

Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—FRANKLIN.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 1, 1872.

NUMBER 18.

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AMERICAN COMBINATION BUTTON HOLE MACHINE.

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LAWRENCE, EKANSAS.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.
In the matter of the application of RICHARD HUSON, administrator
of the estate of ROBERT PRATT deceased, to sell real estate to
pay debts.
NOW comes Richard Huson, administrator of the estate of
Robert Pratt, and presents to the Court his petition praying
for an order for the sale of so much of the real estate belonging to
the estate of said deceased as will pay and satisfy the remaining
debts due by said estate and unpaid for want of sufficient personal
assets, accompanied by the accounts, lists and inventories required
by law in such cases.
On examination whereof, it is ordered that all persons interested
in said estate be notified that application as aforesaid has been
made, and that unless the contrary be shown on the 21st day of
June A. D. 1872, an order will be made for the sale of the whole
or so much of the real estate of said deceased as will be sufficient
to pay the debts of said estate that are unpaid for want of
sufficient personal assets. And it is further ordered that notice be
given by publishing this order for three successive weeks in some
weekly newspaper published in Douglas county, the last publica-
tion to be at least one week before the said 21st day of June, 1872.
STATE OF KANSAS, COUNTY OF DOUGLAS, ss.
I, JAMES M. HENDRY, Judge of the Probate Court of Douglas
county, State of Kansas, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a
true copy of the proceedings had in the above matter on the 15th
day of May A. D. 1872, as appears from the record of said Court.
In witness whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name
and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of May A.
D. 1872.
JAMES M. HENDRY.

The Housekeeper.
CONDUCTED BY CORA M. DOWNS.
ABOUT THE SPIRIT.
A letter from a distinguished railroad man lies
before me, from which I take the liberty to quote a
passage on "spirits."
"I do not often see THE KANSAS SPIRIT, but such numbers
as have come under my notice have impressed me most favor-
ably, only there was the impromptu mental query, whether
it was not of too high character to succeed in so new and
sparsely settled region as Kansas. Like the proverbial Star
of Empire, the support of that class of papers takes its way
westward."
There's a good word for you, my SPIRIT, from a
thousand miles away; but I am surprised that a
man who has been in Kansas and knows the char-
acter of the population should question the proba-
bility of the success of a paper because of its high
mental tone. Doubt anything else, but never doubt
the onward march of the Kansans: I never jour-
ney over this State in any direction but I am im-
pressed with the constant march of intellectual civi-
lization, and there is a bond of literary fellowship
between the scribes that is pleasant and profitable.
The Kansas Magazine holds them together like a
golden chain, of which each writer is a link.
"THE TRUE KANSAN."
O, land of undulating prairie and turbid streams!
Wanting the romance of silver lakes and rugged
mountains; with thy fat valleys of waving corn,
and the golden and purple glories of orchard and
vineyard, what is there of the charm of association
that makes one to feel the poetic justice of Mr. In-
galls' remark, "The true Kansan never emigrates."
And yet though the valleys and the hills of child-
hood and youth lie far away, bathed in the purple
mists of memory, there is an enthusiasm which in-
tertwines our souls with this land of sunshine and
plentiful harvests.
The work to do is ours; it is not what our fore-
fathers wrought; they were not here. Within a
score of years this child of ours has grown to the
stature and strength of a young giant. As Bryant
has said of Freedom, so may it be said of this strong
young State:
"Thou art not
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves.
A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty tho' it be, is scarred—
Thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven!"
The press, the preacher, and the teacher; the
newspaper, pulpit and schoolroom, these are the
advance guard of all our civilization, and long may
it be before we have a ruler over this Christian
land who, wise in a Socratic philosophy, sees some-
thing nobler than the religion of Jesus of Nazareth
whereby to mold the souls of men into common
brotherhood.

THE APOTHEOSIS.
But I will get me to my broom and dustpan. How
we women do get out of our legitimate sphere, but
I have found something comforting. Listen!
"This idea is not merely a transmigration from
effete antiquity, masquerading under the guise of
the spirit of the oversoul."
"We are progressing toward a future whose vivid
reality will eclipse the shadows of the past."
"In the intense light of developing aspirations
our souls will recognize their soul companions, and,
in the white heat of idealized intellect, our hearts
will blossom with fervid spontaneity."
"Then will woman reach her apotheosis! Then
will human intellect embodied in the clear crystals
of woman's mind, rise to its true place, the polar
star of infinity, the germ of ante-cosmic vivifica-
tion!"
Now, is n't that nice? I don't exactly compre-
hend it, but it evidently means that we are not al-
ways to be washing dishes and clearing up the
house and doing the same thing over and over again.
I do not know how it is with other housekeepers,
but the day is never half long enough for me.
I wonder what a mother of a large family thinks
of, the last thing, when she dies! Just as her soul

steps tremblingly out on the confines of immortali-
ty, and her hold on this life slips from her clinging
hands that have all her life been so busy and useful,
I wonder what thought comes last and lingeringly
in the dazed brain. I should not wonder if it might
be that Johnny's Sunday stockings were not mended,
or that the children's shoes would n't be blacked
for the funeral if she did not get up and see to it!
Or as
"The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,"
it may occur to her that Susan will grow "slack"
now about washing the windows! Poor tired soul,
who never thought anything about reaching her
"apotheosis," and who, had she heard that she was
to grasp the germ of "ante-cosmic vivification,"
would have felt decidedly uncomfortable at such a
prospect. Little time do such busy creatures have
to
"Muse on joys that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt our dreams—
And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that we wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air."
It is said that only a truly great and good man
could think of his doctor's bill at such a time. Soc-
rates gasped out, "Crito! I owe a cock to Esculapius—
remember to pay the debt."
TO WASH WINDOWS.
Coming down from the sublime and mounting
our step-ladder only high enough to reach the up-
per row of window panes,—I find that the Boston
Journal of Chemistry recommends a paste of whi-
ting and water; rub a little with a cloth on the cen-
tre of each pane, after the dirt has been washed off
with clean hot water and dried. With another
cloth then rinse over the glass and rub with a dry
cloth, and your window will shine like crystal.
Where paint is badly smoked, and fly-specks are
thick, a saucer of sifted ashes used as we use soap,
only in less quantity and rubbed on and off quickly,
is better than soap.

A NURSERY HINT.
"A few drops of panegyric, given on a large lump
of sugar, is often best with an infant with the
stomach ache." I saw that recipe, or direction,
rather, the other day, but would not recommend it
for general use! I have found that panegyric is
pleasant to take, with or without sugar. It is stim-
ulating and helpful as a mental tonic. About cur-
ing any lower aches or disorders I should think
there might be a doubt.
When benzine and bisulphide of carbon fail to
remove grease and paint from dress goods, try chlo-
roform. Try it first, and all the time.
Do n't use the popular hair renewers unless some
chemist will assure you that there is no lead used
in the compounding of the liquid. A good recipe
and a simple one is to take one quart of water and
one ounce of flowers of sulphur; shake up and let
stand, and repeatedly agitate the liquid during
twenty-four hours; then pour off the clear liquid
and wash the head every morning. This is the best
hair wash.
ROSES.
George Elliot says of Hotty: "If ever a girl was
made of roses, it was Hotty that Sunday morning!"
"I have been in Corisande's garden," said Lothair,
"and she has given me a rose."
This is the time of roses.
"Gather the roses while you may."
Enjoy the present, that is. There is always a rose
for us; maybe not in Corisande's garden, but some-
where, even if it is only a wild rose.
I like to get a letter with a blossom in it. "The
thought of her was always connected with flowers,"
said one of a dead friend. "She wore a rose in her
belt; she enclosed flowers in her letters; she met
you and parted from you handing a freshly opened
flower." Sweet soul! Now bending over the clear
river where bloom the
"Pure lilies of eternal peace."
WYANDOTTE, May 29th.

CORRESPONDENTS.
On another page will be found an interesting cor-
respondence from Junction City.
We have missed Judge Hanway's interesting
sketches for several weeks, but he will probably
be heard from again when the rush of planting is
over.

The Farm.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you, Come near, I would whisper it low— You are thinking of leaving the homestead, Do n't be in a hurry to go.

You talk of the mines of Australia, They're wealthy in gold, without doubt, But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys, If only you'll shovel it out.

The mercantile life is a hazard, The goods are first high, and then low, Better risk the old farm awhile longer, Do n't be in a hurry to go.

The great stirring world has inducements, There is many a busy mart, But wealth is not made in a day, boys, Do n't be in a hurry to start!

AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.

A celebrated statesman has remarked that "agriculture feeds us; in a great measure it clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce; but they will stand like pillars, the largest one in the centre, and that is agriculture."

The truth of the above must be apparent. Yet how humiliating to the American people is the fact that agriculture engrosses so little thought; that the rising generation look upon it as something not honorable, certainly not fashionable; and not only those who earn their bread by other pursuits, but the farmer himself is too often inclined to give it an inferior position.

When we contemplate our agricultural resources, the vast amount of capital invested in this pursuit, when we consider the relations agriculture sustains to the individual man, the community and the nation, we cannot be blind to the fact that hitherto our thoughts have been directed too much into other channels. The apportionment of press is an evidence of this. Throughout the United States there are published less than one hundred agricultural papers, while papers devoted to other interests are about as thick as the leaves of the forest.

But no farmer should complain of a lack of practical information in his paper so long as he is permitted to cast in his mite in making it a medium of useful instruction. Farmers who refuse to patronize a journal devoted to their interests by saying that they already know more than they can practice, should remember that the same argument is good against all other sources of information.

CORN FOR FODDER.

Owing to the unusually late and wet season many acres of good land may go uncultivated this year. But such a neglect of the soil is always a great loss to the farmer. The crop of weeds grows rank without let or hindrance. The soil is nearly as much weakened by it as by a crop of grain. Extra cultivation is required the following year to counteract the start the weeds got. And more than all, the use of the ground is lost. Now our advice is this: plow your ground and drill in corn for fodder, if it has to be done as late as the middle of June. The corn will only require one plowing; indeed it will make very good fodder not plowed at all, as the ground is turned over so late. The weeds will be mostly subdued and a valuable crop will be secured.

A WISE SAYING.

An English farmer recently remarked that "he fed his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul." We have seldom, if ever, seen so much agricultural wisdom condensed into a single sentence. It would be difficult to avow an agricultural practice, each particular of which would be more opposite to the practice of the land-killers and skinners of the South. Such persons do not feed their land at all. Though land may have nine lives, like a cat, yet it may die at last of starvation. "Weary land." How apt an expression! Not utterly exhausted, but tired, wearied. Reader, have you not some land which this summer will pant, and blow, and struggle under the burden of a starveling and sickly stalk of corn? "Weeded it before it was foul." Why, some of our planters raise weeds for manure. Vile pests, of no use to man or beast, are suffered to grow up and encumber the ground, merely for the sake of the privilege of burning their dead bodies to supply vegetable matter to the soil. On a perfectly conducted plantation, no plant would be suffered to mature its seed which was not of some known and positive utility. Peas and clover are better than weeds—they feed both the soil and domestic animals, and give no trouble to succeeding crops. Remember the practice of the English farmer. Do not wait until your land begins to fail before you rest it—give it rest in time to prevent its ever being tired. Do not wait until your plantation is stocked with weeds before you begin to destroy them. One weed destroyed this year will save much hoeing next year. Manure soon and well, give abundant rest and cultivate clean. He is a good farmer who observes these rules.

FEEDING HORSES AND OXEN.

The two require different treatment. Nature has provided some animals with two receptacles in which to store away their food; these are the ruminants—such as the ox, the deer, rabbit, &c.

The one receptacle is intended to receive the food as it is taken in its half-masticated condition. This is hastily stored away—an ox filling his first stomach in a short time. Then time is required to bring this back and reduce it to a condition for digestion. This occupies a long time; and the night is often the only space allotted to working cattle to perform this operation, in which case there must be consequent suffering and falling away in flesh—for the night is not sufficient time—or if sufficient is the time for rest. There must be chewing the cud during the day. Regular feeding, with proper intervals for mastication, are indispensable to the health and working condition of the ox. All ruminants require this.

The horse requires different treatment. His food must be thoroughly masticated at first, as it goes through this process but once. Still the horse has the advantage over the ox. What little food the horse gets will benefit him, let him be worked hard or otherwise. The ox will not be benefitted a particle unless he is permitted to remasticate his food; and he will not be permitted, if he is worked constantly during the day. A hard master will soon use him up. Give him his standing spells—or, better, let him lie down. This will save him; a great deal of work can be got out of him in this way.

THE SECRET OF GOOD BUTTER.

There is no process of working or washing that will secure a good article of butter, or that will get all the buttermilk out till it has stood a short time, when it must be worked over the second time, after which it will keep a long time. Butter that has not been worked over the second time will not keep more than two or three days in warm weather. We don't care how much pains you take with it, the buttermilk that is left in the butter becoming sour, makes your butter rancid. We have bought and sold butter in this state, and know what we are talking about; and here is where the trouble begins, you are bound to sell all the buttermilk you can, and so long as dealers pay as much for buttermilk as they do for a nice article of butter we cannot expect you to do much better. We are satisfied that there can be just as good butter made in Kansas as is made in the cheese and butter regions of the Eastern States. But just so long as we pursue the suicidal policy of selling buttermilk with the butter, so long our butter will be quoted in Eastern markets as Western grease.

LARGE vs. SMALL KERNELS FOR SEED.

Some ten years ago I planted an ear of corn to test the difference between the product of the kernels of both ends and the middle of the same ear, and will give you the result. The soil was just alike, the cultivation the same, and the crop very different. I planted the first two rows from the large end of the ear, the next two rows from the middle of the ear, and the other two rows from the tip or small end; and planted all the same morning. The large end produced fair-sized ears, with irregular rows, much as you will find them at that end of the ear. The middle kernels produced large ears, mostly straight-rowed and fair. The tips brought forth mubbins only. There was not a fair ear on the two rows of corn. I have raised corn more or less for forty years; and now plant only about half, or at most two-thirds, of the kernels on each ear of corn, and generally raise good crops.

The winter apples of New England become fall apples in Ohio and Illinois, while their best keeping apples come from the places we should least expect—the southern states.

W. A. H. HARRIS,

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

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"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, St. 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.

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

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Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Lawrence, Baldwin, Kansas City, Olathe, Arrive at Ottawa, Ottawa, Garnett, Iola, Humboldt, Tioga, Thayer, Cherryvale, Arrive at Independence, Coffeyville, Parker.

GOING NORTH:

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, Cherryvale, Thayer, Tioga, Humboldt, Iola, Garnett, Arrive at Ottawa, Olathe, Arrive at Kas. City, Ottawa, Baldwin, Arrive at Lawrence.

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 Neodesha, Fredonia and New Albany. At Cherryvale with stages for Parsons. At Independence with stages for Elk City, Longton, Peru, Elk Falls, Tisdale, Winfield and Arkansas City. At Parker with stages for Cheyenne.

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JANUARY, 1872.

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Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

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Table with columns: Express, Accommodation, Mail. Rows include Express, Accommodation, Mail.

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

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Table with columns: Express, Mail, Topeka Accommodation. Rows include Express, Mail, Topeka Accommodation.

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. WETTERBELL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or of J. C. HORTON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House.

S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Supt. BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent, noltf Kansas City, Missouri.

ON TIME!

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS. noltf

The Home.

SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry Summer months
Of beauty, love, and flowers;
They come! the glad months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad,
Fling work and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide;
Or underneath the shadow vast
Of patriarchal tree,
See through its leaves the cloudless sky
In rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft; its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously;
It stirs the blood with kindest love,
To bless and welcome thee.
And mark how with thine own thin locks—
They now are silver gray—
That blissful breeze is wanting,
And whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along
The ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners
To give it melody.
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread,
All gleaming like red gold,
And, hark! with shrill pipe musical,
Their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones,
Who, far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys,
And vent a nobler mirth.

But, soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—
From yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade
Did breathe his own glad name.
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird,
That, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his head monotonous
To the soft western wind.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again—
His notes are void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound
The deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon
For thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers,
Beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more, in every breath,
Their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams
Of youth's bright summer day;
When, rushing forth, like untamed colt,
The reckless truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long,
A mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause;
But, O! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore
I yet delight to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
The calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dream,
As in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light
Fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—
A heart that hath waxed old.

BIGOTRY.

Bigotry is one of the most effective weapons in the armory of hell. I have read that in old Venice a man once invented an engine that would shoot a dart at every man passing—a dart so fine that you could never detect where it entered, but so deadly that when once it had touched the life-blood, the poison of it would steal through every vein and artery until it had entire possession of the man to destroy him. He placed the thing just within the door of a church through which those had to pass he meant to destroy, and as they went in, one by one, the poison touched them. There was no pain, just a slight thrill that was at once forgotten when the Mass sounded through the great aisles and the prayers blended with the prayers of the multitude. But as they worshipped the poison wrought, until, in the very service of God, the tides of life grew black and the victim died on the altar floor. I have thought that it was no mean figure of the poison-tongue of intolerance which a man may be smitten with as he passes through the door of any church, a touch so subtle and slight at first that he is hardly aware of it, and yet it may enter into the current of his spiritual life and so corrode and blacken into bigotry that at last, while he still worships, joining in the psalms and prayers that are rising all about him, he will die to all that is good and fair; sweetness and light will leave him, and in his poor degree he will be like Phillip of Spain, and Mary of England, and Charles of France, and a multitude besides whose names are blotted forever from the book of life, because, at last, bigotry blackened them with an eternal infamy.—*Robert Collyer.*

THE PROOF-READER.—How few readers appreciate the services of the individual who examines the "proofs" of a paper before it is printed. He is one of the most important agents to the production of a correct literature, and one of whom no reader seems to think. His is the most thankless of all the employments among men. Let him bring out a paper without a fault for weeks and weeks in succession, and nobody thinks of him. But let him allow an error to go uncorrected, and immediately he is known to be censured and his paper subjected to ill-natured criticisms. He has no thanks for his labored patience, but blame if he is not faultless. He is certain of one of two things—forgetfulness or censure.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Nothing is more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-concealed caresses, those absurd names, that prodigality of endearing epithets, that devoted attention which they flaunt in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large to come and admire their happiness, is always noticed and laughed at; and sometimes more than laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness, and part of their dearest privileges. They believe themselves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as examples for all to avoid. Men who have any real manliness, however, do not give in to this kind of thing; though there are some as effeminate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love, and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with gray hairs as lavishly as they had fondled the youthful bride.

All that excess of flattering and petting of which women are so fond, becomes a bore to a man if required as part of the daily habit of life. Out in the world as he is, harassed by anxieties of which she knows nothing, home is emphatically his place of rest, where his wife is his friend who knows his mind, where he may be himself without the fear of offending, and relax the strain that must be kept up out of doors; where he may feel himself safe, understood, and at ease. And some women, and these by no means the coldest or the least loving, are wise enough to understand this need of rest in the man's harder life, and accepting the quiet of security as part of the conditions of marriage, content themselves with the undemonstrative love into which the fever of passion has subsided. Others fret over it and make themselves and their husbands wretched because they cannot believe in that which is not forever paraded before their eyes. Yet what kind of a home is it for the man if he has to walk as if on egg-shells, every moment afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of a woman who will take nothing on trust, and who has to be continually assured that he still loves her, before she will believe that to-day is as yesterday? Of one thing she may be certain; no wife who understands what is the best kind of marriage demands these continual attentions, which, voluntary offerings of the lover, become enforced tribute from the husband.

SUNNY ROOMS.

Every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of available sunshine during the cold winter months. Great care is taken to get a southern exposure for them. Indeed, if one can secure no other than a north window for her plants, she has too much love for these unconscious, inanimate things, to keep them at all. She would rather leave them out in the cold to die outright, than to linger out a martyr existence in the shade.

Folks need sunshine quite as much as plants do. Men and women who have a fair degree of strength and the use of their legs, can get out into the world and get a glimpse of the sunshine now and then, and if they choose to do so, let them live in rooms with only a northern exposure; but if it is possible, let us secure rooms into which every ray of sunshine that falls in winter may enter, for the little babies who are shut up in the house, invalids who cannot leave their rooms, and aged people who are too infirm to get out doors. Let us reflect for a moment that these classes of persons, if kept in rooms with only north windows, will suffer just as much from the absence of sunshine, as green, growing plants would do in the same rooms, and their suffering is of account in proportion as a human being is better than a geranium or a fuchsia. Everybody knows how a bright sunny day in winter gladdens every one who is situated so as to enjoy it. Let us make some sacrifices, if need be, in order to give the feeble ones their measure of sunshine.

LEMONS FOR FEVER.

When people are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of a greater part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it downward into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point.

Invalids may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea time is an entire substitute for the ordinary supper for summer, and would give many a comfortable night's sleep, and on awaking after rest, invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea for supper, or "relish" cake and berries, or peaches and cream.

HAVE ONE OBJECT.—Go out in the spring, when the sun is yet far distant, and you can scarcely feel the influence of its beams, scattered as they are over the wide face of creation; but collect those beams to a focus, and they kindle up a flame in an instant. So the man that squanders his talents and his strength in many things will fail to make an impression with either; but let him draw them to a point, let him strike at a single object, and it will yield before him.

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

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Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JUNE 1, 1872.

PROFESSIONAL HAPS AND MISHAPS.

John B. Gough in a lecture in Washington on "Curiosity," referred to some ludicrous letters which he had received. One man wrote him that he hoped he would not fail to speak in their town, for they had made "herculean" efforts to secure his services. Another wrote him that he wanted him to answer in his own hand, so that he might preserve it as a "momentum." Gough added that he did as requested, and for all he knew the fellow was going yet! Another, who had written him several times, humbly hoped he would not consider him a "boar."

Some of our political characters have made queer mistakes in quoting from the Bible. It is a book with which the general run of politicians are supposed to be not "overly" familiar. A Governor of Texas, a few years ago, quoted a well known passage from Shakspeare, in one of his messages to the Legislature, as from the Sacred Volume. About the same time a member of Congress from Illinois was reported as quoting from the Bible the well known lines:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Col. Benton, in the United States Senate, referred to the man out of whom Christ cast seven devils; and John Quincy Adams, in a speech in the House of Representatives, quoted Paul as saying that "money is the root of all evil." Waddy Thompson, in his "Recollections" of Mexico, to which country he had been a Minister, speaking of the Hospital of Loyans, says: "The inmates would have rivalled in sores and rags the brother of Mary and Martha." More ludicrous and less remarkable was the answer of the afflicted and patient old lady who, when her minister wanted to know what passage of Scripture gave her most consolation in all her troubles, replied: "Grin, and bear it." Good advice for the times, by the way.

There is a story told of two members of a certain State Legislature who addressed a circular to their constituents, in which they said: "We hope the course we have pursued, and the votes we have given, will meet your approbation. We hope you will say to us, as Nathan said to David, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'" This is not quite as bad as the Western lawyer who closed an impassioned speech to the jury by reminding them of the words of the lamented Nimrod, who perished at the battle of Bunker Hill: "It is better that ten innocent men perish than that one guilty suffer!" It is told of another legislator, earnestly opposing a measure before the House of which he was a member, that he said: "Mr. Speaker, I would no more vote for that bill than I would fall down and worship the golden calf that Abraham made." A brother member corrected him by saying: "Mr. Speaker, it was not Abraham that made the golden calf; it was Nebuchadnezzar."

We are all familiar with the old saw about the unfortunate member who, wishing to take a nap, requested a brother member to arouse him when the bill came up proposing to take away the bounties on the fishing business. His friend, whether purposely or not, the author of this veracious incident has not informed us, awoke him just as a bill was called up for the prevention of prostitution. Springing to his feet, and rubbing his eyes, he cried out: "Mr. Speaker, I hope that bill won't pass, for more than half of my constituents get their living at that business!" The general roar prevented a completion of the speech.

Ignorance in biblical matters is unfortunately not confined to the politicians. The Hon. Nathan Clifford, now one of the Judges of the United States Supreme Court, was once engaged in a murder trial in Maine. In the course of his remarks to the jury he made use of the quotation: "Secret things belong to God." Then pausing, and addressing the Court, he spoke of the sublimity, suggestiveness and compactness of the quotation; remarked that he had searched in vain through the writings of the ancients to discover its author; but its beauty and appropriateness could not be questioned. Mr. Walton, the young lawyer on the other side, said: "Why, Mr. Clifford, that's in the Bible!" The pompous prospective Judge simply requested the young attorney not to interrupt him. It is reported that a distinguished English Judge, Lord Kenyon, who understood law better than the Gospel, once closed one of his charges to a Jury as follows: "Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor, Julian, who was so distinguished for every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle."

The ability to get out of a tight place when one forgets a quotation or line of argument, is happily illustrated in an incident told of Henry Clay. He desired to introduce into one of his speeches the words, then less familiar than now, "A rose by any name would smell as sweet." Not being able to recall it, just before he rose to speak he secured the words from a friend near him and wrote them out on a slip of paper. In the course of his speech he came to the place where he wanted his quotation, and commenced, "A rose"—his eye wandering anxiously among his notes—"a rose"—his fingers fumbling among his papers—then, stretching himself up to his full height, and giving his long arm a graceful swing—"A rose, Mr. Speaker, is a rose wherever you find it!" And no one but the friend

from whom he had got the quotation had the least idea but he had said just what he meant to say.

The talent of quick and pertinent retort is of paramount importance to a lawyer. George Evans was one of the most talented men Maine ever produced, and was an admitted power in the United States Senate in the days when there were giants in it. In a celebrated railroad case in Maine he was animadverting very severely upon some act of a road of which the Hon. Timothy Boutelle, then deceased, had been President. He complimented the character of Mr. Boutelle and said that if he had been living such an outrageous action never would have been taken. The opposing counsel thought he had got Evans cornered at last, for he sprang to his feet and stated that Mr. Boutelle was alive at the time the action was taken. Turning upon the counsel with one of his lion looks, Evans roared out in a voice of thunder, "IT KILLED HIM THEN!" Lawyers are generally familiar with the professional story told of Ben. Butler, though they may not all be aware that it was a veritable occurrence. He is a terror and a torment to the judges, and on one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked: "What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?" Scratching his head a minute, Ben. replied: "Well, I confess your honor's got me there!"

No public man perhaps in this country has been more gifted in the art of apt and good natured repartee than John P. Hale. Soon after his admission to the Senate he indulged in one of his abolition tirades, and was answered by Toombs of Georgia, who said that, judging from the tenor of his speech he must be the character of whom Shakspeare spoke, "Hail! horrors, hail!" However that might be, Hale replied, there was no question but the gentleman from Georgia was the one to whom Watts refers when he says:

"Hark! from the Tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry!"

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.

The Kansas Editors' and Publishers' Convention met at Emporia on the 28th ult. T. D. Thacher was elected President for the ensuing year, and Messrs. Griffin, Wilder and Walker Vice-Presidents. The editor of THE SPIRIT was chosen orator for the next meeting, with George W. Martin for alternate. The Convention accepted the invitation of Mr. Petre for an excursion to Wichita over the A. T. & S. F. road, to which place they proceeded by special train on Wednesday morning, and were hospitably entertained by the citizens of that thriving young city, returning to Topeka in the evening. The excursion was a pleasant and enjoyable one, and the thanks of the fraternity are due to the people of Emporia and Wichita for their bountiful and hearty hospitality, as well as to Mr. Petre, the efficient manager of the A. T. & S. F. road, who placed the special train at their disposal, and did all that could be done to make the trip a pleasant one. The next meeting of the association is to be held at Atchison.

THE WAR ON THE WEEDS.

Every spring is the opening of a new campaign on the weeds. Such a moist one as the present makes the fight more difficult and prolonged. Whatever may have been the reason for the creation of weeds, one thing is certain: they keep the rural population from relapsing into idleness. If the fight ceases for a day, especially at this season of the year, the weeds gain a great advantage. For if there is any form of vegetation that is lively enough for you to see it grow, it is the weeds. They are about the only thing that does not need cultivation. They are fully competent to take care of themselves. Nature evidently favors the weeds. In the first place, she has given some kinds of them the nicest little sails imaginable, with which to waft their seeds to favorable and remote places. Thus the winds are compelled to do service for the weeds. Other classes of these seeds have well adapted hooks, sharp as needles, by which they attach themselves to the hair and wool of animals and even to the clothes of the farmer while he is engaged in his ordained fight. Thus man and beast as well as the winds of heaven are made to subserve the interests of the weeds. Other weed seeds are so perversely tenacious of life as to defy frost and fire. The life principle in them is encased in an iron clad armor. They are as hard as shot. They will live through three or four respectable winters and then turn up as lively as if nothing had happened. If any one thinks this war on weeds a trifling one he certainly is ignorant of history. Farmers and others have been engaged in the fight for six thousand years, lacking a few days, and still the army of little pests are as numerous and plucky as ever, showing how well they use their natural advantages. As it ever has been so it ever will be. The war must be continually kept up, and yet with no prospect of exterminating the enemy. For every fresh installment is just as vigorous and plucky as the weeds the seeds of which caught hold of the fleeces of the sheep that Cain took possession of when he had killed his brother Abel. The only question with the farmer then is not how the weeds may be destroyed from the face of the earth, but how the war on them can be most successfully waged.

Don't let any of your ground go unploughed. If you can't plant it, at least turn it over before the weeds go to seed. If this is really impracticable, then burn your fallow ground over as soon as the weeds and grass are dry enough. Keep your fence

row clear of weeds. In some portions of England it is a legal offense for a man to let weeds go to seed on his land. The law is designed to protect the industrious farmer from trespass on the part of his lazy neighbor's weeds. Such a law might be too much for free Americans to submit to, but it shows that the war is reduced to a science in such localities, and that the importance of the issue is appreciated. Make it your motto that no weeds shall go to seed on your farm. Keep at least one day ahead in your fight with them. As you respect yourself and have regard for posterity don't bequeath to your children a weedy farm. It is the worst mortgage you can place on it—a heavy stock of weeds.

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

It is a cardinal doctrine of our creed that the world is growing better. We think this a statement easily enough proved, but it is enough for us to know that unless God has made a great mistake, and the world is only a blind accident, it is slowly but surely making progress in the right direction. This also is the lesson of history. The more the past story of our race is scrutinized—the more the social and political progress of man is analyzed—the more the rise and fall of systems of philosophy and the general intellectual career of nations is dissected—the more is the conclusion forced on the inquirer that a steady development has been going on, that every successive cycle of civilization has been followed by an improved one, and that no great nation has ever lived which has not had a mission to perform, the benefits of which have accrued, and must continue to accrue to all succeeding ones forever. The nineteenth century, in other words, is the sum and product of all preceding centuries. The republic of these United States is the work, to a greater or less degree, socially and intellectually, as well as politically, of Egypt, Greece, Rome, England, and indeed every important empire that has ever lived.

This majestic truth, that progress is the law of history, is inculcated also by analogy. Development is the law of existence, not only as regards the individual, but likewise in respect to the succession of species. The babe becomes a child, the child a youth, the youth a man. In the order of Creation, whether we seek for that order in the Bible, or in the unwritten record of the strata of the globe, the fish is the precursor of the reptile, the reptile of warm-blooded animals, the bird of the beast, the beast of man. The law of individual life also is to advance in morals and intellect; and he who fails to do this, proves the violation by the penalty it brings. Man cannot stand still. The necessities of his immortal nature compel him to incessant movement, as effectually as the law of attraction and repulsion wheels the planets through the sky. If he seeks to remain stationary, it is at the peril of his moral and mental, as well as physical health. What is true of the single individual cannot but be true of mankind in a mass. In vain have nations lived if their successors learn nothing by their experience. No! history is the chart of a great ocean, warning of sunken rocks and local tempests, recording where people have been shipwrecked before, and pointing onward to serene latitudes in the future, where fragrant gales shall blow from fruitful shores, where secure havens shall invite to rest, and where, in the language of the poet, "the lion shall lie down with the lamb." It is, as Bancroft eloquently said, the noblest of studies; and its expounder is second only to the poet, that inspired teacher of the race.

THE HOME.

The supremacy of home over the affections is truly great, especially when that home is full of inducements of a home nature. The family who have a happy home, let it be ever so humble, care more for it than they do for all the gold in Christendom. Fun and frolic may be had at the expense of gold, real happiness never, unless it already exists. Plutarch says: "That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required, and necessities are not wanting." Home can be made either happy or miserable. It can be made happy by trying to be happy, and speaking and looking pleasantly. It can be made miserable by brooding over little items which ought only to be secondary thoughts, and turning the darkest side of nature up to view, when the brightest is far superior,—and by drinking in the troubles of others, whose concern in life has no more to do with you than the man in the moon has to do with the man in the street. In fact, making everybody's trouble your trouble, when, were that left alone, disease would be less frequent, and home would be always green and fresh, and real happiness would not be destroyed. How many families there are whose happiness is destroyed by brooding over the never-to-happen events, and when they find they do not really happen, feel disappointed, and worry again because they did not. The idea, too, of others being in better circumstances is a source of worryment, and tells heavily on the heart and happiness; and such persons feel as bad as though they were continually taking medicine. But they never look for one moment at the condition of those who are below them, in a much worse state—O no! that would give too much pleasure, and make them uneasy; they would be miserable then about the misery of those persons.

Home is an educator of the heart, and mind, and when it loses its influences, carelessness and rudeness prevail. Home cannot be made too happy or too virtuous. Many a good man has been made an

honor to himself and to society by the influences of home. Many a good man has been ruined by the bad influences of home. If a person has a vicious tendency, if home be made cheerful it will act as a corrector, and abate his passions; but if home is cheerless and unhappy, the passions become uncontrolled, and destruction is inevitable, either morally or physically.

LETTER FROM JUNCTION CITY.

DEAR SPIRIT: Junction City has on its best looks just now. The streets are clean, and the hills surrounding the town on every side are as beautiful as nature can make them. What magnificent places these Kansas towns are capable of becoming. Suppose Rochester, N. Y., had such splendid hills as these on which to exhibit her finest residences, what adjective would be comprehensive enough to describe her beauty? Suppose the Genesee ran through as rich a valley as that of the Smoky Hill, how the proud city near its mouth would be profited by it! Junction is not the lively, reckless place it was a year or two ago. And no wonder. The Land Office has been ruthlessly removed to Salina. The M. K. & T. road has "gone back on" the city of its former love. The offices and all have been taken to other points, and the number of employes reduced to the fewest possible. The completion of the Kansas Pacific through to Denver has drawn away much of the trade from the west that used to center here.

But in spite of all these departed glories Junction is not "clean gone up" yet by any manner of means. You do not see the goodly army of "carpet-baggers" alight here at every arrival of the train as in the palmy days of yore, but you see everywhere a set purpose on the part of the citizens to stand by the town nature has so favorably surrounded, and see it become what it is destined to be, one of the best places in the country. Its steady growth is assured. The country about is not as well developed as are some newer parts of the State, owing to the avaricious grip of speculators on the fertile lands. But time will adjust this. God made the lands to be cultivated, and they will be in spite of the land-sharks. Junction is evidently settling down to business. It must for all time be the center of trade for an immense area. The Republican Valley road, which is a certainty, will add much to the growth of the town.

The farmers begin to look happy once more. Corn has a pretty good stand. If the plow and the cultivator can keep ahead of the weeds the yield of the "old reliable" crop will be abundant.

Some fields of winter wheat look promising, though the amount that has survived frost is not large.

The religious interest is still kept up. New parties are coming out on the Lord's side every day. The pastors show the right sort of pluck in the matter. They are determined not to give up so, but to fight it out on this line against the devil if it takes all summer. Morning and night the meetings are well attended. Evidently everybody begins to realize that the Christian people of Junction are taking a new departure. The interest has not risen as high as it did in Lawrence, even in proportion to the size of the place; but it is the belief of those who ought to know that it has not yet reached its height. It certainly has n't if everybody favors the work as much as the editor of the Union, who prints revival handbills gratis! Who will now deny the approach of the "golden age?"

JUNCTION CITY, May 28.

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Careful Attention Given to Orders, and Samples of Goods Sent by Mail on Request.

L. BULLENE & CO., No. 89, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

The Young Pioneer.

CONDUCTED BY MISS THEODORA ROBINSON.

THE DECORATION PILGRIMAGE.

Daisy Waters stood upon the side piazza in her pretty morning dress and slippers, looking as sweet and happy as the wee floweret from which she had derived her name.

"What makes you kick your legs so fast and hard?" inquired Daisy.

"Cause I'm mad," responded Tony, gruffly.

"What's maddened you?" said Daisy, sympathetically.

"Everybody's goin' off to Camp Diggins on the cars behind the big engine, and I've got to stay at home, out of pure nothin'ness, jest 'cause May happens to be 'pointed on the decoration permittee and feels too big to take me."

"Guess I aint too little!" said Daisy.

"Now Tony was exactly three days old when the memorable battle of Bull Run took place. More-over, his venerable babyship was cradled not less than a thousand miles from the scene of combat; so what Tony knew about Bull Run must have been gained from history rather than personal observation."

"I spect you did. You're real big, and you know all about 'most everything. But I think 't will be lots nicer to stay at home to-day. I'm going to be housekeeper and Norah says I may do just as I've a mind to all day long."

"I can't; I've got to keep out doors and eat bread and milk for dinner," said Tony, in an injured tone.

"Come over and dine with me; I'm going to have sparrowgrass on toast," said Daisy, cordially.

"Don't care 'bout 'sociatin' too much with girls, but if you're going to have sparrowgrass I may as well happen in 'bout dinner time," replied the ungallant youngster, indifferently.

A bevy of young girls soon came along with baskets of flowers in their hands and pretty spring hats upon their heads.

"Next Decoration Day p'r'aps I'll be on a permittee myself, and then we'll see who'll carry the flowers to Camp Diggins!"

"Tony loitered about the yard until Daisy's mother went away, when he walked over immediately and sat down upon the piazza, taking care to make a signal shuffling which brought his hostess to the spot at once."

"O, you're just in time, Mr. Tony. I do so delight to have visitors come early!" said the little lady, extending her hand in smiling welcome.

Daisy exerted herself to entertain her visitor agreeably, but Tony's mind still dwelt upon the Decoration theme and he was moody and absent-minded.

"'Spose they're on the road to Camp Diggins by this time. Wish I could have gone—think I might—wish I could have gone," he said, poutingly.

"I'll tell you what we might do," said Daisy, taking thought. "We might go and decorate old Banjo's grave."

"Who was old Banjo?" inquired Tony, interestedly.

"Uncle John's coachman."

"Was he a sojer?"

"No, he was a—rheumatic."

"Pooh! 't would be no fun if he was n't a sojer, 'less—tell ye what—we might play he was a sojer and that would do 'bout as well," suggested Tony.

"So we might; but I don't know where he's buried. He died before I was born," answered Daisy.

Here was a serious obstacle. Tony hesitated a moment and then began an investigation by inquiring, "Is it anywhere near Libby Prison?"

"Yes, I guess so," answered Daisy, ignorantly.

"Well, it's easy enough to find it, then. We'll start as soon as dinner."

"We'd better not wait for dinner, we'll have it when we come back; 't won't be dinner time for fifteen hours yet." (Daisy's idea of time was somewhat indefinite.) "We'll take some bread and sugar to lunch on after we've travelled about a dozen miles."

Tony could scarcely feel reconciled to postpone the "sparrowgrass" until his return, but the new project interested him greatly, so he consented, after short consideration. Daisy got a basket, and with Tony's help (Norah being absent), she procured from the pantry a liberal supply of bread and sugar, which she placed in the bottom of the basket and covered with a napkin. This done they went into the garden for some flowers.

"Why, mamma's taken them all, and there aren't any in your yard, either," said Daisy, disappointedly.

"That's so; but I know where there's a big bunch of 'em 'nough sight prettier than any that grow down here; it's up in your parlor," said Tony.

"O, but they're wax flowers," returned Daisy.

"Banjo won't know the difference."

"That's so, and I guess mamma would n't care, for she always liked Banjo ever so well," said Daisy, rather hesitatingly.

"All right—go get 'em, and I guess I can find some, too," said Tony, looking very sly.

Daisy started for the parlor and Tony climbed over the fence and entered the Egbert house. He was gone sometime. Daisy had come down to the garden with her bouquet and was waiting quite impatiently when he returned. Tony brought in his hand a wreath of forget-me-nots, fair and fresh, but lacking fragrance. Some of the flowers were badly crushed, as if they had been torn from their place by hasty hands.

"O, how lovely! but they do n't smell," said Daisy, sniffing them; "they ain't real. Where did you get them, I wonder?"

"Come, let's travel along," said Tony, evasively. The flowers were laid in the basket and Tony and Daisy started upon their Decoration pilgrimage.

"Now then," said Tony, pointing toward a distant hill, "Libby Prison's somewhere over yonder, I guess, and we'll keep straight ahead till we get there."

[Concluded next week.]

CHUBBY AND BOB'S CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER FOUR.

DEAR COUSIN CHUB: Sew six bumble-beezy into a bag and dont fail to make the bag out of Aunt Polly's best bunnet strings. Tuck this bag of bumble-beezy into the toe of one of Aunt Polly's gater meeting shoes. When you've got that did make another after the same order for the other toe. Fix the thing up Satterday night soss the bumble-beezy wont have timeter starve. Have the bag jest tight enough to crowd em soss to mad em and make em feel like stinging jest like fury. When Aunt Polly puts on the shoes Sunday morning you bet she'll play hop scotch. If she loses her christian temper clime a tree and twit her about being a peppery old maid.

You're fresh if you think mow ziz never hit great a little ron. That's a puzzle I've rigged up out of Moses and Aaron. You'd better reckon he pummed him right smart when he lit down from Mount Arryart and caught the brazen calf that Aaron had stuck up in the wilderness to cure the people that had got snake bit for jawing Moses behind his back while he was up in the cloud after the ten commandments that every feller in our Sunday school is bound to learn whether he approves of em or not.

We've got a school mistress that can pick your apple blossom into a thousand pieces. When we play devils shoestring and I keep out of the ring she can snatch up the whole row of fellers and crack their heels into their heads before they can wink twit. She can catch a rattlesnake by the tale and snap it's head off so quick it haint got timeter draw in it's tongue if it's only half way out. She dont set down and play on a jewsharp while the hens are going to roost she outs and raises a mule and a pair of dogs and fetches up the cattle. But I can choke her eating battercakes. I can eat a bakers dozen twit over without katching the cramp and she can't swoller but seventeen no matter how near starved you find her. I tell you she's a bully girl she never goes back on a feller without giving him a fair chance to defend himself. When she fetches the school to an end she's going to light out and take up a claim on her own hook and line. If I was a man she'd hear the question popped agin she'd got the claim well broke and fenced and so fourth.

Tell Tim to black his face with burnt coik and stuff his jacket and trowes with pise and cakes and run away out here and I'll show him howter get a living without ever seeing a hoe or a pertater hill. Tell him I'll tan him a gopher's hide soss he could n't tell it from a squirrel skin. He can hook a ride on the cowkatcher most of the way and he can let on that he's a contryband trying to get away from the Ku Klucks. If you wanter get shet of dropping plaster you'd better come along with Tim. I reckon you could make the trip without you're so fat you'd tucker out too easy but you'd haveter dress up in Sollyman's clothes and say gosh and thunderbolts and keep spitting and nocking off Tim's hat or folks would know you was n't a boy. T would be better for Tim to come than Sollyman or Abryham because chaps of my size or a little bigger are apter be afraid of me.

I reckon I dont drop all the corn or any other man. Pa's got a two forty nag that can drop two rows as fast as it can run. Gess that riddle and I'll give you another. You're right about the corn that grew so high in your first letter if a man should shin up a stalk and tumble off he'd never know what hurt him. I reckon there was fifteen fellers besides Jack Whipple and Bill Turner that trapped three polecats apiece so that would just make it with my seven added onto the anser. I would n't mind if one of the twins belonged to us did you say tis Pussycat that curls the pigs tales? I'd rather be cross-eyed than six foot high because I could play catscradle with one eye and watch the schoolmistress with the other. A feller that haint got any young kin round the house dont know whoter call on when he's lost his boots and cap and a dozen other things tronet and he dont wanter be always running after Bill Turner and Jack Whipple every time he katches a buck rabbit or a timber owl and

what's the fun of katching 'em if he haint got somebody to show em to. I wisht Sammy had n't took the meezeles and died. I dont believe in being soft but when you lose your little brother and there aint no prospect of your ever getting another it makes you feel like swelling up in spite of yourself. Sammy bit my orange dry the day before he took sick and I tweaked his years to pay him back and it always makes my stumic ake to remember it. I wisht I'd let him suck that orange dry. I kinder wisht I had n't licked Bill Turner if he should get kicked by a mule or bit by a rattlesnake he might die all of a sudden and then I should feel cheap enough. If I dont forget it next time I see him I'll agree notter pitch onto him again if he'll agree notter try to brag over me or do anything else that's sassy.

Truly yours BOB ROLLY.

LICK-CHUCK BOTTOM, Kansas.

NATURAL HISTORY SKETCHES.

My "Young Pioneer" Friends:—

This is the grand time of the year for observation, the busy season with all nature, in everything that grows and lives. How countless are the millions of little shoots which one of these shining June days brings forth; and after a warm shower you can almost hear them grow out of their tender covering. Then the whisking wings and trilling throats of the myriad of little birds on every hand are apparently enough in themselves to put the air into a state of commotion. And they are all in act of beautifying nature, too. Some are plucking the dry grass, so that the fields may look green, and others are gathering up the lost feathers and hairs, and pulling the moss from the bark of trees, while all are more or less engaged in inspecting our orchards and pulling off caterpillars and other worms, or a nest of worms' eggs that would soon pour forth their destructive horde upon growing vegetation. Yonder again is the "old crow," who does much good, notwithstanding the fact that he is regarded generally as the worst enemy of farmers amongst birds. True, he sometimes pulls corn, but he destroys a great number of insects. All winter he forages for them, and he follows the plowman in spring in search of grubs. Mr. Beecher says that the crow possesses many of the traits peculiar to man. We wonder if any of our young folks think they are like a crow! Upon the fence post over there is a meadow lark. See how long and strong his beak is, made on purpose to pick out insects from growing plants. He is an especial enemy of the squash or pumpkin bug, and feeds almost entirely on them and other bugs and worms, only visiting our stacks and barns for seeds and grain when the ground is covered with snow. Just listen to that glorious burst of melody which causes a thrill of happiness all through you. There again is the cedar bird, sometimes called cherry bird, who has been known to eat thirty-six worms at a single meal. This is a beautiful little friend of ours and should not be destroyed. Now they come in flocks. The black bird, quail, butcher bird, martin, swallow, woodpecker, humming bird, blue jay, red bird, cat bird, hermit thrush, and the robin, besides so many others we cannot enumerate them—all objects of study, and drawing us out to investigate other objects of equal interest in the vegetable world. You must never kill a bird. Some folks say if you do the cow will give bloody milk. You who are so fond of bread and milk, beware!

Now we ask our young friends to look around upon the endless trains of speculation and inquiry that present themselves to those who study nature. A step taken anywhere that there are plants, furnishes a study; and that walk which does not afford reflection for a week, must be very short, as well as over a place exceedingly barren. It is impossible to cultivate a faculty which will afford us more happiness than observation; and nothing can be more useful than that, for it is the source of all that we know; nothing can afford higher pleasure, for it is the source of all that we enjoy; and we can never tire of it, because it is always healthful and invigorating, and possesses an attraction that satisfies a natural desire in us. If we examine the matter aright, we shall find that at all ages, and under every circumstance of life, it is really nature which sweetens our cup, and that, skillfully used, there is no gall in life so bitter that nature cannot turn it into honey. Look at the child on the meadow—no matter though it has been born in the very heart of a city, and seen nothing but brick walls, and crowds, and rolling carriages, and pavements, and dust—let it once get its feet upon the green sward and it will toss away the most costly playthings and never gather enough of the buttercups and violets and other wild flowers which mantle the sod. And if it starts a little bird which bounds onward with easy wing, as if it were leaping from portion to portion of the sightless air, how it will stretch its little hands, and shout and hurry on to catch the living treasure. And if the bird perch upon a tree or hedge and sings its sweet song of security, one little hand will be held up to the ear, and the other will be extended with the palm backwards, as if a sign were given by nature herself for the world to listen and admire.

Now while we advise our young friends to look around, we intend to be doing the same and will give you the benefit of our observation from time to time, through the "Young Pioneer" of THE SPIRIT, and we invite you to write the result of your observations, that we may publish them in the Natural History sketches which we intend to add to this department. And by way of a special inducement to you to devote some of your spare time

to the study of surrounding objects, we will send THE KANSAS SPIRIT free, one year, to the boy or girl who will send us the greatest number of facts, from personal observation, about the meadow lark, within the next four weeks.

EVADING THE POINT.

Little Lou was very fond of picking her mamma's winter flowers that grew in the bay window upon the sunny side of the house. Mamma coaxed and scolded to no effect, and finally said:

"Does little mischief know what mamma is going to do to her hands if they pick any more flowers?"

"Ess."

"What?"

"Tiss 'em."

"No, tie them."

Lou's dolly received some very sober attention and mamma went about her morning work confident that the threatened punishment would effect the desired cure. An hour had scarcely passed before Lou appeared in mamma's room with her little apron full of geraniums and Christmas roses.

"Naughty, naughty Lou! She's been picking flowers again," exclaimed mamma reprovingly.

"No, didn't pict 'em," declared Lou.

"Telling a wicked lie, too," said mamma sorrowfully.

"Bit 'em off," exclaimed Lou triumphantly.

THE SPIDER WEB.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—NO. 5.

My 1, 2, 3, is prized by the weary.

My 3, 2, 8, is a shallow vessel.

My 3, 7, 5, 6, is a rod.

My 5, 6, 4, is one of the signs of the zodiac.

My 2, 5, 7, 8, 6, is single.

My whole was a great sovereign.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 6.

My first is in ram, but not in goat;

My second is in hat, also in coat;

My third is in measure, but not in rule;

My fourth is in horse, but not in mule;

My fifth is in hour but not in day;

My sixth is in December, but not in May.

My whole is part of a gun.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 9.

1. A token.

2. One of the horrors of the West.

3. To govern.

4. Part of a ship.

HIDDEN PROVERBS.

No. 1.—An agricultural instrument; an abyss; as long as; a kind of snail; watchers; rest.

No. 2.—A vowel; modern; a consonant; apartment; to lament; a consonant; pure.

No. 3.—At no time; a numeral; a part of a house; a numeral; part of the body; to improve.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &C.

Cross Word Enigma, No. 4.—Lawrence.

Puzzle, No. 2.—Charitable.

Numerical Enigma, No. 3.—Bret Harte.

Word Square, No. 6.

Word Square, No. 7.

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TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

WANTED, A WIFE.

Our governess left us, dear brother,
Last night, in a strange fit of pique,
Will you kindly seek out for another?
We want her at latest next week.

But I'll give you a few plain credentials,
The bargain with speed to complete;
Take a pen, just set down the essentials,
And begin at the top of the sheet.

With ease and modest decision,
She ever must move, act and speak;
She must understand French with precision,
Italian, and Latin, and Greek.

She must play the piano divinely,
Excel on the harp and the lute;
Do all sorts of needlework finely,
And make feather flowers and wax fruit.

She must answer all queries directly;
And all sciences well understand;
Paint in oils, sketch from nature correctly,
And write German text and short hand.

She must sing with power, science and sweetness,
Yet for concerts must not sigh at all;
She must dance with ethereal fleetness,
Yet never must go to a ball.

She must not have needy relations,
Her dress must be tasteful and plain;
Her discourse must abound in quotations,
Her memory all dates must retain.

She must point out each author's chief beauties,
She must manage dull natures with skill,
Her pleasure must lie in her duties,
She must never be nervous nor ill.

If she write either essays or sonnets,
Yet be not pedantic or pert;
If she wear none but deep cottage bonnets;
If she deem it high treason to flirt;

If to mildness she add sense and sprit,
Engage her at once without fear,
I love to reward honest merit,
And I give—forty guineas a year.

I accept, my good sister, your mission;
To-morrow my search I'll begin;
In all circles, in every condition,
I'll strive such a treasure to win.

And if, after years of probation,
My eyes on the wonder should rest,
I'll engage her without hesitation,
But not on the terms you suggest.

Of a bride, I have ne'er made selection,
For my bachelor thoughts would still dwell
On an object so near to perfection,
That I blushed half my fancies to tell.

Now this list that you kindly have granted,
I'll quote, and refer to through life;
But just blot out a governess wanted,
And head it with—"Wanted, a Wife!"

FUN AND FROLIC.

The end of a candle—To give light.
One key to Irish grievances—Whiskey.
A noose-paper—A marriage certificate.
Cat music is done purr-puss-ly, isn't it?
A posthumous child (generally)—Appreciation.
A wonderful aerial phenomenon—A flight of stairs.
A cold cut—The White Mountain "Notch" in winter.
Whatever is, is right—except your left hand and foot.
In Tennessee a hotel-keeper is called a "hash-mill boss."
How to make time go fast—Use the spur of the moment.
An infallible prescription—To rid a house of flees—kill them.
Hints to mothers—Treat your baby kindly, but not cordially.

It is only ugly men whom women tell they can't bear handsome ones.

Curious—If twice eleven are twenty-two, how can twice ten be twenty too.

What becomes of the hints people keep on dropping, so few are picked up.

Young ladies should be taught to rise with the larks, but not to get up to them.

Milk is good for babes. Curd is not; neither should you let them have their whey.

The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practicing on a saddle of mutton.

A hint to braggarts—What can be more useful than a clock? Yet it always runs itself down.

A shrill old lady in Memphis whenever she loses her scissors rouses the whole family with—"Where's them shears appeared to."

If you wish to know how many friends you have, get into office; if you wish to know how many friends you have n't, get into trouble.

The following advertisement appeared in an eastern paper recently: "Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

At the dinner of an Irish Association, not long since, the following toast was given: "Here's to the President of the society, Patrick O'Rafferty, an' may he live to eat the chicken that scratches over his grave."

There is a man who often comes to Hamilton, Nevada, whose nose is of such extraordinary length that he can only take liquids through a straw or glass tube he carries with him. The straw or tube has to be inserted in the corner of his mouth, as his nose will not allow it to go in the middle. He must be a cousin to the man who had to hire a boy to lead his nose around corners.

An eminent journalist in Kalamazoo, Michigan, declared in his paper that a rival editor had seven toes. The rival editor thereupon came out in a double-leaded article, in which he denounced the statement as untruthful, and declared that the "author of it was a liar and a scoundrel." The eminent journalist replied that he didn't for a moment wish to have it understood that all seven of those toes were on one foot. And now the rival editor tries to avoid the public scorn by asking his readers seriously, "Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mold public opinion?"

"YOUNG MESSENGER."

This highly bred trotting stallion will make the season at Manhattan on the following terms:

BY THE SEASON.....\$25 00
TO INSURE.....40 00

PEDIGREE.—Young Messenger was sired by Alexander's Abdullah (the sire of Goldsmith's Maid), he by Rysdick's Hambletonian (the sire of Dexter). The dam of Alexander's Abdullah was by Bay Roman, he by imported Roman, out of the Pinkney mare by Old Hickory, second dam by Membrino, he by Old Membrino, he by imported Messenger. The dam of Young Messenger was Baccante (full sister to Baccus), by Downing's Bay Messenger, he by Harpinus, Harpinus was by Bishop's Hambletonian, dam by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported Messenger, his dam Pheasant by imported Shark, grandam by imported Medley.

Young Messenger is seven years old this Spring, sixteen hands high, with good bone and powerful muscle, and possesses all the desirable qualities of roadster and farm horse. His color is dark iron gray. Address
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This young trotting stallion will stand for the season at the Lawrence Driving Park upon the following

TERMS:
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PEDIGREE:
Sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., (Strader's); he by Cassius M. Clay; he by Henry Clay. Dam by Mayday; second dam by second Trustee.

131f W. S. WELLS.

"GOULD CLAY."

This famous young Kentucky stallion was sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jr. His sire has trotted in 2:31. Gould Clay's dam is by Ethan Allen. Old Ethan is the sire of eleven horses that have trotted below two-thirty. The grandam of Gould Clay is Imported Glencoe. This horse will stand for the season at \$25. Mares not in foal may be returned next season. Mares from a distance pastured and cared for.

W. S. WELLS.

"LEOPOLD."

Sired by Old Bellfounder; dam, a thoroughbred Kentucky mare. This horse has trotted in 2:35 and is a famous getter of trotters. He will stand at Hillhome Farm the present season at \$15. Mares taken and cared for. Insurance for \$30.

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A FEW BERKSHIRE PIGS, from four to six months,
And Young Pigs of each breed, some of the latter nearly old enough to take from the sows.

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A FINE FARM OF ONE HUNDRED ACRES,
Five miles from town, all fenced, plenty of good fruit, good house and barn, land of the best quality, and very cheap.

AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN,
well improved, good house, fine young pear trees and other fruit, good hedge around 40 acres, water and timber—to trade for good wild land and some cash.

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A FINELY IMPROVED FARM OF 233 ACRES, SEVEN MILES
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TO TRADE.—Forty acres of land and good frame house, located within two miles of Lawrence. Will be exchanged for a house and lot in the city. Apply to J. T. Stevens & Co.

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We Examine Titles, Pay Taxes & Loan Money
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Lying in the English Channel, contiguous to the coast of France, are several small islands, the principle of which are Jersey, Alderney and Guernsey.

What gives these islands their greatest celebrity, however, is their peculiar breed of horned cattle.

Although there is a great similarity between the cattle found on all the Channel Islands, and although specimens taken from Alderney and carried to Great Britain served to fix that name on this variety of cattle, there is no question that the finest representatives of the race are to be found on the Island of Jersey.

In relation to the means that have been taken to keep the breed pure, the following extract from a letter from Col. J. Le Couteur to the editor of the Herd Register of the American Jersey Cattle Club, will be of interest:

"The outline history of our breed is this: In the year 1789, the Jersey cow was already considered so good, so superior to any then known, I imagined, that an act of our local legislature (which for such ends is quite independent of the British Parliament), was passed by which the importation into Jersey of cow, heifer, calf or bull was prohibited, under the penalty of two hundred livres, with the forfeiture of boat and tackle, besides a fine of fifty livres to be imposed on every sailor on board, who did not inform of the attempt at importation.

The great claim of the Jersey is as a cream producing animal. Where milk is to be disposed of by the gallon, as it is in a city market or at a cheese factory, the Jersey is an unprofitable cow to keep.

At present there is a good demand for superior milk cows on the part of persons living in cities and towns. The full or half-blood Jerseys are well adapted for this purpose, being docile, spare feeders, great milkers, and of a breed whose ancestors have been kept confined to narrow limits.

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GENERAL HARDWARE

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Silver Plated Door and Window Trimmings, Brass & Bronze Door & Window Trimmings,

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SHERIFF'S SALE. STATE OF KANSAS, In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, Kansas.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will on Saturday, the 6th day of July A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Lawrence, county of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Daniel Pitsenberger and Hannah Pitsenberger, and each of them, in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The south half of the south-east quarter of the north-west quarter of section (10), township fourteen (14), range nineteen (19), in Douglas county, State of Kansas, appraised at two hundred and forty dollars (\$240.00), taken as the property of Daniel Pitsenberger and Hannah Pitsenberger, and to be sold to satisfy said execution.

S. B. CALMEAN, Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN MORTAR,

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, 59 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

Renovated, Re-stocked, Neat and Attractive DRUG STORE

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GIVE WHAT IS CALLED FOR,

Give Pure Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals

From the best Laboratories of Europe and America,

AND, FINALLY, TO GIVE YOUR MONEY'S VALUE.

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I've lost my pocket-knife. I loaned it to somebody--do n'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.

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I have had twenty-five years' practical experience in WATCH REPAIRING,

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This corporation is organized under the laws of Kansas. The capital is one hundred thousand dollars, and its stockholders are liable by statute to its creditors for twice the amount of their shares, making two hundred thousand dollars personal liability. One-half of the savings deposits received will be loaned upon first mortgages on real estate of ample value in this State. The balance, except the amount necessary to be kept in the bank to meet ordinary calls of depositors, will be carefully invested in other first-class securities, such as can readily be realized upon, for the payment of deposits in case of special need. Similar investments constitute the usual and sole security of deposits in New England savings banks, and are fully and safely relied upon. When, therefore, coupled as above with so large a personal liability, the safety of money deposited is amply assured.

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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 for years, months and days shows the time required for any sum to double at given rates of interest--

Table with columns: Amounts as they multiply, Time at 5 per cent, Time at 6 per cent, Time at 7 per cent. Rows include \$1,000, 2,000, 4,000, 8,000, 16,000, 32,000, 64,000, 128,000, 256,000, 512,000, 1,024,000.

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$2,000 in 25 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent, \$2,000 in 20 years, 9 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 \$100,000 in the same time.

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Our Chicago manufactory now being in full operation, having recovered from the recent great fire, we are receiving fresh, new 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.

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

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is prepared to do cleaning in a superior manner.

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Please note well the address.

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