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

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

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

Professional Cards.

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,
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

Chas. H. Maulsby,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Can be found at his OFFICE, on Second street, near Market, FREDERICK CITY, MD., from 7 o'clock, A. M., until 8 o'clock at night. Advances made on all well guaranteed claims placed in my hands for collection. Particular attention paid to the settlement and after-management of Estates. All legal instruments correctly drawn in plain hand-writing. Letters from any part of the County on business will be promptly answered, and to secure my personal attendance, must contain a fee. Charges moderate. [oct21 6m

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. 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

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 Kline'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 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.

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

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

BULL RINGS.—Steel Bull Rings, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
mar4

Written at My Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shattered flowers like souls at rest:
The stars shine gloriously, and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms pure and mild,
Waves over thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a bright bower, yet must
Its bright leaves to that tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust,
Dust is on thy brow!

And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood lie.
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To sustain the plumage of my sinless years.
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communication with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
Stray to hear the night winds wave,
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come, while press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

A SAD MISTAKE.

Several years ago, when I was a rather raw recruit of two-and-twenty, just commencing the cultivation of a prominent moustache, I found myself stationed near Donegal, County Kerry, Ireland, in the capacity of Lieutenant of Revenue. My special business was that of ferreting out illicit distilleries, and seizing upon all contraband liquor. I generally had my hands full. These seizures generally taking place amid the lonely hills of Kerry, where the distilleries were carried on in secret caves and hidden morasses, by a set of hardy and desperate Irishmen, always ready to oppose the police, were not unattended with danger; but there was one adventure which befel me of a more peaceful nature than the rest, which at the time affected me more unpleasantly than any amount of skirmishing or fighting would have done.

It so happened that, among the anonymous "informing" letters that one morning came to hand, was one, giving information of two casks of spirits, smuggled from the hills on the night previous, by order of Mr. Tremorne, agent of Lord ——, who was the great landed proprietor of this part of Kerry; and which casks were now securely reposing in that gentleman's cellar. Accompanying the note was an order from the superintendent of revenue, commanding the immediate seizure of the liquor in question.

Now it so happened that I was greatly indebted to Mr. Tremorne (an English gentleman) and his family, for various kind and flattering attentions received since my arrival at Donegal.—Many a sumptuous dinner had I partaken of at his board, and often had I been invited to a pleasant dance at his house, when his pretty niece, Miss Montague, happened to be staying there—as was now the case. In truth I had been more impressed by the bright eyes of Clara Montague than I had courage to allow, especially as there was a spice of mischief about her which made me rather shy of her, and generally, therefore, sheltered my youthful bashfulness under the wing of Miss Cassandra Tremore, sister of my host, whom I found always extremely kind and gracious.—To her some twelve years my senior, I felt no timidity offering those little attentions which to a younger damsel would have appeared more pointed—such as accompanying her to church or promenading the piazza by moonlight. True I had observed that she was very sentimental, and that of late she frequently sighed, and pressed my arm when leaning upon it, and the last time I had seen her she quoted poetry, and remarked that life was desolate without some one to love. These signs and tokens of sensibility I had in my own mind referred to some early disappointment in love, or other sad recollections of past more youthful days; and I had not thought it amiss to express my sympathy by a gentle pressure in return.

Such was my position in regard to the Tremorne family; and the reader can now understand my embarrassment upon finding this disagreeable business thrust upon me. How could I go upon such a business to the house where I had been so hospitably entertained?—How could I wound, and as it were, insult the feeling of the family by accusing its head, (himself a magistrate and a sworn foe to the smugglers), of violating the laws which it was his duty to enforce? Mrs. Tremorne in especial, a proud, sensitive, and nervous woman, would particularly feel the outrage; besides which, it would be almost impossible to keep the matter a secret from the public, in which case the reputation of Mr. Tremorne would be ruined, and he might even risk his magisterial office.

In this dilemma I summoned my sergeant Floyd, and to him freely explained the affair, knowing he was to be trusted.

"Very unpleasant," was his comment, when he heard me through; "and I can see but one way out of it."

"But one way! I confess that I can see none."

"Why you might tip him the wink—give him a hint that you may have to visit the Moor this evening at ten o'clock. He'll know what to do—hey?"

"Capital! But suppose, after all, the informer may be mistaken, and there are no spirits there? He'd never forgive my suspicion and officiousness."

"Then try his wife, instead!"

"Mrs. Tremorne! She'd faint at the first word."

"The niece, then?"

"Miss Montague! good gracious! I—she"—

"You mean in that case you'd do the fainting? But come, excuse me, lieutenant, and if you object to the young lady, the old one will do—Miss Cassandra, I think she is called."

Yes, upon consideration, I thought this the best plan. Miss Tremorne was good-natured—less nervous than her sister-in-law, and more capable of acting rationally than her girlish niece—She would know how to arrange matters; and accordingly, the sergeant was instantly dispatched to waylay Miss Cassandra in her regular evening walk in the park, and as privately and delicately as possible to give the required "hint"—nothing coarse, nothing plainly stated, but the merest shadowing forth of the business in hand.

In an hour the sergeat returned. He had been successful in his mission, which he had thus related to me:

Concealing himself in the shrubbery as he saw the lady approaching, he stepped forth when she was within a few paces of him, and removing his cap, bowed profoundly, by way of assurance that nothing disrespectful was intended. She had started back upon first seeing him, and was evidently prepared for a scream.

"Madame," said the sergeant hastily, "pray do not be alarmed. I am the bearer of a message to you from Lieutenant Charney."

"Oh, indeed! from Lieutenant Charney?"

"Yes, madame. He requested me to see you as privately as possible, and say to you that he will call at the Moor at 10 o'clock this evening, and hopes that you will understand his business, and so arrange as that nothing unpleasant shall occur."

Well, she turned all sorts of colors, and looked furtively around, as fearing some one might be in sight or hearing—a sure proof that she knew already about the spirits.

"Good gracious," said she, coloring, "I had not expected this so soon. Will not to-morrow do as well?"

"I fear not, madame. The lieutenant is anxious to have it concluded as soon as possible, and has already engaged for this evening, if you can be ready in time. You can, I suppose ma'am, find some one to remove the—the *things*, ma'am, without the knowledge of the family?"

"The trunks, you mean?" says she, looking relieved, and clasping her hands nervously.

"Trunks?" exclaimed I, as the sergeant there paused.

"Yes. Don't you see? The agent's a sly one, no doubt, and had the kegs smuggled to the Moor in trunks, like any ordinary baggage."

"Oh, ah! to be sure! Very cute that!"

And we both laughed.

"You think, then, sergeant, that all will be right?" I enquired.

"Dog sure. She understood the business at once, and though she looked nervous and excited, like all womankind, when there's anything to be done, she'll know how to act, depend on't."

At precisely five minutes of ten, accordingly, I, at the head of my little party of six men, was approaching the house at the Moor. The night was still and clear, a new moon illumining the scene, and scarcely a leaf stirring as we walked briskly up the winding avenue.

Lights shone from various windows of the mansion; for the Tremornes kept late hours, and the sound of a piano, and occasional shadows flitting across the curtains, told me that they had visitors.

I resolved, therefore, to wait awhile, until these had left; and accordingly bidding the men remain amid the shrubbery, I advanced a short distance, keeping in the shadow of a mountain laurel, and stood reconnoitering.

Hardly had I occupied my station five minutes when a tall, thin figure, dressed in black, stole out of a side door, and came rapidly and noiselessly toward me.

"Is—is it you?" asked a trembling voice, which I recognized as that of Miss Tremorne.

"Lieutenant Charney," answered I, advancing a little into the light.

She clasped her hands upon my arms, and I saw that she was trembling.

"I—I watched for you," she faltered.

"I—I am so nervous—so frightened."

"My dear Miss Tremorne," said I, sympathizingly, "don't agitate yourself. There is no cause for alarm—if you have made the necessary arrangements.

"Yes," she whispered, leaning rather heavily upon me. "All is ready; but, oh, this is so sudden, so unexpected—how can I help my fear overcoming me?"

"Yes," said I soothingly, "I know; but believe me, all shall be done as delicately as possible, so as not to wound the feeling of yourself and family."

"But it will be so public. By to-morrow all the country will know of it, and what will people say?"

"Trust me, that no one will blame you. They will say that you did right; that your affections had led you——"

Here she pressed so closely to me, and squeezed my hand so hard, that I felt a little embarrassed, and I, paused in my speech.

"I presume," I continued, after a pause, "that the company will not remain very long?"

"Not long, and therefore must we hasten before I am missed. I had to be very artful, and pretend to have a headache by way of excusing my absence from the company this evening," she added with a playful, tender smile.

"And the—the—goods—you know. Of course they are safe—removed."

"Why no. I had no one that I could trust, and somehow they seemed to suspect something—at least Clara did—she's so prying, and so—"

"Not removed!" exclaimed I, in consternation. "Good heavens! what can we do with those things still here? It will spoil all."

"I concluded you would bring some one with you to help, and the trunks are now in my own room, if you could only get them out. There is no danger of our being seen, for no one is in that part of the house, and we can enter by a private door."

There was no help for it and directing the sergeant to accompany me, in order to assist in removing the trunks, I followed Miss Cassandra to a side entrance and cautiously along a dark passage to a door, before which she paused an instant.

"It is so—so strange," she said, coyly, "to admit—one of the other sex into my own apartment."

"But circumstances," I observed, almost as bashfully, "will excuse, will justify—"

"Hush!" said she, in a low whisper. "Did you hear nothing?"

"No. Let us hasten, or it will be too late."

She softly opened the door, and I stepped into the room faintly lighted by the moon shining through three large windows. Sure enough, there was a large sized trunk setting near the door, ready strapped, labelled, and presenting a very fine appearance.

"Is this all!" I asked.

"Except a valise, which I can myself carry."

"A valise?"

"Yes; containing a few light articles."

"Oh, bottles, I presume."

She looked a little surprised, but made no answer except to say:

"Be quick with the trunk, or we may be interupted, and—"

"Hush!"

It was I who now uttered the warning. I fancied—it might have been only a fancy—that I had caught a sound—something like a suppressed giggle, at no distance from us.

But, as I would have turned to summon the sergeant to aid me in the removal of the trunk, Miss Cassandra again laid her clasped hands upon my arm, and leaned against my shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she, "I feel so, dreadfully in taking this step."

"Dear madame, pray do not vex yourself about it. All will be well I trust."

"If you could appreciate the sacrifice which I am now making!"

"Sacrifice!"

"For the sake of one I love, it is none certainly."

"Certainly not."

"You will remember," said she, tenderly, "you will remember in our future years, all that I have this night undergone for your sake."

"For my sake?"

"For yours only, whom you know I love most on earth!"

"Good gracious, Miss Tremorne—I—I." A horrible doubt, a terrible suspicion flashed upon me. I withdrew a little from her embrace, and with pale face faltered—

"May I ask what—what is contained—whether the whiskey is contained in this trunk?"

"Whiskey!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"Yes ma'am, the—spirits which—"

"Oh, I understand; your feelings have overcome you, as myself. You need some stimulant, of course; but I never carry such things in my trunk. Here take a little of this."

And she took from a closet shelf a small flask, and pouring a portion of its contents into a glass, anxiously presented it to my lips. In the emotion which almost rendered me faint, I took the glass and drained it off without ceremony.

"Do you feel better, dearest?" tenderly inquired my fair companion, passing her hand caressingly over my forehead, and bending her face alarmingly near my own. "If so, we had better hasten without further delay or we may be discovered, and our plans of happiness be defeated."

At this interesting moment, and before I had time to rise from the trunk upon which I had unconsciously sunk in my momentary weakness, a door opposite by which I had entered burst suddenly open. There stood Mrs Tremorne holding a lamp in her hand, and relieved against a background of half a dozen other faces, among which I only saw the laughing one of Miss Montague, and that of Mr. Tremorne, black and threatening as a thunder cloud.

"Villain!" cried the latter, stepping forward and seizing me by the throat. "Villain! what do you here in my sisters, chamber?"

Cassandra threw herself forward to my rescue.

"Let him go!" she shrieked. "It was I who brought him here!"

"You! and you dare tell me this?"

"Only to—to take away the trunk. We are going away. He is my promised husband!" she screamed desperately.

"Your husband—that boy. Your grandson, you mean!"

"Brute!"

"Fool! and at your time of life when you ought to know better. But that I am sure you must have led the boy into this I would choke him where he stands, and ——"

He was cut short by a sudden and strong grasp upon his own throat.

"You would oppose his majesty's officers in the performance of their duty, would you?" cried Floyd. "Here men! seize him! arrest him! He has assailed his majesty's revenue officers while obeying orders!"

The men in obedience to the first word shouted from the window, now rushed for the house. Some of the assembled party fled, others stood still and shrieked, while others again, attracted by the noise, rushed upon the scene.

"What does all this mean?" gasped Mr. Tremorne, when the sergeant's relaxed grasp enabled him to speak.

"It means that we have come here to make a seizure—not of you sister, but of two casks of contraband spirits smuggled into the house last night."

Mr. Tremorne turned pale.

"How do you know?" he faltered.

"Good authority, here is the warrant," and he read it aloud.

"You did not, then, Lieutenant Charney," said Mrs. Tremorne, addressing me, "you did not intend an elopement with Cassandra?"

"My dear madame, I assure you, I never had such an idea. I merely wishing to save your feelings requested Miss Tremorne to have the spirits removed, or rather hinted to her that I would call to-night on a special errand—and she it seems most unfortunately misunderstood my meaning."

"I see!" said Mrs. Tremorne scornfully; and "and served her right."

Here Miss Cassandra fell down in a violent fit of screaming and kicking.

"The wretch!" she shrieked. "He has ruined my good name! He will have to—to—marry me—or expose the family to disgrace! I will sue him for—for breach of—"

"Take her away," cried the master of the house to the servants; and my fair inamorata was borne kicking and sobbing from the stage.

What need to explain further? My readers can easily imagine all that followed—except my inexpressible shame and mortification, not unmingled with a spice of resentment on witnessing the mischievous delight of Miss Montague, who scarcely even attempted to restrain it on the stern remonstrance of her uncle. The last words I heard as I left the house were:

"Oh dear, was there ever anything so rich? Positively as good as a play to see him sitting there on a trunk as pale as a lily and trembling, with her arms around his neck."

This night's adventure cured me of my love—as I presume it did Miss Cassandra, whom I never saw again. She went to reside with a sister in England during the remainder of my stay at Donegal.

DOES SIN PAY?—A little boy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sunday school.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'm."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. O, would it not buy lots? While he was thinking, another boy roared out, "No, ma'am," behind him.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy.

It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not; a hard, heavy load it is.

"WHA'S DE POLE."—Many laughable incidents are told of the new colored voters in Maryland, who lately exercised the franchise for the first time One of them Clem. Hill by name, a hard-working, money-saving fellow, was seen in Bladensburg on election day wandering about with a look of evident discomfiture on his face. When asked what was the matter, he replied, "I'se looking for de pole. I'se gwine to give my frencheyse for Mr. Gary." He was directed to join the long line of voters who were waiting for their turn, and finally when his time came he denounced the whole proceeding as Democratic humbug." "Dey is no pole here," said he, "it's nufin at all but a window; you can't fool dis citizen with windos. Wha's de pole?" After due instruction he was persuaded to use the window, and doubtless deposited through it the vote which gave Gary his one majority in Prince George county.

The proprietor of a $10,000 house in San Francisco saturated a rat with kerosene oil and set fire to it. The rat run under the house, and now the man has no $10,000 residence.

The rural population of New York has not increased since 1860, and has increased but little since 1830. The gain is principally confined to the large cities and villages.

A prisoner broke out of Hertford jail England, recently, and swam across the river with his handcuffs on.

[From the Memphis Avalanch.

Hunted Down.

Thrilling Adventure of a Detective in Search of a Murderer.

About fourteen months ago a cold blooded murder was committed in Coahoma county, by Mr. George Stacy. The Avalanche of that date gave a report which our readers will doubtless remember. Mr. Stacy killed a Mr. Riley in his own field while he was at his work. Both were planters, and we think neighbors. They resided east of Friars Point about ten miles. Stacy was arrested, indicted for murder, gave bond for his appearance for trial, ran away and left the bondsman surety—Judge Harrison Reid—to pay the bond. The Circuit Judge pronounced judgment against Reid for six thousand dollars about six months ago.—The court gave Reid to the first of December, 1870, to bring up the prisoner or pay the bond. But the prisoner was not to be found. Judge Reid applied to all the police officers and sheriffs in Mississippi and Arkansas. He applied to the detectives in Memphis, but all to no purpose. This was not calculated to make Judge Reid comfortable, for the first of December was rapidly approaching and there was no escape but to pay the bond. About ten days ago, however, Reid, at the instance of a friend, laid his troubles before Mr. Cranmer of this city, who, having got all the points, promised to do the best he could. Reid retuned home to Friar's Points in better spirits but the first of December haunted him. Six thousand dollars security money to be paid just now is enough to make anybody blue, and miserable and wretched. The Judge was not happy.

Cranmer, whose spirit of adventure has carried him to California, over the plains, and back to the States, went vigorously to work. The first point for Cranmer was the fact that Stacy has a brother in Jackson, Missisippi. Cranmer visited Jackson, became intimate with Mr. Stacy, spent his money freely, and wormed out of him enough to satisfy Cranmer that George Stacy, the murderer, was residing near Huntington, Carroll county, Tennessee. Cranmer returned to Memphis, wrote to Judge Reid that he desired him to come up as he was confident that Stacy was alive. A few days ago Cranmer and Judge Reid started for McKenzie, a town at the junction of the Memphis and Louisville and Northwestern railroads about one hundred and fifty miles from Memphis. Here Judge Reid was requested by Cramer to remain until he returned, and without informing Reid of his purposes, Cranmer departed for Huntington, county seat of Carroll county, on the train going to Nashville. Cranmer arrived there the night of the 17th, and early next morning he hired a horse. In a very curious way, Cranmer learned that a Mr. Clark, Justice of the Peace in Huntington, knew Stacy and where he could be found, but that Clark would not give any information unless forced to do so. Cranmer, found Clark, who is a gray haired gentleman, of good bearing, busy in his front yard nailing on the broken paling off a fence.—"Squire Clark, I suppose," said Cranmer, "Yes sir." "Squire Clark, you know where George Stacy can be found and I came to get the information." "Who are you?" bristled up the old gentleman. "I am an officer of the United States," pulling out a badge which happened to be a shawl pin but the words "officer of the United States," spoken with a full voice and rather imposing military air—had its effect. "I tell you sir," said Clark; "this is a desperate commmunity, and your life is in danger. You had better leave."—"Yes, but Squire you need not be alarmed, I've been among that sort of people before. You must tell me where I can find George Stacy." "I can't do it," says Clark. "Then, sir, I arrest you and will keep you till you rot or tell me where George Stacy, can be found." This forcible speech of Cranmer had the desired effect. A broad shouldered full breasted man, five feet nine inches high, about 45 years old, weight one hundred and eighty, dark hazel full eyes, thick short neck, broad face, of weather-beaten color—and an officer of the U. S. with a plug hat and a double-breasted overcoat—made an impression on Esquire Clark. The community, to be sure, was desperate, and if the "boys" learned of Cranmer's presence, his life would not be worth a broken jug—but Clark was not going to rot in prison. "Well, Mr. Officer I suppose I have to tell, but if it is found out that I have told you, my life will be in danger."

"Never mind that—get your horse and come along, sir, in a hurry." They rode four miles south of Huntington and about 9 a. m. came in sight of a mill. "There," said Esquire Clark, "on the hill, just beyond the mill, is the house where Stacy lives—in the mill he is perhaps now. I can go no further."

"Very well, said Cranmer. "I am obliged to you." Cranmer dismounted, tied his horse about a quarter of a mile from the mill and started. He crossed the mill branch on a foot log, above the mill, and ran at a rapid gait, but just as he was ascending the hill in its rear and a few yards off, Stacy was in the act of jumping out of a hole, cut for the purpose. Cranmer drew his revolver and told him to stop. The muzzle of the navy repeater persuaded Stacy not to jump. Cranmer entered, placed handcuffs on him, and went to the house, a few yards off, to get ready for the trip. While at the house, Stacy's brother, brother-in-law and cousin came up from the mill, walking in an ordinary gait, but two of them had rifles on their shoulders—a sight that Cranmer did not like; it was calculated to make him feel lonely among strangers whose character was not altogether good for peaceful pursuits. But a wood-chopper came into the house to relieve Cranmer's anxiety, and as he went out the back door of course Cranmer felt doubly comfortable.

"Who are those men?" asked Cranmer.

"One is my brother, another my wife's brother and cousin."

"Ah! Are they in the habit of carrying those rifles?"

"No, they are hunting." "Ah!"

Presently they came up to the house. Cranmer reminded Stacy that it was time to go; Stacy was ready, but Cranmer was not. He turned to the gentlemen with the rifles and with the same emphatic manner with which he had overawed Squire Clark, said: "Mr. Stacy and myself are ready to leave, but we are not going to move a step until you leave. And the first man who makes a motion to take his rifle off his shoulder I will shoot through the heart." And with this he drew his navy. "And," continued Cranmer, "I want you all to march to that yonder hill (about three hundred yards off) and if you don't move d—n quick I'll commence firing." They moved—and when they got to the place designated Cranmer and Stacy mounted a horse of Clark's; Stacy first, Cranmer behind, bound for the railroad. The train for Nashville came first, and as Cranmer preferred a railroad car, going anywhere and in any direction, to the vicinity of Huntington, having in charge a desperate man, the leader of a gang of outlaws. Before getting in Cranmer locked his wrist to a hand-cuff on Stacy's, guarding against escape. They returned toward McKenzie early the next morning—met Judge Reid the most surprised and happiest of men.—The six thousand dollars were not to be paid—enough to relieve Reid or any other man.

George Stacy is now in the jail at Friar's Point; will be tried, found guilty of murder, doubtless, and hung, unless he escapes or is rescued. Altogether the arrest of Stacy is one of the most remarkable and daring feats that has ever been performed by any "United States officer," or any other sort. Judge Reid has been saved from pecuniary ruin, and justice has not yet been defeated.

Earl Fitzwilliam and the Honest Farmer.

A farmer called on the Earl Fitzwilliam to represent to him that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you." The farmer replied, that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty pounds back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man."—He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for one hundred pounds, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present this to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer on one hand, or on the other, the benevolence and the wisdom displayed by the illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integ- to another generation.

In Virginia, where the Democrats have elected five of the eight members of Congress, there was a registered negro vote of 125,000. In the city of Richmond there are 5,500 negroes who vote the Radical ticket, and only 200 whites. "Yet," says a correspondent, "such is the thorough mastery of the whites that they will not allow a negro's name to go on their ticket for the lowest municipal office." Many of the negroes in Richmond rebelled against this, and the consequence was the white man's ticket was chosen.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

John T. Alexander, the great I[illegible] nois farmer, is selling out his p[illegible] 27,000 acres in lots to suit pur[illegible]

The Reorganization of Parties.

The Chicago Tribune, heretofore an intensely Radical Republican paper, in an article on the re-organization of the two parties of the country says:

"The time has now come when the two real parties of the country, the free traders and protectionists, must cast their votes where they will tell most effectively for their principles, both in Congress and out of it. It is impossible that we shall continue voting on dead issues, and dodging the living and vital ones. As our New York dispatches intimate, the revenue reform party will enter the next Congress prepared to claim the speaker, the organization of the House and appointment of committees, so that the business before Congress may be presented in a manner to carry out the views of the people, as indicated in the recent elections. If the protectionists of the country desire to carry this issue to a general election, or to form a national party on their own basis, we shall, at all times, stand ready to meet them. If not, it is pretty clear that so long as the Democratic party elect none but free traders, while the protectionists rely on the *prestige* of the Republican organization and skirk the issue, the complexion of Congress will rapidly change into one for revenue reform, and, possibly, Democratic. On the whole, in the recent elections, the Democracy have made gains. But their gains have been very slight compared with the heavy gain over the tariff party in the *prestige* of success, in organization, and confidence and power. All these will make themselves felt at the onset in the meeting of the next Congress."

This means nothing less than that the Tribune, and those whom it represents, are willing to unite with the Democrats on a Democratic platform. The only way Republican Revenue Reformers can ever expect to effect anything towards impressing their sentiments, in that respect upon the legislation of the country is to hereafter act and vote with the Democratic party.—It is all folly to talk about breaking up the Democratic party, merely for the purpose of forming a new party under a new name, when the principles of a new party, to be effective, must be identical with those of the present Democratic organization. The Missouri Republican, on this point, well says:

"Because the Radical party is breaking up is no reason why the Democratic party should imitate its example; on the coutrary, the death of its antagonist will make it stronger and more coherent than ever. A party that has managed to survive the armed domination of its antagonist for ten years—whose platforms have been called "treason," and whose most eminent leaders have been called "traitors," which has been disabled, crippled and outlawed, and yet emerges from all these experiences to witness the downfall of its competitor—cannot, in the nature of things die."

Donn Piatt writes about Chicago:

"There is an unlimited supply of dash. It is said that millions on millions of property pass through hands daily that are without a dollar in real capital, and the straits to which these operators are put to sometimes for a little ready cash is ludicrous. A millionaire drove up before an establishment of a friend of mine and said to him: 'Ben., I gave a thousand dollars for this horse ten days since; you can have horse, harness and buggy for five hundred dollars cash. Come, hurry up. My friend handed out a check and took the turnout. 'You're the third man I tried this morning,' cried the speculator, hastening away. I heard a funny story of a new husband stealing all his wife's bridal gifts to make a raise on to purchase some real estate. There was a row; the police called in, but before the case could be worked up, the speculation proved a success, and the diamonds, soup ladles, fish knives, etc., were returned to the unhappy bride. The husband grins over his good joke."

Chicago is a bad place, any way you take it. Last week, the people, for a Representative in Congress, had to choose between Farwell (regular "Republican,") and Long John Wentworth, (bolting "Republican.") The first is a professed gambler; the other, a man destitute of shame or decency. It was a choice between the skunk and the rattlesnake, and the skunk was preferred. Farwell's majority is 4,000. Of course the Modern Sodom is "Republican," so much, indeed, that the Democrats can scarcely afford the show of an organization. This is sad, but it so accords with the fitness of things that it is of no use to complain.—*Marietta Times.*

A MARBLE MOUNTAIN IN MISSOURI.—Missouri has startled the world by accounts that the two wonderful iron mountains called Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain, and again by the discovery of mountains of tin, and of plate glass sand. Now comes Mr. Johnson Ranney, Esq., of Cape Girardeau county, with accounts of a mountain of black marble, situated upon his farm, half a mile from the Mississippi river. This mountain is ninety feet high, and three quarters of a mile long, and yields a marble of the most exquisite beauty of grain and susceptibility of finish. Mr. Ranney is a near relative of General Nathan Ranney, of this city, well known to everybody. A specimen of the beautiful marble taken from this quarry can be seen on 'Change.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

One article in very general use, from among ten thousand, will serve to illustrate the graceless manner in which the people are plundered for the support of New England. We allude to alpaca, which pays a duty of eight cents per square yard, and forty per cent. *ad valorem*, which is equivalent, according to the official average, to sixty-eight per cent. *ad valorem*. Or, if duties were collected on the articles in kind instead of money, it would stand thus: On every one hundred yards of alpaca imported, the United States confiscat[illegible] sixty-eight yards, and leav[illegible] sumer 32 yard[illegible] A. G. QUYNN.

—ILLERS, for sale by
Georg[illegible] A. G. QUYNN.
York, [illegible] KNIVES.—Wilson's Cele-
about butcher Knives and Steels, for
was A. G. QUYNN.
[illegible]ING IRONS of all sizes, [illegible]
[illegible] inch; for sale by
[illegible]E U A. G. QUYNN.

PORK FOR SALE.
[illegible] have ELEVEN HOGS, in fine condi-
[illegible]n, weighing from 200 to 300 pounds each,
[illegible] which I offer for sale at lowest market rates.
dec2 4t JOHN ROELKEY.