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The Republican Citizen.

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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.
july5 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 S. 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, 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

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 McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

G. E. Chandlee, 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. MACGILL,
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. B. 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 E. 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

Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

1870. FALL AND WINTER. 1870.
Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, it gives me pleasure to inform the Ladies that I have now on exhibition, one of the largest and most select stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
ever before exhibited in Frederick, comprising all the latest novelties. In
MILLINERY GOODS,
Satin, Velvet, Silk, Crepe and Straw Bonnets; in Hats, twenty-five different styles; in Silk, Satin, Plush, Velveteen, Straw and Gimp; Ribbons from Number one to five hundred, all imaginable colors and shades. Flowers, Feathers, Frames, the greatest variety.
SHAWLS,
the greatest variety in the city; Worsted Nubias, Hoods, Kiss-Me-Quicks, Sontags and Breakfast Shawls, a beautiful assortment. Trimmings, such as Satins, Silks, Velvets, Velveteens, Gimps, Buttons and Ribbons, in endless variety. A very large stock of Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Hoop Skirts, and Notions, constantly on hand.
FURS! FURS!
My stock is complete, from the chewpest to the finest, such as Muffs, Capes, Victorines, Boas in Mink, Sable, Astracan, Ermine, and commoner grades.
New Fall shades of the genuine JOSEPH KID GLOVES (no imitation). Every pair warranted, at only one dollar.
Having bought the above Goods with great care, and from the first Houses, I am confident to please all as regards styles, and in cheapness I defy competition, therefore give me a call and convince yourselves.
H. GOLDENBERG,
nov25 75 North Market Street.

The American Dollar!
MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.
"We have met the enemy and they are ours."
The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices!
Our system of buying under the relentless hammer and clearing them out like lightning at a close shave over cost, has absolutely cleared out the old fogies and land pirates like chaff, like mist before the rising sun. Living in the Auction Rooms of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, standing there with the almighty power of gold upon a market demoralized by speculation, panic, and failures, fighting alike and upon the same level, the wavering, the bankrupt, and the Dry Goods gambler, we have again and again beaten them in a struggle where the titan power of genius and ambition, and sleepless energy was bound to triumph over rotten profligacy, old fogyism and wholesale robbery. Then what's the use of talking about fighting men who would rather die then stand second to any living man! Every brand and grade of
DOMESTICS, PRINTS & FLANNELS,
under the lowest wholesale quotations.—Woolen and Cotton fabrics at about half the current prices. Alpacas, Silk Warps, Poplins, Mohairs, Reps in fancies, plain and changables, at a figure far below their gold cost.
DRESS GOODS
of every grade, at prices that must tell of frightful butchery somewhere. So with Linens, White Goods and Silks; and in Laces, Embroideries and Trimmings; as well as Ribbons, Feathers and Flowers—you will especially note the panic here. They were thrown into the Auction Rooms by a grand old house wh had battled nobly against fate, but at last went down with a "present arms," and we got the entire stock. Hence these unaccountable bargains; these prices that arouse the suspicion of the buyer, that they might have been stolen or smuggled.
Ah! who knows the waste of money when you get your goods of men who buy and sell on credit? Look at the vast amount of money squandered in this rotten old cut-throat system. Pay the cash and save your money. Buy of the men who are the acknowledged leaders and masters of business. Waste not your time with these high-priced buzzards who have fattened upon the masses, and who are now madly trying to regain the position whence we have driven them. Alas! they are to-day the servile imitators of our advanced and scientific system, but lack the brains and nerve to follow us.
Let them match our panic prices in Hosiery, Gloves and Notions! Let them approach within long range of our figures upon our grand specialties in Domestics and Dress Goods. They would have to sell at half cost and then not come within a mile of us. Not by favor but by merit, do we maintain our reputation. Gold is a good thing, but give us genius and ambition, and then with an energy that never sleeps and a brain that never tires, we will ride rough shod over the world.
"Aut Cæsar aut Nihil."
Everywhere we have forced them to follow where we have led, or starve.
Come and see us often and judge us by our matchless goods and low prices. We will meet you at the threshold with civility, cortesy and low prices, that will bewilder you—that will at once impress you with this fact, that you are saving your money and trading with men who understand all about business. Gigantic drives in
CASSIMERES AND WOOLENS.
One million dozen Buttons from one penny up. Enormous job lots thrown away for a song. Eleven Milliners go down in a single week; aggregate amount, one hundred and eighty thousand. We get fully three-fourths of the entire job. We run them at 29 cents on the dollar; no wonder the so-called cheap stores howl! "Root, Hog, or Die!" Standard yard-wide Bleached and Brown, 12½.
Auction prices will do the work! Pins, Needles, Tapes, Sewings, Trimmings, given away. Velvet Ribbons, Kid Gloves, Jet Jewelry,—grand drives.
1000 *Dozen Handkerchiefs,—Slaughter.*
Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Ties, Sashes,—terrific tumble!
FAILURE OF A CORSET FACTORY.
We get one hundred dozen! Five thousand pairs—enormous losses! Breakdown of the Gallego Whitney Blanket Factory. Eleven Dress Goods importers on the list last month. The panic prices in this department will astonish all lovers of real bargains
ALPACAS, 1000 PIECES.
Carpet Department absolutely Demoralized.
The bottom knocked clear out of the market. Then on with the ball! Farewell! Old Fogies Speculators, Credit System, High Prices, and so-called Cheap Stores—your doom is absolutely inevitable. Buy your goods cheap. Buy the very best.—Trade with men whose sharpshooters and skirmish lines never sleep. Deal only with men who are the acknowledged monarchs of the Auction Rooms. And never forget the names TIMBERLAKE & CO.
HEADQUARTERS:
29 Regent Street, London; 28 Rue del Bois, Paris; 149 Duane Street, New York; 19 Bank Street, Philadelphia; 132 State Street, Boston.
BRANCHES:
Richmond, Va.; Lynchburg, Va.; Wheeling, Va.; Toledo, Ohio; Lancaster, Penn; Lockport, N. Y.; Martinsburg, Va.; Kansas City, Mo.; Piedmont, Va.; Leesburg, Va.; Macon, Mo.; Clarksburg, Va.; Frederick, Md.; Charleston, W. Va; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charlestown, W Va; Hagerstown, Md.; Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Warrenton, Va.; Fairfield, Iowa; Knoxville, Tenn.; Upperville, Va.; Middleburg, Va.; Culpepper, Va; Winchester, Va.; Cumberland, Md; Parkersburg, W. Va.
nov4

Reduced Prices.
In consequence of the lateness of the season, I have greatly reduced the prices of
HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS, &C.,
Jouvin's Kid Gloves, all shades and sizes; Joseph's Kid Gloves, all shades and sizes; Gents. Gloves, in Calf, Doeskin Cloth and Chamois lined; Ladies' Gloves in Cloth, Silk mixed and Berlin lined; Undershirts, Cartwright & Warner's Gents. English Merino and Norfolk and New Brunswick; Ladies' Merino Under Vests, all sizes; Ladies' Bow Ribbons, 50 different styles; Ladies' Sash Ribbons, 25 different styles; Ladies', Gents. and Children's English Hosiery, in Cotton, Merino, Cashmere and Wool; with a large stock of Berlin Zephyrs, Saxony and Germantown Wool; Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and in fact everything appertaining to a first-class Notion and Trimming Store, which will be sold cheap for cash, at
WOLFE'S,
nov26 Next to First National Bank.

[From Harper's Magazine for December.]

SONG OF FIRE!

T. DUNN ENGLISH.

Sometimes prisoned at the centre,
With my throes I shake the sphere:
Through the snowy-topped volcanoes
At the surface I appear;
Then I burst through chains that bind me,
Feed on forests, towns devour—
Strike the ships midway in ocean,
And the teeming towns devour.

FIRE they call me. I am father
Of the granite rocks that lie
Ages deep beneath the mountains,
Unperceived of mortal eye;
At my breath they sprang to being,
At my touch their crystals came,
That were merely shapeless atoms
Ere I kissed them with my flame—
Ere with ardor I embraced them,
Ere I kissed them with my flame.

Rarest gems of countless value,
Nuggets of the yellow gold
That through all the time historic,
Men and empires has controlled,
And the grim and swarthy iron,
Conqueror on land and sea,
With the many meaner metals,
Owe their birth and shape to me—
Gleaming ores and dazzling crystals
Owe their birth and shape to me.

When the rolling of the thunder
Strikes the trembling wretches dumb,
When the vision-blinding lightning
Rends the murky clouds, I come.
Fear attends me, horror after,
Ruin round me wide I cast;
Men my name with bated breathing
Mutter when my steps have passed—
Gazing voiceless on the ashes
Where my terrible steps have passed.

Rear they palaces of beauty,
Fair without and rare within,
Stores of hand-work filled with fabrics,
Wealth and profits hard to win,
Temples grand with costly altars,
Where the wretch for sin atones—
I appear, and they are ruins,
Shapeless heaps of blackened stones—
Molten metal, crumbled columns,
Timbers charred, and blackened stones.

Not alone on land I smite them;
But with red devouring lips
On the ocean sate my hunger
With their richly freighted ships;
Swarthy sailors, pallid women,
Pray in vain for mercy there,
While my crackling and my roaring
Swell their chorus of despair—
While I dance from deck to mast-head
To their chorus of despair.

In the densely crowded city,
Without pity I affright
Startled wretches roused from slumber
In the still and sombre night.
Tenement-house or brown-stone palace,
Either is the same to me:
If they manage to subdue me,
Gloomy will their triumph be—
Toppled walls upon my foemen
Tokens of my vengeance be.

Yet malign I am not always:
Witness for me truly when
I became the humble servant
Of the toiling sons of men,
Drive the engine, heat the furnace,
Melt the ore, and soften steel—
Like the monarch in the story,
Aid the wife to cook a meal—
Monarch wandering from earth's centre,
Aid the wife to cook a meal.

Though they see me when the lightning
Strikes in wrath the lofty domes,
Yet I love to cheer the dwellers
In the humble cottage homes;
From the hearth my flickering shadows
On the wall I cast at night,
While I crackle—that's my laughter—
At the children's wild delight—
As to see those tossing shadows
They display their wild delight.

Foe of life have mortals called me—
Foe to all that breathes or stirs;
Hence the terror-stricken pagans
Are my abject worshippers.
Life! there were no life without me;
And what time I shall expire
All things growing, all things living,
All shall pass away with fire—
Air, heat motion, breath, existence—
All shall pass away with fire.

In the solemn day of judgment,
In the awful time of doom,
When all quick and dead are parted,
These to light, and those to gloom,
Then the earth that one time bore me,
Wrapped within my wild embrace,
Shall behold my final splendor
As I bear her out of space—
And we twain shall pass together,
Pass forever, out of space.

ARISTOCRACY;

OR

Eleanor's Seaside Aquaintance.

BY LEWIS GLENN.

Tall, handsome, elegant, with a dash of hauteur in her manner, was Eleanor De Burgh—very exclusive and high-bred, and looking with contempt and disdain upon the daughters of tradesmen or mechanics. It matters not that many of them had amassed wealth and lived in style, had educated their children in the best schools in the land; they came under the ban, were counted nobodies by our heroine.

Mrs. De Burgh was a woman of sense and refinement, and expostulated with her daughter on her foolish pride; but that young lady turned up her aristocratic nose (when her mother warned her that if she continued in her present course she would have but few friends,) and affirmed that she certainly preferred the company of the genteel minority to a vulgar majority.

These early traits in her character were not put off with her short dresses She was a brilliant scholar and acquired the usual branches of French, German, music, and all the ologies; yet there were several young ladies who graduated with her, and perhaps somewhat excelled her in their studies; but they were not of her friends; they came not of ancient lineage, and consequently, she met their friendly advances by a cool—nay, freezing—politeness. Was not she an only daughter of the ancient family of De Burghs, who from time immemorial had rolled in wealth, and had never been known to mix with the vulgar herd? She gave her head an extra toss at the bare idea of her associating with the sons and daughters of common people.

We shall not right an essay on the folly of exclusiveness, and the probability of the descendants of our present business-firms looking in their turn with contempt on the poor remains of a former aristocracy, but we commenced to write of Eleanor's summer at the seaside, and her good fortune to meet with a live Countess who immediately attached herself to their party, and who was pleased to pay Eleanor some attention.

Eleanor had been there two weeks before the arrival of the Countess Dalrymple, and had been busily engaged in knitting and Afghan, which she much wished to finish in time for a birthday-present to a gouty old uncle who never rode out, and, of course, would never use it.

She was knitting away, and had it nearly completed, when she was accosted by a showily-dressed lady, whose charms, if she ever possessed any, had long departed.

"Don't you find that piece of work very tiresome my dear?" said she patronisingly.

"Not at all. I like to knit worsteds; it is quite facinating."

"I cannot see how it can be anything but a bore. Work is not in my line. I know as little of the use of needles as a Nubian damsel whose wardrobe requires no stitching."

"I think," said Mrs. De Burgh, who was sitting near her daughter "no lady's education is complete without a knowledge of these things."

"That may be in America; but in my country we have so many and such well-train servants that it is entirely unnecessary for us."

"That is strange! I am told that England's queen taught her daughters to be expert housekeepers; and sewing, I am certain, has been practiced by royaly and nobility from time immemorial."

"Bah! All fudge! Now, my mother-in-law the late Countess Dalrymple, had three daughters, and not one of them could sew the merest trifle; and my own mother, Lady Fitz-Allan, never during her whole life, sewed a stich."

"I should have tried it, if only out of curiosity," said Eleanor.

"How could she, when her French maid was always at hand to do her commands?"

"It must be tiresome to have nothing to do."

"Not at all. We are always employed at something. In fair weather, we have our horses and hounds: and when stormy, we play at chess and backgammon."

"I suppose you lie long in bed? or perhaps you read to pass away time?"

"Ah, yes! we do take our siesta; but we are not bas-bleus. My maid sometimes reads me a shot story to calm my nerves; but novels I abominate; they are too exciting, and I could sleep if I heard them."

"I presume Professor Blos would not succeed in getting a class of young ladies to instruct in the culinary art?"

"Mercy! no. We have French cooks who cannot be excelled, and we have no need ourselves to learn such thing."

"What if the French cooks take French leave, and dinner is to be provided?"

"Nothing easier! We can order one at a resteraunt if need be; but I assure you there is no need. Our servants usually spend a life time at one place."

"I wonder that any of her subjects leave such a paradise, such a life of ease and enjoyment as England boasts of, and come here, where French cooks and maids are scarce."

"The novelty, Madame, novelty! We come over to amuse, ahem! enjoy ourselves in the peculiarities (I beg your pardon Madam) of Yankeeland."

"I hope you are amused; but haven't your heyes and hears become sated with our rude dialect, and make you long for Henglish society again?" Here the gong sounded, and the Countess made her way, unattended, to the table.

Mrs. De Burgh saw through and despised the flimsy shallowness and snobbishness of this would-be fine lady; but not so with her daughter. Eleanor was charmed with the Countess, and admired her high breeding. It was well the Afghan was nearly completed, for there was no more knitting upon it that day. The Countess was very gracious and condescending to Eleanor, and related to her many bits of gossip concerning the manners and customs of the nobility—hinting to Eleanor that Lord Lyle was travelling with herself and husband, and she should like to introduce him to her, when she was very sure and certain he would change his opinion of American ladies and admit there was at least one equal to any lady he met in Europe. Eleanor's vanity was flattered, and she was quite in a flutter to see the young Lord. Her dress became a matter of importance, and much time was spent in making her toilets.

The grand hop of the season was on the tapis—the Countess began to manifest uneasiness lest her husband and Lord Lyle should not return in season to attend the hop.

"You see, my dear Miss De Burgh, I am the more anxious for his return since my diamonds are deposited in bank for safe keeping. They are the family diamonds and are of great value. I never wear them at home, except on state occasions, but here in America the ladies wear them every evening; but I expect few of them are real diamonds. I hope no one will follow my husband and murder him to secure the jewels."

Eleanor was impatient to see the wonderful diamonds, and pictured to herself the Countess literally blazing with them on the evening of the hop. Time flies, and still Count Dalrymple does not appear. The dinner over, and Eleanor was trying to sleep, in order to be fresh for the hop, when a tap at her door roused her. She was surprised to see the Countess, and expected it was to announce the return of her husband. She was mistaken.

"I come to you, my dear, to ask if you think I would look respectable this evening in full dress without jewels of any kind. My dress is so elaborate, being velvet, with point lace over-skirt, and I am sure I shall look horrid without something of the kind. These common ones I have with me will not do at all—will not correspond with the magnificence of my dress. Have you selected your ornaments, my dear?—Perhaps some you may not wish to use may become me, if I may be so bold as to suggest it. Ah, I am so unfortunate! If only my friend, Mrs Astor or Mrs. Lorillard were here, she would at once supply my need."

"I shall wear my Etruscan set tonight, but have some handsome jewels in my box. If your Ladyship pleases and they suit you, they are at your service.

"Let me see. Ah, yes, here are pearls and emeralds, also rubies. They really are quite respectable, and I will take them along and try which are most becoming after I am dressed. After all, the Count may return with mine in time, and I shall not need to use yours. But I am keeping you awake, so *au revoir* until evening."

The hop went off, and so did the Countess. Elernor kept watch for her until quite late, supposing it her custom to come late, or perhaps, her husband and Lord Lyle had arrived and must first rest and make their toilet before they come. Her mother noticed her continual watching the door, and asked "if she was expecting any one."

"Yes, mamma; the Countess said she was coming."

"Countess, fiddlestring! More likely some shoddyite, as you term them. At any rate, I wouldn't be intimate with her if I were you. There is no telling what she is."

Eleanor looked in vain for her high-born friends, and her cup of pleasure was dashed when the ball broke up and they came not; but she consoled herself with the thought that the party had come too late—she would certainly meet them at breakfast. Alas! alas! they came not. She knocked at the door to inquire if she was ill, but the bird had flown; room empty, trunks gone. She hastened to the office and asked:

"Had the Countess Dalrymple changed her room?"

"No such person here, Miss."

"The lady in No. 44. Perhaps her husband, the Count, returned last night, and they have taken another room."

"I will look at the book. Ah, yes, 44; the lady paid her bill and left for Philadelphia last evening"

Eleanor turned pale; the proprietor stared.

"What is it, Miss? Anything wrong with the lady?"

"I—she—yes. She borrowed my jewels to attend the hop last evening, and she has not returned them."

"So, so! That's bad, but we'll set the detectives at work. They'll find her, never fear," and so they did, and Eleanor recovered her jewelry. The lesson she learned has made her a better and wiser woman. She no more lays stress on pride of birth, but thinks modest merit and honest worth far more desirable than high-sounding titles.—England's aristocracy are below in her estimation. She had the cure for her foible in her sea-side acquaintance.

SERIOUS AFFRAY.—Information has reached us, from a source worthy of credit, that a serious occurrence transpired in Medley's District, in this county, on Monday last. It seems that Mr. Richard Belt was at Leapley's store, near White's Mill, where a number of negro workmen on the Metropolitan Railroad had collected. One of the negroes, giving Mr. Belt some insolence, was rapped over the head by that gentleman, who afterwards repaired to the mill. Shortly after he arrived there, he saw ten or twelve of the negroes and one or two white men approaching, with the intention, it is said, of killing him; and, seizing a double-barrelled shot-gun that was in the mill, let them have the contents of both barrels, sharply peppering eight of the party, upon which the whole squad took to their heels.—One of the negroes has been arrested and committed to our county jail, and it is to be hoped that all the rest will follow in the same wake.—*Rockville Sentinel.*

Not long ago the body of a deceased native was carried down to the banks of the Jumna, at Etawah, India, to be burned. The pile was made and the wood was lighted, and while waiting so as to give some little time for a good blaze, the men moved off to a little distance, squatting themselves down to have a smoke. A huge crocodile, seemingly watching their movements, rushed out of the water at this point of the ceremony, seized the corpse and doubled back, making a tremendous header into the river with the body between his jaws, leaving the followers and mourners in perfect bewilderment.

THE STAMPED ENVELOPE CONTRACTS.—The House Committee on appropriations will probably get after Postmaster General Creswell this session, as they did last about his stamped envelope contracts It will be remembered that his contract was set aside by legislation last year, owing to a fraud being charged, and the committee thought that the testimony warranted a peremptory order to Creswell to advertise for new proposals, and the appropriation bill was worded to that effect. Now Messrs Dempsey and O'Toole, who were the lowest bidders at the last bidding, and whose contract was set aside by Cresswell, in October, appear before the committe with a mass of testimony more formidable than presented last year, and demand justice at the hands of Congress. There will probably be a spicy time over this investigation.

German women send all sorts of things through the mails to their husbands, sons or sweathearts away soldiering. Letters are permitted up to sixteen ounces weight, so they send cigars, tea, chocolate, shirts and slippers. A pair of slippers can be sent one in each. One woman sent a flannel shirt in six pieces by six posts. The last letter contained the left sleve, with the needle and thread for sewing the shirt together.

Old Margery's Prophecy.

I don't want to hear a word of your nensense, said Frederica Lovel, drawing her pretty slight figure up to her full height, to old Margery Kane, who foretold that she should stand face to face with death before the stars came out that night. Frederica was proud and always treated the poor haughtily and unkindly.

That afternoon Frederica took her chum, Mary White, off to a wild spot to sketch instead of waiting to welcome her lover, Charles Alroyd, who was coming to the seaside that evening. It was a wild and lonely spot, shut in by a cavernous canopy of gray, solemn-clifted rocks, made musical by the rush and roar of contending tides—so isolated and grand that Mary White almost shuddered as she stood within its solemn sanctuary.

"Oh, Feddie, aren't you afraid?"

Miss Lovel bright and fearless as a Naiad, glanced up from her seat on the projecting rock:

"Afraid?" and of what?"

And Mary White was ashamed to say more

The girls getting engaged in their sketching, soon forgot all the external surroundings of nature, and it was not until the sun, coolly hiding away behind red and golden bars of cloud, withdrew the radiant element of color from their models, that Mary White rose and shook out her draperies.

"Why, Freddie, it must be long past tea time!"

"Of course it is," said Freddie, mechanically.

"Just one touch more. There! I really do think I have done a splendid afternoon's work!"

"But, Freddie," and Mary White drew nearer involuntarily to her companion, "the water is running in front of the rocks."

"Nothing on earth but the tide," said Miss Lovel, carelessly. "I'm not afraid of wetting the soles of my feet."

She rose and advanced toward the door of the miniature cavern; yet even upon her dauntless cheek the roses grew pale as she realized the true horror of their situation.

The water rising faster than she had deemed possible, had shut them in; their coffin a narrow bar of sand wailed by steep mass of rocks; their sepulcher the thunderous billows which broke with threatening sound against the feet of the ancient cliffs. Retreat was impossible; the water was already knee-deep over the path they must cross, and rising with fearful velocity, and the very natue of their retreat forbade all possibility of communication with the outer world.

Mary White clung, pale and fearful, to Frederica's arm.

"Freddie! Freddie!" she gasped, breathlessly, "what shall we do!"

And Frederica gathered the slight trembling creature to her breast, feeling that she was responsible for the early doom darkening over that bright young head.

For an instant it all came to her the awful awaiting—he death wrapping them round with gleaming chrysolite arms, the moment of mortal agony—the end of all! and Charles Alroyd—him whom she had evaded with such girlish coquetry, little expecting that she should never look upon him more!

"Mary," she whispered, "Mary, we can at least kneel down and pray Oh, Mary, darling, God is as near to us here as if we lay among our downy pillows at home."

As the two young girls sank down among the white, fringy creeping of the foam at their feet, Frederica's eyes fixed whistfully upon the heavens, saw the silver lance of the evening star shining through the purple far off blaze.

"Before the stars were thick in yonder heavens, she should stand face to face with death!" It all flashed over her memory now.

"Close to me Mary, closer; so, your arms about my neck; and your head upon my shoulder. You must not be afraid, dear Mary; it's just like falling asleep, I have heard a score of times!"

"Hark?" Mary raised her cold fingers. "I heard the sound of oars!"

"Darling its only the echo of the waves against the hollow rocks!"

"But a voice! Oh, I am sure I heard a voice!" wailed poor Mary.

"Nay dearest," soothed Frederica with her upturned face as pure and pale as an angel's own. "It could be no voice sounding from the confines of this world."

"I can't remember my prayers Mary darling; I can only say, God be merciful to me a sinner! Oh, Mary, say the same!"

When the little boat with old Margery Lane sitting at the helm, and her swart crowed son pulling lustily at the oars, came rocking round the curve, the two girls were past all consciousness still clinging to the highest spot, where the salt spray had already begun to sprinkle their white faces, as it broke!

Saved—saved at last! Half an hour—nay, fifteen minutes—more and it would have been to late! Old Margery the unconscious instrument of their rescue, had been just in time.

And the first face that Frederica Lovel saw as her soul drifted back upon the boundless shores of life was that of the old fortune-teller.

"Did I not say true?" crooned the old woman, half defiant, half caressing as she met the gaze of Frederica's eyes. "You have stood face to face with death, but he has not conquered your young brave life!"

And Froderica Lovel never again spoke a harsh word to God's poor and desolate, whom he hath set in our pathway to prove and try us upon the journey that we all must tread. It might have been a mere chance; but Frederica could not disregard the lesson she had learned.

Only a Little "Spree."

It is seldom that we are called upon to witness a more painful scene than transpired in the City Criminal Court a few days since. Three brothers, decent looking young men, with nothing in their countenances to indicate that they were wicked above their fellows, sat in the prisoners' box. They belonged to the working classes, and bore on their person the marks of honest toil The one was a blacksmith, the other two were venders of produce, and all were industrious and useful men in their sphere. Their aged mother, a gray haired woman, in whose face the trials and struggles of a life of poverty had left their impress—not beautiful in features, but full of a mother's tenderness for her offspring—sat near the prisoners waiting with fearful apprehension for the verdict which was to bring to her stricken heart the heaviest sorrow of her life

And what had brought these young men to their unhappy position? Only a little spree! Like thousands of other thoughtless youths they imagined that to properly celebrate the Fourth of July they must get partially drunk. There was no evidence that they were habitual drinkers; in fact they were generally regarded as sober men; but on holidays they were apt to take enough to make them hilarious. On the afternoon of last Fourth of July they were walking through the Lexington Market, not very drunk, but slightly tipsy from the effect of sundry potations earlier in the day. As far as can be ascertained from the facts, they were meditating neither murder, nor violence, nor harm against any human being; they were only intent on a little rude enjoyment. Passing a couple of girls of their acquaintance, who were dividing their time between attending to a little stand for the sale of peanuts and candies and shooting firecrackers from the sidewalk, they exchanged some saucy words. There was nothing insulting in their language, nothing that either frightened the girls or shocked their modesty; just such remarks as might be expected from young persons of the class of society to which they belonged, considering the occasion and the amusement in which the girls were engaged. After baudying words for a minute or two, one of the tipsy fellows threw a peanut at the girls, which proceeding attracted the attention of a policeman standing near by, who ordered the party to "move on." They did not obey the command with the alacrity that the policeman wished, and he took hold of the younger one, whether with the intention of arresting him or leading him out of the market does not clearly appear. The other two protested against the arrest of their brother, telling the policeman "to let him go and they would take him home." The policeman answered "that he would arrest all three of them." Then there was a scuffle, the two brothers trying to pull the prisoner away; the policeman used his club till he dropped it; in trying to recover it, the prisoner escaped, and all three ran across the market space; one of them collided with a carriage wheel and was captured by the policeman, who forthwith began beating him over the head with his "billy;" the other two came to his rescue, and in the scuffle that ensued the "billy" was dropped; one of the brothers picked it up, and all three ran, the policeman firing his pistol as he pursued them. After a short chase the first prisoner was captured and brought back, and as he was hurried along towards the Station House one of the brothers ran up and struck tho policeman a blow with the "billy" picked up in the scuffle. It proved a mortal blow—it sent the officer to his final account and brought two of the brothers to the very verge of the gallows. The mercy of the jury before which they were tried spared their lives, but a dreadful sentence of imprisonment still hangs over them.

We mention these facts not to extenuate the guilt of these unfortunate men, but to show the melancholy ending of a little spree. Up to the moment immediately preceding the striking of the fatal blow there was nothing in the conduct of these young men of which any other three intoxicated individuals might not have been guilty. There was neither malice, nor motive, nor intention in the disorderly acts (if such they may be called) which first brought about the collision. There was just enough of whiskey on the brain to engender a sort of bravado, which developed into recklessness and culminated into murder.

What a temperance lecture there was in that scene, what a plea for total abstinence in that trial! What a solemn refutation of the doctrine "that a little alcohol can do no harm." These young men were neither confirmed inebriates nor moderate drinkers; they were only prone to an occasional holiday spree, and on the day which proved to be to them a day of eternal sorrow they had not drank very much, "only enough to make them foolish." Long years of confinement in prison cells will teach them the infinate danger that lurks even in the "*little*" that makes men foolish.—*Baltimore American.*

Persons who prefer oysters cooked in their own liquor may be interested in knowing what the fluid contains. The Journal of Microscopy says: Open oyster, retain the liquor in the low deep shell, and, if viewed through the microscope, it will be found to [illegible] multitudes of small oysters [illegible] with shells and swimming [illegible] —one hundred and twe[illegible] tend but one inch. B[illegible] oysters, the liquor c[illegible] animalculæ and [illegible] tinct species of [illegible] their light repres[illegible] the centre of th[illegible] beautifully lum[illegible]
SHMUTT, Market Street.

FURS!
Collar and Muff.
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Setts, Collar and Muff.
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, Fancy Coney, Squirrel
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pells, Squirrel Tails, all new,
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ash.) Buyers will save money
at the above goods before pur-
There we Whole setts of Furs for $3.00,
people ters proportionately low, at
GITTINGER'S,
28 North Market Street.

The colore[illegible] are rejoiced [illegible] Congress. [illegible] to lofe wh[illegible] message.

AL HODS, Ash and Coal Shovels, Screens, etc., for sale by A. G. QUYNN.

Miscegenation and Murder in Pittsylvania County, Virginia--Horrible Affair.

A telegram to the New York "Herald," dated Pittsylvania C. H., December 15th, says:

This peaceful community has been thrilled with horror by a murder which, for cold-blooded atrocity, has seldom been equalled, even in the history of negro crime in the South, since the war. And the dreadful deed is rendered more distressing by the attending circumstances, and by the fact that the teachings of the political adventurers who have been itinerating through the country of late have caused it.

Some time last January our people were shocked to hear that a Mrs. Bettie Barber, a white widowed lady of respectable connections, living a few miles from this place, had been married to Ishmael Lipford, one of the blackest and basest negroes in the county.

Leaving the friends of her childhood, and taking with her the children of her former husband, she went to live with Lipford in a hut a few miles distant from this village As a natural sequel to this unpardonable and inhuman union, the couple lived together in an almost starving condition, detested by both races, and under auspices in every way unfavorable