JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
The Republican Citizen.

Office on Court Street, midway between Patrick and Church Streets, (West Side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE CITIZEN is published every *FRIDAY MORNING*, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1870. NO. 14.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN
The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (tf), and charged for accordingly.

JOB PRINTING
Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.

MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same,
apr9 3m MILTON G. URNER.

DR. WM. H. BALTZELL,
OFFICE—Basement of Mrs. Eleanor Luckett's House, on West Second street.
RESIDENCE—No. 50 East Second St., next door to the residence of the late Judge Nelson, and directly opposite the Convent.
He may be found at his Office at all hours, when not professionally engaged, until 10 o'clock P. M.; after that hour at his residence. [apr15 2m

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McShery, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
THE next Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, (15th.)
☞Applications for admission should be made to
WM. D. COOKE, Principal,
aug20 tf E Frederick city, Md.

Notice.
I HAVE made arrangements to get NORTHERN ICE, and will be prepared to supply my customers and the public, and hope to receive a liberal share of their patronage. JOHN MURDOCK.
apr15 tf

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

Miscellaneous.

JORDAN'S
White Sulpher Springs,
FREDERICK COUNTY, VIRGINIA.
Only 1½ mile from Stepenson's Depot P. O., a point on the Harper's Ferry and Winchester Railroad, five miles from Winchester.

This Watering Place will be regularly opned on the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, under more favorable circumstances than at any time since the war, and every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction to all the guests.
A fine CITY BAND OF MUSIC will be in attendance, and Masquerade and Fancy Balls will be frequently given during the season.
Spring Pamphlets for distribution at the Springs and at Messrs. Coleman & Roger's, Baltimore.

TERMS:
$3 per day, $17.50 per week, and $60 per month. Children and colored servants half price. White servants three-fourths, or according to accomodations.
E. C. JORDAN,
je3 Owner and Proprietor.

ICE CREAM!
WATER ICES!!
ICE CREAM!!!
THE subscriber has this day opened his Saloon for the season, and is prepared to furnish Parties, Balls, Pic-Nics and Families, with Ice Cream and Water Ices at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
Confectionaries, Fruits, Cakes, &c.,
constantly on hand. Also,
FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, BUNNS, &C.,
I return my thanks to the public, for past patronage, and hope by strict attention to business, and a desire to please, to continue to merit their favor and esteem.
HERMAN WERNSING,
apr22 No. 109 N. Market street.

BUCK BEER.
THE subscriber begs leave to inform all those that appreciate a good glass of Ale, who from May 1st, he will be able to supply them in large or small quantities, with an article he will guarantee to please the most fastidious. Come one, come all, the fountain is now ready. PETER BAER,
Manufacturer, Brewer Alley.
To be had on draught, as follows:
WILLIAM BUESING, JACOB SCHMIDT,
OTTO LAUER, LEWIS KEEFER,
JACOB LEILICH, JOHN UHLER,
WILLIAM GRIMES.
apr29 tf E

J. DAVIS BYERLY,
(successor to J. Byerly.)
HAVING again returned to Frederick, and purchased the Old Gallery, No. 29 N. Market street, is prepared for the
PHOTOGRAPHIC BUSINESS,
in all its branches. He hopes by strict attention to business and endeavoring to please," to merit a continuance of the patronage so long extended this Gallery. All are respectfully invited to give him a trial.

NOTICE.
I have this day disposed of my right and interest in the Photograph Gallery, No. 29 N. Market street, to my son, J. Davis Byerly, to whom I can fully recommend my old patrons. Thanking my friends for their kind support in the past, I am respectfully,
mar 27 J. BYERLY.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
SAMUEL V. DOLL,
No. 3 S. Market St., opposite Vanfossen's Sales Rooms,
WOULD respectfully notify the public that he has opened a first-class Hardware Store, where he will keep constantly on hand
HARDWARE.
PAINTS,
OILS,
VARNISH,
GLASS,
PUTTY,
&c.
and every article usually found in a first-class Hardware Store.
mar25 6m

PRESERVING KETTLES—Bell Metal and Enamel, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
PINKING IRONS—For sale by A. G. QUYNN.
CHERRY SEEDERS and Cherry Stoners, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
ICE PECK & MALLET—For sale by A. G. QUYNN.
SCYTHES—Just received, a supply of English and American Grain and Grass Scythes, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
GRAIN CRADLES—For sale by A. G. QUYNN.
GRAIN RAKES—For sale by A. G. QUYNN.
SHEEP SHEARS—For sale by A. G. QUYNN.
may27

FREDERICK COUNTY
IRON WORKS,
FREDERICK, MD.
HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Patent Rubbers, Separators, and Combined Wheat Cleaners for Flour Mills. We also furnish on reasonable terms Castings and Machine Work for Flouring Mills, Saw Mills, Furnaces, Tanneries, &c.
Repairs of Mills, Steam Engines and Machinery of all kinds promptly attended to. List of Patterns furnished on application.
apr15 HANSON & CO.

JUST RECEIVED.
A Large assortment of the latest Improved
COOKING STOVES,
which will be sold to suit the time, CHEAP FOR CASH, at the
"FREDERICK STOVE HOUSE,"
mar18 By ERNEST A. C. FOX.

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST,
AT
THE FREDERICK
STOVE HOUSE.
SIGN OF THE
3 BIG COFFEE POTS,
No. 7 EAST PATRICK STREET,
FREDERICK, MD.
THE largest and best assortment of all kinds of Ranges for sale, put up and warranted to give entire satisfaction. The never equaled
NOBLE COOK STOVE,
improved again, 1869, is undoubtedly the best baker ever offered for sale and heavier than any other pattern. The
DICTATOR,
a very fine Cook and Baker, hard to beat; the EXPRESS, LILLY, COLUMBIAD, EMERALD, COMMONWEALTH, and other different patterns for sale, all warranted to Cook and Bake Bread to perfection.
HEATING STOVES of all descriptions and of the latest styles. The castings in Stoves from Philadelphia being of superior quality to any in the country, therefore do not *need so much repairing*, but in case they do need repairing odd plates can be had at any time, as I keep a large assortment of odd castings of all kinds on hand for repairing. Persons buying Stoves from me can have the plates renewed at any time.
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,
and all other ware belonging to a well furnished Store of this kind, of my own manufacture, which I will sell at the lowest cash price. Call and convince yourselves.
TIN ROOFING and SPOUTING attended to as usual, by ERNST A. C. FOX.
P. S.—Do not forget the cheapest place for Coal Oil and Coal Oil Lamps, of all kinds, by E. A. C. FOX.
mar26.

STEEL PENS, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Ink, Inkstands, Penhandles, in fact, a general assortment of stationery, at HENDERSON'S,
may13 62 N. Market Street.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rose in the road of life,
If we would but stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes still lifted,
For the soft blue sky will still peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's work with a ready heart
And hands that are prompt and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

"DEAD BROKE."

"He is dead broke."

"How much does he owe?"

"One week, to-morrow, over the month," said the clerk, examining the ledger.

"Whew!" whistled the landlord.—"Has he no friends to pay for him?"

"Plenty of friends now, but let them find out that he is broke and they'll be off like a covey of birds."

"I must see him;" and the hotel proprietor, walking out upon the piazza, approached a young man leaning against one of the front pillars.

"Mr. Watson, your bill, I see, is in arrears one week over the settlement-day. Why is it?"

The young man flushed at first as if in anger; then a smile overspread his handsome face. "I know I am a delinquent, Major Snow, but I can't pay at present."

"Do you expect money soon?"

"Well, really, I don't know who should send me anything from their surfeit of cash."

"Then I am to understand that you are not only unable to pay, but do not expect to be able?"

"Undoubtedly, Major."

"Sorry, Watson, for you have been a favorite of the season, and I don't like to turn you out before the break-up. Nor will I. If you can give up your suit of rooms and take up with one suited to your circumstances, I will let you remain the season out trusting you to pay me in the future."

"You are very good, Major, and I guess I'll have to consent."

So the baggage of Robert Watson was lifted and borne from the elegant suit on the second floor to a little seven by fourteen room on the fifth floor.

How quickly it became known that the change had been made! Every servant in the house betrayed the knowledge in the abscence of the usual deference paid to the possessor of "parlors." At dinner, the "boy," who had been only too eager to anticipate Mr. Watson's wants, suddenly became oblivious to those wants, and only answered them after repeated orders. The cashier and register clerk, always so obsequious, grew dignified and indifferent. Only the Major preserved a kindly greeting for the guest too poor to pay his bill, and remaining by sufferance.

"Queer," thought the hotel proprietor. "He certainly had money enough when he came, for he deposited a cool five thousand in the safe. He hasn't been *fast*, I am certain, and his habits have been so good that the young bloods have rather played off from him. But he has been a favorite. Not a belle in the room but would have dropped her best friend for his attendance. Hang me if I can understand it."

Watson, hailing from Baltimore, had been a season guest at the Cascade.—Friends he had in plenty. He was courteous, well-bred, good-looking, intelligent, and, apparently, rich—what more could be asked? Among the ladies he had moved quite a prince; and many were the gossamer webs woven as toils to capture him, but to all he proved a very incorrigible recusant—he would not be any one's prize. The exquisite charm of voice, manner, and setiment, the beauty of person, the elegance of attire—all were agreeable to him, deeply so, for he seemed to enjoy them all immensely; but not the brilliant poetess, Miss Mountjoy, nor the coy and artless Miss Dumain, nor the rattle-headed young Miss Lambert, nor the haughty, elegant, and exclusive Miss Percy, nor the very rich Miss Oromanes, appeared to command him. He was to all alike, the agreeable companion, the candid friend, the shrewd resistant of all arts to lead him into love's labyrinthine mazes.

How would all the beauties of the *salon* receive the announcement sure to be made of his "altered circumstances," as the Major expressed it?

Evidently Mr. Watson was not indifferent. He still frequented the piazzas and parlors, giving every friend, male or female, ample opportunity to "cut" his acquaintance, or otherwise to express themselves. It was somewhat curious to note the progress of his decline, not his fall, for Watson had that in his character, construction, which, even in poverty and taial, would preserve him from a sacrifice of personal diginity and self-reliance. But that he was on the decline became to him a sorrowful fact.

Sorrowful, did we say? That is, judging by the usual standards of human felicity or misery. To loose one's friends, to behold your position in society gradually slipping away, to realize that no longer you are held in coveted consideration by a chosen few, is, ordinarily, a source of sorry. But in Watson's case it was difficult to determine how keenly the knife cut to the quick of his sensibilities; for, while every acquaintance was given full facilcilties for doing the disagreeable office of giving the "cold shoulder," the Baltimorean appeared like an interested spectator, and was unmoved, when passed by a supposed friend without the slightest notice, as if he were a newspaper reporter, anxious to see the act and to note the fact.

Into the parlors during the evening he particularly pressed his way. If a bevy of gay fellows surrounded Miss Mountjoy, he worked his way to the circle, and, at last, received from that lady of Sappho-like lips his discharge. She did most gracefully and crushingly turn her back upon him not three days after his removal from the second floor.

Miss Dumain he sought, confident that one so artless certainly would be above the hollow hearted, crowd, and still give him her kindly greeting. Vian conception! The artless girl was coy, indeed; and at length he cornered her, it was to his discomfiture. She suddenly turned and forced her way past him, without even one of her downcast glances. On the contrary, her eyes were fixed fully on his face, and plainly said, "Sir we are strangers."

Next he tried rattle-neaded Miss Lambert, and she rattled on quite as usual; but Watson discovered that the rattling was not for him.

Strangely enough, the proud and exclusive Miss Percy unbent somewhat from her lofty carriage, and gave him a welcome; but over it all was a shadow—a fear apparently, which made Miss Percy shy rather than haughty; and Watson began to catch glimpses of a character beneath all that conventional veil which he had not expected to find.

Of course the wealthy Miss Oromanes would scorn his further friendly relations. Her rooms were near his own second-floor apartments; she daily, all the season, had encountered him in his walks through the long corridor, and must have been one of the first to learn of his fallen fortunes. Indeed, he had surmised that her dressing-maid had made special inquiry into his case, seeing her in confidential confab with the floor-stewardess and room-girls. So Watson, with a reserve or pride not entertained with others, kept apart from Miss Oromanes.

On that third evening of his changed fortunes, when the Sappho of the Cascades annihilated him, greatly to the pleasure of the young "bloods" around her, Watson wandered away at length upon the piazzas; then up through the long deserted halls, restless, thoughtful, digesting the notes which he had been taking of human nature, and trying to fix the relative value of a man without money. It was the crystalline truth he was learning—not the truth in mere solution, sometimes clear, sometimes opaque, but always thin, but the precipitated, hard, angular, clear-cut crystals of experience, mined in unexpeted places. Had he remained upon the second-floor, never would he have obtained the gems; the mere solution only would have repaid his keenest search. But that migration to the upper spaces had given him a wondrous lens; his horrizon was so immeasurably extended that, baring the fact that his bill was unpaid, he was the happier, because wiser, for the upward reverse.

Suddenly, in his solitary promenade, he confronted the heiress. She was walking, arm in arm, with young Evans, of her "set," in confidential communication, it would appear, else why should they have been in that long hall alone? asked Watson, as, with a glance, he took in the situation. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and the inclination of both men was to passs without recognition. Evens, frowned; Watson flushed in anger, and with head erect bore down and passed his enemies, like a suspended or cashiered officer of the line, conscious of his soldierly qualities, but equally conscious of his "altered circumstances."

Soo high he held his head, in fact, for he caught no soft glance from the lady's eye, and trod so firmly upon the trail of her elegant evening dress as to cause a perceptible cracking of seams at the skirt pleats. Evans turned with a sudden anger.

"Dolt!" he hissed.

Watson passed on, staying to make no apology, but he heard the lady say:

"Fie, it is nothing;" and he was conscious, too, that she was looking at him wonderingly.

An hour later Watton was down on the piazza again, evidently on the quest for some person, and he found his man ere long. Evans was the gentleman wanted. Going up to him Watson said:

"Mr. Evens, what was the word you used at the time I trod on the trail of Miss Oromanes' dress?"

"I said *dolt*, Sir! and I say it again. We have hiterto supposed you to be a gentleman, and now learn that you can not pay your bills; and he laughed, half in scorn half in humor of the fact so opportunely given him to crush another.

The hot blood flew to Watson's face; his hands were clenched as if to strike; but by a strong effort, he mastered his passion.

"Evans, no gentleman ever would have uttered that sentence. Only a coward would fling another's poverty in his face. Miss Oromanes, educated as she has been to give virtue to wealth, might find in my inability to pay my hotel bill, a justification for dropping my acquaintance; but I doubt if ever she would have countenanced incivility. I owe her an apology for my seeming rudeness, and will give it to her, but you I hold in too supreme contempt even to exchange more words with you. Hereafter do not speak to me, for if you do I shall slap your face, even in the presence of the ladies." And the speaker went his way to his attic room.

This scene overheard by several gentlemen and ladies, soon was the talk of the rooms. Evans, being a recognized leader of a very aristocratic circle, soon convened others of the set; and Major Snow was, ere long, summoned to be informed that he must "clear out Watson"—Evans offering to pay the delinquent's bill.

And the news flew throughout the parlors and promenades that Major Snow was to give Mr. Robert Watson of Baltimore, his walking papers in the morning.

An observer of the scene between the two gentlemen on the piazza was Miss Oromanes. Having at once retired to her room to repair the accident to her skirt, the lady donned another dress, and, to enjoy half an hour undisturbed, stole out upon the pleasant open weather promenade. She thus was a witness of what transpired. She, too, retired in evident excitement, to her rooms; and when her maid, half an hour later, brought the house-news that the Major was to clear Watson out in the morning, the heiress, with perfect deliberation, but with brightened color in her cheeks, and a clear sparkle in her beautiful eyes, sat down to her desk and indicted the following note:

Major Snow will please take no action in the matter of the difference between Mr. Watson and Mr. Evans. I overheard every word that passed between the gentlemen, and I fully justify Mr. Watson. Were it not an insult to him, I would offer to become responsible for any amount which he may not now be able to pay; but I know that he is a thorough gentleman, and would equally scorn to wrong you or to leave your house at the dictation of others.

I am, Sir, yours,
HELENE OROMANES.

This the maid was instructed to place in the Major's hands at once. The maid had not far to go, for she met the proprietor advancing up the stairway. He glanced at the billet and laughed; then paused and said:

"No use of my trip up five pair of stairs. Mr. Robert Watson has the freedom of this house for the next five seasons."

And down stairs he went again; while the open-eared maid, having lost not a word, returned to her mistress to find her absorbed in penning another note. This was written with great care and many pauses. It was finally finished, and read as follows:

Mr. Watson will please excuse the boldness of this note; but, having been a witness to the meeting between yourself and Mr. Evans on the piazza, I feel it incumbent on me to say that I fully justify your proceeding and your words. I ask no apology from you. Indeed, I will be pained to receive it. Believe me, I am exceedingly pained at the inference you have drawn, namely: that I could find a justification in dropping your acquaintance in the fact of your temporary embarrassment. Alas for my riches if they compel me to bear such imputations on my sense and motives! I am, sir, yours very sincerely.
HELEN OROMANES.

This missive the maid bore to the fifth story. It found the romantic Robert in bed; but the letter was flung in over the door ventilator.

"A letter for Monsieur Watson from my lady," said a voice at the door; and Watson sprang up as the envelope floated to his feet.

"A note from my lady!" What on earth did that mean? Another rumpus brewing, of course! Turning on the gas he read—astonished, pleased, delighted, as the rich color mounting to his temples testified. And then, foolish man, he kissed the note.

So very preposterous for one in his circumstances!

Many were the guests who "turned out" fully two hours before their usual ten o'clock breakfast the next morning, in order to see Mr. Robert Watson depart. To their surprise there was Watson, cheerful and content, promenading up and down the back piazza, arm in arm with Miss Oromanes, and Major Snow looking on admiringly. To Evans and his set it was a declaration of war; but who would dare take up arms against the spirited heiress to a million? They all retired, resolved to let events take their course.

And they did take their course *of course*. In three days' time a magnificent equipage drove to the stand, and Watson soon appeared with the beautiful Miss Oromanes for his companion in the morning drive.

"Whose equipage is that?" demanded Evans of the Major, who had escorted his guests to the carriage.

"Oh, that's Watson's to be sure!" was the reply.

"Watson's be hanged! Say, Major, has he paid his bill?" asked Evans, maliciously.

"Paid his bill? Lord bless you, he is rich enough to buy out this whole concern, and to hire you and me for call boys!"

"Explain yourself, then, Sir!" demanded Evans, irately. "Did you not inform the guests that he could not pay his bill, and that you had sent him up stairs out of his second-loor suite?"

"Not I!" Some of the clerks may have said something, to which others added more; but I really thought too much of the gentleman to mention the matter to any one. Now it turns out that it was all a little game of his own."

"Little game? What object could he have had in playing such hide and seek?" demanded Evans again, in tones peremptory.

"Well, in part, I suppose to test the value of friendship in general, and the power of money in particular—both of which I have no doubt he has done to his entire satisfaction. Ha-ha-ha! What do you think about it, Mr. Evans?"

"Think about it? Why, that it was—it was—"

"What?"

"Why, a very artful dodge—nothing less."

"Capital dodge, that's a fact, seeing that, as a poor man, he won Miss Oromanes, and—"

"Now, what do you mean?" fairly shouted Evans, in his excitement.

"Mean? That before ten o'clock on the morning of the day when he was to have had his walking papers, by your orders, he was dead in love with the heiress, and—"

"And what, sir?

"And she dead in love with him!"

"It's false, I know!" cried the man, now white in the face from some inexplicable emotion.

"False, eh? Going off in that carriage to the preacher's looks like it, don't it?"

"Good Heavens!"

The Major's conjecture was premature, as he well knew; but the shaft had struck Evans to the heart, and he fairly staggered to a seat. Evans had played a long and deep game to win the heiress. He had long been her recognized suitor—he had discounted her possessions in his gay life; and the result was—*he* was dead broke!

He left the watering-place that day.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, June 11.

All is apparently "quiet along the lines" once more, and we can collect our ideas sufficiently to transcribe the events of the day. Oh! such a time as we have had. Just imagine eight palace car loads of schoolmasters and school ma'ams upon a visit to Chicago. Such a visit we have had, and still survive. And the Woman Suffrage Convention has met and adjourned. The female rightists (a word of my own,) are becoming quite numerous in the Northwest, and as Chicago is the great centre, of course they meet here. Think of it, ye bachelors, and weep, for the strong arm of woman must rule. Then what is to become of your calm, still, lonely enjoyments. Adieu to happiness.

The work of improving still "goes bravely on" in our city, and we are growing as rapidly as ever. The "Insurance Exchange," a magnificent building, erected for office purposes exclusively, is the last one completed—Palmer's new hotel, eight stories high, is ready for the roof, and he has in contemplation one of still grander proportions, in fact has the ground already purchased. He says he will not be content until he has one that surpasses all others on the continent. The newspapers are also up with the times in point of fine buildings; the Tribune owning one of the best in the city. The Times is not far behind, and the Evening Post Staats Zeitung, and Prairie Farmer bring up the rear very closely. Speaking of newspaper enterprises reminds me of the new one started last week, the Sunday Democrat. The first number was issued last Sunday, and presents quite a finished appearance. It proposes to advocate the principles of the Democratic party in all their purity. It is a grand enterprise, and well worthy of success. It is intended as a "Daily" as soon as the subscription list becomes large enough to warrant it. May it have a prosperous journey.

Feeling a desire for a breath of fresh air, a very scarce article in Chicago, I seized the opportunity of atttending a Sunday-school pic-nic to-day. Did you ever go to such? If not, let your imagination picture a half dozen cars, thronged with all classes of human beings, from the squalling infant to the gray-haired veteran, all bound upon a "holiday." And a holiday we did have, a reminiscence of which your correspondent bears in the shape of an enlarged nose, occasioned by the too near approach of a base ball, which I in vain attempted to stop with my hands, but which found a resting place upon the most prominent feature of my face. I think that as a base ballist I am "not a successist." The next time I attempt to stop a ball it will be with a house between me and it.

While gone I visited Geneva, a flourshing town of sixteen or eighteen hundred inhabitants. It is beautifully situated upon Fox River, about thirty-five miles west of Chicago, and is surrounded by a fine country. The land is all very rolling in the vicinity, and the city itself is built upon a hillside.

It reminded me more forcibly of home than any place I have visited since leaving "Bonnie Marrie-land," and I will bear its image gratefully in mind until memory loses its individuality.

The crops are all looking very fine, thanks to a splendid shower of rain which visited us a week ago, and we have a good prospect for a fair yield at the harvest-time. OMEGA.

A woman who never read the Bible, supposed she was quoting it when she greeted her son, who came home to keep Thanksgiving, in the following words: "Here comes the fatted calf!"

Terrible Affair in a Travelling Circus--Three Men Devoured Alive by Lions.

The usually quiet little village of Middletown, Md., was lately thrown into a painful fever of excitement by an awful catastrophe which occured to the band lately attached to James Robsion & Co's circus and animal show, and led by Prof. M. C. Sexton.

Upon starting out from Cincinnati for the season, the management determined to produce something novel in the way of a band chariot, and conceived the idea of mounting the band upon the colosal den of preforming Numidian lions, and which would form one of the principle and most imposing features of the show.

Although repeatedly warned by Prof. Sexton that he deemed the cage insecure and dangerous in the extreme, the managers still presisted in compelling the band to ride upon it. On the fatal morning of the 12th the band took their places and the procession commenced to move amid the shouts of the multitude of rustic who had assembled to witness the grand pageant, and hear the enlivening strains of music. Not a thought of danger was entertained by any one, but the awful catastrophe was about to occur.

As the driver endeavored to make a turn in the streets the learers became entangled and threw the entire team into confusion, and he lost control of them, and becoming frightened they broke into a violent run. Upon the opposite side of the street the fore-wheel of the cage came in contact with a large rock with such force as to cause the braces and stanchions which supported the roof to give way, thereby precipitating the entire band into the awful pit below.

For an instant the vast crowd were paralyzed with fear, but for a moment only, and then arose such a shriek of agony as was never heard before. The awful groans of terror and agony which arose from the poor victims who were being torn, lacerated by the frightful monsters below, was heartrending and sickening to a terrible degree. Every moment some one of the band would extricate themselves from the debris and leap over the sides of the cage to the ground with a wild spring and faint away upon striking the earth, so great was their terror. But human nature could not stand and see men literally devoured before their very eyes, for there were willing hearts and strong arms ready to render every assistance necessary to rescue the unfortunate victims of this shocking calamity.

A hardware store which happened to stand opposite was invaded by the request of the noble hearted proprietor, and pitchforks, crowbars and long bars of iron, and in fact every available weapon was brought into requisition. The side doors of the cage were quickly torn from their fastenings, and then a horrible eight was presented to view. Mingled among the brilliant uniforms of the poor unfortunate lay legs, arms, torn from their sockets and half devoured, while the savage brutes glared ferociously with their sickly, green-colored eyes upon the petrified crowd. Professor Charles White arrived at this moment, and gave orders in regard to extricating the dead and wounded, he well knowing it would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking to remove them from the infuriated monsters.

Stationing men with forks and bars at every available point, he sprang fearlessly in the den amid the savage monsters, and commenced raising the wounded and passing them upon the outside to their friends. He had succeeded in removing the wounded and was proceeding to gather up the remains of the lifeless, when the mammoth lion, known to showman as Old Nero, sprang with a fearful roar upon his keeper, fastening his teeth and claws in him, in his neck and shoulders, lacerating him in a horrible manner, Professor White made three herculean efforts to shake the monster off, but without avail, and gave orders to fire upon him.

The contents of four of Colt's navies were immediately poured into the carcass of the ferocious animal, and he fell dead; and the brave little man, notwithstanding the fearful manner in which he was wounded, never left the cage until every vestige of the dead was carefully gathered together and placed upon a sheet, preparatory for burial. It was found that three of the ten who mounted the cage a short time before were killed outright, and four others teribly lacerated. The names of the killed are Augustus Schoer, Conrad Freeiz and Charles Greiner. Coffins were procured and an immediate burial determined upon, as the bodies were so frightfully torn and lacerated as to be unrecognizable to their most intimate friends. It was a melancholy day for Middletown, and a sadder day for the friends and companions of the deceased.

Of all that vast multitude who started out in the morning with anticipations of a glad holiday, few left for their homes with dry eyes after the funeral, for the entire community followed the remains to the quiet little cemetery. At midnight the carcass of the slain beast was quietly buried on the lot where was intend to be given the exhibition, but which was never accomplished. There is a terrible responsibility resting upon some one, which should be thoroughly investigated, and the guilty parties be brought to a quick and speedy punishment. The lions are the same ones which nearly cost Prof. Charles White his life two years ago, while travelling with the Thayer and Noyes party, and were known to be a very dangerous cage of animals.

The First Requisite.

It is a rare compliment to pay any woman, to say she is an excellent housekeeper. Solomon gives us in the last chapter of Proverbs the description of such a housekeeper, and the spirit of it is one that holds good in all ages.

The first requisite of such a house mother, is that "she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." No house can thrive that is left all to the management of domestics.

"She that would thrive most prosperous, herself must every corner see." It is these little wastes that eat up the largest incomes, and no one can see where the money goes. As soon as a housekeeper detects a leak in the ship, let her set to work and stop it. Make a point to save in that one thing, and she will have gone a long ways towards establishing a habit. Carefulness in one thing will lead to a similar prudence in others. It will help to open one's eyes to what was once wasted. If when the meat comes in, care is taken to cut off every particle of surperfluous fat before it goes into the pot or oven, and then at once place this fat in a dripping-pan, with a little water in it, and also set it in the oven to dry out the fat, a valuable basin of drippings can be saved, and had in readiness, which will be a great saving in the matter of butter and lard. The meat too, will be greatly improved by having this fat taken off before it is cooked. This one item would make dollars of difference in the expenditure of many families, if it were properly attended to.

A good housekeeper must be accomplished in the many little table arts, which go so far towards making home attractive. A French cook can contrive a bountiful dinner out of the scraps of cold meat, on a joint dish of stale bread, and an egg or two, and a sixpence worth of vegetables. I have known many a thriftless woman throw as much into the swill barrel—women whose husbands worked hard to bring home supplies.

No wasteful woman, whether in high or low life, can be a good housekeeper—nor one that does not see to the ways of her house—however many helpers she may have to carry out her plans.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE DEMOCRACY.—"On his death bed (says the Mobile Register) this great lawyer and statesman declared that the United States Government and constitutional liberty would thereafter depend upon the Democratic party. The Hon. George T. Curtis, a bosom friend of Daniel Webster, gives the following account of the last words, that great man ever uttered on the subject of politics. It will be remembered that Webster died just before the end of the Pierce and Scott campaign:

"Calling me to his bedside by my christian name, he said: 'The Whig candidate will not be elected. You love your country, and you think its welfare involved in Whig success. This is not so; but let me warn you, as you love your country, to give no countenance to a sectional, geographical party. The Whigs, after this election will break up, and upon the ruins of our party a sectional party will arise. The stability of the Union will hereafter depend upon the Democracy."

RELIGION FOR THE RICH.—The meek and lowly rich people of New York have determined to combine piety with pleasure, and are arranging for a "brilliant camp meeting season for the especial felicty of the fashionable. They are making villages like those at the watering places upon their grounds. Cottages of the finest styles are the order of the day. At Martha's Vineyard the activity that prevails in fitting things up is unexampled. It is anticipated that at least 20,000 persons will be at the camp meeting to be given at this place at one time, and that there will be at least 50,000 comers and goers. Some of the new cottages will cost $10,000 to $20,000

The New York Democrat publishes a history of the Revels family. There were four brothers—three of them preachers and one a doctor—and one sister. One of the brothers is now the colored Senator of the United States from Mississippi, and the sister is an inmate and pauper in one of the asylums in New York. On his lecture tour to that city the Senator paid the sister a visit, and made her the munificent present of—fifty cents! Who, now, will deny that he at least is "a man and a brother?"

The New York Sun, loyal Radical, thus notices General Grant contemplating his Waterloo defeat in New York:

The Republican party in New York is a disintegrated ruin, and General Grant seated on a cigar box, contemplates this ruin, and in undisturbed placidity blows smoke through his nose.

There are 12,000 windmills in constan use in Holland at the present day, for the imple purpose of drainage, They are almost of collossal size. each lifting from 20,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons of water every twenty four hours.

The St. Louis Democrat records the organization of a company, with a capital of five millions, for the purpose of establishing the Etna Rail Mill Iron works in that city.

A little four-year old boy in Richmond, on being asked by his mother if he would not like to be an angel and have wings, replied that he had rather be a hawk and live on chicken.

Erie county, New York, gave 190 Republican majority *before the Fifte