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BLANK NOTES FOR SALE.

CLEOPATRA.
BY HARRIET BURNEL CARRIS.
The years have dimmed the crown I wear,
And beauty lights my cheeks no more;
The eyes that scorn a mourner's tear,
Now burning torrents nightly pour;
My days are o'er, my days are o'er.
Shadowy forms are passing near;
"I am dying, Egypt, dying,"
Falls with terror on mine ear;
No, 'tis the wind around me sighing!
I will not fear, I will not fear.
Charm'an, Iran, friends of yore,
I hear your merry laugh no more;
Nor find a foot-print lingering here
Of him who did the eagle wear:
Why comes the tear? why comes the tear?
O! man my barge, my gondolier,
And ply the silvery oar with care,
Till mounting o'er the Aeolian wave
I find the Roman or the grave:
Oh, now I'm brave! oh, now I'm brave!
But hold—the dreary Nile rolls!
A death bell in my palace tolls!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
While shadowy play a fearful part!
Why do I start? why do I start?
Fading like the sunset blushes,
Our promised joys are gone too soon;
Their glided tints were like the rose—
Vain pleasure hath but one short moon;
No other boon, no other boon.
Oh! let the star-eyed beauty sleep,
And gentle hearts above her weep;
Ptolemy's daughter reigns no more—
Her palace lies on Lethe's shore
Forever more, forever more.

[From Western Monthly.]
THE WIFE OF GARIBALDI.
BY LAWRENCE LESLIE.

On the western shore of the Adriatic Sea, near the mouth of the river Po, there is a lonely unmarked grave. Rank weeds grow in profusion around it, tall grasses bend over it, and wild flowers shed their perfume above it. The solitude is broken only by the song of birds, the sighing wind, or the mournful monotony of the surf as it breaks upon the adjacent beach. Twenty summers have come and gone, and twenty times have the flowers dropped their withered leaves, since loving hands fashioned that lowly grave, tenderly covered the dead, and, weeping, from the place of burial. The revolution of 1840 had run its course; Rome had surrendered to the armies of France, and the Roman Republic was no more. A remnant of the patriot army, disdaining to surrender, had shaken the dust of the Eternal City from their feet, and made a perilous march across the country to the Adriatic Sea, with the design of embarking at Ceneau for Venice, which was still held by the revolutionists, though besieged by land and sea by a powerful Austrian force. The boats in which they had essayed this perilous journey were small and overcrowded, and the weather unpropitious. Besides, the swift cruisers of Austria swept the sea, rendering capture or destruction almost a certainty. About two o'clock on a gloomy, misty morning, late in July, 1840, General Garibaldi, his wife, and four or five of his associates in the struggle for Italian liberty, went on board one of these frail crafts, and steered in the direction of beleaguered Venice. The wife of Garibaldi was suffering from a protracted disease, and though she had to be carried most of the way in her husband's arms, she pleaded so earnestly not to be left behind that they could not refuse her, and such accommodations were prepared for her as their limited resources would allow. The wind was fair, and under cover of the darkness the boat glided silently toward its destination. But when the sun rose and the mists cleared away, it revealed to their anxious gaze two Austrian frigates in dangerous proximity. The frigate too had changed, and they were making but little progress. It was hoped, however, that such a speck upon the ocean would not attract attention; and as the sun rose higher, without apparent discovery, they began to regard their position as quite secure. But this illusion was soon broken. The sound of a gun came booming over the water, and its rumbling reports had scarcely died away when the hostile vessels changed their course, and the patriots knew that they were pursued. It was now a race for life. The wind, as before stated, had changed, and was now favorable to their return, and they fled rapidly to the shore. Their pursuers, however, gained rapidly upon them; and when their boat touched shore the cannon-shot were falling thickly among them, as the frigates discharged their broadsides at the escaping fugitives. The poor suffering woman, who had grown rapidly worse under the danger and excitement, was tenderly lifted from the rude bed which had been made for her on the bottom of the boat, carried beyond reach of the plunging shot, languished a few hours, and then breathed her last in the arms of her husband. A grave was hurriedly made in that wilderness solitude; and as the dark shadows of night were creeping along the shore, now scourged by the Austrian soldiery, the loved form was laid to rest, and Garibaldi had only time to drop a few tears upon the humble grave, and then went forth, a weary, hunted fugitive. The history of this beautiful, gentle and heroic woman, so full of adventure, danger and toil, her romantic life in South America and tragic death on the frontier of betrayed and bleeding Italy, forms a most interesting chapter in the history of that long-oppressed but now free people. Garibaldi was an on-

omy of oppression from his earliest boyhood. When a youth he made his first visit to Rome, and was soon drawn into the membership of some secret republican societies which were just then springing into existence. The spies of the government were not long in discovering these revolutionary organizations, and its iron hand came down upon them with such force that they were crushed and scattered; and as young Garibaldi fled for life through the gates of Rome, he read his own sentence of death posted on the walls of the city. But Providence had a great work for the young fugitive to perform in the coming years, and the executioner pursued him in vain. Thus deprived of the ability of aiding his own countrymen in their aspirations for freedom, he wandered for some years an exile, when the struggle between the republicans of South America and the governments of Brazil and Buenos Ayres afforded him the first opportunity of drawing his sword in the cause of liberty. It was while in this hard, discouraging and perilous service that he discovered the woman whose lonely burial we have previously described. Defeat and disaster had overtaken the little fleet which he commanded. Every one of his intimate personal friends had perished by shipwreck or in battle, and his great heart was heavy with sorrow and despair. To use his own words:

"I was left in a state of complete isolation, and left alone in the world. Not one of the friends of my heart remained. And this change had been made in so sudden and terrible a manner that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable."

In this frame of mind, Garibaldi arrived, with his shattered vessel, at the little town of Marinbos, in the province of Leguana. One day, while sorrowfully pacing the deck, thinking of lost friends and blasted hopes, his attention was attracted by the sweet voice of a woman who was singing one of the patriotic airs of the country. He turned his eyes in the direction from which the inspiring strains came, and beheld a beautiful woman, of light, graceful figure and upon whose dark curls the suns of less than twenty summers had shone. For the first time in his life Garibaldi was touched with the "tender passion." By a power of fascination which he seemed unable to resist, he was drawn toward the fair singer. Lowering a boat, he was rowed to the shore, and soon stood before the lady's house, but dared not enter. After hours of search, he found an acquaintance who was known to the family; and through him he soon obtained an invitation to take coffee at the house of the young lady's parents. A more intimate acquaintance first increased the regard her appearance first inspired. In a letter written to a gentleman in New York, some years ago, he said: "I found that the hidden treasure I had discovered was a gem of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil, and suffering. I felt it most deeply on that bitter day when, at the mouth of the Po, within reach of the Austrian shot, while still hoping to restore her to life, I took her pulse and was horrified to find her a corpse. Then I sang the hymn of despair, and prayed for forgiveness; for the sin of taking her from her peaceful home stood more forcibly before me."

Such was the first meeting of Anna and the future hero of Italy. They were soon married; and from that time to her tragic death, in 1840, a period of ten years, she followed her husband in all his campaigns—sharing the toil of the march, the dangers of the battle, the perils of the camp often pitched amid death-breeding marshes, fording rivers, crossing almost impenetrable forests, or fighting by his side, ever brave, hopeful, and cheerful, aiding in his arduous labors, and comforting him in the hours of adversity and defeat. An excellent rider, she was present in nearly every engagement, rallying and encouraging the dispersed troop, carrying orders to distant parts of the field, or ministering to the wounded or dying men.

On the occasion of a battle near Caribani, she resisted every entreaty of her husband to seek a place of safety, and took upon herself the duty of serving out the ammunition to the soldiers. During the heat of the combat, seizing a portion of the line wavering and threatening to break, she rode rapidly toward the column, hoping to inspire the men with fresh courage. Before reaching them, however, they broke and fled, and a detachment of the enemy's pursuing cavalry closed around her. Insensible to fear, she refused to surrender, and spurring her horse forward, attempted to ride through their ranks. A volley was fired at her, and one ball went through her hat, cutting off a lock of her hair. Still she pushed on, and had nearly passed through their line, when another shot killed her faithful horse; and further exertion being impossible, she was obliged to surrender. The defeat of the republicans was most disastrous, and hardly a man escaped. As darkness came on, the massacre ceased; and Anna, believing that her husband had not survived the slaughter, sought and obtained permission to seek for his remains amid the piles of dead and wounded that covered the field. Assisted by two of her countrymen who had been taken prisoners, she passed the night among the dead, looking for what she so dreaded to find, yet peering into the ghastly faces for some mark of recog-

nition to him whom she sought. But she looked in vain, and at last abandoned the search.

The next day the victors gave themselves up to the enjoyments of their triumph; and, profiting by their intemperance and lack of vigilance, Anna passed out of their camp and disappeared in the adjacent woods. It was sixty miles to the nearest friendly camp, over a broken, almost impassable wilderness, infested with robbers and swarming with the scouts of the enemy. On foot, destitute of supplies, undefended, and without a guide, the dauntless woman set out on her perilous flight. Chance threw a splendid horse in her way; and mounting it, she dashed away along the mountain pathway. A terrible storm had now come on; the night was pitchy dark, and it was only by the aid of the frequent flashes of lightning that she was enabled to pick her way among the rocks and ravines and avoid instant death. On reaching the Caucasus river, she found it a roaring, maddened torrent, swollen by the heavy rains to nearly a third of a mile in width. Destitute of a saddle she dared not trust herself upon her horse in the strong current, and adopted the unromantic but safer expedient of clinging firmly to his tail until the dangerous passage was effected. To increase her misfortunes, she lost her way, and wandered about in the storm for three days before finding any of her friends; and during the whole time she scarcely closed her eyes in sleep, and subsisted entirely upon roots and the few indifferent fruits which she could gather on the way.

Not long after this her first child was born—Menotti Garibaldi, who subsequently distinguished himself in the war between Italy and Austria, and more recently did some gallant fighting in the short but disastrous campaign against the Eternal City. When her babe was but a few weeks old, she set out with her husband and the republican army on a long, weary, and disastrous retreat through the forests and across the mountains of Brazil, carrying her babe in her arms. On the march they were overtaken by a severe storm. She became separated from her companions; and it was only through the most indomitable perseverance and heroism that she was enabled to save the life of herself and child. It was during the dreary hours she passed in that wilderness, divesting herself of almost every particle of clothing to keep her babe from perishing, that the seeds of that disease were planted which a few years after claimed her as its victim.

In 1848, when the gallant followers of Mazzini were gathering around the standard of Italian nationality, Garibaldi hastened back to his native land to join his fortunes with those of his struggling countrymen. The stirring events of 1849 followed; and when the patriot leader was shut up in Rome by the army of France, his faithful wife passed in disguise through General Oudinot's lines and joined him, rendering efficient services in encouraging the weak and wavering, and nursing the wounded and sick. She devoted herself to these unfortunate men with such earnest and untiring zeal, that her health, already enfeebled, entirely gave way; and when the final catastrophe came, and the remnant of the patriotic army passed out of the city in one direction, as the victorious French entered it from another, she was unable to walk, and had to be carried in the arms of her friends. In vain her husband insisted that she should not attempt so perilous a journey. But she begged so earnestly to follow them, saying that if she must die she could not bear the thought of breathing her last under the flag of the destroyers of Italian liberty, that Garibaldi yielded, and she set out with them on that famous retreat. Her sufferings were acute; but she bore them bravely, gradually sinking, however, until the fatal moment when her brave spirit was released from its sufferings and passed to a happier land. She retained her consciousness almost to the last moment, sent loving messages to her children and other friends, and died, calmly and peacefully, in the arms of her husband.

Ten years ago, her remains were still resting in the humble grave which first received them, unmarked by any stone or inscription; nor up to that time had Garibaldi revisited the hallowed spot. For ten years the chains of enslaved Italy clanked above her grave; but then, thanks to the arm upon which she leaned so trustingly in life, the day of righteous vengeance came, and the Austrians were scourged from the land they had so long oppressed and deluged with blood and tears. Whether, since those happy days have come for Italy, any memorial has been raised to perpetuate the noble woman's memory, we know not. Nor does it matter. The solid granite could not add to the immortality of her fame, nor could sculptured marble correctly portray the beauty of her life and death. In the heart of every true native of sunny Italy—in the bosom of every lover of liberty, under whatever skies he may live the memory of Anna Garibaldi will ever be kept fresh and green; and from her ashes shall spring innumerable defenders of the cause for which she sacrificed so much.

In the old time a Connecticut pastor declined an addition of \$100 to his salary for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labor, heretofore had been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to try to collect \$100 more.

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

Fat Contributor on Water.

When hard pressed for a theme we sometimes take a scientific subject and treat on it. Some of our readers, we know, will turn away in disgust when they find we are going to treat on water, preferring to have us treat on something else, beer for instance; but if they don't like the treat we have invited them to, they needn't have it. There are those who could not write on water all by itself, they would require to have something stronger mixed with it—but we are resolved to put it through on the inferior element alone. We remember trying to write on water once, and failed miserably. We were out on Lake Erie in a gale, and sea sick. We were returning from an excursion and had a good deal to write up. Took something to help us right up before we wrote up but it came right up.

Three fourths of the face of the globe is covered with water perpetually. What a lesson for a large proportion of the earth's inhabitants whose faces never touch water. During a great flood which occurred further back than any of us can remember, the entire globe was covered with water for some time. The water has not wholly retired in many places to this day. It furnished great impetus to shipbuilding, however, which had been rather neglected up to that time, gave us the Tower of Babel and provided employment for numerous professors of languages.

There are a great many kinds of water, such as fresh water, salt water, well water, spring water, rain water, soda water, eye water, Congress water, dish water, water on the brain, Denebec water, hydrant water, Blue Lick water, joint water, break-water, and brandy and water. Salt water, found mostly at sea, differs from fresh water in containing a large infusion of table salt. Sailors are very fond of salt water, and actually live on it for months at a time. The effect of it on most people is to make them dry, which accounts for sailors being such hard drinkers. In former days, it is supposed, a much larger surface of the globe was covered with salt water than now. When it retired it left dry land, and it has been dry ever since. (Intermission to take a glass of water.)

All the rivers in the world find their way to the sea. We don't know how they do it, but they do. We tried to find our way to the sea once, when a boy, resolved to go for a sailor, but were overtaken before we got there and brought ignominiously back, amid the jeers of the villagers. We remember gazing tearfully on a brook that went murmuring back of the house, and sighed to think the brook could run off to the sea and we couldn't. We can't tell what the brook was murmuring about. Perhaps it was because it had to go to sea when it didn't want to, like one of the naughty boys that are sometimes carried off and shipped on board a whaler because they darn't whale him at home.

The water of rivers is fresh, although it don't taste very fresh sometimes, when furnished to you by the Water works Company. We have heard of a "Salt River," but as we are generally successful in allying ourselves with the winning party we never sailed up there yet. With so many rivers of fresh water emptying themselves into the sea every day (Sundays not excepted) it is strange the saltiness of the water exhibits no perceptible diminution. The wind freshes at sea, quite often, but the water never does.

The lakes abound in fresh water, except Salt Lake; yet a friend brought us a bottle of Salt Lake water not long ago, and although it was ten days on the way we found it quite fresh when we came to open it. There is a briny moisture in the atmosphere about Salt Lake, and we are told it is no unusual thing, for an excessively married Mormon, to find himself in a pickle with all his wives.

Fresh water fish are caught, for the most part, in fresh water. Occasionally one is caught in salt water, but he wouldn't be caught there again, not if he could help it. Fish will get out of their proper element sometimes like other folks. The sardine, a salt water fish, is often found in oil, and we may add, in parenthesis, that nobody but a "sardine" would go "in oil" now a days, anyway.

Chemically considered, water is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen. Some people, thinking to improve on nature, add a little Holland gin, if they want it for a beverage. Milk-men put milk in it before peddling it out to their customers, to give color to their transactions. Chemists say that at the lowest estimate, five sixths of a living human body is simply water. This is a grave warning to people who are given to the intemperate use of cold water as a beverage, for they are in danger of adding the other sixth and becoming all water.

An old toper, who read somewhere that five-sixths of his body was water, said it was none of his fault, he hadn't taken any on for over forty years. He wept bitterly because he had to have so much water with his whisky.

Curiosities of Breathing.

The taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed, in proportion to the girth around the chest; yet observation shows that slim men as a rule will run faster, and farther, with less fatigue, having "more wind," than stout men. Two persons are taken in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement, than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing, the next instant it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that, if rebreathed without any admixture of pure atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fireplaces.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months, by daily out-door runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back, at a time, increasing ten yards every week, until a hundred are gone over, three or four days. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities, in running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspirations, is a natural way, at the end of the journey.

As consumptive people are declining, each week is a witness to their inability to deliver as much air at a single out-breath as the week before; hence the best way to keep the full disease at bay is to maintain lung development.

It is known that in large towns, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea. Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York, where only two die of that disease in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not prevail in hilly countries and in high situations. One reason of this is, because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides the air being more rarified, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping up a high development. Hence the hill should be sought by consumptives, and not low flat situations.—Hall's Health Tracts.

The Importance of learning a Trade.

Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will, his craft will bring him support. He need ask favors of none. He has, literally, his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents, ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say, are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their manhood in the ignoble task of retailing dry goods or of laboriously toiling at the accountant's desk than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at; for the supply of candidates for positions as "errand boys," dry goods clerks, and kindred occupations, is notoriously overstocked, while on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics of every description is as notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong, and runs the risk of helping, by so much, to increase the stock of idle and dependent if not vicious members of society.

It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the penitentiaries of thirty States, in 1867, twenty-seven per cent, or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls, too, for the active duties of life.—Manufacturer and Builder.

"Mrs. H." exclaimed a little archly, on running into a neighbor's house, "mother wanted me to ask would you please lend her yer candle moulds?" The moulds were given him and he ran home. In a few minutes he returned with this query: "Mother wants to know if you'd be kind enough to lend her some wickin'?" The wickling was measured off, and he again departed. But he soon appeared again, and said: "Mother would be so thankful if you had a little taller you'd be so kind as to lend her." Mrs. H. good-naturedly produced the desired article, and as the boy started for the door, she said:—"Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mould the candles for her?" "Wall, his," replied the boy, "I reckon she'd like it fast rate, cos she didn't understand it very well; but she don't like to be troublin' her neighbors, so she wouldn't ask you."