Our Religious Column.

CAUCASIAN THEOLOGY.

THE HEATHEN AT HOME.

Yes, countless multitudes of them. A quarter of a million children in New York City alone, who never entered a house of worship. Wander through the long, dismal, sloppy, garbage-strewn back-streets and alleys of all our great cities; and behold the swarms of filthy, ragged little caricatures on humanity—miserable little wretches— scarce three removes above the pigs and puppies, their companions. Can it be possible that God made them? If so, what for? Have they, within those tatter-hung carcasses, souls, deathless souls, that are destined to glow with radiance divine in heaven, or dying never die in hell, forever? Can it, can it be? Oh, the emptiness of all our boasted enlightening and christianizing agencies! The hollow mockery of our foreign gospel-spreading efforts! Ship-loads of red flannel shirts, and tracts on predestination, for the sportive young cannibals on the banks of the Niger or Nyanza. Gushes of sympathy and cargoes of testaments, for the benighted Hindoos and Siamese. Fat, tender, juicy missionaries, in prime order for barbecuing, for the Caribs, Feejees, and New Zealanders. Barrels of crocodile tears, and bounteous shipments of hymn-books, Parley's geographies, schoolmarms and North Methodist whangdoodlers, for the beastial, stench-sweating, black barbarians of Mississippi and the Carolinas. All this long-range solicitude for perishing humanity. And yet, here and there and everywhere, at our own doors, amid all the blaze of gospel light, in hearing of the bells on a thousand glittering spires, wallowing in the reeking slums of all our great Babels, are millions of wretched little beings of our own race, our own flesh and blood—native-born Americans, who never heard of a heaven, a hell, a God or a Devil, except in blasphemies. Millions of pitiable little creatures, with skins beneath their clots of filth, as white as ours or yours, madam, who never saw the inside of a school-house or a church, who are as deeply, darkly, terribly ignorant, debased and brutalized as the young savages who, to-day, worship the Cobra-de-Capello, and eat their own lice, on the sun-scorched shores of Zambesi or Lake Ngani—American heathen—American pagans! Away with collections for Freedmen's Evangelizing Societies, Polynesian Bible Associations, and Senegambia, Madagascar or Terra del Fuego Missions. Away with them! And let us begin our work at home—enlighten the heathen, reclaim the Arabs of our own streets and alleys! Thronging all around us, even in our own highly-favored, beloved and beautiful Lexington. Meeting us daily, on all our streets and highways; jostling us, at every turn, in all our lanes and byways. Scores of young immortals, perishing fellow-beings, upon whose ears, christ's gospel never fell; whose erring, death-bound feet have never crossed a sanctuary's threshold; into whose dark, rayless homes, a Bible never came! See them, all through the week, hanging around doggery or gambling-hell doors; their only business, what Satan always finds for willing hands to do; their only language, obscenity and profanity. See them, on the holy Sabbath morning, dodging off to the woods or the river, to desecrate the sacred hours of the one hallowed day in seven, by hunting, fishing, skating or boating. Heathen, pagans, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

But these hapless ones are not all our gropers in the gloom of heathenism. Go to any of our large city churches. Enter the broad folding-door. Have the dandified usher show you to a pew, among modern Zion's elitest children. Note the softly tinted light which falls on costumes gorgeous and vulgar enough for a fancy-dress ball. See the coquetting, the wanton tossing of brainless heads; the alluring motion of jeweled ears; the whispering of indelicate compliments, and ill-natured criticisms; the stroking of dyed and scented mustaches; and the nibbling of licentious cane-heads. Think you they are there to worship an infinitely pure and holy Jehovah, a meek and lowly Savior? Nay, verily. God is not in all their thoughts. They're there because opera-houses, theatres and club-rooms are closed; because its fashionable, and an agreeable change from the revelries and dissipations of other days. Humility—they're vain and scornful. Faith—they believe only in Mammon. Love—they care only for themselves and their pleasures. Adoration—they bow only at the shrine of luxury and lust. They're heathen. Keep your missionaries at home.

See that blazing feminine oriflamme of commingled rainbows, ostrich feathers and Grecian simplicity. Behold her kneel with her false calves; bow her painted face, spoor her enamelled hands; turn up to the skies, her stunning array of false hair; and pretend to supplicate heaven to put a new heart in her bosom of sawdust, cotton batting, and patent wire palpitators. She's thinking only of herself, and the display she's making. She'd feel herself grossly insulted, if you should hint at the possibility of her being a "miserable sinner," except in the musical responses of her gilt-clasped prayer-book. She's a heathen, as benighted and hopeless as ever burnt incense to the devil, on the Ganges' shores. Oh, for a missionary able to send one idea of heaven, hell, death, eternity and a Savior's love, through her ponderous chignon!

And see, on every hand, the flashily dressed and perfumed squirts and snobs, brainless, heartless, soulless, fresh from the debauches of Saturday night, here for no purpose but to ogle the "ge-yurls" through their pink-ribbon-suspended eye-glasses; here a pompous broker-office gold-grabber, a genteel pickpocket; here an alderman, just out of swindling contracts, and other people-robbing iniquities; here an up-town merchant prince, his brain full of ledgers, extortionate profits, and cent per cent accounts. All heathen, pagans almost beyond the power of missionary to arouse, or Jesus' blood to save!

But why tarry in our larger cities? Go, as we did last Sunday, to one of the stateliest churches in our own fair little town. Hear the coughing, throat-clearing, hawking and spitting—hideous clamor, totally unnecessary—at times drowning out the voice of the minister, and racking the nerves of every civilized man and woman in the house. None but a barbarian and a heathen, ever disturbs the devotions of his neighbors, by such unseemly and disgusting sounds. One of christianity's first duties is to master all these weaknesses of throat and nose. Any decent individual can do it. Those who do not are worse than heathen, and the Christian church, last Sunday, was full of these home-made pagans. Keep our missionaries here.

But worse and worse, and more of it. See the tobacco-chewers, old elders and deacons, and members who nod in the amen corners. Each one squirt, squirt, squirting, nastier than a forty-polecat-power syringe in perpetual motion. Defiling the house of God, and sickening the stomach of every less filthy person within its walls. Heathen and barbarians all. Keep a missionary at home.

And oh, last, most hideous, horrible depth of paganism. The solemn sacrament of the Lord's Supper, is being celebrated. All the groans and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, all the cruel mockeries of Pilate's judgment-hall, and all the fearful agonies of Calvary, cluster and crystallize around that broken bread and flowing wine. The wondrously sad and tender parting with the disciples; the anguished prayer beneath the knotted oaks and olives of the garden; the crown of thorns; the scourging; the dull thud of the hammer, and the awful tearing of the nails into the quivering flesh; the lamentations of the faithful women; the gentle petition, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do;" the last piteous cry, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me!" the earthquake; the darkness; the glory of the Resurrection and Ascension; all, all, rise from the dim dust of eighteen centuries, and come thronging around the table where rest the simple emblems of a Crucified and Risen Savior's love! And yet, see that silly girl, with a giggle and a smirk upon her face, reach forth her hand to take the plate and cup, and cram her grinning mouth with the memorials of the mangled body of the Son of God! See that aged disciple roll a huge and loathsome quid of earth's vilest weed, from between his teeth, put in the sacred symbols, wipe his lips, and refill his jaws with vegetable filth! Heathen! Pagans! Worse than barbarians! Is it not strange that even the long-suffering and forbearance of God, are not exhausted? Is it not a miracle of mercy, that such shocking profaners, are not smitten dead in their seats, by the red bolts of heaven's fiercest wrath. Missionaries, more missionaries, for our heathen at home!

FATHER! MOTHER!

Where is your boy to-night? The high-spirited, noble son, around whom cluster the fondest affections of your heart? Where does he spend these long winter evenings? Do you furnish him pleasant entertainment, at your own home fireside? Or is he roaming at will, over the dark streets of the town? Know you not that Lexington is full of pitfalls for young and heedless feet? See those ruddy lights which gleam, like beacon-fires of hell, on almost every corner, and shine far into the night, when you are wrapped in sleep. Hear the rolling of those billiards balls; the ringing laugh of mocking merriment, the oaths, the ribald songs. There, youthful faces flushed with wine, bend nightly over the enticing game, whose fascinations once felt, are so hard to shake off. Is your son there? If so, it will not be long, till he'll be borne home to you, some night, drunk. Your heart will be wrung with anguish. Your eyes will stream with bitter tears. And oh, the downward road is so smooth, and so rapid in its decline! Many years may not elapse, till your son shall fill a drunkard's grave, or a felon's cell! Stop him now! Watch over him! Guard him! Save him! For this, God made you his parent.

Our Ladies' Column.

CAUCASIAN FEMININICALS.

HOMAGE TO BEAUTY.

Beautiful girl! I have wandered far
Toward the rising sun and evening star;
I have roamed mid the northern wastes of snow
And strayed where the soft magnolias blow.
But I never gazed on a face so bright
As shine, sweet spirit of young delight.
Beautiful girl! thou art bright and fair
As an angel shape in the moonlight air
No shadow rests on thy brow of snow,
Save that of thy tresses drooping low.
Love's own clear light is wandering oft
O'er thy gentle lip of carmine soft
Thy lovely cheek, where the rich red glow
Of thy warm blood melts through the virgin snow,
So sweetly blending is one bright dye,
The woven beauties of earth and sky.
Truth, holy, bright, in its freshness dwells
Deep in thy dark eyes' shaded wells,
And furies wild from their clear depths gleam,
Like shadows of stars from a trembling stream;
Thy thoughts are a dream of Eden's bowers,
And thy words are garlands of flowers, bright flowers.
Beautiful, beautiful girl! thou art
A vision of joy to a throbbing heart,
A star sent down from the world of bliss,
And all undimmed by the shade of this;
A rainbow, pictured by Love's own sun
On the clouds of being, beautiful one.
Beautiful girl! I have seen thee move,
A floating creature of joy and love,
As light as a mist in a sunrise gale,
Or the buoyant away of a bridal vail,
Till I almost looked to see thee rise,
Like a soaring thought to the free blue skies,
Or melt away in the thin blue air
Like a vision of fancy painted there.
Thy low, sweet voice, as it thrills around,
Seems less a sound than a dream of sound;
Softly and mildly its clear notes swell,
Like the spirit tones of a silver bell;
And thy lip, whence the fairy music flows,
Is to fancy's eye like a speaking rose.
Beautiful girl, 'tis a weary year
Since thy voice fell on my ravished ear;
'Tis a long, long year of light and gloom
Since I gazed on thy young cheek's lovely bloom,
Yet thy gentle tones of music still
Through the holiest depths of memory thrill
Like tones of a fount, or breeze, or bird
In the long gone years of childhood heard.
And oft in my dark and lonely moods,
When a demon wing o'er my spirit broods,
Thine image seems on my soul to break,
Like the sweet young morn o'er a glassy lake.
Filling its depths as the shadows flee,
With beauty and love and melody.
Beautiful girl, thou art far away,
And I know not where thy steps now stray:
But oh, 'tis sweet, it is very sweet,
In the fairy realms of dreams to greet
Thy cheek of rose, thy brow of pearl,
And thy voice of music, beautiful girl!
—How's that for highfalutin squash?

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Good society. What is it, and where is it to be found. Prince Napoleon, when asked about it, on his return to Europe from a tour of the united States, said he had seen none—only a lot of ill-bred dancing boys and girls. And his statement, to our country's shame be it spoken, was strictly true. Real society we have none. The solid classical learning, the thorough mental culture, the refinement of taste, the dignified and elegant bearing, the polished and courteous manners, and the softly modulated tones, that lend a charm to true social life, and render its inner circles, a more than royal realm, are wholly wanting. In their stead, as our only substitute, is a noisy mob of counter-hopping snobs and loudly dressed young wenches, (with an occasional sprinkling of aged frivolity and gilded plebeianism), who mistake insolence for ease, swagger for grace, boisterous rudeness for mirth, and vulgarity, open or concealed, for wit. The theatre and the ball-room are its only abodes—there alone are its semi-idiotic manifestations to be seen in full bloom. Would you analyze it—inspect its component elements—examine it in detail—as you do a dog-fennel blossom, or a scavenger-beetle? Look, then.

Stand aside. Do you see that thing? She is one of the belles of the city. Her dad is a millionaire. She's a leader of the ton; a sine qua non of Saratoga; a ne plus ultra of Newport; a star of the evening, radiant as ar, at all operas, grand duke and military balls, receptions, soirees and sich; one of the dam-swizzlingest dam-sells of famous Fifth Avenoodledom, Washington Heights or Lucas Place. See her hard, immodest stare; her cheeks enameled and rouged; her lips dyed; her eye-brows penciled; and her eyelids tinged with lead or manganese, to give brilliancy to her dissipation-worn, lack-lustre eyes. Note the inane, dull, dead vacuity of her face; no more soul or expression, than the bottom of a painted porcelain tea-pot. Every feature, lineament, glance and movement, telling of a life squandered, frittered away, in stupid eating, drinking and sleeping; lounging on sofas, or sauntering along fashionable promenades to show the latest achievement of her milliner or dress-maker; poring over trashy, trashier, transcendental "Ladies' Books" and yellow-back novels; caressing vile, ribbon-decked poodles, or flirting, in slang and inuendo, with sweet-scented, simpering fops, even more insignificant and despicable—poodles with souls. See how she bends. Sick, you think? Got an aching under her corset? Oh, no; bless your unsophisticated soul, not a bit of it; no sickness there. It isn't the ice-cream, or cobbler, or julep she's just taken, that gives her that choleratic stoop. No; its "the fashion." She thinks, or some ignorant costumer does for her, that horrid, frightful hump-back resembles the classic curves of Grecian statues. Does she know why the figures she caricatures, assume that attitude? Theirs is the result of modesty; hers, of anything else. And that monstrous bump on her back. That's fashion, too. What a pity she hadn't been born a she-dromedary. She'd have been in the style then, without all this indecent effort, and all this waste, this sacrilegious misapplication of editorial genius and typographic art and labor. Mark all her flounces and ruffles; her licentiously razeed low-necks, and oath-provokingly long trails; her painfully distorted skillet-lid-in-hobbit-contortions of a bonnet; her ankle-twisting, hobble-de-gee high heels, and topological "curiosity," and her impudent, hairless looks, any one of which would furnish material for a dozen brass candlesticks. Ugh, the hideous, nauseating creature! God grant that no such feminine abominations may ever be found among the Caucasian's ten thousand young girl and lady readers!

Sample number two. Look at that glittering equipage; chariot resplendent; hubs and tongue tipped with silver; harness golden-plated; steeds black and glossy as the face of a Louisiana law-grinder, a Mississippi Senator, or a South Carolina Supreme Judge; pompous footman and driver; gorgeous liveries; huge gilt buttons; tall hats; cockades; white gloves; codfish nobility, the dirty creases of the hands showing through their kids. There leaning back on those costly silken cushions, sits the mother of that silly fool on young womanhood we noticed just now. Poor old thing. With her rolls of false hair; her curls and frizzes; her artificial teeth; plumpers to fill out her shriveled jaws; laced and corseted, till a thimble-ful of honest breath would burst her into Hottentot hash; her wrinkles smoothed over with enamel; the ghastly pallor of old age hidden under a coating of paint, thick enough to satisfy the vermilion-daubing propensities of a Seminole or Pottawattamie "brave." Eye-glass stuck on her nose; diamonds gleaming on her stumpy old arms; jeweled pendants dangling from ears that are as eager for gossip and scandal and flattery, as they were half a century ago. Bah, the miserable old thing! Ruling passion strong in death; determined to show off; excite the envy of some stupid neighbor; be a "woman of the world," to the last.

Scene third—last specimen sings. U-ugh-gh! Disgusting little reptiles! Contamination in their very touch and breath. Ladies. Swells. Flyer-bloomers that are scandalous burlesques on the lap-dog family. Shanks and feet that look like broom-straws stuck in pumpkin-seeds. Strangle-leg breeches. Coats that terminate so as to invite special attention to—just what coats are intended to conceal. Flaming neck-ties, embroidered with shoo-flies, trotting horses, dog heads and other choicely artistic devices. Hair parted in the middle, frizzled, curled and cattawoggled, a la pet poodle. Bergamot-exhaling side-whiskers, thin and sickly. Gaudy kid gloves. Switch canes with blackguard handles. Cockney glasses and ponderous chains, swinging from flashy vest-patterns. Bouquets in their button-holes. Visages stupid and sensual, as those of infantile porcine quad spads, or adolescent apes. Mouths mere expressionless slits in their faces, that only open to take in oysters and cock-tails, and let out obscenity and oaths. Dawdling, mincing gait. Drawling tones, and breath redolent of whisky and tobacco. Peo-oo-oo-ooh! The loathsome little animals. See the insufferable insolence with which they leer at every woman that comes in reach of their weak dish-watery eyes. By the bones of the lately defunct-and-gone-to-glory Abe, we can scarcely keep our boot-toe from the TERMINI of their abbreviated coats.

Empty-headed and hollow-hearted, such are the creatures, that make up our "society." Unable to carry on an intelligent conversation, for three consecutive clock-ticks; knowing nothing; learning nothing; feeling nothing; caring for nothing but the pitiful vanities, gewgaws and excitements of hops, balls and masquerades; is it strange that they go on, year after year, increasing in frivolous contemptibility—like a cow's tail, ever growing downward? When they assemble having no information, sentiments, emotions or opinions to interchange, they are of necessity driven, after the first few moments of monkey-shaming gibberings and twaddlings, to depend upon their heels instead of their heads for entertainment; and haggings set to music are consequently the all-absorbing pastime, as well as business of their worthless lives. Is it any wonder that was the courtly Alexis takes refuge from such dreary vacuities, among the bold, strong, though uncouth, buffalo hunters of our westerp plains?

Nay, nay verily! Where's the remedy? Change the mode of education. Teach our boys and girls, that brain and nerve, knowledge and muscle, are worth more than gold, jewels, apparel or equipage. That ten real men and women, of power and culture, honesty, sincerity and truth, are worth a world of simpering, nimble-legged idiots, however "rich" or "accomplished," in the fashionable slang of the day. Give us PEOPLE, and not FASHION-PLATES!

"I LOVE SOMEBODY."

A matter-of-fact poetical genius says I over-heard a moonstruck chap, the other day remark that he loved a certain young lady "well enough to die for her." Now I love somebody very much, and—

I'd swear for her—
I'd tear for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd lie for her—
I'd sigh for her—
I'd drink Big Muddy dry for her.
I'd "cuss" for her—
Do "wuss" for her—
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her;
I'd weep for her—
I'd leap for her—
I'd go without sleep for her—
I'd fight for her—
I'd bite for her—
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without my "feed" for her;
I'd shoot for her—
I'd boot for her—
A rival who would come to suit for her;
I'd kneel for her—
I'd steal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd slide for her—
I'd ride for her—
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her—
I'd cry for her—
But—hang me if I'd die for her!

N. B.—Or any other woman.

The papers report that Alexis has been greatly captivated with the beauty of Miss Sallie Shannon, of Kansas. She has received many distinguished marks of his regard. Beware, take care, oh, youthful Bear!

Oh war's red plain
Wretch ne'er has lain
Worse torn by pike or cannon
Than scores are by
The bright dark eye
Of witching Sallie Shannon!

St. Louis Advertisements.

Are indorsed and prescribed by more leading Physicians than any other tonic or stimulant now in use. They are A SURE PREVENTIVE for Fever and Ague, Intermittents, Billiousness, and all disorders arising from Miasmatic causes. They are recommended as an anti-dyspeptic and in cases of indigestion are invaluable as an Appetizer and Recuperant, and in case of General Debility they have never in a single instance failed in producing the most happy results. They are particularly BENEFICIAL TO FEMALES, strengthening the body, invigorating the mind, and giving tone and elasticity to the whole system. The HOME BITTERS are compounded with the greatest care, and no Tonic Stimulant has ever been offered to the public SO PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, and at the same time combining so many medicinal agents, indorsed by the medical fraternity as the best known to the Pharmacopoeia. It costs little to give them a fair trial, and

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A BOTTLE.

We ask every one to read the following certificates from many of the most eminent physicians in the country:

ST. LOUIS, July, 1870.—James A. Jackson & Co.: Gentlemen—As you have communicated to the medical profession the recipe of the "Home Bitters," it cannot, therefore, be considered as a secret or patent medicine, no patent having been taken for it. We have examined the formula for making the "Home Bitters," and unhesitatingly say the combination is one of rare excellence, all the articles used in its composition are the best of the class to which they belong, being highly Tonic, Stimulant, Stomachic, Carminative and slightly Laxative. The mode of preparing them is strictly in accordance with the rules of pharmacy. Having used them, seen its effect in our private practice, we take pleasure in recommending them to all persons desirous of taking Bitters, as being the best Tonic and Stimulant now offered to the public.

L. Ch. Boisliniere, M.D. F. G. Porter, M.D.
Alfred Hencock, M.D. C. Gericke, M.D.
Drake McDowell, M.D. C. A. Ware, M.D.
J. C. Whitehill, M.D. E. A. Clark, M.D.
Dr. C. V. E. Ludwig. S. G. Moses, M.D.
W. A. Wilson, M.D. Hubert Pitman.

U. S. Marine Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 8, 1870—Jas. A. Jackson & Co.: I have examined the formula for making the "Home Stomach Bitters," and used them in this Hospital for the last four months. I consider them the most valuable tonic and stimulant now in use.

H. MELCHER.

ST. LOUIS, July 6, 1870.—Jas. A. Jackson & Co.: Having examined the formula from which your celebrated "Stomach Bitters" are prepared and having witnessed the method of combining the different ingredients, we can safely recommend them as the best tonic with which we are acquainted. From the great care with which they are compounded, and from the choice materials which enter into them, we have no doubt but they will prove, as they deserve to be, the most popular tonic and stimulant in use.

Respectfully yours,
J. Vastine, M.D. T. G. Comstock, M.D.

We cheerfully concur with every word contained in the above testimonial.

Jno. Conzelman, M.D. John Hartman, M.D.
Chas. Vasting, M.D. J. T. Temple, M.D.
G. S. Walker, M.D. E. C. Franklin, M.D.

Cincinnati, Oct. 10, '70. Messrs. W. B. Keately & Co., Agents: "Home Bitters": Gents—Agreeably to your request, I have examined the formula of the "Home Stomach Bitters," and find the remedies it contains such as are in general use by the Medical Profession. They are very scientifically and pleasantly combined and as stimulating tonics will be found especially adapted as corroborants to the treatment of low or debilitated stages of the system, before arising from impaired digestion or from contagious diseases.

Dr. J. L. Vattiers. L. A. James, M.D.
C. S. Wayne, Chemist. C. T. Wheaton, M.D.
W. T. Taliaferro, M.D. S. P. Bonner, M.D.
J. J. Quinn, M.D. C. S. Muscroft, M.D.
L. Buckner, M.D. G. W. Bigler, M.D.
W. R. Woodward, M.D. G. A. Doherty, M.D.

Chicago, Sept. 30, 1870.—J. L. Smith, Esq.: We have examined the formula for the "Celebrated Stomach Bitters," and find it to be composed of articles that are considered the best tonics used by the Medical Profession, and one of the best bitters we know of now in use.

Very respectfully,
H. S. Hahn, M.D. B. McVicar, M.D.
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All persons in search of great bargains, are requested to call.
Very Respectfully,
BOTELER & CLAGETT.

N. B.—All persons indebted to us will please call and settle.
janl3 tf BOTELER & CLAGETT.

LEXINGTON NURSERY.

100,000 FRUIT TREES, propagated and for sale at this Nursery, which have not only the merit of strong, vigorous, healthy growth and careful training, but are by nature already acclimated and adapted to this western soil. As the season for tree planting is approaching, we would call attention to the fact, that in this nursery is one of the finest lots of two-year-old fruit trees ever grown in this or any other country, unsurpassed in variety and size. As times are hard, will exchange, this fall, nursery stock for greenbacks, calves and hogs. First class apple trees, 5 to 8 feet, 15¾ cents. Pears 50 cts. Other stock sold low, quality considered. Catalogue and price list sent on application. Nursery one half mile west of Fair Ground.
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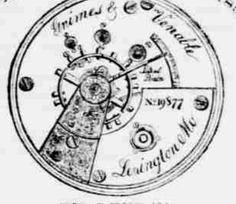

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BRILLIANT GOODS,
DIAMONDS

CLOCKS, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS,
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, TOYS, &c., &c.

IF you want a GOOD, RELIABLE TIME PIECE, ask for the ELGIN WATCH. We have now all the different styles and prices. Also the celebrated E. HOWARD MOVEMENTS, and a full line of LADY'S WATCHES, American and Swiss. We are constantly adding new styles and designs to our assortment, and now have as large and fine selected stock of goods as any house in the west. We warrant all goods to be just as represented, and will do our best to please you at all times. A No. 1 SUN DIAL and one of JOHN BLISS & CO.'S MARINE CHRONOMETERS enable us to give you the correct time for this latitude. Call and see. GRIMES & VENABLE.

CORNER OF MAIN AND PINE, LEXINGTON.

A. A. & J. O. LESUEUR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES.

HAVE on hand, and keep always, a full and choice stock of

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
WINES,
LIQUORS,
TOBACCO,
CIGARS.

Refined Sugars,	Brown Sugars,	Molasses,	Mocha Coffee,	Syrups,
Java Coffee,	Laguira Coffee,	Rio Coffee,	Parched Coffee,	Pickles,
Green Tea,	Black Tea,	Canned Fruit,	Candles,	Rope,
Coal Oil,	Oysters,	Twine,	Brooms,	Dried Fruit
Sardines,	Willow Ware,	Nuts,	Citron,	Fish,
Wooden Ware,	Stoneware,	Spices,	Meal,	Nails,
Flour,		Starch,	Salt,	Soap.

Terms, Strictly Cash on Delivery.

Highest market price paid for all kinds Country Produce, Hides, Wool, Etc.

We would respectfully call attention to the fact that we are exclusively in the grocery business, that we pay our undivided attention to it, that we have on hand by far the largest and best assorted stock in the city; and that we intend to sell goods at the lowest possible figures.

We solicit the patronage of the people of Lexington and vicinity, feeling confident that it will be to their advantage to call on us before purchasing elsewhere. We expect to be one of the first houses in the city to put prices down, when the general markets enable merchants here to do so.

We wish to establish a permanent trade, and to do so we recognize the fact that we must work for our customers' interests as well as our own.

We will deliver promptly, free of charge, goods bought of us to any art of the city, or on board of the ferry boat for persons living north of River.

NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

T. C. CRENSHAW, Manufacturer and Dealer in SADDLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, WHIPS, SPURS, BRIDLES, LASHES, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, &c., &c. PINE STREET, north of C. S. Presbyterian church.

My work is NOT MADE BY BOYS, but by experienced workmen, and of the best material, which I will sell as low as good work can be sold.

Repairing done at reasonable prices.
decl6 ly T. C. CRENSHAW.

65 First Prize Medals Awarded.

THE GREAT

SOUTHERN PIANO MANUFACTORY.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright

PIANO FORTES,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

THESE Instruments have been before the public for nearly thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained an unprecedented preeminence, which pronounces them unequalled IN TONE,
TOUCH,
WORKMANSHIP
AND DURABILITY.

All our Square Pianos have our new improved Overstrung Scale and Agraffe Treble.

We would call special attention to our late Patented Improvements in GRAND PIANOS and SQUARE GRANDS, found in no other Pianos, which bring the piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

We are by special arrangement enabled to furnish PARLOR ORGANS and MELODEONS of the most celebrated makers, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Factory Prices.

Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists promptly furnished on application to

WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore, Md.
Or any of our regular established agencies. d16m

For the Ladies.

HAIR WORK.

HAVING BOUGHT all the goods of Miss Anna Dowden, and greatly increased the stock of all kinds of
HAIR GOODS, CURLS, SWITCHES, CHIGNONS, ETC.

I now ask the patronage of those wishing anything in my line. All goods warranted.
ORDERS FOR HAIR JEWELRY SOLICITED.
Room with Mrs. Tommerson.
janl8tf MISS BELLE HAYNES.

ORNAMENTAL.

HAVING permanently located in Lexington, I will continue to perform classes in Musical Instruction, the German and French Languages, and Drawing and Painting. References, Messrs Wm. Morrison, Henry Macey, Jno. E. Ryland, Edward Winsor. Word left at C. G. Ludwigs' Jewelry Store, will receive prompt attention. Country orders attended to.
novl5 ly CHAS. B. KRUMBHOLZ.

LADIES' NOTICE!

Special Attention!

WE invite your attention to our elegant assortment of Fall Millinery. We offer all the inducements in prices and goods that costumers would find in any other market. Your attention is particularly called to

OUR STOCK OF FLOWERS AND RIBBONS.

We have also added to our line, Ladies' Furnishing Goods, all of which will be sold at prices reasonable, and for CASH. We are prepared to furnish BRIDAL TROUSSEAS, also Mourning Costumes.

Dress-making is also an important feature connected with our Millinery business. We have secured the services of experienced assistants in that line. Mrs. PRICE & Mrs. ARNOLD.

DRESS MAKING.

MRS. J. B. JORDAN, long and favorably known, as a skillful dress-maker, is at her old stand, on Franklin street, four doors west of Market; where she is ready at all times, to do cutting, fitting and making, in the latest styles, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Tendering her thanks for past patronage, she hopes, by strict attention to business, prompt-ness, good work, and low prices, to merit and obtain its continuance. sep23m4

Stoves, Furnaces, Etc.

NEW TIN AND STOVE STORE.

GEO. KING,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

COOKING & HEATING STOVES.

TINWARE, TIN ROOFING & Guttering, made and repaired in neat workmanlike manner. Also have the well known

CHARTER OAK STOVES

All work done, and all stoves sold warranted to give satisfaction. Please give me a call. Franklin st., next door to S. & I. Summers, Lexington. P. S. I will work or sell goods as cheap as the cheapest, and everything warranted to give entire satisfaction. [sep10y1] GEO. KING.

ZEILER BROTHERS,

NO. 69 MAIN ST., LEXINGTON,

Dealers in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, &C.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF CUTLERY.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated

BUCK & WRIGHT

Cooking Stoves.

We are doing Tin Guttering and roofing, and all kinds of Job Work lower than can be had in the city, and every job warranted.

The largest assortment of Heating and Cooking stoves ever seen in the city. Fifty styles of Parlor, Office & Bedroom Stoves.

We are exclusive agents for the celebrated

Keyser Furnaces

For heating Dwellings, Churches, Public Buildings, &c., with hot air.

ALL STYLES & KINDS OF TINWARE.

Blacksmiths can find all kinds of
IRON, HORSE SHOES, NAILS, &c.
by calling on us.

We do not intend to be undersold in any thing that is in our line.

We respectfully solicit a call from all who want goods in our line, and see for yourselves. Every Buck & Wright stove sold is warranted to bake well, not to crack by fire. Any one that may do so can be brought back, and the money refunded infull. sep10y1

ZEILER BROTHERS.

J. A. GRAHAM,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DEALER IN

STOVES.

Tin, Sheet Iron, & Copper Ware

Stamped, Japanned and other Goods.

HAS for sale all kinds of high, medium and low priced Stoves of all kinds and makes, among which is the celebrated

'INDIANOLA' COOKING STOVE,

the best constructed, the best operating and the most durable stove made. Manufactured in this city. Warranted to do anything and everything required of a cooking stove, in the best manner and in the shortest time, and if it does not give entire satisfaction can be returned and the money refunded; also all plates breaking from heat will be replaced at any minute without charge.

Country merchants supplied with tinware at St. Louis wholesale prices.

COPPER PIPE MADE AND REPAIRED.

PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

GUTTERING, SPOUTING, ROOFING,

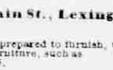
AND ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK.

All work done by me will be warranted to give satisfaction, if not, no charge will be made.

15 Main Street, Opposite City Hotel.

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE.

FURNITURE!!



JAMES HAYS,

No. 95 Main St., Lexington, Mo.

I AM NOW prepared to furnish, to order, all kinds of Furniture, such as
WARDROBES,
BUREAUS,
BEDSTEADS,
WASH STANDS,
MATTRESSES
HAIR, SHUCK & SEDGE.
ALSO,
PARLOR SETS
CHAMBER SETS,
DINING ROOM,
AND KITCHEN
FURNITURE,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

Remember, I keep a full supply of Metallic Burial cases, always on hand.

Plain and ornamental Coffins furnished at short notice, and cheaper than can be had elsewhere.

My motto: I sell good goods cheap for cash. Give me a call and satisfy yourselves.

Respectfully,
sep8tf JAME HAYS.

FINE ARTS.

DRAWING, OIL PAINTING, AND WAX WORK.

MRS. C. O. BARKER, an experienced Teacher in Drawing, Oil Painting and Wax Work, would inform all desirous of receiving thorough and full instructions, in the finest style of the above branches of Art, that she has opened rooms to teach a class, at the residence of Dr. Barker, corner of College and Franklin streets, Lexington, Mo. For Terms and to examine specimens, please call at the place above mentioned. decl6tf

BEN WOOD,

Wholesale dealer in

HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS, LADIES',
GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S FURS, GLOVES,
AND UMBRELLAS.

DELAWARE ST

SIGN OF THE BIG HAT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

COUNTY WARRANTS,

BOUGHT BY
decl6 tf E. WINSOR & SON.

Waddell, McCausland & Co's Column.

97 MAIN STREET. 97.

NEW!

HANDSOME!

CHEAP!

**W