

THE IOLA REGISTER.

Table with columns for space, length, and rate. Includes rates for 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch, 9 inch, 10 inch, 11 inch, 12 inch.

Business Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

H. W. Talbot, District Judge; J. K. Boyd, Probate Judge; Wm. Thrasher, County Treasurer; H. A. Needham, County Clerk; J. M. Brown, Register of Deeds; J. H. Richards, County Attorney; C. M. Simpson, Clerk District Court; J. E. Ryan, Superintendent Public Schools; J. L. Woodin, Sheriff; Lyman Rhoades, Surveyor; D. Horvill, Assessor; A. W. Howland, Isaac Bonebrake, Commissioners.

CITY OFFICERS.

W. C. Jones, Mayor; J. K. Boyd, Police Judge; C. W. Apple, N. F. Acers, H. Richards, W. H. Richards, C. M. Simpson, John Francis, W. J. Sapp, James Simpson, John H. Willis, Councilmen, Treasurer, Clerk, Street Commissioner, Marshal.

CHURCHES.

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

PRESBYTERIAN. Corner Madison avenue and Western street. Services 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 1/2 a. m.

BAPTIST. On Syracuse 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 9 1/2 o'clock a. m. C. T. Floyd, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 38. A. F. & A. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. Talbot, W. M.; J. N. White, 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 trains 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.

MURRAY & RICHARDS. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS 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.

Miscellaneous.

L. L. LOW, GENERAL AUCTIONEER. Iola, Kansas. Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.

M. DeMOSS, M. D., OFFICE over Jan. Francis & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Washington avenue, 2nd door south Neosho street.

H. A. NEEDHAM, COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgements 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. 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.

A FLORIDA DAWN.

BY WALLACE HANNAY.

The moon is low in the sky, And a sweet south wind is blowing Where the bergamot blossoms breathe and die In the orchard's scented snowing; But the stars are few and scattered lie Where the sinking moon is going.

With the love-sweet ache a strain Of the night's delicious fluting Stir in the heart with as sweet a pain As the flower feels in fruiting, And the soft air breathes a breath of rain Over buds and tendrils shooting.

For the sweet night faints and dies, Like the blush when love confesses; His passion darts to the cheeks and eyes And dies to its sweet distresses, And the radiant mystery fills the skies Of possible happiness.

Till the sun breaks out on omelets; And mouths of pink perfume, Where the milk-bergamot slakes its leaves; And the rainbow's ribbon bloom, Of the soft gray mist of the morning, weaves A rose in the rose's loom.

The fog, like a great white cloth, Draws out of the orchard and corn, And melts away in a film of froth Like the milk spray on the thorn; And out of her chamber's blush and loath, Like a bride comes the girlish morn.—Harper's Magazine for June.

THE TRUTHFUL RESOLVER.

Mr. John Updownjohn had the misfortune to be a strictly honest man, in which particular he stood lamentably alone. He was constructed peculiarly—he was born into an atmosphere of integrity, and his training had added to his natural bent to a degree that made him as incapable of an untruth, or the semblance thereof, as George Washington himself. Having this tendency, it was for him that he was born with a fortune, for his rigid adherence to his principles unfitted him for almost every occupation. He did try journalism, but was dismissed ignominiously for saying of a candidate of the party with which the paper acted, that he was a thief and a trickster. Then he essayed the law, but he saw enough of law before he had been in an office two weeks, while medicine lasted him scarcely a week. So he determined to do nothing but live on his income and be an honest man.

He adopted certain rules by which he lived, and he could no more depart from them than he could rise from the earth and take a place among the stars. He ate exactly so much, at certain fixed hours, and of certain kinds of food. He drank so many times a day, of certain liquors he fancied were good for him, measuring the quantity with the accuracy and precision of an apothecary; and so far did he carry rule into life, that he put on and off his clothes in certain days in certain months, without reference to weather. I saw him shivering one bright but very cold morning in June, and demanded the reason.

"I laid off my woollens this morning," said he.

"Why lay off your woollens in winter weather?" I asked.

"The 1st of June is my day therefore," said he. "The weather ought to be warm to-day I cannot break my rule."

He never neglected to pay a debt, and never told a lie, not even a white one. He was cut out of an aunt's will, by responding as to how she looked in a certain dress which she had set her heart on, with the simple word "hideous." And the same devotion to truth barred him, no matter what path he took.

He was frightfully unpopular, though, notwithstanding he held a high position among his fellows. His child-like simplicity and sterling integrity made him valuable, and besides every one knew that his devotion to truth was honest, and had nothing of bumpousness or malice in it.

Mr. Updownjohn was a member of the Leviathan Club. I write the word sadly, for he is a Leviathan no more. The cause and manner of his leaving that delightful association of good men is the animus of this paper.

The members of the Leviathan were pleased with the appearance of Mr. Updownjohn, and made much of him. Had they known him better they would have loved him less, for his peculiar virtue was never popular in that club.

He excited attention, first by his habit of correcting loose talking members when their statements were highly flavored with romance; as for instance, when one gentleman asserted that his father owned Flora Temple when she was a colt, using her as common hack, and selling her finally for fifty dollars, Mr. Updownjohn quietly put him down.

"I knew your father," he said, "and a worthy, truthful man he was. He died just three years before Flora Temple was foaled. The mare he used for a hack and sold for fifty dollars must have been some other famous animal. Flora Temple will some day be the death of me. Every raising season some one narrates the circumstance of his father having owned Flora Temple and worked her as a hack, and, what is more exasperating, he always sold her for fifty dollars. Would that I could find one man whose father sold her for sixty dollars or sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. You, my dear sir, are the sixty-eighth man this season whose father once owned Flora Temple. She was the most extensively owned mare I ever knew any thing about."

On another occasion a gentleman detailed with great minuteness how, in doing the regular thing at Niagara by going under the sheet, the wind parted the

torrent and he stepped out upon the shelf outside, when, to his horror, the opening closed, leaving him outside the falling sheet on a narrow ledge of rock. With great presence of mind he darted through the falling sheet and rejoined the frightened party, who supposed him lost forever.

Mr. Updownjohn took pencil and paper, and worked all night and the next day without sleeping or eating. The next evening he exhibited to the hero of this marvelous adventure the weight of the water in that sheet, and demonstrated to him the fact that, had he got under it, he would have been mashed, though he had been constructed of steel.

"Are you sure it was Niagara?" he asked anxiously. "Wasn't it some other fall?"

One day a member died, and the club did the usual thing by him. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the bereavement of the members, and, as ill luck would have it, Updownjohn was put upon the committee.

They met, and, as is always the case, two of the members really had no time to attend to it. One had an engagement at the theater, the other was to take his sister—or some one else's—to the opera.

"Updownjohn," said the first, "you have nothing to do and are handy with the pen. There is no earthly necessity for keeping us here. You just write out the usual resolutions, and send them down to the *Screamer*, the *Spouter*, and the *Spouter in time for to-morrow morning*."

"How shall I treat the deceased?" asked Updownjohn.

"O, in the usual way. Speak of his qualities as a man, the feelings of the club at his untimely taking-off, the sources of consolation we have, his qualities as an actor; hurl in something to alleviate the pangs of his family; speak of his general standing, and put in a strong dose of general comfort, and so on. It'll be all right. You'll attend to it now, won't you?"

"It is a disagreeable duty," replied Updownjohn, "but I will do it."

And they left him to his work.

Now Mr. Updownjohn had no experience in work of this kind, and consequently he wasn't clear as to its form. So he sent for the scrap-book, in which such utterances of the club had been pasted from the beginning. There were a great many sets of resolutions on deceased members (the liquors were had at the Leviathan), and they were precisely alike! They ran as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the Universe, to remove from our midst our estimable brother John James So-and-so; and

WHEREAS, It is fit that he, his afflicted survivors of the Leviathan Club, should publicly express our sore grief at this great bereavement; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of John James So-and-so, this club has lost a worthy member, society an ornament, his family an affectionate father and husband, the State a pillar and defender, and the world at large one it could illly spare.

Resolved, That while we mourn with sorrow that seems to have no alleviation under the great affliction that has fallen upon us, we cannot but bow in humility to this inscrutable decree.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Club House be draped in mourning for thirty days in memory of the deceased.

As he finished, Mr. Updownjohn brought his fist down on the table till the glasses jingled.

"What stuff this is!" he said indignantly. "I knew So-and-so. He was a dishonest and untruthful man—a tyrant in his family, a trader in politics, a disagreeable man in society, and a curse to humanity generally. And they mourn him to mourn Renter, who is to be embalmed to-night. Ha! ha! I will astonish these people. I will write one set of honest resolutions. I knew Renter, who has just gone hence, and justice shall be done him, sure. I will be as mild as I can be, and do him justice, but I will be honest with his memory."

So Mr. Updownjohn called for fresh pens and ink and paper, and wrote; and having made fair copies of what he wrote, took them himself to the offices of the *Screamer*, the *Spouter*, and the *Spouter*, and went home and slept as only he can sleep who rejoices over a duty done and well done.

The next morning the members of the Leviathan were astonished at reading in the journals the following:

WHEREAS, By a long course of most outrageous dissipation, of late nights, of late suppers of the grossest food, of perpetual beverages of the most villainous kind—those that give the stomach no show whatever—by unceasing and unregulated indulgence in the worst possible sensuality, in brief, by a long continued series of the vilest outrages upon the physical, mental, and moral man, our late member, Arthur Simpson Renter, has been taken to that bourne from which we earnestly hope he may never return; and

WHEREAS, When a member of the Leviathan Club expires, it is customary to commemorate him, to give him a send-off, as it were; therefore, be it

Resolved, That when we remember the

villainous habit he had of revoking at

whist, and also his adroit way of sliding out of paying the score whenever he lost

the rubber, our grief at his departure is severely mitigated, if not entirely subdued.

Resolved, That the promptness of our late association in accepting invitations to slake his thirst, and his intolerable tardiness in reciprocating, did more honor to his head than to his heart.

Resolved, That his habitual untruthfulness, utter disregard of his word, and his blustering and overbearing manner, were the best points in him, as they served as a warning to the younger members of the club. For this his demise is to be lamented.

Resolved, That his habit of getting boozed before 11 a. m., and staying in that condition as long as there was a good natured man in the club, gives us, his survivors, good reason to pause and ask no more that conundrum "Why was death introduced into the world?"

Resolved, That when we remember the success with which our late brother borrowed money, and his utter forgetfulness of such transactions, our hearts are softened towards Adam and Eve (through whose sin death was made part of the economy of nature), and we publicly thank that lady and gentleman for their investigating turn of mind, and hurl back indignantly the charge that they did not do the best thing possible for posterity.

Resolved, That in the death of our late brother, who was vile as an actor as he was bad as a man, the long-suffering theater-going public have a boon, the sweetness of which cannot be over-stated, and upon which we extend them hearty congratulations.

Resolved, that we congratulate Mrs. Renter upon the fact that her private fortune was settled upon herself, and so skillfully tied up that her late husband, our deceased brother, could not get a cent of it. And we do this, remembering how often we have mourned that it was so, for the reason, that, could he have touched it, he would have drunk himself into an untimely tomb several years sooner than he did. Death, with us, buries all animosity and does away with all acrimony.

Resolved, That the Club House be illuminated the night of the funeral, and be draped in white for thirty days in honor of this happy event.

Resolved, That this truthful tribute to the memory of our deceased brother be published in the *Screamer*, the *Spouter*, and the *Spouter*.

To say there was an uproar in the club the next morning, as these resolutions were read, would be to convey a very faint idea of the case. In the midst of it, when it was at its height entered Updownjohn, cleanly shaven, and as serene as a June morning.

"Did you write and publish this miserable mess—this ghastly concoction of infernalism?" demanded a score of indignant men.

"Did I write these resolutions, you mean? I did. I was appointed a committee to emblame the memory of the late Renter in the daily papers. I did it. Do you find anything objectionable in them?"

"Why, you assert that he was a sponge!" exclaimed one.

"Unhappily it is the truth. I have myself paid for gallons of liquor for him."

"You said he was a bad actor."

"The worst I ever suffered under."

"What will his wife think of what you said of him?"

"She will recognize the portrait and with us thank Heaven for her release."

"You have given it as the sense of the club that he was—"

"Everything that was bad, mean and disreputable. Very good. It is true every word of it. He owes me thirty-seven dollars, sixty-three cents and a third, which he has owed (it was borrowed) since July 9, 1871, at twenty-seven minutes past ten o'clock in the evening. And every man of you is also his creditor. If there is a man thing that he has not done, it has escaped my notice."

By this time Mr. Updownjohn saw that his fellow members were angry, and he at once lost his balance and became angry too.

Brandishing his umbrella (it was not raining, but as it was the time of month when it should have rained, he carried it), he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you have had one set of resolutions written which contained nothing but the truth, not the whole truth, for my time was limited, and it was impossible to get in all that I could have said, and besides I desired to be as lenient as possible. Having written nothing but truth, you are offended. It is well. I will have nothing to do with a club where the truth cannot be told. Truth, if not the immediate jewel of my soul, is very close to it. Gentleman, adieu. You have seen the last of John Updownjohn. Should I stay, I might be called upon to resolve over some of your remains, and as I cannot tell a lie, it would be unpleasant."

And that afternoon the directory received his resignation, and he was seen there no more.

There is no particular moral to this. There are very few men in the world of whom it would be pleasant, as the world now goes to tell the truth. Therefore,

all who read these lines live, as does he who writes them, so that when asrael waves his dark pinions over them, they may lie down and die, feeling certain that when the committee on resolutions, though they may be as truthful as Updownjohn, will say nothing that will call a spirit blush to their cheeks in the hereafter.—D. R. Locke, in *National Monthly*.

Whisky Rings 1794—1875.

In 1790 there was nearly 5,000 public and private whisky stills in Pennsylvania. The private stills were the property of farmers who worked up their surplus rye and corn into whisky, and by thus reducing its bulk made it available as an article of commerce. Corn juice was at that time as much a staple article of consumption as beef, pork, or flour. Everybody drank whisky. Almost every body imbibed with an unclouded conscience. The preacher warmed his rhetoric with a little old rye, and the good deacon thought it no harm if the power of the spiritual exercises were somewhat enhanced by the sustaining influence of a well-bought toddy. Whisky was a power in those days, so strong that it, at one time, seemed in a fair way to disrupt the Union and upset the Father of his Country.

The trouble broke out in the four western counties of Pennsylvania, and was called the "Whisky Insurrection." It had its origin in an excise laid upon whisky by the advice of Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury; a tax made necessary by the assumption on the part of the Federal Government of the debts of the several States. The sum to be raised in view of this added debt amounted to about \$236,000 per annum, and Congress, in 1791-2, attempted to provide for it by a tax upon imported spirits, and an excise upon whisky.

The duty on imported spirits varied from twenty to forty cents a gallon, the excise varied from nine to twenty-five cents per gallon on spirits distilled from grain, and from eleven to thirty cents when the material was molasses or any imported product. Small stills, not easy of access were to pay an annual rate of sixty cents per gallon on their estimated capacity. Each State was put under a Supervisor of Internal Revenue, and under him were district inspectors, gaugers, etc.

President Washington, soon after the tax was voted, took a tour among the Southern States affected by it, and through his personal influence, doubtless prevented any serious opposition. But in the North the disaffection was fomented through the so-called "Democratic political societies," in sympathy with Jefferson, then Secretary of State, Randolph, Attorney General, George Clinton, and the anti-Federalists.

In 1794, sustained by hopes of support from other disaffected sections, and even contemplating successful secession from the Union as a possible result of resistance to the excise, the Pennsylvania insurrectionists carried matters with the utmost insolence and reckless contempt of the Federal authority. United States officials attempting to exercise their office were seized, tarred and feathered, whipped and forced to resign their commission or leave the country, and sometimes to do both. Gen. Neville, a conspicuous patriot of the Revolution,—who, when the news of Lexington reached him, raised a company at his own expense, and marched them to Boston, depending on his personal services and popularity, attempted to pacify the insurrectionary districts and collect the tax. As a result he was besieged in his own house, eight miles from Pittsburgh. He sent to the garrison at that place for reinforcements. Twelve regulars went to his aid. The next day five hundred infuriated Regulators, "Sons of Liberty" they called themselves, approached. Neville, through the entreaties of his friends, finally consented to leave the premises. An attack was made. After some shooting, the out-buildings surrounding the mansion of Neville were fired; the flames communicated with the main building. The soldiers promptly surrendered, and the residence of Gen. Neville, the finest at that time west of the Allegheny Mountains, was reduced to ashes.

This and other similar instances of violence brought matters to a crisis. Gov. Mifflin of Pennsylvania was opposed to coercion, so that Washington, in order to employ the military, procured the certificate of one of the Judges of the Supreme (U. S.) Court that the execution of the laws was obstructed in the insurrectionary district. Upon this a proclamation was at once issued, calling upon the insurgents to disperse and submit. Fifteen thousand volunteers were called for, and apportioned to the contiguous States of Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey as well as Pennsylvania.

Gov. Mifflin sunk the politician in the patriot, and from the eastern portion of Pennsylvania secured the quota assigned to his State. The troops rapidly concentrated at Bedford, Washington, and Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, joined them. They crossed the mountains with difficulty, and after much suffering.

The display of overwhelming force scared the insurgents, their councils became divided; the ringleaders fled the country; the courage of the rest cooled out, and the authority of the Govern-

ment was restored without serious opposition. Informers flooded the camp of the invading army and guided dragoons to the mountain gorges and secluded valleys where clandestine whisky had been manufactured. The Government was prompt, ruthless, and sweeping in its seizures and prosecutions. Suspected parties were seized and sent to Philadelphia for trial. A detachment of volunteers was re-enlisted for six months and quartered in the disaffected district, and, as a result of their efforts, the insurgent whisky makers became the most "truly loyal" people in the country.

It was the hardest ring George Washington ever attempted to fight. It included congressmen, prominent politicians, and members of the Cabinet. It was fostered for partisan by probably the most efficient secret political organization ever established in this country. It was aided by prevalent discontent arising from entirely distinct causes; yet the ring was broken; the power of the nation was augmented, and the self-respect of the Government maintained through the moderation, firmness and decision of his advisers. The job undertaken by President Grant and Secretary Bristow, in 1875, is, in view of all the circumstances, mere child's play, when compared to the raid made by President Washington and Secretary Hamilton upon the whisky ring of Pennsylvania in 1794.—*Chicago Post and Mail*.

Would not Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young lady, and seemed to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic," she turned up her pretty nose.

This was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for a wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about groshops—and the soft, ardent, silly, misgosh girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic, eh?—you whose brothers are well-dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so verdant, so soft, to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures.

Beware, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one of these days be menial to one of them. Far better to discharge the well-fed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and to take to your affection the callous handed industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their backs on honest industry. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

Snake-Charmers at Senares.

One morning two snake-charmers called at the hotel. Around their necks huge boa-constrictors were twined, and each carried jars of smaller snakes, and one of scorpions. The performance consisted in taking the venomous snakes from the jars in which they lay coiled, and, in picking them up, the men placed their fingers in the reptiles' mouths tantalizing them to frenzy, and then wrapping the whole about their heads and necks, where the hissing, writhing mass presented a frightful spectacle.

A cobra bit the finger of one of the men twice, and each time he immediately made use of various charms—placed a small round stone over the cut flesh, smelt of a piece of wood resembling flagroot, and then used it for marking a circle about his wrist. This he told me would effectually prevent the absorption of the poison into the system. The stone draws out the blood, and with it, of course, the virus. It is generally supposed, however, and with much reason, that the poison glands of the cobra have been removed in the first instance by the crafty snake-charmers. Several times the cobras advanced until within a foot of my chair, but turned back at command of their masters. During the entertainment one of the men played at intervals upon a sort of fagoleet. The scorpion *divertissement* consisted in stringing numbers of them together (as the whips of the Furies were made), which the men then hung upon their lips, nose and ears.—*Frank Vincent, Jr. Scribner for June*.

The following anecdote has been resuscitated in Boston, under the excitement of the Lexington and Concord celebrations: While the British troops were marching through Old Cambridge, one of them said, jestingly, to a farmer sowing seed: "You may sow but we shall reap." "Well, perhaps you may," was the reply, "for I am sowing hemp."

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles which are imposed upon it; it is thus that we enter upon the most perilous plans after having had the shame of failing in more simple ones.

The Smith System.

The "Smith method" of calculating the population of cities may be new to some of our readers. Chicago and St. Louis, those jealous rivals, have been trying it. It is claimed that in the United States there is one Smith to every 540 persons. The St. Louis directory shows 906 Smiths, and by applying the other factor in the calculation the population is shown to be 489,240. This being published in a St. Louis paper, a Chicago editor rises to remark that the Smith family there materializes much better than that. He finds 1,390 Smiths, 48 Smyths, Smits, Schmidts, etc., making in all 1,438. He multiplies this by 540, and behold Chicago population looms up to 776,520. As he proclaims the result, he casts a glance of mingled pity and scorn at the insignificant little village over in Missouri.—*N. Y. Mail*.

They Didn't Take in Washing.

A good old minister of one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed a desire on the next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves. After its performance however, he was somewhat chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor.

A few Sundays after the same worthy elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion.

"And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister.

"Two I regret to say, are all we can depend upon," was the elder's reply.

"Very well," said the good old man, "you may as well inform the eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

Horace Mann used to tell a story of a conversation he once had with an inmate of a lunatic asylum at Worcester, Mass., whose peculiar mania resulted from an inordinate development of the bump of self-esteem. "What's the news? Has any thing unusual happened of late, sir?"