

The Editor's Advisers.

Says one, your subjects are too grave, Too much morality you have—

Too much about religion; Give me some wince or wizard tales, With slipshod ghosts, with fimsy and scales,

Or fathers like a pigeon. I love to read, another cries, These monstrous fashionable lies—

In other words, those novels, Composed of kings, and queens, and lords, Of border wars and gothic hordes,

That used to live in hovels. No—no, cried one, we've had enough Of such confounded love-sick stuff,

To craze the fair creation; Give us some recent foreign news, Of Russian, Turk, the Greeks and Jews,

Or any other nation. Another cries, I want more fun, A witty anecdote or pun,

A rebuker or a riddle; Some long for missionary news, And some of worldly carnal views,

Would like to hear a fiddle. Another cries, I want to see A jumbled up variety—

Variety in all things— A miscellaneous hodge-podge print Composed—only to give that hint—

Of multifarious small things. I want some marriage news, says miss, It constitutes my highest bliss

To hear of weddings plenty; For in a time of general rain, None suffers from a drought, 'tis plain—

At least not one in twenty. I want to hear of deaths, says one, Of people totally undone

By losses, fire, or fever; Another answers full as wise, I'd rather have the fall and rise

Of mecon skins or beaver. Some signify a secret wish For now and then a savory dish

Of politics to suit their ease; But here we rest in perfect ease, For should they swear the moon was cheese,

We never should dispute them. Of grave or humorous, wild or tame, Lofly or low, 'tis all the same,

Too haughty or too humble. And every editorial wight Has sought to do but what is right,

And let the grumbler grumble. A Lawyer's Adventure. About three or four years ago, more or less,

I was practicing law in Illinois on a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C—,

by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse stealing.

She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town.

I told her that I was a young man at the bar, etc. She mournfully said that she had a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of being a counterfeiter, whose head quarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drunk. I fear it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did and passed it to him."

Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. O how earnestly I did plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgeted and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting.

If I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecution had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out. The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke, under attachment. Finding I was a neek ahead and bound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents, (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village of Mt. Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men evidently of the high strung order. They swept past as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me asked me to "wet," or in other words diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard, but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board.

They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mt. Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a nice stopping place, and then drove on. I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sully, but in a belt around my body. I drove slow in hopes that they would go on and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when we saw a tavern sign ahead. In the same time I saw their wagon stood before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up and a woman came to the door. She turned very pale, but did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as a traveling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so. "By G—d, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not," said I, purposely showing the butt of a coil which kicks six times in rapid succession. The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept.

She advanced and proffered me a light, and in so doing, slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written with a pencil the moment before. Never shall I forget the words—they were:

"Beware! they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them!" I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman. "What—are you not going to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I, "I shall stay here to-night." "We'll all stay then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut-throats. "You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in!" "Good on your head! More whisky, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old fashioned, and "linch pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one of them from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road led down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later, I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon.

One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to Mt. Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away and two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money—but I didn't travel that road any more.

Col. Titus. This hero is again to shed his benignant influence in Kansas. The N. O. Delta, just received, says:

By a private letter, received by a gentleman of this city, we learn that Col. Titus is about to depart from New York to Kansas. He complains bitterly of the injustice done him by the Niagara correspondents, and declares his intention to make good his reputation for bravery, if occasion arises, in that territory.

"The northern abolition papers," he says, "will have enough to do to keep track of me." A subscriber writes to an American editor in the West: "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied: "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."

From the Vicksburg Sentinel. The Girl with the Calico Dress.

A fig for your upper-tens girls With their velvets and satins and laces, Their diamonds, rubies and pearls, And their milliner figures and faces;

They may shine at a party or ball, Embellished with half their possessions, But give me in place of them all, My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair— As the rose in its earliest bloom; Her teeth will with ivory compare, And her breath with the clover perfume.

Her step is as free and as light As the fawn's which the hunters hard press, And her eye is as soft and as bright— My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foppings may sneer, At her simple and modest attire, But the charms she permits to appear, Would set a whole iceberg on fire.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true, And kind to her father and mother; She studies how much she can do For her sweet little sisters and brother.

If you want a companion for life, To comfort, enliven and bless, She is just the right sort of a wife— My girl with the calico dress.

The Sham Family. Mr. Sham lives up town in a brown-stone front, with damask and lace at the windows. He is a respectable man, always courteous and ready to do you a kindness, or to make an ingenious excuse if he cannot.

Mr. Sham hires his coach and horses by the year, and his handsome coachman, too; but, if he spoke of them, he would tell you, in round terms, that his establishment cost him a coal two thousand; and he wouldn't think of keeping so expensive an equipage, only Mrs. Sham's health is delicate, and the little Shams, cooped up as they are in the city, need a daily drive out of town.

Mr. Sham sports a dashing watch, with heavy seal and chain, that look very much like gold, owing to a singular custom of their owner, who uses a certain white powder and a piece of buckskin on them every morning; and nobody surmises that Mr. Sham would wear anything but gold. That worthy gentleman is constantly talking of his family across the world, all of whom are dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, and squires of high degree.

He is to come into possession of a fabulous fortune when somebody dies, for whom he has too sincere a respect to wish that consummation devoutly. He is going to buy such and such a country-seat the next summer, if business will only be kind enough just to slack a little, a very little, just long enough to let him run up to L. or D., to survey the premises and examine the deed.

Everything belonging to Mr. Sham is mortgaged, except his wife and children, and so are they, to an inexorable degree, to ultimate ruin. Mr. Sham is a great boaster; in plain language, Mr. Sham is a great liar; he has lied so long that the poor man never knows when he tells the truth himself; indeed, his conscience only troubles him when he is not inventing.

Mrs. Sham!—a magnificent person in red velvet, and a grand match for her husband. Dine with Mrs. Sham. Hear her regret that her head cook (a fabulous personage) was unfortunately taken sick, and is suffering up stairs with a headache. Notice her reprimand to Harriet Jane, the eldest daughter, that she did not make that stupid Biddy put on the best set of silver. Hear her talk of the pleasure of her last year's traveling tour, when she staid at home all summer, shut up in the back part of her house. Behold her jewelry, paste and Irish diamonds; her lace—nothing but sham in place of the real. Listen to the stories she tells of her childhood: if you did not know that her mother was once an honest, hard-working wash-woman, you would be tempted to believe that she had never taken a step on the cold ground in her life before she was married, and that in some way she was related to Queen Victoria or to Louis Napoleon.

The little Shams are epitomes of both parents. They begin already to substitute the false for the real; to brag of deeds they never performed; to talk of families they never visited; and to watch each other closely, that there may be no discrepancies. Poor, unhappy little Shams! what a life they will lead! and if they should happen to fall from the scale in which they appear at present to be snugly balanced, I fear they will find apartments in a strong house with iron bars at the windows, and whose degradation and discipline are anything but shams.

Buchanan and Webster.—Soon after the great expounder had discharged one of his heavy guns in the United States senate, a gentleman was extolling him to Buchanan. "Yes," said the latter, "he is a great statesman, but no politician." The same individual met Mr. Webster a few days subsequently, and improved the occasion to elicit his opinion of the philosopher of Wheatland, and singularly enough, he said of Buchanan, "he is a great politician, but no statesman."—Boston Transcript.

Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Timmins: "The doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

A Tea Party.—An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty old women, who were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty-nine children! They must have had something to talk about at that tea party.

"My son, how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father, I'm not able to keep two women. If I had married a Yankee girl I'd been obliged to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped—they are entirely too long for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

A western poet witnessed a pugilistic encounter, which he thus immortalized: And Isaac pitched into him And hym pitched into he; The way they fyte it was a sin, And horrible to see!

Exercises for School Girls.

The subject of education is attracting much attention in the country, and within the last few years great improvements have been made. But although much has been done, the work of reformation is not complete. There is one glaring defect which must be remedied, ere we can conscientiously remain quiet.

This defect is the want of proper physical exercise in girls' schools. In all the better classes of boys' schools, a gymnasium is considered an indispensable appendage; while girls are suffered to grow up without the advantages necessary for the perfect development of the system.

As the occupations of the female sex are more sedentary than those of men, the former should be armed with vigorous constitutions, to enable them to perform their duties in life. On the contrary, the greater portion of girls have no other exercise than a walk to school; which, however long, is insufficient to develop the muscles of the arms and chest.

Most of the maladies and weaknesses of modern ladies are attributable to the want of proper physical training in youth. Pale cheeks, headache, indigestion, and nervous debility, are, in the majority of cases, produced by the same cause, from which also arises that scourge of the female sex, spine disease, in its various forms.

In all institutions of learning in this country, an apartment fitted up for gymnastic exercises should be considered indispensable. In that case, rosy cheeks and finely-formed busts would no longer be uncommon.

It has been remarked that the race is degenerating in the United States; and among the various causes assigned as the reason for it, the heat of our climate in summer, and the rigor of our winters, have been the chief. Should not the want of proper physical education of girls be rather adduced?

Can a healthy offspring proceed from a frail and delicate parent? Let the mothers be endowed with vigorous constitutions, and there will be as little likelihood of degeneracy of the race in this country as in any other.

An old woman who lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvelous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before:

"What's the news?" "Why, good woman," said he, "the Indians have fixed a crow-bar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world!"

"Oh mercy! what shall I do?" and away she ran to tell the neighbors of the danger, and inquire how such a calamity could be averted.

"Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed—we have our Maker's promise that He will not again destroy the world by water."

"I know that," returned the old lady, hesitatingly, "but He's nothing to do with it—it's them plaguey Indians."

A certain sculptor, well known to fame and fun, is not so well known to moral scruples when he yearns for a dram. On one of his "cleaned-out" occasions he fell in with a green youth with plenty of pocket money, and being expert at chiseling, he flattered his appearance highly. "My boy," said he, clapping him on the back patronizingly, "you've got a fine head—fine head—elegant contour! I must bust you, my boy!" And he did bust him before they parted.

"I am astonished at your decision," said a young lawyer to a judge, who had declared against him. "This remark cannot be permitted," said the judge, "and an apology will be necessary on your part." "Permit me," said the senior counsel, "to offer an excuse for my young friend; he is new in these matters, and when he has practiced as long before your honor as I have, he will be astonished at nothing!"

A printer not long ago, being "flung" by his sweetheart, went to the office and tried to commit suicide with the "shooting stick"; but the thing wouldn't go off. The "devil," wishing to pacify him, told him to peep into the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He did so, and the effect was magical. He says that the picture of despair which he there beheld fully reconciled him to his fate.

FAULTS IN BOTH SEXES.—In a recent familiar chat between Madam Ainz and the celebrated Dr. Human, the lady took occasion to remark that, "the men of the present age, for if any one thing above another, are celebrated for wearing false hearts!" "Yes, my dear madam," pitifully rejoined the doctor, "and the ladies for false bosoms!"—Madam Ainz screamed.

"Charlie, my boy, why do you stand there?" said an over-anxious mother to her son at a fashionable party; "go in and enjoy yourself. You look like a statue." There's Miss J.—she's a splendid creature—plump as a partridge; shall I introduce you?"

"No, I thank ye. I saw the lady in bathing at Nahant last summer. Excuse me."

A bachelor correspondent sends the Boston Post the following: "Tell me ye winged winds that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some spot where women fret no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, some 'holler' in the ground, where babies never yell, and cradles are not found? The loud wind blew the snow into my face, and snickered as it answered, 'nary place, nary place!'"

AMUSEMENT.—A plain-spoken woman lately visited a married woman, and said to her: "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, starting; "do you know I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do; but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

Cox.—Why is a hungry boy, looking at the pudding in a cook-shop window, like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

"I say, Jimmy, did you ever see such a summer as this same?" "Fifth an' I have."

"When?" "Last winter, be jabers."

Wanted, a Live Woman.

Punch thus expresses his distress at the disappearance of women from the face of the earth: "There are no women now-a-days. Instead of women we have towering edifices of silk, lace and flowers. You see a milliner's large advertising van that slides along with a rustling sound, and you are told that it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is beyond something that looks like an entire shop front put in motion, with all the goods in it exposed for sale. I really believe, if any showman would open an exhibition, where one could see a woman—such as women were in my young days, when they used to be fair, slim, slender, graceful, well-proportioned and everything that was beautiful, instead of the animated wardrobes, and unrecognizable of fine clothes that they now are, I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would rapidly realize a large fortune."

"Ah!" said an Englishman, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets."

"And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there is no correct map; it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

An Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass around it."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACKSMITHING.

HAVING established himself in the above business at Emporia, would announce to the people of the surrounding country that he is fully prepared to do all manner of work in his line of business, in the best manner. He flatters himself that with his long experience at the business he will be able to give the fullest satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. His prices will be reasonable. J. B. COX, Emporia, August 1, 1857.—4f

DR. C. C. SLOCUM, Physician and Surgeon, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

THE NEWSPAPER RECORD.

AND OF GREAT INTEREST TO PRINTERS; containing a complete list of Newspapers in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain—the only work of the kind in the world. It also presents an essay on the History of Newspapers and Printing, from the earliest ages to the present time, comparing the past with the present, and giving much information that can be obtained from no other source. Various improvements in Printing Machinery are also described and illustrated. Sent by mail, prepaid, on the receipt of \$2.00. Address, LAY & BROTHER, Publishers, Emporia, August 1, 1857.—4f

FLOURING MILLS.

E. H. PENDLETON & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF FORSMAN'S GRINDING AND BOLTING CUSTOM OR MERCHANT FLOURING MILLS, AND THE BEST ACTION STEEL WIRE CLOTH FLOUR MILLS with two pair of Burrs 33 inch diameter. Conveyors, Elevators and Bolts, all ready for use, occupying 9 feet long, 7 feet wide, 9 feet high, will grind and bolt 500 bushels per day, making better flour, and larger yields, using less power than other Mills. Will grind any kind of grain; upper Stone runs, can be run 600 times; whole Mill weighs 3000 lbs. Cost \$1000. Mills of any number and size of Burrs, with or without Bolts, made to order. Bolts that will bolt from 100 to 150 lbs. flour per day occupy from 8 to 10 feet long, from 3 to 3 1/2 feet wide, and 4 to 4 1/2 feet high. Cost separately from Mills, from \$325 to \$400. Factory, East Front Street, one square above the Water Works. Office, No. 25 Pearl street, Cincinnati, Ohio. J. S. STORRS, Emporia, Kansas. June 6—6m

Flour and Bacon.

Flour and Bacon for sale in Emporia by J. S. STORRS.

FLOURING MILLS.

WE are Agents for FORSMAN'S CELEBRATED FLOURING MILLS, manufactured at Cincinnati. PLUMB & MCCLUNG.

Scales! Scales! Scales!

COUNTER and Platform Scales of all sizes, and patterns furnished to order by ALLEN & GILMORE, Cor. Mass. & Winthrop sts., Lawrence. June 6—ly

Dry Goods and Groceries.

N. S. STORRS would give notice to those interested that he has just opened in Emporia a large stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, Nails, Glass, Sash and Clothing, which he will sell cheap for cash. [June 6, '57.—4f

Lawrence Stove and Hardware Store!

CORNER Massachusetts and Winthrop Sts., LAWRENCE, KANSAS. WE have just received several hundred Stoves, embracing all the latest and best patterns. Also, a large and complete stock of Hardware, Mechanics' Tools, and Agricultural Implements—merchants and others supplied at Saint Louis prices, adding transportation. Terms Cash. June 6—ly ALLEN & GILMORE.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, & C.

O. WILMARTH, LAWRENCE, KANSAS. WOULD inform his friends and the public generally, that he keeps on hand as good an assortment of articles in the above line as can be found in the Territory, consisting of School, Children's and Miscellaneous Books; also, Blank and Memorandum Books; Writing Books, Slates, Pencils, Musical Instruments, Musical Merchandise, &c. HIS CIRCULATING LIBRARY is supplied with some of the most popular works published, and is constantly receiving additions from the East. June 6—4f

LAND AGENT.

JOHN B. WOOD, respectfully gives notice that he continues to carry on the Land Agency business at Lawrence, Kansas Territory. All business entrusted to him shall be attended to with fidelity and dispatch. Lawrence, June 6—3m

C. F. OAKFIELD, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

TOWNSHIP and surveying, corners established and general surveying done. June 6—4m

BURLINGAME HOUSE.

SUBURGANE, (LATE COUNCIL CITY) KANSAS. GEORGE BRATTON, Proprietor. This House is now open for the reception of Travellers and Boarders. Terms reasonable. June 6—4f

JAMES TODD, Steam Engine Builder and Machinist, Corner Street and Third Sts., Cincinnati, O.

MANUFACTURER OF STEAM AND PORTABLE SAW MILLS, and Mill work generally—Portable Corn Saw Mills, Horse Powers, Cotton, Hay, Lard, Tobacco and Wine Serracs.—Also—Castings of every description, furnished to order. Stock Mills, for Cutting and Grinding Corn and Cob. June 6—3m

G. M. WALKER, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Lawrence road, four miles from Emporia, Kansas.

Is prepared with superior instruments to lay out town sites, do plain surveying, leveling, mapping and draughting. Bridge Plans and Bills made to order. July 18—4f

HORNBY & FICK, MERCHANTS, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

HAVE opened a large, reasonable and well selected stock of Goods in their New Store in Kansas, Directly Opposite to the Emporia Hotel, where they will be pleased to accommodate all who may need anything in their line on the LOWEST POSSIBLE TERMS. We would state to the people of this Territory and the public generally, that having purchased our goods in St. Louis, and shipped them, without unpacking, directly to this place, we are enabled to sell as cheap, and in most cases cheaper, than any other establishment West of the Missouri river. A full supply of everything usually found in Western Stores will be kept constantly on hand at prices that cannot fail to strike, as very reasonable, all who may favor us with their patronage. Our stock consists in part of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Drugs, &c. It is no trouble to show Goods—call, examine, and judge for yourselves. HORNSBY & FICK, Emporia, Kansas June 6th, 1857.

LAND AGENCY, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

F. & H. E. HUNT, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Will dispose of Land Warrants; make investments in Indian Trust Land, buy and sell City Lots and Shares, buy and sell stock our goods in St. Louis, and ship them, without unpacking, directly to this place, we are enabled to sell as cheap, and in most cases cheaper, than any other establishment West of the Missouri river. A full supply of everything usually found in Western Stores will be kept constantly on hand at prices that cannot fail to strike, as very reasonable, all who may favor us with their patronage. Our stock consists in part of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Drugs, &c. It is no trouble to show Goods—call, examine, and judge for yourselves. HORNSBY & FICK, Emporia, Kansas June 6th, 1857.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Will attend promptly to the purchase and sale of Real Estate in any portion of Kansas. Refer to—Hon. C. S. Hamilton, Marysville, Ohio; Hon. M. D. Gatch, Xenia, Ohio; W. W. Ross, Ed. Tribune, Topeka, Kansas; G. W. Brown, Ed. Herald, Lawrence, Kansas. June 6—4f

E. P. BANCROFT, REGISTER OF DEEDS, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL LAND AGENT, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

City Lots, Shares in Towns, Claims bought and sold, Legal Papers drawn and Collections made. To PRE-EMPTORS—I have full instructions with regard to the right of pre-emption, from the General Land Office, together with the rules in connection therewith. I will be glad to see all pre-emptors, which will be filled up and forwarded on short notice. [initials] E. P. BANCROFT.

WOODWARD & FINLEY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils and Varnishes, Window Glass and Glassware, Brushes, Perfumery, Fancy Stationery, Articles, Fine Brackets, Wires, &c., for Medicinal Purposes. Also—Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Sheet Music, &c., &c.

Country dealers, Physicians, and all others are invited to call and examine our stock, which they will find the largest and best assorted in this Territory, all of which will be sold on the most liberal terms. All orders promptly attended to. June 6—4f

C. V. ESKRIDGE, GENERAL LAND AGENT, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Agent of the Emporia Town Company. TOWN SHARES bought and sold—Lots donated to persons putting a certain amount of improvements on them. Declaratory statements for Pre-Emptors made out, and all business in relation to pre-emption promptly attended to. Claims bought and sold. Claimants desiring to sell their claims, by conveying them at my office, will be furnished with proper Land Warrants, and disbursements, and investments made for capitalists in any part of the Territory. Legal instruments, Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, Conveyances, Co-partnerships, Notes, &c., carefully drawn up. Office—At the store of Hornby & Fick, directly opposite the Emporia Hotel, Emporia, Kansas. July 4—3m

Land Warrant for Sale!

LAND WARRANT for eighty acres for sale by PLUMB & MCCLUNG, Emporia. June 6—4f

Butter, Lard and Eggs.

THE highest price paid for Butter, Lard and Eggs, at my new store in Emporia. N. S. STORRS. June 6—4f

Boots and Shoes.

LARGE and complete stock in store and for sale by N. S. STORRS, Emporia. June 6—4f

Tinware of all Kinds.

I HAVE a