

THE IOLA REGISTER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for ad type and duration, and rows for different rates.

Business Directory.

- NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. President: Ulysses S Grant. Vice-President: Henry Wilson. Chief Justice: Morrison R. Waite. Secretary of State: Hamilton Fish. Secretary of War: Win W Belknap. Secretary of the Treasury: George M. Bristow. Secretary of the Interior: Columbus Smith. Attorney General: Edwards Pierpont. Postmaster General: Marshall D. Webb. Speaker of the House: James G. Blaine. Clerk of the House: Geo C. Bonham. Clerk of the Senate: Edward McPherson.

SUNRISE IN VENICE.

Night seems troubled and scarce sleep; Her brows are gathered in broken rest; Sulen old lines of dark Saint Mark. And a star in the east starts up from the deep. White as my lilies that grow in the west. Hist! men are passing hurriedly. I see the yellow wide wings of a hawk Sail silently over my morning-star. I see men move in the morning dark, Tall and silent as columns are— Great stately ones that are good to see. With hair pushed back and with open breasts; Barefooted fishermen seeking their boats, Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats— Brave old water-dogs, wed to the sea, First to their labors and last to their rest.

Ancient Cave-Dwellings in Arizona.

In the bluffs of Beaver Creek, a small stream tributary to the Rio Verde, and about three miles distant in a northerly direction from Camp Verde, Arizona, are about fifty walled caves of various sizes, each the hiding-places of some prehistoric people of whom the present Indian tribes of that locality have no knowledge or traditions. At this point the river makes a bend, the chord of which is a quarter of a mile long. The walls are of a yellow calcareous rock, and about one hundred feet high. These caves are from five to twenty feet in depth. The mouths are closed by masonry work of stone and cement still in a good state of preservation. The larger caves are divided by wood and stone partitions and floors into numerous smaller apartments, where it would seem that this strange people passed years of doubt and fear, threatened by famine within, and by cruel persecution and torture from a besieging enemy without.

Col. D. R. Anthony.

It will be nine weeks to-morrow night since Col. Anthony was shot with a pistol in close contact; the ball weighing 1 oz. It passed directly through the right clavicle (collar bone) near its center, fracturing it across and splintering it badly, though not materially displacing the fragments. He bled profusely, say fully half a gallon. The surgeons declared it to be arterial blood. The entrance of the ball was directly over the subclavian artery. No pulsation existed in the continuation of that artery beyond the site of the wound, until July 4th—eight weeks from the time of the hurt. From that date the pulse in the wrist has increased perceptibly from day to day, until the collateral circulation is very nearly established. Within a minute after the wound was received, he completely fainted, and for some time he was thought to be dead. He slowly revived, however, and by four o'clock in the morning (the shot was at ten P. M.) reaction had so far taken place that it was thought safe to remove him from the Opera House, where he had lain all night, to his residence. From the moment of his fainting he has never lost a drop of blood. During that time, while the heart stood still, a blood clot was formed in the mouth of the severed artery, which remained there thirty-six hours, until Wednesday morning, the 12th, when it gave way, and the blood rushed through into the surrounding parts. The bursting of that clot was the critical moment at which the surgeons feared, any expected, secondary hemorrhage. But, instead, the delicate tissues proved strong enough to stay the surging blood-tide and form themselves into an aneurism—a little bag or sack—which has lasted to this time. The blood, rushing into that sack at every heart-beat, is not only perceptible to the touch, but its whirring sound is distinctly heard by the Colonel and all who place their ear close to it.

Vinnie Ream's Girlhood.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes of Vinnie Ream: This bewildering young moulder of graven images is a Kansas girl. The paternal Ream for many years was a resident of this State, where he followed the avocation of hotel keeping. He opened first in the Shawnee House, Leavenworth, and afterward in the Eldridge House at Wyandotte. The patrons of these hotels and citizens of the towns named recall the Vinnie Ream of those days as a pert, plump little body, with remarkably bright eyes and a "handy" way of waiting upon the guests at the table; and it is related that when the family made the journey from Leavenworth to Wyandotte she drove the cow, walking the whole distance barefooted to save her only pair of shoes. Nobody who knew her in this sylvan era of her girlhood is able to recall a single sign in her looks or her actions of a bent for chiseling statues. And yet it is fair to suppose that the "divine afflatus" had at least a whispering lodgment in her mind even then, if we are to accept the flattering estimate which her friends put upon her work as an artist. If she ever "sculpted" anything in Kansas except biscuits and butter-rolls, there is no record or remembrance of it; nor is it known here how and when she first commenced her work of miracles in stone. She had but little education and no art training when she left Kansas; and to people thereabouts she is herself a greater wonder than all her statues. It seems nearly impossible to credit the fact that a girl who only a few years ago was washing dishes in a frontier boarding-house should now be winning world-wide attention in a sphere which is supposed to demand the highest and subtlest genius. Putting aside the question of the real value of her work as an artist, the fact of her success as a woman, her triumph over obstacles which few men find it possible to surmount, is not without signal claim to general and praiseful recognition. If success be the true test of merit her title to fame is above dispute.

Pioneering Then and Now.

Ellis Dukes, residing on Drun Creek, formerly of Vermillion county, Illinois, like many others can recollect early times in that great State when his father used to haul his wheat to Chicago, one hundred and thirty miles distant, and sell it for forty cents a bushel. Then Chicago was their nearest market, and Vermillion county, though on the eastern border of the State was a comparative wilderness. It took them nearly half a century to bring a new country up to what this is to-day. The march of civilization was then slower and impeded by difficulties and dangers which we of this time know nothing of. We too seldom reflect, when grumbling about our own condition, how pioneer life of to-day is changed from what it used to be. In fact we know but little of real backwoods experience now-a-days, except as we find it perpetuated in the fireside stories of our grandfathers. The men who broke the road for civilization in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, knew what pioneer life meant. They built their log cabins afar off in the wilderness surrounded by the savage beasts of the forest, and the no less bloodthirsty Indians whose frequent incursions made the life of the settler by night and by day one of constant watching and peril. The faithful dog and the trusty rifle belonged to every family and were its essential bulwarks against all the dangers of the time.

How he Won Her.

A young couple were occupying a rustic seat in the park one evening and from the expression of the masculine representative's face it was evident that he was a "goner," drifted as it were over the great psychological Niagara of affection, and was even then being dizzily whirled about the frothy whirlpool of sentiment. The swimming swans had no charms for him; the eagles were as nothing; and he did not even notice the big white bear. "O, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer his end of the seat. She made herself rigid, and heaved a sigh. "I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged. No reply. "I'll never drink another drop," he continued. Still unrelenting at the object of his adoration. "And give up chewing—" No response. "And smoking—" Cold as ever. "And join the church—" She only shook her head. "And give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in desperation. Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and leaning her fingers on his shoulder, tremblingly murmured in to his ravished ear: "Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!" And there they sat, and sat, till the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the diamond ring, and he of how on earth he was to get it.

CITY OFFICERS.

- Mayor: W. C. Jones. Police Judge: J. R. Boyd. Police: G. W. Apple, N. F. Acers, J. H. Richards, W. H. Richards, C. M. Simpson, J. C. Brown, J. L. Woodin, L. E. Rhodes, D. H. Horvill, A. W. Howland, Isaac Houshaker.

A Beautiful Incident.

William IV expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the Kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed," with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle and made his way with all possible speed to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the princess—already by the law of succession—Queen Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in the ante-room. He informed the princess of the demise of William, and formally announced to her that she was in law and right successor to the deceased monarch. "The sovereignty of the most powerful nation on the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was deeply agitated at the formidable words, "so fraught with blessings or calamity." The first words she was able to utter were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf." They knelt down together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel, in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude." The sequel of her reign has been worthy of such a beginning. Every throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England was never as firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people as at the present hour. Queen Victoria enjoys a personal influence, too—the heart-felt homage paid to her as a wife, a mother and a benefactor to the poor, a Christian woman, incomparably wiser and greater than any monarch now reigning. She is loved at home and admired abroad.

Why the President was Not Present at Bunker Hill.

Neither the President nor Cabinet were present at the Bunker Hill Centennial Celebration. The N. Y. Herald gives the following reasons therefor: Our Long Branch correspondent informed us recently that the President had resolved not to attend the Celebration at Bunker Hill, and that the Cabinet had arrived at the same conclusion. This information is confirmed by the fact that neither the President nor any of his Cabinet were in attendance at the celebration. The reason for this action on the part of the President is that he represents the discussion which has taken place as to the bills incurred by himself and his party when they visited the celebration of the battle of Lexington. The President felt that this discussion on the part of the local authorities in New England was an offense of the gravest character, the insult of a host to a guest. The President visited New England at the invitation of the authorities. His presence was a gracious and kindly act, adding largely to the success of the celebration. He was not allowed to incur any expense, or to bear any portion of his entertainment. Yet as soon as he returned he found that the bills for his entertainment had been made matters of discussion, and that questions had been asked as to whether the President should or should not drink wine, or should or should not smoke cigars; that the amount of wine charged in the bill had been a matter of amazement and reproach, and that one of the Committee went so far as to express his alarm lest the habits of President Grant should lead him into an unusual painful condition of life.

Why He Rode.

Leo Lespe, the brilliant French writer who died recently, never went on foot, but this custom was introduced, says Charlevri, by Count D'Alton-Shee, and had the following origin. One day he was walking in Paris with a young lady, who suddenly said: "Oh! what a charming bracelet! Look there, my friend." So he bought it. A little further on she saw a fan. "Ah! the delicious fan!" quoth she. He bought it. A little further on she saw an ebony casket. "Ah! what a casket!" said she, "I've wanted just such a one ever so long!" How could he help buying it? The next day the Count said to himself: "Let us always take a cabriolet; it will not cost more than walking." Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in its passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like green in a landscape, harmonizing every color, mellowing the light, softening the hues of the dark, or like a lute in a full concert of instrumental sounds, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

A Monument at Sea.

Several years ago the famous obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle, was donated by the Egyptian to the British Government, but the latter, although several plans have been proposed, has heretofore considered no scheme as overcoming the engineering difficulties of removing the monolith from its present site near Alexandria to the shore, and thence transporting it by sea to England. We learn from the London Times that an attempt is now shortly to be made, and the project which has been adopted is as follows: The obelisk, which is quadrilateral in shape, is first to be changed into a cylinder. This will be done by attaching heavy beams, strongly connected together, to each face, until the desired form is obtained, the work being continued very carefully, and excavations being made, little by little, until the entire shaft from apex to foundation, is enveloped. It will not be difficult then to roll the monument over a wooden road, laid over the sand hills which cover the intervening mile between the present location and the sea.

The Fope's Household.

According to the Official Annual of the Vatican the Household of Pius IX. is composed of 20 major domos, chamberlains, etc., 190 domestic prelates, 170 supernumerary armed private attendants, 6 armed ditto, 30 officers, consisting of the staff of the Noble Guard, and 60 privates, about 130 supernumerary armed private followers, 20 attendants of honors in violet uniforms, about 70 others for outside the city, 16 officers of the Swiss and Palatine Guards, 7 private chaplains, 50 honorary ditto for outside the city, 20 private priests and ordinary supernumerary chaplains, 10 intendants, equeries, etc., 50 ushers and others. The whole gives 1,160 persons, to which must be added the Sacred College.

The New York Graphic gets off the following exorbitant bit of sarcasm.

It is a timely hit on the abuse that the opposition are heaping on the President and his administration. The Graphic is not a political paper: The tyrannical administration of President Grant is now engaged in oppressing the poor distillers and rectifiers. As the result of Secretary Bristow's secret machinations, they have been compelled to fork over more than \$650,000 of back taxes, which they had honorably commuted by a little benevolent arrangement with the inspectors and gaugers; some forty-seven establishments have been seized and shut up by the same foe of industry; and Grant has confiscated hundreds of thousands of gallons of as good whisky as was ever employed to promote the welfare of the race, while sixty-six worthy gentlemen have been turned out of office merely because, being thrifty, they consented to a reciprocal understanding with the whisky producers, which abolished their labor and doubled their salaries. For this they were sacrificed and driven into the party. Can such things be, and the country still keep right on preparing for the Centennial? Is there no balm in Gilead?

Secret Societies.

- IOLA LODGE, NO. 38. A. F. & A. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALBOT, W. M. J. R. WATKINS, 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.

An Infernal Town.

The Humboldt (Nev.) Register of the 11th ult. says: "Theodore Hale has named his brimstone mine situated in Humboldt county, 'Inferno,' and has located and laid out a town around it bearing the same classic appellation. The new town is supplied with numerous streets, avenues, alleys, etc., with names corresponding with that of the town. For instance the stream near it is called the 'River Styx,' the pass in the canon is denominated 'Hellgate,' the streets are known as 'Devil's avenue,' 'Brimstone lane,' 'Whisky alley,' 'Imp's promenade,' etc. The prominent places of resort are the 'Robber's Roost,' 'Murderer's Retreat,' 'Palace Inferno,' and 'Devil's Delight.' There being no wood or coal to be had in the town the fires are entirely made of brimstone or sulphur produced from the mines. The stream near the town called the Styx, is not a stream of water as one might suppose, but of melted sulphur and liquid potash. Their bibulants are sulphur cocktails, brimstone punches and potassium lemonades. We regret to state that the entire town of Inferno, at the sulphur mines was destroyed by fire. The fire originated at Palace Inferno, which was built entirely of brimstone like all the other buildings in the place. There being no water or Babcock fire extinguisher in the place, the burning element melted, and running along Devil's avenue and Imp's promenade, set fire to the 'Murderer's Retreat,' and from thence all over the town, which was soon reduced to a veritable 'lake of fire and brimstone.'"

Why He Rode.

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A Martyr to Science.

The case of Mr. Walker, of Brooklyn, who sacrificed his life to science, is attracting much attention. Extract of hemlock is much used by the medical profession—its use becoming more and more extensive daily. Whether Mr. Walker designed to take his own life or not, will probably never be known, but the fact he did take the fatal drug, and while under its influence, and even in the shadow of death, noted carefully, and step by step, its workings upon his system, has suggested everywhere a comparison with those martyrs to science who have "died that others might live." A distinguished physician who was present at the autopsy remarked that "this one man's death is worth a thousand lives."

How he Won Her.

A young lady was standing on the wharf, waving her handkerchief at a schooner lying in the stream. "Know anybody aboard?" queried her companion as he came along. "No, I don't but they are waving their handkerchiefs at me," she replied. "Hand (ha) ker (hoo) chiefs!" he exclaimed, dropping his basket and leaning against a wood pile: "why, then, the men's shirts hung up to dry." She waved into a warehouse.

The English Arctic Expedition takes along 1,000 tons of provisions—enough to last three years. Everything which will tend to the comfort of the crews and enable them to amuse themselves during the leisure hours in the long days and nights which they will spend in the northern regions has been provided. No expedition has been so well fitted out for an Arctic voyage of discovery, and this, added to the knowledge gained by American expeditions, it is believed will enable the English adventurers to reach the pole, and so solve the Arctic problem. Each ship of the expedition is supplied with pigeons similar to those used in the Franco-Prussian war. Part of these birds are to convey messages from the aldehyde party to the Alert; the others to communicate with the Discovery.

HAIR DRESSING.—An excellent dressing for the hair is the following: 1 pint alcohol; 1 ounce tincture of cantharides; 2 ounces of castor oil. Perfume to suit rub thoroughly into the roots of the hair every few days. No dressing will do so much good unless you brush your hair frequently and thoroughly. A hundred strokes of the brush every night is a good plan.

SQUASH BUGS.—The following is claimed to be a certain preventive for the pests of the squash and melon bugs: To two quarts of gypsum put one tablespoon of kerosene oil; this sprinkled on the vines when the dew is on, will generally answer for the season. If the bugs return repeat the operation.

Hotels.

- LELAND HOUSE. B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor, IOLA, KANSAS. This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable 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.
- FRANK W. BARTLETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Kansas. Money to loan on long time and at low rates or well improved farms in Allen county. 9 25
- J. C. MURRAY, J. H. RICHARDS, County Attorneys.
- MURRAY & RICHARDS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sum 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 caskets covered on inside and outside always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.
- 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.
- J. E. THORP, BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Northrup's. Fuel, Produce and Vegetables of all kinds taken in exchange for sale cheap; also a fine quality of Hair Oil.
- D. F. GIVENS, WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER, at the postoffice. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewels, Rings, pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

1,000 TONS OF HAY WANTED!

From and after the 15th of July we will be prepared to BUY HAY DELIVERED AT OUR PRESS IN IOLA. We expect to continue buying throughout the season, and will pay the best price that can be afforded in cash for all the hay made within hauling distance of Iola; but it must be cut early, well cured, fresh and bright. Bleached and inferior hay will not pay for transportation at any price. S. T. ELLIS & CO.

It's generally the case with bad boys,

philosophically remarks Miss Anthony, "that they look like their mother and act like their father."

Two famous Australian running horses

managed by a Mr. Bowers, are coming to compete for the \$30,000 purse offered at San Francisco for the October races.