Lexington Caucasian.

THE NEXT LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

Shall it be a Practical, Business-like One?

It is known that the Missouri Legislature is to hold an adjourned session in January next, and it is none too soon to agitate such measures as the necessities of the times may suggest. The whole of last session was frittered away in "slush" investigations and whitewashings, and it is to be hoped that some more important business will occupy the session in January.

Among the many needed schemes for the public weal, a general free-banking law for Missouri should be passed.

The statute in relation to marriage should be amended. As the law now stands, that legal inquisition which other states make as to the qualifications of nuptial candidates, is shirked upon preachers and others; they are required to do certain civil duties,—to record marriages, etc., and a heavy responsibility is laid upon them,—and no salary allowed. The law should include a license from the clerk of some court, before whom candidates should give the necessary information required by law.

The assessment laws should be amended to enumerate property at its full market value; and the levies should be made on a true, and not (as now) on a false, basis.

A constitutional convention should be called, in order that an instrument may be formed worthy of the state and era. No matter what its cost, a new constitution will be the cheapest in the end.

Some needed and wholesome legislation in favor of the people, and not of cliques and rings, will be just to the farming element. Among these a fair law prohibiting unreasonable discriminations by common carriers against way freights.

Special legislation should be discountenanced, and all special or optional laws repealed. One people should have one code.

The laws requiring the publication of delinquent-tax lists in the several counties, and the romances entitled "Receipts and Expenditures," should be immediately repealed. They are frauds—burdens laid upon the most unfortunate class, for the benefit of impecunious publishers.

The law requiring sheriffs and trustees to publish a long, verbose advertisement of property for sale under execution, should be so amended, as to make only a brief mention of name, time of sale, and other important facts, necessary; and one insertion, instead of four, five or ten, legal. This would save an immense sum to those who are now bled to death, and who can least bear such red-tapy burdens.

There are many other similar wrongs which should be righted.

And above all, the session should not extend over thirty days; and no Insane Asylum jobs should be tolerated.

ONWARD.

Common-Sense in Religion.

Rev. Dr. Chapin and family occupied a private box at the opera, in New York, a few evenings since Good. A move in the right direction. It is high time that the cob webbed absurdities of religious hypochondria were forever swept from human souls. The days of puritanic madness are over. Godliness is no longer estimated by length and sourness of visage. A hearse-horse face has ceased to be an accepted guarantee of sanctity. Green-persimmon piety is played-out. Who should sing, if not the Christian? Why should he, around whose glad heart beams the radiant smile of heaven, wear a phiz of doleful graveyard gloom? Away with the dismal doctrinal relics of a benighted age. Let it be no more a matter of universal wonder and serpent-tongued gossip, if a minister of the gospel shows himself a gentleman of common sense, culture and refinement. Dry up the skinny, blab-mouthed, cross-eyed old sisters, who wag their wigged heads off, in paroxysms of vinegar-holy horror, if their preacher lets a gleam of true humanity struggle-out through his seedy broadcloth. There is no reason, moral, social, scriptural or ecclesiastical, why a Doctor of Divinity, with his wife and daughters, shouldn't enjoy the entrancements of music and the drama, as well as any congressional or gubernatorial malefactor in all christendom. Were it wrong,—even, in the remotest degree, improper, — for the purest seraph that burns around the Great White Throne, to witness Booth's wondrous impersonations of Shylock and Hamlet, or Joe Jefferson's impassioned, tender, exquisitely pathetic revivifying of poor old Rip Van Winkle, why put Shakespeare and Irving, as text-books, into the hands of your children? Is seeing them rendered by men who have made them a life-long study, any worse than reading them? Tell us that, because an earnest, faithful christian worker chances to wear a white choke-rag, perch a pair of gold spectacles on his proboscis, and sport "Reverend," "Elder" or "Bishop" before his name, he should deny himself the rapt pleasure of hearing Beethoven's grand sonatas, or Nilsson's birdlike warblings;—and we're compelled to add, that he should go to heaven with his ears stuffed with cotton! Music is music, in opera-house, temple or theatre. Art is art, on the stage, in the parlor, on cathedral walls, in the wax-flower department of our female seminaries, or on a tomb-stone. All that is beautiful,—all that delights eye, ear or soul,—God made to be enjoyed. The Christian who shuts himself up in dim cloistered cell,—the puny clam-shell of rigid righteousness,—and spends his whole time in thumbing his prayer-book or rubbing the old sores of his soul,—swindles himself, and falls short of his duty.

AH, HAPLESS LAND.

Egypt and The South.

The black angel of perdition sounds his seventh hewgag over the wretched South. Seventy-and-seven vials—(and every vial a mammoth demijohn)—of demoniac wrath, woe and abomination, have been poured-out upon her bald, bowed head. Hell's fiercest, fiery billows have chafed and bellowed on her shores. All the deity-wrought plagues of Egypt dwindle to petty pismire-stings, beside the vast avalanche of damnational rotten pumpkins that has swooped down upon her. Egypt howled and frantically swung her fine-tooth combs under an invasion of locusts and lice;—Swell every locust to hippopotamic proportions, and make every louse a rhinoceros; pelican-like, with two paunches apiece; cormorant-like, with insatiate rapacity, ever crying, give, give;—And they'd sink to innocent pet rabbits, compared with the monster hordes of yankee carpet-bagabonds, the South has had to endure. Egypt boo hooed, like a mammyless calf, when her murky Nile water was turned into blood;—The South has seen her every rivulet run red with the life-tide of her noblest sons. Egypt sniveled and whimpered, like a young buck whose first sweetheart has gone back on him, under a gentle shower of murrain and hail;—The south has stood a twelve-years' deluge of fire and brimstone, leaden hail and iron heel, war, pestilence, famine and reconstruction. Egypt wilted, sat down in the ashes, frantically tore her linen and grubbed out her caputal wool, beneath the awful pressure of her supernatural night;—Had it been dark as H—erculaneum under a thousand fathoms of Vesuvian lava; dark as Hel—ena, Arkansas, when midnight tabbies do mew their sombre mates; so dark that Erebus or a stack of black cats would have looked like a white elephant amid its gloom; of darkness so intense, so thick, that one might have cut it out in chunks, and melted it down in sorghum-kettles, to barrels of tar or printers'-ink; so dark that the heavens seemed draped in funereal weeds, earth to have bandaged her hat with crape, and all the stars to have been to Donnybrook Fair and come home with black eyes;—It would have been the luminous splendor of midday, compared with the blackness of Niggerism and Despair which has settled down over the South;—A slice of Egypt's darkest, in a tray of the South's most lustrous, would shine like a peeled onion in a charcoal-cart, or a Guinea legislator's optics when the ku-klux owl doth hoot.

Death holding high carnival in her stricken cities. Shreveport, one vast Potters' Field—a city of the dead. Memphis, swept as with the breath of Tophet. 400 deaths in one ward, whose total population was only 5,000—nearly ten per cent of the whole. Wagons rumbling along the streets with twenty corpses at a load; driving a few miles from the city limits, and dumping their appalling burdens out unburied, to sicken the very heavens with the stench of their putrescence.

Nigger policemen standing guard, by governmental order, over the vilest dens of bawds and robbers in New Orleans.

Nigger perjurers, thieves and miscellaneous malefactors pardoned, and promoted to official positions, by the state authorities of Louisiana.

Florida citizens, in desperation, appealing to yankeedoodledom to buy their lands, and make a nigger colony of their unhappy pashawlic.

Every state from the Potomac to the Rio-Grande crushed and groaning beneath monstrous, incomputable mountains of pirate-and-vagabond imposed debt—not one dollar of it legal. The hand of the highwayman on every pocket, his dagger at every breast, in all the God-forsaken realm.

We might go on for hours—might fill volumes with the sickening, damning details. But with one item, one brief paragraph more, we subside.

There are five nigger schools in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The board of education recently established one for indigent white children. The doors were scarcely opened, till four or five young niggers entered and took seat; insolently sent to test the legality of anything unmixed with wool, ebony and eau-de-polecat. The little whites rose and left the house in a body. And the only question now agitating the indignant Baton-Rougers, is whether in a Southern satrapy, old Noah's prediction about the relative "posishes" of his sons, hasn't utterly played-out. Ham—(which, by interpretation, means the hind shoulder of a hog)—certainly seems to have kerflummixed Shem, and to dwell in the tents of Japheth. How long, oh! Lord, how long?

ADVICE, OLD AND NEW.

Exploded Fallacies.

How should children be raised, to render them healthy and happy?

Down with the windows; don't let them breathe the night-air; it is poisonous; it will kill them;—says an old authority;—

Nay; raise the windows and let the little ones have the night air; its as pure as the air of garish noonday; and it was intended by the great Architect to be breathed by both old and young;—is the better advice of the Caucasian.

Never correct a child when you are angry, but wait till you cool down; tell him that on a certain future day, you intend to give him a regular "screamer;" and then like a heartless Modoc squaw, when the terrible hour comes, and when your whole soul revolts at the idea of fulfilling your brutal threat, call up your offending little one, and beat him for what he has long since nearly forgotten;—This is the advice of a large and orthodox class of parental savages;—

Rather whip your child,—if he must be whipped,— at the time he offends, and while you are angry enough to do it; he will know that he has merited it, and that your anger has been justly provoked by his bad behavior;—This is better advice. We'd rather be a wild savage than a tame one. There is cruelty unspeakable in a delayed flagellation, which is thus broken to the trembling little victim: "My son, to-morrow, at half-past nine, come to me and be flogged like a dog or a slave." Which means—I am bigger than you, and can abuse you. We'd rather be a Camanche, than such a cold-blooded Christian. No parent should correct a child when his heart pleads for him, and the crime is stale.

Every time the baby gets sick, run for a doctor, or send to the drug-store and buy half a gallon of villainous stuff, decocted by diabolic art from dog-fennel and tan-bark, and whip or scold the hapless little wretch, if it doesn't gladly swallow the loathsome trash;—is the practice of half our mothers and fathers;—

Don't do anything of the kind. A hot-water foot-bath and some gentle tea are the best remedies for juvenile fevers and a hundred other ailments. Nature is a great restorer, and "medicine" often her worst enemy.

Don't let your children eat heartily or romp; the first will render them gross, and the last, vulgar; keep them quiet in the house; God's beautiful sunlight will mar their delicate, corpsey complexions;—This is the advice of many a bleached pair, who want bleached children for early grave bait;—

Act reasonably. Let the little ones eat heartily of whatever they relish; let them run, skip and jump to their glad hearts' content; the sun's rays will do them good; it was made to shine upon them; they will be quiet and sedate enough when the troubles of life overtake them, as troubles surely will;—is our advice.

Early to bed and early to rise, will make you healthy, wealthy and wise;—gabbled penny-pinching old Ben. Franklin, and every fanatical ignoramus since has echoed the donkey tune;—

It's all stuff; it's a rhymical lie. On the contrary, if you want your child to be a fool, force it to bed at some regular set hour, whether it be sleepy or not. That is the first step toward idiocy. In the morning, we insist, the child should be permitted to sleep till its rest is complete and it awakens naturally. Once fairly awake, then let it rise at its leisure. It is a murderous barbarism to force children to break their sleep in the early morning hours, and it inflicts direct and permanent injury on their tender constitutions. Children grow principally when asleep or reclining, and they ought to be allowed to sleep at will, until the years of maturity come. We always sympathized with the small boy's reply to his stern old-fogy dad: "Come get up, you lazy whelp! Don't you know its the early bird that catches the worm?" "Yes, father, but if the fool worm hadn't been out so early he wouldn't have got caught." Reader, we are opposing some cherished stupidities, which should long since have been exploded. Which side of the question is correct, we leave for the personal decision of those interested. Many of the healthiest families in the world have been raised on the natural, common-sense ethics of our side. And who can produce a stronger argument for the other side?

A yellow-fever victim of Memphis, whose disease changed to black vomit, made up his mind to have a little fun mit himself before death. Believing himself a gone sucker, he ran the nurses out of his room last Wednesday, swallowed a whole bottle of brandy, got on a high old lark, smashed the furniture, and when tired, lay down and died like a man who felt that he had done something to deserve it.

Dead-Failure Sile Woodson, Reform-Democratic Gubernatorial ring-worm and underground speculator, offers $1,000 apiece for the honor of an introduction to Missouri's heroic highwaymen, Frank and Jesse James. They're just as far above the average of back-pay-steal congressmen and Woodsonian governors, as bold, dashing brigands are above skulking, tuck-tailed sneak-thieves and pickpockets. Abram Comingo! Erastus Wells! James McCormick! Answer to your names!

The cholera has been raging at Denison, Texas.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

Stunning Democratic Victory in Ohio.

Large Gains In Pennsylvania.

IOWA'S RADICAL MAJORITY REDUCED.

The smoke of Tuesday's conflict has nearly blown over, and a view of the result may be partially obtained. In Ohio it is stunningly unexpected. The Democracy have carried the state by a small majority, which is an immense gain. Old Uncle Wm. Allen has probably been elected Governor, and both branches of the Legislature are Democratic, which ensures Thurman for Senator.

Oregon has again gone Democratic. That was to be expected. Oregon rarely ever votes against Democracy.

In Iowa, the Radical vote has been cut down more than half. The Anti-Monopolists have probably carried the lower house of the Legislature, and the Radicals the Senate.

Pennsylvania has gone Radical by about 18,000 majority, which is less than half what was expected by the Radicals. It is, however, still a Radical stronghold, and will be as long as the infamous Simon Cameron lives.

This is the off year in politics, and it is, hence,—as all experience proves,—no sure criterion of public sentiment. It is probable too, that the grangers have had a mighty influence in the result. They could not do otherwise than vote for a change; yet the public will be disappointed with their achievements in Iowa, where they had about 2,000 granges, and where they had gone into the fight with a vim. It is true, the order is young but it is probably as strong now, *politically*, as it will ever be in that state.

THE NEWS.

Gen. McClellan has gone to Russia.

Nashville has sent $8,000 to the yellow fever sufferers.

A magnificent volcanic eruption in the Sandwich Islands.

About 700 persons have already died of yellow fever at Memphis.

Louisville sends to Shreveport about $1,600 a day on an average.

Legal tenders outstanding officially stated to be only $360,092,888.

All the Cincinnati banks resumed payment last Tuesday morning.

At last accounts 400 people were sick with yellow fever at Shreveport.

Every Southern city is contributing liberally to Shreveport and Memphis.

It would seem that every man, woman and child in Shreveport is doomed.

Three New Orleans nurses at Shreveport are accused of robbing corpses.

People are dying faster at Memphis and Shreveport than they can be buried.

George Frantic Train is going to open a Credit Foncier, with ten millions capital.

The yellow fever deaths at Memphis have been from 40 to 60 a day, for several weeks.

The grangers have played the devil with the Radical corruptionists in the late yankee elections.

A whirlwind in Sullivan county, N. H., entirely sucked up a man's house, and left nothing to show for it.

Two hogsheads of new sugar (inferior) sold in New Orleans on the 10th inst., at 11 cents, and molasses at 90.

During the year past, Chicago has built over seven miles of iron, stone and brick buildings in the burnt district.

The Apaches are on the war path, 1,000 strong, and several patches of yankee hair will probably soon be raised.

The Sioux and Peoncas Indians fought a battle, Wednesday, in a plum orchard seventy-five miles west of Sioux City, Iowa.

A deranged woman at Marquette, Mich., jumped from the second story of a hotel a-straddle a picket fence, and was fatally wounded.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy was shot at three times in Washington, on the 11th inst., by ex-Representative Conway, for "ruining his wife."

Another unwomanly Woman's Convention took place in New York, Tuesday. Mrs. Frances Miner, of St. Louis, was in attendance.

Russia and Japan are threatening a little nineteenth-century throat-cutting. Almond eyes and pig-tails will find the Muscovite bear a rough old hugger.

Chas. H. Phelps, one of the loyal whelps of New York, and cashier of the state treasury, has been arrested for stealing the insignificant trifle of $300,000.

Nearly $1,500,000 in specie left London for New York, Monday. The shipments of bullion to this country have averaged about $1,000,000 a day, for the last three weeks.

Grant has been on another sublime spree at Toledo, Ohio, where the kid-gloved snobs of the "Army of the Tennessee," so-called, held, last Tuesday and Wednesday, a bacchanalian catawampus.

The grangers have kept their word. The revolution is being peaceably accomplished. They *did* vote for the best men in all the elections of Tuesday, irrespective of party, and the result is unexpected and astounding.

The Holy Communion was administered in a New York Presbyterian church, last Sunday, by the Episcopal Bishop Cummings, of Kentucky, assisted by Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Dommer, of Berlin. And at another Presbyterian church in the same city, by Rev. Dr. Frumath, of the church of England.

The Democrats, (thanks to the reformatory power of the Patrons of Husbandry), have carried Ohio, Oregon, and made monstrous gains in Radical Iowa and Pennsylvania. In Ohio, the legislature is Democratic, and old Uncle Allen, Democrat, made Governor. Bully. We believed the farmers meant what they said, when they pronounced for reform.

The Radicals at Erie, Kansas, had a convention last Saturday. Their call included all men, regardless of past party affiliation. Accepting the invitation, the Liberals "jined in" and carried the delegates, to the bitter chagrin of the foully pure.

Says the chatty St. Louis Dispatch: "The Globe some time ago informed Mr. Filley that he needn't beat the expense of telegraphing his resignation, that a postal card would do as well and that they would furnish it. It occurs to us that it is about time to send in that card."

DIXIE DOTS.

Defunct Admiral Winslow was born in Wilmington, N. C.

A Mrs. Rowland, aged 105, died recently, in Richmond county, N. C.

Jerome Bonaparte and family, of Baltimore, sailed for Russia one day last week.

The North Carolina chestnut and peanut crops are plentiful. The tar-heels are happy.

Fifty Georgia maids have agreed to attend the state fair arrayed in homespun fabrics.

A hungry Mississippian has agreed to marry a limbless Minnesotian for the consideration of $10,000.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has lately recovered from a yankee bureau-grabber, a splendid album, stolen from her during the war.

A small speckled spider did it for Elijah Hamer in Richmond county, N. C. He was speechless for twelve hours from the bite.

The darkeys had a jolly riot at Lilesville, near Wilmington, N. C., on the 7th inst. They beat, cut and shot each other delightfully.

The nigger secretary of state of Africanized South Carolina, is a medical pupil in the State University, now a nigger school.

The Richmond Enquirer has won the admiration of all White Virginians, by its eminent zeal and ability in the conduct of the Conservative campaign.

Alice Baker, a baby six years old, was fearfully outraged by a white beast, named J. D. Lear, in a hotel water-closet, at Cumberland, Maryland, on the 9th.

Ex-Gov. Hoffman is the probable Democratic nominee to fill the old shoes of congressman James Brooks, who fills a dishonored Credit-Mob-o'-Liar grave.

Powers, of Mississippi, is organizing his militia for some purpose, believed to be to come it over his gubernatorial opponents, should either insist on an election.

The Virginia campaign is fought to the end with earnest zeal, by a united "Conservative Party." The people have eschewed the venerable name of "Democracy."

Andrew Johnson had $73,000 on deposit in the First National Bank of Washington, and its recovery is doubtful, but it is said he has a small pile in another place still unbusted.

A reunion of the Army of Virginia takes place in Richmond, on the 30th inst., when Col. C. S. Venable, of the University of Virginia, will deliver the annual address. The Colonel served during the war on Gen. Lee's staff.

The North Carolina papers, like the Caucasian, have entered their humane protest against the late barbarity, by which Captain Jack, the Leonidas of the nomadic tribes, was executed for battling like a man for the rights of his abused race.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Star sticks its state items under the head of "Spirits of Turpentine." In view of the high-handed brigandage to which that region has for years been subjected, by official malefactors, doesn't the editor mean Spirits of Dick Turpentine?

Ex-Sheriff Mackey, of Charleston, the other day, told the Radical "Hon." Chas. Buttz, that he was an escaped penitentiary convict; whereupon the latter got mad, but was satisfied to drop the matter, as he knew the threat could be proved. Of such is the Radical hog-heaven of South Carolina.

Last Monday, Columbus, Georgia, sent $1,600 to aid the Memphis and Shreveport sufferers. Richmond forwarded $935, of which the Masons raised $635, and the Israelites $300. And in the evening of the same day, the managers of the Chicago Exposition gave a grand benefit for the pestilence-smitten ones, which was attended by 20,000 people, and realized some $15,000.

The Conservatives of Richmond, Virginia, have nominated Judge Robert Ould, to represent them in their coming White Man's Assembly. The South is at last learning wisdom. Any ragamuffin will do for Congress; but fill our state legislatures with our ablest, purest, noblest men. The blackest and kinkiest, gizzard-hoofed-est and stinkiest Guinea nigger is good enough for a Federal senator; but let statesmen and patriots, the true sons of the Southland, do our home law-grinding.

STATE HASH.

The murrain is prevailing at Cassville.

Cannel coal found at Versailles in large quantities.

Greene county has a ten-year-old-baby horse-thief.

Granby has run up 150 new houses in four months.

Corn has been selling at 22 cents in Caldwell county.

Jackson county is absorbed in the study of the stock law.

About fourteen cotton gins are at work in New Madrid county.

The little ones are dropping off rapidly in Wright county, with diphtheria.

Newton county has eleven granges, Shelby six, and Pike five—all flourishing.

The St. Louis banks are preparing to reopen at once, believing the trouble all over.

Geo. H. Preston is the new editor of the Boonville "Bloviator" as the Eagle calls its rival.

Jefferson City has 6,623 boarding-house keepers and grub-eaters, including old Sile Woodson.

Jefferson county, like Lafayette and some other counties, is being generally seeded in wheat.

Pemiscot county cotton has opened handsomely and is being picked at $1 a hundred pounds.

The St. Joe Gazette sold lately for $25,000—a big price for an office which made no dividends.

Wesley Underwood is to be hung at Palmyra, Friday, Nov. 28, for the murder of Dick Menifee.

Bob Carson, who died at Arrow Rock, on the 27th ult., was a brother of the famous Indian scout, Kit Carson.

The Hebrew Society of St. Joe sent $500, last Monday, to the Memphis sufferers. Who can beat the Jews?

The Platte City Farmers' Savings Association has ignored the panic, and gone on with its business in a farmerly way.

A little girl was burned to death at Lancaster, last week, by her clothes taking fire while standing near the school-room stove.

Some members of the legislature have been sprinkling hay-seed in their hair, are angel grangers and with the grangers want to stand.

The North Missouri railroad is furnishing some of its conductors with silver coin to make change. The sore-eyed now travel on that line.

Col. Birch, of Plattsburg, has discovered stone believed to be of the lithographic variety, and some of the handsomest marble in the state.

Eight prisoners walked out of the Adair jail on their ears last Saturday. They looked for the jailer to tell him goodby, but he couldn't be found.

Old Sile Woodson, the poorest stick of a Governor Missouri ever had, has gone on another hunting expedition. If its a goose hunt, he needn't look far for game.

Many Missouri mothers have satisfied their vanity and disgraced themselves in the baby show business—as if a child were to be considered a competitive product like a pig.

Old bible Esau sold his sandals for a mess of sausage. Esau Spears, of Lancaster, made as poor a trade, the other day, when he swapped his life for taffy, by tumbling into a vat of boiling molasses.

Some Huntsvillians attempted lately to sweep Broome, of the Moberly enterprise, clean out of existence, by going for him. He came out first best, of course. They double-teamed on him and got flaxed.

It is reported that old Dorris, of senatorial bribery fame, or infame, has bought a controlling interest in the St. Louis Dispatch. That will summarily dispatch the rising young glories of the Dispatch.

Sile has got back to Jefferson, from the St. Louis squash and donkey show, where he shone pre-eminent, as the hugest dead-beat and longest-eared Balaam's saddle-pony in all the vast vegetable and animal collection.

Gratz Brown is to run for the legislature, in Iron county, next year, as a preliminary move toward Carl Schurz's mahogany desk in the yankeedoodle senate. When red head butts red head, then comes the smash of skulls.

A green youth from St. Francois county took his horse to Pilot Knob last week to sell him. A nice-looking man mounted the beast to try him, offering to purchase, if he suited. He went straight out of town and is still trying that hoss, and the youth has no rag on which to wipe his snout.

PERSONAL.

J. West Goodwin, big injun of the Sedalia Bazoo, paid us a visit, Thursday.

Dr. P. S. Fulkerson and Capt. Jake Conner, of Wellington, flashed in upon us last night.

Thos. J. Herndon, of Carroll county, with his wife, late Miss Mollie McGrew, is in town, attending the fair.

Eugene Ewing took the premium in the gentlemen's equestrian ring, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Geo. Farrar bore off the ribbons in the ladies' driving ring.

A private letter from our esteemed friend, John G. Craddock, editor of the Paris True Kentuckian, the most famous stock paper in Central Kentucky, informs us that he would certainly have been at our Fair this week, but for the fact that his own Bourbon one took place at the same time. He has at least 1,000 friends out here who would have given him as cordial a welcome, as any such cussedly dried-up old bachelor ever deserved.

Xenophon,—not the veteran scribbler who skedaddled himself into immortality by trotting 10,000 bare-footed pagans to death in Greek, amid the deserts of Arabia, or some other out-of-the-way region,—but Xenophon, Xenophontos, whose surname is Ryland, of this city, is in luck, oodles of it. Broad-shouldered as he is, he has hardly breadth and strength enough to bear all the honors that have just been dumped upon him. At the recent meeting of the Grand Chapter of Billy-Goat Cavaliers, in St. Louis, he was elected Grand High Priest of the state. And, as if the supreme pontiffship were not sufficient weight of dignity to pile on one so young, the Grand Lodge, another toplofticial establishment over the way, created him Junior Grand Warden. What the deuce it all means, each fellow can guess for himself—and we'll do the same.

FOR SALE—CHEAP.

Three first-class, new sewing machines—two Florence and one Grover & Baker. Call at this office. sep20tf

STRAYED.

FROM the Col. Ewing farm a bay mare, star in forehead, one white hind foot, mane lies on left side, 7 years old, and has the flutia. A liberal reward for her return to Enoch Mann near Waverly, or A. J. Hall, Lexington, Mo. octl8lt

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

WHEREAS, Oliver J. Rider and Sarah C. Rider, his wife, by their certain deed of trust, dated September 12, 1872, and recorded in the recorder's office of Lafayette county, in the state of Missouri, in book No. 11, on page 339, conveyed to the undersigned trustee the following described real estate, situate in Lafayette county, and state of Missouri, to-wit: A part of the southeast fractional quarter of section sixteen (16), in township fifty (50), of range twenty-eight (28), beginning at the southeast corner of Mary S. Poisal's land; thence north fifteen and one half degrees west, fourteen poles to a stake; thence south seventy-four and one half degrees west, five poles and six links to a stake; thence south fifteen and one half degrees east, sixteen poles and fifteen links to the middle of Lexington and Independence public or county road; thence with said road to the place of beginning, and containing one half acre, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed of trust described. And, whereas, said note has become due and remains unpaid; now, therefore, notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned trustee, in pursuance of the power in said deed of trust given, and at the request of the legal holder and owner of said promissory note, will on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, A. D. 1873, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, proceed to sell the above described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, in front of the court-house door, in the city of Lexington, in the county of Lafayette, and state of Missouri, for the purpose of satisfying and paying off said promissory note with the interest due thereon, and for the costs and expenses of executing this trust.

octl8td HARRY B. TUNSTALL, Trustee.

THE CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

F. KLUG.

Laurel street, just back of Morrison & Wentworth's Bank.

A S handsome work as can be obtained in any city. Fine calf boot only $3. Finest morocco boot $12 and $14. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Give me a call, and try my work and prices.

octlS-3m F. KLUG.

GIFT ENTERPRISE

The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the Country!

$75,000.00

IN VALUABLE GITTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S

164th REGULAR MONTHLY

GIFT ENTERPRISE!

To be drawn Monday, November 25th, 1873.

ONE GRAND CASH PRIZE OF

$5,000 IN GOLD!

ONE GRAND CASH PRIZE OF

$5,000 IN SILVER!

Two Prizes $1,000 } EACH IN Greenbacks
Six Prizes $500 }
Ten Prizes $100 }

1000 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all) worth from $20 to $300 each!

Coin silver Vest Chains, Solid and Double-plated Silver-ware, Jewelry, &c., &c.

Number of gifts 10,000! Tickets limited to 75,000!

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TICKETS, to whom Liberal Premiums will be paid.

Single Tickets $1; Six Tickets $5; Twelve Tickets $10; Twenty-five $20.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

MAIN OFFICE, L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. Fifth St. CINCINNATI, O.
oc'18-1y

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers

IN

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES.

Nos. 301, 303 & 305 Second street, corner Olive,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

sept1'70tf

Waddell, Austin & Co.

Can and will sell

Dry Goods

AS CHEAP

AS ANY HOUSE WEST OF ST. LOUIS.

WADDELL, AUSTIN & CO.,

NO. 97 Main Street.

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR NEW FALL STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

AT SUCH PRICES AS WILL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

We invite an examination of our New Goods and Prices, confident that

No better Bargains in Dry Goods can be had in Lexington.

WE BUY FOR CASH

AND

SELL FOR CASH,

Have no Bad Debts, Don't Owe Anything, and can Afford to Sell Goods Cheap.

☞CALL AND EXAMINE OUR NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

WADDELL, AUSTIN & CO.

sep20-tf

Read and Remember!

THAT

ROYLE & NEW,

LEXINGTON, MO.,

ARE DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

SUITABLE FOR

Ladies, Men, Boys & Girls.

LADIES' NEW DRESS GOODS,

Of the latest styles and every variety.

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF

WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES AND NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS, FURS & GLOVES.

WATKINS & SON'S

Cassimeres, Flannels, Yarns and Blankets,

A SPECIALTY.

Valises and Trunks, from $2 to $20.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

HARDWARE

TO SUIT THE TRADE.

All of which we propose to sell for CASH at bottom prices. Don't forget, but remember what you read. No. 91 Main Street is the place to get good bargains. sep20-1y

THE LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE IN THE WEST

IS THE

Opera-House Music Store,

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

P. L. & M. S. HUYETT,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE

"KNABE,"
"EMERSON,"
"STECK,"

"Mathushek,"
"Hallet, Davis & Co."
and "R. Von Minden"

PIANOS,

AND

"BURDETT," "PACKARD," "SHONINGER," "TAYLOR & FARLEY," AND "PEARL"

ORGANS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Sheet Music, Music Books & Musical Merchandise

NEW PIANOS FOR $300.——NEW ORGANS FOR $50.

We sell nothing but what we can fully warrant. Call or send for Price Lists.

octl1-1y P. L. & M. S. HUYETT.

High Prices are Dead!

WHO KILLED THEM?

JOHN H. ARDINGER,

With his Great

New York Cost Clearing-Out

SALES!

AND THE WORK STILL GOES ON

BARGAINS

Will Still be Offered.

JNO. H. ARDINGER'S

Magnificent Stock of

Fall and Winter Dry Goods

IS NOW ARRIVING;

And he hazards nothing in saying that a Larger, Fuller, Cheaper and More Beautiful display of Goods, has never been seen in Lexington. Merchants are apt to talk in this way about every supply they bring on. But there are abundant reasons for Ardinger's boasting.

He has just spent a month in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, taking abundant time to examine and select the choicest goods in those great markets.

Buying for Two Large Houses—one in Lexington and one in Texas—gave him many decided advantages.

His late Unprecedented Closing-out Sales enabled him to buy a large portion of his goods for

CASH,

Saving at least 5 per cent. on the usual Credit rates.

Going with the MONEY in his pocket, enabled him to hit a number of splendid job lots, which were being closed out at forced sales. These goods he bought at

LESS THAN IMPORTERS' PRICES;

And he can sell them under New York Wholesale Figures, and still make a living profit.

Nearly Every Piece of Old Goods in his establishment was cleared out during his late sales. Everything he now has, is new, fresh, stylish and tasty.

CARPETS A SPECIALTY!

A tremendous Assortment of Oil-Cloths, Mattings, Rugs and Carpets—all Styles, and Prices from 30 cents to $2 a yard. Brussels, Ingrains, Two and Three Plies.

Ladies' Dress Goods, Every Material, Shade, Pattern and Price.

A full Line of White Goods. Gloves, Hosiery and Notions in Endless Variety.

A splendid assortment of Ladies' Underwear.

Great Bargains in Domestics! Cassimeres, Jeans, Satinets, Casinets, and Gentlemen's Piece Goods, of all Descriptions.

The Enormous Trade which has been drawn to his house by his late Grand Closing-Out Sales, Enables him to Put the Price of many Varieties of Staple and Fancy Goods from 5 to 15 per cent below the figures at Smaller Houses.

Ladies! Seeing is Believing! Call, see my Goods, examine my Prices; and if I don't show you Attractive Goods and offer you Bargains, don't buy!

Thankful to the People of Lexington and Lafayette county, for their Generous Patronage in the Past, I respectfully ask a continuance of it, and will endeavor to make it mutually Profitable and Agreeable. sept20 JOHN H. ARDINGER.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

SHORT HORN CATTLE,

AND

BERKSHIRE HOGS, &C.

I WILL on Wednesday, October 22d, 1873, sell at my residence, near Elmwood, Saline county, Mo., at public auction, my entire herd of Short Horn Cattle, consisting of twenty-one head of Cows and Heifers, and four Bulls, at the head of which stands the Duchess Bull, London Duke 7th, 10,409 A. H. B., bred by Edwin G. Bedford, Bourbon county, Ky., sired by 5th Duke of Geneva, 7,932, dam Lourdon Duchess, by imported Duke of Airdrie (12,720).

The cows are regular breeders, and a majority of them have taken premiums in the show rings in this and adjoining counties. This will afford lovers of good stock an opportunity of obtaining some of the best stock the country affords.

I will also sell a very superior lot of Berkshire Sows, Gilts and young Boars, all descendants of recent importations.

TERMS OF SALE:

Four months' credit, with good and approved security, of four per cent. off for cash.

Catalogues will be furnished on application.

JOHN W. SPARKS.

My farm is 9 miles north of Brownsville, Saline county, Mo., and 12 miles west of Marshall. sept27-4t

FINE FARM FOR SALE.

HAVING DECIDED TO CHANGE MY BUSINESS, I now offer for sale, privately, one of the finest farms in Lafayette county, lying on the Warrensburg road, three miles southeast of Lexington.

Containing 137 Acres of Choice Land.

The farm is finely improved, well watered, and has a good orchard on it; well proportioned with woodland, pasture, meadow, and cultivating lands. For further particulars call, and examine the premises, or address

MRS. E. A. CROMWELL,
Lexington, Mo.

P. S.—The advantages of this farm are too numerous to mention. Call and examine.

aug 17-tf

BROTHER JONATHAN,

A LARGE FAMILY PAPER.

IS published Weekly at $1 25 a year. It has been enlarged to 32 long columns, and is now the cheapest paper of the kind in the world. Ten Dollars in greenbacks given to one out of each fifty new subscribers. Specimen copies sent free. Our Book Catalogue sent free.

Send cash orders to BROTHER JONATHAN PUBLISHING CO., 48 Beekman street, New York. Sept27-4m.

GARLAND C. GRAHAM,

DEALER IN

COOKING AND HEATING

STOVES,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN AND COPPER-WARE.

WEDGE HOUSE, OPPOSITE OLD FARMERS BANK,

BROADWAY, LEXINGTON, MO.

ALL kinds of job work, repairing, &c., promptly attended to, and satisfaction given. Prices as low as the lowest.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING

A specialty. Repairs for Cooking and Heating Stoves on hand, or furnished at short notice. My friends will confer a favor on me by giving me their patonage. When absent from the shop, orders left with my brother, J. A. Graham, will receive prompt attention.

JOHN W. SPARKS.

aug23-y1 GARLAND C. GRAHAM.

OFF FOR TEXAS.

I WILL sell my place in the suburbs of Lexington, to the highest bidder, at 2 o'clock, on the

27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

At the court-house, in Lexington; one-half the money down, and the other in twelve months, with interest. The place contains 12 3-10 acres, is well improved, well watered, good orchard with splendid early and late fruits. The dwelling contains nine rooms, basement and kitchen, good stable, carriage-house, ice-house, &c. My household and other furniture will not be sold until the 25th of October, a few days before leaving. s