THE INTELLIGENCER
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At Two Dollars per Annum, in Advance.
L. W. GROVES, } EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.
JNO. S. DAVIS, }
THE INTELLIGENCER has the largest circulation in Lafayette county of any paper published in Lexington. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates—$1 per square for first insertion, and 50 cts. for each continuance. Liberal reduction on yearly advertisements.

Lexington Weekly Intelligencer.

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JOB PRINTING.
THE INTELLIGENCER JOB OFFICE is well supplied with plain and ornamental type, the best presses, a large stock of stationery, &c., and we are thus prepared to turn out all kinds of Printing at short notice.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Orders by mail attended to promptly, and no pains will be spared to give satisfaction both as to price and workmanship.
GROVES & DAVIS.

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HUTCHINS & TAYLOR,
Real Estate and Insurance Agents,
LEXINGTON, MO.
NOTARY BUSINESS, Conveyancing, Rents Collected, Taxes Paid, and other business transactions attended to. [apr5ly

REAL ESTATE AGENCY
BY THOMAS C. BLEDSOE.
Office in Aull's buildings, up stairs, No. 47,
Lexington, Mo.
Rents collected, taxes paid, loans negotiated, &c., &c. sep13-1y

ORNAMENTAL AND SIGN
PAINTING.
I will give my attention to ornamental painting of all kinds; especially fancy signs and lettering. I am now prepared to do the best of work in that line, and guarantee satisfaction. Terms reasonable. Leave orders at the grocery store of Dixon & Macey. my24-1y W. BOOTHMAN.

WM. LIMRICK.
BANKER,
WILL RECEIVE DEPOSITS, BUY AND sell EXCHANGE, U. S. BONDS, GOLD and SILVER. Note and Time Drafts bought; collections made. The patronage of friends and the public solicited. [apr5-1y

THE AULL SAVINGS BANK.
(Successor to Banking House of Robert Aull.)
Lexington, Missouri.
GEO. WILSON, President.
JOHN AULL, Vice-President
JAMES AULL, Cashier.
JO. A. WILSON, Ass't Cashier.
A GENERAL Banking and Exchange Business. Collections made. Loans negotiated. Interest paid on time deposits. Savings deposits sums of five dollars and upwards, received and interest paid on same. Exchange on all parts of Europe. [apr5

WM. MORRISON. S. G. WENTWORTH.
WM. MORRISON & CO.,
BANKERS.
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.
BUY AND SELL FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC Exchange, Gold and Silver, and transact a general banking business.
Particular attention given to collections, and proceeds promptly remitted at current rate of Exchange.
The highest market price paid for County and City Warrants, and all descriptions of Bonds negotiated on favorable terms.
Will allow interest on time deposits at agreed rates.

THE LEXINGTON SAVINGS BANK,
OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI,
Main Street, Opposite Court-House,
JOHN W. WADDELL, Pres't.
MOSES CHAPMAN, Cashier.

WM. B. KINCAID. JAMES WENTWORTH.
EXCHANGE
AND
BANKING HOUSE
OF
WM. B. KINCAID & CO.,
BROWNSVILLE, MO.
EXCHANGE on St. Louis, and other cities, Bought and Sold. Collections made, and proceeds promptly remitted at current rate of exchange. United States and other Stocks bought and sold on commission, and Real Estate paper negotiated on favorable terms. jul19-1y

Dr. W. P. BOULWARE,
CONTINUES THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE in Lexington, Mo., and its vicinity. His residence is on Third street, and office near to the old Farmers' Bank. For the information of strangers, he would state that he has an experience in the practice of his profession of thirty-five years. [apr5-1y

DOCTOR CHINN
PHYSICIAN AND OBSTETRICIAN Office and Residence at Mrs. M. E. Bowman's, on South street. june19-1y

EYE INFIRMARY.
DR. SAMUEL GALLAND has fitted up his office on the corner of Franklin and Laurel streets, Lexington, Mo., where he will treat all diseases of the eye of whatever nature. Patients coming from a distance can obtain suitable boarding places. Address Box 15, Lexington, Missouri. jul12tf

LEXINGTON CITY MILLS.
EMANUEL EASTER, PROPRIETOR.
Water Street, Lexington, Mo.
THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR constantly on hand, also Bran and Feed.
All orders left at P. C. Patterson & Co's store, corner Main and Laurel, will be promptly attended to. n15-1y

HAIR WORK.
MISS ANNA DOWDEN,
Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of
HAIR GOODS.
HAIR JEWELRY made neatly and promptly. Combings straightened, Switches, Curls, Chignons, Braids and Rolls made to order. Will supply to order every description of
HAIR GOODS.
Call and see head Mrs. Price & Arnold's Millinery Store, Lexington, Mo. ma3tf.

Game, Fish & Oyster
DEPOT.
DUTCH ROW, - Lexington, Mo.,
O'CONNOR & OWNES, Props.
AT the Game Depot of O'Connor & McLeod can be constantly found fresh
GAME,
FISH, OYSTERS,
VEGETABLES,
Of all kinds.
Cash Paid for Anything and Everything a Farmer can Bring in. n42-1y

SADDLES AND HARNESS
T. C. CRENSHAW,
In the Brick building one door north of O. S. Presbyterian Church, Pine St.,
Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of
Saddles, Harness,
BRIDLES,
COLLARS,
ZINC COLLAR PADS,
HORSE BRUSHES,
CURRY COMBS,
HARNESS OIL,
HALTERS,
WHIPS,
SPURS,
&C. &C.
Every article usually kept in a house of the kind.
In our harness none but the best OAK TAN LEATHER is used, and made by experienced workmen. I will sell as cheap as good work can be sold anywhere. Repairing done at any time.
T. C. CRENSHAW.

St. Louis Advertisements

J. M. BEMIS. E. J. BROWN. S. A. BEMIS.
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& CO.
Manufacturers of All Kinds of
SACKS
AND DEALERS IN
DOMESTIC COTTONS.
AGENTS
HOME
COTTON
MILLS.
104 AND 106 N. MAIN STREET.
ST. LOUIS.

No. 304 North Third Street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
jy1ly
SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE
St. Louis Tag Manufactory
Where you can get shipping tags printed—twine or wire string. Also Merchandise Tags, fancy styles, green or white color, silk, cotton or wire string, as low in prices and as good in quality as any house in the trade.—Address, Tag Manufactory, Post Office box 2826, St. Louis, Mo.

STATE LOTTERIES
—OF—
MISSOURI.
Draw at 12 and 5 o'clock
Each Day.
MURRAY, MILLER & CO.
Managers.
ST. LOUIS MO.

St. Louis Advertisements

Mrs. A. S. Pommer

HAS on hand the celebrated Schutze & Ludolf
Pianos,
Also, KURTZMANN'S, at the lowest rates.
No. 712 Chesnut street, St. Louis, Mo. jy11y

JAMES SWENEY,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Copper, Sheet Iron and Tin Work,
BOILERS and Alcohol Stills, Plumbers' Boilers, Copper Kettles, Steamboat and Hotel Cooking Ranges, &c., No. 613 North Main street, St. Louis, Mo. jy11y

GEO. F. BRITTON. HIRAM MILLER.
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Fancy Dry Goods,
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L. BROHAMMER & CO.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION
& FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,
No. 15 South Commercial Street,
Exchange Building,
Saint Louis, Missouri.
Personal attention given to the Purchase and Sale of Grain, Flour, Pork, Lard, Hemp, Rope, Cotton, Tobacco, &c.

JOSEPH A. BUCKLAND,
GENERAL
Commission Merchant,
NOS. 109 & 111 N. COMMERCIAL ST.,
Bet. Chesnut and Pine, St. Louis, Mo.
Prompt attention given to orders for purchasing Flour, Grain &c.

PLANTERS HOUSE,
SPARR & KALREY, Proprietors. Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.
THIS House is in the business center, with street cars passing every few minutes.

THE ARION

Is the purest in tone, the most powerful, the most elegantly finished, the most durable, and will stand in tune longer than any other. All 7 1-3 octave. Write for circular.
PARLOR GEM PIANO are durable, fine tone, and low priced. Teachers and Ministers liberally dealt with. Try them.
All are Fully Warranted.

THE ESTEY
COTTAGE ORGAN,
$50 TO $1,000.
Is the best made. Buy no other. Call and hear them, at 211, North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo. Circulars mailed on application. When you order state what paper you saw this advertisement in.
VIELE & MILLS, General Agents,
43-1y Successors to J. Viele.

BOURBON HOUSE,
COR. MAIN & POPLAR STS.,
Lexington, - - Missouri,
THOS. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
THIS is a First Class Hotel, furnished in good style, nice clean beds, comfortable rooms, and table furnished with all the market affords. Travelers stopping in our city will find at this house all the comforts of home. nov12-m6

LONG'S HOTEL,
Pine Street, North of Main,
Lexington, Mo.
Excellent Rooms, good accommodations, and reasonable charges.

LYNCH HOUSE,
Sedalia, Missouri.
NORTH side Pacific Railroad, near Pacific Railroad Depot. Transient board, $1 per day. jy17y PATRICK LYNCH, Proprietor.

MAMMOTH
Livery, Feed & Sale
STABLE.
[Late Brant & Arter.]
JAMES ARTER, - - - Proprietor.
Pine Street, Lexington, Mo.
I KEEP constantly on hand, and for hire, Buggies, Carriages, Hacks and Saddle Horses. If you want fast driving stock, go to the Mammoth Stable.
JAMES ARTER, Proprietor.

REAPERS! REAPERS!
Now that there is a small demand for this article, I wish to offer you the best built, the best finished, the strongest, the simplest, lightest running reaper, and the only machine sold direct from the manufactory to dealers in the United States, to-wit:
THE CHAMPION.
There have already been five sold from this city this season, and perhaps there will be no others but the Champion sold from this place in 1872, unless at a reduced price, or on twelve months time. This well-known reaper has been reduced two hundred pounds in weight, and now is a stronger reaper than ever, with the continuous large axle through the center. As to certificates, I can give two hundred more than any other reaper ever sold in this county, by such men as Orlando Bradley, Thomas Shelby, L. B. Gordon, J. R. Ford, Carter Temple, Pat. Marshall & Brothers, Lewis and Isaac Neale, Walter Barnes, Lemeur & Bro., R. K. Nelson, Cyrus Osburn, Stephen Cheatham, Thos. Cobb, Hamner & Brothers, John Harris, Strother Resick and a host of others. Come everybody and look at the Champion, before you purchase elsewhere. Sold for $185. One third let of July, one third let of September, and one third let of November.
jel9-4tf JO. HOOK, Agent.

STRAY NOTICE.
TAKEN UP by A. G. Phillips in Sni-a-Bar township, in Lafayette county, Missouri, and posted before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace of Sni-a-Bar township, county and State aforesaid, on the 28th day of July, 1872, one stray mare, described as follows: A chesnut sorrel mare, 14½ hands high, six years old past; had on when taken up a brass bell, No. 3; appraised at thirty dollars by Sanford Phillips and Wm. Phillips, who were by me duly sworn according to law, to appraise the same. Witness my hand, this day and date above written.
au7 DAN'L G. DOTY, Justice of the Peace.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for ever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forests leaves drink daily life
From our the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he scents a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there is no death.

ACROSTIC.

The lines below were written by a boy not more than twelve years of age, and give evidence of more than ordinary brightness and talent:

Many birds of matchless beauty
In the hot Brazils reside,
Soaring through the lovely valley,
Singing by the river side.

Loud the growlings of the tiger,
And the songs of bright, gay birds,
Under tall trees' lofty branches,
Rarely scare the feeding herds.

Antelopes of noted swiftness,
Ever in this valley live,

Many parrots of bright colors,
Everywhere great beauty give.
None of these beauties can ever compare
Good with my heroine, Laura the fair.

J. A. C. M.

THE DISINHERITED.

Mr. Amos Arkwright sat before his study fire cogitating. He was thinking over the words uttered by Squire Conseworth half an hour before, when that worthy had been sitting with him over the sherry and pine-apples at desert.

"What very fine young men your nephews are, Mr. Arkwright!"

"Yes," muttered Amos, "I suppose they are very fine young men—very fine young men indeed. But I wish they hadn't been brought up with the idea that they had a rich uncle to fall back upon. Florian is a desperately extravagant young coxcomb, without an idea in his head except the club house and his new silver dressing box; and as for Albert, studious and thoroughgoing as he may be, there's something about him that always reminds me of the ring of false metal. Since the days of Joseph Surface no one has ever believed in those model young men. I've almost a mind to turn my money into gold-bars and throw it into the East river. I really believe the boys would do better if I were bankrupt. Hallo! here comes Florian now."

Florian Leverson lounged into the room, a handsome, blue-eyed young man, with gold-brown hair, and a merry Apollo-shaped mouth.

"Well, uncle," saluted the youth, dropping languidly into a chair.

"Well, young man," brusquely responded the uncle, in a tone denoting no very rapturous welcome.

"I was just looking for you, uncle."

"Were you, indeed?" said the old man dryly.

"I wanted to tell you something."

"More debts, eh?"

"Not exactly, sir. Uncle," with a desperate effort, as one might pull the string of an iced shower bath, "i'm engaged to be married."

"And who is the young lady?"

"Alice Dean."

"A pretty girl, very, for those who fancy the Anglo-Spanish style of good looks; but you've made a fool of yourself."

"In what way, sir?" demanded Florian.

"She don't care a straw for you—it's your expectations she's going to marry."

"Uncle!"

"Don't tell me!" cried Mr. Arkwright. "As if I didn't find out the hollow hypocrisy of this scheming, knavish world long before you were born. Marry the girl—be a fool, if you like; but mark my words:—if you weren't the nephew of Amos Arkwright, the rich old bachelor, Alice Dean wouldn't look at you twice."

"Uncle, you are speaking what is false!"

"Hold your tongue," wrathfully interjected Mr. Arkwright, "or I'll disinherit you!"

"I would rather be disinherited than thus insulted," rejoined the hot tempered nephew.

By way of answer, Mr. Arkwright merely rose and strode out of the room, nearly tumbling over his other nephew, Albert Wheatley, at the head of the stairs.

"My dear uncle," cried Albert, a tall, dark, stylish-looking man, with a voice as soft as a flute.

"Don't speak to me," cried Mr. Arkwright, "for I'm in a passion."

"In a passion, uncle?"

"With your shiftless, good-for-nothing, jackanapes of a cousin, Florian Leverson."

Albert Wheatley's face assumed a mild expression of sympathetic regret.

"It is scarcely to be wondered at, uncle; Florian's principles are indeed to be deplored."

Mr. Awkwright cut Albert short by hurrying past him down stairs and shooting into the street.

Half an hour afterward he came back in a bustle.

"Boys," he cried, putting his head into the room where his nephews were enduring one another's company by the adventitious aid of the evening newspapers, "I've got to go out west to see about the railroad lands I've been buying. There's been trouble in the new board of directors and I must look after my interest in person."

And thus disappeared Mr. Amos Arkwright.

Alice Dean was retrimming her opera hat a Week or two afterward, when the door opened, and Florian Leverson walked deliberately in.

She smiled a welcome to her lover. But then she noticed he looked very pale.

"Florian, what has happened?"

"I have bad news to tell you, Alice," said Leverson, seating himself beside her. "My uncle has died somewhere out West. He has been threatened with apoplexy for some time past, but he was a person who never took any precautions for his health; and I am left a beggar."

"O, Florian, I thought he was rich!"

"So he was; but through some strange pique or perversion, he has left all his fortune to my cousin Albert."

"But Mr. Wheatley will surely divide with you Florian; he knows that you two were brought up together in anticipation of an equal share of the family estate."

Florian's lips curved bitterly.

"You do not know Albert Wheatly, Alice; he is selfish, cruel, and grasping. I never new him to share an apple or a handful of marbles with anybody else,"

"Then, Florian—"

"Then, Alice, my little treasure, there is but one alternative left upon to me—to give you back the troth you plighted me. I cannot drag you to poverty with me now."

"Florian," cried Alice, with the tears flushing into her soft eyes and a deeper dye of crimson coming to her cheek, "do you think I would give up your love now? Never, dearest! Let us be poor and happy together; we can both work, and love will shed a sunshine over the darkest lot."

"But, Alice, you have been so tenderly brought up."

"Do you think I am dependent on velvet carpets and diamonds, and a box at the opera, for my happiness, Florian?" she asked almost reproachfully.

"My darling!" was his low-murmured reply; as he folded her to his heart. "Let Albert Wheatley have the Arkwright fortune now. I envy none of its yellow glare, since your noble, disinterested heart is mine."

Mr. Dana was in his office, when "Sempronious Parkes's" card was brought in. Mr. Dana, who happened to be that *rara avis*, an honest lawyer, laid down his pen and told his clerk to show the stranger in.

It was not much that Sempronious Parkes wanted—a little matter that was soon dispatched; but somehow they drifted off into a desultory conversation afterward, and happened on the sudden death of Amos Arkwright.

"I have been told he was enormously rich," said Mr. Parkes, tapping his snuff-box.

"Yes," said Mr. Dana. "It was a curious whim of the old man's constituting me his legal executor. Why, I never saw him in my life!"

"No?"

"Never once. But of one thing I am quite certain, to use a Hibernianism, the greatest mistake of his lifetime was at his death."

"How do you mean?" inquired Mr. Parkes.

"In leaving his money to that young Wheatly."

"A miser, eh?"

"On the contrary, as graceless a spendthrift as you ever saw. Gambling, betting at the races, vicious amusements, and degrading company. His property seems to have acted on him as I have sometimes seen sunshine act on a rank, noisome patch of weeds, stimulating him into flaunting folly."

"Spending the old man's money, eh?"

"Not entirely; for the best of it was fortunately so tied up that he could only use the interest; but what ever could by any possibility be squandered has vanished."

"There was another nephew, was there not?"

"Yes, Florian Leverson. He is married."

"Married?"

"Yes; and is in Jay and Dyson's banking house, doing well. Nobody had any idea of the steadiness and common-sense there was in that young fellow."

"I suppose he is furious at his uncle's partiality."

"I have never heard him express such opinion. He always declares the money was his uncle's, to do with it as he saw fit, and that he had received too many kindnesses at the hands of Mr. Arwright to begin to criticise his memory now."

Mr. Parkes took snuff.

"Must be a curious young man," he said drily. "And, who, may I ask, did he marry?"

"Miss Dean; and a very energetic, thoroughgoing little wife she makes for him. In this case, the disinherited nephew seems to have received the most real happiness of the two."

"It's a very peculiar sort of story," said Mr. Parkes, rising; "but I must be going. Good morning, Mr. Dana. I'm much obliged to your politeness about those stamps."

And Mr. Dana went back to his legal toils, never once mistrusting that he had been talking to a ghost."

Florian Leverson and his wife were sitting contentedly at their unpretending little fireside, when a knock came at the door. Florian started a little.

"If my uncle Arkwright were not dead and buried," he said to Alice, "I should declare that was his knock."

"Nonsense," said Alice, playfully, and she opened the door.

There stood Mr. Amos Arkwright' smiling contentedly.

"Good evening," said uncle Arkwright, walking in as if nothing had happened: "You're at tea, I see. Can you give me a cup, strong, without milk or sugar?"

Alice uttered a cry and ran behind Florian. Florian started at the apparition, with a face pale as death.

"Uncle!"

"Yes, it's I," said Mr. Arkwright, warming his coat-taill at the grate, "I'm not dead. I've been alive in Chicago all the time; but you understand I wanted to see for myself how things were going to work. I've found it all out. Albert's a mean scamp, and you and this bright-eyed little wife of yours—come here, my dear, and give me a kiss—are trumps."

Mrs. Alice, now quite convinced that Uncle Amos was Uncle Amos, and no sheeted ghost, but rather a plump old gentleman, in a gray woollen suit and gaiters, came accordingly with the fragrant kiss on her cherry lips, and sealed herself at once as favorite with the capricious old millionaire. While Florian, as his uncle said, "behaved more like an insane school-boy, than a reasoning member of society!"

Uncle Arkwright's little stratagem had succeeded brilliantly indiscerning the false stone from the diamond. Albert Wheatley, shorn of the glitter of his temporary prosperity, is a billiard-maker now, somewhere in the South; and Mr. Arkwright is domiciled with Mr. and Mrs. Florian Leverson, the most complacent old gentleman north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Arkansas Amusements.

A dispatch from Little Rock, Ark., dated September 2d, says: Serious troubles have again broken out in Pope county. On Saturday evening the county clerk Hickox, Sheriff Dodson and Deputy Williams were engaged in removing the county records to a safer place. After loading a wagon it was started out of town, and soon Hickox, Dodson and Williams mounted horses and started after it. When about one hundred yards beyond the public square, while passing an old shop, they were fired into by a party hid in the shop, and Hickox was killed dead. Williams' horse was wounded, but he and Dodson escaped. A coroner's jury was immediately summoned and an inquest held, at the close of which, while the Justice was putting away his papers, the same parties who shot Hickox fired upon the Justic, mortally wounding him. Dodson and Williams arrived here this evening to report to the Governor. It is thought that martial law will be declared in the county at once.

ANOTHER VERSION.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 3.—News from Pope county confirms the killing of county clerk Hickox. A reliable statement says the killing was done by Harry Poynter in self-defence; that as Dodson, Williams and Hickox passed out of town, they went by Poynter's shop and fired at him. Poynter returned the fire killing Hickox. He afterwards surrendered himself to the authorities. This statement is corroborated by witnesses. It is given out this evening that the governor will not declare martial law.

Time is money, except the time of need.

To remove stains from character—get rich.

The surest slip knots are said to be lovers' ties.

Odd again—it was the first pair ate the first apple.

Courting after marriage—applying for a divorce.

A carriage wheel gets less tired the more it works.

Not a subject for man's laughter—man-slaughter.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on? Self conceit

Why is love like a potato? Because it becomes less by pa(i)ring.

Why is a calm man like a school teacher? Because he keeps cool.

People who are always wishing for something new should try *neu*-ralgia once.

Love is describbed as very much like a Scotch plaid—all "stuff," and much crossed.

He who does evil that good may come pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait till they are not worth advancing.

Why is a man's life safest in the last stages of dyspepsia? Because he can't di-gest then.

Paradoxical, isn't it—that some ascents are decents. A trip-up, for example, brings you down.

A morning wrapper—the servant who knocks at your door to wake you up in time for the early train.

Some people don't care how hot it is. An old boatman down at Richmond says he likes his son's strokes.

The man that bit another may's nose off in an affray, is said to have taken a prominent part in the fight.

What is the difference between a gauze dress and a drawn tooth? One is to thin and the other is tooth out.

A Yankee's version of pickets—Chaps sent out to borry terbacker of the enemy, and see if the rebels have got a pass.

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

Click says the nap you take before rising from your bed is like the morning paper you read at breakfast. It is your latest snooze.

A Newark father, who don't believe in whipping, shut his child up in the pig-pen. He says the pen is mightier than the rod.

Political Notes.

Without exception, the Democratic press of the State speaks with enthusiastic approbation of the State ticket.

J. S. Sims, a Democrat, has been alected mayor of Wilmington, Del., Sims is the first Democrat elected since 1860.

"The only hope we now have," writes Senator Morton to a friend, "is in preventing Democrats from voting for Greeley."

The St. Joseph Gazette predicts that Parker will be beaten in that district by 2,000 majority. The Liberals are stronger than two years ago.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Greeley, his tongue and pen have always been upon the side of the poor, and of him who earns his bread by his hands daily.

Judge Lewis Dent, brother-in-law of Ulysses, has been fined $500 and costs for assaulting Henry Reed; assistant editor of the Washington Capital.

In Maine the Grant campaign committee meet every day to see who they have lost; and the Democratic Liberal Committee to see who they gained.

The perdiction is made by those who have the best reason for knowing that Grant himself will "come out" for Greeley—after the 4th of March next.

The Massachsetts Republican Convention has declared in favor of female suffrage. The Radical party is fully vindicating its title to the party of progress.

The St. Louis Democrat publishes the following connundrum: Why would Grant make a good railroad conductor? Because he never misses any of his connections.

The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle and Sentinel, announces that ex-Gov. Herschel V. Johnson does not countenance the Louisville movement, and will vote for Mr. Greeley.

Grant's auxiliary convention at Louisville has nominated Charles O'Conor, of New York for President, and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President.

There are 8,000 or 9,000 German voters in Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, but not a German on the Grant county ticket. The reason is, that the Germans ain't going for Grant.

And now the administration presses are charging into Schuyler Colfax, because he had the manliness to say: "The personal friendship of a lifetime closed his lips to any attack upon Greeley and Brown."

The Grantites need not fear that "the Southern disabled and widows" will ask to be "added to the Federal pension roll." If they are ever permitted to recover the tenth part of what Grant has encouraged his hungry hordes of carpet-baggers and scalawags to steal from them they will be more than satisfied.

Senator Sumner, before starting for Europe, confided to F. W. Bird, chairman of the Massachusetts State Liberal committee, a speech which he had intended to have delivered in Faneuil Hall. The address is entitled, "The Presidential Election—Greeley or Grant."

A St. Louis Times attache interviewed the great thief, Boss Tweed, in New York, the other day. Of course the champion thief was for the champion gift-taker. Here is the closing question and answer:

Friend—But suppose the fight should narrow down to Greeley and Grant, would you then vote for Greeley?

Tweed—No, sir, I would not. I would see Greeley sunk in hell before I would cast a vote for him; and in such a contingency I would unequivocally and unreservedly vote for Grant anyhow; I won't have any Greeley in mine.

It is ciphered out by the Philadelphia Age that it costs the Government $200 per diem to furnish clerks to do the writing for the Campaign Central Committee and to compose ready-made editorials for the country press. The fact simply stated is that the country is paying the expenses of the Grant and Wilson campaign everywhere. We are told with a good deal of swelling arrogance that the business men are all on the Grant side, which is very far indeed from being true; but if the Grant party is wonderfully rich, we think it should pay its own expenses, and not saddle them upon the United States Treasury.

Anecdote of Wigfall.

A Texas correspodent sends the following, saying it has not appeared in print: Mr. Louis T. Wigfall, one of the leading secessionists of Texas and the South, felt, after Lee's surrender, somewhat embarrassed as to his corporeal safety in a land then in possession of his enemies. He left Richmond in disguise, and traveled on mule-back, alone, for Texas. Dick Taylor had also surrendered, and all the ferries and crossing were in the hands of the Federal forces, Wigfall could pursue no other course but to risk himself to be put across the Mississippi by a detachment of Union soldiers. He was well disguised. Observing that no allusion was made to himself, and wishing to know, if possible, how the wind blew, he began a general tirade against the leading Confederates, winding up by inquiring what would be done with that scamp Wigfall if they should catch him. The soldiers replied they supposed they would hang him. "Yes, they would do exactly right, and I would pull at one end of the rope!" replied Wigfall, mounting his mule and trotting off westward.—[Harper's Easy Chair.

Montana grasshoppers are more ravenous than usual this season. They eat wagon-tires, and have been known to tickle a mule in the ribs until he kicked, and devoured his shoes while his feet were in the air.

Miscellaneous Items.

There were twenty-two lives lost by the Metis disaster.

Charles O'Conor declines to be the candidate of the Louisville Convention.

Pere Hyacinthe was married in London on Tuesday to an American lady.

The entire crew of the steamship Larenda was murdered by the South Sea Islanders.

The alleged diamond discoveries in Arizona create less excitement there than they do abroad.

A $100 baby wagon will be given for the best and and handsomest baby at the Kansas City Exposition.

The loss by the burning of the steamship American at Yokahama, will amount to one million dollars.

The Acting Secretary of the Treasury has ordered an investigation into the facts attending the Metis disaster.

The Arizona diamonds have been sent to London in order to see whether they did not come from that quarter first.

Rev. G. H. Robertson, of Louisville, has had three charges reported against him by the Presbytery, viz: drunkness, lewdness and falsehood.

No ornament so appropriate for the dinner table or mantlen as a vase of flowers. If a small quantity of spirits of camphor is placed in the water contained in the vase, the color and freshness of the flowers will remain for a long period.

It won't do to say "lightning never strikes twice in the same place." Two years ago it struck a pig-sty in Meriden, without injuring the inmates. On Wednesday last the lightning took better aim at the same sty, and killed two hogs that weighed 300 pounds each.

The Methodist Book Concern in New York have a new set of books and new book-keepers: the teller is to check the cashier; the cashier is to watch the book keepers; the agents are to watch the book-keepers, cashier and teller; and a special committee is to watch them all.

A contributor sends the Indianapolis Journal the story of the origin of the name of that city. In the old, old days when the first colony of white settlers arrived there, the Bates House was kept by an old Delaware Indian. The old settlers called him Apollos, because he always watered his whisky, of which he was very fond. The town was called after him. "Indian Appolis," which was finally corrupted in Indianapolis.

Some forty years ago, plain Augustus Smith, of London, leased the Scilly Islands from the Duchy of Cornwall and become "King Augustus." He has been absolute ruler through all this time, and has administered a "despotism tempered with kindness." The residents of the smaller islands had intermarried with relatives for so many generations that they were sinking into hopeless imbecility. He broke up this practice by giving them better farms in different parts of his domain, and so scattering them. He has enforced education rigidly, and has kept, at his own expense, a staff of clergymen of different denominations. Of a smuggling, cheating race he has made an honest one. One life has rarely done so much practical good as did that of "King Augustus," who ended it a few days ago, amid the tears of his subjects.

Shooting at Midnight.

Thrilling Adventure With Murderers and Thieves.

From the Kansas City Times, 5th.

The presence of a gang of murderous cutthroats in this city has been casually mentioned in these columns. Last night about midnight they made their presence known at the residence of Mr. D. A. Brisbee, who is a railroad codductor employed upon the Valley road, had retired early to rest, and with his wife was asleep in a little room opening out by foulding French windows upon the top of a porch. Mr. Brisbee was awakened about half-past twelve by the noise of a falling glass. He arose in bed and listened, but all was still, and the room being dark he failed to discover anything unusual. He laid down again and was just falling asleep when he heard the windows rattle a very little. He sprang suddenly out of bed, snatching his revolver from beneath his pillow, and drawing aside the window blinds perceived a man standing opposite to him outside of the sash doors. Without waiting to ascertain what the man's business was there, upon the porch, Mr. Brisbee raised his pistol and fired. The man appeared to fall, but next minute was perceived running across the back yards. Mr. Brisbee was startled by hearing a voice in the interior of the bedroom, crying out:

"Hello! What the h—l are you up to?"

The next moment a pistol ball came whizzing past Mr. Brisbee's head, followed immediately by another, and a third, the last one cutting through Mr. Brisbee's hair. Mrs. Brisbee, who had been in a sound sleep, awakened, and sprang from the bed screaming murder. The burglar was standing directly before her, when he clasped her in his arms, and placing his pistol to her head, bade her "be quiet, or he would fire." Mrs. Brisbee fainted, when the ruffian threw her at her husband, who was searching cautiously for his enemy. Without waiting to leave his card, or to shake hands with the proprietor, the thief sprang through the window and escaped. A casual examination of the room after the lamp was lighted, revealed the fact that nothing had been taken, the thief being interrupted before he had had time to gather his plunder. Mr. Brisbee is in favor of burglar proof houses now.

ABOUT WOMEN.

A social glass to which the ladies are addicted—the mirror.

Miss-construction — whalebone, wadding, powder and paint.

A twelve year old girl was recently married at Waverly, Illinois.

The German government prohibits the sale of books on woman's rights.

Mrs. Carl Schurz and family are making a tour of German watering places.

"I follow in the wake of the baby," as the mother said when disturbed by her infant at night.

"I promised to love, honor and be gay," is the way Philadelphia brides get around the nuptial vows.

An Indiana lass is now engaged to be married to a young man whose hand she refused seven times.

In Peru the longest ears are considered the handsomest, and a great mark of beauty in the females.

The belle of Newport is a Philadelphia lady, whose hair is white—whitened by nature, too, and honorable age.

Our sage says it is with bachelors as with old wood—it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

Grace Greenwood says the Yo-Semite is a "great hollow mockery of wild, vague extravagant hopes, the biggest man-trip in the world."

Quip denies the statement that most beautiful women are rendered more attractive by a little sense. He says they would be, but they are not.

Coppered-toed fans are sold for the benefit of young ladies who have no one to love and chew the stuffing out of any other kind in one evening when a hop is in progress.

The Christian Union says: Whether woman ought to preach depends upon whether they can preach. Experiment should be made, but cautiously, on a small scale."

A lady writing from Congress Hall says: "One of the most distinctive and peculiar features of the season at Saratoga is a frightful prevalence every year of old bachelors."

"Steal your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are now going among fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

The mother of the Worrell sisters turned every diamond presented to her daughters into hard cash, and purchased property on Bay Ridge, L. I., which has quadrupled in value.

A remarkable French lady has just died, aged one hundred and two years. She bore the name of Madame Ulrich de Beauge et de Melgueil and was dame d'honneur to Marie Autoinette.

At a young ladies' debating club the following question was lately discussed: Which gives a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or to hear another girl run down? No decision was arrived at.

The pews of a Methodist church on the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Ohio stand in the former State and the pulpit in the latter. Pensylvania couples, in consequence, have to be married in the vestibule.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has proved that she cares at least a pinch of snuff about the discovery of Livingstone. She has sent a snuff-box to Stanley, who has been so much "sneezed" at of late that it is a charity to enable him to sneeze back at his assailants.

A western paper thus heads an article: "Sad Scene in a Soda Shop. A re