

The Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME

AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 2, 1872.

NUMBER 5.

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Contributed Articles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society: GENTLEMEN—The undersigned were appointed a Committee, by the Douglas County Beekeepers' Association, to present to you the importance of the honey interest to this State, and to request a recognition of this branch of husbandry by our State Agricultural Society, by the offering of premiums that will tend to encourage the cultivation of bees and the production of honey.

In the performance of the duty thus devolving upon us, we would say, first, that we regard it as eminently the calling of agricultural societies to encourage any interest that tends to increase the wealth of the State, especially those neglected industries which are capable of being developed, and that would be, by proper encouragement. While there may be many such, it is our province at this time to present to you only that of Bee culture and Honey. In olden times honey seems to have been a spontaneous product. And even down to within a few hundred years, it was the only sweet the people had. Why it was that they adopted a more expensive substitute, we are not able to explain. The fact is, that honey, now, is only in the market as a luxury; that but few ever use it, and that the great mass of the people are ignorant as to its uses. Honey can be used in the family in place of sugar and syrups, in nearly every case. The only question is, whether it can be produced in quantities sufficient to supply the demand.

The late invention of the mel-extractor was the great epoch in bee-keeping. It was never known, until the invention of this machine, what bees could do in the way of storing honey. Two to three times as much honey can be secured with the extractor, as can be in the old way. Ordinarily, in a good honey harvest, a stock of bees will store from 10 to 20 lbs. per day, if they have sufficient room. Last July, Mr. Hosmer, of Jonesville, Minn., secured as high as 53 lbs. in one day, from a single stock, and during the month he got over six tons of honey from about 80 stocks. Dr. Dallas, of Baldwin, Kansas, obtained last season 3400 lbs. from 42 stocks and their increase. One of the undersigned had 2500 lbs. surplus honey from 26 stocks and their increase. To convince you of the facility of securing honey with the extractor, it will only be necessary to refer you to a report in the American Bee Journal for August last, from Katie Grirum, a girl only 17 years old. In one day she extracted over 900 lbs., taking the combs out of the hive and returning them without any assistance. Some have gone so far as to assert that honey can be produced at a cost of not over one cent per lb. This may be an extravagantly low estimate, but we are satisfied that it can be produced at a figure sufficiently low to recommend it to the mass of the people for general consumption. Considering the cheapness and facility of its production and the remunerative prices that it now brings, one would think that that would be a sufficient inducement to recommend it to the provident husbandman as a branch of rural economy worthy of attention. But people are naturally timid to embark in any new enterprise. They need urging, and it must constantly be kept before them. A temptation in the shape of a liberal premium is of great advantage in most cases. California offered large premiums to introduce silk culture, and now it is one of the important interests in that State.

We have stated a few facts, showing that honey can be produced in large quantities. We will now endeavor to show the importance of this interest to Kansas.

The State now contains four hundred thousand inhabitants. Counting that each one uses \$2.50 worth of sugar and syrups each year (and that would not be a very high estimate), we have the sum of one million dollars. Now, this amount could be saved to the people each year, by each family keeping only one hive of bees. What a State should aim to do, if it would be prosperous, would be to develop every interest and produce every article of consumption, if possible. The reason money is scarce and hard to obtain, is because millions of it have been sent out of the

State for sugar and syrups; making the balance of trade against us. The importance of the honey interest is, not only that it keeps the money in the State, but in each family that choose to keep a few stands of bees. It seems like a suicidal policy to be sending abroad for a substitute for an article that we allow to go to waste at our own doors, and that we could have with a very little exertion.

There is another very important use of the bee, besides the collection of honey, which it may be well to mention here. It is the fertilization of flowers, securing to the farmer and horticulturist bountiful crops. The culture of so useful and important an insect should be encouraged. Our agricultural societies should do something to give bee-keeping in the State the prominence that its importance demands. We think that heretofore they have been in error, in offering premiums for the "best honey." It is the opinion of the committee that the first premium should be to the person that would produce the largest average yield of honey, counting his stocks in the spring. The exhibitor should be required to give the weight or amount of honey left in the hives for wintering, and the increase of stocks during the season. And this weight should be taken into consideration with the surplus in determining the award. There might be premiums offered on extracted and box honey separately, a first and second on each. The only other premium that we would recommend would be for the best display of honey. This premium should only be large enough to secure a display of honey at the fair, which would be its only object. In offering the proper way, but it avoids all dispute as regards the judgment of committees, as the award is determined by figures. We earnestly urge this matter upon your attention, and hope it will meet with favor.

Respectfully submitted,

N. CAMERON,
O. W. McALLISTER,
M. A. O'NEIL,

Committee.

POLL.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

In looking over my "note book," I found the word "Poll," written on a blank leaf. What did it mean? There was most certainly a thought connected with the word, if I could only decipher it. Being unable to unravel the mystery, I let it pass, thinking in all human probability it would in due time present itself to my mind. An hour or so after, on taking up an old number of Harper's Magazine, I came across the name of Mrs. Amelia Opie. In an instant the mystery was solved, the whole matter was explained. The reader will ask, "What has the name of Poll to do with the celebrated writer, Amelia Opie? What possible connecting link can exist between them?" The sequel will explain.

When I read the first number of THE SPIRIT, I learned that in your sanctum you had a favorite parrot. Of course its common name is "Poor Poll." A thought suggested itself that I could relate an incident or two of another parrot, which contains a striking illustration of Mrs. Amelia Opie's book entitled "Illustrations of Lying." I therefore noted down the word "Poll," to recall the subject at some future time.

Being on a visit to a friend in the suburbs of a large city, I was frequently amused by a parrot, which during the day was placed on the outer wall of the second story of the house, facing the public thoroughfare. Frequently some poor, distressed looking beggar would call and solicit a small gift from the lady of the establishment. The parrot would cast her eyes at the stranger, and if his dress indicated his condition, Poll would cry out, "Not at home." Some would depart instantly, thinking, no doubt, the answer came from the servant girl; but the beggars of the neighborhood were not to be put off in this unceremonious way, for they had found out Poll's tricks, and would tell her she lied. In reply, Poll would return the uncivil compliment and say "you lie." This comedy of human life was of every day occurrence.

It was amusing, sometimes, to notice what answer Poll would make on certain occasions. For example: a person would walk up the path leading to the house, with a basket of vegetables or other articles, which had been ordered for the use of the

family. Those delivering such articles were frequently but little better clad than some of the beggars of the neighborhood. Poll, however, possessed a faculty of penetrating into the character or calling of these visitors. No doubt she had become acquainted with some of this class of hucksters, and would let them pass; but I noticed, on several occasions she was mistaken in her judgment, for the moment they knocked at the door or rang the bell, Poll would cry out, "Not at home." The only plausible conjecture which I could make as to how Poll could draw the nice distinction between these two classes of people was, that a person on business would walk quickly, more erect, and not hesitate on the way, while a beggar would invariably creep along at a very slow gait, look distrustful, and give a faint knock at the door.

Mrs. Amelia Opie wrote a very interesting and instructive book, entitled "Illustrations of Lying." This work, however, I should remark, was written some years before she was converted to Quakerism by her friend Joseph John Gurney. By the perusal of this work it will readily be understood how the parrot became educated in the mysteries of fashionable life, but this will need a word of explanation to my brother farmers, who perhaps do not know every rule of life as practiced in our large cities. In the fashionable world it is customary to call and pay a morning visit to your acquaintances. Sometimes you may leave your card; this is complimentary. At other times you ask, "Is Mrs. B— at home?" If she is willing to receive company, then she is "at home." If she is not prepared or willing to receive company, she orders her girl to say that she is "not at home." This is what Mrs. Opie, in her book, calls "white lying." Poll had become a good judge of human character; a well dressed person was seldom accosted by her, but a ragged looking person was notified that the mistress was "not at home." It is evident that the parrot judged by the association of ideas, just as I did when the name of Mrs. Opie explained to me what the word "Poll" meant, in my note book.

On one occasion a poor old woman, as she was leaving the house, having been unsuccessful in her efforts to see the mistress, stopped and casting her eyes up to Poll, who had repeated her usual cry, "not at home," said, "Just think of it; people not only lie themselves, but they teach their parrots to lie for them. May the good Lord have mercy on them!"

You have informed us, Mr. Editor, that you keep a parrot in your editorial sanctum. Permit me to add the following amusing incident, as it was related to me by the owner of the parrot. It contains a moral lesson, as you will perceive. It may be barely possible that after you have conducted the editorial management of THE SPIRIT for several years, some of your debtors have not fulfilled their part of the obligation. I hope, my dear sir, that you will never be caught as my friend was; I therefore add the following friendly hint, to be cautious how you converse in the presence of your Poll.

One morning the owner of the parrot sent a note to a person who was owing him some money which had been loaned. "Tell Mr. Black that I shall be at home till 11 o'clock, and I shall expect to see him." The hired girl started with the note, as ordered, but the gentleman, being in need of money, was somewhat excited, and walked the room, exclaiming "Mr. Black is a d—d bad payer." In the course of an hour Mr. Black called, and the girl was ordered to bid him enter the parlor. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Black," exclaimed the claimant. Poll was at this time in winter quarters, in the parlor, and evidently, as facts proved, "taking notes." All at once, on hearing the name of Mr. Black, Poll commenced exclaiming, "d—d bad payer! d—d bad payer!" The lady of the house instantly arose and covered the cage to exclude the light, but she had no more than seated herself in her chair when Poll, finding a small opening by which she could see the outer world, commenced ejaculating as before. The only way to stop the unbecoming remarks of the parrot was to remove the cage from the parlor and take it below to the kitchen.

Our farmer friends who wish to plant the best seed this spring, or would improve their stock of hogs, will not forget Mr. J. K. Hudson, Postoffice Box 108, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Farm.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

We notice some discussion upon the merits of this Order at some of the farmers' gatherings throughout the country. A brief statement of the nature and claims of this organization may not be out of place in these columns. We condense from an address of C. C. Hutchinson, General Deputy, Patrons of Husbandry, before the Farmers' Club of New York City.

The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry was organized after much labor and preparation, by a number of distinguished agriculturists of various States of the Union, at Washington, D. C., in December, 1867. The Order is a secret society, comprised in four departments, called Granges. Commencing lowest are the Subordinate Granges, within which are obtained the four first degrees. Next is one State Grange in each State or Territory, wherein is granted the fifth degree, and lastly, the National Grange, which confers the sixth and seventh degrees. From the National Grange proceeds the authority to organize subordinate Granges, and a State Grange can be organized whenever nine subordinate Granges are working in any State or Territory. By this simple organization the entire membership is a unit. The National Grange communicates with the Subordinate Granges through the State Grange, and each member has a voice in all legislation.

The Patrons of Husbandry is in no sense a political organization. Article 12 of the Constitution reads as follows: "Religious or political questions will not be tolerated as subjects of discussion in the work of the Order, and no political or religious tests for membership shall be applied."

The Master of the National Grange is William Saunders of Washington, D. C., whose name will be a sufficient guaranty of the merits of the Order among those who know him, and who is too well known among agriculturists and horticulturists to need further mention here. The Secretary is Mr. O. H. Kelley whose postoffice address is also at Washington. Prominent among the objects sought to be accomplished by the "Patrons" may be mentioned these: To increase the products of the soil by increasing the knowledge of the producer. The Patrons of Husbandry wish to bring the producer and consumer into more immediate relations. Patrons of Husbandry would retain in the country all who ought to stay there. The Order will assist in alluring from the city those who ought to be in the country.

The address of Mr. Hutchinson closes as follows: "The times are auspicious for the introduction of this Order. Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front." The Patrons of Husbandry know no North, no South, no East, no West, and we tolerate no discussion of political questions. Our simple and sole aim is to increase the products of agriculture while we engage and adorn the soil. And we would accomplish these things just as every other great work is accomplished: by united effort, by association, by co-operation. All other kinds of business, nay, every department in all business, has its organization for mutual benefit, and why should farmers, the largest, the wealthiest and the most important class in the land, furnish the solitary exception to this otherwise universal rule? The demand for such an organization has long been felt, and has been thoroughly discussed in our agricultural journals, but hitherto has seemed unattainable. Here is a plan for such an organization, proposed by prudent, practical men, and which promises to supply the want.

Farmers cannot afford longer to work single-handed and alone. Life is short, and our art is long. It is the first of arts, and it is yet to become the greatest of sciences. Much as has been done of late in agriculture, splendid as are the periodicals devoted to its interests, and broad as are the foundations laid for its educational institutions, we have but entered fields of boundless inquiry, and are treading the verge of a domain as broad as Nature itself. There are still lofty heights above us, and richer than golden mines beneath us, and continents of discovery all around us.

In addition to this it will be remembered by some of our readers that a convention was held at Bloomington, Illinois, about a year since, to take into consideration the adoption of measures to secure greater protection to the farming interests against organized monopolies. At that meeting a statistician was appointed to prepare and publish, with the aid of eminent counsel, a report of the products of the northwest, the rights to market and transportation, and the remedies available for existing wrongs, etc.; and a committee was also appointed to devise and recommend some form of organization among producers, through which they hope to resist the growing power of the great carrying corporations. In the "report of this committee on organization," composed of three of the most active and best known friends of agriculture in Illinois, Messrs. W. W. Corbett, H. C. Wheeler and John P. Reynolds, we find the following:

Possessed of these ideas, your Committee has, among other things, directed their investigations to the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, and are free to state that we have in this Order something that, in our opinion, affords in scope and perhaps in ultimate design, the true nucleus about which to rally to accomplish the purposes of the carrying monopoly opponents. The organization is yet young, and we doubt if its projects at the outset fully comprehended all its capabilities or the full measure of influence that it may be made to exert. The organization consists of Subordinate Granges (answering to lodges or chapters in other secret organizations), State Granges and a National Grange. It seems to have the elements of permanency and usefulness in a high degree, and after mature deliberation, your Committee would recommend its general adoption and earnest sanction as the most feasible and only really promising means to accomplish the ends desired by the members of the Convention by which we were appointed.

WINTER WHEAT.—After quite an extended inquiry of the farmers from all parts of this county, and the adjoining counties, we are able to say that the wheat is in first rate condition, although the blades look dead and withered in many places, and the wheat has the appearance of having been frozen out. Yet upon a close inspection it will be found that the roots are deep-seated and finely developed. The warm and invigorating rays of the sun will bring it to maturity very rapidly.—*Garnett Plaindealer.*

FARMERS' CLUBS.

The farmers of Hampden Township, Coffey County, as we learn from the *Patriot*, organized a Club on the 16th of February. The following permanent officers were chosen: President, Charles Tomlinson; Vice-President, C. W. Schwantes; Recording Secretary, John T. Lett; Corresponding Secretary, W. A. Richey; Treasurer, A. Holland. An Executive Committee of three persons was chosen consisting of F. W. Potter, C. W. Schwantes and A. Sherwood. We also learn from the same authority that the Crooked Creek Agricultural Society met January 31st, when an interesting discussion, reported for the *Patriot*, was participated in by Messrs. J. N. Shiner, H. Short, Sutherland, Wheat and others. The question for their next meeting is, "What kind of stock pays best?"

The *Patriot* has a valuable contribution on the necessity of thoroughbred male stock, one of the most important matters that can engross the attention of farmers. Mr. F. Henley propounds the following conundrum in the *Patriot*. It is a good problem for farmers to study on:

Suppose I set off one two-year-old heifer, that will have a calf this spring, and she has fourteen calves in fourteen successive years, one-half of them heifers, and that these heifers all have calves at two years old, and they are half heifers, and so on; the heifers all live to be sixteen years old, and then die—how many calves each—for a period of thirty years; how many steers would there be, and what would they bring at thirty dollars each, when three years old? What would they all amount to at the end of thirty years? At that time a number of them would be dead, some would be two years old, some one; all over two years to bring thirty dollars, two years old twenty, and one-year-olds ten dollars.

Mr. J. M. Mulkey advocates a Club in the columns of the *Border Sentinel*, and says:

We need a Horticultural Society, and if we cannot have both, why not have a Horticultural and an Agricultural Society combined? That fruits can be grown here with success seems to be settled beyond a doubt, yet there are many things to learn, among which are the following: Location of an orchard; the best varieties to plant; when and how to plant; protection from rabbits; wind breaks, &c., &c.; the best location for small fruits, soil, varieties, &c.; grapes—varieties, soil, how to prune, &c.

The *Eureka Herald* has learned that several gentlemen are interesting themselves in the formation of an Agricultural Society. Greenwood County could sustain a good Society.

WHAT THE POOR FARMER CAN AFFORD.

Farmers are often censured by those having little experimental knowledge of the farm, for neglecting certain labors and improvements designed to add beauties or comforts to their homes. Doubtless the majority of farmers would willingly make such improvements did their means justify the outlay. The man of wealth need not stop to count the cost; but the farmer whose income is limited to the proceeds of his farm, must first decide whether he can afford the expenditure. The farmer is often accused of meanness or lack of enterprise, for neglecting costly improvements that would swallow up his little farm half a dozen times over; but he has fortunately learned to distrust such advice. It is folly to suppose that the farmer of moderate means can surround his home with the most costly adornments, or even make such improvements as he might desire. It is fortunate for the community that there are some class of citizens who are willing to forego their luxuries before they enjoy them. But there are certain improvements which the poorest farmer can afford and which he cannot afford to neglect. He can afford to thoroughly till and enrich his lands. He can afford to plant the best variety of seeds, and keep and breed the best animals. He can afford good, convenient tools and employ good help. He can afford to read and pay for good agricultural books and papers. He cannot afford to permit his land to become less productive by tilling. He cannot afford to grow crops that will not pay for production, or squander his resources by commencing labors that cannot be completed. Governing himself by these simple axioms he will soon find himself in a position to gratify every desire instead of being bound by the stern demands of economy.

TEETH OF A HORSE.

At five years of age a horse has forty teeth. There are twenty-four molar or jaw teeth, twelve incisors or front teeth, and four tusks or canine teeth, between the molars and incisors, usually wanting in the mare. At birth, only the two nippers or middle incisors appear. At a year old the incisors are all visible on the first or milk set. Before three years the permanent nippers have come through. At four years old the permanent dividers next to the nippers are out. At five years the mouth is perfect, the second set of teeth having been completed. At six, the hollow in the incisors, called the mark, has disappeared from the nippers, and diminished in the dividers. At seven the mark has disappeared from the dividers, and the next teeth, or corners, are level, though showing the mark. At eight the mark has gone from the corners, and the horse is said to be aged. After this time—indeed, good authorities say after five years—the age of a horse can only be conjectured. But they gradually change their form, the incisors becoming round, oval, and then triangular. Dealers sometimes bishop the teeth of old horses; that is, scoop them out to imitate the mark; but this can be known by the absence of the white edge of enamel, which always surrounds the real mark, by the shape of the teeth, and other marks of age about the animal.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says on this subject: The first lesson we would teach farmers in our college would be, how to turn oil of vitriol out of a carboy and not spoil their clothing; secondly, how properly to dissolve bones, prepare phosphate fertilizers and efficient composts; third, how to use and how to take care of agricultural implements; fourth, how to lay drain tile; fifth, how to plow and pulverize land so as to fit it for seed; sixth, how to make and save manures; seventh, how to feed and properly take care of stock; eighth, how to keep buildings and fences in order; and ninth, how to keep farm accounts systematically and accurately. We believe what is needed for the interests of agriculture is not so much agricultural colleges, where young men are to have prolonged training in such branches of study as are taught in our ordinary educational institutions, but schools to which active farmers and their boys may resort in the winter months, and learn practically and by experiment how to conduct farming operations to the best possible advantage.

RUCOLIC BREVITIES.

A frequent change of food is very important for stock at this season of the year, both as contributing to the general health of animals and stimulating the digestive organs. This is why a little cut food each day is so useful for dairy stock. It gives an opportunity to add some sort of concentrated food with the coarser materials, when the complete assimilation of the whole is secured.

A Bavarian farmer has found by experience and careful observation, that heifers fed for three months before calving with a little luscious cake, in addition to their other fodder, acquire a larger development of the milk vessels or mammary glands, and yield more milk afterwards, than similar animals fed as usual. Heifers should be so managed as to have their first calf late in spring, when there is an abundance of succulent food, inducing a large supply of milk. This is much better than to have them come in early in spring, when they have dry food only. The habit at first formed is apt to remain with them, and if they commence by giving a good supply of milk, they are apt to be good milkers afterwards.

During mild weather in winter, hardy fruit trees may be pruned as well as grapes, and grafts may be cut. Young fruit trees, which have not had a conical bank of earth thrown around them—the most perfect protection from mice—should have the snow trodden around them as often as it freshly falls, which will exclude the mice from them. Caterpillar eggs—known at a glance by their knobby clusters on the smaller branches—should be torn or cut from fruit trees before they hatch in spring.

A dairyman from Canada stated at the American Dairymen's Convention, that he had kept oxen six or eight weeks on corn fodder alone, and worked them all the time without loss of flesh. There is substance in corn fodder. The cattle relish it.

Before the American Dairymen's Convention, in a paper on dairy farming and grain raising in connection, Mr. Farrington sought to show that no well-regulated farm can be kept up unless these two branches receive equal attention.

Two sisters, Laura and Electa Fuller, who live on the east shore of Canandaigua Lake, and who are now over sixty years old, own farms, and since early womanhood have cultivated them with their own hands.

Col. Waring says the Jersey cow "will keep the milkman from the door more weeks of the year than any other cow in the world."

H. E. TURNER,

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

"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., Burlington, Iowa. nolif

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

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

GOING SOUTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Lawrence.....	11:30 A. M.	8:00 P. M.	7:00 "
Baldwin.....	12:15 P. M.	8:55 "	7:50 "
At Kansas City.....	10:40 A. M.	8:00 "	8:25 "
Olathe.....	11:05 "	8:45 "	7:00 P. M.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	12:55 P. M.	9:50 P. M.	10:45 "
Ottawa.....	1:10 "	10:05 "	10:55 "
Garnett.....	2:22 "	11:10 "	12:50 A. M.
Iola.....	2:37 "	11:25 "	1:45 "
Humboldt.....	4:00 "	12:45 "	3:15 "
Tioga.....	4:23 "	1:00 "	3:52 "
Thayer.....	5:00 "	1:45 "	4:45 "
Cherryvale.....	5:50 "	2:35 "	5:32 "
Arrive at Independence.....	6:49 "	3:30 "	6:45 "
Coffeyville.....	6:45 "	3:25 "	7:05 "
Parker.....	7:00 "	3:40 "	7:35 "

GOING NORTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Parker.....	7:00 A. M.	8:00 P. M.	6:25 P. M.
Independence.....	7:10 "	8:10 "	7:00 "
Coffeyville.....	7:25 "	8:25 "	6:45 "
Cherryvale.....	8:15 "	9:00 "	7:52 "
Thayer.....	8:00 "	8:50 "	8:00 "
Tioga.....	9:40 "	10:30 "	9:45 "
Humboldt.....	10:05 "	10:50 "	10:30 "
Iola.....	10:27 "	11:10 "	11:00 "
Garnett.....	11:40 "	12:20 "	12:50 A. M.
At Ottawa.....	1:30 P. M.	1:10 A. M.	2:40 "
Olathe.....	3:15 "	11:00 "	4:45 "
Arrive at Kas. City.....	4:20 "	12:35 P. M.	6:00 "
Ottawa.....	1:05 "	8:00 A. M.	4:45 "
Baldwin.....	1:40 "	8:50 "	5:30 "
Arrive at Lawrence.....	2:20 "	9:50 "	7:35 "

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.

Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.

All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS:

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

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O. CHANUTE, Superintendent.
CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent,
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JANUARY, 1872.

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BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:

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

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

For Leavenworth.....4:05 and 7:35 A. M., 2:40 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Express.....	1:00 A. M.
Mail.....	11:45 A. M.
Topeka Accommodation.....	7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for Burlingame, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, &c.
At Junction City for Council Grove, &c.
At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City and all points in New Mexico and Arizona.
At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown, &c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden City, &c.
At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

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

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

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

S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Sup't.
BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent,
Kansas City, Missouri.

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TO QUINCY AND CHICAGO
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS,

Connecting at the Quincy Union Depot with the TOLEDO,

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

NORTH, EAST OR SOUTH.

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

FROM KANSAS CITY:

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

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

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS ON THIS TRAIN.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

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

GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen. Supt.
P. B. GROUT, Gen. Ticket Agent.
A. C. DAWES,
Gen. Western Pass. Agent, Kansas City.

The Household.

HOME.

Fast by a triple cord of speech
We cling to what is best of life,
With backward and with forward reach
Stretching it over this world's strife;—
However shipwrecked, torn and driven,
We hold by MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN.
To all the sweet, dim mysteries
That rustle round the growing child,
To all the wealth in watching eyes
That shines upon him soft and mild,
The rich word MOTHER binds our souls
Like rocking boats to pearl-spread shoals.
Fruit of the soul's hard pant and throbs,
Crown's gleam, and bugle's triumph tone,
Strong peans built from public sobs,
The sheaves of grain in salt tears sown.—
All these the one word HEAVEN holds
As trial its crimson wealth enfolds.
But all along from birth to death,
Symbol of earth's best good and joy,
Whispering with self-repentant breath
By wayward man and truant boy,
HOME is the sweetest, dearest word
Lips have uttered or ears have heard.
Love makes the home, and makes the spot
It stands on warm and fair;
The bleakest hut or lowliest cot
Is glorified if love be there.
He misses not earth's grandest art
Who carries Eden in his heart.
Yet happier they whose inward peace
And ripened sense of household joy
Finds symbol in o'er-leaving trees,
And roof-caressing vines that toy
With passing bees, while roses blow
And beds of pansies bloom and glow,
And smooth paths wind across the sod
Where fruit trees drop their juicy store,
And trellised grape vines twine and nod,
And waters out of cool brooks pour,
And woods and hills rise in the place
That yearly grows in beauty's grace.

MAKING MOUNTAINS OF MOLEHILLS.

There is nothing more pervasive than this, because it is not confined to either sex, and is, we fear, increasing very swiftly. We refer to the habit of making mountains of mole-hills in the little affairs of every day life. Most people will say at once that the habit is on the increase among their friends and connections, and the saying is likely to be true. This steam-engine life of ours is sadly wearing to the nerves and temper, no doubt, and it suggests excuses which are not without plausibility. Yet, to have a plausible excuse is not to be relieved from the responsibility of making an effort. We have no right to permit ourselves to fall into the habit of irritable speaking upon slight occasions to those around us. It may be that we have too much to do—most of us unhappily have—but although this should beget consideration for ourselves, it does not free us from the duty of having consideration for others. It should rather admonish us of its propriety. Some people have a trick of groaning and grunting and giving out sudden shrill alarms over very small grievances or mischances.

This does not always arise from ill-temper; it is rather a trick springing from exaggerated self-pity, the unrestrained custom of leaning unduly upon others for aid and consolation. Among petty social vices this is perhaps the most harassing to the nerves of those who are forced to encounter it. Doubtless it may sometimes have its source in a certain mental defect, a want of perception respecting the proportions of things; but more frequently it comes from mere thoughtless abandonment of that habitual self-command which every rational being should aim to preserve.

To people who are really obliged to think or to direct affairs of veritable importance, this nagging practice of making mountains of mole hills is supremely distressing. It is also very disabling. No one, however philosophical, can suffer constant distraction of this nature without a proportional diminution of his powers for useful work. Nothing valuable is ever achieved, in the way, at all events, of intellectual achievement, without mental concentration; and there can be no concentration where the attention is perpetually challenged in behalf of unimportant details. A world of peevishness is engendered in this way, and thousands of firesides made unhappy without the slightest reasonable cause. Fretfulness begets fretfulness, and many a noble life is impeded and wasted by trifles which a little thought, a little cultivation of the habit of serenity, might entirely have prevented.

"VERY DIFFERENT WITH THE CHILDREN."—So said the old sexton as he trimmed and dressed and sodded with white clover the little graves. On being asked why he dressed them so carefully, he replied reverently, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And, sir, I cannot make too nice and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waiting there till it is God's time to awaken it and cover it with a white robe and waft it away to glory. When such grandeur is awaiting it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think the Saviour will like to see white clover spread above it; do you not think so too, sir?" "But the larger graves? The dust of all his saints is precious." "Very true, sir; but I cannot be sure who are his saints, and who are not. I hope there are many of them lying in this church-yard, but it would be great presumption to mark them out. There are some that I am pretty sure about, and I keep their graves as neat and clean as I can. I plant a bit of flower here and there as a sign of my hope, but dare not give them the white skirt," referring to the white clover. "It's very different, though, with the children."

FILL LAMPS IN THE MORNING.—Scarcely a week passes but we read accounts of frightful accidents from kerosene lamps, exploding and killing or scarring for life, women and children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the fluid will probably put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamps, a highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed a slight jar will often inflame the gas, and an explosion is sure to follow—death and destruction. A bombshell is no more to be dreaded. Now, if the lamp is not allowed to burn more than half-way down, such accidents are almost impossible. Always fill your lamps in the morning; then you never need fear an explosion.

GOLD DUST.

It is said that once, in a company of literary gentlemen, Mr. Webster was asked if he could comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man. He replied promptly and emphatically: "No, sir," and added, "I would be ashamed to acknowledge him as my Saviour if I could comprehend him; he could be no greater than myself. Such is my sense of sin and consciousness of my inability to save myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Saviour, one so great and glorious that I cannot comprehend him."

The words which Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Jennie Deans in her memorable address to the Queen, are as true as they are beautiful: "When the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your ladyship—and when the hour of death comes to high and low—long and late may it be yours, O, my lady!—it is na what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others that we think on most pleasantly."

There is an intimate connection between elevated ideas, involving a generous estimate of life and humanity, and an habitually cheerful frame of mind; for here the cheerfulness is a part of the philosophy, while elsewhere it is without enduring support, casual, accidental, and subject to the ebbs and flows of a varying fortune.

He who troubles himself more than he needs grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

Much of the pleasure of life comes from its illusions. As one by one of these depart, Time kindly puts new ones in their places.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

It requires a nice stepping for those who walk close together, to avoid jostling each other.

Many a man saves his life by not fearing to lose it, and many a many a man loses his life by being over anxious to save it.

It is idle to talk of drowning care; we do but sharpen the sting of the scorpion we carry within us.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier, the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

We are apt to mistake the echoes of our own vanity for the admiration and applause of the world.

Life itself is neither good nor evil, but only a place for good and evil; it is a kind of tragic comedy.

The mind is never right but when it is at peace within itself, and independent of anything from abroad.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.

CLOTHING.

OTTOMAN & POTWIN,

LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS.

—AT THE—

ONE PRICE STORE,

67 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Our Chicago manufactory now being in full operation, having recovered from the recent great fire, we are receiving fresh goods every week, and shall offer them at ten per cent. less than our former low prices for the balance of the season. We are preparing for a large jobbing business, and shall be able to sell goods to the trade at Chicago and St. Louis prices.

HATS AND CAPS CHEAPER THAN EVER.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

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Cash assets over \$1,000,000.

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OVER \$10,000,000.

JOHN CHARLTON.

Office Over Simpson's Bank, Front Room.

DISSOLUTION.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between STEVENS & ANDERSON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
JAMES T. STEVENS.
LAWRENCE, Kas., Feb. 1, 1873. 1-41 A. S. ANDERSON.

W. A. H. HARRIS,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.

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Oysters on the Half Shell, and Clam Chowders—Sea-Side Style.

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FEED & SALE STABLE,

SAM. WALKER, Proprietor,

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

NOTICE.

State Fair Proposals.

AGRICULTURAL ROOMS, CAPITOL BUILDING, TOPEKA, January 26, 1873.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Kansas State Agricultural Society to be held in the Capitol building, Topeka, Kas., March 12, at 2 o'clock P. M., proposals for the location of the State Fair for 1873 will be considered. All towns and localities competing for the same are respectfully invited to send sealed proposals to the Secretary's office on or before 10 o'clock A. M. of the 12th proximo. Proposals must contain a condition that the exhibitors, sheep and hog pens, &c., will be sufficient in number and dimension to accommodate the exhibitors and attendants of a State Fair. A detailed statement thereof must accompany the proposal with the amount of cash to be paid the first day of the Fair, in addition thereto. It is the purpose of the executive board to publish with the cordial support of the farmers, mechanics, stock-raisers and other friends of agriculture, to make the next State Fair the Fair of the West.

ALFRED GRAY, Secretary. H. J. STRICKLER, President.

30 YEARS AGO

—THE—

AMERICAN

AGRICULTURIST

Was established. It is now read by many thousands all over the country, and is acknowledged to be the best paper for the

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The American Agriculturist is a large periodical of 44 pages, well printed, and filled with plain, practical, reliable original matter, including

Hundreds of Beautiful and Instructive Engravings

in every annual volume. It contains each month a Calendar of Operations to be performed on the FARM, in the ORCHARD and GARDEN, in and around the DWELLINGS, etc. The thousands of hints and suggestions given in every volume are prepared by practical, intelligent, WORKING MEN, who know what they write about.

THE HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

is valuable to every Housekeeper, affording very many useful hints and directions calculated to lighten and facilitate in-door work.

THE DEPARTMENT FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

is prepared with special care, to furnish not only amusements, but also to inculcate knowledge and sound moral principles.

TERMS—The circulation of the American Agriculturist is so large that it can be furnished at the low price of \$1.50 a year; four copies for \$5; ten copies for \$12; twenty or more, \$1, each; single numbers, 15c.

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HEARTH AND HOME,

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A PAPER FOR EVERYBODY.

Hearth and Home is one of the most beautiful Journals in the world. It has twenty large pages, and a single volume contains about

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Heads of Families who wish to provide healthful, interesting reading for the children, may find that need met in HEARTH AND HOME. The department of the Household and "Our Boys and Girls," under the editorial care of Mrs. MARY E. DODGE, with many valuable assistants, is acknowledged to have no superior, and the amount of Choice and Beautiful Illustrations furnished for these departments annually is as full and attractive as the twelve numbers of any children's Monthly published. So

GIVE IT TO THE CHILDREN.

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

A COMPLETE FAMILY NEWSPAPER

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

HEARTH AND HOME.

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

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TERMS, IN ADVANCE:—One copy, one year, \$3.00; four copies, one year, \$2.75 each; ten or more copies, \$2.50 each; single number, 8 cents. 20 cents a year extra when sent to British America.

The subscription price of the American Agriculturist is \$1.50 a year. One copy each of Hearth and Home, weekly, and American Agriculturist, monthly, will be sent one year for \$4.00, to which \$2 cents should be added when the papers are to go to British America.

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

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MARCH 2, 1872.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

It is undeniably true, as has been often charged, that churches and individual Christians have acted too much from impulse, and gone by fits and starts, upon matters of revival. Occasionally they have been much and deeply moved, and enjoyed great temporary prosperity, only in a short time to go to the opposite extreme of declension and depression. Some good men have even thought that it must be so; that revivals, from their very nature, were occasional and transitory, delightful when they came, but, like an angel from the skies, speedily taking their departure. This, however, is not the fault of revivals, but of wrong views of them and a wrong use of them. A genuine religious revival will be permanently beneficial in its results. It will make its converts more conscientious as voters, more honest as traders, more obliging as neighbors, more affectionate as husbands, more faithful as fathers, more dutiful as children, more truthful as witnesses, more patient under wrong, more charitable to the erring, more liberal to give, more willing to work; in short, it will inspire, exalt and adorn them in all the relations and duties and offices of life,—and if it does not do this, it is not a true, a genuine, a Pentecost revival.

Now we believe there have been many just such revivals as these. We believe there have also been many spurious revivals, in which, by a peculiar process, Christians have been wound up to a high pitch of excitement, only to fall back into deeper declension and despondency. Whether the present revival is the one or the other, time will show. We sincerely trust it is a genuine revival of undefiled religion. In such a revival we thoroughly believe. It is founded on the plainest principles of human nature. It is as natural, as rational, as philosophical as any season of unusual interest upon any other subject. It is argued against them that there is too much excitement about them. We could never see the harm or the folly of a little excitement upon religious questions. It is allowable to get excited about business, pleasure, politics, and everything else with which we have to do. But no one will deny that we have souls, that we are immortal, that there are other, higher and vaster questions than those pertaining to what we shall eat and drink and wear. Why not get excited about them?

We know of no subject about which a rational being could become more rationally excited than this. We speak not of passionate, but mental and moral agitation, when the eye fires, the soul throbs, the heart beats quick and high and warm, and when a man thinks more, feels more, sees more, remembers more, learns more, and does more in a single minute than in a year of dormant, tortoise-like stupidity! We do not apologize for all the abnormal stimuli and hideous excrescences that have been fostered upon, and christened by the name of, revivals of religion; but a strong, steady, vigorous excitement of all the powers of the soul upon the subject of its highest interests, is the noblest, safest, purest passion to which it is subject or of which it is capable. The soul's hours of strong excitement have been called its luminous hours—its mountains of vision, from which it looks over the landscape of life with unobstructed gaze. And the observations it then takes, and the judgments it forms, as far transcend the scope and truth of its ordinary sight and reasoning, as the view from the seaward looking mountain transcends the view from the pent up valley.

It is common to hear the remark that the converts will not hold out. Probably they all will not. Few men hold out in the enterprises they undertake. The majority have a sad habit of faltering. We read of a couple who did not hold out long, although they were converts of the Pentecost revival, which is generally supposed to have been an uncommonly well conducted one. Judas did not hold out very well. But all this proves nothing against the cause from which men backslide. When the Washingtonian Reform swept over this country like a gale from the land of the blest, and thousands of poor, lost men felt its warm, inspiring breath, and arose from the gutter like life from the dead, and threw away their rags, and became clothed and in their right mind; when the glow returned to so many a pale wife's cheek, and the youthful glance to her sunken eye; when fathers no longer answered the wild cry of gaunt children by giving them stones for bread and scorpions for meat; who ever thought of denouncing that Reform, because so many of its converts returned to a deeper, darker degradation?

We may as well admit that the world and the church as well, are a little mixed, and that tares and wheat will grow together. One of the few times we ever heard Henry Ward Beecher preach, he said something like this: "As, in freshets on western rivers, sticks of timber and broken branches are borne down the flood and lodged in the boughs of trees, where they remain for years, lifted far up above the ground, dry and helpless, so, in revival freshets, men are sometimes caught in the boughs of this or that church, and stay merely because they are lodged there; and men passing by afterwards, and seeing dry logs strangely perched in so uncongenial a way, wonder what force of water ever bore such useless stuff so high!"

MAGNIFY THE FARMER'S CALLING.

There is a sort of semi-clerical phrase that one who devotes his life to the noble calling of preaching, ought to "magnify his office." The meaning is that he should so highly esteem it, and so faithfully practice its duties as to make it exert the most controlling influence possible. A half devoted clergyman, who goes about his work as though he owed an apology to all the world for his position will surely not make all the world pay respect to his office, and yield to its proper influence. He needs to be filled with the inbred conviction that his calling is the highest on earth, and its duties the most sacred; then, philosophically speaking, he wants to work so as to impress this conviction upon every one. This is what we understand by magnifying one's office.

Now to our farmer friends, we want to say that this sort of thing would do them good. Too many farmers go about their work as though it were the direct make-shift to keep the wolf from the door, as though there was a simple necessity resting upon them to till the soil that they had somehow inherited in direct line from Adam, that farming would do as a last resort, rather than beg or steal. This sort of feeling makes sorry farming. They speak disrespectfully of their avocation. They talk and act as if they had lost the major part of their self respect by entering the agricultural ranks. They show in every way, that farming is to them a self imposed and unavoidable drudgery. They speak of wishing to enter some other calling as soon as they can escape from the bondage of this. Such lack-heartedness, lack-respectfulness of feeling brings its own reward in a life of slavery. For work that never rises to the delight and naturalness of play is nothing short of slavery. It is hard, wearisome toil, in which there is neither the elasticity that springs from love, nor the pleasure that springs from hope, and what better definition of slavery do you want. Such farming pays no better than it feels. Nothing is done from the love of it, and of course is not done except when it can no longer be neglected. Life on a farm from a sense of duty is not worthy to be called living. Such degrading of one's office is pitiful in the last degree. It consists of hand to mouth living, without the relief that comes from the sense of sacrificing present comfort for future competency. All this is degrading the noblest of pursuits. The farmer ought to look over the list of his predecessors in the work of tilling the soil, from Abel's day to that of the Author of "What I Know About Farming."

What then should be the attitude of the farmer in regard to his work? He should go about it with enthusiasm, not from regretted necessity. He should be convinced that it is the most natural and most independent as well as the oldest of all avocations. He should put himself in harmony with nature, and rejoice in the thought that she is ready to dower him with her richest gifts if he will only know and observe her laws. He needs to keep fully abreast of his work. In farming, neglect at a given time can hardly be atoned for by subsequent industry. He needs to know something of the science of his work, for farming no less than botany is a scientific work. He needs to avail himself of all the advances that are made in his branch of industry. When he is acquainted with all modern improvements, and carries such of them into practice as may best serve him, he adds to the practical knowledge of the farming fraternity. His improvements are of the best, if they are not extensive. His labor is most plentifully rewarded. He is looked up to by his acquaintances as an honored member of society. His family are intelligent. His opinions are sought for. The productions of his farm bring the highest prices. Such a man honors his calling. He convinces his neighbors that farming is not necessarily a drudge's work, with few or no compensations, but a work of dignity and reward. Farming in the light of his attractive home, and productive farm, is a noble profession worthy of the noblest men. Such an one "magnifies" his calling.

FOREIGN VISITORS TO AMERICA.

The visit of the Grand Duke suggests a passing thought upon foreign visitors to this country. First of all was that noble army of martyrs who originally traversed the forests and explored the streams of this unknown world. What vast and varied associations gather around the memories of such names as De Soto and Penn, Lord Baltimore and Hendrick Hudson, Roger Williams and Father Marquette! And then, when the love of adventure and desire of gain had done their work, the magnanimous roll of patriotic volunteers—Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski and their brave comrades—is opened for our gratitude and veneration. When the fight for freedom was consecrated with peace, the champions of science and truth, some driven by persecution and some fired by the ardor of discovery, sought a home or a rest in this new land. Priestly, after the destruction of his laboratory by a Birmingham mob, brought hither the fearless spirit of inquiry and experiment that inspired his ingenious mind; Volney turned his sceptical gaze from the decaying monuments of the Elder World, to primeval nature in the New; Whitefield breathed here the eloquent appeals that had previously kindled the English dissenters; Humboldt came to take the altitude of our mountains; Michaux to wander with delight through our glorious woodlands; Cobbet to publish without restraint his political and economical maxims; Wilson to give names to the feathered tribe; and

Chateaubriand to make the pilgrimage of a poet to the falls of Niagara.

But in these latter days we have had another sort of visitation. Cockney travelers have "done" us to their hearts' content, and gratified their spleen at our rough and simple ways by writing books which we have been fools enough to get mad about. The descendants and representatives of royal houses and grim despots have been feted, and toasted, and run after, and slobbered over, and kissed for their mothers, until the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. Little Tommy, the British Prince and the Grand Duke, what a flutter they have created in our republican bosoms! Girls who could dance with them have well nigh gone beside themselves. Incipient Demosthenes who could address them at the depots, have gone to bed with glory enough for one day. Women have left their children crying at home, and mechanics their labor undone, that they might get a distant glimpse at them, or perchance, touch the hem of their royal garments. To plain people, all this looks a little foolish, but those who ought to know tell us it is not, and we accept their judgment, even if we "can't see it."

Telegraphic Summary.

The State.

The Investigating Committee have reported. The Lawrence Standard is pleased with it. The Tribune is disgusted. The general feeling is, that while great general corruption has been shown, nothing directly implicates Mr. Caldwell sufficiently to call for the action of the United States Senate.

The reform Republicans of Kansas have issued an address signed by Hons. M. J. Parrot, S. J. Riggs, E. G. Ross, N. A. Andrews, and other respectable Republicans, calling for a mass Convention to elect delegates to the Anti-Grant Cincinnati Convention.

In answer to some strictures upon his course by a Leavenworth paper Governor Robinson said: I do not intend to vindicate myself from the insinuations of the Commercial, but I desire to call attention to the fact that a democrat, Mr. Fenlon, moved to insert the name of Mr. Pomeroy into the investigation resolution, and a democratic paper, the Standard, first published the charges of corruption against Mr. Caldwell; also, the editor of the Standard gave Mr. Clarke as the author of the charges published in his paper. I have had as little to do with the whole matter of investigation as possible and discouraged it in its inception, as I believe it was instigated for corrupt purposes.

The time for which our Representatives can draw their per diem having expired, it is supposed the Legislature will expire soon.

Mr. Payne sent a letter to the clerk of the House of Representatives from Mr. Steele, a member last year in reference to the testimony of C. Thomas that he was bought with money to vote for Caldwell last year. He denied this in toto and pronounced the statement false, and that he had demanded of the committee to be recalled if it was true that Mr. Thomas had given such testimony. He denounced Thomas as the tool of Sidney Clarke.

The Country.

Judge Davis accepts the nomination of the Labor Reformers in a letter so brief and neat that we publish it entire: "Be pleased to thank the Convention for the unexpected honor which they have conferred upon me. The Chief Magistracy of the Republic should neither be sought nor declined by an American citizen."

The Commonwealth publishes a letter from Senator Pomeroy to Schofield, a member of the Legislature, saying that he had received no notice of his being in the investigation, and suggesting that a report without the testimony will have but little weight anywhere, but if it was claimed in the report that he was guilty of wrong, he should notice it.

Just before leaving for the East, the Japanese embassy presented to Mayor Medill the handsome sum of \$5,000 for the relief of the poor of Chicago.

Judge Davis, the Labor Reform candidate for President, has kicked over the principal plank of that platform by deciding, in the Supreme Court, that legislatures had not the power to tax corporations where corporations were exempt from taxation by the original contract, on the ground that legislatures could not impose an abrogation of contracts. This bears directly on the question of the taxation of Government bonds.

The House committee on expenditures of the war department has received his testimony of Secretary Belknap, showing that sales of arms to the French were stopped by his orders, in October, 1870, at which time he first discovered that Remington was an agent of the French government.

An interview with ex-Secretary Seward at Auburn, has elicited his opinion on the Washington treaty. He considers that a great omission exists in the present treaty, in that it does not insist upon an apology by England for the Queen's proclamation, but that war with England is impossible and that the time for settlement of the Alabama claims has not yet arrived. The demand for consequential damages is, in his opinion, beneath the dignity of our government.

A Denver dispatch, dated February 29, says: An important change in railroad management took place yesterday. The stockholders of the Denver Pacific road transferred their entire interest to the Kansas Pacific Company.

Foreign.

Cable dispatches say the French bishop secretly encourages the legitimists in their efforts to bring about a restoration of the monarchy. The impression prevails in well informed quarters that the present king of Spain cannot cope with the difficulties by which he is beset, and that a serious crisis in Spanish affairs is imminent.

The London Times discusses the Alabama case and says, England will pay nothing save what she is required to do in obedience to the decision of the Geneva tribunal. She never dreamed of offering any agreement of terms to settle the difficulties outside of the treaty; if the treaty is a failure it is the fault of the American government.

A miscreant the other day fired a pistol shot at Queen Victoria while driving on Constitution Hill, but happily without effect. The would-be assassin was promptly arrested.

A special from Matamoros says it is reported that the revolutionists under General Noeving, have captured San Louis, Potosi.

The thanksgiving services for the restoration of the Prince of Wales, at the English church in Berlin, was attended by Emperor William, members of the royal family and diplomats from abroad.

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Down Talk.

THE REVIVAL.—Last week was devoted mostly to the children. With what results, our readers have already been informed. About four hundred children have professed faith in Christ. This week has been devoted almost entirely to adults and with results fully as great as those of last week. Sunday the 25th, was a day of remarkable power in the morning in the various churches in which the pastors preached, as usual, but especially at night when besides the multitudes to whom Mr. Hammond preached, the 1st Presbyterian church was crowded at the same hour with praying people. In the morning Mr. Hammond preached on the north side in the Pilgrim Congregational church, to give those in that part of the city who could not attend during the week the opportunity of hearing him. The meeting was solemn and powerful. Seventy-five arose for prayer. The preaching service and great union prayer meeting at night were such as never have been held in our city before. Besides these two crowded houses many went away unable to gain admission. Although it threatened rain in the evening people were present from every direction in the country, many coming a long distance. Some were in from Oskaloosa, twenty miles distant, many came from near Tonganoxie, and other towns a distance of twelve miles or more. The Christian people who have been active in the meetings and Mr. Hammond seemed alike to realize the importance of the occasion. He preached with more than usual freedom and power while the great prayer meeting was throughout a scene of intensest interest. Not a moment was wasted. Constant prayer ascended for special blessing upon the preaching of the word. God answered, as the "second meeting," after preaching fully attested. Hundreds desired the conversation and prayers of Christians. At the prayer meeting Monday morning which was one of very marked interest, many spoke of the work of the spirit of God in their heart.

Maj. Redington, formerly paymaster on the Kansas Pacific, confessed that he had held aloof from active participation in the meetings because he was disposed to look with more of criticism than favor upon the work. But he was then fully convinced that it was not excitement but the real presence and power of God in the hearts of the people. He declared himself no longer a doubter, but a hearty believer and co-operator in the work. His words were calm but earnest, and had weight.

At the same meeting Mr. Prentiss the well known local editor of one of the city papers told his experience. It melted every one present to tears. Simply and without any ostentation, he related the incidents in connection with his conversion. He has given up his habits and by God's help was resolved to live for him, and lead his companions to Christ. At the night meeting he came forward on the platform at the request of Mr. Hammond and spoke to the vast audience of the work of God in his heart and of the need of all, especially thoughtless young men turning away from such things as were ruining them, and trusting in Christ. His talk produced a profound impression especially upon his old associates.

Mr. Parnham of the City Marble Works, a man well known and highly respected was a disbeliever in the future life. A very Sadducee, he declared that when a man dies he dies and that is the end of him; that he has no future existence any more than a brute. He was led by listening to Mr. Hammond's preaching and the conversation of other Christians to review his religious, or irreligious, belief. God brought him to see his need of reconciliation with him. He prayed for light, and the true light came to his darkened soul. He has consecrated his life to God and his service.

Mayor Grover whose blameless life has led many of his neighbors even to suppose that he was a church member, arose in the Tuesday morning prayer meeting and said that he believed he was converted three years ago, but that the great hindrance to advancement in his case had been his neglect of openly avowing his faith in Christ. He hoped by thus confessing himself on the Lord's side he should be able to arise one step higher in the divine life. The Mayor's personal influence no less than his position in society gave great weight to his honest words. His example has already had a marked influence upon others whose religious experience has been similar to his. It is hardly necessary to add that he is in hearty sympathy with this marvellous movement in the community.

Mr. Sherborne arose at one of the prayer meetings and asked prayer for himself and wife. The next day he arose again and told in simple language how he had gone to the meetings from simple curiosity; that he didn't believe in the effort made in behalf of the children, considered it all wrong; that on Sunday night last he went to the meeting and had to stand through it all—four hours. Said he, "my religion was self righteousness, I thought I was a good, honest man, and that was enough, but I was led to see my need of Christ." He had always thought his home a happy one, but after his conversion and that of his wife, he conducted family worship, singing, reading in the Bible and praying with his wife for the first time in his life, and that now his home was far happier than ever. His good mother in Boston had prayed for him for twenty-five years that he might realize what he now felt.

Mr. Comfort, a stage actor, was induced to attend the meetings. He became convinced that he was wretched, that he was guilty before God. He broke off with the company; he prayed and God heard his prayers. Mr. Hammond and others talked and prayed with him till he felt that he could say he had one arm around the cross. He had fought against the conviction of guilt that the Holy Spirit had produced upon his mind, but all to no purpose. He had yielded himself to God. He had an idea however that he ought to keep a special engagement he had with the Lawrence Dramatic Association for next Tuesday night. He thought he could go to the theatre and do good by giving them an account of his change of life and heart, in addition to the part he was to take. Mr. Hammond replied by relating an incident in the life of Peter Cartwright. He was invited to a ball, went to it, but said first that he must pray before the dancing began. As a consequence of his praying, the ball was broke up. The next day Mr. Comfort said that he had gone to the manager of the association, told him that he was going to act upon a different stage for the rest of his life and preferred not to play, and he at once excused him.

Mr. George Mull, over fifty years of age, who had led a wicked life in California before coming to Lawrence, and during his residence here had openly scoffed at religion and been known as a "hard man" stood up in one of the prayer meetings and related a very clear and somewhat unusual experience. He exhorted his wicked associates to abandon their ways and seek forgiveness and eternal life. He had "just begun to live" since believing in Christ as his Saviour.

Mr. Hoystadt, a well known lawyer living on the north side, testified in one of the meetings that he had "drained the cup of pleasure to its very dregs." In all his life he had not found anything that could satisfy the inner longings of his soul. He would give all if he could secure what Christians claimed they had. He had some theoretical objections to the doctrines of Christianity which he hoped his friends would pray might be removed. They were the only thing in his way of becoming a Christian.

Mr. Hannum had been on the stage but had not been a

better life, he hoped. He had become interested in religion for the first time within the last few days.

Mr. Love, a well known and highly respected citizen, asked prayers for himself in one of the meetings, and in another soon after testified to the saving power of Christ. He had been asked by some of his associates, "are you a better man than you were before?" We always thought you a very honest, upright man." He told them that he knew he was a better man, and hoped his life would prove it. He asked forgiveness for one act of his life while a citizen of Lawrence. He had voted for liquor licence while a member of the city council. He felt ashamed of it, and hoped God would forgive him.

A very striking case has been that of Mr. Harris, foreman of one of the city dailies. He had formerly been a Christian, had wandered far from God, had become a wicked man, had been led to believe himself a cast away, had said that "Christ could not save him." His new experience is remarkably bright. He spoke at one of the large prayer meetings in most decided terms of the power of faith in Christ.

Messrs. Irwin and Maberry were addicted to open wickedness and God had revealed to them their wickedness. They had returned and dedicated themselves to him.

These are some of the conversions among the adults that have marked the progress of the meeting this week. Many more could be added. If any one has been hitherto ever so much a doubter of the efficacy of prayer, the testimonies that he may have heard during the past seven days ought surely to make him a convert to the doctrine that God hears and answers prayer.

The tide of religious influence in the community seems irresistible. God is in very deed in the midst of the place, and is extending the sway of his power throughout the County and State. In view of the wonderful interest, Mr. Hammond has decided to remain another week.

OUR FRIENDS EXPERIENCE.—A friend of ours living some miles south who owns a splendid horse, and who has, as every such man should have, a nice little wife who wanted some silver "fixens" for her table, concluded to defraud Mr. Chanut out of the amount it would cost to come here behind his iron horse, and started for the journey with a horse of his own. The roads were unusually rough, and our friend being no "slow coach," put his horse through at such a rate that he arrived here in a sadly dilapidated condition. His horse was sick; his buggy in the condition of the "one horse shay," and his wife so badly disgusted that she declared she would go home without making a single purchase. A bottle of colic homeopathy, a paper of condition powders, and a little arnica, all purchased of course at G. W. Yates', where every article is warranted pure, and applied to the horse as Wells knows how to do it better than any other horse man we ever saw, brought the tired nag around all right in a very short time.

A careful examination of the buggy showed that about all that ailed it was that sundry and divers bolts and nuts, made and invented for the purpose of holding the woodwork together had disappeared. We introduced our friend to Warner & Gillett, where he found all the bolts and screws necessary as well fitted to his buggy as they could be got at a buggy manufactory. He declared that the job was better done for \$1.75 than he could have got it done at the shop for \$5.00, and was so grateful that he "pitched in" and bought a curry-comb and brush, jack knife, pocket measure, and we know not what else. It is his opinion that almost anything a gentleman farmer wants can be found at that place.

They stopped of course at the Eldridge House where the living is a no. 1. It was not, we should certainly change our boarding house—and from there it is only a step or two to Rushmer's. Having got himself all right by patronizing Warner & Gillett, and by having his horse cured by Yates—where we forgot to say he also bought a splendid comb and brush for himself, a bottle of his invaluable cure, and a dozen of his yeast powders which make the best bread ever eaten,—he was determined to make his wife satisfied with her journey by a visit to Rushmer's. It was a happy and yet a sorry day for him when he went in there. Rushmer's is one of the places in Lawrence where we always take our friends who come here from the East, in order to show them that as fine goods are sold in Lawrence as anywhere, and as cheap as anywhere. Our lady friend found just exactly the silver service that she wanted, and at a price at which she could not complain. And when, in addition to this, she found herself in possession of a ring for her finger, a silver mug for her baby, a pair of elegant vases for her parlor, and a set of knives and forks for her table, she returned to the hotel satisfied with her journey. The only drawback to it was that our friend spent all his money, but he says that when he has any more to spend, or any friends make inquiry of him in their line, he shall not fail to speak in the highest terms of Rushmer as a jeweler, Yates as a druggist, and Warner & Gillett as princes in the hardware line. This little story has a moral which any one may find out by studying it, and if not, he certainly can by calling at either of the places of business above mentioned.

SORE HEAD.—A correspondent of the Topeka Commonwealth who appropriately signs himself "Sore Head" speaks of "such purifiers as Kallach, Anthony, John Speer, Babcock, and the whole herd of officeholders in Kansas." "Sore Head" knows that at least three of these named gentlemen have had no office under Grant's administration, and if he replies that they are office-seekers, what difference is there between them and him? If we mistake not, he was hard after an office about the time of late "corrupt" senatorial contest.

THE OTTAWA JOURNAL.—The many old friends of the Journal will be glad to see the name of Warren Anderson, in connection with that of Mr. Snow, announced as its publishers. The Journal has become one of our Kansas institutions that it would be a general calamity to see receive detriment, and under its present proprietorship, we see no good reason why it should. The people of Ottawa and Franklin County can hardly fail to appreciate and support a paper to which it has been so greatly indebted, and which still promises to be of so much material advantage to it, as the Journal.

THE STANDARD.—Among the most welcome of our exchanges is the Chicago Standard. It is a religious paper, and the organ, in the northwest especially, of the Baptist denomination. But it is by no means a narrow or bigoted concern. It is up with the times, and full of the spirit of western enterprise and progress. It devotes special attention to items of interest for its readers from Kansas. The denomination which it more immediately represents, as well as citizens generally interested in the growth and best development of our State, are under many obligations to the Standard.

KANSAS SPIRIT.—Another new paper!—My * * * but Kansas does beat all for newspapers. These are the exclamations we make every week now, for about every week brings to life another paper, and sometimes two or three, in Kansas. THE KANSAS SPIRIT is published at Lawrence, on book paper, is of good size, eight pages, and will, we think, prove a loss to the publisher, Mr. Kallach, at \$2 a year. It is too good a paper for that price. It is devoted to home and husbandry—to all that is embraced in these words, which is much. THE SPIRIT is worthy of a place at every Kansas fireside.—Troy Republican.

MR. HAMMOND'S BOOKS.—It would no doubt be gratifying to many of our readers to know something of the character and origin of Mr. Hammond's books. We therefore shall endeavor to give a brief review of some of them.

"The Harvest Work of the Holy Spirit" is a 12 mo. book of 350 pages, compiled by the Rev. P. C. Headley. It is in fact a biography of Mr. Hammond, especially dwelling upon the history of his remarkable labors in Great Britain and Europe. All those who have taken an active part in the meetings in this city, would be particularly interested in this work. It contains a short hand report of some of his best sermons. It has had a large circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, and has been the means of the commencement of revivals in numerous places where Mr. Hammond has never been.

"Children and Jesus; or Stories to Children about Jesus." Many thousand copies of this book of 144 pages have been sold, both in this country and Great Britain, where it has been reprinted from the American edition. It has been much owned of God in the conversion of children. If those who are in the habit of addressing children, without having witnessed conversions, would carefully study this book, from beginning to end, and notice how, after the children are interested, Christ is lifted up, they might learn to be as successful in winning souls to Jesus as has been the author of this book. The last chapter is for little Christians. Mr. Spurgeon, in a review of "Children and Jesus," in the *Sword and Trowel*, says: "It is a capital book for young people. Mr. Hammond is, among the juveniles, a master in Israel, and knows well how to attract the little ones to him, that he may point them to the children's Friend."

"Jesus' Lambs; or Stories for Children." This teaches the little ones how to find Jesus. This little book will be eagerly read by almost any child into whose hands it may fall. It is full of stories, all clustering round some great truth, made simple to the very youngest mind. By way of illustration, the author occasionally refers to interesting cases of children who have been hopefully led to the Saviour in his meetings. Parents and Sunday-school teachers should get the book for their scholars, and pray that the Holy Spirit may use it in teaching them the way of salvation. At a public meeting in London, one of the Professors from Mr. Spurgeon's College stated that, though he had often addressed children, he had never seen any special blessing upon his efforts till he studied "Jesus' Lambs." It has had a very extensive sale in England. "Jesus and the Little Ones." There are twelve sketches or narratives illustrating Gospel truth in this volume. It is an excellent book to attract the young to Jesus, and to teach them how to serve him.

"Hammond's Picture Tracts; Package I." Thirteen tracts of 8 pages each, with illustrations. Contents:—1. "Down on my knees I gave my heart to Christ." 2. How to find Jesus. 3. The Three Thoughtless Girls. 4. The Happy Little Ones. 5. "I am Ready! I am Coming!" 6. Children's Tears. 7. "Do You Love Jesus?" 8. Boys' Letters. 9. "I've Done It! I've Done It!" 10. "I Pray that I may find Jesus." 11. Praying Children and Infidel Fathers. 12. The Bible. 13. "I am Ready! I am Coming!"

"Hammond's Picture Tracts; Package II." Twelve tracts of 12 pages each, with illustrations. Contents:—1. The Dog in the Steel Trap. 2. The Scornful Boy. 3. "I Love to Pray." 4. Four Happy Children. 5. The Sailor Boy of Havre. 6. Darkness made Light. 7. "It was with Shame I answered, No." 8. The Mock Prayer-meeting. 9. "Jesus was Waiting for Me." 10. How to be Happy. 11. The Persecuted Bible Readers. 12. What Little Christians can do for Jesus.

These tracts have been widely circulated in this country and in England. They are full of the Gospel, and contain many interesting facts, showing how children have been led to believe in Christ.

"The Better Life, and How to Find It," is a book not for children, but for "Young Men and Women," and one which Mr. Hammond has evidently prepared with much care. It is written in an attractive manner, so as to interest those who have before "cared for none of these things." But when once the reader becomes awakened to consider his eternal interests, the author then reveals to him his need of pardon and exhibits Christ as the one who alone can pardon.

"Gathered Lambs," is the name of one of Mr. Hammond's recent books for children and youth, published by the Western Tract and Book Society, Cincinnati. The same society publishes six little books in packages of twelve, which Mr. Hammond has written especially for children led to Christ in his meetings. Surely, by some means every child that has professed conversion ought to own one, at least, of the numerous books which Mr. Hammond has written for the strengthening of children's faith.

But the book which is of the most general interest is his "Sketches of Palestine," in blank verse, with an introduction by the Rev. Robert Knox, of Belfast. He says truly, that "there are few subjects on which we have such a plethora of literature as Palestine, and yet this volume will be found fresh and striking, and to possess features of interest and excellence entirely its own. The gifted author has put his observations and reflections into verse, and the appreciative reader will not fall very often to realize that he is in the presence of a man of power." It was written amid the very scenes described, some of it while travelling on horseback from place to place in the Holy Land, and some of it early in the morning, as he awoke to review the incidents and scenes of the preceding day. At first it was not designed for the eyes of any but Mrs. Hammond and a very few intimate friends. At last she sent it in manuscript to her father, a gentleman of critical culture, who said that he had not read a book for five years that had interested him so much, and he believed it would do much good. A clergyman in Kansas City, who has read all the literature on Palestine, said to Mrs. Hammond that it brought the scenes of the Land of lands more vividly before his mind than all else that he had read on the subject. It contains steel engravings of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond.

We have had three numbers of Mr. Kallach's paper, the first one coming in our absence and hence overlooked. It is handsomely printed, and Mr. K. seems to throw his ability into its conduct, and of course it fails not to be a journal of interest and enterprise. It occupies a field of somewhat its own in Kansas Journalism, and will doubtless succeed. The editor is a man of great intellectual vigor and makes his mark in any thing he attempts.—Oskaloosa Independent.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—The Solomon City Times says that Rev. A. Hitchcock, who has been officiating in the Baptist church for some time past, retires from the ministry. He intends to take a Government claim and to devote the remainder of his years to agricultural pursuits, and to making a permanent home for his family.

PERSONAL.—Among the welcome callers at the SPIRIT'S sanctum this week, has been the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Topeka. Mr. Mitchell is one of the foremost Methodist clergymen of the State, and his influence has been widely felt in the denomination of which he is so able a representative.

We were pleased to meet, last Tuesday, Col. Chanute and Maj. Peck, two prominent pillars of the L. L. & G. Company. They were on their way south, and carried with them good cheer to the employees of the road, in the shape of greenbacks.—New Chicago Transcript.

GOOD WORDS.—The Peoria, Ill., Review, has a Lawrence correspondent who wields a vigorous pen, and writes notes of interest about our affairs. He has our thanks for this allusion to our enterprise: "THE KANSAS SPIRIT, a new weekly paper, published by I. S. Kallach, made its first appearance on Saturday last. It is a perfect little beauty, in quarto form, and is edited with much ability. We predict that it will take its place at the start, as the leading weekly of Kansas."

OUR PROSPECTUS.—Bro. Mead says we got out our prospectus so long ago that he had forgotten all about it. Sorry his memory is so short. It is probable however that this is not the trouble. He has so much on his mind in getting out such a lively concern as the Herald, that minor matters are likely to slip out of it. We shall try to see that he does not forget us hereafter.

What We Know About It.

A lady subscriber wants to know if the coloring so extensively used in butter manufacture, is injurious.

We do not know whether it is or not. But we prefer no "coloring" in ours, unless it is the natural color that Jersey milk gives it. There is no need of any other coloring than this.

S. C. H., a poor laboring man, who has been trying to save money enough for several years to come "out West," and has only succeeded in getting enough to come with, wants to know what he can do, and how he can get along, if he comes here in that shape.

We answer, that depends entirely on the man, as well as the woman. As a rule, we do not advise very poor people to come here. Like most other countries, we are blessed with a large number of that class already. Wages are no higher here than "down east." And a good many things that a good many folks want are higher here than there. Still it remains that a great many have come here absolutely poor, and done well. A correspondent of the Emporia News, writing about "the residents of Four Mile Creek," speaks of "the farm of John Andrews, who came to Kansas in 1857, with but a bare fifty cents in the world, and went to work with a willing hand and an honest heart, and is to-day the possessor of a good farm of 100 acres, which is mostly all under cultivation. John is a fine little man, and has got a fine little bunch of cattle and horse flesh enough to run his farm, and he has fruit trees growing to some extent. John raised plenty of garden truck last season, and has a good wife to cook it."

A subscriber in Topeka, who is interested in stock matters, writes us: "I am glad to see your paper taking so much interest in stock subjects. I fully agree with you that Kansas is the Stock State. In fact, we are about shut up to this. But when is our stock going to be of value to us? After we get the best there is, our neighbors will send thousands of miles away, and pay as much again as we ask, for what is at least no better. It seems to me that there is but little encouragement to invest in good stock, and pay great attention to keeping it pure, unless purchasers will pay some attention to us."

We sympathize with our friend. We know how it is ourselves. Distance lends enchantment. But we must have patience. We are young, and have got our future to make. The reputation which Kentucky has got for fine stock was not secured in a day. But having secured it, what a splendid capital it is! We know that we have pure blooded and fine pigs for sale as there are in America. We know that we will sell them much less than they can be purchased elsewhere. And we see men every day sending far away and paying more for stock that is not likely to be as good. And this is a trial of our faith and patience. But we can't help it. And what can't be cured must be endured. We sold Isaac Eaton, the other day, a boar pig sired by a boar for which E. A. Smith, Esq., paid \$100 when it was a pig in Wisconsin, and from a sow for which he paid the same money. The grand sire of the pig sold Mr. Eaton cost \$1000. There is no better blood in any pig. And yet it cost Mr. E. only \$15.00. And we have plenty more of the same sort. Our friend, John C. Richmond, of Thayer—famously known once in Ottawa as "the noble Richmond"—has purchased a sow of us for which we gave \$100, and a pair of pigs, the superior of which, for blood and beauty, cannot be found anywhere, for a price that ought to enable him to furnish his neighbors with the best stock at reasonable rates. But if we keep the standard high, and sell only the best stock, it will advertise itself, and the time will come when purchasers will not go to Canada or Kentucky to get the stock they want.

"Schoolboy" says that he expects THE SPIRIT to be a sort of standard of style, and notices that we sometimes spell "traveller" with one l, and sometimes with two, and sometimes spell "centre" as in his opinion it should be spelled, and sometimes "center," as, in his opinion, it should not be spelled. This inquisitive "schoolboy" also wants to know what is our standard dictionary on the spelling and pronunciation question.

The last part of his inquiry touches the root of the difficulty in our case. We have too much dictionary. Webster and Worcester are always on our table. And then there are a few others which we sometimes consult when dissatisfied with them. This may account for our sometimes following one and sometimes the other. Worcester spells traveller with two ls—the preferable way, perhaps—Webster with one. Webster spells centre both ways, but favors "center." Worcester writes it the old, and, as we think, the better way, "centre." We shall try to keep THE SPIRIT straight hereafter. As to pronunciation, we have never forgotten a rule given by Professor Anderson—now the distinguished President of Rochester University—who was a beloved teacher of ours in Waterville College. If Webster and Worcester disagree on the pronunciation of a word, take your choice; if your pronunciation agrees with neither of them, change it; if they both agree on a pronunciation, follow it against the world. "Schoolboy" cannot pay too much attention to this important and delightful branch of education. We shall be glad to answer any of his questions, through these columns, as far as we are able. But we hope he will live long enough to know that any child can ask questions that it would puzzle a wise man to answer.

We have upon our table a number of letters asking us upon what terms we will deliver a lecture in certain places. We mail a copy of this paper to all these friends, with this answer: We will deliver our newly prepared lecture on "The Moral Responsibility of the Press" free, anywhere that the lecture committee, or influential gentlemen of the place, will aid us in getting a club of subscribers to THE SPIRIT. We desire to canvass the State pretty thoroughly in person during the year, for this object, and if the delivery of a lecture will aid our object—as well as be a matter of some interest to communities—we shall be most happy to receive and accept invitations. But a suggestion to Associations. As the lecture will be free, make the admission ditto, or so nearly that as to insure an audience. Money is scarce, and our people are not much trained in the lecture-going line. If the object is a charitable one we would as soon risk a free admission with a contribution at the close, as a high price of admission, with the scattering effect it unfortunately produces on the size of audiences.

The Story Teller.

ON THE VERDIGREE.

Those were lively times on the Verdigrée. The redskins had sent us their ultimatum. There sat their envoy extraordinary, half naked, on his mangy steed, armed and equipped for war, and erect and imperturbable as Bismarck. The noonday breeze just moved his trailing scalp-lock, else he might have passed for a painted statue. Herndon sat on a hewn slab of oak, beating the "long roll" with the fragments of a broken ramrod, and laughingly commanded us to fall into line. But we had no trifling matter before us.

Early that morning, we had spurred our ponies through the crystal tide of the Verdigrée, clambered up the western bank, and after exploring one of the loveliest valleys that ever charmed the eye of man, had each selected a prolific tract of land, and determined to settle there for life. The forenoon had been passed in cutting timber for our cabins. But the jealous Osages had resented our summary proceedings, and had despatched us a peremptory summons to retire across the river, or pay the penalty of non-compliance with our lives.

"Won't you just be kind enough to ride out to that there mound there?" said Ben, the black-moustached Missourian, to the vermilion-daubed savage, who partially understood English. "We want to talk this here thing over a little." And he pointed to a spot about thirty yards distant, as though he expected his request to be immediately obeyed. Wheeling his charger gracefully, the Indian acceded without a word.

Our whole civil and military force had been mustered for the occasion. There were six of us; we were all young and vigorous; every man had "seen service," and that of the roughest kind. We held an impromptu council of war.

"What do you think we'd better do, boys?" inquired Ben, nonchalantly.

A silence ensued; each waited for the other to speak first. At last Texican ventured to express an opinion. What his true name was, I never learned. From "Texan," the frontier lingo had metamorphosed his title into "Texican," and by that anomalous sobriquet we knew, respected and called him.

"I'm in for a fight, boys," said he. "This here land can't be beat nowhere. It's A, Number One. And they ain't got any better right to it than we have; and besides that, they ain't give us a decent invitation to leave. It wouldn't look well for us to travel off on terms like these." And with a grating oath, he swore he'd die in his boots before he'd get out of the way of a set of greasy Osages. He shot 'em, anyhow, every chance he got. Three seasons preceding, the Comanches had scalped his father on the "old Texas line," and branded his sister with a war-club. We expected him to talk in just this style.

"You just settle the matter for yourselves, boys, whatever it's to be," interposed the Missourian, yawning, as though nothing more than an everyday dilemma—a mere deal in "poker"—was to be decided.

I thought it prudent to dodge the responsibility, and follow his example.

"It's all very well to talk about fighting it out," remarked Colton; "and it's likely that we've got as much sand in our craws as any of 'em, but what can a set of us do against three or four hundred? I don't like the way they talk, myself; but the game is all in their own hands, and they know it. I had all the fighting I wanted in the war, shooting you Texas fellows, and don't want any more of it, if I can help it. We might throw our logs together, and hold our own till morning, but it would turn out an ugly scrape before we got through with it. We haven't got a drop of water, and we'd soon run out of provisions, and they'd dance over our bones in forty-eight hours. If the rest of you want to fight, why, fight it; but I think we'd better go a little slow."

He was a young, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Minnesotan, and the border ruffians gave him credit for being "as cool as a wedge, and sharper than steel."

"I'll tell you what I'm in for," said "Indiana." We generally went by the names of our native States. "We're all old vets in this military business, and we want to use a little strategy with the vagabonds. They've insulted us, and for one I don't feel like falling back without burning powder. But it's just as Minnesota says. We can't fight 'em all to any purpose. But we may beat 'em after all. Now, I move that we'll pick our man, and they'll pick theirs, and let the two shoot it out. If their man wins, we'll evacuate; if ours wins, we'll stay."

This novel proposition suited every one. Herndon amended it by suggesting that we should cast lots for the championship, and that the fight should take place with rifles at twenty paces. This was declared to be "getting the thing into shape," and we all cordially agreed to it. Ben arose, and motioned importantly to the envoy. That nude personage gravely rode up, received our reply with stolid decorum, and was out of sight in a minute.

"We'd better load up in the meantime, boys," remarked Indiana; "for if it do n't suit 'em, they'll be after us in short order."

The idea was voted "not bad," and we not only charged our rifles and revolvers, but flung our logs together in such a manner as to form a very efficient defence, if required. Herndon then kindled a fire, procured water, and commenced cooking dinner. In about twenty minutes the envoy returned. Our proposition had met with great favor, he briefly informed us, but would not be accepted unless the distance was shortened to ten paces. He also stated that the contest would be expected to continue until one of the principals was killed, and that knives or tomahawks must be allowed to be used after the discharge of the rifles.

"That's pretty close quarters, boys," commented Ben. "I got a slug once on just such a time-table. But I guess it's all right, though. They know they can't shoot with us. Let's give the poor devils a chance."

To this we all assented. For the tomahawk provision, we cared nothing; we knew the first shot would settle the matter, one way or the other. The messenger then went on to say that the warriors of the tribe would be assembled to meet us in one hour, at the crest of a lofty eminence, which he pointed out to us, about half a mile distant—we to be punctually on hand; and he galloped off again.

Next came the task of casting lots for the post of peril. We began to realize that blood was to be shed. It was a solemn moment, for no one could predict the result of the encounter. Indiana tore up one of his mother's letters, and plainly writing each man's name upon one of the slips, placed them all in a hat together. Texican was then blindfolded, and deputed to draw for us; whoever's name

was on the slip he picked out, was to be our champion. He drew his own.

"It's all right, boys," said he, when the result was ascertained. "You couldn't please me better." Further than this he said nothing.

Then ensued a long and awkward silence, for we all had our misgivings. When our dinner was ready, we dispatched it quickly, smoked a few moments without conversation, and then reticently mounted our ponies.

On arriving at the designated battle-ground, we found several hundred Osages awaiting us, all armed and painted, and most of them entirely naked, with the exception of breech-clouts. Two lances were stuck into the turf about ten paces apart—these indicated the positions of the combatants. We were received with neither friendly nor hostile demonstrations. As soon as we dismounted, Texican, rifle in hand, walked calmly forward to the nearest lance, and halted. In a few moments a tall young brave stepped out of the crowd, and stalked proudly up to the other. I was appointed to give the necessary signals. In order to disturb their accuracy of aim as little as possible, I was requested to stand half way between them, and two paces back from the line of fire. There was no danger of being hit by such marksmen as they were. In my right hand I held a lance, from the point of which dangled a red flannel streamer; when I raised it, they were to aim; and when I lowered it, they were to fire.

And then we waited for Red Cloud, the chief of the tribe. It was an impressive scene. Texican leaned his shaggy chin upon his hands, on the muzzle of his long rifle, and with a gleam of malicious triumph, glared fiercely across at his foe. He was reckless of his own life, and felt sure of his prey, for his aim was death. The young Indian seemed to read his thoughts; but standing erect, with a graceful and careless indifference, gazed dreamily off to the southward, where the long blue lines of timber were lost in the misty beauty of the horizon. His eye soon softened with a tinge of pensive sadness. Was he thinking of the happy hunting-grounds? The other four members of our party stood in a cluster a little to the left of Texican, and narrowly watched all that transpired, for the American savage is proverbially treacherous.

Presently, Red Cloud emerged from a rude lodge near by, and clad in a long robe of furs, moved with stately presence to the front line of his people. With a dignified wave of his hand, he signified his pleasure that the tragedy should begin. Each principal recalled his thoughts, examined the tube of his rifle, and nodded to me. I raised the lance—they sternly took aim. I lowered the lance quickly, and two sharp reports instantaneously followed. The young warrior sprang wildly into the air, flung his weapon fully twenty feet away, and dropped dead at his post. The bullet had crashed through his brain. Texican thudded the butt of his rifle on the ground, and gave vent to a hoarse, mocking, and half demoniac cry of triumph and revenge; then he tried to steady himself with his weapon, but staggered helplessly backward. Herndon and Indiana ran up, and caught him in their arms. His red shirt rapidly deepened in hue, and a dreadful alarm seized us. Still, he laughed hoarsely, and tried to point to the motionless corpse of his adversary. We hurriedly gathered around him, and tenderly as children laid him down upon the soft green grass. Tearing open his shirt, we found a bright scarlet spot on his left breast, close to his heart. None of us were versed in surgery; we could not state in scientific terms just what particular veins and ligaments had been severed; but we knew by the location of the wound, and by his parched lips and pallid countenance, that death was upon him.

"It's all day with me, boys," he faintly said, for he was growing much weaker every moment; "but I've paid 'em handsomely for it. Give my rifle to Colton—I always liked him."

We bent over the poor fellow with words of sympathy for his pain, and praise for his valor, and our enemies might have shot us all down without our knowing it. But it was of no use. His breath quickly came and went. "Water," at length he groaned. We had none, and there was not a brook within half a mile. An Indian girl comprehended our want, ran to the lodge, and in a moment returned with a skinful. We placed the cooling fluid to his burning lips, and he took a long draught, but it choked him, and he vomited up a handful of bright crimson blood. We had seen too many men perish not to know by this that the lead had penetrated his vitals. He was bleeding internally. As soon as he could clear his throat to speak, he said feebly, and almost breathlessly: "Don't you try to revenge me, boys. Honor bright. They've done the fair thing with us, and you act the man with them. You're to cross the river, and I'll—Don't forget the Texican." The last of these words were rendered almost unintelligible by the blood that gurgled up into his throat. A film seemed to gather over his eyes. "Where are my friends? Don't leave me to die alone, boys," he moaned with a great effort, clutching blindly at us.

"We're with you to the last, old friend," answered Colton, grasping his right hand. I caught the other. We may have been a faint-hearted lot, but there was not an undimmed eye among us. Soon he groaned almost inaudibly, a shudder passed over him, and he was dead.

Even the stony-hearted barbarians seemed touched by the distressful incidents of this sanguinary affair. Few of them could speak even broken English, but such as could advanced toward us, and by the aid of signs, endeavored to inform us that their champion had expected to die, and they urged that it would be fitting to entomb two such brave men together. We received their strangely chivalrous proposal with a magnanimity equal to their own. With spears and tomahawks they excavated a grave; and wrapping the combatants in the rich furs of the chieftain, we laid them down to rest side by side—friend and foe alike lamented. Then heaping a great pile of stones above them, to baffle the efforts of prowling wolves, we fired a volley in the air, and with aching hearts departed. And there they slumber still. One died for his friends, and the other for the honor of his tribe. The wistful summer winds sigh a sad requiem above the spot of their long repose, the wild flowers blossom in vernal profusion around it, and the showers of heaven impartially descend upon the soft verdure that enshrines it.

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PROF. JAMES JOHNSON, 111

DIVINE COMPASSION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Long since, a dream of Heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft,
But hearing still in middle-song
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shuddering, with hid face, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harp sinks to low lament;
Before the still unlifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air
With breathings of unselfish prayer;
And a Voice saith: "O pity which is pain,
A love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain!"

"Shall souls, by me redeemed, refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace, with selfish unconcern?
Has sauntering ease no pitying care?
Has faith no work, and love no prayer,
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell?
Can Heaven itself be Heaven, and look unmoved on hell?"

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,
A wind of Heaven blows coldly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star-crowned, an angel walks, and lo! God's hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air?
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer?
My God! my God! if thither led
By Thy free grace, unmerited,
No crown or palm be mine; but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can weep!

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

BY JAMES PARTON.

On a fine Sunday morning in October, 1723, Deborah Read, a beautiful and blooming lass of eighteen, stood at the door of her father's house in Market street Philadelphia.

The city was forty-three years of age, and it contained a population of seven thousand. Many trees of the original forest still stood upon its site; the houses were built some distance apart, with gardens between them, and as yet the streets were unpaved. It was a large, tranquil Quaker village, surrounded by a primeval wilderness, with groups of Indians frequently to be seen in the streets, and such game as wolves, bears, wild turkeys and deer to be shot within four miles of the town.

As the young lady stood at the door of her home—it was about church time in the morning—she saw among the crowd of church-going people a strange figure, that both amused and surprised her. It was a stout lad of seventeen, not ill-looking, but dressed in the very extreme of shabbiness. He wore the working-clothes of an ordinary apprentice, and these, by exposure to rain and wear and tear of travel, had become dirty and discolored. The pockets of his coat were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and under each arm he had a large roll, while he was eating a third. She gazed at him as long as she could see him, wondering and laughing at his ridiculous appearance. If she had any thoughts upon the subject, she probably set him down as a runaway apprentice, for such indeed he was, one Benjamin Franklin, who had made his way from Boston by stoop, by barge, and on foot, to escape the tyranny of his brother, to whom he had been apprenticed.

A few days passed. Miss Read learned from her father that a young man was coming to board with them, a printer, who worked in one of the two printing houses of the town. What was her surprise when the young man arrived nicely dressed, with clean linen, and very neat in his person, to recognize the forlorn and shabby youth who had caught her eye on that Sunday morning. His chest had arrived by sea, and thus he was able to present himself at his new abode in a becoming costume. The young man proved highly agreeable to the family. He was full of intelligence, amiability and good humor—one of those young fellows who make friends wherever they go, because they are themselves obliging and friendly.

A year glided rapidly by, during which the father of the young lady died, and was buried in Christ Church burying ground, Philadelphia, where his grave-stone may be still seen and read. His wife, a vigorous and prudent woman, carried on the house as usual, so that it still furnished a home to the young printer. His fortunes had brightened during the year. The governor of the province, who had accidentally become acquainted with his talents, proposed to set him up in business as a printer, and was going to send him to London to buy types, a printing press, and whatever is necessary for the business of a printer. With this prospect before him, the young man was emboldened to speak to Mrs. Read on a momentous subject. He had fallen in love with her beautiful daughter. He told her this mighty secret, and of his intended voyage to London, and the governor's project of establishing him in business. Finally, he asked her daughter's hand in marriage.

Mrs. Read was far from disapproving the match, but, like a prudent mother as she was, she called the young man's attention to the fact that neither he nor her daughter were yet nineteen, and that it would be most unwise for them to marry just as he was going upon a long voyage, and about to engage in a new business which might not prove profitable. How much better to wait until he was safe at home again, and the business was well established. There was no denying this, and he was obliged to submit. Having thus arranged the matter with the mother, he spoke to the daughter, who confessed with her tongue what her eyes had often vowed, that she loved him; and she promised to marry him on his return.

He set sail, and reached London in due time. There he discovered that the governor had deceived and wronged him most cruelly. Instead of letters of credit he had given him mere letters of introduction, which were absolutely worthless. The consequence was that this young printer of nineteen found himself in London with ten pounds in his pocket and not a friend in Europe who could be of the slightest help to him. To complete his misfortunes one of his Philadelphia friends, who had crossed the Atlantic with him, and had come to London

expecting to live by literature, could obtain no employment, and had no resource but Franklin's purse. The printer was not long in getting work at his trade; but as there are two to be supported, the ten pounds rapidly melted away, and Franklin saw no prospect even of his being able to get back to Philadelphia at all, still less of appearing there as a master printer.

In these circumstances he should have written to Miss Read a plain statement of the case, and asked her to wait for him, or released her from the engagement. Either he had not the courage to do this, or else, absorbed by the wonders and pleasures of the town, he had become indifferent to her. He merely wrote her a short note, announcing his safe arrival in London, and telling her he was not likely to return soon. This was one of the great errors of his life, which, he said, he could wish to correct if he were to live it over again.

Month after month passed, and Deborah Read anxious and forlorn, heard no more from her faithless lover. A new suitor presented himself, Rogers by name, who carried on the trade of potter. He was an excellent hand at the business, and for this reason Mrs. Read favored the suit. Other relations urged her to marry him, and at last she gave her consent, and the marriage was celebrated. Soon the dreadful rumor was noised abroad in Philadelphia that Rogers the potter had another wife! Such strong reasons appeared crediting this report, that Deborah Read, who had lived unhappily with him, returned to her mother and resumed her maiden name, a sorrowful and hopeless woman. Her most sanguine friends could not have foreseen for her a happy and honorable future. Soon after, Rogers, who owed money in all directions, fled from his creditors to the West Indies, whence came soon after a report of his death.

Franklin remained in London for about two years, at the end of which he returned as clerk to a Philadelphia merchant, whom he had met by chance in London. Upon his arrival he renewed the intimacy with Mrs. Read, and her daughter, and doubtless explained his inconstancy as best he could. He lamented Deborah Read's unhappy condition; and, however he may have excused his behavior, he felt that she owed the ruin of her life to his own "giddiness and inconstancy." The mother, however, insisted that it was she who was most in fault, because she had urged on the unhappy marriage, even against her daughter's inclination. She still consulted Franklin about her affairs, and they were all excellent friends.

And so passed three or four years, during which Franklin, through his own industry and good conduct, became a master printer and proprietor of a newspaper, with the prospect of founding an extensive business. Needing capital, he tried to increase his store by marriage, and when that scheme failed, he turned his thoughts to his first love, poor Deborah Read. Her runaway potter was probably dead, but he might not be; and she seemed forever cut off from marriage by the fact that her second husband would be responsible for the debts of her first. Such was the law of the period.

Franklin, pitying her forlorn condition, always reproached himself as the cause of her woe, and was less fond of her than before, at last proposed that they should risk a marriage. Nor was this match so unequal as it seemed, for, bachelor as he was, he had a son a few months old upon his hands, which was a set-off against the chances of Rogers re-appearing. In 1730, seven years after Miss Read had seen Franklin walking up Market street, eating his last meal, they were married. Rogers, as it turned out, was really dead; nor did any of his creditors apply to Franklin for payment. The child was taken home and reared as though it had been born to them in wedlock. He was well educated and afterwards became Governor of New Jersey.

The marriage was eminently successful in every respect. One of Franklin's maxims in Poor Richard's Almanac was this: "A man must ask his wife to thrive." Nothing more true. In vain shall a young man, without capital, toil and deny himself, if he has a wife who squanders his gains, and takes no interest in his career. Mrs. Franklin was one of the most industrious, careful and friendly of women. Besides attending to her husband's little shop, she bought rags, stitched pamphlets, folded newspapers, tenderly nurtured his child, and kept her husband from being extravagant. He was by no means of an economical disposition. He was generous to a fault, and, I am sure, was much indebted to his wife for the rapidity with which he made his fortune. In the early years of their married life he could sometimes boast—and he did boast of it—that he was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had first woven and then made.

It seems, however, that she was not averse to a reasonable degree of comfort and display. Franklin narrates that for a long time after his marriage he had nothing for breakfast but bread and milk, and he used to eat it out of a two penny earthen bowl with a pewter spoon.

"But," he continued, "mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings; for which she had no other excuse to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

We have another pleasing glimpse of Mrs. Franklin in the early years of her married life, in an advertisement published in Franklin's paper, the Philadelphia Gazette. Franklin advertised everything, and this is one of his attempts in that way:

"Taken out of a pew in the church some months since, a common prayer book, bound in red gilt, and letters D. F. (Deborah Franklin) on each cover. The person who took it is desired to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken."

The first great sorrow of her married life was the death of their first child, a most beautiful and intelligent boy, four years of age. So engaging was he, and so rooted in the hearts of his parents, that Franklin declared, thirty-six years after, he could never think of him even then without a sigh. When the reader visits the grave of Franklin in Christ Church burying ground, Philadelphia, he will observe near it a little stone, not two feet high, which Franklin placed over the grave of this boy. He added to the usual inscription these words: "The delight of all who knew him." Their only other child, Sarah, grew to womanhood, inheriting and transmitting her mother's beauty.

During the first fifteen years of their married life, Franklin spent the most of his time in England, as agent for the colonies. Such was her dread of the ocean that she never could be persuaded to accompany him or visit him. During his absence she took

care of all his affairs, better, in some respects, than he could have done himself.

By almost every ship, she sent him American nuts, apples, and other products, and he sent her in return all sorts of rare and beautiful things in fabric and household furniture, such as sets of china, articles of silver ware, table cloths, tea trays, blankets, silk for dresses, and any curious household implement which he thought might be useful. On one occasion he sent her a large, handsome beer jug.

"I fell in love with it," he told her, "at first sight, for I thought it looked like a fat jolly dame; clean and tidy, with a neat blue and calico gown on, good-natured and lovely, and put me in mind of—somebody."

To make the jug more welcome, he filled it with pretty little coffee cups, packed in salt.

During the Stamp Act troubles of 1765, when the false report reached Philadelphia that her husband had favored the odious measures, the mob threatened to sack his house. On this occasion she proved herself worthy to be the wife of Pennsylvania's representative. Governor Franklin entreated her to take refuge in his own house at Burlington, and all her friends urged her to go.

For nine days, she says, people kept persuading her to leave her house. At length she let her daughter go to Burlington; but for herself, she would not budge.

"I am very sure," said she, "that my husband has done nothing to hurt anybody, nor have I given offence to any person at all, nor will I be made uneasy by anybody. I will not stir, nor show the least uneasiness. But if anybody comes to disturb me, I will show a proper resentment."

And, indeed, she armed and fortified her house, stationing her brother and cousin below with guns and ammunition, and mounting guard upstairs herself, prepared to defend her abode. The storm blew over, and very soon the truth respecting her husband's conduct was known.

For forty-four years Benjamin Franklin and Deborah Read were united in marriage.

She lived to see her husband the most honored of Americans on both continents, and she lived also to see her daughter suitably married to a merchant of Philadelphia, Richard Bache. Her last years were greatly cheered by her beautiful grand-children.

She had the happiness of escaping the anxieties and terrors of the Revolutionary War. She died in December, 1774, with only one regret, that she could not live to see her husband once again. Indeed, she had been for ten years longing and pining for his return; but the pressing business of the colonies still detained him, and she died at last when he was making his preparations for his homeward voyage. Her body was borne to the grave by some of Franklin's oldest friends, men who had known them when forty-four years before she had begun housekeeping, and all their breakfasts at the same table.

There were scarcely any women at that period who were well educated, and the letters of Mrs. Franklin show that she was not gifted in the use of the pen.

She was a faithful and affectionate wife, a friend and help-mate to her husband, who was enabled to devote himself to the public service because he had at home a wife competent and willing to take charge of his affairs in his absence.

"GOULD CLAY"

AND

"LEOPOLD."

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

"GOULD CLAY," - - - - - \$25.00

"LEOPOLD," - - - - - \$15.00

"GOULD CLAY'S" PEDIGREE.

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

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

"LEOPOLD'S" PEDIGREE.

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

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

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

100 BERKSHIRE & ESSEX PIGS.

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

WARRANTED PURE, FOR \$25.00 THE PAIR.

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

Also, a few Suffolk. Address the EDITOR OF THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

WIND UTILIZED!

THE NICHOLS WIND MILL!!!

A PERFECT SELF GOVERNOR!!

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

IT IS THE BEST WIND MILL MADE.

IN DEMONSTRATION OF THIS WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION WITH THE WORLD.

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

IT IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

power for grinding, shelling corn, &c. We guarantee the Mills to give entire satisfaction.

We are also agents for the celebrated Challenge Mill for grinding feed.

For information, call on or write to J. T. LARKIN & CO., Lawrence, Gen'l Agents for the State of Kansas.

Local Agents: C. T. TOMPKINS, North Topeka. J. M. HODGE & CO., Abilene.

I'VE LOST MY KNIFE.

I've lost my pocket-knife. I loaned it to somebody—don't know who. It had been my constant companion for ten years. It had a pearl handle with silver mountings, and had three blades. If the borrower will return it to me I will put his watch in good order and charge nothing.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I have had twenty-five years' practical experience in WATCH REPAIRING, and am familiar with all the different varieties, and will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Call at Frazer's, Frazer's Block, the pioneer jeweler of Lawrence, where I can always be found ready to put your watch in tip-top order.

notif J. M. SKIFF.

J. T. STEVENS & CO.,

GENERAL REAL

ESTATE AGENTS,

HAVE FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE

A Large and Well Selected List of

IMPROVED FARMS AND TOWN PROPERTY.

We are the oldest REAL ESTATE AGENTS in Lawrence, and have sold more land in Douglas county than any other firm doing business here. Our large experience and familiarity with the quality and value of land in this county, enable us to offer superior advantages to parties seeking profitable investments or desirable houses. Parties, whether citizens or strangers, wishing to buy, sell or trade, will find it to their advantage to call on us.

Among many other choice bargains, we have

A 240 ACRE FARM FIVE MILES FROM LAWRENCE,

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

A 160 ACRE FARM FIVE MILES FROM TOWN,

well improved, good house, barn, and other fruit, good bottom ground 40 acres, water and timber—good for good wild land and some cash.

A 160 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,

all fenced, very fine orchard in bearing, good improvements—a very desirable place, and cheap at \$2500.

A FINE WELDING HOUSE FOR

on Massachusetts Street. on easy terms.

one best located and most desirable residence properties in the city

AT VERY MUCH LESS THAN COST—TERMS EASY.

We cannot specify one in a hundred of the properties we have to sell. Come in, and see our list, and we can certainly suit you.

We are also agents for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad lands, and can furnish them in any desired quantity to actual settlers. We have

UNSURPASSED FACILITIES FOR LOCATING COLONIES,

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

We Examine Titles, Pay Taxes & Loan Money

for non-residents. Parties having money to loan, who will be satisfied with 12 per cent. interest, paid semi-annually, and unexceptionable real estate security, will please correspond with us. We will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.

WE DO A GENERAL

INSURANCE BUSINESS,

BOTH LIFE AND FIRE.

and represent some of the soundest companies in the country,

in both these branches of insurance.

THE CONTINENTAL FIRE, OF NEW YORK,

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

WE MEAN BUSINESS, AND DO BUSINESS,

and all having business to do in our line will be welcome in our office.

Deeds and Mortgages Carefully Drawn, and Acknowledgments Taken.

J. T. STEVENS & CO.,

notif Office rear room over Simpson's Bank.

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER FIVE.

DEAR SPIRIT: While there are some experiences peculiar to each individual, there are many more which all individuals share alike. We are all one man's sons. We are all brothers—though there are some chaps that some of us dreadfully dislike to own. But there is no help for it. The meanest man, the wickedest man, the blackest man, the ugliest man, the dirtiest man, is a brother. The common blood of a common humanity runs through all human veins. Substantially the same loves, longings, hopes, regrets, ambitions and fears fill all human bosoms. The reason why the Psalms of David, the sweet singer of Israel, have been more widely read, and produced a deeper impression than any other book, or, in fact, than any other part of "The Book," has been said to be because they deal so largely in experience and thus touch upon so many and multiform cords of human sympathy and feeling. From an exile in the cave of Adullam to the throne of all Israel, the Psalmist had had a great, varied and universal experience, and singing as he did out of his heart and life, he sang to the heart and life of others.

I have heard it suggested that, as the Bible is the Word of God, no one part of it should be preferred to another. This seems to me about as sensible as very many of platitudes I hear in some sermons and read in some books. God made all the rivers, but that is no reason why one might not prefer the clear, limpid Hudson with its majestic rocky steepes and shores, and the magnificent homes of poetry, business, song, art and love that crown its banks, to the sluggish, muddy Missouri, with its dirt walls and the cabins of its "catfish aristocracy." God made all the cataracts, but most persons have preferred Niagara to Genesee, even though Sam. Patch had such a fatal fondness for the latter, and Daniel Webster instituted such an invidious comparison between that and anything in Queen Victoria's domains in his famous Rochester speech—the same speech in which he proposed to pay the National debt out of his own pocket. God made all the mountains; but there is certainly some chance for choice among them. I suppose there is no interdiction upon choice here. We may continue to regard Lawrence as the "hub" of all this western country without violating any divine canon, however much we may shock the acknowledged exquisite taste of the people of Topeka. God made all the books of the Bible, but if any one supposes from this that the only proper way to read it is "in course," and that he is bound to be as much interested in the account of Abraham begetting Isaac, and Isaac begetting Jacob, and their "keeping on begetting one another to the end of the chapter," as the impatient and irreverent old preacher had it,—as he would be in one of the matchless lyrics of the Psalmist, he is welcome to his taste and his conviction. I want

But I only started out to preface an idea—if the reader of this gossip will only credit the writer of it with entertaining such a stranger, see in a while—and have made the preface so long that I have no room for it. This was the trouble with me last week also. I started out with the deliberate purpose of writing something, but ended by writing what the ungallant Anthony charged Mrs. Downs with writing for the first number of the *Kansas Magazine*—nothing. Heavens! how I am tempted to switch off into a gossip about that magazine. But I won't. That will do for another time. Like the magazine itself, it will keep. But I must stop long enough to say that it will be a long time before Daniel accuses Cora of writing "nothing" again. Because she wrote something the next time, certain. He ought to remember how such souls as she is wake up under such an intimation as he made. He must remember that Sidney Smith and the "Edinburgh Review" thought Byron's first attempt amounted to nothing. And he remembers how they started the lion from his lair.

"Shall hoarse Fitzgerald brawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest haply Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme, I'll publish right or wrong,
Poets are my theme, let satire be my song!"

But this gossip is getting personal, and that is dangerous, and I, being timid, as all good gossipers are, will quit.

But not before I whisper in your ear that my Jersey luck, of which I once complained, has turned, and I can now show you two of the sweetest little heifer calves that you ever saw on any farm anywhere. Their great, clear, liquid eyes are a ceaseless wonder and delight, and if they would only always remain as they are they would be the prettiest pets imaginable, though not quite as useful, I admit, as when they in turn begin to do something for their country. But young calves, and lambs, and colts, and chickens, and pigs, and babies, are cunning, are they not? What could we do without them? What a pity that they must grow old, as you and I have—especially the babies. But there is no exemption from the common lot. These little feet must be torn and bruised by the same sharp thorns and rough rocks that have wounded ours. It is hard to think it must be so, but there is no help for it.

"O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on in pain and fears,
Must faint and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toll shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road."

The next time I shall say what I have set out to,

"hit or miss," as the Methodist brother said when he shouted "Amen," having been informed that he sometimes shouted in the wrong place—an accident likely to happen to any of you, as well as to

Yours truly,
I. S. K.

THE OLD PONTOON.

BY H. M. GREENE.

EDITOR SPIRIT:—One of the institutions of Kansas has just met its fate, and in the full acceptance of the antique philosophical axiom that nothing can be justly considered until it has passed away, I propose to write for your readers its epitaph, or at least give some of the incidents connected with its short, though eventful life.

The passenger over the magnificent iron bridge at Topeka will see, on the left, as he proceeds into town, a rough looking little box, located on a sand spit in the middle of the river, which is dignified as "The Island," and which appears far below him. This is the only remaining relic of the original Topeka Pontoon Bridge, of which it was the toll house. On the right of the present bridge, if the passenger is on foot, threading his way along the narrow side-walk of that fine structure (its only fault), he can see the remains of the first bridge built at Topeka, and, except one short distance above Wyandotte, the first bridge over the Kansas River. It was laid on piles, at an expense of about \$12,000, and was opened for travel in the spring of 1858. I remember that while attending the Free State Convention in April of that year, (the convention which nominated M. F. Conway as Congressman under the Topeka Constitution) I walked out some distance from the shore, on a single plank, to where the workmen were rapidly laying down the floor of the bridge. Every old resident of Kansas will remember the ensuing season as one of high floods and frequent and heavy rains. During that summer the bridge was swept away, and thenceforth the raging Kaw was spanned at Topeka only by Middough's ferry boat, until the location of the Capital here, and the consequent increase of business and population forcibly suggested some better mode of transit. In the early summer of 1864, operations began upon the Pontoon bridge, and it was completed during that season. Of the history of the bridge while at Topeka, its "many moving accidents by flood," no one is so competent to write as some citizen of the capital city, and from such a source a very readable sketch could be furnished. Especially should such a chronicler depict that tragic scene when, amid tossing boats, sweeping logs and shouting senators, the heroic George Francis Train, balancing on a narrow plank spanning two particularly crazy pontoons, stemmed the torrent of the swollen Kaw and the equally formidable torrent of the excursionists, and succeeded, by dint of gestulating and bawling, in preventing the passage of the one, over, or, as he feared, through, the other. It was another glorious victory for G. F. T., and will never be forgotten until that long prophesied day when, in answer to the oft propounded query, "All in favor of Geo. Francis Train for next President will say—" the American people shall unanimously respond "Aye."

Topeka waxing wealthy and imposing, naturally looked with chagrin at her northern entrance. The bridge, never beautiful, had been suffered to decline, until its appearance was shabby and unsustained. A new and permanent bridge was determined upon, and the old structure was offered for sale. It passed into the possession of the Lecompton Bridge Company, the capital of which was furnished by citizens of Lecompton, Perry, and by Mr. Corning of Topeka. The boats were overhauled, caulked, and floated down the river to their destination. After many delays, the bridge was opened for travel in November, 1870. It consisted of 28 boats, moored by strong iron rods and chains to a well-secured wire cable, the boats being placed 16 feet apart. By constant watchfulness and good management the fabric survived the ice break of the first winter, and made a comparatively prosperous season last year. But a recent change was made in the management of the company, and a citizen of Perry succeeded Mr. Leamer of Lecompton, who had hitherto controlled the entire enterprise. On the 22d of February, while the boys in blue were recruiting in Topeka, many of the citizens of Perry and Lecompton among the number, the ice, which was of unusual thickness and had become gorged above the bridge, suddenly broke loose, and in masses of acres in area, came crashing down upon it. The boats made a brave fight, but it was a brief one, and before the tremendous pressure, snapped their connections with the cable, and one by one set out for the Gulf. I witnessed the last charge, about 3 o'clock p. m. The boats remaining after the first encounter, pressed to the extreme pitch of tension of which their chains were capable, flew forward against the ice current, tossing huge blocks high above them, and were then swept away again. This could not last long, and soon the doomed pontoons broke loose and took up their winding way after their already liberated companions. The parties in charge of the bridge, hearing too late of the breaking up of the ice, repaired to the scene, but were unsuccessful in saving many boats. Of the twenty-eight composing the roadway, it is believed that over twenty are passed beyond recovery. So the old Pontoon, one of the historic waymarks of the State, is no more. If its successor at Lecompton, as at Topeka, shall be a permanent iron structure, few of our citizens will shed the traditional "tear or two, or perhaps three," over its demise.

The Book-Table.

We have received, through the well known publishing house of Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co., Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," published by Orange Judd & Co., New York. This will be recognized by the numerous friends of Heath and Home as the inevitable story that has appeared in that paper. It is published in the neat and attractive form which makes all the publications of Orange Judd & Co. such a tasty and welcome addition to the library or book-table. Of the story itself we have had occasion to speak before in terms of unqualified admiration. It is rich, unique, original, and adapted to peculiar popularity in this western country, where the outlandish idiom it preserves has still the right arm which holds her smoking corn-cob pipe resting on her knee, the frizzly hair struggling from under her venerable cap, showing now and then an ugly piece of a tooth, as she says:

"You see this 'ere bottom land was all Congress land in them there days, and it sold for a dollar and a quarter, and I says to my ole man, 'Jack,' says I, 'Jack, do you want a plenty while you 're a gittin'.' Gitt a plenty while you 're a gittin'." Says I, 'for 't won't never be no cheaper 'n 't is now,' and it ha' n't been, I knowed 't would n't." And Mrs. Means took the pipe from her mouth to indulge in a good chuckle at the thought of her financial shrewdness. "Gitt a plenty while you 're a gittin'," says I. I could see, you know, that was a powerful sight of money in Congress land. That's what made me say, 'Gitt a plenty while you 're a gittin'.' And Jack, he's with lots and gobs of money, all made out of Congress land. Jack didn't get rich by hard work. Bless you, no! Not him. That a'n't his way. Hard work a'n't, you know. 'T was that ole six hundred dollars he got along of me, all salted down into Flat Creek bottom at a dollar and a quarter a acre, and 't was my sayin' 'Gitt a plenty while you 're a gittin'.' 'as done it." And here the ole dog laughed, or grinned horribly, at Ralph, knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and laid the pipe away and walked round in front of Ralph. After adjusting the "chinks" so that the fire would burn, she turned her yellow face toward speech in the remark, "I spec as how, Mr. Hartsock, the man what gits my Mirandy 'll do well. Flat Creek land 's worth nigh upon a hundred a acre."

In this connection we will say that the homes and farms of Kansas, in addition to *The Spirit*, cannot add a richer contribution to their comfort or improvement than to subscribe for the "Heath and Home" and "American Agriculturist." We know of no two papers in existence that come so near filling the bill in all that an intelligent family requires for instruction, amusement and profit. We could lose almost any part of our library with less regret than the past volumes of the "Agriculturist," to which we often have occasion to refer, and without which we could hardly make *The Spirit* what it is. "Heath and Home" is an entirely different and independent publication, but equally valuable in its place, and the most attractive and interesting family paper published in this country.

"Harper's" for March has been received from Crew & Hadley. To the same source we are indebted for the ever welcome "Atlantic." "Harper's" opens with a highly instructive and interesting illustrated article on "The United States Treasury Department," which would be profitable reading for some of those who at present have the handling of the public money. The review of Hamilton's administration of the Treasury is especially edifying as showing that the strictest honesty in combination with the highest abilities have not been unknown in this country in places of such high trust. While directing the finances of the nation Mr. Hamilton was driven by want to borrow the petty sum of twenty dollars of a friend. Talleyrand said of him: "I have seen one of the wonders of the world—a man who has made the future of a nation, laboring all night to support his family."

"Northern Bolivia and its Amazon Outlet," and "Naval Architecture, past and present," are also illustrated in that style of excellence which other magazines are wise in not attempting to imitate. Those who, with us, have been familiar with "Harper's" as an old friend through all these twenty years, will appreciate and pardon the length of the following letter to the "Easy Chair," which that venerable concern, with much modesty, gives to the public:

"Last, but best-beloved of all, dear Easy Chair, is 'Harper's,' valued not less for its pleasant associations than for its ever-entertaining contents.

"Harper's" and I are old friends; being children of the same age, we grew up together, and I feel that we are near and dear to each other.

With the exception of three or four years during the war, when expenses were necessarily curtailed, I have, ever since my remembrance, been monthly greeted by the printed-out faces of those little Irish boys on the columns, and nothing would grieve me more than to have little Pat and Teddy tumble headlong from their tall pedestals, which seems to be their inevitable fate.

"I can hardly make you understand (being so wooden-headed), dear Easy Chair, the tender feeling, half-way between smiles and tears, with which I gaze at those shelves of bound volumes, and think of the little maiden who used to sit entranced for hours over those fascinating pages.

"Again I am crying over the sufferings endured by Lieutenant Strain and his party during those terrible days upon the Isthmus; and in laughing at the cunning words or deeds of little children recorded in the drawer; or hiding my head beneath the blankets in terror lest a fearful monster might fall upon my neck, struggling, breathing, leaving the impress of its head upon the pillow, yet in play to my little room, half expecting to find it wholly vanished, or all its familiar objects changed to grotesque reminders of their former shapes, as recorded, in September, 1858, of the 'Lost Room.'"

"Were those stories true? 'I almost believed so, and my dearest old Easy Chair, I am not sure that I do not believe it still; I know they haunt me sometimes, even now."

"Ah! what a glorious trip I had with Jolly Porte Crayon and his favored friends through the romantic scenery of North Carolina and 'ole Virginia! 'With what admiring awe did I gaze upon the beauties of wonderful 'Weyer's Cave,' as depicted by Mr. Crayon, and reflected in the astonished visage of 'Little Mice!' And the Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinahs, whom he rendered with such matchless fidelity! Spain, knelt in Roman cathedrals, hearn my way through dense tropical forests, pursued the whale in arctic seas, climbed the Alps and the Pyramids, and floated serenely down the star-lit Nile?"

"Through you I first became acquainted with those charming young gentlemen, George and Harry Warrington, with blundering Philip, and generous Olive.

"You taught me to love dear old Colonel Newcome, and carried me to Bleak House as a companion to pretty Ada and darling little 'Dame Durden.' 'You led me to the window where I could see noble Lizzie Hexam gazing with thoughtful eyes at the prophetic pictures in the hollow down by the flare of the furnace, working in the noisy mills to escape from the reckless Eugene, and devoting herself with loving tenderness to ungrateful Charley and precious little Jennie Wren.'"

The strange, weird story of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Septimius Felton, is continued in this number of the "Atlantic." It is peculiarly rich in the same unmistakable vein that runs through all the writings of Hawthorne, that made him while he lived, and causes him to be regarded now he is dead, as one of the most subtle and marvellous delineators of human nature whose works have ever delighted the world. The poet at the Breakfast Table is as rich and juicy as ever. The old and ever to be remembered "Autocrat" is threatened with a powerful rival in the "Poet," through whom Oliver Wendell Holmes throws out the sweet suggestive juice as of his ripper years. If he "never dares to write as funny as he can" he at least writes funny enough. Those who miss his monthly talks miss a great treat. Bret Harte writes another of his characteristic Pacific stories. Henry James discourses on "Spiritualism," and Longfellow contributes a poem which needs nothing but his name to commend it to all lovers of poetry.

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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, as follows:—the upper line of figures shows years, months and days shows the time required for any sum to double at given rates of interest—

Amounts as they multiply.	Time at 3 per cent.		Time at 6 per cent.		Time at 12 per cent.	
	Years	Months	Years	Months	Years	Months
\$1,000	36	0	18	0	9	0
2,000	18	0	9	0	4	6
4,000	9	0	4	6	2	3
8,000	4	6	2	3	1	1
16,000	2	3	1	1	6	0
32,000	1	1	6	0	3	0
64,000	6	0	3	0	1	6
128,000	3	0	1	6	8	0
256,000	1	6	8	0	4	0
512,000	8	0	4	0	2	0
1,024,000	4	0	2	0	1	0

EXAMPLES.—At 6 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, 4 months, 16 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 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$1,000,000 in the same time.

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