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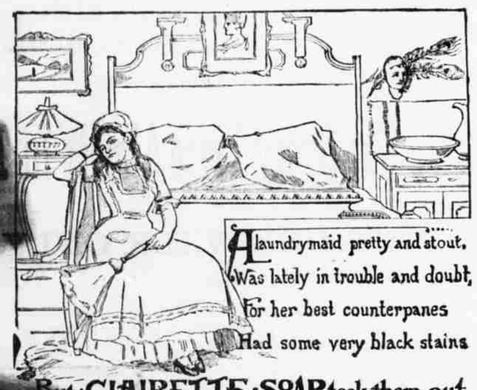

A laundrymaid pretty and stout,
Was lately in trouble and doubt,
For her best counterpanes
Had some very black stains
But CLAIRETTE-SOAP took them out.

CLAIRETTE SOAP—made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., St. Louis.

HARVEST OILS! HARVEST OILS!!

I have on hand this summer a very large lot of

Lubricating Oils

for reapers, and all kinds of farm machinery. The prices are very low, ranging from 20 cents to $1. I can sell you an OIL for

VERY LITTLE MONEY

that is guaranteed. It costs you nothing to call in and get my prices, and I will guarantee to save you some money.

Give me a call before buying.

LEROY FARMER,
Main Street, Lexington, Mo.

With a pistol in his pocket,
Resolution on his brow,
He went west to kill Indians—
His shoes are vacant now.

To argue with senseless people is like giving medicine to the dead; useless to attempt to enlighten such persons by acquainting them with the fact that

Their requirements in the

LIQUOR LINE

can be better supplied by me than by any Rival Dealer in this vicinity.

A. GEYER.

Fredrick, the Tailor

Owing to an unusually large increase in his business and in order to accommodate his growing trade, has removed to the storeroom next door to the Lafayette County Bank, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Tailoring in the latest and most approved style, and asks those who want good work, at the lowest prices, and a sure fit, to call and look at his stock of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PIECE GOODS,

and leave an order for a suit of clothes with those they know can make the same to suit your taste. I have only regular journeymen tailors employed, and of course turn out only the finest and best of work. One price to all. Thanking my friends for the many favors shown me in the past, and asking a continuance of the same, I am. Yours, truly,

JOHN H. FREDRICK, Merchant Tailor,
2-14-91-6m Next Door to Lafayette County Bank.

W. F. KERDOLFF, JR.,

Life, Accident, Fire and Cyclone Insurance.

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY.

FARM LOANS ON LONG TIME.

Office over Vaughan & McClelland's, back room. jmezr-tf.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

Please don't forget that I can supply all wants of the School Room. We have a good many second-hand that are, for all purposes, practically as good, that will be offered at

PRICES MUCH LOWER

than the cost of New Books. Our line of

Hard and Soft Paper Tablets

is very large and complete.

CHAS. W. LOOMIS,
Franklin Avenue.

We discontinue giving soda water tickets September 1st.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

LAFAYETTE COUNTY OFFICERS.

Jonas T. Ferguson ..... Representative
Joseph F. Smith, presiding judge; R. S. Andrews, western, and H. H. Elling, eastern district ..... County Judges
William Young ..... Probate Judge
Samuel J. Andrew ..... County Clerk
Charles L. Ewing ..... Circuit Clerk
Charles C. Wallace ..... Recorder of Deeds
William Aull ..... Prosecuting Attorney
J. R. Dillard ..... Treasurer
John G. Worthington ..... Collector
Charles S. Mitchell ..... Sheriff
Benjamin D. Wendin ..... Surveyor
John B. Sandmeyer ..... Assessor
Dr. J. H. Straughn ..... Coroner
Charles D. Hagland ..... School Commissioner
Examinations the first Saturday in each month, at Lexington.
T. C. Young ..... Constable

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Henry C. Wallace, Jr.
John M. Price.
James R. Hook.

COURT TERMS.

Circuit Court—First Mondays in April, September and December. Richard Field, judge; Chas. L. Ewing, clerk; Haywood Heathman, deputy.

Criminal Court First Monday of March and second Monday of October. John E. Ryland, judge; Charles L. Ewing, clerk, Haywood Heathman, deputy.

Probate Court—Second Mondays of February, May, August and November. William Young, judge.

County Court—First Monday in each month.

City council, regular session, second Monday in each month.

LEXINGTON CITY OFFICERS.

C. B. Russell ..... Mayor
J. W. Hamlett ..... Marshal and Collector
U. G. Fletting ..... Attorney
Charles M. Neet ..... Recorder
Reid Moreland ..... Register and Treasurer
James N. Price ..... Assessor
Denis Gavin ..... Engineer

COUNCILMEN.

1st ward, Thomas Hare and John Carter.
2d ward, James P. Steele and Thos. Walton.
3rd ward, R. F. Waddell and Jacob Fogert.
4th ward, Geo. Simmons and Chris. Walk.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Wm. B. Hamlett, R. T. John, Pres. H. B. Dickey, C. G. Ludwigs, Sec. George P. Venable, T. J. Bandon, V. P.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Lexington Lodge, No. 157, K. P., meets every Monday night at their hall over postoffice. Sojourning knights cordially invited.
George Price, C. C.
John L. Jakowsky, K. of R. and S.

MASONIC.

Lexington Lodge, No. 149, A. F. & A. M.—Paird Monday in each month.
Royal Arch Chapter, No. 10—First Monday in each month.
DeMolay Commandery, No. 3, K. T.—Fourth Monday in each month.

I. O. O. F.

Orion Lodge, No. 45.—Every Tuesday night.
Itaska Encampment, No. 6—Every second Friday night in each month.
Guttenburg Lodge, No. 321—Every first and second Wednesday night in each month.

A. O. U. W.

Lexington Legion, No. 105, Select Knights, and Harmony Lodge, No. 87, A. O. U. W.—Second and fourth Thursday in each month.

K. OF L.

Knights of Labor—Every Monday night.

PROFESSIONAL.

JOHN S. BLACKWELL,
Attorney-at-law. Will practice in all the courts of the state. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to my care. Office in Masonic building over Trigg's store. jan1ly1

J. D. SHEWALTER, S. N. WILSON,
SHEWALTER & WILSON,
Attorneys-at-law, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts in the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and the United States courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office over E. Winsor & Son's, opposite the court house.

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.

W. R. GOSEWISCH, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Will remain in Lexington until November. Office over Leroy Farmer's drug store. 5-2-6m

W. T. DAMERON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Lexington and vicinity. Office, Meng building. Residence, Wm. B. Bolton's. sept2ly1

DRS. WILSON & ECKLE,
Surgeon Dentists, office opposite court house, over Lexington Savings Bank, Lexington, Missouri. apr18

DENTIST.
J. F. Hassell, D. D. S. Office, front rooms over Commercial Bank, opposite court house, Lexington, Mo. mch13tf

DR. J. W. MENG,
Surgeon Dentist, office opposite the court house, up stairs, Lexington, Mo.

DR. J. J. GREER,
Surgeon Dentist, has opened an office over the Lafayette County Bank, next door to Dr. Tucker, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work. Special attention given to the filling of teeth and the making of artificial dentures. Bring your aching teeth and have them extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Lexington, Mo.

JOSEPH O. LESUEUR
Land, Loan and Insurance Agent, Abstracter and Conveyancer, Lexington, Mo. Money to loan on improved farms in Lafayette and adjoining counties, at lowest rates of interest, with privilege of paying part or all of principal before maturity.
No delay, no red tape. Money always on hand. Write me for terms. jun30ly

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
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Stair Banisters, Newel Posts, Walnut Coffins, &c.
Metallic and Wooden Burial Cases Always on Hand.
They respectfully ask the attention of all to the articles of their manufacture pledging themselves to sell as cheap as such articles can be bought.
WINKLER FURNITURE COMPANY.

W. H. BRUNS,
—BREEDER OF—
PURE POLAND-CHINA HOGS

ALL STOCK recorded in the Central Poland-China Record. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, W. H. Bruns, Concordia, Mo.

DESIRABLE SUBURBAN HOME FOR SALE.
I OFFER my suburban place for sale, consisting of 24 acres, situated ¼ mile east of C. F. C., adjoining city limits on the south and Lexington Coal Company's land on the north, underlaid with coal, good springs, two large ponds, all kinds of fine fruit, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, quinces, damsons, Siberian crabs, grapes, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, large asparagus beds, pecan and chestnut trees all in bearing. Large, comfortable house, good cellar, two cistern, large barn, ice house and other good out buildings. For particulars apply at the Mammoth grocery house of W. A. Lafferty, Main street, opposite Grand Central Hotel, Lexington, Mo. jan31tf

MRS. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

De Foe's Hero Outdone by an Heroic Indian Woman.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ALONE.

Joaquin Miller's Quaint Sketch of the Lonely Denizen of an Island Off the Western Coast.

A GREAT deal has been written about the extraordinary little woman who lived all alone on one of our islands for nearly a quarter of a century, but some of the facts seemed to have escaped notice. I shall write them down here as briefly as possible for the use of the coming De Foe. In the first place this woman, although an Indian, was almost white and of extraordinary intelligence and sensibility.

The late Dr. Brinkerhoff, of Santa Barbara, who attended her in her last illness, told me that he thought perhaps she was not of Indian extraction at all. But to get on with the facts.

When the Jesuit priests founded their settlement at Santa Barbara they began to gather in all the docile or friendly Indians and utilize as well as civilize them.

After some years they found out that one of the small islands lying off about twenty miles from their harbor of Santa Barbara was inhabited. The priests visited the island and found the most intelligent and gentle people there that had yet been discovered on the continent. They were loyal, affectionate, and loved their narrow and lonely little home in the sea above all things. They had never visited the main land. They had no wood to build boats with, and so the long black and barren mountain of land away to the south was as inaccessible to them as is the moon to us.

They had queer little houses of stone on the one low cliff, and they were very skillful in spearing fish and capturing all sorts of sea birds. They made mocassins for their feet out of sealskins, for seals were and are to this day so abundant there that you can scarcely walk about without treading on some of the little baby seals. And all along to right and left, as you pass by, you see the mild-eyed mother seal nursing her baby at her breast, as she half rests and reclines against a rock, and lifts her kind, human eyes to yours, as if to ask you to please not hurt her little hairy baby.

THEIR FOOD AND CLOTHING.

I found the eggs of water fowl so plentiful when I visited this little island almost twenty years ago to gather material for an English magazine that it was absolutely impossible to walk about without crushing great numbers under foot. And these simple natives dressed their bodies not in furs, but in feathers. They skinned the sea lions and out of the skins they made remarkably beautiful garments of all hues and fashions.

And this wonderful skill in all their simple walks of life, together with their perfect docility—for it seems they knew nothing at all about war or even anger—tempted the monks to undertake the transportation of the whole tribe, numbering less than two hundred, to their settlement at Santa Barbara.

And so they sent their ship, and contriving to get the simple and confiding islanders all on board they hoisted sail for the mainland.

After a time the poor prisoners became alarmed, and fearing they were to be taken from their beloved island forever, attempted to escape over the sides of the ship into the sea. But the cunning Spanish soldiers and sailors had taken precautions against this, and only one managed to leap into the sea and swim back to the island.

Now the monks told various stories about this woman's reason for escaping back to the lonely island. One was to the effect that she had hidden away her babe in the rocks on consenting to go on board the ship, so as to make sure that it at least should not be torn from its happy little home in the sea and made to serve the strangers, and then finding she was being carried away to return no more, she, in her desperation, dashed through her guards and so got away. A kindlier story is to the effect that her mother hid the babe, but that she did not know it and thought it had been forgotten. Still another version of the story runs to the effect that the child was about to be devoured by numbers of dogs that were left behind, and that she leaped into the sea to save it. But this is the most unkindly and the hardest of all the versions of this extraordinary story. For to believe this last is to believe that the little child was indeed destroyed by the dogs; since the mother when found there and taken to the mainland nearly a quarter of a century ago was found entirely alone.

My own notion of the matter is that the Jesuit fathers entrusted the capture and transportation of the simple natives entirely to some cruel leader of their few seamen and soldiers; that with the usual high handed audacity of the early Spaniards he decoyed them all on board, and only this one could get away. I see no reason for believing there was any baby in the case at all.

LEFT ALONE FOR YEARS.

And now years and years rolled by. A beautiful little city blossomed out at Santa Barbara, only twenty miles away from the lonely woman on her silent little island. A huge stone cathedral, still standing there with its frieze of human skulls set in stonelike cement, was reared by the hands of the converts and the captives; but she saw nothing, knew nothing of this. For her there was no change day after day, year after year. The same rise and fall of the sea, the same solemn march of the seasons, the same silent marching and countermarching of the stars above her and about her on the edge of the sea, the same endless, awful monotony of the rising and the going down of the sun and the moon and the stars. And that was all. It seems incredible to think that any set of human beings could have been so entirely brutal as to leave this woman there all these years so utterly and so desolately alone. She did not even have the goats of Robinson Crusoe, to say nothing of his man Friday and like creatures. She had only the dogs. And they became so numerous and so wild, as we shall presently see, as to be the greatest terrors.

But it should here be explained as a sort of justification of the Jesuit fathers that they had hardly got their religious settlement solidly founded when they were recalled by the King of Spain, or at least made powerless by the confiscation of nearly all their privileges and their property. And so other people took their places, and time swept on.

WAITING FOR SUCCOR.

After years and years gold was found in California and ships began to sail by in great numbers. One ship after another reported seeing a lone figure like that of a human being standing on a little pyramid of heaped up stones and looking out after the ship till lost to sight.

Finally inquiry in and around San Francisco revived the story about the lone woman who had been left for so many years on the island and the circumstances as I have set them down, so far as the facts were known at Santa Barbara.

But everybody was busy getting gold. We had no lighthouse or government stations then as now. Our acquisition of the vast seashore out here was new. We had not yet explored or set foot on the half of our possessions. And so time still swept on and the lone woman was still left with her wild dogs in the desolate little island off the salubrious harbor of Santa Barbara.

And now one of the great steamers carrying gold and passengers, the General Scott, was wrecked on a still smaller island not far off.

The wreckers and others saw the woman not infrequently now. And the story went about that the little pyramid of rocks was gradually growing higher and the lone and desolate figure that mounted it taller and taller as time went by.

Finally the American spirit could endure this idea of lone and endless captivity no longer. Two men from Boston and some others from I know not where hired a small ship and sailed straight for the relief of the poor desolate prisoner. She stood high and lone on the heap of stones and waited for their coming.

And what could have been her thoughts? Would they, too, pass on and away to the left and to the right as a thousand other ships had passed? Would they come to her? Could they come? And what if they should come? Would they devour her; as the wild dogs that gathered about her were waiting to devour her? Landing without trouble, for the ocean here is still and restful as a rule, they walked away over the sea birds' eggs and through the swarms of seals straight up towards the feather clad figure on the high heap of stones. It did not attempt to run away.

HER PITIABLE PLIGHT.

And here is the grimmest and most pathetic part of it all; she could not run away without danger of being devoured by the horde of wild dogs that literally sat in a circle around her, waiting, watching for her to come down.

She had been years building her little fortress, and she had been years building it with all the care and skill of a trained engineer. Here was a stone house for her provisions; there a cell for water, and here one worn and crooked pass where she could possibly beat back the dogs with her club as long as she had strength. But when strength failed her? She had not been unmindful of failing strength in the end, however, and so had built a little tower on top, where she could at the last lie down and die.

One of the rescuing party told me that she surely could have held out but a little time longer.

Strange as it may seem she laughed at the pity offered her. She would not come down to them, but when they came up into her little retreat she laughed outright and hid her face in her rich robe of feathers. In fact, as this same man told me, she laughed almost continually, perhaps the poor creature's only form of expression. For, of course, she could not understand one word that any one spoke to her. And one of the interesting things about it all is when they got her to Santa Barbara not one of her tribe was left alive to talk with her.

Dr. Brinkerhoff, who was then the principal citizen in Santa Barbara and whose widow is still there to verify all that has been said, told me that he took her from the boat himself when the party got back from the island with her and that she began to laugh as soon as he took hold of her hand to help her ashore. And he further told me that as he walked up town with her toward his house they met a man in the street on horseback, and that on the sight of this man on horseback she sat right flat down in the dust and laughed and laughed as if she could never stop laughing.

BARNUM WANTED HER.

Of course the strange story and the news of the rescuing from the island soon spread all over the world. Barnum sent a man all the way from his Bridgeport home to secure her for his "greatest show on earth," and the state of California promised to make ample provision for her comfort and well being at home.

But before Barnum's agent arrived or the poor little laughing creature had fairly ceased to laugh at the sight of the first horse she had ever seen she fell ill.

All was done by the good people of Santa Barbara that could possibly be done. She had the best of care and certainly the best of physicians attended her. But she rapidly declined and one day while sitting on the grass eating a piece of watermelon she suddenly turned her face away to her island, looked a moment, and then sank down on the grass, dead!

They found a great many fishhooks hidden away in her new clothes and also a number of needles, for fishhooks and needles were the wonder and the delight of her heart, and this gave rise to the idea that she was getting ready to swim back to her island. But Dr. Brinkerhoff assured me that she was perfectly content in Santa Barbara and had no notion of running away. He said, with reason, that it was but natural that she should, after her long enforced habits of hoarding of things, hide away fishhooks and needles, as the two things were important to her in her pitifully limited vision of life.

She left many things of cunning workmanship still to be seen in Santa Barbara. But her gorgeous robe of feathers, made entirely from the few green feathers found on the heads of certain ducks and composed of more than one thousand pieces, was sent to the Pope and is to be seen in the Vatican.

She caught these ducks with fishhooks made of bone and sinew. She sewed her robe of ever so many pieces together with sinews taken from the backs of seals, her only needle being a sharpened bone. No wonder that all the wealth of California, to her, was not worth so much as a few fishhooks and needles. JOAQUIN MILLER.

Rev. James H. Corden, pastor M. E. Church, Wilson, N. C., says: I have used Bradycrotine and never in a single instance failed to obtain immediate relief from headache when directions were followed.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

Higginsville.

Boom the fair.

Everyone is talking of the fair.

O. V. Thornton was down from St. Joseph last week.

Gus Roberts, of Aullville, was here Saturday evening.

Our city is being greatly improved, preparatory for the fair.

The library at the Home is being increased each week. Let the good work go on.

Hugh Asbury, the popular teller of the American bank, was in Sweet Springs Sunday.

Miss Ora Houx returned recently from Lexington where she attended the teacher's institute.

Ed Jackson, our handsome young operator at the Missouri Pacific railroad depot, spent Sunday in Sweet Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Norvell are eminently qualified for the position they hold at the home. They are kind and courteous to all.

A boulevard is being constructed from the Main road to the Confederate Home, and a most beautiful drive will be had when it is complete.

Burglars are getting in their work in this city, and our officers are on their tracks intent on capturing them. Woe unto them if they are caught.

Wood Payne was in Odessa Sunday evening. He returned on the 10:30 passenger, accompanied by Misses Cora Mason and Nannie Mosby, who had been visiting Miss Gertie Hockensmith, and by Ward Mitchell, who spent Sunday near Odessa, the guest of Edgar Lay. All reported a most enjoyable time.

Miss Glenn Norvell, is a beautiful brunette, and the center of a large circle of friends, formed since her removal here, from Kansas City. Visitors to the home are always pleased with the queenly grace and affable charm of the fair young lady, and to all she is entertaining and social, winning the hearts of all who know her.

Miss Glenn Norvell, last week received from Mrs. Cassidy, of the Confederate Home, 4,000 brick tickets, which will be sold at the low price of ten cents each. 100,000 of these tickets have been printed, the object of which is to raise money for the brick of the main building of the Confederate Home. Everyone should assist in the erection of this building.

Friend, of Lafayette county, remember your illustrious county has had bestowed upon her one of the greatest honors in the land, that of containing within her borders the home for the ex-confederates. Show your appreciation of this honor by bringing to the fair everything designed to advertise Lafayette as the very best county in the state, and prove to the people of Missouri that it was a wise choice when Lafayette county was selected as the place for the ex-confederates to pass their last years.

One of the most pleasant social events of the season was a storm party at the residence of Jack Johnson, near Grange Hall, on Monday night of last week. Dancing and all kinds of social games were indulged in, and a royal time was had. The storming party consisted of Misses Susie Wood, Alice Kennedy, Cora Mason, Anna and Nannie Mosby, Rose and Ollie Blewitt, Lina Johnson, Lizzie Owens, of Kansas City, Edgar Johnson and wife, Price Green and wife, Ed Green and wife, Messrs. J. O. Welborn, George Payne, Gus Littlejohn, Arthur Bradford, Dove Blewitt, James Belt, Walter Bradford, Erle Mason, Joe Green, Ward Mitchell, Arthur McLain and Wood Payne.

Art of Making Tea.

Consular Letter from China.

We Americans don't know the first principles of making tea. The delicate leaf should never touch metal. It should be kept in paper, wood, glass or porcelain.

To make it, put a small quantity in a porcelain cup, fill the latter with boiling water, cover it with a porcelain saucer and let it stand three minutes. Then if you desire to be an epicure drink only the upper layer of the golden liquid, throw the rest away, rinse the cup and begin drawing de novo. Don't use sugar any more than you would sweeten Chambertig or pour molasses into Mumm's extra dry.

Don't use milk! It ruins the flavor of the tea and injures the stomach. The cloudiness produced by adding milk to tea arises from the action of the tannin upon the casein, and is, chemically speaking, pure leather. An old maid who drinks a dozen cups of this mixture a day swallows a hundred pairs of boots and a section of extra long leather hose during her lonely life of 50 years. Above all things, don't boil tea. The heat drives off the perfume, spoils the flavor and extracts the tannin, the astriagent principle. If the boiling be done in a tin or iron pot the tannin attacks the metal and makes the liquid black. This fluid is simply diluted ink. Never let the tea stand except in a tightly closed porcelain pot. Standing changes it from a delicious, wholesome beverage into an ill-tasting and bitter liquid. Rather make it in small quantities and make it often.

Methinks I hear many good housewives say, "it needs no ghost to tell us this," and yet there are thousands who do need advice on this simple subject. In summer when you want to cool off quickly, sip the tea boiling hot with a slice of previously peeled lemon, or, nicer still, of orange without the rind, floating in it. In winter, especially when you have a cold and require a sodoritic, add a wineglassful of arrack to it, and drink it down as hot as you can stand it. It will bring out a profuse and healthful perspiration, when punch or hot Scotch fails to thaw you out.

More Facts for the Alliance.

Barber County (Kansas) Index.

Last week's Cresset, under this caption, says:

There were farm mortgages released in this county, during the month of July to the amount of $25,040. The amount recorded was $3,062.

There were city mortgages released to the amount of $300 and none recorded.

Of the above sum the district clerk released $17,800, and he informs us that it took just 30 farms to make the release. The lands were sold by the Sheriff, and bought in by the mortgage holder, and of course the mortgage was extinguished; but in every case the farmer has lost his farm, and in nearly every case there is a great big balance against the farmer on his unsatisfied note. The local editor of the Cresset has worked in the office of the district clerk long enough to warrant us in believing that he knew what he was talking about when he wrote the above extract. If he did know, he was evidently trying to mislead. The information while true in one respect, is utterly false in its general scope. It was intended to convey the impression that our farmers had sold off enough wheat, corn, cattle and hogs to pay their debts, and had paid this amount of money to mortgage holders. The sheriff is the great "mortgage-lifter" in this county, and we believe the sheriffs of the state are "lifting" more mortgages than the farmers are.

Kansas is rapidly getting rid of her mortgage indebtedness, and just about as rapidly getting her farms into the hands of corporations, and driving her farmers to Oklahoma or Colorado.

Talk about good times, when the manufacturers of good times, (on paper,) have to falsify the records in order to mislead the people, and make them believe that the country is prosperous, while the farmers are losing their farms, and town-lot owners are not able to pay their taxes.

Cali this a calamity howl if you like, but the records will show that the statement is true.

Crisp on the Tariff.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the battle of Lone Jack was celebrated Saturday at the grounds near Lone Jack. About five thousand people were present at the celebration and were addressed by the Hon. John C. Tarsney of the Fifth District and Hon. Chas. F. Crisp, of Georgia. His address at Lone Jack is the first of a series of speeches to be made in various parts of Missouri. Hon. John C. Tarsney made the introductory address and confined his remarks to reminiscences of the Lone Jack battle. He also touched up the economic questions of the day from a democratic standpoint, making special mention of the tariff. Congressman Crisp followed, making a speech on the tariff, refraining, however, from all allusions to the coming national campaign. The speaker addressed his audience at some length, urging the farmers to vote for a policy of tax reduction, pointing out the advantages derived from reduction of tariff on sugar and other commodities. On Tuesday, Congressman Crisp spoke at Lebanon, Mo., and on Wednesday at Lexington. Thursday evening he addressed the voters of Kansas City.

The Growth of Christianity.

Chinese Recorder.

If we sum up the encouragements to hope, founded on the success of Christian work, the figures are as follows:

Three centuries after Christ there were 5,000,000 Christians.

Eight centuries after Christ there were 30,000,000 Christians.

Ten centuries after Christ there were 50,000,000 Chistians.

Fifteen centuries after Christ there were 100,000,000 Christians.

Eighteen centuries after Christ there were 174,000,000 Christians.

Now there are 450,000,000 Christians.

The following are the three religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, all combined are less in number than the Christians alone.

Including the largest division of Africa among the European powers, about four-fifths of the land of the world is under Christian rule.

A Sunken Lake.

Exchange.

A remarkable freak of nature is found among the hills of Delaware county, New York, in a sunken lake, covering about three acres of surface, which lies between two parallel ridges not far from the New York, Ontario and Western railroad. The whole surface of the lake is covered with a thick growth of moss, whose stems extend to an unknown depth, but certainly further than the arm can reach. Each tuft of the moss is of a different color from its neighbor, so that the surface looks like that of a beautiful colored carpet. In walking over the velvety surface the foot sinks down a few inches without encountering the water, which is at least two feet below the surface. Near the shore, in a few places, the water comes to the top. The buried pond is a wonderful natural curiosity.

"Dictionary English."

Commercial Gazette.

Dr. Brombaugh says, in his "Gleanings for the Curious:" "Dictionary English is something very different, not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips or with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly amounts to 10,000 words; our common spoken English hardly to 5,000."

Same Thing.

Chicago Tribune.

"The reason why we shall have to raise the price of coal," explained Baron Anthracite to the humble vassal who had ventured to make an inquiry about it, "is that an immense amount of coal will be required when it becomes necessary to move the enormous crops this year."

"But suppose dry weather and early frosts kill the crops," suggested the humble vassal. "What then?"

"In that case," replied the baron, a look of pain stealing over his noble face like the shadow of a cloud chasing the sunshine across a field of clover blossoms, "in that case coal would go up, of course, with all the necessaries of life."

A Giant Sunflower.

Springfield (Mo.) Democrat.

There is now growing on East Walnut street, near Jefferson, a sunflower that has attracted much attention on account of its great size and beauty. The stalk has now attained the height of fourteen feet, and the plant is crowded with forty-five separate and perfect blossoms. As this magnificent bunch of flowers leans toward the rising sun fresh from its dewy bath, the giant plant testifies eloquently to the fertility of the soil of the Ozarks. Kansas should send to Springfield for her floral emblem.

Man's Inanition, Women's Intuition.

Rehoboth Herald.

The shortest love letters on record are said to be the following:

Dear Clara:

?

TOM.

Dear Tom:

I will.

CLARA.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

STATE NEWS.

The Sedalia fair begun Tuesday.

The Moberly fair closed Saturday.

A lady at Warsaw fell dead while eating a watermelon.

The tobacco crop at Chillicothe has been injured by a severe hail storm.

Franklin county will build a new court house. It will be 33x31 feet and two stories high.

William Goodwin, a carpenter, died at Joplin from lockjaw brought on by running a wire nail into his foot.

William Havener, a gardner of Louisiana, took a dose of rough on rats, which failed to kill him. He then tried to cut his throat with a razor.

The last day's programme of the militia encampment at Lake Contrary was abandoned by reason of a heavy rain. Some of the soldiers had to swim out of bed.

The local auxiliary of the Daughters of the Confederacy, of Mexico, gave an entertainment in the court house yard Friday night and realized $125. They will erect a cottage at the Home in Higginsville, to be known as the Audrain cottage.

The Audrain county Ex-Confederate Association was organized at Mexico Saturday with fifty members. The officers are: A. G. Turner, president; R. S. McKinney, secretary; R. P. Hopkins, treasurer; R. H. Edmonds, John M. Kelso and Tom Hendrix, council of administration.

The government crop bulletin for last week contained this paragraph from Missouri: Local rains have partly relieved the drouth in southeast counties, but many localities in central and southeast sections are suffering for rain. The conditions were favorable to crops in the northern counties.

A Jersey heifer, sixteen months old, the property of Rev. W. M. Bell, of Miami, Mo., gave birth to a full-sized calf a few days ago, and is now milking. This is one of the earliest productions that has been reported lately. It was of course an accident, but the heifer is doing well.—Live Stock Indicator.

W. T. Gorrell left at the Bazoo office this morning a blade of grass, the flowering end of which is about the size and almost the exact pattern of a lady's hand. It has a well developed thumb and four fingers, and is one of nature's prettiest freaks.—Sedalia Bazoo.

Mr. A. Umbarger of Napton, Mo., owns the largest cow in the state. It pulls the beam at 1,872½ pounds, has eaten no corn for six months and gives about four gallons of milk per day. Mr. Umbarger says she would easily weigh 2,500 pounds if properly fattened.

M. S. Thomas, of Rock Lick, Saline Township, last Friday killed a rattlesnake which measured four feet in length and ten inches around the body. The huge reptile had twelve rattles and a button. It had two fangs on one side of its mouth and one on the other. The weight of this snake was exactly five pounds.—Perry (Mo.) Enterprise.

The colored people of Audrain, Lincoln and Pike counties will hold a three-days fair at Louisiana beginning September 3d. Music will be furnished by a colored band and the entire management will be in the hands of the colored men, who last year proved themselves adequate to the occasion. One thousand dollars will be distributed in premiums.

A curiosity in the shape of a hummingbird's nest was on exhibition in the show window at Megede's jewelry store last week. It contained one egg. The nest and the egg together would not weigh much more than an ounce. The nest was daintily fashioned and was lined with a soft fuzz much resembling silk. It was found by Sam Ringo in the woods northeast of town.—Richmond (Mo.) Conservator.

A Copperhead Bites a Dog.

Hannibal (Mo.) Courier-Post.

Copperhead snakes are said to be very plentiful south of the city. One bit a dog belonging to David E. Wade, living three miles below the city, the other day. The wound was on the lip and in a few moments the head of the poor beast had swollen to such an extent that it was unable to open its eyes and it became dormant as if dead. Mr. Wade decided to try an experiment. He gave the animal a dose of ammonia internally and applied a mixture of ammonia and carbolic soap to the wound. The following morning the swelling had disappeared and the animal was as lively as if it had never been bitten.

Giant Plums.

Springfield (Mo.) Democrat.

Mr. Thos. H. Hymer brought to the Democrat office last week some of the finest peaches and plums for size, color and flavor ever grown in Missouri. The peaches were freestones of the remarkable size of 9½ inches in circumference. The plums were of the yellow egg variety and measured 7 inches the long way and 6 inches the other way in circumference. These were raised in the city on Hymer's place, 936 Main street, and received no special attention. This is another verification of the position the Democrat has taken that Missouri challenges the world as a fruit country. If any other man thinks he can beat the record the Democrat will publish it.

What a Lay Member Is.

Washington Star.

"Now," said bright-eyed little Freddie, "I know what the minister means when he speaks of the lay members."

"What is it?" asked his aunt, while the minister smiled approvingly.

"I heard him tell pa that there were a lot of tiresome old hens in this congregation."

Mrs. J. Campbell, of Easton, Pa., ran a needle in her arm when nine years of age. A few days ago she experienced considerable pain in her left arm. The family physician found underneath the skin the needle, which was removed. During the twenty years the needle had travelled up her right arm, across the shoulders and down the left arm.—Baltimore American.

ANOTHER WHEAT CROP ESTIMATE.

The last number of Bradstreet's contains some additional information of great interest concerning the wheat shortage of the world, which has for some time past been the subject of very earnest discussion. About two weeks ago that journal contained a review of the situation based upon estimates made by Beerbohm's Corn Trade List and other trustworthy authorities, in which the world's net deficit was placed at 32,000,000 bushels.

Its last article was prepared by its London correspondent, William E. Bear, whose exceptional facilities for the work in question should give to his figures especial weight. He deals more particularly with the European situation, and his very apparent conservatism would indicate that the shortage is much more likely to exceed rather than fall short of his estimates. He goes over the situation carefully in detail and places the total exportable surplus of Russia, including Poland, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia, at 90,000,000 bushels, while the wants of the importing countries of Europe are placed at 371,000,000 bushels.

According, however, to advices from St. Petersburg, these figures need revision, as it was stated in the dispatch in question that it is more than probable that no wheat at all will be exported from that country owing to the bad harvest. Inasmuch as Mr. Bear estimates that Russia will export 40,000,000 bushels, that amount will in all probability have to be taken from the 90,000,000 bushels, leaving only 50,000,000 bushels for export. Taking this from the 371,000,000 bushel which it is estimated the importing countries will need, leaves the net deficiency at 321,000,000 bushels, instead of the 281,000,000 bushels he estimates.

Against this he places an Indian surplus of 33,000,000 bushels, a very liberal one, and a surplus from this country of 144,000,000, which seems a little light, making the net European deficiency 144,000,000 bushels. Some of this will be supplied by exports from Australia, Argentine, Chili. Asia Minor and Canada, but it is hardly probable that they will be able to make up more than half of the needed amount at the very utmost. When the great rye shortage throughout Europe is also taken into consideration the significance of these figures becomes the more apparent.

Bradstreet's, in commenting editorially upon these estimates, very rightly terms them extremely bullish arguments.

It seems pretty clear now that the American farmers are practically masters of the situation, and while they will probably not be able to obtain the extravagant prices which many have predicted, yet there can be little doubt that they will be able to command prices considerably highter than those now prevailing.—Kansas City Journal.

A Liberal Proposition.

Who has not heard of that paragon of family papers, the enterprising and popular Weekly Detroit Free Press? For a generation its name has become a synonym for all that is excellent, pure and elevating in journalism. It is delightfully entertaining, without resort to cheap sentimentalism, instructive without being prosy or pedantic. Combining the literary qualities of the expensive magazine with the bright, breezy characteristics of the newspaper, it leaves nothing to be desired by the average reader. It is looked upon as a welcome visitor by every family who reads it, while thousands regard it as indispensable and would on no account go without it. An enormous circulation of 125,000 copies per week attests its wonderful popularity. Recognizing the fact that there are those who are unfamiliar with its surpassing merits as a home paper, the puplishers offer to send The Free Press to them for the balance of this year (over five months) for only 50 cents—a club of four for $1.00 or a club of ten for $2.00. All our readers should subscribe at once. Sample copies free.

The INTELLIGENCER and Free Press will be sent to one address for the remainder of the year for $1.00.

An Albino 'Possum.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Hon. John J. Falvey of the Park Commission captured a few nights ago a remarkable albino opossum, with pink eyes and a perfectly white coat of hair. It is a rare specimen of the genus 'possum, and was treed about thirty miles from Atlanta, in North Georgia, by Mr. Falvey and Joel Chandler Harris, both of whom are genuine lovers of the old-time 'possom hunt. They were offered $50 for it by a prominent Whitehall street dry goods merchant as an attraction for his window, but instead have presented it to the Zoo at Grant Park, where it will be known as "Falvey Harris."

Quite a party of gentlemen from Senora were invited by Mr. R. S. Hardy, who is one of our most successful and enterprising farmers, to an immense watermelon cutting Thursday afternoon. When we arrived we saw twenty melons that would have weighed more than 1,500 pounds, and three melons taken from one vine weighed 201 pounds taken together. They were of the celebrated Hardy variety, and were finely flavored.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

Dr PRICE'S
Cream
Baking
Powder.
A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior