Squatter Sovereign.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY, "The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States." EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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TO CLUBS:—Five copies will be sent to one address for $9. Ten to one address for $17.—Twenty to one address for $32. Forty to one address for $60. ☞ Invariably IN ADVANCE.

☞ Money may be sent by mail, at the risk of the Editors.

☞ Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

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For one square, ten lines or less	$1 00
Each additional insertion, per square	50
One square, three months	4 00
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" " twelve months	10 00
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☞ All advertisements must be paid for in advance, or at the expiration of three months.

☞ All letters addressed to the Editors must be POST PAID, to receive attention.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible, till they have settled the bill and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentiona fraud.

The Poet's Column.

FIRMNESS.

BY PHEBE CARY.

WELL, let him go, and let him stay—
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try.
He thought to frighten me with frowns,
So terrible and black—
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,
And foolishly beside;
I won't forget him after that—
I would'nt if I died;
If I was wrong, what right had he
To be so cross with me;
I know I am not an angel quite—
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once;
And now, when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And that she did'nt pout.
It is enough to vex a saint—
It's more than I can bear;
I wish that girl of his
Was—well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—
Was beautiful as good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now, if she could?
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight,
And now, its after nine o'clock—
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—
But then, I've said I won't;
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him, if I don't.
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right,
I guess I'll tell him so—and, then—
I wish he'd come to night!

☞ Clever girl who wrote these lines:

"My heart is sick my heart is sad—
But oh, the cause I dare not tell—
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill I am not well!

"I am not myself—I'm not the same,
I am indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all except in name—
Oh! when shall I be changed in THAT?"

Fadeless is a Loving Heart.

Sunny eyes may loose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loveing heart.

Simple Truth.

There's not a grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,
Or Heavenly Wisdom seen.

Good Advise.

Eat only what is proper food;
Drink only that which does you good;
Spend only what you can afford;
Lend only what will be restored;
Then you will have no cause to say,
"I was a fool on yesterday!"

Miscellaneous.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE,

OR,

THE LADY OF LYONS.

During the early years of the first and must brillant success of the French Republic—a period when society in France was in a general ferment, and ranks equalized—Claude Melnotte, the son of a gardner, lived with his widowed mother, in a small cottage in the neighborhood of Lyons. In the picturesque city lived Pauline Deschappelles, the only daughter and heiress of a wealthy merchant. She was endowed with so much beauty, and so many accomplishments, that everybody, old, young, rich and poor, paid homage to her. Among her admirers there was no one that entertained such ardent feelings for her as Claude Melnotte. During the lifetime of his father, he had worked in the garden of Monsieur Deschappelles, and while tending the flowers had seen Pauline. He saw her a spirit of bloom, and joy, and freshness; the passionate feelings of man entered the breast of the wild, dreaming boy, and from that hour he grew—what to the last he was—her adorer.—This love, vain and frantic as it seemed, became to him a fountain of ambition and bright hope. He thought of the tales that he had heard gossips tell by the winter hearth, how maidens, sprung from kings, had stooped from their high sphere; how love, like death, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre.—With his high-placed love, his restless feelings, and his brilliant hopes, he made his home in the soft palace of a fairy future.—His father died, and he became his own master, whereupon he sought to raise himself above his low condition. Pauline's bright image, glassed in his soul, lured him on to those inspiring toils by which man masters man. He grew a midnight student over the breams of rages; he sought to borrow from every grace and every muse the attributes that lend ideal charms to love. He thought of Pauline, and passion taught him poetry; he thought of her, and the life of beauty grew on the canvas of the painter. His companions called him vain—mad—and he heeded not; but still toiled on, hoped on, for it was sweet, if not to win, to feel more worthy of the dear object of his passion.

At last, in a mad hour, he sent a tribute of song to Pauline—some verses which he had written of the idol of his heart, to show it what bright things it had created. Instead of feeling proud of the present, Pauline scorned it, thought there was not a line that a serf might not have written to an empress; the letter was tossed into the mire by the lackey, who swore that his lady and mother never were more insulted; and Claude's messenger, Gasper, was driven from the house with blows.

From that hour the love of Claude Melnotte turned to wrath, almost resembling hatred. But he was not the only one who had been made miserable by Pauline.—Monsieur Beauseant, a rich gentleman, and whose family had been enrolled before the revolution, had been refused by her for no other reason than, as he believed, because she would not marry a commoner. His friend, Glavis, was also a rejected suitor of hers, and Glavis was vain enough to think that he had been refused for the same reason.

These two friends, in a perfect fever of mortification and rage, and to consolate themselves in their heart-ache, were proceeding to spend a day or two at Beauseant's chateau, when they stopped to bait the horses and rest an hour at the Golden Lion, a small village inn, a few leagues from Lyons. They were standing on the lawn with the landlord and his daughter, looking over the bill of fare, when they heard shouts without, of "Long live the prince!" "Long live the prince!"

"The prince!" said Beauseant, in a tone of surprise to the landlord, "What prince is that? I thought we had no princes left in France."

"The lads, sir," replied the landlord, laughing, "always call him prince. It's the pride of the village, Claude Melnotte, the son of old Melnotte, the gardner."

"And why do they call him prince?" inquired Beaseunt.

"Partly," replied the landlord, "because he is at the head of them all, and partly because he has such a proud way with him and wears such fine clothes—and in short, look like a prince. But the revolution that turns us all topsy-turvy, has turned his brain. I mean, sir, the revolution of love!"

"Romantic young Corydon!" sneered Beauseant. "And with whom is he in love?"

"I hear from his mother, good soul," said the landlord, "that is no less a person than the beauty of Lyons, Pauline Deschappelles."

Both Beauseant and Glavis here burst into a loud fit of laughter, and ascertaining from the landlord that Pauline had never even condescended to look at Claude, and did not know him by sight, an idea entered Beauseant's head of revenging himself on Pauline, by marrying her to Claude Melnotte, after making him pass off as a foreign prince—a character that he was well enabled to support, being a perfect Admiral Crichton in learning, and in such accomplishments as fencing, dancing, music, and painting. As to the expenses necessary to maintain the rank, Beauseant and his friend Glavis expressed their willingness to lend him money, clothes and equipages. In a short time they had left the inn behind them, and turning down a lane, struck across a common, and came in sight of widow Melnotte's cottage. They saw Claude, and, finding him all that he had been represented, Beauseant wrote this letter to him:—

"Young man, I know thy secret—thou lovest above thy station; if thou hast wit, courage, and discretion, I can secure to thee the realization of thy most sanguine hopes; and the sole condition I ask is, that thou shalt be steadfaft to thine own ends. I shall demand from thee a solemn oath to marry her whom thou lovest; to bear her to thine home on thy wedding night.

"I am serious. I thou wouldst learn more, lose not a moment, but follow the bearer of the letter to thy friend and patron, CHARLES BEAUSEANT."

With his whole soul made a chaos by the disdain of Pauline, Claude Melnotte found himself a ready tool for the revenge of his tempters. Pauline had trampled upon him as a worm—as a worm he now turned to sting her. He accepted the bargain offered him by Beauseant; and in due time was introduced to the pompous mother, and the scornful daughter, as His Highness the Prince of Como. It was all over with them—he came, he saw, he conquered; and not many days after his arrival, he was already promised the hand of Pauline.

In the family there was a cousin of Madame Deschappelles, Colonel Damas a man as brave in action as he was rude in speech. One day in conversation with Pauline, Claude heard that she was proud of her connexion with the relative, howbeit that Damas was a soldier of fortune, one who owed his position to merit not to birth, one who had risen (in five years,) from the rank to his present grade. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Claude was endeavoring to instill into the mind of Pauline the old and classical sentiment, that virtue is nobility, when she observed to him fondly—

"I cannot forego pride when I look on thee, and think that thou lovest me. Sweet prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendor, since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and, when thou describest them it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness."

Evading the request of Pauline, Claude proceeded to describe a home which he did not say he possessed.

"Nay, dearest, nay," said he, "if thou wouldst have me paint the home to which could love fulfil its prayers, this hand would lead thee—listen! A deep vale shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world, near a clear lake, margined by fruit of gold and whispering myrtles, glassing softest skies as cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows, as I would have thy fate."

"My own dear love!" murmured Pauline.

"A palace," Claude continued, "lifting to eternal summer its marble walls, from out glossy bower of coolest musical with birds, whose songs should syllable thy name. At noon, we'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder why earth could not be happy, while the heavens still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends that were not lovers; no ambition, save to excel them all in love; we'd read no books that were not tales of love—that we might smile to think how poorly eloquence of words translates the poetry of hearts like ours. And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens, we'd guess what star would be home when love becomes immortal; while the perfumed light stole through the mists of alabaster lamps, and every air was heavy with the sighs of orange groves and music from sweet lutes, and murmurs of low fountains that gush forth in the midst of roses! Love, dost thee like the picture?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pauline, softly, "as the bee upon the flower, I hang upon the honey of thy tongue. Am I not blest?—And if I love too wildly, who would not love thee like Pauline?"

"O, false one!" exclaimed Claude, bitterly. "It is the *prince* thou lovest, not the *man*. If in the stead of luxury, pomp and power, I had pointed poverty, toil, and care, thou hadst found no honey on my tongue. Pauline that is not love."

"Cruel prince," said Pauline, "thou wrong'st me. 'Tis true I might not at first have been won, save through the weakness of a flattered pride; but now—O, trust me, couldst thou fall from thy power and sink——"

"As low," inquired Melnotte, eagerly, "as that poor gardner's son, who dared to lift his eyes to thee?"

"Even then," said Pauline, "methinks thou wouldst be only made more dear by the sweet thought that I could prove how deep in woman's love! We are like the insects, caught by the poor glittering of a garnish flame; but O! the wings are scorched—the brightest star lures us no more, and by the fatal light we cling till death!"

"Angel!" murmured Melnotte. Conscience stung him for the treacherous part he was playing. Her love had given a torture worse than her hate.

He lost no time in seeking out Beauseant and Glavis, and desired them to release him from his oath. He said he was not in his senses when he had sworn to them to marry Pauline. Instead, however, of complying with his request, Beauseant replied that the invention he had planned to bring about the marriage immediately, was ripe for execution. In great excitement, he went to the Deschappelles, add pretended that he had just received from a friend at Paris—a member of the directory—a letter, stating that the prince was suspected of designs againt the republic; that he must quit Lyons immediately, or he would be arrested—thrown into prison—perhaps guillotined Horses are ordered to the carriage immediately, and the prince was to fly to Marseilles, and then take ship to Leghorn.

Unwilling that the prince should depart without her daughter, Madame Deschappelles was anxious that the marriage should take place at once; the settlement was arranged by proxy; and before the ceremony was over, the carriage was at the door, and Pauline—as she and her parents thought—was carried home the bride of an illustrions prince. But what a fearful reality it was to her, to find herself in less than half-an-hour surrounded by the rude walls of widow Melnotte's cottage! The blood almost froze in her veins when she discovered that she was the wife of a peasant—the son of peasants—a young man of poor though honest parents. At first she thought it all a jest, a horrid dream—and was amazed beyond measure to hear that the deep wrong of this most vile revenge had proceeded merely from the slight which she—a poor powerless girl—had shown Claude by not accepting his verses. But Claude repenting what he had done, was ready to lay at her feet a husband's rights; as by the laws of France a marriage thus unholy and unfulfilled could be made void and null, he begged her to sleep that night in peace, for that the law would do her justice and restore her to the right to bless another with her love.

"And when thou art happy," continued Melnotte, "and hast half forgotton him who se loved—so wronged thee, think, at least, Heaven lost some remnant of the angel still in that poor peasant's nature."

Pauline, in her solitary chamber, passed the whole, long desolate night in sobs, while Claude sat down and wrote a letter to Pauline's father, which he sent off at daybreak, begging him to come and receive into his hands his consent to the divorse.

On rising in the morning Pauline found Claude absent, but she saw his mother. In a conversation with the widow, she found out that she had been loved—idolized by Claude for three years; that he had learned to paint, that he might take her likeness; and that, three years ago he had saved up all his money to buy a real Seive China cup, merely because the name of *Pauline* was inscribed on it. Pauline was weeping and grieving that Claude was not something better than a gardner's son—that he was but a poor gentleman—when Beauseant made his appearance not so much to exult in her humiliation as to offer to lay his fortune at her feet, and to bear her to a home more suitable for her reception—a home of wealth, luxury and station. She was begging him to respect her anguish, when Melnotte opened the door silently, and perceiving Beauseant addressing Pauline, paused at the threshold, and looked on in silence. But when he beheld Beuseant, in spite of Pauline's entreaties, attempting to clasp her in his arms. he sprang forward and dashed him to the other end of the room. Enraged, Beauseant levelled a pistol at him.

"O! spare him; spare my husband!" shrieked Pauline. "Beuseant—Claude—no, no," and she fell fainting into the arms of Claude.

On recovering she found herself alone with her husband.

"All gone—all calm," she exclaimed, looking around her, "Is everything a dream. Thou art unhurt—I do not love thee," she added tenterly; "but I am woman, and—and—no blood is spilt?"

"No, lady, no," replied Melnotte, "my guilt hath not deserved so rich a blessing as even danger in thy cause."

They were here interrupted by the entrance of widow Melnotte, who came in to tell them of the approach of Pauline's parents.

"Ah! madam," she continued, addressing Pauline, "do not let them injure him—if you knew how he doted on you!"

"Injure him!" exclaimed Pauline, "no, ma'am, be not afraid."

On the entrance of her parents, Claude renounced all pretentions to her person, by giving his consent to a divorce, and fully confessing the fraud which annulled the marriage,

"Your daughter, sir," said he, handing the paper to Monsieur Deschappells, "has been foully avenged—I grant it, sir, but her own lips will tell you, that, from the hour which she crossed this threshold, I returned to my station, and respected her's. Pure and inviolate, as when yester-morn you laid your hand upon her head, and blessed her, I yield her back to you. For myself, I deliver you forever from my presence. An outcast and a criminal, I shall seek some distant land, where I may mourn my sin, and pray for your daughter's peace. Farewell, farewell to you all, forever."

* * * * * * *

Two years and a half had rolled on since the incidents related above, when one day there marched into the streets of Lyons a regiment fresh from the army in Italy, and under the command of Colonel (now General) Dumas. In this corps there was a young officer, who, in those two-years-and-a-half, had risen to a colonel's rank, was the hero of Lodi, and altogether a most mysterious person. His fellow officers knew him by the name of Morier; and his constant melancholy—the loneliness of his habits—his daring valor—his brilliant rise in the profession—the friendship of his general, and the favors of his commander-in-chief—all tended to make him as much the matter of gossip as of admiration. It is almost unnecessary to say that it was Claude Melnotte, who had gone to Italy with General Dumas; he had placed himself where a foe was most dreaded—wherever France most needed a life—there was not a forlorn hope without him. But, instead of meeting death, he distinguished himself by brave deeds; he was a thrifty, economical man, and managed to find Italy a second Mexico to him; for he had saved something very handsome. On his arrival in Lyons, he asked every one—who could know anything of her—about Pauline; and was amazed to hear that she had consented to a divorce from him—from her husband Claude Melnotte; and on that very day she was to authorize the necessary proceedings of annulling her present illegal marriage, and signing a contract which was to make her Beauseant's wife within one week.—Not that she was false to Claude—no—her heart was still devotedly attached to him—but she alone could be the means of saving her father from bankruptcy, by procurring a large sum to meet demands that could not be denied nor delayed, and which she could only obtain by giving her hand to Beauseant, who, on that condition, would advance the money.

As the clock struck one, the hour fixed for the annulling of the contract, General Dumas, accompanied by Claude Melnotte, as Colonel Morier, entered the room in the house of Monsieur Deschappelles, where the contract was to take place, and where Pauline in great dejection sat with her parents! On seeing her cousin enter, Pauline implored him to save her.

"I cannot help you," was the reply, "I am too poor; but hold," continned the general, "you see my friend Morier. Melnotte is his most intimate friend—fought in the same fields—slept in the saine tent.—Have you any messages to send to Melnotte! Any word to soften this blow?"

She approached Melnotte, but, with a stern air, he turned away from her. She spoke to him, and, as he heard her voice, the old time came o'er again.

"Tell Melnotte," she said, "that for years I never nursed a thought that was not his; or that on his wandering way, daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers. Tell, e'en now, that I would rather share his lowliest cot—walk by his side an outcast, work for him, beg with him—live upon the light of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown the Bourbon's lost!"

Almost maddened with the joy these sweet words produced—

"You loved him thus," exclaimed Melnotte, in a beautiful tone, "and yet desert him?"

"Say, that, if his eye," continued Pauline, "could read this heart—its struggles, its temptations—his love itself would pardon that desertion? Look on that poor old man—he is my father; he stands on the verge of an abyss—he calls his child to save him! Shall I shrink from him who is my father? withhold my hand, and see a parent perish? Tell me this, and say—that we shall meet again in Heaven."

Here the voice of Bueseant, who was standing at the table on which the papers were scattered, was heard exclaiming to Pauline—

"The papers are prepared—we only need your hand and seal."

"Stay, lady," exclaimed Melnotte, detaining Pauline, with anxiety, one word more. Were but your duty with your faith united, would you still share the low-born peasant's lot?"

"Would I?" exclaimed Pauline. "Ah! better death with him I love, than all the pomp, which is but as the flowers that crown the victim."

She turned to take the contract from the notary, when Melnotte seized it, and tore it to fragments.

"Are you mad?" said Beauseant.

"How, sir!" exclaimed Monsieur Deschappelles, "what mean this insult?"

"Peace old man," said Claude, "I have a prior claim. Before the face of man and Heaven, I urge it. I out bid yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel. There is the sum twice told!" he continued handing a pocket-book. "Blush not to take it; there's not a coin that is not bought and hallowed in the cause of nations with a soldier's blood."

"That voice!" exclaimed Pauline, breathless with amazement, "thou art,"

"Thy husband!" exclaimed Melnotte, as Pauline rushed into his arms.

That was a blessed hour! What sweet and holy tears Pauline wept on the bosom of her husband! Monsieur Deschappelles was happy to see his daughter's welfare entrusted to a man who had so nobly won both love and honor; and as to Madame Deschappelles, she had no objection to have Melnotte for a son-in-law, for though she had thought him an ugly miserable wretch, when he was a gardener's son, she observed a wonderful improvement in him now that he was a Colonel and a Hero.

Patent Brick.

This brick is made of bank sand, and one twelfth lime. The best stone lime is used in a dry-slacked state, mixed with the sand when just damp enough to prevent dust from rising. When the mixture is prepared, it is put into a machine, prepared with a mould and press, which gives form to the brick. When taken out they are piled up in the sun to dry, and constantly increase in solidity until they finally become perfect sandstone. The form of the brick is also peculiar, being four inches deep, five inches broad, and ten inches long, with a cavity in the centre six inches long and one and a half inches broad and extending through the brick.—Material is saved by this cavity, and walls are made more perfect shields against heat or cold, by the strata of air always between the outer and inner edges of this wall.—These brick can be made for $30 per thousand, and one thousand is about equal to three thousand ordinary brick. They are smooth like pressed brick, and will make most beautiful walls. Their duribility has been tested at the Smithsonian Institute, and strong testimonials of their value given to the inventor by men of science and experience.

Names of Counties, County Seats and County Officers of Kansas Territory.

The following are the names of the Counties, County Seats and County Officers, as constituted by our last Legislature:

Allen county—County Seat not located by the Legislature—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, Charles Passmore; county commissioners, B. Owen, B. W. Cowden; Sheriff, M. J. Godfroy.

Anderson county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, Geo. Wilson; county commissioners, W. R. True, John Clark; Sheriff, D. P. Cummings.

Atchison county—County Seat, ATCHISON; Probate Judge, James A. Headley; county commissioners, Wm. Young, Jas. M. Givens; Sheriff, W. T. McVay.

Bourbon county—County Seat, FORT SCOTT; Probate Judge, Samuel A. Williams; county commissioners, J. O. T. Wilson, Charles Wingfield; Sheriff, B. F. Hill.

Breckenridge county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, Thos. S. Huffaker; county commissioners, Horman H. Elliott, Charles H. Wythington; Sheriff, John B. Forman.

Calhoun county—County Seat, CALHOUN; Probate Judge, James Kuykendall; county commissioners, Richard P. Bealer, Wm. Alley; Sheriff, James Wilson.

Doniphan county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, J. P. Blair; county commissioners, Alexander Dunning, E. V. B. Rodgers; Sheriff, Cary B. Whitehead.

Douglas county—County Seat LECOMPTON; Probate Judge, John P. Wood; county commissioners, George N. Johnson, John M. Banks; Sheriff, Samuel J. Jones.

Franklin county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, J. Yocum; county commissioners, Wm. McDowell, Samuel Robertson; Sheriff, Richard Golding.

Jefferson county—County Seat, OSAWKEE; Probate Judge, O. V. B. Tebbs; county commissioners, Napoleon Hopewell, Samuel Hudson; Sheriff, George M. Dyer.

Johnson county—County Seat, GUM SPRINGS; Probate Judge, A. S. Johnson; county commissioners, Joseph Parks, John D. Peery; Sheriff, B. F. Johnson.

Leavenworth county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, John A. Halderman; county commissioners, J. M. Hall, Wm. Walker; Sheriff, Green D. Todd.

Lykins county—County Seat, PAOLA; Probate Judge, Isaac Jacobs; county commissioners, James Beach, Henry Snyder; Sheriff, B. P. Campbell.

Lynn county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, Ransom Elliott; county commissioners, Briscoe Davis, Lee Love; Sheriff, John E. Brown.

Madison county—County Seat not located—to be designated by the popular vote of the county; Probate Judge, Thos. S. Huffaker; county commissioners, H. B. Elliott, Charles Wythington; Sheriff, J. B. Forman.

Marshall county—County Seat MARYSVILLE; Probate Judge, JAS. Doniphan; county commissioners, A. G. Woodward, S. J. Cramer; Sheriff, A. S. Clark.

Nemaha county—County Seat, RICHMOND; Probate Judge, J. C. Thompson; county commissioners, Jesse Thompson, John Ballard; Sheriff, Jas. E. Thompson.

Riley county—County Seat, PAWNEE; Probate Judge, Clay Thompson; county commissioners, Thos. Reynolds, Wm. Cuddy; Sheriff, John S. Price.

Shawnee county—County Seat, TECUMSEH; Probate Judge, W. O. Yager; county commissioners, Wm. Yocum, Ed. Hoagland; Sheriff, Geo. W. Berry.

The Territory is divided into three Judicial Districts—First, Second and Third.—The following are the names of the District Attornies:

First District, Charles Grover; Second District, Horace A. Hutchinson; Third District, John T. Brady.

☞ When may two people be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

☞ The fellow who is courting Miss Demeanor, thinks very seriously of breaking off the engagement.

☞ Milwaukie manufactures 40,000 barrels of lager beer annually.