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Happy the man whose far remove From business and the giddy throng Fits him in the paternal groove Unquestioning to glide along, Apart from struggle and from strife, Content to live by labor's fruits, And wander down the vale of life In gingham shirt and cowhide boots.

He too is blessed who, from within By strong and lasting impulse stirred, Faces the turmoil and the din Of rushing life; whom hope deferred But more incites; who ever strives,

And wants, and works, and waits, until The multitude of other lives Pay glorious tribute to his will,

But he who, greedy of enown, Is too tenacious of his case, Alas for him ! Nor busy town Nor country with his mood agrees; Eager to reap, but loth to sow, He longs monstrari digito, And looking on with envious eyes, Lives restless and obscurely dies.

THE COUNTESS.

"It's the loneliest old place in Rom, this Palazzo Comparini," said Thore, an American painter, to Giuseppe, the porter. Giuseppe always lounged at a door that led from the court-yard into a darkness and a dampness supposed to be his apartment. Giuseppe was white-haired and bent, and after the fashion of the Italian lower orders, felt almost past work at fifty, but certainly not past the pleasures of conversation.

"Cert, signore, the palace is lonely enough nowadays, but the Comparinis used to be rich, and kept up a great state. No grass in the court then, no mold on those marble steps, no silence, no foreign painters on the top floor (without offense to you, signore). Then the young count—ah, well, he was a rare one "-here the old porter fell to laughing—"and a gay one, and a care less one. He went to Paris, and, whew! away went the money. The villa was sold, the property on the Corso was sold, the palace at Naples was sold, and back came the count, as merry as ever and got married Married a young wife, and then away went her fortune. Paris again; horses, gambling, betting, and worse. Five years ago he died—died merry, too. A pleasant man was the count,

"Very pleasant man," said Thorn

"Except this palace; and that would have sone if he had lived." How about his wife ?"

"Well, her father gave her something more, and then here's the palace Walt, Big!

Giuseppe shuffled off toward a young lady who had just entered, and who beckoned him from the staircase. She was a little warson, with a low brow an wonderful liquid Southern eyes and a row of small teeth like, as Thorn mentally remarked, sweet corn. She had a dimple in one cheek only. You couldn't ask a mate in the other cheek, for such a dimple couldn't possibly be repeated. She had a small straight nose and a full month; she was brown, and she vas quick, yet languid. She talked with Giuseppe in lively fashion, yet leaned against a pedestal, like a weary nymph in a picture, All this Thorn noted Then he caught Giuseppe's hame as she pronounced it, with that gentle separation of the syllables, as if for lingering more tenderly on each.

"What a lovely name the old wretch has !" he thought. As the little lady tripped lightly up the stairs he was very glad to ask the old wretch, and right eagerly too, "Who is the signorina?" "The Countess Vittoria Comparini."

" Does she live here?" "Of course. On the second floor." "Does she-does anybody-does she have many visitors?" stammered Thorn, addings to himself, "Confound this foreign tongue! it won't let a fellow say what he means.'

Giuseppe caught the meaning pretty surely, for he answered: "Certainly, signore, the countess sees her own

"You mean the foreigners-that is, the Romans."

"I mean the Romans, not the foreigners. Ladies like herself, and gentlemen like the count, her late hus-

"Like the fellow that spent her dowry."

"I mean gentlemen—people who don't work as I do, or as—" "Ha! ha! as I do," laughed Thorn. "Well-yes, signore," said Giuseppe,

with polite hesitation. "Here's a genuine old world crea ture," thought Mr. Thorn, act a little foreign, countess?" amused, "untouched by republicanism, communism or nihilism. Pray that his mistress is more moderr and so, access-

A vain prayer it seemed, for in pay ment of a month of cold sentinel duty on the marble stairs, often an hour at a time, Mr. Thorn had met the Countess Comparini but twice. Once she passed him with a slight bow and downeast eyes as he politely lifted his hat; and one morning she looked up with a "Grazie, signore," as he restored the prayer-book that she had let fall on returning from early mass. This wasn't the American way of getting on with a lovely woman, so Thorn applied to an Italian fellow at the banker's who talked

"Posseeble to know the Countess Comparini, my dear fellow? No. The countessa is of an old house. She likes not the foreigners. Imposseeble, my dear boy."

teeth in good New Ergland fashion.

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Then he lounged about town for days, making acquaintances among the nobility. Counts and marquises in plenty he came to know, for Thorn was only pleasing a Bohemian fancy by lodging in an old palace, and could afford to stand dinners for even the hungriest nobles in Italy. But no luck. Invariably he the Countess Comparini inapproachable, frequenting a small circle, but, not inclined to foreign society. Sometimes he saw her piquant little face on the Pincian, as she drove alone in an open carriage, and then he went home and laid the maddest schemes. He even knocked some mortar out of the solid wall in his apartment, and told Giuseppe that he required, as a tenant, to see the countess about some repairs. "The signore will go to the agent on the Corso," said Giuseppe. At last Thorn became horribly jealous

of this old porter, who was sure of a smile and a pleasant word, or perhaps a little confidential talk, as the countess would come in from her drive. Gloomily pondering Giuseppe's good fortune, an idea struck the American. The countess was out. Giuseppe was some-thing of a connoisseur in wines. Now Thorn had a certain flask containing a certain liquid that might easily be called American wine. Giuseppe, without much persuasion, swallowed a good pint of whisky straight, and swore it was better than Montepulciano. Soon he lay senseless in the court yard, and then Thorn coolly sauntered into the street waiting for the countess' carriage. Before long it came, and he

lounged discreetly in the porte cochere. "Giuseppe!" called the countess, in that cooing way that always set Thorn wishing to be an old serving-man. Then seeing the man's prostrate form, she gave a little cry, and going to him in sweet womanly fashion, turned up his rough face, and said, "Oh, the poor Giuseppe is ill-Teress!" This last to her maid, who might have heard through one of the open windows, but did not.

'Teresa, help me. Poor Giuseppe!'
This was Thorn's time. Advancing, he said: "Pardon me, signora, but I have a little skill. I can help the

"Are you a doctor, signore? I thought you were a-" "A painter," said Thorn, secretly exulting that she had thought of him at all. "So I am, but so poor a one that I've wit enough outside my own craft

to treat a simple case like this.' "Oh, he is an old and faithful ser-

"Leave him to me, and in a short time I will let you know his condition,"

said Thorn, formally. the man inside, and in five minutes met the countess' anxious face at the door of her own salon. Be sure Giuseppe's recovery was delayed; be sure that only Teresa, the maid, who did not understand the symptoms, was allowed to approach him; and be very sure that bulletins were conveyed every few minutes to the countess by a tireless messenger. During the evening the invalid became conscious. Then Mr. Worthington Thorn, with every claim to gratitude, with a year of formal acquaintance, franchised at one lucky bound, reposed his six feet of American pluck and expedient on an ancient Comparini sofa, and secretly laid down before the lady's dainty little slippers all his honest New England heart.

Now Giuseppe, too, was indebted to Thorn for not mentioning the nature of his illness, and obeying the order to remain indisposed for several days. Several days! why, they were more like several weeks, so common had it grown for the countess to say, "A riverderla, Signor Torn."

"Thorn, if you please, signora." Then, with a violent exertion to fulfill the rules of enunciating "th," the troublesome combination would somehow slip away in a laugh, and the countess would say, blushing and looking very lovely indeed, "Ah! I can never say that foreign name of yours."

"Try my first name-Worthington." "Vortinton. Is that right?" "Whatever you say is right." "Ah! your Italian improves. You

can make compliments already." In truth, Thorn got on wonderfully With so much practice, no in Italian. With so much practice, no wonder. Not only had he much to say on his own account, but the countess was insatiable in her curiosity about his home and the ways of the American

people. " How strange and how foreign! Ah! an Italian could never like such things," she would exclaim.

"Then you do not like anything A little shrug for answer, and a little elevation of the eyebrows, that might

mean polite reluctance to offend, and might mean bashful hesitancy to speak a flattering truth.

"And do women speak," the countess asked, "in public in America?" "Oh, yes; that's common." "And their husbands, what do they

"That if a woman has ideas or opinions, she has a right to express them." "An Italian wouldn't like that. And how about a woman's dowry?"

"Italians wouldn't like that," laughed the countess. "But if a wife has property, it is protected so the husband shall not

squander it. Would the Italians like

"Most women marry without any."

"I-I think the women would," and the countess looked thoughtful. Thorn felt he was striking home and in the hopewhich you have just blasted."

"Is it?" said Thorn, and shut his making progress; but the countess seeing him dare to look happy again, started her raillery again. "Now tell started her raillery again. "Now tell me about your festa days. What do you do at Easter?"

"Nothing much where I live. Some people eat a few eggs or put a few flowers in the churches.'

"How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?"

"Not where I live." "No carnival! But sn Italian would die without the carnival. Pray what do you have ?"

"We have Fourth of July." "Forterhuli-and what is that?" Thorn explained in few words, adding: "We make all the noise possible; send off fireworks all day andall night; but it's very hot and disagreeable."

"It must be dreadful. But you have holidays. There's Christmas." "Oh yes; we go to church then."
"Stand up and hear prayers?"

"Then we have Thanksgiving."

"Tanksgeevin?" "Yes; that's a great day in late No-

vember, when we have turkeys." "Turkeys! where?" and the countess pened her soft eyes so wide that Thorn quite lost himself in their brown

"Where? Oh, on the table, to be sure.

"Turkeys, and little trees, and a great noise on a hot day, and no carnival! I could never like American ways." The countess shook her head with decision, and for the rest of the evening smiled upon a stout, middle-aged marquis, who had a waxed mustache. For weeks Thorn haunted the old

salon, meeting the stout marquis at every call, while Countess Vittoria bestowed her favors evenly. If she admired Thorn's last picture, she admired the marquis' new horse; if she let the marquis play with her fan, she let Thorn steal a flower from her bouquet. When she was not present, the marquis glared at the American, and the American whistled softly to himself and looked over the stout gentleman's head. He was tall enough to do it in an aggravating way. At last matters came to a crisis when Thorn sang a love song to Vittoria's own guitar, and pointed the words very dramatically. The marquis followed him out, and on the stairs said, very red and short of breath: "You will fight me, signore.'

"Why?" demanded Thorn, quietly.
"You know why. The Countess

"Well?" and Thorn leisurely lighted a cigar. "I don't quite see your point. If you are an accepted suitor of the

"I fancy I am to be so favored," replied the marquis, fiercely.

esteem the countess too highly to injure her future husband. On the other hand," continued Thorn, with provoking calm and distinctness, "if you are not an accepted suitor-"

"Well, suppose I'm not?" blustered the marquis, rather betraying weakness in his haste.

"Then, Signor Marchese, you are less than nothing to me. I wouldn't waste the time walking out to a retired spot to shoot you down." "Then you won't fight?"

" No." The marquis was purple with rage by this time, and exclaimed: "Coward!" At the word Thorn asked: "Have

you pistols?" "I have;" and a valet was beckoned who presented a pair. "Ha! you will fight, then !" sceered the marquis. Thorn made no reply, but examined

one of the weapons. "Do you observe," he said, still smoking, "the forefinger of that statue?" It was a cast filling a niche at the foot of the long flight of stairs. As he spoke he fired, and the finger, shot | very gentle and shy. off, clicked as it fell on the marble stairs. The marquis had just time to note that, when the American said: "Now this is for calling me a coward,"

enemy's eyes which sent that titled gentleman rolling downstairs in a senseless heap. Then Thorn went up to his rooms, the cigar still alight. Now Teresa, the maid, had overheard this scene, and the next day the

countess said : " An Italian would have "We don't shoot fools in America;

we whip 'em," answered the young man. "Your ways are not like ours," sighed the countess, with a mock regret, for a smile was playing in that one unmatchable dimple.

" Countess, could you never like our "They are so singular," she answered,

evasively. " Could you never like an American? a man who loves you sincerely, who will

make of you not a plaything, not a gan, in wild astonishment household ornament, but a companion, a friend, a wife ?" " It is all too strange;" and she spoke low. "I could never get used to you.

You are so-" "Well, so what?" "So tall and so blonde, and-"

" So ugly." " No, but so different from us. And your name-I could never, never pronounce it. Vortinton Torn. "I will pronounce it for you; I will

do everything for you." He approached her, and she took fright. "No, no, signore; don't ask me. couldn't-I couldn't." "Then your answer-" said Thorn,

growing very white. "My answer is-no." "Good-night, countess, and good-bye, I have lived at Rome so long only

"I know," said the countess. "It is November.

He went off bravely enough, leaving the little woman standing with her around them, "love has all customs, pretty head on one side and her eyes all religions, and all countries for its cast down.

It ought to be easy for a young fellow of fortune, of talent, of many resources like ours."

It was n shake off the thought of a little woman standing with her eyes cast down. To that end the American occupied himself during the days that intervened before the Thanksgiving dinner. Besides having promised to be present he feared his absence, coupled with breaking off his known intimacy with the Countess Vittoria, would give rise to remark and set gossip all agog.

One, two, three times twenty four hours went slowly round. It was the eve of Thanksgiving day; it would be his last evening in the Comparini pal-ace, his last but one in Rome. Poor Thorn was seized with a desire to see once more the face that had cost him so much divine misery, to look once more into the eyes that had banished him-a foolish, inconsistent impulse known only to lovers. Half unconsciously he tramped out into the great hallways and up and down the cold staircases, imperfectly lighted by wretched oil lamps. There was confusion on the floor where the countess lived. People were hurrying in at the doors, and then men seemed carrying in great boxes. He could hear Teresa's shrill voice calling on the Madonna as they stumbled awkwardly under their burdens. The noise of arrivals ent on for a long time; then it was hard to hear anything distinctly, the place was so large and the walls so thick. Yet there was the sound of voices and laughter, and at last some serving-men went out in a crowd, and Teresa's shrill whisper called after them : "Bring enough for them all to eat."

"Enough for them all to eat." was a party, then. Perhaps more had come than were expected, and the careful Teresa had to make provision duly. In a moment Thorn convinced himself that the stout marquis, who had probably recovered from his tumble, was being entertained by Countess Vittoria's most winning smiles. In his excited mind he could see them both; that waxed mustache (how he hated it!); and Vittoria—from her dainty foot to the topmost braid of her little head, he could see her, too-see her smile and all night, and looked like a specter in as'eep, and waking with a start at 5 o'clock, he got up to dress for the dinto cogitate some verse, or toast, or epithe brushes on the dressing-table a dainty envelope. Evidently Giuseppe had brought it while he slept. Countess Comparini's compliments, and she would be happy to see Signor Thorn" (the h very carefully written)

at 5 o'clock." Thorn vowed he wouldn't go; then, seeing it was already 5 o'clock, hurried his toilet. He whisked out a clean handkerchief, he dashed a little Cologne water about, still swore he him when nine, having had him three wouldn't go and be tortured anew, hastily left his rooms, and marched straight down to the familiar great door on the second story. He was ushered as far as the little antechamber. The drawing room was closely shut. From another entrance the countess advanced to meet him. She was charmingly dressed, but

She hoped she saw the signore well. "That could hardly be expected," he answered, all resentment gone, as he looked down upon the tender, girlish and delivered a blow right between his little creature who was so dear to him "I have been," she faltered, "think.

ing very seriously since we talked thother day; and last evening—" Thorn braced himself to hear she had accepted the marquis at the party.

"-last evening I made up my mind. I-I want you to feel at home, so I best of my visit was that the little had a duel with that gentleman, Signor arranged a little surprise. I hope you will like it." Here she opened the drawing-room door. "They make a dreadful noise, but it pleases me-for thirty-six years of age and is a magniyour sake."

The tears were in her eyes, she was ready for his arms, yet Thorn stood in mute amazement. The Comparini drawing-room was half filled with tables, and on every table was a crowd of gobbling, screeching, flapping, living turkeys, some tethered, some cooped, but all joining in the dreadful din. "What is the meaning-" Thorn be-

The countess broke down completely. "It's the custom of your country on this day-you told me so-turkeys on tables," she sobbed. "I'll try to be a

perfect American." "You're a perfect angel," said Thorn, and all Countess Vittoria's tears, by some strange law of hydraulies, ran

down an American-cut waistcoat. "And do you feel very much at home?" she asked, in a happy whisper. "I never felt so much at home in my

life," he answered, clasping her closely.
"I knew you would. I'm so glad I did itall right. The men found it hard to fasten so many of them on the tables, a part of the city of Cleveland. though; and the feeding, that was dreadful."

Thorn laughed very much. "For pity's sake, have them taken off," he "No; they shall stay. I don't mind | Druggists self it for 25 cents a bottle.

"Do you go soon?" the noise. Ah! caro, when these things gobbled so frightfully all night that my countrymen enjoy at this sea-son, and which I am pledged to attend." is the custom of his country—perhaps a part of his religion."

"Dearest," said Thorn, as well as he could through the flutter and cackle own. Nothing is hard, or strange, or foreign to hearts that cling together

It was not until the next year, when the countess met a party of her hus-band's compatriots, that she found out the real use of the great American turkey.

Story of an Indian Captive.

General John R. Baylor furnishes the San Antonio (Texas) Express with the following incident connected with his late visit to Corpus Christi, where he met a Spaniard by the name of Tito Rivers, whom he rescued from the

Comanches a quarter of a century ago: In 1856 I was United States Indian agent at the Comanche reservation on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, then Throckmorton county. One day I found a note on my table from a boy, who asked that he be taken from the Indians. Soon afterward the boy walked into my office with a bunch of turkey feathers fastened to the top of his head, and his face painted and dressed in the Indian costume, and said he was the boy who left the note on my table. I asked him where he came from, and he said that his father was a Spaniard, and lived in the mining town of Tapio, in the state of Durango, Mexico. He spoke Spanish and also Comanche. I didn't believe that he had written the note, and to try him asked him to sit down at my desk and show me how he could write. He wrote a beautiful hand for a boy. Questioning him as to how he came to fall into the hands of the Indians, he said that his father owned a pack train, and one day he went out with the mules and the men in charge of the mules and camped. The Indians came on them and took him into cap-

tivity. After hearing his story I sent for the Indian who claimed to own the boy, and when he came I told him I must have Tito. He replied that I could not, and I told him I would or we would fight. He said that fight it would be then; the boy could not go. I went to see General Robert E. Lee, who was then lieutenant-colonel of the Second United States cavalry, at Camp Cooper, and who had been stationed there to protect the Comanche camp. While there, Chief Cateman, of the Co coquet and bandy compliments with manches, who had heard of the object that detested fat fellow he had knocked of my visit, came to see me and said downstairs. Thorn raged, shut him-self in the studio, walked up and down self and the Indians, and that if I would give up \$100 worth of goods I could get the morning. Toward noon he fell the boy. I gave him an order on the sutler, and he was given the goods, and the boy was turned over to me. I sent ner, heartily wishing it all over. Trying the little fellow to my house and he lived with my children for about two gram for the occasion, he spied among years, being treated as one of the family. Afterward I met Major Neighbors, who then lived near San Antonio, on the Salado. Major Neighbors said he wanted him, and if I would give him to him he would send him back to his mother. I turned him over to the major, but he didn't send him back to his mother, and the war came on and he went into the Confederate army. The boy was twelve years old when I took him, and the Indians had captured years. He spoke the Comanche language perfectly, and I used him as interpreter. Major Neighbors left the boy on his ranche on the Salado, near San Antonio, and the boy entered the Confederate army when about sixteen years. Upon returning from the war he stopped with Captain Albert Wallace, on the Cibolo, fifteen miles north of San Antonio, and from there went to Galveston and thence to Corpus Christi. While with Captain Wallace he carned his living as a cowboy. I went to Corpus Christi to see the boy, Tito Rivera, now cashier of the bank of Davis & Dodridge in Cor-

> ficent-looking man. The oldest, and doubtless the richest, convict in the Ohio penitentiary is Horace Brooks, age seventy-four years, whose long imprisonment is likely to be soon terminated by a large rose cancer which has appeared upon his forehead. He was received at the penitentiary November 10, 1850, under a life sentence for murder in the second degree, and has, therefore, been in the prison thirty-one years. He owned a farm in the suburbs of Cleveland through which a railroad passed; the ears ran over and killed some of his sheep, and to avenge this injury Brooks obstructed the track, threw off a train and killed five persons. He was indicted for murder by the grand jury of Cuyahoga county, tried in the courts of that county and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. At the time of his conviction he was a wealthy man, and the property he then owned has become extremely valuable, having since become

pus Christi, and one of the most respect-

able men of Corpus. He married a

Miss Mollie Woodward, and now has

one boy and two little girls, and the

children came about me threw their

arms around my neck and called me

grandpa. Rivera is a man now about

Take little annovances out of the way. It you are suffering with a Cough or Cold, use Dr. Bull's Gough Syrup at once. This old and reliable remedy will never disappoint you. All

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Light work-The incendiary's. The banana skin generally opens the

"Why stand ye here idol?" as the missionary said to one of the heathen No philosopher has explained why

stones are so scarce when a big dog jumps upon the scene.

Diegenes sought for an honest man, Sought him but couldn't find him. We look as vainly now for a man Who will shut the door behind him.

Whatever you may have to do, do it with your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.-Statesman. You'll find many friends, as you travel life's

road, Who profess to be friends of the heart, Are much like the bad dog that stole the cat's

And then said: "Ob, yes; I'll take your part." - Wit and Wisdom,

A father with marriageable danghters, like a maiden with sensitive skin, often dreads the winter, because it brings so many chaps on his hands .- Toledo American.

"The same thing," says a philosopher, "often presents itself to us in different aspects." That is true. For instance, it makes all the difference in the world whether you sit down upon the head or point of a carpet tack .- Sommerville Journal.

Charles Dudley Warner has written an article on camping out, in which says nothing about the rapturous ex citement attendant upon stealing tunips at moonlight, or getting up in the morning and cutting slices off a ham with a dull batchet.—Puck.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a saddle-horse knows enough of arithmetic to carry one. It is also a fact that, when put in a livery stable, he can run up a big bill in a very short time. He has also been known to figure some in a Fourth of July procession. - Texas Siftings.

They are bragging a good deal about the locomotive in New Jersey that goes one hundred miles an hour, but a Third street youth who went serenading last evening returned home at the rate of one hundred and three miles an hour, and had a spotted dog hung to his trousers at that .- Stillwater Lumberman.

WISE WORDS.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience.

No life can be utterly miserable that is lightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

Wrong doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places. An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a

heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred or the keenest edge of vindic-He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were

multiplied. If you hate your enemies, you wil contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends or those who are

indifferent to you. In order to, have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carryfinto your work a fullness of knowledge-not merely a sufficiency,

but more than a sufficiency. A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practice always in shallow water, your heart will assur-edly fail in the hour of high flood.

In peace patrictism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own

The German proverb, "If I rest, I rust," applies to many things beside the If water rests, it stagnates. If the tree rests, it dies, for its winter state is only a half-rest. If the eye rests, it grows dim and blind. If the lungs rest, we cease to breathe. If the heart rests, we die.

Minute Werkmanship.

The Salem (Mass.) museum has in its possession a cherry stone containing one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size, the spoons being so small that their shape and finish can be distinguished only by the microscope. This is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purpose, and there are numbers of other objects in existence the value of which may be said to be quite as indifferent. Thus, Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry stone on which were carved 124 heads so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their miters and crowns, A Nuremberg topmaker inclosed in s cherry stone which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. Pliny, too, mentions the fact that Homer's Iliad, with its 15,000 verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell. The greatest curiosity of all, however, was a copy of the Bible, written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be inclosed within the shell of an English walnut.