

# The Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME

AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 20, 1872.

NUMBER 12.

## THE BIG DRY-GOODS HOUSE OF KANSAS.

L. BULLENE & CO.

—Now offer—

TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS,

—At—

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L. BULLENE & CO.,

No. 89, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

## The Household.

CONDUCTED BY CORA F. DOWNS.

### HOUSE PLANTS.

"Tell me then, how folded flowers  
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers,  
How the south wind shapes its time?"  
"None may answer—none may know;  
Winds and flowers come and go."

I thought several times this last winter that I should never try to keep house-plants again. The winter was so severe that several pets gave up their little frail lives and went to the land where flower spirits fade not. But the long, cold months of winter and the late spring would be dreary indeed without the bloom in my windows, and the daily care I have had with my plants has repaid me fully. With a snowy lily, a tea rose in full bloom, with budding heliotrope and sweet scented violets before me, I feel more reconciled to the cold, damp, chilly aspect out of doors.

I have been out all day busy with my tulip borders and assisting in the arrangement of a "turpentine walk," as Mrs. Partington would term it—a sort of winding way through shrubbery and vines, and although it was a hard day's work it paid in the sense that it will make the grounds more attractive and add to our pleasure every day and hour of the coming summer. By and by I will transplant my tea roses and carnations and geraniums from the south window into the borders.

How can people live who don't cultivate flowers

in some shape? They are their "own exceeding great reward."

Sometimes, when the only service I can render at a funeral is to lay a handful of snow white blossoms upon the casket where somebody's human flower is enclosed, I feel as if my good will had a fragrance in its offering. I love to furnish flowers for the church altar, for the burial, and for the sick room. Is it no service, think you? Is not a blush rose with a spray of myrtle and a geranium blossom received as gratefully by the pale occupant of the sick room, as a bowl of gruel or a poultice?

I wish some of my practical friends who love house plants as I do, would tell me how to rid our window pets of the *pediculus*, the annoying little wretched insect that comes and sits down like any squatter among the "green things growing," and comes to stay. We don't smoke, any of us, and it's too late to learn how. Isn't there something besides tobacco that will do? (I don't pretend to know everything.)

I hope that some of my horticultural acquaintances who have sympathy with scribblers and flower maniacs will remember me when they are in their kingdom. I will say of them, if they send me pansies for thought and rosemary for remembrance, what I feel like saying of a good creature who sent me a bottle of "Mudge's American Sherry." I suppose it was because of my strong temperance principles that the temptation came in that form, but if wine *must* be used as a remedial agent, and taken for the stomach's sake, in cases where it is expedient, one should get that having the medicinal quality so pleasantly disguised as not to seem like medicine. This is really the case with the wine aforesaid, and for its beneficial and tonic properties I have only words in its praise.

### HOUSE CLEANING.

I hear that several lords of creation are going to the Cincinnati Convention to avoid the taking up of carpets, the up-turning, the over-turning, the turning inside out, and the turning outside in.

An ingenious expedient was hit upon by a certain gentleman who shall be nameless, and who said in persuasive tones to his wife, "My dear, I would not take up the carpets if I were you, this spring; the rooms all seem so clean; no house in town is cleaner than this, and it is only so much bother and fuss to be going through all this topsy turvy because other folks do!"

The lady smiled, pleased with the compliment to the general effect of the house, but inwardly convinced of the necessity and obligation to take up, and shake out, and wash and scour *ad infinitum*.

### PATENT FLY TRAPS.

How happy these householders will be when they live where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where dust probably does not come. How happy I should be to find some retreat where there were no flies! If it were not for the small fry in the humanities, we could use the coarse lace frames for doors and windows; but who ever heard of a boy that ever shut a door? I am disposed to try the experiment. Last summer Mr. Yates sent me some patent fly-traps. I used them extensively about the house till one evening a member of the family, stepping softly about after dark with bare feet, bore away from a space devoted to the fly trap, on the sole of her foot the sticky sheet that had been during the day the bed of martyrdom for so many unsuspecting flies. She said it was no wonder that the flies did not leave the traps after they were once caught. Several days afterwards, a lady sat near a window by which a sewing machine stood, and a fly trap was spread thereon; a gentle zephyr stole in the window, and catching up the patent fly trap, planted it firmly between her shoulders against a handsome black silk dress; flies, glue and silk, "In one dread medley blent."

After that, we concluded that it was too torturing to our feelings to see poor innocent winged insects pulling their bodies off their legs in vain attempts to get away from such uncongenial soil.

Talking of house-cleaning, I wonder what the best method really is of taking one's house to pieces. I am tectotally opposed to a general chaos—to having all the carpets up at once, and a pervading steam of hot soap-suds and white wash, and a sense of disorder and confusion everywhere.

I have thought it best in consideration of the masculine help we shall need when we put our car-

pets down, to approach the thing as surreptitiously as possible; get one or two rooms at a time as nearly over the process of being renovated as to do away with the startling effect which the announcement usually produces among men, that house-cleaning is actually under way. Some people think that we ought not, as a general thing, to "interrupt the delicious reveries of existence with the sharp saw-setting of commonplace realities," but as much as lieth possible within us to exhale "like dew-drops, and sail off on rosy clouds with each other to the land of Do-just-as-you-have-a-mind-to." That is the Follingsbee philosophy—but it will not abolish dust and cobwebs, nor will it plan and contrive out of limited means to make a home-nest neat, orderly, comfortable, cosy. That philosophy is only suited to the gilt and glitter grade of society.

As applicable to this subject of cleaning and keeping clean, I scissor the following hints concerning the four foes of furniture, from a useful journal at my side: "The Four Foes of Furniture—aside from rough-and-tumble boys and loose-handed domestics—are oils, alcohols, acids and water. Marble-top furniture finds its enemy in acids. When brought in contact with marble they form a chemical combination which destroys the texture of the stone, 'eating out' its surface and ruining its beauty. Oil does no harm to marble beyond staining it. Alcohol and water produce no effect on it whatever. On the other hand, varnished surfaces, while not actually injured by acids, are ruined by alcohol, which dissolves the varnish, leaving a rough, resinous coating in its place. Of course anything containing alcohol, like burning fluid, spirits, wine, &c., have the same effect to some degree. Oil will not attack varnished surfaces or marble, but will soak into naked wood or other porous substances, from which it is usually impossible to dislodge it. Water dissolves glue in furniture joints and will cause wood to swell wherever it can get access to its pores. Bearing these facts in mind, careful housekeepers will be able to avoid many unlucky accidents in the care of their tidy rooms."

### A GOOD RECIPE.

As a fine omelette is the very poetry of cooked eggs, I lately tried an omelette in my culinary exercises which was so excellent that my friends will, I know, be glad to get the recipe, if they have not already tried it:

Beat well the whites of three eggs and the yolks of six, till they are light. Mix a tea-cupful of new milk or cream, a table-spoonful of flour, salt and pepper to the taste; pour this on the yolks and whites that have been beaten together. In a pan, melt a piece of butter; when it is hot, pour in the mixture and set the pan in a hot oven; when it seems to thicken up, pour on the three whites saved out, beaten light; return it to the oven and let it brown. Slip it carefully out on a dish.

WYANDOTTE, April 16th.

P. S. My sad-eyed maiden came to me just two days and a half after her arrival at our plantation, and stated with bitter emphasis that her sister had the shakes and her mother had the rheumatiz; whereupon she left, and I saw her depart with what Mrs. Poriphar would call a "beautiful resignation."

For THE KANSAS SPIRIT.  
HUMANITY.  
BY JAMES HANWAY.

Standing in the streets of Garnett conversing with a friend one day last Fall, I observed several boys on the opposite side of the street disputing with each other with an energy which would do honor to a legislative assembly. The difficulty was simply a difference as to whether two little dogs should be permitted to try their skill at tearing each other's hides. One party insisted that the dogs should fight; and then the question which was the best fighter would be forever settled. The other party claimed that to make them fight and worry each other was cruel and inhuman. The fighting party were evidently the most noisy and boisterous in their demands, but the firm and determined stand of the peace party held them in check. Finally the dispute was settled by the fighting little urchins leaving the ground with the taunting remark—"Your dog is only a parlor pet and can't fight worth a cent." This little episode is characteristic of town life. Here are two classes of boys, of marked char-

acter, distinct and separate in every particular—disposition, manners and outward deportment: In a few years they will become voters, and frame laws for the government of a commonwealth.

Many years since I had conceived the notion that as a general rule families who kept a pet, if only a dog or cat, were generally more kind and humane to every living thing, and that the feeling manifested itself as a leading trait in the character of the children of such families. Feeling a curiosity to test this notion on this occasion, I approached my little peace friends and learned that the little dog which they were so unwilling to have fight belonged to them, and was a family pet. I afterward had the good fortune to partake of an excellent dinner at the house of their parents, and during my visit (for a full stomach always makes one exceedingly kind) I referred to the difficulty on the streets concerning the fighting qualities of the two dogs. Of course I learned who the fighting party were, and soon obtained some facts in relation to them. Their parents were decidedly opposed to having a dog, or even a cat, about the premises. Whenever one showed itself within reasonable distance, it was certain to be notified by a kick or a stone or a billet of wood that its presence was not needed. If an unlucky cat was seen trespassing on the premises, if only crossing the lot on a visit perchance to some neighbor cat, the boys were ordered to stone it off the premises; and so well had all the cats in the neighborhood got accustomed to this treatment that they always ran for dear life, even if the boys were not in sight. My friend, I was happy to find, agreed with me in relation to the training of children in this respect. He said, "If you train your children to love and care for these little domestics, they will form attachments for and learn to regard every living thing as a part and parcel of the household. Even that little Canary bird in the cage is a family pet. It brings forth its young in the Spring, and my boys watch it feeding them with tender solicitude and affectionate devotion. They would no more think of robbing a bird's nest than they would of kicking their little dog, Fido."

Such were the facts which sprung forth from the apparently trifling incident of the difficulty of the boys concerning the fighting qualities of two little dogs in the streets of Garnett. Trifling as it may appear, there is a moral in it which underlies the very sub-stratum of society, and is worthy of passing thought. Children who from infancy are taught to despise a dog or a cat, and treat them cruelly, have already taken the first step which may culminate in the course of time in the taking of the life of a human being. The mind becomes callous and dead to the pleadings of humanity when dumb brutes are treated as machines destitute of feeling, and the human heart loses all those finer traits of sympathy which should bind us as a link in the chain of animated being. Some good people may enter a protest to this view of the question. They perhaps have formed strong prejudices against these little domestics, and perhaps ought not to be classed with those who lack the ordinary feelings of humanity; but such cases are the exceptions. Some other appliances have been brought to bear against the natural tendency, to produce these prejudices. Observation of many years has convinced me that my friend was right in stating that children become attached to objects with which they are familiar, and this feeling of attachment becomes a part of their education and influences them through life.

The noblest trait of character of the poet Shelley was his veneration and love for every creature endowed with sensation. Never was a living faith more faithfully adhered to. His friend Leigh Hunt said of him, "He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest." His genius as a poet is universally conceded, but it is as a humanizer that we love him and venerate his name. Frequently he gave utterance to his feelings in such lines as these:

"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!  
If our great mother has imbued my soul  
With ought of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my kindred," &c.

LANE, Franklin County.



## The Farm.

## DON'T MORTGAGE THE FARM.

We'll have to mortgage the farm!  
Of this there is little doubt,  
And if we fail to redeem,  
The sheriff will turn us out.  
And all because we are not content  
To earn our money before 'tis spent:  
For lawyers seldom allow delay,  
And we have not the wherewith to pay.  
Our pride is sure to result in shame,  
And we have nobody else to blame.  
You certainly ought to know,  
If matters continue so,  
We'll have to mortgage the farm.

Chorus—The farm, the farm,  
The dear old farm,  
We'll have to mortgage the farm.

Suppose we mortgage the farm,  
'T will last but a little while,  
We cannot hope to succeed  
In keeping up city style:  
The day devoted to formal calls,  
The night consumed in attending balls:  
For jewelled rings and imported hair,  
And trails sufficient to sweep a square,  
And silks and satins and laces fine,  
Without the wealth of a golden mine,  
Are surely enough to show,  
If matters continue so,  
We'll have to mortgage the farm.

How can we mortgage the farm,  
And with it that holy place  
Where love delights to call  
The charms of each silent face?  
The golden curls of a darling child,  
Her lustrous eyes and her features mild;  
And one who fell in the battle-flame,  
Where lilies bloom and the willow waves  
About the quiet of household graves.  
Ah! gloomy indeed the day,  
Should we be compelled to say,  
We'll have to mortgage the farm!

## FOREST TREE CULTURE.

This important subject seems at last to be attracting the attention which it deserves. It is but a few years since its public agitation commenced, and then it was confined to a few men whom the plodding public regarded as enthusiasts or lunatics. When Mr. C. C. Hutchinson labored nearly an entire year, with that well known energy and devotion which he puts into every enterprise he touches, to secure Congressional aid for an extensive encouragement of tree growing on the plains, we well remember the obstacles with which he had to contend, not the least of which was the general popular apathy and indifference on the whole subject. He labored faithfully, however, as a pioneer in a movement which now promises to be one of the most extensive and important in the whole range of our agricultural industries. And, if he failed in the immediate object for which he labored, he has the satisfaction common to the noble army of all pioneers, that they can do great things and start great enterprises, even if others reap the reward. It is a well authenticated law that some must labor and others enter into their labors. Some must sow and others reap, but there is a good time coming, let us still fondly believe, when both they that sow and they that reap will rejoice together.

European countries were aroused to the importance of forest tree culture long ago, and England and Scotland have vast forests of majestic cultivated timber as the result. Germany, aside from other experiments, has imported thousands of dollars worth of forest seeds from California, and splendid forests have already made their appearance. That far-seeing and prudent people has established special departments for this subject in their schools, and officers are instructed in the duties and methods of raising forest trees. It is estimated that in France and Germany that at least one-fifth of the surface of the ground should be tree-producing in order to maintain that condition of the atmosphere necessary to the most successful agriculture. It is now admitted that the increase of trees increases the fall of rain, while the converse of this is no less true, as is forcibly shown in some sections of New York and elsewhere, where the once luxuriant wheat now often fails, although the soil is not exhausted but improved by generous fertilization.

These points have a special interest for us in this portion of the country. Our first and great necessity is trees. And we rejoice that our Legislature has passed an act of encouragement, which we publish entire at the close of this article, for the growth of trees in forests and along our highways. We hope that the good example of Nebraska will also be followed and "Arbor Day" be made a holiday. We hope also that other rewards will be added, similar to the \$1000 prize just received by Ben Perley Poore for the best forest grove of ten years planting in the State of Massachusetts. Aside from the handsome premium offered by the State, and the vast advantage gained in the equalization of our temperature, the moderation of our winds, and the augmentation of our rains, it is positively certain that an acre of land cannot be put to any use that will make it pay better or be worth more in the long run, than to plant it with trees. We append the act passed by our late Legislature:

"Every person planting one acre or more of prairie land, each acre containing not less than 160 trees, within ten years after the passage of this act, with any kind of forest trees, except black locust, and successfully growing and cultivating the same for three years, and any person planting, protecting

and cultivating for three years one half mile or more of forest trees along any public highway, said trees planted so as to stand at the end of three years not more than one rod apart, shall be entitled to receive for twenty-five years, commencing three years after said grove or line of trees has been planted, an annual bounty of \$2.00 per acre for each acre so planted, and \$2.00 for each half mile so planted, to be paid out of the county treasury of the county in which said grove or line of trees may be situated. Said bounty shall not be paid any longer than said grove or line of trees is kept alive and in a growing condition; and any person having planted a grove of trees at any time—black locust excepted—of one acre or more, and cultivated the same, and shall so continue the cultivation as above, shall be entitled to the bounty above specified, commencing with the year 1872 and continuing twenty-five years."

## HARDNESS OF WOODS.

It is a great convenience to know the comparative value of different kinds of wood for fuel. Taking shellbark hickory as the highest standard of our forest trees, and calling that one hundred, other trees will compare with it for real value as follows:

Shellbark Hickory,	100	Yellow Oak,	60
Pignut Hickory,	85	Hard Maple,	50
White Oak,	84	White Elm,	58
White Ash,	77	Red Cedar,	56
Dogwood,	75	Wild Cherry,	55
Scrub Oak,	73	Yellow Pine,	54
White Hazel,	72	Chestnut,	52
Apple Tree,	70	Yellow Poplar,	51
Red Oak,	69	Butternut,	43
White Beech,	65	White Birch,	40
Black Walnut,	65	White Pine,	33
Black Birch,	62		

But it is worth bearing in mind that there is a very considerable difference in woods of the same species, according to the manner and the soil on which they grow. A maple that grows slowly on an upland pasture, standing alone or apart from other trees, will last much longer and give out a greater degree of heat than one that grows in a swamp, or in the midst of a dense forest. A tree that grows in a forest on a wet, low, rich ground, will be less solid and less durable for fuel, and consequently less valuable, than a tree of the same kind that grows on a dry and poorer soil. For sale, to be sure, one would be just as good as the other. To the purchaser, oak is oak and pine is pine, but for home, the tree grown on dry upland and standing apart from others is worth a great deal more.

## RUST ON FARM IMPLEMENTS.

The rusting of tools and the bright surfaces of implements on the farm is not only a source of great annoyance to the careful farmer, but also of great yearly loss to all. Rust is the oxide of any metal—the combination of oxygen with a base forming first a thin fibre on the surface—and if allowed to proceed, eating into the metal to such a degree as often to destroy their tools in a single season. If kept in a perfectly dry atmosphere, it would cause but little if any trouble, but this cannot always be obtained. The next best thing is to keep all polished surfaces, when not in use, from contact with air. This is usually attained by covering the surface with some oily substance, and when this is done, care should be taken that salt does not enter into its composition. Our own plan of late years, and one which we have found to answer the purpose perfectly, is to paint the surface with a mixture of common lamp-black and kerosene, and place them where they will not be rubbed against, and at the same time be kept dry. They will be found in the spring in perfect condition, and by simply rubbing them with a cloth, they are ready for use. Slightly rusted articles may be cleaned by rubbing them with pure animal oil and pure whiting or slacked lime, but if it has proceeded to such a degree as to accumulate black rust, the surface must be ground down and repolished with emery, and in this case it had better go to the plowmaker. A little care at the proper time will, however, obviate this, and hence this suggestion.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

## THE BLACK LOCUST.

It will be seen that our legislative savans have put a ban upon the Black Locust in excluding it from the list of trees that a bounty is given for the raising of. Many eminent authorities, however, do not agree with them. Dr. John A. Warder, for example, regards it as a very valuable tree for cultivation, "on account of its rapid growth, firmness and great durability." He recently sold an acre of forest trees of this species, scarcely a tree of which was over fifteen years old, for \$1,000. We only note this as an illustration of how tree doctors, as well as all other doctors, will disagree. There is not much danger of many Black Locusts being grown in Kansas, so long as the "Act for the encouragement of tree growing" remains as it is.

COLD WEATHER.—Up to this time we have thought that the past winter has been unusually cold in this region, but from the following, in the *Vermont Record and Farmer*, we infer that our imagination was too vivid. It says: "In some places where the ground has had to be dug up for the purpose of thawing out pipes, it has been found frozen to the depth of nearly five feet, and so hard, that in one instance we noted that a couple of men were engaged for two days or more in reaching the object of their search, which lay only four and one-half feet below the surface."

## GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

## A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

## H. H. CARPENTER,

(NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POSTOFFICE.)

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## HATS! HATS! HATS!

HEADS MEASURED AND HATS MADE TO ORDER.

## SILK HATS IRONED.

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

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The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State.

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THE CONTINENTAL, OF NEW YORK,

Cash assets over \$2,500,000.

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Cash assets over \$1,000,000.

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Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

## THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

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## SHORT LINE EAST!

## THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from

Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

Connecting at Quincy Union Depot with Chicago, Burlington & East, North and South.

This short route, and connecting great through passenger lines, by way of Quincy, afford passengers unequalled advantages:

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The most elegant and sumptuous Through Drawing Room Sleeping Palaces and Day Coaches run in the World. Trains supplied with all modern improvements to contribute to Comfort, Speed and Safety.

The Largest and most convenient Depots and Through Baggage Arrangements in the United States.

The great rivers all bridged, avoiding all transfers and ferrage; securing to Passengers East the utmost economy.

The Shortest and Quickest, consequently Cheapest route; therefore, when going East, all who are posted buy tickets at Kansas Pacific Ticket Offices, or at Kansas City Union Depot, via Quincy, over Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are direct and perfect, with

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## BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.

Ask for Tickets via QUINCY and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, THE BEST ROUTE.

P. B. GHOAT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen'l Supt.

## "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—through cars are being run to all these points.

This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars, and no where 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. R., Burlington, Iowa.

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WINDOWS, SASH, BLINDS, GLASS, PUTTY,

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## OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

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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.	8:00 P. M.	
Lawrence	10:00 A. M.	8:00 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
At Ottawa	11:05 A. M.	6:45 P. M.	8:20 P. M.
At Ottawa	12:55 P. M.	8:00 P. M.	10:45 P. M.
Garnett	1:10 P. M.		10:55 P. M.
Iola	3:37 P. M.		12:00 A. M.
Humboldt	4:00 P. M.		2:40 A. M.
Toga	4:25 P. M.		3:15 A. M.
Thayer	5:00 P. M.		3:50 A. M.
Cherryvale	5:50 P. M.		4:45 A. M.
Arrive at			5:50 A. M.
Independence	6:40 P. M.		6:45 A. M.
Coffeyville	6:45 P. M.		7:05 A. M.
Parker	7:00 P. M.		7:35 A. M.

## GOING NORTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Parker	7:00 A. M.		6:25 P. M.
Independence	7:10 A. M.		7:00 P. M.
Coffeyville	7:25 A. M.		6:45 A. M.
Cherryvale	8:15 A. M.		7:52 A. M.
Thayer	9:00 A. M.		8:40 A. M.
Toga	9:40 A. M.		9:55 A. M.
Humboldt	10:05 A. M.		10:30 A. M.
Iola	11:40 A. M.		11:00 A. M.
Garnett	1:30 P. M.	8:10 A. M.	12:50 A. M.
At Ottawa	3:15 P. M.	11:00 A. M.	3:40 A. M.
At Ottawa	4:30 P. M.	11:00 A. M.	4:45 A. M.
At Ottawa	1:05 P. M.	12:35 P. M.	6:00 A. M.
Baldwin	1:40 P. M.	8:30 A. M.	
Arrive at		8:50 A. M.	
Lawrence	2:20 P. M.	9:50 A. M.	

## 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.  
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## JANUARY, 1872.

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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 4:05 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.

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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.

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## The Home.

## TO A ROBIN.

Sweet little bird! along the path  
Where fallen leaves and flowers lie,  
Thy mellow song sweet music hath  
To turn the shadows in mine eye.

Full of strong life, thy voice is heard  
Amidst so much that speaks of death,  
Singing when every other bird  
So little in my garden saith.

When it shall be my time to die,  
Come to my window, little bird,  
That I may say a last "good-bye,"  
And hear again this song just heard.

## THE DIVORCE ANTIDOTE.

The editor of the *Liberal Christian* says, on the divorce question:

A great many wise suggestions have been made as to the way of curing the disorder, and pairing every man and woman, and tucking them away in a domestic berth of some sort for life, if they will only have the good sense and the good manners to stay there. But the trouble is, they won't stay there. And what is worse, in many instances it is not wise nor right for them to stay there. The seat of the difficulty lies a good deal deeper down in our customs and ways of thinking than these social Solomons seem to imagine. It is not in the facility with which they get divorced, but in the facility with which they get married, that the mischief inheres. It is not in the unmarried, but the marrying—the marrying without proper consideration, marrying from wrong motives, with false views and unfounded expectations, marrying without knowing who or what—that causes all the disturbance. And there is altogether too much of such marrying. A marriage of the blood is usually a short-lived affair, while a marriage of the brain or of the heart is life-long. When man and woman marry all over and clean through, every faculty and sentiment of each finding its counterpart in the other, separation is impossible. But when they are only half married, when only a third part of them is married, when they are married only in their instincts, or their imaginations, or their fortunes, the unmarried part of both of them is very apt to get uneasy and rebel, and they find a Bedlam where they look for Elysium.

There is altogether too much marrying by forms of law those who, at the most, are only a third or half married in other ways. And there is altogether too much urging, and coaxing, and alluring young people into the most important and sacred of all human relations, before they are prepared for its responsibilities, or moved to assume its burdens, and by those who ought to know better and act with more consideration. We make too much of marrying and being married, until it is thought by many people somewhat of a disgrace for a woman to pass through life alone; when, in fact, the life of many a single woman is poetry, romance, rapture even, in comparison with that of many a wife. So there is a vast deal of marrying with very little real marriage; a vast deal of discontent, heart-ache, misery, infidelity, and unmarried at the last. What we want is not a more stringent divorce law, but a better understanding of the divine law which forbids the marrying of those not already one; not less unmarried, but less marrying where there is no real marriage.

## A WIFE'S POWER.

The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage and strength; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where his wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man with a whole heart, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy or gloom, or is assailed by complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life; for such is woman's power.

## LOVE, FORTUNE OR POSITION.

Who marries for love, takes a wife; who marries for fortune, takes a mistress; who marries for position, takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money and your lady your debts. If you die your wife will weep, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

## DUST EVERYWHERE.

There is dust on the sea, on land, in the valley and in the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet the eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blindest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that all along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

## A GEM.

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck is not less beautiful, though it shines upon the remnants of a broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or heal disturbance. There are enough to minister by hints and reproaches to domestic unkindness; and unfortunately the best, under such circumstances, are much too prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offences. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery, dampness corrodes, and the rust though immediately removed, leaves a spot.

## BEDS.

These are very necessary, as well as convenient and comfortable; but like all other things in this world, there are good and bad beds. Feather beds are injurious in every way to health, and should, therefore, be dispensed with. The way in which many manage them is also very absurd; they rise from them in the morning, make them up steaming hot, close the doors and windows, all till bed-time. Then the scene is acted over again. All beds should be most thoroughly aired after being used, that the gases and odors imparted to them from the human body may be removed. The room, also, should be well ventilated. There are many materials that make more healthful beds than feathers, among which may be enumerated hair, husks, straw and springs.

## GOLD DUST.

Every noble building gives influence to a better taste. A mother's purity refines the child's heart and manners. Happiness is promised not to the learned, but to the good. Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

Nothing controls men so much as the placid brow and untrembling lip.

What is the best government?—That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

Over-earnest asseverations give men suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his own falsities.

Pain, poverty, or infancy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones.

To a man under the influence of emotion, nature is ever a great mirror full of emotions. To the satiated and quiescent alone, she is a cold, dead window for the outward world.

Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eyes fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

An argument proposed with noise and blustering may break the head, and dismount the brain, but it never makes impression on the understanding. Truth, like a gentle shower, soaks through the ears, and moistens the intellect.

Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others.

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



# Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, APRIL 20, 1872.

## ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.

We shall inaugurate "A Young Pioneer" department next week, under the control and direction of Miss Theodora Robinson, of Ottawa. Miss Robinson is already well known as a writer of unusual excellence and promise, and "our young folks" will have a treat from her pen such as they can get from no other source in Kansas. Mrs. Dr. Knapp, of Ottawa, will illustrate some of Miss Robinson's stories, and we shall try the experiment of seeing whether a Kansas paper filled by Kansas writers and illustrated by Kansas artists will not be generously supported by Kansas people. We have as yet seen no reason to doubt it. But our friends must double their exertions, if they keep pace with our efforts to furnish them a first class family paper.

## A GREAT DAY AT LEAVENWORTH.

Leavenworth had on her coronation robes day before yesterday. The city was full of people, and its freedom was enjoyed by happy delegations from every part of the State. The speeches which we copy from the Leavenworth Times will give a better idea than we could write of the occasion. It will be a day long remembered by the people of Leavenworth and the State.

At 12 o'clock Mr. Gen. J. L. McDowell, Chief Marshal of the day, announced that Col. D. R. Anthony, Mayor of the city, would conduct the ceremony as President, and announced the following Vice Presidents: Hon. I. S. Kallloch, Gov. S. J. Crawford, Col. J. A. Martin, Col. J. H. Kilpatrick, Hon. E. W. Dennis, Hon. W. H. Ralston, Hon. S. N. Latta, Capt. S. Burks, Hon. L. T. Smith, H. L. Newman, Hon. E. H. Norton, C. Cockrill, W. H. Floyd, Col. Mordacai, Maj. Casey, Col. John Doniphan, Gen. B. J. Stringfellow, Col. Peter G. Able, Sol. Miller, Doc. Shreve, Capt. A. Kaga, Gen. W. H. H. Fishback, Hon. James McGrew, Hon. T. C. Sears, Col. T. C. Bowles, Hon. B. F. Simpson, Gov. W. B. Wagstaff, Wm. Spriggs, Gen. C. W. Blair, Hon. C. K. Holliday, D. Lakin, Governor Harvey.

The President, in a few neat remarks, introduced Hon. Thos. P. Fenlon, who delivered the following welcoming address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To me is committed the very agreeable duty of bidding you in the name of the people of Leavenworth, a hearty welcome to our city. We have assembled for the purpose of celebrating the completion of the magnificent structure before us, and may we not be pardoned for indulging in what might be called a little self-glorification?

Barely fifteen years have rolled by since the site of our city was the home and the hunting ground of the Delaware Indian, where, in his aboriginal innocence he thought he and his dusky children might roam forever; yet now, upon these shores, the red man is no more, the inexorable wave of civilization has driven him back to the distant West, and where his wigwag was, now stands our beautiful city of 25,000 people—earnest, progressive, irrepressible freemen—building up an empire on the west bank of the Missouri—pioneers of the west, we greet and welcome our friends of the populous and wealthy East; we bid them hail to the land of promise and future Empire. The State of Kansas, born amid the throes and agonies of our national existence, bids welcome to her sister States, and prays that the material union this day consummated by the completion of this splendid bridge shall be a type of that other union of States and of hearts, which, forming one grand national confederacy, shall be the medium of the perpetuation of civil and religious liberty upon this continent for all time to come.

May we not hope that as the murky waters from the mountains shall dash in vain against the rock-bound shores of this noble bridge, forever, that forever, too, the bitterness and prejudices of the past may be in the dark bosom of the Missouri buried; that the marriage of Missouri and Kansas may be a sacrament which shall cast into oblivion the remembrance of the troubles of the past, and join in perpetual bonds of wedlock the two glorious States whose borders are watered by the same noble stream. What God and science and courage have joined together, let no man nor faction nor party put asunder.

This union between Kansas, Missouri and the great East that lies between us and the waters that wash the rugged rock of Plymouth shall last when the Pyramids of Egypt shall have sunk beneath the sands on which they stand. The bridging of the Missouri, like the spanning of the continent by the Pacific Railway, and the tearing out of the very vitals of Mount Conto is one of the results of the all pervading spirit of enterprise that in history will mark the Nineteenth Century as an epoch in material progress, for gigantic and successful attempts to annihilate time and space. Natural barriers that have been boundaries of nations are but myths of the past, and this enterprise demonstrates the fact that skill, science and courage will triumph even over nature itself. We naturally feel proud of this structure, proud of the efforts that have carried it to a successful completion, and, with pleasure, we place on record our appreciation of the skill, science and integrity of its builders and the unequalled professional acquirements of the accomplished engineer whose genius conceived the plan, and whose ability and sleepless care have carried it to a final and perfect success.

The structure is before you; the East and the West are united; the traveler from New Zealand need no longer linger in London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, but may pass in palace chambers over river, mountain and plain, his rest undisturbed, from the parlors of the Fifth Avenue till his eyes are gladdened by the gorgeous sun that glitters upon the Bay of San Francisco. New York, Leavenworth and San Francisco the terminal and central points on the continent. So it is written in the Book of Fate. Again, friends from the East, the West, the North and the South, we bid you welcome, and trust that our friendship shall be as constant as the flow of the dark waters that are spanned by our great bridge.

After Mr. Fenlon, the Hon. R. P. C. Wilson, formerly a citizen of Leavenworth but at present a resident of Missouri, was introduced and said:

FELLOW CITIZENS: In behalf of the large number of Missourians here present, as well as for myself, I acknowledge the graceful compliment you have extended us in the invitation to participate in the celebration of this magnificent structure. I congratulate you upon this auspicious occasion. I rejoice with you in this new evidence of your enterprise and prosperity, for I have not forgotten that I was once a citizen of Kansas, and the recipient of a proud public trust at the hands of the people of Leavenworth. More than ten years ago, in the white dawn of the early morning of the life of your State, I aided in clothing her in the habiliments of sovereignty and in starting her in the race for empire.

The completion of this great work not only rears another imperishable monument to science, and binds with fresh fillets of victory the brow of the engineer in his struggles with obstacles thrown in the pathway of man's progress by the hand of nature, but it proclaims to the world that from this day until the knell of time this wild flood of waters shall cease to divide Missouri and Kansas, in its mad course from the Sierras to the sea; that they are now and will be for all coming time linked together by triple chains of iron and steel.

While to all present no doubt this event is full of significance, yet to those who, like myself, have spent the larger portion of their lives in this great valley, and along this great river, almost in sight of where we now stand, it is especially interesting, and evokes the liveliest reminiscences. There are persons here to-day who have stood upon the heights that overlook us, and have wandered along these shores, before the wand of civilization had been waved over them, transforming these lowlands as if by magic, from primeval forests to rich fields of waving grain, and the rugged steep to beautiful eminences crowned with palatial residences and displaying all the evidences of art and the most refined civilization. They have seen the day when no craft ever vexed these waters, save the battalions of the voyager and the trader, as for more than a thousand miles it floated upon the water to the old French village of St. Louis.

They have seen the day when the "dug-out" was the only means of transfer from shore to shore, and when God Almighty's own highway—the frozen bosom of this river—in winter, was the only bridge thought possible to be erected over it. And then came the advent of the flat-bottomed scow, horded with the advance of civilization, and quick upon that the "horse boat," effecting a revolution in the means of transit from the Missouri shore to that of the Indian Territory, and affording additional facilities in their trade with the Fort. And then, as if in rude mockery of the quiet old days, the whistle of the steam ferry broke upon the ears of these old settlers, and as its shrill sire in reverberated through dell and brake, and from hill to hill, its echoes proclaimed the dawn of a new civilization on the banks of the river, and the fact that the things had given way to the new, and that the course of empire, in its tireless, unceasing tramp, had at last reached where we stand to-day. Even at that period, though comparatively recent, the great State of Missouri herself had scarcely a foot of iron rail within her vast domain, and gave but little promise of that remarkable development which has since made her the wonder of the nation and the pride of her own people; but like a huge, unwieldy giant, scathed in the embrace of a wakeless reposer.

She was still upon the frontier, and the Platte Purchase knew no neighbors but the Delaware, Kickapoo and Kiowa Indians. But this state of affairs was of but short duration. The spirit of American enterprise became restless on being confined to the left bank of the Missouri river, and coveted Indian Territory, its magnificent sweep of virgin soil, its pure air, its clear waters, and resolved to possess them. With the genius of this people, to resolve is to accomplish.

In the terrible throes of intestine strife, Kansas was born. And though for years she seemed to have been cradled under a baleful sky, and to be a child of misfortune to the whole land, yet now, who is there to deny that in the race for empire she is among the foremost. The energy of the people of this State is proverbial. In comparatively a brief period, you have reclaimed a whole State from the wilds of nature, dotted it over with beautiful farms, fair towns and villages, and you are now rapidly checking its whole broad bosom over with railroad lines, and now, as a further evidence of your indomitable energy, you bridge this giant of the inland waters, and dry road, receive and give back to the world a vast internal commerce.

I have heard it said that my own State was jealous of Kansas, as also some of her young cities of your own.

Fellow citizens, this is not true. No such ignoble sentiment is nurtured by them. Missouri is above the plane of such feelings. Secure in her own commanding outlook among the States of this Union, while she points with exultant pride to her own great metropolis on the banks of the Mississippi, and those upon her western border, she bids her neighbors God-speed in the march of improvement. The favorite of nature, and rapidly becoming the home of all the busy industries, which are transforming her into a very empire of greatness, and feeling that the unerring finger of Providence has marked out her way to the first place in this nation, she can afford to be magnanimous, and heartily rejoices with you in the completion of this stupendous work, in the building up of your cities, and in the rapid development of your State in all the elements of wealth and power.

Bound together, then, by indissoluble ties, both of kindred and of art, with this great obstacle in the path of commerce removed by the skill of the engineer and the indomitable energy of her people, this day marks the epoch of a new departure in the relations between Kansas and Missouri, and a cessation of all estrangements growing out of the dead past. In generous rivalry let the older and the younger States indulge without limit their aspirations for internal greatness, and labor to their fulfillment. And when the valley of this great river shall teem with busy millions of happy people, and shall become the marts of commerce, the favorite haunts of enlightened agriculture, and resound with the music of the great workshops of the world, as it is destined to be, then, and not till then, let in the new histories of Missouri and Kansas be written.

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that if there be any old accounts still unsettled between the States, let this event be received and recognized in full satisfaction. Let this day, which it signifies the completion of this great and to unrestricted commerce between Missouri and Kansas—let it signify, as well, the eradication of all lingering animosities between the two peoples, and may it endure forever, a triumph of art and a perpetual olive branch between Missouri and Kansas.

When Mr. Wilson stepped from the platform Col. Anthony proposed three cheers for the speaker and an acceptance of the sentiments contained in the speech. The cheers were given with a hearty good will.

The next speaker was I. S. Kallloch, of THE KANSAS SPIRIT. Col. Anthony commended him as a steadfast and consistent friend of Leavenworth. Mr. Kallloch said:

There is not a loyal Kansan here that does not beat in unison with this day's rejoicing. It is

"The day we long have sought, And mourned because we found it not."

The sorest drawback to the splendid prosperity and development of our State has been that it has not been tributary to a metropolis of its own. Massachusetts has her Boston, Michigan her Detroit, Wisconsin her Milwaukee, Illinois her Chicago, Missouri her St. Louis, and Kansas her—Kansas City. Now I admire the enterprise, the unity of purpose, the public generosity of that brisk and thriving city. But I cannot stomach the fact that the railroads built by our bonds should be operated for her special benefit, nor that the productive industries of our people should go to build a city which pays none of our taxes, shares in none of our legislation, and has no vote in our history or patriotic interest in our welfare.

This may not be the time to say it—and it is far from my purpose to introduce any unpleasant elements amid these pleasant festivities—but I have done my share in the past years to induce our people to vote their bonds for the construction of roads which I believed, and represented, would be for the benefit of Kansas. And I have been pained, mortified and outraged to see corporations take that money and then apply the power which it purchased to develop interests and build cities entirely foreign to our welfare and subversive of the spirit of the constitution. I think such a policy is not only damaging to us, but in the end a short-sighted one on their part.

But this is not the hour for complaint. We have not come to the house of mourning, but to the house of festivity. A commercial metropolis, a business capital, a city large enough and lively enough for the speculative spirits of the State to operate in a market for our multifarious commodities, and a source of supply for our various demands, has been the dream and the ambition of all people of this State. The Jews chanted the glories of Jerusalem. To that spirit the people of our State are not dead. It was one of the most potent and responsive elements appealed to in the election of a Senator from this city—the commercial element not excepted. And now the day has come when it seems as if this dream might begin to have its fulfillment, and a united people. With a completed bridge, a live Mayor, and a united people, I see no reason why the city of Leavenworth may not yet become in business power and influence what she is in lovely scenery and surroundings, "beautiful for situation," the joy of the whole State.

May your streets be vocal with the tramp of hoofs and the rattle of wheels. May the surrounding hills echo back the ring of countless hammers and the shouts of prosperous trade. May your stores be filled with customers, your hotels with guests, your papers with local life, your barns with plenty, and your homes with happiness and peace. And let all the people say, Amen.

Three cheers were proposed and given for Mr. Kallloch.

Perth addresses were also delivered by Gen. Web. Wilder, Col. J. T. Burns, Governor Harvey,

## THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

and others. The Times says of the occasion:

"The good book tells us that once upon a time 'all the world went up to Jerusalem,' without a greater strain upon the imagination, or a more generous extension of the liberal license usually accorded the enthusiastic writer, it may be recorded as the first fact in the history of yesterday, that all the world came up to Leavenworth. The whole of Kansas came up to the metropolis; delegations were present from the remotest corners of the State, and every Kansan seemed to feel that the occasion to rejoice belonged to him, no less than to the people of Leavenworth. The people of Platte county in our neighboring State, came as the Israelites came out of Egypt, bringing with them their old men, their women and children, and Gen. Wright was the Moses who led them over dry-shod. Representatives were here from almost every State in the Union, while everybody entered at once into the spirit of the occasion and joined with us in celebrating our victory over the Missouri. The whole story of the day's work may be best told in the grand word Success."

## TOWN OR COUNTRY.

Many persons have an insane desire "to live in town." They come here with the intention of farming; they hire or buy a house in town while they are "looking around;" their limited means grow small by degrees and beautifully less, while the price of land is every day increasing, and the best localities are every day being taken. At length they are unable to buy and are compelled to live in town. Others make a resolute start in farming; but have either come to this country with no experience in farming at all, or else under the delusion that this is a region where the ordinary laws of labor are suspended for the benefit of the lazy; and they become disgusted, and having spent a good share of their patrimony, come to town to spend the rest, and at length leave the country if they have enough left to leave with, with a conviction similar to that of Solomon when, as an irreverent commentator of the present day would say, he was "played." All things are vanity and Kansas the vainest of all.

We can prove however that the fault is not in the country, but in themselves, by pointing to the actual condition of those who take farms, work them, and stick to them. We could call many farmers by name who came here not many years ago with a bare pittance whom it would now cost ten thousand dollars to buy out. It was slow and hard work at first. They had to deny themselves the luxuries and many of the comforts of life. They rose early and worked late, ate the bread of industry and slept the sweet sleep of the laboring man. But they are amply repaid. The reward in no department of human effort is as sure and unflinching as this. Mercantile business is a lottery. A few win, the many lose. Farming is no lottery at all. As sure as sun rise and set and the early and the latter rains fall, so surely the industrious farmer is bound to prosper. And nowhere is he more wanted, and nowhere will he be more sure to succeed than in Kansas.

## RURAL HAPPINESS.

Many are the silent pleasures of the honest farmer, who rises cheerfully to his labor. Look into his dwelling—where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies—he has the same domestic endearments—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well—to enliven his hours and gladden his heart, as you would conceive in the most affluent station. And we make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters—that the upshot would prove to be a little more than this; that the rich man had the more meat—but the poor man the better stomach; the one had more luxury—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights;—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help; that after these two articles betwixt them were balanced—in all other things they stood upon a level—that the sun shines as warm—the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other;—and they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

## THE ERA OF INVESTIGATIONS.

The era of investigations seems to be ending, and not, as a rule, very complimentary to the investigators. Still, while no very direct cases of criminality have been proven, to affect the standing of officials, enough of evil as affecting our system of managing several departments of the Government has been developed to call for decided reforms. Yet, as a rule, those who have instigated the different investigations have not improved their political chances thereby. This has been caused by the fact that they aimed their investigations at individuals, rather than against wrongs which existed, but which were not originated by, or chargeable to, any particular person. Still the year will be remembered for its number of committees and the determined attempts made to unearth official wrong. In a broader view it may be questioned whether the general tendency to investigate did not lead to the Tammany revelations and the breaking down of the ring in New York. Good has clearly resulted from the spirit of investigation so generally prevalent—and this being the case, we are not disposed to quarrel with the incidental features which accompanied it.

The Indianapolis Fair Association has voted to hold "An Agricultural Horse Trot" next June. The Rev. W. W. Hibben has been elected Secretary of the Association, says a commentator, "presenting the unusual spectacle of a Methodist minister identified with horse-racing."

## FARM LIFE.

A farm is the place to live and enjoy life—real life—to watch the growth and ripening of all one has, to be a part of animate, growing, lively nature around you. It's not a place to grow seedy and dry in; far from it; for the country draws its most active, progressive, able business men from among her farmers. Let not our men make themselves slaves of the potent dollar to the extent that they rob themselves of health and happiness, but spend their gain in such an intelligent manner that their families and themselves may be made freer and better fitted for the proud positions of American citizens. Farmers in Kansas have made and are making progress—from being considered the most unhealthy people, cursed with fevers and all the ills that flesh is heir to, they have acquired a reputation of a general good health. Why? The diet of fat bacon, and the other dishes swimming in grease, coffee without "condiments," and forty rod whisky, have given place to modern forms of cookery, the cellar has been dug, and is yearly stored with its wealth of vegetables and canned fruit.

Farmers, let us beg of you to still continue in the good work. It is not necessary for us to forget this, "exceeding practical world," or any of its duties, to make our minds more extensive, and by informing ourselves elevate, as well as lighten, farm labors.

We must learn what true economy is; how a rotation of crops will secure to the soil replenished, instead of wasted strength. The opinions of men from all parts of the country, that we may choose from comparison, which is the best mode of business, and follow it.

God has certainly cast our lives in pleasant places, who are land-holders in Kansas prairies, with a generous wealth of soil and climate, and approximate distance of markets. Let men prate of paying tribute to the East upon products, but give us health and industry and Kansas will laugh at them all. Surely we should rejoice and be glad.

## HOWARD & SPENCER, GROCERS,

145 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS,

—Offer for Sale—

DEHESA RAISINS,  
MALAGA LAYER RAISINS,  
VALENCIA RAISINS,  
SULTANA RAISINS,  
CHOICE TRIEST PRUNELLAS,  
SMYRNA FIGS,  
ARABIAN DATES,  
MESSINA ORANGES & LEMONS,  
CARTHAGENA COCOA-NUTS,  
STRICTLY CHOICE AND  
PURE SPICES.  
EXTRA GENUINE ENGLISH MUSTARD,  
FINEST PURE GROUND SHOT PEPPER,  
VERY FINE WHITE PENANG PEPPER,  
GROUND RED CHILLIES PEPPER,  
VERY FINE AMBOYNA CLOVES,  
BRIGHT NEW SIFTED PIMENTO,  
BROWN PENANG NUTMEGS,  
BRIGHT PENANG MACE,  
VERY FINE SPECIALLY IMPORTED  
THIN QUILL CASSIA.

## TEAS.

GUNPOWDER, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75, 1.80, 2.00.  
IMPERIAL, 80c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75.  
YOUNG HYSON, 90c, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.60, 1.70.  
JAPAN, 90c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60.  
OOLONG, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25, 1.40, 1.50.  
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, \$1.25, 1.50.

## FISH.

CHOICE SHORE MACKEREL (very fine and fat),  
CHOICE MESS MACKEREL (in Kits),  
-NO. 1 MACKEREL (in Kits),  
FAMILY MACKEREL (in Kits),  
LABRADOR HERRING,  
PLYMOUTH COD,  
GEORGE'S BANKS COD,  
NO. 1 WHITE FISH,  
MACKINAW TROUT,  
ALASKA SALMON,  
Lake Michigan Fresh Fish weekly by Express.

## ELDRIDGE HOUSE, LAWRENCE.

The undersigned has purchased the above well known Hotel of E. A. Smith & Co., and will spare no pains or expense to make it a pleasant home for the traveling public.

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.



## LETTER FROM OTTAWA.

DEAR SPIRIT: According to engagement I send you these "few Chronicles from Ottawa"—few, because my time is almost entirely consumed by agricultural cares, as I have started a farm on two or three town lots, and am deep in the culture of carrots, peas and potatoes. Having read so much of gardening for pleasure and for profit I have resolved to ascertain from personal experience which is more likely to have the heavy side of the ledger. Last year I had a late start, as I took another man's garden, and the crop of weeds so thoroughly choked my vegetables that I take a fresh start for fame and glory.

Just now the attention of our good people is divided between the revival and garden making, with the odds in favor of the former. This revival has been going on for some four or five weeks, and has accomplished many good results. Union meetings are held every morning and evening during the week, and several of our citizens have declared their allegiance to the church and the cause, and resolved henceforth to tread the path of rectitude and virtue.

Politically, Ottawa is reconstructing. From the splinters of broken platforms, and from the debris of broken organizations, the ambitious and knowing ones are building new platforms and fanning into life new organizations, preparatory to the Fall campaign. Of course you have heard of our recent city election, and know that the issue was whiskey or no whiskey. Both sides claim the victory. The whiskey element elected the Mayor; the other, two Councilmen. Two gentlemen were honored with councilmen's positions upon independent platforms, and upon their action depends the vital question of liquor traffic. The temperance or reform element exhibited a strength however which plainly demonstrates to aspiring office-holders a careful manipulation of positions upon this question. And as several important County offices are to be filled in November, there is considerable shuffling among those whose palms it, to get right on the start.

For the position of County Attorney, we have many who are willing to serve the County in that capacity. Those who know say that A. W. Benson, W. L. Parkinson and H. C. Mechem want it, and will be candidates, while the balance of the bar would not object if any of them should perchance be the winning man. It is also said on the street that C. B. Mason, Esq., present County Attorney, will be a candidate for District Judge. How true this is I do not know. But I believe the present incumbent, Judge Bassett, will receive the support of this County. But as these things will all depend on the ability of the various persons named to manipulate the "few" who manage the suffrages of the people, we will leave them at that occupation. There is, however, one benefit to all of us in these annual elections. They make men, who at other times are not particularly genial, the most agreeable companions. The candidate is always smiling, and the hearty greeting he gives a voter makes one's heart warm to all of them, and causes a sigh that we have but a single vote. Aside from the local interest in the coming election there is a decided feeling on the question of the Presidency. The *Leader* of this place—a very spicy sheet—espouses Liberalism, while the other papers are for Grant. I honestly believe that a fair vote in this County would show about four to one in favor of Grant's re-election. It is noticeable indeed that the growl against him comes from politicians, while the working classes—the people—are all for Grant. They believe he is honest and faithful, and is doing his utmost to reduce our great debt and consequently ease taxation. In this they are fixed, and rounded periods or personal defamation will not change their views.

The much talked of and investigated steam fire engine has at last arrived, and yesterday had a trial trip along Main street. The engine is of the Silsby make, and is a thing of beauty and of power. Taken to that rollicking, roaring river of ours, it pumped water into the oysters along Main street, and then emptied them again by throwing the water over all the house-tops along the street and washing the windows generally. We were all delighted with it, and it is already the favorite of the city. A fire company is to be organized at once to care for her. (You see it is proper to use the feminine for all things of beauty.) Well, we will have the company, and then a fire, as that always follows of course, then parades, red shirts, &c.

But to return to County affairs. At our last Township election some two weeks since a proposition was submitted to vote \$15,000 to our Agricultural Society. It was defeated by a very heavy vote and lies buried. What our Society is to do is now a mystery. It is "hard up," and I fear our Annual Fair will fare badly this year. At the same election the people quite decidedly declined to vote \$15,000 to build bridges over certain creeks in the County. I believe our voters are now as much opposed to bonds as they once were for them. In a few days they will have a chance to demonstrate their belief, as a proposition will be submitted to vote \$300,000 in bonds to the Holden or M. K. & T. R. M. K. C. & S. F. R. R., and the Topeka, Ottawa and Ft. Scott R. R., the building of which it is claimed will settle the future of Franklin County. I have already extended my notes into a lengthy letter, and will close until next week.

OTTAWA, April 17, 1872.

The *Neosho Falls Advertiser*, advocating the formation of agricultural societies, says: "At Buffalo, in Wilson County, they have a society formed which has its regular meetings, at which all topics of general interest to the community are discussed, essays upon some branch of agriculture, horticulture, etc., are read, and the consequence is they have a live and interesting society, which has already resulted in disseminating many new and valuable ideas—ideas that are practical, the result of experiment and labor. This society has also, in a short time, accumulated a choice library of over one hundred volumes, treating upon subjects of interest to both the farmer and the mechanic."

From the *Eureka Herald*:  
A gentleman on Fall river bought two steers for forty-five dollars last Spring. They ran at large during the Summer. In the Fall they had straw, and were fed twelve bushels each of corn, and a short time since were sold for ninety dollars. Isn't forty-five dollars a pretty good price for twenty-four bushels of corn and a little straw?

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Some of our farmers are raising flax this season, with a view to test the profit of raising that staple here. If the experiment proves profitable, parties from the East will immediately prepare for the manufacture of oil and paper here.

The *Paola Republican* says:

Dr. Coon, who owns the Cheese Dairy on the Wea, has commenced the manufacture of cheese early this spring. He is milking forty-five cows at present, and as soon as the grass will furnish pasturage intends to double the number.

By actual count, the *Arkansas City Traveller* has found that there are 11,200 Osage Orange seeds in one pound, costing but fifty cents. It is estimated that four pounds would surround 160 acres. The cost of a hedge fence is so small that it is within the reach of every one.

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The *Heril Law* will be in force in Howard County on and after the 6th day of May next.

Chinch buggy corn has been the death of fat steers at Hiawatha.

## Telegraphic Summary.

## Country.

The United States Supreme Court has rendered an unanimous decision in the case of Clinton against Engelbrecht, reversing the judgment of the Supreme Court of Utah, on the ground that the jury which tried the case was not selected in conformity to law; that the summons were invalid, and it follows that the indictments against the Mormons for lewd and lascivious cohabitation are illegal, and that all proceedings had against them must fall to the ground. The decision sustains the position taken by the Utah District Attorney, Bates.

The miners of Star, Lincoln, and other districts in the northern part of the Territory, are forming a secret organization to oppose the influence of the Mormon endowment house, and among other objects, to bring to justice the instigators and perpetrators of the fearful Mountain Meadow massacre. Already over 200 members have joined.

The seventh anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln was observed in Boston by the flags on all the public buildings and many private buildings being at half-mast. At Lowell and other places the event was similarly commemorated.

The boiler of a portable sawmill, situated twelve miles from Evansville, Ind., exploded Thursday, killing two men and dangerously wounding another.

The Republican State Convention of North Carolina nominated Gov. Caldwell for re-election. The resolutions indorse Grant and declare for general amnesty.

Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, sailed for Europe in the China the 17th inst. He goes as delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States to the General Association of the Auld Kirk of Scotland, Free Church of Scotland, Presbyterian Church of Ireland and United Presbyterian Church of Great Britain.

The *Democrat's* Washington special says: There is a great effort making here for the nomination of Trumbull at Cincinnati. The Chicago Tribune has placed its correspondence from here substantially in the hands of Schurz and Trumbull, with the intent that it may be used in that interest.

The bill providing a new city charter for New York has passed the Legislature. It is similar to that of the committee of seventy. It ignores Commissioner Van Wort and Controller Green.

## Foreign.

The *Daily Telegraph* makes a statement concerning the relations between France and Germany, which, it says, are in a critical condition, and expresses the belief that only by the exercise of great discretion at Paris and Berlin the complications of a new war may be avoided. Correspondents at Bath, Paris and Berlin say that Germany distrusts France, and is displeased at the armament and military organization which the Thiers government is carrying forward; that Bismarck is about to protest against this, and will declare the necessity for action on the part of Germany, in reoccupying the evacuated territory.

A dispatch from Madrid says:  
The bands of Carlists that have been agitating the country for the past few days have all disappeared, with the exception of one in the province of Barcelona, which had offered to surrender to the government. It is represented that no attention whatever was paid by the country people to the movements of the bands, although large sums of money were spent to secure their sympathy.

It is learned that the Spanish government offer to release Dr. Howard, as an evidence of friendliness on their part toward the United States Government. At the same time they are not willing to admit that the least injustice has been attached to their action in the trial and punishment of Dr. Howard.

Yokohama dates to March 26th state that political affairs were exceedingly quiet.

The first Japanese fair, under the direction of the Government, was to take place at the sacred city of Kioto on the 11th of April, lasting fifty days. Foreigners are allowed to visit the show for a period of sixty-four days, enabling them to show their manufactures. This is considered a virtual abandonment of their exclusive policy, and one of the results of the visit of Iwakura to America. The hearty reception given the Japanese embassy is highly appreciated by the natives and foreigners alike.

Several severe earthquakes have taken place.

Gen. Williams and forty Japanese students have left for America, among whom are some high relatives of the Mikado. The tea season is just over. The exports are one million pounds less than the same time last year.

## KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Emporia News* speaks of the arrival of some extra fine stock in that favored locality: "W. H. Beverly, of Atlanta, Logan County, Illinois, unloaded at Emporia, on Friday last, a number of thoroughbred short-horn cattle, pure-bred Berkshire hogs, Southdown sheep, Bronze turkeys, Black Cayuga ducks, silver gray Dorking and light Brahma chickens, etc." The *News* very properly adds: "We rejoice to chronicle the arrival of Mr. Beverly and his fine stock, because both will be an acquisition and a blessing to Kansas. Mr. B. has taken up his residence here, and will remain with us, and will devote his entire attention to fine stock. He has been in the business many years in Illinois, and is known widely there as a man of integrity and superior knowledge of his business."

Among the Hartford items in the *News*, we notice these:

The farmers are rejoicing in hopes of another good crop year.

All the Fall wheat that was harvested in last Fall is killed, but that which was drilled in is looking as green as grass in mid Summer.

More oats being sown in this section this season than in any two previous years.

The *Burlington Patriot* discourses upon "Spring crops": "A. Holland, Esq., informs us his oats are up, looking uncommonly thrifty. He has planted early corn, which already shows above the ground. A large amount of corn will be planted this week. We have had an abundance of rain, which leaves the ground in excellent condition for Spring planting. More than double the amount of corn ought to be planted this year than was planted last season. Considerable Spring wheat has been sown, which is reported to be coming out in good shape. Our farmers are in good spirits at the auspicious opening of Spring, after so lengthy and severe a winter."

The *Patriot* claims for Coffey County: "We have one of the best fruit growing counties in Southern Kansas, and are glad our citizens are beginning to properly appreciate this branch of farming."

Hon. Geo. W. Glick, President, and Col. Martin, Secretary, of the Northern Kansas District Agricultural Society have published a card to the citizens of Atchison and Northwestern Kansas, in which they say: "The Society hopes, this year, to have an exhibition that has never been excelled, if equaled, in the Missouri Valley, and is preparing a very valuable and attractive Premium List."

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## Down Talk.

THE EAGLE.—The eagle is a proud bird. With his wing on the wind and his eye on the sun, he swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on. So it was with the old Imperial eagle. So it is with that well known and highly eulogized bird, the American eagle. So will it be, we have no doubt, with Murdock's *Wichita Eagle*, the proudest newspaper bird that has been let loose on the Kansas air for a long time. Marsh is one of the few newspaper men who have a natural tact for doing the thing up brown. There is as much difference in the general appearance of papers, as there is in the general appearance of sitting rooms. There may be an equal amount of value in them in furniture and fixings. But how neat, coy and inviting some women have the knack of making them look, and how loose, slack and repulsive the others! And some are too neat. Everything looks so stiff and stately that you don't dare sit down, while it is very awkward standing up. It is just so with newspapers. Some men have the art of making them look just right. Murdock is one of them. It will always be a pleasure to see his bright and cheerful face in his bright and cheerful *Eagle*.

Geo. W. Hume.—This wide-awake and enterprising firm are building a large addition to their already spacious store-room, which will soon be completed and filled to overflowing with a bewildering display of

"Brackets and breadcloth and other material," quite as expensive and much more cheerful, including of course "Dolly Vardens" of endless variety and wonderful beauty, to tempt the fancy and deplete the purses of the good people of Lawrence and parts adjacent. Friend Faxon knows exactly how to do it, and he does it. They have secured the services of Miss Minnie Hatch, late of Galesburg, Illinois, as saleswoman, who will herself be an attraction second only to the beautiful goods she offers for sale.

EMMERT.—Our first acquaintance—which has continued an agreeable one on our part—was made with Mr. Emmert while he was conducting, with admitted ability, the *Fort Scott Monitor*. It is pleasant and natural to know him in the editorial harness again. He wields the pen of a ready writer, and is as an editor, should be—a broad-gauged and generous-spirited man. The *Union*, with such publishers as McElroy and Sherman, and such editors as Emmert and Spooner, can hardly fail to achieve and sustain a commanding position.

MORRIS & CRANDALL.—We neglected to notice last week the advertisement of the new firm of Morris & Crandall, successors to Geo. Slosson & Co. in the drug business. Of Dr. Morris it is unnecessary for us to speak, as few men in the community are better known or more highly esteemed. Mr. Crandall comes amongst us highly recommended as a good citizen and business man. He is a thoroughly experienced druggist, and we know that the new firm will deserve, as we have no doubt they will receive, a liberal support from our people.

PERSONAL.—Mr. F. A. Beeler of Richmond, Kansas, favored us with a call the other day. He is one of our earliest subscribers and takes a lively interest in *THE SPIRIT*. His genial countenance is always welcome in our office.

TO TRADE.—Forty acres of land and good frame house, located within two miles of Lawrence. Will be exchanged for a house and lot in the city. Apply to J. T. Stevens & Co.

## J. M. HUBBEL &amp; CO.,

Successors to Shimmons & Adams,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STOVES, TINWARE,

Wooden Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

Galvanized Cornices and Tin Roofing put on

Buildings on Short Notice.

Lawrence, Kansas.

92 Massachusetts Street.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

PROF. JAMES JOHNSON,

BARBER SHOP,

OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.

## YATES' COLUMN.

## \$100.00 REWARD

Will be paid to any one finding a single grain of Black Antimony, Arsenic, or any other poisonous mineral in

## YATES' IMPROVED CONDITION POWDER.

This is the only powder in the market which does not contain some of the above named poisons.

It is strictly a vegetable compound, and especially adapted to the various diseases to which horses are subject, viz:

Hide Bound, Distemper, Poll Evil, Scratches, Fistula, Mange, Rheumatism, Yellow Water, Stiff Complaint, Heaves,

Loss of Appetite, Inward Strains, Fatigue from Labor, Bots, Worms, Coughs, Colic, &c.

Also Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry Diseases Cured by it.

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

## YATES' IMPROVED VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS.

The Surest Cure for Billiousness, Constipation, Headache, Fevers, and all other diseases peculiar to a malarious climate.

THEY ARE THE BEST AGUE PREVENTIVE.

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## The Story Teller.

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"Gloves, sir? Yes, sir. What number?" The words fell with a little sigh from the lips of the young girl who stood behind the counter, and caused Douglas Lennox to take a second look into the sweet face and dark eyes which met his for the first time.

Bending over the box of gloves which she had taken down for his inspection, the young girl sighed again, and Douglas hastily rose from the stool upon which he had lazily dropped.

"I am ashamed to sit when you are standing," he said. "I am sure you must be tired. Are you not?"

The young girl would have refused to notice a remark from most strangers upon any subject except their purchases; but there are some people who instinctively feel we can trust, and Douglas Lennox's voice and frank, honest face effectually disarmed resentment. She looked up and said:

"Rather tired; I have been on my feet all day," and the faint smile which dimpled the corners of her mouth added, in the young man's eyes, to the winning beauty of her face.

"But surely you can sit down when you have a spare moment," he said, somewhat indignantly. The young girl shook her head.

"No, not in business hours."

"It's a shame," said Douglas. "I have heard that such abominations existed in our city, but I never really believed it."

"It is allowed in some establishments," said the young lady.

"Then why do you not leave your place here and go to one of them?" asked Douglas.

She gave another faint smile.

"If you had been a shop girl for four years and knew the difficulty of getting a situation, you would not ask that question." Then hastily pushing a second box of gloves toward him, she added in a lower tone, "Mr. Seldon is coming this way. I should lose my place if he heard what I said. Please look at these gloves."

And Douglas, not stopping to examine whether he had got the number he wanted or not, quickly selected two or three pairs, paid for them and left the shop.

But he carried with him the image of the sweet-faced shop girl, and it haunted him unaccountably all day.

"Poor tired little thing!" he said, pityingly. "I wish she were my sister, and then she need not work."

Once or twice he curled his haughty lip at the idea of himself, the aristocratic Douglas Lennox, who was sole master of an estate in the country, who counted his money by thousands, and who had been for several seasons the lawful prey of all the managing mammas and matrimonially inclined daughters in "society," should be wasting so many thoughts on a little shop girl.

But if he was aristocratic, Lennox had no false notions about the disgrace of labor. The little shop girl held the same claim to honor in his mind that she would have held had she been a queen.

And when, rather early next morning, he took his way to the shop, Douglas acknowledged to himself that his purchase was merely an excuse, and his real object an honest interest in, and a warm desire to see again the winning face that had haunted him since yesterday.

That she recognized him he felt sure from the faint, sweet smile that again dimpled the corners of her small mouth. But she said nothing, except about the goods. He looked at her, however, with an earnest glance of admiration, and when, in giving the change, her soft hand touched his, it sent a thrill through his whole frame.

"How!" he said to himself, lifting his hat and drawing a free breath as he left the shop. "Douglas Lennox, I believe in my heart you are captivated at last; and that, too, by a little shop girl, whose name you do not even know. Wonder what sister Belle would say." And as he thought of his sister entering that very shop, and perhaps buying of that very little girl, entirely unconscious that her brother's eye had rested admiringly on the sweet face, Douglas laughed aloud.

Well, after the little speech he made as he left the shop, I think you can imagine about what followed. It was astonishing how many little purchases Douglas found he could not do without in the next few weeks. And from dropping in at the shops he happened to pass, he only went to one particular shop. And if it so happened that he was waited upon by any other than one particular person, he had the blues all day in consequence.

How earnestly he longed to know her name, nobody knew but himself. He dared not ask her, and he did not know how else he should learn. But "fortune favors the brave," you know, so one morning, while he was busily selecting some cambric handkerchiefs from a box, the proprietor of the shop came up, and addressed her, calling her "Miss Romer."

Douglas flashed a quick, pleased glance at her, and the color deepened on the young girl's cheeks as she met it with her eyes.

"Miss Romer," he repeated, "I am glad I have learned your name, because you reminded me of my sister." (O, Douglas, it wasn't because she looked like her, then!)

"I have no sisters, or brother, either," said she, sadly.

"Have you not?" said Lennox, pityingly. "I

should be very lonely without mine, though I have only one sister. Now that I have learned your name, may I tell you mine?"

"If you please," said Miss Romer.

"It is Douglas Lennox, at your service. Please consider the owner your friend, Miss Romer," said the young man, so gravely and kindly that she could not be offended.

"Thank you," she said, simply; then pushing the box of handkerchiefs near him, added, "Do these please you?"

Douglas was very quick to take the gentle reminders which she sometimes gave him that he was prolonging his stay, so he turned his attention to the handkerchiefs.

It chanced that Miss Romer still let her small hand rest on the edge of the box. It was a very small, white hand, with dimples at the joints, and pink, shell-like nails; and Lennox, who was a passionate admirer of pretty hands, longed to clasp them to his lips. But he was a chivalrous gentleman, and would no more have taken any liberty with the humble shop-girl than with the highest lady in the land.

About this time Douglas took to early morning walks, which generally led down Chestnut street. Whether the fact that he occasionally met Miss Romer on her way to the shop, and once or twice walked with her, had anything to do with the matter or not, I can't say; but after such occasions I do know that the spirits of Douglas Lennox improved considerably.

One Sunday afternoon near sunset, Douglas left a lively circle in his sister's parlor, and went out for a quiet walk by himself. He entered one of the parks and was strolling along the sunny, green paths, when his heart gave a quick bound at the sight of a little figure in blue resting on one of the shady seats. For a moment he hesitated, then he crossed over and spoke.

"Good evening, Miss Romer."

Miss Romer rose with the lady-like grace which had long ago told Douglas that she was used to cultivated society, and returned his salutation. And then they sat down together, and yielding to the calm Sabbath evening influences, they fell into a quiet talk, naturally, as if they had been old acquaintances.

They talked of themselves, and Miss Romer told Douglas that her home had been in Westmoreland, and her father a gentleman of means, who had lavished upon her, his only child, every advantage which money and taste could procure. She told him of the death of her father and mother in a single week, and how her father's estate proved involved and left her penniless and alone.

She told him how she sought for some means by which to support herself, and she had finally obtained a situation in Mr. Seldon's establishment and kept herself in comfort.

And Douglas told her that he, too, was an orphan, only Belle and himself left; but he touched lightly on the wealth that was his, lest it should give her pain.

While they talked, Miss Romer dropped her fan, and Douglas picked it up, and saw written upon the plain ivory handle the name of "Helen Romer."

"Helen was my mother's name," he said, reverently.

"Was it? It is mine, too," said Miss Romer, in pleased surprise.

"I am glad it is yours," said Douglas. And he fell to thinking how often he had written his mother's name, "Helen Lennox," and how much he would like to write it again, with an "R" between the names.

They sat very still a little while, hardly talking at all, and forgetting the lateness of the hour, until the gleam of the lamps close by startled Miss Romer. She hastily rose, saying:

"I did not know it was so late. I must go home at once."

Douglas rose too, saying:

"May I accompany you?"

She hesitated a moment; her color came and went, and she said, looking up with a pleading glance,

"I had rather you would not, Mr. Lennox."

Douglas flushed then, but he asked, gently, "Will you tell me why?"

Helen was silent, the crimson deepening in her fair face; and presently Douglas repeated in a firmer tone,

"Please tell me why, Miss Romer?"

"Because, Mr. Lennox, a young girl in my position, cannot have the friendship of a gentleman of yours, without—without"—she hesitated and could not go on.

"Without making herself a mark for idle and thoughtless tongues, I suppose you mean?" asked Douglas, with a dash of bitterness in his tone. She bowed her head in assent.

"Miss Romer, I have sought your society a good many times, lately. Have I been the cause of any such pain to you?"

Helen seemed deeply agitated, and did not reply until the young man said, entreatingly:

"Tell me, Miss Romer."

"A little," she answered, falteringly; then once more looking up at him, with a pleading glance which touched his heart, she added, "But I know you did not intend it, and I have been trying all the evening to get courage to tell you when we part here it had better be for good."

The young man's resolution was instantly taken.

"You shall not tell me any such thing, for I do not mean to part with you at all. I understand

what you mean, and I would give my right hand—yes, my life—rather than injure you. But I suppose even a shop girl may have an honest lover, a husband and a home. Miss Romer—Helen—if I offer you these you will accept them?"

Helen Romer trembled so that she was obliged to sit down again.

"You cannot mean it," she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Lennox, do not trifle with me!"

Douglas sat down beside her and took in his own one of the little white hands he had so longed to hold and caress.

"Heaven knows I would not trifle with you, dear girl!" he said, solemnly. "I have loved you, Helen—let me call you so—ever since the first time I noticed you in the shop, and I have longed to take you away from your toil and surround you with luxury. I am able to do this, Helen, for I am wealthy, though I would not tell you this before."

"And I am a poor girl, with nothing to offer in return," said Helen, softly.

"Nothing! You have the most precious possession that ever comes to a man in the world—you have a woman's heart, my darling! Will you give me that?"

And Helen, blushing deeply, but brave and fearless in her confidence in him, raised her clear eyes to his and answered:

"If you will take it, Mr. Lennox."

And Lennox, too deeply moved to speak, drew her close to his heart, as they sat in the thick shadow, and pressed his first kiss upon her lips.

Helen's days of wearying toil were over; but she never forgot, while reigning queen of her husband's princely home, how his love sought her when "only a shop girl."

And many a young girl who stood in her former position found a true friend and ready helper in the beautiful and petted wife of Douglas Lennox.

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## Miscellaneous Correspondence.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM OTTAWA.

DEAR SPIRIT: There are few places in this wide world of care that seem more like home to me than this. Having been identified with its history from the very beginning until it became one of the promising and prominent towns of the State, it is only natural that it should still seem much like a home to me. There is, I presume, the usual portion of mean people in it, but where on earth is one to go to get rid of them? Certainly not to Lawrence. But, on the other hand, there is a large representation here, as there is in Lawrence, of vigorous, enterprising and influential men.

If it were not invidious to many others, whose names might with equal propriety be mentioned, I would be inclined to give a pen and ink portrait of a few who, for some good reason or other, come to be considered "leading men." But be advised, dear SPIRIT, while you are young and unsophisticated, and before undue advantage is some day taken of your simplicity, that this problem of what constitutes the "leading men" of a town is one quite difficult of solution. Some great men, we are told, are born so, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. A paraphrase of this adapted to the leading men in a town would be: Some are born leaders, some are bound to be leaders, and some, by the call of the people, are compelled to be leaders. Elder might represent the first, Bowles the second, and Sheldon the third. And yet they are all honorable men. I have had a tilt on two occasions with them in my day, but now that we are so far apart, we manage to keep the peace. Elder used to say that the town was not big enough for so many big men. And from the way they are quarrelling here now, it would appear as if the remark is still pertinent. It certainly looks to a looker on in Ottawa as if the time were far distant when the lion and lamb should lie down together—unless it be with the lamb inside the lion.

But a contemplative student of history should, I suppose, be reminded that heavier squalls than a municipal election have been turned to calm. And there is nothing in the world more certain than that you "can't most always tell" what strange bed-fellows politics may make a few months hence. "It is one of those things," says Lord Dreary, "that no fellow can find out." I remember well how Elder and I fought Welch, and then how Welch and I fought Elder, and how we had free fights all round, when the idea seemed to be to let the head hardest that got the highest,—and yet of course we were all consistent, and of course none of us had changed. It was the circumstances, you know, that changed. There are many of your readers, my lively SPIRIT, who know how it is themselves.

Now Nugent and Sheldon have been pitted against each other, though not, I presume, of their own choice. Sheldon is a very modest man, and has been a very useful citizen of Ottawa ever since he and John Walruff got over the insane idea of making a sheep farm of it. Sheldon would not provoke a personal fight with Nugent or any other man, but, if he got into it, running would hardly be his forte. Nugent's modesty is of the same kind that Lane used to speak of being afflicted with, whose mother laid her big hand on his little head and said: "James, the only thing that will ever interfere with your getting on in the world is your UNCONQUERABLE MODESTY." The same obstacle has been in Deacon Nugent's pathway, but he has managed to overcome it so far as to become one of the best known and respected citizens of this goodly town, and to come within five votes of being its Mayor at the last election. His enthusiastic friends still call him Mayor Nugent, just as the devoted and deluded followers of Henry Clay used to call him President after he was defeated.

The Deacon's name suggests to me a little horse story just now circulating here which is too good to be lost, especially as it brings before the curtain another one of the characters of the town, a man born to be a leader, bound to be a leader, and that sensible citizens ought to want to be a leader all in one—John H. Whetstone. Whetstone has had an elephant on his hands for some time in the shape of a stallion. Nugent has an eye—in fact, two eyes—for a good horse, notwithstanding his deaconship and his modesty. You can guess the rest. Nugent gets the horse, and, with him, a most remarkable pedigree. This pedigree is published in full, in flaming letters, on large bills, with the inevitable picture of that fiery charger at the head. It is a pedigree which would make the horse—a good looking one by the way—worth a great many thousand dollars, and which would make his procreative services come at a very high figure. But I have said that Nugent is modest, and, I might have added, he is never known to ask the full value of anything he has to sell—especially in the horse line. So the flaming bill ends to the modest tune of "\$15.00 to insure." What a falling off was there, my countrymen! But it seems that the low price was nearer the mark than the high pedigree. For the latter turns out to be a production of fancy, a work of fiction, an imaginative equestrian pedigree, forged in the fertile brain of Mr. McQueston, who in addition to being a staid Presbyterian, is a capable banker in the institution where our old friend H. H. Ludington puts his autograph on the bills, and a fine judge of a good horse—as is evidenced by his sending his thoroughbred mare to Lawrence to be served by Leopold last Summer. Having nothing else to do he made a pedigree for Whetstone's horse of as good blood as runs in horses. Whetstone took the joke—and pedigree—in earnest. Nugent, ditto. And so the stock-raisers of Franklin County have the advantage of a very high pedigree at a very low price. Pedigree aside, however, the horse is a good one, and worth the price asked for his service.

But I am admonished that this ramble is long enough already, without walking into the private grounds of any more of the "leading men" of Ottawa. There is a healthy lot of them, and three lively newspapers keep them in a lively state of fermentation. It was perhaps unnecessary for THE SPIRIT to join in the exercise, and therefore it hauls off, and leaves the Journal, Herald and Leader in full possession of the field. "Let us have peace." I. S. K.

## "THE WORLD MOVES."

So said the old philosopher after his solemn recantation. Poor old man! how could he help vowing that the world moves, even though the church that kept his soul said it didn't? But I am not telling the old story of Galileo. That is not to my purpose. The world does move, out West. So you'd think, too, could you see all the trains that daily carry so many people to new places, and all the "covered wagons" that creep along over all roads, and all sorts of roads, westward. A lady said to me a few days ago, "Where in the world do all those covered wagons go to?" They go to new places. They stop on prairies, in valleys, by rivers, in the timber (sometimes), and any place that "claims" can be found. It seems to me that the American people are possessed of a mania for claims. Just think of it! War claims, land claims, pension claims, railroad claims, Alabama claims, and all sorts of claims, conceivable and inconceivable, to white man, Indian or African. But these moving people, they are hunting claims. "Land ahead" is the unfailing watchword. And when they stop moving, just as like as not they get to fighting about claims, and many a claim seeker has come hundreds

of miles to find a permanent "settlement" two feet by six.

I am a mover, too. Now I am getting close to the subject. But you see, I am only a moving parson, "a small parson" at that, and all I could tell about other movers would n't amount to much, only a waste of ink. As the old reformer said, "we took our kettles or our backs and travelled." "These moves, how they do worry!" says the better half. And even parsons will forget some things—well enough if they don't forget to practice what they preach. Paul, you know, forgot his parchments and his cloak when he moved from Troas, and I fancy he left his "carpet sack" or something else in other places when he made such long moves. The loss of a few manuscript sermons might not amount to much, but that cloak—that was valuable property to an itinerant.

The move was made well enough; but the setting up, what shall I say of it? Printers grumble at pi, but what is printer's pi to parson's pi? Printer's pi is all lettered, numbered and marked with "nicks" so as to be readily adjusted, but parson's pi—well, I think the most expressive word is "jumble." All in a jumble. But out of all confusion order must come. We commence in the middle and work both ways, and find a "heap" of things that require a "right smart chance" of work. Wash, and scrub, and rub, and varnish, and set up, and hang up, and move round, and move back, till all is adjusted, but not ready to "look up in form." Finally come the pictures for the walls. Who is it that don't like them? Even a poor parson may enjoy these. But where shall we hang Grant, and where shall the Washington family take their dignified repose? What place shall "Grand-father asking a blessing over the radishes" occupy, Noel's dogs that did n't catch the rats, etc.? But over my desk as I write, the "Pet of the Family" looks down as if to say, "Here am I, love me." But here we are at the end of "thirdly," and hardly begun. Let the world move. A. S. PARSON.

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GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.  
NUMBER NINE.

DEAR SPIRIT:—There is some sense in trying to gossip from the farm on such a lovely morning as this. It is one of the farmers' own days. The magnificent rains have gone down to the very roots of things, and now the warm and genial sun makes old mother earth laugh with very gladness. The green shoots spring magically up into the bright sunshine, no longer afraid of their inveterate old enemy, the venerable Mr. Jackson Frost. Nothing dies. How dead everything has looked these long, cold, dreary months! But it was only the semblance of death. The grasses, grains and flowers which have hid themselves for a season, are bursting into another fresh and beautiful life—sweet emblem of the blessed human affections and aspirations which will come forth from the sleep of death in vernal loveliness and bloom on in an everlasting spring!

Now is the time to make hay while the sun shines. Now is the time for activity, energy and quick work on the farm. I will assume that the fences of THE SPIRIT's farm family are all in repair. There is a wood pile at the door—if you have not arrived at the luxury of a wood-shed—from which your good wife can readily find all the nice dry wood that she needs, so that your meals will be on time and well cooked. She has plenty to do without having to hunt all over the farm for wood, and then find one stick too long, another too big, another too soggy or punky to burn, and the whole uncertain, unreliable and unsatisfactory. A good big wood box convenient to the stove or the kitchen door, filled every morning with good wood, is more conducive to family peace, comfort and prosperity than the best Steinway Mrs. Starrett has such a winning way of selling. But I assume that all these preliminaries have been attended to. Surely there has been time enough to get ready for most anything. The winter has been long and lonely. The spring has been backward and anything but balmy. Instead of folding your hands, and lounging around, and grumbling about the weather, no doubt you have improved all this providential extra time in getting ready for these gorgeous and sudden spring days. I need not say that if you have, you have done better than I. But you see that I know what ought to be done as well as anybody, but when it comes to the doing, ay, there's the rub. But it is a good deal to expect of one man that he preach and practice too. You can hardly look for the perfection of precept and practice both in an obscure agricultural editor who furnishes you such a paper as THE SPIRIT for \$2.00 per year—gossip included.

You have of course heard of the soldier arraigned before his captain on a charge of drunkenness. The captain informed him that he had but this single fault. Aside from this he was the perfection of obedience, promptness, courage and all the qualifications necessary to make a perfect soldier. "Well now," says the soldier, "how can you expect all the cardinal virtues for \$13 a month, and the danger of being shot in the bargain?" So, gentle critic, when you come to Hillhome, and do not find that pile of wood we have talked about, aside from several other important items of preparation neglected, and you begin to surmise that I have been spending my time in unseemly grumbling at the unpropitious weather rather than in the improvement of it, you must say to yourself, "Well, after all, it would be asking too much of one man to furnish such an indispensable paper as this, and be a model farmer himself in the bargain,—and all for \$2.00 a year, and so many behind hand in paying that!"

But to business. We have got to the working time. Kansas is now ahead in corn as well as in almost everything else. The Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington says that our average yield per acre for several years past has been greater than that of any State in the Union, and that is considerable honor. A State that makes us feel as proud of its resources as ours does, expects every farmer to do his duty. I am proud of our cornfields. They are our best hold. They look like armies of green-coated soldiers marshaled in lines of endless perspective, armed with glittering blades and pikes. Corn is king. He feeds our cattle. He furnishes our best bread. He is said to be able to be squeezed into a very energetic kind of drink. But of this nothing authoritative is known by

I. S. K.

For THE KANSAS SPIRIT.  
RAIL-ROADS.  
BY AN EMPLOYEE.—NUMBER SIX.

Returning from the Leavenworth Bridge celebration, which bridge the ever hopeful and oftentimes disappointed citizens of that place think is now sure to rescue them from the commercial death which threatened, we cannot help reflecting upon the many triumphs of engineering skill in the West within the last few years. Corporations or municipalities wishing to overcome the obstacles which nature imposed to their aims and ambitions, have recourse to the practical engineering minds of the West, and the plans and specifications from the offices, carried out in detail under the supervision of the master minds, have produced works which are at once the admiration and wonder of the age. Nature seems to possess no barrier against which the mind of man cannot successfully contend, and difficulties encountered in the march of civilization are no longer questions of success or failure, but of time and money. Rivers are bridged, mountains tunneled or flanked, permanent channels constructed for streams, overflowed lands drained and re-

claimed, property substantially protected from the elements; these are some of the results of railway engineering. Among the most important of these is that of bridging, as in nearly every instance some new feature in this science comes up—some new problem for the engineering mind to solve. For a number of years the project of bridging the Mississippi was discussed, and for years met the determined opposition of all the navigation corporations and people using that stream. The Government finally interposed its authority and permitted the building of the Rock Island bridge. Permission once granted, the "Father of Waters" is rapidly being bridged wherever railway traffic deems it necessary. Though the Mississippi is much the largest of our rivers, it has comparatively a quiet, even flow, and aided by the experience already recorded, the work was less difficult than that encountered in the Missouri. Many believed that the "treacherous Missouri," with its shifting sands and rapidly changing currents, could not be bridged. The first work of the kind was that of the Kansas City bridge, which proved a success. It will be readily admitted that an undertaking like this, on the borders of civilization, far away from foundries and work-shops, the material even to be brought a long distance, and none of the mechanical appliances necessary to a work of this kind at hand, was one of great magnitude and of doubtful certainty. Contrary to the usual supposition, the superstructure or bridge proper presents but a small part of the difficulties to be encountered. Susceptible of exact mathematical computation and reduction, governed throughout by fixed laws and definite plans—like any other piece of architecture, it must result successfully. The foundation or piers is the difficult work. In the Missouri is found a very swift current, an ever shifting bottom of sand of great and uneven depth, the channel constantly changing, and the work necessarily extending through the time of annual freshets. The mistakes and successes of the projectors of this great work, the devices resorted to by them in unforeseen emergencies, have done much to make the way smooth for their successors. Since its completion, three others, at St. Charles, Omaha and Leavenworth, have been erected; and while we unite in honoring Gen. Wright and his associates for the successful accomplishment of their great work, the chief praise is due to a resident of Kansas, Col. O. Chanute, of Lawrence, to whose fine engineering skill and rare executive ability we are indebted for the successful execution of the greatest undertaking west of the Mississippi. All honor to him who subdued the currents, shoals and quicksands of our great river, and did away with the danger and uncertainty of ferriage, and the delay, damage and expense of "breaking bulk."

The demands of the age are for increased facilities for transportation, and our engineers are rapidly giving them. With the great rivers all bridged, a uniform gauge throughout the nation, stone-balanced road bed, Miller platforms and couplers, Westinghouse's "air" or Goodall's "steam" brake, patent dusters, Pullman's sleeping and dining cars, the millennium for railway travellers is nearly reached, and we can not only "all take a ride," but can exclaim, with Saxe, as we go:

"Surging through the forests,  
Rattling over bridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges,  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale,  
Bless me, this is pleasant,  
Riding on the Rail!"

## What We Know About It.

C. P. H.—"When Dexter made his celebrated time of 2:17 was it single or double?" ANSWER.—Single. Ben Mace rode the thoroughbred mare Charlotte P. by the side of him in order to stimulate him, and out of this circumstance probably has grown the rumor to which you refer.

J. C. Thayer.—"What ought I to give for good Brahma eggs? And have you any to sell?" ANSWER.—Yes, we have a few dozen to sell. They ought to bring \$5.00 per dozen. We sell them for \$3.00 in order to be accommodating. They are from the pullets we purchased last year of Mr. Felch, of Massachusetts, and for which we gave \$5.00 each. Mr. Felch was in the city last week and says he has more orders than he can fill this year at three for \$25.00.

STRONG-MINDED.—"Is there any passage in the Bible against a woman wearing a man's clothes and vice versa?" ANSWER.—Yes, we think so. In Deuteronomy, xxii. 5, are these words: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abominations." &c.

HOUSEKEEPER.—"Can you tell me how to rid my kitchen of cock-roaches?" ANSWER.—We cannot, but publish your question in hopes that some friend capable of it will furnish the desired information.

COUNTRYMAN.—"My wife and I agree about most things, but on some it is no use. She is great for the little pills, and I believe in the old school. I think there is no medicine like castor oil for the children. My wife abhors it, and says if she was a child she would die before she would take it. I argue that there can't be any good in these little tasteless pills. She says 'Write Kallech and see what he knows about it.' &c. ANSWER.—This is a stumper. The doctors of both schools are among our patients, clients, or subscribers. It won't do for us to offend them, or get into a controversy with them, or get them into a controversy with each other. They are all honorable men. The best way we can do is to compromise the matter. Our wife believes in the little pills; we go in for the big, searching, through-by-daylight kind. In short, we believe in both. But as to the castor oil business that touches us on a sore spot. We were once a castor oil victim. It was the infantile family purgative in the ripe age in which we were born. Our most horrible youthful recollections are of castor oil, goose grease for croup, onion-syrup, and a few other deceptions which made juvenile life forty years ago a burden too heavy to be borne. Happy the little fellows that can take theirs in little tasteless sugar-coated shapes, and roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues! Castor oil! People

have tried all sorts of expedients in taking it. Taken in milk. In soda water. From a hot spoon. Every way. But no later Franklin has ever been able to overcome and annihilate the nastiness of taking castor oil. It has a sluggish, cold, asperient look about it, like an ill-omened pool in a deadly swamp. It uncoils itself into the spoon like a boiled rattlesnake. It tastes like molten graveyards, and one's gorge rises at it as if it were one of Mrs. Woodhull's lectures. But the feeling when it has been achieved, is that one's inside is full of earth-worms and cork-screws.

EMIGRANT.—"To whom shall I apply for information concerning the lands of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad?" ANSWER.—Dr. John W. Scott, Tioga, Land Commissioner. The last Tioga Herald contained a large amount of valuable information on this subject from his pen, concerning which the Herald truly claims that "the advantages of Southern Kansas have never before been so thoroughly and accurately written up as they are in the Herald this week."

STUDENT.—"What is the significance of the word 'ultramontane' so generally used now-a-days?" ANSWER.—The term "ultramontane" is much used in books and newspapers and but little understood. It is one of those words which, from representing a locality, has come to represent a religious belief and a political party. Ultramontane literally means beyond the mountains. When used as a political term it refers to Italy and the political and religious tenets of the Church of Rome. Ultramontanism is a belief in the unbounded supremacy of the Pope and the union of the Church with the State. Representatives of these principles, in whatever nation of Europe they are found, are called ultramontanes. In Spain, in France, in Germany and in Austria the ultramontane party has been a strong element in the direction of public affairs.

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PEDIGREE.—Young Messenger was sired by Alexander's Abdallah (the sire of Goldsmith's Maid), he by Ryedick's Hambletonian (the sire of Dexter). The dam of Alexander's Abdallah was by Bay Roman, he by imported Roman, out of the Pinkney mare by Old Hickory, second dam by Membrino, he by Old Menbrino, he by imported Messenger. The dam of Young Messenger was by Harpino, Harpino was by Bishop's Hambletonian, dam by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported Messenger, his dam Pleasant by imported Shark, granddam by imported Medley.

Young Messenger is seven years old this Spring, sixteen hands high, with good bone and powerful muscle, and possesses all the desirable qualities of a trotter and farm horse. His color is dark iron gray. Address

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## EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

\$1,000 at interest, compounded semi-annually, will progressively double in amount, until it exceeds \$1,000,000, in 35 years, the upper line of figures for years, months and days shows the time required for any sum to double at given rates of interest—

Amounts as they multiply.	Time at 5 per cent.		Time at 6 per cent.		Time at 7 per cent.	
	Years	Months	Years	Months	Years	Months
\$1,000	20	0	16	0	14	0
2,000	10	0	8	0	7	0
4,000	5	0	4	0	3	0
8,000	2	6	2	0	1	6
16,000	1	3	1	0	9	0
32,000	7	0	6	0	5	0
64,000	3	6	3	0	2	6
128,000	1	12	1	6	1	3
256,000	6	0	8	0	4	0
512,000	3	0	4	0	2	0
1,024,000	1	6	2	0	1	0

EXAMPLES.—At 5 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent. the result would be \$16,000 in 35 years, 6 months, 10 days; or at ten per cent. \$32,000 in 35 years, 6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 35 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of most persons; a man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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## SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS Douglas County, ss.

IN the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County Kansas, Priscilla Blackburn and John Blackburn, plaintiffs, and Amos G. Da Lee, defendant: By virtue of an Execution to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will on Saturday the 27th day of April, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Lawrence, County of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Amos G. Da Lee in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The North half of the South East quarter of the South West quarter of Section one (1) Township thirteen (13) Range nineteen (19) in Douglas County, State of Kansas, appraised at Seventy-five dollars (\$75) per acre taken as the property of Amos G. Da Lee and to be sold to satisfy said Execution. Given under my hand and my office in the City of Lawrence, this 22d day of March, A. D. 1872.

not-ly S. H. CARMAN.

Sheriff of Douglas County Kansas.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS, } In the District Court, Fourth Judicial

Douglas County, ss. } District, sitting in and for Douglas

John McNutt, Plaintiff, Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Phil-  
lus Fales, Defendants.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE, to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court, in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will, on Saturday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Lawrence, County of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Philletus Fales, and each of them, in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The South half and the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section two (2) township thirteen (13) Range eighteen (18) in said County of Douglas, appraised at eighteen hundred dollars (\$1,800.00). Taken as the property of Lyman Cone and Harriet Cone, and to be sold to satisfy said Order of Sale.

Given under my hand and my office in the City of Lawrence, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1872.

not-ly S. H. CARMAN.

Shannon & Shannon, Attorneys for Plaintiff.