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BLANK NOTES
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

MY HEART AND I.

BY MRS. E. B. BROWN.

Thought we're tired, my heart and I;
We sit beside the hearthstone thus,
And wish the name were carved for us!
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As Heaven's sweet life renews earth's life,
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see, we're tired, my heart and I;
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world;
Our faces hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet;
What do we here, my heart and I?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.
"Dear Love, you're looking tired," he said,
I, smiling at him, shook my head;
"So now we're tired, my heart and I."

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Thou' now none take me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm,
Till each quick breath ends in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone,
We lean upon his graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unloved, my heart and I!

Tired out are we, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely try to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet, who complains? My heart and I!
In this abundant earth, no doubt
Is little room for things worn out;
Disdain them, break them, throw them by!
And if, before the days grow rough,
We once were loved, used—well enough,
I think, we're faced, my heart and I.

The Heart of an Artist.
The celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her career in Vienna. Every one who knows anything about the board that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, amiable, and highly endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her debut was a splendid success, in spite of the jealousy of her colleagues. However, she was hissed at as passionately by the snakes of the stage scenes as she was received with applause by the lions of the parterre. Miss Amalie Steinger was one of the most enraged of these snakes—a lady whose octave was reduced long ago by the storm of passion to a few hoarse notes. Nevertheless, Miss Amalie had her knights who still always wore her colors, and fought for her beauty, and by aid of this knightly she succeeded in putting her rival to flight.

Some years later Miss Sontag sang at one of the first theatres of Berlin together with the celebrated tenor, Fager, and triumphed over Signora Catalina. The tongues of the enthusiasts and the pens of the journalists talked only about her, and there was no garden in and around Berlin that had not been plundered in order to give her flowers. Her carriage was always surrounded by the people of the first families; and some nights the people took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That was indeed enthusiasm! So, as before said, she was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was remarkable for her ugliness.

On a very fine morning when Henriette Sontag was driving in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, she heard Viennese national song sung by a child's tender voice. The great singer made the carriage stop, and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Vienna girl?" was her question, leaning on the door of the carriage.

"Nannerl," was the answer, given in the Austrian dialect by the little one.

"Who is that woman you lead there?" continued Sontag.

"Oh, that's my poor blind mother, madam," replied the child.

"And the name of your poor blind mother?" she asked.

Amalie Steinger," said the girl, "Amalie Steinger!" repeated Henriette Sontag, with the greatest surprise.

"Yes, Amalie Steinger," said the child. "My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell everything we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread. Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that perled in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatest interest in this striking scene.

"Nannerl, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to wait me this afternoon," said the singer. "I will come to see you and talk with you."

"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to tell her the beautiful young lady was.

Alas! the good child did not understand her mother's tears. Henriette Sontag kept her word. She visited Amalie in the course of the day, in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her unfortunate colleague with hearty sympathy, and was particularly careful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to remind Amalie how badly she had treated her. The friend of the singer was a renowned oculist, who examined the eyes of the blind woman, but shook his head sorrowfully, for he had no hope of curing her. Henriette sang the popular "Iphigene," for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amalie was this artist. Henriette Sontag took care of her until the end of her life, and gave the little girl (who is now a celebrated actress, and remembers always with love and gratitude the noble heart of the singer) a very good education.

The Real Masonic Grip.
Major James Garrison, of Le Roy, N. Y., though a small man, had a most powerful grip of hand. It was like a smith's vise whenever he chose to exert his strength. It was one eighth in the height of the anti-masonic excitement of 1836-7-8, that a silly "anti" by the name of Smith came to Le Roy and sought out the major, saying that he (the major) could give the real master mason's grip, and that he had come over eighty miles on foot to obtain it. The meeting took place in the bar room of the village tavern, where, as usual, many persons were congregated, who, knowing the strength of the major's grip, were on the lookout for fun. Having, according to the custom of those days, first took a drink, the major extended his right hand and slightly grasped that of Smith.

"Are you ready?" asked the major.

"All ready," replied Smith.

The major, steadily looking Smith in the eye, began to tighten his grip. Smith became uneasy and began to wince.

Tighter and tighter grew the major's grip, and Smith began to beg to be let off.

"Why, this is only the entered apprentice grip," said the major. "I will now give you the full master mason's grip, and you will see the difference."

He then tightened his grip still more, and Smith, who had been holding his breath, began to gasp for air.

"Now," said the major, "having come a long way to get the real master mason's grip, it would be wrong in me to let you go home without it. There it is," said the major, "the real master mason's grip, and one you will not soon forget, and at the same time exerting to the utmost his great muscular powers, causing the bones of Smith's hand to crack, and the blood to start from under his finger nails; Smith in the meantime halting with pain.

"Go home," said the major, "and tell all your anti-masonic friends that if any of them want the mason's grip to come to me, for I flatter myself that I can give it as well as any other man."

The major gave one more turn of the vise, and then released his victim. The next day, Smith with his hand done up in a poultice, started home, entirely satisfied with the masonic information so painfully obtained—a wiser if not a better man.

A LOVER OF RATTLESNAKES.—There is in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, a certain John McKee, who has a singular fondness for rattlesnakes. He has, says the Republican of that place, "a perfectly tight, square den, about five feet each way and as many high, open at the top, and therein are eleven rattlesnakes, from eighteen inches to three feet and a half in length—a sight to behold! Writhing, twisting, turning and folding upon over and under each other; or, with heads erect, with keen eyes glistening, and wicked looking serpent tongues protruding like swiftness, there they are, a moving, twining, hideous-looking mass of serpents! It is a terrible sight. And then to see McKee coolly and deliberately enter among them, and take them each in his hand, call it by name, open its mouth, and while he is giving up its history to see the reptiles lay its head upon his cheek and run its devious tongue at you, while its eyes seem to emit sparks of fire—ugh! It's too horrible! And all the while the others at his feet are keeping up a continual buzzing rattling, humming, which fills the air with low murmurs and causes a certain creeping of the flesh and shuddering at the heart, which is not at all pleasant. Mr. McKee caught them on the bluffs near the city, from a nest of over one hundred in number, and is training them for exhibition."

Compositors in the New York Tribune office are fined ten cents for each profane word uttered on the premises, the money so gathered being given to the poor. One unfortunate chap, a new hand, lost nearly a week's wages one night, over a bit of Grooley's manuscript.—Stewart's Quarterly.

A gentleman looking at his watch after midnight cried: "It's to-morrow. I must bid you good-night."

Death Struggle with a Snake.

A correspondent of a southern newspaper writes:
"Last Saturday morning, I was the witness of such a scene as I pray God I may never see again. I beheld a combat between a young man and a rattlesnake, in which the former was bitten, and died in ten minutes thereafter. The particulars of the terrible affair are as follows:

"On Friday last a young man named Graynor asked me to spend the night with him and go on hunting the next morning, to which request I readily assented. We started out about three o'clock a. m., and near day the dogs opened on a trail in the swamp of Bear Creek. Just after sunrise the deep baying of the dogs informed us that the game had taken a tree. We proceeded to make our way through the bogs and tangled brush and vines in the direction of the dogs, until we came to a small space of firm ground, which was covered with a low growth of oak bushes. Here we halted a moment to listen for the dogs.

"We had barely paused, when we were startled by a loud, strange, rattling sound issuing from beneath a low, thick, bush, within a few feet of us. Though I never heard the peculiar noise before, I knew instinctively that it was a rattlesnake; and I sprang back in terror, remarking, 'Graynor, let's leave here.'"

"What, S—," said he, "are you afraid?"

"Yes," said I, "I am afraid."

"Well, S—," he coolly remarked, "I am going to kill the snake; it would be a pity to leave such a fine fellow here. So, here goes."

"While Graynor was speaking, I caught a glimpse of the snake, which, as nearly as I could judge, appeared to be about eight feet in length, and three inches in diameter in his larger part. He was lying coiled up in a perfect circle, with his head drawn back in a terribly graceful curve, his small eyes sparkling, his slender forked tongue darting swiftly back and forth, and his brown neck swollen with fatal wrath, while ever and anon he twisted the warning rattles in the air, with a harsh, blood curdling sound.

"For God's sake, let's go," said I, shuddering at the terrible sight.

"Don't get soared," said Graynor, just climb a tree, and he won't bite you; it ain't every day that a fellow meets such a fine large snake as this, and it won't do to lose him."

"He had picked up a small stick about a yard long, and while speaking was leaning back the bushes from above the snake, so as to get a sight of him. He threw his foot around over the bushes, and trampled them down in such a manner that the monster was fairly exposed to view; but just as he did so, and before he had time to strike, the snake made a sudden spring at him, and I turned away my face in horror. The next instant Graynor exclaimed, 'I've got him, by George!'"

"I turned to look, and with his right hand he was grasping the snake by the neck in such a manner that he could not bite, while the monster was gnashing his teeth most furiously, and twisting and writhing in huge folds around Graynor's arms. All of a sudden, in some unaccountable manner, the snake freed his head, and quick as lightning plunged his deadly fangs into Graynor's right cheek, when, dropping on the ground, he glided a few paces and again coiled himself up, keeping his head erect and ringing his fearful rattles. Graynor turned deadly pale, paused a moment, and then with a little stick advanced toward the snake. As he did so the snake made a spring at him, but Graynor struck him with a stick and knocked him back. A second time the snake sprang at him, and he again knocked him off with a stick; but before he could strike a third blow; the snake had made another spring and inflicted another wound in Graynor's arm. This time Graynor again managed to seize the monster by the neck; and dropping the stick, he drew forth his knife with one hand, opened it with his teeth, and then deliberately cut off the snake's head. Blood spouted from the trunk, and Graynor, still grasping the snake, whose huge folds flapped and writhed around him, turned towards me, staggered and fell. I rushed up to him and asked him:

"What in the name of God, can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he calmly. "I am dying. Tell them, good—," and his features became frightfully contorted, his eyes rolled over as if starting from their sockets, and his black swollen tongue protruded from his mouth. Then he fixed his red, wild, staring eyes upon me, and heaved a deep, piercing groan; a shiver passed over his frame, and then all was still. I was alone with the dead.

"Marking the place as well as I could, I hastened to a house we had passed on the road, some half a mile distant from the fatal tragedy. Runners were sent through the neighborhood, and in the course of two hours, some twenty of the neighbors had gathered. We proceeded to the place which I found no difficulty in pointing out.

"Good heavens! what a sight met our view. The face and body had turned to deep purple, and were swollen to three times their natural size, presenting the most horrible appearance I had ever witnessed. The snake lay where he had been thrown, and was still writhing.

"A litter of boughs was hastily constructed, and with heavy hearts we took our way to the residence of his parents. I will not attempt to describe the heart-rending scene when they saw the body. Grief like theirs cannot be portrayed."

Let your losses in the past be your lessons in the future.

Reminiscence of the Sepoy Rebellion.

The recent experiments of the French physicians upon the heads of the decapitated criminals at Paris recalls a frightful incident, related by an English soldier who served in Hindostan during the Sepoy rebellion. It was at the close of the war. The vanquished mutineers had yielded everywhere, and their desperate leaders were depressed, hiding from the wrath and terrible vengeance of their British conquerors. In Delhi, Lucknow and other large towns, the soldiers of the English garrison patrolled the streets armed with pistols and cutlasses, with orders to shoot or cut down every male native who would not fall upon his knees and beg for mercy and pardon.

"It was while we were at Delhi," said he, "that I was out one day with two comrades, Jack Edwards and Ned Winder. We were strolling through the outskirts of the city, which still bore ample evidence of the horrors of the late siege, and were stopping for a moment to examine one of those curious screens used against us by the native sharpshooters, consisting of a shield of a thick plank mounted on wheels, and perforated with a loop hole, behind which lodged a rifleman, who pushed it before him from place to place while he picked off the enemy. While we were examining and discussing the merits of this machine, and testing its use by pushing it about, a small party of about six or seven Hindoos—Sepoys—as we presently learned—entering a neighboring alley, they were speaking rapidly and excitedly upon some subject, and did not at first see us, but seeing the dreaded uniform of our army, they stopped at a distance of a hundred yards, and seemed to hesitate in some alarm. We could easily see that they were afraid to pass us. But one tall fellow who appeared to be their leader was urging them to advance. Still they held back, until his coming forward alone, they reluctantly followed him. The resolute, soldierly bearing and haughty mien of this man convinced us that he had been among the number of implacable rebels, and we determined to humble him. As they came along the street, and were about to pass us, we drew our cutlasses, and stepping before them, sang out:

"Down on your knees, you dogs!"

With our first movements four of them, who were little behind the others, took to their heels; two, within reach of our weapons, fell prostrate, beseeching us not to shoot them in the back of the neck; but the Sepoy chief folded his arms, stepped back, and stood regarding us with a look of sullen defiance.

Dropping our cutlasses, and spurning aside the kneeling wretches at our feet, we seized upon the stubborn ruffian, intending to make him get on his prayer handles, to use an expression common with us at that time. My two companions were stout athletic Britons, and I was not wanting in muscle then, but he was about a match for us all.

For full five minutes we writhed and struggled, now sprawling and grappling on the ground, now on our feet again and the next instant all rolling in a ball together. The strength of a royal tiger seemed to reside in his long litho arms, and his hands had a vicelike grip which would have done credit to a gorilla.

He had to yield at last, but not until we had become thoroughly enraged at the ferocity of his resistance.

Dragging him to the plank screen we had lately been inspecting, we turned it over, bringing the edge of the seat up ward, which was the width of a single plank. It was thus converted into an extempore guillotine. We placed him upon it; I held him on one side, Edwards held the other, while Winder, grasping his hair, drew his head over the edge of the seat, bringing his neck down upon it. In this position we pushed him to where the cutlasses lay, when Winder, seizing one, and brandishing it over his head, cried:

"Now beg, you Hindoo hound!"

The only reply to this was a fierce foreign curse, and the clearly pronounced English word, "Never!"—the first word he had spoken.

In an instant the cutlass came down upon the dusky exposed neck, nearly severing it. The blow was repeated, and the body with a convulsive turn wrenched itself from our hold and rolled and convolved on the ground, while the severed head remained in the hands of the maddened executioner, who placed it upon the wide felloe of the wheel of the screen. The eyes were not closed and seemed to glow and seethe in their black depths in such a manner that Winder shouted out:

"What are you thinking of now, you savage devil?"

Edwards and I were both looking at it, and as true as we were both living men, those eyes turned slowly to Winder, then warped themselves upward, till they rested upon his face; the brows lowered, the lips contracted, and the whole countenance took on a look of insatiable hate.

"Good God, he heard me!" exclaimed Ned, coming round toward us.

The eyes followed him. I had heard of gorgons heads, but I never realized how they might look before. Hardened as we had become during that terrible war to scenes of blood and slaughter, we were appalled. Winder, especially, on whom the eyes seemed riveted, actually cowered behind us, and stood like one petrified. The head seemed to emit some malign influence which compelled us to remain and cower beneath its slowly expiring look of terrible reproof, for many minutes must have elapsed ere the fiery glow of passion died in the swarthy,

wrathful face, and the head became a lump of pallid clay.

We afterward learned that the victim of our sanguinary morning walk was Mustafa Hyrabud, one of the ablest and most vindictive of the Sepoy chieftains.

Hard of Hearing—A Love Story.
A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East, who professed to be deficient in hearing, but, forsooth, was more capacious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, and Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside, discussing with the old lady, his intended mother-in-law, on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry 'Sal.' Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man next day. Night passed, and on the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barn lot feeding his pigs, and he resolved to ask for Sal.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed after Jonathan made his resolution ere he bid the old man "good morning." How Jonathan's heart beat; how he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan declared that he'd "as lief take thirty-nine stripes as to ask the old man;" but he said aloud to himself, "however, here goes it, a faint heart never won a fair girl," and addressed the old man thus:

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

"You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill."

Jonathan, putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening tone, "I've got five hundred pounds of money!"

Old man, stepping back as if greatly alarmed, exclaimed in a voice of surprise: "You have got five hundred pounds of money, Jonathan? Why, it is more than all the neighborhood has use for!"

Jonathan, not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear bawled out:

"I've got gold!"

"So have I, and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying he sneezed a "wash up."

By this time the old lady came up, and observing Jonathan's luck she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed "Wee! wee! wounded Tish!"

"Daddy, I say, Daddy, you don't understand; I want to marry your daughter."

"I told him our calf halter was gone," "Why, Daddy, you don't understand; he's got gold—he's rich."

"He's got gold and the itch, eh? What is he doing here with the itch, eh?" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his cane, but happily for Jonathan, he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck stop here. He had not got far from the old man, who ran him a close race, before Jonathan stumped his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could "take up" he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself. And poor Sal, she died a nun, and never had a husband.

To live nobly, we must be noble; and we become noble by resolutely banishing every unworthy thought and feeling.

A bardy seaman, who had escaped one of the great recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He replied, "Wet, ma'am, very wet."

A printer out west made bad work with his types. The editor intended to say of his deceased friend, that he did not go to his last home "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," put the printer by one wrong letter got it "unhug."

A country pedagogue had two pupils, one of whom he was partial and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were his, and were called up to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"

"Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to California, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell, as I was goin' in."

"Very well," said the master, glad at any pretext to excuse his favorite, "what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said the punished boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off!"

Dr. LIVINGSTONE.—A curious story has been circulated in Detroit, Michigan, in reference to the unusually protracted stay of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, in the interior of Africa. Dr. Livingstone, it is alleged, was, much against his wish, persuaded to marry a rude and blustering native princess, who, with her father and mother, prevented his further prosecution of topographical investigations. This story was received in a letter written by a lady now traveling in Syria, and who obtained the information from Capt. Burton, British Consul at Damascus, Syria. Capt. Burton says that this obstruction in Livingstone's path, has until now been concealed by his friends. Capt. Burton himself, it is stated, is married to the hand-omest woman in England, so that he cannot be excited by envy in starting this story, and as he speaks fourteen different languages fluently, his capacity for telling the truth is considerable.