

THE TROY HERALD.

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A Mail-Coach Story.

An English gentleman of true John Bull proportions—weighing some eighteen or twenty stone—had occasion to travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a center seat on each side vacant.

"My good sir," said a pert young law-student, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side.

"O, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother; it's ungraceful as well as uncomfortable; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmanly obstinacy. He turned to a smart-looking youth with a simper on his face—a clerical student who had hitherto sat in a reverent, possibly thinking over his chances of a rich benefice in the future.

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with mock gravity; "some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he mastered the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure, to the fourth, "Are you also determined that I shall lose my place; or will you oblige me by taking a center seat?"

"Ay, do, Tom," said his lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do?" replied the student of medicine. "In dissecting-room, he'd make an excellent subject; but in a coach, and this warm weather, too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and a practice to which I have a professional objection."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense. By this time the patience of coacher, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harko, gentlemen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him. 'T would be as much as my place is worth."

As it sounded from the venerable bell of the horses, as if they recognized the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's dilemma afforded a politic theme for merriment during the whole stage.

Meanwhile the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers got out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman, "what say you to a ride?" The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of the sooty checks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?" "Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then, hostler, open the stage-door. In with you! And d'ye hear? be sure to take the middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coacher's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gentlemen; come on!" They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coacher? What confounded joke is this! Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Overreached us, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry you mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name." "You forget that possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *locum tenentes*, if that be good law Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical student. "You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to suffer our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty devils," groaned the medical student. "Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words, coacher, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without you, if so be ye don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal!" said the disciple of Esculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord. "My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!" The noise of the carriages-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sound of their lamentations. At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with a gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed; the worthy sons of the university made up, among themselves, the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coacher, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage and only three seconds less than three minutes at the next was enough to try the patience of a saint; that it was!"—Robert Dale Owen, in November Atlantic.

That Boy.

I pity a boy. As a general thing, he is considered an unmerciful offender. If there is any mean little trick done outside of law and corn-exchange offices—that is, among the smaller portion of humanity—it's "that boy" did it. Making due allowance for the interest taken in the juvenile class at the present day, the boy, generally speaking, has to make his way up in the world, at a disadvantage. He is given the simple word, unvarnished and unadorned;—his manliness, his taste, and it lies not all in his mouth, as many seem to infer, his sense of honor, of politeness, is not appealed to. A boy is sent on an errand, with the injunction to be as speedy as possible. On entering the store, he finds the clerks all busy with customers, and expects to wait his turn; but just as he is stepping up to make known his errand, a young lady sweeps in. For some reason or other, the young clerk doesn't see the boy, and immediately begins to deal out his "lavender scent-bag" civilities to said young lady. If the boy does not make a general stampede, tread on the puddle's tail, knock little children down, step on the lady's train, tearing it half off, he waits until the final: "Is there nothing more I can have the pleasure of showing you?" Then the familiar—"Well, what do you want, youngster?"—sounds on his ear. Purchase made, he mopes home, knowing he is too late for supper. In the parks, concert rooms, street cars, churches, he is everywhere welcome to the invitation to "get up," and "stand out of the way." The characters we want the future men of our country to bear, we must help the boys to attain; and nothing will so help them to respect themselves and others, to be kindly and agreeable, generally, as to treat them as men, with deference to their wishes, and an appeal to all that is noblest in them. And many a man, occupying a position of influence and usefulness, has often said, with tender gratitude, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to him who, in my boyhood, spoke many an encouraging word—an advising word—reminding that he, too, was once a boy."—Chicago Tribune.

An Imperial Ball at Honolulu.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a German merchant at Honolulu. The writer says: Two weeks ago we had a ball at the palace of our King, Luualilo I. He is my friend. When he was styled merely Crown Prince I loaned him once \$2—only for a day, as he said. When I met him a year after, I reminded him of the loan, but he told me to wait till he should have become King, of which the prospects were then very slight. But now he is King, and I have friendly made him a present of the \$2—cheap friend-ship considering he is a king. It was a fine ball, which he gave in honor of the English Admiral; and the King was the first who got gloriously drunk; next came the musicians; then guests; and finally I myself began to feel a little unsteady. I saw a young English naval officer occupy the kingly throne, with a Honolulu girl by his side, while the King and Queen Emma sat at his feet. Then the King took a drum and walked around the floor, beating the tattoo. Finally the musicians began quarreling and fighting in regular John Bull style, so that the Admiral could not part them; and all this in the midst of the court ball. But our King is said to have amused himself exceedingly, particularly as lots of drinkables remained for him to consume himself, though an awful quantity was drunk. Whether he did consume it all, I don't know; but it is said that he was not sober for two weeks afterward, though he can stand a vast amount. Otherwise the King is a good fellow, and likes us Germans particularly, probably because we "treated" him so often when he was merely Crown Prince. He has even learned some German songs which he sings passably; for instance, "When the swallows homeward fly," and "out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night."

The Mexican Bullwhacker.

Of the many and varied scenes in the Southwest that constantly remind the stranger of his proximity to another and entirely different race of people, none is more likely to attract his attention than that of a Mexican freighting team. The heavy built wagons, with their enormous loads piled high above the wheels, the thin, wiry oxen, with slow, swinging gait, dragging them along by means of heavy yokes, which bow down their necks until they are perfect pictures of helplessness and hopelessness; the noisy and unintelligible ejaculations of the unkempt, ragged, swarthy, and undersized drivers as the train moves by, all conspire to make it difficult for an Easterner to realize that he is still within the limits of the United States, and not in the very heart of Old Mexico. From five to eight yoke of cattle are generally attached to each wagon, this team being usually driven by a single teamster, who, in the common parlance of the country, is dubbed a "bullwhacker." He controls the movements of his lengthy charge by means of a clumsy-looking whip, made up of a very short and stout handle, and a very long and a very heavy lash. When not in use, the handle is generally laid over the shoulder, and the cruel lash drags its slow length along the ground behind. A novice attempting to wield such a whip succeeds, in most cases, in coiling the lash, like a great serpent, about his neck, and giving himself a stinging blow with its tall across his face; but the professional bullwhacker uses it with the greatest ease and alacrity, and even with an admirable grace. He can switch a fly from one of his oxen so deftly as scarcely to disturb a hair, or he can open a fearful gash in the hide apparently without an effort. To his honor be it said, however, the bullwhacker, despite his name, seldom uses his fearful weapon as an instrument of torture upon his helpless cattle. He makes it bark rather than bite, delighting to swing the huge lash round his head, and crack it with reports as loud as those from a common rifle; nothing, indeed, more reminds the veteran soldier of a heavy fire along the skirmish-line than the loud and incessant cracking of the bullwhacker's whips, as they are heard sometimes in the far distance, when one of their trains approach. The personnel of the average bullwhacker may be picturesque, but is certainly not prepossessing. Garments in which filthiness and raggedness contend for the supremacy adorn his person; the expression of his swarthy face is low and villainous, an unkempt shock of black, wiry hair grows low down on his retreating forehead, and beneath his shaggy brows are two small coal-black eyes, ever restless and gleaming. Yet this degraded bullwhacker, who is a mongrel offspring of the Aztec, the Indian, and the negro, still boasts of the brave knights who landed with Cortez on the shores of Mexico as his ancestors, and takes unto himself a high-sounding Spanish address that might well have been the pride of any Caballero at the Spanish court. Senior or Senior Don is invariably prefixed to his address on the letters which he receives, for strange as it may seem, many of the "greaser" bullwhackers cannot only read fluently in Spanish, but write in a very passable hand. Where or how they pick up these accomplishments, heaven and themselves only know, for in New Mexico, whence they come, the public school is yet a thing of the future.—Out West.

A Most Horrible Death.

On Thursday, 27th ult., eight miles from Knob Noster, Johnson county, a party of farmers from the county adjacent were attending James Foster's machine, engaged in threshing wheat on Mr. Albaugh's farm, the scene of the horrible occurrence. During the afternoon, while busily threshing, a small wheel broke, the excessive friction produced therefrom quickly igniting the dry wheat straw and chaff with which the machine was surrounded. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, threatening a spread of the flames to a large rick of wheat adjoining. Contemplating at once the desperate emergency, one of the employes, Mr. Arnold, mounted the front part of the thrasher and attempted to smother out the flames. In stepping on the feed-board one foot slipped, his leg entered the machine about half way to his ankle, where, horrible to relate, it became firmly caught. Vain were the efforts to release the poor man from his terrible situation. The machine was run slowly back but effected nothing. No time was to be lost. The flames were gradually increasing. Unless removed he would be burned alive. A desperate remedy was then resorted to—the last and only hope. A stout man, with a common chopping ax then severed the imprisoned leg just below the knee, the amputation requiring three blows. The unfortunate man was taken from the machine and a runner dispatched for medical aid. A physician was fortunately obtained in a short time, but the wounded man died before he reached his side, although every assistance was offered him by those present. The deceased was aged about thirty-five years, and leaves a stricken family to mourn his sudden and terrible death. The thrasher was almost totally destroyed by the fire. The flames also extended to a large rick of unthreshed wheat, consuming what was presumed to contain from 200 to 400 bushels.—Scottdale (Mo.) Democrat.

Tensile Strength of American Iron.

The Detroit Free Press makes a record of the following experiments with iron made from Lake Superior ores, by the Wyandotte Company: A bar of railroad iron was put under the hammer and bent, twisted and tortured until no further resemblance of the original bar had remained. An effort was then made to hammer the head of the rail from the flange, but it proved unsuccessful. It must be understood the experiments were made when the iron was cold, which is the severest test to which iron can be submitted. The experiments with the chains were equally satisfactory and showed a marvelous power of resistance. A Bessemer steel chain, 1 1/2 inches in thickness, withstood a test 121,850 pounds to the square inch. The following comparisons will show the relative tensile of Lake Superior and English iron, the trials having been made by the use of the toasting machine made by Riehle, of Philadelphia, which is that used for all tests in which the government is concerned: A one-fourth inch chain of American (Lake Superior) iron withstood a draft of 101,750

pounds, while a chain of English iron of the same size broke at a test of 70,500 pounds. A five-eighth inch chain, American, 24,875 pounds; English, 19,000 pounds. A three-fourth inch chain, American, 38,000 pounds; English, 26,000; a one-half inch chain, American, 15,825; English, 8,500; and a seven-sixteenth inch chain, American, 10,250 pounds; English, 5,750.

A Letter from the President on the Financial Situation.

The following is a copy of a letter written by President Grant to N. A. Cowdrey, Esq., of the Continental National Bank of New York City:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 18, 1873. MY DEAR MR. COWDREY: Your letter of the 25th ult. was duly received and read, as was your previous letter. Neither require an answer particularly, and hence I did not answer them at that time. Your last letter, however, contains one sentence that it seems proper I should reply to—that is, as to an implied threat to the national banks contained in my letter to Messrs. Anthony and Latham. Nothing was further from my mind than a threat. My whole object was to restore confidence to the public mind, and to give assurance that the Government would give all the aid in its power, keeping in view at the same time the interests of the Treasury. You and all bank presidents know more about the condition of your banks than I can possibly know. In turn, I, through the Secretary of the Treasury, know more about the financial condition of the Government, its ability to render aid, etc., than any person disconnected from the administration of its affairs can know. I alluded to the fact that the \$14,000,000 reserve notes in the Treasury would be regarded as money in the Treasury subject to use, for the purpose of showing that the means are at hand to give the relief we promise. I do not believe the present panic will work to individuals half the injury it will work general good to the country at large. Our monetary system is the creation of necessity. It has no elasticity, but in other respects it is the best that has ever been devised. No one now distrusts the value of his paper dollar; on the contrary, it is seized and hoarded with the same avidity now that the gold dollar has been in former like adventures. The panic will call attention to the defects of our monetary system; and will, no doubt, lead to legislation to relieve the want of elasticity.

The panic has brought greenbacks about to a par with silver. I wonder that silver is not ready to enter the market to supply the deficiency in the circulating medium. When it does come—and I predict that it will come soon—we will have made a rapid stride towards specie payments. Currency will never go below silver again.

The circulation of silver will have other beneficial effects. Experience has proven that it takes about forty millions of fractional currency to make the same change necessary for the transaction of the business of the country. Silver will be used daily for the same purposes of exchange, and will become the standard of value, which will be hoarded in a small way. I estimate that this will consume from two to three hundred millions, in time, of this specie of currency. It will leave the paper currency free to perform the legitimate functions of trade, and will tend to bring us back where we must come at last, to a specie basis. I confess to a desire to see a limited hoarding of money. It insures a firm foundation in time of need. But I want to see the hoarding of something that has a standard of value the world over. Silver has this; and if we once get back to that our strides towards a higher appreciation of our currency will be rapid.

Our notes are now producing almost unlimited amounts of silver, and it is becoming a question, "What shall we do with it?" I suggest here a solution that will answer for some years, and suggest to you bankers whether you may not improve a part of this currency, which is now in circulation, by making it convertible into gold, and then we will find other markets. The South and Central American countries have asked us to coin their silver for them. There has never been authority of law to do so. I trust it will now be given. When it is given it will be the manufacture of the equivalent of existing exports of articles of manufacture which were previously articles of import. Orders will come for large amounts of coin. It will be all in silver, while the payments are not necessarily so. We become the manufacturer of this currency, with a profit, and will probably secure a portion of our pay in the more precious metal.

I have thought much about the recommendations I should make to Congress, and have been slightly in regard to banking laws since I had the pleasure of a personal interview with you. It is not necessary to state what those changes are, because they may undergo further modification. I will give to the subject, however, my sincerest thoughts, and court the views of others.

I have written this hastily, but if it calls forth any views you would like to express I will be glad to hear them. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

Chinese Kindness to Animals.

The Chinese are always kind to animals, and never punish; hence a mule, that, in the hands of a foreigner, would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes, in the possession of a Chinaman, as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibber, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads by means of a *turner* or *clack*, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping, with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without the aid either from a yelling cur or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally cared for.—Travels on Horseback.

How to Cook Potatoes.—Peel and either boil or steam two pounds of potatoes till they fall to pieces; if boiled drain the water from them, and let them stand by the side of the fire, with the lid off, for five minutes, to let the steam evaporate; add a lump of butter about the size of a small egg, or more if wished, and when this has melted, break up the potatoes as small as possible with a fork; and then mash with a wooden spoon, adding milk by degrees till they are the proper consistency. Turn into the dish, and smooth them with a spoon. If liked, they may be put in the oven for a few minutes to brown. Salt will, of course, have been put in while they were boiling. Pepper is sometimes added, but this is a matter of taste.

Marble Cake.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of eggs, one cup of milk, three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, flavoring with lemon. Dissolve two squares of chocolate in a little boiling water, add half a cup of sugar, one spoonful of vanilla; to this add two table-spoonful of the cake and beat; it will marble with the cake.

Now, I had rather have been the prodigal son than his brother. He was too stingy to get drunk. He was too cautious, too cold, too unsympathetic, to sin lasciviously. He was lean, mean, stiff, and proper. He was going to heaven like a mummy.—H. W. Beecher.

A Missionary, just returned, says he regards Johnson's Anodyne Linctum as beyond all price, and efficacious beyond any other medicine. It is adapted to a great variety of special cases, and is the best pain curer in the world.

The attention of our many readers is called to the attractive advertisement of J. N. Harris & Co., advertising their great and valuable lung remedy, "Allen's Lung Balm." This Balm has been before the public for ten years. Notwithstanding this long period, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, or shown the least sign of becoming unpopular, but, on the contrary, the call for it has been constantly increasing, and at no previous time has the demand been so great, or the quantity made been so large, as at this day. We earnestly recommend its trial by any one who may be afflicted with a cough or cold, and we warrant it to cure if directions are followed. It is sold by all our city druggists.

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We congratulate the Temperance world on the success everywhere attending the use of VINOBAR BITTERS. Certainly no preparation containing alcohol has accomplished such cures of malarious fever, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, lung complaints, constipation, and general debility, as we hear of from all quarters, as the results of this famous vegetable specific. No true philanthropist will regret to see spirituous liquors expelled from medical use, if they can be safely dispensed with; and that they are not necessary in any case of sickness, whatever its character, appears at last to have been demonstrated. If public opinion is capable of making any impression upon the minds of the Faculty, they will ere long introduce the most popular of modern medicines into the hospitals, and prescribe it in their practice. The millions have given the article a fair trial; it has more than answered their expectations, and no theoretical opposition can shake their faith in it.

FEVERS seldom make an attack without warning, and may be often thrown off by soaking the feet in warm water, wrapping up warm in bed, and taking two or three of Parson's Purgative Pills.

SAMPLES FREE.—The Saturday Evening Post, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, gives a beautiful CHROMO to every yearly subscriber.

ONE Cold after Another, will, with many consultations, securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. Those in need of a remedy will find Dr. Jayne's Expectoant always prompt, thorough and efficacious.

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THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for Market Name (NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1873) and various commodities (BEEF CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, COTTON, etc.) with prices.

Table with columns for Market Name (ST. LOUIS) and various commodities (COTTON, BEEF CATTLE, HOGS, etc.) with prices.

Table with columns for Market Name (CINCINNATI) and various commodities (WHEAT, CORN, OATS, etc.) with prices.

Table with columns for Market Name (NEW ORLEANS) and various commodities (BEEVES, HOGS, SHEEP, etc.) with prices.

Table with columns for Market Name (CINCINNATI) and various commodities (WHEAT, CORN, OATS, etc.) with prices.

Table with columns for Market Name (NEW ORLEANS) and various commodities (FLOUR, CORN, OATS, etc.) with prices.

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