

Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

28026 NUMBER 1.

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Contributed Articles.

THEN AND NOW.

BY CORA M. DOWNS.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

In those sunny days long, long ago, when we sat under the trees of what seems now the "forest primeval," making our mud pies close by the staring white walls of the district school, little dreaming indeed as we patted our moist and discolored pastry with infinite care and inward satisfaction, that the days would come when mud pies should have no power to please—in those long, laughter-echoing-play-days we fashioned our future to suit ourselves. No visions disturbed us of the time when our mimic toil would take on actual dimensions, and our shouts of irrepressible glee would change into the frequent and long drawn sighs of hearts that have proved all of earth's vanities. Once indeed I remember that I had a broken heart, as well as a dislocated finger.

Eight or ten young unbroken colts of us joined hands, one or two being girls of "whom I was which," and the majority boys, and choosing an inclined plane which was just a little inclined off the perpendicular, covered with ice and slippery as the ways of a modern politician, we set sail from the top of the hill to the bottom! I may say it was a brief voyage, momentous and perilous, and the discovery that I made of a twisted and painful finger scarcely paid me for such a daring venture. But the worst was to come, when our teacher finding among the voyagers several aching heads and divers contusions, delivered to us a bitter reprimand for our "roughness," especially to the girls who were the minority, (we poor females always get the sharpest sting,) and then he capped the climax by distinctly intimating to me that I was a "Tom-boy," and that poor little "I" led the other girls into difficulty and danger that they would never reach if it were not for me, (with a big M.)

Utterly heart broken in my pain and disgrace I did not probably hold up my head for an hour. How I ever survived being called a "Tom-boy" is a matter of surprise to me even now. I have had some defeats and some downfalls since that time, am a little afraid of the critics at times, and fear that I shall not always please my friends, but no sharper experience has ever quelled my spirit and made me so utterly distrust myself and lay my head in the dust of self-condemnation as the epithet bestowed on me on account of that break-neck adventure with the boys!

Into the autumn of life we have slipped, scarcely aware how the transition has taken place except that we know how our habits have taken a more solemn tone, and the tint of our expectations has been subdued and mellowed by the chastening pencil of retrospection. For the mud pies of our childhood we substitute the intellectual pastry of maturer life. Our "Round Table" drawn up before the evening fire has the market supply of that delectable article piled up in delightful profusion. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety,"—paragraphs and items, columns of information, current events, &c., we swallow with reckless avidity.

And now as if to further increase the perils of mental digestion, comes a new elaboration that the steady fingers of the press have daintily manipulated, full of thought, energy, purpose and pleasant fancies. Straightway all of us may "stick in our thumb and pull out a plum." And it hath a name that eternalizes it in our families. It is the spirit of the wine that mounts to the brain, it is the fine essence, the intangible mind that looks out of the eyes of our friends, and so the spirit of our young State is that which is courage, freedom, energy, enterprise. Therefore we take it to our hearts and home giving it a "warm corner," and declare that it shall be welcome always "at evening when the lamps are lighted nor stand as one unsought or uninvited."

One day is like another and the years creep on apace. We are part and parcel of the breathing universe, each hugging his little "boon of life" as if the Beyond had nothing better to offer us. The "lean and slippered pantaloon" period of life follows fast upon the torn trousers existence of Jack who finds Paradise in a nut shell by sliding down hill on a board. And sober maternity lays by the last vestige of girlish coquetry when the soft abundant hair of affluent youth thins and silvers with coming age. There is no surer sign that we have reached the summit and are on the down grade, than to find that we are beginning to wonder how men and women of middle age and wide experience can find heart to begin and push forward a new enterprise. The sense of responsibility grows irksome, and the lassitude of a tamed soul overtakes us.

Nevertheless for the spirit that puts on no vesture of decay, but rises mightily over wrecks of the past, and failures of the present, that is voice, thought, will, purpose, all concentrated—that is mind over matter, soul over sense, to this fine ethereal essence that uses and controls all material things, we bid welcome and all hail! And upon our "Kansas Spirit," born of the resistless energy of our progressive State, may the light ever shine from the "hills of morning." May no shadow of night, or sound of farewell reach it, and as its day may its strength be.

TREES FOR THE FARMERS.

A Successful Experiment.

BY L. A. ALDERSON.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

In the spring of 1850, I had on my quarter section on high prairie, six miles from Atchison, a ten acre lot that had been broken and inclosed nearly two years before. That lot was thoroughly rebroken, and two acres in the southeast corner near the farm house were planted in fruit trees, and the remaining eight acres were laid off with a shovel-plow in furrows fifteen feet apart. I found in cornfields on the prairie a large

number of cottonwood sprouts that had come up among the corn the previous fall, after the corn had been laid by. The sprouts had been eaten off by the cattle during the winter, so that they were not more than six inches high. The sprouts were pulled up by hand, and thrown into a wagon bed and taken to the farm, a distance of five or six miles. My small son with a six foot rod marked off the distance in the furrow, another small son dropped the sprouts, and the hired man covered the roots as he would corn, pressing the soft earth of each hill with his foot. The lot was cultivated in corn the two following years. Nearly every sprout they planted lived. In the fall of the second year, when the sprouts had grown to the height of eight and ten feet, a furrow was run with a turning plow in the middle of the rows—being seven and a half feet from the cottonwoods—and walnuts with the hulls on were dropped six feet apart, and covered with the same plow. They came up very well the next spring, and grew to the height of two and three feet during the summer; but the next winter, they were nearly all eaten square off by the rabbits. The second summer their growth was so rapid that they got beyond the control of the rabbits.

It has been twelve years last spring since the planting of the cottonwoods, and ten years since the walnuts came up from the seed. The walnuts are from twenty to thirty feet high, and the cottonwoods are upwards of sixty feet in height, and between ten and twelve inches in diameter. There are about seven thousand trees growing in the eight acres, and, winter and summer, they form a perfect wind break.

The success in growing these trees has arisen mainly from two causes. The first is, that the sprouts were taken from the prairie, and not from sandbars, or wet bottom land; and the second is, that they were planted the proper distance apart, a distance that has caused them to grow forest-like. But for the trees standing in rows, every one would suppose the grove to be a natural forest.

Two days work of a man and two boys, with a wagon and team, was the original cost of this grove. Not a few persons have said that the additional value to the farm is from one to two thousand dollars.

SPECIALTIES IN FARMING.

BY J. K. HUDSON.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

I believe that the true genius of success in farming lies in having a specialty. The point is to learn, through years of care and thought, how to grow some special crop in the best manner, with the greatest economy and how and when and where to market it in order to secure the largest profit. If the breeding of any breed or breeds of cattle, horses or mules, or sheep or swine, or raising of bees, or any branch of horticulture or floriculture, or the dairy, be the chosen specialty, whatever may be selected, upon which to devote years of time and labor, the proposition I make for the friends of mixed farming to consider is, that when such a specialty is well chosen and well followed for a series of years it more certainly leads to success than general farming under similar circumstances.

The time has passed for every farmer's family to spin their own wool and make their own clothing or to devote their nights mending and making shoes and brooms. Railroads and a thousand modern inventions in science and mechanics have made many good old fashioned farm usages things of the past; brought the most distant markets to our doors and equalized prices and profits. These facts are too common to bear mention here were they not the facts which point to the necessity of change in our system of farming. We give columns to the discussion of manures, subsoiling, drainage and all the modern improvements of agriculture, but what of it? The cry from the mass of farmers is "we barely make the ends meet." The fault lies in this, as we see it, viz: that farmers have little or no surplus to sell. After their various little crops are sold, the most economical supplies laid in and taxes paid, nothing is left. The farmer has had to fritter his time and energy away on a dozen products with all the consequent loss of having only a little of each. These numerous crops were grown upon the general principle of all mixed farming, viz: if one fails another will hit. When marketing, the general farmer with a small surplus of wheat, barley, corn, oats, butter, pork, &c., is again at a disadvantage in peddling out his miscellaneous loads, which bring but little money and less satisfaction. He becomes an agricultural tinker and masters nothing. The farmer who undertakes to grow fruit and hay and grain and stock for market finds the claims of one conflicting with those of the other, and it usually results in transferring the neglect and loss onto some one or two of the crops in hand.

In the Northwest and in portions of the Eastern and Middle States, whole sections have in times past given every acre almost, to wheat, without growing the farm supplies of hay, vegetables or fruit. Without advocating these extremes the plan recommended is simply for the farmer to consider what crop or class of stock all circumstances considered he can best rely upon for profit, and then place his energy, means and thought upon it, making his other farm operations secondary. He becomes thoroughly acquainted with every necessity of the crop or stock, how to most economically raise and when the market demand is best. He becomes known as competent in the branch he especially follows for profit and his reputation secures sales of what he produces. The farmer who rushes into a specialty without thoroughly considering his own inclinations, tastes and capacity, his capital, location, market, &c., may reasonably be expected to fail. The lack of business sense and judgment brings loss and failure in farming as in other occupations, and on the contrary the examples of permanent and well deserved success of many persons as fruit growers, vineyardists, apiarists, breeders, dairymen, and farmers in every branch of agriculture, are numerous in every state.

LABOR NECESSARY TO MENTAL CULTURE.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

That which is valuable and worthy of possessing, requires labor and perseverance. He who nurses a vague expectation that he can acquire knowledge without employing these means, as others have done before him, will find nothing but mortification and disappointment.

There is no easy or short road to knowledge, any more than there is to the attainment of wealth and influence. Mental culture is not to be acquired in a day or a year. The many devices and rules which have been introduced to shorten the road to real knowledge may afford some assistance to the beginner, but after all he will find that the mind must be improved and become perfectly familiar with the ideas and facts presented to it; and nothing but a frequent repetition will indelibly impress it on his mind. Impressions easily acquired are generally soon lost. It is vain to expect that we can ever become familiar in history, the sciences, or general knowledge, without earnest mental labor, any more than to hope to reap a rich harvest without sowing the proper seed.

If a student would make a minute of those things which are deemed worthy of being remembered in a diary, it would afford a great aid to the memory. The act of writing more fully engraves it on his mind; then, by frequent reference, the subject is recalled until it becomes familiar to the mind.

There is no doubt most people, when they commence their course of study, read too many books superficially: the mind is unable to retain all that the eye beholds. If we would read less, and study more, we would find that we should become more proficient in real knowledge.

In a country like Kansas, where the roads and avenues to wealth and competence are so numerous—where the mind necessarily partakes of the spirit of the romantic adventurer—it cannot be expected that the youthful mind will, without repeated efforts, conform to the slow and tedious task by which real and valuable knowledge is alone attained.

There are many drawbacks and impediments in the intellectual pursuits; some, however, are not so formidable but that they could, and should, be remedied. Young after they have read a few books think they have won the goal, when in fact they have scarce started in the race. Others are frequently to blame for this state of things. Of checking this vain conceit of aspiring youth, the hearing of their son, John, is a wonderful thing. He only three years to school, and has mastered every element of knowledge. He will make a great man yet. Taught to reverse the opinions of his parents, is it a that John becomes egotistical, lays aside his books and for pleasure by an easier process than plodding over the midnight lamp?

As education advances and general intelligence becomes more diffused amongst the people, we find a corresponding tendency in the public mind for works of fiction: a taste, to use a common term, for "light literature." Works of fiction may be of use if they exhibit human nature in accordance with the developments of real life, although we have not found time for such amusement. We believe the works of Charles Dickens are of a high moral character, and the reading of his works has been productive of good. There is one class of fictitious writings which is certainly objectionable: it is where the author, after drawing his hero as a character who had lived and toiled through every vicissitude of life during early life, is extricated from his misfortunes by some unexpected and unforeseen event, such as some rich relative, living in a far country, suddenly dying and leaving him a large legacy, by which the life of life are changed for an earthly paradise. Although such things are not impossible, they are very improbable. Why should the ordinary laws by which society is governed be ornamented with a fictitious character? It cannot be otherwise than pernicious, because it draws the mind off from the common events of every day life to anticipate something extraneous—some fortuitous event to spring forth from the unforeseen future, which is to bless us with accidental good fortune without any effort on our part.

There is a striking contrast between our German population and our native born, and I do not know but it would be well in many cases to take lessons from them. They study economy and follow practical, not theoretical, schemes. They are satisfied to follow the slow but certain road which leads to success and independence. They do not stand idle and wait for something to "turn up."

The mechanic who is noted for his skill, and enjoys the reputation of being an expert at his business, whatever his calling may be, has attained his distinction by earnest labor and repeated efforts. The professional man whose brain is stored with ideas has not obtained them by accident, but by years of wearisome mental labor.

I repeat, that which is valuable and worthy of possessing requires labor and perseverance.

LANE, FRANKLIN COUNTY.

THE EIGHTH PAGE.

Interesting communications will be found on the eighth page. Also, a little gossip from the farm. Our readers will notice that we desire to make every page of the paper of about equal interest. This is the better arrangement both for regulars and advertisers. We have a notion that advertisements ought to be set in such type, and in such connection with reading matter that they will be read. We want THE SPIRIT to be a perfect directory of the business houses of Lawrence. Every page of our paper will usually have some advertisements, and always some reading matter.

Miscellaneous Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE CAPITAL.

The Bribing Business—The Agricultural Society—The Grand Duke.

MR. EDITOR: According to my promise I write a line from the Capital for the first number of your long promised SPIRIT. In doing so, I can hardly promise anything new, though I will try, hereafter, to keep you posted on the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain in this region—at least as long as the dark and tricky legislators remain here. For the present I must satisfy myself, as I confess I would like to satisfy your readers, with a reference or two to some of the prominent topics which have been on the tapis thus far. First of all, there is

THE BRIBING BUSINESS.

You have seen what has been done, and what has not been done, thus far. I need not write of that. But is all the talk and fuss going to amount to anything? Or will it end in smoke, as so many other things have? I thought a little while ago that Civil Service Reform was a big thing, and that we were going to have a new era in political appointments. But it begins to look as if the mountain would only bring forth a mouse, after all; and I, for one, begin half to suspect that the whole hurrah is a good deal of a humbug. But I hope for better things from this investigating attempt. With all the talk, and charges, and counter-charges, it certainly is time that something was done. I should think Mr. Caldwell would demand a thorough investigation of the circumstances of his election, if he is innocent. And if he is not innocent, I should think he would resign. But that is expecting too much of a Kansas Senator. We have asked them to resign before now, and they paid but little attention to the request. I do not know how you feel about this business,—and that does not concern me, for you will remember that I only promised to write on condition that I should write independently,—but I, and every man here, excepting some that do not seem to be in the condition that Caesar's wife ought to have been in, as well as every other wife for that matter, want to see a thorough-going, honest and exhaustive investigation of Caldwell's election. I confess that I believe he bought his election. And I believe, if the attempt is honestly and thoroughly made, it can be proved. And if it is not proved, we shall all feel better.

But I almost forgot that I am writing for an agricultural paper. Allow me to congratulate you on the privilege of making a paper in that peaceful interest rather than in the contentious arena of politics. I did not attend the annual meeting of

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

But I noticed from the published report of the proceedings with regret, and also with surprise, that the Society is out of money. I had got the impression that the Society was in a prosperous condition, and hoped that it would be able hereafter, as it did last year, to hold a Fair without seeking assistance from the State. Will you please explain how it happens that, with money in the treasury to begin with, and as prosperous a Fair as the Topeka one must have been, the Society is bankrupt? It is expected here that the next Fair will be held at Topeka. I hope this will be the case. I do not believe in a traveling agricultural society. It should not be an itinerant circuit rider, but a located institution. And this is the place for it. The people here are deserving of the thanks of every farmer in the State for fitting up grounds where a Fair can be held to advantage. It is the only place where the State where it can be.

Now you Lawrence people have had your usual fit of sympathy over the Topekites on account of the visit of

THE GRAND DUKE.

that there is some advantage in being the Capital, having a Legislature, and a Governor, and a Supreme Court, and lots of other nice things. They have capped the visit by having a visit from the Grand Duke. He appears to be a nice young man. At any rate, he is a good fellow, and appears pretty sensible too, considering the chance he has of being a fool. He said while at the hotel he had enjoyed his western trip the best of any part of his life. This is rather complimentary to this country, and agreeable to us who think we have the best part of the world for anybody to enjoy himself in.

THE TEST HOUSE.

is still the popular and populous place of resort. Our mutual friend McMeekin—who, by the way, congratulates you on your advancement to the regal position which he fills with so much grace—is as sniffling and agreeable as ever. I might find some fault with his house. But I might with yours also. In fact, I might with any of them. I hate a hotel at the best. But I like Mac, and advise everybody who must stop at a hotel in Topeka, to give him a call.

PIE-CRUST.

For THE SPIRIT.

Let me whisper a word in your ear, dear young housekeeper, on the exciting subject of pie-crust. Not as a professional cook, nor yet as belonging to the goodly army of housekeepers do I write, but as one who has a horror of desserts rendered savory, and a memory of many dinners spoiled by the trifle of poor pie-crust. To eat a good dinner and then to begin to eat a better piece of pie, as you fondly suppose, only to have your anticipations blighted more suddenly than a Jonah's gourd by a bite into thick, tough, black pie-crust is too much for the palate of a saint of the first water. If you see your gentlemanly or gentlewomanly guest quietly move back the plate with the pie only a quarter eaten, straightway examine the quality of the crust, and learn a lesson which the modest mouth of the guest watered to tell you. The half eaten and wholly wasted pieces of pies of which the crust was the unpardonable and uneatable thing should be a warning to all economical housewives. This is an age of economy in politics, and should be in housekeeping.

To bring a good pie into close relationship with miserable crust is too much like putting good wine into old skins, a practice long ago condemned. So you see this subject has its moral aspect. The moral influence of pie-crust should be thoroughly understood by every young lady prior to matrimony. The moral science of the subject—pie-crust, not matrimony—should be taught in every well regulated female college. A young woman is fit to be a wife when she can make good pie-crust, and the converse—well let that go. The subject grows upon us. For fear that this piece of advice will lack the quality of good pie-crust the conclusion shall not tarry. For like sermons and marriage ceremonies and courtships, pie-crust should be short. If you would avoid leading your guests, your husband and your children into the terrible temptation involved in the complimentary eating of long pie-crust, tough, tasteless and burnt, make it your chief effort to avoid these qualities. Of course how to make it short you don't need to be told. Miss Beecher does not deign to tell how, neither does your friend the writer. Only don't let any waterure establishment keeper see this goodly moral essay.

THAT PROLIFIC HATCHET.

For THE SPIRIT.

It is not to add special lustre to the already great renown of G. W.'s hatchet experience that I write. I am not so much eulogist as simple historian. It is now about time that the course that hatchet has run up to date should be communicated to the world by the careful pen of the narrator of events.

Scene first, when the hatchet was just from the hardware store, with the marks of the grindstone still fresh upon it, needs for the American youth no additional word of explanation or comment, being as it is one of the obligatory portions of his nursery education. Time may come when the apple-tree hacking shall sink into the realm of myths, but it may safely be presumed that it has hardly come yet.

Scene second brings to view the hatchet in the immediate vicinity of the White House—the difficulty of breaking away from early associations. We see two representative Massachusetts men emerge from the presidential mansion. Butler and Phillips. In imitation of the beloved "father," Butler produces a hatchet and begins slashing away at one of the President's fruit trees, whereupon Grant comes out, and walking up to them says, "Who has been hacking this tree?" Butler replies, innocently, "Mr. President, I cannot tell a lie: Phillips did it." [This is probably intended to illustrate the magnanimity of this illustrious military and political leader's character, which leads him thus modestly to give credit to others for heroic deeds performed by himself.]

Scene third, we judge from the tall palmetto tree in the foreground of the picture, is located in South Carolina. This tree also represents the Tree of Liberty, and has been half cut down by a ku-klux, who upon the approach of the President attempts to hide an enormous ax under his dark cloak. A small colored citizen is seen in the background. The President, in his military uniform, holding the enforcement act in one hand, strikes an attitude and demands in tones of authority, pointing to the mutilated tree, "Who has done this?" Mr. Ku-Klux, holding the tell-tale ax behind him with one hand, while he points at the ragged and trembling "darkey" with the other, makes reply, "General, I cannot tell a lie: that nigger done it."

Scene fourth brings Mark Twain before us. He relates a pathetic experience. He did his full duty in boyhood by way of imitating the "great immortal." He played his part well, and succeeded in felling his father's favorite cherry tree—a slight deviation from copy, because there were no apple trees. But his father did not play his part "worth a cent." He wholly deviated from illustrious precedent. Coming upon the scene full of ire he exclaims, "Who did this?" The reply, "Father, I cannot tell a lie: I did it," brings on a tornado of a flogging, which used the ambitious youth half up. He gave up imitating George as a poor job.

Scene fifth is a more quiet and domestic picture. A fruitful hen leaves the nest, making genuine hen declaration to the world of the fact that another egg has been contributed to its material wealth. After a time she returns, and to her dismay finds the egg broken. "Who did this?" she mournfully inquires. A happy pullet, her daughter, with a wee chick at her side, says, "Mother, I cannot tell a lie: I did it with my little hatchet."

It is the present determination of the writer, before old age shall have paralyzed his faculties, to continue the history of this marvelous hatchet, which seems destined to play as conspicuous a part in the future annals of the country as it has in the past—simply from the desire of preserving all useful historical knowledge.

HERODOTUS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MR. EDITOR: In compliance with an invitation to furnish an article occasionally for your paper, I hereby proceed to flourish my quill. I am fully assured that however dull my production may appear when it is written, every word will become *Spirited* when it is published.

We are well. I thought you would be glad to know it, especially as this is an anonymous letter.

Every well regulated farm should have a name—not a term equally applicable to a whole community of farms surrounding some obscure postoffice—but a distinctive name belonging to that particular farm and no other. This name should not be of the "spread eagle" variety—national poultry is not properly a part of Kansas farming. Neither should it be a name too profound to be understood without a key, but one appropriate and suggestive. For instance, we call our home "Vinemont": the "layers" are to be delivered in the spring—that's "Vine"; the gravelly knob back of the house is a landmark for a radius of twenty miles—that's "mont." With this little explanation my friends invariably remark, "How appropriate!" and go away satisfied. No "key" about that!

Of course it won't do to have a name too appropriate. Farms, like children, should not be too much named. A name, while attracting attention to desirable features, may be ingeniously contrived to conceal undesirable ones. Farmers will do well to raise their candor judiciously in naming their farms. The distinction between fame and notoriety should be carefully observed. For example, Mr. Candor, on the other side of the river, (no one can take offence at that) calls his quarter section "Nubbin Ridge." "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." So far as I know the outlay for that name has been an unlucky venture. I have no authentic information that he has sold his farm for a large sum of ready money.

In these progressive days when men of almost all other professions use in their correspondence "handsomely executed letter and bill heads," containing the insignia of their occupation, why should not the intelligent farmer adopt the custom, and have his letters and bills of sale ornamented with the venerable horn spilling pumpkins out?—I believe they call it a cornucopia.

Yours truly,

SHAWNEE.

VINEMONT, Jan. 20, 1872.

CORN FOR A FIDDLE.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a reminiscence of early times in Illinois, illustrative of the change a few years have brought about.

A good, plain farmer, John, who was somewhat religiously inclined, thought he owed it to the kingdom of grace to exercise his musical talent in church. He would not play a note on the fiddle—not he: that was not orthodox. But the bass-viol—wasn't there something in a name?—was his special delight. The country did not abound in music stores. How to get the instrument was the question! Ten miles away was a man who owned one which he offered for \$20. There was no money, but there was plenty of corn. Mr. Violin Man offered to take his pay in corn in the ear at five cents a bushel. So farmer John gladly closed the bargain and began the delivery of his corn. By starting very early he could make a load a day, though it was far into the night for an honest farmer before he could make home. Thirty-three bushels in the ear was about as much as he could haul. Three loads made one hundred bushels, which was five dollars; and four hundred bushels made the price of the coveted big fiddle. Twelve loads, four hundred bushels, and twelve hard days work for man and beast paid the obligation, and the prize was his. The whole spring and summer were consumed in raising the

corn, but only a part of the winter was consumed in marketing the crop with the aid of the trusty steers.

As I used to sit in that simple country meeting house Sunday after Sunday, and drink in the melody of the pious bass-viol, my boyish mind little comprehended the foolish heroism of the clever neighbor who paid the unique and almost fabulous price of labor for the wonderful concern that gave out the music. That was surely a "service of song."

Our farmer friends think they have some reason to complain of the present price of corn. But what would they think of hauling it ten miles in an ox wagon for five cents a bushel, and taking their pay in second hand bass-viol at \$20 each?

Next time I will tell you a vinegar story.

SUCKER.

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I would call special attention to my refrigerators. Having had much experience in the business, I combine the good qualities of different refrigerators and ice chests into the one manufacture. They are the best for the following reasons:

1. Because they are well made of the best material; lined with zinc throughout, and made with double walls; the space between which is packed with dry powdered charcoal, and not with saw dust, as is the case with nine-tenths of Eastern refrigerators.
2. Because they are home manufacture, and are more durable, and save at least fifty per cent. of ice.
3. Because they can be kept in the dining room without wetting the floor, as they are constructed so that the air is in constant motion, and the foul air allowed to escape.
4. Because they sell for less money and are a handsome piece of furniture for your dining room. All who use them recommend them.

H. E. TURNER,
HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.
Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets,
Rear of Eldridge House.

"HOW TO GO EAST."

By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route.

"Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last, may be called the best route in the West.

The Line consists of the Kansas City, Saint Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line, there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus.

This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars, and nowhere else can the passenger so completely depend on a speedy, safe and comfortable journey.

The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query, "How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and truthful document, containing a valuable and correct Map, which can be obtained free of charge by addressing General Passenger Agent B. & M. R. R., Burlington, Iowa.

ON TIME!

MISSOURI PACIFIC
RAILROAD!!

The Old Reliable & Popular Through Express Route
TO SAINT LOUIS,

—AND ALL POINTS—
EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!

NO CHANGE OF CARS
FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD
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ELEGANT DAY COACHES!
PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPERS!
MILLER'S SAFETY PLATFORM!
THE PATENT STEAM BRAKE!

An equipment unequalled by any other line in the West.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

A. A. TALKAGE, Gen'l Supt.
E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent,
St. Louis, Missouri.

OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GALVESTON
RAILROAD LINE

Hope by furnishing first-class accommodation in every respect, by strict attention to the comfort and safety of passengers, and by lowering their freight rates as fast as increasing business will warrant it, to deserve and receive a fair share of patronage, and to promote and increase the settlement of the country along its line.

On and after January 1st, 1872, trains will run from Lawrence and Kansas City as follows:

GOING SOUTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Lawrence.....	11:30 A. M.	8:00 P. M.
Baldwin.....	12:15 P. M.	8:38 "
At Kansas City.....	12:00 A. M.	8:00 "
At Olathe.....	11:05 "	6:45 "
At Arrive at Ottawa.....	12:55 P. M.	9:50 P. M.
Ottawa.....	1:10 "	10:55 "
Garnett.....	2:25 "	12:50 A. M.
Iola.....	3:37 "	2:42 "
Humboldt.....	4:00 "	3:15 "
Tioga.....	4:25 "	3:42 "
Thayer.....	5:00 "	4:45 "
Cherryvale.....	5:50 "	5:52 "
Independence.....	6:49 "	6:45 "
Coffeyville.....	6:45 "	7:05 "
Parker.....	7:00 "	7:35 "

GOING NORTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Parker.....	7:00 A. M.	8:05 P. M.
Independence.....	7:10 "	7:00 "
Coffeyville.....	8:25 "	6:45 "
Cherryvale.....	8:15 "	7:52 "
Thayer.....	9:00 "	8:20 "
Tioga.....	9:40 "	9:35 "
Humboldt.....	10:05 "	10:30 "
Iola.....	10:27 "	11:00 "
Garnett.....	11:40 "	12:50 A. M.
At Ottawa.....	1:30 P. M.	8:10 A. M.
At Olathe.....	3:15 "	11:00 "
At Arrive at Kas. City.....	4:20 "	12:35 P. M.
Ottawa.....	1:05 "	8:00 A. M.
Baldwin.....	1:40 "	8:50 "
Arrive at Lawrence.....	2:20 "	9:50 "

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.

Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.

All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS:

At Kansas City with connecting roads for points East and North. At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West. At Ottawa with stages for Pomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage City. At Humboldt with stages for Eureka, Eldorado, Augusta and Douglas. At Tioga with M., K. & T. R. R. for points North and South. At Thayer with stages for Needlesha, Fredonia and New Albany. At Cherryvale with stages for Parsons. At Independence with stages for Elk City, Longton, Peru, Elk Falls, Tisdale, Winfield and Arkansas City. At Parker with stages for Cheyenne.

500,000 ACRES OF LAND

Are offered for sale by this Company in the valley of the Neosho and its tributaries.

For further information apply to

O. CHANUTE, Superintendent.
CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent,
LAWRENCE.

JANUARY, 1872.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route
TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

NO TEDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS
BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.
Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST.

Express.....	3:55 A. M.
Accommodation.....	7:30 A. M.
Mail.....	2:35 P. M.

Close connections are made at the Kansas City, State Line and Union Depots for all points North, East and South.

For Leavenworth..... 4:35 and 7:35 A. M., 2:40 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST.

Express.....	1:00 A. M.
Mail.....	11:15 A. M.
Topeka Accommodation.....	7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for Burlington, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, &c.

At Junction City for Council Grove, &c.

At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City and all points in New Mexico and Arizona.

At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown, &c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden City, &c.

At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

Pullman Palace Cars are attached to all express trains and run through between Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne without change.

Remember this is the great through line, and there is no other direct all-rail route to all points East and West.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Kansas Pacific Railway, and purchase them of W. D. WETTERELL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or at the office under the Eldridge House.

S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Supt.

BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

The Great Through Passenger Route.

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HANNIBAL & ST. JO
SHORT LINE,

Connecting at Kansas City Union Depot with the K. P. Railway.

THREE DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS,

crossing the Missouri at Kansas City and the Mississippi at Quincy, on new iron bridges, with Pullman sleeping palaces and palaces day coaches, from Kansas City

TO QUINCY AND CHICAGO
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

Connecting at the Quincy Union Depot with the

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY AND THE TOLEDO, WABASH & WESTERN RAILROADS, TO ALL POINTS

NORTH, EAST OR SOUTH.

By this line all omnibus transfers and ferrage encountered on other lines are avoided, and the following advantages in time are gained

FROM KANSAS CITY:

6:05 A. M. ATLANTIC EXPRESS arrives 11 hours in advance of any other line leaving Kansas City in the morning to Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Lafayette, Toronto, Fort Wayne, Milwaukee, Montreal, &c., connecting with the celebrated Fast Express which arrives 12 hours in advance to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

4:45 P. M. EAST EXPRESS arrives 4 hours in advance of trains by any other line leaving Kansas City in the evening to Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Lafayette, Toronto, Fort Wayne, Milwaukee, Montreal, and other points East, too numerous to mention.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS ON THIS TRAIN.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Ask for tickets via Hannibal & St. Joseph R. R., at the Ticket Office, Kansas Pacific Railway at Lawrence, Topeka, Manhattan, Junction City, Ellsworth, Hays City, Sheridan, and at Kansas City Union Depot.

GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen. Supt.

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A Brief Muddy essay		4
Poll		5
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To every thing there is a season		8
Maximum of Human Felicity		9
The ^{master} Mylers Grave		10
Humanity		12
The First of the Jayhawkers		13
Recollections of Public Men		15
do do		16
Odds and Ends		20
Under Ground Rail Road no.		21
do do	2	23
do do	3	24
do do	4	25
(20 Articles) do do	5	26

The Household.

ON HOME.

That is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hour away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hope endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here;
Cheerless I leave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be!
There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's in her bower of rest,
The infant on his mother's breast—
But where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be!
There is no home in halls of pride—
They are too high, and cold, and wide,
No home is by the wanderer found;
'Tis not in place: it hath no bound:
It is the circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear;
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.
It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and beauty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend:
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be!
My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with health will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillared cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be
Thus consecrated and shared with thee!

CHILD-NATURE.

BY T. W. GREENE.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

This is an age of Shylocks. It is also an age of lovers of children. Side by side with the close-fisted, hard-visaged greed-lover walks the open-handed, cheeryfaced apostle of childhood. No age ever cared more and no age ever cared less for children. In most hopeful contrast with the bald utilitarianism that dwarfs and blinds and benumbs, much of earnest thought and profound feeling are now devoted to the race of little folks. The contradiction is everywhere met of mammon-worship as the most popular form of religion, counting its votaries by millions, and a devotion to childhood such as exalts this above all the ages. It is an age in which the greediest is the greatest provided only he is successful, but an age too in which the eye of seer, philosopher, philanthropist, poet, priest is more than ever open to the truth that the glorious flower of perfected manhood lies enfolded in the bud of childhood. Not only the natural relation of the present race of children to the future generation of men and women is now a subject of wide and careful reflection, but the deeper question of the peculiarities and inherent worth of the child-nature itself. What are some of these peculiarities?

Its essential unchangeableness is one of the most prominent. Childhood is the same to day as when the boy prophet, Samuel, instinctively obeyed the heavenly voice, or David first learned to watch the flocks. More unalterable is it than the monuments that mark eras in the world's history. Everything else may be, everything else has been, affected by the touch of time; but not this. It is a nature too nearly allied to the Divine. Men change; even the characteristics of the same race change. The Anglo Saxon stream is not the same to day as when at its source the two streams composing it united. The Asiatic race almost identical, however wide the territory over which it is spread, has changed much despite the popular belief in its sameness from age to age. And certainly it is changing to day. The same is true of the Germanic races, and of all others. But the child race is the same and unchangeable. It has received no improvement from the time the incarnate Christ so identified himself with it; and it has received no detriment. True, the genealogical history of a child must be known, and the further back it is known the better, before one is qualified to prescribe its education or forecast its character when grown; but whatever its complexion, it possesses indestructible traits of nature that identify it with the first child—a short hand but sure proof of the unity of the human race. From the study of one we may know the whole. Who will say that such a study is not worthy of careful attention?

That children are only the race of grown up people in miniature is but half the truth. Indeed it is almost an untruth. The child nature is a nature distinct and unique. Its innocence is an unvarying factor of an unvarying nature. It is not a blank, negative goodness. It is a nature filled with knowledge, but not that which comes of eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The child-nature is virtually without sex. Of the passions and consequent temptations and consequent sins of sexhood, the little race under consideration knows nothing. They are as the angels of God. Their lives are loveliness. They are the nearest reflex of the heavenly race vouchsafed us earth mortals. Even the good Master confessed this nature worthy of admission into heaven and of course of unequalled imitation. The question of the potential evil wrapped up in it we do not discuss. Enough to know that the innocence of the child-nature is a sweet, beautiful reality, testified to by the highest authority and imparting a perpetual fragrance to the whole earth.

The downright honesty of children is one of their principal traits, in men a quality of fabulous value, because so rare. It is a much more subtle and pervasive quality than is generally supposed—simply the opposite of falsehood. Truthfulness in the restricted sense is only one side of honesty; just as honesty in the restricted sense is only one side of truthfulness in the unrestricted. They are synonymous only when taken in their broadest application. Honesty being taken as the generic, truthfulness should be taken as the specific term. Honesty of speech, honesty of manner, honesty of look.

How much enters into this idea of honesty. No matter whether its speech refers to itself or another, whether it be praise or blame, it is equally the unvarnished truth, until the child learns the terrible lesson of falsehood, and begins to yield up its childhood for manhood. The child's questions and answers and observations have all the indescribable charm of unconscious honesty. The same is true of its manners and looks. No one can study children carefully without having the exclamation forced from him, what a wondrous quality this simple and pervasive honesty is! How far it removes those with whom it is natural from those with whom it is acquired, if acquired at all, at cost of greatest pains!

Children are perfect imitators. No Chinaman was ever the adept at imitation that the commonest child is. With senses the keenest and freshest, with manners uncorrupted by custom, the child sees and hears everything aright and copies it with perfect, because untaught, accuracy. The receptiveness of children is such as to drink in even the spirit of those about them as truly as the ear drinks in sound; and their imitation is such as to reproduce that spirit with entire unconsciousness. They can copy moods as well as manners and looks. Their mirror-like natures give back the unsubstantial shadow of the mind and soul. Every breath of feeling produces its ripple, every lightest cloud of sadness leaves its shadow, even the murmur of the slightest rebuke receives back its answering echo. For them to imitate nature as well as manners is simply their life. In fact their imitation of nature begins before their life begins.

Their joyousness and elasticity are graces peculiarly their own. A sad sight indeed is it when a child has lost this double charm. He is no longer a genuine child. He belongs to the anomalous class of beings to which that saddest of Miss Phelps' characters, Sip Garth, belongs—old young children in lieu of a truer name. Men and women are joyous exceptionally, children naturally and habitually. The spirit of men and women are slow to rebound, those of children exceedingly quick and strong.

The preservation of these characteristics to the longest possible limit is the aim of every wise parent. The parents, however, who truly value these child traits are not the most numerous. The cruel war that thousands of them wage against the simplicity of childhood in their children is as criminal if possible as that which they wage in the first place against their existence, the post natal as the ante-natal—it should be written anti-natal—war. The hothed system of social culture which the little creatures are subjected to is fearful to contemplate. No sane man and woman can look on it without a shudder. The result of it is the unmaking of nature, the undoing of what God has done. So far as the children are concerned it would have been well for them if the war against their birth had been successful. Out of such a perverted, morbid material as the present popular home education is producing nothing hopeful can be developed. Legalized crime—for what else is the present fashionable forcing of children?—must produce crimes that the law cannot ignore. Such a slaughter of the innocents, and of the innocence of childhood, out-herods Herod. A right estimate of the value of the child-nature must precede reform. The child is lost sight of in the man or woman soon enough at best, God knows. Custom with its tyrant grasp on the manners and life of every adult, selfishness with its multitudinous devices producing deceit and untruthfulness, the lower passions, jealousy, revenge, lust, avarice all work to conceal if not utterly destroy all traces of the child-nature. The model business man is one who has been educated to swear by the cant motto "business is business," whatever it may mean, a human calculating machine devoid of anything akin to emotion, or what is the same thing, counting it worse than a sin, a folly, to allow any of it to overflow, that peculiar combination of flesh and blood and brain that turns everything at the touch into gold. You can tell before hand such an ones views of childhood and children. The price of stocks, the success of railroad schemes are not affected one way or the other by the children. They are at liberty to fight their way to natures measure of manhood, if they will, but they must not intrude themselves into the arena of commercial thought and life. Such is the attitude of a fearfully large class of what are styled leaders of society.

A lesser evil is the habit of laughing at children by way of rebuke for a thousand ways and sayings that ought rather to be encouraged. They will bear a little laughing at by way of soft impeachment of their conduct, but only a little. Beyond a certain limit the mild ridicule sinks like iron into their souls. They wilt under it. And wilted children are a melancholy sight. Their beauty and their glory is their innocent boldness and elasticity. Suppress these and they are rarely restored. Kind treatment, judicious encouragement may give back to their spirits much of the lost charm, but it is a slow and doubtful process. The smile of approval is the life of the child. God seems to have made children to drink in joy or sadness, exhilaration or depression, hope or despair from the faces of those about them. No formative force is half so immediate and lasting with the little people as sarcastic laughter. Enthusiastic ardor is liable to be dampened, budding ambition to be smitten like a flower by an early frost, by a little careless laughter in which is mingled the least grain of ridicule, or what is still worse of the patronizing spirit. Does a child know what that is? No. He couldn't tell you on pain of losing his life the first thing about it. But that doesn't keep him from suffering under it as under the knife of the surgeon. His nature writhes. It recoils. It shrinks back into itself, and the exception is if it recovers from the shock. The parent is fortunate who knows this, and the child thrice fortunate that never experienced it, thanks to the wisdom of parents and teachers.

The age is hard and prosaic, and cruel towards the children, but the picture has its relief. It has its sign of hope. These characteristics are in part atoned for by opposite qualities. The age that produces so many papers and books of rare merit addressed exclusively to the children, so many noble charities for the relief of the unfortunate among them, even those who are too young to know their misery, is surely an age in advance of any of the many that have preceded it. Through the long halls of the past ages, decorated with highest art, almost the only specimen that reproduces and reflects the glory of childhood is the solitary child in the arms of the Madonna. That picture lights up the past, and shows some appreciation of the subject. It is reserved, however, for this age to do for the child all that God wishes to have done for him. The coming church will be awake to the untold importance of the child-nature, and the child time. In nothing did the wise Bishop Hughes show his sagacity more clearly than in the habit of excusing himself from company if necessary in order to step to the street and speak affectionately to the children as they passed by his mansion. The church of which he was a distinguished prelate sees that the control of the future is to be won now. It is the great effort of its leaders to make it the foster mother of the children. As the coming man shall be a giant child, a sage in intellect, a child in heart and manners, so the church that shall profit by all the experience of the past and reach forth to all the possibilities of the future will earn for itself the moulding of God's sons and daughters, and the control of the whole earth. As the sordidizing influences of the world increase, the simple child-nature shines with the same steady lustre, and so it shall till men have returned to the simplicity of childhood, and the earth is restored to its primitive beauty.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

The *Evening Post* makes some pertinent remarks on taste in furnishing a house. It says: "A table need not be merely a board to hold a book. Nor need a chair be only a thing to sit upon. Every object of household use may be a work of art, combining beauty of form with usefulness. In England household art is largely cultivated, but not so in this country. 'What fools!' says the practical American 'business man,' who is willing enough to spend his money, but demands *quid pro quo* in genuine 'brass new' furniture or carpets or china, in which he can see a cash value, independent of associations or artistic effect. The same 'practical' man will pay ten dollars for a bottle of wine, or perhaps ten thousand for a horse. Had he not better cease boasting of his 'common sense,' and seriously compare his taste and culture with that of the 'fools' who pay large prices for Sevres china and old furniture? Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, has lectured upon 'Ceramics'; he is an ardent lover of pots and jugs, and has a room filled with choice Wedgwood ware. He is only one among thousands of superior men who find relief from work in these tastes."

GOLD DUST.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

Motives are better than actions. Men drift into crime. Of evil they do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.

The exterior of a house expresses the fortune of its occupant; the interior, his character.

Many wives are miserable, not from wanting the affections of their husbands, but from the absence in that affection of the quality of tenderness.

Kindness is a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.

It is not the number of facts he knows, but how much of a fact he is himself, that proves the man.

The great problem which the United States have to solve is a social one. Politically they have already gone almost as far as it is possible to go. To the great boon of political equality, must be added the inestimable blessing of a greater social equality.

It speaks well for the native kindness of our hearts, that nothing gives us greater pleasure than to feel that we are conferring it.

It is idle to talk of institutions as sacred. They are but human means adapted to human ends. If after trial they are found to work satisfactorily, it is well; if imperfectly, then the sooner they are modified, or swept away, the better.

Increase of knowledge is the death of innocence, but it favors the growth of virtue. The distinction between the two is neatly indicated in a lively remark of one of the characters in Madam De Girardin's comedy of "Lady Tartuffe"—"I do not believe in innocence, says he, 'but I do believe in virtue. They are very different. Innocence is ignorance.'"

The cheerful make the soundest calculations. The sanguine over-estimate; the melancholy under-estimate.

Sectarianism is bigotry. The only true knowledge of our fellow man is that which enables us to feel with him,—which gives a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees, in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

Heaven knows what would become of society if we refused intercourse with all we speak ill of; we should live like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.

Our consciousness very rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us, any more than without us; there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

To-day is yesterday returned; returned
Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessors' fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the life to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend besides.

W. A. H. HARRIS,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.

NEGOTIATOR OF LOANS

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Remember that HEARTH AND HOME is healthful and pure in every Engraving, even in every advertisement. "But, included in each week's number, and equally well done, is published valuable miscellany, classified under "EDITORIAL," "OUR HOMES," "EDUCATIONAL," "AGRICULTURAL," "CURRENT TOPICS," "CORRESPONDENCE," "STORY TELLING," "HUMOROUS ITEMS," "HOUSEHOLD," "NEWS." Remember that HEARTH AND HOME is

A COMPLETE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

To meet the insatiable desire for stories, we shall abundantly supply our readers with those, and those only, that are written by the best authors. We will furnish an antidote to the flood of corrupting literature in story form made attractive to both old and young. As an evidence of our purpose, it is with no little pride that we announce that the first extended prose story ever written by JEAN INGLOW will appear in the columns of

HEARTH AND HOME.

We have purchased, at a very liberal price, exclusive right to use this story serially in America, and it will extend nearly or quite through the coming year. Few will read the opening passages without being fascinated by their weird beauty, and without an irresistible desire to follow the story to the end. It is the ripe fruit of the author's genius. The News Department tells, in a clear, condensed way, what is going on in the world, so as to make the reader intelligent without wading through a great mass of material. In short, it is a paper that will please and profit both old and young in every Home.

TRY IT A YEAR!

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:—One copy, one year, \$3.00; four copies, one year, \$2.75 each; ten or more copies, \$2.50 each; single number, 5 cents. 30 cents a year extra when sent to British America.

The subscription price of the American Agriculturist is \$1.50 a year. One copy each of *Hearth and Home*, weekly, and *American Agriculturist*, monthly, will be sent one year for \$4.00, to which 30 cents should be added when the papers are to go to British America.

ORANGE JUDD & CO., Publishers,
245 Broadway, New York.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

SALUTATORY.

We are happy to present our readers with the first number of THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. If the delay in its appearance has caused any disappointment, we trust it will be amply compensated for in the character of the paper we issue. For, though it has some imperfections inseparable from the first issue of any paper, we confidently submit it to our readers and friends as a fair specimen of what we intend to make it. We have no apologies to offer for it, for we have taken our time to make it suit us. We of course expect to improve it from week to week until it becomes all that we or our most partial friends can desire it to be; but this is the best sample we have as yet been able to present to the inspection of the public.

A working connection with the newspaper press, interrupted at times, but continuing in all for fifteen years, has given us a warmer love for the business than for any other in which we have ever engaged, and has also given us, we trust, some degree of fitness for the important and responsible enterprise which we have now undertaken, and to which we have fondly looked forward for twenty years. Our working room is well stocked with materials which we have been collecting and saving for twenty years for just such a work as we have now undertaken. We have also taken especial pains during the last ten years to become acquainted with the farm, garden and stock interests of Kansas, so that we feel confident of our ability to do the work we have undertaken in such a manner as to make THE SPIRIT a necessity to the farms and homes of our people.

It is proper also to add that our enterprise starts on such an assured basis as to leave no doubt of its success, provided we are able to meet the advanced confidence which a generous public has placed in our undertaking. We have mailed one thousand copies of our first issue to subscribers every one of whom, we believe, will return us \$2.00, according to their promise, on its receipt. Our newspaper friends at least will know that few, if any, enterprises of the sort have ever made a more auspicious start.

It only remains for us to be true to our design and to the expectation of our reading family. And it will not be out of place here and now to state with distinctness what and what not we intend to make THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. 1. It will be a Family paper. We are aware that all papers aim to be this, and it is not for us to charge that many or any of them fall short of their aim. But where so many are distinctively political, or representative of some concern or corporation upon whose favor they are dependent for existence, there seems to be room for a reading journal for the household. No father need scrutinize the contents of THE SPIRIT to see if it contains anything unfit for the reading of his wife or children. Those who want all the purring and sickly details of scenes of crime and blood which inflame but never satisfy the morbid imagination, must seek elsewhere than in our columns for their supply. Those who want to know all about the poisonous nostrums which promise impunity to iniquity, must look for them elsewhere than among our advertisements. And while we shall knowingly publish nothing that could mantle the cheek of innocence with the slightest blush, it shall be our special and constant endeavor to fill our pages with such choice, varied, instructive and entertaining original and selected matter as shall cause them to be gladly anticipated and eagerly read around the evening lamp of every Kansas household. 2. It will be an Agricultural paper. Kansas is the farmers' promised land. Its genial skies and productive soil will continue to allure the energetic and ambitious husbandmen of all lands to share her glorious patrimony. A weekly paper that shall intelligently treat of the farm, garden and stock interests of this great constituency; that shall furnish information adapted to Kansas soil and climate, and not that of New York or Illinois; that shall tell what the farmers and stock-raisers of Kansas are doing, and how they do it; that shall furnish a medium of exchange of ideas between a community of comparative strangers whose lot and interests are in many respects inseparable, must fill an important place and meet a deep and unsupplied want.

To be this, it follows of necessity that THE SPIRIT must not be a political paper in a partisan sense, nor religious paper in a sectarian sense. We are aware that many good friends think it impossible for us to keep a paper out of politics. We shall see. Perhaps we have had enough of politics in ours. Perhaps our experience has been a schoolmaster which has taught us some lessons we shall remember, and perhaps we shall forget them all. When we go back on our promise all that is left for our readers is to go back on the promise. But let us have a fair understanding. We by no means promise to say nothing of the great political questions which agitate the thoughts of men, nor to remain silent when in our judgment great insinuations and public hypocrisies are to be rebuked. If we do mean to treat all public questions of public men with whom we have to deal entirely dependently of party lines or associations. We are Republicans in politics, and a believer in the general wisdom and patriotism of the present national administration; but this will not prevent us from recognizing what is good in Democracy, or

criticizing what is bad in Grant's administration.

But promises are of little account when the performance is so soon to tell the story. We launch our little bark upon the public sea with a strong determination to stand by the helm in the spirit we have indicated, and with fond hopes—in which we trust the many friends to whom this greeting comes will join—that she may be favored with the breeze of an appreciative public opinion, and that her voyage may be a prosperous one to crew and passengers, as well as

THE CAPTAIN.

WOMAN'S ASSERTION OF INDEPENDENCE.

If our fair friends would allow a word from us, when they are making so loud an outcry for independence, we would modestly suggest some things, among many others, in which they might make a Declaration of Independence to which nobody could object, and the results of which could hardly be less satisfactory than those for which they are clamoring. There are some, perhaps it would not be slanderous to say a good many, who have notions of independence not such as we like; independence of the restraints of politeness and true courtesy, of woman's delicacy which shrinks from making a show of itself, of the necessity of being industrious and prudent, of the true and sacred responsibilities of woman's sphere; not of the bonds of matrimony, yet too often, of its most momentous duties; of parental restraint and authority while they are living in their parents' home. Not such independence as this. There is already too much of it. We would have our young women declare themselves independent of the caprices of foreign fashion, of the dictates of any fashion which is against their own good taste and judgment.

We would have them free of the misleading influences of certain inmates of their own bosoms; vanity, that loves to be noticed and admired, and seeks its end by extravagance; of mental weakness that makes them languish and weep and dream over foolish stories; the too frequent error of thinking that the one great end of life is to get married, without taking thought of their fitness to assume and well discharge the duties of home life; the hardly less frequent error of thinking it all one thing to be handsome and beautiful; so that, in striving for the first or for the seeming of it, they divest themselves of the last vestige of the other, which cannot exist where there is vanity, self-conceit and complacency in mere symmetry of figure or feature and fairness of complexion. We advise our young ladies to practice the virtue of economy, and to persuade themselves that when they buy silk dresses and cheap jewelry to the extent of their means, they do most surely exemplify an old proverb, which we would not on any account be so uncourteous as to repeat to them. Let the women of our own dear land be such as a free nation ought to have, as sensible, prudent and wise as they are fair.

The fair readers of THE SPIRIT will excuse us for this somewhat fatherly, and altogether unsolicited advice. Unquestionably the rougher part of creation need it as much, and unquestionably they will get it in due time. Sensible women will not object to sensible suggestions, even if they can think of many others equally sensible that might be added.

THE WHEAT REGION OF THE WEST.

A correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, writing from Ellis, a point about half way between Kansas City and Denver,—in the heart of the immemorial but now obsolete "Great American Desert,"—says that wheat and rye may be seen there which equal, if they do not excel, any which the fields of Missouri or Illinois can show. It is more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea, but the soil and climate are pronounced propitious for the labors of the husbandman. As winter wheat in Kansas often yields thirty bushels for one sown, it will be seen that here is an undeveloped wheat country such as the world has not seen yet.

The same correspondent observes that Kansas is advancing rapidly in live stock. Capital is coming in, and improved breeds and crosses in horses, cattle and sheep will soon be the rule. There is no such stock State and no better wheat State in the entire Union. Our short and generally mild winters, our abundant native grasses, and the ease with which they give place to tame grasses, make this, par excellence, the paradise of stock-raisers.

THE CLAY HORSES.

The controversy growing out of the letter of Mr. Bonner denying the virtue of the Clay blood, shows clearly that more speedy trotters have descended from the loins of old "Cassius M. Clay" and his sons, than from any other source. The enterprising Messrs. Parks of Waukegan, Ill., have placed at the head of the Glen Flora stud, Kentucky Clay, Jr., a stallion deep in the Clay blood. He was sired by Kentucky Clay, he by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., he by Cassius M. Clay (the sire of old George M. Patchen), he by Henry Clay, he by Andrew Jackson, he by Bashaw, and he by old imported Bashaw. Kentucky Clay, Jr.'s dam was by *Toronto*, second dam by *Fulton*, &c. The Messrs. Parks have shown their sagacity in their preference for this stock.

We submit, however, that our "Gould Clay," a Lawrence horse, is a little ahead of them. He was sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., dam by Ethan Allen, granddam by imported *Glencoe*. How is that for blood? And when we add that he is a perfect model of a horse, with a splendid carriage and fine speed, we have said enough to show that the people of this vicinity need not go from home to secure the best blood in the country. See advertisement.

CONSOLATION FOR THE PRESIDENT.

General Grant has learned by this time that if the head that wears a crown does not lie uneasily, at least the Executive head of the United States is liable to a kind of public criticism naturally calculated to create a little disturbance in an ordinary mind. The wide spread disposition to censure the President, to enter into the smallest details of personal abuse, would be of more consequence, if all the best and greatest statesmen of the country—memorably including the lamented and immortal Lincoln—had not passed through the same ordeal.

In one of his letters to Mr. Jefferson, George Washington feelingly writes:

"Until within the last year or two I had no conception that parties would or could go to the length I have been witness to, nor did I believe until lately that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, so far as our obligations and justice and truth would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished by steering a steady course, to preserve the country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation and subject to the influences of another; and, to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured and the grossest and most insidious representations of them made by giving one side only of the subject, and that, too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as would scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even a common pickpocket."

Thomas Paine, whose pen was acknowledged to be more formidable to Great Britain than the cannon of Washington, could write thus impudently and audaciously to the Father of his Country:

"As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor—whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

And before he retired from the Presidency a Philadelphia paper could say of him:

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation was debauched by Washington; if ever a nation was deceived by a man, it was deceived by Washington."

The Philadelphia *Legal Gazette* publishes the following curious letter of John Adams, which has lately, with other valuable manuscripts, come into the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It is a letter to a particular friend, who had written to Mr. Adams in July, 1806, paying him very high compliments, and informing him that Gen. Washington had indorsed his administration. The following is Mr. Adams' reply. The reader cannot escape the reflection that he was in the same boat with the Athenians who were tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just."

"DEAR SIR: In your letter of the 7th of July, you flatter me with very high eulogies, and complete the climax of them with the opinion of Washington. For the future, I pray you to spare yourself the trouble of quoting that great authority in my favor. Although no man has a more settled opinion of his integrity and virtues than myself, I nevertheless desire that my life, actions and administration may be condemned to everlasting oblivion, and I will add, infamy, if they cannot be defended by their own intrinsic merit, and without the aid of Mr. Washington's judgment. The Federalists, as they are called by themselves and their enemies, have done themselves and their country incalculable injury by making Washington their military, political, religious, and even moral pope, and ascribing everything to him. Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Jay, and several others, have been much more essential characters to America than Washington. Another character, almost forgotten, of more importance than any of them all, was James Otis. It is to offend against eternal justice to give to one, as this people do, the merits of so many. It is an effectual extinguisher of all patriotism and public virtue, and throwing the nation wholly into the hands of intrigue. You lament the growth of corruption, very justly, but there is none more poisonous than the eternal puffing and trumpeting of Washington and Franklin, and the incessant abuse of the real fathers of their country."

To all this may be added the fact that, to a greater degree than any of his successors, Washington had to encounter the jealousy of Congress. There was a deeply seated conflict of opinion between Congress and the Commander-in-Chief on questions of principle and policy. Washington would from the first have had men enlisted for the war; Congress, from jealousy of standing armies, had insisted upon short enlistments. Washington was anxious to exchange prisoners; Congress bore in mind that each British prisoner would resume his place in the army, while the American prisoner, from the system of short enlistments, would return home. Washington wished the exchange to be conducted on one uniform rule; Congress, repeatedly checking Washington by sudden interference, required a respect to the law of treason of each separate State. Washington would have one continental army; Congress, an army of thirteen sovereignties. Congress was satisfied with the amount of its power as a helpless committee; Washington wished a government of organized vigor. Congress guarded separate independence; the patriotism of Washington took a wider range, and in return the concentrated public affections, radiating from every part of the United States, met in him. All this merit and this popularity, and the undivided attachment of the army, quickened the jealousy of Congress, and made it more sensible of its own relative weakness.

Washington Irving quotes the illustrious statesman, Judge Jay, as saying that "from the first to the last there was a most bitter party against Washington," and that the proceedings of the old Congress would have abundantly shown it, had they ever seen the light.

It is not our business or province to defend the administration of President Grant. He would probably admit, as readily as any body would charge, that it is stained by the ordinary amount of political imperfections. But Gen. Grant is a soldier who has saved his country, and a patriot who, we have no doubt, is trying to serve it according to the best of his ability. If, in so doing, he encounters hostility and censure he may comfort himself by the reflection that he is in good company. If Washington and Lincoln could not escape, we see no good reason why he should expect to.

TO LAWRENCE ADVERTISERS.

We believe it to be for your interest to use what advertising space we have to spare. You see the style in which we propose to do this thing.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Our Topeka correspondent has something to say about the Agricultural Society, and—as is our wont with correspondents—we let him say his say. He should bear in mind, however, that, although the Society entered upon the last Fair with funds on hand, it offered a much larger amount than had ever been offered before, for premiums. He should remember also that the financial receipts of the Fair were seriously embarrassed by a most inauspicious storm in the very midst of it. These are two, at least, of the reasons why it is now out of funds.

We quite agree with our correspondent that the efforts of the Topeka people are worthy of all credit, for they prepared for, and aided in the conduct of, the Fair, in a manner that has had no precedent in our State, though we trust it will have many consequents. We take it that our correspondent has not been to Atchison—to say nothing of Leavenworth—when he considers Topeka as the only place in the State where a State Fair could be suitably accommodated. In some respects the accommodations at Atchison are superior to those at Topeka, while they are equal in all. There is also a secluded and delightful little spot on the Marais des Cygnes at Ottawa, where a Fair could be held with great convenience and comfort. We are sorry that we cannot say as much for Lawrence, but it is perhaps a case where the least said, the soonest mended. For it will be mended soon. Our county has authorized its Commissioners to purchase agricultural grounds. And we cannot doubt that before the time of holding another Fair, we shall have accommodations to offer of which we need not be ashamed. Then let all put in their bids, and the best place win. President Strickler and Secretary Gray will do all in their power to furnish a creditable exhibition of the resources and productions of Kansas, and the best thing we can all do, is to find as little fault as possible, and aid them as much as possible.

Special Notices.

FARM SEED! FARM SEED!!

The best varieties of

SEED WHEAT, CORN, OATS AND POTATOES.

Grown and for sale by the undersigned. Price list free to all applicants.

J. K. HUDSON,
Box 108, Kansas City, Mo.

PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS,

From the largest and best herd in the West. Prices reduced.

FIFTY PREMIUMS IN 1871.

Only one breed kept. Address,
J. K. HUDSON,
Box 108, Kansas City, Mo.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

H. H. CARPENTER,

(NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POSTOFFICE.)

SIGN OF PRISMATIC HAT.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

HEADS MEASURED AND HATS MADE TO ORDER.

SILK HATS IRONED.

Davies Diamond D. Shirts—The Best in the Market.

CUFFS, COLLARS AND CANES.

The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State.
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HOWARD & SPENCER

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GROCERY SHOP

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Corner of Massachusetts and Warren Streets,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS. noltt

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,

OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

OFFICERS:

J. W. McMILLAN, President. C. T. HOLLY, V. Pres.
G. A. McMILLAN, Cashier. noltt

JAMES T. STEVENS & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
Office Bear Room Over Simpson's Bank.
Special Agents for the Lands of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas,
and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railway Companies.
noltt

Telegraphic Summary.

Special Dispatch from the Capital.

The investigating committee is making progress. It means business. Snoddy never lets go, only to get a deeper hold. I cannot reveal secrets, but it is believed that enough has already transpired before the Committee to make it certain that the United States Senate will be called upon to investigate Caldwell's election with a reasonable probability of a vacancy being created in that body. Hon. Sidney Clarke has testified, in *extenso*. Hon. B. F. Simpson's testimony is reported to have a somewhat disturbing effect upon a new public functionary. Representative Williams, one of the parties charged in the *Standard* with voting corruptly, is here, and anxious to testify, though he has not yet been called as a witness. A new batch of witnesses is about to be summoned, including such gentlemen as Tom Anderson, Bob Stevens, Jim McDowell and others.

The State.

The house of Representatives adjourned on last Monday in order to give the members an opportunity to visit the Normal School at Emporia.

Mr. Fenlon of Leavenworth has introduced a bill raising the salary of State Officers and Judges. It proposes to give the Governor and Chief Justice four thousand dollars a year each, the Secretary of State and Treasurer three thousand each, the Auditor and Superintendent of Public Instruction twenty-five hundred each, and the Attorney-General two thousand. Seventy-six thousand dollars are appropriated to the State Penitentiary.

The Legislature has been "investigating" the past week. Fenlon's bill for raising salaries has passed.

Jere, Clark of Leavenworth has been nominated for Postmaster.

A bill for the compulsory education of all children between the ages of eight and sixteen, on pain of five to ten dollars penalty in each case has been recommended by the House. Also a bill adding physicians to the class consisting now of lawyers and priests, that are exempted from the duty of giving evidence in courts.

The investigating committee does not seem to make very rapid headway.

The Country.

Despatches from General Emery state that the New Orleans row is about over.

The German Aldermen of Cincinnati voted down an invitation to Alexis to visit that distinguished Porkopolis.

Sadie Wilkinson of New Haven, Connecticut, wants Brick Pomroy to pay her \$25,000 for blighting her affections by failing to perform a promise to marry.

Stephen Merton, a young Baptist preacher near Cincinnati, has been arrested for stealing books from the theological department of the public library.

It is rumored that the disaffected Republicans will hold a Convention in Cincinnati immediately after the Philadelphia Convention, that an effort will be made to nominate Trumbull, and that the Democrats will not hold a Convention till afterwards, and then ratify the action of the recalcitrants.

Tweed is said to have secured a sufficient number of Senators to enable him to take his seat in the New York Senate.

The late Isaac Rich of Boston left over a million dollars for educational purposes.

The order of the Internationals is spreading throughout the country with great rapidity.

They are having a big bonfire in Oregon.

St. Louis has had a \$150,000 fire. The tobacco factories of Moran & Powell and Heltzell & Co., with the works of the St. Louis brass and hardware manufacturing company, are the principal losers.

Minister Schenck, in relinquishing his Emma Mine directorship, repudiates the allegation that there was anything wrong in his connection with it.

Gov. Wood of Utah has vetoed the act for holding a convention to form a State Constitution.

Leading members of the House of Representatives say that there is no probability of Utah being admitted as a State, as no Territory, having less population than the federal ratio, can get an admission.

A bill for the recognition of a state of war between Spain and the republic of Cuba, and declaring both parties to be entitled to belligerent rights, including the right of each to carry their respective flags into the waters of the United States, was introduced by Mr. Voorhes, and referred to the committee on foreign relations.

Rev. Theodore L. Culyer is to be tried by the Presbytery for allowing a woman to preach in his pulpit.

There was a railroad collision on the 29th on the Union Pacific.

Forty thousand people of St. Louis remonstrate against the passage of the new temperance law.

Gen. Ransom has been elected United States Senator from North Carolina.

St. Louis is going to have a new Merchants' Exchange. The sum of three millions is to be expended in its erection.

Gen. Hancock writes that he is willing to be a Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

They are trying the civil service reform on the Postoffice Clerks at Washington.

The Japs, 100 in number, are on their way East from San Francisco.

The celebrated Mariposa estate has been sold for the goodly price of \$800,000.

The second pier of the St. Joseph bridge is on the rock.

Jim Fisk's estate is sworn to as not exceeding \$1,000,000. Mr. Boutwell has been justified by the lower House for negotiating the loan.

The Arkansas senatorial matters are yet in a muddle. Ditto to the New Orleans matters.

It begins to look as though the amnesty bill will fail in the Senate.

The Cincinnati Religious Amendment Convention is still pegging away.

Foreign.

The Buford Lunatic Asylum at Quebec has been burned. It contained 750 inmates, but no lives were lost.

Versailles affairs are threatening. The opposition to Thiers is growing bolder. Bismarck is reported as preparing for a new invasion of France.

Poor Mexico is still in hot water. A change in the Cabinet is again rumored. Troops are concentrated, and trouble is threatened in several quarters. A railroad train was attacked by robbers at Pueblo, and eleven persons killed, including a little girl seven years old.

A town in Asiatic Russia has been destroyed by an earthquake, and many lives lost.

An extensive plan for a Republican uprising has been organized in France.

Gorgeous preparations are being made for public rejoicing at the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

The telegraphic reports say that Great Britain will not accede to the damages found by the Geneva Conference. We trust this is only a rumor.

Town Talk.

OUR PAPER.—We did not intend to apologize in any respect for the appearance of our paper. We have said in another place that we have taken time to make it suit us. But everybody knows that if they are six months getting ready to go anywhere, they will be in a mortal hurry at the last minute, and then forget something. That is a good deal our fix. Being unaccustomed to the quarto form, we have had not a little difficulty in arranging the contents to our mind, and must admit that in this respect we have not entirely succeeded. But practice makes perfect. We shall have it all right in due time. Our thanks are especially due to Mrs. Downs, Judge Hanway, Messrs. Hudson, Alderson, &c., for their timely contributions to our opening number. They are old friends and valued contributors to other papers with which we have been connected. We bespeak their continued contributions. We have solicited but little advertising, and that with almost invariable success. The character of our circulation, as well as of the paper itself, makes it a valuable medium for advertising. Enterprising men can hardly fail to see this. We propose to give to THE SPIRIT our constant personal attention, and it shall not be our fault if it is not such a paper as the people of Kansas want. We are the rival of none. Not of any agricultural paper, for this is the only agricultural weekly in the State; not of any local paper, for ours is of a general character and adapted to general circulation, and we venture to say that the communities which welcome us most cordially will be those which most cordially sustain their local press; not of any political paper, for ours is not political. We ask, then, for a kindly welcome into the honorable fraternity of Kansas Journalists, and hope to prove ourselves a not unworthy member of their craft.

OUR TOWN.—The present population and thrift of Lawrence are well advertised throughout the State; so that what we may have to say in a modest way about the "Head Centre" is more especially for our readers in other States. It may be however that some in Kansas would like a peep through the columns of the SPIRIT of what Lawrence is to-day and what we confidently believe she will be in a very short time.

The new elevator, the street Railway, Liberty Hall, the fine church buildings and the finer State University edifice, the mechanical and commercial activity that characterizes the entire city are facts and objects known and noteworthy. That a town should spring into such dimensions, be instinct with such a life, moral, intellectual, commercial, social, and in so few years from its complete destruction would such an influence and attract such wide attention are facts significant enough to fill every citizen of the place with pride and hope. The future is no less assured than the past. Besides the varied business of the City which gives it its present thrift, and the facilities which attract business to it, there are well matured business plans and projects now on the tapis that when carried out, as they surely will be before 1873, will insure to Lawrence an increase in its wealth and population of at least one hundred per cent. Our town has passed the problematical period. It is now well along on that second stage of progress which will surely lead to a great and ever increasing growth. We believe it may be said without boasting, for others from abroad have said it before us, that few if any places in the entire West afford so many attractions to capital as ours, and that few if any have as good an

OUR OFFICE COMPANIONS.—Of course every well regulated printing office has its well known characters from editor to devil. But the brain new office of the progressive SPIRIT boasts of at least two extra ones. "I rise to explain." First, Polly. The name, he it knows, is generic. In one corner of the spacious room on the

involved perch, constructed after the most approved pattern, she sits in solemn state—not so solemn either at times when she yells till everything echoes again, or when she indulges in her small-talk. One thing, she never was guilty of sneezing since she has been in the office. How this reflects on the morality of her biped companions it does not become us to say. Even her thought of because of the wonderful modulations of her voice, which are as many and as perfect as those of a professional elocutionist. She uses her tongue in a manner becoming her superior form and beauty. She is none of your common talkers. She beats Alexis. Her imperial blood has just as sure proofs as his. Her bearing and her beauty are as remarkable. What a splendid parrot! We never get tired of her, not even when she observes her sphinx-like silences. Her fall is nearly two feet long. And the gold and blue of her feathers make them a prize, if she happens to drop one. She believes in eating. We presume she would not eat all the time for a steady week. But we have never come to the end of her appetite yet. She has her choice of dishes, too, you may be sure. You never knew such a royal creature who did not do justice to victuals, especially of the choice kind. Polly, you rare bird! we could not do without you. You add too much genuine old screams. You look too human out of your eye when you turn and twist your old head. Good reader, when you find us out in our high up room you will say you are paid for the tug and extra, and no mistake.

There's Bunn, too—one of the genuine little fellows of the forest, with lightning eyes and lightning muscles. Such antics! Such motions! Such eternal jumping and springing! What is he made of? Lightning, that seems slow compared to him—and is invaluable in one respect. If you can sit before his cage with your thoughts penned out, and deliberately pursue that subject competitive examination to tell whether a man has a trained mind have all failed to pass. Their eyes would wander to him, and they whirled, and leave the paper blank. If you sometimes find "squirrel" in the middle of some of our sentences in a rather disjointed connection, you'll know whom to lay it to. We all think so much pure, unadulterated mischief in his native state, yet of course it is not attributable to his surroundings. To what can it be?

Such companions are just the fellows for an agricultural editor to have about him. They show him at a glance or a sound the superiority of nature to art. They are a settler to the long disputed question.

THE HORSE RAILROAD.—The biggest thing on ice or on the ground—that we have yet is our horse railroad. Aside from its convenience, it is worth all it has cost as an advertisement. When one goes East, one feels a certain pleasurable expansiveness in recollecting—in a very indifferent and matter of fact sort of way, of those old Rip Van Winkle horses. The benighted denizens and say, "What have you got the horse ears?" "Certainly." Which leads us also to remember that a city lighted with gas, paved in the most improved style, supporting two daily papers, having such a comfortable hotel as the Eldridge House, and such an invaluable publication as THE SPIRIT, could hardly get along without the horse car—the latest improvement and crowning achievement of modern travel.

We congratulate our suburban friends on their good luck. We always used to tell Ludington that he lived at the nearest conceivable distance from town, because it was too near to ride and too far to walk—neither one thing nor another—between and between. But the cars have made him all right. He is now in town, and it was worth enough for the common run. To our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Eldenour, this community owes a debt of gratitude for the energy with which he has pushed this work.

THE UNIVERSITY.—Our eye recently fell on a paragraph to the effect that the discrepancy between the income and current expenses of Harvard University—some eight or nine thousand dollars—was made up by some friends of the school. It was suggestive of the favor with which this oldest of our State institutions is regarded by its friends. It shows that the love of such a College, though an abstraction. We are stating what we believe to be the acknowledged fact when we say that the University of Kansas is looked upon with as much affection as well as pride by the citizens of the State. The magnificent gift with which Lawrence has gladly adorned the University will doubtless soon be equalled by a noble generosity all over the State. Such a feeling is worth more to the school than anything else, more if possible than splendid instructors.

We are glad to say that the present condition of the school is more encouraging than ever before since its foundation. The corps of instructors is larger. The number of students is considerably higher. The standard of literary attainment among students is stronger. The interest felt by them in their literary education is on the increase. The devotion of the Regents and the Faculty is an unabating as ever. These are unmistakable signs of prosperity which every lover of sound learning must hail with pleasure and pride. The examinations just closed were passed in a manner to gratify the President and Professors. And its wealth of character and influence, to its resources of material and intellectual power. Great and growing success to it for the coming years.

Chancellor Fraser is deserving of a special good word every time the University is named. Combining rare executive and popular gifts with high scholastic attainments, he has done perhaps more than any other one man to bring the institution up to its present commanding position. He is the man for the trust and having his likeness engraved.

DOUGLAS COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS.—We cannot suppose that our county Commissioners need any more light than they already have on the Fair Ground question. The people have virtually instructed them to purchase. We are about the last county in the State without suitable fair grounds. We ought to be ashamed of it. There is neither sense or reason in our continuing so. It must be to hold recently by one of our Lawrence dairies that "these grounds have not the same facilities or conveniences as we in regard to fair grounds, buildings, &c." This is pretty rich when the fact is that Douglas county does not own a foot of fair grounds, nor a plank in a building for fair purposes!

But we suppose our neighbor was only anticipating. We have a right to expect that our Commissioners will use the power with which they have been clothed, and give us these long needed conveniences without delay. We are certain that in so doing they will reflect the wishes of the people. Can they believe that the intelligent and prosperous farmers of Douglas county are the only ones in the State, who wish to be without suitable fair grounds?

As to the place of purchase, there can hardly be an honest difference of opinion. The old fair grounds are convenient, doubly accessible now by horse railroads, and have had a large amount of money expended upon the track. They can be purchased at a reasonable price, and they should be purchased at once. Then the City must donate something towards their improvement, and we shall be all ready for the Eastern Kansas Fair.

MASSACHUSETTS STREET.—The people of Lawrence are properly proud of this beautiful street, or rather, of what might be this beautiful street. For it is yet disfigured, as no street of any city der boxes, which some folks call awnings. In case of a fire they would serve splendidly to aid in the illumination. But what other useful purpose they serve passes our comprehension. A view up through them looks like a chambered and obstructed alley.

While the swinging and creaking signs overhead give the traveler an uneasy sensation of danger to his cranium, besides making umbrellas and stove-pipe hats an impossibility. Mr. Carpenter, whose pragmatic hat is the observed of all observers, and whose advertisement in THE SPIRIT will attract the attention of all gentlemen who wish to be fixed up in a gentlemanly manner, would have had one of his beautiful hats on every man's head in town, had it not been for this nuisance. He has a clear case for damages, and, were he not doing all the business necessary at his elegant store, would probably commence one. We, being in the neighborhood of a six-footer, object to a monopoly of the silk hat business by men of the height of McMillan and Ludington, just because they can walk under the sign where Ottman & Potwin sell clothing as cheap as the cheapest and as good as the best, without danger of "mashing" them. If Mayor Grover intends to retire from the position he has so honorably filled in order to attend exclusively to the lumber business which he understands so well, we advise him to do so in such a blaze of glory as would be created by demolishing the Massachusetts street rope walks, and putting down a side walk in front of the Eldridge House, where all travelers—both who know how that is yourself.

INTERESTING ARTICLES FOR "THE SPIRIT."—Mr. A. M. Burns of Manhattan is known to be one of the most industrious and intelligent agricultural and horticultural experimenters in Kansas. He has also the knack of telling what he knows in an intelligent way. In answer to a request from us for an article for this number of THE SPIRIT, he informs us that he is busily engaged in preparing a work on the cultivation of the grape, blackberry, raspberry and strawberry, which will soon be issued from the press of Crane & Byron of Topeka. This will be a book of valuable information, from a practical source, and should, as it doubtless will, have an extensive circulation.

As soon as he has progressed far enough with it, Mr. Burns promises us a series of short and carefully prepared articles upon Small Fruit culture; the great importance of tree planting; and the organization of societies to enable the consumers to purchase directly from the producer, and thus to do away with the expensive nuisance of "middle men." Mr. Burns truly says: "The once proud Persia is now suffering unparalleled misery to be traced to the denudation of her forests, and this, with many similar examples, ought to open the eyes of every Kansan to the importance of planting forest trees, and making Kansas and the adjacent country the richest and most desirable garden spot on earth."

THE PLEASANT HILL.—It is not always a pleasant thing to be turned out at five in the morning. We have known persons to be ever so seriously disturbed by the annoyance. But no one who has and the departure of the K. P. at that delightful place of resort, we mean of course the State Line House—will regret the privilege of "rolling out" at Pleasant Hill at five A. M. and reaching good breakfast in Lawrence, and of course we shall not say where to get it. We only started to say that the Pleasant Hill is very else we have got. And though it has cost us dear, it is worth all it has cost.

POLITICAL GATHERING AT LAWRENCE.—We are glad to see that the next Republican State Convention meets at Lawrence on the 21st. There is no reason why everything of this kind should go to Topeka. They get so much in a habit of having these things that they don't appreciate them when they come. But by going to Lawrence, or Leavenworth, or some other place occasionally, the people will be delighted to see them, and the delegates will consequently have a better time. And the better time they have the better when he feels his best.

SIDEWALK WANTED.—Can anybody tell us why the sidewalk is not built in front of the Eldridge House? It is now a piece of nuisance and a disgrace to the city. Why don't they put one down? We suppose the house would be good for the payment of it, and, with all due respect to the owner of the Eldridge House—front of it—we call upon the proper authorities to see that there is a sidewalk put there.

BILLY BULLENE.—That is what we learned to call him when we camped together in the land of the Osages. He will therefore excuse our familiarity even if he is exalted to the honorable position of a member of the firm of L. Bullene & Co. It used to be a little doubtful in our mind whether he would turn out an enterprising frontier man or settle down into a more civilized mode of life. We congratulate him on his choice. There is no more honorable, enterprising or successful business house in this part of the country than that of Bullene. He is a gentleman who has the confidence of all who have ever dealt with him as a gentleman who sells goods for what they are, and for what they are worth. And now that he has taken into his firm two as honorable and deservedly popular gentlemen as his son and Mr. Bird, and proposes, as may be seen by his advertisement in another column, to greatly enlarge and extend his business, we predict for this well known dry goods establishment a greater success than it has ever yet enjoyed. Its merchants in the southern and western parts of the State. They will do well to remember that the new railroad facilities of Lawrence now enable her to compete with any other place this side of St. Louis, and they may be assured that they can deal with no more honorable or reliable concern than that of L. Bullene & Co.

A LAWRENCE INSTITUTION.—Col. Allen, proprietor of the Stevens House, New York—you can do worse than stop there when you go to New York—paid us a visit recently. "Sam" was an old friend, and we took him around, and showed him what there is to be seen "in this neck of woods." But after examining Hillhome and Burr Oak, the State University and the Fair Grounds which the county is about to own, and enjoying the boundless prospect which greets the enchanted eye from the summit of Mount Oread, we took our friend—who, by the way, is of a practical cast of mind—through the establishment of S. Poole & Co. We showed him the elegant Hall, and the expressive picture of the boys sitting on a watermelon eating a "hunk" of it, pulling sweet potatoes out with a block and tackle, cutting down corn with a hatchet from the top of a high ladder, &c., and afterward strayed through the basement, where there is pork—pork—pork—and a lot to eat. Our friend's conclusion was, that the biggest thing he had seen, everything considered, the best advertisement of both the performance and promise of our city, was Poole's pork packing house.

IMPORTANCE OF DRESS.—While on the one hand a dandy is a nuisance, so on the other is a slouch. Dress has much to do with the man. What would you say of the man who paraded himself before ladies at meal time or the evening party with the "overalls" on in which he is accustomed to work? You would pronounce it inexcusable, because, however poor he is, it would cost nothing to take them off, and thus show, by a little attention to respect for his companions. A man might go to the table in his shirt sleeves; but a gentleman hardly would. While clothing is as cheap as it is now, there is but little excuse for any man's appearing in company without being decently dressed. Ottman and Potwin have such a variety, both of goods and of prices, that those who deal with them can hardly fail to be satisfied in either respect.

SPECIALTIES IN FARMING.—The readable article contributed to THE SPIRIT on this subject is from the pen of Mr. J. K. Hudson, one of the most enterprising and intelligent young farmers of this State, who furnishes in himself a fine illustration of the theory he advocates so ably. Those who want the best seeds, or the best pigs—excepting ours, and we do not claim that they are any better—will notice his advertisement in our special notice department. We can assure all parties that in dealing with Mr. H. they will deal with a perfectly responsible gentleman, whose representations may in all respects be implicitly relied upon.

A BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS ROOM.—We mean the Savings Bank, where Col. Terry presides in his affable way, and Rankin attends to business in his business way. The interior of the bank is the finest finished room of the kind that we have ever seen in these parts, shows the builders to be men of taste, the architect a genius, and is well worth seeing. And while looking at it, after having read their advertisement in THE SPIRIT, just deposit what sums you have in a safe place.

THE KANSAS FARMER.—This splendid monthly, the pride of every man who is proud of Kansas, comes to us this time with a life-like portrait of our popular President, Gen. Fraser, of the State University. The "Farmer" has also a picture of the University. Capt. Anthony deserves the cordial appreciation of Kansas farmers for giving them a publication second to none published anywhere in general neatness of execution.

A DOUGLAS COUNTY FARM.—Mr. E. G. Marshall, a farmer of Kanwaka, raises the corn and manufactures and sells brooms to the amount of over \$1000 worth yearly. Mr. M. does all this on eighty acres of land, besides raising corn, vegetables, &c. Of course he is a subscriber for THE SPIRIT.

KANSAS CITY.—Our readers will notice the communication of "Tusks" from Kansas City. It is a gentleman of talent and influence, and promises an occasional—we hope it will be a frequent—letter. We count upon this as one of the future features of interest in THE SPIRIT.

A CALL.—The office of THE SPIRIT felt itself most highly honored yesterday morning by a brief call from Mrs. Cora M. Downs and Rev. Mr. Kenyon of St. Joseph. It does THE SPIRIT good to be started with a God speed from such sources.

OGDEN.—George W. Ogden, one of the proprietors of the Eldridge House, arrived from Kentucky on Thursday last. Mr. Ogden has some stock on the way here, of which THE SPIRIT will give full account when it arrives.

DOUDNA.—We were pleased to see the pleasant face of Col. W. Doudna of Chepeta in THE SPIRIT's sanctum yesterday. The Colonel is looking around for some fine stock, which he ought to have, for he is a thoroughbred gentleman.

MARRIED.

In Independence, Kansas, January 30, 1872, at the house of Mr. Alex. H. Moore, Esq., the bride's father, by Rev. R. M. Tunnell, Moore.

IN MEMORIAM.

The wife of our friend Capt. M. R. Baldwin, Mrs. HATTIE A. BALDWIN, died in this city, January 18th, at the early age of 28 years.

Mrs. Baldwin was a native of Montgomery county, New York, but removed at an early age with her parents to Wisconsin, where she resided previous to her marriage. She then accompanied her husband to Kansas, residing for a while at Waukegan, and in 1868 removed to Lawrence, where she has since lived, and acquired the regard and affection of a large circle of warm friends. The funeral took place on the 19th ultimo from Trinity Church, Lawrence, of which she was a member. The impressive service of the Episcopal Church seemed doubly so at this time not only from the fact that she who was their occasion was a dear friend and sister, but also because she had so often added to the interest of the Church service by her rare power of song. The only consolation was in the thought with which the Rector closed his brief address of sympathy. "The friendly, generous, impulsive heart has ceased to beat; but its pulses shall beat in heaven. The glorious voice is silent now; it will never be heard in earthly sanctuary again, neither in our little Church nor in that new temple in behalf of which it was raised a few weeks since, and where we had hoped to hear it many times in future years; but it shall be lifted up in more glorious strains in the more glorious Sanctuary above."

Captain Baldwin has our sincerest sympathies in his hour of trial. We know him well, and can bear witness to his devoted attachment to his family, and can understand something—though, death has made in his home. His many friends in Lawrence will join us in the desire that He who does not suffer willingly may comfort him in his hour of grief.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes descend benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

The Story Teller.

We need not say, perhaps, that this choice effusion, forwarded us for publication, does not refer to the Eldridge House.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

For THE SPIRIT.

Call and see us when you're passing—
Have n't much that is enticing,
But to show we are not gassing—
Bring your trunk, and stay a week—
Maybe tho' a slight description
Of our somewhat choice condition
Would involve your expedition
In a prospect somewhat bleak.

In the very topmost story,
Nearly up to realms of glory,
Is our pleasant dormitory—
Leaking, when it rains, a flood—
There the bed-bugs double shuffle
Round the room in playful scuffle,
Tho' they strive their joy to muffle.

In the best of native blood,
There the boarders eat outrageous,
And decidedly pugnacious,
As with appetite voracious
For the breakfast they prepare—
Knowing all, by strange precision
The sum total of provision
Which will, through a long submission
Grace their matin bill of fare.

When the gong's reverberation,
Expedites this congregation
To a close investigation
Of the feast before them spread—
Daily doomed their hopes to wither,
Naught but hash and greasy liver!—
Then a strange convulsive shiver
Shakes their frames with feelings dread.

Sunday brings a slight reaction—
Very brief the satisfaction—
For they have the petrification
Which the landlady calls beef!—
Heaven help the lying sinner!
May she have a better dinner—
One that's much more pleasant, in her,
When she leaves this world of grief!

Don't forget to recommend—
"Our boarding house"—to any friend
That has cause to apprehend
He requires a course of "sprouts,"
And don't forget yourself to come here,
You will find a cheerful home here,
And before you've passed the summer,
Cease your purgatorial doubts.

THE RED HEIFER.

"Marry? No, never—not if the king should come and beseech me on his bended knees," said I.

"Wait till the king comes," said my aunt with a knowing smile. A very aggravating smile it was, too; it seemed to signify that my grapes were sour; but I wasn't one to publish my private affairs on the guide-post where four roads meet, so I let it pass. The truth was I held some advanced notions about women's rights and to give up my independence and even my name, and receive nothing in return but my board and clothing, seemed to me very much like Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

No one ever had a better opportunity to carry out her views than I had, for, before I was twenty-five, my parents died, and left me in possession of a good farm, and a few thousand dollars well invested. I determined to remain on the homestead, and carry on the farm myself, although there were plenty ready to lend a helping hand. There was Squire Billings, for one.

I remember I was sitting on the south piazza, shelling beans, when I saw the Squire coming up the steps, hat in hand, his bald head shining in its fringe of hair like a goose's egg in its nest.

I was somewhat surprised, for although I had always had a bowing acquaintance with him, he had never called upon me; but then, I had never been an heiress before, a fact which I did not take into consideration at the time.

I jumped up, and invited him into the parlor, but he begged to be allowed to stay on the piazza, and actually sat down on the seat beside me, and began helping me shell beans with his two fat, white hands. At first he talked about the weather and the crops, and from that he lead on to my affairs, and had put me through a pretty thorough catechism, almost before I knew it. In general I was shy of answering questions, but the squire had a smooth, plausible way with him, that put folks off their guard. When he had found out all he wanted to know, he heaved a sigh, and remarked—

"You have a fine place here, Miss Thankful, but it must be a great tax upon you to carry it on."

"O, as to that, Shillebah manages every thing I can't do myself. He's my right hand man."

"O—ah! And this Mr. Shil-la-lah!"

"Shillebah," said I.

"Certainly, an Irishman—never saw the old country in his life. He's a born and bred Yankee."

"This person, then—this very excellent and responsible person—lives here with you, and carries on the place, you say?"

"I said nothing of the kind, sir. He lives in that small, red house yonder, with his wife and children, and works for me when I want him. I'm my own overseer."

"And a very capable one, no doubt. You never feel afraid, I suppose?"

"What of? thieves? Thieves generally go where there's something to steal, and I don't keep much money about me. As to silver, I've got just half a dozen tablespoons and a dozen teaspoons, and if any body wants those more than I do, they're welcome to them."

"I admire your courage," said the Squire, "but we're all liable to sudden illness."

"That's true, but I enjoy good health for the most part, thank Heaven; and when my time comes, I suppose I shall die, whether there's a house full of people round or not."

"Miss Thankful," said the squire, holding a bean-pod in one hand, and laying the other on the back of my chair, while he gazed in my face like a sentimental owl, "Miss Thankful, the Scriptures say it is not good for man to be alone."

"Well, if you're reminded to seek a partner, I'm sure I hope you'll find a suitable one. As for me, I'm contented with my present situation, and have no idea of changing it." With that I shook the beans out of my apron into a milk-pan, and began sweeping up the pods, and putting them into a basket. And on this hint the squire took his leave.

When it came to my aunt's ears she was dreadfully vexed.

"He's a worthy man, and a man of means," said she. "What fault have you to find with him?"

"None at all, but that's very different from wanting to marry him; don't you think so, aunt?" said I.

"You may go through the woods, and take a crooked stick at last," said she, mournfully.

"I suppose I'm able to walk without a stick," said I, laughing.

"Well, well, I only hope you may never see reason to repent when it's too late," said she, shaking her head, and with a look which seemed to say exactly the reverse of her words, namely: that she hoped I'd live to be convinced of my folly.

"Never fear," said I, not a bit disturbed by my aunt's melancholy view of the matter, and resolved to adhere to my own views.

And I really believe I should to the end, if it had not been for the red heifer.

"What had the red heifer to do with it?" do you ask.

That is what I am going to tell you.

Shillebah and I sometimes disagreed about managing the farm. He had a great many notions about draining, and subsoiling, and I don't know what, and was quite too fond of tending his advice when it was not asked. Not but that he may have been in the right sometimes, but it was necessary I should preserve my authority, if the farm all went to grass, as it came near doing by-and-by. I used to hear him mutter about "Woman's farming" in a way that made my blood boil.

Well, it was one morning, as I was shaking a piece of carpeting out the second story window, that I saw the cows in the kitchen garden. I ran down stairs, and catching up a broom on my way, went in pursuit of them. They were docile creatures, all but the red heifer, and walked out as meek as Moses; but the red heifer out I could not, notwithstanding I hit her a blow with the broom, every time I came near enough.

She was such an aggravating little beast, too. She would go straight to the broken place in the fence, and pretend she was going out, and then turn and look at me—then kick up her heels, and go plunging through the beds again.

I don't know whether it was fifteen minutes, or half an hour, that I kept up the chase, but, anyhow, it was till I was ready to drop, and the heifer was as fresh as ever. So I called Shillebah, who was in the field, behind the barn, ploughing.

The first words he spoke were, "I told you how it would be, num."

He could not have said anything worse if he had studied upon it for a week, for he had not only told me how it would be, but had engaged a carpenter to repair the fence, and the carpenter came, and I kept him so long making a trellis for the honeysuckle, that he had no time for the fence. Of course I didn't want to be reminded of this now, so I answered, rather sharply—

"It's my garden, I suppose."

"Yes'm, it is your garden, and the farm is yours—any body would surmise as much to look at 'em."

Meantime the heifer had walked quietly out, and Shillebah was putting some boards across the broken place. "Taint much use," he said, "it'll all have to be planted over again; the critters might just as well have it now. Sometimes it seems to me as if the old gentleman could n't rest in his grave, when I see how things are managed."

By the "old gentleman" he meant my honored father.

"Is it any business of yours how things are managed?" said I.

"No, it do n't appear to be any body's business; more's the pity," said he; and from that we went on from one thing to another, till I ordered him off the premises.

"Do you mean it?" said he.

"I do mean it," said I.

"I'll go, then; but let me tell you, you won't get any body else to take my place at this season of the year."

"I'll do it myself then," said I.

He went without another word, and I put on my sun-bonnet, and an old pair of gloves, intending to finish the ploughing. But what was the matter with the plough? Instead of going straight, as ploughs generally do, it jumped this side and that, in the strangest manner. Then the old horse, who had never shown a freak before in all his life, turned his head, took one long look at me, and stood stock still. I beat him; he didn't appear to resent it; I tried to drag him along by the reins; he didn't resist; he didn't do any thing, he just stood still. I sat down on the plough, and fanned myself with my sun-bonnet, and meditated.

If Shillebah wanted revenge, he had it.

"Let me try," said a voice.

I looked up, and saw a young man smiling down upon me. He wore a broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat, linen trousers and white shirt.

I got up off the plough, very much ashamed to be found in such a plight.

"Don't wait, I'll take the job; that is, if you can trust me," said he, still smiling.

No wonder he smiled, for, as I found out afterward, he had been watching me from the time I found the cattle in the garden, and had heard the whole quarrel between me and Shillebah.

"My name is Shadrach Sloper, and I live in the brown cottage."

"Thank you, sir," said I; and then I felt more ashamed than before, because that wasn't the right place to say thank you.

I had never seen this young man before, though I knew that a Sloper family had lately moved into our neighborhood.

Well, I was glad to go into the house, and he called his boy, and the two finished ploughing the field in an hour or two, running every furrow as straight as a line.

This was the beginning of our acquaintance, but it was n't the end; for the next spring, when I proposed to him to manage my farm by halves, he said,

"Miss Thankful, I never do any thing by halves."

So what could I do but let him take the whole, and myself with it?

I have n't changed my opinion about matrimony in general, one whif, but circumstances alter cases, and every body isn't like my Shadrach.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

We have the promise of original stories for this department from a writer fully competent to do justice to the subject. We predict that they will become, when we are able to commence them, one of the most interesting features of THE KANSAS SPIRIT. They will be short, complete in each number, and thoroughly western in tone, character and incident. A paper that undertakes to cater to all tastes would hardly be complete without this department.

The Book-Table.

The *Atlantic* for February is the same old *Atlantic*, unlike any other of our magazines, superior to them all in some things, inferior to them all in some things, but equal at least to them all in all things. In fact, there should be no comparison of these monthly and genial visitors one with another. The *Atlantic* is for one taste. The *Galaxy* for another. *Scribner's* for another, and *Harper's* for a little of all. To quarrel as to which is the best is like quarreling over the execution of different kinds of fire-arms, which again, is like quarreling over the efficacy of different kinds of preaching. The keen eyed rifleman may pick out the leaders—the men that call on the battle—the finished swordsmen may make short work in a hand to hand encounter, while for genuine first class slaughter, cannon can mow men down like the grass. So the chain-shot of an invincible logic is one man's forte, the brilliance of rhetoric another's, and the happy art of illustration still another's. But what is the use of comparison when each is great in its way. Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough are each great orators, but they are no more alike than Edwin Forrest and Barney Williams as actors.

The *Atlantic* has a style and standard of its own. It is the most literary of our magazines. How could it help being, with Holmes and Higginson, Longfellow and Lowell, to write for it, and Hawthorne to will it a legacy of one of his inimitable dreams? He continues "Septimius Felton" in this number, who does some strange things, and says some strange things, and has some strange—and good things too—said to him, among which we select this from the minister's speech over the grave of the gallant young officer whom Septimius had almost unconsciously slain: "I often think that there are many things that occur to us in our daily life, many unknown crises, that are more important to us than this mysterious circumstance of death, which we deem the most important of all." Hawthorne has this advantage, among many others, over all of us now, that he knows how it is himself.

Col. Higginson moralizes in his winsome way "In a Wherry," which he would fain make us believe is better than a sail boat, because "to sail a boat is to ride upon an eagle, but to row a boat is to be an eagle." Which is about as much as if he should say: To ride in a buggy is to ride behind a horse, to pull the buggy is to be a horse. We will take ours in sail boats and buggies, and leave walking and the wherries to Weston and Higginson. Among the nice things in this reverie is this on the picturesque quality of labor:

"Indeed, man himself is graceful in his unconscious and direct employments: the poise of a fisherman, for instance, the play of his arm, the cast of his line or net; these take the eye as the stealthy movements of the hunter, the fine attitudes of the wood-chopper, the grasp of the sailor on the helm. A hay-stack and a boat are always picturesque objects, and so are the men who are at work to build or use them."

And this on the advantage a deaf man would have in battle:

"How infinitely strange it must be to retain the sight of danger, but lose the sound! Fancy such a deprivation in war, for instance, where it is the sounds, after all, that haunt the memory the longest: the rifle's crack, the irregular shots of skirmishers, the long roll of alarm, the roar of great guns. This man would have missed them all. Were a broadside from an enemy's gunboat to be discharged above his head, he would not hear it; would only recognize, by some jarring of his other senses, the fierce concussion of the air."

The "Echo Club" is the most Bostonian thing in the book, even to the praise of transcendentalism and customary "dig" at orthodoxy in the following:

"Emerson cut from his limbs, long ago, the old theological fetters, as every independent thinker must."

But, as every independent thinker must, he was a much more appropriate writer for *Harper's* than for the *Atlantic*, but he is a pleasant writer anywhere. The present sketch of Jefferson as a student at law is not so good as *Harper's* usual efforts, but is sufficiently readable. Let our croakers who grumble over the degeneracy of the times, and think the world is fast going from bad to worse, read this about the Virginia clergy of Jefferson's times and take comfort:

"The tales we read of the clergy of old Virginia stagger belief, though it is clergymen who report them. The reverend rector of Wicomico, we read, not approving the bread placed upon the communion-table, cried out from the altar, in the midst of the service, to one of his church wardens: 'George, this bread is not fit for a dog.' We read of another who was invited after church to dinner at a planter's house, where he drank so much that he had to be tied in his gig, and a servant sent to lead his horse home. One jolly parson comes down to us reeling up and down the porch of a tavern, bawling to the passers-by to come and drink with him. Another lives in the memory of his country because he fought a duel within sight of the church in which he had formerly officiated. Another is remembered as the jovial hunter who died cheering on the hounds to the chase. One is spoken of as pocketing annually a hundred dollars, the revenue of a legislature, for preaching four sermons a year against atheism, gambling, racing, and swearing, though himself a notorious swearer, racer, and gambler. Another is the hero of a story that one day parson and vestry differed in opinion, quarrelled, and came to blows. The parson, a giant in strength, put them to flight. Not content with his victory, when from the vantage-ground of the pulpit he hurled at them the text from Nehemiah: 'And I contended with them, and cursed them; and note certain of them, and plucked off their hair;' which had the keen sting of literal truth."

Mr. Jefferson, it seems, was a most methodical and enterprising farmer, as well as able lawyer and legislator. He kept a garden-book, a farm-book, a weather-book, a receipt-book, a pocket-expenditure book, and, later, a fee-book; and there was nothing too trivial to be entered in one of them, provided it really had any relation to matters of importance. In his garden-book, may be read countless entries like the following: "March 30, sowed a patch of late peas;" "July 13, planted out celery;" "July 22, had the last dish of our spring peas;" "March 31, grafted five French chestnuts into two stocks of common chestnuts." His garden-book shows that he was a bold and constant experimenter, always eager to try foreign seeds and roots.

Dr. Holmes has got us well acquainted with the boarders around his table and now we are ready for all the good things they will have to say. Meantime we are glad to learn that the landlady's "daughter had married well, to a member of what we may call the post-medical profession, that, namely, which deals with the mortal frame after the practitioners of the healing art have done with it and taken their leave. So thriving had this son-in-law of hers been in his business, that his wife drove about in her own carriage, drawn by a pair of jet-black horses of most dignified demeanor, whose only fault was a tendency to relapse at once into a walk after every application of a stimulus that quickened their pace to a trot; which application always caused them to look round upon the driver with a surprised and offended air, as if he had been guilty of a grave indecorum."

Scribner's for February is a pleasant and profitable number, and we always read Dr. Holland's "Topics of the Time" with the greatest interest. He is one of the readiest and readable writers of the day. This month he discourses upon the clowns who have taken possession of the lecture platform in a manner that does us good. Dr. Holland is himself one of the best lecturers of what might not improperly be styled the Old School, and his disgust at the buffoons who have got possession of the platform, and whose "sole distinction is achieved by spelling the weakest wit in the worst way, men who never aim at any result but a laugh, and who, if they cannot secure this result by an effort in the line of decency, will not hesitate

at any means, however low, to win the coveted response," will be generally shared by the sensible readers of *Scribner's*. The defence of the general railway system of this country, as compared with that of Europe, is another timely article, and one that should put a stop to that everlasting snobbery which declares everything at home inferior to everything abroad. We believe that railway traveling in this country has well nigh reached perfection, and that America leads the world in this, as in most enterprises of progress. "Dressing the Girls" is another most sensible and timely article. Indeed, we have so long been in accord with Dr. Holland in his views on the whole "woman question" that we are prepared in advance to endorse what he says as the best thing that could be said. Lulu G. Noble discourses on "A small piece of the woman question" in a very energetic, though not remarkably lucid manner. We have more about the Yellowstone in a second number of "The Wonders of the West." The illustrations of this, as also of "The Mormons and their Religion," add much interest to the treatment of the subjects. We need not enumerate all the articles in this number. Suffice it to say, they are all good. *Scribner's* is perhaps the most unobjectionable magazine in every point of view that issues from any publishing house.

The *Galaxy* has earned an enviable reputation in the special department of original and highly entertaining politico-historical documents. We remember nothing in the line of our reading in which we have been more interested the past year than in these articles in the *Galaxy*. Nor has the *Galaxy* been wanting in the other desiderata of a first class magazine. The February number opens with an interesting sketch of the several visits of Louis Napoleon to England, as refugee, Emperor and exile. Gen. Custar commences a series of articles which promise to be of great interest, especially to western readers, upon his "Life on the Plains." The present article is a general one upon the "origin and decay of the Indians." We infer from such extracts as these: "He stands in the group of nations solitary and reserved, seeking alliance with none, mistrusting and opposing the advance of all: Civilization may and should do much for him, but it can never civilize him: He cannot be himself and be civilized; he fades away and dies,"—that Gen. Custar has but little confidence in the rose-water sentimentalism of the Vincent Colyer school concerning the future Indian. Gen. Custar will be sustained in this view by all intelligent and unprejudiced minds who have had the best opportunity of studying the Indian character. A distinguished divine of our acquaintance in the East who had long indulged in the Indian enchantment which distance lent to his view,—as it does to a great many distant philanthropists—but whose lot cast him for a while among the "noble red men," said: "I see that all we can do for them is to smooth their pathway to oblivion." That is their fate and our duty. Junius Browne discourses in a sensible way on "the blessing of sudden death." It is the only sensible way to die. The "Galaxy Club Room" is a dreary and painful attempt at wit. The publishers of the *Galaxy*, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., are a most enterprising and honorable firm, whose house, at 677 Broadway, New York, is the literary resort and headquarters of a most estimable company of friends.

Harper's Monthly has been so often called the "magazine for the million" that nobody longer disputes the correctness of the appellation. It is no use to select particular articles to prove this. It caters to the great popular American taste, and it does this most successfully and unexceptionably. The February number is fully up to the average, and the average is fully up to the great popular demand.

We have received all these magazines from the popular establishment of Crew & Hadley in this city, where our readers can always be supplied with them, as well as anything else they may require in the reading line.

ANDREW TERRY, Pres. JNO. K. RANKIN, Cash.

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The Farm.

WORK.

BY ALICE CARY.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall duly be fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead,
Than alive, who his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley,
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand, like a man—
The best to know is to do!

Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the milk-white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.

Every farmer, however small his farm, can afford to take a good agricultural paper, to assist him in the erection of suitable buildings and fences; the making and saving manure; the selection of proper agricultural implements; the best kind of stock and fruit; the feeding and fattening of cattle; the management of his land and crops; thus obtaining the united wisdom and experience of science and the best practical farmers, not only of our own country, but of the civilized world.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS.

A great many valuable hints and suggestions for practice may be learned from agricultural papers. It is not uncommon to hear farmers remark that they have derived more pecuniary advantage from a single article, than the price of the paper for many years. But to prevent disappointment, farmers must always use their judgment; circumstances vary so greatly, that what is highly beneficial in one case, may be ruinous in another. Great mischief is done by looseness, carelessness, or partiality in reporting experiments; a single trial of a crop, sown by guess-work, cultivated at random, and measured by a hasty glance of the eye, is often considered decisive by the inaccurate farmer. He sees a little, presumes a great deal, and jumps to a conclusion, when perhaps if he had taken the twenty other operating causes into the account, there would have been no conclusion at all. Opinions are sometimes formed and facts afterwards sought to support them. It is no wonder that some are disheartened by these, from all trials.

FRUIT A PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

In a recent conversation with an intelligent person who has made long-continued and extensive observations on climate disease, we were assured that nothing had a more beneficial influence in preventing intermittents and the other effects of malaria, than a moderate and regular use of wholesome, well ripened fruit. Our own limited observations abundantly confirm this opinion. This being the case, what millions in losses, to say nothing of the untold discomforts and suffering experienced by the settlers of the great West, might thus be prevented or mitigated. Our western emigrants could carry no better medicine chest with them than a box well packed with a well selected assortment of early bearing fruit trees. Dwarf pears for instance, often bear even the first year, and sometimes produce abundantly in the course of the first two or three seasons; we have known a peach tree to yield three pecks the third summer. The smaller kinds, such as strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants, afford a quick return of very wholesome fruit. A little attention and care of this kind in connection with a moderate share of information and intelligence, would doubtless prevent many serious losses, and avert a vast amount of positive suffering during the first few years of frontier life, when a sufficient degree of privation and inconvenience is often experienced, even with the blessing of uninterrupted health.

THEIR NAMES.

There is still much confusion as to the name of a breed of hogs which will invariably in these columns be called the Poland-China. Not the Poland and China, but the Poland-China. Under this head we class all the large spotted hogs which are variously called Magie, Moore, Butler County, and what not. At a meeting of the Illinois State Agricultural Society held in March, 1871, the records show that when Lot 34, Class D, was reached, the words "or Magie" were stricken out, and the large spotted hog was christened the Poland-China. The St. Louis Pork-Packers premiums of \$500 in 1868, and \$700 in 1869, were awarded to the Poland-China. This is the name by which the spotted hog should be denominated in every Premium List, and then every breeder will have the same fair and honorable chance for a premium that the "Booth," "Bates" and "Colling" strains of Short Horns have under the name of Durham.

GOOD FARMING.

The broad, general, unquestionable truths on which I insist in behalf of good farming are these; and I do not admit they are subject to exception:

1. It is very rarely impracticable to grow good crops, if you are willing to work for them. If your land is too poor to grow wheat and corn, and you are not able to enrich it, sow rye or buckwheat; if you cannot coax it to grow a good crop of anything, let it alone; and, if you can not run away from it, work out by the day or month for your more fortunate neighbors. The time and means squandered in trying to grow crops where only half or quarter crops can be made, constitute the heaviest item on the wrong side of our farmers' balance-sheet; taxing them more than their national, state, or local governments together do.
2. Good crops rarely fail to yield a profit to the grower. I know there are exceptions but they are few. Keep your eye on the farmer who almost uniformly has great grass, good wheat, heavy corn, &c., and, unless he drinks, or has some other bad habit, you will find him growing rich. I am confident that white black-birds are nearly as abundant as farmers who have become poor while usually growing good crops.
3. The fairest single test of good farming is the increasing productiveness of the soil. That farm which averaged twenty bushels of grain to the acre from twenty years ago, and will measure up thirty bushels to the acre from this year's crop, has been and is in good hands. I know of no other touchstone so unerring as that of the increase or decrease year to year of its aggregate product. If you would tell me that X. is a good farmer, do not tell me of some crop he has just grown, but show me that his crop has regularly increased from year to year, and I am satisfied.—Horace Greeley.

CARE OF HORSES' LEGS.

Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally are terribly severe on the feet and legs of horses; and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.

SUCCESS OF A VINICULTURIST.

In the spring of 1866, an intelligent German, acquainted with grape culture and wine-making, bought forty acres of land for \$400, in Put-in-Bay, (an island in Lake Erie), and immediately commenced planting vines. On the 9th of June three and a half acres were planted with the Delaware and Concord, and at the present time seven acres are planted with Norton's Virginia and Ives' Seedling, and one quarter of an acre with Iona. There is also a nursery of three hundred of the Catawba, and forty other varieties for experimental purposes. In 1868 there was a product of one and a half tons of wine of the Concord grape; and one-fourth of a ton of the Delaware. In 1869, when the crop was very poor, three and one-half acres produced \$700 worth of grapes. When the land was purchased it was in a rough state, without buildings or fence. It is now provided with a fence, a two-story house, barn, cellar in the rock, well, &c., and its proprietor has a stock on hand of 10,000 gallons of wine, consisting of Red Delaware, and Red and White Concord, Norton, and Catawba.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

The "superlative" pea, advertised by an English seedsman, is claimed to produce pods seven inches long.

There is a stalk of corn at the Chamber of Commerce, at Memphis, raised in Arkansas, which measures over eighteen feet in height. Kansas can beat that.

Recent statistics show that in London 300 horses die weekly, and that 700,000 cats in the metropolis are largely fed from their carcasses.

An eminent physician says that a good coat of gum arabic mucilage applied every night to corneal will, in a short time, cause the pests to take their final departure.

Agricultural pursuits give us more familiar acquaintance with phenomena in the vegetable kingdom, than any labors which do not have these for special objects.

Hen manure makes an excellent starter for corn in the blade. Moisten the droppings, and let them lie in a heap a few days, so that they will the more readily pulverize, and then mix thoroughly with two or three times their bulk of soil, muck, or earth.

Speaking of the capacity of oxen, Stephens, in his "Book of the Farm," remarks that "An ox will eat about a ton of turnips each week; a two-year-old Short-horn ox will consume twenty-six tons, and a three-year-old thirty tons of turnips in 180 days."

In broiling a beefsteak, whenever the coals blaze up from the drippings, a pinch of fine salt thrown upon them will instantly extinguish the flames. By carefully attending to this matter you may have your broiled steak or chicken crisp, but not scorched, and juicy, yet well done.

A number of New Englanders have leased a farm in Powhattan County, Virginia, with the intention of devoting it exclusively to the raising of goats. They have made a beginning with two thousand of the amiable creatures, and expect to increase the number to twenty thousand. What they will do with them is not announced. A chance for Doc. Huson.

A writer says: "I was quite amused some days since by an old setting hen. Having tried all the usual ways to induce her to leave her nest, I concluded to use 'moral suasion.' I placed two lumps of ice in the nest after taking her off. The 'old critter,' as is usual in such cases, soon returned and took a seat, which seemed to disagree with her, and after a few hours Mrs. Hen concluded to associate with her fellows." Try this in cold weather.

FARMING AS A MORAL FORCE.

The good husbandman, says George William Curtis, learns by experience what science constantly discloses, that there is nothing useless or superfluous in nature. "The whole," as old George Herbert sang:

"The whole is either his cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure."

But while this is the magnificence of his workshop, see also the direct moral influence of his toil. The earth in which he works is just and honest. If the farmer sows wheat the ground does not return him sugar-cane. If he transplant carelessly, the tree, like a neglected child, will pine and die. If he plant potatoes and shirk hoeing, the weeds will shirk dying and the potatoes will shirk growing. If he be stingy of manure, his fields will be equally stingy of crops. Thus the eternal sincerity of nature, giving him peas for peas, and beans for beans, fair crops for patient industry, and weeds for idleness, passes into his character, and he does not send his barrels of apples to market with all the large fruit on top, nor sell a horse with blind staggers to a man who pays for a sound animal. So the necessities and fatigues of a work that can be done only by daylight, call the farmer with the sun in summer and the morning star in winter, send him early to bed and teach him regularity. Then as by his ceaseless toil he counts out, in blows of his arm, and drops of his sweat, every hundred cents in every dollar he earns,—every penny stands for so much time and muscle, and thus he learns economy. With economy come frugality and temperance, and so upon the farm grow the hardy virtues, like tough trees upon the rough mountain side.

"GOULD CLAY"
—AND—
"LEOPOLD."

These CELEBRATED STALLIONS will be managed the coming season by Mr. W. S. WELLS, and their service can be secured as follows, by the season:

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He was sired by "Cassius M. Clay, Jr.," dam by "Ethan Allen," granddam by "Imported Glencoe."

He is five years old, and, in only six weeks ordinary driving, has trotted, without special training, inside of three minutes.

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Sire, the "Ives Colt," a famous Wisconsin horse by "Old Bell-fender." His dam was a thoroughbred mare.

He has a record inside of 2:40 on the Milwaukee track. He is a large and sure foal-getter.

These horses are the property of the Editor of THE KANSAS SPIRIT. Communications respecting them may be addressed to him or to Mr. W. S. WELLS.

100 BERKSHIRE & ESSEX PIGS.

I have the choicest stock of pigs of these bloods to be found in this region. In addition to the splendid stock on hand previously, I have purchased the entire lot formerly owned by E. A. Smith, and selected by him with the greatest care and expense. I will furnish unrelated pairs, boxed free, and

WARRANTED PURE, FOR \$25.00 THE PAIR.

None of the boars from which they spring have cost less than one hundred dollars each, and some much more.

Also, a few sows. Address the Editor of THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

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Runs no Faster in a Gale than in an Ordinary Wind.

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Farmers and Stock-raisers, this is just what is needed, and is destined to come into general use in this State. It has been thoroughly proven in the Eastern States. We will erect one of these Mills side by side with any other made; giving them the choice of position, and thus perfectly test its merits.

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The house is being repaired and refurnished, the best articles of food and drink that the markets afford are on hand, and a large supply of genuine imported cigars have been ordered from the well known importing house of Acker, Merrill & Co., New York.

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IN LAWRENCE,

as Tailor, over McCurdy's boot and shoe store, 128 Massachusetts street, and having brought with him some of the best recipes

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is prepared to do cleaning in a superior manner.

N. B.—Gentlemen's clothes, ladies' saques, cloaks, &c., made to look equal to new. Gentlemen's own materials made up in the present styles of fashion, at prices to suit the times.

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Among many other choice bargains, we have

A 240 ACRE FARM FIVE MILES FROM LAWRENCE,

with abundance of living water, plenty of timber, choice fruit of all kinds, all fenced, and comfortable house, at \$25 per acre on very easy terms. Also,

AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN,

well improved, good house, fine young pear trees and other fruit, good hedge around 40 acres, water and timber—to trade for good wild land and some cash.

A 160 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,

all fenced, very fine orchard in bearing, good improvements—a very desirable place, and cheap at \$6,000.

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on Massachusetts Street, very cheap and on easy terms. One of the best located and most desirable residence properties in the city

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We cannot specify one in a hundred of the properties we have to sell. Come in and see our list, and we can certainly suit you. We are also agents for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad lands, and can furnish them in any desired quantity to actual settlers. We have

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and we invite correspondence from all who contemplate forming colonies to locate in Kansas.

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stands in the very front rank of fire insurance companies, having paid \$1,400,000 in cash for Chicago losses, and having remaining cash assets of over \$2,500,000. Persons seeking sure indemnity on their property will call on us, and we will do them good.

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Office rear room over Simpson's Bank. notf

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER ONE.

DEAR SPIRIT: It is a pity that my first gossip to you must be a chapter of calamities. But it is of the very nature of such gossip as I must write that it must tell of the things that are uppermost, and tell them just as they are, nothing extenuating and setting down nothing in malice. The labored editorial is one thing and must have its place, and so of the selected miscellany, the correspondence, the poetry, and, last but not least, the advertisements which are, to the publisher, the real poetry of the paper, though the payment of them has a solemn touch of prose to the advertiser. Robert Bonner, however, would never have owned Dexter but for his liberal advertising. And had he not owned Dexter, of course Grant would never have ridden with him and Dexter. And then how much invaluable "horse talk" would have been lost to the world!

But "gossip" has its place as well as the rest. The gossip, I am well aware, in the modern and meaner acceptance of the term, is not the most adorable sort of character. But the word has a noble, and even sacred origin, and the definition of Zimmerman, though bad enough, might be a good deal worse. "Gossips," he says, "have great leisure, with little thought; much petty ambition to be thought intelligent, without any other pretension than being able to communicate what they have just learned." I accept the last part of the definition at least; and that is why I must gossip of calamities.

It is an old saying that misfortunes come not alone. Longfellow in the song of Hiawatha has beautifully illustrated the idea.

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture watching
From his high aerial lookout
Sees the downward plunge and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck and then a shadow
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly,
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions;
When the first descends, the others
Follow, gathering flockwise round their victim,
First a shadow then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

My Jerseys have been the pet and pride of my farm. But a few weeks since one of them—a beautiful thoroughbred heifer—sickened and died. The doctor's skill was in vain. An examination proved that she died of worms. I have a notion that many cattle, both quadruped and biped, have died of the same trouble. It has been a pet theory of mine that this is often what ails the children, and so I have occasionally smuggled down a worm lozenge, notwithstanding the good wife's horror of the poisonous compound. The woman who, in telling her experience to the church, said that she had been in great trouble, and it was a long time before she could tell whether it was conviction or worms; was a sensible sort of person. For worms are a common disorder. I know several people that have worms.

Then dear old large-eyed Daisy had a beautiful heifer calf which died the next day, suggesting some mysterious and mournful reflections, such as the afflicted parents put upon the stone of the little still-born:

"Since that I so soon was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

The calf of Hillhome Belle fared the same fate. Now I have had occasion to bewail, in former gossips, my ill luck in sheep, and I might stir a fever in the blood of age by recounting my experience in the jackass business, had I the heart and time to do it, and no fear of my excellent friend, Col. Learned, before my eyes. But I had come to think the luck on my side in the Jersey business until this winter.

The practical moral of the lesson is: don't let your cows come in in the winter, especially if it is to have as cold spells as this one.

There have been some other calamities on the farm this winter, but this will do for a beginning. The stock as a rule have done well. My faithful friend George watches them with as much apparent interest as if they were his. What a comfort this is in a hired man! There is an authoritative command against their rendering mere "eye service," which the most of men in my employ seem never to have read. But George is not that kind. He loves the horses, the cows, the sheep, the pigs, and the dogs, and they love him in return. There is nothing that feels or returns affection quicker than these mute friends who are sent to minister to our wants. I envy not the man who has no warm side for the colts, the calves, the lambs, and the dogs. I know there is a big outcry against the dogs, and some men, who are already mad, are afraid of the hydrophobia. They may rest assured that the dogs will bite them, if they get a chance. And if they should, the chances are that the thing that has been would be again, when

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

For myself I am not ashamed to say that I love these faithful companions, the only ones that will stick to a man when all his friends are gone, and starve with him when he has no money. Lord Byron never wrote a more touching thing than the epitaph of Boatswain.

"Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on! It honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

I. S. K.

PROSPECTUS.

As long ago as last June we published the following prospectus. A series of untoward circumstances, which it is useless to detail here, have prevented the appearance of our paper until now. We secured some three hundred subscribers at the State Fair, two hundred at the Ottawa Fair, one hundred and fifty at the Atchison Fair, and others from time to time with, the mutual expectation that they should have had the paper long ago. They will see however by these presents that we have not forgotten them, as we sincerely hope they have not forgotten us. And as a token that they have not, will those who did not pay us at the time of subscribing have the goodness to read the last clause of the closing sentence of this prospectus, and govern themselves accordingly.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

By I. S. KALLOCH, LAWRENCE.

I propose, on the first Saturday of next October, to issue the first number of an eight page weekly paper, of good size, and with the newest and best material, adapted to the interests and equal to the wants of the HOMES and FARMS of Kansas. The half million of people in Kansas, all of whom are more or less interested in or connected with agricultural and kindred subjects, need, and will sustain, a weekly paper of this description worthy of their support; at least I have faith enough that they will to make the venture.

THE SPIRIT will conscientiously and fearlessly express its convictions upon current events and public men, but it will do so in such entire freedom from all partisan or sectarian bias, that independent men and women of all parties and sects will be satisfied that it is the organ of no party, denomination or corporation whatsoever. THE SPIRIT will endeavor to be, what its name indicates, a lively and spirited journal for the homes and farms of Kansas; and the Editor flatters himself that he knows the people with whom he deals, and upon whose patronage he is dependent, well enough to be able to fill their bill.

But while being this, THE SPIRIT aspires to be more than this, or rather to be this in a higher sense than is sometimes understood by it. The Farmer of the period is a man who understands other things and wants to read about other things than the mere details of his own occupation. He has a family to maintain, children to educate, and a home to improve and adorn, as well as fields to till and stock to fatten; and the paper that he will most cordially support is the one that most heartily meets and amply supplies his varied tastes and deepest convictions.

THE SPIRIT, then, in addition to the latest and fullest information and discussion upon agricultural questions, will have the telegraphic news of the week condensed, arranged and prepared with the greatest care, so that its readers will miss no important item from any part of the world; a department of information upon the progress of religious matters everywhere, but especially at home; choice literary selections, which convenient scissors cannot find in cotemporary columns; candid criticisms upon the current literature of the day; rare and appropriate poetical selections; and a generous corner for young folks at home, the aim of which will be to amuse them, and to instruct by amusing.

THE SPIRIT will be published every Saturday at \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. Your name, and influence in securing names to this Prospectus, are solicited. Names are wanted now; the money as soon as the first number is received.

I. S. KALLOCH.

THE USURY LAWS.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in the reports of the legislative proceedings at Topeka, that the principal opposition to the bill repealing our usury laws, comes from our member from Lawrence; that while he is in favor of suitable amendments to the collection laws, he is utterly opposed to "removing the safe guards thrown around the borrower" by the present usury laws. Well, this question of "usury laws" is an unsettled question, on which there is much to be said on both sides. The foremost men of our times—men who have made political economy and finance a life time study, differ widely in their opinions as to the utility of such laws. But it can do no harm to inquire a little into the practical working of these laws in our State of Kansas. And when I remember that the best credit in Lawrence is paying, to-day, from 15 to 30 per cent. per month for money, it seems to me that "the safe guards thrown around the borrower," by our usury laws are, to say the least, problematical. The highest legal rate is 12 per cent.; but we all know perfectly well, that money is not and cannot be borrowed at that rate any where in Kansas. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars at interest to-day in Douglas County, at from 15 to 30 per cent. per month; while the uniform rate in the Southern and Southwestern portions of the State is 4 to 5 per cent. per month; and this, too, to a class of borrowers who are least able to pay excessive rates of interest. Mr. Haskell will hardly question the fact, that the rates of interest paid in Kansas are, uniformly, and almost without exception, above the legal rate. Where, then, comes in the benefit of the usury laws. Certainly not, in keeping down the prices which the borrower must pay for money, for the fact proves that the price paid is uniformly above the legal rate. When the lender goes at all beyond the legal rate, he has fully accepted the risks, and incurred the penalties of the usury laws, and he may as well take 30 or 50 per cent. The law is, at once, entirely inoperative in the direction of keeping down the price of money, and the only limit to its price is, and must be, the borrower's necessities or the lender's conscience. I suppose the main, if not the only, object of usury laws is to prevent excessive and extortionate rates of interest. And when experience has proven their entire failure in this direction, are they not better off than in our Statute books? That they have thus failed in their object, in Kansas at least, current rates of interest to-day afford abundant and unquestionable proof. This is merely the negative side of the question and may be summed up thus. The usury law of Kansas has no effect whatever in keeping down the price of money. It has failed in its object. It is entirely inoperative and useless. Therefore repeal it. But there is another and a positive side to this question, affording a still more powerful argument in favor of its repeal. Our usury law has not only failed in its object and become inoperative and useless as a law, but, in my opinion, it has a direct and powerful influence in aggravating and increasing the very evil it was framed to mitigate and prevent. The great, special need of Kansas is money. Abundance of money makes low rates of interest as naturally and inevitably as a surplus of houses makes cheap rents. There is no article of commerce more completely subject to the great law of supply and demand than the one article of money. The people of Kansas, are, for the most part, borrowers, and abundance of money, with consequent cheap rates of interest is of the last importance to them. It seems to me clearly true that our usury law operates to check the influx of money; thus

creating scarcity and consequent high rates of interest. Capitalist and money lenders are, as a class, cautious and conservative, and are loth to assume any risks in loaning their money. It is only here and there one who can be tempted by high rates of interest, to bring his money here to loan and take the risk of the penalties for usury. The few who do come find a bare market, and obtain almost any price they choose to ask. That they have no very tender scruples of conscience about taking all they can get, the fearfully high rate of interest is sufficient proof. Law will not and cannot make cheap money. Supply and demand do and will always regulate its price, and the adoption of any measure calculated to increase the supply seems to me to be clearly the dictate of wisdom. That the repeal of our usury law would in some measure do this I have no doubt. At least, is not the experiment worth the trial?

LAWRENCE.

LETTER FROM KANSAS CITY.

EDITOR KANSAS SPIRIT: From this City of hills so close upon the border of Kansas as to be christened Kansas City, and so near her elbow in the advancement of every worthy enterprise as to offer the hand of encouragement and a "God speed ye," the prospectus of THE KANSAS SPIRIT wakes a responsive echo. And as hills are prolific of echoes, we venture the prediction that this is but the first of a series that will roll back upon the Editor's office, alive with expressions of good will for the JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

We believe the answer has been discovered to the oft repeated question, "What's in a name," and that of this discovery has been born a living illustration, soon to visit thousands of homes in Kansas and her sister States. As closely allied in interest, as in location, is Kansas and the city of Kansas. Her vantage is our profit, and her prosperity our gain. Her garments of verdure are woven in the same web with ours, her rich plains have joined hands with ours, we are wedded by the bonds of mutual interest, each contributing to the welfare of the other, with your coal and grain we are warmed and fed, and the same rivers that quench your thirst bring also their bounties to our doors. While furnishing a market and shipping point for your surplus productions, our jobbers can supply your trade at better rates than you can get by going farther. We are tenants in common of the same prosperity, and as such we wish THE SPIRIT a long shadow.

Just now our City is much occupied with her plethoric courts, all of which, seven in number, are "in labor" and daily "bring forth fruit meet for repentance" for some lawless son of ill-luck, or his involuntary proxy; for our district Attorney, inexorable as the last foe, and an evident believer in vicarious atonement, makes it a point to lay some one on the altar of the State, for each transgression brought within his legal province. The irrepressible conflict between Erin and Ethiopia, found a lucid exposition recently in our Criminal Court, argued from the text, "A nigger shot a policeman." The policeman was of Celtic origin, which fact furnished an easy introduction; though to many it seemed far fetched, and savored of antiquity in history and taste, and we failed to see its connection with the question of innocence or guilt. But the galvanized citizen went up—the evidence showing that somebody did shoot, and the City will not suffer from a transfer of his services to the State.

A topic of interest, now stirring the minds of those who have our city's good at heart, is the water works question. Some months ago our papers talked of the Kansas City waterworks company. But its epitaph was soon written, "Gone where the woodbine twineth," and the duty imposed on our City Fathers of filling its vacant place with a child of greater promise of longevity and usefulness. Thus they now breed their fertile, intellects to the Great Holly of waterworks fame, and are "in travail" for Peoria, Illinois, where they hope to present to the daylight of good sense the future Ganymedes of our dry City. This must be an item pertinent to the commercial interests of Kansas, as the success or failure of the plan might influence our trade in her wine crop to no small extent.

Politically, all parties are in winter quarters excepting, the Liberal Republicans, who are in quarters; or some smaller fractional denomination, if we may draw our inferences from their recent mass-meeting, composed of three or four men, as we count or omit to count a reporter. Still we are told by one of our journals that this meeting was indicative of lively times to come, from which we infer we are soon to enjoy the pleasure of attending their wake.

TUSKS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 29th, 1872.

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THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between STEVENS & ANDERSON is this day dissolved by mutual consent. JAMES T. STEVENS. LAWRENCE, Kas., Feb. 1, 1872. 1-41 A. S. ANDERSON.