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VOLUME IX.

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NO. 25.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for space, length, and rates for various advertising categories.

Local and Special Notices, 10 cents a line. 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.

W. J. Scott, District Judge; J. W. Acers, County Treasurer; H. A. Needham, County Clerk; J. H. Richards, County Attorney; J. E. Swan, Superintendent Public Schools; J. L. Woodin, Sheriff; Lyman Rhodes, Coroner; A. W. Howland, Isaac Bonebrake, Commissioners.

CITY OFFICERS.

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

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Corner of Jefferson and Broadway St. Services every Sabbath at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. H. K. Murr, 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. S. G. Clark, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

On Spenser street. Services every Sabbath at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evening. Church meeting at 7 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Sabbath School at 9 1/2 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. Whitte, 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, Sec'y.

Hotels.

LELAND HOUSE. B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS. This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

CITY HOTEL. RICHARD PROCTOR, Proprietor. Iola, Kansas. Single meals 25 cents. Day board 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 COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$200 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.

MRS. JULIA A. B. WHITNEY, TEACHER OF MUSIC. Also, agent for Pianos and Organs. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Patronage respectfully solicited.

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 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. Thorp's. Wood, Coal, Potatoes, Corn and Hickory Nuts taken in exchange for work.

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

D. F. GIVENS, WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER. At the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and carefully repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Gold pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

New Meat Market.

Having just opened a MEAT MARKET (Madison Ave. first door west Scott Bro's old stand). I propose to keep constantly on hand ALL KINDS OF MEAT, And sell as low as the lowest. Give me a call when you want anything in my line and I will guarantee satisfaction. RICHARD PROCTOR.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Albert Keeler, late of Allen county, Kansas, deceased, has filed his petition in the Probate Court of Allen county, Kansas, asking that an order issue from said court, authorizing said administrator to sell the real property of the said deceased, to the purpose of paying the debts of the said decedent, which real estate is described in said petition, to-wit: Commencing at the north-east corner of section 12, township 24, south of range 10 east, and running thence south 70 chains, thence west 18.80 chains, thence north 10 chains, thence east 18.80 chains to place of beginning, thence south 10 chains to place of beginning, the containing the aggregate 134.60 acres. Said petition will be heard on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1875, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day.

FRANK W. BARTLETT, Administrator. Iola, Kansas, June 7, 1875.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

All persons interested in the estate of George Brooks, deceased, will take notice that on the 28th day of July, 1875, I will make final settlement of the business of said estate with the Probate Court of Allen county.

J. WEBSTER JOHNSON, Administrator. June 7th, 1875.

SERVED OUT.

In the year 183—there lived at Bordeaux the last, or one of the last, of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to term "the code of honor." This was a certain Counte de V—, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of a companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journa lists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of a quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the code aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be true that such creatures were endured in France, just as we are assured that in one time there were wolves in Yorkshire which would have devoured any man who dared to set his foot on their soil.

The latest exploit of the Counte de V—, previous to the story I am about to relate, was to goad a poor student into a challenge, and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

The scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him well knew meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the center of a circle that expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good humored. He was engaged in reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V—, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf was in that pleasant hold.

As the Count approached this table it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow creature baited—especially when we are out of danger of wolves.

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle. "I am not a foreigner, Monsieur." "I am sorry for that." "So am I." "May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?" "Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely." "Meaning me?" "Meaning precisely you." "Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you." "Death of my life! I am the Count de V—!" The strawberry-eater looked up and the easy, good natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly. "The Comte de V—," he repeated, in a low voice. "Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?" "I? Nothing." "That may be well for you." "But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card. "I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two. "Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me." "And that is?" "That he is a coward." "You may say what you please Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith! what care I what they think?" "And thou, thou art a Frenchman?" No one but a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "thou."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called, "Garcon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off. "Garcon," said the stranger, "is there a vacant room in this hotel?" "Without doubt, Monsieur." "A large one?" "But, certainly. They are all large—own apartments." "Then engage the largest for me to-day, and another, no matter what, for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the Count loftily. "I thought to spare you the trouble. Go, if you please," (this to the waiter) "and prepare my rooms."

ed arms, glaring at him the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantle-piece behind him and said: "I think you might have helped a little, but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?" "Perfectly." "Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycees, I should, perhaps, have gained more book knowledge, but as it is, I have learned some things we do not teach, and one of them is not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me Monsieur le Comte?" "I cannot flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned then that one who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now Monsieur le Comte?" "I came here Monsieur—" "Never mind for what you came, be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—if a man is killed with a small sword for the mere vicious love of quarrelling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more—a cowardly murderer, and knavish."

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully. "I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned would be justly punished, if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the Count; "let this farce end." "Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the Count. "Yes, I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of my provisions."

The seconds interfered, and there was an end to the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule—so awful to a Frenchman—ridiculed the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the battle of the Almi was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.—Temple Bar.

The Battle of Banker Hill. I will not try to tell over again the story of the battle, for it is in every school history. It is enough now to know that at one o'clock the British army landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and immediately formed in three lines, while the barges returned to Boston for more troops, who arrived at three; that the British, some three thousand strong, advanced upon the Americans; that they were driven back with fearful slaughter; that they advanced again, with the flames of the burning town to veil their movements, and were again repulsed; that they rallied again with reinforcements against the Americans, who were not only worn down with labor and fasting, but out of ammunition; and at about five o'clock, after this bloody conflict of an hour and a half with raw volunteers, these picked soldiers of the British army took possession of the hill that had served them for a retreat on the famous 19th of April, with more than a thousand dead and wounded as the price of their victory, among these 225 being among the killed. The Americans had 140 killed, 271 wounded, and 30 captured, or 441 in all, in a force probably not exceeding fifteen hundred men actually engaged. The British, by the most truthful accounts, had less than four thousand men engaged on the field, according to Mr. Richard Frothingham's excellent history of the battle, but he apparently does not include the sailors and gunners in the British ships who were so active in the fight, and who killed the first American in the fort.

That was a sad evening for Boston and all the people around it. The sun that went down in splendor behind the ruins of that burned town, after that day of summer loveliness, shone upon a Golgotha of death. British and Americans who had been in arms against each other were one now in the pain of wounds, the agony of bereavement, and the need of the Divine Comforter. The chiming of Christ Church did not probably ring out after the din of battle had ceased and night came on, but they must have tolled when Major Pitcairn's body was brought there for the burial service and interred under the church. He was a brave and kindly man, who has apparently been misunderstood, and identified with acts of atrocity which he abhorred. His name heads the large list of British officers who were killed or wounded in the battle—thirteen killed and seventy wounded, a proportion so large as to put this battle on a footing with the carnage of Quebec and of Minden. The losses on the American side were not so many nor so conspicuous; but one man fell whose death was life to his companions and his cause, and with all allowance for local and personal friendship and patriotic exaggeration, there is no doubt that when Dr. Joseph Warren died, New England liberty had its martyr, and America had a hero who fought for her thenceforth with weapons that are not carnal, and with a valor that knows no weariness, and wants no food or clothing or arms. Warren was a noble man, and did a great deal for the patriot cause, but his life and his death meant more than he or any body else knew at the time. He was, as we shall see, a text out of the book of humanity and of God that history was then unrolling.—Harper's Magazine.

A correspondent of one of the metropolitan journals states that he recently prepared a package for the mail, and on weighing it found that it required just seven postage stamps of the three cent denomination, but after putting on the stamps the scale was turned for another half ounce, the weight of the seven stamps making it necessary, according to postoffice rule, to apply another stamp. In other words, says the correspondent, "I was obliged to pay three cents postage on the seven stamps used in paying postage on the letter. Is it right to compel payment for the privilege of paying?" Jones gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of \$30. Calling for it after awhile, he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." "What charge for collecting?" "Oh," said the lawyer, laughing, "I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you was a baby, and your father before you; \$20 will be about right," handing over \$10. "Well," said Jones, as he meditated upon the transaction, "it's darned lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything."

Cowden Clark tells a story of a gentleman who lately in making a return of his income to the tax commissioner, wrote on the paper: "For the first three years my income has been somewhat under £150; in the future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

SHERIDAN'S BRIDE.

BY AGNES LEONARD HILL. "Glorious things of thee are spoken" Words bett a hero's bride; Youth and wealth and fame and beauty, Gifts that none may dare deride! Not for thee the smoke of contest, Not for thee the cannon's roar, Not the heart-break of the carriage On the battle field of gore. All thy future lies before thee, Fair as earth when Eden smiled; Thou art Eve, whom yet no Satan Hath of Paradise beguiled. What to thee a war of nations? What the far-off groans and shrieks? Blessed art thou, oh happy woman, For the splendor of thy life! Joy is thine, and peace and plenty, Though thou art a soldier's bride; What dark grief, oh queenly beauty, May'th thou not with smiles deride? Heaven grant thy ruses never Hold a thorn to pierce thy heart! May'th thou have no "Friend" to smite thee With a worse than serpent's dart. May no honored lips beguile thee, With the smiles that false men wear, When they hide most trait'rous purpose In a speech that seemeth fair; Oh thou art so young and trusting— Stranger! Bride! I give thee tears, Praying that good angels keep thee Through life's ever changeable years. Youth and wealth and fame and beauty, Gifts bett a hero's bride— I could wish for thee, fair stranger, All that wisdom gives beside; That thy life, like some glad river, Flowing onward to the sea, Shall at last in joys forever, Still more blest and gracious be. Chicago, June 7, 1875.

Mark Twain's Advice to Little Girls.

Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offence. This retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

You ought never to take your little brother's chewing gum away from him by force; it is better to "rope him in" with promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all the ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster. If at any time you find it necessary to correct him with mud—never on any account throw mud at him, because it will soil his clothes. It is better to scald him a little for then you attain desirable results; you secure his immediate attention to the lessons you are inculcating, and at the same time your hot water will have a tendency to remove impurities from his person, and possibly the skin, also, in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter, scorning the dictates of your better judgment. You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parents that you are indebted for your food and your nice bed, and your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little whims and humor their little whims, and put up with foibles until they get to crowding you too much. Good little girls always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to "sass" old people unless they "sass" you first.

The Drawing-out Dodge.

The Fifth Avenue young ladies are telling this story: The other evening at a fashionable reception, a well known old maid from Boston, whom we will call Miss Warren, was promading in the conservatory with one of our well known New York young gentlemen. As the music stopped the two seated themselves under a palm tree, and the following dialogue occurred: Boston Old Maid—Nobody loves me my dear Mr. Withington, nobody. Young Fellow—Yes, Miss Warren, God loves you, and your mother loves you. Boston Old Maid—Mr. Withington, let's go in. And five minutes afterward Miss Warren was trying the drawing-out dodge on another fellow.—EN Perkins.

GREEN PEAS.—Have the hands and the dishes clean in shelling, so that the peas need not be washed before cooking. If the pods are very nice and sweet, they may be cooked in the water before the peas are put in; but usually this does not pay. Have the peas a little more than even full of water, and cook them twenty minutes after they begin to boil. As the season advances, cook them longer. Be sure to have them tender, but do not cook them after they are tender. If done too soon, let them stand hot without cooking. Serve warm, full of juice, and if you wish for the full benefit of the sweet pea flavor, serve without seasoning.

An Attorney's Effective Advice.

If to serve a client faithfully by the adoption of every means to advance his cause is a moral obligation, then Attorney Stubbs, of Solano, California has got a credit mark upon the book of the Recording Angel. A very bad case of prisoner, a reprobate known as "Little Miller," was convicted of forgery, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Stubbs in his behalf, and was brought before the judge for sentence. When asked if he had any thing to say, "Little Miller" did not remain silent. He had a good deal to say, and he said it. He wept like a child, and spoke as one who had erred in a moment of impulse, for which he was to atone by years of contrition and well doing. Every one in court was affected, and the emotional sensation extended even to the Judge on the bench. Mr. Stubbs spoke of the physical weakness of his client, and the prospect that his life would be ruined by a long term of imprisonment. Then the Judge sentenced Miller for only one year. After it was all over, Miller was questioned by a fellow-prisoner as to the cause of his extraordinary grief, and the reply was: "Stubbs told me to cry like a son of a gun, and the Judge would be light on me, and I did it." Mr. Stubbs is evidently a great man.

FELT AGGRIEVED.—Several days ago a detective arrested a man about fifty years old who was hanging around one of the depots, believing him to be the man wanted by Cleveland parties for burglary. After keeping the man locked up for four days, he was set at liberty. When told that he could depart, he said to the detective: "I don't think this is right." "Mistakes will happen," was the reply. "Yes, I know, but you kept me locked up four days, and I feel aggrieved about it. I think you can afford to treat to the beer!" A glass of beer settled the case to his satisfaction.—Detroit Free Press.

About seven years ago a party of hunters from Allegheny City, Pa., went to Erie to hunt ducks on Presque Isle peninsula. One of the party, Mr. Chas. L. Hutchinson, lost a valuable gold watch and chain among the numerous little ponds that intersect the peninsula. Long and diligent search was made, and no trace of the watch being found, the search was given up as a hopeless one. Mr. Hutchinson went back to Allegheny City but could not forget his loss, the watch being a gift from a deceased friend. Seven years have passed since then. Last week while in Erie on a visit, he felt a strong inclination to renew the search, and alone he again went over the ground formerly traversed by him. While sitting down among the bushes to empty his boots of the mud that had just got into them, he chanced to cast his eyes upward, when to his intense surprise and joy he saw the watch and chain hanging to the limbs of a small sapling, just as they had hung there seven years before, when the young twigs—now grown quite large—had jerked them from his pocket! The wood of the sapling had grown over and over the chain, holding it firm. Mr. Hutchinson cut off the branch within which the chain was embedded. The watch has been cleaned and repaired, and is now keeping as good time as in former years.

The experiment made in London, in which either oil or glycerine is made to perform the functions of steam by the same means—the application of heat—have excited no small interest. The heat expands the oil placed in small cylinders, and from it, it is claimed, a pressure of ten thousand pounds per square inch may be obtained without the danger of steam explosions, which latter prevent the use of a pressure of more than two hundred pounds to the square inch generally. In this instance, it is asserted, an explosion would only crack the cylinder containing the oil. The application of this process appears, from the account published, to have been successfully made to the printing press and to machines for riveting and punching, and it is alleged that the variety of uses of which it is susceptible will be found very great.

An Irish lecturer thus endeavored to prove that the late John Stuart Mill was not a "human" man: "An unnatural and laborious child, he took no delight in the proper amusements of youth, spending the hours that ought to have been devoted to fairy tales in the study of the Greek grammar and Euclid; growing up without the hope of relaxation in this world or of enjoyment hereafter; working out the knowledge of many sciences and yet ignorant of men, and spending what love his shrivelled heart might have had for women on the love of abstract ideas."

Some smarty writes and many papers have quoted the following sentence: "Forty girls will run after a mob with a gold-headed cane where one will shy up to a fellow with good sound horse sense." When we say that forty men will run after a flirt who can sing a little and thump on a piano, to where one will shy up to a plain, hard some girl who is not ashamed to help her mother get dinner, the case stands about even.