

**CHAS. MARTIN, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
TROY, MISSOURI,  
WILL practice in all the Courts of the Third  
Judicial District. Special attention given  
to the collection of debts. v6n39

**B. W. WHEELER.**  
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,  
NEW HOPE, MO.

WILL attend to any professional business in  
the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and  
Montgomery counties.  
sep71p6y1

**GEO. L. COLLIER,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
TROY, MISSOURI,  
GALLERY SOUTH OF BALLINGER'S  
DRUG STORE.  
Photograph Albums and Picture Frames  
For Sale at Lowest Prices.  
Call and look at my pictures.  
sep7n36

**T. J. WEBB,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Troy, Missouri,  
WILL promptly attend to legal business.  
Special attention given to Collecting.  
Office with J. B. Allen, in the old P. O.  
building. v6n29y1

**J. C. GOODRICH.** W. W. BIRKHEAD.  
**GOODRICH & BIRKHEAD,**  
DENTISTS,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the  
time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here  
from time to time, due to notice of which will be  
given. One for the PAINLESS extraction of  
teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.  
August 31, 1871.—v6n26y1

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

**R. C. MAGRUDER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
CAP-ANGRIS, MISSOURI.  
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial  
District. v6n5

**A. V. McKEE.** W. M. FRAZIER.  
**McKEE & FRAZIER,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
TROY, MISSOURI  
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third  
Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of  
the State. v6n41y

**WALTON & CREECH,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND REAL  
ESTATE AGENTS,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third  
Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the  
State. All business entrusted to their care will be  
promptly attended to.  
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office  
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.  
v6n22

**F. T. WILLIAMS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
WARRENTON, MO.  
January 1, 1869—July

**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. v6n1y1

**HENRY QUIGLEY.** EUGENE 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.

**TROY BAKERY**  
And Confectionery.  
HERMAN GUNTER,  
Keeps a full supply of  
FRESH BREAD,  
CAKES, PASTRIES, &c.  
ALSO FANCY AND COM-  
MON CANDIES,  
And everything in line of Confectioneries.  
All kinds of Cakes and Pastries made to  
order. All orders should be given at  
least two days in advance.  
November 9, 1871.—v6n27y2

**Valuable Town Property for  
Sale—Dwelling House and  
Lot and 2 Vacant Lots.**  
THE undersigned will sell on easy terms a one  
and a half story frame dwelling and 1 lot  
near the business part of the town; and 2 vacant  
lots south of C. & R. Tanyard. Will be  
sold separately or together.  
I will also sell a good work horse, 4 years old,  
and a spring wagon.  
nov9y1

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Geo. P. Rowell & Co.**  
for a Circular, or inclose 25 cents for their One  
Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of  
3,000 newspapers and estimates, showing the  
cost of advertising, also many useful hints to  
advertisers, and some account of the experience  
of men who are known as Successful Advertis-  
ers. This firm are proprietors of the American  
Newspaper Advertising Agency.

**41 Park Row, N Y**  
and are possessed of unequalled facilities for re-  
cording the insertion of advertisements in all New-  
papers and periodicals at lowest rates. v6n5

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**CAKE & McLELLAN,**  
Real Estate Agents,  
Troy, Lincoln County, Mo.,  
Buy and Sell Land, Pay Taxes for Non-  
residents, Give Abstracts of Titles,  
Write Deeds, Mortgages, Plats  
of Lands, &c.

**They Offer for Sale the Following  
Lands:**  
No. 1—Improved farm, 189 acres, 3 miles  
northwest of Auburn, 2 miles of railroad and  
2 miles of rock road, 35 acres in cultivation, 154  
acres splendid timber, hewed-log house 1½ stories,  
stable and corn crib. Price \$2500, one third  
cash, balance on time.  
No. 2—Coal land 6 miles southwest of Troy,  
40 acres in the middle of the coal fields and  
within 100 yards of the shaft at the Link mine.  
Price \$2000, half cash, balance on time.  
No. 3—202 acres unimproved timber land  
5½ miles south of Millwood and adjoining West  
prairie. Price \$800, third cash, balance on long  
time.  
No. 4—Improved farm of 400 acres in Saline  
county, 7½ miles east of Brownsville and 11  
miles from the St. Louis and Lexington railroad;  
200 acres fenced, 120 in cultivation, 60 acres in  
grass, 120 acres good timber, hewed-log house  
with 5 rooms, elstern and good well; 3 springs  
on the farm, log stable, 117 bearing fruit trees.  
Price \$20 per acre—\$8000 cash, balance to the  
purchaser. Good neighborhood and splendid  
land.  
No. 5—House and lot in Troy, frame house  
30 by 40 and one story high, 4 rooms, elstern,  
bath, kitchen, stable, 125 young fruit trees in  
bearing. Price \$35 per acre, two thirds cash  
balance on time.  
No. 6—Farm of 119 acres, 1½ miles of Mos-  
cow Mill, 20 acres in cultivation, 99 acres good  
timber, 18 bearing peach trees. Price \$20 per  
acre, two thirds cash, balance on time.  
No. 7—54 acres timber land, underlaid with  
coal, 2½ miles of Moscow. Price \$23 per acre,  
two thirds cash, balance on time.  
No. 8—Improved farm of 93½ acres, one  
mile from the court house in Troy, 25 acres in  
cultivation, 25 acres in pasture and meadow, 100  
five year old apple trees, 25 peach trees, 45 acres  
splendid timber, 2 story frame house 18 by 24 and  
an L 1 story 18 by 24, all in good repair, smoke  
house, chicken house, stables and crib, A No. 1  
team, corn crib and stable, 125 young fruit trees  
in bearing. Price \$25 per acre. Just the place for a  
man who desires to carry on a small farm, and  
also get the benefit of good schools in Troy for his  
children.  
No. 9—Improved farm of 80 acres 3½ miles  
east of Troy, 25 acres in cultivation, 55 acres  
good timber, log house 16 by 18, 125 young fruit  
trees in bearing. Price \$35 per acre, two thirds  
cash balance on time.  
No. 10—Improved farm of 80 acres 2 miles  
south of Troy, 35 acres in cultivation, 15 acres  
in grass and 30 acres timber, house 16 by 18, 1½  
stories, kitchen 14 by 16, smoke house, cellar,  
barn, corn crib and stable, 125 young fruit trees  
in bearing. All these buildings are new and sub-  
stantial. Well and pond of stock water, 25 apple  
trees, 25 peach and 6 pear trees of excellent fruit.  
Price \$30 per acre, two thirds cash balance on  
time.  
No. 11—Improved farm of 200 acres, 5 miles  
northwest of Troy, 70 acres in cultivation, 130  
acres timber, 2 story house 18 by 20 with L kit-  
chen 16 by 24 one story, smoke house with cellar  
under it 7 feet deep, stables, corn crib, new 7-er  
cabin, barn, splendid orchard of 750 trees in  
bearing, consisting of apples, peaches, pears,  
plums, apricots, nectarines, cherries. New and  
commodious school house near. Price 20 dollars  
per acre, half cash, balance on time without in-  
terest.  
No. 12—Improved farm of 80 acres 2½ miles  
west of Chain in Books, in a German neighbor-  
hood, 40 acres in cultivation, 40 acres fine timber,  
house, smoke house, good well, stable, tobacco  
barn, apple and peach orchard, new school house  
close at hand. Price \$20 per acre, half cash,  
balance on time.  
No. 13—Improved farm of 200 acres 4 miles  
east of Troy and 2 miles of Moscow mill, 100  
acres fenced, 80 acres in cultivation, 20 acres in  
grass, 100 acres timber, 2-story house, 20x30,  
cellar under it, smoke house, splendid well, sta-  
bles, large crib, 2 tobacco barns, 150 apple trees,  
pears, peaches, cherries, grapes. Land produced  
50 bushels corn per acre this year. New school  
house completed and paid for convenient. Price  
\$18 per acre, half cash, balance on time.

**To Those who wish to Buy or Sell  
Real Estate.**  
In this enlightened age not many purchasers,  
strangers especially, hire conveyances and ride  
over the country in search of a farm for sale,  
when there is a Real Estate Agency to be found.  
We advertise extensively and systematically, and  
owners desiring to sell, and purchasers wishing  
to buy, each earnestly hunting for the other and  
his own interest, secure the greatest possible  
safety and despatch on the one hand, and the  
least expense of time and money for search on  
the other, by placing in our Agency the sale or  
purchase of any property.

We require parties desiring to sell property to  
sign a contract describing the same, naming the  
length of time the property is to remain for sale,  
price and terms, and binding the owner to pay  
our commission if a sale is effected.

**Our Commissions.**—If the price does not  
exceed \$800, our commission for sale will be \$20.  
Regular commissions on all sales 2½ per cent.

**Real Estate Agents, Troy, Mo.**  
**CAKE & McLELLAN,**  
Real Estate Agents, Troy, Mo.

**LIVERY AND FEED  
STABLE.**  
**SHEPHERD & BRO.**  
HAVE opened a Feed and Livery Stable at the  
brick stand formerly occupied by W. Murphy  
on Main street in Troy, and keep on hand  
Buggies, Hacks and Teams  
FOR HIRE.

HORSES KEPT on reasonable terms, by the day,  
week or month. v7n1y1

**To Advertisers.**—All persons who com-  
pilate making contracts with newspapers for the  
insertion of Advertisements should send to

**Geo. P. Rowell & Co.**  
for a Circular, or inclose 25 cents for their One  
Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of  
3,000 newspapers and estimates, showing the  
cost of advertising, also many useful hints to  
advertisers, and some account of the experience  
of men who are known as Successful Advertis-  
ers. This firm are proprietors of the American  
Newspaper Advertising Agency.

**41 Park Row, N Y**  
and are possessed of unequalled facilities for re-  
cording the insertion of advertisements in all New-  
papers and periodicals at lowest rates. v6n5

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**Advertise**  
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND  
IT WILL PAY.

**MR. CAGROVE'S HOME MISSION.**  
BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Really," said Mrs. Caxgrove, "I don't  
think I had better take it."  
"It will do no harm," said the white  
haired old missionary, still holding out  
the little mite chest from which the ele-  
gantly dressed lady shrank. "It will  
take up but a trifling space on yonder  
marble topped table, and who knows the  
good it may do?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mrs. Cax-  
grove; but we have so few visitors who  
are charitably disposed, and in our own  
family there are so many necessary out-  
lets for money."

"In some of the houses where I am  
acquainted," persisted the old clergyman,  
"there is quite a fund raised by friendly  
lines levied by different members of the  
family on each other—a penny for gloves  
or hat left lying round, a penny for a  
careless or ungrammatical expression, and  
so on—and it is a very useful as well as  
charitable institution."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Caxgrove;  
"but in our family it would scarcely be  
worth while."  
The old man smiled.

"Are you then so absolutely fault-  
less?"  
"Oh, no, I did not mean that," Mrs.  
Caxgrove answered, somewhat confused.  
"Only—"

"You will allow me to leave the mite  
chest?" said Mr. Salter, as he placed it  
on the center of the marble table, just  
beneath a basket of camellias, tuberoses  
and other hot-house plants, the cost of  
which might have filled it a dozen times  
over. And Mrs. Caxgrove was too polite  
to object further.

"Such a nuisance!" she said to Mrs.  
Jaynesford that afternoon. "As if I  
wanted to turn collecting agent for the  
Missionary Society. But Mr. Salter is  
positively a child in the ways of the  
world."

"I wish he'd get his wife a new silk  
dress," said Mrs. Jaynesford. "I'm  
tired of seeing that old figured poplin.  
Sarah had a new one last Sunday."

"New!" cried Mrs. Caxgrove, elevating  
her nose scornfully; "it's nothing on  
earth but the cinnamon brown dyed  
black!"

"You don't say so!" cried Mrs.  
Jaynesford. "Did you know that Ellen  
Black had an India shawl?"

"No?" interrogated the lady of the  
house. "And her uncle failed last  
week!"

"Some people fail very comfortably,"  
sniffed Mrs. Jaynesford. "And Helen  
Barr told me, at the artists reception last  
Thursday—"

She checked herself as the dark blue  
velvet curtain which fell over the embrase  
of a bay-window was lifted, and her  
friend's husband sauntered forth.

"I did not know you were there,  
Stephen," said Mrs. Caxgrove, coloring a  
little.

"So I concluded!" he observed dryly.  
And, taking up the little mite chest, he  
held it with a smile toward the visitor.

"I have no pennies," she said, glance-  
ing over the contents of her Turkey  
morocco portemonnaie, and slightly toss-  
ing her head, she rose to take leave.

"The stingy creature!" said Mrs. Cax-  
grove, when the door was fairly closed  
behind her. "I don't believe any one  
ever knew Myrtilla Jaynesford to give a  
cent in charity!"

"See here, Lill," said her husband. "I  
only wish I had a photographic report  
of your conversation for the last hour!"

"Why?"  
"Because you and your friend Mrs.  
Jaynesford were tearing the rest of the  
world fearfully in tatters! What does  
the Bible say about the 'unruly mem-  
bers'?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Caxgrove, red-  
dening. "Myrtilla is a great gossip,  
but—"

"I beg your pardon, Lill, but you  
were quite as bad,"  
"I don't believe it."  
"Let's make a bargain, my dear," said  
Mr. Caxgrove. "I give you a tolerably  
good allowance of pin money per week,  
don't I?"

"Yes; but what on earth has that to  
do with it?"  
"Just this; every time your tongue  
touches a neighbor's misdoing, or you  
speak disparagingly of any one, you  
shall put a ten cent piece into the mite  
chest."

"I would just as soon do it as not,"  
said Mrs. Caxgrove excitedly. "I am  
sure I never—"

"Is it a bargain?"  
"Yes, of course. If it was Myrtilla  
Jaynesford, now—"

Mr. Caxgrove held out the mite Chest  
Lill bit her lip, but she dropped in the  
little folded bit of paper.

"Stephen, you are too bad! To take  
me up so!"

"But I thought it was a bargain."  
Mrs. Caxgrove swept indignantly across  
the room. Presently she jerked the bell  
wire.

"Susan," she said to the girl who an-  
swered the summons, "do take those sick-  
ening tub roses away. Anybody might  
know when Mrs. Lawrence has had a ball  
at her house by the liberality with which  
she sends the second-hand flowers round  
among her friends the next day."

"Susan," said Mr. Caxgrove philosoph-  
ically, "take that little paper box to your  
mistress."

"Stephen!" cried Mrs. Caxgrove. "I  
only—"

"I know it, my dear," said her hus-  
band. "If you say so, I'll let you have  
the agreement."

"I don't want to be released," said  
Mrs. Caxgrove angrily. "Accident hap-

pens to be on your side just now."  
"On the side of the Home Mission,  
you mean," said her husband. "By the  
way, there's that note from Miss Dallas  
to be answered. Have you forgotten it?"

"What shall I say?"  
"Accept her invitation, I suppose."  
"Oh, Stephen, I would much rather go  
to the opera! It's always so stupid at  
the Dallas's with old Mrs. Dallas telling  
about her coughs and colds, and Jessie  
always full of the last sewing circle."

"Well, I suppose it isn't very lively,"  
said Mr. Caxgrove, with a sly smile.  
"Ten cents Lill, if you please."

"Why, Stephen, what have I said?  
Oh—to be sure!" And Mrs. Caxgrove  
could not help laughing. "Well, it's  
worth ten cents to have the privilege of  
speaking my mind. Anyway, I shall  
send regrets."

"They'll be an awful fib then!" said  
Mr. Caxgrove.

"Only a polite fiction. There, I  
haven't a sheet of note paper left! Mrs.  
Captain Sibthorpe sent in and borrowed  
the last yesterday; and Mrs. Sibthorpe  
never returns anything she borrows by  
any possibility."

"Like the wicked woman in Scripture,"  
said her husband. "Ten cents, my love."  
"It's too bad!" cried Lill, with flam-  
ing cheeks. "I didn't mean to be taken  
up this way."

"Only wish Mrs. Jaynesford or one of  
her set would call again," said Mr. Cax-  
grove roughly. "There goes the bell  
now!"

"I shall be on my guard," said his  
wife. "I do believe it's Mrs. Montague,  
the very one of all others, I most wished  
to see. No, it isn't either—it's old Miss  
Ducey! Oh, dear! now I shall be bored  
for a mortal half hour."

"The Home Mission again!" said Mr.  
Caxgrove, calmly presenting the inexora-  
ble mite chest, at the same instant in  
which Miss Ducey was shown into the  
drawing-room.

Miss Ducey had come to tell Mrs. Cax-  
grove all the particulars of a recent wed-  
ding, and she stayed an hour and a half.  
And when she went away she circulated  
a report that "poor dear Mrs. Caxgrove's  
husband was really getting quite insane  
on the subject of money, for all the time  
she was there he sat with a book, but  
every now and then he would repeat to  
himself, 'Ten cents! ten cents! ten cents!'"

"And my dear," added Miss Ducey,  
"I never saw a poor creature so mortified  
as Mrs. Caxgrove. She turned red as a  
beet!"

"Stephen," cried the wife, as soon as  
her visitor was gone, "it is too bad for  
you to make me responsible for the  
tongue of an old tale bearer like Miss  
Ducey! I couldn't stop her mouth!"

"Of course not," said Stephen; "your  
mouth is the only one for which you are  
accountable, and it has just got you into  
another ten cent difficulty. Upon my  
word, the Home Mission is making  
money at a railroad rate! Don't look so  
vexed, Lill, darling; all this only proves  
to you that you really were getting into  
an almost unconscious habit of criticism  
and fault-finding."

"But I declare I won't be caught  
again," said Mrs. Caxgrove resolutely.

At the end of five minutes she came  
back with a telegram in her hand.

"You'll have to go to the depot,  
Stephen," she said, "to meet the Ravens.  
Here's a telegraphic dispatch to say they  
are on their way to visit us. Oh, dear,  
why can't they stay at home? What  
shall I do with those three horrid dis-  
agreeable young savages of children? I  
declare, I'd rather pay—"

"Ten cents, Mrs. Caxgrove," said her  
husband. And then he went off to meet  
the train.

At the end of the week the mite chest  
was opened, and found to contain five  
dollars and thirty cents in fine money.

"I didn't know I was so bad, Stephen,"  
said Mrs. Caxgrove, half laughing, half  
crying. "For the future I will try to  
set a watch upon the door of my lips."

Mr. Caxgrove counted out the money  
and sent it to Mr. Salter, with a little  
note, saying that the mite chest had met  
with better luck than his wife anticipated.

"We'll let the little trip to catch a  
bad habit again," he said laughingly to  
Lill. "I hope the money may do the  
Home Mission much benefit, but I am  
sure it has already wrought a good work  
in my own little domestic home mission."

"I think so too, Stephen," said Lill.

The small-pox is making fearful rav-  
ages in Brown county, Ohio. The type  
is more virulent than has been known  
since the days of Jenner. On the aver-  
age, one case in three proves fatal. At  
first the doctors mistook it for scarlet  
fever, and in consequence it spread un-  
checked before the proper remedies were  
sought or applied. The farmers are in  
great alarm, and will not visit the country  
towns where the disease prevails. Vac-  
cination has been generally resorted to  
recently, and it is found to be a certain  
preventive.

When Charles Lamb was boarding he  
sometimes invited friends to dine with  
him, paying the landlady a small sum.  
He observed that when Wordsworth  
dined with him the landlady charged a  
sixpence more, and one day demonstrated  
with her on the injustice of such dis-  
criminations, at the same time adding  
that Wordsworth was a great poet.

"Don't know about the great poet," re-  
plied the landlady, "but I know he is a  
great eater."

A private in the army once wrote to  
his sweetheart, closing with, "May Heav-  
en cherish and keep you from your truly  
John Smith."

A man of honor respects his word  
as he does his bond. Ask; but never  
beg. Help others when you can, but  
never give when you cannot afford to,  
simply because it is fashionable. Learn  
to say no. No necessity for snapping it  
out dog fashion, but say it firmly and  
respectfully. Have but few confidants,  
and the fewer the better. Use your own  
brains rather than that of others. Learn  
to think and act for yourself. Be honest.  
Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than  
behind the times. Young men, cut this  
out, and if there is folly in the argument,  
let us know.

**Her Chances.**  
The thought brings up one of the last-  
named sort, whose entrance to a ballroom  
was the ovation to a queen—a fair girl  
from the West, and at whose feet the so-  
called statesman of the day bowed in love  
that approached adoration. She married  
one of these statesmen, and a rival belle,  
her superior in wit, but not equal in  
beauty, said, commenting upon the event:  
"You wonder at the match because you  
do not understand it."

"What do you mean?"  
"I mean that she married one term in  
the Senate."

"What a small ambition—only six  
years out of a lifetime!"  
"Six years make up a woman's social  
life. After it is a living tomb in a nur-  
sery; and then she has her chances."

"What do you mean?"  
"Did you never read the story of the  
philosopher who undertook the difficult  
task of making the Pasha's donkey read  
the written words of the prophet?"

"Never did; tell me."  
"The philosopher, like all philosophers,  
was poor. At times he was hungry, at  
all hours he was ragged. He offered the  
Pasha to teach the donkey to read in five  
years, but during the task he was to be  
clothed in pure and fine linen, fed on  
the best, and lodged in a palace. If he  
failed the penalty was death. One day  
an old friend met him leading forth the  
royal donkey to the grove, where the  
lessons were supposed to be given and he  
said, 'Surely you do not expect to teach  
that ass to read?' The philosopher,  
putting his thumb to his nose, winked  
one of his learned eyes and said nothing."

"But," continued the friend, "if you fail  
at the end of five years you will be  
strangled." "My friend," responded the  
philosopher, "you forget that in that time  
the ass may die." These are her chances.  
The senator may die."

**Nearing the Other Shore.**  
When after the weary voyage that I  
first made across the ocean, sick and  
lathsome, I arose one morning and went  
upon the deck, holding on, crawling,  
thinking I was but a worm, I smelt in  
the air some strange smell, and I said to  
the captain, "What is that odor?" "It  
is the land breeze from off Ireland," I  
smelt the turf, I smelt the grass, I smelt  
the leaves, and all my sickness departed  
from me; my eyes grew bright, my nau-  
sea was gone. The thought of nearness  
of land came to me. And when after off  
I saw the dim land, joy came and gave  
me health, and from that moment, I had  
neither sickness nor trouble; I was com-  
ing nearer to the land. Oh, is there not  
for you, old man, and for you, wearied  
mother, a land breeze blowing off from  
heaven, wafting to you some of its  
sweetness? Behold, the garden of the  
Lord is not far away. I know from the  
air. Behold the joy of home. Do I not  
hear the children shout? The air is full  
of music to our silent thought. Oh, how  
full of music when our jealousy is almost  
done, and we stand upon the bound and  
precinct of that blessed land! Hold on  
to your faith. Believe more firmly.  
Take hold by prayer and by faith.  
Away with trials and buffetings. Be  
happy; you are saved. In a few hours  
visions of God and all the realities of the  
eternal world shall be yours, and you  
shall be saved with an everlasting salva-  
tion.—Henry Ward Beecher.

**To Young Men.**  
It is easier to be a good business man  
than a poor one. Half the energy dis-  
played in keeping ahead that is required  
to catch up when behind, will save credit,  
give more time to business, and add to  
the profit and reputation of your word.  
Honor your engagements. If you prom-  
ise to meet a man or to do a certain  
thing at a certain moment, be ready at  
the appointed time. If you have work to  
do, do it at once, cheerfully, and there-  
fore more correctly and speedily. If you  
go out on business, attend promptly to  
the matter on hand, and then as promptly  
go about your own business. Do not stop  
to tell stories in business hours. If you  
have a place of business, be found there  
when wanted. No man can get rich by  
sitting round saloons and stores. Never  
"fool" on business matters. If you have  
to labor for a living, remember that one  
hour in the morning is better than two  
at night. If you employ others, be on  
hand and see that they attend to their  
duties, and direct with regularity, prompt-  
ness, liberality. Do not meddle with any  
business you know nothing of. Never  
buy any article simply because the man  
who sells will take it out in trade. Trade  
is money. Time is money. A good busi-  
ness habit and reputation is always  
money. Make your place of business  
pleasant and attractive, then stay there  
to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow your  
self to make hasty or ungovernably re-  
marks to those in your employ; for to do  
so lessens their respect for you and your  
influence over them. Help yourself and  
others will help you. Be faithful over  
the interests confided to your keeping,  
and all in good time your responsibilities  
will be increased. Do not be in a great  
haste to get rich. Do not build until you  
have strangled and laid a foundation. Do  
not—as you hope or work for success—  
spend time in idleness. If your time is  
your own, business will suffer if you do  
it. If it is given to another for pay, it be-  
longs to him, and you have no more right  
to steal that, than to steal money. Be  
obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words  
and personalities. Do not kick every  
stone in the path; more miles can be  
made in a day by going steadily on,  
than by stopping to kick. Pay as you

**Growing Old.**—A philosophical old  
nonagenarian finds these comforts in  
growing old. Grumblers should take  
notice!

I have become very deaf. What a  
blessing! There is such a lot of silly  
talk I cannot hear, such as scandals, etc.

My eyes are failing. How fortunate!  
I cannot see a tithe of