

**The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play**  
 Is Published Every Thursday by  
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 (South Side)  
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# FAIR PLAY.



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

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**The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.**  
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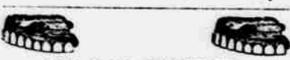
**Twentyeth Judicial Circuit.**

Circuit Judge—Wm. Carter.  
 Circuit Attorney—B. B. Cahoon.  
 Counties comprising the Circuit, and  
 times of holding Court therein:  
 Bollinger—2d Mondays in March and  
 September.  
 Madison—4th 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.

**Ste. Genevieve County Officials.**

Representative—A. F. Beltrami.  
 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.  
 Assessor—Joseph Vansickles.  
 County Surveyor—B. C. Amouran.  
 Public Administrator—S. A. Guignon.  
 Ste. Genevieve County Court meets on  
 the third Mondays in January, April and  
 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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**ACCOUCHEUR,**  
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**DR. J. W. BRAHAM,**  
**Resident Dentist,**  
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 3-32  
**THE Farming community and the**  
**public generally, will bear in mind**  
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 ered FREE OF CHARGE.  
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**Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.**

BY ALICE CARY.

The boy who does a stroke and stops  
 Will ne'er a great man be;  
 'Tis the aggregate of single deeds  
 That makes the sea the sea.  
 The mountain, was not at its birth  
 A mountain, so to speak;  
 The little atoms of sand and earth  
 Have made its peaks a peak,  
 Not all at once the morning streams  
 The gold above the gray;  
 'Tis a thousand little yellow gleams  
 That makes the day the day.  
 Not from the snow-drift May awakes  
 In purples, reds and greens;  
 Spring's whole bright reëtte it takes  
 To make her queen of queens.  
 Upon the orchard rain must fall  
 And soak from branch to root,  
 And blossoms bloom and fade with'd  
 Before the fruit is fruit.  
 The farmer needs must sow and till,  
 And wait the wheaten bread;  
 Then cradle, thresh and go to mill.  
 Before the bread is bread.  
 Swift heels may get the early shout,  
 But spite of all the din,  
 It is the patient holding out  
 That makes the winner win.  
 Make this your motto, then, at start,  
 'Twill help to smooth the way;  
 And steady up both hand and heart,  
 "Rome wasn't built in a day!"

**Lute Raymond's Recompense.**

BY EMILY A. EACHEL.

Cool western breezes fluttered the  
 green leaves of the shadowy elm  
 trees, and wafted through the low,  
 brass-veiled schoolroom, like the  
 passage of huge wings fluttering loose  
 leaves and papers, and sweeping them  
 to the floor; then bearing onward in  
 its progress through the world, the  
 low hum and buzz of the busy life  
 within.  
 Through the open, blindless win-  
 dows, curtained only by the elm-  
 shadows, in the rear of the breeze,  
 came the far-off, tinkling echo of the  
 rifle-stroke, and the shrill calls of  
 chautieler to his neighbors, while a  
 dim dreamy haze brooded over the  
 horizon, and the fragrant incense of  
 new mown hay rose up from the al-  
 tars of the fields, with the golden sun  
 smiling down on all.  
 Lute Raymond, presiding over her  
 small kingdom throned behind her  
 rough pine desk, left the word, view-  
 less influences of the season, and dream-  
 ed of the famed land of the lotus-eaters;  
 only thought, however, the realities  
 about her, fully precluded anything  
 more serious. Freeh from a home  
 of affluence and plenty, she had set-  
 tled down as district school-ma'am, in  
 the little town of Oxford.  
 "I'm not going to Saratoga or  
 Long Branch this summer, papa,"  
 had been her reply to her indulgent  
 parent when interrogated as to the  
 amount of funds needed for her sum-  
 mer outfit. "I'm going into the  
 country to keep school, grow brown,  
 drink buttermilk, teach the young  
 idea how to shoot, and perhaps bring  
 home a husband." This last, to her  
 stately mama, who stood amazed at  
 this new freak of her undignified  
 daughter.  
 "I don't care what you say," she  
 went on, in answer to the storm of  
 queries, expostulations and ridicule.  
 "I'm tired of being dressed up, and  
 stuck up, and aping a doll, and I  
 mean to go where I can wear my old  
 dresses, and descend from my digni-  
 ty when I please—perhaps do some  
 good and improve my life a little.  
 There's need enough of the last two,  
 every one knows."  
 So leaving fashionable friends,  
 fine dresses, and manners, all her  
 irksome society fetters behind, she  
 went out into the country to refresh  
 her youth, and study nature, for  
 which she found a large field in her  
 school.  
 What an odd study it was! Every  
 face different, every mind unlike,  
 habits and inclinations as widely  
 apart as fire and water; and yet the  
 whole had a new, strange fascination,  
 which strengthened and drew closer  
 the bond between teacher and pupils.  
 The latter, by the instinct of  
 youth, soon grew to respect their in-  
 structress, and all needs and disputes  
 were implicitly referred to "Teacher,"  
 sure of a speedy and just arbitrament.  
 So far Lute's mission had succeeded.  
 Some individuals of her flock she  
 made an especial study; each was a

character in itself, and deeply inter-  
 ested her. Chief among these was  
 Harvey Bruce, the eldest pupil under  
 her control.  
 He was one of those specimens of hu-  
 manity we instinctively wonder at  
 and pity. Wonder at, because of  
 the constantly recurring anomalies in  
 the composition; and pity on account  
 of their evident unadaptness to their  
 station in life.  
 On her first taking the school her  
 attention had been drawn to his  
 youth, and her pity and sympathy  
 for his forlornness had been excited  
 by the harsh words of his father, at  
 whose house she was spending her  
 first week of boarding school.  
 "There's Luke and Asa," was his  
 remark, "as smart as any fellers in  
 the district; but that 'ere Harve  
 don't earn his salt, and haint any  
 more gumption than an old cow.  
 All he cares for is books and larnin'.  
 Couldn't lay a swarth, or plow a fur-  
 row to save himself; but he can daub  
 the house all over with charcoal, and  
 rags dipped in the blue-pot. Won-  
 der what he thinks will earn his  
 bread and butter when he grows up?"  
 During this tirade, Lute had  
 watched the drooping figure, mea-  
 sured the long, dangling limbs, noted  
 the slender, claw-like hands, and  
 when, as the old farmer turned away,  
 the large, wistful eyes were lifted  
 sharply and questioningly to her  
 face, she met their mute appeal with  
 a bright smile and encouraging nod,  
 which made the poor fellow's face  
 flush, and his eyes droop again, as if  
 his father's harsh opinion had been  
 coincided in.  
 I am wrong to say boy. Harvey  
 was Lute's equal in age, and of man's  
 stature, so that he literally looked  
 down on his young instructress; and  
 as Lute looked at him this afternoon,  
 and remembered his physical and  
 mental disparity, her heart almost  
 sank at the thought of the responsi-  
 bility that rested upon her in regard  
 to him.  
 All the afternoon she sat and  
 watched him at his desk in a far-off  
 corner, his whole attention devoted  
 to the books and slate before him.  
 The pupils evidently congratula-  
 ted themselves on the ease with  
 which they accomplished their recita-  
 tions, for their teacher was too much  
 absorbed to heed any but the most  
 flagrant delinquency.  
 School was over at last, and Lute  
 watched with relief the exit of the  
 troop; but as she turned from the  
 door, she saw that Harvey still re-  
 mained in his seat, and with his head  
 leaning on his hand, seemed contem-  
 plating something on the desk before  
 him.  
 She passed quietly down the room,  
 and stepped behind him to discover  
 what it was. To her surprise, she  
 found it to be a copy of the view  
 from the window by which he sat,—  
 rude, and unfinished, it is true, but  
 bearing marks of decided talent.  
 Lute no longer wondered at the  
 misunderstanding and depreciation  
 which the boy met with on every  
 hand among the associates.  
 Those who are of the earth, earthy,  
 like the man with the muck rake,  
 are totally blind to the intelligence  
 that seeks to rise above the mere  
 striving for the meat which perish-  
 eth.  
 Lute stood behind him for a few  
 moments, and then finding him still  
 silent, laid her hands upon his shoul-  
 der. He started and looked up, when  
 she perceived there were tears in his  
 eyes.  
 "Why, Harvey," said she, with a  
 pleasant smile, "did you do that?  
 Who taught you to draw?"  
 "No one, ma'am," replied the  
 youth, straightening his drooping  
 shoulders. "I've made this a good  
 many times, but it never looks as it  
 does out doors. I've made things  
 like it ever since I was a little boy.  
 I'd like to be a painter, but it's no use  
 wishing."  
 "What is to prevent your being a  
 painter, if you wish it so much?"  
 asked Lute.  
 "Taint no use. Father says it's  
 all moonshine, and I can get my liv-

ing better ways than daubing things  
 to hang up on the wall; but I won't  
 work on the farm," and the despon-  
 dent tone grew hard and bitter.  
 "Still I think you can be a painter  
 if you try. There's nothing like try-  
 ing, you know."  
 Lute's sympathies were deeply ex-  
 cited. How could she best cheer  
 and assist this poor, longing, craving  
 soul, striving for higher attainments?  
 A sudden inspiration came to her.  
 She seated herself at a neighboring  
 desk, and told him of the humble Ital-  
 ian boy, who, on viewing the shapes  
 of beauty depicted on canvas by the  
 great masters, felt his soul thrill  
 within him, and exclaimed, "I, too,  
 am a painter," and thenceforward  
 toiled on through every difficulty,  
 until he had made his proud declara-  
 tion a reality, and all Italy bowed at  
 the shrine of his genius.  
 "Thank you, teacher—Miss Ray-  
 mond, I mean. I will try and be a  
 painter; but how shall I begin?" and  
 then the old shadow returned for a  
 moment. "Father won't consent;  
 he'll never help me."  
 "God helps him who helps himself,  
 Harvey. Everything is possible to  
 him that wills. I will help you as  
 far as I can. I have some drawing  
 materials among my baggage, you  
 are welcome to; and I have an arti-  
 st friend in the city, I will speak to  
 in your behalf. Now it is time to  
 go; see how dark it is growing.  
 Don't try to thank me," she contin-  
 ued, observing the youth was strugg-  
 ling with his feelings, in order to  
 speak. "I am glad to do you so  
 small a kindness; please say no more  
 about it. Good-night." And Har-  
 vey Bruce was left alone, wondering  
 if one of the angels he had read of in  
 his Bible, had not in reality, come  
 down from heaven, to brighten his  
 cheerless life.  
 The next morning Lute was as  
 good as her word, and Harvey found  
 himself in possession of a package  
 of pencils, a color-box, and some  
 drawing paper, things of small mo-  
 ment to Lute, in her affluent life, but  
 which were a mine of gold to its re-  
 ceipient.  
 Nor did her good offices stop here.  
 By dint of gentle coaxing, and deft  
 feminine wiles, she persuaded farmer  
 Bruce to give an ungracious consent  
 that Harvey should study to be an  
 artist; and from that time forward,  
 the grateful youth was her devoted  
 slave and champion, considering him-  
 self well paid for all his exertion, by  
 even a word or smile.  
 At the close of her school, when  
 Lute was to go back to her city life,  
 and Harvey to his studio, the pupils  
 crowded round the teacher, who had  
 so endeared herself to all, that they  
 might exchange good-byes, and ten-  
 der their modest keep-sakes. Lute,  
 after a kind word and smile for each  
 and all, turned to Harvey, who stood  
 apart from the rest.  
 He came timidly forward, and  
 placed in her hand a little sketch of  
 the school-room, with himself at his  
 desk, and his teacher near him, as in  
 their unforgetten conversation. She  
 smiled as she took it, and thanked the  
 donor with kindest words of com-  
 mendation.  
 "I don't doubt you will be a painter  
 yet, Harvey," said she.  
 The poor fellow attempted to re-  
 ply, but the words died in whispers.  
 He could only ejaculate "busky good-  
 bye," and rush from the room.  
 So teacher and pupil parted, and  
 the years went by until ten were  
 told.  
 Lute Raymond, ten years older  
 than when she presided over the lit-  
 tle school of Oxford, sat wearily ply-  
 ing her needle, in a small sewing-  
 room, in the waning light of a dull  
 November day. Her features were  
 thinner and her face paler than in  
 by-gone time, and her faded black  
 dress told of vicissitudes and bereave-  
 ment, met and endured.  
 She had known both poverty and  
 orphanage, and as a hired seamstress  
 from house to house, she was thank-  
 ful, by unremitting toil, to earn the  
 pittance which kept body and soul  
 together. Round her, piled in luxu-

rious profusion on the tables and  
 chairs, were rich silks, delicate laces,  
 and all the dainty perquisites of fash-  
 ionable attire, seeming like so many  
 reminders of the light, careless life so  
 far behind.  
 She brushed her hand across her  
 eyes, and sewed wearily on.  
 The door opened and her employ-  
 er entered, a supercilious lady, bril-  
 liantly dressed, and evidently accus-  
 tomed to having her will undisputed.  
 "How do you progress, Miss Ray-  
 mond?" she coldly asked.  
 Lute in reply briefly stated the  
 amount of work necessary for the  
 completion of the rich garment she  
 was engaged upon.  
 "That is well," was the answer. "I  
 would like it to be finished to-morrow  
 that I may wear it to the reception at  
 Mr. Bruce's studio; his last picture  
 is on exhibition, and every one will  
 be there. Can you finish it by that  
 time?"  
 "I will try, Mrs. Fawcett; the even-  
 ings are long."  
 "Very well. You shall be paid ac-  
 cordingly." And the haughty wo-  
 man left the room.  
 Lute toiled on till the last glimmer  
 of light had faded, and then she  
 sought her humble lodging.  
 Her first care, ere she resumed  
 her needle, was to go to a small box,  
 a casket of relics, and search among  
 its contents until she drew forth a  
 small, ill-colored drawing, which she  
 studied attentively a few moments,  
 and then laid slowly away, rejecting  
 the thought as untenable, that the ar-  
 tist, whose name had been mentioned  
 by Mrs. Fawcett, and her old pupil  
 were one and the same person.  
 The next day, when from her win-  
 dow she watched the lady enter her  
 carriage, and drive away toward the  
 painter's rooms, a wild longing came  
 over her, to see, for herself, the ar-  
 tist, whose name was on every lip.  
 The desire grew stronger as she  
 walked home in the early twilight,  
 and almost without knowing it, she  
 found herself entering the room, bril-  
 liant with soft light, and lined with  
 pictures in rich frames.  
 The apartment seemed to be vac-  
 ant, and she passed from one picture  
 to another, ignorant of the fact that  
 the owner had entered, and was in-  
 tently regarding her from a distant  
 corner.  
 At length he observed her pause  
 before two paintings which seemed to  
 enchain her attention irresistibly,  
 and which hung side by side. He  
 softly drew near her, and looked over  
 her shoulder.  
 The first represented a rude, country  
 school-room, the pupils at their desks,  
 and the teacher presiding with such  
 fidelity, that Lute started, as she re-  
 cognized the little school of Oxford.  
 Why was such a picture hung here?  
 The other was very different, being  
 allegorical in character. A moun-  
 tainous elevation formed its back-  
 ground, on the summit of which a  
 lofty building rose, partially obscured  
 by a golden haze. At the foot of the  
 steep ascent, stood a seeming pilgrim,  
 looking wistfully upward, while an  
 angel figure just above, with out-  
 stretched hand, and winning face,  
 waited to lead him up the rocky  
 way.  
 Lute had become conscious while  
 contemplating the scene, of the pres-  
 ence of another spectator, and turn-  
 ing, met the deep gaze of the painter  
 fixed upon her, and colored with em-  
 barrassment. She opened her lips  
 to speak, but he understood the re-  
 quest before she could frame it, and  
 answered.  
 "Those pictures, madam," said he,  
 contain the story of my life. I was  
 a poor, country lad, awkward and  
 forlorn, despised by my associates,  
 and knowing only one desire to rise  
 above my low estate, into the higher  
 life of art. The Lord sent an angel  
 to me in the form of a woman, my  
 teacher at school. By her generous  
 words of cheer and helping hand, I  
 was enabled to take the first step in  
 my upward way. All that I have, and  
 all that I am, I owe to her; here the  
 artist's voice was hoarse with feeling.  
 "I pray for blessings upon her night

and day, and that I might find her,  
 for I am told she is poor and unknown.  
 I have loved her with my whole soul,  
 since the day when she told me to go  
 on in my chosen career; since, to the  
 man of firm will all things were pos-  
 sible. At last my prayer is answered,  
 and she is found. Miss Raymond,  
 Harvey Bruce offers you his love, his  
 wealth, and his name. Will you ac-  
 cept them?"  
 She had listened in bewildered  
 amazement; then, with the closing  
 words, the reality of the whole came  
 upon her, and with a searching look  
 in the face above her, she burst into  
 tears. But she did not withdraw the  
 hand he had taken, and he felt him-  
 self answered. So Lute Raymond  
 received her recompense.  
**The Green Countryman.**  
 Years ago, into a wholesale gro-  
 cery store in Boston walked a tall,  
 muscular-looking, raw-boned man,  
 evidently a fresh comer from some  
 back town in Maine or New Hamp-  
 shire. Accosting the first person he  
 met, who happened to be the merchant  
 himself he asked:  
 "You don't want to hire a man in  
 your store do you?"  
 "Well," said the merchant, "I don't  
 know; what can you do?"  
 "Do!" said the man, "I rather  
 guess I can turn my hand to almost  
 anything. What do you want done?"  
 "Well, if I was to hire a man it  
 would be one that could lift well—a  
 strong, wiry fellow—one, for instanc-  
 e, that could shoulder a sack of cof-  
 fee, like that yonder, and carry it  
 across the store and never lay it  
 down."  
 "There, now, captain," said our  
 countryman, "that's just me. What  
 will you give a man that can suit  
 you?"  
 "I tell you," said the merchant,  
 "if you will shoulder that sack of  
 coffee, and carry it across the store  
 twice and never lay it down, I will  
 hire you for a year, at \$100 per  
 month."  
 "Done," said the stranger; and by  
 this time every clerk in the store  
 had gathered around and were wait-  
 ing to join in the laugh against the  
 man, who, walking to the sack, threw  
 it across his shoulder with perfect  
 ease, as it was not extremely heavy,  
 and walking with it twice across the  
 store, went quietly to a large hook  
 which was fastened to the wall, and  
 hanging the sack upon it, turned to  
 the merchant and said:  
 "There, now; it may hang there  
 till Doomsday; I shan't never lay it  
 down. What shall I go about mis-  
 ter? Just give me plenty to do and  
 \$100 a month, and it's all right."  
 The clerks broke into a laugh, but  
 it was out of the other side of their  
 mouths; and the merchant, discom-  
 fited yet satisfied, kept to his agree-  
 ment, and to-day the green country-  
 man is the senior partner in the firm  
 and worth half a million dollars.  
**New Mode of Quietting a Riot.**  
 The efficacy of reïgich as an agent  
 of police was admirably shown during  
 the recent riots in the town of Khar-  
 koff, in the Province of Ukraine,  
 Russia. The people were having a  
 holiday drunken bout in the square  
 of St. Michael, and making a great  
 noise. The police ordered them to  
 disperse and deluged them with wa-  
 ter, but this only incensed the peo-  
 ple, who immediately proceeded to  
 stone the police. Troops were then  
 called in, but were repulsed with  
 considerable loss of life, and for over  
 a day the rioters held possession of  
 the town and threatened to do great  
 damage to Government property.  
 The Governor finding himself power-  
 less applied to the Archbishop to as-  
 sist him in restoring order. The  
 latter then addressed the crowd,  
 censured the police and the troops,  
 and offered to celebrate a funeral  
 service for those of the rioters who  
 had been killed. This quieted the  
 people for a time, and enabled the  
 authorities to put themselves in con-  
 dition to enforce the preservation of the  
 peace.  
 Read on the other side.