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FAIR PLAY.

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

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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 October. 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 Clerk—John L. Boggy. Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison. County Court Justices—A. S. Jennings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman Lillie. County Attorney—J. B. Robbins. Treasurer—L. Bert Valle. Assessor—Joseph Vanickles. County Surveyor—B. C. Amoreau. 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 Saturday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FIRMIN A. ROZIER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING. Ste. Genevieve, Mo.

CHAS. C. ROZIER.

Attorney at Law, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Conveyancer and Notary Public. STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. Collections made a specialty.

F. J. MOREAU,

Attorney at Law, STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

J. B. ROBBINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office opposite Janis & Cox, STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

Jno. B. ROBINSON, MARY L. CLARY,

Perryville, Mo. Farmington, Mo. ROBINSON & CLARY, ATTYS AT LAW, WILL PRACTICE. In all the Courts of the 20th Judicial Circuit and in the Supreme Court.

PAUL L. LEMPKA,

SURVEYER, CONVEYANCER, & Real Estate Agent, Ste. Genevieve, - - - Missouri.

DR. C. S. HERTICH,

Physician & Surgeon, STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

Chas. F. Carrow, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, Market Street, Opposite Court House, STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

DR. J. W. BRAHAM,

Resident Dentist, STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., Office and residence on Main Street, opposite F. C. Rozier & Son's Store. Refers, by permission, to Dr. Hertich. 1-y

A. F. BELTRAMI,

Commission & Forwarding Merchant, Ste. Genevieve Landing, Mo.,

H. KNIEREM,

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon, Also Capping, Bleeding and Leeching, and Magnetic Battery for the cure 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 possible figures. Lots of 100 lbs and upwards delivered FREE OF CHARGE. MARTIN MEYER, Ste. Genevieve, Mo. June 7-1v.

Selected Miscellany.

OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR!!

I wish I had a dozen pairs Of hands this very minute; I'd soon put all these things to rights— The very deuce is in it. Here's a big washing to be done, One pair of hands to do it. Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants How will I'er get through it. Dinner to get for six or more, No loaf left o'er from Sunday, And baby cross as he can live— He's always so on Monday. And there's the cream it's getting sour, And must forthwith be clourning, And here's Bob wants a button on— Which way shall I be turning? 'Tis time the meat was in the pot, The bread was worked for baking, The clothes were taken from the boil— Oh, dear! the baby's wailing.

Oh, dear! if Tony comes home, And find things in this bother, He'll just begin and tell me all About his tidy mother. How nice her kitchen used to be, Her dinner always ready, Exactly when the dinner bell rung— Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word, Right out before I'm thinking— They say that hasty words from wives Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea, That men should take to sinning Because a weary, half sick wife Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn My living without trouble; Had clothes and pocket-money, too, And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate When I a lass! was courted— Wife mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, House keeper, chambermaid, handress, Dairywoman, and scrub generally, doing The work of six.

For the sake of being supported.

A Thrilling Adventure.

On last Saturday, between two and three o'clock, Major John B. Steward, who lives on his farm near the north base of Stone Mountain, thought he heard the voice of a man in distress on the steep side of the mountain. Upon looking up he saw the head of a man, and saw him waving his hands for succor. The man called to Major Steward for a drink of water, and said that he had but little money, but he would give it all to be taken from the place he was. Major Steward asked him if he was not hoaxing him? The man replied that he was in earnest. Major Steward has a heart always open to the cry of the distressed. Cautioning the man to keep quiet, he proceeded at once to town and obtained assistance.

The news spread like wildfire over town, and every heart ran out in anguish for the condition of the unfortunate one. Those who went to the rescue made "quick time" to get there. Men were stationed at the base on the north side to signal the party on top at what point to descend.

Securing the rope to a cedar tree firmly imbedded between two massive rocks, Colonel J. T. Willingham and F. P. Juhau made the perilous descent to rescue the man. About three hundred feet from the top of the mountain they came to him. He was lying in a gulch, or water-course furrowed out of the rock by rains. One foot was jammed in a crevice, and the other bent under his body. He was hugging the rock closely, while one hand was grasped in the strap on the collar of his coat. A small tablet of rock, two or three feet long, and a foot or so wide, was all that was between him and a fall of some twelve hundred feet to the ground. Had he moved two or three feet, either to the right or left, he would have been precipitated twelve hundred feet to the bottom, and only a horrible mass would have been found to tell the tale.

He had lain there from Friday evening late until Saturday evening about five o'clock, a period of nearly twenty-four hours. His anxieties and sufferings were intense no doubt. His feet were swollen, lacerated and blistered by the hot rocks; the sun poured upon him its fiercest rays, causing the most excruciating thirst and producing almost entire blindness. Death seemed to stare him in the face on all sides. Return without friendly aid he could not. He was afraid to move either to the right or to the left, or get up, for that terrible fall was beneath him. Without succor he must die a lingering, torturing death of thirst and starvation.

In adjusting the rope several rocks were in the way, and fearing that the rope might dislodge them and bring them down on the unfortunate man, they were removed and thrown off in such a direction as not to strike on the spot occupied by the man. With a crushing noise they roll-

Civilization in Canada.

Civilization in Canada is very finely described in this article, from the *Guelph Mercury*:

To day on (Monday) at noon two of the prisoners convicted for assault with intent, at the late assizes, received a portion of their sentence. One Theophilus Coats, received twenty lashes, and the other, Levi Lillies, received thirty lashes. The prisoners were whipped in presence of the Sheriff, jail surgeon, the representatives of the press, about half a dozen other parties, and in presence of the other prisoners in the jail, who were taken into the yard. The culprits were strapped and fastened to a triangle made for the purpose, and stripped to the waist. The implements of punishment were small canes, or switches, which were vigorously applied by an old soldier, who was induced to undertake the work, and who wielded his tools with dexterity and to some effect. Coats was first strapped to the triangle, after which the cane was applied to his shoulders with stinging effect. The first blow mad him howl, and as each succeeding one was applied he roared lustily, but otherwise stood his punishment with considerable nerve and power of endurance. Every application of the switch left its mark on his back and shoulders, which by the time he had received the twenty lashes, was seamed over with long and ugly stripes of blue and red. The cane cuts cleaner than the cat—so old soldiers say—but the effects of a caning are far worse than the inflict by the old-fashioned cat. When Coats had received the punishment he said something about being used like a dog, walked off the triangle himself, took his clothes and marched into jail. Lillies was then brought out and strapped up. On the first blow he winced very much, and after two or three more he twisted and tried to relieve himself, all the time roaring out that he could not stand it. Still the blows fell with telling effect until the thirtieth one was given, when his back was pretty well gridironed. He did not stand his punishment as well as Coats, and at the end remark in a plaintive tone that he did not know he could stand the rest of his sentence. He appeared at first to be fainting, but after a little came to himself, walked to the pump, took a drink of water and then walked into the jail. The other prisoners seemed to be impressed with the whole affair, and no doubt thanked their stars that they had not to endure the same punishment. It is savage work, but for crimes of this description it is not too severe, and may deter others from committing them.

On Friday evening the man alluded to, reputed to be a Mr. McCarty, of Villa Rica, Carroll County, went on the top of Stone Mountain, taking with him a bottle of whisky. He drank rather freely, and perhaps, was light headed. He started down in search of the "devil's crossroads," and finding the descent becoming abrupt, he pulled off his boots. He had not gone far when he recollects falling and scrambling. His boots were found by Master George Jones, with an empty bottle, at the foot of a cedar tree, some 100 feet above where McCarty was found. Hence it is supposed that he fell and scrambled together some forty or fifty feet. He recollects leaving his boots there. The accident occurred about night-fall.

It is doubtless one of the most miraculous escapes from death on record, when considered that death seemed inevitable from falling down the steep or from starvation, or that he should fall that distance and escape without serious injury. That this providential escape will have its influence on him we cannot doubt. He expressed a desire, as soon as he got safely to the top, to join a temperance society. This sermon on the mount to him is more effective than a hundred temperance lectures. Sunday he left for home.—[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

A Mute Boy Recovers His Speech While in the Agonies of Death.

One of the most heart-rending accidents that has happened in or about the coal works for years was that which proved fatal to a mute boy, about fourteen years of age, named Brennan, near Carbondale on Monday of last week. He was engaged in pushing coarse coal into the teeth of the breaker, and by some misstep one foot went with the coal, and was caught by the teeth and suddenly drawn and crushed with the coal, until his body filled the mouth or opening above the revolving iron breaker, and thus stopped the revolutions of the machinery. His cries brought many to his relief in a few moments, but there was no way to get him out but to send to the machine-shop for men and tools to take the machinery apart and allow the coal and teeth to fall away from the mangled legs. The poor boy suffered the torments of death for nearly two hours before he was relieved, and then it was ascertained that most of his foot had been entirely torn away. He only survived about an hour after he was taken out and carried home. The most remarkable thing connected with this sad affair was the fact that the boy, although a mute, and speechless for life, actually begged of those about him to get him out quick, and prayed God to spare his life as fluently and distinctly as could any boy. Will some scientific party explain the cause which gave the power of speech to this dying boy.—[Ex.

Say what you have a mind to about mules, they will have their own way when they make up their minds to. In Louisville, the other day, one of them kicked up behind, and, after knocking a pint of teeth out of the driver, he laid down in the shafts and went to sleep with a smile on his face that was perfectly child-like and bland.

"Mister, how do you sell sugar today?" "Only twenty-two cents a pound, sir." "Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir." "Good day. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening, please call round again." "I will." He called the next day.

Verdict of a Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much of a favorite, but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted:—

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to me to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of authority. I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I shall remit the punishment."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out three boys.

The doctor told them to return a verdict: this they soon did, after a consultation, as follows:—

"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and with outstretched hand, exclaimed:—

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretense of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—[Teacher.

A Good Anecdote is told of Alexander Dumas.

There are thousands of good ones, but this is particularly characteristic of the great writer. One day his son, whose pocket-book was very light at that time, was strolling along the boulevard when he met a literary chum, and after a few minutes' conversation it was proposed that they should go to the Maison d'Or and enjoy a first-class breakfast. "Well and good," said Dumas *filis*, "but I have only five francs; how much have you?" "Three." "Eight francs will never do for the royal meal we desire, so we had better abandon the idea." "Where is your father?" asked the friend. "Tiens! I forgot; he will lend me twenty francs." And off rushed Dumas *filis* to the author of the "Three Musketeers." Ten minutes after he returned, laughing heartily. "Well," said the chum, "did he give it to you?" "No," answered Dumas *filis*; "on the contrary, he borrowed my five francs!"

Barnum's "Brick Man."

Barnum, "Fiji-Mermaid-Tom-Thumb-Woolly-Horse-Joyce-Heath-Barnum," as Squibob facetiously calls him, thoroughly understands the art of advertising, turning every possible circumstance to his own account. In his "Struggles and Triumphs" he gives this amusing illustration of his ingenuity: To an able-bodied beggar who was willing to work, after putting him into a theatrical uniform, he gave five common bricks, telling him to go and lay one on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann street, another close by the Museum, a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, by the Astor House, the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church, opposite; then with the fifth brick in hand, to take up a rapid march from one point to the other, making the circuit, exchanging his brick at every point; and speaking to no one.

"With the remark 'that it was all one to him so long as he could earn his living,' the man placed his bricks and began his round. Half an hour afterward at least five hundred people were watching his mysterious movements. He had assumed a military step and bearing, and, looking as sober as a judge, made no response whatever to the constant inquiries as to the object of his singular conduct. At the end of the first hour the sidewalks in the vicinity were packed with people, all anxious to solve the mystery. The man, as directed, then went into the Museum, devoting fifteen minutes to a solemn survey of the halls, and afterward returned to his round. This was repeated every hour till sundown, and whenever the man went into the Museum a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping to gratify their curiosity in regard to the purpose of his movements. Finally, the policeman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalk by crowds had become so serious that I must call in my "brick man."

Too Premature.

A parson is responsible for this story: "Poor Jones died while you were away last summer. In all my experience I never saw so disconsolate and grief-stricken a creature as poor little Mrs. Jones; it was very sudden you know. I went to the house as soon as I heard of it; I offered my sympathy, but her sorrow was uncontrollable. In such cases I think it best that the mourner should be left alone. So I prepared to depart. 'I will leave you, poor bereaved one,' said I, 'with this injunction: Pray—pray that God will vouchsafe His comforter; that he will enable you to perceive the promised bow in the—' 'Oh, rector, she burst in, 'how can you think of such a thing? It's too—too—too premature, I'm—I'm sure!' 'And,' continued the old gentleman, checking the off rein and wheeling away from the gate, 'after some cogitation I fancied that I discovered that the bow I was talking about and the 'beau' she was thinking about wasn't the same kind of bow at all.'"

The editor of a Vermont paper recently announced the death of a lady by mistake, and her indignant husband now threatens to bring a suit for damages for disappointment.

A Lady in a town not a thousand miles away was considerably annoyed by hens who pecked the loose plastering from the wall.

So one morning while washing dishes, she thought she heard her fowls pecking away as usual, and dishcloth in hand she hastened to open the door, and giving her rag a warlike flourish she uttered a tremulous "Shoo-o-o!" Imagine her dismay at beholding, not the hens but a stranger, who after wiping from his face the drops of dishwater with which he had been sprinkled, said, in a perfectly calm voice: "Well, mum, if you've got any more spare rags, I should like to sell you some tin ware for 'em."

A Hazardous Lizard's Story.

A colored woman living in this county, near the Granite Quarry who was sick for a long time—ever since last Christmas—on last Wednesday ejected from her stomach a full-grown lizard. She is yet in a feeble condition and believes her stomach has not yet got rid of all its tenants of like kind. A doctor in De Soto, who, it is said, is au fait in such cases has been written to by the patient's friends, and we presume we shall soon know whether the Southeast Lizard Colonization society has started a regular colony in the body of Africa, or whether the specimen seen was sporadic.—The scientific world is anxiously awaiting developments.—[Tronton Register.