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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
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The Republican Citizen.

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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 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 (If), 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.
july8 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.
april5 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. 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 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,
july1 Opposite the Market House, 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 mentioned 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 Disordered 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, Sick-Headache, 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,

A SUMMER DAY.

Sunshine over the meadow lands,
Kissing the crimson clover,
And sunshine haunting the lilly cups,
That the yellow bees hang over;
And sunshine over the hazy hills,
And over the dimpling river,
And I wished that the sun and summer day,
Might shine and last forever.

We walked down by the meadow path,
The broad highway forsaking,
For the quiet of that lovely spot
Seemed better for our love-making;
And I was silent and she was shy,
As we walked down through the clover,
But we thought it the sweetest summer day
That ever the sun shone over.

We heard the birds in the waving grass,
As they twittered to each other
About the nests they had hidden away,
And the coo of each glad bird-mother;
And we thought, as we walked that summer day
Through the clover blooms together,
That at last the world was in perfect tune,
In the glad, bright summer weather.

I cannot tell what I said to her
As we walked knee-deep in clover;
But I know that the robbins merrily sang
Their sweetest of sweet songs over,
And down in my heart love's own bird sang
A love that was gladder, sweeter,
And its echo joined with the world's sweet hymn,
And made the day completer.

And when we came up the meadow path,
Our hearts sang over and over:
"O sweet, glad day for blossom and bird,
And for every blithe young lover!"
And yet I know not the words she said,
Or whether she spoke at all;
But of all sweet days, that summer day
I count as the best of all.

THE SPRING LANCET.

BY HELEN ROCKWOOD.

I never saw a handsomer girl or woman than Rose Mason, or one with prettier, graceful ways, though she had lived on a farm always, and had no opportunity for culture of either mind or manners, beyond that afforded at the village school, three miles away, and the rustic society of the vicinity.

In form she was slender and round, full of willowy curves as she moved.—She had a dark, brilliant face, and bright dark eyes, and a mouth as sweet and red as a half-blown rose.

I had loved Rosy Mason at least two-thirds of my life; and though with the coquetry that is inborn with creatures of her vivacious and changeful temperament, she had been extremely wary of showing me her heart, she had in the end confessed that she loved me, and consented that we should be married in December.

In November, while I was away in New York, clerking for my uncle, who belonged to an insurance company, she became the wife of Carl Berthold, a handsome black-eyed foreigner, who had invaded our rural precincts about the time of my last visit home, bewitching the girls, and driving the boys frantic with jealousy.

I was jealous with the rest, but I had Rose's promise, and though I disliked Berthold intensely, and turned chilly whenever he was near her, I had faith in my darling, and went back to the city tolerably content. The first news I heard from home was that they were married.

I don't know how I bore it now. It was terrible, of course; but as many another has done, I suppose I set my teeth and endured, and went on just as before, outwardly. Berthold had taken her away. I did not hear where, and I didn't much care.

One morning, coming into the office from an errand down town, my uncle remarked to me:

"If you had been here ten minutes sooner, you would have seen as pretty a couple as I ever beheld. They took out a policy for ten thousand dollars for such? Sensible pair, eh?"

I smiled as I turned to my desk, and opened the ledger in which was recorded the names of parties insuring, and the amounts insured for. The last entries upon the page were yet damp.—"*Carl Berthold—Rose Berthold.*"

I don't know what came over me, but I shut the book as though I had seen a ghost. Fortunately no one observed my emotion.

I took up my pen presently, and went to work; but all the afternoon those names danced before my eyes in letters of fire.

I happened to be in the back office, three months after, when Carl Berthold, came in to make a payment. I knew his silky, smooth voice before I saw his face, with its shining eyes and gleaming white teeth. Involuntarily I stayed where I was, and watched him through the glass partition that separated the room in which I was from the front office.

As he passed the money to my uncle, his sharp white teeth shone in a smile that seemed more like a sneer, and he received his two policies back, with their new endorsements, with an almost audible chuckle.

I had been pretty sure all the time that Rose and he were in the city, but I had never met them, though I never saw a womon that in the least resembled my lost darling without thinking of her, and I never attended any public assembly without scanning the throng for the dark, bright beauty of the girl who had jilted me.

After I had seen Berthold in the insurance office, I watched more diligently than before, and frequented more than formerly such places of public resort as I imagined Rose and her husband might attend.

One morning, hurrying up Broadway, I had a glimpse of what looked to me like Rose's sylph-like shape entering a picture gallery. Instantly I darted after her up the stairs.

It was indeed she, looking a little scared at first by the sight of me, but blooming into something more than even the old vivacity under the reassuring warmth of my manner. She was more beautiful than ever, and I was truly glad to see lip and cheek glowing with such fresh carnation tints, to behold the clear, sunny gleam of her liquid eyes.

Till I met her so, I had scarcely realized that I had entertained any foreboding thoughts in her connection.—Unconsciously I had pictured her to myself as pale and fading. But this creature, with her tropical bloom and laughing eyes, mocked such visions sorely. She was evidently happy. I must have wronged Berthold in those thoughts in which, though I had not acknowledged it to myself, I had attributed to him the possibility of unkindness or injustice in any way to the woman he had beguiled from me.

As we parted, and Rose gave me her little hand, she named her address, and invited me cordially to call. I took the address, but I said that I should not be likely to call. She colored slightly at my words, but did not urge me. Probably she felt that it might not be pleasant for her husband and myself to meet.

Less than a week after this meeting, having business in that part of town, I deviated a little from my direct route for the sake of passing by where Rose lived. I met her husband half a dozen doors away, and not seeing him soon enough to avoid passing him, kept tranquilly on my way. His eye did not light on me till we were close upon each other, as he strode along with his look upon the pavement, his lips set in the same sneering smile I had noticed in the insurance office.

At the sight of me the smile froze, his face turned to a chalky white, and he stood a single helpless instant, the incarnation of the blankest terror I ever beheld. It was but a second. He rallied so swiftly, and shot past me with a courtly lift of his hat, that I half doubted that I had seen any unusual expression on his countenance.

Glancing back involuntarily, Berthold had vanished, but I imagined I could see the glitter of his white teeth beyond some thick foliage which draped a yard near by.

"He is watching to see if I will go in," thought I, and I hurried past without once glancing at the house. How I hated the false pride which made me do so, afterward.

Early the following week, upon entering the office in the morning, I was startled by the announcement from my uncle's lips, that Rose Berthold was dead. I reeled as though he had struck me, and leaned heavily upon my desk.

"How do you know?" I asked.

My uncle knit his brow.

"Her husband has been here. He wants the amount of her policy. He is in a hurry, I take it."

"When was it."

"A week ago, to-day. Heart disease. It's all right, of course. He has the proper certificates; two physicians that I know, and one that I never heard of. But somehow I can't make it seem so."

Instantly it flashed over me, the remembrance of Berthold's singular change of countenance when I had met him just a week before. Well might the man's face blanch, and his eyes start with terror, thinking I was going to his house, perhaps. It all seemed very plain to me at that moment.

"Uncle," I said, "Rose Berthold was murdered. I saw her not two weeks ago, and she was well as I am this moment."

"Rose Berthold? You don't know her," exclaimed my uncle.

"Yes I do," and then I told him all, even to my meeting Carl Berthold that morning, when, if I had glanced towards his house, I should have doubtless beheld some sign of death's awful presence within there, and might, perhaps have been surer of circumventing this villian.

My uncle was enough of my opinion to decide to have the matter investigated. Nothing came of that investigation, however. If my poor Rose had died unfairly, there was not the slightest discoverable proof of the fact. There was nothing more to be done then; but I was not satisfied. At the bottom of my heart yet lurked the belief that Carl Berthold was a murderer. He received his ten thousand dollars, and left for parts unknown.

Five years after, the company with whom I remained and risen in favor, sent me to England on business of importance.

Upon the same steamer with myself was Carl Berthold. I knew him at once, though he did not recognize me. I had changed more than he had. My hair had grown darker, and I had a heavy beard. My pulse took a quicker throb at sight of him, and a still quicker at the sight of the beautiful creature who leaned confidingly upon his arm, evidently a bride of short standing.—She was dressed richly, and wore on her white fingers several rings which must have been of great value. I noticed, too, that the tiny watch at her belt, and which she from time to time glanced at, was set with brilliants of the first water, if one could judge by their glitter.

"He has secured an heiress this time," I thought. "He will scarcely need to resort to insurance."

I was in London several months, and occasionally I saw Carl Berthold with his beautiful wife. One night my hotel took fire, and was so much damaged, that I had to go to another, when I discovered that I was not only in the same building, but occupying the next room to Carl Berthold. I thought it a singular turn of circumstances, to say the least, the more, that that very night there was a sudden death in the hotel, my old rival's lovely wife. I could not help wondering if her life had been insured.

The physicians summoned to consult concerning the cause of death, did not, however, pronounce it heart disease, but avowed themselves puzzled. One of these, who had appeared most interested in the case, I sought, under the influence of an irresistible impulse, and in confidence told him of that other sudden death of a wife of Carl Berthold's. He was greatly interested, and to cut the matter short, a repetition of the medical examination resulted in the discovery that Mrs. Carl Berthold had come to her death by the insertion of some exceedingly delicate steel instrument, at that point where the spinal cord joins the brain. The cruel, fatal weapon was found, upon search, in her husband's possession. It was a spring lancet of needle-like fineness and sharpness.

It was not difficult to imagine how this fiend in human form might, in the act of caressing his beautiful victim, have sprung his deadly toy upon that vital part. The wound was so minute, and concealed by the drooping hair, that it would easily escape observation.

He confessed to enacting three other similar tragedies before he was hung. My lost Rose was the victim of one of these. I felt that she was in a manner avenged, when the wretch knew that I had borne some, though so small a part, in his detection.

A FORTUNE IN A WIFE.—Fourteen years ago, not a thousand miles from Alliance, Ohio, Rev. J. J. G—— united in the "holy bands of padlock," a gentleman and lady of that locality. After the ceremony the groom took G—— aside and told him he had barely enough money to get through the "bridle tour," and upon his return he would pay him his $3 (the usual fee). G——, in his laughing way, asked him how many bushels of potatoes he would give instead of $3? To which he replied:—"Six bushels, and will double it every year until paid." Upon this agreement being made the parties separated, and from that day to this neither potatoes nor money has been received by G——. This gentleman who was married is now a wealthy farmer, and should the minister insist upon the fulfillment of the contract, which was duly witnessed the farmer would find that he had quite a dear wife. Let us see what she cost. Commencing with six bushels of potatoes for the first year, twelve for the second, and so on, doubling for fourteen years, would amount to 38,298 bushels, and at fifty cents per bushel to $44,149, the price of a good-sized farm. She is a dear wife, and becoming doubly dear to her husband every year. An article so high priced ought to be good. Boys take our advice and pay your marriage fees "on sight."

Robert McClure, of Philadelphia, who has published a book about horses, estimates the number of horses in this country at 8,000,000, worth between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000, or about enough to pay the national debt. He divides them into five classes from the thoroughbred stallions to the horses of slow work. The highest price recorded as actually paid for one horse was $75,000; though it is said that $150,000 would not have bought Gladiatuer at his meridian. In this country Lexington sold for $15,000, one of his colts has since brought $40,000, while $50,000, was refused for another. Mr Bonner has just paid $20,000 for a new horse, and $50,000, have been refused for Mambrino Pilot. Hambletonian in spite of his age is valued at $100,000. Dexter brought $33,000. There are some 70,000 horses in this country worth from $3,000, to $10,000. One that can beat 2:30 will readily bring $10,000 with an added $1,000 for every second less. The fourth class comprising three-eights of all, bring from $200 to $2,000, and 5,000,000 of work horses from $50 to $200.

In Rhode Island, a few days since, two orphan children, one a girl aged thirteen, and a boy, aged fifteen, who have been for some time selling sassafras-root and slippery-elm bark to such persons as would purchase, were arrested by an United States Revenue officer and fined for disposing of goods without a license. These children to help an aunt who was supporting them, adopted this means to add a few pennies to their scanty income, with the above result.

This is a good government. The bondholder, with his millions invested in that which brings him gold in abundance, pays no taxes, while orphan children, for earning a few pennies, are fined and made to pay a license for gathering from the woods and selling on the streets remedial agents, to the value, perhaps of one dollar a week.

Fifteen negroes married white women in Boston last year, but there was no instance of a white man marrying a negress. It takes the strong-minded women to marry negroes. Anna Dickinson used to address Fred Douglas as her "dear friend," which opened the eyes of all except those who were disposed to shut their eyes to the tender relations of Fred and the gentle Anna.

Paradol is the second foreign minister who has committed suicide in this country, the only other case being that of a Spanish minister, who killed himself at Washington about fifteen years ago.

London dispatches report a number of heavy failues in business circles in England recently.

Flize.

I hate a fli.
A fli is got no manners.
He ain't no gentleman.
He's a introoder that don't send in no kard, nor ax a interduckshun, nor don't knock at the frunt door, and nuver, nuver thinx uv taking off his hat.
Fust think you kno he is in bed with you, and up your nose—tho what he wants thar, is a mistry—and he invites hisself to breakfast and sets doun in yore butter, 'thout breshin his pants
He helps hisself to sugur, and meat, and molassis, and bred, and persurves and vinegy—ennything, and don't wait no invitashun. He's got a good appytite, and jist as sun eat one thing as anuther.
Tain't no use to challenge him for taking liberties; he keeps up a hostile kerrispondence with you, whither or not, and shoots hisself at you like a bullit and he nuver misses, nuver.
He'll kiss your wife 20 times a day, and zizz and zoo, and ridikule you if you say a word, and he'd ruther you'd slap at him than not, coze he's a dodger uv the dogirnest kine. Everytime you slap, you don't slap him, but slap yoself, and he zizzes and pints the hine leg uv skorn at you, till he aggravate you to distrackshin.
He glories in lightin evry pop on the ixact spot whar you druv him from, which pruves the intenshun to teeze you. Don't tell me he ain't got no mind; he knows what he is arftor He's got sense and too much uv it, tho he nuver went to skool a day in his life excepe in a sugar dish.
He's a mean, malignant, owdashus, premediated cuss.
His mother nuver paddled him with a slipper in his life. His morals was nigleckted, and he lacks a good deal uv humility mitely. He ain't bashful a bit, and I doubt ef he blushed ofting.
In fack, he was never fotch up a tall
He was born full grown; he don't git old—uther things gits old, but he never gits old—and he is imperdent and mischievous to the day of his deth.
He droops in cold weather, and you kin mash him on a window pane, but you've just put your finger in it. He comes again next yeer and a heep more with him. Taint no use.
One fli to a family might do fur amusment, but the good up so many flize I be dog ef I kin see; kin you?
I have thot much about flize, and I has notist how ofting they stops in thar diviltry to comb thar heds and skratch thar nose with thar fourlegs, and gouge thar armpits under thar wings, and the tops uv thar wing with thar hind legs
And my kandid opinyun ar, that flize is lowsy; they eeches all the time, is mizurabul, and that makes them badtempered, and want to make uther peepil misurabul too.
Ef that ain't the flossify of flize, I give it up.
Altho a fli don't send in his kard, he always leaves one, and I don't like it. Taint pretty of 'tis round. He kant make a cross mark, only a dot, and he is always a dottin whar thar ain't no i's. Thars no eend to his poriods, but he never cums to a full stop. Sich handriting is disagreeabul.
He's a artiss, but his freshcoe and paperin I don't admier. Thars too much sameness in his pattern. His specs is the only specs that don't help the eyes. You can't see throo um, and you don't want too.
I hate a fli.
Durn a fli.

Not to be Outdone.

A very pious and zealous chaplain of a Confederate regiment, called on a Colonel not particularly noted for moral observances in order to talk about the religious interest of his men. The Chaplain was politely received, and requested to be seated on a camp-stool.

"I believe, Colonel," said he "that you have one of the finest regiments in the service."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I think I have."

"Well do you pay much attention to the religious instructions of your men?"

"Not much, very little said about scripture in the drill-book."

"Well, I just called to mention the fact that in the fifth regiment the Lord has blessed our labors wonderfully, and ten men have already been baptized." (This was a rival regiment.)

"Is that so on honor?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, sir, I am pleased to say that it is."

"Sergeant," said the Colonel calling to his orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptised. I'll be d—d if that ar fifth regiment shall outdo us in any respect."

The chaplain took occasion to bid the Colonel good day and left.

A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a friend, "Well, madame, what do you hold on his this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded, calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."

"Bachelors," says Josh Billings, "are always a bragging ov their freedom! Freedom to darn their own stockings and poultiss their own shins! I had rather be a widower once in two years reglar, than tew be a gruntin' old hair-dyed bachelar only 90 days."

A Constantinople paper gives quotations of female slaves. A negro woman, in good health, brings about $400, a Circassian girl of twelve $1,000, and of sixteen $4,000.

Luxury of Easy Dressing.

The following is clipped from the "Law of Life:"

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one as tight would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort to break the bands.

Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dressmakers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs.

It is a great pity, none the less. If they could once know what a luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each inspiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes in by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the arteries and veins, to have the aids to digestion which such dress gives, to have their strong elastic muscles keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into old, stiff, straight jackets they would fume and fret and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them.

As it is they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all their little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner was the sufferer it would not be worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives, which must follow, renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.

French Words.

DEMANDER.—The word *demand* which occurs so frequently in the translations of the late French and Prussian diplomatic correspondence is incorrect. The French word *demander* signifies to *ask*, and has not the imperative meaning which attaches to it in English. Read "asks," where the word "demander" occurs, and the French notes are stripped of that "arrogance" with which the enemies of France are accusing her. Once during General Jackson's presidency a diplomatic note was received from the French government, through its envoy in Washington, regarding certain claims held by French citizens against the United States. The translator who rendered the note into English for the old general, who everybody knows was no French scholar, fell into the same error, and instead of France *asks* the immediate attention of the government of the United States, ect., it read "France *demands*, ect." Old Hickory grew livid, "demands does she?" he shouted; "by the eternal, *let's see her get it!*" and he brought his fist down on the table with a thump that made the pens and inkstands jingle Luckily there was present a gentleman from New Orleans (who in after years was a professor of languages in the academy of the present Judge Barbour Lewis, on Dauphine Way, near Mobile, and who related the story to a French class, of which the writer was a member, eighteen years ago.) This gentleman took the original note and gave the proper translation of the word. "Oh," said Jackson, "that alters the case. What France *asks* is a different thing from what she *demands*."—*Memphis Appeal.*

A Brilliant But Sad Career.

I know nothing in fiction wilder or more romantic than the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The son of an Irish actor, endowed with the most brilliant and varied gifts of nature, high spirit, a noble presence, imagination, wit and eloquence—all of those qualities that win the admiration of men and the affection of women—yet without a shilling in the world to call his own, without either of those recommendations which form the passport to the highest circles of English society—high birth and university honors—the author of the "School for Scandal" rose by the mere force of genius, and rose almost at a bound, to the highest position in the ranks of the political and social world, at a period when political and social life in England was tainted by the narrow and exclusive spirit that has ever distinguished the aristocracy of that country. He held that position, and held it with eclat, all through a long life, the rival of wits like Coleman and Horne Tooke; of orators and statesmen like Pitt and Fox and Burke; and of men of genius like Byron and Scott. He died almost in the arms of a sheriff's officer, and was buried with honors almost regal, with princes of the blood for his pallbearers, in the sepulchre of the great kings and statesmen. It was a brilliant but sad career, full of startling contrasts, marked by many humiliations and many victories, by great successes; and yet now, when one asks what remains of all this success, it is not easy to frame an answer. A speech or two, which no one thinks of reading, except to trace in its most vivid colors what he thinks the false taste of the age in eloquence and wit; the fleeting recollection of a few epigrams and *bon mots*, and two or three sparkling contributions to the literature of the drama, are all that remain to mark the genius of the man who for thirty years was "the pride of the palace, the bower and the hall."—*Chamber's Journal.*

SALE OF A TROTTING MARE.—The chesnut mare Purity, formerly Lucy, was sold at Boston last week by her owner, Wesley P. Balch, Esq., to Mr. Walker, a merchant of New York city, and owner of the bay gelding Henry, for $25,000. Purity will trot for the $20,000 purse at the Buffalo races, August 10.

A girl employed in a barrel and stave factory in Kansas recently packed one hundred and twenty five bundles of staves in four and a-half hours.

Much in Little.

Russia has over half a million of needle guns.

A practical man wants to make a lager beer vault of the Mammoth Cave

A good deal of the false hair worn by the ladies is cut from the heads of convicts.

A Cincinnati gentleman offers to contribute $100 in gold to Prussia every week during the war.

The heat throughout Northern Europe is the worst, for so great a length of time, ever known there.

Mr. Blinks, whose wife presented him with a pair of boys this week speaks of himself as being son-struck.

A man in Council Bluffs is both a liquor saloon keeper and an undertaker. Bad spirits trouble him sometimes.

The total amount of loss by the burning of the sugar refinery at Philadelphia, last week, was $800,000.

The Red Stockings were beaten last week at Cincinnati by the Athletics of Philadelphia in a score 7 to 11.

The ladies are all grieving about the war in Europe, as it will raise the price of silk dresses, gloves and laces.

The Texas State prison runs a cotton factory by convict labor, which pays all the expenses of the institution.

Gen. Loring, late of the C. S. A., is in the service of the Viceroy of Egypt, and writes that he likes it very much.

Frogs are sold by the thousand in the principal cities of France. They bring $2 and $3 a thousand.

In Paris there is a current saying that where a Frenchman spends five francs an Englisman will spend twenty, and an American fifty.

The champion undertaker of Michigan lives in Greensburg. He has buried three thousand nine hundred persons.

St. Paul, Minnesota, has a Working Woman's Building Society, in which loans are made to members bidding the highest premium.

An exchange which wishes to avoid slang delicately advises its belligerent neighbor to "imitate a rivalet in time of a drought."

A special Ambassador has been appointed to France by the Chinese Government to offer satisfaction for the recent outrages to French citizens.

A harvester in Meigs county, Tennessee, recently, while stooping to gather a sheaf, was struck in the forehead by a rattlesnake, and died in two hours.

"Victoria Louisa Sophie Augusta Amelia Helena" is all the name allowed Victoria's new grand daughter, born to the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein.

Fame and Fortune wait upon the liberal advertiser. Those who don't advertise have [illegible] and are by no means [illegible] handsomely served.

The London Times [illegible] that its publication of the secret treaty has secured the neutrality of Belgium, which, without it, would have been liable to violation at any time.

A report is received from London that France had had inquiry made of Prussia upon what conditions peace could be made? to which it was replied, "It is too late."

A Washington dispatch says that "Grant is not at home to Mr. Sumner." Nor is he to anybody else more than half the time. He is generally bobbing around enjoying himself with fast horses and big dinners.

Anna Dickinson is to attend the Kansas State Fair and lecture. The Red Stocking Base Ball Club will also attend. This says a Western paper, is a new feature of State Fair exhibitions—blue and red stockings

The great yacht race for the Queen's Cup, won by the America twenty years ago, has been fixed to take place on Monday, August 8th. A number of the fastest American yachts and the English yacht Cambria will compete for the prize.

Paul Schoeppe writes Governer Geary that he prefers facing the cannon's mouth on behalf of Prussia to being hanged. He tells the Governor that if released he will at once volunteer in the Prussian army, and again asserts his innocence.

The Dayton (Ohio) Ledger says: "Every vote cast to reimpose the infamous income tax was cast by a Radical Senator, while every Democrat voted to lift this burden from the business and business men of the country. This is an important fact, and it should light the path of every business man at the coming election."

Elections will be held this fall in all the States except Oregon, California, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Sixteen States will elect legislatures which will choose United States Senators. Of these the Radicals will carry Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas. The negroes will probably be successful in North and South Carolina The remainder of the States will be carried by the Democrats.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.—The Albany Argus, one of the oldest and most enlightened of the Democratic newspapers of the country, has been reviewing the political situation and prospects, and comes to the conclusion that by proper exertion the Democracy can carry twenty-four States, which it enumerates, in the next Presidential election. These States cast an aggregate of 222 votes, more than two-thirds of the whole electoral college. It is not improbable that the prediction