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, NOVEMBER 18, 1870. NO. 35.

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.
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.
apr15 tf E U

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

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

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

G. E. Chandler, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, North Market St., opposite the Frederick-Town Savings' Institution, Frederick City Md.
☞Residence—At the Office.
Oct21 1y

DR. L. T. MACCILL,
DENTIST.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity.
OFFICE—East Church street, opposite the residence of Charles E. Trail, Esq.
oct7 6m

Dr. J. A. Webb.
DENTIST.
OFFICE—No. 5 South Market St., Frederick city, Md.
Charges moderate.
Can be seen at all hours.
sep30 6m E

Dentistry.

T. H. Schaeffer, D. D. S.] [J. N. Rentch, M D., D. D. S.
DRS. SCHAEFFER & RENTCH.
Having entered into co-partnership for the purpose of practicing the Dental Profession, respectfully offer their professional services to the people of Frederick city and vicinity. Those who will favor us with their confidence may expect our first endeavors to please. Charges moderate.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Frederick Savings Institution. [sep16 tf

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

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.

HORSEY'S
"Golden Gate Whiskey!"
This celebrated Pure Rye Whiskey was shipped in 1868, by Ship "Celestial Empire," to San Francisco, and arrived back in the "James R. Keeler," at New York in, August, 1870, having thus had the benefit of passing four times through the Tropics, with 40,000 miles of Sea voyage. For sale by M. N. ROHRBACK.
sep30

CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S English Merino Undershirts, all sizes at WOLFE'S,
sep23 Next to First National Bank

KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES! Jouvin's Kid Gloves, reduced to one dollar and fifty cents a pair, at WOLFES', next to First National Bank. [may27

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL, Bromide of Sodia; also, a full line of Sharp & Dhome's Specialties, at WILLIAMSON & BECKENBAUGH'S CITY DRUG STORE.

Miscellaneous.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE
FOR THE
Deaf and Dumb,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
The Scholastic Exercises of this Insitution for the ensuing year, under the revised organization, will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1870.
Parents, guardians and others interested will please encourage punctual attendance of pupils to facilitate the proper classification. CHARLES W. ELY,
sep9 tf Principal.

Roanoke College,
Located at SALEM, Va., will open its next session, SEPTEMBER 5th The entire expenses for a ten months session $210, including board, tuition and incidental expenses. Discretionary deduction made for indigent young men. A small advance for board in private families.
D. F. BITTLE, President.
aug5

CHILDREN'S HATS.
I have a large and beautiful assortment of Childrens' Fancy and Plain HATS AND CAPS, all of which I am selling at reduced prices. A. J. DELASHMUTT.
sep30

BOOTS AND SHOES.
I AM now receiving all the latest styles of Boots and Shoes, all of which I am selling at lower prices than they have been since before the war. Call and examine the great Bargains I have. "Sign Big Boot."
apr15 A. J. DELASHMUTT.

TRUNKS AND TRAVELLING BAGS.
I HAVE a splendid assortment of Saratoga, French, English, Follo and Packing Trunks, of every style and variety. Also, Travelling Bags, Valises, Toy Trunks and Ladies' Satchels, very cheap, at
apr15 A. J. DELASHMUTT'S.

Umbrellas! Umbrellas!
A FRESH invoice of Wrihgt & Brother's best Goods; Alpacas, Scotch Gingham, American Gingham, warranted not to fade, for sale low by
Z. J. GITTINGER,
mar25 28 N. Market street.

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.

FARMERS, READ!
Prices Decline with Gold!
YOU CAN USE FERTILIZERS YET!
PRICES ARE DOWN WITH PRODUCE!
The undersigned are now grinding a Soft Windsor
PLASTER,
which they will sell at
9.50 PER TON.
They will all also sell their
SUPER-PHOSPHATE AT $46
per ton; RAW BONE, ground at their Works, at $55 per ton. Also, keep all the ingredients by which Farmers can manufacture for themselves. Also, for sale
Moro Phillips' Super-phosphate,
WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR,
AND
PACIFIC GUANO,
as low as they can be had from the Manufacturer's Agent in Baltimore.
Also, for sale, SALT by the sack, and the trade furnished.
All articles warranted as represented.—Call and convinced.
Occupy the Warehouse formerly kept by Messrs. CASTLE & MAUGHT, Rail Road Depot, Frederick city, Md.
RAMSBURG, MILLER & CO.
apr1

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!
GOODS SOLD VERY LOW!
Best quality Government Axes, Chisels of best quality and all sizes; Augers best quality and all sizes, at from 10 to 15 cents per quarter; a large quantity of Centre and Auger Brace Bitts and Braces, very cheap; best kind of Shingling and other Hatchets, from 60 to 80 cents; Hand Axes from $1 to $1.25; best kind Drawing Knives from 40 to 75 cents; Butcher Knives, all sizes and very cheap; a large quantity of Planes, Jack, Smoothing and Fore Planes; Knives and Forks, at 75 cents per set; Trace Chains, from 80 cents to $1.25, Fifth Chains, Halter Chains, Cow Chains,
NEW BLACKSMITH BELLOWS, from 32 to 40 inches; Saddler's Tools; all kinds of
GOVERNMENT GOODS,
Over Coats, Infantry Coats, Cavalry Jackets, Veteran Reserve Jackets, Blouses, lined and unlined; Pants, best kind of Yarn Socks, Linen Sheets, Linen Table Cloths, Bed Sacks, Towels, Government Blankets, Grey, Red and Blue; Horse Blankets, Mess Pans, Camp Kettles, Wash Basins, Tin Dippers, Ladles, very cheap; Frying Pans, Butcher Cleavers, large and small; also, a large lot of best quality Meat Saws, very cheap; Picks, Grubbing Hoes, Mattocks, best Horse Rasps, 15 inches, at 75 cents; Curry Combs and Cards, Brushes, Horse and Blacking; a splendid assortment of Carpenter's Hand Saws, very cheap, best quality of Monkey Wrenches, from 50 cents to $1; Boots from $2.50 to $3; Shoes, from $1.25 to $1.75; also,
2 SETS OF MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS cost $220, will be sold for $20, two feet Steel Squares, Screw Drivers, and many other articles too numerous to mention.
Country Merchants can be supplied at Auction prices. JOHN T. SINN,
Market St., opposite Frederick Co. National Bank. [oct21 3m

SKIN-DRESSER AND GLOVER.
VALERIUS EBERT,
(Successor to John Ebert & Sons,)
WOULD beg to inform his friends and the public that the old firm of JOHN EBERT & SONS has been dissolved, and that the business heretofore conducted by them is now carried on by the undersigned in all its branches and varieties, at the old stand, one door West of the Bentztown Bridge, Patrick Street, Frederick city, Md., where can always be found a full assortment of the very best BUCK GOODS in the market, of domestic manufacture, and sold (wholesale and retail,) as low as the lowest, and full satisfaction guaranteed.
Give me a call; see and judge for yourselves. I have determined that in this respect, as well as in the cut, make and material of my
BUCK GLOVES AND GAUNTLETS,
they shall not be surpassed. To test the matter practically, see and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.
SHEEP-SKIN GOODS,
gotten up in the best style of imitation, always on hand, and sold as low as the lowest
COUNTRY WOOL & SHEEP SKINS.
CASH and the HIGHEST market prices paid for Wool, washed or unwashed. The very best prices given for country Sheep Skins
Respectfully, VALERIUS EBERT.
sep23

AUTUMN SONG.

Leaves are falling (though coal is not).
And pumpkins are yellow, and maids are blue;
Potatoes and apples begin to rot:
There's many a liver congested, too.

The dews stay late on the cabbage-leaf,
And the red, red beet forsakes the ground;
And lovers' wanderings grow more brief,
And fewer loafers are loafing around.

The celery rivals the turnip air:
There's new delight in tender steak;
And boys go munching the chesnut rare,
Without one thought of the stomach ache.

The last of the cattle-shows are seen:
The monster squash to the cows is fed;
Everything's brown that once was green,
Except tomatoes and they are red.

The drowzy citizen hates to rise;
The hash may be cold but so is the air:
'Tis heaven to slumber, for now the flies
Are less affectionate and more rare.

And who is the busiest man we see?
'Tis the doctor, dashing by in his chaise;
And well may he hurry, you will agree,
For it isn't every patient that pays.

'Tis a rare, rare season—so breezy and bright!
The dahlias, and even the squashes are gay!
One wouldn't regret the cold at night,
If it wasn't so deucedly cold by day.

A wandering shiver inspires the doubt
Whether Indian Summer will come this year;
But its warmth can be felt when you don't go out,
And its haze may be seen through a glass of beer. [*Punchinello.*

A DAY AS A HACKMAN.

"High-ho, McGreer! What in the world are you swearing about so furiously?" I asked, entering the livery stable of the above named person, amid a volley of oaths that might have shocked his Satantic majesty.

"Oh! good morning," replied the man; "excuse me Mr. Morris. I was talking rather strong, perhaps, but the fact is, I am in a desperate strait! You see, Mr. Elmore's horses are both sick, and he wants me to let him have my best span and coach immediately. Well, the dapples are the best, and, to my eye, better than his own; but there's not a man belonging to the stable dare drive them but Cary, and he is down with the fever. The other horses are all out or engaged, but I don't know the—"

"There! there!" said I, "no oaths. I have nothing on hand, and really believe I should like to play hackman for a day in New York."

"Surely, Mr. Morris, you are joking!" ejaculated the man in amazement.

"No, I am in earnest!" for the idea was so novel that I, a lover of adventure, became every moment more determined to try it. "I am really in earnest McGreer, so say no more about it. You know I can manage anything. Just have them hitched up, and give me the livery coat and hat. Now, leave me in the office for a moment—but stop! don't let the men know who I am, and by the way—I almost forgot it—have our team sent around in about an hour."

Left alone, I proceeded to alter my appearance as much as possible, assuming the habiliments of a driver. I made a first rate Irishman of the higher grade. The metamorphose was scarcely completed when Mr. McGreer entered.

"Mr. Mor——"

"Michael, ye mane," I interrupted. "Sure there is no reason I should be cheated out of a name." We both laughed, and I received the congratulations of making a good son of Erin.

Stepping out of the office, I mounted the box, gathered up the reins, and was off. The horses were unusually gay, but I had them in groom trim by the time I stopped before Mr. Elmore's residence. It may be well to state Grace Elmore was not the least inducement for my assuming my present position. All winter she had been a dream-idol of mine, or rather half a one, for I could not really decide which I preferred, Grace, or Maude De Morris, a young French lady who was spending the winter in New York with her parents. Both were bewitching, and I embraced every opportunity of being with either.

Springing from the box I rang the bell, and presently assisted Miss Elmore and two friends into the carriage.

The day was warm for March, and the four windows were open—Grace sitting on the seat nearest me.

"Round the pleasant streets, driver. Anywhere for a ride," she said.

We started, and for a quarter of an hour the ladies' chit-chat was of no account to me, when suddenly Miss Fannie exclaimed:

"By the way, Grace, rumor says you are engaged to George Morris, and the solitaire on your fore-finger seems to confirm it."

"Rumor honors me," was the reply.

"Now, Grace," chimed in the third lady, "stop your nonsense, and tell us candidly, are you engaged?"

"Well, I am arraigned before a court for some terrible crime, and commanded to answer 'Guilty or Not Guilty?'—is that it?" was the half-laughing, half-annoyed response.

"No," returned the third lady, "not at all;—only urged to gratify friendly curiosity."

"Well, the truth is, I am not at liberty to say all I wish; but this much I will acknowledge—the ring you mention did once belong to Mr. Morris."

Was there ever such an abominable falsehood told! every word of which is true, I thought angrily, as I heard the comments upon my money, person, parents, &c. That girl has led them to suppose that we are engaged, and there is a ring to prove it—a ring she took from me in sport, a few evenings since, and which I intended to recover upon our next meeting.

Well, there is one thing certain—Grace Elmore will never be my wife; I could not trust such a schemer. This resolution was strengthened when I heard her say, in a confidential undertone, to the one lady—Miss Fannie having been left at her own house:

"I have of course, no feelings in the matter, only a school-girl's love; but I think that George will make a desirable husband, while his wealth, with my own, will place us above any change of fortune. Then, he is very handsome, and I have decided to take him. I don't know that I could do much better."

"Pity I have not arrived at a similar conclusion," was the mental sarcasm.

Just then she called, affectionately, "home, driver." Willingly did I place her on the carriage step and run towards the stables.

"By Jove! I wish I could have as good opportunity to try Maud De Morris," I ejaculated, as I drove up to my station. McGreer was waiting for me. There was a gray-haired gentleman with him, but McGreer stepped aside and ask me if I objected to going further, at the time overpowering me with thanks, and saying if the horses were cooled down he could give them to some one else.

"No, no!" I replied quickly, for I was desirous of learning more of humanity; "I will keep my place for the present, send me where you choose."

Turning to the gentleman Mr. McGreer bowed, and said: "Mr. Lancy, carriage is at your disposal."

In Mr. Lancy I recognized a worthy merchant, his means placing him only with those who were in very good circumstances.

"Where?" I asked, as he entered the carriage.

"To —— street, north side."

A quiet, cozy little place, it proved to be,—a three-story brick, new and handsome, though lacking elegance. Here the gentleman alighted, returning in a short time, accompanied by a young girl, of I should judge, some nineteen years, whom he addressed as Maggie. Her rich brown hair was curled neatly at the back of her head, and the soft, violet-looking hazel eyes were the most enchanting that ever met my gaze. Peering from under my hat, I noted every article of the neatly robed little fairy. "Drive to the Park," was the gentleman's direction, as I again took up the lines.

I listened eargerly to every sound from within, feeling half ashamed at the part I was playing, though too deeply interested in the lady to desist.

Presently a clear sweet voice asked: "Well, father, dear, what have you to say that you require such privacy?"

"My child," hesitated the parent, "I—I fear you are not brave enough to bear it. O, merciful heaven, if I could spare my darling!"

An eager loving voice replied:

"Father! father! surely one so young and strong, with such deep affection for you, can bear a great deal; and sorrow will not be so heavy if shared with me; now that mother has no power to comfort you except through memory, let me take her precious place as best I can. Tell me all, father; I am stronger than you think!"

Then followed a long explanation, which may be summed up in a very few words. Their voices were often drowned in the outer bustle; but I heard sufficient to understand that Mr. Lancy, who doing a very heavy business, had some months previous, taken a partner who proved to be an inveterate speculator, and without the knowledge of Mr. Lancy, had involved the firm to the amount of seven thousand dollars. The investments could amount to nothing in less than a year; meanwhile, debts previously incurred fell due, and were pressed by creditors. Mr. Lancy ended by saying:

"Unless I get some assistance between this and Monday, Tuesday night will find us penniless. Oh, my child! if I could but save you!—How can you bear such a change?"

And I heard the heavy sobs of that strong man come thick and fast. There were a few drops in my eyes, for I could not see the horses for a moment. I fancied loving arms around his neck, and a pale soft cheek against his own, as the words I had to lean down to catch, came in a clear, brave voice from the noblest heart that beat 'neath heaven:

"Father do not think of me; all that I have is yours—many of my private articles will bring considerable. Do not shrink from selling everything to pay an honest debt. I can bear all things so that love is left. Sure I may not complain though all be taken, if Heaven leaves me my father. Do your best and trust to me for the assistance in my power. I could bear all things so that love is left."

Much followed, but this was all I cared to hear, and by the time we drove up before the neat brick house in —— street, I fairly worshipped the brown-haired angel who resided there.

For the last fifteen minutes I had been contriving a plan to assist them. In my pocket was a check for three hundred dollars, drawn that morning for the purpose of settling a small account.

My name was on it in full. As I opened the carriage door, I gave it to the wind, which took it to the pavement. At first neither noticed it, and I feared I had been foiled, but just as I was mounting the box, Maggie picked it up and turned hurriedly to her father. I drove off wondering how it would end.

Reaching the stables I threw the reins to the hostler, and entering the office, told McGreer the horses could be driven by a baby, disposed of my masquerade and went home not to dream of Grace and Maud, as usual, but of the noble woman "who could bear all things, so that love was left."

Next morning I saw a notice in the Herald which read as follows:

If George Morris will call at No. 4 —— street he will recover lost property.

It was just what I wanted, and at about ten o'clock I called at the place mentioned, receiving the check from my queen, together with an explanation of how it came into her possesion. I asked her if her father was at home. He was at home.

"Would she give me his place of business."

"Certainly."

Taking a card from the stand, she traced neatly the address, and, bowing I left her, to seek the merchant.

"Mr. Lancy, I am George Morris. Will you give me a private interview?"

"With pleasure."

Seated in an inner office, I told him all the last day's proceedings that concerned himself, offering him any pecuniary assistance he might permit me to render. After some urging on my part, he accepted and grasped my hand, thanked me again for saving his child, saying Heaven would repay me.

And has most munificently; for ere six months passed Maggie Lancy possessed the solitaire which Grace Elmore had worn so falsely and so proudly. I have secured the greatest treasure earth can give—a woman "who can bear all things, so love is left."

Now two hazel eyes are peering over my shoulder, while a happy voice exclaims:

"Why, George, you foolish old darling, no one will be interested in that but yourself."

Is my little wife correct?

A North Carolina "Straight Drink."

Some years since, when they were buildin' the locks on Coal river, I was over thar at Peyton's. I stopt in at Dr. Kellum's who physicked people in that quarter at that time.

Thar was a famine just then, and great sufferin' among men, women and children for the want of the necessaries of life.

Leastwise it was about the same thing, Thar was plenty of meat, an abundance of corn, and no skercity of chicken; but the rivers were dry, an' whisky run entirely short. Some prudent people had laid in sufficient stock, but most had not. How to bring up a family 'thout red eye was a puzzler and the sufferin' was enormus.

Dr. Kellum was in trouble, too. He sympathized with his neighbors, but he had a half-barrel of ninety-five per cent. alcohol in his office, and as he was consarned, he managed to fix up with sugar an' water, an' sich truck, until he made a putty fair drink. Secin' I was a friend of his, he invited me to sample it. Well, it kinder filled the room with the smell, an' just then, a man from the Mud river country came in, on his way to Raleigh cote-house, He smelt the smell, an' says, "I've been nigh two weeks from home, an' I'm almost starved."

"O," says Kellum, pintin' to the cask, "that's it. Help yourself."

The chap brightened up, an' he drawed a level tumbleful of that alcohol, an' afore you could say, "scat you beast!" down it went.

Kellum he turned pale.

Says the man, "I'm much obleeged to you. That's sarching!" an' he turned and walked out.

Kellum set as if he'd been shot, and then jumped up.

"That won't do," says he, "that's enough to pizen a crowd. I'll call him back an' give him an emetic."

We both went to the door. He wasn't in sight. I run up the krick, an' Kellum he run up the road; but it wasn't of no use.

"I shouldn't wonder," says Kellum, "if that chap hasn't gone an' died somewhar by himself. Thar'll be a corpse found directly, an' a kawney's inkwith, an' lots of trouble."

Well, we sot thar for about an hour, talking about the poor cuss's melancholy fate, when all to wonst in walks the chap hisself, as piert as a wild cat.

"Doctor," says he, "I'm gwine a long way up the river, an' liquor's skeerce, an' if it's all the same to you, could you spar' me another tumbleful? It's the most satisfyin'est liquor I ever drank."—*Ex.*

THE SIMESE TWINS.—Henry Lee, F. L. S., writes to the editor of the Lancet in regard to the paralytic seizures from which Chang, one of the Simese twins, has recently suffered. He has received letters from the twins and their families which induce him to believe in the possibility of their separation in case of the pre-decease of one of them. A letter from one of Chang's daughters says that her father is low spirited, can scarcely move without assistance, and that his whole right side is perfectly useless.—"Uncle tries to cheer him up, but he has nothing to say." From the sentence mentioning Eng's endeavors to cheer and comfort his brother, Dr. Lee infers in each a distinct and separate volition and vitality, and hence that Chang could successfully be cut from the dead body of Eng, should the latter die first.

Madame de Stael said: "If I were mistress of fifty languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

Syracuse is jubilant over a second crop of grapes.

What He Did, and Who He Was.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, fine walks, and little rustic pleasure-houses. At the time of which I am speaking it was almost covered with crowds of people. Among a number of organ-grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps, there stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he did not like to beg; therefore on this particular festival day he took his violin and played under a tree in the park. He had a faithful dog with him, which lay at his feet and held a hat in his mouth, so that passers by might cast coins into it.

On the day which I have just mentioned, the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went by, and heard the old musician playing; but they did not help him much. I wondered why the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat which he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, for he could not walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so that he held the bow with difficulty. A bullet had taken off the two others, and almost at the same time a cannon-ball had taken off his left leg. The last money he had was spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all strength the military air he had learned when a boy of his father. He looked sad enough as he saw the multitudes pass by in their strength and youth, and beauty, for he knew that if he did not obtain some money that evening he would have th go to bed supperless.—His dog was better off, for he sometimes found a bone here and there to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

It was late in the afternoon; the musician's hopes were almost like the sun—they were both going down together—and he placed his violin down by his side, and leaned against the tree, the tears streaming down his cheeks. He thought none of that giddy crowd saw him, but he was mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in his fine clothes, who had a kind heart; and when he saw that no one gave the tattered soldier anything, he was touched with sympathy. Going to the dog, and looking into the hat, he saw only two small copper coins in it. He then said, "My good friend, why do you not play longer?"

"Oh," replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides I have had no dinner, and I have little prospect for supper."

The stranger resolved to aid him as best he could; and giving him a piece of gold, said, "I will pay you if you will lend me your violin for an hour."

"Oh, said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen like mine."

"Never mind," said the stranger; "I only want to hire it for an hour."

"Very well, you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands, and then said, "Now, you take the money, and I will play. I am sure the people will give us something."

The first air had not been finished before the people, observing the strange sight, and hearing beautiful music stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine looking stranger was playing for the poor man; but none knew who he was. By-and-by people began to drop money into the hat, and the dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver, and copper were thrown into the hat by old and young. The dog now began to growl. What could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat, had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting all the money fall. But the hat soon became so heavy that he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you."

He pulled out a handkerchief, and wrapped the money in it, and put it in his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" He played first one tune and then another. The children seemed carried away with delight. At last he played "God bless the emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their emperor. The music came to an end: the hour was ended, and the performer handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said the gentleman. May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he? who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A certain person sitting in one of the coaches said "I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw the poor musician needed help, and he has helped him to a good purpose."

The extinction of buffalo in twenty years is predicted.

A Strange Visitor--The Doctor's Bell.

In 1848 I had been in business a year or so, and was beginning to pick up stray cases. One night in the small hours the night bell rang faintly over my head. I wanted work in those days, and its clamor was not quite so altogether horrible as it became in after years; so I jumped up, and putting on my wrapper, opened the window and called aloud to know who wanted me. Hearing no answer, and the night being utterly dark, I slipped on my clothes and went down to the door. To my surprise there was no one visible, and the street was black and silent. Annoyed at the impatience of my visitor, I went sullenly back to bed. The next night, at the same hour, two o'clock, the bell rang again, and, as before, faintly, like the ring of a child. The night was cloudless and the moon brilliant, but no one was on the steps or near them. Instantly I was possessed with a strange impression of terror, as I closed the window and stood a moment thoughtful before going back to bed. I had scarcely fallen asleep when the bell rang once more.

On this occasion I dressed instantly and went down to the door. As before there was no one in sight. Still in doubt, I went out and explored in vain the dark side of the street and the nearer shadows. You may laugh, Colonel, but the thing wasn't pleasant. The next night I resolved to sit up and catch the disturber.

Providing myself, therefore, with a good stick, I left the street door unlocked, so as to be easily opened, and then lit a cigar and settled down to read in my office. Precisely as the clock struck two the door-bell rang. In a moment I had opened it, exclaiming, "So I've got you at last!"

Then I paused in my wrath. On the top step was a wee little figure of a child about nine years old, as I judged, barefooted, although the night was cold, and muffled up in something like the torn half of a ragged coverlet.

"Come in out of the cold, and tell me what you want," I said.

Without saying a word, the child walked into my office. As it faced the light I saw the wanest and weariest little visage, with great brown eyes, long, tangled yellow hair, and white lips, which said, feebly:

"Mammy is dying. You come along quick, sir."

I put on my overcoat and went out with her, saying:

"Good heavens, child, who sent you out in this dress?" For the little thing seemed to be in short white petticoats and without a gown.

She made no reply, except to repeat, "Come quick, sir." Out we went.

"What is your name?" I said.

"Susey."

"Aren't you cold?"

"No."

"Were you here last night?" I said, on a sudden.

"Yes."

"Who sent you?"

"Don't know."

"Why did you run away?"

"Don't know."

Meanwhile the little naked feet trotted on in front of me swiftly, and suddenly turning into Crosby street, dived into a dark court. Here she opened the door, and I followed her up stairs.

We climbed three stories of mean, ill-smelling staircase, till she suddenly stopped before a door in the attic, which she opened in turn, so that we went together into a wretched garret. The room was decidedly cold, and I saw by a flickering tallow candle, a fireless stove, bare floor and walls, and every sign of the deepest misery. On a straw mattrass lay a woman with features pinched and haggard, her feet bare, because she had drawn the scanty covering about her chest.

"What can I do for you?" I said, arousing her with difficulty.

"Nothing," said a weak voice, husky and broken. "I am starved—that's all." Then relapsing into the delirium from which my words had called her for a moment, she began to wander anew

Upon this I turned to the child. To my surprise, she was gone, leaving me alone with the dying woman. Kneeling beside her, I called aloud in her ear and gently shook her, when again she grew partially sensible.

"Where is the child?" I said. "I want her to call some one in the house, so as to get a little help."

"Child," she said. "What child?"

"Susy," said I, recalling the name.

At this the woman suddenly sat up, pointed across the garret, and exclaimed, "Susy! She's over yonder—been dead these three days. Starved, too, I guess;" and so saying she fell back, groaned, struggled an instant, and was dead.

Shocked at the horror of the scene, I slowly got up from my knees, and taking the failing candle walked over to the far corner where a confused heap lay on the floor, covered with a torn counterpane. I raised the corner, and bending over saw that the heap was a dead child, and that its face was that of the little wanderer who had summoned me a few minutes before. As I looked the candle sputtered and went out, and the cold, pitiless moonlight fell through the broken panes upon the floor. I got out and went home. That's my story, colonel.

"What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" asked a superintendant of a Sunday School. "They dried themselves," said a shrill-voiced little girl.

The Greatest Surrender the World Ever Saw.

The magnitude of the surrender of Metz can be rightly appreciated by the following facts:

When General Grant captured Vicksburg, with a garrison of 36,000 men, he stood credited with having captured the largest number of prisoners ever taken in any one action during modern times, and also having captured the largest garrison ever known since the seige of Jerusalem, when the Roman General Titus, with an army of 80,000 men, captured that city. The operations of Grant are completely dwarfed by the capture of Napoleon and his army of 120,000 at Sedan. And the capture of Napoleon is surpassed by the capture of Metz with its enormous garrison, which amounts to 173,000 men. The surrender of Metz is unparalleled by any surrender known in history, as far as the number of prisoners is concerned. No other capture approximates this with exception of that of the siege of Babylon and Jerusalem by the Romans. And, to cap the climax of all, the siege of Paris is the most gigantic known in history. The spectacle is presented of two millions of people, citizens and soldiers, being cooped up in a walled city and cut entirely off from communication with the outside world! The garrison is supposed to consist of about four hundred thousand troops of all kinds.—When Paris surrenders, we shall see an army of four hundred thousand men capturing a city with one million six hundred thousand civilians and a garrison of four hundred thousand—a greater garrison probably than that of Babylon, Jerusalem, Vicksburg and Metz combined.

Young Men for War.

Gen. Von Moltke, the distinguished leader of the Prussian and German forces in this campaign, has lately celebrated his seventieth birthday. How does this agree with the old adage that "it is old men for counsel and young men for war?" At a time of life which, in the Psalms, is spoken of as finishing a man's career, General Von Moltke commenced this campaign. It has been crowned with wonderful success, and it will be universally admitted as one of the finest in military annals. It is not probable that there was any young man in Germany who could have conceived so splendid a military plan and executed it as magnificently. With him is King William, who is even older than his gifted Marshal. The sneerers at age as being incompetent for active military or political effort may take a valuable lesson in the recital of the exploits of the Prussians in 1870. Nor is it the first time that veteran age has proven itself more than a match for youthful vigor. It was the talents and experience of old Marshal Radetzky, an Austrian veteran of over eighty years of age, that saved Italy to the House of Hapsburg in 1849. It was the activity of Blucher, the old Prussian Hussar, seventy years old, that turned the scale at Waterloo and overthrew the Empire Gld Marshal Suwarrow, of Russia, and Kutusof, of the same nation, were the ablest and most successful commanders that that great Empire employed during the reign of Catharine and her immediate successors. With these and many other illustrations that might be mentioned, it is not always safe to assume that old men are not competent to conduct great military operations.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Election in South Carolina.

The Columbia (S. C.) correspondent of the New York World, in describing the so-called election in South Carolina says:

"The result is the actual subversion and destruction of the franchise in South Carolina. On the seaboard and islands the negroes, in savage crowds, held the ballot boxes, and crammed them with all the Radical tickets sent to them. The negro women were even more violent than the men; and, with arms in hand, these brutal mobs attacted, beat and drove off every man white or black, who showed or tried to vote the Reform ticket. In the middle counties the negro militia did the same service, and although negro boys from fifteen to twenty years of age were seen to vote, no white man ventured to challenge them. Not only minors but felons, well known convicts for burglary, grand larceny, &c, voted and repeated often enough to count from five to ten votes each. The Conservative negroes only exhibited their sentiments passively by staying away from the polls In the upper counties, where the white population is in the ascendency, the people were overawed by Grant's troops in addition to Scott's negro militia The law of violence and intimidation controlled everywhere; savage negro mobs of the seaboard, negro militia in the middle country, and negro militia and United States troops in the up-country. It is rediculous to call this an election."

After the election was over the ballot boxes were kept in the hands of the Radical inspectors for two weeks before they were opened and counted.

Thieves in China--How they Steal a Man's Boots.

Talking of swindlers reminds me that "Beware of pickpockets" is