FAIR PLAY.

VOLUME XIV. STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886. NUMBER 38

THE FAIR PLAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY MAIL—IN ADVANCE—POSTAGE PREPAID.

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Administrators' Notices 3.00
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THE FAIR PLAY
Ste Genevieve, Mo.

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Hon George G. Vest, Kansas City, Washington address: Cor. Del. Av. and C Street.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS—FIRST DISTRICT

Hon. Martin L. Clardy, Farmington, St. Francois county. Washington address: 523

STATE SENATOR.

Hon. R Burrett Oliver Jackson, Cape County.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Sept Ross ..... Oliver D. Harris
Clerk ..... Frank Huck
Clerk ..... James W. Nations
Clerk ..... Felix R. Janis
Collector ..... C. C. Rozier
Treasurer
Assessor
Surveyor
School Commissioner
Public Administrator

CIRCUIT COURT.

James D. Fox, Judge, Fredericktown, Madison County.

Spring Term ..... First Monday in May
Fall Term ..... First Monday in November

COUNTY COURT

Hon. C. W. Hamm ..... Presiding Justice
Hon. N. C. Sebastian ..... Associate Justice
Hon. Roman Huck ..... Associate Justice
Spring Term ..... Second Monday in May
Summer Term ..... Second Monday in August
Fall Term ..... Second Monday in November
Winter Term ..... Second Monday in February

Justice of the Peace, Ste. Genevieve Township, Ferdinand A. Roy.

PROBATE COURT.

Hon Wm. H. Bantz ..... Judge
Spring Term ..... Second Monday in March
Summer Term ..... Second Monday in June
Fall Term ..... Second Monday in September
Winter Term ..... Second Monday in December

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Mayor ..... Charles C Rozier
ALDERMEN
First Ward ..... Chas. A. Herter
" " ..... John S. Whitlock
Second Ward ..... Jacob Krase
" " ..... Emile Lelie
Third Ward ..... George Hurst
" " ..... Leon Jokerst
Clerk ..... Jules B. Guignon
Treasurer ..... Wm. W. Wilder
Attorney ..... Firmin A. Rozier
Marshal ..... August Rehm
Collector ..... Jacob Yealy
Street Commissioner ..... Anton Sampson

Board of Aldermen meets 4th Monday in March June September and December.

Churches.

STE GENEVIEVE

Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Weis, Pastor. Mass every Sunday at 7 and 9 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m.

German Lutheran, ... Pastor Services every Sunday at 11 a. m.

UNION CHAPEL.—The Rev. M. Bell, M. E. church, will conduct regular services at the Union Chapel, in this city, on Friday preceding the third Sabbath in every month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

ST MARY

Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Kane, Pastor. Mass every Sunday at 7 and 10 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m.

NEW OFFENBURG

St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, Rev. Father Pizzo, pastor. Mass every Sunday at 7 and 10 a. m.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Feerich, pastor. Mass every Sunday at ..... a. m.

BLOOMSDALE.

Roman Catholic. Rev. Father Truman, pastor. Mass every Sunday at ..... a. m.

LAWRENCETON

Roman Catholic, ... pastor Mass every Sunday at ..... a. m.

ISLE DU BOIS.

Lebanon Baptise Church, Sullivan Frazier, pastor. Wm. H. Dutton, Clerk. Services, Saturday before and 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. Saturday and 11 a. m. Sunday.

Lebanon M. E. Church South, Beasley and Smith Pastors; F. G. Poston, Steward. Services 2nd Sunday, at 7:00 p. m. by John Beasley and 4th Sunday, at 11 a. m. by C. F. W. Smith. Concord, Wednesday before the 3rd Sunday at 7 p. m. by Beasley; Saturday before the 4th Sunday, at 7 p. m. by Smith.

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Answered by Card.

We were playin' euchre last evenin'
There were four of us in the game
Mollie was Ned's fair partner;
Mine was—guess I won't tell her name.

You see, I'd kept her company
For quite a good long time past.
An' that night I'd made up my mind
To ask her to have me at last.

Guess she saw what I was a-thinkin',
An' tried not to be too hard,
'Cause she took advantage of the game,
An' settled the matter by card.

She'd dealt, and hearts were the trumpers,
Ned had passed, and it was my say,
I'd a good hand, and thought she had,
She was smilin' in such a pleased way.

Moll an' Ned were chattin' right gaily.
So says I, in a low moanin' tone:
"Shall we play together now an' for good?"
Says she, "I guess I'll go it alone."

ONLY A TRAMP,

BY MISS BUSYBODY.

Well, there was nobody to care, God knows! Other men had their sweet-faced wives, their bright-eyed children, their pleasant homes, their daily bread—but I, what had I?—Nothing! No one in the wide, wide world to care whether I starved or lived! They had their work, and knew that as long as health and strength lasted, they could earn their daily bread, and at night go back to happy homes, where their loved ones waited for them.

So had I. In the happy days that are gone I had a happy home-nest, a bright-eyed wife, who met me with a smile and a kiss when I came home tired from the factory. The dearest babe on earth pattered about the floor, and laughed up at me, tugging at my beard when I took her up.

But now I am "only a tramp." One day I was sitting by the road with my head between my hands, when two girls passed me. One with a sweet pitying look on her face said softly:

"There is some one in trouble."

"It's only a tramp!" said the other carelessly, and they went on

Only a tramp! And who is to care? What is the difference anyway? I think sometimes that the angels in heaven do not care if we poor starving mortals on earth do suffer. I knew an angel once, an angel if ever there was one on earth, a wondrous, beautiful being, with the face and the soul of a saint. When I was a harum-scarum "big boy," she befriended me, she led me and guided me, while I looked up to her as to some superior being, who had none of the sins and blemishes of this world, and one day I almost said my prayers to her. But she died, as all such angels do—no, she did not die, she only fell asleep and awakened up a little higher, in the heaven from which she had flown to hover a little while among us mortals. But the influence of that sweet spirit hung round my after life like a halo; many and many a time in those miserable days it guided me and saved me from crime.

It all dated from that day in the early fall. Jennie was sitting by the cheery fire that burned in the grate, waiting for me; the table, dainty with snowy cloth and shining china, was standing by; little Grace was asleep in the cradle, and all was peace.

Through the window she could see the tall factory chimney, and the great flickering fires down below. Then as the bell struck six, there came a stream of men from the great door, who, instead of going quickly homeward, stood and talked, in little excited groups with much clenching of fists and shaking of heads.

What did it mean?

Finally as Jennie watched, a man came down the street with a sullen, dejected air, walked in at the door and sat down heavily in the nearest chair.

"Why, John!" she said, "what's the matter?"

"The factory has stopped work," I answered gloomily.

She paled a little at that, but answered bravely and cheerily:

"Maybe it won't be for long, and we can live somehow."

"But we can't," I cried, "I could bear it for myself, but for you and the baby—" a hard, ugly knot rose in my throat and stopped me. "I can't bear to see you suffer, Jennie."

"Let us hope for the best," she said; "tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," I said, my old sullen mood returning, "only when we quit work, the foreman said that the factory was to shut down for an indefinite length of time. That was all, but it means starvation for us. Two hundred men are thrown out of work to-night, and there are other firms that will suspend. There is no other way, Jennie, we must starve."

"Not while we have health and strength," she said, bravely.

"Health and strength amount to nothing when there is nothing to do, when there are hundreds of men in the city looking for work it will be terribly hard to find."

That was the first.

For days I walked the streets looking for work. I met many and many a man doing the same thing—men with gaunt, hungry faces and eager eyes, men who like myself saw the demon of starvation ahead.

I saw in my daily wanderings happy children in pleasant homes, where there was plenty, and where want and care were unknown. I saw men coming out of fashionable lunch rooms, with satisfied faces, and a comfortable air of having dined well, while we, Jennie and the baby, we must starve bye and bye.

The thought almost drove me mad. Our little store of rainy day savings was dwindling away. I found no work. When there was anything to be done it was snapped up by some one of the gaunt, hungry men who were everywhere.

Well, I was coming home one night—how well I remember that night! It was just sunset when I crossed the river. The sky was crowded with tiny flecks of clouds, touched on the lower edge with crimson. Down low in the west I could catch glimpses of a wonderful sea of gold that was asail with tiny boats. I stood on the bridge watching that golden sea, I wished that I might reach out and grasp some of that royal gold to buy comforts for dear ones, nay the very necessities of life, that they needed and must have. There was gold and plenty in multitudes of homes, why was mine so desolate? I grew wild and bitter that night. I could almost curse the happy people who passed by.

I looked down at the river. It was rippling by stilly; the great black shadow of the bridge was beneath, but beyond on every ripple, a ruby shone, and the whole brimming river flashed and flashed with the reflection from above. The wind was blowing, a light fitful wind, and waving the scant turfs of grass on the river edge. The water was very quiet down below, and restful. I wished that I might throw myself over the railing, sink beneath those still, rosy waters, and end my life.

The glow faded from the sky, as I stood there, leaving only a dull sombre gray, and I said bitterly that it was a picture of my life. Then amid the shadows and the gloom that began to steal up from the river, like a covert foe, creeping stealthily upon the city, lights began to gleam, now here, now there, flashing out as if by magic, till they shone by myriads all about me, and likewise above me shone other lights steady and clear, but very cold and far away.

Then I turned away and went wearily homeward. I looked up at the little white-curtained window as I crossed the street, seeing the flicker of fire-light from within, and watching for the laughing face of my baby, but it was not there.

"I am late to-night," I thought, "baby is asleep." But Jennie met me at the door, with a white anxious face.

"John," she said, "baby is sick!" and then broke down into sobbing on my shoulder, while I looked down at a little flushed face on the cradle pillow, wide blue eyes that had no look of recognition in them, hot cheeks bright as crimson roses, and a tumbled floss of curls; baby was sick.

The doctor did what he could for her, but she died next morning just at break of day, when the sun, rising bright and glorious, had no beauty or gladness for us, for our sunbeam was faded and the light gone out of the house.

The days dragged by and Jennie grieved silently for her baby. There was no spoken word, no burst of tears, only the constant sorrowful look, the eyes deep and dark with pain, the pitiful little smile when she would meet me at the door, and by and by came a shadowy fear lest I should lose her, too; the fear became a dread and the dread became a certainty as the days went by.

Our little home grew bare; it seemed as if the whole world were going from me, as if I stood aloft on a lonely barren peak with no one to sympathize or help, while Jennie kept slipping, slipping from me and I could not keep her back. Then when the end came she just fell asleep with a quiet smile and a whisper:

"I'm so tired, dear, you will come by and by" so deeply asleep that I could not wake her, so peacefully asleep that I would not wake her if I could.

Six days after that the landlord turned me away, and seized the few bits of furniture remaining, so I drifted off, only a tramp!

Winter was about me, and out in the open country where I had wandered, everything was white and spotless, and pure. The woods were white to their very depths with drifted snow, a cold, cold world, and nowhere in it a place for me.

I was walking along the railroad one freezing day in the late winter, without knowing or caring wither I was going. There was a heavy bank of clouds in the west, the sky was cold and dreary, a dark frozen line of forest glowered away to the east. The rails stretched on before me and behind, in hard, monotonous lines. The snow was everywhere; there was no sign of a human being—only the cold sky, the snow plain and the dreary woods away to the east.

I walked on with my brain full of hard, bitter thoughts against the world. I thought of the many happy homes, the happy people, while I wandered away there with no friend in the wide world.

Suddenly as I walked carlessly along, not heeding my steps, I stumbled over a broken rail. The tie was broken away beneath it, the last train had wrenched it from its place and passed safely on. But what of the next? I looked behind me and before. No puff of smoke in either direction. Sometime I knew there must come a train with fellow men aboard it, who would be hurled to death. I looked down the embankment, it was steep and rocky, and I turned away with a shudder as I thought of the shattered wreck, and the wounded men.

The heavy clouds had rolled away up over the dull sky, and now the snow began to fall in great feathery flakes, thick and fast, hiding the rails and hiding the line of woodland, leaving me alone in a great white shifting world of snow.

"It hides the broken rail," I said, "the train will come on, rush over and plunge down, and then——."

I stood till the snow whitened my clothes. It would make a dainty shroud, I thought, for me, and for the victims on the train.

The cold crept through my body while I stood there, then I started on.

"What care I for the people on the train?" I cried out as I stumbled blindly on, while the wind whirled the snow into my face, plucked at my ragged coat and numbed my aching hands.

I laughed wildly as I hurried on, and pictured to myself the bleeding forms in the ditch; the cries and groans of the people in the shattered cars, saw the flames creeping stealthily back toward them. The wind whistled about my ears, the air seemed full of demon voices shrieking and screaming and crying out that they were the souls of the dead killed back there where the rail was broken—fiends who would haunt me and curse me forever.

"You," they shrieked, "you might have warned the train and saved us, you, you murderer, as!"

Then these shrieking voices died away, and in the heavenly calm that fell about me I heard a whispered word, amid the whirling snow I saw an angel face, with a heavenly smile upon it, and it turned me back; back to watch for the train that must come some time, while I was the only one to save it.

I was a long time finding the broken rail, so deep and drifted was the snow, but at last I stumbled upon it again. Then I sat down and waited. The wind seemed to cut my face like knives. It would be warmer down the embankment I knew, but if I went down there I might not see the train in time to stop it.

I shall never know how long I sat there with the white, cruel snow heaping itself over and about me, with the cold creeping in, nearer and nearer my heart.

By and by a fatal numbness began to steal upon me and I got up and ran to and fro to rouse myself. Must I freeze before I could warn the train? All at once there flashed a gleam of light in the west and like magic the fall of snow ceased and the air grew clear. Night was not far away and the wind was dying down only to leave a sharper, stinging cold.

Finally away down the track I caught a flash of light and my heart gave a bound for the train was coming at last.

Then the fatal langour began to steal upon me again and beautiful lights danced before my eyes, bells were ringing far away. I was at home before the fire with baby on my knee. There was a thunder storm outside, but we were safe, Jennie, baby and I. The thunder rolled louder, the lightning grew more vivid, then suddenly I opened my eyes, and I saw the train. I sprang up the bank down which I had wandered in my almost deadly sleep, tore off my coat, swung it with all my might while the train plunged on.

I swung it wider, higher, then I saw a puff of steam, heard a whistle for down brakes, and knew that the train was safe, for the engine shrieked and began to slacken speed and finally stopped not three yards away from me.

The people crowded about me while I showed them the broken track, and all the while those rainbow lights danced and flashed before me.

"He is almost frozen," said one man to another.

"You are a brave fellow," said one to me; "you saved our lives."

"I am only a tramp," I said bitterly, when they asked my name, "it don't matter."

"But it does matter," said a white-bearded man, "it matters much to me; my daughter is on this train; come, let us help this man," he said to the little group around us, and when he held out his hand to me there were twenty-five dollars in it.

"John Simmons," he said, "come on board the train, we have use for men like you. We will give you a job if you will work. What do you say?"

"What do I say?" I cried out, "I have looked for work day after day, but have been turned off with the plea of hard times and found nothing. It is not from choice that I am only a tramp," I said bitterly, "just two months ago, sir, I was an independent man with a home and a wife and child of my own, but they are gone now, and gone for the want of this."

"Starved?" a woman asked in a hushed voice.

"No, not that, thank God! it wasn't quite that bad."

Then, while the train sped on and bore me back toward the old life of independence, I warmed my half-frozen body by the glowing stove, and my half-frozen heart with the words of thanks from the many aboard the train.

Only a tramp no longer, thank God!

And in the years that followed, I found a sweet-voiced woman who loved to call me husband, and though I never forgot my sainted wife, my wife on earth shares equal love, and she never tires of hearing of baby Grace, asking often if little Jennie is not like her, very like.

And to-night I sit before the fire in the same old home nest that is our own now, hearing the baby's prattle, watching my wife's deft fingers move the flashing needles, and thanking God in my heart that I am only a tramp no longer.

Things Worth Knowing.

That lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink, and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

That silver spoons that have become discolored from contact with cooked eggs, may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt. That a lump of gum camphor in the closet where silver or plated ware is kept, will do much toward preventing tarnish. Coal gas and the near presence of rubber in any form, are two things that cause silver to tarnish quickly. The rubber ring round the neck of a fruit jar will tarnish a whole closet full of silver in the space of one night, while a silver spoon left for an hour in the mouth of such a jar, will be found possessed of truly rainbow tints next day.

That vegetables which lose some of their color in being boiled, may have that color restored by plunging them for an instant in cold water, immediately after removing from the boiling water.

That hot wood ashes applied to a stove when cold will remove grease. Cover the spot entirely; do not be sparing of the ashes.

That, in cleaning paint, spots which will not yield to rubbing or to soap even the spots which look like small gashes cut through the paint, may be removed by rubbing lightly with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

That, a sponge may be cleansed by letting it lie covered with milk for twelve hours, and then rinsing in cold water.

That moths will not eat through paper.

That glass may be cut with any hard tool, like a chisel, for instance, if kept constantly wet with camphor dissolved in spirits turpentine.

That the gummed laps of circular envelopes, which come through the mails unsealed, are worth saving. Once form the habit of saving them, and many uses will be found for them.

That common letter envelopes, if cut carefully across one end instead of being torn from their inclosures, often make convenient paper bags.

That in case of a burn or a scald, the essential thing is to exclude the air from the injured member as quickly and as completely as possible. That this may be accomplished by immersing the injured part in water, not too cold, and then, as quickly as may be, cover with flour, to the depth of an inch, if possible, withdrawing the burned part from the water, only as fast as the flour can be applied, thus preventing pain. Caution: Never apply cotton wool or cotton batting to a burn, and do not use soda on a burn, unless the skin remains whole.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

Extraordinary Development in the Way of Torturing the Queen's English.

About a year ago a boy of the African persuasion, about fourteen years old, obtained employment in the general utility department of a family grocery store in the lower section of Grand River avenue. "Fred," as he was called for short, soon rose to the position of sergeant-at-arms of the delivery wagon, putting in his spare time in doling out allspice, codfish and molasses to those hungering and thirsting for goods of those patterns. Being a bright, pleasant-looking lad, prompt and accommodating, he was, to all appearance, on the high road to farther promotion, but it seems he could not bear prosperity. In an evil hour he became, no one can divine how, addicted to the detestable vice of punning, a practice tacitly supposed to be confined to persons who have been longer exposed to the taint of evil associations, especially those who have crossed the confines of second childhood. The first known manifestation of the trait occurred a few weeks ago upon the occasion of a customer inquiring of the youth if the concern had any oil on sale. "Well," was the response, "I should sm'oil!" The sensibilities of his employer, quite naturally, received a severe shock from the hapless discovery, but he silently nursed his grief. The same customer ventured the inquiry whether it would be consistent to ask the loan of a small can wherewith to convey half a gallon of the oleaginous fluid to his home. Bestowing a furtive glance upon the customer the embryo merchant responded: "Some folks can and some hoes can't!" Inside of two or three days at least a score of similar sallies were projected. To a gentleman who solicited information as to the cause of his appreciation of one cent in the [illegible] these, the reply was that he "couldn't think of anything in particular that had occurred; it was only a whim that had struck him." He did not think it reasonable to expect the price of eggs to fluctuate with that of breadstuffs, as "their consumers, unlike those of the latter commodity, were not subjects of a foreign yolk." Upon the occasion of one of the daily visits of a vender of pies, who was rather disposed to put on airs, he quietly remarked: "Not to mince matters, I would beg leave to impart a valuable piece of information. If you were not quite so short and crusty I think your intercourse with your fellow-men would be a little more conducive to true piety." One more example ought not to be omitted. A little girl came up to the counter saying that her grandmother had sent her for two shillings' worth of sugar, but she was unable to say what kind. Fred, after a moment's reflection, commenced weighing out the saccharine product, saying: "I think we can fix you out with something that will make your granny (e)lated!" And so on to the end of the chapter.

As already intimated, Fred is a pleasant, honest-appearing boy, giving in his personnel no sign of the wretch he is. His employer is tired and is anxious to sell out. It is enough, he says, to make the average American disgusted, and like Captain Columbus, break away and try to discover some new country.—*Detroit Post.*

Why Hair Oil is Out of Date.

Ladies can anticipate the delightful possibilities with rapture, but to wait patiently to grow hair seemed too much for the restless. So they dropped the oil and now mostly dudes and fashy men in order to insure a good crop. The city is filled with prematurely bald headed young men. But the women think too much of a head of hair to sacrifice it to oil. The great desire now is to get a fluid that is entirely free from grease to use on the hair. Several preparations have been invented. They use this to dampen and make the hair pliable. The lazy lazy bang is going out of style and the hair is combed upon the head, so some dampness is required to make it dress easily. Oil was once the only thing used, but now harmless fluids have supplemented it entirely. The head furnishes enough nutriment to each strand of hair, and in some even too much. Putting grease on the hair does not make it healthy, nor impart vitality to its growth. On the contrary, it clogs up the scalp, and frequently causes the hair to fall out. The days of hair oil for ladies have passed.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Weary not in well-doing.

Do right and fear no one.

Always be faithful to duty.

Be patient under difficulties.

Be a friend to the friendless.

One hand cannot expiate the wrong of the other.

Harmony is the keynote of all household comforts.

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.

An open mind, an open hand, and an open heart will find everywhere an open door.

A deal of what passes for the milk of human kindness would not bear skimming.

It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we fear we may be to-morrow.

Great minds lower, instead of elevating, those who do not know how to support them.

Opportunities to do good are never so scarce that any one need do that for the doing of which an excuse must be offered.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it out.—*Cumberlified.*