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M. N. McLELLAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Troy, Missouri. Office at M. S. Ballinger's Drug Store.

J. A. WARD, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Troy, Missouri. Office at M. S. Ballinger's Drug Store.

R. H. NORTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. TROY, MISSOURI. WILL practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial District.

N. P. MINOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. LOUISIANA, MO. WILL practice in the counties of Callaway, Montgomery, Lincoln, Pike and Ralls.

W. M. FRAZIER, MCKEE & FRAZIER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. TROY, MISSOURI. Will practice in all the counties of the Third Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of the State.

F. T. WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. NOTARY PUBLIC. TRUXTON, MISSOURI. January 1, 1869 - July.

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.

DR. J. L. DOGGETT, Surgeon Dentist, TROY, MO. IS PREPARED to do all kinds of Dental work in a substantial manner.

Occidental Hotel, Cap-au-Gris, Mo. A. C. MAGRUDER - Proprietor. THIS HOTEL is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public. Well-furnished tables and neat, comfortable apartments.

G. L. COLLIER, PHOTOGRAPHER. TROY, MISSOURI. Persons wishing work done will be given perfect satisfaction. Old pictures copied. May 19, 1870 - 20.

A. H. BUCKNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. ST. CHARLES, MO. Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and St. Charles, and in the District and Supreme Courts.

GEO. J. BETTS & CO., House and Sign Painters, Paper Hangers, &c., 213 Market street, St. Louis.

HENRY QUIGLEY, | EUGENEN BONFILS, QUIGLEY & BONFILS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents, TROY, MO.

WILL practice in the various Courts of the Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been engaged for two years past in making an abstract of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short notice a complete abstract of title of all the lands in said county. July 28, 1870.

JNO. R. KNOX, BANKER, TROY, MISSOURI. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes and other Securities. Deposits received, payable on call.

CAP-AU-GRIS Lumber Yard. R. C. MAGRUDER. Keeps constantly on hand a full supply of Pine Lumber, DRESSED and UN-DRESSED, at Cap-au-Gris, Lincoln county, Mo. (Sept 1870)

U. S. MAIL AND Daily Hack Line BETWEEN TROY & WENTZVILLE, BY Jacob Hartman.

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 hack and will make prompt connection with the up and down trains on the North Missouri railroad. My standing fare for passengers will be ONE DOLLAR. Hack will commence running July 1st, 1870. JACOB HARTMAN.

BLANK NOTES FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red, The birch with golden yellow; And high above the orchard wall Hang apples, rich and mellow; And that's the way, through yonder lane That looks so still and grassy, The way I took one Sunday eve, When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face, That looks so thin and faded, Was once the very sweetest one That bonnet ever shaded; But when I went through yonder lane, That looks so still and grassy, Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair, When Mary was a lassie.

WOMAN'S HAPPY SMILE.

There is a ray that cheers the heart, Relieves it for a while, Though sorrow crush it e'er so low - 'Tis woman's happy smile.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

"Yes, I'll do it, Ralph, even if she is a scraggy, worthless, hairless, dried up, yellow, vinegar faced old maid. I'll marry her; or, rather, her fortune!" and so saying he leaned himself back in his chair, and commenced puffing away as coolly as his cigar as though marrying were the most commonplace, uninteresting affair ever dreamed of.

"You speak quite confidently, young man," returned his companion; "perhaps the lady in question won't have you. Don't be too conceited, if you have been called irresistible."

"Fiddlesticks! I guess my uncle's fortune was the most irresistible part to the New York belles, and I am certain, now that my 'great expectations' have passed away, there isn't two of them ever remembered associating with me. I tell you, Ralph, love is all moonshine! a mere creature of fancy—for I have never seen a pretty girl yet that could set my heart a palpitating. Money is what a poor business lawyer wants, not love; it's a great deal more substantial, too."

"Don't doubt it; but I wouldn't be tied to an old vixen for any consideration," responded Ralph, "and in my opinion, Bart, you are a fool if you heave yourself away. There, now, that advice is free gratis—no fee asked—only do tell me the whole story."

"I can do that in a few words. About a week ago I saved a fine looking but gouty old gentleman from being upset out of his carriage on Broadway. He was profuse in his thanks, learned my name, said he knew me by reputation, told me he was wealthy, with but one child, a daughter, and if I would come down to Sea View, where he intended to pass a few weeks, he would make a match between me and her. I modestly suggested that the lady in question might object, but he insisted that she could not; she was devoted to him and heart whole. There it is verbatim. I then made inquiries of a friend what kind of a girl Mr. Lafourn's daughter was, and they told me she was a scraggy old maid. I have her in my mind's eye, but it's no drawback. I'll marry for money, and let her afterwards take to her cats, just the same as she does now. That's all. I am too lazy to work." And he relapsed into a profound silence, wondering secretly what time on the morrow Mr. Lafourn and daughter would arrive.

"There, ps, you dear old goose, listen to the description of your Nell," exclaimed pretty little Nellie Lafourn, arranging the curtains so that the old gentleman could overhear the conversation on the piazza between the two young gentlemen just mentioned.

"Confound his impudence," growled the old man, in a rage, bringing his cane down lustily; "I'd like to see him get my darling, the heartless wretch, and my money, even if he has got you mixed up with your aunt Lucille!"

"Slightly mixed up, isn't it, ps? But after all how much the picture is like her, and she burst into a merry laugh, that caused a dozen dimples to play hide and seek around her cheeks and lips.

"He may be blessed! I'll send for him this moment, and I'll—I'll—I'll case him!" almost shouted the irate old gentleman.

waited upon Mr. Lafourn, and was formally introduced to Miss Lucille Gower. He inquired after the old gent's health very affectionately, and soon became quite engrossed, apparently, in the conversation that was started, but secretly he was eyeing his intended bride, and he confessed to himself that the enthusiastic descriptions he had given his friend Ralph did not belie her, or scarcely do her justice. Just then the door opened, and a graceful young lady, with a great abundance of golden curls and very large eyes, walked in.

"My—my niece, Mr. Gower; Mr. Gower, Miss Lee," observed Mr. Lafourn, and Miss Lee acknowledged it with a very slight but nevertheless graceful bow.

Mr. Gower was enraptured, and the contrast only made his bride expectant more ridiculous; however, he determined to act his part, and as a chance presented itself, he whispered in modulated tones to Miss Lucille, that "he hoped to become better acquainted with her," though he hated himself for it in three minutes after, when he saw Miss Lee's mischievous eyes resting upon him, and realized that she had heard him, too.

Day after day he called, and proportionally he fell in love with laughing Nell, and fell out with Miss Lucille, while she became, in appearance, desperately enamored of him, and wrote him poetry by the sheet, expressing her "everlasting affection," which he assured the friend Ralph she meant to mean the t'v oldness of her love, for he was sure she was invented in Noah's ark.

In vain he tried to make love to Nell. She accepted no attentions from "her cousin's lover," so she mockingly assured him, and left him more despairing than before.

At last he could not endure it any longer, and accordingly sought an interview with Mr. Lafourn.

"So you come to propose for my daughter, Mr. Gower?" quipped the gentleman, when he was ushered in.

"No, sir, I have not," he emphatically returned. "I have come to make a confession, to ask your forgiveness, and crave a boon. You know how you came to make me the offer which you did? Well, having been brought up to believe myself independent of the world, and to study a profession more for pleasure than aught else, after finding myself suddenly bereft of all hopes, and poor, I gladly accepted your proposal. I scorned the idea of love; I vowed I loved my ease better than any woman on earth, and though I was informed your daughter was—was—"

"A scraggy old maid," slyly interposed Mr. Lafourn. Bart blushed at his own remark, but proceeded—

"I determined, provided she would accept me, to marry her for your money. There, sir, is the truth, and know I cannot but be lowered in your estimation. Since, I have met your niece, and I've—"

"Fallen in love with her," observed the father aiding him along.

"Yes, sir, exactly so; and I am willing, if she will have me, to give up all idea of wealth obtained by such mean practice, and go away and work bravely for her. Do you think there is any hope? Will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," he responded, "I should not want my daughter wedded to any man from such mercenary motives. I'll call Nell and see what she says." And suiting the action to the word, he summoned Nellie.

"This gentleman has withdrawn his claims to your cousin's hand," he observed, taking Nellie by the hand, "and actually has the audacity to ask for yours. What shall I tell him?"

"And I am poor, Nellie," ejaculated Bart, "but you shall see I am no conceited jacknaps. I will go away and commence the practice of my profession if you will only give me hope."

Nellie looked at her father through her blushes.

"But I would be a penniless bride—"

"And all the dearer! if you are not worth working for, you are not worth having."

"If then," she returned slyly, "you wait a year and do not change your mind, if uncle is willing—"

"Which he will be," interrupted the gentleman.

The ruse was still kept up. Mr. Lafourn gave him letters of introduction to several influential friends, he went away and set up work in earnest. For a while he was unsuccessful; at last his talent began to be appreciated, and he was on a fair way to prosperity. At the end of the year he wrote and told Mr. Lafourn how he had succeeded, and asked if he would have any objections to his wedding taking place then. He returned, and when he arrived he found his Nellie prettier than ever. Mr. Lafourn said nothing, and Bart wondered at his giving such a costly wedding to his niece; but when he, as the bride's father, gave her away, he was dumb-founded. As soon as the ceremony was over he rushed to his father in law:

Story of a Pair of Slippers.

It is a fortunate circumstance that officers not on duty wear *mufti*, otherwise two gallant gentlemen would have cut each other's throats on Monday, all in consequence of a pink slipper. Baron de T— is a very jolly bachelor, by no means a sworn brother of the Order of Malta, and although not a professional Don Juan, still with a certain reputation for success among the fair ladies of the capital.

His intimate friend, Count de P—, on the contrary, has the name of being a most devoted husband, although his wife's beauty is so great that there is little merit in his constancy. Notwithstanding this great difference in character and taste, these two gentlemen have long been inseparable, Madame P— always taking up the cudgel in behalf of her husband's friend whenever he was attacked too warmly in her presence, and the Baron often remarking that he would marry himself as soon as he could find some one as lovely as the Countess.

Both of these gentlemen belong to the staff of a French Marshal, who went to the front on Wednesday, and two days before P— went to T—'s lodging on business connected with the campaign arrangements. There was some little delay in answering his ring, and as he entered the drawing-room he heard the rustle of a silk dress as the opposite door was closed. Rather accustomed to episodes at his friend's room, P— excused himself for the intrusion, and was about to withdraw, when suddenly his glance fell upon a tiny pink slipper lying close to the parlor door, which had evidently been dropped by the fair visitor in her precipitate flight. Hastily springing forward he snatched it from the floor, and saw, with horror, not only the name of his wife's shoemaker, but also her own monogram.

"Madame de P— is in your room," he exclaimed in a paroxysm of jealous rage.

"You are mad!" answered T—, "I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, that she has never crossed my threshold; she has been here, most certainly you would not have been permitted to enter." The Count, however, would not be convinced, and with the accusing slipper in his hand insisted upon being confronted with the lady who was in the inner room.

Of course, the Baron said he would die before he would permit this, and finally his visitor left the house sweating that "blood alone could wash out the outrage," etc.

Jumping into his carriage, Monsieur de P— drove home rapidly, and burst like a mad bull into his wife's boudoir, where the lady was making up some list for the patriotic association.

"Where have you been?" he shouted as he came in.

"I think you had better answer that question," she replied very quietly. "I have not left the house to day, while you rush in here like a lunatic."

And then after a moment's silence: "But what are you doing with my slipper? Give it to me at once. You are crumpling it up so that I shall not be able to wear it."

"So you confess that it is yours, do you, madame?"

"Most certainly, and I wish you would not twist it about so horribly."

"Very well, Madame; I found it at your lover's."

"My lover's! Decidedly, *mon ami*, you are ill. Shall I send for the doctor?"

"I do not joke, madame; I found it at Monsieur de T—'s, where doubtless its fellow is at present." The Countess rang the bell, and bade her maid bring in her pair of pink satin Fenelles. A moment afterward three shoes were in the hands of the astonished Count.

"But whose is the third one?" he said; "it has your shoemaker's name and even your monogram and coronet."

Madame de P— thought for an instant, and then laughed out heartily, as she answered:

"I have it. I sent back a pair last week because they were too large. You deserve, you jealous wretch, that they should fit me. Monsieur Jacob evidently has a customer who is less of a Cinderella than I am. Look for yourself; they are at least a size too long."

Confused and repentant, the Count fell at the feet he had so unjustly calumniated, and in a few moments returned to explain and apologize to his friend, the Baron.

"But my dear friend," he said, "beg your lady visitor to change her shoemaker."—*Ex.*

The directors of the fair, which is to take place at San Antonio, Texas, on the 5th of October, have made an excellent proposition, and one which may allow us to take in at a single glance the entire array of the beauty of the Lone Star State. The proposal is that every handsome lady in the State shall send a photograph of herself to the fair, and a committee will select the most beautiful and have a picture painted of the lady, according to the photograph, and presented to her as a prize. The ladies who expect to compete are requested to assume a standing position, dressed in a flowing robe, in order to give better effect to the painting, which is to be life-sized.

It is said by the Fond du Lac Reporter that the lunatic who prophesied a cold summer on account of the spots in the sun, has gone to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to take a first class cell in the new lunatic asylum.

One of the Wonders of the Age.

The following extract from a letter received, describes the operation of a pneumatic tube between Glasgow and London. Probably few of our readers are aware of the existence of the process by which messages and packages are almost instantaneously transmitted between these two cities:

"I had occasion to send a telegram to London the other day, and in a few minutes received a reply which led me to suppose that a serious error had been committed by my agents, involving many thousands of pounds. I immediately went to the telegraph office and asked to see my message. The clerk said, 'We can't show it to you, as we have sent it to London.' 'But,' I replied, 'you must have my original paper here; I wish to see that.' He again said: 'No, we have not got it; it is in the Postoffice at London.' 'What do you mean?' I asked; 'pray let me see the paper I left here half an hour ago.' 'Well,' said he, 'if you must see it, we will get it back in a few minutes, but it is now in London.' He rang a bell, and in five minutes or so produced my message, rolled up in pasteboard.

"It seems that for months there has existed a pneumatic telegraph betwixt Glasgow and London, and betwixt London and the other principal cities of the kingdom, which consists of an iron tube, into which the messages are thrown and sent to their destination. I inquired if I might see a message sent. 'Oh, yes, come round here.' He slipped a number of messages into the pasteboard scroll, popped into the tube and made a signal. I put my ear to the tube and heard a slight rumbling noise for 17 seconds, when a bell rang beside me, indicating that the scroll had arrived at the General Post office, four hundred miles off! It almost took my breath away to think of it. Who knows but we may be conveyed in this marvelous manner before many years?"

"Perhaps you are aware that there has been a large tube between the general postoffice in London and the station in Euston square in operation for a number of years. The mail bags for the North are all sent by this conveyance, so that the postoffice receives letters up to a few minutes before the train leaves three miles off. The transit takes less than two seconds! Surely this is an age of wonders!"

General Murray, United States marshal of Kentucky, served a process last week, emanating from the Federal District court of Kentucky, upon Attorney General Rodman, his Honor Judge George W. Triplett, county judge, and Major John P. Thompson, circuit clerk of Daviess county, to appear before Judge Ballard's court, in Louisville, in October next, and show cause why they are holding office in violation of the provisions of the so-called fourteenth amendment, by which it is alleged they are disqualified.

An unfortunate deacon recently created a good deal of merriment at a church in St. Joseph, Mo., while engaged in making up the contributions. He had suffered, some days previously, from an accident to his nose, and displaced the plaster in his anxiety to secure a hasty dive for a small white object on the carpet, but had no sooner placed it on the tip of his nasal organ than the young ladies began to thrust their handkerchiefs into their mouths and utter the cause of such a sudden outbreak of good spirits was not discovered by him until he entered the vestry room, and with that he had replaced the plaster was a cotten-spool label containing the following suggestive words: "Warranted to hold out 200 yards."

A farmer told a friend of his who had come from town for a few days shooting, that he once had an excellent gun, that went off upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "Wonderful gun indeed," said the sportsman; "but how did it happen? Must have been an Irish gun." "Not at all," replied the farmer; "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

Matrimony is a little rapid in Wood county, Ohio. The Perryburg Journal tells of a grass widow in that place who was introduced to a man on Saturday, was buggy riding on Sunday, and married on Tuesday. The groom came home drunk on Wednesday night, and was kicked out by the bride, who threw his baggage after him. There wasn't much lunar honey in that wedding.

At the Jackson county fair, Miss M. Bryant, of Independence, carried off the ribbon as the most beautiful blonde, and Mrs. Syc Nelson, of Kansas City, as the handsomest brunette. A trio of Kansas City newspaper men constituted the awarding committee.

A Cockney tourist met a Scotch lassie going barefooted towards Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go barefooted?" "Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned his having been in five engagements.

"That's nothing," broke in a little fellow, "my sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

"There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley; "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."

The five great evils of life are said to be standing collars, stovepipe hats, tight boots, bad whiskey, and fast—but not least—cross women.

The grain crop of the Eastern provinces of Germany has been a very superb one. The only difficulty is to find men enough to harvest it.

A Sham Duel in Virginia.

The Richmond Enquirer of a recent date says: A sham duel came off yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock, on the bloody ground near the poor-house, one of the principals of which was in dead earnest. It seems that young Mr. M. felt aggrieved at the conduct of Mr. C., sev. rat years his senior, and this unpleasantness, through the intervention of friends, culminated in a challenge to mortal combat. "Our Frits" was not more in earnest or in hotter blood at Hlaugne-man than young Mr. M. C., as were both the seconds, Messrs. S. and J., was in a joke, and feigned an awful calmness, looking for all the world as if he had made his will and was bent on blood. The ground reached and the distance measured, the belligerents were placed in a position with all the formalities known to the code. The pistols loaded as if with bullets, and the word given. C. fired in the air quickly, but M., with more deliberation, fired at his antagonist, who, at the crack of his antagonist's pistol, leaped into the air and tragically yelled, "I am shot." The seconds rushed to him, while M. hastily beat a retreat from the supposed field of blood. The outside friends, who were not in the joke, were panic stricken—one hastily filled his brass *chapeau* with water for the dying man. Havoover market carmen, who viewed the fight from the road, were seized with the like consternation when they beheld the seconds lift C. from the ground, place him in a wagon as if mortally hurt, and drive with all haste to the city. The news of the sham duel spread rapidly, and by night was laughed over by everybody, we presume, except the young gentleman who was the victim of a mischievous conspiracy.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A man in a state of intoxication, brought before a justice in Alabama, was examined and fined for being drunk and disorderly. The poor fellow had only an old German flute, and when asked if he would leave it as a pledge for his fine, he replied that it was an old but excellent instrument, and under no circumstances would he part with it. Forgetful of the dignity of the court, he raised it to his lips and blew a few sweet notes at once attracting and fixing the attention of the court and spectators. He perceived his advantage and played a plaintive air, which imbued the mind of the court with pity. He changed it to a patriotic measure—the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," exciting the court to a fraternal love of country. Now or never was the time. "Dixie" rolled out in sweet and rapid cadence. Every one was taken by a storm. The policemen dashed to its measures; the spectators wagged their heads, and the court, like Alexander, smiled his delight. The fine was stricken from the docket, and the poor fellow left with his flute under his arm, a wiser and better man.

General Littlefield, a Southern gentleman of "loyal" proclivities, who was lately bob-nobbing very intimately with the President at Long Branch, appears to be laboring under two indictments for fraudulent transactions in the bonds, both of Florida and North Carolina. His friends there are anxious to see him, but he is not to be found, and Grant doesn't recollect of ever having met him.—Times.

A wise old darkey in the Southern part of Kentucky came to his old master the day before the late election, and said he: "Mars John, I wants to vote de Democratic ticket. The fac' is, I think de niggers ought to split up any how. If we goes and votes Democrat the Radicals say we is ungrateful, an' then de League fines us five dollars an' warms us. If we votes Radical, de Ku-Klux'll git us shore. I wants to divide like, so as to make it de intrust ob boff parties to treat us kin' an' friendly." That darkey is a philosopher.

A gentleman in Galena, Illinois, keeps an ordinary tree toad in a glass jar half filled with water; inside the jar is a diminutive ladder from the bottom of the vessel to the top. Just above the water line is a perch, on which his frogship in dry weather is to be seen sitting motionless as long as the dry season lasts. On the slightest indication of a change in the atmosphere, the frog quits his perch and takes to the water, returning only at intervals to feed upon the flies that are thrown into the jar.

THE ADVANTAGE.—Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the Legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some artifice Mr. D. gained home, much elated with success, he met a gentleman, an acquaintance of his.

"Well," said he, "I have got the election. L. was no match for me. I'll tell you how I lured him: if there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, and there I had the advantage of him. But as to L., he is a clever, honest, sensible little fellow."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "and there is where he has the advantage of you."

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