Lexington Caucasian.

Democrats! Turn out to your Primary Meetings to-day!

Former Democrats! Control of your Primary Meetings to-day, is control of the County Convention and nominations! Turn out!

The St. Louis Globe—(straight Radical)—pronounces the "People's Movement" "a putrid reminiscence." Light shineth in dark places.

Democrats of Lafayette county! Rally at your Primary Meetings to-day, and you will never again have reason to complain of "ring" nominations.

The gubernatorial contest grows interesting. Reynolds county has instructed for Hatch; Johnson, Howard, Cass and Pike, for Cockrell; Audrain, for Hardin; Ray, for no one. These, so far, are all the counties heard from.

Primary elections were held in Jackson county, last week. Great interest was felt and a heavy vote polled. Franklin, for Congress, is 57 ahead, with Bingham next. Hickman is sure of the county clerkship, and Booth, the old sheriff, will be re-elected.

The St. Louis Globe regrets to be compelled to say, that Col. Colman's prospects for the governorship are not so indisputably clear as they were. Joe Stephens is looming up mightily on the horizon; and "he is not an orator, as Colman is, and this is a strong point in his favor."

War of races in Mississippi. The town of Austin captured and pillaged by armed niggers. The citizens fleeing in every direction. Memphis and Helena pouring in their battalions of white men to the rescue. Gens. Chalmers and White in command. The place retaken and thirty nigger insurrectionists caught. All comparatively quiet now.

Our estimable friend, Treasurer Salmon, made a serious mistake when he put his renomination in the paws of a dozen spidery schemers in and out of St. Louis. The day of trickster rule, ring management and job-trade conventions, is rapidly drawing to a close. The people are at last, at long, long last, getting the blacking-box-lid scales knocked from their optics. Smash the rings, is the watchword.

A white-haired friend of other days has fallen. A generous and noble heart is stilled. A stately form, where true manhood had set its lofty seal, lies low in death. Col. L. C. Faulkner, of Little Rock, Arkansas, died Tuesday of last week, in the 71st year of his age. He was the original and author of that quaint old dialogue and melody, the "Arkansaw Traveller," whose oddly merry strains vibrate, like England's drum-beat, round the globe.

Give the devil his dues—(Though we fear, if this rule were rigidly carried out, the country would soon be destitute of lawyers, politicians, editors and office-holders, with a very perceptible thinning-out in preachers' meetings and good old, long-tongued Christian women's missionary sewing-societies.) Woodson has, at last, done two respectable acts. He recently appointed M. D. Morgan inspector of cotton and petroleum, in St. Louis, and Jere Yancey, in Hannibal. Both are gentlemen of good repute, soundly Democratic and passably honest. Score 1 for Silas.

The St. Louis Christian, of August 6, contains this letter from our county:

GREENTON, MO., July 27, 1874.

EDITOR CHRISTIAN: The meeting at this place is now entering on its fourth week. Ten added to the date. Sects are much exercised. Baptists furious over the demolition of their idol preacher last Wednesday night. Bro Cunningham has done a big work here, in boldly and fearlessly preaching the gospel. S. A. S.

Now, we must be permitted to say, we don't like the spirit and tone of such a communication. This belligerent, billy goat religion, that is never satisfied except when butting against some other man's faith, never took anybody to heaven. It savors far more of the pagan amphitheatre or the Spanish bull-pen, than of Gethsemane or Calvary. There is in it more of Heenan, Tom Sayers and Mike McCoole, than of Jesus Christ, the loving John or the gentle Stephen. Brethren, your little claws were never made to gouge each other's eyes out. You'll never prove your doctrines orthodox, by savage prize-ring blows and knocks. Let us, if possible, have peace in the brotherhood of saints, the household of God, the one family of the Lamb.

Our distinguished friend and brother in inky bonds, Gen. D. H. Hill, of the Charlotte (N. C.) Southern Home, has been arrested by a detachment of the Eighteenth Yankee Infantry, for "libeling the character" of Lieut. Benner, a nigger-protecting, white-man-bedeviling paid tool of the Grant-and-Sambo dynasty, in the South Carolinian vestibule of perdition. Bah! Libel indeed! Swab all the foul fishmongers' mouths of Billingsgate, rake pandemonium, Congress and Clabber Alley rat-pits, of every reeking, putrifying atom of moral pollution, every vilest blackest term of infinite opprobrium;—Then squeeze the whole vast, hideous, loathsome mass of carrion titbits into one gigantic, concentrated bomb-shell of lingual filth and rottenness, such as never tongue of man or fiend discharged;—And, applied to the best of all the Benner breed of carpet-bagging vermin, that ever cursed the South with their hoof-prints, it would be the highest pitch of christian commendation. Libel indeed! Mash a million of their characters into one, and it wouldn't be worth a second-hand blue postage-stamp, or a twice-chewed end of nigger-head tobacco.

The worthless, semi-idiotic and debauched Prince of Wales—England's next sovereign, if his vices don't kill him before his mother passes in her queenly checks—is in debt to the handsome tune of £640,000,—$3,200,000,—with not a cent or farthing to pay. And this in spite of the fact that the shameless profligate has an annual income of £140,000, or $700,000. A proposition is to be made in parliament, that the government shall assume the debts of the royal blackguard and spendthrift, and put an end to the scandal of his pauperism. When will the people of England rise, in the majesty of might and right, and sweep away the last vestige of these worn-out, costly superstitions? How long will they rob themselves, and doom their laboring millions to beggary, and vilest serfhood, to maintain the gorgeous pageantries of a brood of usurping drones? How long will they clothe these de picable, shiftless, morally putrid creatures, in the garb of super-humanity simply because they chanced to be puppies in Windsor Castle instead of a Cornwall colliery kennel? God speed the spread of light,—of right and justice,—of free thought, free speech and free action,—till every man and woman beneath the wide blue heavens shall stand or fall upon their merits,—their virtue, courage, truth and industry,—their devotion to all that is pure and good,—their zeal for the common interests of humanity;—and not upon any mere fictitious circumstances of birth or fortune. "A man's a man for a' that!" Down with upstarts and usurpers the wide world over!

OMENS OF GOOD.

Watchman, tell us of the fight, what its signs of promise are. Its the "off year" in politics, and yet we've rarely witnessed a more universal and ceaseless movement of the whole body politic. Every profession, craft, caste and color is swept into the mad vortex of caucuses, conventions, picnics, rallies, primaries and miscellaneous paytriotic bamboozleries. Lawyers and jackleg editors are spouting from every stump, or scribbling on every barrel-head. The hard-handed farmers have thrown down their scythes and left their plows standing in the furrows, while they throng the barbecues and hustings. Every one seems to feel that the crisis in the history of the Republic has come;—that, if even the wreck of free government is to be saved, now is the day of salvation;—that, if Liberty's grand temple is ever to be cleansed, the bucket-and-broom brigade must charge at once;—that, if the clutches of robber rings are to be broken, the blow must be swift, sure and terrible. There is a mighty significance in this grand, general, earnest moving of the people. It tells a tale of long, dark years of national nightmare,—of oppression and wrong,—of official insolence, profligacy and piracy,—and of the slow awakening of outraged, patient millions, to a knowledge of their rights and their power to assert them. And it foretells the inevitable, coming doom of usurpation, corruption, falsehood and thievery.

In spite of the monstrous, all-pervading knaveries of the professional politicians, the partisan editors and the office-seekers and office-holders of the land,—although they have wallowed in villainies of every damning dye,—the great toiling masses are still honest at heart, still true to liberty, to the glorious government of their fathers, to God and themselves. And this vast upheaval of the people, this wide-spread commotion among the usually indifferent multitude, this agitation, this deep, intense interest among the farmers and mechanics of the country, promises good and only good.

In Missouri, the sun-browned tillers of the soil, for generations past mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for oily-tongued demagogues, have suddenly stepped to the front. Like Minerva from the brain of Jove, they have leaped into the arena of politics, full-grown and armed for any fray. The old trade politicians are aghast. The bar-room orators stand back dismayed. The cheap john patriots, ever ready to parade their services and claims, are hushed and over-awed. And, for the first time in all history, *Vox populi* is really *suprema lex!* Laus Deo! The farmers of Missouri, to-day, hold in their hands the destinies of their noble commonwealth. Let them realize the momentous fact. The state, the country, the world will hold them responsible for the use they make of their power. Let them lay aside all personal feelings or class prejudices, and look only to the best and highest interests of a realm, peerless in the great Union sisterhood. Let them cast away all the petty aims and jealousies of partisans, and rise to the dignity and glory of patriots. Let them be wise, prudent, vigilant, resolute. Let them swear, in the majesty of their strength and long-suffering, that none but honest men shall be put in positions of trust or profit. Let them emblazon on their banners,—"Death to all rings! Down with monopolies! Repudiation of every lawless debt!"—And their triumph is sure—Missouri is redeemed—the Republic is saved! Forward the standard!

POPULAR INSANITY.

Nations, States, Counties and Municipalities, Like Individuals, Sometimes Get Crazy.

Nations, like individuals, have their moments of mental aberration, if not of actual lunacy; and every nation, state and community may be said, some time in its history, to have been more fitted for a straight jacket and a Universal Lunatic Asylum, than for self-government. What is sometimes called a popular radical change of opinion is oftener entitled to be known by all close observers as popular craziness. It was popular lunacy, which persuaded the people of the antediluvian period to laugh at Admiral Noah, when he was rigging out his Great Eastern for a big float and a mountain-top port, and to tell him tauntingly that after all, it was only going to be a slight shower, and they preferred a yankee-made umbrella to being packed into his big herring-box. It was popular lunacy, which set the hearts of the doctors of divinity of all Jewry against the divine Nazarene, by whose blood only can men be saved. It was popular insanity, which struck the wooden-god makers of idolatrous Ephesus, when they seized Paul's companions and dragged them helter-skelter into Booth's ancient theatre (for particulars, see small bills), where they cried foolishly, with one accord, for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the New York Sun." That was an Ephesian radical *matinee* in the afternoon (doors open at 2 o'clock, children, dogs and candidates, half price) and it is the first case on record where a *matin* performance took place in *le soir*; which further establishes the belief that the Ephesians were moon-struck. It was popular lunacy, which induced a mob of Sodomites to grossly insult Lot's celestial guests, and thus bring down upon themselves a liquid brimstone bath, sooner than it might otherwise have come. It was popular insanity, when the Jews surrounded Pilate's judgment hall, and clamored for the crucifixion of the blessed Son of God. It is insanity, that has led on almost every popular outburst of ancient and modern times. It was popular lunacy, which dictated to the Boston tea-chest-breakers to throw other people's tea overboard in their harbor. There was more sanity in their fishing it out afterwards and taking it home, than in the first act. It was popular intensified insanity, that urged on the fanatical anti-slavery mobs in this country for a period of thirty years. It was insanity moving upon the minds of the Northern people, when they picked up fetters for themselves and muskets for their Southern brethren. It was the worst species of popular insanity, which led the people to defeat Christians and Conservatives, and to elect such trash as Abe Lincoln, Andy Johnson, and U. S. Grant, the headless sphynx. It is popular insanity, which has directed a prolonged warfare by an arrogant section upon an unarmed and helpless one, for nine years after the close of an insane and needless war. Fools may call these things the verdicts of sane minds, but anthropologists know that where the 'sober second thought' is not ruler, insanity, or worse, is king. That thing worse than insanity is infidelity—infidelity to man—to liberty—to virtue—to God. Fools say, that Mistress O'Leary's cow was the cause of Chicago's first flaming destruction; every Christian ought to feel in his heart, that the avenging hand of God was as clearly manifest in that fire and brimstone blast, as it was at Sodom and Gomorrah; and for the same cause—its insanity, infidelity and wickedness. It is well enough to talk to the credulous equine marine about popular opinion, but the popular mind is as likely to get crazy and go wrong as an individual's. It is likely to be just as insane and romantic. Sane radical changes are slow, but sure; they are usually the result of calm reasoning, and are evolved by degrees. We believe that slow, sane process of reasoning has been going on for several years past in the devil-possessed Northern states, and will result ere long in the complete and overwhelming defeat of insufferable meanness, tyranny and corruption. God hasten the day of reason's throne-ascension in that bedlamitic section.

STORM ANTICS.

Cirous Scenes Not Down on the Bills.

Friday night, July 31, a furious storm swept over Howard county. Huge forest trees were torn up by the roots. Fences, straw-ricks, and wheat, oat and hay stacks were scattered helter-skelter in every direction. Chimneys were blown off, houses unroofed, and shingles and bricks sent whistling wild tunes of destruction. Whole fields of growing corn were carried away by the fiends of the blast, and fruit-trees were stripped as clean as though a million female seminaries or nigger Sunday Schools had picnicked in the orchards. The lightning struck Wm. Butler's barn, near Lisbon, destroying the building, all his farm implements and part of his grain crop, and killing three horses and a mule. In various places, hay-stacks were fired, and horses, mules and cattle slain, by the electric bolts. The hurricane struck the huge tents of the International Circus and Menagerie, at Glasgow, just as the performance was closing; and the scenes that ensued were infinitely more thrilling than anything on the bills. The vast pavilion was jammed with the beauty and chivalry, as well as the ugliness and ruffianism, of all that region, when, with a terrific crash, the ponderous canvas came down, enclosing the whole teeming multitude, with lions, tigers, hyenas, elephants, rhinoceroses, trick-mules and clowns, in one prodigious, horrid, howling medley. Every light was, of course, instantly extinguished and, in pitchy darkness, amid the roar of the wild storm without, and the howls of the wild beasts within, 2,000 men, women and children shrieked, prayed, swore and frantically struggled to escape. The elephants sounded their shrill note of terror. The lions shook the bars of their cages, and made the very earth tremble with savage thunder. The hyenas gnashed their teeth, and laughed their hideous maniac laugh of rage and fright. A thousand strange birds mingled their discordant cries with the barking of wolves and the panic stricken chattering of an army of apes. Men raved and blasphemed. Women screamed and fainted. Mothers were wailing, "Oh, God! where is my child?" Children were bawling in a hundred keys of agony and fear. Good Christians, who had only taken the children to see the animals," groaned through pallid lips, "Ah, Lord, this is what we get for coming to such a place!" Everybody was jumbled, in one wild, inextricable, Egyptian-blackness tangle, with everybody else. Nobody knew anybody. In the mad melee, our snowy-bearded old friend and brother, Gen. Bastin, by gigantic efforts, succeeded in cutting and tearing his way out, with his fainting wife in his arms, when a flash of lightning showed him that his precious burden was a nigger wench, black as the hinges of Hades. His gifted young son and local editor, George, had accompanied a young lady. He lost her, or she lost him, and, in the deep darkness and hurly-burly, she grabbed a monkey for him; and no amount of argument has yet sufficed to convince her of her mistake. The unmixing of babies and sweethearts has been going on ever since, and is still not completed. Glasgow will long look back to it as a night memorable in her annals of disaster—nox illa, nox irae, knocks anything and everything in all the past experience of her circus-going Christians.

STATE HASH.

The Monroe county signers of the call for a 3d party convention are coming out, thirteen at a time, and repudiating the whole humbug. Among the list of repudiators, we recognize the names of some of the best and truest men in all that region.

The murdered woman discovered some days ago, just outside the limits of St. Louis, has since been identified as Ida Buckley, alias Kate Hartnett. It now appears that she had been an inmate of a Green street bagnio, and was taken out of the city, and deliberately shot by three men, two of whom are under arrest. The case is exciting great interest in St. Louis. The Republican devotes five columns to the testimony taken at the coroner's inquest. An impression prevails that she was killed by members of her own family, to wipe out the disgrace her course of life had brought upon them.

Sedalia came near having a double suicide last Monday night. The parties were Doc Taylor, a notorious horse-thief and miscellaneous rascal, and his wife, a girl whom he abducted last winter. He has been confined for several weeks in the Sedalia jail and, having a good chance of being hung or penitentiaried, concluded to baffle slow-moving justice by poisoning himself. His wife, in her blind devotion, resolved to follow suit. So, about 7 o'clock, Monday evening, they both took strychnine, but, being discovered immediately, were pumped out, disappointed and disgusted.

Mrs. Elihu Stanley, an old and highly respected lady of Carrollton, was shot and dangerously wounded,—not killed, as every other paper in the state has erroneously reported,—Thursday night of last week, by her son, George Stanley. The young man, coming home from a party at a late hour, noticed some one in the hen-house. With criminal rashness, he got his double-barreled shot-gun, and fired, putting a heavy charge of shot into the abdomen of his mother, who had gone into the house to catch some chickens. Though still living at last accounts, her death might be expected at any time. The young probable matricide is almost crazy with grief.

Some two or three weeks ago, a beautiful little six-year-old daughter of a highly respected citizen of Warrensburg was horribly and brutally outraged by a nigger named Monroe Divers. The father of the child, at the time of the dastardly act, was in Chicago, and the matter was kept a secret till his return. Friday night of last week, unmistakable evidence of the nigger's guilt having been obtained, a body of men went and quietly took him to the fair-ground, where, after he had confessed his terrible crime, they hung him high between heaven and earth. The tender victim of this diabolical monster lies in a critical condition. Her parents are overwhelmed with unutterable grief, and the death of the black savage is but poor satisfaction.

The Johnson County Democratic Convention took place at Warrensburg last Saturday. The proceedings were harmonious and satisfactory. These are the nominees for county offices, all good and true men: For Representative, R. T. Fryer; Probate Judge, W. L. Hornbuckle; Sheriff, O. D. Williams; Treasurer, J. P. Henshaw; Circuit Clerk, H. S. Witherspoon; County Clerk, R. B. Harwood; Recorder, J. R. Kelley; Prosecuting Attorney, A. W. Rodgers. In a series of resolutions, the convention recommended T. T. Crittenden for re-election to Congress, and Foster P. Wright for Circuit Judge. The delegates to the State Convention are D. B. Reavis, H. Martin Williams, Mosby C. Draper, N. Blackstock, and N. W. Perry, all of whom will go their length for Cockrell for governor.

THE REUNION

Of the Baptist ladies, at the College Chapel, Thursday evening, was a very pleasant affair, but not so largely attended as it should have been. The room and tables were tastefully decorated, and everything that was necessary to the enjoyment of eye, ear or palate, was lavishly provided. The first refreshment table, under the management of Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. New and Mrs. Lightner, took in $23. The second, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Stewart and Miss Maggie Ryland presiding, receipted for $14. The fancy table of Misses Carpenter and Shaw netted $3. The lemonade stand, (or tub), in charge of Misses Susie Waddell, Fannie Royle and Annie Carpenter, and Masters Charlie Royle and Luther Nichols, did an aggregate business of $10. The door receipts were $34, making a total for the evening of $84, which, in these times, is equal to $250 in the prosperous greenback days of '67-8. The ladies are to be congratulated on their success.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Under the head of "Baptist Female College," the St. Louis Central Baptist, of August 13, pays this handsome tribute to one of Lexington's famous institutions:

Lexington has long been noted for its excellent female seminaries. Many a home in the West owes its present sunshine to the training, culture and associations enjoyed during the springtime of life in this beautiful city. Other localities have earned an enviable reputation as educational centers, but Lexington still maintains its charm, attracting the daughters of Baptists from all parts of the state. "What we know" of Lexington and the college under the presidency of brother Fleet, we have told before in these columns; suffice it to say, that if a young lady is not happy in his pleasant home, and does not make rapid progress under his instruction, we know of no art that will meet her wants.

SORELY SMITTEN.

(From the Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman, Aug. 1.)

The grim monster, Death, has laid his cold hand heavily upon the home of our friend, Alf. S. Kierolf, Esq., Editor of the Carrollton Journal, in Missouri. Some months ago, his eldest daughter, Mary Juliet, was called across the River, by which dispensation the family were plunged into the deepest sorrow. But, not content with the infliction of this blow, the inexhaustible archer again aimed his cruel shaft, and the heart of another was stilled forever. This time it was Katie Belle, aged only fifteen, who expired on the 14th ult., and once more the home of our friend is shrouded in a gloom as black as midnight. We cannot tell why these things are so. We only know that we are taught that "whom God loveth he chasteneth," and perhaps the souls of this mourning father and mother will come out of this furnace of affliction purified and made ready to enter upon that great other life, with their beloved ones in the Hereafter. We can do no more than assure our friend and contemporary of our deep and heartfelt sympathy with him and his in their sad bereavement.

MARRIED.

—At the residence of Noah Williams, the bride's father, August 13, by John R. Reavis, assisted by Rev. R. M. Rhodes, Mr. F. A. Foster, of Atchison county, and Miss Bettie A. Williams, of Lafayette. Attendants: Jas W. Small and Miss Maggie Bateman; Philip Williams and Miss Maria Wheatley. A large party of friends assembled to witness the weird, mysterious ceremony, which started these two tender hearts on the pilgrimage of life—these two young gushing souls, thinking but a single thought. Among the party, were Misses Woodward, Everhart, Pellet, Grubb, Conard, Hest, Moss Elmore, Kissell, Eastberg, Campbell, Strombaugh, and Renick, of the neighborhood, and Miss Lizzie Brown, of Lexington; and quite a number of the young gallants of the vicinity, including F. L. Fishback. After partaking of an elegant collation, adieus were said and tears were shed, and the newly wedlocked pair started, via Lexington, for their Northwestern home.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wonderful gold discoveries are reported in the Auckland district of Australia.

John Stanton Gould, the noted scientist, died at Hudson, New York, last Sunday.

5,500 children met in a Sunday School convention at Fairmount, New York, last Sunday.

Emigrants from Great Britain are arriving in New Zealand at the rate of 6,000 a month.

Blondin, the rope-walking cross between a lunatic and a humbug, is now living in Australia.

Marshal Bazaine has escaped from the island of St. Marguerite, and is now safe in Italy.

45 dead bodies have been recovered at the scene of the Pat. Rogers explosion on the Ohio river.

John Ewell, of Brooklyn, in a fit of the green-eyed lobster, last Monday, stabbed his wife to death.

Josephine Smith poisoned herself with morphine, at Kearney Junction, Nebraska, last Saturday.

The elections in the Indian Territory show large gains for the liberal and progressive Choctaws.

Bazaine's escape from the island of St. Marguerite was planned by his wife, who insisted that he should comply.

Spotted Tail's band refuse to remove to their new reservation, and it is probable that force will have to be used.

Eight International insurrectionists have just been arrested in Rome, and others have been captured in neighboring cities.

A young lady fainted in church at Edinboro, Pa., last Sunday and on being carried to the vestibule, died immediately.

James Fulton, a farmer of Doniphan county, Kansas, was shot and mortally wounded, last Sunday, by a hired man named Thompson.

Great suffering is reported in Southwestern Nebraska, on account of the grasshoppers, and settlers are obliged to let their stock starve.

The Samana Bay Company, of which Ulysses Grant is a member, is busted, with no get-at-able assets but a rotten, half-finished nigger hotel on the top of a voudoo mountain.

The body of a well-dressed man, supposed to be Robt. P. Driscoll, a railroad conductor, of Kansas City, was found, last Monday, floating in the Mississippi river opposite St. Paul.

A. M. Pontwood, of Lawrenceburg, Ky., in self-defense, shot and killed Horace Witherspoon, a desperado farmer, in Anderson county. Witherspoon had previously killed two men.

The St. Louis and New Orleans steamer, Henry Ames, sank Friday night of last week, 30 miles above Natchez. Five or six women and children drowned. Boat and cargo were valued at $130,000.

John Mooshoopka, of Cleveland, Ohio, being put in prison for abusing his family, committed suicide, last Monday, by jumping from the gallery of the third tier of cells to the stone floor 20 feet below.

A Berlin dispatch says a number of Dartmund gentlemen offer a prize of 1,000 thalers for the best musical composition, with or without words, on the chancellor. Competitors are to send in their notes before the second of September.

General Pope telegraphs to Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, that the Indians who have been marauding in Southwestern Kansas, have gone to the borders of the Llanos Estados Mulatos country, which is filled with game, and that they have plenty of ammunition. But Pope is such a liar, that we don't know whether he has ever seen or heard of an Indian at all.

The Standard Oil Works and National Refinery, at Pittsburg, were struck by lightning Wednesday afternoon, and 95,000 barrels of oil destroyed, besides all the buildings on the premises and 12,000 empty barrels. Loss $55,000. A tank at the Fairview Oil Works, on the opposite side of the river, was also struck, and 3,000 barrels of oil consumed.

A dispatch from Atchison, Kansas, dated August 10, gives this terrifying hoppergram: The grasshoppers are now within eight miles of this city and are traveling eastward very rapidly. They have literally devoured everything in Northern and Southern Kansas and Nebraska. The damage inflicted on vegetation is far greater than in 1866. The corn crop through all this region is totally destroyed.

A prize-fight took place at Line Island, West Virginia, last Tuesday, between Billy Edwards, of New York, and Sam. Collyer, of Baltimore. This makes the third tilt these fellows have had at each other, and as Collyer has been laid out every time, we suppose this will be their last. The affair ended in a general row, but there is no doubt that the referee will decide in favor of Edwards. Such brutes ought to be exterminated.

A terrible murder occurred at Creston Iowa, last Monday morning. Just before daylight, J. T. Burnett entered the house of his step-son, J. L. Brister, and cut his throat from ear to ear. The presumption is the murderer must have alarmed his victim as he approached the bed, for there was evidence of quite a struggle. Brister's wife was in bed with him and was literally drenched in blood. The woman was so crazed that the name of the murderer was all that could be got out of her. Burnett escaped, but being pursued by a large force, his capture is regarded as almost certain.

A special to the Cincinnati Enquirer of last Monday, gives this bit of Kentucky go-to-meeting style: Near Carlisle, Nicholas county, Ky., yesterday, a man named Hamilton, while attending the Methodist church, becoming offended at something said, stood up on a bench, and flourished a pistol. Thomas Shaw, one of the trustees, succeeded in pacifying him and coaxing him out of doors. When outside, Shaw told him the penalty of the law for his offence, whereupon Hamilton shot him through the heart. The congregation came out and seized the murderer and sent him to Carlisle, whence, for fear of lynching, he was sent to Lexington.

Rev. John Cowan, once chaplain of the Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, and John Kebo, have been held to answer the charge of conspiring to defraud the United States of $1,000. Cowan recently wrote to the state department, that on the 21st day of last July, he fell from a street car and his wallet was crushed. He enclosed the fragment of a $1,000 bond, that was all he had saved from his wallet, and prayed the department to give him a duplicate bond. On examination of the fragment, it was found that the Rev. Mr. Cowan had enclosed to the Treasury the words, "Pres't Dela," showing that it was the bond of one of the South American republics.

The Sedalia Democrat is wildly enthusiastic in its advocacy of Col. J. F. Phillips for congress, in its district. The Jefferson City Tribune, as zealously champions Alfred M. Lay; and the Warrensburg Democrat is for Tom Crittenden, first, last and forever. The fight down there, will be as hot as 110 in the beer-chest.

THE NARROW GAUGE.

Lafayette County's Benefit and Kansas City's Advantage.

A Few Candid Words.

We have not, of late, had much to say about this important enterprise, because the subject of railroads in general has become a sore one to Lafayette county people, ourselves included. No other county in Missouri or the Union ever suffered such monstrous impositions at the hands of those to whom she has entrusted the building of her needed highways. Gigantic burdens, without compensating benefits, have been piled upon her, in connection with every project her agents have touched. The mere mention of a projected railroad is enough to arouse the hostility of our whole population. And it is only after mature deliberation, and from a firm conviction of duty, that we have determined to speak a word in behalf of the Narrow Gauge. We believe it will be built. It is already completed from Kansas City to Independence, and trains are running regularly. We have the assurance of President Eames and Treasurer Harris, both honorable and truthful men, that, in spite of tight times, the road will be steadily extended down the Missouri Valley. And we are satisfied that it will be, to this whole, vast, teeming region, a blessing of incomputable value. Even Lexington will be benefited beyond her highest power to conceive. As we are now situated, after having spent nearly a million and a half of dollars, we are almost destitute of railroad facilities and conveniences. For all our mighty outlay, we have to show only a branch road, run any way that suits the convenience of its managers, and leading only to St. Louis;—a miserable bob-tail switch, now running, now stopping, and patched out with rickety hacks and dubious ferries;—and a nearly washed-away line of dirt-embankment, toward the southwest, with a few dozen rusty rails on its river end. We have no chance for competition in markets, no chance for one of a thousand advantages which come with a through, trunk line. If there was one thing which, more than all else, gave Boonville the preference over Lexington, as a location for the State Grange Agricultural Implement Factory, it was our lack of railroad facilities, prompt and sure outlets for our trade. We are shut off from Kansas City and the West, which ought to be our markets, and which are the markets of counties lying much more remote, but more conveniently connected. It is easier now for a man to ship himself or his goods from Kansas City to Denver, than to Lexington. Our merchants are debarred all the advantages and conveniences of a wholesale market near home, because it is easier to get goods from New York, 1,000 miles, than from Kansas City, 40 miles. As to shipping stock West, however high prices may run, our farmers rarely risk it; because, with all the innumerable delays that attend such an attempt, there would be time for the markets to run the whole gamut of figures. As a consequence of all this railroad awkwardness, Lafayette county and Kansas City, lying so closely together, and fitted by nature to be of such incalculable mutual advantage, have so little to do with each other as Duluth and Matamoras. Instead of getting her coal at her very doors, for the mere cost of digging, Kansas City is compelled to go all the way to Fort Scott, and pay a big price for an infinitely inferior article. Kansas City annually loses hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars of trade, by being thus shut off from the richest counties of the whole Missouri Valley. As it is now, Saline county has literally no outlet, except by dirt-roads and prairie-schooners; and Lafayette has but the poorest and most vexatious egress, and that only toward St. Louis. If the Narrow Gauge were now running as far only as Arrow Rock, its cars would be daily loaded with wheat alone. The people of Malta Bend say their region would have shipped 200,000 bushels this season, if proper facilities had been afforded them. Lafayette would furnish a half-dozen coal-trains every day, and never miss it.

Kansas City wholesale dealers ought to see the vast advantages that would accrue to them from the completion of this road. They could then successfully compete with St. Louis in many lines of business; and the retail dealers, especially in dry-goods, would reap a rich harvest from daily throngs of shoppers, who would seek the benefits of city stocks and competition. It is to our interest, as well as the interest of Kansas City, that we should make her, as far as possible, the great metropolis of Western Missouri. A region, possessing the inestimable agricultural and mineral resources of Lafayette and Saline counties, needs only a near and convenient market, to insure her sure and speedy rise to wealth and power. Until the Narrow Gauge, or some other direct or trunk line, is built, we shall be dependent on the miserable make-shift branches and switches of the Pacific and North Missouri. This may be fun to those companies, but it is death to our people. A narrow-gauge road can be built at one-third less cost than a broad-gauge; so that, with the completion of this all-important line, we gain a market, within two hours' run, for all our products; a wholesale market of all we wish to buy; and a reduction of from a third to a half in all costs of transportation. God speed the work.

LOATHSOME

St. Louis bids fair to strip the belt from Babylon and Nineveh, in shameless debaucheries and crimes. She is knocking the socks off Gomorrah and Chicago, in monstrous wickedness and lewdness. She has, of late, reveled in hideous horrors. The murder of the wretched girl, Kate Hartnett, last week, was one of the most deliberate and brutal atrocities that ever blackened the record-books of American criminality. A poor, weak, helpless creature dragged into a wagon, by three strong ruffians; driven, screaming for help, through the streets of a great city; bruised, stabbed and shot; and her miserable, mangled body thrown out by the road-side for the hogs or buzzards;—What though she was a frail, fallen one? Its a deed of appalling heinousness—a deed to rouse the sympathy of all humanity. And right on the heels of this and a dozen other little less heinous enormities, comes the Madam Fortmeyer shame and horror. A few days ago, the police discovered on Morgan street, the den of this shocking libel on woman's form, which seems to have been the scene of numberless infamies that surpass the vilest dreams of Sodom. When found, this hideous hag had in charge one dead woman, one in the agonies of death, and the ashes and charred remains of perhaps half a hundred babies. She has been, for seventeen years, an abortionist of the deepest, darkest, most damning dye. Since her capture, she has made a confession which, it published, it is said, would shake the whole social fabric of the "Future Great City" to its very foundations and loosen a good many of the firmest bricks. To draw it mildly, this abominable trader in iniquity and death, this loathsome she-harpy, has been in the confidence and employ of many eminently respectable and exemplary citizens of St. Louis; and a full expose of her horrid labors would, perhaps, even cause a rustling of saintly silks and broadcloths in more than one front-pew of fashionable metropolitan synagogues. The whole affair will, of course, be vigorously suppressed.

WHITE MARSEILLES QUILTS.

We will commence selling, Wednesday, 19th inst., 3 cases Genuine Marseilles Quilts at 50 cents on the dollar. These goods were purchased by our Mr. Emery, in New York, at a great sacrifice, and in order to close them out speedily, we will sell them at a small advance over cost.

200 Quilts at $3 00, worth $6 00.
100 Quilts at $3 25, worth $6 50.
100 Quilts at $4 00 worth $8 00.

As this opportunity to buy these goods may never occur again, we would advise all orders for them to be sent in immediately, as they will be closed out in a few days, and if the Quilts are not satisfactory, they may be returned and money will be refunded. Particular attention paid to orders.

BULLENE, MOORES & EMERY,
Kansas City, Mo.
aug15-1t.

THE FANCIES OF THE SICK.

A diseased imagination is the usual concomitant of a torpid stomach. There is no complaint to which humanity is subject which the dyspeptic does not at different times suppose that he has, or is about to have. The only way to disabuse the sufferer's mind of these fancies, which are realities to him, is to infuse life and vigor into his digestive organs, and the most potent preparation for this purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. There is no affection of the stomach, no irregularity of the liver or disorder of the bowels, consequent upon indigestion, for which it is not an absolute specific. During the twenty-five years that it has been the standard tonic and alterative of America, millions of dyspeptics have recovered their health and the capacity to enjoy life by the sole aid of this wholesome and searching vegetable preparation. As an assimilant and an anti-bilious agent, a remedy for laxitude, debility, nervousness and morbid fancies, there has never been anything comparable to it in any age or country. aug8-1m

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

COLUMBIA, BOONE COUNTY, MO., August 3, '74.

To the Clerk of Lafayette County Court:

SIR. It is my duty to inform you that, under the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly, approved April 1, 1872, (vide Session Act, 1872, pp. 168-69), your county is entitled to send to the State University at Columbia and Rolla, during the year ending July 4, 1875, Ten students, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five years.

Under the rules adopted by the Board of Curators, "Students shall possess a good moral character, and shall pass a satisfactory examination in orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography;" and must pay the fees prescribed by said act, to-wit: on matriculating, an entrance fee of Ten Dollars, and a contingent fee of Five Dollars; and a like contingent fee at the beginning of the second half year, making the whole annual charge Twenty Dollars.

The session begins on the Third Monday in September, and continues forty weeks.

Careful provision is made for the education of Young Women in all the classes of the University; and the elegant and commodious "Hudson Mansion" has been set apart and furnished as a Home for them; where, under the care of an experienced Matron, board, fuel and lights will be furnished at $2 per week, washing at 60 cents per dozen. Bedsteads and mattresses will be furnished; other bedding, towels, &c., students are expected to furnish themselves.

I beg to call your attention to the appended extract from the law on this subject.

You will please, after giving two weeks' publication of this certificate, transmit to me, on or before September first, a list of the names of all the youths of your county who intend to make application for entrance into the University at the commencement of the next session.

If such list is not transmitted, students from other counties will be allowed to enter in lieu of those to which your county is entitled.

Board can be had in clubs in the college buildings for male students at from $1 25 to $1 50 per week; in private families at $3 to $4 50.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't servant,
ROBERT L. TODD,
Secretary Board of Curators of University of Missouri.

Persons desiring to enter the departments of the State University at Columbia or Rolla, are required to make known their intention to me, on or before September 1, 1874.

JAMES O'GORMAN,
Clerk of Lafayette County Court.
aug-15-2w.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CONSUMPTION REMEDY.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, cures the worst cases of COUGHS, COLDS and all the diseases of the LUNGS, THROAT and CHEST. For WHOOPING COUGH and CROUP it is a CERTAIN SPECIFIC. The most OBSTINATE CASES surely yield to Hall's Balsam, when used perseveringly. Stands at the head of all cough preparations. Sold everywhere. JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., proprietors, 5 & 9 College Place, N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO
PALACE AMPHITHEATRE
CIRCUS!

JOHN WILSON, - - Manager.

This Great Show exhibited in San Francisco, California, to crowded houses and was universally acknowledged by the press and public to be superior to all others.

WITNESSED BY 207,000 PEOPLE!

Facts speak for themselves—That we have no Menagerie, no clap-trap Circus, but simply a PLAIN OLD FASHIONED CIRCUS!

We will give a grand series of performances at

LEXINGTON, MO.

ON

MONDAY, AUGUST 24!

Afternoon at 1:30 and Evening at 7 P. M.

See the names of the talentest Artists we have:

MADAME DOCKRILL,
R. H. DOCKRILL,
LES FRERES KEMBELLS,
THE GREAT CARLO FAMILY,
FRED O'BRIEN,
LEON AND LAURELLES,
OMER KINGSLEY,
JOHNNY COOKE,
HORATIO NELSON,
THE LEE FAMILY AND OTHERS.

Thirty-five Star Arena Artists, and the finest stud of trained Horses and Ponies in America. See for yourselves.

REMEMBER THE DATE,

MONDAY, AUG. 24,

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

J. A. DODGE, Gen. Agent.

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SEVEN WONDERS
TH