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**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
May 9, 1872.

## HER TWO HANDS.

Old Caspar came home about sunset. His pick was on his shoulder; so was his old wool hat, for he thrust it far back from his wrinkled front. Caspar had a beard, as if he had been half persuaded these many years to go on hands and knees again. So heavily time sat on his back, and so close to the earth did his daily labor draw him.

He was a good natured, trotting old fellow, working his mouth eagerly and straining his bleared eyes, as he approached the town's dragged skirts, for very thinking of his folks—his old woman and his little gal.

There were rows of dismal frame huts all around, built by railroad companies for the purpose of penning as many of their employes' families at a time as possible. They reposed, grimy and barn-like, squatted on that sandy foundation which Scripture condemns, swarming with legions of tallow-headed children. Women, sharp at the elbows and sharper at the face, were raising clouds of pork smoke from their respective kitchen altars. In fact, the whole neighborhood reeked with the smell of grease, and the evening was so warm a Lapslander might have resented it. But Caspar's nose was not delicate. He trotted over the cinder sidewalk, nodding this way and that, glad there was such a fine air, and that his old bones were so near home.

"That's the little gal, as usual," he chuckled, as he turned a corner and found Madgie on the lookout at the gate. She was a comforting sight to see in that neighborhood, so tidy and fair in calico and braids, and the pink flush color of youth. You wonder why she hadn't been set farther up town, and draped in something costly; why her duff fingers have never learned there were ten keys to unlock a soul which slumbers in rose wood, and which rises at a touch, like some blessed gent, to comfort all ills and fill all thoughts; you wondered why some high bred father was not coming home to her now. But then this old man would have found it so hard to do without her. Then, too, Madgie might never in all her life have struck the royal heart which was now in her hands, which she held her bank against all the future, and the interest of which was the only income she wanted.

"There you are, grandpa!" cried Madgie.

"Yes, and there you are, Madgie! And here we both are, Madgie!" entering the open gate and casting down his pick.

He put his hands on each side of her head and gave her a sounding smack on the cheek.

"Supper's ready."

"Yes, yes. Just wait till I git a little of the smut off my hands and neck. It's ben a powerful hot, dusty day."

Caspar trotted through the little barn allotted to him, kailed his old wife, who sat ready to pour his tea, and after blowing and punging through a deal of water, returned to his family with shinglin, countenance and a handful of onions.

"I jist pulled these up for a relish. They're cooling, ingens is. You 'tended that ingen bed, didn't you, Madgie?"

"Grandma and I."

"And we wanted some of them ingens for market," said the old wife, eyeing the sacrifice severely. "We ain't got no ground to throw away raisin' luxuries for ourselves."

"Well, well, mother," pleaded Caspar, dipping his fragrant sphere in salt, "I don't calk'late to pull 'em all, I jist wanted somethin' refreshin' after a hard day. Taste 'em, Madgie," insinuating the emerald tops toward her.

"Oh! no, grandpa, keep 'em yourself," shaking her head and smiling.

"I feel," rambled Caspar, filling his senses and his jaw with perfumed roots until a blind man would have pronounced him a Mexican, if his nose had set judgment over Caspar. "I fally feel as if I needed somethin' refreshin', workin' hard day after day for nothin', you might say. Sort of seein' your work go to pieces under your eyes, and knowin' the danger to them on the road."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" cried Madgie, turning white as her bread and butter.

"Why, honey, you see we've picked and picked in that out, and the sile's as usquidly as water. The stones and earth jist roll on the track contineral. The company er to do somethin' to that out. Stones big as you jarred down every train. But then the road's new, the road's new yet."

"Men ain't got no sense," broke out the old wife. "Don't you see you're skeerin' the child to death for fear Charley'll git smashed up. He runs on that road."

Two blades of keen remorse leaped from Caspar's bleared eyes.

wrapped himself in such a cloud that she could hardly see the clock.

Madgie sipped out to the gate. She was often there looking up the road. The two old people sat inside thinking of the days when they were young.

She was restless, and fidgeted over the cinder sidewalk, following a magnet which would have drawn her from the center of the earth. To the road of course. How often had she watched the rails converging horizontally until they sharpened themselves to a needle point!

The railroad had a fascination for Madgie. When a baby, she used to follow her grandfather to his work, and hide among bushes to see the big freights lumbering by, and see the express trains whirling into town like screaming land demons.

She had heard of the sea, and the spell it had upon sailors, but she saw the rail road and felt the spell, which nobody seemed to remark, that it cast over inland laborers. She saw her boy playmates sucked up the "the road"; heard her grandfather tell of hair-brain'd escapes from collisions, of cool courage in the men who placed themselves between the people they carried and most horrible death. She had learned the power and mission of "the road." In short, she was as loyal a daughter of the rail as any Maine skipper's child is of the sea.

Madgie had affinity for an engine. To this day, her throat swelled, and her eye kindled, when the great iron animal swept past her. Charley drove an engine, and his engine was, in her eyes, fitting exponent of the strength and beauty of his manhood. Such was the romance of her dry little life. Everybody must have his enthusiasm. She had been in the town's great depot at night, arrived from a holiday trip, and had laughed aloud to see some busy engine hurrying up and down, picking up freights like a hen gathering her chickens; now breathing loud enough to deafen a multitude, now concentrating his strength and panting slowly away at the head of its charge. She had waked from sleep to hear them calling each other through the darkness, and translated to herself what they said.

It was a proper thing for Madgie to be an engineer's wife. She thought it a fitting thing to be Charley's wife under any circumstances, I assure you. There was now only a little strip of time between Madgie and Charley. She looked over that little strip and saw just how it would be. They were to have a cottage on a clean street; her grand parents, if they became infirm, were to have a home with her; and these two little hands," said Charley, "will make me the dearest nest; I'll be so glad to run into it at night!"

Madgie's pink face took on rose as she thought of all these things, looking up and down the cut to see if the track was clear, as her grandfather had said. It was clear. She felt relieved and foolish about coming out there through the twilight to spy for Charley's welfare, and much inclined to hide from the smoke rising far off. But these unstable sandy walls towering over the way? Madgie watched them jealously. Just as the thunder of the train could be heard, her heart stood still to see them dissolve like pillars ground down by some malicious Sampson, and piled upon the track till nothing could be seen for yards but one long bill of earth and stones!

Now, little Madgie, if there is heroism in you, it must meet and lasso that iron beast whirling a hundred people upon death! A hundred! The whole world was in the engine-house, driving down first upon that fate! He wouldn't try to save himself when he came upon the life trap. She saw how he would set his lips, bend nerve and brain to the emergency; she saw how car would rush into car, the wreck lie over a burning engine, Charley be ground and charred under them all!

O subtly selfish woman! She flew over the track like a thing of wings. It was life and Charley, or death with Charley! The headlight flashed up through dusk. There were matches in her pocket; she scraped them on a rail and tore off her apron. Oh! they wouldn't ignite, and the cotton would but smolder. It is rolling down on her as swift as air. Bless the loom which made that cotton apron! She tossed it blinding and blazing above her head, walking slowly backward. The red eyed fury roared down at her, but you can't terrify a woman when her mind is made up. It should run over her before it should reach the sand heap.

She was seen. The engine rent the evening with its yell; the brakes were on—her lasso had caught it—it could now be stopped it time. She darted aside but the current was too strong for her. She was dizzy; fell, and clutched in the wrong direction. Poor; poor little fingers!

Now the people pour out; they run here there. Women are crying—perhaps because they weren't hurt. The engineer darts along like a madman looking under the train. There, a dozen feet before the engine rises the sand hill. Every body wants to know how they were stopped before they rounded the curve.

"Here she is!" shouted Charley, springing up with a limp bundle like a king who had sacrificed to the good of the state. "She showed the signal! and stood up to it until I saw her—until she almost ran her down! There's half the fingers cut off her left hand! There what do you think of that, now, for the woman that saved you all!" holding up the mutilated stump.

"God bless it!" prayed an old gentleman, taking off his hat.

"Amen!" roared the crowd. With one breath they raised three shouts, which shook the sand hills until they came down headlongs a second time.

Charley standing above their enthusiasm with the fainting child in his arms, like a repent holding some royal infant.

"Let me see her!" sobbed first one woman, then another. So Charley sat down and let them crowd round with ice water, cologne, and linen for bandages. He even gave the men a glimpse of her waxy face, just unfolding to conscious new. Like all western people, they wanted to pour out their hearts in "a pers." Madgie hid her face on Charley's blouse, and "would none of it."

He carried her home at the head of a procession, which stopped before her grandfather's hut, and cheered her "last appearance." So do people froth up in gratitude.

An hour after, when the neighbors were dispersed, and Caspar stood convinced that "an ingen" might not be the best brace for Madgie's nerves, when her hand was dressed, and her grandmother was quivering a palm in the corner, Madgie turned such a look on Charley as even that stout hearted fellow could not stand. He leaned close to her, and not having yet washed the smoke off his face, was as vulgar like a lover as you could desire. But Madgie always saw the god not the mechanic.

"O Charley! how can I make a little nest for you now? After the feeling of to night is over, you will wish you had married anybody rather than a maimed girl!"

Uwaise Madgie! She drew her fate upon herself. I do aver, that to this day her nose is much flattened by the vice-like punishment Charley made her suffer for that speech.

When he came in next evening, he laid a paper in her lap, and watched the pale face expand and blossom while it read a deed of gift to her of the prettiest cottage on the prettiest street in that city. The company which Charley served, and which could do handsome things as well as thoughtful ones, begged her to accept the gift as only a small acknowledgment of their obligations to her.

"How could she make a little nest for him?" asked Charley, looking at her through brimming eyes.

"Why, with her hands, after all," answered Madgie, crying.

"And this will always be the prettier hand of the two," said that foolish fellow, touching the bandaged one.

## The Bridge of Sighs.

An American Lady Leaps From Waterloo Bridge—Message from the Dead.

[Correspondence Boston Globe.]

LONDON, September 10, 1872.

I recollect to have been particularly struck with a passage in a magazine article I once read, which drew a vivid picture of the suffering of a man who with a sick wife and three children found himself destitute, or almost so, in the big world of London. The writer, who I am under the impression was James Parton, made this remark—and this is the passage to which I refer—"To be a poor stranger in America is to be in a purgatory that is provided with a practicable door into paradise; to be such a person in London is to be in a hell without visible outlet." The truth of this statement has come the more vividly home to me since reading the account of the inquest held upon the body of Miss Alice Blanche Oswald, who committed suicide last Thursday by throwing herself off Waterloo Bridge into the Thames.

There is nothing particularly out of the ordinary run of London things in a woman pitching herself into the Thames, or, for the matter of that, in a man doing so, either. There are no end of bridges handy, some with low, inviting parapets, others offering more or less facilities, and nothing is easier than to get on the top of one and let yourself drop into the boiling, bubbling, rushing, muddy Thames. The death, they say, on the whole, is an easy one, and on a hot night in summer the change from the reeking, fetid atmosphere of heat and dirt, poverty and tribulations, must be for a moment pleasant—and especially if a boat is handy to afford the chance of being rescued just in the nick of time, to be hauled up before the magistrate, to be committed to the care of the chaplain of a penitentiary, and finally to be released with a hand-some donation in the shape of subscriptions from the charitable public who have meanwhile read the account of "attempted suicide" in the newspapers. "Here is nothing, I repeat, altogether out of the ordinary run of things in such an event happening in London. I have read whole books full of accounts of suicides, and of attempted suicides from Waterloo Bridge, and it seems to me that shake the "cases" up in a bag, you'd would not be able to tell "other from which." The old, old stories. First a woman, then a man. Unfortunate, poverty, wretchedness, hunger, death. But here we have a tragedy that evidently does not belong to Houd's class; neither does it seem to come within the category of suicides committed through absolute starvation; nor through crime least alone; nor drink, nor yet through disappointed love. No, it is only the case of a "poor stranger" in London, in the "hell without a visible outlet," who throws herself into the arms of hell's associate. Death, to help her out from her difficulty. "Mrs. Eliza Castle, 178 High street, Shadwell," called in and examined. I desire, by the way, to beg that those who read this will pay particular attention to the foregoing address. Well, Mrs. Eliza Castle called in and was examined by the worthy coroner; and let's see what she has to say. She good woman, hasn't a great deal to say. She simply identifies the body as that of

a lodger who came to her house a fortnight ago, and gave the name of Lockie. During Miss Lockie's stay she had been visited by a lady, and on another occasion, by a gentleman. "Deceased told her that she came from America with a lady who had four servants, but after arriving in Britain, two were discharged, and in consequence her work became very hard." Miss Lockie was discharged and came to London to see the American Consul, if possible to obtain a pass back to America. "She received a letter on Thursday last," said Mrs. Castle, which seemed to upset her. Later in the afternoon she went out in a black dress, violet skirt and Dolly Varden hat, but never returned." That, in substance, is Mrs. Eliza Castle's evidence.

Thomas Engeham, a compositor, can throw more light on the subject. He happened to be walking to his work over the bridge on Thursday at six in the evening. Just as he came about the middle, as it were, he saw the deceased throw her silk parasol on the pavement, ascend the parapet, and roll over. He raised an alarm and the body was fished up by a Thames Police Galley. After she got into the water she screamed for help. (This request appears to have been the only unreasonable thing poor Miss Oswald was guilty of.) Thomas Engeham wished he could have done more, but he couldn't swim, and the bridge was fearfully high. After some further evidence, the following letter was put in and read, which threw a blaze of light upon the subject, and which at once gives, in few short pithy sentences, Miss Oswald's whole history:

LONDON, September 3, 1872, 178 High street, Shadwell.

The crime that I am about to commit, and what I must hereafter suffer, is nothing compared to my present misery. Alone in London, not a penny or a friend to advise or lend a helping hand, tired and weary with looking for something to do, failing in every way, footsore and heartweary, I prefer death to the dawning of another wretched morning. I have only been in Britain nine weeks. I came as nursery governess with a lady from America to Wick, in Scotland, where she discharged me, refusing to pay my passage back, and giving me only my wages, £3 10s. After my expenses to London, I found myself in this great city with only 5s. What was I to do? I sold my watch. The paltry sum I obtained for that soon went in paying for my board, and in looking for a situation. Now I am destitute. Every day is a misery to me. "No friend, no hope, no money—what is left? Oh, God of Heaven, have mercy on a poor, helpless sinner. Thou knowest how I have striven against this, but fate is against me. I cannot tread the path of sin, for my dead mother will be watching me. "Fatherless, motherless, home I have no e." "Oh, for the rarity of Christian charity."

I am not mad. For days I have foreseen that that would be the end. May all who hear of my death forgive me, and may God Almighty do so, before whose bar I must soon appear! Fare well to all—to this beautiful, and yet to me most wretched world.

[Signed] ALICE BLANCHE O-SWOLD  
I am twenty years old the 14th of this month.

The jury, without leaving their places, came to the conclusion that Miss Oswald committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits at Sussex, who made a business, in winter season, of visiting his friends extensively. After wearing out his welcome in his own immediate vicinity last winter, he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend, some twenty miles distant, who had been a school fellow of his. On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, he thinking his visitor had taken much pains to come so far and see him. He treated his friend with great attention and politeness for several days, and, as he did not see any signs of his leaving, he became uneasy but he bore it with patience till the morning of the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid thee will never visit me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor; "I have enjoyed my visit very much; I shall certainly come again."

"N. y.," said the Quaker, "I think thee will not visit me again?"

"What makes you think I will not come again?" asked the visitor.

"If thee does never leave," said the Quaker, "how canst thee come again?" His visitor left.

## A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD WIFE BEATER.

Nathan Simon, a lank, overgrown youth of thirteen, was arraigned at Essex Market yesterday, says the New York Sun of the 21st, on a charge of beating his wife Emily, aged thirty five. Justice Shandley questioned him as follows:

Justice—How old are you, my boy?  
Nathan—I'm thirteen years, sir.

Justice—How long have you been married?  
Nathan (blubbing)—One year. I want to be divorced now, so I do (crying).

Justice—Why do you beat your wife?  
Nathan (plucking up a lip)—Because she won't get my supper ready. She says she's jealous of me; that's what makes me mad.

Justice—I don't believe it, Mr. Simon, and I'll tell you this, if you are brought before me again for breaking your wife's head, I'll send you to the Juvenile Asylum.

Justice (to Mrs. Simon)—Madam, take this boy home and have his face washed.

## "Hiram and his Hatchet."

Never, perhaps did a parent take more pains to inspire a son with a love of the truth than did the father of our renowned hero and Statesman, U. S. Grant; and to this cause, perhaps, more than any other, he is indebted for a fame that will endure when monuments of marble and granite shall have crumbled into dust. As an example of the manner in which this venerable father moulded the mind and character of his son, we beg leave to adduce the following little incident in the life of our hero, which exhibits the character of the affectionate father and dutiful son in their true light.

When Ulysses was about six years old, he was made the master of a hatchet, of which he was excessively fond, and went about chopping every thing that came in his way. After hacking his mother's pea-sticks and pounding the caudal appendages of his bull-pups, which, at each stroke, gave canine yell for his amusement, he concluded he would try the edge of his hatchet on a fine English cherry tree in his father's garden, which he barked so terribly that it surrendered unconditionally. The following morning, Jesse, the King's father, discovered the injured tree, and with great warmth inquired for the author of the mischief. Presently little Hiram made his appearance with his hatchet. "Hiram," said the father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree in the garden?" This was a tough question; but Hiram staggered over it but for a moment; then, with a face radiant with the golden charms of truth, he cried out, "Pa, I can't tell a lie—you know I can't. I never touched your tree. I have never been in the garden." Here Hiram's mother interposed, and reminded her son of the fact that she saw him enter the garden with his hatchet. "How is this, my son?" said the father. The young hero now exhibited that reticence which has since become the principal element of his greatness. He looked at the ground and said "nary a thing." At length he exclaimed, "Oh, pa! I forgot! If you will give me the big black pup and a cigar, and take me to the horse races on next Saturday, I will tell you all about it." "Come into my arms, you dearest boy," cried the father, you have paid me for my tree a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand such trees, though covered with blossoms of silver and laden with fruits of pure gold."

It was such lessons as this, received beneath the paternal roof, that prepared our hero for his brilliant career. Had his father been passionate and capricious in his family, and neglected the proper training of his children, our immortal hero might have turned out to be a stupid Washington, and called down upon himself the contempt of those who now do him reverence—Life of Grant by his father.

## ROBERT COLLYER RELATES AN ANECDOTE.

Rev. Mr. Collyer contributes this to the Chicago Journal: A paragraph in your journal this morning, about a visit an English editor made to a clergyman who feeds and clothes a family of ten on an income of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, reminds me of a talk I had with the Rev. Charles Voysey, in the summer of '71. He was then a clergyman in the Church of England, and was rector of a church which gave him a very fair living; but before this he had been a curate in London, with a very large family (as ministers generally have) and an income less than a hundred pounds a year—not more than eighty, if my memory serves me. It was desperate work, he said to make ends meet—so desperate that there came a time when there was not a penny or a crust left in the house, or a pint of milk for the barns. "Then," said he, "I sat down to think what I should do; and when I had made up my mind about the source I must take, I went up to my wife—as noble and true a woman as this world ever heard of—and said, 'My dear, we have done our very best, and this is the end. Now, I will tell you what we must do. We are citizens of London, have paid our rates and taxes right along, and are entitled to all the help there is. We will go to the poor house to-morrow morning and ask them to take us in. We have a perfect right to go there, and we will go.' She said, 'that is right,' and began at once to get ready to go to the poorhouse; but that day I got a letter from some one, enclosing five pounds. There was no signature; I don't know to this day who sent it, but that five pounds saved us from taking that step, and tided us over to quarter day."

Counsel (to witness)—"Now, sir, what is the character of the plaintiff in this suit?" Witness—"Her character is slightly matrimonial." Counsel—"What do you mean by slightly matrimonial character?" Witness—"She has been married seven times."

A Rochester girl made use of \$20 given her by a lover, to get married to another fellow; moreover hiding the former's clothes while he was in bed so that he could not come down stairs and forbid the banus.

A bride of fourteen is on exhibit at Niagara this season. She looks younger, and child like wispers her eyes with her apron when she cries. She had her first row with her husband last Wednesday—called him a narty man, and said she wanted to see her ma.

A Boston girl rejoices in the pretty name of Elizabeth Martha Belina Georgian Augusta Coham Burrows. They call her Lizzie Mattie Lina George Gusie "for short," and she writes for the "Mystery papers," of course.