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January 1, 1869—Inly

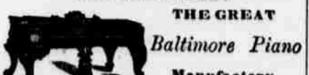
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WILL practice in the various Courts of the Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been engaged for two years past in making an abstract of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they have peculiar facilities for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

SIXTY-FIVE FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

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Baltimore Piano
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These instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty Years, and upon their excellence alone attained an unsurpassed pre-eminence, which pronounces them unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP

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All our Square Pianos have our New Improved OVERSTRUNG SCALE and Agraffe Treble.

We would call special attention to our late Patented Improvements in GRAND PIANOS and SQUARE GRANDS, found in no other Piano, which bring the Piano nearer Perfection than has yet been attained. Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists promptly furnished upon application to W. M. KNABE & CO., Baltimore, Md. or any of our regular established agencies. nov24n11

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE
FOR
Males and Females,
TROY, MISSOURI.

THE SECOND TERM OF THE SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION of Troy Christian Institute, will commence on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 12, 1872,
and close on Wednesday, June 26th.

TERMS FOR TWENTY WEEKS.

Boarding..... \$75.00
Collegiate Departments..... 20.00
Academic "..... 15.00
Primary "..... 7.50
Contingent Fee..... 1.00
German, French, Music, Drawing and Book-keeping, extra.

We have increased our Faculty by the addition of one or more teachers, and feel able, under present arrangements, to give Students all the advantage they will have elsewhere.

We have room in the Boarding department for a large number of boarders, and if Students are entrusted to our exclusive care, both in the school and in the family, we will be responsible for their moral culture while with us. By entrusting children to us, parents may feel assured that they will be as carefully guarded as at their own homes.

We want Active, Earnest young Men and Ladies, who realize the importance of life, and appreciate good advantages. One half of all bills are due when the Student enters; remainder at close of Term. We insist on the observance of this requirement.

Charges date from beginning of Term, except on special contract. No deduction save for protracted sickness. Address

J. R. GAFF, A. M.,
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GOOD NEWS
TO
HOUSEWIVES!
TROY BAKERY.

THIS BAKERY WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH
Light, Healthful Bread,
Cheaper than you can make it, and save you the vexation of often seeing all your Yeast and Dough turn out badly.

The spring and summer season will soon be here, and in order to make it profitable to my customers by furnishing them bread cheaper than they have heretofore been able to get it, I will sell tickets, each of which will be good for a ten cent loaf of bread, at the rate of 15 for \$1, thus giving \$1.50 worth of bread for a dollar.

MY STOCK OF CONFECTIONERIES
IS LARGE AND VARIED, AND I KEEP THE FINEST QUALITIES AS WELL AS STICK CANDIES.

Also, Figs, Raisins, &c., and all kinds of Cakes—Pound, Sponge, Lemon, Tea, Scotch and Ginger.

All kinds of Cakes and Pastries made to order. All orders should be given at least two days in advance.

NEW OPENING!

I have just opened out a NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK of Goods in the brick building of Mess. Woolfolk & Crews, adjoining Mr. Withrow's saddle and harness store, and will keep on hand

Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Groceries,

COMPLETE STOCK OF
Queensware, &c.

The Season being short I have determined

TO REDUCE
FORMER PRICES
ON ALL GOODS.

As I realized considerable loss by the burning of my home, store and stock, I earnestly call upon all persons who owe me to settle. I need the money.

JOS. HART.
Troy, Mo., Nov. 30, 1871.

J. B. ALLEN. W. M. T. BAKE
ALLEN & BAKER,
Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State Ins. Company and Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MISSOURI.

WE have a number of good farms for sale, among which are the following:

111 Acres.
Farm of Wm. Crouch, 1 mile from Troy. Well improved.

80 Acres.
Farm of T. B. Elliott, on the road between Wright City and Truxton. Improvements good.

80 Acres.
Farm of Elijah Owings, known as the Sandifer place, 6 miles west of Troy, near Mexico road.

40 Acres.
Belonging to the estate of Jos. Deleol, near Chantilly.

Office in the old P. O. Building of W. A. Jackson.

ADVERTISE
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND SO WILL YOU.

MARK TWAIN.
The Humorous Account of his First Lecture.

I was home again, in San Francisco, without means and without employment. I tortured my brain for a saving scheme of some kind, and at last a public lecture occurred to me! I sat down and wrote one in a favor of anticipation. I showed it to several friends but they all shook their heads. They said nobody would come to hear me, and I would make a humiliating failure of it. They said that as I had never spoken in public I would break down in the delivery, anyhow. I was disconsolate now. But at last an editor slapped me on the back and told me to "go ahead." He said, "Take the largest house in town, and charge a dollar a ticket." The audacity of the proposition was charming; it seemed fraught with practical worldly wisdom, however. The proprietor of the several theatres endorsed the advice, and said I might have his handsome new opera house at half price—fifty dollars. In sheer desperation I took it—on credit, for sufficient reasons. In three days I did a hundred and fifty dollars worth of advertising and printing, and was the most distressed and frightened creature on the Pacific coast. I could not sleep—who could under such circumstances? For other people there was facetiousness in the line of my posters, but to me it was plaintive with a pang when I wrote it:

"Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock. The trouble will begin at 8."

That line has done good service since. I have seen it appended to a newspaper advertisement, reminding school pupils in vacation what time next term would begin. As those three days of suspense dragged by I grew more and more unhappy. I had sold 200 tickets among my personal friends, but I feared they might not come. My lecture, which had seemed "humorous" to me at first, grew steadily more and more dreary, till not a vestige of fun seemed left, and I grieved that I could not bring a coffin on the stage and turn the thing into a funeral. I was so panic stricken at last that I went to three old friends, giants in stature, cordial by nature, and stormy voiced, and said:

"This thing is going to be a failure; the jokes in it are so dim that nobody will ever see them. I would like to have you sit in the parquette and help me through."

They said they would. Then I went to the wife of a prominent citizen, and said that if she was willing to do me a very great kindness I would be glad if she and her husband would sit prominently in the left hand stage box, where the whole house could see them. I explained that I should need help, and would turn toward her and smile, as a signal, when I had delivered an obscure joke—"and then," I answered, "don't wait to investigate, but respond!"

She promised. Down the street I met a man I had never seen before. He had been drinking, and was beaming with smiles and good nature. He said:

"My name is Sawyer. You don't know me, but that don't matter. I haven't a cent, but if you know how bad I wanted to laugh, you'd give me a ticket. Come, now, what do you say?"

"Is your laugh hung on a hair-trigger? that is, is it critical, or can you get it off easy?"

My drawing infirmity of speech so affected him that he laughed a specimen or two that struck me as being about the article I wanted, and I gave him a ticket, and appointed him to sit in the second circle in the center and be responsible for that division of the house. I gave him minute instructions about how to detect indistinct jokes, and then went away and left him chuckling placidly over the novelty of the idea.

I ate nothing on the last three eventful days—I only suffered. I had advertised that on the third day the office would be opened for the sale of reserved seats. I crept down to the theatre at four o'clock in the afternoon to see if any sales had been made. The ticket-seller was gone, the box office locked up. I had to swallow suddenly or my heart would have got out. "No sales," I said to myself. I might have known it. I thought of suicide, pretended illness, flight. I thought of these things in earnest, for I was very miserable and scared. But of course I had to drive them away and prepare to meet my fate. I could not wait for half past seven; I wanted to face the horror and end it—the feeling of many a man doomed to be hung, no doubt. I went down a back street at six o'clock, and entered the theatre by the back door. I stumbled my way in the dark among the ranks of canvases scenery and stood on the stage. The house was gloomy and silent, and its emptiness depressing. I went into the dark among the scenes again, and for an hour and a half gave myself up to the horror, wholly unconscious of everything else. Then I heard a murmur; it rose higher and higher, and ended with a crash, mingled with cheers. It made my hair rise, it was so close to me and so loud. There was a pause, and then another; presently came a third, and before I well knew what I was about I was in the middle of the stage, staring at a sea of faces, bewildered by the fierce glare of lights, and quaking in every limb with a terror that seemed like to take my life away. The house was full—alive and all!

The tumult in my heart, and brain, and legs continued a full minute before I could gain any command over myself. Then I recognized the charity and friendliness in the faces before me, and little by little my fright melted away, and I began to talk. Within three or four

minutes I was comfortable and even content. My three chief allies, with three auxiliaries, were on hand, in the parquette, all sitting together, all armed with bludgeons, and all ready to make an onslaught upon the feeblest joke that might show its head. And whenever a joke did fall, their bludgeons came down and their faces seemed to split from ear to ear. Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looming redly in the centre of the circle, took it up and the house was carried handsomely. Inferior jokes never fared so royally before. Presently I delivered a bit of serious matter with impressive unction, (it was my pet), and the audience listened with an absorbed hush that gratified me more than any applause. Just as I dropped the last word of the clause I happened to turn and catch Mrs. —'s intent and waiting eye; my conversation with her flashed upon me, and in spite of all I could do I smiled. She took it for the signal, and promptly delivered a mellow laugh that touched off the whole audience, and the explosion that followed was the triumph of the evening! I thought that that honest man Sawyer would choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, they performed like pile-drivers. But my poor little morsel of pathos was ruined. It was taken in good faith as an intentional joke, and the prize one of the entertainment, and I wisely let it go at that.

All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; I had abundance of money. "All's well that ends well."

A Modern Wife.
"You're a pretty girl to be married," said an aged aunt to her niece. "Why, what do you know about house-keeping—just from a boarding school? I am sure your husband will have need of a mint of money."

"Lal' aunt, I expect to board; you need not think I shall bother my head about domestic affairs. Everybody now boards, who gets married genteelly, the first year."

"What shall you pay a week for such kind of living?" inquired the aunt.

Mr. Hyde says that he can get first class board and accommodations for fifteen dollars; two rooms beautifully situated; and I am sure that is cheap.

"What is Hyde's salary?"

"Why, six hundred dollars now, and the promise of promotion—perhaps eight hundred dollars before the year is out."

"So you are going to live on the 'perhaps,' are you? Now, let me tell you, Susie, you talk foolishly. If your husband is at present receiving six hundred dollars a year, lay by one hundred. It will be foolish to live beyond your income."

"Why, aunt, nobody will respect us if we do not live as stylish as other people begin."

"True child, and that is what I am trying to impress you."

The year passed away. Susie lived in style, paid fifteen dollars for board, received her genteel acquaintances, worked some fancy netting, drew a few sketches from old paintings, grew tired of boarding, determined upon fashionable house-keeping, when, lo! a defalcation came out. Hyde had embezzled his employer's money, was arrested, held to bail, and the penitentiary stared him in the face.

Susie did not believe him guilty; they always lived so economically that it could not be true!

But he was proved guilty at the trial and sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years.

"How come you to do so, Hyde?" asked the good old aunt.

"To please my wife's fancy," was the reply. "She wanted to live like other people and I wished to gratify her, and to do so committed my breach of trust."

The broken hearted wife lamented the beginning she had made, when, alas! it was too late.

She now lives at her father's, with a worse than widow's sorrow to harrow her feelings.

The plain road to ruin is here clearly marked out. We see what must have been the result of such a course, but are not thousands of others sacrificing their husband's reputation by less obvious but still as ruinous courses of extravagance? Away with the ruinous thought that gentility demands such a sacrifice! If you value the good opinion of truly worthy people, you will not sacrifice your integrity at the shrine of shoddy gentility; for they are always favorably impressed by prudence and economy in the young. "Cut your garments to suit your cloth," is an old maxim, but the sentiment is as good now as in the olden times. A life of gaudy show may do for a butterfly, but not for a man or woman who expects to survive one season.

The wife should try to aid the husband in the toils of life, and honest industry hardly ever fails to be rewarded with a competency and contentment.—Exchange.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to view. An old Dutchman, who some years ago was elected a member of the Canadian Legislature, said in his broken English style: "Ven I went to the Legislature I thought I would find dem all Solomon dere, but I soon found dere vas some as pick feels dere as I vas."

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, and he answered: "The first step was cheating a printer out of two years subscription. When I had done that, the devil got such a hold on me that I could never afterwards shake him off."

A Leap Year Ball.
They had a leap year ball at Wellsville, Montgomery county, on the 22d ult. We clip the following humorous account of it from the Plaindealer:

The Leap Year Ball given by the young ladies of Wellsville on the evening of the 22d, was a complete success, and was heartily enjoyed by all present. The whole management of the ball was in the hands of the young ladies and they deserve special credit for the efficient manner in which the programme for the evening was carried out. It is customary on all festive occasions to give a description of the ladies' toilets, but at leap year parties, this rule, we believe is reversed and the make ups of the gentlemen become fit subjects of comment. Some of the costumes worn on this occasion were so beautiful and singularly appropriate, that we must essay a brief description of some of them:

Mr. O. H. W.—was becomingly attired in an elegant dress of imported flour sacks, with over dress of same tastefully trimmed with flounces of red cotton flannel; cast iron jewelry; hair artistically arranged, and scented with the extract of hart-horn; square-toed number elevens, cut low in the instep and high at the heel.

Mr. B. G.—d was magnificently arrayed in a full suit of sky blue bed ticking, with bias folds; black crape over skirt, cut high in the neck, brown paper collar, corn cob jewelry; hair en regle.

Mr. J. T.—looked beautiful in a costly dress of sea island cotton, trimmed with guipure lace and panzier to match; brick bat jewelry; hair fricasseed.

Mr. E. W.—a, a brunette, wore a costly and elegantly made up suit of Japanese oil cloth, cut high in the back and very low in front, with sole leather belt; magnificent *solitaire* jewelry made from Wellsville coal; hair loose and flowing.

Mr. A. L.—d was decked in a full suit of corn colored hemp lace, over dress to match, trimmed with white cotton cord; large and flowing bustle, wagon hub jewelry; hair in curls, tastefully trimmed with artificial sun flowers.

Mr. F. R. B.—t, (the belle of the evening) was neatly and beautifully attired in a tight fitting suit of gunny bagging, with box pleated ruffles of ingrain carpeting; Spanish flounces of army blanket, deep pointed cuffs of cross grained muslin; Grecian bend slippers and palpatitors. Sang with fine effect during the evening the beautiful song entitled "Put me in my little bed."

Mr. O. H.—c, a blonde, was modestly arrayed in a neat navy blue calico dress, cut hollow, with basque waist and double skirt trimmed with buckskin; tucked Irish linen chemizette; Coon creek diamonds and German slippers.

Mr. D. W.—r, of Middletown, wore an elegant suit of golden brown homespun, with swallow tail, cut double-breasted in the back, with myrtle green velvet trimmings; Hickory creek jewelry; jute chignon, and horse hair ringlets.

Mr. E. B.—s, of Montgomery City, wore a costly dress xxxx blue denim; with over skirt of cotton batting, decorated with a bright yellow, and very expensive hemp lace; Danville marble jewelry; hair a la pig tail.

There were many other elegant toilets worn on the occasion, but our memory will not allow us to make a definite description of them:

"Twas but a couple of hours before the sun made its appearance in the east, ere the lights were turned out and all returned to their homes, feeling perfectly satisfied with the evening's enjoyment, and the success made by the young ladies in their efforts to make the ball one of the brilliant events of the year. TYP.

TWO-SEVENTEEN, ALMOST.—Uncle Peter, who flourishes in the mountains of Vermont as a horse dealer, was called upon the other day by an amateur of 'equine' who was in search of something fast. The result is told as follows:

"There," said Uncle Peter, pointing to an animal in the meadow below the house, "there, sir, is a mare that would trot her mile in two minutes and seventeen seconds were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" cried his companion.

"Yes," continued Uncle Peter, "she is four years old this spring; is in good condition; looks well; is a first rate mare; and she could go a mile in two seventeen were it not for one thing."

"Well, what is that?"

"That mare," resumed the jockey, "is in every way a good piece of property. She has a heavy mane, a switch tail, trots fair, and yet there is one thing only why she can't go a mile in two seventeen."

"What in the Old Harry is it then?" cried the amateur impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time!" was the wags reply.

When Gen. Jackson was President, a heartless clerk in the Treasury Department ran up an indebtedness with a poor landlady to \$50, and then turned her off as he did every other creditor. She finally went to the President with her complaint, and asked if he could not compel the clerk to pay the bill. "He offers his note," she said, "but his note is good for nothing." Said the President, "Get his note and bring it to me." The clerk gave her the note with the jeering request "she would let him know when she got the money on it." Taking it to the President he wrote "And Jackson" on the back of it, and told her she could get the money at the bank. When it became due the clerk refused to pay the note, but when he learned who the indorser was he made haste to "raise the wind." The next morning he found a note on his desk saying that his services were no longer required by the government—and he never saw him sight.

A Little Sermon.
At a railroad station not long ago one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn was taught in such a natural, simple way, that none could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day, the train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited or stupid. Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute as if reluctant to go out in the bitter storm again. She turned patiently and poked about the room as if trying to find something, and then a lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heating place, to have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank 'ee, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze today, bein' lame and aching; and not selling much made me sort of down hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur. "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady in an innocent surprise; that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the little wares in the basket, bought soap, and shoostings; and cheered the old soul by paying well for them. As I watched her doing this I thought what a sweet face she had, though I considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grudgingly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician that called it out. It was only a kind word and friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and sought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence. There was no gentleman present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the thanks of a poor old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half hour in that dreary station.

HOW TO PREVENT OIL LAMPS BURSTING.—A late number of the Scientific American contains a valuable letter from Professor J. M. Barbour, of La Grange College, Missouri, on a very simple device for preventing the bursting of oil lamps. It consists simply in fastening the burner on with a cork instead of a screw, when, if an explosion does take place, the cork will blow out, leaving the lamp and oil intact. He has experimented for over twenty years in explosive gases, and has proved the correctness of this plan upwards of five hundred times during his lectures. For instance, he fills a strong glass decanter of one quart capacity with equal volumes of olefiant gas and oxygen, and plugs the mouth tightly with a cork. When the gases are fired it will blow the cork out with a loud explosion and force, but the decanter, which he holds during the experiment in his hand, is unharmed. The same experiment may be tried with an ordinary lamp with perfect safety. The reason why the glass does not break is because there is a ready exit for the force, and there is no necessity for rupture. The olefiant gas and oxygen exert a greater explosive force than could possibly take place with any mixture of hydrocarbon vapor and atmospheric air. The only danger when applied to an oil lamp, would be to throw out the inflamed wick along with the cork; the oil according to the Professor's experience, would seldom, if ever ignite. The device is not patented, and it appears effective and reasonable enough to knock all the other patent safety, non-explosive contrivances into the shade.

A Dutch Justice gives the following oath to witnesses: "You do awfully swore you tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the best what you can't."

The Democratic central committee of Indiana have concluded to hold a state convention for the nomination of state officers, Presidential electors and delegates at large to the National convention, on the 12th of June, by which time the political situation will be intelligibly mapped out, and Democrats of all shades of opinion enabled to agree upon a harmonious programme for the ensuing.

Times.