# Lexington Weekly Intelligencer.

VOL. 10. LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880. No. 11.



ATTORNEYS.

**CHARLES E. STONE,**
NOTARY PUBLIC, Napoleon, Lafayette county, Missouri. may1ltf

**WILLIAM B. WILSON,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public and Justice of the Peace, Lexington, Missouri. Office over Davis & Alistadt's boot and shoe store. nov15-1y

**JOHN S. BLACKWELL,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Missouri. Will practice in all the courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business. Office over Royle & New's dry goods store. feb1tf

**WILLIAM YOUNG,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Missouri. Will practice his profession in all of the courts of Lafayette county and the courts of Record in the state. Office opposite the court house. All business promptly attended to. jan6-1y

**R. A. HICKLIN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice his profession in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office over Quarles & Co's Drug Store, front room. [feb2'y1]

**A. F. ALEXANDER,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Will also attend promptly to the collection of claims, and to investigation of titles to real state. Office over the Banking house of Wm. Morrison & Co. jan14-1y

GEO. S. RATHBUN. J. D. SHEWALTER.
**RATHBUN & SHEWALTER,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and United States courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in "Intelligencer Building," front room.

ELDRIDGE BURDEN. JNO. E. BURDEN, Notary Public.
**BURDEN & SON,**
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office front room over C. H. Royle's book store in Krichn's new building, opposite the Courthouse. Will practice in the State and Federal courts. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and Probate business. feb17-y1.

JOHN E. RYLAND. XENOPHON RYLAND, Notary Public.
**RYLAND & RYLAND,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office over No. 67, Main street. Practice in all the Courts of Lafayette and adjacent counties, in the Supreme Court of the State and District Court of the United States. Prompt attention given to collections and all other business. jan14

**THOS. J. DULING.**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Lexington, Mo., office with A. W. Graves, Esq., over Royle & New's Store. Will practice in all the courts of Lafayette and adjoining Counties, and in the State Supreme Court. Collections promptly made and paid for non-residents or others. Real estate bought, sold, rented, &c. Patronage solicited. (jan10yr1)

HENRY C. WALLACE. WM. H. CHILES.
**WALLACE & CHILES,**
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT Law, Lexington, Mo. Office, front room over the "Lexington Savings' Bank," opposite the court house. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties, and also in the Supreme court of the state of Missouri, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts for the Western District of Missouri.

MEDICAL.

**DR. CARL F. BUERNER,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Higginsville, Lafayette county, Missouri. Office in the Eagle Hotel.

**DR. J. B. ALEXANDER.**
PENSION SURGEON. Office room No. 9, up stairs, over the Express office. jan22-1y

**DR. G. W. YOUNG,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON; office and residence on Oak (College) and South streets, Lexington, Missouri.

**DR. P. H. CHAMBERS,**
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, office opposite the courthouse, over M. E. Keller's store. Residence: Southeast corner Main and College streets. jan176-1y.

**J. F. ATKINSON, M. D.,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, consultation and operating rooms, at residence corner Pine and Franklin street, No. 46, where I can be found at all hours in the day except when professionally absent. Thirty years experience, four years serving as surgeon in the army during the late war, having performed all capitol as well as minor operations incident to military as well as civil life. With a full supply of instruments generally used in modern surgery, I feel confident of rendering satisfaction in all cases entrusted to my care and treatment.

**DR. J. W. MENG,**
SURGEON DENTIST, office opposite the courthouse, up stairs, Lexington, Missouri. All work done in a scientific manner.

**TEETH! TEETH!! TEETH!!!**
RECOGNIZING that the consequences of inflation in the past are to be remedied by a corresponding contraction we are ready, in order to meet the necessities of the time, to do business on diminished profit; and, therefore, announce a *reduction in all of our prices*, viz: For a full upper and lower set of teeth....$20 00
Gold fillings.... 1 50
All work guaranteed to give satisfaction, and warranted to be of the best material.
July19 J. F. HASSELL.

BANKS.

**Morrison - Wentworth Bank,**
LEXINGTON, MO.
WILL do a general Banking business; buying and selling Bonds, Gold and Exchange. Deposits received, collections made and promptly remitted for at current rates of exchange. Liberal accommodations to regular customers.
S. G. WENTWORTH, Prest.
ROBT. TRIBMAN, Vice Prest.
WM. MORRISON, Cashier.

GEO. WILSON, President. JO. A. WILSON, Ass't Cashier. GEO. WILSON, JR., Cashier.
**LAFAYETTE COUNTY BANK**
(Name changed Jan. 15, 1880, from The Aull Savings Bank.)
Does a General Banking Business. Drafts for sale on all foreign countries. feb21m3

MISCELLANEOUS.

**ST. NICHOLAS SALOON,**
*82 MAIN ST., LEXINGTON, MO.,*
N. HAERLE, : : : Proprietor.
mch6-tf

R. TAYLOR. J. O. LESUEUR.
**TAYLOR & LESUEUR,**
Real Estate,
Tax-Paying and
Insurance Agents,
NOTARIES PUBLIC.
HAVE the only Complete Set of Abstract Books, Showing the Title to all Lands and Town Lots in Lafayette County. Abstracts made on short notice and on reasonable terms.
POLICIES of Insurance against Loss by Fire written on Property of all kinds in the following Companies:
LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,
MERCHANTS' INSURANCE COMPANY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY,
CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO., HARTFORD, CONN.,
MONEY TO LOAN.
WE have for sale a number of Farms and Town Lots in Lafayette County. Will take charge of Property of non-residents, Collect Rents, Pay Taxes, and attend to Proper Assessment of Real Estate. Correspondence solicited. Office in Court House, Lexington, Mo.
ap2'y1 TAYLOR & LESUEUR.

**DRS. GORDON & FULKERSON**
—DEALERS IN—
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFF,
WINDOW GLASS
TOILET ARTICLES.
Cigars and Tobacco,
Blank Books, Confectioneries,
Landreth's Garden Seeds,
AND everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store. Opposite the courthouse.

**J. R. JORDAN.**
Dry Goods cheap at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Groceries cheap at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Hats, new styles at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Notions of all kinds at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Glass and Queensware at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Boots and Shoes at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Game, in season, at J. R. JORDAN'S.
FRESH YEAST at J. R. JORDAN'S.
Country Produce bought at J. R. JORDAN'S

IMMENSE ARRIVALS
—OF—
NEW AND SEASONABLE
DRY GOODS
—AT—
McCAUSLAND'S, McCAUSLAND'S,
No. 91 MAIN STREET.

Our house is crammed full of the very best Goods, and we are anxious to turn them into Cash. We call special attention to our superb assortment of

Shetland Shawls, Toilet Quilts,
Linen Lawns, Cotton Lawns,
White and Colored Piques,
Ladies' Ulsters, Ladies' Circulars,
Buntings, in all the new shades, Trimmings to match,
Black Dress Silks, Summer Silks,
Trimming Silks and Satins.

Especially to our Gentlemen's Fine White Shirts,
Gentlemen's Penang Shirts, Gauze Undershirts,
Fine Drilled Drawers, Linen Collars,
Silk Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, &c.

250 dozen Ivory Dress Buttons, at 5 cents a dozen,
1,000 yards Beautiful Dress Ginghams, at 12½ cents a yard.
5,000 yards Calico (short lengths), at 7½ cents a yard,
100 pairs 3-Button Kid Gloves, at 50 cents a pair,
Novelties in Parasols and Fans.

ASK FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT: WE KEEP IT!

We want everybody, and his wife, also his sisters and his cousins and his aunts to come and buy of us. Please remember hat we sell only for Cash.

W. G. McCausland.

FRANKLIN STREET DRY GOODS BAZAAR.

THE GREAT
DRY GOODS BAZAAR
—OF—
H. J. E. AHRENS,

Wishes to impress upon everybody, and more especially the ladies, that we have lately removed into our own spacious and elegantly fitted up Store Room on Franklin Street, one door East of old stand, carrying not only double the stock that they ever did, but, also,

The Finest, Best Goods In the City,

which they propose from now on to offer at inducements far ahead of all competitors.

Our New Double Store

Is undisputably the finest room west of St. Louis. Both the front and rear of the store being a solid sheet of glass, the light is so bright that all our Goods show up their true color as well as their quality. No customer, after examing at home the purchases made of us, will be disappointed, either in color or quality of goods.

H. J. E. AHRENS.

We extend a cordial invitation to all to call and see the magnificent display of goods.

**Dr. TUTT'S Expectorant!**
IN 25CTS. AND $1 BOTTLES.
Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive Balsamic, Soothing and Healing. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG BALSAM ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD,
of New York, voluntarily indorses it.

READ WHAT HE SAYS:—
New York, Sept., 19, 1877.
Dear Sir—During this year I visited nine hundred cases of lung disease. In the lower wards of the city the cases were of a very severe type. It was there my attention was called to Tutt's Expectorant, and I continue my surprise at its wonderful power. During a practice of twenty years, I have never known a medicine to act so promptly, and with such happy effects. It instantly subdued the most violent fits of coughing, and invariably cured the disease in a few days. I cheerfully indorse it as the best lung medicine I ever used.
J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.

A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES.
Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga.
Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—My little son, was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a violent cough, that lasted till within a month since, for can cure of which I am indebted to your valuable Expectorant. I had tried most every thing recommended, but none did any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which removed the cough entirely. With many thanks, I am yours truly,
JOHN M. WEIGLE.

Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS.
Memphis, Feb., 11, 1871.
Dr. TUTT: Sir—I have been suffering for nearly two years with a severe cough. When I commenced taking your Expectorant I was reduced to one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight. I had tried almost everything; had terrible night sweats. I have taken half dozen bottles. The night sweats have left me, the cough has disappeared, and I have gained fifteen pounds in flesh. I recommend it to all my friends.
With great respect, OLIVER RICE.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.
Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? If so, our Advice is take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.

Office, 35 Murray Street, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS
CURE TORPID LIVER.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE DYSPEPSIA.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE COSTIVENESS.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE FEVER AND AGUE.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE BILIOUS COLIC.
TUTT'S PILLS
GIVE APPETITE.
TUTT'S PILLS
PURIFY THE BLOOD.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE PILES.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

ODESSA.

W. B. ROBERTS, Saddler and Harness Maker, keeps on hand a full supply of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c.; also, prepared to do all kinds of work to order. Repairing neatly done; and am fully prepared to supply every demand in my line on short notice and at lowest terms. mch20y1*

ODESSA HOUSE, W. K. McCHESNEY, Proprietor. Headquarters for Business and Commercial Travelers. Good Sample Rooms. Terms reasonable. West side Second street, near corner of Second and Main streets, Odessa, Mo. mch20y1

O. H. PHELPS, Plain and Ornamental Plasterer. Job Work a Specialty. Odessa, Missouri. mch13

J. W. HIGHTOWER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise, in the New Herr building, south side railroad. All kinds of country Produce taken in exchange for Goods, and Goods sold at lowest rates. "Pay Down" is my trade mark, and it will be enforced. Come and see Jim. jan10y1

A. L. MAXWELL & SON, Odessa and Mount Hope, Blacksmith and Wagon Shops, manufacturers of the best Farm and Spring Wagons, and guaranteed to be of the VERY BEST material, and strictly first class workmanship. Special attention given to Horse-Shoeing and general Blacksmithing. mchs-y1

C. L. FROST, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. Repairing carefully done and warranted. sep6-y1

DR. W. P. JOHNSON, Surgeon Dentist, office over Dr. Beardslee's drug store, Odessa, Mo. All work warranted as recommended. sp6-1y

GEO. L. TOWNSEND, dealer in Furniture Upholstered Goods, Mirrors, Mattresses, Brackets, &c. Prices down to hard pan. Support your home merchandise. Agent for the New American Sewing Machine. sep6-1y

H. HUGHES & CO., Livery Stable; first-class in all its appointments; good Rigs and Riding Horses. Horses boarded at reasonable rates, and satisfactory prices guaranteed. sm1y

J. E. BEARDSLEE, Druggist, Odessa, Mo. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. sept

J. T. CRAVEN, dealer in Confectionery, Stationery, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, &c., &c. News and Book Stand; one door south of the Odessa House.

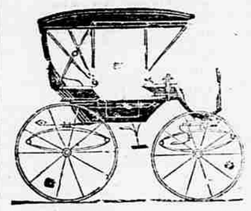
MCBURNEY & BUMGARNER, Blacksmiths and Machinists, north of Main Street. Particular attention given to repairs and horseshoeing, Odessa, Mo. apr12-tf

S. T. CORBITT, Contractor, Builder and Undertaker, Main Street. Estimates made, Job Work promptly done, and general Carpentering business. Coffins constantly on hand or made to order on short notice. sep6-1y

WILLIAM FLETCHER, dealer in Pine Lumber of all kinds, Doors, Sash, Cement, Plaster, Hair, &c. Prices as low as at any other point on the C. & A. road. An examination of stock and prices requested. sep-6

WILLIAM WILKENING, practical Tinner keeps on hand and for sale at the lowest prices. Full supply of Stoves, Tinware, &c. Mending and Repairing neatly done. Roofing and Guttering a specialty. Everything in my line at bed rock prices. mchs-y1

D. RUSSELL.



Established 1849.
FRANKLIN STREET, OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE
BEING ONE OF THE OLDEST Carriage Manufactories on the Upper Missouri, and having a reputation unsurpassed by any, we would call the attention of citizens and customers especially to our large stock of
Carriages, Buggies, Rockaways and Light Spring Wagons,
Which we will sell at the lowest market prices
ORDERS FOR NEW WORK
Put up in every style to suit,
And of the very best material and workmanship
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
We have on hand
Second-Hand Buggies and Rockaways.
Which we will sell very low.
Special attention paid to all kinds of repairing. ian1-1y

NEW YORK SHOPPING.
EVERYBODY delighted with the tasteful and beautiful selections made by Mrs. Lamar, who has NEVER FAILED to please her customers. New fall circular just issued. Send for it. Address, Mrs. ELLEN LAMAR, 577 Broadway.



INTELLIGENCER.
OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.
ALEX. A. LESUEUR, - - - - EDITOR.
ETHAN ALLEN, - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
W. G. MUSGROVE, - - - - PUBLISHER.
Terms, $2 per Year, in Advance.


PACIFIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

LEAVE LEXINGTON.
Accommodation for St. Louis and the East ..... 5:45A. M
Arrive at St. Louis ..... 6:05 P. M.
Express and Mail for St. Louis, East. 7:15 P. M.
Arrive at St. Louis ..... 6:35 A. M.

ARRIVE.
Express and Mail from St. Louis, East and South ..... 8:10 A. M.
Accommodation from St. Louis, East and south ..... 9 20 P. M.
C. BEN RUSSELL, Agent.

ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY AND NORTHERN

LEAVE LEXINGTON
Trains for Kansas City and West ..... 7:00 A M
Trains for St. Louis East and South ..... 7:00 P M
Trains for Kansas City West ..... 7:00 P M
Trains for Richmond ..... 7:00 A M
" " ..... 7:00 P M

ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON
Trains from St. Louis and all points East and South ..... 9:00 A. M
" " ..... 9:00 P M
From Kansas City and all points West .. 8:30 A M
St. Joe and points North ..... 7:00 P M
N. G BISHOP, Agent.

MO. P. R. R.—K. C. & E. DIVISION—NARROW GAUGE.

LEAVE LEXINGTON FOR KANSAS CITY.
Passenger ..... 6:15 A. M.
Freight and accommodation ..... 10:20 A. M.

LEAVE LEXINGTON FOR INDEPENDENCE AND WAY STATIONS.
Freight and accommodation ..... 1:40 P. M.

ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON.
Passenger ..... 6:30 P. M
Freight and accommodation ..... 1:30 P. M.
" " ..... 9:55 A. M.
C. BEN. RUSSELL, Agent.

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.—AT HIGGINSVILLE.

GOING WEST.
Denver Express ..... 7:16 A. M.
K. C. Mail ..... 7:51 P. M.
Way Freight ..... 12:20 P. M.

GOING EAST.
Denver Express ..... 9:02 P. M.
K. C. Mail ..... 7:47 A. M.
Way Freight ..... 12:20 P. M.
Passengers allowed to ride on the 12:20 p. m. Way Freight both ways by procuring tickets before entering the cars. No other freight will carry passengers.
N. B.—Trains are run by Chicago time, it being twenty minutes faster than the Missouri Pacific time. J. A. FIELD, Agent.

THE OLYMPIAN GODS.

[Read at the fourteenth annual convention of the Missouri Press Association, held at Sedalia, Mo., Tuesday, May 11, 1880, by Mrs. Jennie M. Hicks, publisher of the Saturday Evening Herald, Kansas City, Mo.]

It was only a vision, a trance, or a dream;
From the ghost realms of myths and phantoms, a gleam:
But I cannot forget it,—it all seemed so true,—
And I've written it down.
Shall I read it to you?

The worries and work of the long day were o'er;
With a sigh of relief I, at last, closed my door.
O'ewearied in body and jaded in mind,
"In my Sanctum," I said, "I'll leave all care behind;
Rest, most welcome, awaits me in home's dear retreat,
Where loving ones, dearly beloved, I shall meet."

When supper was ended, the housework all done,
And night's shadows deepened, my six-year-old son—
Also wearied and tired, (with hobby-horse play,
So much had he cantered and galloped that day;)—
Came drowsily to me; the "Good-night" was said;
In an instant he found perfect rest in his bed.

For such rest I was longing; my longings were vain:
One burden oppressed me, and tortured my brain;
One task was before me, by day and by night;—
For, alas, I had promised a poem to write!

Distrustful, I doubted my wit, skill, or power,
To bring hither aught worthy this place and this hour.
I wish a return of the good olden times
When the Muses supplied one with thoughts and with rhymes;
When Pegasus kindly would bear one along
To empyreal heights of ineffable song!

Thus wishing and musing, mine eyes chanced to fall
Where had stood my boy's hobby-horse out in the hall.
There—wonderful sight! Delightful to see!
Stood Pegasus, quietly waiting for me.—
All bridled and bitted,—a well broken hack,—
With a side-saddle fitted, secure, to his back!

I mounted at once! I grasped firmly the reins!
Away then we sped over hills, seas and plains,
To the old classic lands; to Helicon Mount,—
The Hill of Parnassus,—Castalian Fount,—
Pierian Spring;—famed places of yore,
Where bards could resort for poetical lore,—
Where the Muses were found, with Apollo, their chief,
And the waters gave poets unfailing relief!

But the Spring was dried up! The Fount ceased to play!
And Apollo? The Muses? They all were away,
Piqued, because modern poets on them never call,
Their sacred old haunts were abandoned by all.

"No matter!" I thought, as I tightened the rein,
I know where to find them; we'll journey again;
And the aid I receive will be better, by odds,
For I'll ask help of all the Olympian gods!

Outspeeding Al Borak and fleet Hippogriff,
The Mount of the Gods we reached in a whiff!
I stood on Olympus; 'twas deserted, and lone;
I saw thrones of bright gold, but gods there were none.
The boudoir of Juno—Vulcan's chief work of skill—
I beheld; long mused, it was beautiful still.
(Would I tell what I saw there? Ah, that would be fine!
But such things are too sacred for ears masculine!)

While, perplexed, I gazed round on the solitude drear,
A hermit came forth from a cave that was near.
Awe-inspiring was he, grave, aged and weird,
And full to the ground flowed his silver-white beard.
I stood mute as stone; I was dumb with surprise;
But he answered the question he read in mine eyes:

"Be composed, gentle lady; there's nothing to fear;
The Olympian Gods are none of them here.
A hermit, I dwell on this mountain alone."
"But where are the Gods? And why have they gone?"

"Now list to me, lady; the tale I will tell:
For ages the deities here loved to dwell;
Here they feasted and quarrelled; here watched they the world;
From this Mount were the thunders of Jupiter hurled;
Here they prompted and thwarted the actions of men,—
Provoked them to strife and appeased them again.
And men, full of fear, acknowledged their sway,
Until Socrates came. He kept them at bay,
Despoiled Jupiter's thunder of much of its dread,
And thought to put Science in Jupiter's stead!
But Jove, on Olympus, still clung to his throne,
Though not half of mankind his dominion would own.

Once, indeed, he had reigned, an all-dreaded god,
And gods and men quaked if he, then, did but nod!
In vain now he strove such dominion to keep;
Whilst Jove meditated in rage, men nodded in sleep!
His stay on Olympus at last reached its close:
An American Socrates—Franklin—arose,
Boldly snatched from Jove's hand the lightning itself,
And put it well-bottled, away on his shelf!
Then Jove left the Mount, he returns here no more.
Some Olympians left it a long while before,
And the rest followed Jove without much delay:
So you find it deserted and silent to-day."

"Then these gods, I suppose," (I said to the sage,)
In human affairs no longer engage;
Have no part nor lot in peace or in war;
In man's loves and hates they make not nor mar
Withdrawing from men all their guidance of old,
Leave his powers unaided, his will uncontrolled."

"Ah, there you mistake. 'Tis a secret, half-guessed,
But the truth of the matter has ne'er been confessed:
Much more, now, do they guide man's devious ways
Than Olympus e'er saw, in its palmiest days;
And, more surely, the passions that dwell in man's soul,—
They enkindle, subdue, excite and control."
"Sir give me a riddle; I have not the key;
Your secret remains still a secret to me."

"From you, my dear lady, I cannot withhold
The simple solution: 'tis easily told:

Long ago, Apollo, prophetic, was sure
The Olympian reign could not alway endure.
"To Minerva, the Wise, he disclosed what he knew,
And asked what she thought was the best thing to do.
For days, they consulted, in quest of some plan
To retain, unimpaired, the dominion of man.
They doubled, debated, they quirked and schemed;
With devices prolific Minerva's brain teemed;
But plan after plan they were forced to reject—
In each they discovered some fatal defect;
Until, one happy day, uniting their wit,
On a plan without flaw they happened to hit.
The more it was tested, the more did it please;
No longer they feared their dominion would cease;
Nay,—sure *increase* of power the gods would obtain,
And the future would bring them not loss, but a gain.
Said Apollo, exulting, 'I'm sure of success.
And Olympus I'll gladly exchange for—The Press!'"
"Oh! a wonderful plan! Pray, what happened then?"
"I'll tell you. Apollo then sought among men
Till he met with one Faust,—just the man he required;
With zeal and with skill this man he inspired,
And set him to work, and helped him to find
The instrument potent to sway all mankind.

And who used the instrument when it was found?

Apollo himself. It became soon renowned.
And other Olympians wished to take part,
And try the new method of moving man's heart.
So, some from Olympus, and some through The Press,
Men would aid, guide, inspire, warn, terrify, bless.

The power of The Press augmented each day;
At like rate did the power of Olympus decay;
Till of potency shorn, of prestige bereft,
At last on the Mount was no deity left.
"And do all use The Press, for man's weal or his woe?"

Yes; for each has his own special gift to bestow.
There's the brawny God, Vulcan; his arm never tires,
Forging cables and reeling out telegraph wires.
For prompt, speedy work you will not find his match;
Every order that comes he fills with despatch;
Though, of late, he complains, in gruff, grumbling tones,
That he cannot keep pace with these new telephones!

Of course, Neptune takes charge of the cables, nor fails
To ward off their foes—sea-monsters and whales!

Need I tell you of Jove? You'll readily guess
The King of Olympus is King of The Press.
As of old,—of haughty, imperious will:—
The "Thunderer then is the Thunderer still.
Some say that he thunders (to frighten the crowd)
Just a trifle too much and slightly too loud,
And his thunderbolts scatter, now here and now there,
So that no living soul can anticipate where!

The messenger, Mercury, agile and spry,
Vivacious and restless, sharp, cunning and sly,
Is most active of all; but they watch him with care,
Where'er he sits down in the Editor's chair;
For he,—the old patron of light-fingered men,—
Most commonly write with a two handled pen"

"So,—the gods seem employed; but the goddesses—?"

They,
As usual, lady, bear full share of sway.
Some gods wished, at first, to dispense with their aid,
But soon found what a wild mistake they had made.
There's no jealousy, now, nor envy, to vex;
For The Press finds no place for distinction of sex;
Indeed, just at present—who'er may be worst—
'Tis conceded by all that Minerva is first."

"Is there work for the lesser divinities, too?"

"Yes, lady; for each, there is something to do.
Very busy is Ceres: her pen has no rest
Expounding what methods of tillage are best;
She is wise about crops,—very learned in beans,
Potatoes, tomatoes, squash, pumpkins and greens;
Of household receipts she has limitless store,—
Very useful, I hear, but—rather a bore!

But Plutus does little,—I cannot tell why;
Of The Press, the daft god of riches is shy.
At odd times he appears, just now and again,
But shuns, though they woo him, the Knights of the pen;
The cause of aversion perchance one may find
In the fact that the god is both foolish and blind!

The great contrast to Plutus is Momus, no doubt:
One they couldnt keep in, nor the other keep out.
Because Momus, for scoffing, was once in disgrace,
The grand, stately gods begrudged him a place;
But, biding his time, he crept in one fine day,
And, having grown wiser, he managed to stay!
(For when Momus was exiled he strove to amend,
To acquire decent manners, and cease to offend;
So he scoffs and rails less, is more merry and droll,
Causing innocent laughter, good for the soul.
He has greatly reformed—that, we must allow;—
Yet his jests are not always well-timed, even now!)

Religion, alarmed for her journals, kept guard,
Lest by Momus their grave, solemn tone shall be marred;
But he slipped in, disguised—irrepressible elf—
And, since then, a snug corner has kept to himself.
In fact, Momus is now everywhere in request;
No god of them all is more welcome a guest.
Without Momus, the Press, wise, grave, solemn sour—
Would lose with its pleasantness much of its power.
How droll are his jokes! Have you heard the last one?
No? I'll tell it."
His eyes then twinkled with fun
As he tried to repeat it; but, ere he had half
The hermit's whole frame was convulsed with a laugh!
I laughed at his laughter, and, laughing, awoke,
And so lost, forever that half uttered joke!

And I lost much instruction I thought to obtain;
I had many a doubt for the sage to explain;
And it grieved me to wake before he had told
Where the gods hold their feasts, why meet, as of old;
Yet, though thus deprived of his wisdom profound,
One place where they feast I think I have found.

"The Thunderer"—The London Times, renowned as "The Thunderer," is no less renowned for the facility with which it changes sides on great public questions.

"SAM" ON THE ROAD.

BATES CITY, MO., May 17, 1880.

EDITOR INTELLIGENCER:—Last Saturday morning, about five o'clock, I was awakened by the cry of "Pacific; get up," and after rubbing my eyes and stretching myself into consciousness, I found myself in room number ten at that popular hotel, the Commercial House, in your city. Hastily arranging my toilet, I made a break for the coach, which stood at the hotel door, and seated beside Bruce Bulware, I was soon on my way to the depot. When I boarded the train I saw, among the passengers, Mrs. William C. Long and Mr. John Mulligan, of your city, both of whom were going down the road, the lady to Aullville and the gentleman to Higginsville. Mr. Hiram Lewis, more familiarly known as "Shorty," the baggage-master, placed me under obligations, and proved himself to be an accommodating gentleman.

At Higginsville Mr. W. H. Robinett transferred me, with my sack of Intelligencers, to the Chicago & Alton depot, and after attending to the packages which go east from there, I boarded the train for Odessa.

On my way to that place I had a pleasant talk with the conductor. He was both angry and amused at the dispatch in last Friday's Kansas City Times, in regard to the accident which had occurred on his road the day before. It was greatly exaggerated, as it stated that there were but four men on the train and three of them were killed outright, and the fourth one so badly hurt he could give no cause for the accident. One or two of the men were somewhat bruised, but not enough to disable them. Several of the cars were pretty badly smashed up, and I saw a couple of them, one on either side of the road. I heard one of the men who was on the train when the accident took place, say, "I had a leg broken once by leaving the engine, and another time an arm broken; this time I didn't leave until the last minute, and except getting my head banged a little, I wasn't hurt." So the accident was not so fearful after all. The cabooses on all the freight trains that I saw, and they were quite numerous, were draped in mourning for one of the train men who died a week or so ago, rosettes and streamers of black and white crepe hanging from the ends and sides of each caboose.

At Odessa I have about got everybody to take the Intelligencer, so I don't expect to do much in that line, but I always get something.

Messrs. Fewel & Maxwell gave me a piece of job-work—five hundred bills. These gentlemen are the proprietors of a drug store, and carry, also, a stock of school books, stationery, cigars and tobaccos.

Mr. B. F. Kile, who has just opened a saloon, has a stock of liquors and cigars. He invites all persons coming to Odessa to call on him, and those who wish to do so will find a table whereon to while away an hour or so at playing pool, if they do not wish to drink. Mr. Kile is a clever man, of course, as he pays his subscription in advance.

Being seized with a desire to visit Mayview, I walked toward the depot, as an eastern bound train was approaching, and was soon on the way.

Mr. Ballentine, the clever little gentleman who has charge of the depot at Mayview, gave me a cordial welcome, and after a pleasant chat with him, I went up town. I say "up town," but I don't really know whether it was "up" or "down." Be that as it may, I went.

I dropped into the postoffice first, where I found, snugly esconced in one corner of the room, Mr. J. P. Maw, who was busily engaged in mending a pair of shoes. Like most of the knights of Crispin, Mr. Maw proved to be a pleasant and agreeable gentleman. Beside making and mending boots and shoes, he will soon have on sale a complete stock of harness. Send him the Intelligencer.

I remained in Mayview but a little while, but long enough to find that everybody takes the "best county paper in the state"—and, of course, that is the Intelligencer. I visited several of the business men, and will, at another time, write you a review of the town.

I then determined to pay my respects to Bates City, and was surprised—agreeably, though—to find it so prosperous a little place. Another surprise was that I found some one here whom I knew—an old Wellington friend—Dr. M. W. Flournev. I am glad to say that the doctor gets considerable practice, though I will be paradoxical, and say I am sorry the people here ever get sick. Put the doctor on your subscription list.

At Mr. R. E. Casey's store, I met a genial, clever, good-natured gentleman, Mr. J. C. Lee, who had charge of the establishment during the absence of Mr. Casey. He "put up," as "the boys" say, and you will please send him the Intelligencer.

It was rapidly approaching supper time then, and I wended my way toward the City Hotel. Here I met with a hearty welcome, and was ushered into a cozy and pretty little parlor by the landlord's daughter, to wait until supper was announced. I had a good supper, as might have been expected, when so hospitable a gentleman as Mr. A. B. Murphy was the proprietor. Mr. Murphy will read the Intelligencer hereafter, and it will be the more enjoyable to him, too, because of its being paid for in advance as are all your subscriptions.

The country around Bates City is very fine, and supports the little village quite liberally, as the farmers are energetic and industrious. The residents of the town are proud of the place, and will, I trust, secure an increase of population as it is quite a desirable location.

I get no other bran new subscribers, but the renewals at all the towns I visited were quite numerous, and they count, I suppose.

I must not forget to say that the extra dollar credited to Mr. A. R. Leeper, of Odessa, is for the St Louis Times. He took advantage of the Intelligencer's cheap clubbing rates, and I may say here that others who wish to do the same will find me ever ready to have them "pay their money and take their choice" as to which St. Louis or New York paper they want.

I will let you hear from me again, Mr. Editor, and feel safe in guaranteeing larger returns. Yours, SAM.

POETRY OF JOURNALISM.

Delivered by J. T. Child, of the Richmond Conservator, before the Missouri Press Association at Sedalia, May 11, 1880.

From chaos sprang creation and from the mists of dark ages emerged movable type, the progenitor of the press, whose progeny has increased to such an extent as to be termed in Albion the third estate. The humble creation of Faust, on which the first printed proof was struck, crude and unshapely, has grown into the Walter, Campbell, Hoe and Bullock presses that now throw off thousands of copies hourly, printed and folded, flitting like shadows of blossoms over the land, falling alike in palace and cot, bearing in their columns hope to some despair to others, news to all. Archimidies had a faint idea of its marvellous power when he asserted, had he a place on which to stand he could move the globe, for it is the mighty lever that now stirs humanity to its inmost depths. In its wake has followed a thousand permanent advantages to man; steam has been harnessed and made subservient to its use, while the subtile spark, kindled in the cloud and flashing in the storm, has been forced to yield to the genius of a Morse. Through its influence the circuit of the globe is hourly made, the ends of the earth are brought together and the sons of the sunny sunlands of the emerald tropics flash their messages with the speed of thought to the denizens of the Arctic regions of borealic splendor by this great annihilator of space and time, and ere the day god paints with crimson pencil his gorgeous panorama on the virgin front of morn, type has crystalized the doings of a day and the whiz of whirling wheels tells to eager ears that the mirror of a day, shadows caught and concentrated from a thousand points, will soon shed its borrowed reflex with the swiftness of an angel's wing abroad.

To the silent compositor there is poetry in the rhythmic click of the tiny type as it falls into the stick; there is poetry to the inky pressman in the swift whirl of the revolving cylinder as he turns on the steam and watches the mighty roll of immaculate paper, a vast ribbon of the past, glide out into the future; there is rythm to the overtaxed and despondent editor, as he catches an inspiration from the ruddy core of morn, the perfumed zephyrs rioting through the branches, burthened with blossoms, the grove vocal with the melody of nature's choristers, and the prairie a vast robe of emerald embroidered with rarest flowers, toning his mind to celestial harmony. As the ebon shades rolled through the pearly portals of dawn, a pale roseate hue tinging the landscape like a blush on the brow of beauty, a gifted journalist thus photographed the fleeting moment on the tablets of memory,

"The night has a thousand eye
The day but one,
Yet the light of the world blind dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When day is done."

Upon the loftiest mountain, trod alone by the sandalled feet of Deity, grow the daintiest flowers; on the empurpled field of battle bloom in beauty the timid forget-me-not, and from the dusky den of the printing press have emerged thoughts, luminous as a sunbeam, that will sparkle and scintillate in the realm of letters while the flowers hold their fragrance and the gentle dew cools the brow of the earnest delver in the musty tomes of the world's majestic thinkers. The mission of the press is poesy. Grand garner of intellect, it perpetuates the jewels of thought that otherwise would be lost, and in its clasp of cycles holds them for man's benefit. Angelo saw the angel in an unhewn block of marble, Guido dreamed of immortality when he painted his bright Aurora and the passion tossed genius, gifted with divine afflatus, in the press sees a lightning winged Pegasus that shall bear him on to high Olympus. There is poesy in the rustle of the printed page; how it runs the gamut of everyday life in its compact columns, and no bugle blast or subtle strain of music's softest melody can more quickly stir the heart than the details of some knightly deed even if told in stately prose. Poesy, grand gift divine, is not merely words linked with rhyme, nor the bright imagery of a painter who can with artistic pencil limn with glowing words a picture that will haunt the memory like some vanished gleam of silver that kissed the mountain's brow, "cold as the moon that shines upon the colder grave," but a thought that strikes the great heart of humanity as beat of drum in the busy mart, that makes man p