

The St. Genevieve Fair Play.
 Published Every Thursday by
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 OFFICE OF MERCHANT STREET,
 (South Side)
Five Doors West of Public Square.
Terms of Subscription.
 Invariably in advance.
 One copy, one year.....\$1.50
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 of St. Genevieve.

FAIR PLAY.

The St. Genevieve Fair Play.

Rates of Advertising:
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NO. 18.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Twentieth 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—1st Mondays in April and Octo-
 ber.
 Ste. Genevieve—1st Mondays in May and
 November.
 St. Francis—3d Mondays in May and
 November.

Ste. Genevieve County Officials.

Representative—A. F. Beltrami.
 Circuit Clerk—Joe Bauman.
 County—John L. Berg.
 Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison.
 County Court Justices—A. S. Jen-
 nings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman L. Le-
 County Attorney—J. B. Robbins.
 Treasurer—L. Bert Valle.
 Assessor—Joseph Vansickles.
 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 Satur-
 day 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.
 Will promptly and faithfully attend to all
 business entrusted to him, and will be as-
 sisted by Messrs. Robinson & Clardy in all
 Circuit and Supreme Court cases.
 [See] Collections made a speciality.
F. J. MOREAU,
Attorney at Law,
 STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.
J. B. ROBBINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Office opposite Janks & Cox,
 STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.
J. B. ROBBINS, MARY L. CLARDY,
 Perryville, Mo. Farmington, Mo.
ROBINSON & CLARDY,
ATTYS AT LAW,
 WILL PRACTICE
 In all the Courts of the 20th Judicial
 Circuit and in the Supreme Court. 85
PAUL L. LEMPEL,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &
Real Estate Agent.
 Ste. Genevieve, - - - Missouri.
DR. C. S. HERTICH,
Physician & Surgeon,
 STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-7
Chas. F. Carsow, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND
ACCOUCHEUR,
 Market Street, Opposite Court House.
 STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-7
R. F. LANNING, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN SURGEON
 —AND—
ACCOUCHEUR,
 Bloomsdale - - - Missouri.
 12y
DR. J. W. BEAHAM,
Resident Dentist,
 STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.
 Office and residence on Main Street,
 opposite F. C. Rozier & Son's Store.
 Refers, by permission, to Dr. Her-
 tich. 1-7
H. KNIEREM,
Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,
 Also
 Cupping, Bleeding and Leeching, and
 Magnetic Battery for the cure
 of Rheumatism.
 Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale.
 3-52
A. F. BELTRAMI,
Commission & Forwarding Merchant,
 Ste. Genevieve Landing, Mo.

Selected Miscellany.

When I mean to Marry.

BY JOHN G. SAKE.
 When do I mean to marry?—well—
 'Tis idle to dispute with fate;
 But if you choose hear me tell,
 Pray listen while I fix the date.
 When daughters haste with eager feet,
 A mother's daily toil to share;
 Can make the puddings which they eat,
 And mend the stockings which they wear.
 When maidens look upon a man
 As in himself what they would marry,
 And not as army seam,
 A sutler or a commissary,
 When gentle lies who have got
 The offer of a lover's hand,
 Consent to share his "heavily lot,"
 And do not mean his lot of land.
 When young mechanics are allowed
 To find and seek the farmers' girls,
 Whom don't expect to be endowed
 With rubies, diamonds and pearls.
 When wives in short, shall freely give
 Their hearts and hands to their spouses,
 And live as they were wont to live,
 Within their sire's one-story houses.
 Then, madame—if I'm not too old—
 I joined to quit this lonely life,
 I'll brush my beard, cease to soil,
 And look a cut me for a wife.

WOOLING AN HEIRESS.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.
 "Tell me who is here this sum-
 mer?"
 Fred. Dayton lighted a fresh ci-
 gar as he spoke, and balanced his
 chair dexterously upon two legs, as
 he puffed away in the moonlight.
 His companion, smoking and rock-
 ing in precisely the same fashion, as
 they sat upon the wide front of Mrs.
 Melton's boarding-house at N—, re-
 plied:
 "Some of last sea-on's party, and
 some new ones."
 "That's definite?"
 "My wife has a pretty cousin with
 her this year. An heiress to, Fred."
 "What's the figure?"
 "Fifty thousand from a grandfath-
 er, in her own right, and probably as
 much more when her bachelor uncle,
 who is her guardian, leaves this
 world."
 "Is there any chance?"
 "She is fairly free as yet, I believe.
 I should be glad to bestow my con-
 siderable regards upon you, Fred. But,
 after all, you have no occasion to
 look out for an heiress, with your
 fortune."
 "Bless your innocence, Tom! a
 man never has so much but what he
 wants more. I could easily dispose
 of fifty thousand more, if it only
 bought finery for the future Mrs.
 Dayton. I think I will try for it."
 Leaning from an upper window,
 but concealed by a thick running
 vine, a lady caught the words of
 this conversation, and at this point
 drew in her pretty head with a very
 decided jerk.
 "Upon my word!" she soliloquized.
 "I am really very much obliged
 to Tom! So his friend will try to
 win my money, will he? Not a
 word about me! Didn't even ask if
 I was an angel or a witch. Thinks
 he could easily dispose of my in-
 come, and would even graciously al-
 low me to buy finery with my own
 money. I am fairly boiling with
 rage. The impudent puppy! I'll
 make him pay for this, or my name
 is not Jennie Willet."
 There was a spice of coquetry in
 the heart of the pretty heiress, that
 had not been crushed out in any ex-
 perience of her petted life, and that
 flamed up into a brilliant blaze un-
 der the provocation of this overheard
 conversation. She was scarcely to
 be censured for her annoyance, and
 she firmly resolved that if the suitor
 for her money had a heart, she
 would add to the sting of her refusal
 of his offer by wounding that organ,
 if possible.
 So when Mr. Fred. Dayton was
 presented by pretty Mrs. Hogan to
 her cousin, he found himself greeted
 with a graceful cordiality that was
 flattering as well as delightful. Evi-
 dently, he thought, Tom, like a cle-
 ver fellow as he was, had spoken a
 good word for him to the heiress.
 It was after breakfast, upon the
 porch, that the introduction took
 place, and the gentleman, who looked
 handsome himself in his wide straw
 hat and white linen suit, decided that
 the heiress was a very fascinating

little damsel. Her dress of clear
 white muslin was dashed here and
 there with vivid red ribbons, that
 suited well her rich brunette beauty,
 for she was something more than
 merely pretty, with her great black
 eyes and heavy masses of jetty hair
 that scorched a chignon. Under the
 broad brim of her shade hat, her clear
 olive complexion and crimson cheeks
 shone out with winning brightness,
 and even in the smile of greeting she
 proved that she possessed the power
 of expression in rare beauty.
 It was on the programme for the
 pleasures of that sunny June day,
 that a party was to wander in a sha-
 dy woods for half a mile, to seek a
 spot famous for wild strawberries,
 and there to enjoy a picnic luncheon.
 So, as the walkers marshalled for
 their procession, it fell out that Miss
 Jennie Willet found by her side Mr.
 Fred. Dayton's six feet of manhood,
 and resigned to his keeping the basket
 that contained her share of the
 luncheon, and was to receive the re-
 sults of her strawberry picking.
 Flirting in a ball-room, flirting on the
 sea shore by the light of the moon
 and to the sound of the waves, flirt-
 ing in an easy rolling carriage, and
 flirting in every separate phase; but
 for a dangerous, bewildering form of
 flirtation, none can excel flirting in
 the country, in a summer board-
 ing-house.
 Before the first morning was over,
 Mr. Dayton was secretly wishing he
 had not been quite so frank with his
 friend Tom Hogan. What if Tom
 betrayed him to Fanny, and Fanny
 told Jennie! He turned cold at the
 mere idea.
 Already in his heart he called her
 Jennie. Already he had found out
 that the hand he had held in assisting
 his charge over a rough pile of
 stones was soft and pretty; that the
 foot, a glimpse of which was revealed
 on the stepping-stones of a noisy
 brook, was tiny and aristocratic in
 shape, that the voice that rippled out
 from the delicate mouth was low and
 sweet, and that the deep, dark eyes
 could flash and melt, laugh and sad-
 den, in a way as delightful as it was
 bewildering.
 He was in the net Miss Jennie was
 spreading for him before the straw-
 berry field was reached. An the
 lady commencing her flirtation
 with her heart full of pique, and a
 desire for revenge, she would not ad-
 mit to herself what had made her
 morning so pleasant. She told her-
 self it was mere gratification that her
 plans were working so nicely, and
 the prospects was so fair for her to
 make Mr. Dayton smart of his insol-
 ence.
 Yet—and she stifled a little sigh at
 the thought—it was a pity this deli-
 cious deference, this effort to
 please, was all assumed, to gain her
 money. She recalled words that
 proved her new suitor no mere pup-
 py, but a man who certain not one of
 her admirers offered attention more
 delicately, or bore himself more gal-
 lantly.
 The summer days passed swiftly to
 two of Mrs. Melton's boarders, and
 meaning smiles hovered over the
 faces of the others when Mr. Dayton
 and Miss Willet were mentioned, or
 were noticed in each other's com-
 pany for the flirtation was carried on
 briskly. It was only flirtation, to
 punish him for his insolence, Jennie
 sternly told her heart, when she
 caught herself musing over his
 words, recalling the expression of
 his large brown eyes, thinking how
 a smile brightened his face, wonder-
 ing if all men who had travelled
 were as fascinating in conversation as
 this one: sighing too, sometimes, as
 she thought the pleasant summer
 was drawing to a close, and she must
 soon dismiss her cavalier from her
 side for ever. For—and her cheeks
 burned then—it was to her money
 all this winsome court was paid, and
 the smiles, the deference, the atten-
 tions were all for the sake of hand-
 ling her grandfather's legacy.
 And while the heiress sighed and
 mused, the wooer was blessing the
 lucky hour that brought him to N—

for the summer. Never in all his
 travels had he met with a face, a
 voice, a manner, that touched his
 heart as it was now touched. He
 had forgotten the foolish speech he
 had made about the heiress, and had
 given his heart to the woman. He
 saw her busy with pretty feminine
 work in the mornings, and his fancy
 pictured her sewing and rocking so
 in a home. He heard her rich con-
 tralto voice in song, and he thought
 of her as making the evenings fly,
 when a husband came home weary
 with business cares. He saw her in
 superb evening dresses, at the many
 gay gatherings at N—, and he
 thought how proud a man might be
 of her beauty and taste, when the
 voice of society praised his wife.
 And under all these surface attrac-
 tions, weighty as they were, he paid
 homage to the girl's dignity, modesty
 and pure heart, though she could be
 so bright and lively.
 The day came when the full heart
 found vent in speech, and as the
 young couple walked in a shady
 lonely lane, Fred's words, warm an
 tender, spoke the true and sincere
 passion in his heart. It was some
 moments before the answer came.
 Jennie had to battle with a desire to
 put her little hand in his and give
 him back love for love. She had to
 school her face and steady her voice,
 before she could answer.
 "Mr. Dayton, my answer to you
 must be to recall to your memory
 your conversation with Mr. Hogan,
 on the porch, the evening of your ar-
 rival. Every word of it was distin-
 ctly audible in my room."
 "Then you have been playing with
 me?" he cried fiercely.
 "I have been endeavoring to prove
 to you that my money had a human
 appendage."
 It was well for her composure
 then, that he turned abruptly from
 her and strode rapidly homeward,
 leaving her to turn into a narrow by-
 path in the woods and sob out all her
 pain in solitude.
 For she realized now, in bitter hu-
 miliation, that whatever Fred. Day-
 ton had sought in his wooing, he had
 won her heart. It contracted with
 quick spasms of pain as she thought
 that now he would leave her. Never
 again could she hear the deep musi-
 cal voice speaking tender words, never
 see the deep, dark eyes look lov-
 ingly into her own again. As the
 tears chased one another down her
 cheeks, one of the unerring instincts
 of true love came into her heart, and
 she felt deeply and keenly that the
 love she had insulted and rejected
 was not the false suit of a fortune-
 hunter, but the true heart seeking
 what is the only sure guarantee for
 wedded happiness.
 She crept slowly home at last, hid-
 ing her red, swollen eyes under her
 veil, and went to her own room,
 hearing the voices of all at lunch-
 eon, as she went hastily up stairs.
 Upon her dressing-table lay a letter,
 and as she read it there came into
 her busy brain a quick, luminous idea.
 Over her sad face stole a look of
 resolution and a certain hope too in
 her heart was pictured in her face.
 "I'll try it?" she said. "My eyes
 are in splendid condition. I'll try
 it!"
 She took her open letter in her
 hand, and went mournfully into the
 room where luncheon was in pro-
 gress of demolition. Her eyes were
 not so red nor swollen but that they
 detected Fred. Dayton crumpling un-
 tasted cake upon his plate, and try-
 ing to look as usual.
 As she appeared, Fannie cried:
 "Jennie! what is the matter? You
 look as if you had been crying your
 eyes out."
 "You would look so too," with a
 little hysterical sob, "if you had my
 news to bear."
 "What is it, dear?" and Fannie was
 at her cousin's side, all sympathy.
 "The S—Bank is broke!"
 "By Jove!" cried Tom, "all your
 money was in that!"
 Jennie hid her face on Fannie's
 shoulder, and sobbed:
 "Uncle George was married last
 week!"

Tom's comment upon that was con-
 tained in a long whistle.
 "Tom you ought to be ashamed of
 yourself!" cried Fannie indignantly.
 "Never mind, Jennie. Come to my
 room, darling."
 And Jennie suffered herself to be
 led away and comforted and petted
 hearing warmest assurances of un-
 changed love, offers of a home, and a
 thousand pleasant words from Fannie,
 till Tom came up to endorse the whole
 of it, and add:
 "Fred Dayton wants to see you,
 Jennie, in the parlor, Jennie—" the
 honest fellow hesitated then a little—
 "before you go, will you let me say a
 word as if I were your brother?"
 "Certainly I will."
 "Fred. Dayton loves you. I
 know it, and I think he means to tell
 you so. But, Jennie, if you do not
 really love him, will you remember
 that so long as I am, and I have a home
 or a meal, you are as welcome as a sister
 to your share of them, and as dear
 to both of us."
 "You may be sure I will never for-
 get it, Jennie said earnestly. "But
 will you, please, read Uncle George's
 letter while I am gone?"
 She left the room gravely, but in the
 hall she executed a little *pas saut* that
 would have considerably astonished
 her sympathizing friends if they had
 seen it.
 She found Fred. Dayton waiting in
 the parlor, marching up and down
 with true masculine impatience. Be-
 fore she went in she looked a moment
 at the tall graceful figure so buoyant
 with animation, at the handsome face
 radiant now with impatient hope, and
 in her heart there was a glad little
 song, with the refrain, He loves me!
 he loves me!
 All the gladness was banished from
 her step and face, however, as she
 slowly advanced to meet her lover.
 He could wait for no formality of
 greeting. Abruptly, earnestly, with
 his whole soul in his voice and eyes
 he said:
 "Jennie, you rebuked me sharply
 to-day for my presumptuous and in-
 solent speech to your cousin. I ac-
 knowledge that I deserved it; but now,
 now that the money is gone, will you
 not believe me, that the dearest hope
 of my life, the dearest wish of my
 heart, is to win your love?"
 "You are sure it is me you love?"
 she said, in a very low voice.
 "Before I had known you a week,
 darling I had quite forgotten that you
 were an heiress. I only know that
 you were the only woman I could
 ever love, or whose love would be
 precious in my heart. Surely you
 may trust me now. Be my wife, and
 every hour shall prove to you how
 sincerely and tenderly I love you.
 Speak to me, Jennie. Why do you
 hide your face?"
 She did not tell him it was to hide
 her smiling mouth, her dancing eyes,
 but she allowed him to draw her gen-
 tly into a close embrace, to take in
 his own her soft little hand, and tell
 her sweet and lovingly words.
 "You will be my wife? he whis-
 pered, and then she looked up.
 "Yes, I will," she said, blushing,
 but looking bravely into his eyes,
 "for I believe you love me, and I love
 you with my whole heart. Stop!"
 for his lips were approaching hers, to
 close the speech. "don't kiss me yet.
 I forgot to mention that Uncle
 George drew all my money from the
 S—Bank before it broke, and has it
 in safe deposit elsewhere. Now you
 may kiss me."
 "But, Jennie," Fannie asked, when
 she and Tom joined the lovers some
 time later, "what on earth were you
 crying about?"
 Jennie never told, but Mr. Fred.
 Dayton made some guesses at a pri-
 vate interview, that Jennie would nei-
 ther deny nor confirm.
 Old lady—"Can you tell me, my
 good man, where I can find Mr.
 Jones?"
 Pat—"Sure ma'am, I expect it
 would be at his house you would find
 him."
 Lady—"Does he live anywhere in
 this street?"
 Pat—"Sure no indeed; it's not for
 the like of him to be livin' in the
 streets at all."
 Lady—"You stupid fellow, I mean
 what number does his family stop at?"
 Pat—"Now ma'am, you have me; he
 has six boys and four girls but whether
 he means to stop at that number, or
 not I can't say."
 Lady—"O, you blockhead!"—Exit
 old lady in a tremor of indignation.
 Copper-toed fans are sold for the
 benefit of young ladies who have no
 one to love, and who chew the stuffing
 out of any other kind in one evening
 when a hop is in progress

ODDS AND ENDS.

The following is an evidence of the
 progress of the photographic art:
 A lady last week had her likeness
 taken by a photographer; and he ex-
 ecuted it so well that her husband
 prefers it to the original.
 A prejudiced Providence paper says
 that Boston drummers, while on the
 sea shore, wear black trousers, with
 the knees and seams neatly inked over
 to conceal age, whilst their entire sal-
 ary goes for boot polish and neck-ties.
 Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever
 said: "A girl now seems all head."
 "Yes, till you talk to her," growled
 Mr. Clever.
 "When was Rome built?" asked a
 school committee-man of the first class
 in ancient history. "In the night,"
 answered a bright little girl. "In the
 night?" exclaimed the astonish-
 ed examiner. "How do you make that
 out?" "Why, I thought everybody
 knew that Rome wasn't built in a day."
 The monks of La Trappe have a
 clock in the large hall of their con-
 vent, which is a frightfully complete
 piece of hand-work and mechanism.
 A perfect human skeleton stands by
 the wall pointing with its fleshless
 fingers at the hours marked upon a
 dial, which revolves. The picture is a
 hideous one, but the monks see a
 moral in its existence, and a lesson
 in its death-like certainty.
 On a certain occasion two good
 natured Irishmen occupied the same
 bed. In the morning one said to the
 other:
 "Dennis did you hear it thunder
 last night?"
 "No Pat did it really thunder?"
 "Yes, it thundered as if heaven and
 earth would come together."
 "Why, then, didn't ye wake me up,
 for ye know I can't sleep when it
 thunders?"
 "One of the employes in the Ottum-
 wa Courier office is the father of a
 healthy and sprightly baby boy, six
 months old, that has six toes on each
 foot, and five fingers and a thumb on
 each hand. Each of the superfluous
 toes and fingers are just as perfect as
 any of the others. When he grows
 up and gets to slinging type with his
 six fingers, he can run a daisy by
 himself."
 At Missouri valley last Saturday,
 while setting out some cars on the
 Chicago and Northwestern railroad
 track, cries were heard coming from
 a box car in the train loaded with
 lumber. On examination a man who
 had been trying to steal a ride in the
 car was found crushed by the lumber,
 which had to be cut away in order to
 get him out. D. Coit was called, and
 the man's leg found to be broken.
 He got in the car at Grand Junction
 the night before.
 A dry crust of a fellow, who was
 unhappy with his preacher because
 the "dry vine," as Carlyle would call
 him, could not penetrate the thick
 ligament that covered the crusty
 man's soul, signified to the minister to
 have a pew nearer the pulpit.
 "Can't you hear?" asked the good
 man.
 "Yes," was the reply.
 "Then why do you change?"
 "Because," answered the obdurate
 one, "I am so far off, that when your
 words get to me they are as flat as
 dish water."
 "Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do
 you, on your solemn oath, declare
 that this is not your hand-writing?"
 "I reckon not."
 "Does it resemble your hand-writ-
 ing?"
 "Yes, sir, I think it don't."
 "Do you swear that it don't re-
 semble your hand-writing?"
 "Well, I do, old head."
 "You take your solemn oath that
 this writing does not resemble yours
 a single letter?"
 "Ye-e-a-s, sir."
 When old Squire Crane was first
 elevated to the dignity of Justice of
 the Peace, down in South-western
 Missouri, he knew less of law and
 legal forms than he did about killing
 "bars." It was my fortune to be a
 witness of the first marriage ceremony
 the old fellow ever undertook. The
 young couple stood up in the Squire's
 office, and the happy bridegroom de-
 sired the functionary to "propel"—to
 which impatient request the Justice
 acceded, by inquiring:
 "Miss Susan Roots, do you love
 that 'ar man?"
 "Nobhu' shorter!" responded Miss
 Roots with a subdued laugh.
 "And you, John Kemnon do you al-
 low to take Sue for better, and worse-
 er?"
 "Sartin as shootin', Squire!" earn-
 estly responded the enamored John.
 "chuckin' Sue under the chin."
 "Then you both, individually and
 collectively, do promise to love,
 honor, and obey each other, world
 without end?"
 A satisfactory reply was given.
 "If that 'ar be the case," continued
 the magistrate, "know all men by
 these presents, that this 'ere twin
 aforsaid is hereby made bone of one
 bone, and flesh of one flesh; and,
 furthermore may the Lord have
 mercy on their souls! Amen!"
 I left the office with the conviction
 strongly impressed upon my mind
 that the Squire, although not particu-
 larly posted up in the marriage ritual,
 had a very good general idea of legal
 forms and ceremonies.