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WM. YOUNG. E. W. GROVES. J. T. SMITH.

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The Proprietor respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.

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Run through between St. Louis and Kansas City, without change, and no change of cars between Kansas City and Denver, with Pullman Palace Sleepers through to San Francisco, Salt Lake, Virginia City, Portland, and all points in the Territories, California, Oregon and Utah.

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SHORT LINE!

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FROM LEXINGTON TO ALL POINTS EAST

2 Express Trains from Lexington East and CAMERON, DAILY!

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Pasturage furnished to mares from a distance free of charge, but no care taken to prevent accidents, and all breeding should be at our risk.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

Description: Forest Boy is a blood bay, six years old, seven and a half hands high, with white hind leg, and a little white on his face, and weighs about 1,100 lbs.

Pedigree: Forest Boy is sired by Rev. Kentucky Hunter, he by sire by Boston; Hunter, he by Sir Archy; he by sire by Mercury; dam by Young Henry; dam by Mercury; dam by Young Highlander; sired Watkins' Highlander; Young Highlander by old imported Highlander; his dam was a thoroughbred Arabian, imported by Sam Bowman, owned by Col. Palmer, of New York; his sire was an Arabian, out of a Barb mare; Flora's dam, Lady Lucy, by Boston; dam by Sir Archy; dam Jenny, having sprung from the most illustrious descendants, and from three of the most famous and superior race horses of the best importation.

Dam's Pedigree—She was a bay mare got by Sir Hugh; he by Sir Archy; dam Margaret Woods, owned by Col. Wade Hampton, deceased, of South Carolina, she by Glencoe, well known to have been the most successful mared or bred by imported stock from England; she out of Margaret Woods, and she by Hugh Pelham, out of Mary West, by Eclipse, out of Cressida, sister to Filho, who, from the character of her pedigree and performance, was justly considered the best mare of her day, in England. The sire and more than any other horse ever imported to the United States.

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ZACH. J. MITCHELL.

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☞ METALLIC BURIAL CASES! ☜

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FOR FLOURING AND SAW MILLS!

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Cor. Main & Poplar Sts.,

Lexington, - - Missouri,

THOS. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

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— AND —

RETAIL!

H. & F. WINKLER,

WOULD respectfully announce to the public, generally, that they have a large assortment of the best kind of

FUNITUAES

At their Ware Rooms and Manufactory.

☞ OF THEIR OWN MAKE! ☜

They also keep constantly on hand, a very good stock of

CHAIRS, PARLOR FURNITURE,

All of which we offer for

VERY LOW PRIESE!

We are also prepared to do all kinds of

TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING!

AT OUR FACTORY, SOUTH ST.

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Thomas Gibbons,

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GROCERIES,

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Teas, Coffees, Flour, Spices, Provisions, Woodenware, Willow Ware, Notions, &c., &c.

At the old stand, Second Block, on Main street, Brick Row, Lexington, Mo. Country Produce, Furniture, Coffins and Burial Goods, &c.

At Boston Prices,

FOR CASH.

An early call to examine the stock is kindly solicited. I propose to sell as cheap as the cheapest for CASH. Highest market price paid for Country Produce. Remember the place, Third street, opposite the Catholic Church, Lexington, Mo.

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49y1

THE PRESS

BY MAJ. J. N. EDWARDS

Read before the Editorial Convention at Sedalia.

An Editor sat in his easy chair,
For the day's hard work was done;
A wind of summer blew over his hair,
Some gold of the setting sun
It may have been June, with her world in bloom,
Or May, with her world in flower,
For the ink, enchanted, turned into perfume—
A castle's height was the dingy room,
And the twilight availed the hour.

When the night at its roll, rolled back upon earth,
A glorified tide of dreams;
Some born of a moment's fleet-footed mirth,
And some of the prescience that seems
Asleep our awakes—the souls sacred time—
When life, as a banner unfurled,
Shows the scroll of our deeds, their reason and rhyme,
The trials endured, the duties sublime,
As the Editor's about to the world.

Was it sleep? But no matter, the sun,
As a king sorely wounded, had died
All the clouds as with crimson, and won
The Earth in his bold lady bride,
The young morning. A figure stood on his shield,
A magical mirror was seen,
Where falsehood shrunk shaking, unwilling to yield,
The true shone battle, the false fled the field,
The future to compare between.

There was a hostility felt with the light,
Herewith unavailed had won;
There was Merit beneath the light,
Lost substance left shadow and sun;
Faith, knee bent to altars thrown down;
And Priestly sanctity, decrepid,
On Charity's face was mirrored a frown;
Truth's acme brow had never a crown,
Nor courage a star on his forehead.

The world—behold a—I that was—own,
I was thick with its fancies of live;
Where abandoned, outcast, and unknown,
No hearts were sought for the wheat.
Our brothers, awake and be strong,
Take arms and march on to the fight;
The Press leads the vanguard against wrong,
To the Peers the triumph and song—
The morning that follows the night.

We are making yet—it matters not,
Thereon—our course—I have to bring
The great battle, unless and unawed
To be fought against country, passion and sin;
Here set and hail to liberty crusader,
That brings society to bear;
Here Hypocrisy flatters and poisons;
Here error intriguers with fact traitors;
Here the sky is rage for the dawn.

What is sleep? But no matter, the sun,
As a king sorely wounded had died
All the clouds as with crimson, and won
The Earth in his bold lady bride,
The young morning. A figure stood on his shield,
A magical mirror was seen,
Where falsehood shrunk shaking, unwilling to yield,
The true shone battle, the false fled the field,
The future to compare between.

The lover is here, who devoted,
Where ever and true had one vow;
The song-mated birds, the sweet-thatched,
Are Paradise Bars to the end.
Society's freedom hath dynast because—
Here circles of joy and distress—
But the blade that is consecrated,
Keen edged, sure-aimed and true,
The Executioner Editor of the Press!

Editor! Editor! in his easy chair,
But the world hath a place waiting;
The good of the sun was gone from his hair,
In the golden gain of the day.
But the morning morn sang a sweeter song,
And his heart its anthem again
Go hand for the world against the strong,
Go alone for the right against the wrong,
To stand as the first to win.

The way is rough to many, we know,
Who prate to your armor on;
In the struggle for life it is blow for blow,
And victory when much is done.
But the Press bears aloft our standard, must be,
Unsullied, unfettered, unbraced,
The Cyclopean Ark in the midst of the sea,
The spirit of the brave, the hope of the free,
Humanity—GOD to the world.

A MARYLANDER'S STORY.

My story is a ghost story, and one of the genuine article. I conclude, from putting together my preconceived ideas of ghosts and the particular experience I have to relate on this occasion. It is an experience so strange, so terrible and so fraught with poignant grief, that for a long time after its occurrence I shrank from all mention of it; but time, the great alleviator, enables me now to sit down and give a calm account of the events to which I refer.

I was night editor on the Hawback Morning Sentinal. My associate in the local department was West Suffin, a young fellow of keen perceptions, ready wit and active ability. He had clear eyes, a concentrative brown, a rather pale complexion, a long, daring jet-black mustache, and an open wide-awake look that was a faithful index to his character. Nothing escaped his observation. He was indefatigable industrious, and picked up all the news, delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. He was best Local we had ever had, and our department of city news, soon after his advent outstripped those of all our contemporaries in variety and spice.

Ward had one fault, however. The social bowl possessed powerful attractions for him, and it was too often evident that he had been imbibing more freely than a sound judgment would dictate. To be sure, he was seldom unfitted for business—not more than once in three or four months, perhaps—but he was pursuing a path which, if persisted in, must, I endeavored to pursuade him, eventually result in his own downfall. I talked to him often about it, but although he always listened pleasantly, my words seemed to be uselessly expended. He was always the same free and easy, light-hearted convivial fellow, and hard working, valuable assistant.

He would frequently choose a topic of popular interest and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in a trice, gossipy vein just calculated to catch the public attention. This was in addition to his regular work as city editor. The amount of labor he accomplished, and the ease with which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme "Dregs and Scum." He penetrated the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a wonderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes the bright spot in their lives, together with scraps of adventure and incident—exciting, amusing and pathetic were all treated with rare spirit and grace by his ready pen.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resort of thieves, villians and desperadoes, and plunged into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many chances. "We will see what can be fished up from the slime," he would say, with a mocking laugh, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Or again he would announce that he had an appointment to meet some distinguished friends, the true purport of which remark we all well understood.

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Bailey, his assistant, had another apartment just across the hall.

One night about half-past eleven Ward said to me.

"Well, Peck, I guess I'll go out and see what I can see. I've sent in a couple of columns, and Dobbin will be on the look-out to report if anything turns up. I'll be back by half-past one or two."

Dobbin was a middle aged, seedy individual, of some ability, but no particular occupation, who loafed around the office most of the time, in readiness to assist for a small remuneration, in any department that happened to be crowded. He frequently lent his aid to Ward in reporting police cases, accidents, rows and the like.

"Hold on, Ward!" I said, looking him in the face; "had'nt you better wait until to-morrow night?"

"Why? Oh! I know: you think I'm not exactly well balanced. But I'm all right. I'm just in the mood for it to-night, too."

"Yes, you always are, for that matter. Where do you propose to go to-night."

"Down to Muggins' Forks."

The very worst place in the city! The concentration of vile and desperate lawlessness!

"You're not in earnest, Ward? You're not going there to-night, are you?"

"That's just where I'm going. You know their great mogul, Barney Buck, is awaiting for trial for that highway robbery scrape, and I want to hear their comments. Jove! won't it be a rich treat!"

"I heard they were going to have a talk about it."

"Yes, Muggins' Forks is to hold an indignation meeting. Ha! ha!"

"Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's all."

"Well, Peck, I don't want you to go. But I'm going."

"You may take this if you want it," and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a six shooter.

"No!" he exclaimed, laughing in scorn.

"You had better take it."

But he persisted in declining.

"Very well: have your own way. But be cool, and keep a sharp look-out. And promise me one thing. Ward; that you will not drink anything more to-night, at least until you get back."

He had been slowly moving toward the door, and now rushed out suddenly exclaiming, with a laugh:

"All right. I guess not."

After he was gone I moved uneasily in my chair for some moments, and at least with an effort bent myself to the work before me. Presently Bailey came in on an errand.

"Where's Suffin?" he said.

"Don't ask," I replied.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a scowl. "He gone long?"

"Till half-past one, he said."

"Well, I hope he'll get back." And with the last word the door swung shut, as Bailey retired.

I echoed an Amen to his wish. We all liked Ward, and felt an interest in him. He was so young, so bright, and capable of so much.

My head was not clear that night. I could not think straight, nor bring my energies to bear on the tasks before me. So I took my meerschaum down from its shelf, scraped it out carefully, went to a private drawer, and filled the pipe with genuine Turkish tobacco that I kept on hand for rare occasions like the present one. For it was not often that my brain baffled me, and when it did, a pipe full of this tobacco would invariably set things going swimmingly. I suspect it contained a liberal admixture of those fascinating, treacherous drugs for which the East is famous, for its effect was always indescribably exhilirating. It gave me new energy, new life, and a quick, far-sighted penetration that could grapple with any problem within the scope of my learning or information.

Perhaps I took a more liberal allowance than usual that time. I do not know that I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by any work as on that particular night. I worked on steadily and untiringly, conscious of no effort, and completely absorbed in the tasks before me.

I do not know how long I had this sat, when a very strange incident occurred. It was the beginning of the strangest experience of my life—an experience whose parallel I hope and expect never to pass through again.

My tasks were completed, with the exception of one or two trifles, and I leaned back in my chair and yawned. Happening to look around—I know not what it was that impelled me to look around at that particular moment—I beheld the door open noiselessly and Ward Suffin entered. It was about two o'clock, or after.

"What's the matter, Ward?" I cried, for there was a bright red wound on his forehead, and ever vestige of color seemed to have faded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but proceeded direct to his desk and sat down. He walked with his usual quick step, and immediately on seating himself took pencil and paper and began to write.

"Ward! I say."

Still he did not reply. His pencil travelled over the paper rapidly.

"Ward!" I spoke loudly and sharply.

But he paid no attention to my voice. I concluded that he was so absorbed as not to hear me—though that would not be like him. I felt curious to know how he had received the wound on his forehead, which, however, I concluded from his cool behavior could be nothing serious.

I took a newspaper, rolled it up into a bunch, and threw it at his head, thinking to startle him.

Horror! It seemed to go through him, and he went on writing, apparently undisturbed.

I gazed at him spell-bound.

Finally he threw down his pencil and arose.

"See here, old boy!" I exclaimed, springing up and starting toward him.

But without even so much as looking at me, he walked quickly to the door, opened it, seemed to glide out, and closed it noiselessly after him.

I followed him hastily. Going into the outer hall, I expected to overtake him, but he was not in sight. I ran across an office boy.

"Did you see Mr. Suffin just now?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"You did not?"

"No, sir. There ha'n't been nobody here."

"How long have you been here?"

"A few minutes. I was waitin' for Jim."

"Ward certainly just came out here from my room."

"Guess not—leastwise I didn't see him."

I was bewildered. I returned to my room, and was just about to sit down to my table when I thought myself to examine what Ward had written.

I went to his desk, and to my intense astonishment and horror, read the following:

MURDER.—Mr. Ward Suffin, local editor of this paper, came to his death at the hands of assassins shortly before two o'clock this morning. He had been attending—as a spectator—an indignation meeting at Muggins' Forks, and, while leaving, was set upon by three ruffians and severely beaten. One of the trio accomplished their murderous design by striking a fearful blow on his forehead with a small bar of iron. They left his body in a cellar way in Pinche's Alley.

At first I was so transfixed as to be able only to hold the paper in my hand and stare at it. I read it thrice over, scanning each word and letter in a horrible fascination. It was Ward's handwriting—there was no mistake about that; and Ward had written it—for I had seen him.

Strange to say, no suspicion of a practical joke entered my head for an instant. Calm reflection would doubtless have suggested that explanation of the affair. But I did not reflect calmly. I proceeded upon a conclusion without delay, and that was, that Ward *had* been murdered, and that I had seen his ghost! Strange proceeding, would it not be, for a man to appear after being killed and write his own obituary? However the strangeness nor the preposterousness of the idea did not enter my mind then. I simply accepted it at once, with all its horror and wildness.

As I said, I held the paper in my hand, and read it carefully. I was in a sort of stupor for a few seconds, and then came suddenly the desire to act. The place mentioned as the receptacle of Ward's body must be searched immediately.

I laid the paper down and went to the door. As I opened it a gust of wind swept in, creating quite a commotion among the papers. I sprang back to the table. Ward's manuscript had blown off with the rest, and I stooped down to look for for it. Just then I heard Bailey's step in the outer hall, and I called:

"Bailey! Bailey! Come in here, for God's sake!

"What's up Peck?"

He entered hastily, and spoke with surprised anxiety. I can't distinctly recollect, much less account for, my manner on that night.

"It's just as I feared," I said, still searching for the missing paper.

"What is it?"

"Ward—"

"What of him?"

"He is killed."

"WARD KILLED? How? When? Who brought the news?

I suddenly paused in my search and stared at him blankly as he asked the last question.

"Why don't you answer me?" His voice was full of harshness and distress.

"Who told you? Where is he."

"In a cellar-way on Pinche's Alley.

"Who brought the news? Will you answer that?

"He brought it himself—or rather his ghost did," I anwered doggedly.

"See here, Peck," said Baily, sharply, "don't have any fooling on such a subject. Are you joking, or are you not?"

"Joking! No, no! I wish I was. But come on!" I seized him by the shoulder and endeavored to drag him toward the door. "We must find his body."

Baily thought I was out of my head, and I do not blame him. He disengaged himself from my grasp and wheeled about facing me.

"Now tell me what you mean!" he said sternly, with a voice and manner that brought me back to coherency.

In as calm a manner as possible I related to him the events of the few moments just passed.

When I had concluded he eyed me narrowly and his face bore an incredulous look.

"You don't believe me," I said. "But be kind enough to help me for a moment, and we will soon find the paper. The wind blew it on the floor."

We searched for sometime, but in vain. I felt rather chagrinned, and was doubly anxious to find it. But it was not to be found. We searched every stray scrap.

"It must have fallen into the fire-place," I said. "See—there are its charred remains now."

"Yes, I see," said Baily, looking at me pityingly: "But never mind to-night, Peck. You had better go home and get rested."

This infuriated me.

"You are trifling!" I ejaculated. "You don't believe me. But I am neither drunk nor crazy. I have spoken the truth, and you or some one else must go with me immediately to Muggins' Forks."

Baily poohed, and endeavored to persuade me out of this idea, whereat I left him without ceremony.

I made my way into the street and walked swiftly to the police headquarters.

I was well acquainted there, and without being obliged to enter into minute speculations, was furnished with an escort of two officers.

"Been a fuss at the Forks, did you say?" remarked one of them, after we had got well on our way.

"Yes—in fact: there has been a murder—"

"Whew! That's coming it pretty strong!

"No, I might not have been believed if I had. It is rather a singular affairs, take it all through. But if we search the cellar-ways on Pinche's Alley, it's my opinion that we'll find the body of Ward Suffin."

Both men uttered starled exclamations at this, and demanded to know my reasons for thus speaking.

I then detailed to them the particulars that have already been related at which they uttered sundry expressions of surprise and incredulity.

But we hurried on faster than ever, and in due course of time reached that quarter of the city known as Muggins' Forks. It was in a state of comparative quietude, being dark, and silent lights gimmering only occasionally here and there out of low groggeries.

Soon we turned on Pinche's Alley, a narrow, dirty, dark lane, from various quarters of which arose stenches almost unbearable. We walked slowly and cautiously along, guided by the light of one of the policemen's lanterns, which cast about a ghostly glimmer, seeming to make visible the foulness of the air and the corruption which left not untainted one inch of space. With hesitating step and dread anticipation we pursued our horrible search. Down into damp places and nests of filth we peered, withdrawing from each as soon as we had scanned it thoroughly.

We found it.

It lay partially doubled up, but the head and face were visible. I looked first at the forehead, and there was a bright red wound, corresponding precisely with the one I had seen on—what?

We carefully gathered it up, and straightened it out, and composed the limbs in a less painful posture. There were two hands that worked with loving, though troubling touch.

It was taken to the hospital, in order to ascertain beyond preadventure whether or not life was extinct, physician said he must have been dead an hour.

I thought when I returned to the office, that Bailey looked upon me with an expression akin to awe. But I was in a mood far from triumphant. I had loved Ward dearly, and was bowed down with grief at his untimely and terrible death.

I spare all sickening details of the excitement that followed, of the talk about my part in the tragedy, and the fruitless search for the murderers.

Afterward Baily made me give him a more explicit account of the strange manner in which I received information of the tragic event.

And as I minutely described each circumstance, he alternately opened his eyes wide, scrowled, laughed, and looked wise. What else could I do?

I do not attempt to give any explanation of what I have related. The facts—or my memory of them—have been laid before the reader. But as I think them over, questions obtrude themselves upon each other.

Was I dreaming? If so, is there method in dreams? And can a stimulated brain receive an impression from a dream so vivid and indelible as to be indistinguishable from a memory of an actual fact? If so, what is memory but a delusion, and to that extent can we trust our recollections of the past? But why pursue the subject?

The Legislature of Ohio has passed a law authorizing counties, towns and cities to build railroads, provided each project be submitted to a popular vote, and secure a majority of two-thirds of all the voters. The funds for the construction of said road may be raised by borrowing a sum not exceeding five per cent. on the amount of personal and real estate actually listed for taxation. This legislation was intended to develop local railroad enterprises upon the narrow gauge basis. The limitations imposed upon this power, however, will render it impossible to carry out a scheme of corrupt ring interests. It is more likely that many deserving enterprises will fail for lack of the two-thirds vote.

The New York Herald is illiteratively happy in styling the platform adopted by the Grant convention at Elmira, a "Reckless Redundancy of Resolutions." The convention actually seemed to defy the public sentiment of the country in its plethoric verbosity of language and fulsome reiteration of sentiments, to most of which the record of its own party furnishes the most conclusive contradiction.

A man named Hog who had been found guilty of murder, laid claim to some relationship with the judge about to sentence him