

The St. Genevieve Fair Play.
Published Every Thursday by
HENRY SMITH, Proprietor.
OFFICE ON MERCHANT STREET,
(South Side)
Five Doors West of Public Square.
Terms of Subscription.
In advance.
One year, one copy, \$1.50
One copy, same Post-office, 12 1/2
Club of twenty to same Post-office, 20.00
Club rates do not apply to the city
of Genevieve.

FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1873.

NO. 31.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Twentyeth Judicial Circuit.

Circuit Judge—Wm. Carter.
County Attorney—B. B. Cahoon.
County Clerk—John L. Boggs.
County Treasurer—John G. Madison.
County Surveyor—A. S. Jennings.
County Assessor—J. B. Robbins.
County Public Administrator—S. A. Guignon.
St. Genevieve—1st Mondays in May and November.
St. Francois—3d Mondays in May and November.

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Circuit Clerk—Joe Bauman.
County Clerk—John L. Boggs.
County Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison.
County Court Justices—A. S. Jennings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman Little.
County Attorney—J. B. Robbins.
County Treasurer—L. Bert Vaille.
County Assessor—Joseph Vanickles.
County Public Administrator—S. A. Guignon.
St. Genevieve County Court meets on the 3d Mondays in January, April and July, and first Monday in October.
Justice of the Peace Court, second Saturday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FIRMIN A. ROZIER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE: BANK BUILDING.
St. Genevieve, Mo.

CHAS. C. ROZIER.

Attorney at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
CONVEYANCER AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
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Will promptly and faithfully attend to all business entrusted to him, and will be assisted by Messrs. Robinson & Clardy in all Circuit and Supreme Court cases.
Collections made a speciality.

F. J. MOREAU,

Attorney at Law,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

J. B. ROBBINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office opposite Janis & Cox,
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

ROBINSON & CLARDY,

ATTYS AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE
In all the Courts of the 20th Judicial Circuit and in the Supreme Court. 8y

PAUL L. LEMPKRE,

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Market Street, Opposite Court House.
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—AND—
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12y

DR. J. W. BRAHAM,

Resident Dentist,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.,
Office and residence on Main Street,
Opposite F. C. Rozier & Son's Store.
Refers, by permission, to Dr. Hertich. 1-y

H. KNIEREM,

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Also
Cupping, Bleeding and Leeching, and
Magnetic Battery for the cure
of Rheumatism.
Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale.
3-52

A. F. BELTRAMI,

Commission & Forwarding Merchant,

Ste. Genevieve Landing, Mo.

Selected Miscellany.

RUTH.

What shall be the baby's name?
Shall we catch from sounding fame
Some far-fetched word of praise
For other climes or days?
Put upon her brows new born
Crowns that other brows have worn?

Shall we take some dearer word,
Once within our circle heard,
Cherished yet, though spoken less—
Shall we lay its tenderness
On the baby's little head,
So to call again our dead?

Shall we choose a name of grace
That betrays the baby's face—
Something full of childish glee,
To be spoken joyously?
Something sweeter, softer yet,
That shall say, "Behold our pet?"

Nay: the history of the great
Must not weigh our baby's fate;
Nay: the dear ones disenthralled
Must not be by us recalled;
We shall meet them soon again—
Let us keep their names till then!

Nay: we do not seek a word
For a kitten or a bird
Not to suit the baby-ways,
Not to wear in after days—
Fit for uses grave and good,
Wrapped in future womanhood—

For the mother's loving tongue
While our daughter still is young;
For the manly lips that may
Call the maiden heart away;
For the time, yet tenderer,
When her children think of her;

Let us choose a Bible name,
One that always bids the same,
Sacred, sweet in every land,
All men's reverence to command;
For our earthly uses given,
Nathless, musical in heaven!

One I know, these names amid—
"Beauty" is its meaning hid;
She who wore it made it good,
With her gracious womanhood,
Name for virtue, love and truth!
Let us call the baby Ruth.

LAWRENCE DAVIS' REFTAL.

BY MARY CROWELL VAN BENSCHOTEN.

"Then I'm to understand, Miss Watson, that you wish our intimacy to end here? I hoped that our long acquaintance and friendship would lead to a nearer intimacy, but am sorry if my thoughts have changed your friendly feelings towards me, or disturbed you in any manner. I hope that your wishes will be gratified by marrying some one far superior in worldly attainments than your humble servant, and also one who will love you for yourself alone."

"Thank you, Mr. Davis, for your kind wishes, but don't fear for me; I shall not be in a hurry to change my name, and, I am sure, shall wait until fortune favors me with some one who can place me in a position that will be the envy of all my acquaintance." And, with a light laugh, and a haughty toss of the head, Miss Belle Watson returned the low bow of the gentleman, as he left the parlor, and seating herself at the piano, struck up a lively waltz, that echoed in the twilight like some far away strain signs of gladness, even if it struck sadness to the hearts of many and left an aching void that could never be filled.

So thought Lawrence Davis, as he bent his steps towards home, and heard the sounds dying away in the distance, like something lost to him forever. Miss Belle Watson had known Lawrence Davis for years, and had cared more for him than for any one of her numerous admirers; but he was not in a position to suit her fancy; she must have some one who was richer than all the rest of her friends, and, when she accepted a suitor, the world must know and feel that she had done well, and praise her for her tact in making a fine match."

She had accepted Lawrence Davis' attention with pleasure, and found herself unhappy without it, while praise from his lips would send the color to her cheeks, and a new light to her beautiful brown eyes. But when Lawrence had made up his mind to have an understanding between them, and had told her that he meant something besides mere flirting, she had called her pride to her rescue, trampled down all love, and cast aside the day-dreams that sometimes had crept into her mind, stirring her in most thoughts with emotions of happiness, and became a butterfly of fashion, and seemed to care for nothing but the flatteries of men, and to be called "the belle of the season."

Lawrence Davis felt that the world had lost its beauty, and henceforth he must plod along for himself alone. Feeding the society of ladies a burden to him, he sought refuge in his books, and redoubled his efforts to make a position in the world.

Three years passed. Lawrence Davis had reached one of the higher rounds in the ladder of fame, and, with a few years more prosperity, would stand upon the highest that could be gained. He had studied to make himself an equal, in education, to any in the land; and now, with wealth rolling in upon him, he gathered in all the beauties of the world, and sought to relieve his fellow creatures by dispensing his wealth liberally.

He was sitting in his counting room one day, when his friend and chosen companion Will Wright, entered.

"What! Are you thinking again, Lawrence? I would like to know what makes you so thoughtful lately. I fancy that the dark-eyed lady you met at Mrs. Le Count's tableaux has made an impression upon you. Did you know that Mrs. General Rochelle—Miss Watson, you know—has returned from Germany? She will be at the reunion to-night—her first appearance in society since her husband's death, and all her old admirers are anxious to meet her again. The general left her an immense fortune, and she is handsomer than ever so look out for your heart. Be on hand early, for I want you to introduce me to the lady, as I've never had the honor of an introduction."

"All right, Will. I'll introduce the lady, providing she deigns to notice your humble friend; but I'm a discarded lover of hers, and perhaps my presence will not be agreeable. I'll see what I can do for you, though."

Few of the guests had arrived when Lawrence Davis and his friend made their entrance into Mrs. Le Count's parlor; and it was with some surprise that Lawrence found himself so calmly waiting for the arrival of the beautiful heiress. His blood did not move one atom faster at the expectation of seeing his early love, and he had just come to the conclusion that he was invulnerable as far as fascinating ladies went, when he surprised himself and friend by starting almost from his seat with an exclamation of pleasure, blushing as readily as any school girl, before the object of his admiration.

"Mr. Davis, allow me the pleasure of presenting you to Miss Allston, 'my Perdita,' as I have called her since our tableaux of the other evening. I hope you will take good care of her for the evening, as she is a stranger, and needs an escort."

At first, Lawrence Davis felt as if he had a great undertaking before him; but, before long, this sense of responsibility wore off and he felt very proud of his charge; and, as they moved amid the throng, he saw all eyes fixed on her with admiration, while many of his young friends overwhelmed Mrs. Le Count with questions about her, and begged for an introduction.

For once in his life, he exerted all his powers to be brilliant and fascinating, and, if you could have seen the beautiful dark eyes as they smiled into his, after some of his wise and witty remarks, you would have concluded that the beautiful "Perdita" had fallen as deeply in love with Lawrence Davis as he had with her.

It was late in the evening when Miss Allston startled him by saying,—"Oh! do look at our new arrival! Isn't she lovely?"

Turning, Lawrence stood face to face with the beautiful Mrs. Rochelle. She recognized him instantly, and held out her hand in greeting.

"Why, Mr. Davis, how do you do? I've longed to have the pleasure of meeting you," she said, joyfully.

As Lawrence Davis looked into her eyes, he felt that she spoke the truth; but there was no return of sparkle happiness in his, and, as she met the calm steady look, and heard his polite words of welcome, she knew that the past was to him what

she was trying to make of her marriage—a dream forever forgotten. Miss Allston looked on, and wondered how Mr. Davis could appear so cold, with the eyes of such a beautiful creature resting on him with a loving gaze; but, concluding at last that her presence might deter him from showing his real feelings, she pleaded fatigue, and begged to be taken to her friend, to whom she excused herself, and retired for the night. But her thoughts wandered back to the stately woman, and calm, blue-eyed man, until she found herself wishing that she might be as fascinating and as rich as the beautiful widow; for her heart had gone out to Lawrence Davis with such overwhelming feelings of respect and admiration, that she only longed for his praises, and to hear his voice sounding in her ears. Resolving, at last, not to think of him in the future, she fell into a troubled sleep, dreaming of beautiful women and Lawrence Davis until the sun was high in the heavens; then, rousing herself, she went down stairs just in time to hear the after-breakfast gossip, and found that the uppermost theme was the "beautiful widow" and her friend, Mr. Davis.

Mrs. Le Count remarked that she "thought Lawrence Davis proof against the widow's wiles," but was silenced by one who had been in Mrs. Rochelle's confidence before her marriage, and who said that Mr. Davis had offered himself to the lady, two or three years before, and it was now possible that the match would be made.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Le Count, "will be made if she can get him; but I'm not convinced yet that he will have her; she is too vain and frivolous for him, and I should regret exceedingly to see the two engaged."

Mrs. Le Count had known Mrs. Rochelle for years, and knew her hollow heartedness; while Lawrence Davis had been her beautiful childhood.

The season was one of the gayest, and everywhere the widow was received as the reigning belle; but with all her little fascinating ways she could not win Mr. Davis to her side. Sometimes he would act as her escort; and again he would repel her attacks or bidings with words as light and trifling as her own; his manner was always polite, yet calm and cool as on their first meeting.

Many a tear had the beautiful woman shed after bidding the man she loved a cool "good-night." But his thoughts were upon another—one whom he loved truly; not with the love he had bestowed on Belle Watson in years gone by, when his pride was wounded more than his love, but a love had come upon him suddenly, and had become a part of his being. He felt he must have her all to himself; she must be his; and his alone. When he compared this love with his love of former years, he smiled at his foolishness, as he termed it, in trying to love such a vain and frivolous being, and thanked God for leading him away from such a character to one in which he could trust.

Seated beside his dark-eyed "Perdita," as he still loved to call her, he told her of his love for her, and of his former passion for the beautiful Mrs. Rochelle; and when she insisted that the widow was far more beautiful than she was, and far more suitable for him, he said:

"Would my darling like to see me wed the widow?"

A little shake of the head, and loving arms entwined around his neck, told him how much his love was returned, and filled his soul with joy and happiness.

The widow sat dreaming in the twilight, thinking in what way she could gain the affection of her former lover, and wondering if there was not one spark of love remaining for her under that calm exterior, when her maid entered, and handed her "cards for somebody's wedding," as she designated them. Dropping them in her lap, Mrs. Rochelle con-

tinued her dreaming for some time until, at last, letting her eyes droop upon them, her curiosity was aroused to find out which friend among her numerous acquaintances had concluded to join the ranks of wedded people. With what pain did she read the name of Lawrence Davis! Pride and everything fell before this great loss. She had placed her affection aside to gain his love, and now he was gone from her forever. Still, she could not help feeling that Lawrence Davis had done well in choosing Miss Allston, and that he would be far happier than if she had succeeded in getting him. Slowly she arose, and, going to her drawer, took from a dark corner a small basket; unlodging it with a small key attached to her chain, she took out a brown and crumpled letter, and some withered violets; casting them in the fire, she murmured, while they burned—

"The world must never know of my failure; henceforth I shall be as cold and selfish, as when my ambition made me cast away the richness of his great love for the richness of this world." And, shuddering as the flames caught up the last fragment of the past, she threw herself upon the sofa, and wept bitter tears for a love lost to her forever.

Lawrence Davis and his bride looked bright and happy on their wedding morn; but the beauty of the bride was wholly eclipsed by the splendor of their wealthy and beautiful guest, Mrs. General Rochelle. The world looked on with admiration at the staidness and magnificence of the beautiful widow; but her down in the depths of her heart, she looked at times, the admiration bestowed upon her, for she knew at what cost she had obtained it, and in the silence of her own apartments she cast aside all coldness and reserve, and upbraided herself with tears and regrets for her foolish ambition.

Marriage Maxims.
The following "marriage maxims" are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Husbands need not pass them for they are designed for wives; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to husbands.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.
Never both be angry at once.
Never speak loud to each other—unless the house is on fire.
Let each strive oftenest to yield to the wishes of the other.
Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed—and always speak lovingly.
Never taunt with a past mistake.
Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.
Never make a remark at the expense of each other; it is a meanness.
Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.
Never meet without an affectionate welcome.
Never let the sun go down upon an anger or grievance.
Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it, and ask forgiveness.
Never forget the happy hours of early love.
Never forget that marriage is ordained by God, and that his blessing alone can make it what it should ever be.
Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.

A lost cow was lately advertised by the following notice, which was posted on the trees and fences near the owner's dwelling: Strayed or stolen—A large red cow, with yellow spots on her left side, and a pair of white spots on her right ear.—She is about seven or eight years old, and belongs to a poor widow with a short tail. Ten dollars will be given anybody who will return her to Newark, September 17, 1897.

The project of introducing salt water into the city of New York for extinguishing fires is now under consideration.

We furnish 1000 Envelopes of good quality, with card printed on them for \$8.50.

Godsendendographs.

In press—Apples.

Loose habits—Dressing gowns.

A stamp you can't buy—The stamp of a gentleman.

A romantic death—A young lady drowned in tears.

Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes you pay.

An intoxicated man was detected last night in an attempt to pick the pocket of a billiard table.

The first exclamation of an American belle on entering the cathedral at Milan, was "Oh, what a church to get married in!"

"Anything (this) set up?" inquired an infuriated editor, as he came among his printers. Quote the foreman, "Yes; the editor."

"Is that marble?" said a gentleman pointing to the bust of Kautsky's great statesman. "No, sir; that's Clay," quietly replied the dealer.

"I say, Dick, which was the first created, man or woman?" "Why, woman, of course—everybody knows that Eve was the first man!"

The new-boys of Philadelphia told the guardians of their "Home" rather to set up nobler girls or close up the caboose. "The caboose was closed."

"Ain't it wicked to rob his 'ere hen roost, Jim?" "Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo; we ain't got time to argue it now—hand down another pullet."

An Irishman, on being told that a newly invented stove would save just half his usual fuel, replied: "Arrah, then, I'll have two, and save it all, my jewel!"

When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he refer to doctors' patients? No. How do you know he didn't? Because you always find them under a monument.

The lady who was asked the other day why she chose to live a single life, and gravely replied, "Because I am not able to support a husband," didn't have any very lofty aspirations.

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know of me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir, but mother did."

The editor of a Western paper writes: "My wife and I have separated. As we both wanted to be boss, and she was likely to beat me, I left her. She says she will mail me yet, and I believe her."

A girl on being solicited to contribute to the building of a church, promptly subscribed his name to the paper in the following exorbitant manner: "John Jones (the only planer in town where you can get eleven pounds of sugar for a dollar,) twenty-five cents."

Queen Elizabeth died leaving 3,000 dresses, but before her death she issued a proclamation against "extravagance in dress." Her wardrobe was the work of the woman, her proclamation was the work of the Queen. Women had admired her dress, but neglected her address.

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, and when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by his contemporaries."

A handsome young Yankee pedler made love to a buxom widow of Pennsylvania, but accompanied his declaration with an illusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store is one of them," replied he. They parted, and the widow sent the pedler ample means. When they met again the pedler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have a wife already," cried the pedler.

The other Sunday, a worthy father of a numerous family was taking one of his little ones, a child of seven years, to church. On the way, the little fellow met a playmate, and stopped to play marbles. A quarter of an hour later, his father saw him coming to him bathed in tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Papa, I have lost all my marbles."

"Of course, God punishes you for not going to church."

"But, papa, neither did Joseph go—and he has won!"