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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 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.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july 5 6m pd

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—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen 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,
apr5 3m MILTON G. URNER.

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 McSherry, 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 E 3t

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.

MUSIC ordered daily at HENDERSON'S.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

PATENT OR PROPRIETARY MEDICINES, all kinds of Pills, Tonics, Sarsaparillas, Blood Purifiers and Cough Medicines, likely to be called for at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

Drug Store.
PASSAPAE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
S. E. Corner Market and Ptrick Sts., Frederick, Md.
Successors to Luther M. Schaeffer, through Keyser & Co.
WE would very respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and surrounding neighborhood that we have purchased the very old and well established Drug Store of Messrs. Keyser & Co., where we will continue the same business in all its branches; almost every day we are receiving new supplies of the freshest and purest Medicines, purchased in the Northern cities, and of the most reliable Druggists. Also, Toilet Soaps, English, French and American; Lilly White, Extracts, Rouges, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Sachet Powders, genuine German Cologne and a nice assortment of everything generally kept in a retail Drug Store, and as low or lower than they can be purchased in any market.
Eagle Baking Powder for sale here.
Prescriptions compounded with great care. PASSAPAE & CO.,
S. E. Corner Market and Patrick Sts.,
july1 6m Frederick, Md.

HAIR TONICS AND RESTORERS.—All the leading preparations for the Hair, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store,
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

NEW DRUG
AND
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
L. M. SCHAEFFER,
Respectfully announces to his friends in Town and Country, that he has recently opened an entirely new, complete and
First-class Drug Store,
In Market St., opposite Market House.
His long experience in the business in this city and in Philadelphia, and his determination to keep only
PURE AND GENUINE MEDICINES,
will, it is hoped, receive the attention and encouragement of his friends. All the Patent or Proprietary Medicines likely to be called for, will always be kept on hand, and in addition he will be constantly supplied with the most approved
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Physicians' prescriptions compounded with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
L. M. SCHAEFFER, Druggist,
Opposite the Market House.
july1 Frederick, Md.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Hair, Tooth, Nail and Infant Brushes, Combs of all kinds, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Powders, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
july1 Opposite Market House.

Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
CELEBRATED
PREPARATION
FOR
CLEANSING THE BLOOD.
The long and favorably known Preparation of Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, for cleansing the Blood, needs at this day no recommendation at our hands, its virtues having been established by the thousands of cases where it has given relief in the
Most difficult forms of Chronic Diseases,
during the last sixty years. So highly indeed is it esteemed, that the demand is constantly increasing not only at home, but we are daily receiving applications for it from the most remote sections of the country—North, East, South and West. To meet this demand, as well as to prevent the public from being imposed upon, we have determined to put this Preparation in such a form that it may be within reach of everybody everywhere.
Other Preparations, far inferior to the genuine, having been put out by certain parties, have been mistaken by some for our own, and as a matter of course the old Preparation of D. Fahrney & Son has been made to suffer some in reputation; thetefore, to prevent this mistake, as well as to meet the increasing demand mentioued above, we have concluded to send the medicine out in liquid form. Not recommending it to cure all diseases the human body is heir to, but as a Family Medicine, and for all diseases originating from Impure Blood and Disorded Liver, it has no equal; and will cure the following diseases:
Scrofula, Cutaneous Diseases, Erysipelas, Boils, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, Tetter Affections, Old and Stubborn Ulcers, Rheumatic Affections, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sickheadache, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, General Debility,
Mercurial Diseases, Foul Stomach, together with all other Disorders arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, &c., &c.
Prepared by Drs. D. Fahrney & Son, Boonsboro', Md., and Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Keedysville, Md. Sold by all Druggists and Merchant generally. All genuine is signed thus: D. FAHRNEY & SON.
☞Be sure and call for Drs. D. Fahrney & Son.
For sale by Williamson & Beckenbaugh.
feb18 6m pd

CITY HOTEL,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.,
F. B. CARLIN, Proprietor,
THIS popular and well-known Hotel, having been thoroughly renovated offers many advantages to the traveling public.—The exterior of the Hotel, which is now four stories, presents a beautiful appearance, and will compare favorably with any structure of the kind in the State. The entire arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and is supplied with every modern improvement and convenience, and has been newly furnished throughout at a very heavy cost. No pains or expenses will be omitted to promote the comfort of guests.
The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.
There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.
Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.
Respectfully, FRANK B. CARLIN,
sep17 tf Proprietor.

New Goods,
GREAT BARGAINS.
Notice the following low prices:
Brown Sugars, 10, 11 and 13½ cents.
Syrups, 37½, 40, 50 and 60.
New Mackerel, $5.00 per half barrel.
Potomac Herring very cheap.
Also, a large assortment of China, Glass, Earthen and Woodenware, at astonishing low prices. A very fine stock of
LIQUORS,
at prices that will compare with any house in the city. Call and be convinced of the bargains that are being offered.
Respectfully,
june17 JOS. TREGELLAS & 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.

OAK SHINGLES AND PALINGS
FOR SALE. Enquire at
may6 THIS OFFICE.

CAST STEEL.—Round, Octagon and Square, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.

WHO WILL CARE?

Who will care?
When we lie beneath the daises,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ills of earthly life—
Sleep, to know no sad to-morrow,
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Laying oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all Nature's pulses thrill
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
And the world is clad in splendor
That the years shall o'er repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
When Queen Autumn's flowers blossom,
And she stoops in pity down,
With a white flower for her bosom,
Taken from her royal crown,
Who will come to kneel in pity
By our long and narrow bed,
When the wild winds sing their ditty
In the grasses o'er our head—
Who will care?

Who will care?
When the Spring-time's glad smile lingers
On the meadows, fair and wide,
And she drops, from rosy fingers,
Bloom and leaf from every side;
Who will come, with tender yearning,
To the graves of those they miss,
Who will sigh for our returning
To their presence and their kiss—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,
Nevermore to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest.
Who will care? No one can tell us;
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

In the second year of the late civil war, I was married, and went to live with my husband in a small village on the Hudson, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. The house we occupied was a large, rambling mansion, of considerable antiquity for this country, and stood a little apart from the rest of the village, surrounded by broad fields, and commanding a glorious view of the river and the hills of the Highlands. It had been built before the Revolution by my husband's great-grandfather, and, though destitute of many "modern improvements," was still a comfortable and pleasant residence.

My husband was a lawyer and a large real estate owner in the neighborhood and, at the period of which I write, was greatly perplexed, like many other persons in the North, by the perilous state of the times, and especially about the safe investment of his funds, as the suspension of specie payments, the great rise in gold, and the military disasters in Virginia, made it almost impossible to tell where it would be safe to deposit or to use one's money in any large amount.

In the course of his transactions in real estate, it happened, one day, that he received what was for us then a large sum, about ten thousand dollars, which he brought home and placed in my charge, telling me at the same time that he should have to be absent during the evening, attending to some business on the other side of the river, and should not be at home till about midnight.

"You can place the money in the safe, dear," he said, as he gave it to me, "and to-morrow I will try and find some way to invest it securely."

So saying, he stepped into the buggy which was standing at the door, and drove away, taking with him our hired man Silas, and leaving me with no one in the house but Dinah, an old colored woman, who fulfilled in our modest household the functions of a cook and maid-of-all-work, as she had long done in the family of my own parents, who, on my marriage, had yielded her to me as a valuable part of my dower.

Dinah was indeed a character. She was tall and very stout, weighing, she would never tell how much, more than two hundred pounds. She was very black, and as lazy as she was black. I do not think any one could move more deliberately than Dinah did, that is, to move at all. And, by a wonderful dispensation, she seemed to feel that, whatever her other faults might be, she was strong on the point of locomotion. For, when she had been moving with a ponderous slowness, almost maddening to a person of ordinary quickness, one of her favorite expressions was, "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly onto next?"—How she accomplished all she did, the brownies only know. We used sometimes almost to tremble when there was any special hurry about our domestic arrangements, and yet Dinah always managed to bring affairs to a consummation just when a minute more would have ruined everything; and, with undisturbed front, would slowly enunciate, "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly onto next?"

It was nearly dark when my husband departed, and, after giving my orders to Dinah, or rather my suggestions, I left her, and made the tour of the house, to see that all was safe and properly locked up. This duty attended to, I went to my bedroom, intending to pass the time in reading till my husband should return.

It was a large room on the ground-floor, with two French windows opening on a broad verandah. The windows were draped with long yellow-silk curtains, between which the moonlight faintly entered, dimmed by the shadow of the roof of the piazza, and partly intercepted by the fringe of woodbine which hung from it. My bed stood with its head about half a yard from the wall. It was an old fashioned structure, hung with yellow silk like the windows, but I slept with the hangings drawn back and fastened to the head-board. The bed was so large that no one ever thought of moving it, except in those seasons of household panic called house-cleanings, when the combined strength of three or four men was called into requisition to draw it into the middle of the room. So elaborately carved was it that it went by the name of Westminster Abbey in the family.

At one end of the room, at no great distance from the bed, was a large safe, built into the huge chimney of the mansion, with a door high enough for a person to enter standing upright. Here I was accustomed to place, every evening, our silver plate on shelves which extended around the sides, on which, also, were placed boxes containing papers and other valuables. Opposite the foot of the bedstead, between the windows, was a mirror, running from the floor almost to the ceiling. Like all the other furniture in the room, it was old and handsome. How many happy scenes it had reflected in the hundred years it had stood there!

The night was exceedingly hot, and I therefore left the windows open, though I drew the curtains before I seated myself at the table in the centre of the room, lighted the candles, and began to read, in order to pass the heavy time before the return of my husband.

After a while, I heard the clock strike nine, at which hour Dinah always went to bed. Her chamber was in the attic, the third story of the house. Remembering some household matter about which I wished to speak to her, I started hurriedly up, and went into the entry to intercept her before she got up stairs. I had to wait about a minute before she came, and our colloquy continued three or four minutes more.

When I returned to my bedroom, feeling somewhat tired, I resolved to go to bed, as, at that late hour in the country it was quite certain that no visitors would call, and my husband could let himself in with the latch-key, which he always carried. I thought, however, I would try to keep awake by reading, and accordingly placed a light-stand and the candles at the head of my bed. I then closed and fastened the windows, undressed, and got into bed. The key of the safe I placed, as usual, under my pillow.

After reading perhaps half an hour, I grew weary of the book, and, quietly laying it down, remained for some minutes meditating, with my eyes fixed on the mirror opposite the foot of the bed, in which I could see myself reflected, together with the yellow silk curtains behind my head. I was thinking, not unnaturally, how pretty I looked, and how happy I was with such a loving husband and such a large sum of money secure in our safe, when suddenly I saw in the mirror a sight that made my heart stand still. A hand appeared between the curtains, drawing them slowly apart, and grasping cautiously the head board. It was a man's hand, large and coarse and dark, as if belonging to a mulatto, or to one greatly tanned by exposure to the weather.

My first impulse was to start from the bed, and scream for help. I repressed it by a strong effort of will, and lay perfectly motionless, except that I partially closed my eyes, keeping them only sufficiently open to watch the mirror. As quick as lightning my mind took in the situation. In the few minutes of my absence from my room, while talking to Dinah in the entry, a thief, a robber, a possible murderer, had stolen in by the piazza windows, and had hidden himself either under the bed or behind its draped head. He was doubtless armed; and, if I cried out and attempted to escape from the room, he could easily reach the door before I could, and for his own security would probably put me to death. Dinah was too distant, and too feeble and clumsy, to afford me any assistance, and besides was by this time fast asleep in the third story. The man doubtless knew that my husband had that day received a large sum of money, and had gone off across the river, leaving me alone, or nearly alone, in the house. He had entered, caring only for the money, and anxious, above all things, to escape undetected and unrecognized. If I let him know that I was aware of his presence, I should expose myself to murder, and perhaps to outrage worse than murder. My obvious policy was, to keep quiet and to feign sleep. I thought also of the money, and was not altogether willing to resign that without an effort to save it, and to have at least some clew to the identity of the thief. I confess, however, that this last consideration was not a very strong one, and am afraid that, if I could have seen my way clear to an escape from the room and the house, I should have fled incontinently, without stopping to see more than that terrible hand.

A moment which seemed an hour passed while these thoughts rushed through my mind. I lay perfectly still, with my half-closed eyes watching the mirror. Slowly and noiselessly the frightful hand pulled up its owner, until I could see the head and face reflected in the glass, and glaring at me with fierce yet wary eyes. The man was a mulatto, very dark, with evil passions written in every lineament. I could scarcely refrain from shuddering at the sight of his hateful visage, and speedily closed my eyes to shut it out.

I was not yet quite ready for the ordeal through which I knew I must soon pass. I wanted to move my light-stand a little out of the way, and so arrange the bedclothes that I could spring from the bed without impediment. I therefore gave a little sigh, and moved, as if about to awake, slightly opening my eyes at the same time. The head and the hand instantly disappeared. I then composedly made the desired changes in the position of the stand and the arrangement of the clothes, put my watch with the key of the safe under my pillow—so near the edge that they could easily be taken out, as I knew they would be—extinguished one of my candles, said my prayers, and, closing my eyes, resigned myself to my fate, with no very sanguine or definite hope of extrication from my perilous position.

I made my breathing regular, and a little louder than when I was awake, and lay with my cheek on my hand, counterfeiting sleep. At last the stillness became more terrible than even my first agony of fear. Several times I fancied that I heard a soft step approach from the place of concealment. As often I was deceived. Then again that dreadful stillness, in which I counted the ticking of the watch through the pillow! It was a positive relief when he came out from behind the curtain, stopped at the table, and stood looking at me, as I was well aware, though my eyes were closed. I forced myself to breathe regularly and audibly. He came closer; he bent over me. He passed the lighted candle slowly before my face two or three times. I felt the heat, and saw the light through my closed lids, which must have quivered, though he did not seem to observe their motion. Heaven gave me strength not to move or cry out. Satisfied, apparently, he put back the candlestick on the stand, and his hand crept soft and slowly under the pillow, and one by one, he removed my watch and the key of the safe. He stood so long looking at me that I felt impelled to open my eyes suddenly upon him.

As he walked softly toward the safe, I did partly open them, and cautiously watched him through my eyelashes. I heard him fumbling with the lock, and once he looked over toward the bed.—My eyes were wide open, but I closed them in time not to be detected.—Watching him stealthily, I saw him open the door of the safe, go back to the stand for the candle, and return to the safe, which he entered without withdrawing the key from the lock.

Here was the opportunity for which I had waited and watched. I sprang lightly from the bed, with one bound reached the safe, dashed the door to, turned the key, and with one long and loud shriek fell prostrate and senseless on the floor of the dark room.

How long I lay upon the floor, I do not know—probably for a few minutes only—but, as I was unconscious, it seemed, when I came to myself, as if the interval had been a long one. I was aroused by his blows upon the iron door, and found myself weak after the long but nervous tension, but still calm. I remember the satisfaction with which I thought, while I lay there before rising, that he could not escape, mingled with a vague and foolish dread that he might in his rage burn the valuable contents of the safe. He pounded desperately on the door, and swore fearfully at finding himself entrapped. But, as I took no notice of his outcries, he soon grew quiet.

Presently I rose, and, lighting a candle, dressed myself with all possible haste and with trembling fingers, turning often to look at the safe, from under the closed door of which I more than half expected to see blood trickling—why, I cannot tell, except that my mind was full of images of horror. I was soon in readiness. I had no means of ascertaining the time, as he had my watch in his pocket, and there was no clock in the room. Taking the candle, I hastened to arouse Dinah, who, as I shook her, slowly opened her eyes, and with scarcely any more than her usual slowness pronounced her formula:—"Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly—Lord a massy! what's de matter wid de chile? You ain't seen a ghost—have you, honey?"

"No, Dinah; but I've seen something worse than a ghost. I've caught a robber, and he's in the safe. What time is it?" and, looking at the clock that ticked slowly and deliberately—as how could Dinah's clock help doing?—I saw to my great relief that it was nearly midnight.

We had scarcely got down stairs when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more, and my husband was in my arms listening with amazement to a rapid narrative of my singular adventure. I would not suffer him to open the safe until Silas had summoned assistance from the neighboring houses. I feared that my desperate prisoner might still escape. When the safe was opened, there sat my burglar on the trunk, half stupefied for want of air, a knife in one hand, the package of money in the other, and the burned-out candle at his feet. He was recognized as an old offender, who had not been long out of State Prison, to which, in due course of law, he was soon sent back for a term of years, which, I devoutly hope, may last as long as he lives; for I confess I should not feel easy to hear that he was again at large. The look of rage he gave me on coming out of the safe will not soon be obliterated from my memory.

My husband, I need hardly say, was greatly pleased with my safe investment, and complimented me highly on the courage and coolness which had doubtless saved my life as well as our money. The love and pride with which he regarded me, and with which he always, to this day, rehearses my exploit, were of themselves a sufficient compensation for the horror and the agony of that long summer night.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Powder is a nice thing—In a horn.

Jim Smiley's Frog.

MARK TWAIN'S MASTERPIECE.

We make no apology for publishing "Jim Smiley's Frog." It is a production that is destined to "go the rounds" for many years, as one of the richest specimens of American humor:

JIM SMILEY'S FROG.

He cotched a frog one day and took him home, and said he calˈlated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but sit in his back yard and learn the frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn a summerset, and maybe a couple if he got a good start, and come down flat footed and all right like a cat. He got him so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him.

Smiley said that all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything, and I believe him. Why I've seen him set Daniel Webster down here on the floor—Daniel Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring up and shake a fly off'n the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no ide he'd done any mor'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted.—And when it come to a fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that Smiley would ante up money to him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere all said that he had laid over every frog that they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch it down town sometimes and lay for a bet. Once a feller—a stranger in camp, he was—came across him with his box and says:

"What might it be that you've got in your box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like:

"It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe; but it ain't, it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and then turned it around this way and that, and says:

"H-m—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing. I should judge—he can out jump any frog in calaveras county."

The fellow took the box again and took another long, particular look, and gives it back to Smiley, and says very deliberately:

"Well, I don't see no points about the frog that's any better'n and any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley said. "May be you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you ain't only an ameteur, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can out jump any frog in cavaleras county."

And the feller studied a minute or two and then says, kinder sad like: "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says: "That's all right. That's all right. If you hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog."

And so the fellow took the box and put up the forty dollars along with Smiley's and sat down to wait.

So he sit there a good while, thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried open his mouth, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin, and set him on the floor.

Smiley he went out to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to the feller, and says:

"Now, if you are ready, set him along side of Dan'l, with his forepaws even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l gave a heave and histed up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use, he couldn't budge, he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out of the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no other points about that frog that's any better than any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he said: "I do wonder what in the nation that frog trowed off for? I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him? He 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow;" and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up and says: "Why blame my cat if he don't weigh five pounds!" and he turned him up side down and he belched up a double handful of shot, and then he see how it was, and he was the madest man. He set the frog down and took after the feller, but he never ketched him.

Even Death is made the basis of a Washington job. Coffins at three hundred dollars, carriages at eight dollars an hour, white gloves by the bale, and all the emblems of mourning mortality at jubilee prices, go to make up the sum total of funeral patriotism at the capital. Mr. Stanton was a private citizen when he died, but the loyal cormorants seized upon his dead body and paraded it for the purpose of charging the Government $1,200. Secretary Rawlins died in office, and the same jobbers feel authorized, on that account to put their charges up to $4,000. No appropriation has been made for these expenses, and none should be made for charges so exorbitant, which find their warrant only in the general extravagance of Congress. It will soon become as expensive to die as it is now, according to General Sherman, to live in Washington; economy which would cut down the pay of tried and valuable officers in order to meet the demands of those who job on the death of public men is not the kind to be popularly appreciated.—*Boston Post.*

Radicals must meet the income tax issue in the next canvass. The people know there was no necessity for a reimposition of this infamous exaction, that it was a mere political movement "In the coming campaign," says the New York Tribune, "the Democracy will not fail to make effective use of the action of Congress on the Income tax; and if they carry districts which have hitherto been ours by pledging themselves to a repeal of this most oppressive and hateful law, we trust certain Republican Senators and Representatives are prepared to face the responsibility.

HEAVY GAMBLING.—The sums of money staked on the recent steamboat race, on the Mississippi river, between the steamers Robert E. Lee and Natchez, are said to have been very large.—In New Orleans it is estimated that $500,000 were put up on the result; in St. Louis, $600,000; in Cinninnati, $300,000; in Louisville, $200,000; in Memphis, $100,000; in Dubuque, $100,000; in Vicksburg, $75,000, and at other points along the river at least $125,000. The bets thus exceeded two millions of dollars, and prove that the gambling mania rages as strongly as ever. The whole affair was nothing but a gambling transaction thinly guised under a pretense of testing the highest speed of the steamers.

The Louisville Courier Journal has this to say about the consistency of New England: "A cute Yankee shoemaker bring a lot of Chinamen to work in his factories, and we hear nothing of their being "down trodden," "the crack of the slave driver's whip," "plantation manner," "the traffic in human muscle," "the oppression of labor by capital," etc, but let a Southern man import a lot of Africans to work his land, and see what a howl about "slavery inaugerated" there would be The beautiful cansistency of fighting four years to abolish slavery, and then importing survile labor into Massachusetts, could only be found in New Englaud. If the negro had preponderated in New England, and their labor had been found profitable, slavery would exist to-day; but having killed the goose that laid the golden egg that built up their manufactures, they find now that white labor not being cheap enough for them to make enough profit, they will just import Chinese and let the "horny-handed" find work elsewhere or starve. This is hypocracy and greed with a vengeance."

NEW TAX AND TARIFF BILL.—The new tax and Tariff bill covers eighty printed pages, but its principal features may be stated as follows: The income tax stands at 2½ per cent. with two thousand dollars and actual rent of homestead deducted from income. All special taxes are abolished on bankers, brokers, foreign brokers, foreign insurance agents, patent right dealers, pawnbrokers, keepers of hotels, inns or taverns, proprietors of places of public amusement, billiard rooms, bowling alleys, lottery dealers, jugglers, license for cigar and tobacco dealers, etc. In the tariff line the duty on pig iron is fixed at seven dollars per ton, being two dollars less than the existing law. On Bessemer steel rails it is fixed at twenty eight dollars per ton. On sugar not above number seven the duty is one and three-fourths cents per pound; above number ten two and a quarter cent; above number sixteen, three and a quarter cents; and on all refined, loaf, lump, crushed, powdered and granulated sugar, four cents per pound On molasses the duty is five cents per gallon.

DANGER OF STRYCHNINE.—A farmer named Chilson, living near Girard, Ohio, thinking to rid his cornfield of a troublesome ground hog, managed to administer to the quadruped a dose of strychnine, which killed him nearly instantly. The carcass was suspended to a tree, where the crows soon espied the savory bit, and proceeded to appease their appetites. After partaking of the meal the crows would fly a short distance, as if in agony, and fall dead to the ground. The bones, being thoroughly stripped of the flesh, remained exposed to the bleaching influence of sunshine, rain and frost for nearly two years, when, falling to the ground, a highly prized dog masticated parts of them, and died ten minutes afterwards. We copy this to show the danger of using this poison.

Printers sometimes make sad mistakes. A dancing master's card was made to read thus: "I offer my respectful *shanks* to all who have honored me with their patronage."

Bull Run

AFTER THE BATTLE—WHY THE CONFEDERATES DID NOT MARCH ON WASHINGTON.—It having been intimated in Hon. A. H. Stephens' new volume that Jefferson Davis "was responsible for the failure of the Confederate troops to advance after the victory of Manassas," a writer in the Jackson (Miss) Clarion prints what he claims to be correct copies of original letters in possession, to that matter, as follows:

RICHMOND, VA, Nov. 3 1861.
General J. E. Johnston, Commanding Department of the Potomac:

SIR: Reports have been and are being widely circulated to the effect that I prevented General Beauregard from persuing the enemy after the battle of Manassas, and had subsequently restrained him from advancing upon Washington City Though such statements may have been made merely for my injury, and in that view their notice might be postponed to a more convenient season, they have acquired importance from the fact that they have served to create distrust, to excite embarrassment, and must embarrass the administration in its further efforts to reinforce the armies of the Potomac, and generally to provide for the public defense.

For these public considerations, I call upon you as the Commanding General, and as a party to all the conferences held by me on the 21st and 22nd of July, to say whether I obstructed the pursuit of the enemy after the victory of Manassas, or have ever objected to an advance or other active operation which it was feasible for the army to undertake.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HEADQUARTERS CENTERVILLE, Nov. 10, 1861.
To His Excellency the President:

SIR: I had the honor to receive your letter of the 3d instant, in which you call upon me, "as the Commanding General, and as a party of all the conferences held by you on the 21st and 22nd of July," to say:

"Whether you obstructed the pursuit after the victory of Manassas?

"Or have ever objected to an advance or other active operation which it was feasible for the army to undertake?"

To the first question I reply, No. The pursuit was "obstructed" by the enemy's troops at Centerville, as I have stated in my official report. In that report I have also said why no advance was made upon the enemy's capital (for reasons) as follows:

The apparent freshness of the United States troops at Centerville, checked our pursuit; the strong forces occupying the works near Georgetown, Arlington and Alexandria; the certainty, too, that General Paterson, if needed, would reach Washington with his army of more than 30,000 sooner than we could; and the condition of inadequate means of the army in ammunition, provision and transportation, precluded any serious thoughts of advancing against the capital.

To the second question I reply, that it has never been feasible for the army to advance farther than it has done—to the line of Fairfax Court-house with its advanced posts at Upton's Munson's and Mason's hills. After a conference at Fairfax Court-house with the three senior General officers, you announced it to be impractible to give this army the strength which those officers considered necessary to enable it to assume the offensive. Upon which I drew back to its present position

Most respectfully, your obedient servant.

[Signed] J. E. Johnston.
A true copy.
G. W. C. Lee, Col. and A. D. C.
To the President.

The Treaty of Prague.

This treaty, which is supposed to be at the bottom of the present enstrangement between France and Prusia, was entered into between Austria and Prussia 1866. By the fifth article of this instrument, Prussia is bound to accept from Austria all the latter's claims upon the allegiance of North Schleswig, subject to the express condition that, "if by free voting the districts of North Schleswig shall manifest the wish to be united to Denmark, the districts in question shall be ceded to Denmark." At that time Prussia had developed a spirit of territorial aggrandisement which attracted the notice of France, and hence Napoleon had the clause quoted above inserted in the treaty of Prague, to which Prussia gave her assent. Austria and Prussia united in the Schleswig Holstein raid. But the former gained all the substantial advantages of the affair, and when the battle of Sadowa put Austria under an eclipse, France saw that unless some bar was placed in the way of Bismarck, he would fly the Prussian eagles over the whole northern part of the German possessions. This bar, it was supposed, was erected by the treaty of Prague. In that Prussia recognized the right of the people of Denmark to choose by ballot, whether they would remain with Prussia or go back to Denmark. This was a fair proposition fairly agreed to. Prussia knew what it meant, who inserted it, and what point would be reached by its fulfillment. But the fifth article of the treaty of Prague has remained