

THE IOLA REGISTER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for space, length, and rate.

Business Directory.

- COUNTY OFFICERS. H. W. Talcott, District Judge. W. M. Thrasher, County Clerk. H. A. Neesham, County Treasurer. G. M. Brown, Register of Deeds. J. H. Richards, County Attorney. J. L. Woodson, Clerk District Court. J. E. Bryan, Superintendent Public Schools. J. L. Woodson, Sheriff. Lyman Rhoades, Surveyor. H. Horvill, Assessor. A. W. Howland, Isaac Bonchraak, Commissioners.

- CITY OFFICERS. W. C. Jones, Mayor. J. K. Boyd, Police Judge. G. W. Apple, N. F. Jones, J. H. Richards, W. H. Richards, C. M. Simpson, John Francis, J. E. Sapp, James Simpson, Street Commissioner.

- CHURCHES. METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. BAPTIST. On Sycamore street. Services every Sabbath at 10 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. C. T. FLOYD, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

- IOLA LODGE, NO. 38. A. F. & M. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALCOTT, W. M. J. N. WITTE, Sec'y.
- IOLA LODGE, NO. 21. I. O. of Odd Fellows hold their regular meetings every Tuesday evening, in their hall, next door north of the post office. Visiting brethren in good standing are invited to attend. C. M. SIMPSON, N. G. W. C. JONES, Sec'y.

Hotels.

- LELAND HOUSE. B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS. This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.
- CITY HOTEL. RICHARD PROCTOR, Proprietor. Iola, Kansas. Single meals 25 cents. Day boarders one dollar per day.

Attorneys.

- 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, J. H. RICHARDS, County Attorney.
- MURRAY & RICHARDS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$500 to \$5,000 loaned on long time upon improved farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Neosho counties.

Miscellaneous.

- L. L. LOW, GENERAL AUCTIONEER, Iola, Kansas. Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.
- M. DEMOSS, M. D., OFFICE over Jno. Francis & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Washington avenue, 2nd door south Neosho street.
- H. A. NEEDHAM, COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgments taken. Maps and plans neatly drawn.
- J. N. WHITE, UNDERTAKER, Madison avenue, Iola, Kansas. Wood coffins constantly on hand and hearses always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.
- J. E. THORP, BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Northrup's. Wood, Coal, Potatoes, corn and Hickory Nuts taken in exchange for work.
- H. REIMERT, TAILOR, Iola, Kansas. Scott Brother's old stand. Clothing made to order in the latest and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.
- D. F. GIVENS, WATCHMAKER, 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.

Richards & Cowan

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES. Glassware, Queensware, Notions, &c.

We keep a full assortment of Breadstuffs consisting of

- FLOUR, CORN MEAL, Buckwheat and Graham Flour, AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

SALT,

In all quantities, from a Barrel to a Car load.

WE PAY The Highest Market Price, in Cash, For all kinds of Country Produce.

South Side Public Square, Iola, Kansas.

THE FATE OF THE MISSOURI.

An Indian Legend.

An enemy existed between the Sioux and the Missouri, the former occupying what is now Northeast Missouri and Southeast Iowa in the neighborhood of the Des Moines River, and the latter inhabiting territory now covered by St. Charles and adjoining counties north of the Missouri River. An unhappy difficulty had occurred between the tribes, which revolving years and succeeding generations only made the more serious. It was in the month of June, 1790; "Village du Cote" had been settled ten years, and was finally established as a French post, and hardy adventurers with their families had commenced to gather into it. The whites mixing freely with the Indians and learning their language, dwelt in security among the aborigines, who frequented more or less the different posts which had been "established" in various parts of the West. At the time named the Missouri had formed an encampment at a point now within the corporate limits of St. Charles, near the upper extremity of the city, having with them their warriors and braves, men, women and children, and their worldly goods and chattels. The place chosen for the encampment is a beautiful plateau, extending up and down the river, which bounded it to the eastward, while in the rear it was bounded by the range of hills which now are the admiration and delight of all beholders. Thus pleasantly situated with game and fish and water in abundance near at hand, they were dwelling in security and safety, at peace with their white neighbors and fearing no enemy. Leaving them thus, let us remark that at the time spoken of the Sioux had left their home and were descending the Mississippi river in large force, "seeking whom they might devour," intent on robbery and murder. Being unincumbered with women, children and baggage their light canoes soon floated them to the borders of our county. The Missouri, by some means, the precise character of which history has not preserved, became aware of the proximity of their hereditary foes, and sachems, warriors and braves were summoned to a council of war; and commencing with the youngest man present, they proceeded to elicit the judgment of all, each rising in his place around the council fire and gravely and deliberately giving his opinion, and the burden of all that warm eloquence was, "let us engage our foes and our fathers' foes—their enemies and ours."

The distance from the encampment of the Missouri to the junction or "point" made by the two rivers was, as it is, twenty miles. The Sioux were intending to descend the junction and, leaving their canoes in safety, depart hither and thither for a season on their accustomed predatory and scalp-hunting excursions. The Missouri knowing this usual custom of their enemies, dispatched all their available force to the point, where they knew the Sioux generally landed, and, hiding in ambush, awaited their approach. The Sioux, however, became aware of the position of the Missouri, and instead of prosecuting their journey to the place at first intended, disembarked at a point several miles above, and shouldering their light canoes, carried them across the neck of land between the two rivers, at this place about two miles wide, and launching forth on Missouri's muddy stream while their enemies of the same name were anxiously expecting them below proceeded up stream, with the intention of attacking the Missouri's camp. From that camp the party could be discerned at a distance of three miles, and those in camp, supposing it was the Missouri party returning successful, and not dreaming of the sad fate that awaited them, prepared to welcome back their fathers, brothers, husbands and sons. But, sad mistake! No sooner had the Sioux landed than they fell upon their defenseless enemies; nor did they cease till every woman and child was either killed or driven off and every vestige of the camp either taken or destroyed. Few and little escaped the heartless vengeance of these warriors; stimulated and frenzied by Indian hatred, the destruction was complete. As soon as their savage work was done, without a moment's delay they hastily re-embarked, and, as swiftly as brawny arms could urge them on, descended to the "Point" where the Missouri, in ignorance of what had transpired, were anxiously, and, as hour after hour glided by, yet more and more anxiously awaited them. While thus momentarily expecting the approach of their enemies from the Mississippi, they were suddenly surprised by the war whoop at their backs. But a moment sufficed for them to spring to their feet and engage in the deadly conflict. The battle raged furiously, and so fiercely was it contested that it was long doubtful which party would be compelled to bite the dust; but the arms of the Sioux, nerved by unrelenting hate, were strong, and they prevailed. The victory was complete—few, very few, of the Missouri escaped—so few that never afterward were they regarded as a nation.

The spot at which the Sioux disembarked on the Mississippi River, and from which they commenced to carry their canoes across the neck of land to

Gen. Miles Report.

The Army and Navy Journal for April 17 and 24 contains the report of Gen. Miles, giving an account of the recent campaign under his command against the Indians. The part of the report giving the General's views of the situation, and the best method of dealing with the Indians is as follows:

In my opinion the military posts are, as a general rule, too far east. I think it better to keep a sufficient force of troops out, where the Indians would be likely to five with their families and herds when hostile, than along the line of settlements where small mobile bands would be likely to depredate.

In other words, make their own haunts and retreats untenable, instead of allowing them to keep back the advance of our settlements. Some point near the head of North Fork of McClellan Creek, not far from the present encampment, is the key to that country between the Canadian and Red river. It is within striking distance of all the tributaries of those important streams, and with temporary field camps near the heads of Beautiful View Creek or Muster Creek, and the Tule, south of Red River, as auxiliaries to it, Indians could not safely remain in the region from the Palo Duro (of the Beaver) to the Brazos River in Texas.

Corresponding dispositions further south, also on the western border of the Staked Plains, particularly the southern portion, would, under judicious and enterprising officers, keep that country clear of any body of Indians. A small force of friendly Navajo Indians, enlisted as soldiers, on the west, with the same of Pawnees and Tonkays acting from the east (under good officers) would be of great assistance on the Staked Plains proper.

As Fort Dodge is the nearest depot of railroad supplies stores should be brought and shipped at the most favorable season of the year in quantities lasting six and twelve months. For movements against the Indians, ox-trains owned by the Government are the most economical as regards expense of cost and supplies for moving the heavy stores; they require no grain, and if the movement is anticipated, grain for the animals and beef for the troops, can be placed where they are required in ample time, or they can furnish almost a movable post for any position. As a mule train can only carry over that country grain to last them about sixty days, the above method has its advantages, besides the mule and pack trains are left free for light and rapid movements. And here let me remark, in short forage, that by slow and short marches, good and sufficient grazing, without the danger of stampeding, horses or mules could march an unlimited distance for an indefinite period; but for long and rapid pursuit of an enterprising enemy, frequently without grazing, with poor water, the strength of the cavalry and animals must be preserved, or it results in a few weeks' campaigning, and several months' remounting and recuperating. Hence I would prefer for effective and continuous campaigning, two companies of cavalry, supplied with the regulation allowance of short forage, to eight companies starved for want of grain, or weighed down by an abundance of grass, especially when the command is expected to capture or exhaust the thousands of hardy ponies that afford the Indians convenient and valuable relays. As the greatest difficulty in Indian warfare is finding or surprising the enemy, often requiring exhaustive marches, (in one instance nearly 500 miles), it is emphatically the "one step further," the rapid pursuit, (of one or two hundred miles, if necessary), which strong horses can accomplish and weak can not, which insures the victory. It is therefore economical and eminently advisable to have supplies at accessible points, and that the transportation accompanying the force, be it great or small, should be sufficient to supply the command for from 40 to 60 days.

Desultory scouting, without positive design and with less result, has a tiresome, exhaustive and injurious influence upon the cavalry. Friendly Indians or daring scouts can be more economically employed to hunt for the hostile camps, discover trails or movements of Indians, and the cavalry saved for the direct march, resistless dash or rapid pursuit for which that arm of the service is so well adapted. The cause of hostilities is not generally understood by persons remote from the Indian country, and unacquainted with the subject. In considering the subject it is useless to denounce the savage instincts of these people, or to unbias a sentiment to interfere with unalloyed judgment. The plain, unvarnished truth, as it appears to those who have an opportunity of observing, is the most productive of good, and in this respect much might be said explanatory of the Indian's cause

ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

We remember in our younger days of reading a story of "a discontented squirrel"—who, finding the nut crop a little short, and requiring greater labor to collect for his future use, became sick of his home. He would go off to the tops of the trees and look off at the beautiful blue range of hills in the distance, and sigh for new quarters. So to end his trouble he concluded to emigrate, and selecting the most inviting locality in the prospect, he started on his journey. The story tells of fatigue, of streams to cross, and rocks to surmount, and trees destitute of nuts; of how he was overtaken by storms, and finally on arriving at the place selected, the blue outlines were not there, the ground was rocky, the trees had no nuts like those at his old home, and he came near starving, and how he finally returned to his native woods and became a wiser and happier squirrel.

The story recently told in the Journal by our correspondent, "Prodigal," is a parallel to that of the squirrel. He became discontented in Missouri, left it for "God's country" in the East, and has returned after varied wanderings to his Missouri home, with less money than when he left, but richer in experience and content. It is only an old tale, after all but our correspondent tells it well.

Again a Kansas man tells what he finds in California—a country of good things in part, of bad things in some respects, but on the average no better than the country he left. He has seen more unemployed people, seeking work, since he has been there, than he saw in ten years in Kansas. Land held at more than a hundred dollars per acre in the good farming valleys—a nice place for poor men hunting homes.

Then we find down in Arkansas, Tennessee and Mississippi, around the city of Memphis, that more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of live stock, horses, cattle and mules, have been killed by gnats and flees. And so the story runs all around.

Now, what is the lesson? That there is no country on the earth that has not its calamities and draw backs, and that men, like the squirrel, if they are comfortably fixed had better bear the inconveniences to which their locality is incident, than to run off after the pleasant pictures of travelers and fine writers, who pretend to tell all about a country by a few weeks' observation from railway cars, stage coaches, steamboats, hotels and watering places.

Northern California is a fascinating book to read, and the engravings and descriptions of big trees, mountain parks, hot springs, orange orchards, and vineyards, pear, almond and fig trees, are very pretty to the eye and imagination—but when these are known to be so rare, and the extent of surface susceptible to agriculture so small, that in a state with less population to the square mile than any one of the whole union, the lands are held as high as in Massachusetts and New York, and double the price of good and improved lands in Illinois, the romance of this summer tourist disappears. California is a mining state, and while her soil produces well and in great variety, her farmers are few and constitute a landed aristocracy—for not a third of her population can devote themselves to cultivation, from the simple fact that the land to accommodate them cannot be had—nature saying so.

The truth is, and it only requires a knowledge of the various sections of the country to demonstrate the fact, that taking soil, climate, variety of productions, agriculture, pastoral resources, fruits, orchard and small, water, timber, coal, roads and all that go to make a country, there is no part of North America, that is equal to the country that lies within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles of the junction of the Kansas river with the Missouri. And taking drought and the incidents to which it has been exposed, the loss to agriculture is less in a score of years than in any equal area of the United States, while its far exceeding excellence as a live-stock producing region, makes this of itself an independent industry.

The drought last year is the first for fifteen years, and in that time there have been two or three in all sections of the East Mississippi country, and the truth must be told, the suffering last year in loss of crops was, in Eastern Kansas and Missouri, mainly the fault of the sufferers—for the wheat crop was good, the fruit and root crops fair, and even corn put in the ground in season was enough to supply all wants of the farmer, and leave some to sell.

And this is not random assertion, but the concurrent testimony of every farmer in Missouri and Eastern Kansas with whom we have conversed on the subject. The grasshopper scourge was fatal in those newly settled sections where but one kind of crop was in the ground, and that so late in planting as to be in the condition most favorable for destruction. This too was unavoidable from the conditions, and for which no one was to blame.

Mr. Choate and the Ambitious Boy.

A great many boys mistake their calling, but such are not fortunate enough to find it out in as good season as this one did. It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plow and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him: "I heard your plea up in our town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?"

"As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come in and sit down." Taking down a copy of blackstone, he said: "Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on."

The poor boy ached. An hour passed. His back ached, his head and legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed and Mr. Choate came and asked: "How do you get on?"

"Get on? Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?" "Yes." "How much of it?" "All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library. "How long will it take?" "Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years."

"How much do you get?" "My board and clothes." "Is that all?" "Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet." "Then," said the boy, "I will go back to the plowing. The work is not near so hard, and it pays better."

He understood Her. Says the Free Press: When a Lacrosse street boy is playing "hop scotch" on the walk and his mother comes to the door and asks him to split some wood, he replies that he will be along in just one minute. At the end of ten minutes she opens the door and says: "Wilyum, I want that wood!"

"I'm coming right now," he replies, and then goes on hopping here and there on one leg. Another ten minutes flies away and she opens the door and says: "Wilyum, if you don't get that wood, you know what your father will do!"

"Just ten seconds!" he calls back, and he entered upon a new game. The next time she calls she says: "Young man, it's almost noon, and I can't cook dinner without that wood!"

"I know it—I'm coming now," is his reply; and he stands on one foot and holds a long discussion with the Johnson boy as to whether the game of "hop scotch" is as good a game as base ball.—He has just started to hop when the other whispers: "Hi, Bill! There is your old dad!"

"Great Snakes!" whispers Bill, and he goes over the fence like a flash, grabs the ax, and during the next two minutes he strikes two hundred blows per minute; he gets into the house ahead of his father, and as he drops the wood he says: "Mother, the boys were just a sayin' that I had the handsomest, and best, and goddest mother on Labrease street, and I want to kiss you!"

Geo. W. Curtis, in his speech at Concord, the other day, gets off the following, which is as good a reply to the stale cry of the "degeneracy of the times" as we have seen: There is a cynicism which fondly fancies that in its beginning the American Republic moved toward the future with all the splendid assurance of the Persian Xerxes descending on the shores of Greece, but that it sits to-day among the shattered hopes, like Xerxes above his ships at Salamis. And when was this golden age? Was it when John Adams appealed from the baseness of his own time to the greater candor and patriotism of his? Was it when Fisher Ames mourned over lost America, like Rachel for her children and would not be comforted? Was it when William Wirt said he sought in vain for a man fit for the Presidency or for great responsibility? Was it when Chancellor Livingston saw only a threatening future, because Congress was so feeble? Was it when we ourselves saw the industry, the society, the church, the courts, the state-manship, the conscience of America seemingly prostrated under the foot of slavery? Was this the golden age of these sentimental sighs, this the region behind the north wind of these reproachful regrets? And is it the young nation which with prayer and faith, with untiring devotion and unconquerable will has lifted its bruised and broken body from beneath that crushing heel whose future is distrusted? Nay, this very cynicism is one of the foes we must meet and conquer.

Census of 1875.

The Commonwealth says: "The State Board of Agriculture and the County Clerks of the several counties have placed the census blanks in the hands of the assessors and they are now at work upon them. The importance of a careful and thorough performance of the duties of assessor in relation to the census and the compilation of the statistics in connection therewith, cannot be over-estimated. The apportionment of members of the Legislature will be made at the next session, and the apportionment will be based upon the returns of the census now being made. The statistics gathered by the assessors will be published and scattered all over the country by the State Board of Agriculture. They will show the growth of the country for the past five years in population, agriculture, industrial and educational statistics. These returns will also be used by our Centennial Board in showing the growth, development and resources of Kansas, at the Centennial to be held in 1876. They will show, we believe, that Kansas, though afflicted with border ruffians, raids, drought and grasshoppers, in population, agricultural, industrial and educational advancement, will be without a parallel in the settlement of the west."

A Useful Book.

"Money, and How to Make It," is a capital book for those desiring to understand the uses of money and the art of making and saving it. When we say this much, we simply say it is a capital book for everybody to read, for who is not interested in getting money? The methods laid down by the author are all sound, and they reach every class of men—the professional man as well as the capitalist, the manufacturer as well as the farmer, the skilled artisan as well as the everyday laborer. All are shown here how they may better their conditions, and with perseverance, get rich. The book is timely and useful in every respect. The volume is large, commanding in appearance, appropriately illustrated, and neatly printed. If more of such books were printed, there would be far more money making in the world and less money squandering. Next to religion, the question of getting a competency is the most important. Yet it is one but little understood through want of attention to plans for starting in life and to the laws of steady accumulation. MONEY, AND HOW TO MAKE IT will help thousands to start right, and, indeed, no one can read it without gathering ideas of the greatest practical value. It ought to be in the hands of every man and especially in the hands of young men. Agents wanted in every county.

Have you any eggs?

"Have you any eggs?" inquired a peaceful looking old man as he leaned over the counter of a hardware store recently. "No sir, this is a hardware store; we keep nails, stoves, etc.," answered the clerk. "Well, I did want some eggs," slowly drawled the old man, "but I hain't particular, and you may give me a pound of nails."

Success in Business.

"Success in Business," or Money and How to Make It, by H. L. Reade, formerly editor of Health and Home; pp. 64. J. C. McCarly & Co., Publishers. Cincinnati, Ohio; Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo.