Lexington Caucasian.

Grants message next week.

Colfax has written a lecture on the "Martyrdom of Lincoln." What can he say about the martyrdom of Colfax?

The new Orleans Bulletin, of last Sunday, came to us doubled in size and much improved in every way. Through every difficulty, discouragement and intimidation it has grown up to be one of the largest and strongest papers of the South. Long may it live.

The St. Louis Republican of November 2, says: "We have never gone back on the Democracy. We may go a step further, and defy anybody to point out any campaign in which we have failed to sustain the general policy of the party." We may go a step still further and say that's not so.

Congress opens next Monday, and rascality—will receive a new impetus. There will be a good many long faces among the Radicals as they contemplate the seats they must soon vacate in favor of the more fortunate Democrats. Who would have thought a Radical congress could ever have been brought to view such a sudden departure of power.

The Public Administrator of St. Louis county, Henry Gambs, has gambled away the money of poor widows and orphans intrusted to his care, and has quietly departed. His liabilities are $60,000, his assets $15,000. He lit out last Monday and now the governor has issued a requisition for his apprehension. Gambs was elected on the Radical ticket in 1868 and re-elected in 1872 over a good Democrat, and is said to have behaved well until the temptation to speculate on other people's money grew too great.

Mayor Havemeyer of New York died last Monday night. He had spent the day at Flushing, Long Island, and on his way back to the city, the train broke down and the Mayor had to walk two miles against a strong wind. When he got to his office in the city hall, he was seized with apoplexy and expired immediately. As a reform man, he was a failure. His administration was little more satisfactory than that of Oaky Hall and the Tweed ring. He died in time, perhaps, to save himself from a searching investigation and consequent exposure.

We are not inclined to speculate in the midst of the Senatorial contest. We expect to announce our man in a short time, and stick to him with the fidelity of a brother. There are now just two men who have any organized and positive strength—Gen. Cockrell and Mr Phelps. The latter counts confidently on a large southwestern vote while the former is certain of nearly all the strong interior counties. There is no denying that Gen. Cockrell has the support of the best part of the state, and if he is defeated, it will be by combinations—perhaps by trickery and rascality.

We have heard that the snobby long-eared poodle who has a temporary resting-place in the kennel of the Boonville Advertiser, has yelped at the editor of the Caucasian. Strange to say that while the Advertiser has heretofore been one of our regular exchanges, the number containing that same yelp did not make its appearance at this office. Col. Donan is now absent but will come back in time to do all the necessary work for this young man. Suffice to say we have received, already without any asking, documents enough to smash the bark of this same long-eared, snobby poodle.

These are the times when men may be acquitted of any crime. Personal attachment and partizan blindness rule the day. The Rev. Glendenning, who ruined Mary Pomeroy, has gone through a mock trial and has received his mock acquittal. He now walks forth into the world with commendatory praises at his back from a number of respectable people in his own church. It was too much to sink a man of his popularity. It would have been too great a blow on that particular church. Poor Mary Pomeroy; she bore it all. Nothing was too hard for her trustful, confiding heart. Young an unlearned in the wiley tricks of the vilest of all vile seducers, she gave way more from reverence than passion, and in her mistaken devotion to the despoiler of her virtue, she went down even unto the gates of death desiring to shield him from the approching storm. Oh, these wolves that go about in sheep's clothing! What punishment for them could be too strong—what fate too ignominious. How dare a man stand up before the people and point them to heaven and at the same time plan the ruin of God's angels on earth. Glendenning lives and is innocent, Mary Pomeroy is dead and guilty. So they say.

C. T. Quisenberry is no longer Treasurer of the State Grange. The Executive Board have appointed Capt. Joseph L. Stephens, of Boonville, their financial manager and have selected his bank as their depository.

Silver bearing quartz has been discovered in the southwestern part of Johnson county, by M J r Thomas Neal, of Windsor. He had the ground surveyed by a practical Geologist some months ago, and has since sunk a shaft by which means the discovery was made.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

The number of Independent newspapers in the country has been considerable. Such are not supposed to be organs of any party nor committed to any special line of political policy. They claim to have arisen above the slavery of party, and to fill the offices of critics in general. They further claim that all parties are corrupt, but that they—the independent journals—are seeking to weed out such corruption and establish a higher and purer political life. Among these cleaners out of the public filth may be mentioned the New York Herald, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the New York Tribune, the Chicago Tribune and, last and least, the St. Louis Republican. The first made its money by being a newspaper, the second by being a Democratic paper, the third by being a Radical organ, the fourth by being the same, and the fifth by having nothing, until lately, in the whole city of St. Louis to oppose it since the year 1808. Just at this juncture the Independent journals are taking to themselves an enormous amount of honor, claiming to have lead in the late Waterloo of Radicalism. They call the victorious movement the "Opposition." Now we have no objection to the sound Biblical saying, "Honor to whom honor is due," but the honor in this case is not due to the "Independent" journals and the "Opposition" is not name enough for the victors; they are Democrats, and Democratic newspapers have lead in the fight. The Radical papers have been slaves to their corrupt leaders, the Independent papers have done nothing but assail both sides; but the Democratic papers, from one end of the land to the other have planned and organized the campaign that has met with such glorious success. The "Opposition" congressmen elected in nearly all the states are stright-out Democrats, while the number of those that ought justly to bear the name of "Opposition" and nothing more is quite limited. Our own state is a case in point. The St. Louis Republican, a paper claiming the largest circulation in the state, some months ago openly proclaimed itself an independent newspaper with the intention of never again binding itself to the support of any party. It called the Radical party corrupt, and said the Democratic party was dead, consequently there was no party ground upon which the sole of her foot could find a righteous resting-place. What has been the result? The Democratic party went on notwithstanding. The Democratic papers also kept up notwithstanding. The convention met at Jefferson City and made a straight-out Democratic ticket. An independent movement did sprung up in the state, and the Republican had a good chance to see a campaign conducted on its own platform. But no; the old thing swung around, winked at the Democratic ticket and gave it a quasi-support. The election came on and Missouri rolled up 40,000 Democratic majority, and the success in other states for the same "dead" Democracy was still more surprising. And now, from the New York Herald down to the St. Louis Republican, the so-called independent journals are shouting "victory—the victory is ours." Now we have no objection to the rejoicing of these no party papers over a strictly party victory, but we suggest that such rejoicing should be very modestly carried on.

Such a thing as an independent political paper is an absurdity. A journal may be independent that devotes itself strictly to news or some other non-political branch of the profession, but that paper which takes upon itself the task of bringing about great and needed changes in the life of a nation, must devote itself to a set of organized principles around which men will gather and from which they may be disciplined. Concert of action, oneness of aim, and firmness of purpose constitute the armor of every successful cause. To cry out against the party in power, and at the same time denounce every movement to displace it, is filling a station of impotent idiocy. Such a position have the so-called independent papers of the country taken. Their mission ends with criticism. They have nothing to do with the organizing and drilling of an opposition movement. They are like generals without armies, each standing up and cursing the enemy according to his own fashion. But now we predict that the era of the self-styled independent political journalisms is drawing to a close. The Democratic party through the influence of its own devoted and faithful leaders, has got on its feet and many of the "independent" gentry will be loudest in their words of homage. Already is that senile old wiggler, the St. Louis Republican, giving "Advice to Democrats," which the same is about the best joke of the elections. Just about as clumsy and engacious as an Egyptian Hippopotamous, it will now roar and flounder about in this grand over-flow as if to it belonged the honors of the moment. If anybody dares to ask 'How did you get in here?' he will be answered by 'keep your jaw; this is where I intended to be all the time.' A good many others of the same sort might be mentioned, but we will end the matter now by saying that the Caucasian is an independent journal and that it is also Democratic to the very core. To believe in and avocate Democratic principles does not hamper us in the least—yea, we regard it as the fullest freedom.

ST. LOUIS LETTER.

Greedy Aspirants—Political Swarms—Senatorial Gabble—Business—Personal.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 3, 1874.

WOULD BE OFFICIALS.

DEAR CAUCASIAN: The whole city is swarming with rural politicians. Everybody you ever heard of is here. Every hotel is a huge hive or rustic bumble-bees. Hardin and Woodson, governor elect and governor eject, the rising and the setting sun are both in town. Woodson is at the Planter's House and few there be that flock around him. Hardin is at the Laclede, and the swarms that from dawn till midnight, clamber up to "No. 68," are beyond the power of mathematics to compute. One of the clerks told me last night, that a hundred people had sent up their cards during the forenoon. Every one of all these incessantly thronging multitudes has some little job or project to push; but they are working on the wrong man. Not a word of encouragement has one of them got. The scramble for the few small appointments in the gift of the governor would be ludicrous if it were not shameful and disgusting. It is reported that there are over fifty applicants for the Coal Oil Inspectorship in this city; as many for Tobacco Inspector; and, perhaps, seventy-five for Adjutant General. And night and day, hour after hour and day after day, the tide of beggars and their "friends" flows steadily up the broad stairway of the Laclede. Governor Hardin receives them all politely, hears them patiently, and dismisses them courteously without promising anything or giving any one the slightest assurances. One thing is certain: he is going to appoint no man to any one of the few places in his gift, of whose honesty, capacity and merit he is not thoroughly satisfied. The pitiable rush of applications for these positions is in part owing to the bitter pressure in business matters. I am told that many prominent mercantile houses here are wofully shaky; few making money; and some, heretofore regarded as particularly sound, destined to go under, and that ere long. Many men who have been prosperous in mercantile life have lost heavily of late, and would be glad to exchange a sinking business for a sure, though comparatively small salary.

POLITICS.

St. Louis is a vast seething caldron of political hodge-podge and hocus-pocus. The first question of every man you meet, whether a congressman or a dray-driver, is: "Who's going to be Senator?" The universal opinion is that Cockrell is, at present, far ahead of all competitors. From every part of the state, comes the assurance that he has more organized strength than any other one, perhaps, any other two, of the seventeen worthy gentlemen mentioned in connection with the place. The idea prevails that Phelps will be the strongest opponent Cockrell will have at the commencement of the fight. Henry Clay Dean, in talking of the prospects, at the Dispatch office, yesterday morning, expressed my sentiments when he exclaimed: "I'm forever against any man who ever accepted one of Lincoln's Military Governorships, as Phelps did in Arkansas. By heaven, I wouldn't support the Angel Gabriel, if he should come down in new red-topped boots, if he had ever stooped to mix himself with these infamous satrap libels on republican government!" But the Phelps under-strikers, including in a slip-shod sort of way the Knapps, Hyde and the Republican, are working like beavers, or polekittens, or any other savory and industrious little animals you please. Among the Confederate element, Celsus Price is perhaps the only Phelps-ite in St. Louis.

A POSSIBILITY.

In case Cockrell and Phelps and any other of the now foremost candidates should happen to kill each other off, let me venture a prediction. It is that Stilson Hutchins will then loom up as a strong Senatorial aspirant. He will, in that event, have a powerful support from the rural Democratic roosters of the press. He will have all the strength old Bogy can bring him. He will have all the prestige that the Republican's insane hostility to him can give him. And he will have all the advantages that arise from being known as a fellow of indomitable energy, a clear head and incalculable working talent and ability, and one who never goes back on his friends.

A QUEER ONE.

When I walked into the Dispatch office yesterday morning, I found a large party of gentlemen, grouped around a strange, rough looking, dirty-shirted individual, who was evidently the center of attraction. The crowd numbered many distinguished men, and they were all listening intently and ever and anon bursting into fits of immoderate laughter. The talker was a singularly uncouth object. Monstrous in paunch, short of legs, with a shirt and face that wouldn't have been over-clean for a coal-miner fresh from the pits, shabbily dressed with a brown slouch hat whose rim partially conceled a pair of twinkling blue eyes hiding behind rolls of fatty cheek. His conversation was a running fire of ultra states-rights Democracy, sound financial doctrine, witticisms, funny stories, mingled with abundant Bible quotations and tender human pathos. I knew in a very few moments that he was no ordinary man, and was not at all surprised when a little later in the day, he introduced himself to me, as Henry Clay Dean. He is one of the most remarkable men of the state. His stock of knowledge is almost unlimited; and, if he had only adopted cleaner linen a few years ago, he would have been no obscure competitor for the seat of Carl Schurz. In spite of his atrocious neglect of washer-women, Missouri might go far for a Senator and fare worse.

PERSONALS.

Among the distinguished country gentlemen in the city, are the two governors; McAfee and Murray, of Greene county; Myers, of Linn, applicant for Adjutant General; Selby, of Jefferson City, applicant for Private Secretary; Tom Crittenden, of Warrensburg; John B. Clark, Jr., of Howard; and —— oh, 500 others. Gen. Frank Cockrell, the knightly gentleman who will probably be Missouri's next Senator, arrived this morning, and received an enthusiastic greeting from hosts of friends. Gen. Joe Shelby has rooms at the Planters. A. F. Dornan, of the Caucasian, got in to-day.

BUSINESS.

St. Louis was never duller. Money scarce. Trade weak. Many houses sinking slowly but surely. Several suspensions rumored as near at hand. And yet one enterprising young firm has just fitted up a handsome office at No. 3, Main street, and hung out its bran new sign of "Slayback & Bro." Both the partners, Charles E. and Pres. Slayback, are young men of fine business character and standing. They have for several years been one of the leading firms of New Orleans, and all the papers down there are loud in their praises of the enterprising brothers, and their regrets at losing them. They are Missouri boys, former residents of Lafayette county, and have shown themselves thoroughly capable and reliable business men. They ought to get a big trade from their old home of their boyhood. Yesterday, they got a telegraphic order, charges paid from New Orleans, for 500,000 barrels of pork and 1,000 bales of cotton! As that is more pork than there is in the world to-day, the joke is hugely peceivable. Charley promptly went on 'Change and offered $25 a barrel to any one who would fill the order—$7 a barrel more than it is selling for, and yet the order is not filled.

But time 's up. Goodbye.

Yours, D.

GENERAL NEWS.

A fire at Hot Springs, Ark., Tuesday, destroyed the Warren house and one or two other buildings.

A convention to devise some plan of cheap transportation, met in Richmond, Va., last Wednesday.

The entire business portion of Wilton, N. H., was destroyed on the morning of the 2nd. Losses aggregate $97,000.

Charles McLean, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., was shot and fatally wounded in a fight at Lafayette, Tenn., on the 29th. No particulars.

The family of the late Mayor Havemeyer have consented to have the funeral attended with official honors, which will take place to-day.

Nearly five hundred cars of East-bound freight and over five hundred of West-bound freight passed over the bridge at Omaha, last week.

The secretary of the treasury has tendered the position of government supervising architect to John McArthur, Jr., of Philadelphia.

The pivot pier of the bridge over the Missouri river, at Atchison, was sunk to the bed rock on the 1st, and work on the second pier has commenced.

The estate of the late Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, Mass., is valued at $1,015,111, and the residue, to go to Amherst college after all bequests are paid, will amount to $288,000.

Wm. O. Keys, cousin of Frank Keys, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," committed suicide at the Kennert house, Baltimore, on the 29th. The deceased has been for some time past in the hotel business.

In the superior criminal court, at Boston, on the 30th, Chas. H. Bullard, alias Wm. H. Judson, the principal in the Boylston National bank robbery, a few years ago, was sentenced to twenty years in the state prison.

The cabinet was in session two hours Tuesday, discussing the president's message in course of preparation. Secretary Robeson and Attorney-Genera' Williams were absent, the latter being in the supreme court.

"Scotty," who was arrested in Detroit in October last, charged with being connected with the Quincy National bank robbery, has proved an *alibi*, and now—well, it will take considerable to tell where he has gone.

A German farmer named John Bercherdt, living near Watertown, Wis., was murdered on the 30th of November, by a blow upon his head with a hammer. His wife and two step-daughters have been arrested on suspicion of being the perpetrators.

On Saturday last, near Marion, Ark., a colored man met a colored girl, and, after violating her, attempted to kill her. He afterwards violated a sister of his first victim. He was arrested and taken to jail, and subsequently an armed mob took him from jail and riddled him with bullets.

Movements are said to be on foot to have a nigger convention at Washington city soon, to insist on the passage of the Civil Rights Bill. We hope the convention will meet and that the Civil Rights Bill will pass. Its the quickest way to finish breaking the Radical back-bone.

Six hundred and fifty wagons for the Mennonites passed over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad last week. The wagons were made by the Mennonites in Russia; are claimed to be made better than our manufacture, and the freight from Russia to Atchison was about six dollars per wagon.

The death of Mayor Havemeyer and succession of Alderman Vance to the mayoralty removes the strongest opposition to the proposed seven million appropriation for the completion of the New York and Brooklyn bridge, and leaves Controller Green in the minority on the board of apportionment.

THE BLACK HILLS.

The Approaching Invasion of the New Gold Region.

The Location of the Gold Field—How and When Discovered—Red Skins Preparing to Oppose Exploration—What the Old Mountaineers Say about it.

A correspondence, in the Kansas City Times of last Wednesday from Cheyenne Pass, Wyoming dated November 22, tells these things about the new land of gold:

We are encamped upon the site of old Fort Walbach. Why Walbach I don't know. All I know, however, is this: We are in a delightful glen or canyon at the base of the Black Hills, 67 miles from Fort Laramie and 22 miles northwest from Cheyenne. The pass was once the favorite gateway of the wagon traffic, which during the Bannock and Idaho gold excitement of 1863 5 made the Lodge Pole Creek route the popular wagon way over the Black Hills. This pass through the mountains, which ten years ago was one of the most popular for overland travel, is now utterly deserted, and has become a favorite hunting ground for the nomadic white men who make Cheyenne their depot of supplies. It is with one of the chiefs of those wandering white eccentricities, called by mountaineers—'Bucks'in Charley'—that I am enjoying a week's relaxation from active life, secure from care, thought or interest in the affairs outside this delightful canyon.

THE BLACK HILLS.

While at Fort D. A. Russell, a few days ago, I made it my special duty to gather all information within reach concerning the origin and object of the recent excitement concerning gold in the Black Hills. A three years' sojourn in these hills and an intimate acquaintance with Jim Bridger (late of Jackson county, Mo.), Jean Baptiste, Charley Legreaw, Joseph Bouvais, Col. Bullock and other well-known celebrities of Wyoming ten years ago, had led me to believe that gold did not exist in the Black Hills proper, and that if it does exist it is far west of the Black Hill country and in the unexplored country north of the Sweetwater Valley. This region is west of the Black Hills, south of the Yellowstone and east of the Wind River Mountains. I believe that there may be good diggings in that section, and that the coming season will perhaps result in their discovery, and I am not alone in my belief.

DOES GOLD EXIST IN THE BLACK HILLS?

My answer to this question would be this: In the Black Hills—*no*. In the region between the main range and the Black Hills—*yes*. I base my opinion upon a three years' residence in these hills which are as familiar to me as are the hills and prairies of Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas. The region west of the Black Hills and south of the Yellowstone Park is as yet unexplored. It comprises a series of mountains and valleys, two hundred by three hundred miles in extent. It has been jealously guarded by the Indians from exploration and white settlement; and, while white men have always been driven back when they endeavored to prospect in that region, the Indians who have visited our military posts for trading purposes, have always been well supplied with gold—their ears, noses and arms being hung with large nuggets. But no white man has ever been able to locate this auriferous region. The coming year will, without doubt, solve the mystery.

MAJ. JIM BRIDGER,

well known at Westport, with whom I had a long conference yesterday at Cheyenne, has spent some thirty odd years in this country. He asserts that the richest "diggings" in the world exist in the Black Hills. But the old man told me the same story ten years ago at Laramie, and in those halcyon days of buckskin, beaver tail, venison and "bar meat," recited legends of diamond mountains to the far north, through which herds of fat deer could be seen grazing upon the other side; of petrified forests and valleys formed of golden nuggets. His weird stories of the strange region to the north of Fort Laramie, while they were capital amusement for a long winter night while sitting over a blazing pine knot in a snug "dug out," were never accepted by us with credence. We loved to hear the old guide tell us of Fremont, of Booneville, of Albert Sydney Johnson and Father DeSmet, but his stories of diamond mountains and valleys paved with golden nuggets, were always taken in with a smile of incredulous indifference. But the old man is here yet and is still talking of the great gold region which Gen. Custer claims to have discovered last July.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT IT.

The Spanish traditions of a century ago located the richest gold region in the world in these hills. Strange stories were circulated by the Spanish settlers of Mexico a century ago, of a country far to the north of this region, where gold existed in large quantities. The French Jesuits of the last century penetrated this region, and their reports and maps now on file in Paris describe this as "a region rich in gold and silver and jewels." Father DeSmet—who died about a year ago in St. Louis—visited this region in 1838. On his return he visited the Rev. Father Donnelly, of Kansas City, and to him spoke of the Balck Hills as a rich gold region. To others in St. Louis, on his return from a second visit to this country, he stated that he knew of a land far to the northwest, that was so rich in the precious metals that when discovered by the whites it would eclipse California and astonish the world.

HIS CHARGE TO THE INDIANS.

Father DeSmet, ever the friend of the wild tribes of the Northwest, and by them regarded to this day with a reverence bordering on adoration, kept the secret of this undiscovered gold region to his death. His charge to the Indians was to guard closely the secret of the existence of gold in their hunting grounds. In 1862, in a conversation with Bishop O'Gorman, of Omaha, he was asked, "are these gold discoveries in Colorado the gold regions you know of?" "No answered that eminent missionary," they are not, but I fear it will not be long before they will be discovered by the white men; when the poor Indian will be driven from his home." The writer has seen Indians from the far north ornamented with plates of pure gold beaten out from nuggets of native metal. Large nuggets have been purchased from these tribes by soldiers at Forts Pierce, Benton, Laramie, and other frontier posts. All these facts tend to confirm the reports of the United States exploring parties of the rich gold region of Northern Wyoming.

THE PROPOSED INVASION.

This country is fairly swarming with adventurers. The towns on the Union Pacific, the valleys in the vicinity, and the camp grounds in the vicinity of all military posts bordering on the Black Hills are alive with camps of prospectors waiting for the opening. It is only ninety miles from Cheyenne to the North Platte, which is the southern line of the Sioux reservation. The gold region reported by Gen. Custer is north of Fort Laramie, but his discoveries find little credence among mountain men here. They locate the gold region west of the Black Hills and east of the Rocky Mountains, south of the "Yellowstone Park," and northwest of Fort Laramie. They base their belief upon "injun signs." The red skins have always opposed all exploration north of the North Platte.

This is significant and its meaning is well understood. PUCK.

GRANT ON THE RUGGED EDGE OF THE JIM JAMS.

People will after a while learn that the Caucasian told the truth years ago when it said Grant was a beastly drunkard. This, from the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, a Radical paper, is enough to convince the most dubious that his habits have not changed since he was a besotted hide scraper at Galena:

There has been in the last six months a renewal of the discussion of the President's foudness for drink, and of the manifest deplorable effects of yielding to the cravings of his appetite. It is boldly charged that he has been frequently, of late, on the ragged edge of the "jim-jams." Whether those making the charges are well informed or not is not known, but it is certain that His Excellency's appearance lends color to the assertion. He has changed greatly within the last four years. Abundant gray hairs have come, especially in his whiskers. But he has acquired within eighteen months a puffy and flabby look and the dimmed eyes that are not usually produced by a rigidly temperate life. Every once in a while a loyal admirer of his Excellency comes from a White House interview with a shocked manner and protruding eye-balls, to take one aside and in a horror-stricken whisper confide the dreadful suspicion that, after all, these stories, heretofore set down to partisan malice, have a foundation in fact. During the currency excitement last spring and summer many good Republicans gathered here to witness and take a hand in the combat astonished themselves and friends by asserting that Grant had been yielding to the seductive and overpowering influence of cold whisky. Precisely was this the case with inflation Republicans, who may have been deceived through their indignations at the veto. The candid, frank testimony of the member of the conference committee on the currency bill, who called at the White House for the purpose of consultation, would be valuable, if it was worth while to sift this matter and get at the whole truth.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL TREATISE.

The edition for 1875 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for about one-fifth of a century. It combines with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1875 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

LOST OR MISLAID.

City warrant issued to Puckett and Davis, No. 712, 923.13-100, dated November 19, 1874. Persons are warned against trading for it, as payment has been stopped.

nov5 3t THOS. B. CLAGETT.

COUNTY COUNCIL P. OF H.

A meeting of the Lafayette County Council P. of H. is called to meet in Lexington on Tuesday December 22, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M. Business of the greatest importance will come before the Council, and it is earnestly desired that every member should be present.

C. C. CATRON, President.

W. B. STREET, Secretary. decl0d

☞ City papers please copy. ☜

Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked-breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt rheum, earache, &c., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price 50 cents, large bottles, $1 00. I. B. ROSE & Co., 52 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may speak. sept27-1y

CHAS. E. SLAYBACK, St. Louis. | PRES. T. SLAYBACK, of Wood's, Slayback & Co. New Orleans.

SLAYBACK & BRO.

PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 3 NORTH MAIN ST.

SAINT LOUIS.

nov5-3-m

INFORMATION WANTED!

OF JOHN McCLURE, or his wife, Martha Jane, whose maiden name was Goodhue. These parties were formerly of Missouri, and about the year 1870, removed from the neighborhood of St. Joseph, to Independence, Oregon. At which place they were last heard from in April 1873. The above parties will hear of something to their advantage by addressing

dec-1t THIS OFFICE.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } LAFAYETTE COUNTY. }

Estate of James Allison, deceased, in the Probate Court, within and for the county of Lafayette, State of Missouri.

NOW at this day, comes Lizzie C. Harwood, of the county and state aforesaid by her attorney, and states that she is a creditor of the estate of James Allison, deceased, and as such creditor presents her petition to said court praying for an order for the sale of the whole or so much of the real estate of said deceased, as will pay and satisfy the remaining debt due by said estate, and yet unpaid for, most of sufficient assets in the hands of the executrix of said estate, and the accounts, lots, and inventories required by law in such case, having been filed on examination whereof it is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be notified that application as aforesaid has been made, and unless the contrary be shown on or before the first day of next term of this court to be held on the

FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY 1875,

an order will be made for the sale of the whole, or so much of the real estate of said deceased as will be sufficient for the payment of said debts, and it is further ordered that this notice be published in the weekly Caucasian, a newspaper printed in said county of Lafayette, for four weeks successively before the commencement of the next term of this court.

W. M. F. GAMMON, Judge of Probate Court.

nov-5-4w

NO MORE RATS IN THE MEAL BARREL,

SMITH'S FLOUR & MEAL CHEST

is rat and mouse proof, perfectly neat and clean in all its arrangements. By using it you will save enough flour in one year to pay for it—to say nothing of time and labor saved—will last a lifetime; and is an article of daily use.

No one should think of going to house-keeping without it. Costs no more than an ordinary meal box. Made to hold any amount desired. Sifter and a nice new biscuit board furnished with each one. Sifts both flour and meal, by simply turning a crank you have, either in the tray ready for mixing, and not one particle of dust or waste. Call and see them. Two doors east City Hotel, Lexington, Mo. nov25-tf

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So that you will get it all back in

REAL and SOLID COMFORT!

By investing it in one of our New Patent

EVENING STAR STOVES

Famous for giving out a Wonderful

STRONG,

PLEASANT AND

UNIFORM HEAT,

AT A SMALL COST FOR FUEL!

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION,

EASILY MANAGED,

Carefully Made of Very Best Materials,

Always has a First-Rate Draft, and is

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

CHARTER OAK STOVES

All work done, and all stoves sold warranted to give satisfaction. Please give us a call. Franklin st., next door to S. & I. Surmere, Lexington. P. S. We will work or sell goods as cheap as the cheapest, and everything warranted to give entire satisfaction. sept7-1y KING & GRAHAM.

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Watches, Clocks, Silverware,

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Sewing Machines.

Needles for all Sewing Machines on hand. Repairs done on short notice and guaranteed. may-10-1y C. G. LUDWIGS.

REMOVAL.

MRS. S. P. ARNOLD, has removed her Millinery Store to stramcke's new building, south side of Main street, where she has just received a very large stock of goods in her line, and requests the ladies of the city and vicinity to call and examine her stock before purchasing elsewhere. As heretofore, her prices will be as low as the lowest, and all goods warranted to be as represented. may-10-1y

City Fruit & News Depot

☞ OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE. ☜

We have just received the largest and choicest stock of

Plain and Fancy Confections

To be found in the West, consisting of all the latest Novelties known to the trade, which cannot fail to please everybody.

We have on hand the largest stock of Fruits &c., to be found in the city.

We also have on hand the latest styles of Stationery, and keep the choicest Brands of Cigars.

We also Manufacture Ice Cream Candy fresh every day.

A call is respectfully solicited. Respectfully,

BALL & HIXON.

Read and Remember

THAT

ROYLE & NEW,

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NEW STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

SUITABLE FOR EVERYBODY.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

Of the latest styles and every variety.

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF

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Watkins & Son's Cassimeres, Flannels, Yarns and Blankets A SPECIALTY.

Valises and Trunks .....from $2 to $

A complete stock of Hardware.

All of which we propose to sell for CASH bottom prices. Don't forget, but remember you read: No. 91 MAIN ST., is the place to get good bargains.

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—IN—

Dry-Goods

—AT—

WILSON'S

DRY-GOODS EMPORIUM.

Dry-Goods Are Cheaper now than in the Good Old Times.

We are determined to clean out our ENTIRE STOCK if possible by the first of January, and great Bargains will be offered with that end in view.

WE INTEND TO DO OUR UTMOST TO DRAW THE TRADE TO LEXINGTON.

Knowing that we will do our share of the business when brought here. If the goods and prices are not satisfactory don't buy; but we shall be glad to have you call, and promise you in advance every advantage that our best efforts in your behalf can possibly afford:

Best Prints, 8 1-3 cts
Ginghams, 9 yards for $1
Corsets 50 cents, worth 1
Crash, 10 yards for 1
Towels, per doz. 1
Bleached Cotton, 12 1-2, worth, 1
10 yards Bleached Cotton for 1

Everything in the house in proportion. Call early and for yourselves. Respectfully,

HUGH. T. WILSON.

BEST OF ALL.

THE HOWE.

THE improved, light-running Howe Sewing Machine stands ahead of all competitors

For Family Use.

It is simple, durable, and easily managed. A child can learn to run it. It is made of the best materials, rarely gets out of order, and runs perfectly noiselessly. All the Howe Machines are warranted, AND ARE KEPT IN REPAIR FREE.

Office and salesroom, in store lately occupied by Eisehart, on Main street. Please call and examine machines and prices.

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