

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS


A Journal of Home and Household.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 13, 1872.

NUMBER 24.

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**THE "SPIRIT" FOREVER.**

We have thought, and our readers we know have thought the same, that THE SPIRIT, has been most fortunate in the number and character of its original contributors. But we have only made a commencement. We propose to show the world something in the newspaper line out here in Kansas that it will be hard to beat anywhere. In proof of this we have only to say that AUGUSTA MOORE will commence in a few weeks the publication of an original story in THE SPIRIT. Forward your subscriptions. You will want every number from this out.

**Contributed Articles.**

**NOTES OF TRAVEL.**

BY MRS. CORA M. DOWNS.

WALDEN, N. Y., July 5th.

I am in a tower loft, and from my altitude I ought to have an aspiring frame of mind, but alas! the perspiring state of one's corporeal existence dissipates the ethereal fine vapors of one's mental loftiness. What would you do, Oh editor! if you were seated in a lovely little nest, softly carpeted and draped with lace, away up over the heads of the herd of humanity, and above the robins that are warbling till their little throats must ache with the perpetual melody? No wonder that editorial sanctums are generally like dens. The less attractive they are, I suppose, the better one could write.

Here at my right is the sweet face of an old time girl friend, and again at my left, the patient, sergent face of one well along in years, but sanctified by all discipline and Christian faith. Don't fancy, Monsieur SPIRIT, that I am going to drink so much of wine of life and not get dreamy, silent, idle? I dwell in Arcadia and not get dreamy, silent, idle? Here, with folded hands, during these summer afternoons, sit we, and dreamily recall the sports and rambles of other days. The rumble and roar and heat and dust of the great cities I have left behind me, is remembered as an unpleasing phantasm in contrast with this rural peace.

This is a perfect home! Does any reader of THE SPIRIT believe in such a possibility? A home of cool, quiet spaces, no banging of doors, no clattering of plates, no loud talking, but soft, pleasant voices in the halls, partly closed blinds with fragrant vine blossoms, shaded porches and cheerful influences. The ladies move softly down the stairways in floating robes that are strictly classic, so flowing in outline, suggestive of some undefinable charm in shape and form discoverable only to the gods.

To-day the soft wind is fairly heavy with the odor of breath of the garden. A shower last evening has revived us, for we were nearly spent with the heat of the past week. The New York papers have dreadful accounts of sunstroke and suffering.

Last Sabbath Mr. Beecher evidently thought it was his duty to say pleasant things, for it was so hot, so sultry, the heavens were like brass, and the earth like a furnace, and there were many hundred fans moving like miniature wind-mills in Plymouth Church; and the beloved disciple, knowing that the burden and the heat of the day was terrible to bear, forgot his own discomforts and made us to laugh and feel cheery under his magic wand. He told us never to laugh at people who scalded their mouths with hot tea! Whereupon we all smiled irresistibly, remembering the occasions when we nearly laughed at such painful mishaps in the case of our friend, but never laughed when the individual concerned was ourself. His illustrations of a practical truth were all of the same simple, everyday nature. "Be courteous," in every-day, common things, he again and again enforced by every incident and suggestion that his inexhaustible resources commanded. The pugnacious orator, the vain man in public life, the man who was always getting insulted, the wiry man, the heavy man, each of these came in for a share of Christian advice. "When you feel," said he, speaking of hot and hasty temper, "that you can no longer hold your tongue against personal outrage and difficulty, then by all means, hold it!" Advice is the easiest thing to give and the most difficult thing to take. Almost

every fault and foible that a man has, he said, might succumb to proper remedies and treatment, except the fault of vanity and overweening self-conceit. He did not know of any cure for that form of disease except death.

I have just finished "The Thief in the Night," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. I do not know whether I like it or not. I suppose the book is intended to convey an excellent moral, but I think the moral could have been dragged in without a suicide, which turns out to be no suicide after all, notwithstanding we saw the man dead in his bed! These story writers do pile up the agony mountain high about events and heart histories that are every day unwritten romances in the knowledge of many of us, only we have not written them out ourselves, and when they undertake it, concerning the cases they have cognized, they work in a murder or two, and a denouement that in nine cases out of ten never happens along at all.

How many a little patient, faithful, unrequited flame of love has burned in some secret heart chamber year in and year out! Sometimes with tears and sobbings and passionate heart break, but often with steady and patient endurance the soul goes its wonted way, till death comes along and blows out the little lamp and hushes the beatings of a lonely heart. And there is no murder done except the murder of trust and faith in that kind of affection which spent itself in spells of midnight and hush and dew! In kisses that were like the draining of flower hearts, by robber-bees—in caresses that stole the bloom and the tenderness out of life! The early green returns not to the leaf nor the red to the flower; still less does early purity to the heart.

Oh, I am so weary to-day, and so idle! I took up my pencil with a gasp of exceeding don't-want-to-do-anythingness, and why should n't I be in this mood, when every fluttering garment that was stirring about this morning has gone off, left, absented, vaporized, vanished, fled! In a nook here, in a chamber there, all silent and white in antique repose of robe and drapery, I should perhaps discover the occupants of the morning's gear, but now only the birds and I are left to gaze at each other in the tower windows. Strange how in these July afternoons every few seconds of time the lower and upper jaws open on the view an extensive chasm of sympathy with the undue exercise of lower flexibles, and presently the body takes itself off into retirement, and anon muscle and nerve and sense subside into somnolent ease and security.

Which condition hath so captivated my fancy at these present advices that I herewith betake myself to the Paradise of sleepy souls. The same to you, Monsieur!

**U. G. R. R.**  
NUMBER THREE.  
BY JAMES HANWAY.

A regular loafer is the intermediate link between a thief and an honest man. He is a sort of blood-sucker, who is ever ready to give his services to anybody if he is convinced he can hold on to both ends of the single-tree. His conscience, if he has any, is as pliable as gutta-percha; it will expand or contract according to the pressure applied to it. He lives for himself, and thinks the wide world owes him a living; and his only trouble is, how to loaf off his neighbors and acquaintances without appearing too impertinent. Flattery is his stock in trade, and by adroitly using it he gains many a favor. Without this, he would be powerless. Loafers are, however, of some service in local matters, of ours. They keep well posted in the welfare of the community, especially in individual cases. If you have a little job that you have some delicacy in undertaking yourself, these loafers are at your service and are ready to carry out your wishes with dispatch; but you must reward them handsomely for their services.

It was always a surprise to the anti-slavery men, how a stranger from a slave State, in search of fugitives from slavery, could go into even a strong anti-slavery town or neighborhood and obtain information concerning the leading agents of the U. G. R. R. During the last years of the anti-slavery party, before the Republican party was organized at the city of Columbus, nearly all the active working men

were known, at least by name, to those who were generally employed to hunt up the fugitives. I came across one of these shrewd strangers, by the lucky circumstance of his forgetting the name of the person he was after. He made a confidant of me, and before many words were exchanged I found out his blunder, but thought it advisable not to correct him. It was one of those little episodes in life which are not often forgotten. This man-hunter, for I must give him his proper title, had been on an extensive northern trip in search of some half-dozen slaves who had eloped from Kentucky without notifying their friends who had for many years cared for their temporal and spiritual welfare. From information which had been received concerning them a year or so after they had left their former masters, it was thought the fugitives were employed at or near one of those well known anti-slavery stations in Northeastern Ohio. He was unsuccessful in his search, and was, at the time referred to, on his way home to Kentucky. He had spent several months along the lake shores, at Cleveland, Detroit and other places, for the purpose, as he informed me, of obtaining information concerning the different points or termini of the U. G. R. R., that in the future the slave hunters could lay their plans and act knowingly.

"But how did you obtain access to those persons who could give you information?" I inquired. "The easiest thing in the world," he replied. "I always put up at a second or third class hotel on such occasions, and thereby came in contact with a class of persons who were communicative, and by expending a few dollars in cigars and drinks, I gained their confidence and good wishes; and in visiting the saloons and billiard rooms in the locality, I soon found a nucleus for my plans. Politics was the engrossing topic of conversation—the negro was always under the wood-pile. I found the old saying frequently true: 'What is in when sober, comes out when drunk.' I soon found out that the prejudices against the negro race were stronger a hundred fold in the Free States than in the Slave States. [This looks paradoxical, but it was a living fact.] This loafing class, who are generally found around such places, waiting for something to turn up, were the persons whom I found most ready and willing to assist me; and, what was fortunate for me, they were invariably the most bitter negro-haters to be found in the world. So you perceive more than half my task was already accomplished. Selecting one or more of the keenest sort, I informed them of my mission. At first they would appear somewhat astonished, but soon took hold—always informing me that the business was somewhat unpopular and even dangerous. This was to draw from my pocket any extra change I might feel disposed to give them. A little money will go a long way with these loafers, who are too lazy to work for an honest living. It was from this class that I received a list of over a hundred names of leading abolitionists, from Cincinnati to the lake shores. I know the routes they generally take to run off the darkies, but there is one difficulty in the way; many of these starting points or stations verge off in different directions, like a fan when opened. If you start northeast, very likely they have been sent northwest, and thus you lose the trail."

Such was the outline which my informant gave me of his mission in pursuit of the fugitive slave, and the loafers who assisted him to ferret out the abolitionists who rendered material aid to the fugitive on his way to the promised land. This slave hunter placed great importance on the list of names he had collected—he evidently considered it a key which would unlock the hidden mysteries of the U. G. R. R. I read the name of Dr. Jewett of Dayton, but there were two Dr. Jewetts at that time living in Dayton. No doubt, however, it was the Doctor who had been mobbed by the Democratic electors of that city a few years before, for his abolition principles (a good endorsement by the bye); and since he has left this terrestrial habitation, I doubt not his works for the downtrodden and hunted fugitive will long be remembered as the crowning record of his eventful life.

The Arkansas City (Covley county) Correspondent of the Leavenworth "Times" writes: "The crops in this section are splendid, and farmers in the best of spirits. Game of all kinds is rather plenty, and deer, antelope, turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese may be had for miles and miles around."

THE BEST.

Bent Murdock—who knows how it is himself about a good paper—says THE SPIRIT is the best agricultural paper in Kansas.

The Farm.

THE MURMUR OF THE RAIN.

I am sitting by my window, And the night is coming down, And I watch the darkness settle Upon the silent town;

THE SEASONS.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours, The carnival of birds and flowers? Yet who would choose, however dear,

A SUMMER DAY.

Clear had the day been from the dawn, All chequer'd was the sky; Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,

THE FARMERS' FESTIVAL.

[As the season approaches when agricultural fairs will be holden all over the State—more, by great odds, than have ever been held before—we think we can do no better for those whom it concerns—

prising five thousand farms—and, of course, five thousand farmers—each of whom, it may be fairly presumed, has grown something that might help to make up an exhibit of the county's products.

It seems to me that unreasonable emphasis is generally laid on the award of premiums. Three men, passing hurriedly from pen to pen, adjudge A.'s horse or oxen the best on the ground, and B.'s only second or third in excellence.

III. The overwhelming, crushing popularity of the horse at some fairs marks a low stage of intellectual and moral development on the part of the assembled thousands.

IV. There should be set times for the explanation of every machine or novel implement on the ground; not only for the judges, but for the public.

V. Finally, Messrs. Managers, be good enough to let those whom you invite to speak have at least half a chance! Let them speak before dinner always—not when the people are wearied out with gazing and tramping, and anxious to get away to their homes.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

English epicures have an idea that no fowl with dark or yellow legs is as delicate in flesh as those with white legs.

Lady gardeners should observe the following instructions: Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husbands shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; propagate the tendrils of affection wherever they appear; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

To make tomato catsup, boil one bushel tomatoes until soft, then squeeze through a fine wire-sieve; add half a gallon of vinegar, one and one-half pints of salt, two ounces cloves, one quarter pound of allspice, one and a half ounces cayenne pepper, three tablespoonfuls of black pepper, and five heads of garlic, skinned and separated; mix and boil three hours, or until reduced one-half, and bottle without straining.

Scribe, the French poet, hired a house in the country to pass the summer. As soon as he was fairly installed in it, he went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow.

If potatoes are to be stored in a cellar, it must be either naturally dry or made so by proper drainage. The potatoes ought also to be dry when put into it—that is, they should lay for an hour or two at least, after digging, before they are carted to the cellar.

When, on examining an egg, by holding it between the eye and the light of the sun, or of a candle, the vivifying speck is seen exactly on the top, such an egg, it is said, will produce a male bird; but if, on the contrary, the speck be on one side, it will produce a hen.

The Arabs illustrate their estimate of the different colors of horses by the following story: "A chief of a tribe was once pursued by his enemies. He said to his son, 'My son, drop to the rear, and tell me the color of the horses of our foe, and may Allah burn his grandfather!'

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 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

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The Shortest and Quickest, consequently Cheapest route; therefore, when going East, all who are posted buy tickets at Kansas City, 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. GROAT, 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.

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

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Lawrence, Baldwin, Kansas City, Olathe, etc.

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Lawrence, Independence, Coffeyville, Parker, etc.

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 Olathe with stages for Fomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage City.

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.

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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.

TRAIN LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST: Express 1:00 A. M., Mail 11:15 A. M., Topeka Accommodation 7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS: At Topeka for Burlingame, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, etc. At Junction City for Council Grove, etc. At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City, and all points in New Mexico and Arizona.

At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown, etc., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden City, etc. At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

Pullman Palace Cars are attached to all express, trains and run through between Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne without change. Remember this is the great through line, and there is no other direct all-rail route to all points East and West.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Kansas Pacific Railway, and purchase them of W. D. WESTERVELL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or of J. C. HORTON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House. S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Supt. BEVERLEY R. KEIM, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Kansas City, Missouri.

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**TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR.**

That THE SPIRIT is the best paper in Kansas. That it has no politics in it. That it is full of agriculture. That it is the paper for the home and family. That Cora M. Downs writes for it. That the "Young Pioneer" is an original feature in it. That the best Kansas agriculturists write for it. And especially that AUGUSTA MOORE will soon commence an original story in it, the best one ever published in Kansas, and that, with all the other rich things in THE SPIRIT, it will only cost \$2.00.

**The Home.**

**HUMANITY AT HOME.**

I honor and I love the mind,  
Whose warm and generous thoughts embrace  
The common interests of our kind,  
Through Time's long track and Earth's wide space;  
And, like the glorious god of day,  
Sheds o'er the world its living ray.

I watched with throbbing heart the zeal,  
Whose all incorporating plan  
Can teach a million souls to feel  
For all that's man's—for all that's Man!  
And every human title blend  
In those of Brother and of Friend.

I've travelled many a country far,  
Through Finland's wild, on Afric's strand,—  
And there went with me like a star,  
The glory of my native land;  
A star whose light, where'er I trod,  
Seemed blazing with the truths of God.

But sometimes sadness came and dwelt  
Within my heart. 'T was proud to hear  
My country's name; but O! I felt  
That misery dwelt unheeded there;  
That hearts were sad, and eyes were wet—  
Forgotten—how could I forget?

I would not check the nobly good,  
Who, joy diffusing, widely roam;  
But I would whisper, if I could,  
Look round, for there are wrongs at home;  
And voices, though but feeble, call  
On Heav'n—on thee—on me—on all!

Dost thou not hear their cry? To thee,  
Who hears the lightest plaint of wo  
That's borne across the distant sea,  
Can their appeal be vain? O no!  
Thou didst but want some tongue to say,  
Grief's sons are here, and these are they.

**THE HOUSE.**

There is no architect  
Can build as the Muse can;  
She is skilful to select  
Materials for her plan;  
Slow and warily to choose  
Rafters of immortal pine,  
Of cedar incorruptible,  
Worthy her design.

She threads dark Alpine forests,  
Or valleys by the sea,  
In many lands, with painful steps,  
Ere she can find a tree.

She ransacks mines and ledges,  
And quarries every rock,  
To hew the famous adamant  
For each eternal block.

She lays her beams in music,  
In music every one,  
To the cadence of the whirling world  
Which dances round the sun,

That so they shall not be displaced  
By lapses or by wars,  
But for the love of happy souls  
Outlive the newest stars.

[R. W. Emerson.]

**THE USES OF ADVERSITY.**

Methinks if ye would know  
How visitations of calamity  
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!  
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky  
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career  
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,  
And dream'd the deep opaque would blot her beams:  
But, melting as a wreath of snow, it hangs  
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes  
The orb with richer beauties than her own,  
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

[Southey.]

**THE OLD LAYS.**

I love the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sydney's silver phrase,  
Sprinkling over noon of time with freshest morning dew.

[Whittier.]

**HOMES.**

Recreation is a necessity of our hard-working, overstrained life. Men and women need it, and will have it. But should they go from home to find it? Is home nothing but a place to sleep, eat and drudge in?—a place to be escaped from, as from a prison, whenever enjoyment is to be sought? Plainly false and injurious as is such a view, it seems to be that which generally prevails among us. The members of our households seek their recreations abroad. Yielding to different tastes, or controlled by different circumstances, they seek it in different places. Husbands and wives, parents and children, thus separate from one another in their associations, the family unity disappears, and the seeds of discord are planted in the home circle. Under this false and fatal idea, that it is necessary to go abroad to seek after enjoyment, society has become a travelling association of pleasure-hunters, as if pleasure

could be found by thus hunting for it. The old, happy home-life is disappearing—we had almost sadly said, has disappeared. And with it is vanishing not only the truest enjoyment, but also the greatest safe-guard of our social state. Miserable or guilty is that man who quits his home to find enjoyment. Lost is that woman who does it. Unhappy is the son or daughter who does not find home the happiest spot on earth. The family circle is a misnomer, as applied to the members of households thus separate in their associations and pleasures. With them there can be no golden chain of holy affection, strengthened and kept bright by loving association and the communion of the innocent joys and sacred sorrows of the family. Home should be the dearest, happiest spot on earth to every individual. There the weary man of business should find his needed rest. There the wife and mother should find her purest, deepest pleasures. And there children should find attractions stronger than all the world can present.

We tinker away at the evils of society, and go on making new "societies" to amuse, instruct or restrain our people, when the great want is homes!

**EVILS OF GOSSIP.**

I have known, says a writer in *All the Year Round*, a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporating into a morning mist that turned to a long day's tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and young wife, each straining at the hated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woe and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt water of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to prove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's hurt.

**DYSPEPSIA.**

If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on chaff-bread, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, etc., so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting-room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it, or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye-bread or oat-meal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly; cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate.

Do not keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month with your parson, special guests or sewing society. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

A man who has worked for years in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard as a machinist has learned, in his leisure hours, to speak, read and write Hebrew, French, German and Italian, and obtained a thorough knowledge of geology and botany. Out of his savings he has purchased a library of 1,300 volumes.

Crocuses should be planted in October or November. Set the bulbs about three inches apart and cover with not more than two inches of earth. Before winter sets in, cover the bed with a little straw, coarse manure or other litter, to prevent the bulbs being thrown out.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

**Kansas Spirit.**

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JULY 13, 1872.

**A NEW FEATURE.**

In addition to the other departments of THE SPIRIT, which have won the unanimous commendation of our readers and our brethren of the press, we have the pleasure of announcing that we have now in our possession an original story, of unsurpassed interest, written by one of the most popular writers in this country expressly for our paper, and which we shall commence publishing just as soon as our friends have had time to roll in the extra names which this announcement will naturally call out.

**B. F. AKERS, ESQ.**

A most remarkable communication appears in Wilkes' last "Spirit of the Times" concerning this gentleman, under the signature of Col. C. R. Jennison. We regret to see the Col.'s name to such an assault, because we are persuaded that it is uncalled for, and that the performances of which he complains are susceptible of a different explanation. Mr. Akers is a gentleman to whom the horse fraternity of Kansas owe many obligations for his enterprising public spirit, and for whom they, in company with our fellow citizens generally, entertain a very high regard. They will not willingly believe, unless upon the most indisputable testimony, that he has been guilty of practices calling for what Col. Jennison calls for—his "immediate expulsion from all regular trotting courses."

It so happens that we can speak by the record concerning two of the charges preferred against Mr. Akers, and if there is nothing more serious in the others than in these, then the Col. has wasted a good deal of ammunition for very little game. The fourth and fifth charges have reference to the conduct of Mr. Akers in connection with the trotting at the State Fair. They are utterly groundless, so far as he is concerned. The people all wanted to see Rhode Island and St. Elmo trot, and while parties owning or interested in other horses might have been glad to rule them out, the managers of the Fair tried to satisfy the popular demand. We know that Mr. Akers did nothing contrary to their wishes, but studiously complied with them in every respect. In regard to the trotting of Providence, he informed the managers that the horse had trotted in Lawrence on his way to the Fair, and asked if his record there should bar him at Topeka. It was decided that he should trot at Topeka, a decision that might not have been technically correct according to the rules of the National Trotting Congress, but which seemed to the managers to be the best one to make in the interest of the Fair. At any rate, if there was any irregularity or impropriety, Mr. Akers was not to blame for it. We had the honor of being President of the State Agricultural Society at the time, and know whereof we affirm.

We are satisfied that Mr. Akers has done more for the improvement of our noblest domestic animal, the horse, than any man in Kansas. It is proof enough of this to say that the best and fastest blood on this continent—with the venerable old Ethan Allen at the head of the stud—is now in his hands, and at the demand of our stock men, in Leavenworth. We notice indeed how artfully Col. Jennison compliments Mr. Sprague in his communication to the "Spirit," and his object in this is very evident. But Mr. Sprague will scarcely be caught by any such cheap chaff as that. He has in Mr. Akers the best man he could have found to aid him in his magnificent stock operations.

The introduction of such horses as Ethan Allen, Rhode Island, St. Elmo, Providence, Sprague's Hambletonian and others we might mention, into Kansas, is the greatest event for our State that could have happened to it. There are young colts now in Leavenworth from such horses as these and out of thoroughbred mares, that can be secured and will be secured by the enterprising farmers of Kansas. Who can estimate the material wealth that such stock will add to our State in the next decade? And we are impatient and indignant to see any citizen saying anything which can in the least degree tend to cloud such an enterprise. It seems to us that the press of the whole State should see it for its interest to call the attention of the people to the unparalleled facilities thus offered them for the improvement of their stock, and that they should also denounce as it deserves any mean attempt to prejudice or imperil it.

**PITY THE POLITICIANS.**

It is customary to speak of this class of our fellow citizens in terms of contempt. It has occurred to us that they are rather objects of pity. Just think of the toil and tug and sweat—of the journeying to and fro—of the sleepless nights—of the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick—of the unreliability of political promises—the uncertainty of political prospects—and the terrible certainty that after all is over, and the votes are counted, not more than one in a hundred of the eager, anxious crowd of aspirants can be successful. Think of all this, farmers and mechanics! as you lie down to pleasant dreams, after, it may be, a weary day's work, and have a little pity mingled with your contempt of politicians.

**OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.**

DEAR SPIRIT: Oat harvesting is now going on throughout the county, with better results than we had at first expected. Corn is growing nicely and has a good, healthy appearance. The potato crop this year will be far above anything we have had for several years. Spring wheat looks fine on some farms and poor on others. I think the reason why so many do not get the large crops they anticipate, is because they do not farm the land as they should. We certainly have a fine country, productive and rich, but like all other portions of the globe it needs attention and labor. With these, an almost certain crop can be expected.

Fruit this year promises an abundant yield. Blackberries are now in market at 25 cents per quart. The worms are at work on the shade trees, just as they were last summer. In many places the trees have been entirely stripped of their leaves. It seems to me that there should be some remedy for this affliction. It does not become serious at first, but each year is too much for the trees and us too.

The great topic of discussion now—even exceeding that of politics—is the proposition to vote three hundred thousand dollars in bonds to various railroad schemes, heretofore mentioned by me. The opposition to the plan comes from certain localities which consider the proposition too indefinite. They wish to have their respective places made stations on the road. And as they are requested to tax themselves with a great debt, they consider themselves entitled to demand the benefits accruing from the road. Others, however, object to voting so great an indebtedness, and believe the only need of the county is the Holden road. The bonded indebtedness of Franklin county is to-day \$250,000. The proposed aid will make it \$550,000. Accordingly these people cannot see sufficient benefits from the proposed roads to warrant this increase, and therefore it is to meet these objections, and answer each of them, that meetings have been announced at various school houses throughout the county, to be addressed by gentlemen from Ottawa. But unless they possess a fine array of figures, facts and logic the proposition will hardly carry.

There is nothing new in the political field. All the candidates are still in training, and each one is as hopeful as the times will permit.

I shall not be able to write you my usual letter next week, as I leave to be absent some ten days. The week after I shall resume the uncertain gossipings of

BLINKS.

OTTAWA, July 11, 1872.

**MAD AT TOPEKA.**

"They are mad at Topeka," says the Junction City "Union," "because the Federal Courts for one term in each year have been removed to Leavenworth." Well, if this is so, we are sorry for it. We think it a very foolish thing on the part of our Topeka friends. We have noticed on several occasions a disposition to concentrate interests there which have no more business there than at Leavenworth, or Lawrence, or Junction City. We predict now that a move will be made to elect a Republican State Committee of such a local character as to insure so small a matter as the holding of political conventions at Topeka. We trust our suspicion is ill founded, but we have our reasons for it. And we suggest, for the consideration of our friends up there, that too great selfishness, like vaulting ambition, sometimes overleaps itself.

Such a spirit is no better, in the long run, for a town than it is for an individual. This is the way we have talked to our people at home concerning the railroad from here to Topeka. We may not feel called upon to give anything to it, but it would be the height of municipal meanness and madness to throw any obstacles in its way. Some men are got up on so small a scale that they think their chances are better for rising when they can pull other men down; or at least prevent their rising. There never was a greater mistake in the world. It is just so about towns. Live, and let live, should be their motto, as it should be and is that of all broad gauged men.

**GOOD FOR HARPER.**

Everybody is glad that Harper's Longfellow won the great race. Mr. Harper had such confidence in his favorite, and showed such nerve in bringing him to the trial again after his defeat of last year, that everybody is delighted at his success. Longfellow must be a splendid fellow. He is described as looking almost conscious of the great things expected of him, and of entering the race with an air and spirit that said: Here's for victory for Longfellow and Harper! Long life and many victories to them both.

**CREDIT.**

We pass by many chances to complain of our neighbors for not giving us credit when they copy from THE SPIRIT. An article which appeared in our editorial columns some two months ago, and which bore internal evidences of its originality, has been extensively copied without credit. To this we had nothing to say. But we have a little instance in hand, which is too good to be lost, and to which we refer only for the fun of the thing. An article in our paper concerning the secret of making good butter was copied by one of our State exchanges without credit. A few weeks after, in answer to an inquiry of a correspondent, we republished the same article, crediting it to the paper that had stolen it from us. We thought this might be too much for our brother to bear, and that we

might get the "amende honorable," but instead of that, we find the same article in another exchange, credited neither to us nor to the paper that stole it! All right. If you like it pass it around. It may give us better butter, even if we do not get the credit.

**NO MORE OF THAT, BONNER.**

Bonner can't play shy any longer. It is too thin. He is now challenged to trot Dexter and Joe Elliot—whom he claims to have beaten Dexter's time—with Goldsmith Maid, either for money or without it. Let him accept the challenge or forever hold his peace. He can't take away the Maid's hard earned laurels by any little side show or private family exhibition. She is the Queen of the trotting turf today, and there is only one way for Dexter or any other horse to uncrown her, and that is to come out in the open air and do it. We hope not to see another of Bonner's pious letters in answer to Budd Doble, but a manly acceptance of a manly challenge. Pay or play.

**THE CROPS.**

We infer from all our exchanges—and the papers of Kansas almost without exception give careful attention to this important subject—that the promise of crops is splendid. The wheat crop has been badly affected, but the harvest turns out much better than was anticipated. Oats are good. And old King Corn is, as the boys would say, "bully." Potatoes, ditto. On the whole, with a winter unprecedentedly long and cold, and a spring discouragingly backward, the people of Kansas have reason to thank God and take courage. There is not a State in the American Union where well directed agricultural industry is surer of a regular and ample reward.

**PREACHERS AND POLITICS.**

The "preacher of righteousness" is supposed to be a man of one work, and many seem to think that that one work is a kind of sentimental twaddle about weeping and praying and angels and archangels, thrones and sweet fields, the blue ethereal and starry crowns; and under such a sentiment woe to the man that drags the "sacred ministerial robes" in the mire of every day practical life. Then he is becoming secular, he is coming down from his high calling. I am one of the kind that believe in using common sense in weighing and examining religious matters as well as other things. Religion is, to us, nothing if it is not an every day reality. It is not putting on a long face on Sunday, singing psalms and drawing prayers. It is rather a spiritual force that equalizes, harmonizes and adjusts our life—not the soul, but the entire life. A religion that affects the soul and does not regulate the body is worthless. It always ends in either open infidelity or devoteeism.

My definition of preaching as the work of the ministry is a proclaiming of the good, the true, the beautiful, the useful, as they may touch and affect the lives of men. The true minister, like his Master, goes about "doing good." The sooner we have done with the idea that the preacher is a mere sentimentalist, the better for all concerned.

Has the preacher, then, any "rights" that politicians "are bound to respect?" I think he has. If he is true to himself and his Maker he will maintain the right of free speech. He is a citizen. As a true citizen he has an interest in everything that affects his citizenship—that affects his country. Shall men who make office-hunting a trade, who look upon the field of politics as a market place where prizes are bought and sold, rule the preacher of truth out by saying that he is "dabbling in the dirty pool of politics?" Suppose there are parties, is he necessarily a partisan if he sees the more good on one side and so proclaims it? In the sense of finding an opposing party the preacher, like the Christ, is a partisan. The devils said, "Let us alone. What have we to do with thee?" So says the demagogue to the preacher, "Let us alone; this is our fight; we can attend to this without clerical help; we don't want to see clerical robes dragged in the mire of party politics." This was the great cry in slavery times. "Let us alone. This is a political institution. You are a preacher of morals. You must not preach about slavery. You must not be a political preacher. We want no politics from preachers." People were misled by such specious pleading till they would not hear a preacher that touched upon the subject of this moral hydra and political curse. Just so now, if a preacher happens to raise his voice in behalf of political righteousness the same "klan" try to howl him down as a dabbler in other men's matters. The facts in the case are that all our political economy is an outgrowth of moral truths. Governments are instituted for the benefit of the governed, not the governors. But the corrupters and demagogues know no politics but such as result to the benefit of the governors. The people are their servants: the spoils of office their lawful prey. If the preacher says a word they consider it an unwarrantable interference.

If the pulpit does not speak out more radically, more plainly, on political questions—questions upon which the good of the people rests—then we may expect corruption and rottenness. If the pulpit is to be closed to all subjects but those of a theoretical theology, then who shall lead the people forward in the path of political and natural truth? Not the politicians certainly. They hold that "ignorance" of the people "is bliss" to themselves. Let the preachers speak. A. S. FARRON. July 9th, 1872.

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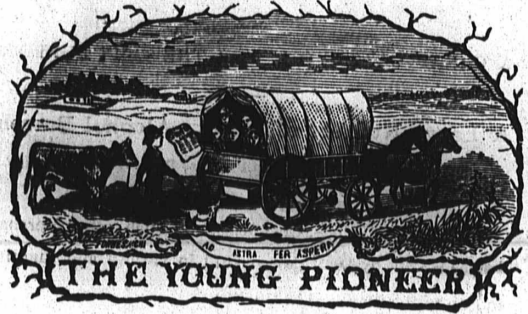
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CONDUCTED BY MRS. THEODORA ROBINSON JENNESS.

WHAT MAMMA SAYS.

BY T. H. J.  
 "Now, children," says mamma, "Just hear what I say: If you want to have fun in a good, quiet way, And not bother papa or baby and me, Or feel so exhausted you hardly can see, Don't throw in the well dirty sticks and small stones, Or litter the front yard with musty old bones, Don't chase up the calf in the heat of the day, Nor break the hen's eggs in your frolicsome play, Let kitty be easy, and do not make her squall, And look out for the windows while playing base ball, There's Towzer, you know, with his dreadful loud bark: Do not get him to baying, but make him 'keep dark.' And when Anna and Bessie are jumping the rope, You boys will not chase them, nor vex them, I hope, Dear children, remember that grandmamma's sick, And do not storm the woodshed with pieces of brick, And you, little Bessie and frolicsome Ann, While dressing your dolls, be as quiet's you can; For ladies like you must be gentle and still, And not rough and ready, like Henry and Bill, There, go now—but here, boys, I nearly forgot To tell you, the smoke-house is all full of soot, And you must not crawl in there to hide or to peck, In playing your old game of hide and go seek, Another thing, mind, if you meet ragged Jim, Do not let him persuade you to go off to swim, I'm afraid you'll get into all manner of harm, In the house and the barn and all over the farm; But you must behave proper, and not act insane, Or I shall not give you a play-day again, Well, there they go, all of them; Anna and Bess And Henry and Bill, in their holiday dress, They're a great deal of bother, but still, I must say For the trouble they give me they amply repay, And in years that are coming, I hope to see them, My darlings, grown up to good women and men, Now, my baby, lie down and curl up your feet, And I'll sing you to sleep with a lullaby sweet, The house is all quiet, the boys gone away, And you and I, baby, will enjoy a nice day."

SUMMER WANDERINGS.

BY T. H. J.  
 "It cost one hundred dollars, and I'm not yet fourteen years old! What do you think of that for style, Ruthie Holcomb?"

Ruthie smiled—a quiet, placid little smile. She indulgently fixed her eyes upon the elegant dress which Grace Havens so proudly spread before her, and said in a curiously absent-minded way: "O, yes; it's a very bright garnet in color, and it's made of silk, isn't it?"

"Silk! I should judge it was—the very stiffest, stateliest kind of gros-grain; and it's trimmed with festoons of gold lace every bit as wide as my hand. Why don't you clap your hands together, Ruthie Holcomb, and say 'O my! how exquisite?' You know it is the most perfectly elegant thing you ever saw," said Grace, looking quite provoked at Ruthie's manner.

Ruthie laughed outright just there. Grace's question was the funniest one in the world, considering what it was and to whom it was put. Ruthie Holcomb might have stared for months at all the garnet silk and gold lace trimming between Windsor Castle and London city, and still she would not have clapped her hands together and exclaimed, "O my! how exquisite." Ruthie never clapped her hands together over silks and laces. But Ruthie could clap her hands and laugh—how loud and gleefully was best known by birds and brooklets, merry, romping children, and the shy little animals which dwelt in the wildwood round about Lawnsdale, where Ruthie lived.

"Mamma says she sha'n't know a moment's peace the rest of the summer if I do not lead off the young folks' hop at Saratoga the first evening I appear in this costume. I'm perfectly confident 'twill be second to none in style, and everybody must admit that I'm a graceful dancer."

"Lead off a set of grasshoppers and daddy-long-legs! Everybody must admit that you're a graceful simpleton," suggested the voice of Aleck Havens, who had entered the room unobserved by the two girls.

Grace instantly assumed a look of offended dignity and retorted: "Everybody does not deserve the title of daddy-long-legs because my beautiful brother has acquired it. And as for simpletons, folks who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Aleck laughed appreciatively and said: "Ruthie

Holcomb, are you going to Saratoga with a meeting house for a trunk, containing a thousand hats and a million sashes and sacks and flummery of all sorts, such as Grace is going to drag along upon her fashionable summer tour?"

"No, Aleck Havens," replied Ruthie, laughingly. "I'm going up to Cherry Mountain, with a trunk no bigger than a hand-box. I'm going to take along three children, a cane, a pair of calf-skin boots, and a can of pickled angleworms, the latter as refreshments for the trout which I expect to meet up there."

Grace held up her hands in horror, while Aleck exclaimed: "You ought to have been a boy, Ruthie Holcomb; you've got a waste of sense, considering you're a girl. Going to bait for fishes instead of beaux. Up to Cherry Mountain, too. Just where your humble servant with a crowd of other jolly larks, are going on a camping expedition. By hokey! but I'd like to ask you to join the mess. If we weren't all so abominably prejudiced against girls I'd do it the next minute."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Ruthie; "but spare your invitation, for I could not possibly accept if it was offered. I prefer to dwell under a roof and eat out of my own 'little porringer' instead of one belonging to a common crew. Besides, I've got three children to look after. Sister Minnie and cousin Amy, and little Sallie Howe are all going up to Cherry Mountain under my charge. Heigho! won't I feel quite matronly?"

"What in the world possesses you, Ruthie Holcomb? Three children and Cherry Mountain! You'll have your life plagued out of you and you'll certainly die of ennui before the season's half over. Cherry Mountain is a shockingly unfashionable place. There won't be half a dozen city visitors there this summer. Such a wild, desolate, horrid solitude! I'd as soon think of starting off to an Arabian desert."

Ruthie laughed at Grace's strong description and said: "That's exactly why I'm going. There won't be any 'fuss and feathers,' and it's such a dear, beautiful wildwood region up there. One can roam forever and always find something strange and new and lovely. As for the darling children—they'll be delightful company for me. I've been coaxing a week to be allowed to take them. I've made all sorts of promises to their mammams and gained consent at last. We're going all alone, too. Won't that be a splendid responsibility? Mamma and aunt Hannah are coming up for us in August. Are you going to pitch your tent anywhere near Clear Lake?" inquired Ruthie of Aleck.

"That's exactly the place where we're going, Madam," returned Aleck, looking interested.

"Well, we're going to board at Lake Cottage, so we'll be neighbors, after all."

"Good! capital! I'll see you again to complete arrangements for a summer's campaign," said Aleck, taking his departure from the room with an exceedingly felicitous expression of countenance.

"Well, Ruthie Holcomb, if most girls' fathers were as rich as yours and could afford to send them off summering anywhere in the wide world, with any amount of elegant fixings and furnishings, they would not choose Cherry Mountain unless Saratoga and Niagara and Newport had been swallowed by an earthquake. Why don't you accept Mamma's invitation and go with us, like a sensible girl? Likely as not you'd get a chance to dance with a real live prince, or duke, or something of the sort, before the season was over. There's always some lion at a watering place, and I've heard it remarked that they bestow special attention upon graceful, stylish misses of our age."

Ruthie nodded her pretty brown head and looked decidedly amused. "When the summer is over and we return home," she said, "we'll compare notes, and maybe if you have danced with a prince, I'll tell you how many precious secrets I've learned from the fairies of the wildwood. Likely as not I'll have it to boast that I've been kissed by a ham-dryad instead of being hugged by a prince," replied Ruthie, merrily, taking leave of her young girl friend.

The two girls went their separate ways. Which found the greatest satisfaction and the truest pleasure from her summer wanderings, will be learned hereafter.

[To be continued.]

THE SPIDER WEB.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—No. 10.

My first is in gulf, but not in bay.  
 My second is in July, but not in May.  
 My third is in Betsey, but not in Jane.  
 My fourth is in sprinkle, but not in rain.  
 My fifth is in singe, but not in burn.  
 My sixth is in change, but not in turn.  
 My seventh is in boast, but not in brag.  
 My eighth is in horse, but not in nag.  
 My ninth is in give, but not in lend.  
 My tenth is in crook, but not in bend.  
 My eleventh is in craft, but not in ship.  
 My twelfth is in nose, but not in lip.  
 My thirteenth is in October, but not in May.  
 My whole is a man, great in this day.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—No. 8.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
 My 7, 3, 4, 12, is a color.  
 My 4, 7, 3, 9, 6, is to harmonize.  
 My 8, 4, 5, 10, is a breed.  
 My 1, 4, 3, 12, is an animal.  
 My 11, 13, 8, 6, is a musical instrument.  
 My 8, 2, 13, 4, 11, is a man's name.  
 My whole is a man of notoriety.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

- Oh, where shall we stow Emma?
- Did you ever see a cow perspire?
- Does the bee cherish revenge?
- The river Po empties in the Adriatic sea.
- Hast ever read "Joan of Arc," O, operator?

WORD SQUARE—NO. 14.

- A girl's name.
- Equal.
- A Roman Emperor.
- Soon.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &C.

Numerical Enigma No. 7—"All's well that ends well."  
 Word Square No. 12.      Word Square No. 13.  
 D O V E                      S O F A  
 O D O R                      O P A L  
 V O W S                      F A C T  
 E R S T                      A L T O  
 Decapitation No. 6—Wheat, Heat, Eat, Tea.  
 Charade No. 1—Philadelphia.

NATURAL HISTORY SKETCHES.

NUMBER SIX.

THE BISON, OR BUFFALO.

MY YOUNG PIONEER FRIENDS: Many of you are doubtless familiar with the subject of this sketch by name, and some perhaps with the animal itself, and know what a singular looking, shaggy denizen of the plains he is. It has been but a few years since this whole country was overrun by buffaloes, as they are commonly called, and at present our frontier is literally covered with them. Bison is really the name of the animal that roams our plains, and the buffalo is a very different animal. The genuine buffalo is a native of Africa and portions of India, and does not have the hump-back and shaggy head and forequarters of the bison. A fine specimen of the African buffalo was exhibited in this State a few years ago under the sensational name of the "Wallapus." Any one who saw this animal, by turning to the word "buffalo" in Webster's new unabridged dictionary will see a correct picture of it. Judging from external appearances only, we should readily conclude that the buffalo is an animal less formidable than the bison; yet the buffalo is the strongest and fiercest animal of its class, and in its native wilds is a dangerous antagonist of the lion, and almost invariably conquers the tiger. Our bison is, on the contrary, of a comparatively timid disposition, and when intruded upon generally takes to flight, never showing fight unless wounded and brought to bay.

The American bison has a hump on its back and a shaggy neck. It has an elevated forehead of much greater breadth than length, and bounded above by an arched line passing across the head about two inches below the roots of the horns. The forehead is covered with a thick skin from which grows a shaggy and tangled mass of hair, which becomes so filled with dirt and sand that a bullet from a powerful Spencer rifle will not penetrate it. The head is extremely large in proportion to the size of the body, supported by strong muscles. The eyes are small, black and piercing; the horns are short, black and very thick at the base, placed widely apart and directed slightly upwards. Its withers are elevated in the form of a large hump, extending nearly to the middle of the back, to which point it gradually slopes. This does not consist merely of flesh and fat, but is supported by an actual protuberance of the vertebrae beneath. This hump as well as the head, neck, throat and shoulders are covered with a long, shaggy coat of black hair. All the other parts of the body are covered with dark, thick, curling hair, which is short during the summer but becomes woolly in winter. The legs are short, firm and muscular, and the tail is about a foot long and nearly naked except at the tip, which holds a tuft of long black hairs. The female is smaller than the male, more slender and has a much shorter mane.

The bison differs from the common ox in having two additional ribs. The ox is well known to have but thirteen ribs, while the bison has fifteen.

Bisons generally prefer the open plains and do not resort to woods except when attacked. They are much fleetlier than our ordinary cattle, but a pony of moderate speed can easily overtake them. Their sense of smell is so acute that they discover an enemy at a great distance, so that it is quite difficult to approach them from the windward.

The yearly migration of the large herds of buffalo on the plains, whose movements regulate to a great extent those of the Indians, who depend upon their flesh for subsistence, is very singular and regular. Each year as spring advances and the diffused rays of a summer sun grow stronger, the soft buffalo grass begins to shoot up with a gradually spreading movement northward, and simultaneously the buffaloes, which have wintered in the South, commence their migratory move, slowly advancing with the new and tender blades of grass, until midsummer finds the valleys of the Solomon, Republican and Platte rivers completely dotted over with these wild animals. As fall approaches they commence a retrograde movement in much the same order as their advance, until they finally return to the warm climate of the South. Upon their return they are accompanied by numberless calves, who are carefully guarded by the older members of the herd. The return has the appearance of an organized march compared with the disorderly manner of their advance. Each night the calves are placed in the centre of the herd, the cows forming a circle around them, while the males constitute the outer guards or videttes of the camp, and woe to the hungry coyote or other ravenous animal who attempts

to make an inroad upon the tender members of the drove.

A number of years ago, ex-Gov. Crawford with a party of officers from his regiment, then doing service on the plains, were chasing a herd of buffaloes; the Governor succeeded in wounding one, which fell; he thereupon dismounted to dispatch him, but before he could accomplish his purpose the buffalo rose to his feet and attacked him; the horse became frightened and jerking away was gone in a moment. In this dilemma there was nothing left but a run for life. So dropping his gun, which was now empty, the Governor turned and fled, the buffalo after him, and notwithstanding the good use he made of his long legs he would probably have been overtaken had not another of the party galloped to his rescue and dispatched the beast. As it was however the Governor received no further injury than a wholesome scare, having had a race of over a quarter of a mile, bareheaded and puffing like a porpus. He often tells of this as one of the liveliest "forced marches" he ever made.

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We have received the manuscript of an original continued story, written expressly for THE SPIRIT by AUGUSTA MOORE of New York. It is a capital story and will greatly add to the attractions of the paper. We shall commence its publication in a few weeks, only waiting for new subscribers to send in their names. We assure them that the story is worth the price of the paper.

**SUMMER.**

With a crimson flood of sunlight,  
Like a regal robe wrapt round,  
Summer is sitting, throned and crowned;  
And Earth, like a holiday city, drest  
With flags and banners and pennons bright  
For a conqueror's coming, hath donned her best,  
And flaunts in a flush of color and light.  
Green are the low, silent valleys, and green  
Are the woods, and the breezy wold,  
And many a pleasure flaps in the air,  
Its streamers of amber and gold.  
Purple the sides of the mountains gray,  
Their tops in a sunny haze melting away;  
And the brook in a glittering wavelet breaks  
Where the golden lily flutters and shakes,  
Then over the rim of the granite walls  
In a rainbow laughs, and flashes and falls.  
And the grand old sea breaks joyously  
Under the cliffs on the golden sand,  
And the laughing waves, with their sunbright crowns,  
Joyously roll on the laughing land.  
Joy through the pillarless arch above,  
Joy in the living ocean's round;  
Joy in the old Earth, young forever;  
Joy—for the Summer is throned and crowned!

**AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.**

BY A. M. BURNS.

EDITOR SPIRIT: I desire to make a few remarks, suggested to me by your able article on "Agricultural Education" in THE KANSAS SPIRIT of June 22d. As regards the Professors of our Agricultural College, there can be no exceptions taken. They are men fully competent to impart instruction in the different branches assigned them, but I have often thought that in some things the Regents could have marked out a different programme that would have been more practically useful to those desiring knowledge in the science of agriculture. I never could see that the young farmer of Kansas could obtain an agricultural education by a commercial nursery on the State farm. I do not pretend to be competent to give advice as to the course necessary to pursue to obtain an agricultural education, but when we come to the horticultural department I profess to have "been there" a short time. Were I a Regent I should certainly vote in favor of abolishing the commercial nursery of the State Agricultural College. I saw it stated in a newspaper some time ago that the Professor of Horticulture had a class composed of both sexes engaged a couple of hours each day in grafting. The members of this class as a rule will not be likely to see the trees grow three years, at which time they would be ready for shipment to customers in different parts of the State or to other States, thereby bringing a revenue to the treasury of the College, instead of being planted on the farm and fifty or one hundred raised every week during the different stages of growth throughout the season in order that the student of horticulture could observe the growth produced by the different methods of propagating—the effect produced by different kinds of manure in different soils, as well as those grown without manure—the difference in the growth of plants one, two, five and more years old, in soil well prepared, superficially prepared, or not prepared at all—the difference between plants that are well cultivated, poorly cultivated, and those having no cultivation—the growth of plants where no sign of a weed can be seen, of others where the weeds have been cut down with a scythe, and of others where the weeds have been permitted to grow unmolested, &c. Such plants raised daily or weekly, their roots carefully examined and compared, and the different modes of propagating and cultivating thoroughly explained by a competent teacher, would give a student such a knowledge of the growth of plants as would be astonishing to those who had not themselves followed this course for years. The instructor should be a man whose life has been spent in horticultural pursuits and the acquisition of knowledge pertaining thereto, and not one like myself whose experience is limited to a dozen or fifteen years. A little instruction and practice in grafting, planting, cutting down weeds, pruning and training trees and vines is far from making an educated horticulturist. Some people think if a man plants a vineyard or orchard in a soil congenial to the growth of such vines or trees, and keeps the weeds down and the surface of the soil stirred, and makes a grand success financially, he must be a science pomologist, although he may never have spent a month in the aggregate within the limits of his vineyard or orchard. It is not such a man that I would select as a teacher of horticulture. Money could not buy from me the information I have obtained by digging up every season for more than a dozen years hundreds of all the different species and varieties of small fruits from the first enlargement of the root or pushing up of the cambium up to the perfect ripening of the wood during its first season's growth, as well as those that had grown for years, noting the effects of pinching in or cutting off the new growth during the active stages of vegetation by comparing it with the roots of plants that had grown at will. As a citizen of this State I hold that all the trees and

plants propagated on the College farm are needed in the Horticultural Lecture Room, to be examined and compared by the student in the science of horticulture in order that he may acquire the knowledge necessary to make him thoroughly informed in this pursuit.

But if it were not necessary to dig up these plants for examination by the students during the stages of growth throughout the whole season, I should still oppose such a nursery on the State farm for the reason that I believe it to be a disgrace to the institution, and an injury to the State generally and nurserymen in particular, as I will attempt to show. And before I commence I will say that I am aware some will say that I am peculiarly interested in the abolition of the State nursery, and that that is the cause of my opposition to it. Such remarks have been made when I have written about peddlers, and perhaps will be again. But a little reflection will convince any candid mind that there are no grounds for such a charge. I confine my nursery business exclusively to small fruits and originating new varieties of small fruits; I propagate my plants by a method discovered by myself and about which I freely give information to the public, instead of keeping it a secret for the sake of realizing more money; and as I make a specialty of sending plants by mail I am at no loss for customers and cannot produce enough to sell wholesale, nor do I pretend to sell plants wholesale.

I hold it to be an injury to the nurserymen of the State—who have expended money in establishing nurseries at different points, as well as valuable time in learning to propagate—as it brings them in competition with the gratuitous labor of inexperienced boys and girls, who, on account of not having practice, we must suppose will produce inferior stock, thereby injuring the country. And as I am informed they propose to supply the State—which if they should effect their object would prevent experienced men from establishing experimental fruit orchards and gardens throughout the State to test the different varieties of standard and small fruits—the people throughout all Kansas will be compelled to buy fruit propagated at Manhattan, without knowing whether it is suitable to the soil and climate for which it is intended, which may be a hundred miles distant. The nurserymen, orchardists, fruit growers, &c., have done much for the fame of the State by contributing a wreath of pomological glory in addition to its other achievements, but it seems these honorable Regents would impede any further progress in that direction for the sake of a few paltry dollars. What the result would be it is hard to tell. They have as good a right to start a distillery and use the corn and rye grown on the farm in making whisky, and then open saloons in different parts of the State to sell the liquid. The originators of agricultural colleges never contemplated the existence of commercial nurseries on the experimental farms. The object is to give the young farming portion of the community an agricultural education; and if a course is pursued calculated to drive nurserymen from their business the people of the State are the great losers thereby. The nurserymen scattered over different parts of the State must know the plants and fruit trees best adapted to their locality. It is a part of their business to know this. But if they are driven to relinquish their occupation and make a support at some other business, the testing of different varieties of fruit must cease, as men will not spend money in experiments that in any event can only benefit some one else.

But again, I allege that this nursery will injure the State in another way. They do not send out the best quality of plants. I am informed that they do not "wire" layered plants. The idea of the great State of Kansas obtaining the time of a few inexperienced boys and girls, who derive neither information nor remuneration for their labor, and then selling the proceeds of their toil as the best of plants, is in my opinion a disgrace to the State, as well as an injury to the fruit growing interests. I have been informed that a commercial grape grower who has had some experience advised the Regents to propagate all the grape vines they could from "cuttings" and sell them. This man I have no doubt honestly believes that the best roots are produced by cuttings, but he has had no experience in checking the flow of sap in layered vines, as described by me in the columns of THE SPIRIT, or he would know that the roots of cuttings cannot be compared in quality to those propagated after my method. I know there is more profit to the seller in the cuttings—200 per cent. more—than there is in the decorticated layered roots, but the latter are worth more than 200 per cent. more than the former; and if we are to have the humiliating picture of our Regents and their agents peddling plants over the State, let it show the plants to be of the best quality; and not five cent trees and vines. The Superintendent of the College nursery, who is a very worthy, well meaning and learned theorist, is not ignorant of the mode I have practised in propagating vines, as I took the pains to show him how the work was done. He merely remarked, "I suppose they are larger;" but those who read my previous article on this subject are aware that I claim various other advantages which are worthy of consideration. I challenged the individual who recommended "cuttings" to discuss with me through the papers the relative merits of our respective methods of propagating vines, but he declined. I have given my opinion honestly; and if I am in error I will be under obligations to any one who will show me wherein I am wrong.

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GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

DEAR SPIRIT: I had a boy in my employ on the farm a few years ago. I have had several such. I could gossip about them forever. But I propose to confine this gossip to this one, or rather to some thoughts suggested by him which may be of benefit to other farmers and their neighbors.

Still the boy seemed willing and anxious to learn. And when one is, the employer is a mean man, unworthy the position of an employer, who will not have patience to teach him.

I dislike those boys or men that can't do anything out of their line. They have as much red tape about them as a dry goods clerk. If they are employed to take care of the horses, they can complacently look on and see the cows eat up a field of corn.

Now for the result. As might be inferred from this mean act, Jimmy's new employer was a very shiftless farmer. He did things in the Arkansas style.

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