The Weekly Caucasian.

ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY & NORTHERN R. R.

LEAVE CITY HOTEL

For St. Louis and all points East 6 00 P. M. and 5:30 A. M.

For Kansas City and all points West at 6:00 P. M. and 5:30 and 7:30 A. M. and for St. Joe and points on St. Joe Branch at 5:30 A. M.

ARRIVE

From St. Louis and all point East at 8:20 P. M. and 8 10 A. M. and 9:40 A. M.

From Kansas City and all Points West at 7:50 P. M. and 8.10 A. M.

From St. Joe and points North at 7:50 P. M. Passengers for Richmond at 5:20 A. M. and 8:20 A. M. and 6:00 P. M.

sep6tf THOS. JOHNSON, Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

LEAVE LEXINGTON.

Accommodation and Freight for St. Louis and the East ..... 5:00 A. M.
Express and Mail for St. Louis, East and South, via M. K. & T. R. R. .. 7:00 P. M.

ARRIVE.

Express and Mail from St. Louis, East and South ..... 11:00 A. M.
Accommodation and Freight from St. Louis and the East ..... 6:20 P. M.

W. W. RHODES, Agent.

CAUCASIAN FOR THE FUTURE.

Grand Reduction in the Rates of the White Man's Paper.

IT IS PLACED WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYBODY.

The following new rates of subscription take place from this date. Being determined to compete successfully with the thousands of low-priced journals in the East, we voluntarily reduce the price of a journal which has held its own at higher rates than is customary, and which has been sought at any price. Under this new arrangement, we confidently expect to greatly increase our area of usefulness, and to fully make up any temporary loss from a reduction of price:

Single subscriber, per annum ...	$2.00
Clubs of 5, each at $1.90	9.50
Clubs of 10, each at $1.75	17.50
Clubs of 20, each at $1.50	30.00

Any person raising a club at our full rates—($2.00 a year for each copy)—will be entitled to retain the surplus over the club rates published above for his services as agent.

Send money by post-office order if possible, or by draft, or express, at our risk.

Local Advertisements.

One week, per line	$0.20
Two weeks, "	.30
Four weeks, "	.50
Two months, "	.80
Three months, "	1.00
One year, "	2.50

PLATFORM.

Resolved by the Missouri Editorial Association:

1. That a newspaper office is a business establishment, by which editors and printers must make a living.

2. That a man has the same right to walk into a grocery store, and order a barrel of sugar or a sack of coffee; or into a law office, and demand a legal opinion from its occupant, or into an undertaker's, and request a coffin; without offering or expecting to pay for their respective wares or services;—as into a newspaper office, and demand the use of its brains, muscle and type, without a thought of recompense.

3. That hereafter, all personal or political matter, having for its object the promotion of individual fortunes or ambitions, shall be treated as other *business matter*,—charged, at the option of publishers, as editorial advertising.

4. That dead-beating, political, personal, and commercial, on the Missouri press, is played out.

5. That any editor or publisher, who fails to carry out these resolutions, in letter and in spirit, shall cease to be regarded as a member of this association.

We call especial, particular and personal attention to the fact that certain citizens of Lafayette county are carrying our money in their pocket-books, without interest. We need this money and must have it. After waiting a reasonable time from this date, the officers of the law will proceed to collect this amount for us by suit and stress. We mean business. We have long been indulgent, to our own injury.

STOCK ITEMS.

J. T. Foster, of the Greenton region, has recently imported some superfine sheep, which swept away the premiums at our recent fair, in every ring they entered. With all its splendid muttonism, however, the whole flock wasn't half as exquisitely sheepy, as the glances we saw one of our young bucks, at church last Sunday, casting at a dear little pink-and-white creature in a new fall hat and gollywolloping bustle.

Our old constituent, Green Bedford, walked off with nearly all the hog premiums, last week. Hog connoisseurs declare his herd can only be beat, —surpassed in pure, huge hoggishness,—by the Grant and Dent families.

RARE HONESTY.

In the wreck of his great fortune, by the recent failure of the Union National Bank of St. Louis, our venerable former townsman, Robert Aull, has the earnest sympathy of thousands of our people. That feeling will be enhanced when they learn that, with a sturdy, unflinching honesty rarely seen in these degenerate days, he has surrendered all his private property to meet the liabilities of the institution over which he presided. His vice-president, and associate of many years, I. J. Pollard, either deliberately, or in a fit of delirium induced by his misfortunes, leaped from a third-story window, Wednesday night of last week, and received injuries of which he died next morning. It is altogether, an episode of the panic that is calculated to excite the mingled admiring and pitying emotions of the most insensible.

CHARITY.

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the broad cerulean circus-tent of the skies. In all the lists of contributions poured into plague-swept Memphis and Shreveport, you read "raised by the masons,"—"subscribed by the Hebrews,"—"sent by the odd-fellows,"—Christians, as such, unheard-of.

And the instance we now give is an Israelitish one. The $50 premium borne-off, in last Saturday's baby-show, by little Bertha Keller, was promptly donated in her name to worthy and needy objects; —$25 to the Kansas City Orphans' Home; and $25 to a similar institution in Cleveland, Ohio. Of all the prizes awarded her, the tiny cherub retains only the halo given by Mrs. Price, and the ring by Grimes & Venable.

BADLY HURT.

During play-hour at the Third Ward school, Thursday, little Leonard Lehrmann, a seven-year-old son of the well-known marketman, Wm. Lehrmann, met with a terrible accident. Some of the larger boys ran against him, and he fell with such violence as to break his thigh. Drs. Smith and Barker were hastily summoned, and succeeded in setting the fractured bones, so as to give promise of speedy recovery. The little sufferer is getting on favorably thus far.

THE GREAT RUSH

Continues at Ardinger's. His goods have been marked down, and are now re-marked down, to New York wholesale prices, which leaves him without a competitor in Lafayette county. Sensible people will buy their goods where they can get the best for the least money, and that's why they go to Ardinger's.

AN ASSESSOR'S MISTAKE.

The Right Shawl, But the Wrong Gal.

A DIREFUL TALE OF DISASTER FROM BUCK KNOB.

The Buck-Knobbers are marvelling at their escape from assessment. Every man chuckleth quietly, and winketh unto his neighbor a voiceless "Why is this thus?" Our hand's up; we can answer; we can reveal, divulge, explain. Some two or three weeks ago, our handsome and gallant young deputy-assessor entered the neighborhood, and began operations. Everything went well. He was polite; the people were accommodating; and the important work of pumpkin-patch and bull-calf enrollment was progressing admirably. Alas! alas! that all fair scenes should end in catastrophes! Yet, such is life. The decrees of Fate are cruel and inexorable. All that's mortal must decay. Youth and beauty soon must fade. A sea-serpent wiggles his way into Eden. Paradisean honeymoonatic happiness winds up in sin, tears, fig-leaf paniers, thistles and sweaty brows. The radiant belle of the ball soon furnishes a luncheon for graveyard maggots. Our young hero's bright prospects were doomed to speedy eclipse; his assessment of the classic Buck Knob region, to inglorious termination.

One evening, he rode up to the gate of a well-known old Squire, who has two fine-looking daughters, and asked to be allowed to stay all night. He was hospitably received. His horse led around to the stable, and bountifully supplied with corn, hay and oats. Supper was soon ready, and at the table, his host informed him that all hands were going over to a neighboring school-house to preaching. He promptly replied that he "always attended church when it was possible," and offered to escort one of the young ladies. She and her sister, as girls attending night-service in the country often do, wore no bonnets, but threw large shawls over their heads and shoulders. On account of his exceedingly limited acquaintance, our young friend carefully noted, by the starlight, as he walked over to the sanctuary, all the peculiarities of his girl's striped shawl, so as to avoid mistakes at the close of the meeting. Unfortunately, during the services, the old Squire took a severe chill, and his dutiful daughter wrapped him up head and ears, in her striped shawl. He is a very small man,—smaller than his daughters, — and the shawl dangled down nearly to his heels, completely enveloping him. When the benediction was pronounced, young Mr. Assessor, who had seen none of this performance, took his stand at the door; saw his striped shawl step out among the crowd; and courteously offered his arm. The old Squire, in the shawl, thinking it was an intentional act of polite assistance on the part of his guest, accepted the proffered support. The two girls, seeing the mistake, walked leisurely along some distance behind. Assessor was just wondering why his lady was so talkative coming, and so silent returning, when the old Squire asked over a knotty scrub-oak bush, which became inextricably hitched in his loose and baggy breeches-seat. Assessor finding his supposed girl entangled, gracefully raised the fringe of the shawl to effect a release. But finding no skirts so low as he anticipated, followed up the brush to the locality of the trouble. Two or three efforts failed to break the connection, and then commenced a general wringing and twisting of the obstinately fastened parts of what he still supposed to be the skirts of his fair companion, when lo! the gruff voice of the old Squire, whose ague had thus far kept him dumb as an oyster, exclaimed: "Hold on there! You'll tear the whole seat out of my breeches!" That young gentleman sadly straightened himself up;—Commanded for a moment with his Maker, in audible whispers;—Took one more look at the striped shawl;—Struck out for the house, in a long trot;—Beat all hands home;—Saddled his steed;—And, without one fond lingering adieu, dusted for another township and range; and has never since been heard of in that vicinity.

And that's why Buck-Knob-dom has escaped assessment,—if we may believe a Starlight Spectator.

THE LITTLE PISTOL.

Another Young Man Accidentally Killed.

Killed, died, perished, stabbed, shot, drowned, burned, crushed, mother-in-lawed! The burden of every song. The whisper of every breeze. The head of every column. The tenor of every dispatch. Lightnings, winds and steam, all drooping, heavy - pinioned, under the endless tidings of slaughter and woe. Death must be sitting back on his grisly haunches, gleefully rattling his old bones, and chuckling horribly over the havoc he is working. His phantom steed has spawned a whole legion of skeleton chargers, and the rush of their invisible hoofs is heard on every blast that sweeps over hill or valley, woodland, field or stream-let of our ill-fated land. His saffron-colored archers laying waste the cities of the South. His griping imps felling their hundreds, here and there and everywhere. The nimble razor, in highly colored paws, adding its daily quota to the mighty hecatomb. Blasted gosling love, lobby jugglings and the industrious threshing-machine, steamboat bust-ups, the musical buzz-saw, non-explosive kerosene, and empty gun-barrels pointed for fun, varied by an occasional mule-kick and injured husband, all ceaselessly swelling the vast calvalcade of pale, sad ghosts and ghostesses who, day and night, in storm and calm, in sunshine and in gloom, are stalking, gliding, ever striding over Jordan. Everything seems freighted with death to hapless humanity. No accident is too trifling, no agency too feeble, to let the daylight out of Jehovah's masterpiece, and reduce it to worm-feed. The very elements have apparently conspired to spread the dominion of the dark angel of destruction. Fire, water, air and whisky all lend a hand to help mankind limp-out from life's puny stage. Last week, we chronicled the death of a bright and promising Lexington boy, by the accidental discharge of a shot-gun; and now, we're compelled to add another of our county's rising hopes, her future stays, cut off in the bloom of youth, by careless handling of a pistol.

Last Saturday morning, Robert Seawell, a fifteen-year-old son of one of the best citizens of the Chapel Hill neighborhood, started out, about six o'clock, with his cousin, John James, to shoot some crows that haunted his father's feed-lot. On the way, young Seawell proposed to exchange his gun for a pistol carried by his cousin. In passing the weapons to and fro, the pistol was in some unaccountable manner discharged, the ball striking Seawell just above the left eye, and ranging down toward the base of the brain. Drs. Shore and Ragsdale were speedily summoned, and did all that medical art could suggest; but their efforts were vain. The boyish sufferer had received a mortal wound. He lingered about three hours, and then his young soul winged its flight into the dread, mysterious realms of the Great Beyond.

The funeral services took place Sunday, at Concord. Rev. Mr. Vanarsdal, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, was the officiating clergyman; and an immense procession followed the little corpse to its long, long resting-place.

James Johns, a most estimable young man of nineteen years, is overwhelmed with grief at the terrible calamity of which he was the innocent cause. It probably could not have been avoided. God willed it. No accidents ever occur in all His wide dominions. Not a sparrow ever falls to the ground, unmarked by His all-seeing eye. No human woe or sorrow, disaster or affliction ever comes unsent by Him. Death is His messenger, and never raps at the wrong door. "He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." When His wise purpose is accomplished, we can only bow our heads, and humbly murmur, though perhaps with breaking hearts, "Thy will be done!"

A NEW PLAGUE.

Its Terrible Ravages in Our City and County.

Talk about the cholera in Constantinople or the yellow fever in Memphis. They sink to harmless pets, beside the appalling epidemic that has just broken out among us. Its ravages are absolutely horrifying to contemplate. It is insidious as consumption; surely fatal as a nitro-glycerine explosion. Its symptoms are general sheepishness of demeanor, side-long glances, palpitations at unexpectedly encountering a little creature in gosling-green, pensiveness and a morbid relish for pickles. It is smiting the old and young, the halt and maimed, the feeble and the strong.

One by one, our boonest companions are passing away to that dread bourne, whence no voyager returns, save through a Chicago divorce suit, or the expenses of a first-class funeral. At present rates, the jeremiad of the last dog-fennel blossom of summer, will ere long be ours: "All our blooming associates are faded and gone to h——appiness of the connubialistic type. A few years since, a noble band of handsome and high-aspiring friends, stood around us—fresh, bright, verdant young plants. The matrimonial Simoom has swept over the plain—and where are they now? Smitten, blasted, cut down like the grass of the field. which to-day is, and to-morrow is made into hay to feed a donkey, or line goose-nests. Faded, withered, dry enough for pea-sticks. Alas! alas! what has got into the youth of the land? Caught by a giggle, see how they wriggle. In vain do we expostulate and warn them. The tinkle of a guitar, or the rippling "tee-hee" of maidenly merriment, comes floating on the air, and the admonitory roar of a friendly Niagara would be unheard. Heedlessly, needlessly, scorning instruction, onward they're rushing, surging and pushing down to destruction, or to matrimony, which amounts to the same. The young, the brave, the gay, the grave, the ugly, the pretty, the silly, the witty, the brilliant, the stupid, all yield to Cupid—all seem resistlessly bound to travel the broad, gudgeon-beaten path, that leads to beatific moonshine, white kids, orange-blossoms, altars and mumbling parsons, vine-clad cottages, grocers' bills, wash-days, sad biscuits, slop coffee, seedy hats, patched elbows, faded calicoes, drudgery, "squalls" and variegated unpleasantnesses. Poor wretches! Heaven help them!

Frightful! Fearful! Only think of four weddings in Lexington and vicinity last Tuesday! Four in one day! And sixteen more, by actual count, to come off between now and Christmas! Our collar-box is packed. We're going to travel to some healthier clime. We're preparing to flee from an epidemic which spares not even the toughest and most invulnerable. We're bound for a monastery; for the Feejee Islands, as a missionary; for anywhere, to escape the ravages of the Matrimonial Pestilence which wasteth our hapless city at noonday, morning, sunset, night, and all the time.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

"Answer a fool according to his folly," saith the scripture; and she did it. One of our most estimable Main street lady friends, whose proportions are somewhat majestic, recently ordered a bonnet from a famous eastern establishment. It came a few evenings since. Was beautiful; was admired; was pronounced "a love," "a duck," awful pretty," "splendid" and "nice." But alas, alas, on trial, proved infinitely too small. Perched on her noble coil of natural back-hair, it looked like a humming-bird on a hay-stack, or a bumble-bee on the dome of St. Peter's. Her reasonable lamentations over the disappointment were cut short by a presumptuous youth's advising her, when she wished another bonnet from such a distance, to forward the measure of her head, or send a peck-basket for a frame. That rash young man, we need hardly say, now bewails his folly in a bran-new *wig*, sees this world dimly through green-glass goggles, and has an idea of renting out his countenance for a sticking-plaster dealer's sign. A soft answer turneth away wrath; but as cussedly soft a remark as that, justly stirreth up a woman's finger-nails.

FESTIVAL.

The grand cathedral of Father Hoog is nearing completion. It towers aloft on our beautiful bluff, casting all the buildings in the neighborhood into the shadow of hopeless eclipse. The tall slanting roof is going up this week. The ladies of the Catholic church give a festival next Wednesday evening, at Arcana Hall, to aid in the erection of a structure which is destined to be an ornament to Lexington and to Western Missouri. Everything that can gratify eye, ear or palate, will be lavishly provided. The daintiest viands, fairest waiters, and choicest music, that our city affords. We hope to see the entertainment liberally patronized.

LAID UP.

Our young townsman, Frank Tutt, has been having a serious time of it, during the past week. While out on a serenading expedition, some nights ago, he fell and struck one of his knees violently on a curb-stone. It soon became terribly inflamed and painful, and finally put him to bed, seriously ill. Symptoms of lock-jaw set in, and his friends grew deeply anxious as to the result. Drs. Small, Chambers and Alexander have been in attendance upon him; and we are glad to learn that, in spite of such an array of medical talent and skill, he is now rapidly improving.

LOCAL SCRAPS.

Stock sales next Monday week, Nov. 3.

Similia similibus. In this *cold* weather, people should be well *coaled*.

George Keanedy has given up the Bourbon House, and in spite of the popularity of its name, it is closed.

The new boat of our Lexingtonian ferry company, has been launched on the beautiful O-h-i-o; and its swift paddles will soon be speaking the turbid bottom of Big Muddy.

THE URCHIN EXPOSITION.

Cherubic Colts—Seraphic Piggies—Angelic Little Bantams.

"Ba-a-ah! ba-a-ah!"—That's the venerable william-goats, with beards as long as Glasgow-Journal Eastin's. "Ma-a-ah! ma-a-ah!"—That's the sheep-infants and calves. "Moo-ooh! moo-ooh! moo-oo-ee!"—That's the fierce man-cows. "Whoo! whoo! ugh! ugh! whee! whee!"—That's the big pigs, little pigs, root ne'ecine quadrupeds, or cease to survive. "Haw-hoo! haw-hoo! haw-ha-ha-haw-aw-aw!"—That's the demoniac laughter of the legislator-like jassacks, as they hang their ears over the fence to dry, and contemplate the scene around them. Cattle bawling, horses neighing, sheep bleating, donkeys braying, hogs squealing, chickens cackling, whips cracking, ducks quacking, hurdygurdies, hand-organs, wax-works, stuffed snakes, dog-fights, omnibusses, wagons, buggies, pickled alligators, fat old ladies with crumpled bonnets, yelping ragamuffins and boisterous hackmen; clashing, whizzing, puffing, squeaking newly-patented machines, all running at once; corn-planters, reapers, mowers, self-rocking cradles, do-funny gates and steam honeyfuggles; —All these are common sights and sounds at every rural agricultural and mechanical horse-race. But hark! hist! A strange unwonted sound comes faintly swelling on the startled air. Louder, nearer, fuller, clearer. Great Jemimy! what can it be? Silence in the pit! Make way for the new-fangled caterwaulers! Wha-a-a! wha-a-a! wha-a-a-aky! wha-a-a-aky! a-ky! a-ky! Babies, as we live! Mark the sounds—the change of persuasives. Sugar-plums instead of goads; striped candy-sticks for whips. And the marvelous revolution in language;—Instead of the sharp cracking of merciless lashes, and the wrathful "G'-lang, Ball!" "Wo-haw, Buck!" ripples forth the musical "Ootsy - tootsy, umpty-dumpty, mamma's yittle besed cherub!"—"Oopy - doompy, bye - o-baby, papa's booty, bight-eyed ittle angel!"—"Oo's 'o tweetest pet in all de wold?"—(Wha-a-oocky! wha-a-oocky!)—"Oh, ye poo yittle sing; naughty pin stickin' it pecious leg!" And amid a whirlwind of applause, they enter the ring, as plump and rosy a set of urchins as ever gladdened an infatuated mother's eyes, or puffed a turkey-gobbler daddy's heart to bursting bigness of vanity and self-importance. Eleven of them. Bertha Keller, 14 months old; Katie Laurie, 23 months; Bessie Ayors and Bessie Standish, each 7 months; Tella Bandon, 6 months; Katie Waddell, 4 months; Bertie Rollins, 20 months Frank Carter and James Wolf, each 24 months; Charlie Franklin, 18 months; and Frank Edwards, 16 months. Mrs. A. T. Winsor, Mrs. H. C. Chiles, Judge W. R. Tebbs, and Messrs. Z. S. Mitchell and M. A. Steele, composed the august tribunal upon whom devolved the responsibility of a decision destined to carry ecstacy or wretchedness to many anxious hearts and homes. The contest was close and spirited. But, as in all fine stock displays, the longest pedigree bears off the prize, the red ribbon was, at last, awarded to Bertha Keller, a beautiful, dark-eyed and wonderfully sprightly little creature, who can trace her genealogy in an unbroken line, back to Abraham and Israel's royal house. The blue ribbon was tied on Frank Carter, a noble-looking, manly little fellow from Dover. Two families were in conniptions of triumphant delight, while the sad raven of disappointment and gloom, perched, croaking his disgust at the blindness and stupidity of the judges, over the lintels of nine others. But let those mothers, whose darlings failed to carry off a premium, not be discouraged. They have ascertained exactly what sort of a baby is necessary to achieve the beatific result. Let them each go to work at once, determined to be ready for the next fair, with an unsurpassable cherub. They have a whole year in which to arrange it; and when a true woman will, she will, you may depend on it. Let them emblazon on their cradles, "Excelsior;" and try again. There's no such word as fail.

DRAMATIC.

The Whiteley opera troupe drew immense crowds last week. Harmonia Hall overflowed, every evening, with the beauty and buck-ry of our venerable village. The performances were decidedly above the average of traveling country companies. Louise Sylvester, the star of the concern, and an old Lexington favorite, has improved wonderfully since her visit here a year ago. She has been playing in Lawrence and Topeka, Kansas, this week; and as she is expected to pass through, on her way east, to-morrow or next day, some of our citizens are discussing the propriety of requesting her to stop over, and assist the amateurs of Harmonia Club, in an entertainment for the benefit of the Memphis and Shreveport sufferers. The idea is good. No hall in town would hold the audience which such a cause would assemble.

ARDINGER

Bought a large lot of fashionable first-class goods at New York Bankrupt Sales, which he can sell at his counter in Lexington lower than merchants usually pay for the same goods in New York. Bargains—honest, fair, square, unmistakable bargains—will draw the crowds, and Ardinger has them, and means to keep them.

RELIGIOUS.

SERVICES TO-MORROW:

At Baptist, by Rev. Dr. Talbird.
At Catholic, by Rev. Father Hoog.
At Christian, usual morning service.
At Episcopal, by Rev. J. W. Dunn.
At Assembly Presbyterian, by Rev. J. H. Byers.
At Cumberland Presbyterian, By Rev. Frank Russell.
At Old School Presbyterian,——
At Southern Methodist, by Rev. T. W. Cobb.

Rev. Thompson L. Smith, of the Episcopal faith, was one of Dr. Talbird's audience, at the Baptist church, last Sunday evening.

Rev. J. H. Byers, of the Assembly Presbyterian church in this village, filled Brother Quarles' St. Louis pulpit, last Sunday evening.

The Baptist revival meeting at Dover, closed Friday of last week, with between 30 and 40 additions. Brethren Tichenor and Painter have reason to overflow with gratitude, for a success so glorious.

At the recent meeting of Synod in St. Louis, Rev. J. A. Quarles resigned his position, as a member of the board of trustees of Westminster College. Rev. J. W. Wallace was the peg selected for the vacant hole.

Our Baptist brethren are running under a full head of steam, at Greenton. Their revival meeting has been in progress two weeks. Revs. Smith and Whiting are officiating engineers. Fourteen new recruits for Zion's naval forces, "went down into the water and came up out of the aquatic flood," last Monday.

Speaking of Brother Boggs' successor in the pastorship of our South Street Methodistic flock, the Independence Herald says: "Rev. Thomas M. Cobb, who for two years past has so ably filled the pulpit of the M. E. Church, South, in this city, has been sent to Lexington, to take charge of the church in that place. There is a general regret among his former members here and the public generally, that he is taken from our midst, as he has been untiring in his ministerial duties and is beloved by the entire community. We congratulate the church of Lexington on their good fortune in having Mr. Cobb sent to them. We take leave of him and his family with sorrow, and can but hope their lines may fall in pleasant places."

The banner Sunday School class of Lexington, of Lafayette county, of Missouri and the West, has for four years and a half, been under the charge of the theological editor of the Caucasian. When he assumed the position of teacher, it was composed of about half a dozen little girls, of almost exactly equal age—eleven or twelve years. It has since numbered in all, eleven members, of whom fifteen have in the time joined the church of their choice. Rain or shine, winter and summer, their teacher has always found them in their places. Bright, lovely, ladylike little creatures, they have become proverbial for their proficiency in all that renders christian girlhood beautiful and attractive. Long-continued community of interest has bound them together like members of one family. Some of them have recently been called to other regions, but the memories of those they have left behind, will follow them even to the ends of the earth. Two of them have taken their departure this week; Miss Laura Hollis, to attend school in Brookfield; and Miss Ottie Benning, to enroll herself among the students of Mrs. Cuthbert's famous seminary in St. Louis. May the God of infinite love and tenderness, watch over them; bless, keep and prosper them; give them favor in the eyes of all they meet; and in His own good time, return them to us, in health and happiness, unspeakably benefited by their new essays in the flowery paths of Knowledge and Wisdom.

PERSONAL.

Miss Lizzie Ely, one of Carrollton's fairest daughters, is visiting friends in this place.

Thos. J. Herndon and wife, after spending fair-week among us, left for their Carroll county home last Sunday evening.

Our round-bread-basketed ex-Waverliar, J. C. Wilhite, now of the extensive grain and commission house of F. Schwartz, St. Louis, elevated his 200 pounds of adipose to our top-floor, last Tuesday, for a commendatory shake-hands.

The Methuselah of Missouri newsaggery, our snowy-maned old friend, Gen. Lucy Ann J. Eastin, of the Glasgow Journal, is slightly similitudinous in observation, which we clip from his paper, of Oct. 16: "The Darwinian theory is proved to be true in Lafayette county by the Caucasian."

B. Sinauer left yesterday for the East and the Holy Land. He may possibly open a branch clothing house in Jerusalem, or act as admiral of the fleet on the Bosphorus. Who knows? But whether for fun or profit, may his voyage across the waters be attended and prospered by the God of Abraham and Jacob.

Our noble, true-hearted, associate, Alf. S. Kierolf, was smitten with neuralgia of the heart, last Wednesday night, and for some time fluttered along the uttermost confines of life. To our unspeakable joy, he has once more escaped the grim old cuss who, sooner or later, must squelch us all.

We regret to learn, that Mrs. Charlotte Sanders, long and favorably known among us, as a teacher of the art divine, is going to leave for St. Louis. She is a thorough musician, a brilliant performer, and a faithful and successful instructor. The skillful fingers of many of our most accomplished young lady piano-pawers, bear melodious tributes to her merit in the exalted profession she has chosen to adorn.

Our pushing, thrifty, energetic friend, C. C. Poole, late of the Mayview neighborhood, left Tuesday, for his new home in Carroll county, having sold his place in this county. The departure of such men is a real loss to the industry of any community, and especially so to Lafayette. Mr. Poole was not one of those who sat around groggeries bemoaning the rate of taxation, but while others did so, he rolled up his sleeves and went into his fields and dug his taxes and much more beside, out of the rich soil. Good luck follow him.

Capt. Webb Clutter, during the late little nigger-freezing, white man-savaging scrimmage, a gallant officer of a rather hard-reputioned command,—Gilmer's battalion,—has been visiting friends in this ancient and delectable village; and, of course, did himself the honor of raiding on the Caucasian's sanctum domains. He is bound for Dallas, Texas, where he intends to hang out his legal shingle; and, for his sake, we trust the whole Dillassassin population may speedily and irretrievably get by the ears—and the longer the ears, the better.

Col. Vincent Marmaduke, of Saline county, reached our ancient and honorable village, last Thursday evening, on a visit to his daughter, who is a student at Central Female College. As he is a gentleman of refined and cultivated taste, the Caucasian chapel was naturally the next place, after the seminary, to which he wended his way. He has returned from a long and delightful European tour, and looks as fresh as a new-blown rose, as handsome as a pink, and as happy as a very large sunflower—(though whether, except in Billy Emerson's minstrelsy, a sunflower is really any jollier than a Jimson-weed or a cabbage-head, the Caucasian cannot say.) But our distinguished friend had a grand trip, and evidently enjoyed it. He remains with us till Monday.

PREMIUM LIST.

Awards Made on the Last Two Days of the Lafayette Fair.

We gave, last Saturday, the list of awards for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Below, we complete the catalogue of the week:

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY.

Mule, aged, James Hughes, Ray county, prem. Mule, 2 and under 3, James Hughes, Ray county, prem. Mule, 1 and under 2, W. B. Barkley, Johnson county, prem. Mule colt, G. W. Parker, Ray county, prem.; Joel H. Ewing, cert. Mule, any age, James M. Lacy, prem.; W. B. Barkley, cert. Harness stallion, aged, R. Todhunter, prem.; Wm. Dawes, Saline county, cert. Harness stallion, 3 and under 4, J. M. Williams, Johnson county, prem.; Ira Duvall, Ray county, cert. Harness stallion, 2 and under 3, A. Ramey, prem.; C. Mitchell, cert. Harness stallion, 1 and under 2, R. A. Barnett, prem.; W. J. Ferguson, cert. Harness stallion colt, Ben Barkley, Johnson county, prem.; John H. Rodman, cert. Harness mare, aged, J. P. Daly, Charlton county, prem.; R. Todhunter, cert. Harness mare, 2 and under 3, Wm. Dawes, Saline county, prem.; Jas. Hicklin, cert. Harness mare, 1 and under 2, R. Todhunter, prem.; J. Barnett, cert. Harness mare colt, Barnett, prem.; J. R. Barnett, cert. Special premium by D. H. Carter, for best lady driver of single or double team, Mrs. Geo. Farrar, prem.; Mrs. Ellen E. Neet, cert. Masked equestrian ring for young gentlemen of all ages, Eugene Ewing, prem.; Newton Henry, cert.

FIFTH DAY—SATURDAY.

Saddle stallion, 4 years and upwards, David Small, Saline county, prem.; W. B. Barkley, Johnson county, cert. Saddle stallion 3 and under 4, I. B. Duvall, Ray county, prem.; Jno. M. Williams, Johnson county, cert. Saddle stallion, 1 and under 2, Jas. M. Campbell, Johnson county, prem.; W. J. Ferguson, cert. Saddle stallion colt, B. R. Ireland, Lexington, prem.; David Small, Saline, cert. Mare, 4 years and upwards, James Kelly, prem.; Lafayette Burton, cert. Saddle mare, 3 and under 4, James M. Campbell, Johnson county, prem.; R. W. McHaton, Saline county, cert. Saddle mare, 2 and under 3, Joe Barnett, prem. and cert. Saddle colt, Joe Barnett, prem. and cert. Saddle stallion, aged, David Small, Saline county, prem.; I. Duvall, Ray county, cert. Saddle stallion, 3 and under 4, James Kelly, Lafayette county, prem.; Lafayette Burton, cert. Special premium by Lafayette county court, fence blooded stallion, R. Todhunter, prem. Ladies' equestrienne ring, premiums awarded to Miss Allie Jones and Miss Clara Harney, both of Lafayette county. Baby ring, Bertha Keller, prem.; Frank Carter, cert.

SUBURBAN NEWS.

ALL AROUND LEXINGTON.

WELLINGTON.

Prairie-chicken shooting all over town.

Henry Harris has come home, after two years' absence in Texas.

Apples damaged by the late hail-storm are being squeezed into cider.

Our colored fellow-citizens held their seventeenth monthly festival last week.

The Springfield Conference has sent Rev. J. J. Carden to go in and out before our Methodist flock.

The Cumberland Presbytery has reassigned the old father in Israel, A. A. Moore, to this place and Fairview.

Dr. A. P. Fulkerson is cutting some splendid black walnut timber on his land, and intends rafting the logs to Lexington.

Many of our farmers are fattening hogs which they expect to sell at the highest market price and turn over the money—perhaps not to any one they owe.

Great quantities of apples are being sold to Kansas buyers, who come all the way here with their wagons, and pay from 50 to 75 cents a bushel, in the orchard.

The Davis Family delighted our people last week, with their concerts. Jake Conner, who is a competent critic, says they're the best troupe that ever traveled this way.

J. L. Pharmaceutist, the scholar, poet and critic, has become so emaciated and dessicated from confinement and severe mental toil, that when he walks, his innards rattle like peas in a dry bladder.

Capt Jake Conner, A. B., A. M., P. M., D. C., M. D., L. L. D., and D. D., has opened out with a large school. Comment is unnecessary, for it is universally conceded that Prof. Conner can drive an idea as far into anything—a donkey not excepted—as any other man.

Collins' steam saw-mill, in Strother Resick's timber, near this place, got to cutting up the other day, and played the mischief generally. An impromptu bombshell, consisting of a flying fragment of iron, broke Collins' jaw-bone, and otherwise seriously if not dangerously injured him. His assistant, Smuffer, was knocked senseless and badly cut about the face, by another piece.

Our young friend, Harry Tunstall, has received his new stock of goods, and will take in exchange for them, butter, eggs, chickens, beeswax, feathers—and—as he has almost concluded to take greenbacks, if they are a yankee invention. Harry's goods are for sale, not to give away, and he is always ready promptly to wait upon any one when his turn comes. One man's dollar will buy as much from Harry as another's, and he will sell to any man who will pay him his price, from a nigger down to a congressman or legislator.

MAYVIEW.

Great granger meeting, at 10 o'clock this morning. All day lollity. Big basket dinner.

Next year's wheat-crop promising gloriously. More sown than ever before. Stand fine. And growing as well as the most inveterate grumbler could desire.

Harrelson and Duvall have got back with the cattle they've been grazing since last spring. The heifers look well, but the graziers say—no more of that in their's.

Business good. No suspensions. No breakdowns. No smash-ups. Merchants and bankers still able to grin serenely, and report for bash with healthy appetites.

Johnny McKinney, a well-known little ten-year-old of this vicinity, was thrown by a fractious horse, one day last week, and his arm broken between the elbow and wrist. Although the hurt is exceedingly painful, he will soon be able to hobble to full use of his crippled limb.

All Mayview is in mourning. Crape flutters on every door-knob. Hearse-horse faces go prowling on all our streets and avenues. Young and old, rich and poor and "middling-to-pretty-high," low, jack and the game, unite in one grand, prolonged, universal caterwaul of woe. T. G. Poole, one of our most energetic, enterprising and prosperous farmers, an excellent citizen, a kind and hospitable neighbor, and a hulling good fellow every way, has left, as this week, to take up his abode in Carroll county. Our loss is a whopping gain to the Carrollites. May long life, health, happiness and luck attend him.

GREENTON.

Wm. S. Drummond and family have removed to Texas.

Our nigger academy needs a teacher. Send in your biscuit-union-scented applications at once.

The recently assembled Cumberland Presbytery appointed Rev. J. G. Dalton to deal out the bread of life to this and Pleasant Prairie regions.

The Springfield Conference of the Southern Methodist church assigned Rev. J. J. Carden to the command of the ecclesiastical department composed of Greenton, Wellington, Pleasant Prairie and Fairview.

At Mrs. Mary Bell's sale, last Saturday, some 5 or 6 head of horses, about the same number of cattle, and a considerable lot of hogs, brought full value even in good times. A. J. Bumgarner acted as auctioneer.

F. Doman Bumgarner, a juvenile Caucasian nameake, is one of the finest and handsomest, smartest and worst two year-old urchins in all this settlement. His fond parents think he could easily have trotted off with a ribbon at the baby-show,—if they had entered him.

J. B. Campbell sold all his personal property, stock, farming implements, crops, household goods, the 3d of this month, and left with his family, for Texas. Everything brought good prices, in spite of the money-pressure. He swapped farms, before leaving, with Walter Harman.

J. T. Foster, of this vicinity, has recently had an operation performed for cancer of the face, with which he has long been afflicted. A Pleasant Hill physician, who makes this terrible disease a specialty, was the operator, and we trust his labors may result in the cure of our worthy countyman.

Honors, like misfortunes, never come singly. Our friend, A. J. Bumgarner is having 'em thick and fast. His wife has just added ten pounds of humanity to his importance, and he is to be appointed magistrate for this district of this township. His neighbors think of calling a meeting to name his last heir and scion, as he has long since exhausted his stock of nomenclature.

The Baptists, as reported in another column of the Caucasian, have a great revival meeting in full blast here. So one of the young ruffians of the neighborhood have availed themselves of the opportunity to show how utterly depraved, how chuck-full of hell-broth, they are. They have surrounded the church, drinking, cursing, whooping and laughing in bacchanalian merriment. They have cut loose the horses of worshipers at night, untastened harness and lines, and perpetrated innumerable similar deeds of wanton, shameless devility. A church police should be organized, and summary punishment visited on a few of the graceless miscreants. Unless they speedily reform, congress or the legislature is their inevitable doom in this world, and a red-hot gridiron in the next.

AULLVILLE.

Corn is selling at $1 25 a barrel.

West Freedom Grange meets here to-day.

Ridge Swinging has bought the Hascom property and moved in.

Wheat market recovering and active. Prices, $1 to $1 32, and for extra lots, $1 34.

Rev. W. S. Woodard, the new Methodist preacher, is making a good impression.

Our young men are accused by the Times of biting the girls' lips till they swell. If that's the only swelling they are all right.

It is strongly believed here that white men, and not niggers, were the cold-blooded murderers of Shin McCausland, but who are the scoundrels still remains enveloped in mystery.

The agency of the Patrons of Husbandry is in working order. All farmers have to do, is to leave their orders for such things as they need, and get them at wholesale rates direct from the manufacturers.

A new post-office has just been established at Haynes' Switch, about three miles east of this place. The office at Freedom is to be discontinued, to the great inconvenience of an extensive, beautiful and growing region.

A large crowd