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NO. 22.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Twentyeth Judicial Circuit.

Circuit Judge—Wm. Carter.
Circuit Attorney—B. B. Cahoon.
County Clerk—John L. Boggy.
County Treasurer—G. Madison.
County Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison.
County Court Justices—A. S. Jennings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman Lillie.
County Attorney—J. B. Robbins.
County Assessor—L. Bort Vaile.
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 Sat ur day in each month.

Ste. Genevieve County Officials.

Representative—A. F. Beltrami.
Circuit Clerk—Joe Bauman.
County Clerk—John L. Boggy.
County Treasurer—G. Madison.
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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 assisted by Messrs. Robinson & Clardy in all Circuit and Supreme Court cases.
Collections made a speciality.

F. J. MOREAU,

Attorney at Law,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

J. B. ROBBINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office opposite Davis & Cox,
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

ESQ. B. ROBINSON, MARI 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. By

PAUL E. LUMPHREY,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &

Real Estate Agent,
Ste. Genevieve, - - - Missouri.

DR. C. S. HERTICH,

Physician & Surgeon,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

Chas. F. Carsow, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND

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

R. F. LANNING, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN SURGEON

—AND—
ACCOCHEUR,
Roomsdate - - - Missouri.
12y

DR. J. W. BRADMAN,

Resident Dentist,

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

H. KNIEREM,

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Also
Curling, 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.

OCTOBER'S SONG.

"O deep brown eyes," sang Gray October,
"Deep brown eyes running over with gloe;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.

"Black eyes shine in the glowing summer
With red of rose and yellow of corn;
But cold the close when the still late-comer,
Silvery Frost, creeps over the morn.

"Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea—
But oh, my Grapes, my Wines, and my dan-
ces,
What have the smiles in common with me?

"Go, Gray Eyes! What know you of laugh-
ing,
Giddy with glee from the mere sunshine;
Go to your looks! What know ye of quaf-
ing
Lucious juice from the riotous vine?"

"All the earth is full of frolicking;
Growing is over; harvest is done;
All the trees are ready for rollicking,
Glowing scarlet with rustic fun.

"Stay, Brown eyes, in purple weather,
A crown of oak leaves with maple blent
Shall deck our brow, while gaily together
We two will wander to heart's content."

Thus October's wild voice was singing,
While on his pipe he cunningly played;
All the red woods with music were ringing,
And Brown Eyes listened, with footsteps
stayed—

Waited to hear the song beguiling,
Listened and laughed through the sunny
day;
And earth and sky fell to merry smiling,
As hand and hand they wandered away.
—Harper for October.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

It was the twelfth night after
Christmas—an evening celebrated in
England, France and Germany by
fetes and entertainments, in which
the children bear the prominent part.

I must ask the reader to accompa-
ny me to an elegant mansion in the
aristocratic Boulevard of Malsher-
bes, in the city of Paris. It was easy
to see that something was going on
inside, for it was brilliantly illumina-
ted, and from time to time elegantly-
dressed figures were indistinctly seen
through the opening of the curtains.

It was a twelfth Night Festival.
The saloon was fairly ablaze with
light. Multitudes of children, dress-
ed with taste, moved about gracefull-
ly in childish dances, or eagerly par-
took of the bouillons, which on that
occasion are always liberally suppli-
ed. Among them moved elegant lad-
ies, most of them being parents of the
children present, who with smiles
watched the enjoyments of the little
ones.

At last came the grand ceremony
of the evening. This was the cutting
of the Twelfth Night cake, which
was of mammoth proportions, and of
which each guest was entitled to a
share. The cutting of the cake was
watched with interest, and the pieces
were drawn by lot. Just before this
was done, however, the Countess de
Charny said to the hostess:

"Will you gratify me in a little
caprice?"

"Certainly said the hostess, com-
placently.

"It is this: I wish my portion of
the cake to be given to the poorest
little boy we can find in the street."

The French are always fond of
novelty, and this "caprice" struck the
hostess as promising a pleasant vari-
ety.

"It is a good thought," she said. I
will at once dispatch Antoine on your
errand."

Anton was at hand, his services
being liable to be called upon at any
moment. He shrugged his shoulders
as the message was given him, and
thought there was no accounting for
the caprices of fine ladies. But of
course it was not for him to remon-
strate, and he went out to execute his
errand. Reaching the street, he
looked around him, hoping he might
not have to go far in the cold, for it
was one of the coldest nights of the
winter.

"Ah, there's a little vagabond, luckily!
Now to capture him."

The boy referred to was a ragged
little Savoyard, of ten years old appar-
ently, who was standing opposite,
with his little violin under his arm.
He had been about the street all day,
playing wherever he could get listen-
ers. From some places he had been
driven with abuse, for his instru-
ment was far from being a superior
one, and poor little Carlo was only a
passable player. The poor fellow had

suffered not only a little with cold,
for his clothes were thin and by no
means sufficient for the season; and
he had nothing to eat since the crust
of bread which was given him in the
morning by the speculator who had
brought him, with several others, to
Paris, and now lived on their earn-
ings, doing them out the smallest al-
lowance of food that would keep soul
and body together.

After wandering about the whole
day, little Carlo had strayed into Bou-
levard des Malsherbes, and had paused
in front of the beautiful mansion
where the festival was going on. He
could see indistinctly the forms of the
children who were participating in
the entertainment, and it is quite like-
ly that the poor little fellow felt a
sorrowful envy of those whose lot
was so much brighter than his. His
gaze was so intent that he did not
notice the appearance of the servant
until Antoine, having crossed the
street, laid his hand on his shoulder.

Carlo started in alarm, and tried to
tear himself from the servant's grasp.

"Not so fast, little chap," said An-
toine, "I want you."

"I didn't do any harm," said the
Savoyard, trembling; for he suppos-
ed Antoine's intentions were un-
friendly.

"Who said you did? I only said
that I wanted you."

The little Savoyard looked at him
distrustfully. He had met with so
little kindness in his life that he re-
garded strangers as enemies rather
than as friends.

"You are to come with me into
yonder mansion," said Antoine.

"Where the lights are?" asked the
ragged boy in surprise.

"Yes. Come, hurry along. I
don't want to stay out here in the
cold."

"But why am I to go up there?
asked Carlo, puzzled.

"You will know when you get
there. All I can tell you is that my
mistress wants you."

"Perhaps I am wanted to play on
my violin," thought the boy; and
with this idea he followed the servant
to the entrance of the mansion.

A moment later he was ushered in-
to the brilliant saloon, blazing with
lights. He looked around him, daz-
zled and nearly blinded by the glare.
There was a chorus of congratulations,
and the young gentlemen and ladies
gathered around the timid little Sa-
voyard, who stood bewildered in the
midst of the magnificence.

In the midst of it the Countess de
Charny, whose caprice had been the
cause of his appearance, advanced to-
wards the little boy, and gently re-
moved his tattered cap.

"Ah, he is indeed pretty," she said,
as his chestnut hair fell in a natural
wave over a fine brow, which seemed
white in comparison with his sun-
burnt cheeks.

His eyes were a bright hazel, his
features were exquisitely turned, only
thin from want of sufficient food. In
spite of his rags, it was easy to see
that he was gifted with beauty.

"Countess, you will soil your
gloves," said a guest, as she took the
little boy by the hand and led him
forward into the center of the saloon.

"Then I can buy another pair," she
said, indifferently. "It is I who sent
for you," she said to Carlo. "I will
tell you what to do."

The drawing commenced. The little
Savoyard followed the directions of
the Countess, and his share of cake
was handed him.

"Whoever finds the ring in his slice
shall be king of the party," said the
hostess, in explanation; or if a young
lady she shall be queen. The king
or queen. The king or queen has
the right to select one of the opposite
sex to share the honor of royalty."

"May I eat it, madam?" asked the
Savoyard, with a longing glance at
the cake he held in his hand.

"Yes, my child; but have a care
not to swallow the ring, if it should
be within."

All the children were eagerly ex-
amining the slices, in the hope of
finding the ring, which was the prize
of the evening.

In the midst of it, the little Savo-
yard drew the glittering circlet from
the cake, saying to the Countess, "I
have it, madam."

"The king! The little Savoyard is
king!" shouted the children.

"You are the king of the festival,"
said the hostess, advancing and lead-
ing forward Carlo, who seemed bewil-
dered by the enthusiasm.

It was a strange scene—the little
ragamuffin in the center of the sa-
loon, surrounded by elegant dressed
children, over whom he was called to
exercise sovereignty. The children
enjoyed it better than if one of them-
selves had been chosen.

"A queen! A queen! He must
name a queen!" shouted all.

"Look around you," said the hos-
tess. "It is for you to choose a
queen from those present."

The little Savoyard looked around
him a moment, and went back to the
Countess de Charny.

"I want you to be queen," he said.

"But," said the Countess, "it is
the custom to choose a young girl."

"I want you to be queen," he per-
sisted.

"Why do you choose me?" she
asked.

"Because you are kind to me,"
said Carlo. "Besides, you look like
my mother."

"Like your mother? Is she liv-
ing?"

"I don't know, madam; but I have
her picture."

"Show it to me," said Countess,
who seemed to be moved by a strange
interest.

Carlo drew from under his ragged
vest a small pocket suspended by a
plain white string. The picture, though
stained and discolored, presented the
face of a beautiful young lady of
twenty. No sooner did the Countess
cast her eye upon it than she uttered
a cry of joy, and threw her arms
around the astonished boy.

"My boy! My boy!—my own lit-
tle Victor! Are you again restored
to me?"

All the guests gazed in astonish-
ment at this unexpected tableau.
The Countess, quickly recovering
herself, said while an expression of
joy irradiated her sweet face: "The
picture is mine, as you can perhaps
discover by examining it. Eight
years ago I was journeying in the
northern part of Italy with my hus-
band and my little Victor, then four
years of age, when he suddenly dis-
appeared from me. We had no doubt
that he was stolen, and offered a
large reward for his recovery, but
without success. From that day I
have mourned for him as for one
whom I never expected to see in this
world. It is doubtless Providence
who by such strange means has re-
stored him to me."

"Are you my mother, then?" asked
Carlo.

"Yes, my child," and again the
mother clasped the boy, ragged and
dirty though he was, to her bosom.

This time he returned to her caress.

"Then I shall not be hungry any
more?" he said.

"No my poor child."

"Let him tell us his story," de-
manded the children.

So, seated on a chair in their midst,
the little Savoyard told his story in
answer to the many questions that
were poured in upon him. As far
back as he could remember, he wan-
dered about with his little violin, in
Italy at first, but for the two last
years in Paris, where he had suffered
every discomfort and privation. He
was in the charge of an Italian na-
med Giacomo Bartoni, who professed
to take care of him, and to whom his
violin belonged.

"We will send for him to-morrow,"
said the Countess. "I must buy the
violin of him as a memorial of the
years of terrible privation through
which you have passed."

That night the little Savoyard, who
was accustomed to sleep on a bed of
straw rested his weary limbs on a
bed of down, in the beautiful mansion
of the Countess de Charny. The
next morning he was arrayed in a
suit of elegant boy's clothing, in
which he looked transformed. Scarce-

ly was the metamorphosis complete,
than his Italian master, who had
been summoned, made his appearance,
and bowing almost to the ground,
was admitted into the presence of
the Countess.

"Do you recognize this young gen-
tleman?" asked the Countess, point-
ing to Carlo, who now looked like a
little prince.

"No, madam."

"Yet you ought to know him well.
It is the little Savoyard, Carlo."

Giacomo was overwhelmed with
astonishment.

"But I do not understand," he
said.

The explanation was briefly made.
The Italian was paid a magnificent
sum for the violin, which is now the
only link that unites the little Count
Victor with the little Savoyard of
former years. He is now at a mili-
tary school, and his fair to maintain
by his talents the distinction of the
illustrious family to which he be-
longs.

A Fraud.

A city chap from this town, spend-
ing a few weeks in the country with a
farmer friend, asked to be permitted
to abstract the lactical fluid from the
bovine group at eventide. As soon
as the farmer found out that all he
wanted was to milk the cows some
night, he cheerfully assented, and
with other members of the family,
seated himself on the barn-yard fence
to see the fun. Hardly had the
tight-pant-taloned chap begun to
pull on the peculiar natural appendages
which all who desired milk must man-
ipulate, when the patient cow looked
around and saw the "what-is-it" at
her side. Fetching him a wipe in the
eyes with her tail, she at the same
time projected her hind foot with
lightning-like rapidity, and while the
milk was balancing on his ear in a
mud-puddle, the sportive cow sent
the milk pail spinning after him. Owing
to damage to his pants our hero was
compelled to walk backward until he
got out of sight of the farmer's daugh-
ters, and now says farming is a fraud.
—Cleveland Leader.

Last Saturday morning an alterca-
tion took place between Mr. Joseph
Darnall a citizen of our town and
Mr. Fred Hudgens, who lives some
five miles above here. They were
disputing about a piece of rope which
Hudgens purchased of Darnall, and
some other trivial matters. An an-
gry altercation ensued, and Darnall
ordered Hudgens out of his house.

Hudgens went into the back-room of
Darnall's store house, and was fol-
lowed by Darnall. Darnall said he
took hold of Hudgens to put him out
of the house, when Hudgens stabbed
him with a pocket knife in the fleshy
part of the right thigh; making a
 frightful gash five inches in length,
and to the bone, cutting within an
inch of the femoral artery. His
wound was dressed by Dr. Thos. J.
Bracken. Darnall is doing well at
present.—Gagosa Democrat.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Washington, October 11.—By the
President of the United States of
America: A proclamation. Where-
as, The revolution of another year
has again brought the time when it
is usual to look back upon the past
and publicly thank the Almighty for
his mercies and his blessings; and

Whereas, It is the duty of every
citizen to express his gratitude to
the Creator of the universe for the
benefits which he has bestowed upon
himself and his fellow-men; and

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