

# The Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—FRANKLIN.

VOLUME I. LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 22, 1872. NUMBER 21.

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**GROCERIES,**

Are invited to call at

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CORNER OF MASSACHUSETTS & WARREN STS.

**SPECIALITIES:**

NEW YORK SUGARS AND SYRUPS,  
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THE FINEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS  
IN THIS MARKET,  
C. F. FELL & BRO.'S PURE SPICES,  
CANNED FRUIT—BEST AND WELL KNOWN BRANDS,  
CANNED FISH AND VEGETABLES—DITTO,  
CROSS & BLACKWELL ENGLISH PICKLES,  
TABLE SAUCES OF ALL KINDS,  
OLIVES, CAPERS, MOUTARD DIAPHANE,  
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**CALIFORNIA WINES,**  
PORT, SHERRY, CLARET, MUSCATELL,  
ANGELICA AND SAN JOAQUIN BITTERS,  
BRANDY.

For Flavor and Bouquet  
THESE WINES ARE UNRIVALLED.

TO THOSE NEEDING

**A STRENGTHENING TONIC**  
at this season of the year

THESE WINES AND OUR GENUINE  
**SCOTCH ALES**  
are confidently recommended.

**Contributed Articles.**

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.  
**U. G. R. R.**  
NUMBER ONE.  
BY JAMES HANWAY.

These cabalistic letters which were frequently seen and read prior to our late civil war, have become historical. They recall many associations which are so full of romance that it is certainly surprising that some writer, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe or Hannah Maria Childs, has not undertaken the task of gathering the thousand incidents which are connected and blended with them.

Let the secrets of that mysterious organization which once troubled the politicians, disturbed the harmony of ecclesiastical bodies, and raised the ire of the slave power to a cauldron heat, be given to the world. Its history is full of romance: the wildest production of the imagination falls short of this living reality. The song of joy and the tale of woe are blended; deeds the most ennobling and acts the most cruel and inhuman follow in quick succession in this unpublished record.

Some may think that the great crimes against humanity which were perpetrated during the "Age of American Martyrs" should be "in the bosom of the ocean buried," because they are dark spots on our history as a nation. The examples of history are lessons of instruction to the rising generation, and the duty of the historian is to furnish faithful records of facts, so that we may be enabled in the future to avoid the rocks and quicksands which have heretofore beset us. A member of the Catholic church might on the same grounds object to referring to the records of events which transpired in the benighted age of the world and are standing monuments of imbecility and cruelty; but Protestants have no scruples in referring to Loyola and St. Dominic, who founded the Inquisition which only a few centuries ago ruled the entire world as triumphantly as the late pro-slavery party did the United States a few years since.

When a moral pestilence sweeps over society and by its arbitrary mandates and proscriptive laws violates the sacred rights of private judgment, and seeks to make men passive instruments to aid in crushing out the natural instincts of humanity, it becomes a crime of such vast magnitude that centuries cannot wipe out its record. No! Let the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, the thumb-screws of Scotland, and the annals of American slavery be recorded on the same page of history: they stand as monuments of the ignorance, folly, superstition and bigotry of our forefathers and the cruelty which has been inflicted on an unfortunate race.

The under-ground railroad was not a chartered institution. It was not organized or under the special care or jurisdiction of any ecclesiastical body; its members were not bound by oaths to keep its secrets, but never were the secrets of a society more sacredly kept. No allurements of political position enticed them from their duty. No threats or arbitrary mandates of the slave power deterred them from giving aid and assistance to a fugitive from slavery. The destruction of the printing press by the terrorists who ruled the mob only increased their energy and bound them more firmly together. Fines and imprisonment were resorted to, but they only produced a cheek in individual cases, while sympathy with its thousand tongues pleaded for those imprisoned.

"Their country conquered with their martyrdom, And Freedom's fame found wings on every wind." Read out of two great political parties as an "unhealthy organization"; debarred from holding the modest title of "P. M." in a post-office or the most subordinate position in a township, they worked on isolated and alone. Religious societies in some cases excommunicated them as a disturbing element in their congregations and branded them as fanatics and disturbers of the peace. The Scriptures were quoted and a multitude of texts were brought forward to apologize for, defend and establish slavery by divine law. Those who denied the interpretation of these learned divines were unceremoniously denounced as infidels, sceptics and unbelievers. Perhaps the most distressing picture of the deplorable state of religious servility in those days

was when three of the leading members of the society of Friends from England visited the United States for the purpose of harmonizing the difficulty which existed with the members of that society in this country. When they landed at the city of New York they fell into the hands of those who advocated the "passive policy," consequently their efforts to harmonize did not affect anything—in fact it made the breach wider, for the influence of these three distinguished individuals was cast against their active anti-slavery friends, and in favor of the "sum of all villainies." Politicians exulted and church ecclesiastics shouted for joy. Never was there such a humiliating spectacle. That a church which had been ever active and vigilant in suppressing the slave trade and in favor of emancipation in the West India Islands should become mesmerized by a set of pro-slavery politicians was unlooked for and inexplicable.

The fugitive slave act of 1850 was a demand of the South, and the North was forced to yield to the humiliating position and require the citizens of her Free States to become slave-hunters when called upon by an officer of the government. Senator Mason of Virginia was the author of the bill, and said in the Senate that he did not believe the act would be of much benefit to the South in restoring fugitives to their masters. He was right. The members and stockholders of the U. G. R. R. changed their schedule somewhat; they were less bold but better organized. The law brought about a revival, and many who had remained as nominal members of the pro-slavery parties left them in disgust and gave their money and assistance to the U. G. R. R.

Within a year after the passage of that act this little party could count twice its original members. All our large cities had merchants, now and then a stray lawyer, physicians—and to their honor I must say the latter were well represented—who gave liberally to purchase clothing and pay the expenses of transporting the fugitives from station to station. The mercantile community were very timid. They feared the argument of the mob. A paper would be circulated asking for aid for a charitable cause. The names of a few heading the list was always a guarantee for the object to which it was to be appropriated. Generally no questions were asked and no answer needed.

Sometimes an old political hunker would contribute aid. On one occasion a wealthy merchant of the Democratic party who lived on Third street, Cincinnati, and carried on a very extensive mercantile establishment, called at the store house of Levi Coffin on Fifth street. My friend Levi was a Quaker and chief conductor of the Cincinnati branch of the U. G. R. R., and was generally known throughout the city as a friend to the fugitive. The merchant entered the storeroom and called Friend Coffin aside. He spoke in a low tone of voice as if he were fearful some of his Democratic friends might hear him, and said: "I have come to see a fugitive: can you gratify my curiosity?" Not fully comprehending him, Levi asked him various questions, but the merchant insisted if there was a fugitive to be seen he wanted to see him. At last Friend Coffin said, "Yes, I suppose I can gratify thy curiosity." Near to where they were standing was a trap door, leading into the cellar. "Do you keep them down there?" said the merchant pointing to the door. "O, no," said Levi; "I don't keep my friends in the cellar when they come to see me." "Where do you keep them then?" enquired the anxious merchant. "Up stairs." "What! in the parlor?" "Yes, in the parlor." As they were about starting Friend Levi said to him: "Stop; there is still a little matter which must be attended to before thee pays a visit to my friend. We are at considerable expense, and it is necessary that we collect of those who take an interest in our charitable undertaking something by way of aid to pay the expense." The merchant looked astonished and hesitated, but at last he enquired, "How much do you need?" "Any free will offering will be acceptable," was the reply. So he handed over a three dollar bill. Up stairs they found the fugitive sitting by the fire, and Levi, telling him to give his visitor a history of his life and escape from bondage, retired from the room locking the old line Democrat and fugitive slave in together. What would Senator Mason have said to this strange picture? In the course of an hour or

two the merchant returned to the lower apartment, and remarked to Friend Coffin: "Well, sir, I have learned more in the last hour concerning the institution of slavery than I had previously gathered in my whole life." And he was so moved by the simple narrative to which he had listened that he could not converse without manifesting emotion. As he was departing Friend Levi said to him: "Now thee can go and tell all thy Democratic friends what thee has seen and heard, but be sure and do not forget to tell them also that thou hast given three dollars to aid a fugitive slave to escape from his master." He evidently had not considered this aspect of the case—the violation of the fugitive slave law. Of course his lips were sealed forever.

LANE, Franklin County.

**OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.**

DEAR SPIRIT: You have been misinformed as to the cause of my neglect of duty. I have not had the chills, nor any other ill, but have been prospecting the country. I have been South, looking at the country, the crops, and the chances for speculating in some good lands. I have made a careful and thorough investigation, and have concluded to stay where I am, contented with what I have. Few counties in the State equal, and I may safely add none excel Franklin in productiveness or class of population. Accordingly I cannot determine to abandon the advantages of this point for some other less certain or less agreeable locality. Coffeyville and Independence are marvels of growth, springing up in a night, as it were, but these places, in my judgment, do not possess Ottawa's stability, while the quality of land is not equal to that of our county. I suppose the energetic residents of that section will not appreciate this remark, but while I admire their pluck as a people, I honestly believe we beat them on land. Other sections of the South are in the same list. Chetopa is a sprightly little place, brimful of zeal and enterprise. Oswego, I fear, has had its day. Parsons, "the infant wonder," is improving, and aided as it is by the Company, will no doubt be a good point. The Railroad Depot at this place is the finest in the State. New Chicago does not seem to be as active as of old, and feels the want of the county seat. Erie, buried in the interior of the county, seems a strange place to select as a seat of justice. One has to put out in a buggy to get there. Humboldt still lives, but I think misses the land office. Col. Smith has started a new paper of the Greeley persuasion, and issues a spicy sheet. The old Union still stands gallantly in line for the old cause, and deals good blows for Grant and victory. Other places I have been to and could mention, but fear to make my letter too long.

Local matters in Ottawa are abundant now, and the papers as quarrelsome as usual. A gloom has been cast over the entire community by the death of two of our most estimable ladies. Mrs. Skinner, wife of the Vice President of our First National Bank, died while on a visit to New York, last Sunday, while on Wednesday, in this city, Mrs. Swift breathed her last. I did not enjoy an intimate acquaintance with the families of either, but know both ladies are sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends. Both deaths were very sad, and leave a great vacancy in our society.

The Presbyterians have a picnic at Lawrence today, and no doubt will visit your sanetum.

The Grant meeting last night was a decided success, was it not? We want you to come down often during the campaign, as there are a great many sick Greeley men around town to-day, who look longingly for a chance to flop over to the right side. We are generous, you know, and will take them in. Come again soon and tell us some more of "What you know about!" Horace.

BLINKS.

OTTAWA, June 20, 1872.

**OTTAWA HORSE ITEMS.**

Deacon Nugent has got the pedigree of his stallion all straightened out. It seems that there was only a slight mistake, after all. The blood of the horse is A, No. 1.

H. H. Ludington has bred his well known trotting mare, Black Maria, to Gould Clay. There will be stock worth having.

Mr. McQueen has a colt out of his fine blooded mare by Leopold, which he appropriately names "Kansas Spirit."

ON THE RAIL.  
BY CORA M. DOWNS.

I scarcely thought I should write to you, oh, SPIRIT! until I had reached the Mecca of my pilgrimage, but I had not anticipated that so much enjoyment could be crowded in a day by the way as it fell to my lot to experience at Springfield, Ill., (or rather our lot, for by dint of much coaxing, my stronger half laid down his red tape and "dockments," and accompanied me.)

The young pastor of the First Congregational Church of Springfield, with his heart overflowing with regards for Kansas people, wrote urgently that we should stop a few hours with him. Nothing loth, we accepted, and on alighting from the cars, our "St. John" met us with face more beaming and "spirituelle," if possible, than heretofore. I told him I supposed he had been beating eggs ever since he heard we were coming, and indeed an elegant dinner at Gen. Bates' hospitable mansion, with a very pleasant company met in our honor to discuss the good things with us, convinced us that the young clerical orator of Kansas was in delightful headquarters, and feted and honored by his people without stint. Gen. Bates is talked of for the next Governor of Illinois.

Of course we visited President Lincoln's house, but as there is no relic of furniture left in the house belonging to the beloved President, nothing but the bare walls reminded us that this was the casquet which once held so pure a pearl of humanity.

After dinner Mr. Barrows gave us a drive about the city. We visited his chapel, which was a gem in its way. An organ all shining with blue and gold stands in an arch-way directly behind the speaker's desk. The singers of Israel, elevated only by two or three steps, sit as it were apparently about their pastor. Next to Lawrence he says they give him the best music in the world. The ceiling is panelled in oak and has the effect of a sounding board to the voice. The walls are in pale lavender. The church is a model of taste and convenience.

The magnificent State House which the State of Illinois is erecting, came in for a share of our wondering admiration. Three millions of dollars ought to get up a nice building, and as "nice" does not apply at all, we will exhaust a vocabulary of adjectives and say it is lofty, grand, magnificent, &c. The columns and walls of the beautiful Joliet marble shine silvery white in the sunlight, and the building spreading its vast proportions over a great area of ground, one wonders how much grander the effect will be when the additional stories will be added to those already completed, and cornice and roof and dome crown the whole structure and make it a complete monument to the enterprise and wealth of this noble State.

Springfield is a beautiful city of stately houses, embowered in a wealth of verdure and bloom. The name is appropriate to the place; it is a field of bloom and robed in the garments of spring. The spirit of commerce and manufacturing interests do not seem to conflict with the desire of the citizens to beautify the city, and the shade trees lining the streets detract not from the busy, populous look of thoroughfares, but render them all the pleasanter. But the chief event of our visit was the drive to the cemetery of Oak Ridge, now made famous and sacred in history as the resting place of Abraham Lincoln. The cemetery is a beautiful retreat among hills and glens, as wild and lovely as nature and art can make them. The monument of Quincy granite erected to the memory of Lincoln, is now completed, awaiting only the groups of statuary in bronze, which are to ornament the corner pedestals. It is much more massive in its proportions than I had supposed. Meade, the designer and sculptor, has certainly wrought out in this solid pile of monumental marble a magnificent tribute to the great and good man who died a martyr to the cause of liberty of speech and thought.

The coffined dead lies in state in the inner marble chamber. The coffin is visible through a sheet of glass set in a marble tablet, and an iron grated door separates the crowd from the outer chamber. Under the pedestal in the front of the monument where Mr. Lincoln's statue is yet to be placed, is the entrance door to the memorial chamber. This is to be fitted up in time. The stone from the wall built by Servius Tullius is framed or imbedded in the solid rock of the wall; it is black with age, though the inscription in Latin is of recent date. A wall was built around the city of Rome during the reign of King Servius Tullius more than five hundred years before Christ was born. A stone was taken from a fragment of that old wall by some Roman patriots who placed a suitable inscription upon it, and sent it to Abraham Lincoln after he was elected President of the United States for the second time; but it is not known whether it arrived in Washington before his death or not, or that he ever saw it. The stone was sent by the Senate and House of Representatives to the Lincoln Monument Association, Sept. 15, 1870, and was made a part of the inside wall in the Lincoln monument in August, 1871. The translation of the inscription is as follows:

"To Abraham Lincoln, President for a second time of the American Republic, this stone from the wall of Servius Tullius, by which the name of each of these brave assertors of liberty may be associated, is presented by five hundred Roman Citizens, (Cives Romani, D.)"

also a history of the Monument Association, the funds, the process of building, &c., &c. The book is stereotyped, printed in the best style, and finely bound in English cloth. It will be sold for \$1.50 per volume. It contains a portrait of Lincoln, and engravings of the monument, a map of the country, a facsimile of the memorial stone sent over from Rome, and is well worth the price to all who desire to honor the memory of Mr. Lincoln by preserving to themselves and their posterity the most reliable record of the death of this great man, and the honors that a grateful country has thus embodied in enduring stone. Address orders for the same to J. C. Power, P. O. Box 800, Springfield, Ill.

I had nearly forgotten to say that we went up the winding stair to get a peep out from the top of the monument at the great world outside. When we were a little more than half way up, the Rev. John declared we were up as far as we could get. We said we would go on at any rate, and see if we could find the roof and crown of things, although it seemed so narrow and steep that farther progress was dubious; and indeed notwithstanding the parson's say so, we found we had quite a climb still before us. I had always thought our young "Reverend" a sort of "tip top" person before, but I was disappointed in him when I found he was disposed to be only a half way mortal after all. But even the best one of us all is likely to be mistaken sometime.

A brilliant lawn croquet party was the next thing on the programme. I was badly swindled on my side—our number was three to three—by one John Smith, Jr., who made the most reckless and vicious strikes. There is nothing individual in such a cognomen as Smith, but this person was peculiar and eccentric for a Smith, and when after a full hour's game victory perched upon his banner, he was not a generous foe, not by any manner of means, and was only induced into any kind of quiet respect for us by being informed over his ice cream and strawberries that he would be written up and exposed in the Kansas press.

Our thanks are due to those charming people who represented the hospitalities of Springfield to us, and who strove to honor their pastor in thus entertaining his guests. We reluctantly parted from them all—even from Smith, whose mallets of wit were as irresistible as those he wielded at croquet,—and we took the midnight train, eastward bound. We are shooting along now over the T. W. & W. R. W., having just passed Fort Wayne.

A delightful shower has freshened the verdure and brightened the face of nature. Whereas the country in Illinois through which this line of road passes is a vast area of cultivated farming lands with beautiful orchards and waving grain, in Indiana we are travelling through belts and belts of beautiful forests. People who travel westward or eastward will get an idea of what central Illinois and Indiana is with their populous towns by taking this popular and pleasant route instead of the route by the way of Chicago, which necessitates a change of cars.

Leaving the delightful Pullman palace car at Quincy which has made our transit so pleasant over the Hannibal and St. Joseph R. R., (and by the way what remarkably fine looking "P. P. C." conductors they always have on that road, with manners like princes who receive royally and make you to feel so at home while under their charge. Indeed my experience justifies my assertion that there is no route leading out of Kansas City that is at all comparable with the H. & St. Jo. R. R. Gen. Sup't. Nettleton has made this line a simple perfection in all its management and details. The travelling public will do well to prefer it to other routes.) Leaving Quincy for the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway, we do not need to step out of our palatial Pullman till we reach Toledo, unless one has good friends on the way who compel one to stop.

The country is so beautiful, the officials are most obliging and gentlemanly, the populous, enterprising towns on this route are well worthy a sharp scrutiny as we pass them—city after city—and villages dotting the country are all left behind in quick succession. It is as if we were crossing half a continent. From Kansas to Northeastern Ohio is thirty-three hours in pretty fast time. I am sure I shall greatly prefer this line hereafter, for if you don't change cars how can you miss connections?

Gen. Anderson, the Vice President of this road, was long an efficient and popular railroad king in Kansas, "having authority" in high places, and my thanks are due to him for railroad courtesies to so great an extent that I must here beg the favors of the gods for him. May his path be filled with roses, and his cup running over with—well, whatever he likes in his cup. More of railroads hereafter.

But I must go and "dust off," as it is nearly five o'clock P. M., and we are not far from Toledo. So farewell. You will next hear from me when I have left the "spokes" and am at the "hub." June 13th.

RILEY & CULLHAM,  
HORSE-SHOEING & BLACKSMITHING,  
Also Carriages, Wagons, Buggies, and all Modern Vehicles Built and Repaired.  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
22 MASSACHUSETTS STREET. 20ml

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NOTARY PUBLIC,  
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT,  
NEGOTIATOR OF LOANS,  
AND GENERAL BROKER,  
Improved Farms, City Property and Unimproved Lands for Sale.  
Personal Attention Given to Making Collections, Paying Taxes, &c. for non-Residents.  
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FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE!  
FRANKLIN, Philadelphia. ANDES, Cincinnati  
NORTH AMERICA, SPRINGFIELD, Philadelphia.  
KANSAS, Leavenworth.  
CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, OVER \$10,000,000.  
JOHN CHARLTON. CHAS. A. LONG.  
CHARLTON & LONG,  
Office Over Simpson's Bank, Front Room.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY  
Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with  
THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,  
The Old Reliable  
HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY  
SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 EAST EXPRESS TRAINS.  
Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.  
Connecting at Quincy Union Depot with Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroads to all points East, North and South.  
This short route, and connecting great through passenger lines, by way of Quincy, afford passengers unequalled advantages.  
SEE WHAT THEY ARE!  
The most elegant and sumptuous Through Drawing Room Sleeping Palaces and Day Coaches run in the World. Trains supplied with all modern improvements to contribute to Comfort, Speed and Safety.  
The Largest and most convenient Depots and Through Baggage Arrangements in the United States.  
The great rivers all bridged, avoiding all transfers and ferrage; securing to Passengers East the utmost economy.  
The Shortest and Quickest, consequently Cheapest route; therefore, when going East, all who are posted, buy tickets at Kansas Pacific Ticket Offices, or at Kansas City Union Depot, via Quincy over Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are direct and perfect, with

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.  
BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.  
Ask for Tickets via QUINCY and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, THE BEST ROUTE.  
P. B. GROUT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen'l Supt.

"HOW TO GO EAST."  
By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route.  
"Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last, may be called the best route in the West.  
The Line consists of the Kansas City, Saint Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line, there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—through cars are being run to all these points.  
This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars, and no where else can the passenger so completely depend on a speedy, safe and comfortable journey.  
The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query, "How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and truthful document, containing a valuable and correct Map, which can be obtained free of charge by addressing General Passenger Agent B. & M. R. R., Burlington, Iowa. notf

OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.  
THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GALVESTON RAILROAD LINE

Hope by furnishing first-class accommodation in every respect, by strict attention to the comfort and safety of passengers, and by lowering their freight rates as fast as increasing business will warrant it, to deserve and receive a fair share of patronage, and to promote and increase the settlement of the country along its line.  
On and after January 1st, 1872, trains will run from Lawrence and Kansas City as follows:

GOING SOUTH:  
Leave. Express. Accommodation. Night Exp.  
Lawrence.....11:30 A. M. 8:00 P. M.  
Baldwin.....12:15 P. M. 8:58 "  
Kansas City.....1:30 A. M. 9:50 "  
Olathe.....11:05 "  
Arrive at Ottawa.....12:55 P. M. 9:50 P. M.  
Ottawa.....1:30 "  
Garnett.....3:25 "  
Iola.....3:37 "  
Humboldt.....4:40 "  
Topeka.....4:25 "  
Thayer.....5:00 "  
Cherryvale.....5:50 "  
Arrive at Independence.....6:45 "  
Coffeyville.....7:00 "  
Parker.....7:00 "

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

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.  
Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.  
All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS:  
At Kansas City with connecting roads for points East and North.  
At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West.  
At Ottawa with stages for Pomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage City.  
At Humboldt with stages for Eureka, Eldorado, Augusta and Douglas.  
At Topeka 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 Chetopa.

500,000 ACRES OF LAND  
Are offered for sale by this Company in the valley of the Neosho and its tributaries.  
For further information apply to  
O. CHANUTE, Superintendent,  
CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent,  
Lawrence.

JANUARY, 1872.  
KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.  
The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route  
TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.  
NO TEDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS  
BY THIS ROUTE.  
NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.  
Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.  
TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:  
Express.....3:55 A. M.  
Accommodation.....7:30 A. M.  
Mail.....2:35 P. M.  
Close connections are made at the Kansas City, State Line and Union Depots for all points North, East and South.  
For Leavenworth.....4:05 and 7:35 A. M., 2:40 P. M.  
TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:  
Express.....1:00 A. M.  
Mail.....1:15 A. M.  
Topeka Accommodation.....7:30 P. M.

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**The Home.**

**THE HOMESTEAD.**

It is not as it used to be  
When you and I were young;  
When round each elm and maple tree  
The honeysuckles clung;  
But still I love the cottage where  
I passed my early years,  
Though not a single face is there  
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!  
The moss is on the roof,  
And from their nests beneath the eaves  
The swallows keep aloof.  
The robins—how they used to sing  
When you and I were young;  
And how did fit the wild bee's wing  
The open flowers among!

It is not now as it used to be!  
The voices loved of yore,  
And the forms we were then wont to see,  
We see and hear no more.  
No more! Alas, we look in vain,  
For those to whom we clung,  
And loved as we can love but once,  
When you and I were young.

**EVENING.**

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word;  
And gentle winds and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.

**HARMONY OF NATURE.**

Sweet music has been heard  
In many places; some has been upstir'd  
From out a crystal dwelling in a lake,  
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,  
Nestled and quiet in a valley mild,  
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild  
About the earth.

**BEHAVIOR AT TABLE.**

It used to be high caste to eat with a spoon every thing that could be so eaten, except fish, which was not made spoon-meat. Pease, pudding, curry, custard, were all conveyed to the mouth with a spoon. The same of serving. A lady, whose social position was dubious, caused opinion to pronounce that she was a lady by helping lemon-pudding with a spoon. Nowadays, whether fork or spoon, or fork and spoon, you may do as you like, provided you do it without affectation. Nowhere may you eat anything with a knife.

It is not polite to express surprise, repugnance, or ridicule at the introduction and consumption of any eatable which may be new or unusual to your own experience. The world is wide, and you have not yet seen the whole of it. If invited to experimental repasts, such as the Prince Napoleon's Chinese dinners, or the recent French and German horse-flesh banquets, you know what you have to expect beforehand, and can accept or decline accordingly. But if fortune unexpectedly bring you into contact with strange messes which others enjoy, good manners require you to look as if you could enjoy them if you pleased.

It is not polite, in a private house, to breathe in your glass and polish it with your napkin, or to wipe your plate, knife, fork, or spoon, or, in short, to do anything which can imply a suspicion of the neatness and cleanliness of the service. In hotels and restaurants only you have the right, by paying for it, to take those precautions.

General Grosdos, who retained many of his army habits, was dining at a minister's house in Paris. When a livery servant came to fill his glass with wine, he anticipated the movement by wiping it with all his might and main. The hostess, fearing that some little accident had occurred, signed to the valet behind her to change the glass. The wiping process was recommenced, and the glass immediately changed, up to a third, and a fourth, until the General, losing temper, whispered to his neighbor, a Senator's wife, "Does M. le Ministre mean to make game of me, by asking me to dinner to wipe his glasses?"

The lady, with some difficulty, got him to understand that what might be necessary in a camp canteen was quite unnecessary in a Parisian dining-room.

**DISEASE PRODUCED BY SLEEPING TOGETHER.**

During the night there is considerable exhalation from our bodies, and at the same time we absorb a large quantity of the surrounding air. Two healthy young children sleeping together will mutually give and receive healthy exhalations; but the old, weak person near a child will, in exchange for health, return weakness. A sick mother near her daughter communicates sickly emanations to her; if the mother has a cough of long duration, the daughter will sometime cough and suffer by it; if the mother has pulmonary consumption, it will ultimately be communicated to her child. It is known that the bed of a consumptive is a powerful and sure source of contagion, as well for men as for women, and the more so for young persons. Parents and friends ought to oppose as much as is in their power the sleeping together of old and young persons, of the sick and of the healthy. Another reason ought to forbid every mother and nurse keeping small children with them in bed; notwithstanding the advice of prudence, no year passes that we do not hear of a new involuntary infanticide. A baby full of life, health, and vigor in the evening, is found the next morning, suffocated by its parents or nurse.

**THE BABY.**

Who does not know the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe! Welcome to the parents is the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandams,—all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

**PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.**

I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that "there may be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—*Izaak Walton.*

**GOLD DUST.**

It is in vain that he seeks dominion abroad, who is not kingly at home.

If the cost of elections is taken into account, the government of the United States is the most expensive in the world.

In seasons when the energies flag, and our ambition falls us, a rebuff is a blessing, by rousing us from inaction, and stirring us to more vigorous efforts to make good our pretensions.

As it is doubtful whether medicines, from the injudicious use made of them, do not kill almost as many as they cure, so it is questionable whether our ingenuity, through a mistaken application of it, is not as often exerted to our injury as our good.

The genial optimist who praises much scatters flowers in our way. Grant that he over-praises, or that he applauds where he might condemn, still he makes—no mean result—the world to appear better than it is. A pleasant illusion is better than a harsh reality.

Noble acts deserve a generous recognition. Indeed, it is a species of injustice not to warmly applaud whatever is wisely said or ably done. Fine things are shown that they may be admired. When the peacock struts, it is to show what a fine tail he has. "Honor," says Aristotle, "is in him that honors."

Men, like growing fruit, should mellow as time advances; but more frequently, estranged from what is proper to them, like fruits prematurely gathered, they only decay into a semblance of ripeness. Indeed, we serve the devil in our youth, God in our old age—thinking if we journey towards hell while our limbs are sound, we can turn when they fall us, and get to heaven on crutches.

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**Kansas Spirit.**

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JUNE 22, 1872.

**AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.**

The *Kansas Farmer* devotes a goodly share of space in its last issue to this important subject, and has an exhaustive article on "Agricultural Colleges," which ought to settle in every candid mind the object had in view in the endowment of these institutions. We are in the fullest accord with the views expressed by the *Farmer* on this question. Agricultural colleges have been endowed for the purpose of making men agriculturists. That is the whole story in a nutshell. Colleges and universities are for the purpose of giving men what is generally and most appropriately termed a "liberal education," that is, a broad basis of general culture and scholarship, upon which they may build any specific superstructure they please. If our prospective farmers had the ability and time to secure their advantages, they would be as useful to them as to anybody. But then they would have to learn as to farmers, just as the graduate goes to the law school, the theological seminary, or the medical college, to learn their respective occupations.

But the agricultural college occupies a place by itself, fills a position unfilled by any other institution, and is intended to satisfy a want hitherto unsatisfied by any provision. While it would be a manifest advantage to the farmer to have as liberal an educational training as the learned professions, yet it is not as necessary, and, in the majority of cases, would be entirely out of the question. What he wants, and what the agricultural college was intended to give him, is, the best appliances, in the shortest time, to make him an intelligent farmer. He has no time for dreamy excursions into the regions of mythology, and no classical thirst to be quenched at the fountain of the ancient languages. The extrication of Greek roots is a matter of less concern to him than the best method of clearing his ground—if he is so fortunate as to have a superabundance of timber—of the roots of oak and walnut stumps. He wishes to address himself at once to the vital, practical questions of his business. He wishes all the practical aid that history, chemistry, and practical experiment can give him. To this end, he needs practical men, and not dreamy visionaries, not only to point the way, but to go before him in it.

The same difficulty that is experienced in our agricultural colleges has been encountered in other directions. Take the clerical profession as an illustration. The great majority of preachers are what is denominated uneducated men. All the theological seminaries in the country can hardly turn out preachers enough to supply the pulpits of a single State. For this reason, innumerable efforts have been made to found and sustain institutions into which men may be admitted, without any reference to previous preparation, just to learn how to preach. No Latin, or Greek, or abstruse metaphysics, but plain methods adapted to the wants of plain and unlearned men. They start out with large numbers of students feeling the need of such assistance. But they are no sooner prosperously under way, than the learned savants at the head of them begin to get proud, desire them to take rank with the older and more advanced schools, prescribe a curriculum which virtually excludes the very class for whose benefit they were founded, and translate them into a regular theological seminary, or kill them. This is the precise thing that has been done in many cases within our own observation.

The trouble is that they want to do too much. We suspect that this is very much the difficulty with our agricultural colleges. We know nothing about the Manhattan college, have never visited it, and consequently have no strictures to offer upon its course. We only infer from the articles we have read, and the remarks we have heard, from such practical and intelligent farmers as Alfred Gray and J. K. Hudson, that too much time and energy are wasted on what will be of little practical use to the future farmers of Kansas. The gentlemen conducting its affairs want to know and never forget that the State has a University, that the various religious denominations have their colleges, and that their educational business and discipline is in a very different line, and for a different, though by no means inferior, purpose. We would give more to-day for one year's competent instruction upon such farm and stock matters as we could suggest, than for the same amount of instruction upon any other subject. We feel the need of it every day. And what we need is precisely what the young men need, and should demand, who enter our agricultural college. If they want something else, let them go somewhere else to get it. The State, and private benevolence, have provided for them.

Since writing the above, we have received a "Programme of the Kansas State Agricultural College, examination of classes, &c." Under the head of "Miscellaneous Items" we read: "The Departments in this Institution are Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Military Science and Tactics, and Literature and Science. Veterinary Science, Entomology, Horticulture, Pomology, Sylviculture, Ornithology and Nursery Practice all receive attention." This sounds well. Agriculture is the most prominent. But, referring to the Programme itself we find the examination for the first day to be in U. S. History, Latin Grammar, Astronomy, Arithmetic, German, Cornelius Nepos, English Grammar,

French. The French, German, Latin Grammar and Astronomy are nice things in their place, no doubt, but whether the Agricultural College is the place for them is another question entirely. For the second day we have Calisthenics, English Composition, Geography, Geology, Sallust, Practical Horticulture, General Pathology, Arithmetic, Tacitus, German, Examination of the Nurseries and the Forest Trees on the College Grounds. This also is a nice programme, and one, we doubt not, that will prove very interesting to visitors; but what Tacitus and Sallust and German have to do with helping the practical young Kansas farmer, surpasses our comprehension. On the next day we have Homer and Trigonometry and Vocal and Instrumental Music, &c., with a sprinkling of practical agriculture for salt. On the last day we have rhetoric and drawing, and some other things nearly as appropriate, with a little more farm salt. Gentlemen! There isn't enough salt to save it.

**SOUTHERN KANSAS RACES.**

We learn from the *Longton Ledger* that Hon. Jas. Reynolds of that place has recently given an interesting exhibition of the running qualities of some of his excellent horses. "Miss Winslow," with heavy shoes on, ran twice around a track that is 5 1-2 rods more than half a mile around, carrying twenty pounds extra weight, in one minute and fifty-nine seconds. "Miss Winslow" had between 400 and 500 ardent admirers on the ground, cheering her as she completed this—for her—easy feat. The other colt of Mr. R.'s, "Aspire," was much admired, and ran only a few seconds behind "Miss Winslow."

The *Ledger* adds—in which THE SPIRIT heartily concurs:—"Mr. James Reynolds is entitled to the name of public benefactor if he succeeds in raising the standard of our horses, cattle and swine, as he is so persistently trying to do."

**ITEMS FROM LANE.**

I observed a short time since, in one of our Kansas papers, the following: "We wonder when the subject of tree culture will end; it has become something of a bore," &c.

An editor of a paper should have the sagacity to know that no great or important undertaking has ever been accomplished without agitation. Sir James Macintosh has remarked that no great political change in the government of any country has ever taken place without agitation first producing it. It is the same in other matters. The necessity of preserving our native timber, and the planting of forest trees, has been presented to the farming community by the newspaper press of Kansas, and behold the result! I will hazard the assertion that more trees have been planted in the older settled counties of Kansas within the last twelve months, than during the seventeen years of her territorial existence. I hope the press will continue to "bore" the people with the importance of the question. The public has just commenced to take hold of the matter, but it will take many years yet before all will fully appreciate the magnitude and importance of the subject. Therefore for one I say "bore" away, you of the editorial fraternity, for it is of more importance to Kansas than the personal political fight which is now attracting public attention.

Our neighborhood has had an exciting time during the last two weeks. A span of horses was taken from a widow woman, a Mrs. Myers. The case was one which fortunately took hold of public sympathy. A meeting of the neighborhood was held at Clark & Fletcher's mill, near Lane, to devise means to ferret out the horse thieves. A vigilance committee was organized. Over two weeks' continued search over a wide extent of territory, at last resulted in capturing the supposed thieves at Ottawa. A preliminary trial takes place on Wednesday.

Later.—An examination has taken place and they are bound over to appear at the next Circuit Court.

**LETTER FROM JUNCTION CITY.**

DEAR SPIRIT: Whether you like it much or not, we up this way like to see a few notes from our burg in the *SPIRIT* occasionally. So, here goes for the good of the public, and for proof of the unadulterated unselfishness of the writer. For with the mercury away up beyond reach, any man who can sit down to the work of scribbling for a paper of which he is not editor has surely several grains of disinterestedness.

First, then, the new railroad up the Republican is creating some little stir at present. The usual army of dirt slingers is hard at it. The profile of the road shows that the grading will not be a heavy job. Nature made these rich, even valleys for railroad tracks. The cars will be running by the time snow flies. This enterprise will of course be a big thing for Junction. It will make her the terminus of another road, and give her important repair shops in connection with it. Wakefield and Clay Center are jubilant.

The new school house is another valuable improvement. It is going to be a handsome structure. Carr, of Leavenworth, is the architect. It will be completed in time for the opening of the schools in the fall. It is large enough for one half the city at present, and when Junction gets to be as large as Lawrence it will do for a ward school.

The Baptist Church has recently been enclosed anew. The wind took the roof off, and left the

building a good deal demoralized. But as a result of the revival, the members have taken hold with zeal and fixed all up again, till now it is one of the best church buildings in this part of Kansas. The church is talking of calling Rev. Mr. Greene, of Lawrence, if they can get him.

Huge blocks of our splendid magnesian limestone are being taken to the cars every day for shipment to Topeka, where they are worked into shape for the eastern portico of the Capitol. Much depends on the dressing of this famous stone. If it is polished smooth it has a dead look, but if left with a rough face dressing no stone in all the country east or west has a richer, livelier appearance. The mistake made in the use of it in Junction for dwelling houses has been to deaden it by a smooth finish.

Fall wheat will not make much. Corn stands well, is about knee high, looks thrifty, is clean and promises well. The farmers look happy when you can get a sight of them. They are so busy just now that very few of them are found out of their fields. The small grains, with the single exception made above, are also promising.

The Fourth is going to be celebrated in ancient style. A tub race on the bosom of the classic Smoky is one of the pastimes that is intended to captivate the populace, and make all shout. The intention is to have each one feel happy as in days of yore on such an occasion.

JUNCTION CITY, June 20, 1872.

**Lawrence Wholesale Markets for Farmers' Produce.**

Beef Cattle—native steers, 3 @ 3 1/2, gross; native cows, 2 @ 3.  
Veal Calves, 55 @ 57 each.  
Sheep, 2 1/2 @ 3 each.  
Hogs, 8 cts. per pound, gross.  
Cut Meats—Bacon sides 7 1/2 cts.; shoulders, 5 1/2 cts.; hams, sugar cured, canvassed, 12 cts.; uncanvassed, 11 cts.  
Lard in tierces, 8 1/2 cts.  
Tallow, 7 1/2 cts.  
Hay—best upland, new, \$5.00; second bottom, \$4.00 @ \$4.50.  
Hemp and Broom Corn—none offering.  
Corn—white, 35 cts.; yellow, 33 cts.  
Oats, 33 cts.  
Corn Meal, \$1.15 per 100 lbs.  
Ground Feed, \$1.15 per 100 lbs.  
Barley and Wheat—none offering.  
Potatoes—new 75 cts. @ \$1.00 per bushel; old, 50 cts. per bushel.  
Raspberries, 25 cts. per quart.  
Currants, 12 cts. per quart.  
Butter, 12 1/2 cts. per pound.  
Eggs, 12 cts. @ 15 cts. per dozen.

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which is one of the most complete in the West.

153 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Telegraphic Summary.

Country.

The trial of Stokes for the murder of Fisk commenced on the 19th inst. Two jurors had been accepted and sworn in at the close of the first day's proceedings.

A St. Louis dispatch of the 20th says: At mystic Park, Boston, yesterday, Goldsmith Maid, in a race with Lucy, made the fastest time on record—2:16. The race was best three in five to harness, and the second heat was made as follows: First quarter 0:34, half 1:07, mile 2:16. Third heat, 2:18.

The President left Washington for Long Branch on the 19th inst. On Saturday, he will be in New York, to take a farewell of his son Ulysses, who will leave for Europe for educational purposes. The President will not again come to Washington until the 6th day of July, unless important public business demands his presence.

A Large and enthusiastic Grant and Wilson ratification meeting was held at Topeka on Thursday evening. Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin was the principal speaker.

A speck of war has been developed in Butler County, over the question of the location of the county seat. Augusta and Eldorado are the rival towns.

Foreign.

A San Francisco dispatch of the 19th says: By a recent earthquake in one of the Japanese islands, 500 people perished in one of the seaport towns.

By a New York dispatch of the 20th, we have the following: A Geneva special says that the result of Wednesday's sitting of the board of arbitration is of the most favorable character, and it is confidently believed that when the tribunal meets again success will be assured. It is believed that considerable progress has been made in the question.

Late dispatches from Matamoros seem to reliably indicate that the revolution against the Juarez government is substantially quelled.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

The Alma News has not heard of a poor piece of spring wheat in Wabunsee county.

The Burlington Chronicle of the 13th has seen some stalks of wheat raised by Judge Billings measuring nearly five feet in height, and headed out nicely.

The Independence Tribune has encouraging reports from all parts of Montgomery county. Crops of all kinds are doing well, and corn is growing very fast.

The Garnett Plaindealer has been eating some Early Rose potatoes planted on Good Friday and cooked on the 1st of June—raised by Mr. Daniel Fraker.

The Watheia Reporter has been living well during the berry and cherry season—at least it gives a local respectably to strawberries, cherries and gooseberries.

The Seneca Courier, in an article on the Nemaha County Agricultural Society, says: "Extraordinary pains will this year be taken to make the coming Fair superior to any of its predecessors."

The Solomon Valley Pioneer says that the prospects for abundant crops of all kinds of grain were never better than now. And the Solomon City Times reports the farmers as all delighted at the prospect of a most bountiful harvest.

The Manhattan Nationalist notices that the wheat on many farms in that vicinity is infested with a species of fly not noticed here before. Some call them the "Hessian Flies," but others say that they are not. They have thus far done but little damage, but there is no telling what they may do hereafter.

The Atchison Champion has been shown by Mr. Jennison a fine specimen of Kansas stock. It was a fine steer from the Woodland farm, belonging to Messrs. Challiss & Jennison, five years old and weighs 2,285 pounds. It was sold to Jacob George, Esq., who shipped it with thirty-three other head to Chicago, one of which weighed 2,240 pounds.

The Salina Journal says that the farmers of that section within the past twelve months have made more substantial improvements on their places than in any other year. The setting out of trees, building good houses, planting forest and fruit trees, cultivating many new acres and otherwise improving their farms, have been the order of the day.

The Louisville Reporter, in speaking of the location of the Potawatomie County Fair, uses language applicable to other counties as well: "Wherever it shall be decided to hold it, every man and every woman in the county ought to take hold and work just as cheerfully and do just as much to promote its success as if it were to be held at his or her own door."

The editor of the Neosho Falls Advertiser, noticing the meeting of the Everett Township Farmers' Club, says: "This Club is organized and working in a manner that will ensure success and profit to the members. We are more than ever impressed with the importance of these meetings and hope to see them enlist still greater attention from those interested in the general improvement and advancement of the county." The Advertiser also has a report of the proceedings of the Perry Township Club at which it was unanimously resolved that the members were in favor of a herd law.

The Burlington Patriot calls the attention of our farmers to the necessity of raising more winter wheat. The fact that most of our fall wheat is a total failure argues nothing against its being raised here as a regular crop. All pieces put in last season with a drill, will yield a good return this season. It is no more trouble to raise wheat than corn, and we have three or four of the best mills in the State, all needing a bountiful crop of wheat. If farmers will only stop a moment and figure up the difference in price between a bushel of wheat and a bushel of corn, they will not be long in coming to the conclusion as to which is the most profitable to raise. All the fall wheat possible should be put in this fall. It should be sown early and put in with a drill. The Patriot also says that it pays to raise good stock, and proves the assertion from the fact that A. Walking, Esq., of Burlington, has just walked into a Kansas City gentleman to the tune of \$850 for two fine bred fillies, one two and the other three years old.

The Wichita Eagle urges upon farmers the necessity of taking advantage of the fine opportunity offered now to buy good stock cattle for stocking a ranch. The crossing of Texas stock with blooded bulls makes the very best and finest beef. The large surplus of stock cattle over any other kind drove so far, and the extremely low figures at which they are sold, offers inducements to farmers to become stock-raisers that may never occur again. The Eagle further says that blue grass is fast taking the place of buffalo; in a few years buffalo grass will be obtained further west; and had on exhibition in its office two weeks ago some stalks of corn and wheat grown on the fine farm of J. M. Copeland, that surpasses all expectation in a country so new. The corn is five feet high and the wheat four feet, full head, large grain, and taken all in all, gives promise for a first class crop as the best planted anywhere. Mr. Copeland has thirty-five acres planted in wheat and fifty-five in corn, and his prospects for a large yield he says could not be better. In a few years Sedgewick county will banner any other in the State in its farm productions.

Down Talk.

THE LAWN FESTIVAL.—We are in the habit in Lawrence of boasting a little over our superior style of civilization. It is impossible for us to help feeling a little shade above our less cultivated neighbors at Leavenworth, Topeka, and other less highly favored places. When we undertake to do a thing we do it in a little finer, better, grander way than they seem to know how to do it. The Lawn Festival, for example, which came off Tuesday and Wednesday evenings on the beautiful grounds of Messrs. Ridenour and Brooks, was the richest, gayest, unique thing ever experienced or dreamed of. It would have been just as impossible for any other place to have had such an entertainment as it would to build such churches and have such revivals as we do. We do not desire to feel any more above other places than we ought to, but who could look over that vast throng of magnificent looking and dressed men and women—the latter especially—upon the trees illuminated in every direction—to say nothing of the lemon and orange groves, and the trees giving their nectar for mortals to drink—the beautiful carpeting of green, with brussels added where invalids might sit or children play—the fine art gallery arranged most artistically by that genuine artist, genius born, Mr. James Crew—the leafy arbor in which Rushmer showed off even to more perfection than among his "barbaric jewels and gold"—the old negro smoking her pipe in peace until an untimely blow from the ruffian hand of Doc. Husen brought her and the small boys to grief—and not be compelled to say:

This is my own—if not my native—town! There is scarcely a town in the West in the first place that has such grounds to hold such a festival upon. An then there is certainly none that has two such princely gentlemen as Ridenour and Brooks to donate their use to the public entertainment. And when you add the lovely women, looking lovelier than ever in that uncertain, half moon, half Chinese lantern light, which reveals their charms and conceals the artificial means to heighten them, fitting like fairies about the fairy scene, you have in your mind's eye a panoramic picture such as is not looked upon often, and, as we have before intimated, cannot be looked on by the unfortunate people who do not happen to live in Lawrence. The Methodist church ought to arise and build at once. It ought to have the best sanctuary in the mountains. It ought to be the biggest thing on ice, land or water. A church that has got such men as Ridenour and Brooks to run it, and that can get up such a festival as that which has been enjoyed this week, ought to build a fifty thousand dollar church every year and give it to their less fortunate neighbors. It is not so very long a time since the goddess Wittings of Brazenose considered it the greatest indignity they could heap upon him to call John Wesley "a Methodist." But everybody that had the good fortune to attend the Lawn Festival would consider it a pretty big thing to be a Methodist now. At any rate when they have another we propose to be one, at least the way Artemus was a Shaker—protemperary.

REV. MR. EARLE.—Rev. A. B. Earle, the well known evangelist, is coming to Lawrence, and will, as we are informed, commence a series of meetings next Thursday in the Baptist church. Mr. Earle is one of the best and most successful revivalists in the country, a plain, unassuming, unsensational sort of man, but one who has accomplished a vast amount of good, and who leaves a blessing behind him in every place he visits. In this connection we quote from a Lawrence communication in the New York Examiner some remarks concerning the late revival:

"That great things have been done in this western New England town, read in proof the following extract from the inaugural of Mayor Hadley, a member of the Society of Friends:

"But especially do I feel my heart to swell with humble thankfulness for the remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit amongst us which has been so wonderfully manifested within the last few months. However the unbelieving world may cavil, it cannot be denied that the more our hearts are filled with the love of God, and the nearer we live up to and practice the principles inculcated by his holy religion, the better citizens we become, and the better we are prepared to discharge our duty to our fellow-citizens and to our country. "Words like these, in such a setting as a Mayor's inaugural, you may look a long time before finding again. The great awakening here is a recognized public benefaction. Like the quiet and invisible air, that seeks and fills the smallest and most impenetrable recesses, the spirit of the revival has obtained an entrance and made its presence felt in every place, however high or low, throughout the city."

COMPLIMENTARY.—Col. Anthony in reporting the colored ratification meeting at Lawrence, makes the following complimentary reference to some of the speakers:

"Charles M. Langston, Esq., was the first speaker. For half an hour he entertained the audience with a straightforward, logical speech, which commanded the close attention and approval of the audience.

"Hon. I. S. Kalloch made one of the best speeches we ever listened to. Brother Kalloch is brim full of wit, humor and sound practical sense. He told some side-splitting anecdotes which brought down the house with roars of laughter. There is as much argument in some of Kalloch's stories as there is in some long speeches. He was applauded from the commencement to the close.

"Col. Sells closed the meeting with a strong appeal to his hearers to stand by Grant and Wilson."

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We are proud of our correspondents this week. Dr. Prentiss' letter from Colorado will well repay a perusal. It is particularly interesting just now while so many inquiries are made concerning Colorado. Mrs. Downs is always readable. "Blinks" has returned from Southern Kansas, denies having had the chills, and promises to be on hand hereafter. Our Ottawa friends will be glad of that. "Blinks" is very popular there. It will be seen that we have a star correspondent at Junction City. Judge Hanway commences a series of articles on the "U. G. R. R." which promise to be splendid. And so on. Read for yourself. THE SPIRIT is on the war path. It has gone in to win. When anybody can beat it, it will be our treat.

TO THE STANDARD.—There are some men that cannot provoke us to a quarrel. They are as incapable of insulting us as would be an idiot, a lunatic or a drunken man. The editor of the Standard is one of them. A low-fung, utterly irresponsible, worthless, lying, slanderous whelp, he can throw his slimy, like filthy creatures he resembles, upon objects far above him; but they are only soiled when they stoop to touch him. Which he cannot provoke us to do.

PICNIC.—The members of the Presbyterian Society of Ottawa—Rev. Mr. Adams pastor, Mr. McQuesten superintendent of Sabbath School—came up to Lawrence Thursday, and had a very enjoyable picnic in Haskell's grove. Judging by the radiant looks of the little children, to say nothing of such big ones as Lathrop and Hoffman, the day must have been very pleasantly spent.

FOR SALE VERY CHEAP.—O. W. McAllister, at the Excelsior Printing Office, over Simpson's Bank, has for sale a fine Cow and Twenty colonies of Italian Bees. All in good condition. Call on him for particulars.

LAWRENCE PERSONALS.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Journal of Commerce communicates to that paper some personal hits and hints concerning some of our people. Here is a specimen or two:

"Lucky for me I. S. Kalloch emigrated to Lawrence. Kalloch was the first man I met that I had ever seen before. He conducted me to the Eldridge House, where I am now living, in unsurpassed splendor, like a prince. Kalloch has been in this country continuously since he resigned the pastorate of the Lighthouse street, New York, Baptist Church. At first he settled at Ottawa, Franklin county, where he established a college and did more than any other man to build up the place. His influence and efforts, more than any other man's, procured the building of the Galveston Railroad. At present Mr. K. is conducting a live weekly paper, THE SPIRIT, and running a stock farm. He is immensely popular, and will be a formidable candidate for the United States Senatorship.

"Governor Wilson Shannon, the old Democratic Nestor of Kansas, has resided in Lawrence since his appointment by President Pierce as Governor of the Territory. He is as vigorous in intellect as ever, and well preserved in person. His form is six feet-two in height, and straight as a poplar, crowned by a well-shaped head covered with hair as white as the snow. The Governor enjoys a splendid and lucrative law practice, not only in Douglas county, but throughout the whole of Southern Kansas. He is a Greedy Democrat, having presided over the recent State Democratic Convention, and been elected delegate at large to the Baltimore Convention. The Governor, socially, is held in high esteem by every one who enjoys his acquaintance. His leisure hours he devotes to the enjoyment of his family, friends, and books.

"Sloshing about the burgh—I have done it considerably—convince me that there is considerable error afloat concerning the moral status of Lawrence. Lawrence is not moral to any startling degree. Its old puritanical reputation may cling to it, but the old puritanical virtues are to the naked eye non est. In fact, Lawrence is human. All the human passions, peccadilloes and frailties exist here as well as in St. Louis or London.

"Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire, And now a rabble rages, and now a fire; Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay, And here the fell attorney prowls for prey."

"Ex-Gov. Charles Robinson resides on his farm near Lawrence. He is much thought of by every one and often mentioned as the successor in the Senate of Pomeroy or Caldwell.

"The jolly Babcock, he of the full stomach, resides in Lawrence, and sips his federal pap. He is a brother of Gen. Babcock, one of the President's family, and Surveyor General of the State. Bab. is a splendid fellow and knows the ropes. He loves to draw his salary and disseminate it pro bono publico. Bab. is hospitable and largely human.

"The vestiges of the Quantrell raid have entirely disappeared, and naught but the memory remains. That can never be obliterated. Lawrence is well built of stone and brick, and does an immense business. Many of her buildings are magnificent. Her citizens are all prosperous, and most of them wealthy. The State University on Mount Oread "beats the Jews" for architectural beauty, convenience and solidity. In fact, I like Lawrence, and shall remain here a month. Forward my mail to the Eldridge."

GREENWOOD COUNTY.—We had a call at Hillhome the other day from two very intelligent and enterprising young English gentlemen from the neighborhood of Eureka, Greenwood county. Not from them, but from a Lawrence gentleman who happens to know them, we gather an interesting item or two. Mr. Reece and a partner own a farm of some 1800 acres about nine miles west of Eureka, three hundred acres under cultivation, and a goodly number of well bred cattle. Accompanied by Mr. Holland Dell, Mr. Reece has been in Lawrence several days making some important additions to his stock—of course not failing to get some pigs from Hillhome. Mr. Reece had several years preparatory training on the farm of James Howard, M. P. from Bedford, and had had the honor to act as one of the judges of stock for the "Bedford Agricultural Society." This farm firm employs some fifteen or twenty hands, keep bachelors' hall, make butter, milk a large dairy, and altogether appear to be one of the many promising agricultural establishments of the State.

PERSONAL.—The talented young artist, Harry Learned, left for the East on Thursday last on a six months' sketching tour. He will visit Boston and take a look at the great Jubilee now in progress in that city, after which he will wander about the Atlantic coast, the St. Lawrence river, and other points of interest, making sketches to be re-produced in his beautiful oil paintings. We wish him abundant success in his trip, both pecuniary and otherwise.

Our young friend, Charles A. Long, who for the past few weeks has presided over the local columns of the Tribune, leaves to-day for a short visit to his old home at Peoria, Illinois. He is a faithful and painstaking news-gatherer, and serves it up in attractive shape. We shall miss him there; but they will miss him most at the boarding house table, where they have learned to appreciate his genial companionship, his excellent humor and his wonderful digestion.

THE ELDRIDGE.—The Eldridge House, Lawrence, conducted by Messrs. Kalloch & Co., is the delight of all travellers who touch the Wyckoff pave of Kansas. The table is celebrated for its juicy steaks and seasonable luxuries. The porters are, to use a dramatic expression, "up well in their parts," and so polished and agreeable in manner that a French dancing master might borrow hints of politeness from them. The lad that took our baggage day before yesterday, was in all respects a fine and promising youth. When Shenstone said:

"Where'er he travels'd life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, My sigh to think he still has found His warmest welcome at an Inn."

he was thinking of Kalloch's counterpart and another Eldridge house.—Leavenworth Times.

IMPORTED.—It may not be generally known, but all lovers of the weed ought to know, that there can be found at the Eldridge House a good assortment of fine imported cigars. They are furnished, too, at prices that cannot fail to suit all pockets as well as tastes—from twelve-and-a-half to fifty cents. We have been there and know how it is ourselves, and recommend anybody that wants a smoke as is a smoke to invest in a "Henry Clay." Not that a poor "local" had fifty cents to invest in them. Ah, no! But the gentlemanly proprietors of the Eldridge are a generous set of men. Hence this local.—Lawrence Tribune.

RATIFICATION.—Our colored brethren ratified last Monday evening. The event of the occasion was a dignified, sensible and earnest address from Hon. D. R. Anthony, of Leavenworth. Mr. Anthony is deservedly popular with the colored people of this State for his early, consistent and continued efforts in behalf of their civil and political rights.

A LUXURY.—The magnetic soda water dispensed by Yates the Druggist. It is cold, sparkling, delicious. We have tried it and know whereof we speak. He deals it out in goblets that hold a fraction less than a gallon, and charges but five cents, which is no trifling consideration in the present state of the money market.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—A new Poem by Will M. Carleton, in the Kansas Magazine for July. This Magazine, although only six months old, has already been accorded a place among the oldest and best of our periodicals. Its conductors are making renewed and special efforts to render it still more attractive and valuable. The July number, the first of the second volume, contains an unusually interesting and varied collection of papers from the pens of favorite writers. Among the leading attractions we find a beautiful new poem, the first he has written for several months, by Will M. Carleton, the popular author of "Betsey and I are Out;" a timely and comprehensive discussion of our Public Land System, by Hon. D. B. Emmert; a Fourth of July article, by Capt. Henry King, entitled "A Bunch of Fire Crackers;" two very entertaining stories, one by that accomplished artist, Deane Monahan, and the other from the French of J. Collin DePlancy; another fascinating Western sketch by James W. Steele, called "The Sons of the Border;" a pleasing poetical study by Kenneth Montrose, under the title of "A Lay Preacher's Sermon;" an interesting paper on "Our Declaration Day," by Hon. W. H. Smallwood, Secretary of State of Kansas; a biographical sketch of David Starr Hoyt, a prominent actor in early Kansas history, by William B. Parsons; also articles on historical and social topics, by Rev. Charles Reynolds, D. D., Father James H. Defour, Enrique Farmer, Dr. John H. Blue, and others. For sale by News-dealers in all parts of the United States and the Canada. Single copies 35 cents; yearly subscriptions, \$4.00, with customary deductions to clubs. Address, "Kansas Magazine Company," Topeka, Kansas.

THE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.—The Eldridge House at Lawrence is the best kept hotel in the State. A grand renovation has taken place in the house, in many respects. 1st. The table is laden with all the delicacies of the season. 2d. The rooms are clean and tidy, and the furniture and bedding are models of cleanliness. 3d. The billiard rooms are large, airy and quiet. The proprietors of this hotel are gentlemen, who succeed admirably in anticipating the wants of the public.—Garnett Plaindealer.

PECK.—The Independence Tribune has the following appreciative notice of a talented brother of our fellow citizen, C. B. Peck, Esq., of the Galveston Railroad:

"Geo. R. Peck, Esq., left our city upon Sunday night, for a short visit to his friends at Janesville, Wis., where he formerly lived. Mr. Peck, although but recently come to Kansas, has achieved success, and already takes a high position in his profession. We wish him a happy time and a speedy return."

THE JUNCTION UNION DO'N'T SEE IT.—"THE KANSAS SPIRIT, alluding to the political status in Kansas, says: 'The stoughton bottle era is over. We cannot take lunk-heads, chowder-heads and cabbage-heads as figure heads this campaign.' THE SPIRIT, in arriving at such conclusion, must have shut its eyes entirely to the class of aspirants, or failed to read the weekly eulogies. We agree that we can't afford to, but have no faith that we will not."

HEARTH AND HOME.—No paper comes to our table that we more highly prize, or carry home with more certainty of its being gladly welcomed, than *Hearth and Home*. Its editorials are incisive, vigorous and independent, and Edward Egglestone has already established his reputation as a brilliant and popular story teller. In fact, in every single department, *Hearth and Home* is a model family paper.

MARRIED.—We omitted last week to notice the wedding of Charley Eggert of the firm of F. Eggert & Co. Charley though a young man is an "old settler" and a thoroughly good fellow, and when such an one doubles himself we are glad to learn of and to record the fact. The species cannot become too numerous. We extend to the pair the heartiest congratulations of THE SPIRIT.

DRIVING PARK.—Season Tickets to the Driving Park Association are now ready. They can be had at the Eldridge House.

"TOY."—Thanks for your readable letter. It will appear next week.

FOURTH OF JULY AND SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC CELEBRATION.

AT HIGHLAND PARK, On the Line of the L. L. & G. R. R., 14 miles south of Lawrence, 1-2 miles north of Baldwin City.

Highland Park Leased and Fitted up by Railroad.

GRAND OPENING JULY FOURTH.

A Mammoth Excursion Train will leave Lawrence at 9 o'clock A. M., arrive at Highland Park at 9-1-2 o'clock A. M. Lawrence Brass Band will accompany the Excursion. It will be one of the largest and most exciting celebrations ever witnessed in Kansas. At the Park, band and vocal music, patriotic speeches, songs, sumptuous dinner, ice cream, confectionery, swinging, ball playing, croquet, quadrille music and dancing, panoramic views around Niagara Falls and other beautiful scenery, a \$200 dollar organ given away in a novel manner, each person present having an equal chance of getting it, are some of the attractions. Everybody invited. Beautiful Highland Park is just the place for a day's enjoyment. Excursion rates, round trip, adults, \$1; children under twelve years, 50 cents.

O. P. BARBER,

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DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES,

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THE LIGHT RUNNING HOWE!

EVERY LADY IS ESPECIALLY INVITED

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SEWING MACHINE,

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NO MATTER WHETHER SHE WISHES TO PURCHASE OR NOT.

Easy Monthly Payments Will Secure a Machine!

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No. 135 Massachusetts Street, Between Henry and Warren,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The Young Pioneer.

CONDUCTED BY MISS THEODORA ROBINSON.

MR. AND MRS. BOB WHITE.

I arose one lovely June morning As the day-star was fading from sight; While sitting 'neath the shade of my awning, A voice called sweetly, "Bob White!"

I knew 'twas the voice of a lady Who lives in the valley close by, Her home is quite pleasant and shady, And yet she is cunning and shy.

Bob White lives quite at his leisure, A thrifty and sleek little shirk; He will steal from my corn crib at pleasure, But no one ever knew him to work.

I went where the strawberries redden, As the sun rose beautiful and bright; Though pilfering was strictly forbidden, There were Mr. and Mrs. Bob White.

They had come for a meal of my berries, And had turned out thus early to pick, And they'll steal from my carnation cherries And carry them over the creek.

Now, children, be up in the morning— Up with you so early and bright, And tell me without further warning, Who are Mr. and Mrs. Bob White?

THE MONSTER AND THE MERMAIDS.

It was one of those midsummer afternoons in which life seems a dream, yourself a myth, and the world at large a mirage. The very flowers seemed too indolent to breathe out heavy odors, and the listless wind that swept the prairie and crept lazily through the tops of the trees seemed burdened with even the faint perfume it bore.

"O hum—O hum!" yawned Punch, while he sought to amuse himself by hectoring Judy with a stalk of tasseled sugarcane.

"Go off and leave me alone. I've just got to where the sea monster found the mermaid floating on the water—O, you're tickling my ears!" exclaimed Judy, impatiently.

"Exactly what I meant to do. I'd like to have been the sea monster. Jolly! what a nice tender bite the mermaid must have given him. Combing out her golden hair I suppose—they always are—mermaids spend all their time upon their heads, according to scripture or history, whichever it is," said Punch, dragging the sugar cane tassels leisurely over Judy's bare neck.

"Pul-lease go away, Punchy. I'm so anxious to see if the monster ate her up."

"Course he did, and champed the bones. Can't think of any place to go to."

"Hunt snipes' nests."

"Have found 'em all."

"Mount old Hopper and go down to the river swimming."

"The Tuckerman girls'll catch me."

"Read."

"Have lost my specs."

"Then go hector Petty awhile."

"She'll scratch my old blind eyes out."

"Poor Punch! you are in a bad fix," laughed Judy, obligingly closing her book to caress the bushy head that leaned disconsolately against the arm of her chair.

Punch had been blown up with gunpowder several years before. The calamity had left him squint-eyed and lame in one leg, and a privileged character generally with all except Petty, who would stand up for her rights, in spite of gunpowder.

Judy leaned back in her chair and gazed dreamily over the prairie, saying:

"I wish the prairie was a sea, and this house a ship, and you timber a strange, wild land, where there were cannibals, and cocoanuts, and parrots, and heaps of other nice things."

"Let's play it is!" cried Punch, starting eagerly up. "You shall be a mermaid and I'll be half cannibal and half sea-monster, and I'll capture you and carry you off on my sea-horse—old Hopper—down to my den in the timber—Granny Nobb's cabin shall be the den—and when we get there I'll go to eat you up and then change my mind and make you my wife; and we'll get Granny to give us some cantaleups and we'll live on them the rest of our lives—the afternoon, I mean."

"Let me play, too?" inquired Petty, delightedly.

"Yes, if you won't scratch too hard when I go to catch you. I'll have two wives—the more the better—and dolly shall be a baby mermaid. Hurrah! U-r-r-r-r!" growled Punch, screwing up his face in a frightfully hideous manner.

"How splendid!" cried Judy, pulling off her net and shaking down her long yellow hair. "Let's run and hide in the tall grass, Petty, while Punch catches old Hopper. We'll make him hunt well for us—the hideous monster."

Down under the waves of the emerald sea darted the mermaids with gleeful laughter, while the cannibal went in search of his sea-horse.

"Who would be A mermaid fair, Singing alone, Combing her hair Under the sea, In a golden curl, With a comb of pearl, On a throne?"

came up in sweet, wild strains from "under the sea."

The sea-horse and his hideous rider plunged into the billows.

Such a long, long, gleeful search! Such despairing growls and triumphant peats of laughter! Now

just before him, on the crest of an emerald billow, a sweep of golden hair lures on the destroying monster; now far behind, weird bursts of music recall him, baffled and angry.

The mermaids were captured at length, while sitting in sweet unconsciousness upon a mound in the sea, decking each other's hair with strings of flower-shells and viny seaweeds. The captor seated them behind him on his sea-horse, threw around them a lasso of woven vines, and quieting the startled creatures with honeyed words, rode off with them toward the strange, wild land where he dwelt while resting from his long sea-voyages.

"Bless me old soul! three on one hoss—ho! ho! ho! what air ye after, me honeys?" exclaimed Granny Nobb, as the cannibal and his captives rode down the timber road toward her small cabin among the trees.

"I want a pot to cook my mermaids in," growled the cannibal, displaying his cloven foot to his affrighted victims.

A scene ensued. The mermaids clasped their hands and tore their hair and begged for mercy. The monster dragged them from his horse and gazed into their imploring eyes with a cruel, greedy stare.

"Ha! ha! my beauties—a tender morsel you'll make me. Kindle the fire, my good woman, and make the pot boil merrily," he cried, smacking his lips with voracious anticipation.

"Have pity, pity!" sighed the mermaids, sinking on their knees.

Suddenly the cannibal's purpose changed. Pity had touched his heart. A softened look stole over his face. Stooping, he kissed the foreheads of his fair captives, saying, "Pretty creatures! you shall be my wives instead of my supper. Say, will you promise to mind every command and make pot pies for me out of all the other mermaids I shall catch?"

"Yes, yes," answered the delighted mermaids. A peal of roguish laughter wound up the tragedy abruptly. Turning to the astonished old woman, Punch said: "Well, Granny, if I don't get to eat Judy and Petty, you'll have to fill me up on cantaleups for my stomach's powerful empty."

"Weel, weel! if I did n't 'low ye'd all gone daft," exclaimed Granny Nobb, looking entirely bewildered.

"We've had heaps of fun," said Petty.

"Yes, haystacks of it. And now, Granny, while we're eating cantaleups would you mind laying down your hoe and spinning over some o' them Injun yarns we've heard so many times a'ready?" said Punch, with rather waggish assurance.

"Mind it? Lor, no, honeys. Walk round to the garden and help yerselves, and then come back and set down under this tree, and I'll tell ye how the Injuns stole me away from my mammy when I was a wee bit of a lass like about Petty's age."

CHUBBY AND BOB'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR COUSIN BOB: The schoolmistress says I use too many capitals. Hereafter I shall try and use no capitals only when I call somebody or something by Name or right after a Period. A Period is a Round Dot that you hold your breath on long enough to count four and no more. Or if you don't want to count four it will do just as well to repeat to yourself, Sam Patch dont scratch.

You gave some bad advice in your last letter. If I should follow it I should Turn Out a very Unruly Girl. If I should hide Bumble Bees in Aunt Polly's shoes they would sting her toes and then she would be lame. If Aunt Polly was lame she would have to sit still and read the Bible and that would make her very uncomfortable and everybody else about her. Because you see the heft of everything revolves upon Aunt Polly's shoulders. Mother is a weakly woman. She has been so ever since Sunbeam and Pussyat became children. If Tim and I should Run Away they would have to spend all of Planting Time searching for us. If we got caught we should feel disagreeable to the day of our Death and if we did n't get caught they would decide the Wild Beasts had torn us in pieces and then the Twins would have to go Into Mourning. What a sad sight that would be! Besides Tim is the main Spoke of the Wheel round Huckleberry Hill and everybody would be awfully struck to hear that he had Run Away. He is Assistant Librarian at the Sunday School and also Chairman of the Speaking Society which meets once a month at the school house. Tim is a smart boy but he makes a slight mistake once in a while. He is slow to learn but long to remember. However great the Obstacles in the way Tim never declines to do his duty. A few weeks ago he was called on to speak a piece in great haste. Being hog killing season he did n't have time for proper meditation, but when the moment for Delivery arrived he arose and did the best he could. Here is the Result. The schoolmistress took a report and I shall copy it from her paper. As I told you once before Timothy is, tongue tied:

I am Monarch of all I thurvey My right there th none to dithpute All round from the theater all round to the thea O Lord I'm a fowl and a brute.

I have not time to tell you about Bess Doughty in this letter. Sunbeam has tumbled off from the gate-Post and bloodied her nose to which I must Attend at Once. You need n't expect Tim and me Out West till we can come in Honorable Style. We shall each take a trunk and several suits of clothes. Tim will probably wear a Tall Hat and I a Long Dress and Veil and Brown Kid Gloves, and we shall travel by Rail and take our Meals at Hotel Tables. Yor Respectful Cousin, CHUBBY MERRYWEATHER, HUCKLEBERRY HILL, Vermont.

NATURAL HISTORY SKETCHES.

NUMBER THREE.

MY YOUNG PIONEER FRIENDS: No response has so far been given to our offer for information concerning the meadow-lark, and we will let that subject run over two weeks longer, at which time we shall discuss the peculiar traits of that interesting and melodious bird, giving we hope some new and interesting peculiarities of it.

In this paper we will have a little talk about the rattlesnake, whose warning is so often heard at this season of the year, much to the annoyance of the farmer and strawberry and wild flower gatherers.

We confess to the usual amount of timidity regarding snakes, and particularly to a feeling something akin to the first symptoms of ague when we hear the sharp buzz of the rattlesnake, and we cannot for our life find much in his character to recommend to the friendship of our "Young Pioneers," for he is a stern representative of the venomous enemies of mankind with little or no conciliatory spirit or charity. Nevertheless we cannot say that the snake was not created for some good purpose, although like the mosquito we fail to find out just what valuable position he occupies in the world, unless it be as an article of food for the Indians, who consider the snake a delicate morsel when killed in such a manner that it does not bite itself.

The rattlesnake is found in nearly all the Western and Middle States and was formerly abundant in the New England district, though as civilization advances the rattlesnake, in company with the wolf, gradually disappears. In Kansas the rattlesnakes are plenty and vary in style from the small prairie species of a few feet in length to the mountain or cave rattlesnake, which grows to an enormous size. We have seen some measuring twelve or thirteen feet in length by fifteen inches in circumference around the largest part of the body.

The prairie rattlesnake is a large reptile, delighting in stillness and sunshine, only making sufficient exertion to procure its loathsome subsistence of frogs, grasshoppers and young birds, unless intruded upon by some of the higher order of animals, when it skulks away cowardly or strikes like an assassin with all the advantage on its side.

The rattlesnake found upon the plains in the western portion of our State frequently inhabits the prairie dog burrows, and is said to affiliate with them and the small owl which finds quarters with the dogs. But it is our belief, based upon personal observation, that the rattlesnake is a very unwelcome and dangerous intruder in the dog's family, and causes the mild-tempered and industrious little animal considerable anxiety on behalf of its young, toward whom the snake assumes a very hostile and ungrateful attitude upon frequent occasions.

It is claimed by some that the rattlesnake can be domesticated, and one gentleman informs us that from some of the observations and experiments he made with them he is induced to believe in the possibility of thoroughly taming them. He made a trial and completely succeeded, but by what process he did not tell us. He probably availed himself of the power which a control over the appetite of the animal gave him. He spoke of the charms of music while influenced by hunger and irritated by the application of a hot iron, and said the snakes were soothed by a slow and plaintive strain. At one time this gentleman had two in his possession for four years, and so great was their docility that he would take them up and stroke down their backs as if they were rope; he would then make them crawl up his breast and face, caress them and wind them around his neck. He says that their harmlessness and attachment to him was really astonishing.

Some claim that the charming powers of the rattlesnake are great and extend to an influence over human beings; but we have reason to doubt this and limit their power to birds that build low in bushes or in the grass on the ground. The rattlesnake never climbs trees like the black-snake.

We had a rattlesnake in a cage for two months, and watched its habits every day. This one would dispatch immediately every bird and insect thrown to it, but would not eat them. He however permitted a toad to remain with him without molestation, and allowed it to leap upon his body and sit on his head.

When the snake opens his mouth the fangs are not visible unless he is provoked, and in a peaceful condition they are covered with a membrane like a scabbard, only they are drawn back, so that the sheathing membrane forms a slight protuberance on each side of the upper jaw. If irritated he flattens his head, throws it back, opens his mouth and instantly the fatal fangs are shot out of their sheath like a spring dagger as he darts upon the object which enrages him. After the death of the snake which we had we examined his fangs and found them sharp like a sickle and containing a perforation or duct which led from the reservoir of poison at the bottom of the tooth quite through its whole length and terminated just by the point, which was exceedingly sharp. Thus the fang is darted out at the will of the snake, making the puncture at the instant, and simultaneously the poison flows through the duct and is deposited at the very bottom of the wound. As this rarely fails to touch a blood vessel the venom is thus instantly issued into the system, and the march of death instantly begins through every vein and artery, unless arrested by some antidote, whisky being the best known, which is taken in large quantities to stupefy the person

and assimilate the poison of the snake with one just as deadly if not quite so immediate.

While the 19th Regiment of Kansas Cavalry was encamped in the Wichita mountains during the Indian war of the winter of 1867, and near Medicine Bluff—a perpendicular cliff two hundred feet high—the men were surprised one day after a little warm weather to hear a buzzing like a cotton-gin. Upon following up the sound they discovered it to proceed from a cave at the foot of the bluff full of rattlesnakes which had just revived from their winter stupor by a few days' warmth sufficiently to move their tails and rattle. The men immediately got poles and from actual count killed over three hundred. Some of them were monsters. One in particular—and there were many like it—which was stuffed and brought back to Ottawa measured twelve and a half feet in length and fifteen inches in circumference. This is something of a "snake story," but it is true. INTERPRETER.

THE SPIDER WEB.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—NO. 6.—French.

I am composed of 33 letters. My 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 18 is generally received with pleasure. My 1, 2, 21, 24, 15, 13, 13, 25 is something to be avoided. My 23, 3, 1, 6, 18, 17 gives acute pain. My 16, 10, 13, 5, 31, 7, 19 is a rich and beautiful dress material. My 20, 5, 14, 24 is a color. My 9, 10, 11, 12 is a number. My 8, 5, 26, 32, 21, 17, 7, 10 frightens the nervous. My 28, 29, 20, 15 is a measure. My 27, 21, 4, 14, 19, 3, 5, 32 is expressive of firmness.

DECAPITATION—NO. 5.

Entire, I am an article of furniture; behead, I am an ornament; behead again, I am necessary to human existence; transpose, I am a boy's name.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 11.

Food; unoccupied; a girl's name; to rent.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 8.

I am composed of ten letters. My first is in darn but not in mend. My second is in give but not in lend. My third is in parch but not in burn. My fourth is in teach but not in learn. My fifth is in pensive but not in sad. My sixth is in boy but not in lad. My seventh is in nimble but not in brisk. My eighth is in danger but not in risk. My ninth is in crazy but not in sane. My tenth is in Mary but not in Jane.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

Numerical Enigma, No. 5.—Napoleon. Cross Word Enigma, No. 6.—Ramrod. Word Square, No. 9.—M A R K A G U E R U L E K E E L

Hidden Proverbs.—No. 1.—Plough deep, while sluggards sleep. No. 2.—A new broom sweeps clean. No. 3.—Never too late to mend.

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The Farm.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe— 'T is the law of our being—we reap what we sow, We may try to evade them—may do what we will, But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chess-board, 'st, be sure, And detects in a moment the base or the pure. We may boast of our claims to genius or birth, But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame, And then, when we fall, the world bears the blame; But nine times in ten, it's plain to be seen, There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife? Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life? Remember, this great truth has often been proved: We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track, Yet the bread that we cast on the water comes back. This law was enacted by Heaven above: That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold, 'Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old. Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love, Our lives might be music for angels above!

We reap what we sow. Oh, wonderful truth!— A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth. But it shines out at last, as "the hand on the wall," For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

How many millions have been wasted by leaving grass to become worthless for food by remaining uncut till the dog-days? This subject of waste should be investigated; also the ploughing under of good clover as a manure. The advocates of this plan of disposing of food for cattle have more sense, though, than some of the farmers who cut it for hay, for they say it does the land much less good when turned under after it is in full bloom, for the stems become woody, and do not decompose so as to furnish food for the plants. A quantity of sticks may almost as well be ploughed in, says one writer. But a great bulk of the stock-raisers have not the same regard for feeding their cattle, and for their having digestible food, which will nourish the system, promoting luxuriant growth and health; they will let their clover and grass become all sticks and weather-beaten rubbish, which their poor, unfortunate animals are obliged to have torture their stomachs or die of starvation. It would be a blessing if these men, having no bowels of compassion, were compelled to eat stale food of all kinds—vegetables that were going to seed, and meat of animals just passing to the last stage of dried, withered old age, being, like the hay, all but dead before the cutting of the last thread of life.

Waste is a term often misapplied, and too much frugality proves very often a waste in the result. A herdsman was feeding milk cattle at milking times during the summer of 1865, and to induce them to eat as much as possible, put more before them than they cleared up, leaving perhaps about an eighth, which was given to other stock. This was millet, Hungarian grass, and sowed corn, which was abundantly grown, there being plenty coming on all the while. The cows gave double the milk they had done the previous summer, and were often fed in the shade in hot weather, in addition to the feeding at morning and evening, the superintendent as well as the herdsman feeling interested in producing as much butter as possible. One day the proprietor visited the cow-sheds while the man was removing the refuse, and using the expression at the top of this article, ordered the cows should only have as much as they would eat up, which of course was complied with, as he was a gentleman not disposed to be argued with. The consequence was, a sinking of two and a quarter pounds of butter each cow per week, and a slight depreciation in the quality of the butter, as all the coarse and rank herbage had to be eaten, and they did not fill themselves so full as when they could pick out all the sweet and tender portions. Now here was a mistake, and there are many such, for even if there are no rough stock cattle to clear up after, not only milking cows, but beef cattle and calves, &c., it would be better to put unpalatable food for bedding, and make manure of it. Yet the same man who had been ploughing under fifty tons of fine clover, would cry shame, and preach a sermon from the text, "Waste not, want not," if he saw any under the cattle. There is a medium in all things, and it is well for people to reckon up and consider on every appearance of waste, before they begin preaching too much. Look at the barn-yards, and see the juice of the dung running away, and every shower taking off the essence of all lying in the ill-constructed receptacles—look at the food a lot of farm hands will waste when inferior goods are bought. A good, wholesome article of diet is the cheapest for them; with good management, there need be no waste.

VERMIN ON STOCK.—A correspondent says he feeds his stock on a teaspoonful of sulphur to each animal, with their salt, once in two weeks. When he has done so, no vermin has troubled them, and his dairy cows have not been affected with garget, nor his sheep with grub in the head. He has practiced this for twenty years.

The ride, which may fairly be said to resemble the famous little trot of Sheridan, was that of a Kansas man who was bitten by a rattlesnake, "and whisky twelve miles away."

THE WILD-FLOWER GARDENS OF KANSAS.

A writer to the Farmers' Club, American Institute, speaks in raptures of the beautiful appearance of the prairies, covered with their wild flowers:

"For the wild flowers of Kansas I must express my especial admiration. Any one here may have a flower-garden of considerable show who will cultivate two square rods of ground with wild flowers. I will name, of the many, only the following few as deserving of some notice: The blue iris, the yellow day lily and the purple phlox grow only in the forest, and also the Judas-tree and a straw-colored honeysuckle. On the prairies we have the yellow cactus, growing only on rocky slopes; the blue and the white larkspur, the latter dotted with purple, growing on moist spots, but only where the grass is very thin; the white evening primrose, a perennial, growing in similar localities; and the yellow primrose, a magnificent flower of from four to six inches in diameter, growing on the rocky slopes. The verbenas and foxglove are also very common on rocky situations, not because of the rocks, but because there the deeply-rooted prairie-grass will not thrive, and hence there is an opening for any hardy plant. I have seen two colors of the verbenas—red and purple; but the latter has so small a flower as to be almost unnoticeable. We have also a white hyacinth, a purple petunia, a blue lupin, and many others.

"Sprinkled all over the prairies, among the grass, we find red and variegated phlox, yellow polyanthus, and sometimes a purple petunia and blue spiderwort; and last of all comes the beautiful blue gentian, with straight-edged petals after the first frost.

"All of the above, so far as tried, grow finely under common garden cultivation, and most are equal in beauty to the cultivated varieties. Of wild roses we have the small prairie-rose, growing about a foot high, single flower of blush in hot weather, deepening into bright red in cool, usually from two to three inches in diameter; and the climbing variety, also single, pale red, growing in clusters, and resembling in its foliage and growth the cultivated queen of the prairie, and for a single rose is a very fine one."

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

To keep animals in health, is more important than to cure sick ones, and for this purpose a few leading rules should be always observed, and which cannot be out of place here.

- 1. Always feed regularly, as to time and quantity. Many animals are made sick by starving at one time, and stuffing at another. Especially, never overfeed.
2. The same rule must be observed with watering—and let the water be pure.
3. Never overwork an animal—regular and moderate exercise will enable a working animal to do more the year through, by all odds, than any hurried driving at one time and resting and overfeeding at another; and be infinitely less liable to disease.
4. Allow a regular supply of salt—it is useful, but an observance of the preceding rules without salt, will be incomparably better than their infraction with it.
5. Never feed musty or bad food. If musty fodder must be used, pass it through a rapid cutter, and moisten, salt and meal it.
6. Avoid unwholesome or poisonous plants in pastures and in hay.
7. Guard all animals against cold rain and snow falling on them, and against lying on cold wet ground.
8. All changes of food must be gradual. If from hay to grass, let the grazing be but an hour the first day, two hours the next, three the next, &c. The same caution must be carefully observed, in beginning to feed with roots, grain, &c.
9. Be careful that animals always have enough of exercise—and plenty of pure, fresh air. Stables must be well ventilated—animals often become sick from breathing foul air.
10. Lastly, and by no means least, let strict cleanliness be observed.

It is proposed to set aside "John Brown's Tract," in the Adirondack region of New York, for a State park, where the timber and game shall be preserved and the southward tending streams collected into a vast reservoir, from which a grand aqueduct, two hundred miles long, shall convey the pure waters to New York.

Be very careful to keep your trees clean and free from worms, borers and rough bark, if you ever expect to make anything from your orchard, and no branch of farming is of more profit or more benefit than the fruit portion, if well managed.

Cows and sheep should not be pastured together. Horses and sheep form a more suitable partnership, as their grazing habits are similar.

A Terre Haute, Ind., professional sheep shearer says that he has not seen such fine fleeces in fifteen years as the clip of this year shows.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Boyer has paid \$1,300 for an Indianapolis, Ind., 2:30 trotting mare, for breeding purposes.

American cheese is in universal use throughout England, and large quantities are imported.

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A FINELY IMPROVED FARM OF 238 ACRES, SEVEN MILES from Lawrence; good house, barn, crib, cattle sheds, &c.; a fine orchard and plenty of all kinds of fruit. One of the very best farms in Douglas County. Small amount of cash required. Balance on very long time.

A SMALL PLACE OF 20 ACRES THREE MILES FROM TOWN, all fenced and cultivated, small house, good spring and plenty of fruit trees. Very cheap at \$1500. 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. CITY PROPERTY TO TRADE FOR FARMS OR RAW LAND, and farms to trade for city property.

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.

Also the GERMAN-AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York—cash capital \$1,000,000—and the TRIUMPH INSURANCE COMPANY, of Cincinnati—capital \$500,000. 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., Office rear room over Simpson's Bank.

MATHEW SHAW, HOUSE BUILDER, NO. 9 MASSACHUSETTS ST., (NEAR THE BRIDGE.) Manufacturer of REFRIGERATORS, ICE CHESTS, BEE HIVES & LADDERS.

ALSO DEALER IN STONWARE, SEWER & DRAIN PIPES, Chimneys for Prairie Homes, FANCY CHIMNEY TOPS, FIRE BRICKS, TILES, &c. Large Stock on Hand. Send for Price List.

I would call special attention to my refrigerators. Having had much experience in the business, I combine the good qualities of different refrigerators and ice chests into the one I manufacture. They are the best for the following reasons: 1. Because they are well made of the best material; lined with zinc throughout, and made with double walls; the space between which is packed with dry powdered charcoal, and not with saw-dust, as is the case with nine-tenths of Eastern refrigerators. 2. Because they are home manufacture, and are more durable, and save at least fifty per cent. of ice. 3. Because they can be kept in the dining room without wetting the floor, as they are constructed so that the air is in constant motion, and the foul air allowed to escape. 4. Because they sell for less money and are a handsome piece of furniture for your dining room. All who use them recommend them.

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY OF RIGGS & SINCLAIR, Proprietors of DOUGLAS COUNTY ABSTRACT BOOKS. Loans Negotiated on Real Estate Security. Abstracts of Title Furnished. Conveyancers and Notaries Public. No. 52 Massachusetts Street, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

BY DR. J. L. PRENTISS.

DEAR SPIRIT: How welcome you are to us in our new Western home, can be measured only by the eagerness with which we await the Thursday's mail, that brings to us the Lawrence news of the preceding week. Our many friends (more fully appreciated, now that we are deprived of their society) have kept us well supplied with letters and given us many local items. But still, you always bring us something new and wet, or at least rain, mud, moisture, dampness and other synonyms of things not dry seem to predominate in your local columns of late. They tell us that this has been an unusually wet season here; but it would pass for a pretty dry one in Kansas. We have had a number of fine showers, however, and the farmers are rejoicing at the prospects of an abundant harvest, and thus far without the aid of irrigation, which is regarded by many as a great nuisance. But as we look over the farms of this section that lie under the ditch, with their network of smaller ditches, like arteries, carrying the life-giving fluid for vegetation, ready to be distributed over the surface if necessity demands, until each germ and rootlet shall drink "ad libitum," it gives one a feeling of independence that cannot be indulged by the Kansas farmer, who, in a season of drought, eagerly watches each rising cloud with the faint hope that it may bring rain, or in times of mud and flood is anxiously scanning the horizon for a clear streak.

It is not our purpose, however, to take for a topic at this time so ordinary a subject as the weather. Yet the lovely climate of Canon since our arrival here, forbids passing it by without a word of comment.

Our city (or town as you may please to call it) lies one hundred and twenty miles west of Denver, having an altitude of fifty-three hundred feet, which is about one hundred feet above Denver. The difference in altitude and the closer proximity to the mountains very nearly, if not quite, compensate for the difference in latitude, giving about the same temperature during summer, although it is much warmer in winter. Occasionally the thermometer has been known to indicate a temperature of over 100 degrees, Fahrenheit, but the effect of heat here is very notably different from that in Kansas. It does not produce the same depression. There seems to be an invigorating influence in the atmosphere, even in its most heated state. Let the noon-day be never so hot, as the sun begins to hide behind the abrupt mountains which tower above the city on the west, a cool, pleasant breeze almost invariably comes down from the Snowy Range, imparting new life and vigor by its freshness and purity. Our twilight is the most lovely portion of the day. Long after the sun has left us in the shade he tips the range of mountains that lie to the south with varied hues, by light and shade, changing the picture like a panorama as he marches on, until, finally, some tall, snow-clad peak shuts off the rays. But still a beautiful picture is left—though not bright, yet lovely. The varied shades of green, from light to dark, made by cedar, pin-yon, spruce, pine and scrubby oaks, with velvet lawns of grass between, cover the mountains, with here and there huge rocks projecting, which add to the variety.

The hour that follows is the favorite one for lovers, and one might think them plenty in Canon, to see the number of happy couples that improve the twilight by a promenade to the famous Soda Spring and thence beneath the shady nooks and through the rocky glens that lie overshadowed by huge walls of granite, along the river's side, whose rapid rushing waters drown all sounds except the song of love's young dreams. Pleasant memories of "the days when we were young" come o'er us. Our youth is renewed like the eagle's; and although we cannot soar above the snowy range and take in at a glance all the beauties of this wild expanse, we can climb the rough mountain side and get a partial view of the landscape spread before us.

Now that we are up among the rocks, with a fine view of Canon and its surroundings, we will try to picture the location of our pleasant little place. From our seat on the point of rocks above the town, we have a fine view of the gate of the mountains, where the Arkansas, now swollen by the melting snows, "debouches" from the rock-walled Canon with a fall of about thirty feet to the mile, giving us, if utilized, a water power sufficient to run all the manufactories of New England. Just at the foot of this rock is located the Soda Spring before mentioned. Its waters are sparkling, cool and refreshing. Those who have visited Saratoga think that the water very much resembles that of those famous springs. It already begins to attract considerable attention, and after the completion of the railroad to this point, will doubtless become a popular resort. Across the river and nearly opposite this, a hot mineral spring bursts from the bank just above high water mark, having a temperature of ninety degrees, Fahrenheit, and is, so far as I am aware, the only hot spring yet discovered at the base of the mountains on the eastern slope for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles north and south of this point. Just east of us, on the north side of the river, is the city of Canon, having a population of six hundred, and pretty thinly spread out as yet, but fast filling up with a good class of stone and brick buildings. The location is fine, having a natural grade of about one foot to the hundred. This nearly level plain of bottom land extends down the river several miles, and from this point above the city opens into a fertile, beautiful

park eight or ten miles wide, bounded on the north by the Pike's Peak cluster, on the west by the main mountain range, on the south by a spur that runs down parallel with the Arkansas for about twenty miles, and on the east by the foot-hills. This park comprises an area of about twenty-five thousand acres, nearly every foot of which is good soil and susceptible of irrigation and cultivation. The noted and extensive coal fields lie down the river on the opposite side about seven miles. It is the best quality of coal yet discovered in the West, and the supply is said to be inexhaustible. In connection with this it might be proper to mention the oil wells. But little has been done as yet to develop their resources. They are located on Oil Creek, about six miles out. The deepest well is only about twenty feet. An abundant supply is furnished for the present demand and a refinery is now in operation which produces a first class oil. In the immediate neighborhood of the oil wells, a marble quarry has been opened, which is of fine quality, and at some future day will doubtless prove of great value.

The fact is, we have almost anything you can ask for; and last, but not least, we will mention the mountain of iron ore located about twelve miles above on Grape creek. The ore is said, by scientific men who have tested it, to be of the first quality and susceptible of being smelted with the coal found here. With these abundant supplies of iron, coal, oil, marble, hot and cold mineral springs, a fine agricultural country, charming scenery, lovely climate, and one of the best water powers in the world, may we not look forward with bright hopes for the future of Canon as not only a manufacturing point, but a great resort for invalids and pleasure seekers, as well as a home for all who appreciate beautiful scenery and a healthy, invigorating climate?

A day's ride into the mountains, over one of the finest roads that cross the range, an altitude is attained where the banks of snow are forty feet deep, and every night covers with a mantle of frost each rock and shrub and blade of grass, to glisten and melt in the morning sun.

There are many beautiful places of resort in the vicinity, but as I find my letter growing quite lengthy, I will close by narrating the incidents of an excursion we had the pleasure of taking a few days since, ten miles up the Arkansas. Our party numbered five, consisting of the pastor of the M. E. church and wife, Miss Clara Fowler and us, which means my wife and me. It was quite late in the morning before all the arrangements were made for the trip. At ten all things were ready, and a goodly load it was, too. With five jolly people on two seats (for even Mr. Brooks, the pastor, agreed to leave his dignity at home), water-proofs, overcoats, umbrellas and lunch baskets occupied all the spare room. Our road for the first eight miles was charming; with every turn the scene was changed. First rounding the point of rocks at the Soda Springs, we struck into the little valley of Red Sand creek, which, like many mountain streams, in ordinary weather is a clear, sparkling rill, but during a storm its banks are full, and, as its name indicates, it is blood red from the sand and coloring matter with which its waters are impregnated. As may be inferred, we do not follow directly up the Arkansas, but make a detour among the mountains. From the valley of Red Sand creek we strike into a more rugged region and pass through what is known as Devil's Gate. Every few yards' travel gives us a new picture, and always something so attractive about each one as to keep up the interest, and we wonder with eager curiosity what the next will be. Eight miles bring us into a lovely park, carpeted with fine grass for herding, of several varieties, but mostly Gramma and Bunch grasses. Just as we come into the park we leave the main road, which leads to Fairplay, and take a trail to the left. Soon the romance begins in good earnest; we lose the trail and spend an hour in searching for it, and after about making up our minds to return home, have the good fortune to strike it again. Soon, however, it becomes so abrupt and rough that all hands have to take to their feet and clamber over fallen trees and huge rocks, up—up—the atmosphere all the time getting lighter and our stomachs not any fuller. We soon reached a point from which the Snowy Range was visible and also had a fine view of Pike's Peak, covered with a mantle of white. Here we stopped to take a rest and "view the landscape o'er." From this point the trail was better, and we all took passage and after a few moments' ride reached the place of our destination, having attained an altitude of about nine thousand feet. We only took a glance at the canon and then repaired to the shade of an evergreen tree, where our good ladies spread a bountiful feast of good things, which our good appetites more fully appreciated on account of the tramp! It was a lovely place to dine. A cool breeze came down from the still higher snow clad mountains of the west, while to the north and below us were spread out beautiful parks of velvety green, bordered with evergreens of cedar and pin-yon. Just as we had finished our repast and were preparing to feast our eyes on the wonders of nature, one of nature's darkest clouds came rolling up the canon, and water-proofs, overcoats and umbrellas were immediately brought into use. We reached the edge of the immense chasm, however, before the storm had fairly commenced, and seating ourselves upon the huge and overhanging rocks, looked into the dismal, cloudy canon—down—down—down, over two thousand feet, where

the turbid waters of the Arkansas were foaming and dashing over huge rocks and boulders. The storm added to the awful grandeur of the scene. Like most mountain storms, however, it lasted only a few moments, and while yet raining the sun broke through the clouds and glistening on each drop of rain as it fell into the gorge below us, made them sparkle like showers of diamonds. The scene now changed from one of gloom to one of beautiful grandeur. We have witnessed the Falls of Niagara, but even more wonderful is the scene before us. True, the scenery is of a different character. In the one instance the wonder is the falling of an immense volume of water; while in the other, only the results of what water has done are left; or at least we lose sight of the river in viewing the rugged and almost perpendicular walls that tower above it. Our imagination wandered back decades on decades of years, when the river washed perhaps the very stones on which we stand. To add to the grandeur of the sight, we loosened several stones a ton or more in weight, which were nicely poised on the edge of the precipice, and let them go thundering down, tearing up trees and starting other boulders in their course, until they reached the river, a mere mass of broken fragments.

We followed up the cliff for over a mile, and from every point of view the picture varies. At one place a point of rocks projected with a deep chasm on either side. As we followed this out we spied two mountain sheep to which we gave chase down to the point and finally cornered. They had leaped from shelf to shelf, however, until they were several hundred feet below us. Fortunately for them, we had no fire arms with us, or I fear that the game law would have been violated.

Surveys have been made and a railroad projected through this wonderful canon, which, when completed, will doubtless give one of the most romantic railroad rides in the world. Imagine yourself riding in a passenger car along the bank—and in fact at some points the road will be built directly over the Arkansas river, with perpendicular walls rising nearly a half mile above you on either side. Col. Greenwood, chief engineer of the D. & R. G. R. R., has estimated the walls to be twenty-three hundred feet high.

So charmed and delighted by the wild romance were we that the sun had nearly reached the snowy horizon before we thought of starting home. After reaching the main road, however, we put on brakes and went down the mountain with a whirl. It was long after dark when we reached home, thoroughly tired, but feeling well repaid by the wonders we had witnessed.

CANON CITY, June 16, 1872.

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A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

H. H. CARPENTER,

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HEADS MEASURED AND HATS MADE TO ORDER.

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CUFFS, COLLARS AND CANES.

The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State.

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STOVES, TINWARE,

Wooden Ware & House Furnishing Goods.

Galvanized Cornices and Tin Roofing put on Buildings on Short Notice.

92 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS, } In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, ss. } County, Kansas.

H. M. Mstaey and John Kabb, plaintiffs, Daniel Pitsenberger and Hannah Pitsenberger, defendants.

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 8th 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.

Given under my hand at my office in the city of Lawrence this 31st day of May A. D. 1872.

S. H. GARMAN, Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

ANDREW TERRY, Pres. JNO. K. RANKIN, Cashier. CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.

LAWRENCE SAVINGS BANK,

No. 62 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence.

General Banking and Savings Institution.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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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 the principal and interest, and are fully and safely secured. When, therefore, coupled as above with so large a personal liability, the safety of money deposited is amply assured. Deposits amounting to one dollar and over will be received at the banking house during the usual banking hours, and on Saturdays from 8 to 8 o'clock p. m. also, and will draw interest at 7 per cent. per annum, to be paid semi-annually in the month of April and October in each year, and if not withdrawn will be added and draw interest the same as the principal. For further information call and get a copy of our by-laws relating to savings deposits. We also do a

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Eastern and foreign exchange for sale. Coins, United States, State and county bonds bought and sold. Revenue stamps for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.

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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 show doubling times for amounts from 2,000 to 1,024,000.

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 33 years, 9 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$16,000 in 33 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent, \$32,000 in 33 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 \$100,000 in the same time.

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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 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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Please note well the address.

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