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So to Mrs. Sedlacek's.

Persons indebted to the late cabinet-maker requested to call and settle last year's accounts.

Mrs. M. SEDLACEK.
July 1, 1872.

THE WATCH-MAKER'S LOVE STORY.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

I suppose every man has some whim. I know I have. And I suppose one's education has something to do with one's whims. Mine had. It is now five years since I hung out my sign—a big wooden watch—over the sidewalk on Main street in Cattaqua, Illinois. I had served an apprenticeship with my father, who was a jeweler in Chicago before the fire, and the old gentleman had "set me up," as the saying is, in a store of my own in Cattaqua. There was nothing I enjoyed so much as that sign. Every time I came to the store, I cast my eyes up and read:

**H. W. IRVING,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.**

But about my whims. You don't care about my sign. I have often thought that if I was a literary man and was master of a literary style, if I had had half so much practice at writing for the papers as I have had putting in main springs, I could make the history of my whim quite interesting. But here I am talking about my sign and all the rest. However, I am not a story writer nor a story-teller, I hope, so you'll have to let me get at that story of my whim in my own way. It is as good a love story as I ever read. In fact I think it is better. So does my wife. But then everybody thinks his own way best, I suppose. I know mine is.

I had a fancy for carrying a watch that would keep time. I do not mean a swiss watch that loses five minutes a week or a month. Nor do I mean an English watch that, like Captain Cuttle's, needs setting ahead "fifteen minutes afore dinner" and "fifteen minutes arter dinner;" nor an Irish watch like the one that kept "the best time and the most of it of any watch in town." I got me a real machine made watch—I don't think I had best tell what make, it would be advertising my watches in a love story; and besides I am a dealer, and if I tell which watch I chose, I should offend the other manufacturers, I suppose, which might not be the best thing in the way of business.

But I regulated my watch carefully. I do think it has a good effect on a man to carry a watch that keeps good time. An inaccurate watch always seemed to me a liar, and I do not think any lover of the truth would carry one. I regulated my watch, until I brought the time to a nice point. It isn't best to tell you how little it varied in a year. It would sound like an exaggeration to you, and it would make my story have a flavor of the shop, and I hate a man to be always "talking shop."

My watch went beautifully, and I did boast a little about it. I told the minister about it, once, how perfectly it kept time, and he looked at me with a kindly smile and then said pleasantly: "I hope you take pains to regulate your life as carefully as you do your watch." That word did me more good than all the sermons he had preached since I came to Cattaqua. I could never look my dear friend, the watch, in the face after that, without seeming to hear the question: "Do you regulate your life as carefully?" Well, I hope my life does not vary as much from the true standard as it did; but it isn't a tract or a Sunday School book I am writing, but a love story, if I ever get to it.

You see when I wrote to father at the end of the first year, telling how well I was getting on, he wrote back to me that I ought to get married. He said I would be a better man and a happier one with a good wife. And then he added this sentence: "But do not take any woman not full-jeweled." I knew what he meant. He wanted me to be careful not to be imposed upon by a sham in marrying, as I was not to be humbugged in a watch. But how few women or men there are who have all the jewels!

My father's letter set me thinking about marriage. Living rather a lonely life, I amused myself thinking what sort of a woman my wife would be and what I should do to make her happy. I would give her a watch, the very mate to my own, a ladies' watch that would keep time. Ladies' watches are such sham things generally; good for show, nothing else. So I picked out a watch of the same make as my own, and amused myself with regulating it. That was for my wife, when I should find her. Playfully I told one or two of my friends what I meant to do with my ladies' watch, and the story got abroad. It was a matter of no little bantering among the girls who should have my "Lady Elgin." Some declared they did not want it, and a great many talked to see it. Its scenery got to be talked about, and the story helped trade, for half a dozen married gentlemen in the village provided their wives with duplicates. But there! I am talking shop.

My Lady Elgin became more and more celebrated; some, imagining that it must be better than any other, endeavored to buy it, but this I refused steadily, even when I was offered a premium for it. I would not begin by wronging my wife while yet I did not even know who she was to be. I soon found I could not go into any company without meeting all sorts of allusions to my wife's watch. When asked who the lady would be, I always answered in the words of my father, "a lady full-jeweled." Some thought by this I meant a rich wife, but others understood it.

I am not one of those who think that I might have married any woman. Any man who believes that of himself is a fool and an egotist. But the very fact that this watch was talked about made

some of the ladies particularly anxious to carry it off, as it had become a sort of prize to be taken by competition. Some times a girl would stop to see it, and talk about it, and blush in a way meant to hint to me that she would like it. But I was determined that none but a full-jeweled woman should have it. And is not modesty a jewel exceedingly precious?

My business was even more prosperous the second year than the first, for Cattaqua was growing rapidly in consequence of the location of Bodger Female College in the town, and the Perkinstown Branch R. R., which made our town a railway junction.

I thought more than ever of marrying, and had well nigh settled on Miss Sophie Bennett, a member of the senior class in the Bodger Female College, and the daughter of Mr. Bennett of the firm of Bennett & Brown, dry goods merchants. Sophie is handsome and a fine musician. She is well educated, and she taught a class of girls in the Sunday School of which I was secretary at the time. I did admire her a great deal, for she was a brilliant talker and knew a great deal more than I did. And she had the art of winning. When I walked home with her she managed to make the conversation pleasant, and though she knew so much more than I did about many things, she never let me feel it. She was in every regard amiable. That is what everybody called her.

She had a friend hardly so handsome as she was—at least I thought not. Louise Jones was quite young yet, but she was teaching in the public schools in order to help her father, who was poor. I mention this Louise Jones here because of a conversation I overheard between her and her friend Sophie Bennett. I had paid some attention to the latter, until I found that people talked about it. Everybody's curiosity had been excited about my watch, and I could not walk home with a young woman without starting a talk about my Lady Elgin, so I was careful not to give too much attention to Sophie while I was still undecided.

But one evening I had about made up my mind. Fixing a watch for Mr. Bennett set me to thinking on Sophie Bennett and all her amiable ways and fine scholarship. I thought I would go to the Church so early that very evening and go home with Sophie, perhaps I should do more. That watch would look well on her. But I did not get Mr. Bennett's watch done as soon as I had expected, on account of being interrupted by customers buying presents for the holidays. I had promised that the watch should be ready in the morning, for Mr. Bennett was to start to Chicago on the half past eight o'clock train to buy goods. At last I finished the job, looked all my valuables in the safe as quickly as possible, put out the kerosene lamp—it was before gas was introduced into the village—and hastened to the sociable, hoping to arrive in time to go home with Sophie Bennett. I must have pretty much made up my mind before starting, for I remember now—and I blush when I remember it—that I did not look the Lady Elgin in the safe that evening. I thrust it, chain and all, into an inside pocket of my vest. I cannot tell why I did it. I certainly had no very distinct purpose of offering it to Sophie Bennett that evening, and yet I doubtless thought best to have it handy. It made my heart beat faster to feel it there as I walked briskly toward the house where the sociable was, for I had missed the car. The street cars had just been introduced at that time, and the only line running was the one from the depot to the Female College, and it would have carried me past the door, but that I had missed the car, and there was no other one at that time in the evening for half an hour, so I was obliged to walk through the rain. But I had brought a large umbrella. It is always well to have a large umbrella when you mean to share it with a lady.

I soon found that I was too late for the sociable. The people were already going home. It was very dark and raining. I noticed two young ladies pass and stop within six feet of me, standing under an umbrella together. I could not tell who they were, it was so dark, and they evidently did not see me at all—I stood sheltered by the box which protected one of those feeble maps that we prairie people plant along our side walks and call shade trees. I thought from their relative stature and figure that they must be Sophie Bennett and Louise Jones. And the Lady Elgin in my pocket made my heart palpitate as I stood there waiting to recognize their voices and then make myself known to them. But by the time I had made sure who they were I was so much interested in what they were saying that I was guilty for the first time in my life, of eaves-dropping. I shouldn't have listened if it had not been for the watch in my inside vest pocket. I was never a very impulsive man, and I confess in this affair of the heart I acted deliberately. I wanted a woman full-jeweled, and it behooved me not to be in a hurry, and not to be dazzled by any finery on the outside.

"It is a real shame, Louise that you should do so much for your family. I wouldn't at your age. You ought to expend every cent you earn in dressing." It was Sophie speaking in her good-natured, musical voice.

"But," answered the young school teacher, "I am poor and my father is poor; if I wore good clothes it would be a sort of a lie."

"O, dear," said Sophie—she had a most charming way of saying "O dear," most

now it smote my heart a little—"O dear, how honest you are! Why, I come home every day and dress up, and take my books and go calling. I like people to think that my nice clothes are my school clothes."

Here the car going down came along, and they got in, but I walked back, not liking to ride with them. And I put my hand over the watch several times to be sure that it was there. And wasn't I glad it was there?

I was called home during the Christmas holidays. My father sent down a clerk of his own, well acquainted with the business, to take charge of my store. I did not have to give him any directions except a warning not to sell my Lady Elgin.

It so happened that in returning to Cattaqua after New Year, I travelled in the same car and sat in the same seat with Louise Jones, the young school teacher, who had been spending the holidays with her parents at Aurora. Unsentimental as I am, I liked her more and more, and I heard several things about her in the next few days, which raised her greatly in my estimation, but which I cannot take time to tell.

A week after New Year she brought in her watch to have it fixed. It was an old silver English lever of her father's. She asked how soon I could fix it, and I told her that it would take four days, on account of the work ahead of it. She looked disappointed. A time piece is indispensable to a teacher you know, so I offered to lend her a watch. I took one down and put it back three times. Then I went to the show case, and with a tremulous hand took up my Lady Elgin, first removing the chain. She did not know the watch, and so let me fasten it to her watch guard without any suspicion.

Before night the absence of the watch from the show case had been observed, and all the girls set themselves to find out who wore it. Sophie Bennett was accused of having it, and she managed to deny it in such a way as to leave the impression that she had it.

Early next morning, in came Louise Jones. "Mr. Irving," she said, "you have made a mistake. I find in the back of this watch an inscription which leads me to think you have given me what you did not mean to."

Foreseeing that the conversation would be a delicate one, I gave Thomas, my apprentice, a letter to mail, and then took the watch and read the inscription in order to gain time. I had put on the inside of the case a sentence I had heard the minister quote: "A perfect woman nobly planned."

I handed it back to her and said: "Miss Jones, I made no mistake. I lent you that watch on purpose."

"But you must see," said she strongly, "that I cannot wear it on any account."

"I do not see," I said smiling, and blushing, I fear.

"It would create a false impression."

"If you say the impression it would create would be false, I must take it back."

"How could it be otherwise than false?" she asked, a little puzzled.

"I know of but one way," I said, slowly. "You know what the impression made would be. On my part I wish that it might be a true one. If you are agreed, it shall be and you shall accept the watch and wear it forever."

She was silently holding the watch and turning it over absently, and growing exceedingly red.

"Take time," I said. "Do not show the inscription to any one. I will come and see you about it whenever you say. Shall it be this evening?"

She nodded her head and left.

She has often told me that she did the poorest teaching of her life that day. It does not matter. She has long since quit teaching. But it took the gossip a long time to find out who had the watch. She wears it yet—only her name is not Jones now.

JOSH BILLINGS WIT.—The following trite sayings are from Billings' almanac for 1873:

Silence is ov the lost arte.
Real good lies are gitting skarsas.
A phool's money is like his brains—very oneasy.

Kiddike that aint true has no particular power.
The trooly grate are alwus the eazyeest tew approach.

Wize men hav but fu confidants and cunning men none.
Self made men are most alwus apt to be too proud uv the job.

Flattery is like ice cream, we want it leetle at a time and often.
Most people prefer the stuffing to the goose—the word for the idee.

When a man measures on glory for himself he alwus heaps the half bushel.
A wize man never enjoys himself so much, nor a phool so little, as when alone.

Heaven is ever kind to us, she puts our humps on our backs so that we can't see them.
A reputashun for happiness wants as much looking into as a reputashun for honesty.

There is this difference between a jest and a joke—a jest may be krunel, but a joke never is.
Success is quite often like falling oph from a log, a man kant alwus tell how he cum to do it.

I don't bet on prekoshus children.
The huskelberry that ripens the soonest is alwus the fast to dekey.

A young man who went West a few months ago has sent only one letter home. It said, "Send me a wig," and his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married!

Reasonable.—"How's your cold?"
"Dreddy bad, thag yer."

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it is deer; I eat mutton because it is sheep."

What is the difference between a gauze dress and a draw tooth? One is too thin and the other is tooth out.

"The present age is impudent enough," said George Channing, "but I foresee that the next will be one of irony and railery."

Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

A Dutch judge, on convicting a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He have punishment plenty, I life mit one."

"Are you not afraid that whisky'll get into your head?" asked a stranger of a man he saw drinking at the bar. "No," said the toper, "this liquor's too weak to limb."

For the first time in the court annals of Maryland a man has sued a woman for refusing to marry him. He lays his damages at \$3,000, and the woman should keep her promise just to punish such a fool.

"Come, Bob," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son, the other morning, "remember it is the early bird that catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" said the young hopeful: "mother won't let me go fishing."

A Louisville man who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boot.

In the early times in California, military titles as handles to the name were very common. John Phoenix tells the story that he was one day leaving San Francisco by the steamer. Everybody else was taking leave of friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off he called out in a loud voice, "Good by, Colonel!" and, to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Colonel, good by!"

Macon county was the first in the state to adopt township organization. The law was put in force there last spring, and the first court assembled in June, composed of 25 members. After six months trial (says the Macon Democrat) the general opinion of the members of this court seems to be, that it is composed of too many members, and that the compensation is too small—that to make it efficient and secure a quorum at all times to do business, the court should be composed of fewer Judges and with better compensation.

A Couple of Brides.

This morning, at the Syracuse House, I breakfasted with a pair of brides and a pair of bridegrooms—a sort of bridal quartette. They were from Courtland, I think, in the country. I know they were just married, from a variety of reasons. First, when they alighted from the omnibus to enter the hotel, both young ladies took the arms of the gentlemen, who said, "Dear, let me carry your satchel." Just behind them came some old married people. I knew they had been married some time, for the men brought out, starting, baggage in hand, straight to the hotel, leaving their wives with small satchels, to follow, in single file, behind them.

At breakfast the brides appeared in bridal lavender. Everything was lavender—lavender dresses, lavender hats, lavender strings, and lavender gloves. If ever I get married, Mrs. Perkins shall wear—if she pleases—a suit of plain black, and then we can enjoy our honeymoon in pence. The young husbands both wore broadcloth suits and black slouch hats. Both wore paper collars and cuffs, and one wore a paper shirt bosom. Alas! what a shock such deception must be to a young and guileless wife! Why, in my opinion a paper collar is no more indication of a real shirt than a clothes line!

At breakfast these young husbands didn't help themselves first when they sat down at the table, but they turned to the brides in lavender, and said lovingly, "Have a roll, dear?" Then they put some butter on the lavender brides' plates, and they looked up and said, "Thank you, dear," with a smile too happy to describe. When breakfast was over, one of the young husbands smiled sweetly and said:

"Now, darling, can't I smoke just once—you know you said I might."

"Yes, Charley, just once!" and then the two brides stood and looked vacantly out of the window till their sweethearts came back.

When the old married couple sat down there was a different scene. The old fellows scooped in their breakfasts and sausage, never looking up to see how their wives were getting along, and when they got through they shuffled off into the reading room and loaded up meerschaum pipes with the strongest savendish. They talked politics, expectorating on the stove and around the sine stove mat without once thinking of their poor wives, who were left to amuse themselves with neighborhood gossip.—E. Perkins.