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RE-OPENED! FRANKLIN MARKET!!

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY!

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State Rights Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for length (1 inch, 2 in., 3 in., 4 in., 5 in., 6 in., 7 in., 8 in., 9 in., 10 in.) and rates per line per week.

IN A TRAP!

OR THE PRIVATEER'S RUSE.

The schooner Fair Sister, a snug little craft of some hundred and fifty tons burden, dropped down one of the small streams that empty the waters of Maine into the Atlantic, and came to anchor in the narrow basin at its mouth.

The Fair Sister had been fitted up by a party of enterprising men, and her armament was complete. She carried eight guns—twelve pounders—and had fifty four men, with small arms in abundance.

His vessel was ready for sea, and he was anxious to be out upon the broad Atlantic, among the merchant vessels and the ships of the enemy.

At a small settlement not far up the river he had learned that a British brig-of-war was laying off-and-on upon the coast, and that the commander had gained intelligence of the fact that a privateer was being fitted out by the stream.

Buck's first movement, upon reaching the mouth of the river, was to send a man upon the headland to look out for the English brig. The little bay in which the privateer now lay was shut in from the sea on the east by a bold promontory which ran out from the mainland to the southward.

"What is it, Walden?" the captain asked. "The brig is right off the headland, to the north-east, not more than four mile distant, and headin' right in for the bay."

"Then she got intelligence of our whereabouts," said Buck, uneasily. "She must," resumed Walden. "She was layin' to right in behind the 'Spider,' an' I'm sure I saw a boat pulled out to her stern davits as she turned away."

"What was to be done?" the privateer had come down the river with a fair wind, but she could not run back, and of course to run out to sea would be madness; and as for having the enemy take the chonser, just as she was all ready for work, that could not be thought of for a moment.

"What can we do?" the captain cried, pacing the deck nervously. "Could it be a hand-to-hand fight I would run the risk, though I s'pose the brig's got eighty or ninety men; but if she comes in here she'll blow us out of 'water.'"

"Look, Cap'n," spoke Ezekiel Dood, a tall, sandy-haired Yankee of the genus blood and stamp, and who was known to be as keen and cute as any man aboard. "I've got an idee—That t'arnal brig'll be in here as sure as fate. Now jest yeon listen—There's room enough for every one of yeon to hide in the hold. Et ye'll all hide there, an' run the boats all ashore. I'll bet a dollar at we'll wood 'em. D'ye s'pose them ere chaps seed yer, Pete, when ye was on the headland?"

"They must have seen me if they were lookin'," replied Walden. "Then it'll be as easy as greese," cried Zeke, all excitement. "Let's run the boats ashore an' leave 'em on the sand, an' then all of ye hide only me. I'll pretend to be sleepin', ye see, an' ye'll flax 'em rite eout."

Zeke explained his plan fully, and the men fell in with it at once. They saw no other way of saving the schooner. "What do you say, Luke?" the captain said to his mate. "I like it, and I say put in operation as quickly as possible."

It was now late in the afternoon, and the brig, if she came at all, would be in very shortly—in less than an hour. The three boats were pulled ashore as quickly as possible, and a lot of tracks were hurriedly made over the narrow belt of sand. After this the men swam back to the schooner, and then the crew descended to the hold, where they hid themselves behind the water-casks and boxes. It happened very fortunately that there were plenty of good hiding places, and ere long the men were so completely concealed that no one could have detected them without creeping over the casks and hunting carefully. Each man was armed with a good cutlass and a brace of pistols, but it was most earnestly enjoined upon them that they should not use the fire-arms save in a case where it was absolutely necessary to save a life.

This work had hardly been completed when the English brig bore in sight around the point. She went about and stood into the bay, and when within a cable's length of the schooner she hove-to, and lowered a boat. From her movements she seemed to suspect that the crew of the privateer had fled, as the boats were seen on the shore.

The Englishman's boat came alongside, and the schooner was hailed several times, but of course without an answer; and shortly afterward an English lieutenant, followed by a dozen men, came over the side, and then the same moment Zeke Dood came up from below rubbing his eyes, and yawning. He was in his shirt and drawers, and had apparently just got out of his hammock.

"Dot rot is to all thunderation?" he exclaimed, gazing stupidly around, "what'n the tarnation's the way now? Where's the Capt'n Buck? Who'n thunder be ye?"

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But there was no time for bantering. Captain Buck had determined to turn the tables completely on the brig. He had the prisoners put in irons, and then his crew were called aft.

"My men," he said, "we must have that brig!" She wasn't got more'n fifty men turned in, I am sure, and half of them are left in and sound asleep. By the Yankee flag, she must be ours! She wanted us, and she thinks she's got us; but we'll astonish her. It'll be a glorious prize for the Fair Sister!"

The men were in ecstasies. But how could they get alongside without exciting suspicion?

"I'll show you returned Buck; Lay aloft and unfurl the foretopsail and topgallants!"

In a short time the sails were set, and the schooner began to overhaul the brig rapidly.

"Brig-a-boy!" shouted Capt. Buck, through his trumpet as he came with-haling distance.

There was no moon, but the heavens were clear and the stars bright.

"Hullo!" returned the officer of the watch on board the Englishman.

"Heave-to, quick! There's mutiny aboard! Some of the men want to take the schooner and make a pirate out of her! I've got 'em in irons!"

This had the desired effect. The Englishman did not fully understand what was said, but he seemed to realize that there was trouble, for the boatswain's call of "all hands" was heard, and her main-topmast was laid to the mast.

The schooner, instead of coming to, as the Englishman had seemed to expect, ran directly by the board and threw her grapplings in the main rigging; and in a few moments more Alanson Buck, followed by his men in a thickly pouring crowd, with bright cutlasses gleaming in the starlight, leaped on board the brig.

"Surrender!" the Yankee captain thundered.

"To whom?" gasped the British commander, who had just come on deck in his shirt and drawers.

"To the Yankee Privateer, Fair Sister," returned Buck. "And you won't be long to consider!"

But before the Englishman could answer a fight commenced at the gangway, some of the watch on deck having armed themselves with boarding-pikes, and attempted to drive the Yankees off. But they had not consulted the coast. They were driven back in a very short time, and several of them cut down.

"You had better, speak pretty soon if you want to save your life," said Buck, "for my men are armed to the teeth, and if they draw their pistols there won't be many left to tell who who took 'em!"

The English commander saw plainly how he was situated, and he knew that he could do nothing at resistance. His men were unarmed, and opposed by an equal number of stout, full-armed, bold men.

"I surrender!" he said, with pain and mortification. "But tell me," he added, "how you got the schooner?"

"Oh, yeon mustn't, Captin! I've got a wife, and six young 'uns! Angeline'll cry her eyes elean out if I lead off ye carry me off! I wasn't a privateer, Capin—I swear I wasn't a one on 'em! I was only a pessenger, the blessed after some of the schooner at sea and some of your men in charge. I thought 'twas a pity to separate such a crew as yours seemed to be, so I just made sail, and have come to put ye altogether once more."

The Englishman understood it all, and though it galled him bitterly to be thus taken by a paltry Yankee schooner, yet he kept his tongue to himself, and submitted without further remark.

The prisoners were secured; the crews arranged and the Yankee Privateer, Fair Sister, turned her head toward Portsmouth, where she arrived the next afternoon, amid the loud huzzas of the people.

The officer had reported to the captain of the brig that the crew of the privateer, with the exception of "one poor wretch," who had been left behind ashore, had fled into the country. But the prize was a rich one, nevertheless. Accordingly twenty-five men were detailed to go with him and he was instructed to run direct for St. Johns with the prize, the brig intending to lead the way, as she needed her repairs.

Poor Zeke was put in irons, despite his entreaties, and sail was soon made on the schooner—the anchor stowed, and her nose turned toward the ocean. It was very near sundown when the two vessels left the little bay.

All passed on very well for a few hours. At eight o'clock thirteen of the men were sent below to their hammocks, the remainder being on the first watch. At ten o'clock the brig was on the weather bow, at a quarter of a mile distant, both vessels being very near close-hauled upon the larboard tack. The lieutenant stood on the binnacle, giving the helmsman some directions preparatory to retiring.

"Hullo! What's that?" he cried, strating back from the binnacle. "Who called the other watch at this time?"

But he soon found out that it was not the other watch. Up from the men's lock the dark forms of armed men came pouring in a steady stream, and ere the prize captain could comprehend what had happened, he was informed that he might surrender, or have his head taken off, just as he pleased.

What could he do? A mere handful of unarmed men against such a host! He very quickly decided upon the only thing left for him to do, and he did it—surrendered!

"I say, Captin," cried Zeke, coming up at this moment, "didn't I swear at I'd fetch 'em back to ye? Here they be, every one on 'em—New you ken jest take the t'arnal Yankee crew, an' make some mince-meat on 'em?"

The Sultan had sent the Empress Eugenie a magnificent sapphire, surrounded by large brilliants, valued at over \$16,000.

The Tribune of last week asks for information concerning the "fields" on which Gen. Henry Wilson was "battle-scarred." In 1862, Gen. Wilson raised the 22nd Regiment in Massachusetts, was commissioned as its Colonel, and marched the regiment, on a special railroad train, to New York. Disembarking there, a "fery charger" was provided for him, and in all

THE GLORY OF A NEW UNIFORM. He led his regiment through New York. In the wild charges of the enemy in that city, his horse took fright and the Colonel was thrown, tearing his trousers from top to bottom.

The Colonel at once resigned, and returned to Natick, and

HUNG UP HIS TROUSERS as a memorial for future generations. Side by side with these trousers is a black coat minus the tails. Report says that in retreat of the camp-followers of the Army of Bull Run, "General" Wilson left his carriage and struck out across lots for Washington. While climbing a Virginia fence, the

BLACK HORSE CAVALRY came up behind, and with their "flashing swords," cut off the "General's" coat tails.

Does this not answer your question, and prove the assertion that the General is "battle-scarred"?—Gen. Wilson was "born in early childhood"—perfectly naked.

THE Governor of Virginia has appointed five Major-Generals and twenty-three Brigadier-Generals of militia, of which the senior officer is General Peyton Wise, of Richmond, a Colonel in the Confederate Army.

(From the New York Sun.) NOAH PIKE'S WILL. A Lottery Ticket the Corner Stone of Fortune.

The will of Noah T. Pike was before the Surrogate yesterday. It is contested by the testator's son, Geo. S. Pike, a lawyer, who was at one time on the editorial staff of the Independent. The insanity of the testator is the ground on which the contestant rests his case.

Noah Thorp Pike was 72 years old when he died in June last, worth nearly half a million of dollars. He came to New York from Fairfield, Conn., forty years ago, with

ONLY FIFTY CENTS in his pocket. He worked on the same bench with Jonathan Sturges, the millionaire, as a journeyman tailor, in Fairfield. A short time after his arrival in New York he entered a lottery office on Broadway with his little two-year-old daughter Elizabeth in his arms. While he stood talking with the proprietor his little girl picked up a ticket which was lying on the counter, and

PUTTING IT INTO HER MOUTH began to chew it. The lottery man took the ticket from her, saying to Mr. Pike:

"You'd better take that ticket now. I can sell it."

Mr. Pike reluctantly purchased the ticket, for which he paid one dollar and a half. He put it in his pocket and went from the place feeling that he had been swindled. That night the number of Mr. Pike's ticket was called, and a few days later he received a check for \$4,500.

Mr. Pike, through real estate speculations, amassed a large fortune and lived in luxury on Madison Avenue. After his two daughters had been married he gave up his fashionable quarters and occupied the third story of a boarding-house on Fourth Avenue. After the death of his wife he invited his son George and his daughter-in-law to live with him in the apartments of the late Mrs. Pike.

He seemed to be much affected by the loss of his wife. He often visited her grave and talked to her. Up to this time his conduct had not excited suspicion. He now began to treat his son George violently. He flew into

FIERCE FITS OF PASSION, which were followed by periods of despondency. He said he received premonitions of the approaching death of a friend or relative from tapping on the windows, the snapping of crockery in his room, and the nocturnal visits of cats.

His son was compelled to leave his father's house on account of the gentleman's temper. While he was away his father tried to alienate his wife from him. After an absence of nine months George became convinced that his father was not responsible for his conduct, and he returned to take care of him. The old gentleman was cared for by George and his wife up to the day of his death.

A few days before he died HE MADE HIS WILL. He left George the interest on \$25,000 during his life. At his death it is to go to Mrs. George C. Lucas, of Woodbridge, N. J. Mrs. Lucas (the daughter Elizabeth) receives one-third of the testator's property. About the time of making the will he gave Mrs. Lucas \$60,000 in a trust deed. Mr. Lucas is a Presbyterian clergyman, and he and his wife persuaded the old man that he was morally bound to leave Mrs. Lucas the compound interest for thirty years on the \$4,500 which

SHE WAS THE INNOCENT MEANS of winning for him in the lottery.—He devised one-third to Noah Webster Pike, a twin brother of the contestant, who is already worth \$200,000 by marriage. To the children of a deceased daughter, Mrs. Savage, of Rahway, N. J., he devised the remaining third of his property. These are minors, and are represented by a guardian.

Mrs. Geo. Pike is respectably connected. She is the daughter of a well-known physician who was once the partner of Dr. Mott.

CAN TRAVEL LIKE PIZEN. The electric telegraph still remains a mystery to the million, and the ludicrous conceptions of the modus operandi, which some of the most ignorant people were formed, are as truth-provoking as anything out of Rabelais or Smollett.

Not long since, an old lady entered the telegraph office in Pittsburgh and said she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few minutes her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going straight to Wheeling?" inquired the old lady with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk. "I never was there," she continued, "but it hardly seems possible that their town lies in that direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

GRANT AND RAWLINS. How the President Put the Rawlins Fund in the "Black Friday Pool."

To the Editor of the St. Paul Pioneer: SIR.—With regard to the Rawlins fund, I can say a word more than you say. As to my statement, it is perhaps sufficient for me to mention that I was invested with power of attorney by Mrs. Rawlins to look after her affairs, and I was consequently well acquainted with the facts in the case. I do not know, except upon George's testimony, who paid the \$1,000 which Grant subscribed to the Rawlins fund; but I do know that nearly the full sum of \$50,000 proposed to be raised for the benefit of the impoverished family of the Secretary was subscribed before "Black Friday"; and that Geo. Butterfield was made receiver of that fund, and went to New York several times after that infamous day, in the attempt to learn something of the whereabouts of the fund, but accomplished nothing, for Butterfield never where I could find him. From the subscribers, Rufus Hatch, Fisk, Hatch & Co., W. R. Vermilye, and others, I learned only that the subscriptions had been paid in to the receiver. Returning to my home town of Mrs. Rawlins, at Danbury, Connecticut, at her request I wrote several letters to President Grant, who, as I was informed at New York, was named by the subscribers to the Rawlins fund as trustee thereof.—Those letters were unnoticed by the President. And not until Jan. 4, following the Secretary's death, did the trustees of the fund condescend to inform the widow that the United States bonds to the amount of \$38,500 had been placed in his hands, the first installment of interest upon which would become available in the following July. How or by whom the fund was handled between "Black Friday" and the 4th of January following I never learned; but certainly the Secretary's death did not prevent the widow that the United States bonds to the amount of \$38,500 had been placed in his hands, the first installment of interest upon which would become available in the following July. How or by whom the fund was handled between "Black Friday" and the 4th of January following I never learned; but certainly the Secretary's death did not prevent the widow that the United States bonds to the amount of \$38,500 had been placed in his hands, the first installment of interest upon which would become available in the following July. 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