

# FAIR PLAY.

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

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## Selected Miscellany.

### Miss Brown and I.

One bright and lovely day in spring,  
I left the busy town,  
And wandered through a garden with  
Sweet Aramida Brown;  
And when I asked, "Art fond of flowers?"  
In accents sweet, she said—  
"Oh, yes, I'm very fond of flowers  
In the shape of good wheat bread."

"Bobolink," said I, "the lovely plants,  
That round us sweetly bloom,  
Without their charming brightness  
The world would all be gloom.  
I love even the cowslip  
That blooms in meadows green."  
"I think," said she, "cowslips are nice,  
When boiled with pork and beans."

"I love," said I, "the glad some birds,  
Singing their songs so sweet."  
"I think," said she, "a nice fat bird  
Is very good to eat."  
And when we passed a lovely rose  
With flowers just blossoming—  
"Oh, dear," said she, "I've scratched my hand  
Upon the ugly thing."

She pointed to a running vine  
That just then caught her eye—  
"What is that lovely plant?" she asked.  
"A squash," was my reply.  
"Oh, yes," said she, "squashes are good,  
When nicely boiled and pressed,  
But still, I think of all the plants  
I love the onion best."

I talked to her of poetry,  
Of music, art and nature,  
In hopes to find some object that  
Would please the fair young creature.  
But when she moved her lips to speak,  
As true as I'm a sinner,  
She only said, "It's almost time  
For us to go to dinner."  
W. H. H. PEARSON.

## SECOND LOVE.

BY EDITH EDWARDS.

The November afternoon was darkening into night as Florence and I drove back from the cemetery where we had seen our father laid to rest. I was twenty two, that summer, and the affianced bride of Alden Freeman; but, since my father's failure and death, I had not seen him and my heart told me only too plainly, that the love which had been given to Marion Wilbur, the favored of fortune, had not been transferred to Marion Wilbur the homeless orphan.

Florence, though younger than I, was married; had her home and her husband, and could afford to look upon my father's failure and death calmly; but I—what was I to do? I must begin the world, and earn a living for myself.

We stopped before the mansion that had so long been home—that after to-night would be home no longer.

"I wish to speak to you, Marion," Florence said.

I led the way into the library.

"Well?" I said, sitting down in the gloom. "What is it, Florence?"

I did not answer, and she was gone; then I sank down in my loneliness, poverty and misery, and cried until I could cry no longer.

"O Alden, Alden!" I cried, in my great wretchedness. "Is this the love you professed for me?"

And so that long night passed, as all nights must; but the morning found me a changed woman. It seemed as if in that one night I had given up everything that had been dear to me. It did not break my heart, either; Alden Freeman should never do that; when my heart broke it would be for a worthier object. No! I thanked God that I had learned Alden Freeman's unworth so soon.

With no choice left, I took my way to Mrs. Brown, and remained for three months a member of her family. One morning, an advertisement in the paper attracted my attention, and I determined to answer it. It was for a copyist. A few mornings later, I knocked at the office door of Edward Graham. He was a lawyer, and one of the most talented men at the New York bar.

"You advertised for a copyist," I said, "and I called to see if I could do what you require."

"Will you write something for me?" he said, placing writing materials before me.

I wrote several lines, which he examined, and then said they "would do."

I found the terms liberal, and carried home quite a large roll of papers. It was arranged that after this the office boy would call for my writings, and bring me further orders.

Mr. Graham called occasionally to give some directions about the law papers; he was a man of about thirty-five, very kind in his manner, and he occasionally brought me a book to read. His little kindnesses were very welcome to me in my great loneliness.

my father's death. He did not know of my marriage, and begged me to forgive him.

"O Marion!" he said, "you would forgive and pity me if you knew what I have suffered. Only forgive me, Marion, and let me win your heart once more. Promise to be my wife, and nothing on earth shall part us."

What a flood of bitter memories oppressed my heart!

"There was a time long past," I answered, "when my heart was all your own; but you cast it back as worthless; have I not suffered, think you? I would not trust you with my heart if it were ever so free, but it is not; I have given it to one who loves me not for my gold but for myself. I am married to a good and noble man, and I love him with my whole heart."

An Editor Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride, a piece of elegant wedding cake, to dream on, thus gives the result of experience:

We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had broken off here. But no, some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"

Windfalls for Doctors.

The curiosities of medical life and practice are endless. If we hear very often of medical men doing arduous work for very scanty remuneration, sometimes there is an agreeable obverse of receiving very scanty remuneration for very scanty services. We know of a medical man whose duty it is to take lunch every day at a great estate belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense, and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and daily charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a very wealthy man near a great city, who cannot bear to be left for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence; he is consequently debarred evening society, and if he goes out to dinner he has to leave his friends before wine. He has to charge his patient a thousand a year; and, I think he works hard for his money. Some times the services are such that money cannot repay them. A friend of mine, a young physician, had a standing engagement of \$100 a year to look after the health of a young lady. She required to be inspected three times a day, and make an exhibition of tongue and pulse. What made matters so aggravating was, that she was as strong as a horse, while the doctor was a delicate man. She was so selfish and perverse, that he was obliged to tell her that he would have nothing to do with her case. Similarly, I know the son of a rich man who proposed to pay a clergyman several hundred pounds a year for leave to spend his evenings with him. The parson, however, was obliged to tell his rich friend that he talked such intolerable twaddle, that he could not accept his company on any terms that could be named. But of the arrangements is the following. A medical man has been attending a patient several years, and yet has never seen his patient. The gentleman firmly believes that he has an oesophagus of peculiar construction, and that he is accordingly laboring at any moment to be choked. That help may be at hand whenever any sudden emergency may occur, he has a physician in the house night and day. The physician, being human, must needs take his walks abroad, and it becomes necessary to provide a substitute for him two hours a day. Accordingly a doctor attends daily from twelve to two, fills up his time by disposing of an admirable lunch, and finds the gold and silver coin, in their usual happy combination, neatly put by the side of his plate in tissue paper. Up to the present date he has never had the pleasure of exchanging words with his interesting patient.—Exchange.

A Word to Young Men.

It is as easy to be a good man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind, would have credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Be prompt; honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, then as promptly attend to your own business. Do not stop to tell stories during business hours. If you have a piece of business, be there when wanted. No man can ever get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never fool on business matters. Have order, system, regularity and promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy any article you do not need, and the man who sells will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path—more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never beg. Believe others when you can, but never give what you can not afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants. Use your brains rather than others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young men, put this out, and place it, by careful perusal, in the golden store room of your brain, and if you find that there is a fly in the argument, let us know.—Punch and Herald.

An aged negro, whose eminent piety had secured for her an extensive reputation, in walking her usual round of visits, dropped in upon a neighbor, who was equally well known as a temperance man and hater of tobacco. After being courteously received, the negro pulled from her pocket a long pipe, and commenced smoking some very strong tobacco, to the infinite disgust of her host. The man maintained his composure several minutes; but the fumes and smoke soon became too powerful for him, and, rising from his chair, said:

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, brudder, I speck I is."

"Do you believe in the bible, anny?"

"Yes, brudder."

Titon says: "We have no sympathy with fatalism, and yet we are free to say that Mr. Greeley's destiny was on him, and he could not escape it. There were inward causes that gnawed their way outward to this effect. He had premonitions of it not only a few weeks but many months ago. During some idle hours in Brooklyn early in the campaign, he said to us with a sudden sadness, and a tone of unwonted pathos, 'I have but one great ambition, and that is, not the presidency, but death.' Later in the summer (or perhaps early in the fall) when some friends were talking with him at a merry supper table, when one of us gayly asked, 'How he enjoyed being praised by one political party, and damned by another?' he simply answered that 'nothing would gratify him so much as to receive from some celestial messenger an authoritative assurance that he must die the next morning.' About the middle of October, in a Sunday evening conversation with him, the same premonitory meditations on death and immortality broke forth from his lips. About three weeks ago Mr. Greeley said to us (clasping our hand and holding it for the last time) 'My dear friend, for thirty days and nights I have not slept; I shall never sleep again; I pray for death.'—Exchange.

When twenty-seven inches of snow yield three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on English turnips? To ascertain, multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs on a cows tail, and then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.

An exchange says: "You might as well attempt to shampoo the head of an elephant with a thimble full of soap suds as to attempt to do business and ignore printer's ink."

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