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, JULY 1, 1870. NO. 15.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN
The Republican Citizen.

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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,
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

DR. WM. H. BALTZELL,
OFFICE—Basement of Mrs. Eleanor Lucket'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 satistaction 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 *seem 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 EDITOR'S SONG.

The editor sits at his table,
Writing as well as he's able,
Paragraphs, leader and puff;
His scissors beside him are lying,
While he in agony is trying
Of copy to furnish enough.

Toil, toil, toil!
What a weary life is mine!
Wasting the precious midnight oil
On leader and column and line,
Working from morn till night,
Working from night till morn,
Oh! why was that steam press ever made,
Oh! why was the editor born!

Toil, toil, toil!
And whose is the gain when won?
Whose are the trophies we achieve?
And for whom are the laurels won?
To stand in the foremost rank
Of each hard-fought party fray—
Toil and toil and only get
Abuse and neglect for pay.

Toil, toil, toil!
What a thankless task is ours.
To bake the bread and press the cheese,
That Senator Jones devours!
To sit on a three-legged stool,
While others have hair stuffed seats,
To prepare the hash and cook the stew.
But never to taste the meats!

Toil, toil, toil!
As the constant drop on the stone,
So the easeless, endless work,
Wears away body and soul!
Though the poet splutter and write,
Though the orator bully and brawl,
If it were not for the editor's pen,
What were the use of it all?

Toil, toil, toil!
Christians, Mormons and Jews,
Is there a man on this weary earth,
But grows richer by reading the news?
Richer, richer, richer,
As they read it by sunlight and taper—
And yet there isn't a soul of them all
But grudges to pay for his paper.

Toil, toil, toil!
There's a row in the very next street!
Somebody is going to murder his wife,
And I must be *toute soute*.
Yesterday at this time,
Two policeman got choked in a riot;
And so it goes from morn till night,
And an editor never knows quiet.

A ROSE WITH ITS THORNS.

"Rushcutters' Bay cabby!" cried Herbet Bligh, in a cheery voice, as he put himself and portmanteau into a hansom. His bronzed face and somewhat negligent costume would have enabled any initiated spectator to give a shrewd guess that he was a squatter newly arrived from his station.

It was a treat to him to find himself in Sydney once again, after vegetating for a year in the bush, and not the least pleasant part of the prospect was his promised visits to his old friends, the Gastons. Without delay he made his way to their charming house, looking down upon the waters of Port Jackson, and he met with a hospitable reception from merry, light-hearted little Mrs. Gaston, who was in the verandah.

"I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Bligh," she said, "though you will not think so, for I am going to run away from you. Lady B—— is to call for me, by long-standing appointment, so I can't get off it. Your old room is ready for you, and when you have made yourself comfortable, you will find books and newspapers in the drawing-room. Charlie will not be in till dinner time, but I shall be back in about an hour. I have such a charming friend here on a visit, Mr. Bligh—such a dear, pretty, loveable little thing; but you must not fall in love with her; mind, I warn you before hand."

"Why should I not, if she is so attractive?" he asked with a laugh.

"In the first place, because the little puss is a sad flirt, and I must not have you badly wounded," replied Mrs. Gaston, achly; "and in the second place, her father, who is nearly a millionaire, says money should go to money, and he is granite."

"Then I think it very wrong of you, Mrs. Gaston, to place such snares in the way of a poor innocent, fresh from the country," he rejoined.

"Oh, forewarned is forearmed," said Mrs. Gaston; and if you slight my warning, my conscience will be at peace. Ah, there is Lady B——, so I must leave you. *Au revoir!*" she cried; and, with a gay nod, she tripped down the steps.

After making his toilet, Herbet Bligh sought the drawing-room, and ensconcing himself in a comfortable arm-chair, took up the morning paper. Presently he heard a light foot-step behind him, and then a soft voice saying, "Oh Fanny, do help me take these prickles out of my hand—they are so painful." A young girl had come into the room from the garden, through the window at his back, where he was screened from view, and as, on advancing, she caught sight of him, she started, and murmured, "I thought it was Mrs. Gaston." Then, while the blood dyed her cheek with a rich glow, she stopped short, apparently half inclined to fly.

"Mrs. Gaston went out about half an hour ago, when she said she would be back in an hour," said Herbet. "Have you hurt yourself? Can I be of any service?" he asked, glancing at her hand, which she had wrapped in a filmy handkerchief.

"I have been picking some prickly pears, and the thorns have got into my fingers," she replied. "I wanted Fanny to take them out for me with a needle, for they smart so," she said, in the self-pitying, plaintive voice of a child in trouble.

"Let me see the mischief," said Herbet. "Poor little hand, why it is full of them! Sit down on the sofa there, while I get a needle from Mrs. Gaston's work-box and I will do the best I can."

She obeyed his orders at once with the utmost docility, and taking his place by her side, Herbet began the operation. It was a long one, for if there was one of the clinging cactus thorns in her hand, there were more than a hundred, and each microscopic but poisonous dart had to be removed with the needle's point. And his patient somewhat abstracted his attention; there were little sighs, a slight shudder, or a barely perceptible flinching from the steel. Sometimes, too, he had to pause, and inquire where she felt the smart, and as he looked at her he saw the quivering of her lips, and the beseeching expression of her sorrowful brown eyes—sights to move stoic.

"They are all out now I think," she said, presently, "and I feel such a relief from the pain. How kind and gentle you have been with me!" Her aspect had changed, and she now looked the perfect picture of tender gratitude. "But how your hand shakes!" she added, softly.

"Do you think I am a butcher," he asked, smilingly, "to dig at your soft little hands quite unmoved? Why, their very touch is enough to stir any man's blood." She laughed joyously, and her eyes gleamed with triumph. "Are you sure I have removed them all, Rose?" he continued, as he bent over her taper fingers.

"How dare you call me by my christian name? Besides, how do you know it is mine?" she asked, her simulated look of anger rapidly giving way to one of very unfeigned curiosity.

"It is embroidered plainly enough on your handkerchief," he replied, "and what else could I call you, when it is the only name for you I know?"

"Well, I suppose I must pardon you, as you have been so good to me. And now if you have done with my hands, I will get my work, she said, archly, looking down to where he still held them clasped in his.

"Dear little hands," he murmured, "I shall never forget their soft touch." and he pressed his lips to them with fervor.

"Well, well! So that is how you have been amusing yourself in my absence!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaston, who at this moment entered the room. "You two seem to have got on the best terms with each other without loss of time."

Rose blushed till she looked like her namesake flower.

"He has been taking the prickly-pear thorns out of my hand," she said; "I could not find you Fanny and they did pain me so."

"And that is his plan of curing them, is it rejoined Mrs. Gaston, laughing. "I suppose it is the latest and most approved remedy. I only hope it will be as efficacious as it seemed pleasant."

"It is near dinner-time—I must go and dress," said Rose; and she glided from the room, but not without a Parthian dart from her eye falling upon her doctor.

"I have done it already, Mrs. Gaston," said Herbert, when they were left alone.

"What have you done, most incomprehensible of men?" she asked.

"Why, I have tumbled over head and ears in love with that little witch, in spite of your warning," he said, laughing merrily.

"It is not good to think of of it—so you must tumble out of it again as speedily as may be," said Mrs. Gaston, with rather unusal seriousness for her. "Ah, here is Charlie—he will be so glad you have arrived."

In spite of her timely retreat, Rose did not reappear till after dinner was announced.

"Will you introduce me to your friend?" said Herbet, after a while. "I have not had that honor yet."

"Well, you certainly have lost none of your old coolness," replied his hostess. "It appeared to me you managed very well to dispense with an introduction. Shall I tell Charlie, Rose?"

"I could not help it," she replied, with a child-like *naivete*, stealing a shy look at Herbet Bligh.

"Oh, of course not—and you were looking very properly indignant when I came in," said Mrs. Gaston. "Oh, Rosy, Rosy, you are incorrigible!"

In the evening Rose sang, and prattled, and displayed a variety of provoking yet charming wiles, her moods changing as rapidly as a kaleidoscope.

"What an arrant little coquette she is!" whispered Herbert Bligh to Mrs. Gaston, "and yet how fascinating! She is just the woman to drive a man wild with her witcheries."

"You know I maintain no woman is good for anything who has not something of the coquette in her," replied Mrs. Gaston, "and certainly I cannot reproach Rosy with want of coquetry."

Whether her theory was right or wrong, Mrs. Gaston acted up to it. But her husband looked on most philosophically at her open little flirtations. Never was a happier or more confident couple.

When Mr. Gaston started for his office next morning, Mrs. Gaston said, "Now, I am going to attend to my housekeeping, and you young people must amuse yourselves. You will find some prickly pears still left in the garden, if you have a fancy for such harmless diet. But take care; the other day Rose got some in her lips, though perhaps even in that case Dr. Bligh would attempt a cure Now keep out of mischief if you can," she said; and, with a laugh, she left them.

* * * *

"Your friend, Rosy Villiers, is quite charming," said Herbet Bligh to Mrs. Gaston, a few days later. "She is like a kitten—so soft, and graceful, and frolicsome."

"And with sharp claws, too," added Mrs. Gaston, completing the comparison. "Take care she does not make you feel their smart."

"If she did, it would only be in play," rejoined Herbet, rather eargerly.—"Though she is thoughtless, I don't believe she would willfully hurt a fly."

"You are right," said Mrs. Gaston. "I know no one with a warmer heart or more amiable disposition, and that is why I over look all her little wilful tricks. But this makes her only the more dangerous for the peace of mind of one she fascinates. Oh, Herbert Bligh, take care she does not make your heart ache! But I fear it is too late; you would not listen to my warning in time"

Herbet Bligh made no attempt to defend himself from this imputation, but maintained a somewhat gloomy silence, as if deep in thought.

"Old Captain Villiers dines with you to-night, does he not?" he asked, presently.

"Yes. I think you have never met him before," said Mrs. Gaston. "He is an oddity, full of contradictions. I beleaves he loves Rose, but he would sacrifice her happiness if it interfered with his whims. He has quareled with his son because he was extravagant, and he has never spoken to his other daughter since she made a match of which he disapproved, because the man was poor. Indeed he is terribly grasping and avaricious; his money-bags are his idols, and he is as keen and unscrupulous over a bargain as ever he was. I cannot think how he can be the father of my darling Rosy."

Capt. Villiers was no addition to the sociability of their party at dinner that evening. He ate and contradicted everybody, drank and grumbled at everything in turns. He snubbed Bligh several times, and at others cross-examined him so sharply, that nothing but the sight of his gray hairs, and perhaps also a pair of brown eyes looking wistfully from the other side of the table, would have saved him from making an angry retort.

"Certainly the old hunk has taken a special dislike to me," said Herbert to himself, rather despondingly.

Great was his suprise, then, when Gaston said to him as they were enjoying a cigar in the verandah before turning in, "Bligh, you have made quite a hit with old Villiers. He told me you had more in you than most of the empty-headed young men he met, and that your scheme for bringing water to Bunjogong showed considerable skill and judgment, and above all powers of calculation. It was great praise for him. But don't be unduly elated; he won't lend you money for your improvements for any less interest, or give you his daughter unless you can settle a quarter of a million on her, in spite of his good opinion."

A few days later Bligh went into Sidney late in the evening to see a friend off for California. The vessel in which he was to sail had dropped down to an anchorage off Double Bay the previous day, but some formalities had detained her, and now a small steamer was about starting to take the passengers on board, so that they might sail at daybreak.—As he stood talking to his friend a man pushed past them, on whose face the light of a lamp fell for a moment.

"It is strange," muttered Bligh with a perplexed look; and then, as if a sudden idea had struck him, he called out, "Plowden is that you?" but the man he addressed paid no attention to his call. Bligh's lawyer, who was also Capt. Villiers' stood close by, and to him he turned. "I could have sworn, Banting," said he, "that the man who just passed was Plowden, Villiers' partner; but if so, he was queerly disguised, and he would not notice me."

"I heard there was a screw loose there," said the sharp-faced lawyer, at once all attention. "Plowden has been going to the bad lately. The firm received a large sum of money yesterday, and depend upon it the rascal is off with the plunder to America."

"That accounts for his looking so savage when a porter tried to take his travelling-bag just now," said Bligh; "he must have the swag in it. What can you do? How can you stop him?" he asked.

"There is no time to get a warrant before the ship sails," replied Banting. "So I can do nothing, I fear."

"And is the villian to be allowed to walk off quietly with his spoils?" asked Bligh.

"I can take no legal steps," said Banting, "and I cannot stop him without lawful authority. It is not even robbery, as he is a partner."

"By Jove, I have it," exclaimed Bligh. "He shall not get off!" and he hurried on board the steamer.

In an instant he was seen in fierce altercation with the man he accosted; then there were confused blows struck, and a policeman hurried to the scene.

"I give this man in charge for assaulting me," said Bligh.

"It is I who was assaulted," returned his opponent; "he struck me without provocation. You will take the charge, policeman."

While the constable was hesitating, Banting approached the captain, and whispered earnestly, "You are in Villiers' employ, Capt. Brown. It is Plowden who is making off with money belonging to the firm. He must be stopped."

"Here, policeman," cried the captain, "take them both. I charge them with making a disturbance on board my vessel. I will have no fighting on my deck. Get them away to the lock-up, that's a good fellow, and let my passengers come quietly on board; my time's nearly up."

The policeman, now seeing his way out of his perplexity, immediately acted on this view of the case. Plowden seeing himself forced to go with him, stooped to pick up his bag, which he had dropped in the scuffle; but Banting anticipated him.

"I will take care of it, Mr. Plowden, he said. "I am the solicitor to your firm, you know, so I will look after you."

He spoke in such a meaning tone, that Plowden knew his design was penetrated. It was all up with him, he felt, so he made no demur.

"Let me speak a word to my lawyer, policeman," said Bligh. "You know Mr. Banting?" The functionary nodded assent, and he whispered, "See Capt. Villiers at once, and let him know what has happened. Get me bailed out as soon as you can. This is not pleasant—but, thank goodness, I have stopped the fellow!"

The assault case was quietly disposed of the next morning. The magistrate, after saying that gentlemen could not be allowed to settle there private differences in such a manner, or no order could be obtained, inflicted a moderate fine upon both of them. Then a far more serious accusation was made against Plowden. If he had contented himself with tampering with the partnership funds, he might still have had loophole for escape; but Banting, who had made the most of his limited time, had detected his misappropriation of a small sum belonging to a third party. Quite enough evidence was produced to justify the magistrate in remanding him on a charge of fraud; but what was the most satisfactory was, that the whole plunder was contained in the travelling-bag, which had fallen into their hands. It contained money and securities to the extent of many thousands, besides documents of vital importance to the firm; it was, in fact, then imposssible to estimate what the loss would have been

"Mr. Bligh, you have done me a great service in a most quick-witted and spirited manner," said Captain Villiers, as they left the court. "You have not only saved me a large sum of money, but you have kept me from being made a general laughing-stock. I have just got rid of one partner, and I must take another. You are no fool, and you shall join me if you like."

"Thanks. I fear I should make a poor man of business, though I flatter myself I am a good sheep farmer," said Bligh, perfectly astonished at such a proposal. "Don't think I underrate your offer, but I believe in the old proverb, 'A cobbler should stick to his last.'"

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mr. Bligh," replied the old man. "But I owe you a heavy debt; think how I can best be of service to you, and let me knew. They say old Jack Villiers cares for nothing but his money bags, but you will not find me ungrateful."

"There is one way that you could repay me to my heart's content," said Bligh. "Give me permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"Oh, oh! so the wind's in that quarter," exclaimed Captain Villiers. "I suppose you think she will be my heiress, and so you will get all. What do you expect with her?"

"My property is worth between thirty and forty thousand, and I would settle the whole on her," replied Bligh. "I think you might let her have a similar sum, which would carry out the works we were discussing the other night, and there would be a large return for the outlay. But, after all, it is her I want, not your money; and I would gladly take her without a penny."

"More fool you, then," retorted the old man. "And what does Rose say to this plan of yours?"

"I have never spoken to her on the subject," replied Bligh; "but, with your consent I should hope to succeed."

"Well, well, if you two want to make fools of yourselves, I will not hinder you," said the old man, who always disparaged matrimony. "As to funds for the works, she will bring you enough for that; but mind, you will get no more from me, at least in my lifetime."

He would not stay to listen to any thanks, but turned into the counting-house, where, he said, he had business to transact.

When Herbert Bligh arrived at the Gastons', he found Rose Villiers alone in the drawing-room.

"They tell me you have done my father the greatest service," she exclaimed, springing toward him, and holding out both her hands. "How can I thank you?"

"By giving me yourself," said Bligh. "I have come to ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, I am too young to be married," she cried, seeming to shrink from the idea; "besides, my father—what would he say?"

"He has given his consent; and now, Rose, darling Rosy, I only want yours," he pleaded.

"Oh, I can not give up my freedom, Herbert. I am so happy. I dread having a master—being bound for life!" she said imploringly. She was like a beautiful animal, partly tamed, but shunning the very appearance of control.

"But you must give up your liberty some day, Rose," he said; "and I love you too much to be an exacting husband. I hope you love me, too; tell me I was right; tell me you love me. Do you not, Rose."

"Yes, a little, when you are very good and kind," she answered playfully. "Oh, do not squeeze me so; you ogre, do you want to kill me first, or to devour me alive? Do let me go."

"Not till you leave off tantalizing me in this way, and give me an answer," he replied.

"Oh, you are obstinate. What do you want me to say?" she said, petulantly.

"Say, 'I love you dear Herbert, and will be your wife,'" he replied.

"'I love you, dear Herbert, and will be your wife,'" she repeated in a measured tone, with downcast eyes and folded hands, just like a child reciting its lesson.

"Rosy, darling Rosy, can you not be in earnest for once?" he said, imploringly. It's no play to me. I feel too deeply interested."

"Oh, you dear goose, you must be blind!" exclaimed Rose. "Can you not see that I shrink from promising because I feel how serious it is. But I love you so dearly, Herbert," she added with a burst of tenderness, "that I fear to be your wife; I should be such a bad one. I am too frivolous, too hair-brained to make you the wife you deserve."

"But if there is no other woman in the world who would content me as a wife," he murmured,—"if I love your very faults, Rosy, can you not let me be happy my own way?"

"Then, Herbert, I must promise you, I suppose, if you are determined to rush wilfully on your fate," she replied, with an attempt to regain her playful manner.

He was sealing the bond according to the customary formalities, when Mrs. Gaston entered the room.

"Really, good people, I am unlucky in my intrusions upon you," she said; "I am again interrupting your innocent amusements."

Though Mrs. Gatson's words were jesting, she spoke rather stiffly. The fact was, she saw no chance of any successful termination of the affair, and this was going altogether beyond the bounds of a mere flirtation, however widely the limits might be drawn.

"My dear Mrs. Gaston, let me present to you my intended wife," said Bligh, joyously.

"Oh, that is what you have come to, is it?" she said; "but what will Captain Villiers say?"

"I have his consent," replied Bligh; "and, what is more, Rosy's too. And now, will you not congratulate me?"

"With all my heart—and you, too, Rose. I like you both so much, that I am delighted to see you happy," she exclaimed, her manner quite changing. "But how did you overcome Captain Villiers' supposed invincible prejudice? Ah, I can guess,—it was your exploit of last night. Why, Herbert Bligh, you are quite a hero in romance."

Captain Villiers was good as his word,—he gave his daughter a portion, which enabled Herbert Bligh effectually to carry out his irrigation schemes. These have so increased the value of his property as to surpass his most sanguine expectations. Capt. Villiers is now an old man, and it is commonly supposed that, at his death, his large possessions will descend to his favorite daughter; if so, Herbert Bligh will be one of the richest men in Australia. He protests that he is quite contented with his lot, for he has the most darling little wife in the country.

Necessity of Sleep.

There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. Sleeplessness becomes a disease, and is the precursor of insanity. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and our waking hours as the image of life. Sleep is not like death; for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the waste which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues, and substances are replenished. Waking consumes and exhausts; sleep replaces and repairs; waking is death, sleep is life.

The man who sleeps little, repairs little. A man who would be a good worker, must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he had provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold for a time, but the crash will come and he will die. There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco, opium, or brandy. Men are dissipated who overtax their system all day and under-sleep every night. A man who dies of delirium tremens is no more a drunkard and suicide than the minister, the lawyer, the merchant, the editor, or the printer that works excessively all day, and sleeps but little all nigt.

"Grandpa, did you know that the United States have been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging tories?"

"What kind of tories?"

"Territories! Now give me some peanuts, or I'll catch the measles, and make you pay for them."

David Young's Almanac.

This publication was of the old school which predicted the weather; and these predictions says the N. Y Observer were of course as often wrong as true.

David Young's Almanac, year after year, had a great popularity in N. Jersey where the weather prophet lived and died. It is reported of him that one warm, bright summer day he was riding on horseback through a country road, with which he was not familiar, and, being in doubt, he stopped and asked a man if this was the road, to Morristown. "Yes," said the farmer at work near the fence in the field "but you must make haste or you will get a wet jacket." David say no sign of rain, and being wise as to weather jogged on without fear. Soon a summer cloud darkened the sky, and down came a shower of rain which made the almanac man seud for shelter. Here was something for him to learn. The shower over, he remounted and retraced his steps to the prophetic farmer. Finding him, thus spake David.

"My friend I have come back to ask you for your sign of rain. I am in the weather line myself, and will give you a dollar if you will explain to me the secret for I am sure you must know more about it than I do."

"Give me the dollar," said the farmer and, taking it, he proceeded—

"Well, you see, all about here, we take David Young's almanac, and whenever he says 'look out now for rain,' we know its going to be fair; and when he says it will be 'fair,' we know it will be rain sure.—Now this morning I was looking in the almanac, and for to-day it said fair weather; so I knew for sartin it would rain afore night."

David Young hit his horse with the switch and rode away—a sadder but not a wiser man.

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Sophronious, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his own grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia, to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda. "Dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father, "you see, my child, that coals even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

A graceful story is told of Lamartine. One day a penniless man of letters called upon him, and, informing him of his needy situation, requested the loan of a considerable sum of money. Lamartine, who was much moved at the recital, opened a drawer and gave him the amount. He then conducted his unfortunate visitor to the vestibule. The season was autumn, and, as Lamartine opened the street door the unfortunate author shivered in his shabby coat. A sudden idea struck Lamartine, and calling out, "Monsieur, you are forgetting your overcoat," he quickly took down an overcoat that was hanging in the passage, and assisted his needy visitor to put it on with so much dexterity and grace, that the poor man, quite overcome, did not know how to refuse a gift which was so delicately offered to him.

The growth of Richmond has been gradual. It was founded in 1742, and became the State capitol in 1779, at which period it was a small village. Seven years later it had increased to about three hundred houses, and in 1800, its population was 5,737. It required sixty years to expand its population to 37,910, which it attained in 1860. It has grown in the last decade in population more than in any other, and is now supposed to contain about 60,000 inhabitants.

This year's cotton crop is estimated from 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 bales.

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch and every portion of the works become disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further: for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the timepiece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tell as plainly as written words could do, that the *great nourishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be truly said to be *the one thing needful*. The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened, and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful cont