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The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1870. NO. 40.

Professional Cards.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july3 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

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 Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

MARYLAND INSTITUTE
FOR THE
Deaf and Dumb,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
The Scholastic Exercises of this Institution 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, Principal.
sep9 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

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

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown:
Since life is oft perplexing,
It is the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus spoil your to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay;
It is a good old maxim
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined;
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

Though you are strong and sturdy,
Not full may be your purse;
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse—
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile when'er you can.

SNOW FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments,
Over the woodland brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow,
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Sudden shape in some divine expression.
Even as the trouble heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The trubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silen syllabes recorded;
This is the secret of dispair;
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded;
Now whisperes and revealed
To wood and field.

Longfellow.—

Miscellaneous.

ONLY KATE.

Mr. Fairfield sat in the drawing-room of Harverstone's neat little villa, at Notting Hill, patiently awaiting the young lady he had called to see.

He had met Miss Harverstone, with her uncle and aunt, at Southend, and as she was a very stylish, and, at the same time an agreeable young lady, he had become intimate with her. This was the first call he had ventured to make since his return to London, and he was wondering how she would recieve him. He did not send his card to her, because he wished to surprise her—pleasantly, as he hoped.

"Be sure and keep out of the *way*," he heard a sharp voice say. "I should be ashamed out of my wits if any one saw *you* moping about."

There was no response to that injunction, and, a moment later, Miss Havstone entered. She was a tall, handsome young girl, who seemed born to command; and yet there was a soft, bewildering light in her brown-black eyes.

"Miss Haverstone!" he said, rising up.

"Mr. Fairfield!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible that it is you? I am so happy to meet you once again!"

Their greeting over, they settled down into a quiet little chat; and Mr. Fairfield was very much surprised to find how swiftly time had fled when he arose to go. She invited him to call again, and he accepted her invitation, and called frequently.

He was her escort with her aunt to the opera, theatre, balls; in fact, to every place of amusement. In that way several months passed, and he was meditating asking Miss Haverstone to accompany him through life.

One evening he called rather earlier than usual, and went into the music-room. Somebody was playing a quaint little song, and singing in a soft, sweet voice. He had no doubt as to who the somebody must be, so silently stepping over to her side.

"Amelia," he said gently.

The figure on the stool turned round suddenly.

"Pardon me, I am only Kate!" she ejaculated.

"Pardon me," he returned. "I have made a mistake. I was quite sure that it was Miss Haverstone, as I was not aware that she had any lady visitors."

"I am not a visitor," she responded. "I am Amelia's lame sister."

"Oh! a thousand pardons."

He could say no more. He was wondering why Amelia Haverstone had never spoken about this invalid sister. It could not be that she was indifferent to her. Amelia's heart was too tender for that.

"Amelia will be here in a few moments, sir," she added, as she took her two little crutches and leaned heavily on them.

Before he could speak, she had left the room, and was alone.

Miss Haverstone entered. She apologized for keeping him waiting so long, and seemed all sweetness.

"I was not aware that you had a sister before, Miss Haverstone," he observed.

"No? Did I never mention her to you?" she said. "I thought I had. And yet I feel so sad when I think of her affliction, that I hate to allude to her at all."

There was a wonderful pathos in her voice, which touched him. He had not misjudged Amelia; it was only the extreme sorrow which she felt that had kept her lips from speaking of Kate. He often went to the house after that; but he never caught a glimpse of a little lame figure, whose mornuful song had rung in his ear ever since.

"I would like to see your sister," he ventured to observe, one evening.—"Why does she keep herself so secluded."

Because she is so sensitive," was the response. "I have tried to induce her to come in here, but in vain."

He had to be satisfied with that reply, though he felt a great curiosity to see her. He imagined, by the outlines of her face, which had been partly defined in the twilight, that she was pretty, of coarse, but not so pretty as Amelia,

The next morning he called again. He had some concert tickets, and he would just step in a moment on his way to the city.

"Yeu need not announce me," he said, to the servant. "I hear voices in the breakfast-room, and I will go there and surprise them."

The maid-servant gave a mysterious smile, and muttered, "Much good the surprise will do you, if Miss Amelia is ranting as usual!"

He did not notice her ominous words, but kept on "the even tenor of his way."

He put his hand on the doorknob, and then he hesitated. He did not wish to enact the part of a listener, but he had caught the mention of his own name, and he had a little pardonable curiosity.

"Do you love Mr. Fairfield?" he heard a soft voice ask.

"I'm glad the witch has asked that question for me," he muttered to himself, as he waited impatiently for Amelia's reply.

"Love!" she sneered. "Who has anything to do with that old-fangled notion now? Mr. Fairfield is rich and a man of the world. What more do I require?"

"But he may require something else," Kate responded warmly "He seemed so good that I do not know how you can help but love him. I would worship him, sister."

"Indeed! Perhaps you have fallen in love with him yourself? If you have, I wish you could hear a few of the remarks he made about the ridiculous way you limped about the room that night! I declare it served you right, tho' if you will persist in going where you are forbidden."

"Hush, Amelia," said another voice—that of her aunt. How can you hurt Kate's feelings in such a cruel, uncalled for manner? See, she is crying! Poor child! she has trouble enough, without you adding a grain more; and to think how that trouble came upon her! Once for all, Amelia, I tell you you must give up going to that ball. If you take the money for another dress, we cannot afford to take Kate over to Paris."

"She can wait," was the pettish response. "Mr. Fairfield will surely soon propose, and then I shall be off your hands."

"Ameila, I am shocked!" was her aunt's reply.

But Fairfield waited to hear no more. He had, in fact, already heard too much for Miss Haverstone's future anticipations.

"Saved!" he muttered. "This visit was a special plan of Providence. Say nothing of my call," he continued, addressing the servant, whose ill-concealed glee betrayed she knew what was going on in there, and slipped a half crown into her hand.

"You're a gentleman," she ejaculated; "and I'm glad ye have found that creature out. She knocked Miss Kate—the sweet, pretty angel!—down stairs when she was mad with rage, and hurt her back. Her aunt wants to take her to Paris, to the doctor's but that vixen won't let them until she's married."

"Which will never be," he muttered to himself, "if everybody thinks as I do now."

He went home; he sat down; he meditated; he made up his mind at last; he was a bachelor, he was well off; he had no relatives; he was independent, and he would do as he pleased.

He went over to the Haverstone's villa before his usual visiting hour.

"Tell Miss Kate that I wish to see her," he said to the servant.

The good-hearted woman laughed outright; she clapped her hands as she carried the message. Miss Kate was dear to her heart.

"To see her!" Amelia ejaculated.—"Who can it be? Be sure Kate, and get out of the parlor before Fairfield comes."

With that injunction ringing in her ears, Kate went into the parlor. Mr. Fairfield arose to meet her.

"Mr. Fairfield!" she stammered, blushing. He looked at her. Miss Amelia's beauty dwindled by the comparison he made. This little creature, with her abundance of soft, golden hair, and blue eyes and wistful face, was far more beautiful than Amelia Haverstone had ever been.

"Yes, Miss Kate."

"Did you ask for me?"

"I did. Sit down here beside me. I have something to say to you."

She obeyed him silently. She was trembling with mortification. This man had ridiculed her on account of her misfortune, she believed, and now she was doomed to sit beside him."

"I know why you shrink from me," he said softly. "Very unintentially, I overheard a little of your family conversation this morning, and was happy to have your sister's true character revealed to me."

"Mr. Fairfield," she ejaculated, "impossible!"

"But not impossible—a blessed reality. I find that the shock does not hurt me. I never loved your sister; I was only bewildered by her for a time. But I find that I do love somebody else. Can you guess who it is?"

She looked up frankly into his face. How should she know? She had never been out in society with Mr. Fairfield, and knew nothing of his preferences.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you please."

"Yourself."

She caught her hand quickly from him, and tears sprang into her eyes.

"This is a cruel jest," she cried. "If my affliction has made me appear ridiculous in your eyes, you need not mock me."

"You misunderstand me," he said gently; "I mean what I say. I love you too dearly to mock you. I want to marry you, and take you to Paris with me, and get you cured."

She hid her face and wept; not tears of sorrow, but rather those of joy. The great, good gift of life, which she had coveted, had come to her at last.

"Do your tears mean yes?" he asked; and though he obtained no response, he was satisfied.

He left her. She went to her own room, and he went home. But Mr. Haverstone, when he returned home to dine, was all radiant with smiles.

"Mr. Fairfield came to see me today," he said; and Amelia gave a little pleased start.

"Did he propose, uncle?" she asked.

"Yes, but so differently to what I expected. He asked for Kate's hand, not yours."

"Kate's! Impossible! You've made a mistake!" she ejaculated.

"None whatever. He wants to marry her immediately, and take her to France."

"And you knew it!" Amelia exclaimed, turning to her sister. "That was who your visitor was last night, you sly minx! You've been fawning and cringing to him, you've——"

"Amelia, hush!" said her uncle, sternly. "Last night was only the second time he ever saw poor Kate. He told me the whole circumstance himself. He called here to see you yesterday morning, and overheard you venting your rage on your aunt and sister. He was disgusted with you, and equally charmed by Kate in proportion to the contrast between you. Please take warning!"

She sprang from the table, ran to her room, where she had a violent attack of hysterics. The prize she had tried to win was lost.

Four weeks later, Kate was married, and started to France.

A year later, she came home perfectly restored to health and strength. Amelia was still single, but she vouchsafed no word ot welcome to Mrs. Fairfield.

Alligators.

The female alligator will not allow the male to approach her nest. He has a gluttnaous habit of eating all the eggs, thus necessitating her laying more, which she does not like to do.—So, whenever she catches him in that neighborhood, she thrashes him on general principles—he either has done mischief or intends it: at any rate, he is meddling in domestic matters and deserves snubbing. I am told that it is really amusing to see the big bully stick his tail between his legs and sneak off, the very image of a henpecked husband, after one of these conjugal scoldings. He is not by any means a model husband; and although he takes his thrashing kindly, he revenges himself by watching until the eggs are really hatched, and then eats up as many of the causes of the family dispute as he can catch. Young alligators don't like to know their own fathers.

I heard of but few instances where these creatures have attacked grown men: they are fond of children, and show their attachment to the offspring of other people as they do to their own. In one instance, where a man on horseback was crossing a ford he was seized by the leg, but when his dog plunged in, the alligator left his leg to take the more delicate morsel. In another instance, an alligator struck at a mule pulling a cart, and bit out two spokes from one of the wheels, leaving a tooth sticking in one as a memento of the visit. He hurried off with great speed, on the lookout, I suppose, for a dentist.

'Gaitors like dogs, pigs, and young darkies. The dog is a special favorite. The whine of an alligator is easily mistaken for that of a puppy, and may mislead a young and inexperienced dog.—A wise Florida dog will not go boldly down to the water to drink; he learns by experience after having been eaten once or twice. If the shore is open, he will draw all the alligators to one place by barking, and then scamper off to some other place where the coast is clear; or he will creap down to a moist spot, tail down, body crouched, eyes skinned and ears up, pushing his paws before him slowly to feel the water, lapping it without noise, and then sneaking away again.

The alligator has his uses: near every house you find more or less swamps and in every swamp more or less alligator. I heard one lady complain very much because some travellers had killed her alligator. He lived near, and killed snakes, frogs, your bir-cats and other varmints: thus he earned his board, and was consequently protected; besids this, he was useful in preventing young children from staying too far from home.

This worthy creature is very much maligned however; every theft of cattle is laid on his slimy back, and that even when the animal is found in the woods and the entrails carefully taken out and left behind. His eyes are on the top of his head, and it is curious to see the creature swimming along with only his eyes floatng above the surface He comes ashore to sleep, becomes so dead to all sounds that a steamboat may come alongside: then his astonishment when a bullet awakes him up, and the hurried way in which he scuffles into the water are sometimes very ludicrous.

WOMAN'S INFATUATION.

On the night of Thursday last, a disturbance occured on Back Creek in Roanoke county Va., which resulted somewhat seriously to some of the citizens, of that locality. The particulars as given by a cotemporary, seem to be these:

A Mr. Reynolds, living on Back Creek, has had in his employ for some time a negro man, who, it seems, became desperately in love with his daughter, which being mutual, he seduced her, and on the same day eloped with her to parts unknown. At night a brother of the young girl, with a party of some fifteen or twenty of his neighbors, thinking that the negro with his sister, could be found at the house of the negro's father, went there in search of her, When within a few yards of the house they were ordered to to halt some two or three times, but continued advancing, when they were fired upon by a party of negros, wounding seven of their party. The whites then fired and wounded two of the negroes The negroes then ran. Young Reythen went in the house in search of his sester. Neither the negro man nor Miss Reynolds could be found, having learned that they were pursued, they had left.

The following day a large number of young men congregated in the neighborhood of the disturbance, swearing vengeance against the negroes, who also had gathered to a considerable number, but through the instrumentality of some of the "wiser ones," no further disturbance occurred.

Miss Reynolds, we are told, is about eighteen years of age and handsome. The negro is much older, ginger color and homely. We also learn that she was engaged to a respectable white man, and was to have been married in a short time. What induced her to take this course no one can tell, unless to carry out fully the doctrines of the party to which her father belongs—the Radical, negro equality party—"that a negro is as good as a white man."

Novel Cure for Consumption.

Alexander Dumas published some time ago in a daily Paris paper, a novel in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the slow and gradual symptoms were most naturally and touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis de Dalomien called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in the——?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course, dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's."

"Yes, she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too."

"Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter.—His heroine recovered and was happy.

About five years afterwards, Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas?" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman; who looks like Joanne d'Arc!"

"Yes. She is married, and has four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "so we are quits."

WITTY.—We meet with this unanswerable retort in a sketch of a short trip through a portion of Ireland. The writer is conversing with his car driver:

You are a Catholic, Jimmy?

Yes your honor.

And you pray to the Virgin Mary?

I do, yer honor.

Well there's no doubt she was a good woman. The Bible says so. But she may have been no better than your mother or mine.

That's true, yer honor. But you'll allow there's a mighty difference in there children.

A clergyman meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said: "This is quite a stormy day, my son." "Yes, sir," said the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of other than wet rain. "I never knew personslly of any other," said the boy, "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a wet rain."

To drive away rats, powder the rat holes thickly with ground cayenne (red) pepper, such as is ordinarily used for the table. That is simple and said to be effective.

The Royal Family of America.

I. Ulysses Simpson Grant, President of the United States.

II. Jesse Root Grant, President's father, Postmaster at Covington, Ky.

III. Frederick Dent Grant, President's son, cadet at West Point.

IV. Orvil L. Grant, President's brother, partner with the Collector of the Port of Chicago.

V. Frederick T. Dent, President's father-in-law, Claimant of Lands at Carondelet, Mo —euchred by Wilson, Commissioner of Land Office.

VI. Rev. M. J. Cramer, President's brother-in-law, Minister to Denmark.

VII. Abel Rathbone Corbin, President's brother-in-law, negotiator of gold and real estate speculations with James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould.

VIII. Brevet Brigadier-General F. T. Dent, President's brother-in-law, chief usher at the Executive Mansion.

IX. Judge Louis Dent, President's brother-in-law, Counsel for Claimants before the President. Fees estimated at $40,000 a year.

X. George W. Dent, President's brother-in-law, Appraiser of Customs, San Francisco.

XI. John Dent, President's brother-in-law, only Indian trader for New Mexico, under Bureau; place worth $100,000 a year.

XII. Alexander Sharpe, President's brother-in-law, Marshal of the District of Columbia.

XIII. James F. Casey, President's brother-in-law, Collector of the Port of New Orleans; place worth $30,000 a year.

XIV. James Longstreet, late rebel General, President's brother-in-law's cousin, Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans.

XV. Silas Hudson, President's own cousin, Minister to Guatemala.

XVI. George K. Leet, President's brother-in-law's cousin, Public Stores, New York; place worth $100,000 a year.

XVII. Orlando H. Ross, President's own cousin, Clerk in the Third Auditor's office, Washington.

XVIII. Dr Addison Dent, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, Clerk in the Register's office, Treasury Department, Washington.

XIX. J. F. Simpson, President's own cousin, Second Lieutenant Twenty-fifth Infantry.

XX. John Simpson, President's own cousin Second Lieutenant Fourth Artillery.

XXI. George B. Johnson, President's mother's second cousin, Assessor of Internal Revenue, Third District, Ohio.

XXII. B. L. Wymans, President's cousin's husband, Postmaster of Newport, Ky.

XXII. Miss E. A. Magruder, President's brother-in-law's second cousin, clerk in Gen. Spinner's office, Treasury Department.

Sad Suicide of a School Girl.

A tale of sorrow and sin fills the San Francisco papers in the adventures of a school girl in that city, and the circumstances of her suicide in the chamber of her hotel. It appears that Annie Mooney, a young and pretty girl of thirteen years old, was the daughter of a respectable citizen of Oakland; that she left home one morning for school, performed her tasks, and it was supposed, departed for home. But night came, and no Annie appeared. Her parents sought her everywhere, but in vain, until at last a railroad conductor gave information that the girl was at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, and that he had seen her there. A police officer was dispatched to the hotel, and breaking into the room which had been assigned her, found her alone and in a fainting condition upon the bed. She was conveyed home apparently lifeless, and soon died. From interrogatories made of the clerk of the hotel, it was discovered that she entered the house in a hurried manner, and behaved very singularly, had sent for the conductor, whose name is Wood, had an interview with him, and then, it is believed, had taken poison. It is suspected that Wood had seduced her, and that, overcome with remorse at his refusal to marry her, she determined to end her life. Her appearance in her coffin is described as calm and placid. An inquest has been held, and the arrest of Wood effected.

OLD CÆSAR AND THE ANGEL.—There used to be a pious old negro in Boston named Cæsar, and he was in the habit of praying so loudly as to be heard by many of the neighbors. On retiring for the night his petion invariably was: "Lord send dy angel for ole Cæsar—ole Cæasar always ready." One evening two of his neighbors, good men, but sometimes bored by his prayer, thought they would try him. They took position at his door—and when the usual petition was made that "the Lord would send his angel," ole Cæsar being always ready they knocked loudly at the door.

"Who dar?" said the old darkey.

"The angel of the Lord, come for old Cæaser," was the reply.

Out went the light, a scrambling into bed was heard, and then in a trembling voice, the old man said: "*No ole Cæsar here, he been dead dis ten years!*"

PRESERVING HARNESS.—In answer to an inquiry for a receipe to make a good article for keeping leather soft and pliable, and render it servicable longer than it would otherwise be, the following is given from a scientific, English Journal. It has been thoroughly tested and it is said that it will keep leather (of boots and shoes as well as harness) in excellant condition:—Two ounces best white wax, one-half ounce Prussian blue, one and a half ounces ivory black one-fourth pint spirits turpentine, one table-spoonful spirits of wine. Melt the wax over a slow fire in an earthen vessel, then add the blue and black, taking care to put in the black gradually at first, or it will boil over; when cool add the spirits. Stir it well from first to last. After applying it to the leather, polish with a soft cloth or brush.

A Maiden's Psalm of Life.

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream," for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; "man thou art to man returnest," has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or day, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts though light and gay still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle, in bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle—be a heroine, a wife.

Trust no future however pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead—act, act to the living present, heart within and hope ahead.

Lives of married folks reminds us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another, wasting on in idle sport, a forlorn unmarried brother seeing shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

The King of the Counterfeits Arrested.

The capture of John P. McCartney *alias* Joe Woods, the most notoriously successful of Western counterfeiters, has been noticed in the Star. McCartney has been a fugative from justice for several years, and the government has expended over $30,000 in trying to capture him. He has been associated with various noted "covey" men, and has produced the best counterfeits of scrip and bank notes ever issued in this country. Last May he bought 4,000 sheets of bank-note paper in St. Louis, and went with his family to Minneapolis, where he spent the summer in manufacturing counterfeits, with which, but for his arrest, he would have flooded the country.

On the 5th of November he rented a house at Portland, Ky., and, suspicion being aroused, the Louisville police made a descent and captured some of his tools, with his wife and a man known as "Alexander Bill." Soon after, McCartney and an accomplice named Johnson were arrested in Cincinnatti, but the former escaped in some mysterious manner. At last the detectives learned that he was in Venice, Ill., about five miles up the river from St. Louis, and there arrested him. He offered them a full set of plates from $50 down to 50 cents, worth $50,000, and $60,000 in "queer" money, and afterwards $85,000 in good note, for his release, but was refused. McCartney is about 45 years of age, tall, gentlemanly, and intelligent. He is a fine engraver and printer, doing all his work himself. As a proof of his smartness, he has made tours through Missouri, lecturing on the best way to detect counterfeit money, and then passing a great quantity of his "covey" in the towns where he lectured.

ON BREEDING FROM SOUND AND HEALTHY ANIMALS.—Recently I have noticed several articles in the Farmer relating to raising of sound and unsound horses. If there is one thing more than any other that farmers should be better informed about, it is this very subject. Soundness, it appears to me, should be the quality first and most thought of when we attempt to raise a horse, but it is not the last thing thought of by nine-tenths of those who raise colts and horses in this State? Look over the State and see what a mass of unsound horses you will find. I have recently conversed with a good number of blacksmiths who shoe many horses and I believe that not more than one horse in ten that they shoe is completly sound. Now what is the cause of all the unsoundness? It is mostly constitutional, transmitted like any other quality. It is well known to every careful observer that ringbone in all various forms, most all diseases of the feet including founder, bone-spain, heaves, thick wind and many other diseases that might be named, are hereditary. Many persons do not consider that a bad quality is as sure to be transmitted as a good one. It is also true that a stallion will transmit the qualities of his dam quite as often as he will the qualities of his sire. A stallion may look to be sound and smooth, but if he was from a mare possessing any of the diseases above mentioned it will surely break out in his offspring. What a risk, then, is it to breed from horses about whose pedigree nothing whatever is known! How many when about to raise a colt, ever inform themselves about the pedigree of the parents of their future horses, whether it be sound or unsound, provided the service of some runabout stallion can be had for a few dollars or a colt can be raised from a mare that is worthless for business.

Is that the way we do when we plant and sow our fields? Do we use seed of such inferior quality and so full of weeds that it is nearly worthless for anything else, or is it better economy to use the best and soundest?—*Maine Farmer.*

THE FLORIDA SUGAR CROP.—The reports from the sugar-cane districts of Florida continue to be very favorable. The Live Oak Herald calculates that sugar can be produced this year at ten cents per pound, and syrup at seventy-five cents per gallon, and that the profit will be much greater than could be realized from short and long cotton at seventeen and thirty-three cents per pound.

The deadest thing in all this country is the Radical party.

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 (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.

News Items.

The census gives Utah a population of 86,864.

To prevent mice from girdling trees, allow no grass to grow around them, and stamp hard about them.

A dozen live Indians want to study for the Presbyterian ministry in Highland University, Kansas

The Democrats elected forty out of fifty-six members of the Lower House of the Virginia Legislature.

It is said that Grant has the best lot of horses in Washington The stable is Grant's forte. He is out of place in the White House.

The Democracy have carried the capital city of Iowa for the first time in five years. The whole Democratic ticket in the county is elected.

It is rumored that Vice President Colfax will take the editor's chair of the Brooklyn "Union" as soon as his term expires.

Mary Jane Henderson, of Raleigh, N. C., has one husband in the penitentiary, and two have been hung for murder.

It is said the Ka Indians salt the railroad track in order to entice cattle in front of the cars, so they can get the carcasses.

Diamonds in the London market have fallen in value thirty per cent, owing to the great quantity offered by refugees from France.

A resident of Columbus, Ga., found that his dining room chimney smoked badly the other morning, and on seeking the cause discovered a female burglar of African decent impacted therein.

It is stated that apples keep better in barrels or close boxes than when spread out; the temperatures being kept low in both cases. The reason is because air is better excluded.

The murderers of the Lapine family near Potosi, Mo., have been sent to that place from St. Louis for trial, protected against mob violence by a strong military posse.

A girl about seven years old has just reached Detroit, having come all the way from Germany alone A tender instance of modern female independence.

The Chicago Times says the Democratic party received the full shock of the negro vote in the recent elections without being at all hurt by "this African mitrailleuse."

Lincoln's Cabinet in 1861 voted 5 to 2 in favor of surrendering Fort Sumpter to the Rebels, and the majority of the same men, a short time afteward threatened to hang every Democrat as a traitor.

The Indian Chief Red Cloud calls Grant a liar. So did President Johnson and every member of his Cabinet. Thus we see savage and civilized agree in their estimate of Grant's personal character.

The Radical majority in the 40th Congress was 123; in the 41st it was 104; in the 42d it will be about 20. At the same ratio of decrease what will it be in the 43d Congress? Come, gentlemen, don't all answer at once.

One of the largest single importations of pepper ever made was entered at the New York Custom house a few days ago. The weight was nearly 1,600,000 pounds; and the duty amounted to $238,000 in gold.

Judge Wilson, Republican member elect to the next Congress from the States of Indiana, defines his position on the tariff in this wise: "I deny the moral right of Congress to tax the people to enable anybody to carry on his private business."

The Westorn Democrats treat the World's proposition to vote for a Revenue Reform Republican for Speaker with contumely. They declare they will not unite in any many with Republicans. They say that if any Republicans desire to vote for the Democratic candidate of the House they can do so, but that there will be no "swapping" or combinations with the common eneny.

The Salt Lake News has received dispatches from Fort George to the effect that Patnish, the Yampahuto chief, leader of the Navajos, who murdered Dr. Whitman and Robert McIntyre five years ago, has crossed the Colorado with a band, and threatens the lives and property of the southeastern frontier settlers.

ELECTION AT RICHMOND, VA.—On Friday last an election was held at Richmond and in Henrico county, Va., for a member of the Legislature in place of Kelly, conservative, resigned.—Richmond city gave a majority of 385 for Guy, conservative, over Boyd, colored republican, a conservative gain of 189 since the last election. Guy is elected by about 400 or 500 majority.

DEATH FROM THE EXPLOSION OF A COAL-OIL LAMP.—On Saturday a coal-oil lamp, in the hands of a colored woman, in the employ of Thos. H. Collins, Esq, of this town, from some cause unknown exploded, setting fire to her clothing. She was so badly burned before the fire could be extinguished that death came to her relief on Sunday morning.—*Snow Hill (Md.) Shield.*

A Troy paper published two articles recently, one of which was an obituary notice and the other a funny anecdote. The headings accidentally got changed and when the paper appeared the editor was horrified to see the obituary notice headed "A Good Joke," while the funny anecdote was prefixed with the caption "A Sad Announcement."

The Legislature of Alabama on Wednesday elected Goldwaite (Dem.) U. S. Senator for the term of six years He received 65 votes against 50 for Warner (Rep.) and 14 for Horalson (Rep.) Goldwaite has been Judge of the Circuit and Supreme Courts, and is an able lawyer He has been a citizen of Montgomery over 40 years, and the people are greatly rejoiced at his election.

It is stated that Miss Terry, young Cuban lady, who married S. Roberts the Spanish Minister at ington, on Monday, in Ne ceived from her Americ ding presents to the other Foreign Since the "Diamo which I will sell Patrick's Cathedr McALEER, Jr. Cuban millionaire by the late Archbi ED! Bartlett, no bridal BUSHELS MER ed the fashionable as that on Monda EISENHAUER. Market and Second Sts.