Weekly Intelligencer.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

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The receipts of the following persons will be recognized at this office:

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FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN DIEGO.

EDITOR INTELLIGENCER:—"All aboard!" cried a genial and bustling hotel coacher to the many inmates of a popular hotel on Kearney St., San Francisco, "All aboard, the coach for Broadway Wharf," and as the wheels of the rocking vehicle thundered over the rugged cobble-stones. It told to the many passengers about to embark for the south that the ship on which their anxious minds were resting, would very soon make her exit for a more genial clime, far down the coast of our lengthy state of California. Soon another bus was seen moving to take the place of its predecessor and upon this mass of carriage material sat another perplexed "passenger warner," who seemed almost frantic for fear the steamer would push off before he could land his crowd of exiles on "the restless cradle of the deep." At the hotel steps were old and young, modern and historic forms, quaint and funny ones, sober and jolly ones, all of whom seemed to strive for a seat in the coach ready to depart. Some were so excited that they could not tell which ship was for San Diego, or which one was for Oregon, since the porter was continually heard shouting "Here, you fellow there, here," get out of that coach, or you will be pushed off for Oregon. "Here, San Diego, here madame! Here's your coach for the San Diego steamer; and while the obsequious runners were busily engaged in their toilsome task, the whistle of the steamer so loud and shrill, told the news that fifteen minutes yet to spare was the maximum time for dilatory passengers. So just at the moment we stepped into the last coach for Broadway Wharf (for we were enraptured all the previous while at the comicalities of the huddling masses so intent on reaching their respective places of destiny), and had almost forgotten that it was our intention to gain the steamer bound for San Diego. Such is the case in our every day life. Some one or something will so divert the attention from one's individual business as to almost cause the mind to forget the things that need immediate attention. But we rolled on in the rocking vehicle enjoying what had transpired but a few moments since, and thinking that those scenes had surpassed the winning fascinations of Haverly's stage, or the comic theatricals of the Bella Union. As we were making headway at considerable speed, behind us we heard the noise of huge engines and hose wagons of the fire department, which gave the alarm to passers by that some one's chattels had fallen prey to fire, and right here let us say that it was with great difficulty that the coachman prevented one wide awake cousin from the "rural districts" from leaping from the coach in order that he might go down the street to assist in quenching the fire which the driver persistently informed him was on a street nearly two miles distant. After great persuasion and greater threats the perplexed driver heaved a sigh of great relief, at finding the "city fly," who called himself one from En-dy-an-ny, (Indiana), I suppose he was striking at, content to remain in his seat and be conveyed to the wharf. In a few minutes we were wending our way beneath the mighty roofs and awnings of Broadway Wharf, soon to leave our careful and very watchful coachman and cast our lots among the many passengers who were seen crowding the decks of the "Ancon." "All aboard that steamer!" shouted the meek and very polite mate whose cap and inscription thereupon told that he was No. 1 in his order, and that when he spoke multitudes must heed thereunto. "*Clear that stage; board every angel* of you and draw in the "headline" there!" And as these words were breaking the solemn stillness on deck, what could be seen on the wharf but a pair of China's offspring loudly imploring the sailors to let them jump the last reclining stageboard which appeared to the "bronze tinted orientals" to be traveling toward the deck at the rate of 30 miles an hour. "Lift yourselves out of those infernal foot-clubs and get on here" shouted the officer, and such a scrambling as those brothers resorted to, was never seen since the time Noah's pet monkey attempted to climb from the steerage to the fourth story of the ark, that he might eat with the cabin passengers; (for *that* monkey, like a great many others who have become Darwinized, prepared to dine at least *once* a day outside the steerage.) Now we were all on board and the command was given to draw in the cables, to blow the whistle, to sound the dead and dull bell below, and lastly to steer from our dock to the smooth and shining channel that lies so near by. All the calm and stilly air of a short time since, was fast being broken by the shouts from the passengers to some friend or friends gazing from the docks; and in the air floated numberless 'kerchiefs bespeaking to each in turn a happy voyage, and a fond remembrance. Sad was the scene as we steered away, for we were leaving behind us the many friends of our hearts, the loving and bright look of some relative, or the still loveller form it may be of some maiden whose affections had been won or whose hand had been pledged. We were leaving the many flags that were floating to and fro from the masts of so many sturdy barks; of so many clippers of the deep; of so many modest schooners "white winged messengers of peace," of so many frail vessels whose fate was sealed, but yet unknown, and still they must yield to their watery graves. These and many other sad thoughts flash through the mind as one leaves the din and busy rattle of the port, and sails out upon the vast waters of our globe. But soon this vision of solemnity and sad reflection begins to abandon the mind, and suddenly the thoughts are lifted to glee by the strains of music from the crowded cabin. It is then the thoughts so beautifully set forth in the lines of the "Mariner's Dream," are freshened in the memory, and their realities are conceived with great distinctness. It seems as though we can never cease our talk while yet within the bay, but after speaking briefly of a few things of interest we shall leave the balance to be related by a more careful and accurate observer,

A few miles more of smooth and delightful sailing brings us in sight of the majestic structure which vigilantly guards the Golden Gate. The name of this Fort is Alcatraz, deriving its name from the little island upon which the Fort is built. This island is very favorably located as a fort. It is situated north of the San Francisco peninsula, a little distant from the mainland, where it faces the entrance into the bay. The building is a massive brick structure, of the usual semicircular front which forts present, and appears to not only overlook the "gate," but seems to be fitted as defensive of the south end of the bay. Above, upon the mainland can be seen many huge guns whose elevated trunks, noiseless though they be, defy the hostile enemy to gain an entrance. On the opposite side of the arsenal are also fortifications and concealed torpedoes which are said to be of immense capacity. It may be all in vain that the government has so carefully fortified our Pacific port, but who knows how long these days of precious peace shall continue. "At peace with all nations" is now the watchword, and long may it be heard through the length and breadth of our dear America.

But Alcatraz, says our "powder is ever dry and our lead is cool," though we appear to live in the "watery main." At the extreme point of the peninsula is a little cape of ragged appearance called Port Lobos. There the ever restless billows seem to be intensely furious, dashing and roaring and casting their foamy waters high upon the rocks, while the silvery spray dazzles with brilliancy in the clear, white rays of the sun.

Point Lobos is a noted place of resort. It is from there the tourist can gratify his desire to see the mighty waters of the Pacific; it is from there he can view the extensive Bay of San Francisco with its host of ships and steamers, and from this eminence he can view afar-off some of the stately mountains, with now and then a peak which wins the admiration of its beholder. At this place is a building used as a hotel and place of refreshment. Many people resort to "Cliff House," as it is called, to spend a day of recreation upon the cliff and huge rocks so prominent, and at all times during the day can be seen sea lions, fearlessly basking in the warm sunshine, raising their shiny forms high upon the rocks and flapping their bristle-covered lips as though they were asking the spectators for a morsel of food. These sea curiosities are carefully protected by the inhabitants of Cliff House, and consequently have become very tame and fearless. They see persons so frequently standing above them, that they look as though they liked rather than feared their presence. We have been so engaged with the sights along the shore, as to have almost forgotten our blithesome crew. The water so far was as smooth as the glassy surface of a river, as free from swells as a silent pool. But let us say a word of regret in regard to many on board who seemed to be seriously apprehending their approaching fate, that inevitable "contagious" and abominable disease termed "seasickness." As we were leaving in the dim distance, our beautiful bay and its surroundings, the crumbling sand hills and the far away mountains, the rugged beach with its beating waves, and the thousands intent on their daily task, a thrill of horror seemed to enter the mind as the heaving waters began to rise, and as the many faces put on that look, so pale and ghastly. One could hear the same interchange of words wherever he went, "How do you feel?" "Oh, devilish weak," was the reply of the fretful old dyspeptic, with "rather uncomfortable," from the more patient pilgrim over this sea of trial."

Here they go arm in arm, promenading the deck with all the vim which could be mustered, trying to be funny at the expense of an aching head, and still asking those whom they are interested in, "How do you feel?"

There were some on board who did not seem to be dreading an attack, as they said, "I never was sick at sea." Oh, how such a condition was envied by the mass of suffering humanity on board. "Oh! if I could only say that," said a rather pretty blonde who seemed to be held upon her pedals by one of a gallant disposition but of terribly haggard appearance and not overly genial at times. By this time the ruddy tinge of the western horizon gave news of a dying day, and also reminded the crew of a place on board where was spread a table groaning beneath its load of tempting viands. But was it best not to indulge, or was it proper to enjoy a feast. All who were unaccustomed to such an experiment rather thought it best to go down any way and take a squint at what the balance did. There came to our ears as we staggered toward the saloon deck, from the lips of one of nature's corpulent females, the following remark, "Now Mr. G—— as sure as I go to the table and see all those sick looking folks, I shall turn sick *myself*." Poor auntie thought I, you are as sick now as any one on board, had you the sand to confess it; nevertheless she tottered through the cabin, down the stairs, and found herself finally seated at the table. Her *exquisite* form and mien placed her as an object of notice, when all at once a burst of Oo-oo Yo-r-ick hic-hic-came from one sitting directly opposite our cautious and graceful Mrs. G——, and no sooner had he made the break, till another, who had been gazing at the huge specimen before him also started for parts unknown. The old lady gazed at Mr. G—— with marked enthusiasm and then burst out in a conglomeration of talk and laughter. "They are all ketchin it from me and I didn't know I had it,"—"Oh-oo-Yar-ic hic" and away she went tumbling toward the lower deck with Mr. G—— in the rear almost crazy with fright, and that was the last the reporter saw of Mrs. G——. Other such sights could be repeated, but *one* is rather too much.

We have said nothing as to how we felt in this circle of excitement, but sufficient to say we devoured several lemons and as many limes, as a preventive in order that we might be able to keep abaft, but still we were some what "indisposed." To conclude our story about the seasick, let us say, some retired the first evening and kept their beds till the voyage was ended. Others moved about half sick; while others were as jolly as "Mark Twain's grandson."

We had proceeded only about eight or ten hours, when we had our attention arrested by a beautiful starry light afar away on the shore; this was Pt. Pinos light house—Pt. Pinos is the extremity of the southern arm of Monterey Bay, the famous old Spanish harbor. The old Spanish mission and city of Monterey is situated on the bay a few miles below the Pt. Pinos Light house. This bay is a noted place for gathering the beautiful sea mosses and algæ. In nearly all the collections that compose the stocks of the many curiousity stores in California, you will see Monterey bay is a very prominent contributor. The history of Monterey mission is very interesting, but space forbids us entering into anything but a mere mention of the place. After a night of sweet repose, (to those in good health) we arose and hurried on deck to admire the beauties of the early dawn—afar over the hills we could see the sun lighted landscape edging upon the mounds of barren sand; and still nearer was the gleaming sheet upon which we were so beautifully sailing, lit up to brilliancy by Aurora's pleasing tints, presenting to the enraptured beholder scenes of splendor unknown to the many who have never been witness.

How the pen of the poet would traverse the sheet should its master behold such sublimity, how the brush of the artist would delicately touch the awaiting canvas as its master viewed such transient beauty. Soon the vision of splendor departed, the "chariot of the sun" ceased to unload its myriads of lovely flowers, so fresh from the "rosy fingers of Aurora," goddess of the morning, and the tested spectators repaired from the scene.

It had come time to make a stop, and soon the captain was heard above piloting those busy at the wheel. Point San Louis came to view, which we quickly doubled and safely gained Port Hartford wharf.

Here we lay about half the day. Some remained on board, others strolled along the beach in search of shells, &c., while others made tours into the adjacent hills. Port Hartford is simply a feeder of a bustling little city nine miles back from the coast. This little city bears the name of its Bay and its county, San Luis Obispo. Soon we are again at sea bound for the famous old port of Santa Barbara. It was about 10 o'clock at night when the echoing hills around Santa Barbara gave back the signal of our arrival. Kind nature favored us with a bright full moon, set in a cloudless sky, and from the many folks who tramped the deck, a general disembarking was evident. Many were bound for the port and bade us farewell, while many wished to take a stroll through the palmleafed city of Santa Barbara. As we ourselves were for the far south, only a curiosity to see the city tempted us to abandon the ship, and soon we found ourselves walking the streets of Santa Barbara by the pale light of the moon. A beautiful place, clean and level streets, shady avenues reaching as far as the yearning eye could penetrate, and the best of all, hotels and other business houses that would do credit to a place of thrice her size.

We cannot pass on without making mention of one hotel in particular. The house seems to be a resort for the health seeker, and for those who abandon the disagreeable winters of other places to spend a few months in a clime of perpetual spring. The "Arlington House," as it is called, contains at least 200 rooms; parlors and drawing rooms magnificently furnished, and other indoor improvements the most modern and costly. Around this hotel is an enclosure of several acres tastefully and magnificently ornamented with flowers, shade trees, ornamental trees, and in the more sunny portions of the grounds are graveled walks encircling and entwining many beds of fragrant and rare flowers. Within this enclosure is a deer and antelope park, where the timid creatures pass their lives of innocence unaware of their limited range. By means of irrigation a carpet of lovely grass is preserved, which is the one and indespensable feature of a beautiful lawn. While I was admiring the surrounding objects, the question was put to one of the proprietors, "Why such improvements and such outlay, in so small a city?" "How does it pay?" Ah! said he, "It don't pay, but it is here and it must be kept up." I think the terms are $4 per day. To say the least concerning the rank of the "Arlington," San Francisco, with the exception of two hotels, the Palace and the Baldwin, cannot make comparison, taking the whole case into consideration. Soon we hurried to the principal places in the town and then set off to our home in the ship. After a few minutes we were in our respective staterooms tucked away in sweet repose. At peep of day we were aroused by the porter shaking our doors and bleating out, "Passengers for Los Angelos get off at next port." But as we were not at the time interested in Los Angelos we remained awhile till the rays of the sun had warmed the pillow close by the little window. When we came on deck we observed that we were among the Santa Barbara Islands, swiftly running the Santa Barbara channel. There to our right was Santukosa Isle, with San Miguel, Anna Capa and Santa Cruz for her near neighbors. When coming nearer our next port, San Pedro, and a little to the right is the lengthy island of Santa Catalina. This island is owned by sheep raisers, and is said to be a vast plateau of grazing land. To our left is the Bay of San Pedro, snugly armed in by Port Fermin. It seems as though the government has made great and effective improvements at this bay in the way of opening the channel, building water-breaks, etc. Many vessels were there having brought their supplies to build up and feed the many immigrants lately come to Los Angelos.

At San Pedro, the Los Angelos passengers take cars for said city, which is some twenty miles interior. As there were 400 tons of cargo to be discharged from our vessel, we remained in San Pedro the remainder of the day and till ten o'clock in the evening. Some of the San Diego passengers took a trip to Los Angelos and back before the ship started. There seems to be a tremendous "boom" in Los Angelos, a great influx of people and trade. Real estate has taken a wonderful rise, and the city is fast building up.

Our next stopping place was the "Meekiaced Diego" terminus of the route. Beautiful San Diego the hero of Bayard Taylor's "Paso del Mar" or Pass of the Sea.

Another night had passed away and we arose just as we came into that peaceful harbor, the Bay of San Diego. What a beautiful sight before us, for a city, smooth and sloping gradually toward the bay, backed by rolling foothills which rise higher and higher in the rear till they are graduated into the lofty volcanoes and table mountains of Lower California and Mexico. At 7 a. m., we embarked and left our ship to the will of the deep. W. H. B.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Coiffures—Jewelry—Evening Toilettes—Arms and Necks.

EDITOR INTELLIGENCER:—New Year's receptions have revealed the fact that there is nothing new in the arrangement of the hair. The same careless prettiness; the same pretty carelessness. The same avoidance of sameness; the same freedom from doing the same things other people do merely for the sake of doing the same. No. one draws her hair back plainly; No. two has crimps; No. three has a few puffs rising at the top; No. four has this; No. five has that, etc., etc. There are some things, however, that none of the above named numbers, nor any unnamed numbers, can do. Through every phrase there must be moderation, and the one thing to be done is not to do too much. By moderation I mean especially a moderate quantity of hair; better not enough than a superfluity. Then, again, in the case of the lady who draws her hair back plainly it is understood that some sort of overshading fringe rests in fringe-like fashion on her forehead. In some manner or form there must be some way, broken outline over the brow, and here a favorite device for those who do not wish to wear false fronts nor to hackle their own front hair into fragments, is the circle of scallops as fashionable now as ever. By far the greater number prefer the low coil at the back, from which occasionally two or three short curls may straggle. A flower or two appended is now and then seen, but tastes run toward some shell, gilt, jet or silver ornament. The huge hairpin catching the half falling coil; the spike thrust in with *abandon*, headed by a ball or two, a a blossom, a butterfly, perhaps—anything careless and as if placed without thought.

JEWELRY.

In jewelry similar ideas prevail. No longer formal "sets," but trifles set here, there, anywhere, catching folds of lace at random, or placed at the throat in finish to the linen collar that barely peeps above the dress. One of the most unbecoming of ideas, nevertheless, in this linen collar, and one entirely out of keeping with the graceful softness belonging instinctively to woman. Happily the fashionableness of lace prevents it as a necessity, and for pinning lace scarfs in the easy ways prevailing at present we see a brooch often doing duty without reference to the "set" of which it may be a part. Not of necessity worn at the throat, as of yore, but on the shoulder, at the waist or elsewhere on the corsage, as fancy may incline. Earrings, if worn, are small and close to the ear, but fashion cares little for earrings and usually they are ignored save in case of a large pearl or diamond.

EVENING COSTUMES.

An evening costume of pale green plush and satin in Lord & Taylor's famous bay window reveals the fact that both these materials are used for full dress, a conviction that is strengthened by the sight in an inner sanctum of a superb toilette where the front breadth of delicate blue satin serves as a foundation to large velvet leaves of deep shaded brown put on at intervals. The back is princess with a flowing train of rich brocade where leafy columns in dark brown traverse a groundwork of pale blue satin; neck square, low, and short sleeves. An exquisite costume being made for Emily Winant was of white silk having the new broad rep combined with gorgeous velvet applique on white surface. Another dress was of ruby velvet plain and brocade, while one yet handsomer was a plain ruby velvet with draperies of wide point lace. The momentous question of "necks" is settled in the most satisfactory way by allowing different ways. Square low, Pompadour, heart shaped, while if you want a square low and yet wish the neck covered, behold a cloud of tulle or lace added with high art dexterity. For rich goods, moreover, one must have the train. The round square, that is the square train with corners rounded, is chiefly in vogue, and often so contrived that for dancing it can be taken off. Sleeves are sleeves or not sleeves, just as one chooses, and one can have just as much or little of a sleeve as one is inclined to, from the slight pretence of one, amounting really to nothing at all, to sleeves reaching well to the wrist. Of course as the sleeve increases the glove decreases, and vice versa. Unless in a fancy dress there is small opportunity for pretty arms, since if you do not cover them with silk or satin, you must with the long, long, long kid glove, coming verily almost to the shoulder.

NEW RICH BLOOD.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. For sale by Chas. W. Loomis, Lexington, Mo.

DIPHTHERIA.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood. For sale by C. W. Loomis.

MAKES HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. For sale by C. W. Loomis.

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For Internal and External Use.

CURE—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston Mass. For sale at Charles W. Loomis' Drug Store Lexington, Mo. sep29y1

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

for N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1883.

More people have read The Sun during the year just now passing than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper published on this side of the earth has been bought and read in any year by so many men and women.

We are credibly informed that people buy, read, and like The Sun for the following reasons, among others:

Because its news columns present in attractive form and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has interest for humankind; the events, the deeds and misdeeds, the wisdom, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

Because the people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs The Sun makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of its ability three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, before elections as well as after, about the whales as well as about the small fish, in the face of dissent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by generous approval. The Sun has absolutely no purpose to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that the The Sun is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that it can allow injustice to be done him. No man, no association of men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict applications of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight that has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robesonism and for honest government. No matter what party is in power, The Sun stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachment of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that The Sun is the best religious newspaper ever published, because it is Christianity be unclothed with cant. Another holds that it is the best republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped half the rascals out of that party, and is proceeding against the other half with undiminished vigor. A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of The Sun finds in it one of its many sides that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

If you already know The Sun, you will observe that in 1883 it is a little better than ever before. If you do not already know The Sun, you will find it to be a mirror of all human activity, a storehouse of the choicest products of common sense and imagination, a mainstay for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for the rights of American Democracy, a scourge for wickedness of every species, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of The Sun are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY—55 cents a month, $6 50 a year; with Sunday edition, $7 70.

SUNDAY—Eight pages, $1 20 a year.

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FINAL SETTLEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested in the estate of Upton B. Winsor, deceased, that the undersigned, administrator, will apply to make a final settlement of said estate, at the February term, 1883, of the Probate court of Lafayette county, Missouri, to be begun and held at the Probate court room, in the city of Lexington, on the second Monday in February, 1883.

dec18d5 EDWARD WINSOR, Administrator.

THE TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

[Furnished weekly to the Intelligencer by Captain J. D. Conner, recorder of deeds for Lafayette County, Mo.]

Abstract of deeds filed in the office of Recorder of Deeds from January 1st to Saturday, January 13th, A. D., 1883. Only such as contain covenants of warranty contained in list.

Kate M. Hightower to Philip Varner, lots 5 and 6, blk 10, Odessa, $900.

John H. Miller to Henry Dohrman, lot 11 and part lot 10, blk H, Concordia, $100.

Henry Westerhouse to J. H. Miller, lots 10 and 11, blk H, Concordia, no consideration.

Henry H. Uphaus to P. Turner, 20 acres the west side of the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 18, township 49, range 24, $300.

Patterson and Smith, et al., to Samuel H. Crawford, lot 7, block 7, Odessa, P. & S. addition, $100.

Findley E. Barnett to W. A. Barnett, the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter 40 and 20 acres, the west side of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter, 60 acres. sec. 26, twp. 48, range 28, $1,300.

Amelia P. Mason and husband to Amelia Keller, pt. sw ne., sec. 1, twp. 49, range 26, 1 acre, $1.

C. J. Ludwigs to Claus Brockmann, lot 7, blk B, Concordia, $50.

Claus Holstein to H. Steffens, the w half ne se, 30, 49, 24, 20 acres, $275.

H. C. Chiles to Taylor B. Benning, lot 3, block 1, Mayview, $50.

J. D. Jones to Samuel James, the nw se and sw se and se sw sec. 28, twp. 48, r 28, 120 acres, $3,400.

Philip N. McWilliams to James D. Jones, the nw se and the sw se and the se sw, sec. 28, 120 acres; and 21 acres off the s end of the w half of the se sw sec 10, all in sec. 48, twp. 48, range 28, 141 acres, $2,400.

Wm. Harris to F. H. Deshon, the sw se, sec. 25, twp. 48, range 29. 40 acres, $600.

Jacob U. Payne to Maggie C. Craig, e half of lot 6, Payne & Wood's sub division, Lexington, $75.

Thomas C. Wood to Maggie C. Craig, e half of lot 5, Payne & Wood's sub division, Lexington, $75.

C. W. Seeber to A. E. Asbury, part lot 1, Smith's addition to Higginsville, $215.

A. E. Asbury, tr., to Samuel J. Blan, lot 5, blk 4, Asbury's addition to Higginsville, $75.

Samuel J. Blan to Grove Young, lot 5 block 4, Asbury's addition to Higginsville, $400.

James L. Warren to Isaac Frazier the sw sw, sec. 3, twp. 49, range 26, except 1 acre, $950.

Gotlieb Grau to Jas. L. Warren, the w half sw sec. 3, twp. 49, range 26, $1,200.

Edwin G. Lee to B. J. Roberts, part nw ne sec. 2, twp. 48, range 28, 5 acres. $250.

Thomas L. McChesney to Patterson & Smith, lot 14, block 13, Odessa, $1,300.

D. C. McConnell to L. R. Smith, lot 16, blk 2, P. & S. addition to Odessa, $75.

Patterson, Smith & Cobb to B. F. Campbell, lot 11, block 3, P. & S. addition to Odessa, $112 50.

J. Zentmeyer to J. D. Zentmeyer, lots 2, 4 and 10, Zentmeyer's addition to Higginsville, $200.

Milton Smith to F. Stockton, the nw ne nw, sec. 5, twp. 48, range 27, 10 acres, $250.

C. S. Mitchell to W. D. Goodloe, the nw sw sec. 30, twp. 50, range 27, 40 acres, $600.

Letitia Bascom and heirs to Paul Lindsey, the west half of the nw, sec. 14, twp. 49, range 25, 80 acres, $2,150.

Adolph Wehrmann to Samuel McDaniel, 28 64-100 acres off the s side of the ne sec. 36, twp. 50, range 26, $1,150.

Lafayette County Bank to Addie M. Young, house and lot on South street, Lexington, $2,000.

Wm. A. Gordon and wife to Mary C. Roberts, the se nw sec. 25, twp. 49, range 27, 40 acres, 1,200.

Lewis H. Day to Joseph Warder, part se ne sec. 22, twp. 50 range 28, 18 acres, $630.

Andrew O'Malley to Lexington Coal Mining Company, part e half se sec. 6, twp. 50, range 27, 10 acres, $1,100.

Jas. H. Cather to Edward Bauerle, the ne nw sec. 22, twp. 51, range 25, 40 acres, $400.

J. C. Cobb to Caltha Lay, 1 acre part of sections 36, twp. 49, range 28, and 1, 48, 28, $200.

A. E. Asbury, trustee to Bridget Norman, lots 3 and 4, block 11, Asbury's addition to Higginsville, $400.

J. T. Gordon to Henry Williams, the sw cor. se ne sec. 10, twp. 49, range 24, 10 acres, $200.

Kirkpatrick, Mitchell, et al, to J. W. Campbell, all block 6 lying south of the railroad, Odessa, $100.

Virginia V. Corder to Henry Williams, the w half of the n half ne se sec. 10, twp. 49, range 24, 10 acres, $150.

H. J. Higgins to Elizabeth and Amelia Keller, lot 7, blk G, Higginsville, $3,000.

J. H. Kappelman to Jacob Holstein, the n half nw sw sec. 18, twp. 48, range 24, 20 acres, $300.

Arad Snyder to M. L. Snyder, the se ne sec. 18, twp. 48, 20 acres, also ne se sec. 7, twp. 48, range 26, 80 acres, $100 and other considerations.

Lucinda Snyder and husband to Arad Snyder the se ne sec. 18, twp. 48, 20 acres, and the ne se sec. 7, twp. 48, range 26, 80 acres, $1 and other considerations.

THAT HUSBAND OF MIME

Is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Jacob John, 4th near Franklin St. Louis, Mo., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best tonic I have ever taken."

Lexington Market.

In this report the wholesale prices are given in left hand column, and retail prices in right hand column. In country produce, the figures on the left denote what the merchants are paying, and on the right the prices at which they sell.

FLOUR—Helmons Patent	$ 3 50
do "K" Patent per sack	3 00
do Family	2 75
Bran per 100 pounds	60
Shipstuff per hundred	65
Corn meal per bushel	60
Wheat No. 2 per bushel	85
Wheat No. 3 per bu	80
Wheat No. 4 per bu	75
Corn in the ear	40
Oats	60
Irish Potatoes	35@50
Onions	50@75
Clear sides per pound	19 20
Hams per pound	16¾ 20
Shoulders per pound	12½ 15
City S. C. hams per pound	20
Lard per pound	12½ 15
Choice butter	25 30
Fair to good butter	15 20
Eggs per doz	20 25
Honey per pound	15 16⅔
Tallow per pound	6¾
Salt per barrel	1 60
Lime per barrel	1 25
Dry Hides per pound	10@12
Green Hides per pound	4½@5
Sheep pelts	15@60
Coon skins	
Hemp, choice, per ton	$70
Hemp, common, per ton	$36
Hemp seed	75
Wool, combing, per pound	26
Wool, fleece per pound	22
Feathers, prime, per pound	40@50
Beeswax, per pound	18 25
N. O. Sugar, choice, per pound	10
N. O. Sugar, fair, per pound	9
Rio Coffee, choice, per pound	20
Rio Coffee, prime, per pound	16

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

LORD, STOUTENBURGH & CO. AGENTS CHICAGO

BROWN'S PEPSIN TONIC

RICHARDSON & CO. AGENTS, SAINT LOUIS, MO.

CURES DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE & BILIOUSNESS.

PREPARED ONLY BY BROWN MEDICINE & MF'G CO. LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

Try it Now! SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Never Fails!

GRUNDY YOUNG,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

No. 91 Main Street, Opposite Courthouse.

We keep constantly on hand a large and fresh stock of goods, to which we invite attention.

Highest price paid, in cash or goods, for Country Produce. Call and see us.

L. B. GORDON. TRAVIS BUFORD.

Gordon & Buford,

GROCERS,

Corner Main and Pine Sts.,

—DEALERS IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

FLOUR, FEED, SALT, &c.

Highest Market Price paid for all kinds of Country Produce.

Carrying a Large and Well-Selected Stock of the BEST Quality of Goods, we are prepared to fill any and all orders. We invite our friends and the public to call and see us. Respectfully,

GORDON & BUFORD.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

I ask an examination of my

Holiday Stock,

being satisfied that I have a very complete and handsome line of goods, consisting of

Dressing Cases, Odor Cases,
Jewel Cases, Christmas Cards,
Poems,
Works of Fiction and Travel,
Juvenile Books and Goods too numerous to mention.

These Goods were all bought very low, and will be sold at prices that will more than meet competition. They are now open for inspection, and I will take great pleasure in showing them to any and all callers.

Respectfully,

CHAS. W. LOOMIS.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!

—AND, AS USUAL, FINDS—

E. G. LOOMIS & CO.,

The Popular Franklin St. Grocers, Fully Prepared for the Occasion!

IN addition to a full line of STAPLE GROCERIES, they have just received a large and elegant stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS, of every kind, such as

Candies, Nuts, Raisins,
Canned Fruits, Preserves,
Citron, Spices, Cocoanuts,
Jellies, Potted Meats, &c.

Examine Their Stock and Prices Before Making Your Purchases!

12 pounds of Choice N. O. Sugar for $1, and everything else in the same proportion.

Don't forget the place,

E. G. LOOMIS & CO.,

dec16 Franklin Street, near Winkler's Furniture Factory.

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