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January 1, 1869—1n1y

Dr. J. C. GOODRICH,
DENTIST,
WENTZVILLE, MO.
WILL be in Troy to practice his profession from time to time. Due notice of these visits will be given in the local columns of the Herald. feb25n8

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WILL attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and St. Charles, and in the District and Supreme Courts. v5n1y1

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HAVING taken the contract for carrying the mail between Troy and Wentzville, I will run a daily Hack Line between the places for the accommodation of the traveling public and my friends. I have an excellent new hack, and will make prompt connection with the up and down trains on the North Missouri railroad. My standing fare for passengers will be
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Hack will commence running July 1st, 1870.
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Mrs. Mary Sedlacek.
The attention of Ladies especially is called to my complete stock of Milliuery Goods, consisting of the very LATEST STYLES of Bonnets, Hats, Trimmings, &c., &c. Prices within the means of all. Call and examine my Stock; if beauty, delicacy of taste and newdness of style will please, you neenot go away disappointed.
April 21, 1870.—n16.

MEASURING THE BABY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice sill!

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeps out from his snowy gown:
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day:
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon—
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the hight of the sinless angels
Our little one has grown.

—Hearth and Home.

How Mark Twain Edited an Agricultural Paper

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage way, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the streets, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: "Look at his eyes!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young, rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window, with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper. He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said:

"Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture, practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape.

"I wish to read to you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen and see if it was you that wrote it."

"'Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'"

"Now, what do you think of that? for I really think you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year, millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they! Well who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything, will know that I meant that the boy could shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tiptoeing toward me, when he stopped, and, after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There—you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me—I suffer.

I read as follows—and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come—I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace stole over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

Concerning the pumpkin. This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the north, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree, is a failure.

"Now as the warm weather approaches, and the gardens begin to spawn—"

The excited listener sprang toward me to shake hands, and said:

"There, there—that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-by, sir, good-by—you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. Good-by, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! (I thought to myself, now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.)

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected. He surveyed the wreck that old rioter and those two young farmers had made, and then said:

"This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudimens of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was superfluous, entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams always lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, my friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse chestnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh, why didn't you tell me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"Tell you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper, you turnip.

"Who write the dramatic critiques for the second rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who had the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war woop from a wigwam, and who never had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow covered novel line, sensation-drama line, city editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor house. You try to tell me anything about the newspaper business? Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had have been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper suit all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual could tell a watermelon from a peach-vine to save his life. You are a loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Aois."

I then left.—From the July Galaxy.

Jonathan Bradford.

More than a century and a quarter has now elapsed since the story of Jonathan Bradford was converted into a drama, the interest of which shares in that excited by "George Barnwell." The drama is very seldom played now-a-days, but the main circumstances will be remembered by every theater goer for the subjoined synopsis of the actual facts upon which the drama was founded to be read with interest:

Jonathan Bradford was executed at Oxford in the year 1736, for the murder of Christopher Hayes, Esq. This Bradford kept an inn on the road from London to Oxford. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to visit a relation, put up at Bradford's house of entertainment. He there joined company with two other gentleman, also incidental travelers like himself, with whom he supped, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned unguardedly that he had about him a large sum of money. In due time they repaired to their respective chambers, the two gentlemen to a double bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner.

Some hours after they were in bed, one being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber; this being repeated, he softly awakened his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying they both arose and proceeded silently to the next chamber, whence the sounds proceeded, and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room. They entered, but it would have been difficult to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his expression carried with it all the terror of guilt. The gentlemen soon discovered that the victim was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and the man standing over him was their host. They siezed Bradford directly, disarmed him of the knife, and charged him with being the murderer. By this time he had recovered his composure, assumed innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves. Hearing a noise, he said, which was succeeded by deep groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, and had only entered the room a minute or two before them.

These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. He still resolutely denied the crime, but nevertheless with such an apparent indication of guilt that the justice made use of an extraordinary expression on writing out his mitimus—"Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair naturally became the conversation of the whole country. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial. He pleaded "not guilty." Nothing could be more conclusive than the deposition of the two gentlemen. They testified to the finding of Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; the knife and the hand that held it bloody; on entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and a few moments before they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defense on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen. He had heard a noise; he suspected that some villainy was transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife, the only weapon near him, to defend himself; and the terrors when discovered were merely those of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

But this defense was considered weak, contrasted with the powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more conclusive. There was little need of comment from the judge in summing up the case. No room or plea appeared for extenuation. The jury brought in the prisoner guilty without ever going out of the box. Jonathan Bradford was executed in due course of law, still declaring he was not the murderer of Mr. Hayes; but he died unpitied and disbelieved by all.

Yet were these assertions not untrue? The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes' footman, who immediately on stabbing his master rifled his breeches pockets of his money, gold watch, and snuff box, and escaped unobserved to his own room. This could scarcely have been five minutes before the entrance of Bradford into the unfortunate man's chamber. The world owes this knowl to a remorse of conscience in the real delinquent eighteen years after the execution of Bradford, on a bed of sickness. It was a death bed repentance, and by death the law lost its due victim. It seems strange that as the two gentlemen distinctly heard Mr. Hayes say he had a large sum of money with him, they did not search his clothes to see if it had been abstracted, and at the same time examine the plunder in his possession, if it was on him. Its absence would have been a point in his favor, which ought not to have been over looked.

It would be more satisfactory if this account could close here, but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not a party to the murder for which he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, was nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes said as to having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intention as the servant. He was struck with amazement! He could not believe his senses; but in turning back the bed clothes to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped the knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hands and the weapon became bloody. These circumstances he acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after the sentence.

A Man Loses His Wife at Cards.

About eight or nine months since a man living in the northern part of this city went out into the eastern part of the State to seek his fortune in the new mines of that section, leaving his wife and one child here in town. Some seven months ago a gallant disciple of St. Crispin persuaded the White Pine widow to take up her abode with him in a house which he furnished for her. The new pair lived together for about seven months, when a few days ago the genuine husband returned. Of course there was trouble in camp, but after some quarreling the two men agreed to play a game of seven-up for the woman. The game came off last Saturday night, and the husband won his wife back by just "two points." The man claimed his wife, and the man of leather could not say but that he had fairly won her. The woman preferred the shoemaker, but the husband and winner was determined to have his own. He packed up what furniture they possessed, and last Saturday evening, with all his household goods, left by a fast freight wagon for California. When the wagon started from North C street there was quite a scene. A crowd of nearly one hundred persons had collected to see the husband carry away his "stake," and there was much merriment over the romantic affair. The woman cried, and wanted to stay with the shoemaker, and the shoemaker cried at parting with the treasure he had lost by not holding enough "trumps." He asked some of the crowd if they thought he would be arrested if he attempted to take the woman out of the wagon. They told him he had lost her "on the square," and he must bear it like a man; so the wagon moved on, and soon the fair one was "gone from his gaze."—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

The only prisoner in the Nantucket jail notifies the authorities that if they don't fix up the jail so that the sheep can't get in to bother him, he will be blowed if he will stay in there.

Half the land of England is owned by one hundred and fifty persons, and half that of Scotland by twelve.

A living oyster in a Portsmouth, N. H., restaurant caught the tail of a wandering rat between its shelly jaws the other night, and held the arrival safe till morning.

The Xenia Torchlight laments that dogs with oysters cans attached are becoming scarce in that village, and plaintively inquires, "Is the spirit of youthful enterprise dying out."

A delegate from Wyoming says he wants to recommend a girl as cadet to West Point, when his turn comes. Things are going to get mixed there at West Point, among the white boys and girls, and negroes and Indians, and we don't much care which comes out ahead.

A young man, who, on being asked by a Judge whether he had a father, said he wasn't quite certain whether he had or not; first his father died, and then his mother married again, and then his mother died, and his father married again; and now he didn't exactly know whether they were his father and mother or not.

An elderly gentleman of Madrid last week had his eyes suddenly covered in the street by some one beside him, who playfully said, "Who is it? Guess?" He went on guessing through the round of his friends, when the playful being behind darted off, and left the old gentleman of Spain still bewildered and thinking who it could be. He found out when he got home, and missed a pocket book with fifteen hundred francs in it, also a gold repeater and handsome chain and seals.

In Florida there are many lakes which have holes in the bottom and underground communication, so that they will sometimes shrink away to a mere cupful, leaving many square miles of surface uncovered, and then again fill up from below and spread out over their former area. Some of them have outlets in the ocean from shore, bursting up a perpetual spring of fresh water in the very midst of the saltness of the sea. In times of low water, during a long, exhausting dry season, men have gone underground in one of these subterranean rivers from lake to lake, a distance of eight miles or more.

BIRD INSTINCT AND MALICE.—A correspondent sends the following amusing illustration of the instinct or reason of birds, and of their possession of human passions, for the truth of which he is able to produce three reliable witnesses: A gentleman in this vicinity put up two bird houses in the spring, one of which was isolated, the other accessible from a neighboring bank. A pair of blue jays appeared and examined carefully the two vacant houses, and decided on the isolated one. While thus engaged, a pair of martins, who were out house hunting, came along, and thought they should like the same house, whereupon a fierce quarrel ensued; a pitched battle followed, which terminated in the utter defeat and route of the martins. The jays then went to work and completed their arrangements for housekeeping, putting in all the necessary fixtures and furniture; and then gave themselves a little holiday absence. The martins watched their opportunity, immediately came gleefully, but with malice aforethought, to the jay house and tore their nest in pieces and pitched it out of the house. They then sat themselves down to rest, keeping their heads out of the windows that they might see the first approach of the jays, and be able to escape, while at the same time they indulged themselves by letting their enemies know who had done the mischief and why it had been done. On the approach of the jays the martins disappeared and have not been seen since.

TOO MUCH "PETER."—A practical joke of a serious nature, which, however, ended in a providential manner, was perpetrated in a small town in the western portion of this State, a few weeks since. It appears that a man named James Linkinwater wished to purchase a small quantity of salt, and for that purpose visited a grocery store kept by Thomas Alexander, who had in his employ a boy named John Peterson. Linkinwater had been a frequent visitor at Alexander's store, and had taken pleasure in nicknaming the boy John, by calling him "Peter," much to the annoyance and confusion of the lad, when the store was filled with customers. The boy could not prevail upon Linkinwater to discontinue calling him "Peter," and warned him that if he did not stop he would play some joke upon him which he would not like. This had no effect on Linkinwater, for when he entered the store to purchase his salt, he called out to the boy: "I want to purchas a pound of salt, Peter." The boy got genuine saltpetre and gave it to his customer, who took it home. The mind of Peterson was not altogether easy after the departure of his customer, and as soon as his employer came into the store (for he was absent at the time Linkinwater was there), the boy went to Linkinwater's house only to find that the saltpetre had been used, and that Mr. and Mrs. Linkinwater was complaining of being ill. But he arrived in time to prevent a fatal termination to his practical joke, for a physician was called, who succeeded in averting death, which would undoubtedly have occurred had it not been for his timely arrival. As far as Peterson is concerned, he was determined never to perpetrate another practical joke; and Linkinwater has learned a lesson he will not forget.—Boston Times.