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Prices within the means of all.
Call and examine my Stock; if
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April 21, 1870.—n16.

[From the Friend's Intelligencer.]
"The flowery spring, the summer's ardent
strength, and the sober autumn fading into age."
No more our years—our youthful years—
In rippling currents run,
Like some bright stream that leaps along,
Sparkling beneath the sun.
Life's morning, like the early dew
That vanishes ere noon,
Has faded towards the western sky,
How rapidly and soon!
As passing down the evening vale
We turn a backward gaze,
And live in memory o'er again
The earlier, fresher days.
We do not grieve or sorrow that
They all have passed away,
Or that the summer flowers have crowned
The verdure of the May;
Or that the autumn comes apace
With eere and withered leaves,
And vead her queenly coronal
Amaid the gathered sheaves.
Even when winter winds assail
With chill and icy breath,
We know that 'neath its frozen veil
It hid the flower and wreath.
Thus, as the varying seasons roll,
Each in its period blest,
Should human souls pass on with hope
To their Eternal rest. —E. AVERILL.

MEG'S DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

Like most other young matrons, Meg began her married life with the determination to be a model housekeeper. John should find home a paradise; he should always see a smiling face, should fare sumptuously every day, and never know the loss of a button. She brought so much love, energy, and cheerfulness to the work, that she could not but succeed, in spite of some obstacles. Her paradise was not a tranquil one; for the little woman fussed, was over anxious to please, and bustled about like a true Martha, cumbered with many cares. She was too tired, sometimes, even to smile; John grew dyspeptic after a course of dainty dishes, and ungratefully demanded plain fare. As for buttons, she soon learned to wonder where they went, to shake her head over the carelessness of men, and to threaten to make him sew them on himself, and then see if his work would stand impatient tugs and clumsy fingers any better than hers.

They were very happy, even after they discovered that they could not live on love alone. John did not find Meg's beauty diminished, though she beamed at him from behind the familiar coffee-pot; nor did Meg miss any of the romance from the daily parting, when her husband followed up his kiss with the tender inquiry, "Shall I send home veal or mutton for dinner, darling?" The little house ceased to be a glorified bower, but it became a home, and the young couple soon felt that it was a change for the better. At first they played keep house and frolicked over it like children; then John took steadily to business, feeling the cares of the head of a family upon his shoulders; and Meg laid by her cambric wrapper, put on a big apron, and fell to work, as before said, with more energy than discretion.

While the cooking mania lasted, she went through Mrs. Cornelius' Receipt Book as if it was a mathematical exercise, working out the problems with patience and care. Sometimes her family were invited to help eat up a bounteous feast of successes, or Lotta would be privately despatched with a batch of failures which were to be concealed from all eyes, in the convenient stomach of the little Ham-mels. An evening with John over the account books usually produced a temporary lull in the culinary enthusiasm, and a frugal fit would ensue, during which the poor man was put through a course of bread pudding, hash, and warmed over coffee, which tried his soul, although he bore it with praise-worthy fortitude. Before the golden mean was found, however, Meg added to her domestic possessions what young couples seldom get along without—a family jar.

Fired with a housewifely wish to see her store-room stocked with home-made preserves, she undertook to put up her own currant jelly. John was requested to order home a dozen of little pots, and an extra quantity of sugar, for their own currants were ripe, and were to be attended to at once. As John firmly believed that "my wife" was equal to anything, and took a natural pride in her skill, he resolved that she should be gratified, and their own crop of fruit laid by in a most pleasing form for winter use. Home came four dozen delightful little pots, half a barrel of sugar, and a small boy to pick the currants for her. With her pretty hair tucked into a little cap, arms bare to the elbow, and a checked apron which had a coquetish look in spite of the bib, the young housewife fell to work, feeling no doubts about her success; for hadn't she seen Hannah do it hundreds of times? The array of pots rather amazed her at first, but John was so fond of jelly, and the nice little jars would look so well on the top shelf that Meg resolved to fill them all, and so spent a long day picking, boiling, straining, and fusing over her jelly. She did her best; she asked advice of Mrs. Cornelius; she racked her brain to remember what Hannah did that she had left undone; she re-boiled, re-sugared, and re-stained, but that dreadful stuff wouldn't "jell."

She longed to run home, bib and all, and ask mother to lend a hand, but John and she had agreed that they would never annoy any one with their private worries, experiments or quarrels. They

had laughed over the last word as if the idea it suggested was a most preposterous one, but they had held to their resolve, and whenever they could get on without help they did so, and no one intererred—for Mrs. March had advised the plan. So Meg wrestled alone with the refractory sweetmeats all that hot summer day, and at five o'clock sat down in her topsy-turvy kitchen, wrung her bedaubed hands, lifted up her voice, and wept.

Now in the first flush of the new life, she had often said—
"My husband shall always feel free to bring a friend home whenever he likes. I shall always be prepared; there shall be no flurry, no scolding, no discomfort, but a neat house, a cheerful wife and a good dinner. John, dear, never stop to ask my leave; invite whom you please, and be sure of a welcome from me."

How charming that was, to be sure! John quite glowed with pride to hear her say it, and felt what a blessed thing it was to have a superior wife. But, although they had company from time to time, it never happened to be unexpected, and Meg had never had an opportunity to distinguish herself, till now. It always happens so in this vale of tears; it really would have been unpardonable in him to choose that day, of all the days in the year, to bring a friend home to dinner unexpectedly. Congratulating himself that a handsome repast had been ordered that morning, feeling sure that it would be ready to the minute, and indulging in pleasant anticipations of the charming effect it would produce, when his pretty wife came running out to meet him, he escorted his friend to his mansion, with the irrepressible satisfaction of a young host and husband.

It is a world of disappointments, as John discovered when he reached the Dove-cote. The front door usually stood hospitably open; now it was not only shut, but locked, and yesterday's mud still adorned the steps. The parlor windows were closed and curtained, no picture of the pretty wife sewing on the piazza, in white, with a distracting little bow in her hair, or a bright eyed hostess, smiling a shy welcome as she greeted her guest. Nothing of the sort—for not a soul appeared, but a sanguinary looking boy asleep under the current bushes.

"I'm afraid something has happened; step into the garden, Scott, while I look up Mrs. Brooke," said John, alarmed at the silence and solitude.
Round the house he hurried, led by a pungent smell of burnt sugar, and Scott stroked after him, with a queer look on his face. He passed nervously at a distance when Brooke disappeared, but he could both see and hear, and, being a bachelor, enjoyed the prospect mightily.

In the kitchen reigned confusion and despair; one edition of jelly was trickled from pot to pot, another lay upon the floor, and a third was burning gaily on the stove. Lotty, with Tuetonic phlegm, was calmly eating bread and currant wine, for the jelly was still in a hopelessly liquid state, while Mrs. Brooke, with her apron over her head, sat sobbing dismally.

"My dearest girl, what is the matter?" cried John, rushing in with awful visions of scalded hands, sudden news of affliction; and secret consternation at the thought of the guest in the garden.
"Oh, John, I am so tired, and hot, and cross and worried! I've been at it till I'm all worn out. Do come and help me, or I shall!" and the exhausted housewife cast herself upon his breast, giving him a sweet welcome in every sense of the word, for her pinafore had been baptized at the same fount as the floor.

"What worries you, dear? Has any thing dreadful happened?" asked the anxious John, tenderly kissing the crown of the little cap, which was all askew.
"Yes," sobbed Meg, despairingly.
"Tell me quick, then; don't cry; I can bear anything better than that; and out with it, love."
"The—the jelly won't jell—and I don't know what to do!"

John Brooks laughed then as he never dared to laugh afterward; and the derisive Scott smiled involuntarily as he heard the hearty peal, which put the finishing stroke to poor Meg's woe.

"Is that all? Fling it out of the window and don't bother any more about it. I'll buy you quarts, if you want it; but for heaven's sake don't ask have hysterics, for I've brought Jack Scott home to dinner, and—"

John got no further, for Meg cast him off, and clasped her hands with a tragic gesture as she fell into a chair, exclaiming in a tone of mingled indignation, reproach, and dismay—
"A man to dinner, and everything in a mess. John Brooke, how could you do such a thing?"

"Hush, he's in the garden; I forgot the confounded jelly, but it can't be helped now," said John, surveying the prospect with an anxious eye.

"You ought to have sent word or told me this morning, and you ought to have remembered how busy I was," continued Meg petulantly; for even turtle doves will peck when ruffled.

"I didn't know it this morning, and there was no time to send word, for I met him on the way out. I never thought of asking leave, when you have always told me to do as I like. I never tried it before, and hang me if I ever do again!" added John, with an aggrieved air.

"I should hope not! Take him away at once; I can't see him, and there isn't any dinner."
"Well, I like that! Where's the beef and vegetables I sent home, and the pudding you promised?" cried John rushing to the larder.
"I hadn't time to cook anything; I meant to dine at mother's. I'm sorry;

but I was so busy,"—and Meg's tears began again.

John was a mild man, but he was human; and after a long day's work, to come home tired, hungry, and hopeful, to find a chaotic house, an empty table, and a cross wife, was not exactly conducive to repose of mind or manner. He restrained himself, however, and the little squall would have blown over, but for one unlucky word.

"It's a scrape, I acknowledge; but if you will lend a hand, we'll pull through, and have a good time yet. Don't cry, dear, but just exert yourself a bit, and knock us up something to eat. We're both as hungry as hunters, so we shan't mind what it is. Give us the cold meat, and cheese. We won't ask for jelly."

He meant it for a good natured joke; but that one word sealed his fate. Meg thought it was too cruel to hint about her sad failure, and the last atom of patience vanished as he spoke.

"You must get yourself out of the scrape as you can; I'm too used up to exert myself for any one. It's like a man, to propose a bone and vulgar bread and cheese for company. I won't have anything of the sort in my house. Take that Scott up to mother's, and tell him I'm away, sick, dead, anything—I won't see him, and you two can laugh at me and my jelly as much as you like; you won't have anything else here," and having delivered her defiance all in one breath, Meg cast away her pinafore, and precipitately left the field to bemoan herself in her room.

What these two creatures did in her absence, she never knew; but Mr. Scott was not taken "up to mother's," and when Meg descended, after they had strolled away together, she found traces of a promiscuous lunch which filled her with horror. Lotty reported that they had eaten "a lunch, and greatly laughed; and the master bid her throw away all the sweet stuff, and hide the pots."

Meg longed to go and tell her mother; but a sense of shame at her own shortcomings, of loyalty to John, "who might be cruel, but nobody should know," restrained her; and after a summary cleaning up, she dressed herself prettily and sat down to wait for John to come and be forgiven.

Unfortunately, John didn't come, not seeing the matter in that light. He had carried it off as a good joke with Scott; excused his little wife as he could, and played the host so hospitably, that his friend enjoyed the impromptu dinner, and promised to come again. But John was angry, though he did not know it; he felt that Meg had got him into a scrape, and then deserted him in this hour of need. "It wasn't fair to tell a man to bring folks home any time, with perfect freedom, and when he took you at your word, to flare up and blaze at him, and leave him in the lurch, to be laughed at or pitied. No, by George, it wasn't; and Meg must know it." He had fumed inwardly during the feast, but when the flurry war over, and he strolled home, after seeing Scott off, a milder mood came over him. "Poor little thing! It was hard upon her when she tried so heartily to please me. She was wrong of course, but then she was young. I must be patient and teach her." He hoped she had not gone home—she hated gossip and interference. For a minute he was ruffled at the mere thought of it; and then the fear that Meg would cry herself sick softened his heart, and sent him on at a quicker pace, resolving to be calm and kind, but firm, quite firm, and show her where she had failed in her duty to her spouse.

Meg likewise resolved to be "calm and kind but firm," and show him his duty. She longed to run meet him, and beg pardon and be kissed and comforted, as she was sure of being; but, of course, she did nothing of the sort, and when she saw John coming, began to hum quite naturally, as she rocked and sewed like a lady of leisure in her best parlor.

John was a little disappointed not to find a tender Niobe; but feeling that his dignity demanded the first apology, he made none; only came leicrily in, and laid himself upon the sofa, with the singularly relevant remark—
"We are going to have a new moon, my dear."
"I've no objection," was Meg's equally soothing remark.

A few other topics of general interest were introduced by Mr. Brooke, and well-blanketed by Mrs. Brooke, and conversation languished. John went to one window, unfolded his paper, and wrapped himself in it, figuratively speaking. Meg went to the other window, and sewed as if new roses for her slippers were among the necessities of life. Neither spoke—both looked quite "calm and firm," and both felt desperately uncomfortable.

"Oh, dear," thought Meg, "married life is very trying, and does need infinite patience as well as love, as mother says." The word "mother" suggested other maternal counsels given long ago, and received with unbelieving protests.

"John is a good man, but he has his faults, and you must learn to see and bear with them, remembering your own. He is very decided, but never will be obstinate, if you reason kindly, not oppose impatiently. He is very accurate, and particularly about the truth—a good trait, though you call him fussy. Never deceive him by look or word, Meg, and he will give you the confidence you deserve, the support you need. He has temper, not like ours, one flash, and then all over, but the white, still anger that is seldom stirred, but once kindled is hard to quench. Be careful, very careful, not to wake this anger against yourself, for peace and happiness depend on keeping his respect.

Watch yourself, be the first to ask pardon if you both err, and guard against the little piques, misunderstandings, and hasty words which often pave the way for bitter sorrow and regret."

These words came back to Meg, as she sat sewing in the sunset, especially the last. This was the first serious disagreement; her own hasty speeches sounded both silly and unkind, as she recalled them, her own anger looked childish now, and thoughts of poor John coming home to such a scene quite melted her heart. She glanced at him with tears in her eyes, but he did not see them; she put down her work and got up thinking, "I will be the first to say, 'forgive me,' but he did not seem to hear her; she went very slowly across the room, for pride was hard to swallow, and stood by him, but still he did not turn his head. For a minute she felt as if she really couldn't do it; then came the thought, "This is our first beginning; I'll do my part and have nothing to reproach myself with;" and stooping down she softly kissed her husband on the forehead. Of course that settled it; the penitent kiss was better than a world of words, and John had her on his knee in a minute, saying tenderly—
"It was too bad to laugh at the poor little jelly pots; forgive me, dear, I never will again!"

But he did, oh, bless you, yes, hundreds of times, and so did Meg, both declaring that it was the sweetest jelly they ever made; for family peace was preserved in that little family jar.
After this, Meg had Mr. Scott to dinner by special invitation, and served him up a pleasant feast without a cooked wife for the first course; on which occasion she was so gay and gracious, and made everything go off so charmingly, that Mr. Scott told John he was a happy fellow, and shook his head over the hardships of bachelorhood all the way home.

Honor Sacrificed at the Shrine of Love.

The Prince of Schleswig Holstein has petitioned the King of Prussia to reduce him to the rank of Count, and take from him the title, the privileges, and the restrictions of princely rank. There is a woman in the case, and the story culminates in this pleasant little bit of personal gossip. The Prince has only recently returned from India, where he has been for several years engaged in scientific researches. Savan like, his first thought on reaching home was of his library, which he found in a very dusty, musty, jumbled up and neglected condition. He went to work to bring order out of this library chaos, but soon found that he must have help, but who was worthy to touch his beloved books? In his perplexity he applied to the steward, who at first declared that there was nobody in that out of the way place competent to the task of sorting, classifying and arranging a scientific and classical library; but at last he bethought himself of his daughter's governess, the only person likely to render any service in such a case. The young lady was sent for, and began work under the direction of the Prince, who, as time wore on, discovered in this demure young person such a fund of versatile knowledge, combined with real solid information, cheerful good sense, domestic virtues, and sweet looks, that he came to the conclusion that at last here was the proper person to aid him, not only in setting his library to rights, but also in reducing all the other tangled up affairs of his life into order and harmony. But a Prince of the blood cannot openly marry a subject without forfeiting his right to the succession; and neither of the lovers wished for amorganatic marriage. Therefore the Prince has petitioned the King to allow him to call himself Count Noor, and all for the sake of the good heart, the sound head, and the bright eyes of Fraulien Carmelita Eisenblatt, daughter of a German merchant of Calcutta, formerly in good circumstances! This historiette reminds one of George Sand's "Marquis of Villemar," one of the purest and most powerful works, though less known than the most of her other novels.

DEATH AND THE CHILD.

Instinct, all uneducated, is commonly supposed to recoil from death; yet nothing is more sure than that children have no more instinct thus sensitive, and will, in their infancy, stroke the face and implore the offices of a dead parent without any natural recognition of the dread change. In nature, then, of itself, as repugnant to mortal dissolution as the materialists maintain? An English coroner lately held an inquest upon the body of a woman whose little child had, for several days, mistaken its mother's death for sleep. Mother and little one were the sole occupants of a house in Long Ditton, and the neighbors, upon missing the lady, asked the child where she was. Looking up from his play on the flags, the mite very simply replied: "Mamma is lying in bed, and won't speak to me, and oh, she's cold as ice when I lay in bed with her. The little creature had found sufficient food in the cupboard for a week, and thus, having plenty to eat, was not at all troubled about anything else. Finally, when the neighbors entered the house, they found that the mother had been long dead, and that the unconscious child had slept beside her night after night without one instinctive or reasoning impression of the sad truth. As Woodworth says: "A little child that simply draws its breath, what can it know of death?" Reasoning, of course it can know very little, yet there is an instinct in youngest dumb animals which seems to recognize something of the change.

The difference between a "county" and a "city" greenhorn is, that the one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

Susan B. Anthony wants to know why the Democratic leaders can't at least make believe they are going to put a woman suffrage plank into their platform, just to scare the Republicans, if nothing more.

A St. Joseph city councilman is reported to have delivered the following speech at the last meeting of the council: "Mr. Mayor, and gentlemen of the council; let us put our heads together and make a wooden pavement."

A sensible woman is Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, who holds that a "woman who can excel in cooking and housekeeping is just as noble as any one who edits a newspaper, or the woman who may eventually enter our Congress and Legislature."

A Rocky Mountain paper, noting the invention by a Chicago man of a process by which he pretends that a dead body can be petrified as hard as a stone, thinks the inventor "ought to accompany our troops on the frontier, where he could drive a pretty good business by petrifying Indians and selling them for tobacco signs."

While passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracting their attention, they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

What is the size of this place? gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out "U-pe-lo kay," at a southern station, where not a house was visible among the pines, except a rambling shed called an "eating saloon." "It's about as big as new York," was the ready answer, "but isn't built up yet."

A Sheriff once asked the wife of a Quaker, against whom he had a writ, if her husband was at home. She replied, "Yes, he will see thee in a moment." The sheriff waited some time, and then suggested to the lady that she had promised that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend," replied the Quakeress, "I only promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks, and he therefore avoided thee, and hath left the place by another path."

All Boston is bragging about a young lady of that city because, being invited on Saturday night at eleven o'clock to make a tour to Europe, she was ready and sailed at eight o'clock the following Monday morning. They think that was really quick work. But Boston must do better. Why, a New York girl, one Saturday, received a dispatch by cable from London, dated 4 p. m., and saying "Come," and at 2 p. m., that very day—two hours before the dispatch was sent—she was on her way down the bay in the steamer.

SOLD.—At the theatre one night, John Phoenix thought he saw an acquaintance sitting a few seats in front, and asked a gentleman between them to poke him with his cane. When he turned around John discovered his mistake. Fixing his attention on the play, and effecting indifference of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle the disturbance, and he, being wholly without an excuse, there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Phoenix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man asked indignantly: "Did you tell me to poke that man with my stick?" "Yes," "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would poke him or not."

RAISING CHICKENS.—Mark Train, having been elected an honorary member of a Poultry Society, recommends himself in the following style: "Even as a schoolboy, poultry-raising was a study with me, and I may say without egotism, that as early as the age of seventeen I was acquainted with all the best and speediest methods of raising chickens, from raising them off a roost by burning lucifer matches under their noses, down to lifting them off a fence on a frosty night by insinuating the end of a warm board under their heels. By the time I was twenty years old, I really supposed I had raised more poultry than any one individual in all the section round about there. The very chickens came to know my talent by and by. The youth of both sexes ceased to paw the earth for worms, and old roosters that came to crow 'remained to pray' when I passed by."

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in; filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that nobody was near; then took off his hat and coat, hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and awaited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well, and just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of "a sorry job." Some of the tired diggers were disgusted; but this joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh, that soon followed.