

The Weekly Caucasian.

SOMETHING ABOUT PARTIES.

Parties that are Living, Parties that are Dead, and Parties that are no Parties at All

The world needs not to be taught that all political parties are corrupt. None of them can justify its claim to a pure record. All have been full of thieves, bribers and demagogues.

Gen. Bristow, of Louisiana, the new secretary of the treasury, has gone into office with a fan in one hand and a broom in the other, and the dust he has kicked up, and the rubbish he has swept out of that depository for the ragged paper "faith of the nation," have made Radical eyes pop out in wonderment and terror.

The third term is no longer a joke. It has lately grown to be a serious matter. Knowing Ulysses Grant's character, as the people do, they have no reason to doubt his desire and purpose to re-preside a third term, a fourth term, a fifth term—forever, if possible.

We have determined to close up this floor for a season, while the editor goes on a big hunt. And we want to pursue it with no consideration, a forty-barrelled shotgun, and a peck of bowie-knives and horse-pistols.

The political contest of '74 is approaching. Democrats of '74 set their faces to the wind, and are blowing in the face of the storm.

Every fool paper in the land is publishing a poem on Linnæus, called "The Subject," goodness knows it is sweet when compared with the doggerel that we have written.

ADVICE.

Girls of Lafayette! Let us advise you. Advice costs nothing; therefore, it is always more freely given than received.

From every county comes the report that chinch-bugs are on the war-path, with tomahawks raised and scapular-knives unsheathed.

The Carrollton Journal, of July 3rd, says: "Old Peter, having found the two long primer xx's which escaped from him some months ago, and made an addition of a pound of pi to his Brownsville banner, has managed it to get outside. O, get up Sarah Jane, and squeal!"

Colfax is at home again. He is said to be talking of going to the States to see the Emperor William of Germany who presented a life-sized portrait of himself to Bancroft, late U. S. Minister at Berlin.

There are differences—right, it is true, but marked by the strictest qualities of the gift and young women of the various sections of our Republic, with day-to-day operations, with stirring crackers, big drays and oratorio folk.

Under this somewhat paradoxical heading, that venerable old Ionic exclamation-point, the "Right," but wrong.

Some remarkable slight-of-hand exercises have been going on in the head-dept of our department. The legs of a pair of lumber-jacks have been victoriously pulled for a few days past.

STATE MASH.

Bishop Ryan preached in Smith's Hall, Sunday, June 29th.

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SUBURBAN NEWS.

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ALL AROUND LEXINGTON.

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FAIRVIEW.

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POBUNK BEND.

Crop an ailing for rent. Wheat all out chinch-bugs swarming in some of our corn-fields, and in some of our wheat-fields.

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WAVELLY.

Van Webb shipped three fine trotting-horses on the 15th inst. He himself accompanied them to the depot.

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SPRING GOODS! AN IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW GOODS! RECEIVED AND OPENED AT... ARDINGERS! WHICH HE IS OFFERING FOR... Cash Only! At prices that will defy competition. Every department is full and complete, having been selected with unusual care to suit the wants of his customers.

JNO. P. HICKAM, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF Groceries and Produce. METROPOLITAN PRIZE ASSOCIATION. Daily Drawings!!! A PRIZE FOR EVERY TICKET.

LEXINGTON, MO., ARE DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS. SUITABLE FOR Ladies, Men, Boys & Children. ALSO, A FULL LINE OF WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, AND NOTIONS, HATS AND CAPS, FURS & GLOVES.

WATKINS & SON'S, Cashmires, Flannels, Yards and Blankets, A SPECIALTY. Valises and Trunks from \$2 to \$20. A COMPLETE STOCK OF HARDWARE TO SUIT THE TRADE.

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