, no."

"With the house then?" "Oh, no; good landlord, and good house. I don't know if I'll ever again find as good, I've lived there eight years and I might've lived there all my life if it wasn't for the danger fools in the world."

We looked our sympathy. "You see," he went on, "about six months ago one of those chaps who believe in a series of sudden and unexpected judgment days—Second Advent they call 'em—moved in next door. He was a peaceful sort of a man enough to get along with; but he was a strong Second Advent, and so is his wife. Well, they hadn't lived two weeks before they got acquainted and began to have revelations." He paused and sighed.

"But why should their peculiar religious belief make you dissatisfied with your home?" we ventured to inquire. "Why?" he ejaculated, staring hard at us.

"But then you don't know anything about it. You never lived next door to a Second Advent, perhaps?" "Not that we can remember."

"You'd remember it if you had," he replied, with significant emphasis. "I'll never forget my experience. That family got acquainted with us, and then it had its revelations. First they borrowed a little sugar, and then a little tea, and then a little saleratus, and then this and then that. They said the world was all going to be burned up in two weeks, and they didn't feel like going to the expense of getting a barrel of sugar when eternity was so close, and wouldn't we let them have a small teaspoonful? We let 'em have it."

My wife didn't believe, of course, that the world was coming to an end, but she thought the poor critters did, and she reasoned that when they saw there was no fire, nor smoke on the day in question, they'd pony up with the sugar and the hundred and one other things. But they wasn't that kind of Advents. When the time came around and the performance didn't give 'em the satisfaction they expected, they got a sort of postscript with later particulars, and then they come over as rampant as ever, and more so. In fact, every fresh disappointment appeared to give them a new zeal for victuals and other things, and it got so that they were over every day, and sometimes twice a day, alter one thing or another."

"But didn't they return any of the article?" "Certainly not. If the world was going to end, what on earth was we going to do with the articles? I couldn't go through fire, could I, with teaspoonfuls of sugar, tea, etc., hung to me? That's the way they reasoned. But they was going to make it all right on the other shore, was what his wife always said. I to'd my wife that if we could only get back 10 per cent of the things on this shore, I'd cheerfully run my chances for the balance when we got over there. Besides all that, the prospect of so much groceries waiting me on the other shore began awhile to get very embarrassing, and I kinder hinted to the chap something to this effect, but it did no good. He'd got that notion bored right into his skull, and all he could see was clouds of glory; and angels, and harps, and my sugar, and coffee, and the like. By George! it got to be awful, I can tell you!"

He came in one day to get my shaving brush. He said he didn't feel justified in buying a new brush right on the eve of a general resurrection, but he would use mine, and when we all got over there "he'd give me a shaving-brush instead with precious stones and trinkets in golden foam, that's the way he'd talk. He got my ax one day and while he was using it the handle broke and the blade went down the well. He came over right away to see if I had another ax. And when I told him I hadn't, and that I didn't know how I was to get along without that one, I'm blamed if he didn't want me to borrow one from some of the neighbors, so he could finish the little job he was at. He said there was no use of my buying a new ax, with the crack of doom staring us in the face. There'd be no use for a new ax in heaven, for there'd be no pain there, and no crying, with a lot of other stuff. This riled me like thunder. But there was no use talking to him. I was mad, though, about the ax, as mad as I could be, and I told him if he didn't get me a new ax I'd bust him in pieces with the strong arm of the law. And what do you suppose he said?" "He said he'd go home and pray for me," added our friend, with a sigh of despair. "And now what could I do with such a chap as that? There was no use in getting mad, and you can't threaten him out of, and he wouldn't move, and the day of judgment showed no signs of being in earnest. So there I was. The only thing I could do was to get away, and I've hired a house at the other end of town, and I'm moving there. And now," added our unfortunate friend, steady the looking-glass and clock under his arms while he grasped the lamp, "I've got where there is a jail on one side of me, and a graveyard on the other, and I don't care how many Second Advents move in on either side."

And he stalked grimly on his way.

## How Slippery Sam is Getting His Work in.

[From the Glenwood (Mo.) Critterer, edited by a member of the recent Democratic State Convention.]  
But you can't be most always sometimes felt, perhaps little Jimmy has gone to be an angel.

I studied chemistry six weeks, but I don't know of one good that resulted from it. I made some very nice ink, which I spilled all over the parlor carpet, if that is good.

I would advise young persons who are going to study chemistry, to get a private tutor.

When performing experiments, I think the best place to be is the top of the highest building in the vicinity.

Then, when explosions occur, you will blow nothing up, though you yourself may get blown down.

But that is nothing, you know. Always keep in mind that "knowledge is power;" it will help you greatly when you have to pay out fifty dollars for a new looking-glass.

## A Burglar Swearing His Victim on the Bible.

[From the Hudson, N. Y., Republican,]  
Martin Armstrong, a farmer, who lives about 2 miles from the village of Coxsack, had in his employ a farm-hand named Wm. C. Martin, aged about 20 years. On Wednesday morning last Mr. Armstrong was aroused from sleep by a noise in his bedroom, and on open his eyes beheld Martin standing over him, and before he had a chance to speak Martin seized his employer by the throat.

Upon releasing his hold Martin took Mr. Armstrong's pistol, pulled one from his own pocket, both of which he presented at the gentlemen's head, telling him he had only a short time to live. Martin then picked up a Bible and made his victim swear that he would not help a word about his entrance into his room. This promise secured. Martin robbed Mr. Armstrong and fled.

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