The Lincoln County Herald
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY
THEO. D. FISHER.
$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 6. TROY, MO., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1871. NO. 29.

TO TEACHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Superintendent of public schools of Lincoln county, Mo., will, in accordance with the school law of the State, hold public examination of teachers, on the 1st Saturday of every month, at the court house in Troy, and on those days only. Teachers will please bear this in mind.
W. S. PENNINGTON, Sup't Public Schools,
ja13n46] Lincoln County, Mo.

"OUR IDOL."

Close the door softly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with Death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away.

Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper—
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper;
Our idol is dead.

Smooth out the singlets,
Close the dark eyes;
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the skies.
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast;
So like a sweet spirit
Strayed from the blessed.
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours;
Let her calm slumbers
Be 'mid the wild flowers.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

Out of the shadow into the sun;
Out of the winter into the spring.
The world wheels on, and the air is filled
With the wind of the south's low whispering.

The wakening heart of the mountain throbs;
The valley, under the pallid snows,
Feels at her breast the soft, sweet stir
Of baby-violet, lily and rose.

Under the ice the brook laughs on,
Under the snow the crocus dreams,
And that is but warmth and gentle sleep
Which cold, and rigid, and deathly seems.

Sweetheart a winter infolds our days—
A winter of darkness, and grief, and pain—
Yet never a winter was bravely borne
But there came, in time, the April rain.

Under the ice the brook laughs on;
Under the snow the crocus dreams;
And that may be wisest, tenderest, best,
Which hard, and cold, and hopeless seems.

A LITTLE STORY.

BY SCOTT.

I'm not going to promise any moral, neither shall you find anything very im moral in this true little story, which happened one day just a little while ago. It is interesting to me to think about, and if it don't prove so in the reading, its my fault in the telling, and not the story's, but I'll try my best, and begin this way.

If the earth was beautiful, Ages Thorne could not see it; nothing, it seemed to her, could be more dreary and forlorn, more tiresome to open one's eyes on in the morning, more painful to close them, at night, than this cheerless, black world. I am sure the world would have been amazed, could it have read her thoughts this beautiful, summer morn, for it had never knowingly given our Agnes, this little heroine of mine, a single dark day; indeed, I am prepared to say, that only sun and shine and the warmest love and care had surrounded her always! But here she sat, right in the haze and warmth of a ripe summer day, with pouting trembling lips, and a mysterious damp handkerchief in her hands. The wedding ring shone very bright there, but its gilt and glisten seemed to meet no answering light in her eyes; indeed, I'm not so sure there were not tears between, and yet the sun fell through the open window of their little sitting-room, her's and John's, and gave yet a brighter luster to her soft, brown hair. 'Twas very soft pretty hair, and but for the tears, and I'm afraid I must say the frown, the young, fresh face was a very pretty one, too, but the singing of the birds, the odor of the heliotrope just under the window, the nodding of the dear old fashioned pinks, up and down each side of the path, were all unheeded by the tear-dimmed eyes, and even in the midst of all this beauty, her lips did say the words that were in her heart. "'Tis a dreary world, and I hate it." 'Twas just one of those common cases, only our Agnes was not a common woman, and so she was taking it rather hard—this getting used to being snubbed by her husband, I mean, and was threatening in her heart this long day all sorts of awful things to do unless John did do better, and here the innocent cause of all these tears and anathemas, was happy in the conviction of doing everything in mortal man's power to make home and wife happy, and quite thoroughly established in peace and comforts the conviction of success brought. Of course he had no time to spend at home, but then he was making his way in the world, and by rigid economy, never a holiday, never a drive, never a concert or ball, they might some day be worth something in the world, and this he often said to Agnes, and when she hinted how much a new shawl or some garment in the mode would enhance her appearance, John assured her that she looked better in the pelisse she was married in than any other woman would in one made of cloth of gold. This was all very well, of course, to be told how fine she looked in his eyes; but it didn't make her "old close" look as well as new; and the squeaky little melodeon in John's home was so different from the Steinway at home. True, Johnnie, the baby, was nice enough, but John never had time to look at him, and oh! and oh! well, I don'o know exactly what was the matter. Poor little Agnes was weary and dissatisfied, and wanted to be petted, and kissed, and loved a little, I guess; anyhow she felt like many another woman has before her; and I certainly shall take her part. And so there she sat, and, well, yes—I might as well tell the worst—and cried. Yesterday she told all this to her journal (I'm sorry to confess she kept such a thing) and so now she just did like any foolish young thing, thought and imagined herself into deeper despair than fate even dreamed of sending her. John came, and she could not find the answering smile to welcome him, nor did she try to conceal the vexation which crowded in her heart. They dined in silence, and John left again in silence for the office. Again for tea he came, no words passed between them. Once he essayed to take her hand, but she felt her fingers drawing up in the shape of a fist, and involuntarily turned and said words she could never forget, nor yet the look in his mild, astonished eyes. 'Twas far into the night when he came, and then with his night key, and passed the nursery door, where she always stayed with baby until he came, and so on in silence to their room. Their room! the very thought seemed hateful to her, and she felt she would never say it again. Thus far the night had been spent in dismantling the nursery of this and that pretty little adornment, and stowing them neatly in the large travelling trunk, which was already nearly full of her's and baby's clothes. She had not thought of baby, he slept so gently, and now, as a harsh cough and cry came to her ears, she was almost frightened out of her anger, by amazement, that she had left him sleeping under the open window. The night had changed, and a chilling rain was falling. She drew the crib with trembling hands into the room, and remembered with a shudder the terrible night they had brought him through, but still the coughing went on, and finally, in despair, she flew to John's room, to find it vacant and this note on the bureau.

"MY WIFE! Only this once let me say it. Two years that have been bliss to me, have been torture to you—I shall never forget your words—your young life shall not be wasted. May God bless you, and may you be happy, is the heart-broken prayer of (just this once, darling). YOUR HUSBAND."

The tears that now came to our Agnes' eyes were oh! so different from the ones the summer noonday saw. Now the world was dark indeed. The packing was forgotten in little Johnnie's moans and cries, and soon after the gray morning came baby had found a brighter morning, one that never fades at night, even beyond the sun's rising, and where it never sets. Oh! that terrible day; the longing that John should come and see the little, white, cold face; that he would only come, and there in this little silent presence, help her to begin anew, show her how, now that her heart was desolate, to take up the burdens of life, and be thankful for the blessings God sent. Again she looked through her tears from the little sitting room window with a more broken feeling in her breast than had ever come over her before, she felt the words, "Oh! John" fluttering from her lips when the little gate opened, and some men, and none of them John, came bearing something between them. 'Twas John, she knew instantly, all bruised and torn, and dying, or dead—from some accident—'twas her John, and he did not know baby was gone; 'twas her John, all gone from her, and not in love. "Oh! I cannot, cannot," she said aloud—and opening her eyes, found her own John smiling down into her own, and heard him joyously say, "what! cannot kiss me on our anniversary, nor thank me for the new piano these fine fellows have brought from the train? and where's sou?" Of course she could not speak for a while, and then I'm afraid you will think she did not act like a heroine, for she cried a great deal more, and kissed big John and little John, till I thought she would smother them both, and there were the men on the porch, she had seen bringing John, only 'twas a piano, and though the sun was a little lower in the sky, the world seemed never so bright before, nor the heliotrope so sweet, and John, oh! John! how good he seemed, and the baby, how beautiful! Her bitter thoughts had carried her to dreamland, and there all this sorrow met her, but after that dream she opened her eyes on such a different world, and she told me herself, with many a girlish laugh, what I'm almost ashamed to tell you, that John read her journal that morning before she was awake, and that accounted for the new piano, and thousands of other sweet, dear things that happened to her. 'Twas a long, long time before she told John her dream, and he did not even then get courage to tell her he read her journal, but she knew it, you see, by a few tears she found there, which never came from her eyes. I met them to-day in the Park, and she looked so sweet and happy, and did not have on the wedding pelisse. She's a dear, sweet little woman, and though John didn't mean anything, of course, I think its hard to spend on's youth getting on in the world, for—lo! when you have gotten of the world, you have gotten of age as well, and so what does it matter? 'Tis like waiting to enjoy a rose till the leaves are all fallen, and then you have but the stem, and possibly a thorn, too. I think even little Johnnie enjoyed the change and I'm sure big John did. If happiness don't help to get on in the world, what does?

It is said that a little coarsely-cut genuine root, well masticated (the saliva being swallowed), taken after each meal, will soon cure all desire for tobacco chewing. Gentian is the basis of most of the tobacco antidotes advertised.

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum occupy twelve miles of shelving.

What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts teeth? Why gum-Arabic of course.

It will take sixty years to restore to France the forests ruthlessly wasted in the military operations of the late war.

Smith declares that the only thing on earth capable of moving a certain cross-grained old aunt of his, is her rocking chair.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and this I've found most true; but mine is such a needy friend, he sticks to me like glue.

Pittsburgh belles go with their beaux shopping now. Buy No. 2 and 3 shoes; return them next day alone for 5's and 6's.

A lady going into the Opera House last week gave a fine tooth comb instead of a ticket. Usher told her she couldn't Coomb in on that.

An advertiser wants girls for cooking. One that knows what he is talking about replies: "You would like them raw when you get accustomed to them."

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translation: "*Vir*, a man; *gin* a trap. *Virgin*, a man trap."

Two young ladies of Chicago, last week laid a wager that neither could absorb five grains of morphine. It was a draw bet, and the funerals took place the same day.

Ladies who wear point lace shawls should know, to appreciate them, that it takes two hundred women for two years, at steady work, to finish one. But one woman can make one, by steady work for four hundred years.

A singular accident happened to a lady in Portland, Maine, a few days since She went to call on a friend, and when she pulled the door bell, the wire broke, and she fell backward, striking her head on the steps. She was rendered insensible and was very severely hurt.

A young countryman while lounging round a little village in the East, a short time since, stole a ride on the street-sprinkler, not knowing how the old thing worked. As soon as the driver opened the valve he went up about three feet in the air, and came down wetter and wiser.

"Little Things," is the title of a neat ameteur paper published once a month by a number of little girls at Brighton, Pennsylvania. The type-setting as well as the selection and arrangement of matter is all done by the little girls, and in a very creditable manner.

Mr. Stevens, of Laporte, Ind., had only been married a week when he detected his wife pouring hot tea in his ear as he slept. He says he has never been married before, and don't know what the usages of society are, but he thinks such acts lay a wife open to suspicion of lack of affection, or something of that kind.

A young lady of Bainbridge, N. Y., made a bargain with Curtiss Cooper some fifteen years ago, whereby she was to have a "ewe lamb and its increase until she was 21 years old," in exchange for a gold watch key. She was but six years of age at the time, and now sues Mr. Cooper for 18,064 lambs, or their value, which, at $4 per head, is $64,526.

Ohio has at least one female citizen who can assert her rights without asking any aid of the ballot box. She charged her husband with lunacy, and he succeeded in convincing her of his sanity only by coming down with a check of $800. We commend her example to all wives in want of pin money. The plan might not work every time, but the experiment would be worth trying.

T. is a pertinacious young man of slender acquirements, who affects literature, especially in the presence of young ladies. On one occasion he brought down the house by asking a lady if she had read Mr. Dickens's last novel, "The Diamond Edition!" A more astounding blunder is the following: Seeing a copy of Lalla Rookh lying on the center table, he called attention to it, when somebody inquired if he had ever read it. "No," he replied, "I have never any of Miss Rookh's poems."

"You will please give me ninepence apiece, gentlemen," said the old man who held the door at the monument on Bunker Hill to a couple of gentlemen who wished to ascend the same.

"Pay?" said the eldest. "Why, do you know who we are? We are British officers."

"Oh! ah! ye are British officers, hey? Well, walk up gentlemen. Walk right up. God knows your country paid dear enough for this monument, for ye lost the nicest land under the sun."

It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted only to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation you must give her something to talk about, give her education in the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our age. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead; we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world; to know what is and improve its condition. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain conversation according to the mental, moral, and religious improvement of our times.—Union Park Banner.

Up a Tree.

Artemus Aristotle's patriotism broke out demonstratively last fourth of July. He'd have the biggest starspangled banner and the tallest flag-staff in Berks county—that's what he would—and he told Aunt Hannah so. Arte rushed down to the city by express train, purchased a forty-feet flag, and rushed home again by the next express. Then Arte set about achieving the longest liberty-pole in Berks, out of a straight, hundred and sixty feet—more or less—pine tree, standing on a knoll back of the house. With the big bunting lashed about his shoulders, and armed with a hatchet, he up ended the long hay-ladder against the pine, scrambled in among the lower branches and began cutting his course upwards, trimming close to the trunk every knot and branch as he progressed.

Having cut his way to the tip top of the tall pine, Arte flung his flag to the breeze, lashed it hard and fast to the staff, hurrahed lustily for "Liberty," "tigered" for "Grant," and then made the discovery that he had cut off his retreat. There he was a hundred and fifty feet up in the air, and every individual thing that he could have climbed down by, cut off smooth. Arte's enthusiasm collapsed in a second, and he hailed the house:

"Hannah! Oh! Hannah! I say, Hannah! Come out here."

Out came Hannah, and seeing her husband humped up in a ball, away up there under the "flag of the free," the old lady piped out at him in key major:

"Why, sakes o' me! What is it, Arte?"

"Dod dern, Hannah! *I'm up a tree!* Can't yer take that ere musket and shoot my dinner up here?"

"Why, dear me, Arte, how will you ever git down from there?"

"Dunno, Hannah, 'less you git somebody to chop the tree down, and that would een a most kill me. Dod blast the luck!"

Arte clung to his perch just about as long as he could, and then clasping arms and legs about the trunk, he began to slide down stern foremost like a bear, ripping, scraping and tearing over the rough surface in a way that by the time he reached *terra firma* it was about an even question which had lost the most bark—Artemus or the tree.

"If ever I go to cut another tree into a flag-staff, I'll be dod blamed if I don't begin at the upper end," Arte swore, as Aunt Hannah led him away ragged and bleeding.

JOSH BILLINGS ON STRAWBERRIES.—The strawberry is one uv natur's sweet pets. She makes them worth fifty cents, the fust she makes, and never allows them to be sold at a mean price.

The culler uv the strawberry iz like the setting uv the sun under a thin cloud, with a delicate dash uv the rainbow in it; its fragrance is like the breath of a baby when it first begins to eat wintergreen lozzingers; its flavor is like the nectar which an old fashioned goddes used to leave in the bottom uv the tumbler when Jupiter stood treat on mount Ida.

There iz many breeds of this delightful vegetable, but not a mean one in the hull lot.

I think I have stole them, laying around loos, without any pedigree, in somebody's tall grass, when I was a lazy school boy, that eat dredful easy, without enny white sugar on them, and even a bug occashunly mixed up with them in the hurry ov the moment. Cherries iz good, but they are tew much like sucking a marble with a handle tew it. Peaches iz good if u don't git eny of the pin feathers intu your lips. Watermelons will sute ennybody who is satisfide with half sweetened drink, but the man who can eat strawberries besprinkled with crushed shooger and bespattered with kream (at sumbody else's expense) and not lay his hand on his stummack and thank the author of strawberries and stummacks, and the phellow who pays for the strawberries, is a man with a worn out conscience—a man whose mouth tastes like a hole in the ground, and don't care what goes down.

A POLISH SUPERSTITION.—It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is therefore customary, among friends and lovers, particularly, to present each other, on the anniversary of their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with an appropriate wish.

January—Jacinth or garnet denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

Febuary—Amethyst preserves mortals from strong passions, and insures peace of mind.

March—Bloodstone denotes courage and secresy in dangerous enterprises.

April—Sapphire or diamond denotes repentance.

May—Emerald, successive love.

June—Agate insures long life and health.

July—Ruby or cornelian insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx insures conjugal felicity.

September—Chrysolite preserves from or cures folly.

October—Aquamarine or opal denotes misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz insures fidelity or friendship.

December—Turquoise (or malachite) denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition in life.

A drunken man sprawling on the ground the other day, anxiously inquired if "anybody else had been struck by that earthquake."

What is Fame.

It was on a beautiful spring day of the year 1843 that a small bridal party entered a Mayor's office in the environs of Paris in order to have the marriage contract drawn up. Small as was this company, it was very select; the bridegroom was a talented young painter, who at the present day enjoys a very considerable celebrity, and his witnesses two friends of her father; their names were Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas. After the Mayor had very carefully written down the names, the Christian name and position of the young couple, he went to the witnesses, and turning first to Victor Hugo, asked his name. Being informed, he repeated hesitatingly:

"Hugo? How is thas written? Has it a final?"

The poet dictated letter for letter, when the Mayor, with a heightened dignity, addressed the second question to him:

"What profession do you follow?"

"None at all."

"But you can at least write, so that you can sign your name here?"

This being very serenely answered in the affirmative, the other witness came up. As Ingres and Delaroche answered they were painters the municipal officer measured them with a rather disdainful glance over his spectacles, and said: "Room or sign painter?" The laugh of the entire company vexed him exceedingly, and he muttered morosely something about "unseemly behavior," as Ingres replied: "Write simply painter."

Alexander Dumas understood better how to extricate himself from the affair, for he gave in that he was an annuitant, which placed him very much above his companions in the esteem of the Mayor, who from now on addressed him alone, and showed him every civility. All these men were then at the zenith of their fame; and yet their name remained so unnoticed and unknown, just here by Paris, while abroad they were known and honored.—Leipsic Gartenlaube.

Home and its Queen.

The is propably not an unperverted man or woman living who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and the best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever of good there may be in their characters and conditions.

Home, based upon legitimate marriage, is so evidently an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is planted, it stands a bulwark. Wherever it is pure and true to virtuous idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the nobler interests of society.

Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes its cue and hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously or unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man uncrowned, by power or eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what their mothers made them, as a rule; and the voice which those men speak in the expression of their power is the voice of the women who bore and bred them.

There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficently upon society and the state. Neither woman nor the nation can afford to have home demoralized or in any way deteriorated by the loss of her influence there. As a nation, we rise or fall as the character of our home, presided over by women, rises or falls, and the best guage of our prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find multiplication in the land. In true marriage, and the struggle after the highest ordeal of home-life, is to be found the solution of more of the ugly problems that confront the present generation—moral, social and political—than we have space to enumerate.—Am. Odd Fellow.

If the way to heaven is narrow, it is not long

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Mischiefs come by the pound and go away by the ounce.

Life is like a blank note, and your virtues are the figures upon it.

An image of gold is sure of worshippers, if it be only a gold calf.

Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes do not know it, God will.

Language was given us that we might say pleasant things to and for each other.

It makes a great difference whether the glasses are used over or under the nose.

"Is your brother-in-law really such a lazy man?" asked one gentleman of another. "Lazy!" was the reply, "why he's so lazy that he has an artist employed by the month to draw his breath with a crayon."

The late Mrs. John Welsh, of Elizabeth, N. J., used the non explosive kind, and to the last day of her life extinguished the lamp by blowing down the chimney.

A story is told of a father in a church, who, when the marriage service came to the point where the clergyman asks, Who giveth this woman to be married to this man? replied, "Well sir, I am called to do it, although it do go agin the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Plowser, who is worth twice the money o' that ere man." The answer was not considered regular.