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THE IOLA REGISTER.

VOLUME IX.

IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS, MARCH 27, 1875.

NO. 13.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for ad type (e.g., 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch) and duration (e.g., 1 week, 2 weeks, 1 month). Includes a note: 'Special and Legal advertisements must be paid for in advance.' and 'All letters in relation to business in any way connected with the office should be addressed to the Publishers and Proprietors.'

Business Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS. District Judge N. F. Avery, Probate Judge Wm. Thresher, County Treasurer H. J. Newland, County Clerk G. M. Brown, Register of Deeds C. H. Richards, Clerk District Court J. E. Brown, Superintendent Public Schools J. E. Brown, Sheriff J. W. Wood, Surveyor E. N. Yates, Assessor A. W. Howell, Commissioner Isaac Bonbrake.

CITY OFFICERS. Mayor W. C. Jones, Police Judge John Patton, S. I. Slaughter, J. Walker, C. Simpson, E. N. Yates, H. W. Talcott, H. W. Wood, J. W. Wood.

CHURCHES. METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Corner of Jefferson and Broadway St. Services every Sabbath at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayers every Thursday evening at 7 1/2 p. m. H. K. MEER, Pastor.

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

BAPTIST. On Sycamore street. Services every Sabbath at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayers every Thursday evening at 7 1/2 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 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. Meetings in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALCOTT, W. M. J. N. WHITE, Sec'y.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 21. I. O. of Odd Fellows hold their regular meetings on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Meetings in good standing are invited to attend. W. C. JONES, W. M. C. M. SIMPSON, N. G. C. T. FLOYD, Sec'y.

Hotels. LELAND HOUSE. H. BANCROFT, 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 board one dollar per day.

Attorneys. H. W. TALCOTT, Attorney at Law, Iola, Allen County, Kansas. Office on Madison street, east of Wm. Davis. Cases before any of the courts of the State will receive careful attention. All collections promptly rendered.

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 \$25.00 to \$5,000.00 loaned on long time upon Improved Farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Neosho counties.

Miscellaneous. 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, Jewels, Gold pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

M. DEMOSS, M. D., Office over Jones & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Washington street, 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 bears always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.

J. E. THORP, Barber Shop on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Southern's. Wood, Coal, Potatoes, Corn and Hickory Nuts taken in exchange for work.

H. REIMERT, Tailor, Iola, Kansas. Scott Brothers' latest stand. Clothing made to order in the best and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.

THE IOLA REGISTER. SUBSCRIBE FOR IT. Devoted to the interests of Iola and Allen County. Make.

Local News & Specialty. Contains a good assortment of general news and condensed State News.

JOB WORK. Of all kinds, such as LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, CARDS, POSTERS, &c.

LEGAL NOTICE. STATE OF KANSAS, ss. IOLA TOWNSHIP. Before L. L. Low, J. P. for said Township. L. H. Waniuer, W. S. Gregory and J. H. Bickman, partners under firm name and style of Waniuer, Gregory & Co., Plaintiffs, vs. G. G. Holme, Defendant.

THE Defendant is hereby notified that he has been sued by said plaintiff in said court in a civil action to recover the sum of \$10.00 that an attachment issued in said case on February 25th, 1875, that said case will be heard on the 1st day of April, 1875, at 10 o'clock a. m. N. F. ACERS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SIBYL'S SUITORS.

A Tale of True Love and Chances. BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A New England winter scene—the hemlock forests all draped with ermine fringes of snow—the hills and valleys white as if they were coated with pearl, while from the farm house chimneys in the gray thickets of leafless maples under the rocks a blue spiral smoke went wreathing and curling up into the steely January sky, and the sunsets, reflected on the myriad tiny window panes of the western front made an orange sparkle brightness that supplied the otherwise lacking element of color to the frigid landscape.

Farmer Westbrook had just brought in an arm full of snow-crusted logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the ample stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Sibyl Harrington started up.

"Five o'clock! Oh, I hadn't an idea it was so late. I must be going." "Allow me to accompany you, Miss Harrington." "You let me see you home, Sibyl?" Captain Meredith and Max Crossley both spoke at once, and rose simultaneously—but Sibyl shook her head.

"I would prefer to walk alone," she said, gently. "And about that sleighing party to-morrow night?" said Max anxiously. "I—I have half-promised Captain Meredith," said the village beauty, her long eyelashes drooping, and a delicate shade of rose suffusing her cheek.

"But Sibyl, I thought it was an understood matter between you and me, three good weeks ago?" Max exclaimed, with contracting brows. "Was it? I am sure I had forgotten it!" Max was silent. Captain Meredith's smooth, softly-intoned voice filled up the silence.

"I exact no promise," he said gallantly—"but if I am not punctual to the hour and the spot, Miss Harrington may draw her own conclusions." And Sibyl went out, her light foot steps making a low, pleasant music on the bright snow.

She was very pretty, this gazell-eyed New England damsel, with big blue eyes turning to a limpid purple whenever she was in the least excited; hair short, hung in golden fringe over her broad, low forehead, and the sweetest of rosy mouths with three sentinel dimples on cheeks and chin! Max Crossley had loved her ever since they were children together, and Captain Meredith, who had come down to pass the Christmas holidays with his cousins the Westbrooks, had been caught in the meshes of that bronze-gold hair and the interlacing network of the lashes that overhung the purple-blue eyes, and had prolonged his visit into January.

"Upon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window-panes at the retreating footsteps of Miss Harrington. Max Crossley looked quickly up at him, as if he would have particularly liked to knock him over the anthers in among the logs; but perhaps he thought better of it, for he refrained from any such demonstration.

"A beauty," went on the captain; "and it's a thousand pities she should be thrown away on any of the country pumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Job, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?" Farmer Westbrook's hired boy, who had just come in to warm his empurpled hands at the merry red blaze, looked glum.

"No they ain't," said Job, brusquely. "Well what's the reason?" "Cause I ain't 'ad time." "See that you find time, then, and that quick, too!" said the captain. And Job glowered after him, as he went gaily up the stairs. "I just wish I had the servin' of him out," said Job, gloomily. "It's 'Job, do this,' and 'Job do that,' and 'Job where's the warm water,' and 'Job, what the deuce do you mean by lettin' my fire go out?' as if I was his bond slave, and not a red cent he giv me yet—no, nor so much as a pleasant word! I wonder if he means to stay here always!" "You and I are equally partial to him Job," said Max Crossley, laughing. "I heard him talking with Miss Sibyl about goin' sleigh-ridin' to-morrow night," said Job, shrewdly. I should jes' like to put Kicking Billy in the shafts—I would, if it war'n't for Miss Sibyl. He don't know nothin' about horses, that there militia cap'n don't."

nights propitious for sleighing expeditions and rustic love-making, the roads delightfully hard and well-packed, and a glorious full moon shining down as white as if a rain of silver were detuging the whole world! "Couldn't be better weather!" said the captain. "Job, where are the sleigh-bells?" "Dunno," quoth Job, indifferently. "There's them old jinglers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon Joe Westbrook, that was in the Revolutionary War, and there's the two cow bells that Mary Ann might scour up with ashes."

"Pshaw!" said the captain, "do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Westbrook went out day before yesterday." "I hadn't seen nothin' on 'em," said Job, stolidly. "Come, come, don't make yourself out any sturdier than you are by nature, Job," said the farmer, laughing, nevertheless, for the captain's airs and graces were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much afflicted Job.

"I guess they're out in the barn chamber." "You better go with him, captain, if you expect to find 'em—our Job's dreadful thick-headed when he chooses to be!" "Come along, my fine fellow," said the captain jocosely, collaring Job, and marching him off in the direction of the old barn under the hill. "We don't need any lantern in this bright moonlight, that is one comfort."

Old Billy, renowned for his kicking lights, blinked sagely around at them from his stall, and Tom, the little grey pony, who was destined to figure in the cutter shafts that night, set up a low, friendly whining as they entered the big, frosty, fragrant barn. "Where are the stairs?" demanded the captain. "There an't none," said Job. "It's a ladder."

"Up with you then," said Meredith—but Job shrunk steadily back. "I wouldn't for fifty dollars," said Job. "Old Michael Westbrook hung himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rop round his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense," ejaculated the captain, in accents of supreme contempt. "You great cowardly lout, stay where you are then, and I'll go myself." He sprang nimbly up the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trap-door. "Where is it?" he called. "The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the window, was the place where—"

"Blackhead! I mean the string of bells." "Look for 'em yourself," said Job, sulkily. "I don't know where they be, and what's more I don't care." "I'll settle with you my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain, threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light which was admitted by a cob-web-draped window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n" rejoined Job, in a jeering mood. As the captain plunged into a dark corner, there was a jingle and the string of bells suspended from a nail hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death-cold fingers that he could not but start. "Oh!" said the captain, nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em Job! Hal—hal—where's the trap-door?"

And it took the militia man full sixty seconds or more to realize that the trap-door was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up, only to see job speeding up the hill. "Hal-lo-o-a!" yelled Captain Meredith. "Come back, you scoundrel! You ill-conditioned lout! you imp of evil!" Job turned round and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in connection with the nasal protuberance which is supposed to express the extremity of scorn.

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, cap'n," hooted this young rebel. "And don't be afraid of the ghost. It's very harmless if you let it alone." "But Job,—Job come back—I'm to be at Mr. Harrington's at half-past seven!" "Don't worry!" hoarsely bawled Job. "Miss Sibyl won't wait very long afore Mr. Max'll be on hand."

The captain danced up and down on the barn floor in an ecstasy of rage, as Job disappeared over the crest of the hill. There was no use calling for help. He knew very well that if he had possessed the lungs of Boreas he could not have made any one hear. He sat shivering down on the hay, starting nervously at the sound of Kicking Billy's feet among his snug bed of straw, and thinking how streamable a bar of moonlight, which streamed down from a crack in the apex of the roof, resembled a tall white figure standing under the center-beam. He could almost fancy the rope round its neck—pshaw! And the captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber. What was to be done he asked him-

self. An Echo, if Echo had any common sense, would have answered, "Just nothing at all!" Job had outwitted him. He might and probably would settle with Job for the future, but for the present Job had manifestly the advantage of him. And pretty Sibyl and Max Crossley with his red cutter and great chestnut colored-horse! The captain executed an impromptu series of gymnastics in the hay, as he reflected on all these things.

"I won't wait another minute for him," said Sibyl Harrington coloring up, with the tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls—I shall spend the evening at home." "There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Sibyl," consoled her brother, a great good humored athlete, with red cheeks and dimples like her own. "Bessy Brown will be glad to have you along."

"No, she will not, either," pouted Sibyl. "As if I were going to spoil her fun! No—if I can't have an escort of my own, I'll stay at home and mend stockings. And I never—never will speak to captain Meredith again!" Hosea Harrington was just opening his mouth to argue the matter with his sister once more, when the door opened and in walked Max Crossley.

Sibyl jumped up, rapturously; she never had been so glad to see honest Max in all her life before. "Not gone yet, Sibyl? Where is the captain?" "I don't know," said Sibyl, tartly, "and I don't care! Am I Captain Meredith's keeper?" "Will you go with me?" "Yes, I will," said Sibyl, the purple lights coming into her eyes and the shy smiles dimpling her lips.

"Of course," said Max, "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—" "The captain, the captain!" cried Sibyl, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name! I never want to see him again! What a nice new cutter this is, and how cosy the wolf-robes are!"

"Sibyl," whispered Max, as he touched up the horse, and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?" "Yes, always," she answered. "Je-rusalem!" said farmer Westbrook. It was past ten o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out, as he always did the last thing before retiring to rest, to see that Job had not set the barn on fire, and that the dumb members of his family were all safe and comfortable. "I do believe that's old Mike Westbrook's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!"

"It's me-e-e! it's me-e-e!" bawled the captain, forgetting all the nicer distinctions of grammar in his delight at the prospect of release; "unfasten the trap-door; let me out!" Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder and adjusted it in its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the croaking rounds and undid the hook from its hasp.

"How in all creation come you here?" he demanded. "Why, I thought you'd be on a sleigh-ridin' with the gals." "It was all the doin' of that villain, Job!" gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mingled rage and cold. "I won't stand this sort of thing, I'll leave the place to-morrow."

"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not altogether unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened though—and I'll talk seriously to Job." "So will I," gashed the captain. "I'll break every bone in his body!" But Job, wiser in his generation than the children of light, had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's six miles across the snowy fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Westbrook, sitting by the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, Captain," said she, good-humoredly, "Dorcas Smith has just gone by, on the way home from the sleighing party, and she says Max Crossley brought Sibyl Harrington in his new cutter, and they're engaged." The captain went home the next day according to programme, and Mrs. Max Crossley has never seen him since. And when the affair came off, Job got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him the dispepsia for a week.

SCOLDING.—What good does scolding do? It does no one the least service, but creates infinite mischief. Scolding servants never do their work well. Their temper is aroused, as well as the mistresses', and they very often fail in their duty at awkward moments simply to spite her and "serve her out." Very wrong in them, doubtless; but a human nature is frail, and service is a trying institution. It does no good to husband or child, for it simply empties the house of both as soon as possible.

Harper's Magazine for April, 1875.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April offers fresh attractions to all classes of readers. It opens with a beautiful narrative by Miss Constance F. Woolson, amply and finely illustrated, of a summer tour among the mountains of Western North Carolina. The grand and picturesque scenery on the French Broad River is here graphically portrayed by pen and pencil, and there are numerous character sketches—always a prominent feature in Harper's descriptive articles.

Readers who have followed Miss Thackeray's charming serial, "Miss Angel," will turn with special interest to the article by E. Mason on Angelica Kauffman, illustrated by some of that artist's finest etchings.

The Sixth Paper of the First Century Series is contributed by the Hon. David A. Wells, and is an able and comprehensive review of our progress during the century in Manufacture.

A new and very important series of papers is commenced in this number, entitled, "The Stone Age in Europe," and prepared by an eminent archaeologist, Prof. Charles Rau. The treatment of the subject is scientific and modest—the first installment relating to the Drift Period, and containing accurate illustrations of the human implements and animal remains of that period.

The most entertaining and novel feature of this number is the Hon. S. S. Cox's paper on American Humor, which is characteristically illustrated. Mr. Cox makes his readers laugh while he is telling them why they laugh.

James Parton continues his series of papers on Caricature, dealing this month with the "Caricatures of the Reformation." It is difficult to decide which is the more interesting, the writer's brilliant essay, or the quaint and curious illustration which he has carefully selected from so many sources.

The celebration this month of the quartercentenary of Michael Angelo's birth gives peculiar interest to Edward Howard's paper on that artist, treating especially of his personal history, and giving prominence to his association with Victoria Colonna and his beautiful sonnets.

The two serials, "Rape of the Gamp" and "Miss Angel," are continued; and there are also three capital short stories: "The Widow Case," by Rose Terry Cook; "A Lion in the Way," by Harriett Prescott Spofford; and "Shinneck," by Henry Eckford.

The poems of the number are by R. H. Stoddard, Titus M. Coan, Will Wallace Harney, and Louise Chandler Moulton. The Easy Chair recurs to the moral of Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," and chats in a characteristic vein about Greville Memoirs, St. Valentine's day and the sincerity of true courtesy. The Scientific Record is very comprehensive in its summary of scientific progress, and the Drawer contains some hitherto unpublished anecdotes of President Lincoln.

Old Songs.

A pretty song is never lost; somebody is cheered by it. The old, time-worn songs do not stir and enliven up like the new, but they are so resting when we need rest, so healing when we need balm. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," we heard him sing it! What power there is in it to lift a fainting christian on his feet, just after some awkward pause in a prayer meeting.

"Do They Miss Me at Home?" is a cast of old song, yet many of us hum it on the sly at eventide. I know a Boston editor, whose gay little wife has a lonely father and mother among the highlands of New York. An abundance of new songs grace her piano, yet on a lovely day, you would be attracted by a familiar old song which dies out in saying, "I wish you were here." And such a thrill of feeling she puts into it, too.

Practical Effects of Homer.

All of our prominent representative men have had more or less of this faculty, and use it as the surest talisman to open the popular ear. John P. Hale, ever on a smile with his waggy; General Houston, with his playfulness; Thomas Corwin, with his trenchant sarcasm; D. S. Dickinson, with his Scriptural, practical, ironical hits; Thomas Corwin with his inimitable drollery; Thaddeus Stevens, with his dry and biting sarcasm; and Proctor Knott, with his elaborate Duluthianisms—had the charm which drew the crowd and held men while they talked. The masses leaped to hear a man of humor like Butler, even when his speeches are full charged with diabolism, or to hear a minister like Beecher, and even from the pulpit await the inevitable laugh! It is all the better if it has point; but give the laugh without point, rather than no laugh at all. There is no ruse so common as this, at least in the West, as the argumentum ad risum. Turn the laugh on your opponent, Sir Sophist and though he pile Pelion on Ossa of argument, you have him down! This may seem more creditable to our humor than to our sense. But let us see. One of the utilities of humor is the use made of it by our writers and speakers in what is called the reductio ad absurdum. This use may be abused; but we cannot spare it for all that, so long as we have so many empirics in medicine, pettifoggers in law, demagogues in politics, pretenders in religion, and snobs in society. Our institutions are favorable to the growth of mushrooms. They grow up in a night around the roots of our wide-spreading freedom. We have the orators without sagacity, philanthropists without mortality, and practical men without sentiment. We have men who pass current for eagles, which a little touch from the point of humor reduces to tomtits. We have vaunting patriots whose patriotism, as of old is scoundrelism—men who live, ay, who thrive, on the burning indignation poured upon them. Such men wither, under ridicule to their proper dimensions. Ridicule never hurts an honest man. He alone can join in the laugh against himself. It is the Ithuriel spear, however, which makes the devil show himself as he is. Bivalence may not be a good test of truth, as Shaftsbury maintained, but it is not a bad test of falsehood. An old English poet says:

"For he who does not tremble at the sword,  
Who quills not with his head upon the block,  
Turn but a jest against him, lose his heart;  
The shafts of wit slip through the stoutest mail;  
There is no man alive who can live down  
The unextinguishable laughter of mankind."  
We are apt to condemn the writer or speaker who applies the touch stone of absurdity to the shams and rascality of the day, even while we laugh with him. But Attic salt is as useful as Kanawha. One preserves mess pork, and the other moral purity. Even when our humor is misapplied, it is the smoke evidencing the fire of fun which lies beneath the crust of our society. Hence the success of Nast and others with their terrible caricatures—The Hon. S. S. Cox, in Harper's Magazine for April.

What an Army of Toad-Stools Did.

Did you ever think how strong the growing plants must be to force their way up through the earth? Even the green tips of the tiny blades of grass, that bow before a breath, have to exert a force in coming through, that, in proportion to their size, is greater than you would expect in rising from under a mound of cobble stones. And think of toad-stools—what soft, tender things they are, breaking at a touch. Yet, I can tell you they're quite mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated English priest and novelist, was a very close observer of nature. One evening noticed particularly a square flat stone, that, I should say, was about as long and as broad as three big burdock leaves. He thought it would require quite a strong man to lift a stone like that. In the morning he looked again, and lo! the stone was raised so that he could see the light under it. What was his surprise to find, on closer examination, that a crop of toadstools had sprung up under the stone in the night and raised it up on their little round shoulders as they came!

I'm told that Canon Kingsley gives an account of this in his book called "Christmas in the West Indies," but it was in England that he saw it. Knowing that he was so close an observer, I shouldn't be one bit surprised if he went still further and found out that one secret of the toadstools being able to lift the stone was that they didn't waste time and strength in urging each other to the work but each one did his very best without quarreling about whose turn it was, or whether Pink Shoulder or Brown Button was shirking his share. But then the toad-stools must have been strong, too.—From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas For April.

It is reported that a somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball: "Miss, don't you think my moustaches are becoming?" To which Miss replied, "well, sir, they may be coming, but they haven't arrived yet."

A young wife, caressing her lap-dog cried out with transport: "Oh, my jewell, you are the dearest puppy in the world—except my husband."

Boys Will be Boys.

So thought the occupants of a Boston horse car, who listened to the story of a mischievous young lad who was telling an old gentleman why he liked the new master of one of our schools. The master, he said, was a first-rate fellow, and then he had dismissed the school twice lately at 9:30 o'clock in the morning.

"Why, what did he do that for?" asked the elderly gentleman. After the youth had had a good laugh he managed to explain that one of the boys had put a piece of ice under the thermometer, and sent the mercury down to forty, and the master thought the room was not warm enough to remain in. And the way the old gentleman laughed and shook told plainly enough that he had once been one of that kind of boys.

A Legal Anecdote.

A machine is to be put up in every law office in New York city, and every thing transpiring in the courts is to be transmitted to the sale of stocks is sent to the hotels and financial institutions of the city. A lawyer will not have to go to court to know what cases are on trial, what judgments are rendered, or what legal transactions take place in the courts. Everything transacted will go over the wires as stocks do now. The arrangement will include all that is done in the sheriff's office; every judgment and levy; every mortgage and attachment; every case tried, from the Justice's Court up to the Supreme, with every verdict and every disagreement. The putting up of the instrument is to cost about \$250 each.

ACTION.—Men who have a half dozen iron in the fire are not the ones to go easy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure, who mopes and pines and thinks himself into the mad house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very strain that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

There recently died in the North of France, at the age of eighty-three, a miser who lived alone, and whose hat, when examined by the authorities after his death, proved a sort of gold mine. His pillow alone contained 19,000 francs in gold pieces of the time of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. He had a taste for old pieces. He had been robbed many times, and the thieves were generally detected through the antiquity of the money they stole. The total of the sums robbed from him in his life, for which men have been convicted and sentenced, reach 100,000 francs.

An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked by one of the judges to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "there is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh," replied one of the judges, "you know the law do you? perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?" "No, I thank you, sir," said the woman, tartly, "there are old women enough there now."

Here are some proverbs which Alphonse Karr says are from the Russian: If you are a mushroom, let them put you in a basket. Debts are not noisy, but they keep one awake. One is not loved because he is handsome, but handsome because he is beloved. Make friends of the bear, but keep hold of your hatchet.

"Well, my son," said a Detroit father to his eight-year son the other night: "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ha! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy; "I gave him the money for licking a boy who spit in my dinner basket!"

A minister at a colored wedding who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which gallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."

An inquisitive young man said to his mother's brother, Uncle James, how is it that you and aunt Sarah never agree? Because my boy and we are both of us of one mind, and have been so ever since we were married. How is that, uncle? I don't understand you. Why, my boy, you see she always wants to be master and so do I.

The Troy Times says: "A pretty good story is told of one of Gov. Tilden's staff. It is said that when the individual referred to first presented himself in military to his wife and little daughter, the latter after gazing at him in wonder for a few minutes, turned to her mother and exclaimed: 'Why, ma, that's not a real soldier; it's pa!'"

In England, recently, a tin of beef, which had been prepared for the soldiers in the Crimea in 1856, was recently opened and its contents found perfectly sound and wholesome. "I am going to the postoffice, Bob; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you'll find me there."

It has been discovered after much laborious research, that the mummies of Egypt are all that is left of some of the "first families."