

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

10 Lines	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
10 Lines	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
10 Lines	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
10 Lines	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
10 Lines	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th

Business Directory.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
Hon. J. B. Goodin, District Judge  
Wm. Thrasher, County Treasurer  
H. A. Needham, County Clerk  
G. M. Brown, Register of Deeds  
J. E. Richards, County Attorney  
J. M. Simpson, Clerk District Court  
J. E. Ryan, Resident Public Schools  
J. L. Woodin, Sheriff  
L. M. Rhoads, Surveyor  
H. H. Hottle, Coroner  
A. W. Howland, Commissioner  
Eugene Boushake, Commissioner

**CITY OFFICERS.**  
W. C. Jones, Mayor  
L. L. Love, Police Judge  
John Paxson, J. S. Shafter, Councilmen  
L. Walker, C. M. Simpson, E. N. Yates, J. L. Northrup, H. W. Talcott, J. N. Woolhomes, C. D. Briggs, Assistant Marshal

**CHURCHES.**  
**METHODIST EPISCOPAL.**  
Corner of Jefferson and Broadway St. Services every Sabbath at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7. H. K. Mott, Pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**  
Corner Madison and Western street. Services 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. J. W. Pinkerton, Pastor.

**BAPTIST.**  
On Symcox street. Services every Sabbath at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Church meeting at 2 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Sabbath school at 12 o'clock. J. N. Whitte, Sec'y.

Churches.

**SECRET SOCIETIES.**  
**IOLA LODGE, NO. 88.**  
A. F. & A. M. Meets on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. M. DeMoss, W. M. J. N. Whitte, Sec'y.

**IOLA LODGE, NO. 21.**  
I. O. O. F. Meets on Wednesdays. Meetings every Tuesday evening, in their hall, next door north of the post office. Visiting brethren in good standing, are invited to attend. JOHN J. EBERHART, W. M. J. S. CROMBIE, Sec'y.

Secret Societies.

**Hotels.**  
**LELAND HOUSE.**  
H. BASKINOFF, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS. This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for the tourist. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

Hotels.

**Attorneys.**  
**H. W. TALCOTT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS. Office on Madison street, one door east of Wm. Davis. Cases before any of the courts of the State will receive careful attention. All collections promptly remitted. J. O. JONES.

**NELSON F. ACERS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS. Has the only full and complete set of Abstracts of Allen county. J. C. MURRAY.

**MURRAY & RICHARDS,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00 loaned on long time upon Improved Farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Neosho counties.

Attorneys.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**M. DEMOSS, M. D.,**  
OFFICE over Jno. Washington & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Franklin street, 2nd door south Neosho street.

**H. A. NEEDHAM,**  
COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgements taken. Maps and plat as neatly drawn.

**D. F. GIVENS,**  
WATCH-REPAIRER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER. At the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Gold pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

**DR. S. TOZER,**  
DENTAL SURGEON. Is now prepared to attend to dentistry in all its branches, in the latest and most approved style; the best of material used, and general satisfaction guaranteed. Also a cure for sore mouths. Charges as reasonable as elsewhere. Office over John Francis' store.

**J. N. WHITE,**  
UNDERTAKER. Madison street, Iola, Kansas. Wood caskets constantly on hand and Hearse always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.

**S. S. YOUNG,**  
NEW GUN AND SILVERSMITH SHOP. Having located in Iola for the purpose of repairing Guns, Pistols, Clocks, Watches and all kinds of Jewelry, I ask those who may have any work in my line to give me a trial as I warrant my work to give satisfaction. A good assortment of notions for sale. Gold pens and Sewing Machine needles a specialty. Corner the place, first door east of Washington street on north side of Madison street.

**J. E. THORP,**  
BARBER SHOP on Washington street first door south of L. Northrup's. Wood, Coal, Potatoes, Corn and Hickory Nuts taken in exchange for work.

Miscellaneous.

**WANTED.** We will give energetic men and women **BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY** from \$4 to \$8 per day, can be pursued in your own neighborhood, and is strictly honorable. Particulars free, or samples worth several dollars that will enable you to go to work at once, will be sent on receipt of fifty cents. Address **L. L. LAYMAN & CO.,** 302 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**GEO. A. BOWLUS,**  
**Real Estate Broker,**  
IOLA, KANSAS.  
DOES A GENERAL LAND AGENCY BUSINESS.  
COLLECTS RENTS, PAYS TAXES, &c.  
Office on Madison street, one door east Wm. Davis.

**BRUBAKER & PURCELL,**  
**LIVERY, FEED, and Sale STABLE,**  
West Side Public Square, IOLA, KANSAS.  
Saddle Horses, Buggies and Carriages always ready on a moment's notice. Charge reasonable.

Antiquities.

There is no song like an old song  
That we have not heard for years;  
Each simple note appears to throng  
With shapes that swim in tears.  
It may have been a cheerful strain,  
But 'twas no longer so;  
That glow, grown old, has turned to pain,  
And mirth has turned to woe.  
There is no friend like an old friend,  
Whose life-path mates our own;  
Whose dawn and noon, whose eve and end,  
Have known what we have known.  
It may be, when we read his face,  
We note a trace of care;  
'Tis well that friends in life's last stage  
Share glances as smiles they share.  
There is no love like an old love,  
A love, may be, or dead;  
Whose place since she has gone above,  
No other fills instead.  
Is not, we'll never love anew,  
For life wears dear its cost;  
But that first love had roots that grew  
Where others cannot grow.  
There are no days like the old days,  
When we, not they, were young;  
When all life's rays were golden rays,  
And wrong had never stung.  
Dear Heart! If now our steps could pass  
Through paths of childhood's morn,  
And the dew of youth lie on the grass  
Which Time's fall scythe has shorn!  
Oh! song, old friend, old love, old days,  
Oh! things, yet never old;  
A stream that's dark till sunshine plays  
And changes it to gold:  
Through all winds memory's river on,  
And the dew of youth lie on the grass  
Which Time's fall scythe has shorn!  
But a gleam's on the peaks of long-ago,  
That softness sadness yet.

The Curse of Drink.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought them to more sorrow, shame and hardship than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—hundreds of thousands—who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair because those whom they love love wine better than the woman they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to read under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while they write these words, for bruises inflicted by husbands mad with drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human's imagination can create anything worse than the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty, and not infrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women, with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

A Chemical Difficulty.

A lively exchange tells the following story: "One of our merchants recently sold a gross of matches to a woman, who, on reaching her home, could not make them burn. In a towering passion which increased all the way back, she returned and demanded, 'why did you cheat me with those worthless matches?' 'Matches,' responded the grocer pleasantly—he always wears a smile for his customers—'what is the trouble with the matches?' 'They won't burn, not one of them,' was the quick, angry response. 'Let us see,' said the gentleman, applying the charged end to his pantalons and causing it to blaze instantly, 'that burns well enough.' 'But the rest won't,' replied the woman, who began to fear that she had walked seven miles and was to return seven more on foot, and had got angry for nothing. The grocer opened three bunches and pressed them all the same. 'I don't want to burn up your matches,' he said, 'but there is not one that will not burn the same way.' Chagrined, she started at him with tiger eyes, and not to be beaten, burst out—if they will, you don't suppose every time I want a fire, I'm coming all this way to rub them on the seat of your trousers, do you?"

A Bachelor's Exploit With a Baby.

One of the best looking and most sought-after young business men in Utica, N. Y., says the *Herald* of the 30th, had his gallantry put to a severe test Friday. A charming married lady friend wagered \$15 with him that he dare not carry her baby through Genesee Street from Bagg's Hotel to Oneida Square. Whether the gentleman felt particularly brave and happy after his enjoyment of Thanksgiving festivities, or for some other reason, we know not, but certain it is that he accepted the challenge and carried the baby, but—such work as he made of it! The baby in question is the prettiest little seven-months mortal in Utica. Its father is one of the wisest and finest-looking men in the county, but the baby gets its loveliest charms from its mother. The boy is the pride of its parent's hearts, and if kisses would

The Grasshopper is a Burden.

The grasshopper is a flippant bug. They are born of eggs and are an inch and a quarter in length when they get ripe. They are hatched out, git their groth, and di off in 75 days. This is business and shows that they have enterprise in a hi degree. What they are good for is a prize konundrum, but the evil they sometimes do is ekal to a famin.

I have seen a very green thing on the face of the earth for fifty miles in circumference et up hi them, and millions on them besides starting to death. I have seen the ar filled by them like a shower of sand, and nothing but stone fences proff against their destroying appetights.

They travel on the jump and fill hi hevins with their song of ruin. They are a consuming fire and no power or man can stay their journey. One grasshopper is a miserible item, but when some edit or heavin marshals them in countless legions they are an appalling terror. To be et up by grasshoppers, to be consumed by musketers, or mangled by a mule, hav always been the three deaths that I hav dreded.

But as much as I fear the deadly grasshopper, I had rather face a mile square of them, all alone, in the month of August; I had rather cross the Newark marshes by moonlight, in July, when musketeers are in their consumate glory or even foudle the sportive mule, than to have a nuzpaper cricket, who works for twelve dollars a week git after me. Oh! it is awful to hav the laurels of years torn from one's forehead and trampled in the dust, and be annihilated for life, and perhaps eternaty, by the seavng fury of the nuzpaper cricket who works for 12 dollars a week and pays the highest cash price for his clam groll. This is purly awful.

This beats mules, grasshoppers and musketeers just as easy as sticking a thistle in your finger.—*Josh Billings.*

The Katie King Swindle.

The exposure of the wretched swindle so long maintained by Katie King knocks the bottom out from under that sham of the Spiritualists, "materialization of the spirit," and brings the whole shallow legerdemain of the mediums down with it. That such a sham could have been sustained so long, almost passes comprehension. It is not remarkable that ignorant and superstitious persons should be deceived by it, or that imaginative young people of immature judgment, and addicted to running after every new ism that turns up, should have accepted this female charlatan as a "materialized spirit"; but it is remarkable that she should have deceived such men as Mr. Robert Dale Owen, and misled others saying claim to superior intelligence and scientific knowledge. Katie King, by her own confession, now appears to have been only a very shallow swindler, who practiced the panel-game upon her dupes, and found her reward in the valuable presents with which her admirers loaded her. Rings, lockets, crosses, diamonds, and toilet goods showered in upon her daily, and at night she soared away with them into the seraphic regions of a Philadelphia boarding-house, and smiled angelically at the folly of her victims. This seraphic two-hundred-year-old maiden counted her dupes by thousands. They were not only the credulous victims who thronged her seances from all parts of the country and witnessed her antics with wide-open mouths and eyes, talked angelic bosh to her, and emptied their pockets and pocket-books into her spiritual lap, but there were thousands of others who had never seen her—old men and women grown fond and foolish, and young men and women of airy fancies and morbid musings—who were dazzled with Katie King.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Sam of Tyndall's Life Theory.

The *London Globe* says: "Professor Tyndall's laborious address to the British Association may be readily summed up by the simple re-statement of a very old argument. An egg contains all the material necessary to form a chick. It holds also, for a time at least, the force requisite to construct the animal out of its component elements. The only thing needed is to set the formative process in motion by the application of another form of force or motion called heat. But this last must be supplied from without. The sum of Professor Tyndall's researches is precisely analogous. He finds in matter 'the promise and potency of every form and quality of life,' just as the naturalist and the organic chemist find the organic material of a chick, and the promise and potency to form one, within the egg-shell. But neither the philosopher nor the experimentalist can go one step beyond the fact. They are wholly unable to explain the something from without, in whose absence neither an egg full nor a world of life can be called into palpable existence. This is the point at which philosophy again arrives—the old point at which it has been arriving by various paths ever since the first effort to penetrate an inscrutable mystery. The Egyptians symbolized the difficulty, and their inability to surmount it, by offering the mysterious egg reverently to their gods. They lay the unsolved problem of the finite at the feet of the Infinite. Professor Tyndall and the British Association might learn wisdom, without humiliation, from the ancient idolaters, and emulate their not ignoble submission."

Rise with the lark. That is, during cold weather, as soon as the lark rises, waken your wife and tell her that it is time to build the fire. If she makes any objections you can refer her to a dozen or more works on the benefits of early rising. Any man who cares a cent for his wife's health will take pride in hearing her around the house at daylight of a winter morning getting up a red-hot stove and warming his socks and boots.

Presence of Mind.

Prof. Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eye, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours, and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with vasolin. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, then walk erect. Sock poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

The New British Polar Expedition.

This expedition, which will consist of two steam whale-ships and about 120 men and officers, will leave this country next summer, and proceed through Davis' Straights, up Baffin's Bay to the Danish-settlements of Disco and Upernivik. These will be its base. Then, still heading northward, the volunteers will enter Smith's Sound, and one will be left as an intermediate depot in 81 degrees north latitude, in a fixed position, while the second will press on into the open sea which, it is believed, exists about the Pole. The depot ship will be about 546 miles from the Pole, and she retreat upon it in case of disaster will not be difficult to men with sledges. The expedition will have orders in any case to return in the autumn of 1877; and a steamer will probably be sent to bring back news of the condition of the expedition and the details of such information as may have been obtained. The report that Commander Markham has been selected to command the expedition is premature. The admiralty are divided between the appointment of a young, comparatively inexperienced officer, and a senior officer of experience, but with weight of years. The cost of the expedition is estimated at £30,000 a year.—*London paper.*

The Romance of a Pretty Type-Setter.

A recent number of a Portland (Oregon) paper tells a pleasant little story to the following effect: A young lady well known in that city has just started to join her parents, whom she has no recollection of ever having seen. Her name is Emma Frankie, and her parents live in Florence, Italy. At the age of between three and four years she was given to a family named Stokes, who promised to educate and otherwise provide for her. It seems that she was trained for circus performances, and traveled with circus troupes until she was eighteen years old, when she abandoned the business, made her home in Portland, and, having learned to set type, supported herself by that work during the past four years, taking good care of herself and winning many friends. Meanwhile she had caused inquiries for her parents to be made in Florence, these inquiries having also been for some years advertising for their lost daughter. Money was sent to the daughter from Florence with which to defray her expenses home, and by this time she has probably been re-united to those who long ago parted from her, hoping it would prove to her advantage.

Semambulist.

A few evenings ago Miss Bishop, a domestic employed in the family of Mr. Ernest E. Jones, Syracuse Avenue, Oswego, N. Y., sat talking with some of her friends till rather a late hour, about the cheerful and animated subject of burglars and burglaries. Various stories of daring exploits in that line were related, including instances of murder perpetrated by desperate burglars when at bay.

Disolution of Partnership.

Among the Burmese the marriage knot is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each others society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching manner: They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house forever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

John Bull is so jealous of our reception of the King of Hawaii.

John Bull is so jealous of our reception of the King of Hawaii, that the Sultan of Zanzibar is to be cleaned up and clothed for a visit to England.

A young vocalist, failing to execute the trills of his part effectively.

A young vocalist, failing to execute the trills of his part effectively, apologized to the audience saying that he trembled so that he could not shake.

A Marchal of the Republic.

Among the Americans who attend a ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris when John Y. Mason was our Minister there, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went there went Jack—and when the Marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball Jack called on our Minister to France, who started up a conversation in the following way: "I hear, Jack, you were at the ball last evening."

Willing to Oblige.

A very prepossessing young lady, canvassing for a popular book, stepped into the office of real estate broker in Springfield, Mass. The other morning, and finding the broker apparently at leisure asked him to look at her book. The gentleman politely informed her that it would only be a waste of time, as he could not purchase it. "Oh, never mind that," ejaculated the young woman. "It won't cost you anything to look at it even if you don't buy." "I should like to have you read some portions of it and see what it is." The accommodating broker, taking the volume and glancing at the title page commenced a perusal of the introduction. This finished he began at the first chapter and read carefully and leisurely along. It was about 9 o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away. Then the book agent began to exhibit signs of nervousness, which were apparently unnoticed by the broker, for he never raised his eyes from the volume, but read steadily on. Eleven o'clock came and the lady began to walk rather smartly about the room, glancing occasionally out of the windows. At noon the broker was still reading and the agent wore a decidedly troubled countenance. A few minutes before 1 o'clock the broker laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked blandly: "That is a very good book. I am sorry that I cannot read to dinner. If you will call in the afternoon, I will read some more of it."

Beautiful Sentiments.

Bulwer eloquently says: It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is only a bubble cast up by the great ocean of eternity to float for a moment and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with beauty that is not on earth, and then pass away, leaving us to muse upon their mysterious loveliness? Why is it the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set so high above our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? Why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born of a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings who now pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.

Many curious stories are told of the strange work types will make with what a man says or writes.

Dr. Bethune once introduced into a sermon the sentence, "While men slept the devil sowed tares." Judge of his surprise when he found himself reported in a religious journal as saying, "The devil sowed tares." An editor wrote of the burial of a young man, "Disconsolate friends stood riveted to the spot;" but his own compositions under him say, "Disconsolate friends stood riveted to the spot." In the manuscript of his *Sill Hour*, Professor Phelps wrote, "A dead clam at sea," but in the book it reads, "A dead clam at sea." William Jay, of Bath, once preached a sermon from the text, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." It was printed, and when the proof-sheets came to him for correction, he found the text reading, "All that a man hath will he give for his wife." Instead of correcting the error in the usual way, he wrote on the margin, "That depends on circumstances."

Moltke does not like "improvised armies."

Moltke does not like "improvised armies;" that is to say, he does not like an armed people, and no professional soldier ever did. Here are his views, which he presents with a humanian aspect: "It is bad enough when armies must massacre one another, that is no progress of civilization, but a return to barbarism. A regular war is like a thunderstorm, which in great blows devastates tracts of land, but also fertilizes. A struggle, however, such as goes on now in Spain, is like a lasting thick fog, which destroys entire harvests. Improvised armies can, however, not carry on any other kind of struggle."

The youth who cried "Excelsior," didn't know that he was naming five out of every six saloons in the country.

The youth who cried "Excelsior," didn't know that he was naming five out of every six saloons in the country.