

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play
 Is Published Every Thursday by
S. HENRY SMITH, Proprietor.
 OFFICE OF MERCHANT STREET,
 (South Side)
Five Doors West of Public Square.
Terms of Subscription.
 Invariably in advance.
 One copy, one year.....\$1.50
 Club of ten to same Post-office.....12.50
 Club of twenty to same Post-office.....20.00
 Club rates do not apply to the city
 of Ste. Genevieve.

FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. I. STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1872. NO. 10.

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.
Rates of Advertising:
 One square, 60 words, one insertion.....\$1.00
 Each subsequent insertion.....50
 Business cards, 1 inch space, per year.....\$5.00
 One column, one year.....10.00
 One-half column, one year.....5.00
 One-quarter column, one year.....2.00
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 the inch.
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 Circuit Attorney—B. B. Cahoon.
 Counties comprising the Circuit, and
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 Bollinger—2d Mondays in March and
 September.
 Madison—1st Mondays in March and
 September.
 Perry—3d Mondays in April and Octo-
 ber.
 Ste. Genevieve—1st Mondays in May and
 November.
 St. Francois—3d Mondays in May and
 November.

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 Circuit Clerk—Joe Bauman.
 County " —John L. Bogy.
 Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison.
 County Court Justices—A. S. Jen-
 nings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman Lillie.
 County Attorney—J. B. Robbins.
 Treasurer—L. Bert Valle.
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 Public Administrator—S. A. Guignon.
 Ste. Genevieve County Court meets on
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 July, and first Monday in October.
 Justice of the Peace Court, second Satur-
 day in each month.

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OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING.

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REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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Physician and Surgeon,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

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Market Street, Opposite Court House.
 STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

DR. J. W. BRAHAM,

Resident Dentist,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

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Also
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 of Rheumatism.
 Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale.
 3-52

THE Farming community and the

public generally, will bear in mind
 that the "CONE MILLS" always
 pay the HIGHEST market price for
 WHEAT and in Cash Only.

The Well-known, choice brands of
 Family Flour "Cone" and "Eloy,"
 and other grades kept constantly on
 hand for sale, and at the lowest pos-
 sible figures.

Lots of 100 lbs and upwards deliv-
 ered FREE OF CHARGE.

MARTIN MEYER,
 Ste. Genevieve, Mo June 7. 1-y

Selected Miscellany.

MARY.

These simple lines come from a
 Protestant source, but will give
 pleasure to many a Catholic Mary.
 Mary! it is a gentle name,
 And they alone should bear it
 Whose gentle thoughts and kindly deeds
 Proclaim them meet to wear it.
 Mary, the first of whom we read
 Is in the sacred word,
 The Blessed Virgin undefiled,
 The Mother of the Lord.
 A Mary to our Saviour kneel,
 And wash his feet with tears,
 A true repentance then she felt
 For sins of other years;
 With pity touched, our Saviour said,
 "Thy sins be all forgiven!"
 And she who knelt a sinner, rose,
 Mary, a child of heaven.
 While Martha toiled with restless mind,
 Troubled with many things;
 Mary sat peacefully to hear
 Her Lord, the King of kings;
 And He, who truly read each heart,
 —Jesus of her did say:—
 "Mary hath chosen that good part,
 Which ne'er shall pass away."
 And when the Lord of heaven became
 The lowly crucified,
 Three Marys stood around the cross,
 And wept when Jesus died.
 A Mary sought, at early dawn,
 The tomb from whence He broke;
 And hers the first recorded name
 The risen Saviour spoke.
 Then Mary let it be your aim
 To keep these still in view,
 And, as you bear their gentle name,
 Possess their graces too.
 Be meek and lowly pure in heart,
 Be every sin absorbed,
 Like Mary choose the better part
 And early seek the Lord.

OUR HONEYMOON.

"My dearest," said Fred, as we
 neared a little wayside station, "what
 do you say to some lunch? I can step
 out here, and get you anything you
 fancy. It may seem a dreadful thing
 for a bridegroom to confess, but I be-
 gin to feel quite sharp after our early
 dinner. If you don't mind my leav-
 ing you for five minute—"

I signified that an absence of that
 duration might be supported, and
 Fred started for the refreshment
 room.

We had been married just three
 days, and the glamour of the honey-
 moon was upon everything—the at-
 mosphere was rarified beyond that
 breathed by everyday mortals—the
 earth glorified with a new beauty—
 the heavens with a new light. We
 ate not bread and beefsteak, but some
 ambrosial dish untraced before, and
 drank golden nectar, etheralized
 from hotel coffee-pots.

I watched Fred from the car-win-
 dow until he disappeared in the re-
 freshment room. What a splendid
 fellow he was! Such eyes—such a
 mind—such teeth—such a heart—
 such a general combination of per-
 fections! How charming—how deli-
 cious—how altogether inexpressible
 it was to belong to him forever,
 never to be separated more!—when,
 whiz! clang! Horrors! The train
 was off again—off, with Fred still dis-
 cussing boned turkey in the eating-
 saloon, and his faithful wife hopelessly
 quiescent in the ladies' car—off, sun-
 dering at the rate of thirty miles an
 hour those whom law and Gospel
 both declared only death should
 part.

"What's the matter, mum?" asked
 the conductor, noticing my excite-
 ment.

"There—there's a gentleman left
 behind?" I gasped.

"Is there, mum?" was the stoical
 reply. "Bless your soul, that's nothing
 new!"

"But—but—he's my husband!" I
 faltered, blushing to my finger-tips,
 as I felt that was something new.

Three ladies turned around to stare
 at me, and there was an unmistakable
 titter beneath the heavy moustache
 of a gentleman opposite.

"Sorry, mum, but it can't be help-
 ed. If gents will stop at bar-rooms
 to wet their whistles, we can't wait
 for 'em."

A bar-room! Fred in a bar-room,
 wetting his whistle! What did the
 odious man mean? I tried to crush
 him with a look, but I wasn't equal
 to it. Fred—my Fred—in a bar-
 room!

"You needn't be alarmed," said an
 old gentleman, kindly; "there will
 be another 'accommodation' at eight."

"At eight!" and it was now just
 half-past four. I sunk back upon the
 cushion in quiet desperation. What
 was to become of me?

With the entire abnegation peculiar

to the early phases of the honeymoon,
 I had put my little velvet portemon-
 naie, handkerchief and vinaigrette in
 Fred's breast pocket—not that I
 hadn't a pocket of my own, but there
 was such a delightful novelty in feel-
 ing that now I had a right to this.

Was there ever a confiding bride
 left in such a plight? Without a
 husband and without a cent, and—
 not the least misfortune to one inclin-
 ed to the feminine weakness of tears
 —without even a pocket-handker-
 chief.

"Ticket, mum."

The conductor was again making
 his rounds.

"I—I haven't any ticket," I stam-
 mered, in bewilderment.

"Two-thirty, then, if you please,
 mum, as far as Philadelphia."

"Ticket, sir—"

"Two-thirty, as quick as you can
 mum—time's short."

"But my—my husband has my
 ticket," I faltered. "He was left at
 B—station, you know?"

"Beg pardon, mum, but our orders
 are strict. That sort of dodge has
 played out on this line entirely!
 Two-thirty, mum, if you please. Will
 refund at the office, when ticket is
 presented."

The man suspected me, actually sus-
 pected me—Fred's wife! Oh, dear,
 dear! How utterly lonely and un-
 protected I felt, after the strong trust
 and sweet reliance that had been
 mine!

"I—I haven't any money," I said,
 in a faint voice. "You'll have to put
 me out somewhere, I suppose," I
 added, with determined resignation.

"Allow me, madam"—the mous-
 tached gentleman was up, pocket-
 book in hand—"let me arrange this
 matter for you until we reach Phila-
 delphia. Your husband can settle
 with me afterwards," he said, giving
 me his card, with a smile.

If I hadn't been married, I should
 have fallen in love with that deli-
 cious man on the spot. As it was, I
 only murmured some unintelligible
 thanks, and slipped his card into my
 pocket as a memento of a modern
 knight.

We were to have stopped all night
 in Philadelphia. As the train neared
 the city a new perplexity seized upon
 me. Where could I go? If it were
 daylight I might remain in the ladies'
 waiting-room; but Fred would not
 arrive until nearly ten at night. I
 had no money to pay a hackman, go
 to a hotel, or even get my supper.

A sudden thought flashed into my
 mind—Aunt Tabby lived in Phila-
 delphia! I had directed a letter to
 her only a few weeks before announc-
 ing my approaching marriage. True,
 the reply was rather discouraging—
 being dimly prophetic on all sorts
 of evils that awaited me, and darkly
 suggestive of the snares and pitfalls
 in that broad road that leads to mat-
 rimony and distraction.

But Aunt Tabby took a vinegary
 view of everything. She never had
 felt the mellowing influence of a
 honeymoon.

We arrived at the depot; my mous-
 tached friend had left the car some
 time before, so I was unprotected
 again. An army of hackman besieged
 the door of the depot, and I imme-
 diately became the subject of a strug-
 gle. Oaths and whips resounded
 about my ears, until I was finally seized
 upon and carried off by the most
 energetic of the party.

Having secured me in a very dirty
 vehicle, he regarded me with a trium-
 phant grin.

"If you will get my trunk now,
 please," I suggested.

"Your trunk, is it? Where's the
 bit of tin?"

"The tin—the bit of tin, to be
 sure. How am I to get it without
 the tin?"

My check! I had forgotten that
 Fred had the check also. Alas! for
 powerlessness of woman! I saw my
 new Saratoga, filled with the daintiest
 of trousseaus, bundled off with a lot
 of hotel baggage, and couldn't raise a
 finger to claim it. It was the last

straw on the camel's back and I drove
 in tears to Aunt Tabby's, using my
 tissue veil as a pocket-handkerchief,
 and thereby unconsciously tattooing
 my face with streaks of blue.

Even Aunt Tabby's monumental
 rigidity was overcome by my appear-
 ance, when she met me at the immac-
 ulate door step.

"Left you! and only married three
 days! Pay that hackman, Mary
 Jane, and send him off before he sees
 any more of this family disgrace!
 Only three days! The Lord have
 mercy on us! That I should live
 to see brother Henry's child brought
 to this. Taken all your money and
 clothes, too! Well! well! it's noth-
 ing more nor less than I expected.
 Only an accident! Don't talk to me
 of accidents! If you ever lay your
 eyes on that man again, my name is
 not Tabitha Tintstitch! The mean-
 spirited scoundrel! to leave you with-
 out a rag to your back! You poor
 deluded innocent! Put on the kettle,
 Mary Jane, and hurry up the tea; this
 poor child is trembling like a leaf,
 and well she may!"

I was too dispirited and miserable
 to attempt to stem the torrent of Aunt
 Tabby's indignation. I let her talk
 on.

"Oh, and ain't it dreadful, mum?
 I heard the sympathetic Mary Jane
 murmur, aside, to her mistress; 'such
 a sweet young creature as she be!
 And only look at her face! I expect
 he's been banging of her.'

Aunt Tabby pursed up her mouth,
 and shook her head expressively.

"Let this be a warning to you,
 Mary Jane."

"Oh, I'm sure it will, mum," was
 the feeble reply.

"She'll never lay eyes on him
 again," repeated Aunt Tabby, solemnly;
 'never! Lord bless my soul!
 Who's that?'

There was a knock at the door that
 fairly shook the prim little house.

"Is my wife here?" asked a quick,
 anxious voice, and the next moment
 Fred's wife was there, clasped in the
 strong, brave arms—crying and
 laughing together on the broad, lov-
 ing breast.

"How did you get here so soon?
 How did you find me? Oh, Fred!
 Fred! I have been so frightened and
 miserable!"

Fred's answer was a shower of
 kisses?

"How did I come? In a coal car.
 There was a train of them just be-
 hind. It wasn't the pleasantest ride
 in the world, but it brought me quick-
 est to you—poor little frightened
 bride!"

And as I met the glance of those
 loving eyes, I nestled closer to his
 heart and felt, in spite of Aunt Tab-
 by's expectations, I was at home
 again.

At a funeral, lately, there
 stood in the house an old-fashioned
 clock, which, when it finished the an-
 nouncement of the meridian hour,
 was made to play a tune. The offi-
 ciating minister was in the midst of
 his sermon when, noon having arriv-
 ed, the clock commenced striking
 twelve. In a very solemn tone he
 impressed on his hearers the inevita-
 ble flight of time; but the exhorta-
 tion was evidently ineffective, as the
 clock instantly followed with the
 cheery old notes of "Take your time,
 Miss Lucy."

The mother of an unmanageable
 Irish boy, living in Portland, thus ex-
 cused him to the police: "Sure Pat-
 sey isn't a bad boy at all, but he is
 troubled with a roosh mind to the
 brain!"

A broom with a heavy handle
 was sent as a wedding gift to a bride,
 with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,
 Its use I would commend;
 In sunshine use the bushy part,
 In storm the other end."

A young lady in Burlington,
 Iowa, went to church and forgot her
 waterfall, leaving it in the window,
 and when she returned she found a
 little bluebird sitting in it on two
 eggs.

A Beautiful Incident.

A young man recently ran away
 from the galleys of Toulouse. He
 was strong and vigorous, and arrived
 next morning before a cottage, and
 stopped to get something to eat, and
 get a refuge while he reposed a little.
 But he found the inmates of the cot-
 tage in the greatest distress. Four
 little children sat trembling in the
 corner—their mother sat weeping
 and tearing her hair, and the father
 was walking the floor in agony.

The gally-slave asked what was the
 matter, and the father replied that
 they were that morning to be turned
 out of doors, because they could not
 pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair,"
 said the father, "my wife and my lit-
 tle children without food or shelter,
 and I without means to provide for
 them."

The convict listened to the tale,
 with tears of sympathy, and said:

"I will give you the means. I have
 just escaped from the galleys. Who-
 soever brings back an escaped prison-
 er is entitled to a reward of fifty
 francs. How much does the rent
 amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the fa-
 ther.

"Well," said the other put a cord
 around my body. I will follow you
 to the city, where you will get fifty
 francs for bringing me back."

"No never!" exclaimed the father.
 "My children should starve before I
 would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and de-
 clared that he would go and give
 himself up if the father would not
 take him, the latter yielded, and tak-
 ing his preserver by the arm, led him
 to the city, and to the mayor's office.

Every body was surprised to see
 that a little man had been able to cap-
 ture such a strong young fellow.

The fifty francs were paid, and the
 prisoner sent back to the galleys. But
 after he was gone, the father asked
 a private interview with the mayor,
 to whom he told the whole story.

The mayor, was so much affected,
 that he not only added francs to the
 father's purse, but wrote immediately
 to the Minister of justice, begging
 the noble young prisoner's release.

The minister examined into the affair,
 and finding it was a comparatively
 small offence which condemned the
 man to the galleys, and that he had
 already served out half of his term,
 ordered his release.

Lancet's Prescription.

Dr. Lancet was a blunt old fellow
 and an excellent physician, and he
 never drove around an obstacle when
 there was need of going through it.

Matilda Jane had just come home
 from boarding-school, and was not
 feeling well. She was troubled with
 a rushing of blood to the head, with
 loss of appetite. In this condition
 she called in Dr. Lancet, and asked
 him if he could help her.

"I have been trying to doctor my-
 self," she said, languidly and with a
 faint, fluttering smile, as the old
 physician felt her pulse.

"What have you been doing?"

"Well—I have taken Limpbin's sar-
 aparilla and Knave's anodyne, and
 Hummer's pills, and Numhead's bal-
 sam, and Fooler's tonic, and the Non-
 such Expecterating Cordial, and Dr.
 Flathead's universal vivifying recu-
 perator, and—and—"

"Goodness mercy!" gasped the Doc-
 tor; "and haven't any of these things
 given you relief?"

"No," replied the pining fair one,
 "they have not helped me at all. O,
 dear Doctor, what can I take that
 will be sure to do me good?"

"What can you take?" repeated
 the old man, moving back and eyeing
 her from head to foot. "Take!" he
 exclaimed, with a flash from beneath
 his shaggy brows; "my dear girl,
 take off your corsets!"—[New York
 Ledger.

A wag out west who read that
 dry copperas, put into a bed of ants
 would cause them to leave, put some
 in his mother-in-law's bed to see if
 she would not go. He said she was
 there at last accounts.

**Thrilling Adventure—A Woman's
 Life Saved by a Dog.**

When contumely is sought to be
 given a person the name of a dog is
 often used, and yet this brute most
 frequently of any other is man's best
 friend and faithful protector. Wed-
 nesday afternoon as Mrs. W. G.
 Woodruff was in her yard near the
 race track she saw a mad dog mak-
 ing towards her, evidently desirous
 of making an attack. Being some
 distance from the house—too far, in
 fact, to reach the door before the mad
 dog could seize her, the affrighted la-
 dy thought of her own faithful dog
 which she call to her assistance.

Hearing the screams and call of her
 mistress, the dog with an alacrity
 which seemed to spring from a con-
 sciousness of impending danger, bound
 forward in time to attack the
 mad dog just as the infuriated beast
 was about to seize Mrs. Woodruff.

Now ensued a conflict between the
 two dogs which lasted two or three
 minutes, enabling Mrs. Woodruff to
 get into her house and shut the door.
 It was doubtful which would prove
 the master, when a colored man came
 to the scene of conflict. No sooner
 had he heard the dogs than the rabid
 one attacked the colored man, who,
 having picked up a fence rail, defend-
 ed himself as best he could. It was
 with difficulty he kept clear of the
 dog, which endeavored to spring upon
 him, but was finally felled to the
 ground and then killed by the color-
 ed man. Mrs. Woodruff's faithful
 animal was badly bitten and consid-
 erable worried, though it had saved
 the life of its mistress. Yesterday
 this dog gave evidence of hydropho-
 pia, when it was found necessary to
 kill the animal which had saved a
 human being from a horrid fate.

I DO NOT MEAN THAT.—A gentle-
 man who had been conspicuous in
 aiding a missionary collection, was
 met the following day by one of dis-
 similar habits, who chided him for the
 absurd eccentricity of which he deem-