

The Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

NUMBER 3.

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Contributed Articles.

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

Within a mile's ride of my residence there are still remaining a few faint mementos of what was once an Indian Mission. There, many years since, the Baptist denomination established a school for the christianizing of the Potawatomie Indians, who had been located here by the government of the United States. That their humane efforts were not altogether lost, is beyond controversy; but when we take into consideration the trials, disappointments and the money expended on an enterprise like this, we may ask ourselves whether or not these efforts were equivalent to the privations these missionaries endured.

Close by what was once the Mission House, is a grave-yard. A few years since, many head boards marked the spot of some lost friend; these are no more, for the annual prairie fires have swept them off; not a vestige now remains. The earth has become even, cattle roam over it, gathering the herbs which grow over the graves. The foot of man rudely treads upon the sacred spot. Yet with all these marks of outer demolition, there stands a solitary headstone—not a marble tablet, such as we frequently see in these days, with the marks of the skilled artisan—but a plain, modest, unassuming memento, and on it is cut the words, "Cynthia B. Mercer, Mass. Aged 81 years."

As I read its simple inscription, I pensively lingered for a moment, and a thought arose in my mind. Did this aged matron forsake her kindred and friends, leave a comfortable home, surrounded with all the benefits and advantages which an advanced stage of civilization confers, and voluntarily take up her cross to christianize the semi-savage of the far West? Was this her mission? Perhaps so, for it is not for us who come to enrich ourselves by cultivating the soil and drawing from its hidden treasures, to say that this aged matron did not perform her sphere in life's journey; perhaps she partook of the spirit of the good Samaritan of old, of which we have all read. Her mission to these wild and solitary fields of labor could not have been a vain earthly ambition, her hopes must have been far beyond this terrestrial habitation. There she rests in solitude; no wild and untutored Indian lingers around this spot; no school-house, no chapel where the words of the Gospel were preached; not a soul left to record these missionary undertakings. What hopes, trials, disappointments and vexations are hidden from the world. All is changed; the wild briar has taken possession of the garden and fields; the shrubbery is fast overshadowing the ground once occupied by the Mission house; a few more years, and this spot of ground will be hidden from the eye of man, not a vestige of its former occupants will remain. But so long as that solitary stone remains, the pensive passer-by will repeat in spirit with the poet:

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave."

As I paused, with my eye still resting on this plain inscription, I thought perchance this aged missionary might have thought as that genial and fascinating writer, Allen Cunningham, who, on a certain occasion, when he was on a visit to his friend Chantrey, who offered him a part of the grand tomb he was building for himself, replied, "No; I wish to lie where the daisies will grow over me." Perhaps such were her thoughts. Happy if they were.

In sight of the grave of which I have written, is a promontory stretching out in the valley, which forms a very conspicuous object, and may be seen from afar. On its point or ridge is the grave of an Indian Chief, Ship Sewanea (the running panther). In the early days of Kansas history this object formed a landmark for the emigrant. Its lofty position, commanding the valley, gave it a prominence above other points of the surrounding country. The emigrant, as he was traveling the road which followed the line of the bluffs which skirt the Potawatomie Creek, would ask, "What is the meaning of that pile of stones on yonder bluff?" When informed that it was the grave of an Indian chief, not unfrequently the traveler would be induced to visit it, either as a matter of curiosity or to obtain

a view of the surrounding country. For one, I admit my curiosity was excited to witness a grave of this tribe of Indians, as I had seen those of other tribes. From my boyish days, I have taken the advice of Pinkerton, Clark and other travelers: "When you come in sight of a mountain or range of hills, climb to the summit, for it always repays you for the toil and labor expended." So I climbed its steep ridge on my first visit to Kansas. Since then I have frequently visited it.

The grave, if it may be so called, consists of a few large stones placed edgewise, picked up from the surface of the ground, and which enclose the spot. About a foot of the soil has been excavated, and there the body was placed, in a sitting position. Only a few bones at this date remain of this once celebrated chief—mostly those of the hands and feet. The skull, in the year 1855, was unceremoniously taken as a relic, by some one engaged by the government surveying party, and forwarded to New York, where it now occupies a conspicuous position in one of the museums of that city. Those who have visited the grave have taken many a bone as a relic, hence this skeleton has been distributed far and wide throughout the States, filling a place in the cabinets of the curious. It is seldom that the bones of a white man have been so highly prized. Many may feel like casting censure, and call it sacrilege, but when Belzoni, many years since, excavated the mummies from the catacombs of Thebes, collected them and placed them in the British Museum, to gratify the curiosity of the English populace, he was applauded for his undertaking. It is true these objects of an anterior age bear the marks of antiquity, for they date back to the time of King Rameses, who flourished about 1300 B. C., and are therefore over 3000 years old. The fascinating charm of antiquity has nothing to do with our Indian chief's bones, for they are of modern date; but this is counterbalanced by the fact that they belong to a race of people who are the aborigines of the new world, and are therefore possessed of an original novelty which the Egyptian mummies cannot lay claim to. There is a feeling; we may call it prejudice or what we choose, averse to having our bones scattered here and there to be gazed at and talked about. It certainly is not the most consoling reflection in the world, to most minds. The philosophic stoic would say: "What matters it what becomes of the particles of our body, when life no longer has any use for it? If my bones amuse the living, all's well." The medical writer, Dr. Eberly, who had devoted a large portion of his life to dissecting the human body, knowing that there was deep prejudice against anatomists, left his body to undergo a like dissection. The late learned and bold reformer, Jeremiah Bentham, ordered his body to be dissected and his skeleton to be preserved and arranged in the best possible style, all of which was complied with, and at this date his skeleton may be seen in one of the medical colleges of the city of London. Apparently not satisfied with what he did during a long and active life, to instruct his fellow man, he left and bequeathed his bones to posterity to instruct the student of anatomy and mankind in general. These are however, exceptions to the general judgment of mankind.

The aged missionary whose bones lie mouldering in the Indian mission grave-yard, within the sound of the rippling waters of the Potawatomie, will fill the ideal of those whose life has been devoted to the humble avocation of a missionary.

The Indian, who has gone to rest to await the hour when he will inhabit the new hunting grounds, fills the ideal fancy of the aborigine.

The poetic genius of a Cunningham clings to the little beautiful flowers which in life charmed his fancy; while men like Jeremiah Bentham, whose ability was never fully appreciated when living, will scarcely receive credit in bequeathing their remains to mankind to instruct the rising generation in anatomical science.

FINE COLLECTION.—The plant house at the Amherst, Mass., Agricultural College has been enriched by a present of 67 new plants, mostly tropical, from the government botanical garden at Washington, and presented by Mr. Sanders, of that institution. There is a mahogany tree about a foot high in the collection, and an unknown plant has been received from Hayti.

JOURNALISM.

BY G. W. CHASE.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

"Do not suffer your lives to be taken by the newspapers," said Thoreau. But this advice of Concord's hermit is little heeded in our active times, and the newspapers do take a portion of each day's life. They take, but they give in return. Journalism is "a wheel within a wheel." Around it revolves the circle of public opinion; cog to cog they fit the one to the other in their mutual relations. The journalist stands with his finger on the pulse of the people; cool, calculating, observing, with a knowledge of their thoughts and wants. He must anticipate the wishes of men, read their hearts, and reveal them to themselves. "Men are but suggestions of that they should be." He should make these suggestions act upon themselves, by showing them their possibilities.

Most men think but little, or to little purpose, unless some regulated mind strikes their key note. This the journalist must do, and this he best can do from his contact with the mass of minds. To one man that reads a book, one hundred read a newspaper. Years ago, when the present giant proportions of the American press were but a timid bantling, Thomas Jefferson said he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers. They are the government's best ministers to the people. Men who read nothing else peruse their daily or weekly journal. A summary on Saturday night, carefully read, enables a person to pass with you an hour's intelligent conversation. It is the journalism of the day that opens the doors of society to scores of men of whom she would otherwise "shake her encumbered lap" and cast them out. Our education commences when we leave our schools and colleges. From then our journals are our tutors, and they "get us up" on many a principle of life more complex and perplexing than our first stern onset with Greek and Latin roots. Does the Senate transcend its power, we are questioned on the Constitution. Does a woman demand the right to vote, we are introduced to a question of ethics. Is there a civil or a foreign war, we are brushed up on international law. If our grocer's bills are high, lectures on "free trade" come free to our doors. "The world exists for the education of men," and journalism for the education of the world. We sit down at home and read the daily doings of a nation, and listen to the conversation of kings.

The wisdom of a nation is in its history, and every line of history is first lessoned out to us in our journals. They first; volumes second. Through their columns each new law, each political movement comes to our knowledge for criticism or sanction, till each man feels like a legislator or a statesman. The sayings of the wise and the unwise are contrasted. The hero of a noble enterprise and the victim of his own folly are held up to our vision. The acts and thoughts of men are brought in contact with our own acts and thoughts, and remedy the defect of our "too great nearness to ourselves." If a man makes a fatal blunder or does a wise deed; is he raised upon the tidal wave of society or buried beneath its indignant surge, the journal bears a prominent part in the transaction, and draws a moral for the world. It interviews the lowest and the highest walks of life, and gains a hold upon all by catering to the tastes of all.

We prize the journal for the pictures of life it paints in which we discern our own pictures, just as we value the friend who reveals our hearts to us who tells us our own thoughts. There are a thousand little niches in our lives—idle moments—to which we welcome nothing else, but our journal fits into those crannies as naturally as the child to its mother's arms. We take it to our hearts for companionship, and it shapes our thoughts, moulds our minds, and directs our social and political course by constant contact. It interests, amuses and instructs. Its power is felt, acknowledged and feared. It teaches our teachers, leads our leaders, brings out the literary, keeps the professional man in sight, and makes and unmakes politicians.

The destiny of our journals—who will foretell it? Mr. Darling's remarks before the Lawrence Board of Trade, and other interesting articles, will be found on the eighth page.

Miscellaneous Correspondence.

LETTER FROM POMONA.

EDITOR SPIRIT: I was glad to see in the first number of THE SPIRIT the article by Mr. Alderson telling us how he grew his forest. It is just such plain, practical talk that we want.

In the spring of 1867 I planted on the University farm at Ottawa some thirty acres, and during the next two years some thirty acres more of forest. The trees are now three to five years old, and much of it might be thinned and would produce a considerable amount of fire-wood.

Every man who has a prairie farm should plant a few acres of forest for shelter, ornament, fuel, timber, &c. No investment will pay better; and the man who neglects it is a practical spendthrift.

POMONA, FRANKLIN COUNTY.

THE HONEY EXTRACTOR.

Since the introduction of the movable frame, twenty years ago, there has been nothing worthy of note added to advance bee culture until the invention of the Extractor; and this machine is so simple in construction, and on so well known a principle of motion, (centrifugal force), it seems strange that it was not thought of sooner.

It was thought the invention of the movable frame would revolutionize bee keeping. It was a step in the right direction—a wonderful discovery, without which we never could have had the extractor. But great as the invention was, and long as it has been before the public, there are not many bee keepers that make any use of it.

I am not aware that it has yet been tested what amount of honey could be emptied in a day with the extractor. We are of the opinion that from one to two tons would not be beyond the capacity of a single machine, but it would take several hands to get the combs ready.

to know what to do with extracted honey. People are afraid of it. It won't sell. They think it is some manufactured stuff. There is no doubt but that extracted honey will have to sell at a lower figure than box honey, for several reasons. One is that there is a class of people that will pay more for looks than utility.

Since the invention of the honey extractor a new era has dawned in bee culture, and it is bound to take rank with the leading industries of the country.

Then "Onward" the watchword, "Mel-extractor" the cry; For Hirschka's invention Will make the honey "fly."

SHEEP RAISING.

EDITOR SPIRIT:—It is a matter of some surprise to me to see the scarcity of sheep in Kansas, especially when they command such prices as they are doing at the present time. Our farmers generally try to engage in enterprises which pay, and I cannot but think that in the greater number of instances in which sheep raising has been tried, proper attention has not been given; and as in every other pursuit in life, carelessness has its accompanying evil, so has it in this.

Now let us glance at the effects of foot-rot. It is perhaps easier to detect than scab, because when suffering from it they get lame. Now, in like manner, when taken at once the application of a sharp knife is generally all that is needed. Some apply a wash to the affected part and think it advisable to do so in all cases.

I do not assume the position that the native prairie grasses are as good for sheep as those which are cultivated; nor do I believe they are. Sheep will not eat long grass, and overlooking the fact that prairie grass is not as nutritive as the tame grasses—this is in my opinion one of the greatest difficulties they meet with.

In raising sheep, one of the most important items is wintering, and too much care cannot be given during this period; because exposure and scarcity of food gives a predisposition to disease, and disorders are generally the result of one or both of these causes.

and on the continent of Europe, sparrow floors are used with great success, and I believe are found to be equal to concrete. A slight decline is given to the floor from the feeding boxes, and thus all the liquid manure is carried off, leaving a dry floor which is absolutely necessary to prevent foot rot.

And now for the second cause. In the early part of winter they should get plenty of food, and it is unquestionably running a great risk to stint the supply of food at this period. Should it be absolutely necessary to resort to this, then let it be done in spring when the weather is generally milder and there is not such a demand upon the system as there is during the winter.

The time is very fast approaching when sheep raising will take a prominent place in this State; and when proper attention and care is given to these docile creatures they will undoubtedly yield a handsome profit, and their culture will be made a subject of more thorough research.

BEE BOOKS.

EDITOR SPIRIT: Having heard considerable inquiry of late on the subject of bee books, will you allow me a word in your wide-awake paper by way of answer? Let me say then, to those who contemplate paying attention to bee culture, that the first thing to do is to post up on the subject.

FUN AND FROLIC.

GOOD.—A disconsolate husband thus bewails his departed spouse. "Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my hair as only a true wife can. Nor will ever those willing feet replenish the coal-hod or water-pail.

"I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years, in anticipation of her death. But she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted.

"I had the following epistle engraved upon her tombstone; 'To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Tribune. Terms, \$3 dollars a year invariably in advance. A kind mother and exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job-printing solicited.' Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachael weeping for her children.

Mrs. Partington says she does wish they would hurry up and pass the silver service bill in Washington. Sharp Chinaman to a California lady, at Sunday school: "Why do-be Christian only talk-ee about Jesus on Sundays, and not-ee one time-ee on other days?"

Two of Darwin's sons have been on a visit to the Yosemite. The monkeys recognized them at once, and asked kindly after their father. A good old lady says of a certain pompous clergyman that he seems filled with the divine inflators.

Horace Greeley do'n't like to hear about the hog crop. He says hogs have no crops. "A lady in waiting"—a spinster aged thirty-five.

Misprinted moral,—make new friends that you may safely affront old ones. "The Feathered Creation"—modern bonnets.

Modern Paganism—sacrificing to the graces." Proverbial language of Flowers—O(u)nion is strength. The Hunting Season—leap year. Sentiment for February—may we look before we leap.

ON TIME!

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The Old Reliable & Popular Through Express Route TO SAINT LOUIS, —AND ALL POINTS— EAST! NORTH! SOUTH! NO CHANGE OF CARS FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

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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 Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, Cherryvale, 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 to East and West. At Ottawa with stages for Pomona, 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 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 TEDIUMS 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. TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST: Express 1:00 A. M., Mail 7:30 A. M., Topeka Accommodation 7:30 P. M.

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

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By this line all omnibus transfers and ferrage encountered on other lines are avoided, and the following advantages in time are gained. FROM KANSAS CITY: 6:05 A. M. ATLANTIC EXPRESS arrives 11 hours in advance of any other line leaving Kansas City in the morning to Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Lafayette, Toronto, Fort Wayne, Milwaukee, Montreal, &c., connecting with the celebrated Fast Express which arrives 12 hours in advance to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. 4:45 P. M. FAST EXPRESS arrives 4 hours in advance of trains by any other line leaving Kansas City in the evening to Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Lafayette, Toronto, Fort Wayne, Milwaukee, Montreal, and other points East too numerous to mention. PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS ON THIS TRAIN. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH. Ask for tickets via Hannibal & St. Joseph R. R., at the Ticket Offices, Kansas Pacific Railway at Lawrence, Topeka, Manhattan, Junction City, Ellsworth, Hays City, Sheridan, and at Kansas City Union Depot. GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen. Supt. P. B. GROUT, Gen. Ticket Agent. A. C. DAVIES, Gen. Western Pass. Agent, Kansas City.

The Household.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all—
A blemish, or a sense impaired—
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 't is jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension
Becomes not weary by attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flames decays.
'T is gentle, delicate and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure;
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

PROMISES.

Our life hath many a wintry scene,
Deciduous are our sweetest joys;
And blossoms that have loveliest been,
Some withering demon oft destroys.
But there are germs that inly lie,
Waiting the touch of some kind hand,
Germs that destruction's power defy,
And soon in bloom of hope expand.

THE SUNLIGHT.

The blessed sunlight, why bolt and bar it out of the house? What evil has it done? "It fades my carpets," you say. It may a little. But what if it does? Which is worth the more, the carpets or the blessings of the sunlight? For us, we prefer the wonderful light, every time and without exception. Counting the cloudy days and the nights, it does n't visit us so often as to become, like some visitors, a bore. If its constant presence had no relief in the way indicated, it might be burdensome. Then we might in sheer self-defense refuse it admission to our houses much of the time. Window curtains and blinds might not then profane their use in keeping guard a part of the twenty-four hours against the bright intruder. We can imagine that an uninterrupted stream of it might give us a practical illustration of "too much of a good thing." But the way it is at present ordered, we claim it is not too much light we get in the round of the year. We love its coming in the morning—except when THE SPRING'S demands have made our spirits fog a little overmuch. We love its return after the cloud and the storm; we welcome its visits to the kitchen, the chamber, the sitting room, yes, and even the stately parlor, as a joyous-hearted, open-faced visitor, laden heavier than Santa Claus with blessings for old and young. If we were an architect we would contrive all dwelling houses with a southern exposure for every room. We would n't doom anybody to a cold north-west bed-room, much less kitchen, much less parlor, much less sitting-room. We would insist on this benevolent style with as much force and invariableness as many architects insist on outward appearance, no matter the cost, or the deathly influence of the interior arrangement. We would take the part of the children and of humanity in general against the demands of arbitrary architectural fashion. A cold-blooded, selfish man has no business being an architect. He holds an office so responsible that he ought to be chosen to it on the ground of native goodness and sunniness of disposition, as well as acquired skill in drawing. We would also, were it ours to do as well as say in the matter, wage war against these narrow little much-adopted windows. They resemble State boarding-house architecture. Make broad your windows. They let in so much more of the best friend nature has given you, the living sunlight. In all your dwelling-house and school-house architecture, seek first the sunlight, then the outside looks for the sake of the world. Man can so far unmake himself by habit as to be and act almost like another being than the one God made him. But there is one thing he can't do and live; he can't perpetually deprive himself of the sunlight. He grows pale and puny in its absence, like a potato stalk grown in a cellar. There is no case of adaptation more perfect in the realm of nature than that of the sunlight to the human system. It is laden with heaven's finest tonics. Its subtle properties have medicinal virtue more worth than all the doubtful drugs. The children—THE SPIRIT never shall forget them, God bless them—the children need the vigor-giving sunlight that they may carry the bloom of morning far into the evening of life's day. The man of business needs it to keep off the blues that only grow in the shade. The maid and matron—who will say that the keepers of the house can do without its sunny smile? The old people need it to remind them that there is one thing in the universe about them that never grows old—that forever wears the unfading mantle of youth. The well need it to preserve their health; the sick need it to be restored to health. It is God's own celestial messenger of mercy. It proclaims a universal evangel. Its mission is good will to the race. Sin not against it. Fight not its approach. Welcome it at home, in the office, in the store, in the school-room, everywhere, for it can only do you good and that continually.

GOLD DUST.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.—*Franklin.*

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but Love still more so.—*Goethe.*

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—*Pope.*

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—*Ibid.*

There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men, and it puts us in general more above them than birth, dignity, or even merit itself.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Pain may be said to follow Pleasure as its shadow.—*Colton.*

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up danger which begets an evil habit in him in reference to great affairs.—*Plutarch.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.—*Hood.*

We all have a propensity to grasp at forbidden fruit.

This same Philosophy is a good horse in a stable, but an ar-rant jade on a journey.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.—*Coleridge.*

To divest ourselves of some prejudices, would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.—*Greville.*

A CHILD'S COMICALITY.

It is interesting to connect the droll little speeches, the pretty little paradoxes, that flow from the baby brain, where knowledge has not yet usurped the room of native wisdom, nor experience of speculation, and where curiosity reigns supreme. A little boy, playing upon the carpet at his mother's feet, broke the tail off his wooden horse, and, unable to restore it to its primitive position, inserted the stump in the pony's mouth. Struck with this ludicrous reversal of anatomical rule, he called the attention of his companion to the anomaly before him. "Mamma," said he, "does God see everything?" "Yes, dear." "Well, then, I guess he'll laugh when he sees my pony!" God was his friend. God was good to him. Papa was both of these. Papa would have laughed at the malformation before him; why not his best friend?

Another was playing with one of those pretty air-ball balloons which float from the end of a string. The string broke, and the bubble went floating off. "Never mind, Bubby," said his sister; "when you go to Heaven you'll get it." A lady visiting New York city found a ragged, cold and hungry child gazing wistfully at some cakes in a shop window. She took the little forlorn one by the hand, led her into the shop, bought her a cake, and then took her elsewhere, supplying more needed wants. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent woman full in the face, and with artless simplicity inquired, "Are you God's wife?"

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

The Household.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all—
A blemish, or a sense impaired—
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 't is jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension
Becomes not weary by attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flames decays.
'T is gentle, delicate and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure;
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

PROMISES.

Our life hath many a wintry scene,
Deciduous are our sweetest joys;
And blossoms that have loveliest been,
Some withering demon oft destroys.
But there are germs that inly lie,
Waiting the touch of some kind hand,
Germs that destruction's power defy,
And soon in bloom of hope expand.

THE SUNLIGHT.

The blessed sunlight, why bolt and bar it out of the house? What evil has it done? "It fades my carpets," you say. It may a little. But what if it does? Which is worth the more, the carpets or the blessings of the sunlight? For us, we prefer the wonderful light, every time and without exception. Counting the cloudy days and the nights, it does not visit us so often as to become, like some visitors, a bore. If its constant presence had no relief in the way indicated, it might be burdensome. Then we might in sheer self-defense refuse it admission to our houses much of the time. Window curtains and blinds might not then profane their use in keeping guard a part of the twenty-four hours against the bright intruder. We can imagine that an uninterrupted stream of it might give us a practical illustration of "too much of a good thing." But the way it is at present ordered, we claim it is not too much light we get in the round of the year. We love its coming in the morning—except when THE SPRING'S demands have made our spirits flag a little overmuch. We love its return after the cloud and the storm; we welcome its visits to the kitchen, the chamber, the sitting room, yes, and even the stately parlor, as a joyous-hearted, open-faced visitor, laden heavier than Santa Claus with blessings for old and young. If we were an architect we would contrive all dwelling houses with a southern exposure for every room. We would not doom anybody to a cold north-west bed-room, much less kitchen, much less parlor, much less sitting-room. We would insist on this benevolent style with as much force and invariableness as many architects insist on outward appearance, no matter the cost, or the deathly influence of the interior arrangement. We would take the part of the children and of humanity in general against the demands of arbitrary architectural fashion. A cold-blooded, selfish man has no business being an architect. He holds an office so responsible that he ought to be chosen to it on the ground of native goodness and sunniness of disposition, as well as acquired skill in drawing. We would also, were it ours to do as well as say in the matter, wage war against these narrow little much-adopted windows. They resemble State boarding-house architecture. Make broad your windows. They let in so much more of the best friend nature has given you, the living sunlight. In all your dwelling-house and school-house architecture, seek first the sunlight, then the outside looks for the sake of the world. Man can so far unmake himself by habit as to be and act almost like another being than the one God made him. But there is one thing he can't do and live; he can't perpetually deprive himself of the sunlight. He grows pale and puny in its absence, like a potato stalk grown in a cellar. There is no case of adaptation more perfect in the realm of nature than that of the sunlight to the human system. It is laden with heaven's finest tonics. Its subtle properties have medicinal virtue more worth than all the doubtful drugs. The children—THE SPIRIT never shall forget them, God bless them—the children need the vigor-giving sunlight that they may carry the bloom of morning far into the evening of life's day. The man of business needs it to keep off the blues that only grow in the shade. The maid and matron—who will say that the keepers of the house can do without its sunny smile? The old people need it to remind them that there is one thing in the universe about them that never grows old—that forever wears the unfading mantle of youth. The well need it to preserve their health; the sick need it to be restored to health. It is God's own celestial messenger of mercy. It proclaims a universal evangel. Its mission is good will to the race. Sin not against it. Fight not its approach. Welcome it at home, in the office, in the store, in the school-room, everywhere, for it can only do you good and that continually.

GOLD DUST.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.—*Franklin.*

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but Love still more so.—*Goethe.*

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—*Pope.*

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—*Ibid.*

There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men, and it puts us in general more above them than birth, dignity, or even merit itself.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Pain may be said to follow Pleasure as its shadow.—*Colton.*

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up danger which begets an evil habit in him in reference to great affairs.—*Plutarch.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.—*Hood.*

We all have a propensity to grasp at forbidden fruit.

This same Philosophy is a good horse in a stable, but an ar-rant jade on a journey.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.—*Coleridge.*

To divest ourselves of some prejudices, would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.—*Greville.*

A CHILD'S COMICALITY.

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Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

LEGISLATION ON TEMPERANCE.

Our legislatures have been having their usual ebullition of enactments for the suppression of the liquor traffic. We do not believe that a single particle of good results from such legislation. We do not believe that any moral measure is to be legislated into life, or any immoral practice legislated into death. The best governments are said to be those which govern least. The best legislatures are those which make the fewest laws. The moment it is attempted to regulate by law what or how much a man may drink, that moment a determination is created to break the law and prove its absurdity. Prohibition arouses a demand for license. It is in the very essence of human nature that it should be so. Those colleges that deal most largely in prohibitions, have also to deal most largely in penalties. Those which govern on the parental or moral basis have the fewest cases of discipline. These facts are so patent that it is sufficient barely to name them.

And when legislation is attempted, it seems to us to be done with very little judgment as to what will be most effective. We lay it down as an axiom that no law is good for anything that is not sustained by the majority public sentiment. It will not be enforced without this. It will be evaded in a thousand ways without this. It will soon become a dead letter on the statute book without this. We take it that nobody will dispute this position. A law, then, to be effective, must be in sympathy with the convictions of a majority of the people. Where, then, are the majority on this question? When we have answered that we shall have got far along towards a solution of some of the difficulties of this question. We propose to answer it very squarely and bluntly, for the time has come for plain talk on this question. *The majority are drinkers.* Not drunkards; not drinkers to excess; but drinkers, nevertheless. A minority are excessive drinkers and drunkards. A minority are tee-totalers. But between these two classes are the great bulk of the people who drink, sometimes, occasionally, occasionally, for old acquaintance' sake, away from home, on particular or exceptional occasions, perhaps only ale, or "a little wine for the stomach's sake." Here is the majority. A law, to be good for anything, must have more than their acquiescence. It must have their hearty support. A prohibitory law is not such. A law imposing unreasonable restrictions upon the seller is not such. Is there any kind of a law that would?

We think there is. We have always believed, and many times in more papers than one in this State, have urged the passage of one law that would surely meet the views of the majority, and that therefore might be enforced. *That is a law against drunkenness.* Make it a crime for a man to be drunk. Punish him as a criminal whenever or wherever he is found drunk. Put him in the lock-up. Keep him there long enough to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Let him learn that it is a sin and a disgrace to get drunk, instead of something very funny. As legislation now goes, the seller is alone responsible. He must be prohibited. He must be legislated upon. He must be put through a course of sprouts by every successive legislature or common council that has a chance at it. But the drinker is the poor unfortunate. He is a "victim." He is an object of pity, tears, sympathy, condolence, help. He has been talked about this way so long that it has become quite an agreeable operation to be "ruined." He knows he will not be blamed, he will only be pitied. The man that "ruined" him will get all the blame. Under the new code, if he wants to kill his wife, or burn somebody's house, or commit a burglary, or revenge a fancied insult upon anybody, he has only to get comfortably "drunk" somewhere where it can be easily proved, and then do his work. The man who made him drunk is the criminal. He is responsible. He must pay the bills. As for him, he is the "poor unfortunate." We contend that this whole system of legislation is an immense fraud and humbug, delaying and defeating the objects which the friends of temperance really have at heart.

Let us see how this sort of law would practically affect the majority class. We have shown that a majority cannot favor at heart any of the styles of legislation yet proposed, for the majority are drinkers. But legislation for the suppression of drunkenness would have every class in favor of it, *excepting the drunkards.* Moderate or occasional drinkers would be in favor of it, for they are not drunkards, and they never expect to be, though many of them will be. Tee-totalers would favor it, of course, for they are opposed to drunkenness. Liquor sellers would favor it also, for they are equally opposed to drunkenness. There is nothing that they more detest than a man "who does not know when to quit." Low groggeries, which like to lay a poor fellow out and rob him, might oppose the law, but we can think of no other class that would. What, then, would be its effect on drinkers? Why, it would teach them moderation. The certainty that, whenever they were noisy and boisterous, whenever they were unkind or cruel, they would be certain to have from thirty to ninety days in the calaboose or county jail, would have a most "prohibitory" effect on their bibulous propensities. And this is what should be aimed at, the moderation and not

the suppression of drinking. We know it would be well if the practice could be stopped. But we know at the same time that it will not be stopped. It would be well for some other vile practices to be stopped. But they will not be. At least they will not be by legislation. And so long as it cannot be stopped, the next best thing is to regulate it in the best way; and the best way to do to that is to legislate against drunkenness and the adulteration of liquors, and let the rest alone.

Somebody, of course, will ask: "how are you going to prove a man drunk?" Our answer is that there will be no more difficulty about that than appertains to the enforcement of all laws. It is enough to say that it will give afflicted families an opportunity for safety, disturbed neighborhoods a chance to keep the peace, saloon keepers the privilege of getting rid of the greatest annoyance to their business, and the drinkers themselves a powerful incentive to stop in time, instead of an inducement, as they now have, to make fools of themselves. The question of intemperance is one of the most important that ever engaged the attention of men. An immense army are sinking every year to drunkards' graves. Stars of the first magnitude, as well as those of lesser light, go under this fearful eclipse. Homes are desolated, hearts broken, and a monument of human skeletons, cemented by blood and tears, is erected every year. Men are not to be blamed, then, for attempting to devise measures to resist the encroachments of this devastating tide. What we blame them for is the lack of good judgment and common sense exhibited in the inventions tried. We have explained one that we think would not be without good effect. We expect it to be received, as all such suggestions are, as a weak invention of the enemy, and the temperance legislators will go on legislating and the people will go on drinking as before. We have very little confidence in any legislation for the suppression of drinking; but we have all confidence that the kind we have suggested is the best for the object proposed.

THE EASE OF SCANDAL.

There is nothing easier than the work of scandal. Rumor has many tongues for mischief. Once let them get going, and there is no knowing where they will stop. One scandal breeds another. Let a man be suspected of a crime, and it is not long before he is found to be guilty of all the crimes forbidden. When a poor fellow gets to going down hill, everybody seems ready to give him a push and accelerate his progress. In climbing up, he must "go it alone." These things are truisms. They do not reflect very creditably on our much abused human nature, but they are so true that we must all acknowledge the coin. There seems to be a sort of general undefined, and, of course, unconfessed feeling, that when one man is pulled down there is a better chance for the rest of us to get up. And so we all go into the pulling down business. It matters not that the operation does not work. We are slow to learn in such matters as this, that curses, like chickens, come home to roost. We have no sooner got the fellow down who seemed to be in our way, than the rest of the crowd turn to to get us down because we are in their way. And so the pitiless work of detraction goes on. Alas! for the rarity of christian charity under the sun.

But it would seem as if, in common decency, there should be some exceptions to the avidity of men to join in the business of scandal. If one's family is assailed, one is expected to stand up for it. If one's town is scandalized, the good citizens is expected to have something to say in its favor. Old Lot made honorable mention of a few of the citizens of Sodom, although he found less of the kind he sought than he expected. But it is creditable to Lot's patriotism that he made the attempt. And in this he affords a striking contrast to the citizens of Kansas at the present time. Judging from the common talk, we are a confessed and unaneled set of wretches and robbers, from the Missouri to the mountains. We have advertised ourselves to the whole world as the "rotten commonwealth." Our Legislature spends its time in attempting to substantiate the charge. Our Magazine heads our Governor's contribution Plutocracy, which is supposed to mean the politics of the devil in Kansas. Men who have tried all the greasy rounds in the ladder of corruption are trying to see if they can find somebody else like them. The freest latitude is given to inquiry—hearsay testimony is admitted—private and personal transactions are distorted, in the desire to prove our political uncleanness. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint. We claim before the country the proud distinction of being, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full (politically) of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.

Now, is it so? Are we as badly off as this? Is there no balm in Gilead? Or in any other part of our State? We assert for our part that these things are not so—that we are not in the deplorable condition that these quack practitioners would have us, in order that they may perform some of their political miracles. There is a very uneasy lot of fellows in and around our Kansas politics. They are moved by various motives to make our situation look as bad as possible. The great trouble is that there are not half places enough for the aspirants. And as those in power seem quite unwilling to die, the question naturally arises whether there is not some other way of creating a vacancy. It was at first thought that Caldwell would not live long. He was pronounced consumptive. This view of the case lent a

temporary cheerfulness to the crowd. But as Washington air seemed to agree with him, and he looked quite fresh and rosy, deferred hope began to make the heart sick, and some other method of demise began to be sought. As for Pomeroy, there was no prospect of his pegging out. He looked good for a hundred years. He was fat, fair and forty—on top of his already venerable aneals. Why not kill both of these audacious birds who had roosted in places belonging to the rest of us, with one stone? The conception was a rich one, worthy of the inventive genius of its authors, and eminently calculated to please the fancy of the Legislature. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them expect to step in as soon as these "corruptionists" step out.

But the sober fact is that Kansas is no worse than any of the States, and is better than a great many of them. No doubt some money has been spent in our Senatorial elections, as well as others, and no doubt this is a very naughty practice that ought to be done away with. Having been an occasional poor candidate, and being likely to be again, we have a personal interest in having the commercial element snowed under. But, at the same time, we are bound to assert, that in our judgment, this whole thing has been greatly, grossly exaggerated. Probably Caldwell spent more money one way and another than an impecunious candidate could have done, and thus placed several impecunious candidates at a great disadvantage who spent all they had or could borrow; but that he bought his election, or was elected solely because he had money, we do not believe, and we have no idea that any evidence will be elicited to prove it.

At the same time, we are not sorry to see the investigation going on, and we hope it will go to the bottom of all the charges in circulation. If our opinion is correct, it will have the advantage of being substantiated; and if it is not, if we are in the demoralized condition that some imagine, it is high time the facts should be known, and the remedy applied. The innocent cannot suffer; the guilty ought to.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE WING.

DEAR SPIRIT:—It is due to the confidential relations which I propose to retain to your readers, that they know that the family of the undersigned have been "away down East" for the last three months. The time has arrived when in the course of human events it becomes necessary that they return. We have it on the highest authority that "it is not good for man to be alone." This is true, even of those unfortunate characters who have never been blessed with wives. Their condition is, to a happy family man, too cheerless for any attempt at description. But when it comes to a man who has lived a score of years with the woman of his heart and love, and seen the blessed olive branches springing up around his table, it is truer still that it is not good for him to be left alone. At least that is my experience, and supposing there may be those among you who "know how it is yourselves," I drop the subject. My wife not being particularly gifted in the "strong-minded" line, and having some old-fashioned notions to the effect that she and I can get along better together than either of us apart—the duty devolved upon me of going where she was and accompanying her home.

My journey furnished no marvellous or unusual incident with which I could point a moral or adorn a tale. There were the same old wearisome hours of waiting in disagreeable depots—the same bolting of half-cooked meals—the same uneasy attempt at rest in sleeping cars for nine successive nights—that go to make up a hasty trip from Kansas to Maine and back. And yet I did think of one or two things while gone, that it might not be out of place to make a minute of here. The first is the vast, unspeakable, unappreciated importance of a pleasant manner among all classes of people, especially those whose business it is to cater to the wants, and relieve the weariness, and excuse the weakness of the traveling public. You enter a sleeping car for a twenty-four hours ride. It is in the power of the poor porter of the car to make your otherwise long and tedious journey a comparatively short and pleasant one. It costs him nothing to do this. He may even earn something by doing it—if you are a man of generous mind. It is nothing but a cheerful face and a pleasant word—a disposition to accommodate—to anticipate your wants—to make your bed up when you desire it, and as you desire it, not forgetting to tuck the outer robe far enough under the mattress to prevent your bare feet from coming against the foot board, an exceedingly unpleasant but very familiar sensation in a cold night—these are all that is wanted to put you upon tolerably good terms with yourself and the rest of mankind. Upon just such little hinges as these turn the doors of human happiness!

What a lesson is here for us in the every day affairs of life and home. Few men, I have sometimes thought, think much of the duty of being cheerful and pleasant. If they feel a little out of sorts, a slight headache, a bilious touch, a twinge of dyspepsia, a little business stagnation or reverse, they feel at perfect liberty, and even seem to take a sort of satisfaction, in inflicting their gloom upon their associates; and, if they are able to assume the appearance of cheerfulness among men, they at least feel perfect license to discharge all the black thunder clouds of their gloom upon the heads of those they ought to love the most and treat the best, at home. Herein is the great secret of so

many wretched homes. It is not that any great crime has been committed. But coldness begets coldness, indifference breeds indifference, unkind words are answered back, and if the love of the heart is blighted it buddeth not again; if that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learned no more. Yet often will thought look back and sigh over early affection, and the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit, moaning in golian strains over the desert of the heart, where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.

"Then deem it not an idle thing

A pleasant word to speak,

The words we speak, the looks we bring,

A heart may heal or break."

Modern traveling would seem to have well nigh reached perfection. The time may come when we shall sail through the air with wings as eagles, or be shot through pneumatic railways from Lawrence to New York in time to do a day's work and get home at night; but for present and all practical purposes it would seem as if our railroad caterers had done all that men could do to make traveling a luxury. Of all through routes that I have ever yet tried, I must give the preference to the old, familiar and reliable one which commences with the Hannibal and St. Jo. at Kansas City and continues by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and the Michigan Central, towards the east. There are no more conscientious or careful Superintendents in the world than Mr. Nettleton of the first, Mr. Harris of the second, and Mr. Sargent of the last. Everything that sleepless vigilance can do is done to make these routes of travel safe. Connections are generally made according to the programme, the conductors are, as a rule, agreeable and accomplished gentlemen, and the eating houses are as good as the average, which is not saying much.

I want to say one special word for the accommodating gentleman whom I found dealing out coffee and crackers in the Quincy depot at 12 o'clock one cold midnight. Our blessed baby is in the unfortunate condition that Mickeyawber's twins were, and it therefore became necessary on that particular occasion to secure him a supply of bovine lacteal fluid. My urgency was great—or rather the baby's—but no importunities could melt the iron heart of the coffee and cracker peddler. Milk was scarce, and babies might cry, for all of him. Seeing at a distance a red light which looked like a beacon of some sort in the distance, I made for it and found one of that unfortunate class known as "saloon keepers." But commend me to him rather than the depot man. Milk was scarce with him, but he divided with me with great cheerfulness and received the baby's best benediction. I do not advise travelers to seek that red light by any means, but I do hope they will keep clear of that coffee and cracker seller, for my sake and the baby's. A man that would not sell a hungry baby a drink of milk, ought to go hungry himself.

I. S. K.

A PERSONAL LETTER.

MADE PUBLIC FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

MY DEAR KALLOOH:—I have received the first number of your paper, and have complied with your request to the extent of reading *everything* in it (not a very short job, by the way), and now comply, more reluctantly, with your other request, viz: to give you my honest impressions about "the concern." You were always pleased to flatter my critical abilities, for which I suppose I should be grateful, as it is the only thing I now recollect of your ever giving me particular credit for. Well, to be honest, dear fellow, I see but little to criticize in THE SPIRIT. I like the name as qualified or explained in the articles where you speak of it as "the Spirit of Kansas." I suppose this is what the name indicates, and I think you have hit the nail on the head in its selection. As much of the spirit of Kansas as there is in you when I have the pleasure of seeing you, and as impressive a way as you have of imparting it to others, there is an eminent fitness in your editing such a paper.

The heading I fully agree with you about. It is too cheap, tawdry, showy, for such a solid and substantial concern as THE SPIRIT. I would have a neat, plain letter head, and am not surprised to hear that such is your choice. As to your own articles, editorial, gossip and all, I consider you a born editor, and have ever since your maiden venture on the dear old Gazette, twenty years ago. Dear K! does it seem so long ago?

"We were jolly youngsters then,

But now we're sober minded men

Half through life's journey."

You are very lucky in your correspondents. I doubt not you are very proud of them. I should like to know that Mrs. Downs. I used to read her letters with great interest whenever I saw a copy of your old paper. I recognize "J. H." as the "Stray Note" man of your old Ottawa paper. What a delightful specimen of a farmer he must be! That is the old poetical idea, so seldom realized, of the intelligent farmer, with books, papers, and a pen. Have you many such? Could I get a living on a farm and have any time to read and write? Wouldn't a fellow be so tired at night that he would want at once to "turn in," with hardly life enough left to get his boots off?

BELFAST, Maine, Feb. 10th.

The above is from an old and warm personal friend, and we publish it because it says in part what we have wished to say concerning some of the minor points of THE SPIRIT. The heading which we had ordered did not arrive until the paper was all up and ready for the press. Meanwhile we had ordered a plain letter heading, and—at the suggestion of a gentleman of excellent taste in such matters, Mr. Crew—had called it "THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS." The last order is not filled yet. But it will be sometime. In the meantime our friends must take their Spirit a little "mixed," which we hope will not trouble them as much as it appears to one of our neighbors, who probably wants his "straight." And, although we consider that a rather raw appetite, we shall not complain of it, because we believe in the largest liberty.

Telegraphic Summary.

The State.

Great excitement at Topeka over the apportionments of the State into three congressional districts.

The religious interest in Leavenworth is still increasing. Four hundred people in one assembly requested prayer on Thursday night.

The Senate voted to appropriate \$1,000 to the State Horticultural Society, and \$3,000 to aid settlers on the frontier.

Leavenworth city and county, have had ten local bills passed for their special good.

The compulsory educational bill has at length failed in the Senate.

The robbery Peter to pay Paul bill, giving Wyandotte a part of Johnson county, also failed.

The Senate passed the joint resolution submitting a change of the constitution allowing 125 members in the House and the State to be districted by the Legislature without regard to each county having a member.

The House passed a bill to organize a new county on the South side of Reno.

The absorbing question is the apportionment bill. The tussle over it is far from ended. Parliamentary tactics are made to play a very important part in the political game which it is.

What next for Kansas? Land frauds in the southern part of the State have recently been unearthed. Lands have been entered in the name of bogus parties.

The Country.

Minister De Long is a little ashamed of his visit with the Japs at the B. Young seraglio. He says that he and the Embassy were in the escort of the city's committee, and were taken to old Young's without knowing where they were going.

The Republican Congressional Committee intend to send Speakers to New Hampshire this week for electioneering purposes.

The Senate is disposed to let the Spaniards know that the United States protest against the action of their authorities in Cuba towards the Chinese laborers of that pitiful island.

Senator Sumner goes in for ferreting out the matter of the alleged manufacture and sale of arms and ammunition in the workshops of the United States Government for the French in the war with Germany.

President Grant is of the opinion that if the English Government withdraws from the Geneva convention, the United States cannot agree with any self-respect to any new negotiations.

The usual run of railroad and steamboat disasters has figured as conspicuously as ever in the news of the week; ditto the list of defaulters.

The New York custom house committee have examined in five weeks one hundred and sixty-three witnesses.

Passengers that had been on the Union Pacific road twenty-two days out from Omaha, and still in the mountains, express their disgust of the management of the road in an indignation meeting. They came near famishing.

Colfax says he doesn't want the presidency in opposition to Grant.

It is reported in Washington that the President has sent instructions to the District Attorney, in New York, to secure the indictment of all persons who are implicated in bribery, and corruption of all kinds, by the recent investigations in that city.

A destructive fire in Sharpsburg, Kentucky, on Tuesday last was started by three men who have been arrested. Most violence was threatened, the feeling against them being hot.

Governor Brownlow has said his say against the charges of Beck in the House, by special permission.

The week has witnessed from one to two railroad disasters a day, some of them being very destructive of life.

Several bills appropriating sums ranging from \$100,000 to 300,000 for the purchase of sites and the erection of public buildings in different cities passed the House.

The Senate has requested the House to furnish the evidence taken by the committee of the House in the impeachment of A. Johnson.

New Orleans has beaten herself and all creation in her recent Mardi Gras festivities. Duke Alexis was lucky to be there on "Shrove Tuesday."

The most terrible storm of the season visited the North West on Monday the 12th inst. The mureury in the vicinity of Sioux City dropped fifty degrees in two hours. It is generally believed that Spotted Tail and his band have been frozen to death, though the prostration of the telegraph lines by the terrible storm has prevented direct information. It is feared that the Canadian surveying party, numbering twenty-five persons that left Duluth in open boats for the northern shore of Lake Superior, perished in the snow storm. Three days after the storm began the mureury was 18 degrees below zero.

Senator Pomeroy and Representative Lowe have introduced bills respectively for the relief of settlers on the Cherokee lands.

Foreign.

Caleb Cushing, J. Bancroft Davis, Wm. M. & M. R. Evans have gone to Paris, to consult in regard to the arbitration matter.

Bancroft, the American minister, has completed his reply to the British case on the San Juan boundary question, and submitted it to Emperor William. A copy has been sent to Washington.

The conflict of opinion in England on the Alabama claims increases. The workmen take strong ground in favor of the United States.

Minister Schenck has written a letter to the English Government, on the recent language of Gladstone, which was deemed an imputation on the good faith of the United States.

A party in Parliament is moving for the resignation of the present Ministry, on the ground of its blundering incapacity in the Alabama case.

Fifty-two persons have been slaughtered in South America, on account of a recent outbreak of fanaticism in honor of one Jundill, in the Argentine States. The troops disposed of sixteen of the assassins.

The Revolutionists have again been successful in Mexico.

The Spanish Government is especially strict in its treatment of Chinese in Cuba. It will not give passports to free Chinamen wishing to leave the country.

It is reported that the Committee of the National Assembly has obtained proof of the treachery of Marshal Bazaine in the capitulation of the French fortifications and armies.

The Canadian treaty affair is contradicted by the Government.

The assassin of Lord Mayo, Governor General of India, is to be hanged.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, British member of the Geneva board, approves of the Government's refusal to admit the claims for indirect damages. William Fowler, M. P. for Cambridge, says he believes the country to a man has made up its mind that if the American cousin wants money she must come and take it.

The English Minister believes the Treaty affair will be satisfactorily adjusted.

FRIENDLY WORDS OF WELCOME.

Having been absent the past ten days, we have unavoidably lost many of the kindly words of welcome with which our brothers of the press have greeted the advent of THE SPIRIT. Our agreeable relations with the editorial brotherhood have gone far towards fascinating us with the business. We sincerely trust that nothing will occur hereafter to mar the friendly relations we are so happy to sustain with the honorable fraternity of the Kansas press.

Our neighbor of the Tribune greeted our appearance as follows:

We gladly welcome our fellow-townsmen, Hon. I. S. Kallouch, back to the ranks of journalism. The first number of his KANSAS SPIRIT made its appearance yesterday, and in typographical beauty and the variety and ability of its editorial matter, has no equal in the State. Its news department is up to the latest date, and all its appointments are as fresh and sprightly as the most critical and cultivated reader could wish. We do not think the heading of the paper is exactly in good taste. It is a little too large, though original in design and distinctive in appearance. We wish THE KANSAS SPIRIT and its talented editor all possible success.

The notice of the Journal is a little "mixed," albeit our old partner is usually a very "straight" man;

Mr. Kallouch's new paper has at last made its appearance. Its general style and make-up are somewhat like the Golden Age—wide columns, headed matter, etc. Of course all the Journal readers know that Mr. Kallouch can make an interesting paper. He announces this as an agricultural and household paper—a field which he is well fitted to occupy. By the way, what shall we call this paper? The head of the paper upon the successive pages, "The Spirit of Kansas," on the other hand, speaks of it as "The Spirit of Kansas," while we observe that contributors and correspondents speak of it alternately as "The Kansas Spirit" and "The Spirit of Kansas." There is a mingling of spirits here which is not good for the intellectual apprehension of the reader.

The Howard County Ledger says:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT, "a Journal of Home and Husbandry," is upon our table. It is a fine paper of eight pages and thirty-two wide columns. I. S. Kallouch is captain of the concern, which to our mind is enough to insure its complete and lasting success. In his salutatory the captain, after promising that "he has taken his own time to get out No. 1 of THE SPIRIT, and that it will be improved from week to week, that some degree of fitness for his present undertaking, that he has a thousand subscribers to begin with, that it will be a Family paper, and an Agricultural paper, that it will not be a political paper, and although the editor is a Republican that can never prevent his seeing the good there may be in Democracy, winds up by saying that promises are of no value unless performed." We like the first number of THE KANSAS SPIRIT and are convinced that a bright future awaits it. It ought to be in every family in Kansas.

From the Garnett Plaindealer:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT.—This is I. S. Kallouch's new paper. Its motto is, "Plough deep while sluggards sleep." That's good, if it is old; and we hope that the injunction will be obeyed. The paper presents a splendid typographical appearance. The heading is regal; the columns are wide, and what is better, they are well filled with choice reading upon agricultural and kindred subjects. It designs to be a weekly paper, which shall treat of the farm, garden and stock interests, and furnish information adapted to Kansas soil and climate, and it intends to be outspoken in all things. Mr. Kallouch is the finest and most effective speaker in Kansas, and his writing is vigorous and racy. He cannot fail in his enterprise. THE KANSAS SPIRIT is \$2.00 per year in advance. Every farmer should have a copy.

The New Chicago Transcript says that—

Volume 1 number 1 of THE KANSAS SPIRIT puts in an appearance, reflecting great credit upon its proprietor, I. S. Kallouch. It contains eight pages of interesting reading matter, and is devoted to the interests of the farm, the household and Kansas generally. In addition to the latest and fullest information and discussion upon agricultural questions, it gives the telegraphic news of the week in a condensed form, information upon the progress of religious matters at home and abroad, choice literary selections, etc. Success to THE SPIRIT.

The Humboldt Union—

Saw Kallouch in Lawrence a few days ago, and for the first time since it was first mooted, we tried to enquire as to the status of his proposed agricultural paper, in which we have taken a great interest. In view of our silence, we suppose, Mr. K. was reticent on the subject. And here, but a few days after, No. 1 of Vol. 1 of THE KANSAS SPIRIT lies on our table. It is a beautiful weekly, is a quarto, neatly printed, and edited by Kallouch himself. Of course it is a number one agricultural sheet. We like it and may say 'tis the first of that class of papers we have read through in our life. For our friend Kallouch, we wish the greatest success in his undertaking. It is not generally known, but he was a heavy loser by the Chicago fire, as he had bought the presses, types, &c., for his office, and they were utterly destroyed in that conflagration. A few hours later, and they would have been on their way to Kansas. And now, of the name. It is quite appropriate, as the sheet is truly the Spirit of Kansas; and friend Kallouch will prove it to the satisfaction of all Kansans.

The Burlington Patriot is glad to have "more spirits," but wants another "head" put on them:

MORE SPIRITS.—We are in receipt of a handsome eight-page quarto, published at Lawrence by I. S. Kallouch. It is called THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS, and is to be devoted to home and husbandry. Mr. Kallouch long ago introduced himself to Kansas readers, and we again welcome him to the journalistic arena. He ought to amputate that head however, as no good printer would tolerate it in a well regulated printing office. THE SPIRIT will be issued weekly by I. S. Kallouch & Co., at \$2.00 per year, in advance.

From the Emporia News:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT is the title of I. S. Kallouch's new paper, the first number of which is just out. It is an eight page paper, handsomely made up, finely printed, and redolent with just such vivid words and vigorous thoughts as are wont to find expression under Mr. Kallouch's pen, besides a choice supply of contributions from the best writers in the State. It is in all respects a paper worthy to represent the great agricultural resources of our young State, to which interest it is mainly devoted. It contains, without much good reading of a miscellaneous character, and we doubt not will soon become a favorite in every farmer's house in Kansas.

Our old friend of the Ottawa Journal gives us a hearty word;

KALLOUCH'S NEW PAPER.—Ah! now we have it! the long looked for KANSAS SPIRIT, by Hon. I. S. Kallouch, has come peeped by the editor's friends, as evidenced by the fact that he obtained about 200 subscribers for THE SPIRIT at our scribers either. THE SPIRIT is a large sized eight page weekly, having four wide columns to the page, and all check full of excellent reading matter, mostly original, treating upon almost every conceivable topic entertaining to the home circle, and beneficial to husbandry. That THE SPIRIT will succeed is beyond a doubt, and we cordially wish it God-speed.

Likewise the Ottawa Herald:

Kallouch's new paper, THE KANSAS SPIRIT, has made its appearance and is what everybody supposed it would be—an excellent paper. Mr. Kallouch's reputation as a writer and a newspaper man is such as to insure a tremendous subscription list for any paper with which he is connected.

From the Tioga Herald:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT, Mr. I. S. Kallouch's new Lawrence paper has made its appearance, and is as handsome as could be desired. The terms are two dollars a year, and the great attention which the editor has given to agricultural pursuits, together with his high reputation as a writer, will cause his paper to at once take rank among the leading family papers of the State.

The Lawrence Standard pronounces it—
Very creditable in style and matter.

The Border Sentinel joins in the wish for our prosperity:

The long looked for, THE KANSAS SPIRIT, has appeared. It is devoted principally to agriculture, and is one of the neatest journals published in the West. I. S. Kallouch is the editor, and Lawrence its location. It certainly deserves patronage if No. 1 is a sample of what it will hereafter be. We wish it success.

The Kansas Reporter has—

Received the first number of THE KANSAS SPIRIT, a quarto sheet, published at Lawrence by I. S. Kallouch. It is a neat paper, full of reading matter, and cheap at \$2.00 per year.

The Fort Scott Occasional considers it THE thing:

We have received a new paper from Lawrence called THE KANSAS SPIRIT, and published by I. S. Kallouch & Co. THE Husbandry. It is well filled with interesting articles relating to agriculture, and no doubt is THE paper for the farmer.

The Chetopa Advance says:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT has been received. It promises to be one of the neatest papers mechanically, and ablest editorially, in the State.

The Atchison Patriot says:

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.—This is the title of Mr. Kallouch's long looked for paper. It is printed from new type, on a large sheet, neatly folded into eight pages. It is designed to be a journal of home and husbandry. Mr. Kallouch's versatility as a writer, and his practical knowledge of men and things in Kansas will enable him to make THE SPIRIT a very lively and attractive weekly visitor. He is assisted by a number of able contributors—among them Mr. Alderson of this city.

The Oswego Reporter says that THE SPIRIT—

Is well printed, and promises to be one of the best papers in the State.

From the Augusta Republican:

We have received No. 1 of Vol. 1 of the long expected KANSAS SPIRIT, a journal of home and husbandry, published in Lawrence by I. S. Kallouch. It is an eight page, wide columned, neatly printed sheet, and destined to supply a vacant place in Kansas journals. The price is \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. We do not know of a more interesting paper than this for farmers and stock raisers.

From the Independence Republican:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT comes to us this week full of the freshness and buoyancy of youth. A handsome quarto, in clean dress, clear type and SPIRITED style. It is with pleasure we greet this, the first number of a periodical devoted to the principles avowed in its prospectus. It comes from Lawrence, by I. S. Kallouch. Success to that enterprise which rises up at home, is devoted to HOME, and is full of HOME. We say success to THE KANSAS SPIRIT, as well as THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Down Talk.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.—The various Christian denominations of this city have been holding union meetings during the week, and with flattering success, as evidenced by the very large congregations that have been gathered each evening, filling the large audience room of the Presbyterian church to its utmost capacity. This room being found too small, the meeting last evening (Friday) was held in the Congregational church, Rev. E. P. Hammond, the noted and successful revival preacher, being present, having just come from Leavenworth. In addition to the evening meetings, children's meetings have been held each afternoon in the lecture room of the Baptist church, with a large and daily increasing attendance. These children's meetings have been especially interesting. A deep and growing religious interest has been manifested which promises great results for good. Yesterday afternoon the children's meeting was held in the audience room of the church. Indeed the religious feeling seems to be wide spread and general throughout our community, and great results are confidently looked for from the labors of Mr. Hammond, assisted as he will be by the earnest and united prayers and efforts of the whole Christian community of Lawrence.

That the highest anticipations may be fully realized is our earnest wish, as it must be the wish of all good citizens. It is an omen of much good when all denominations of Christians heartily unite in love and fellowship to work for the vital principle of their faith, salvation through Christ, and love to God and man.

MORE HELP.—Christain gentlemen from Kansas City and Leavenworth propose to help Mr. Hammond and the good people of Lawrence in the meetings during the coming week.

A GOOD WORK.—Baldwin City has cause to rejoice in the religious interest that has prevailed in the college and community there for weeks. A large number were received into the Methodist and Presbyterian churches of Baldwin last Sunday.

PERSONAL.—Rev. E. O. Taylor of Topeka made us a call yesterday morning. He came down for the purpose partly of seeing Mr. Hammond about going to Topeka. He is wide awake, and believes in the idea expressed on one occasion of "taking time by the forelock." Mr. Taylor although a new man in the State is exerting a very wide and permanent influence as a minister.

MR. ANDREW STARK, of Topeka, is in town on business. He put in his appearance at THE SPIRIT office, and looked delighted. Call again.

STOCK ITEMS.—We understand that Mr. Sprague has lost one of his mares—a ten thousand dollar one—recently.

Col. Doudna of Chetopa has bought a fine herd of cows of Dr. Lawrence of this city. Most of them have been bred to Mr. Kallouch's Jersey bull, and the good people of Chetopa may expect to see milk and butter that will astonish them, by and by.

Mr. Ogden, of the Eldridge house, has purchased one half of the old Fair Grounds of H. H. Ludington of Ottawa. The other half is owned by E. A. Smith, Esq. Mr. Ogden will build stables immediately and have a place to keep and train the horses he is expecting here daily.

Deacon Nugent, of Ottawa, has two very fine and promising horses which he intends to put into the hands of Mr. Wells to train the coming season.

Mr. Hayden has a thorough-bred Jersey bull for sale. Inquiries may be made at this office.

HO FOR CARBONDALE!—The interest felt in the project of a Railroad from our City to the rich coal fields of Osage county, is daily increasing and assuming shape. Col. Terry of the Savings Bank left town this week for the East with a view of cashing the bonds that have been voted in aid of the road. Some seem to be in favor of a broad gauge track, and some a combined narrow and broad track with three rails so that either light or heavy trains could be run as necessity required. Confidence that the road in some fashion will be built, and that before many months, is increasing every day. That our rapidly increasing demands as a City require the speedy completion of this road all in the City and throughout the county are heartily agreed.

NEW BANK.—Messrs. Poehler & Brinkman are putting the finishing touches on their fine building, corner of Massachusetts and Warren streets. The large room under the Commercial College will be occupied by a new bank firm. The institution will be opened about the first of next month. This will make the fifth bank in Lawrence.

DRY GOODS.—Mr. J. Bullene has gone to New York to purchase dry goods. When his order arrives there will be a good opportunity as was ever offered in Lawrence to satisfy the most critical taste in that line of goods. Mr. Bullene is a capital buyer as well as seller, and has gone to get the largest stock of goods ever brought to this market. It is the determination of the firm of Bullene & Co. to do a big jobbing business the coming season. Country traders cannot afford to pass them. We understand Mr. Bullene will be absent several weeks. In the mean time, Bird, Billy, and the boys are attending to Customers with their customary urbanity.

GROCERIES.—A good grocery store is one of the great blessings in life. And they are not the most plentiful things in the world. There are plenty of groceries—especially corner groceries. But places where you are always certain of getting the best of everything, at fair prices, and also to be treated in a polite and pleasant way, are not as thick as they might be. There are some such houses, and prominent among them is the well known concern of Howard & Spencer.

THE NEW YORK Independent says: "A superintendent of a Sunday school in Kansas told a friend, awhile ago, that he was in the habit of going on Sunday afternoon into a German beer garden, and drinking beer with parents and children, for the purpose of winning the children to his Sunday school." That fellow must have a "winning way" with him, especially among our Teutonic friends. We would like to know who he is.

HARDWARE.—We have had occasion to do a good deal of business in the hardware line with Messrs. Warner & Gillett, and have invariably been pleased, both with their style of doing business, and the genuine character of the articles they have to sell. They are fully up with the times, and keep a stock worthy of the enterprising city in which they do business.

THE HONEY EXTRACTOR.—The article on this subject which appears on the second page of this issue, was read before the Douglas County Beekeepers' Association at its last meeting, by Mr. Cameron. It will be read with interest by the many who are engaged in apiculture.

MORE COAL.—A note in one of our City dailies from a gentleman in the south west corner of the county, reports the discovery in his neighborhood of a new, thick vein of coal that promises to be very fine. A good note to play in the Carbondale road tune.

SAND.—This is a valuable quality in personal character, also a necessary ingredient in mortar. So the builders are losing no time in getting a good supply on hand against the coming time of need when the spring opens, and the new houses have to go up in hot haste.

HAY RAISING.—Messrs. Atcheson & Co. have begun in good earnest in this important branch of business. Their office is on the north side, at Smith's elevator, near which they have bought ground for their new enterprise. They mean to work for, and will, we can assure our readers, deserve success.

WINTER.—A light snow covered the ground yesterday morning. It beats all creation how the winter hangs on. It is loath to die. The oldest inhabitant remembers no such winter. It is hoped that the youngest will never know another like it.

HOPE.—This is the good name of a good tailor who reports himself in our columns, and who will cause his customers to hope that his stay in Lawrence may be long.

ACROSS.—The new bridge over the Kaw for the Leavenworth & Galveston road, has reached the north side of the river. The trains will soon go over it.

HEALTHY.—The general health of the community is good. A number of cases of sickness were reported a few days ago, but we hear of but few at present.

COURT.—The District Court has disposed of a large list of cases during the week. Judge Bassett allows but little time to be wasted.

Special Notices.

FARM SEED! FARM SEED!!
The best varieties of
SEED WHEAT, CORN, OATS AND POTATOES,
Grown and for sale by the undersigned. Price list free to all applicants.
J. K. HUDSON,
Box 108, Kansas City, Mo.

PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS,
From the largest and best herd in the West. Prices reduced.
FIFTY PREMIUMS IN 1871.
Only one breed kept. Address,
J. K. HUDSON,
Box 108, Kansas City, Mo.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

H. H. CARPENTER,
(NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POSTOFFICE.)

SIGN OF PRISMATIC HAT.
HATS! HATS! HATS!

HEADS MEASURED AND HATS MADE TO ORDER.
SILK HATS IRONED.

Davies Diamond D. Shirts—The Best in the Market.
CUFFS, COLLARS AND CANES.

The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State.
H. E. TURNER,
HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.
Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets,
Rear of Eldridge House.

The Story Teller.

I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still to be stout of heart,
And cheerfully follow my labor.

This neighbor whose show has dazzled your eyes,
In fact is a wretched debtor;
I pity him off from my very heart,
And wish that his lot were better.

You seem amazed but I'll tell you more;
Within two hours I met him
Sneaking away with a frightened air,
As if a fiend had beset him;

Oh, what would he give, could he say with us,
That he owed no man a dollar!
You seem amazed but I'll tell you more;
Within two hours I met him

MY "GRANDDARTER KEZZY."

I suppose, though I'm a very old woman, nigh on to seventy, I may be allowed to tell a story about my granddarter Kezzy.

Kezzy was the first of my Nabby's children, and the knowin'est baby you ever did see. 'Taint just the thing, I suppose, for people to praise their own, but the fact is, when Nabby was a child, I thought there never was such another.

Well, I dunno, I'm old, and I may be partial, but my children was n't never no trouble, none of 'em; no.

Well, as I was saying, there was ten years 'twixt her and S'biny, and so she was allers the baby. La, I call her a baby, now, sometimes.

But Kezzy, she's the one I'm going to talk about. Such a sweet darlin' as she was! So good, and so knowin', and so beautiful! Yes, we were going to have a beauty, at last, in the Dreddles family; there'd never been none, you see.

I was dreadful sot against their calling her Kezzy, but Nabby was much sot on it, so I give in; but I never called her nothin' but Kezzy. That child was the light of my old eyes. I almost worshipped her.

You know how most all children—the best of 'em, too, torment dumb creeters. Well, I never knew Kezzy to do such a thing in all her life. She had a little white kitten; and though she hugged it and played with it for hours, she never was known to take the poor thing up by the tail, or smother it most to death by grabbing it at the throat.

Such a cry as went up then, it must have been shocking to hear. The Lord preserved me from hearin' it, and I'm thankful; but there stood her father and mother, and there was their beautiful child, their only child, burnin' up.

They got a feather bed from somewhere, and the child was dropped, and everybody screamed to her to jump, too, but she couldn't; she was all afire, and back she fell.

Well, the good Lord in mercy remembered us and her. There was a young farmer in the neighborhood had just dragged round a tall ladder, as she threw the child down; and though there was danger of the thin walls fallin', and of him bein' suffocated, he did n't mind either, but straight he walked into that fiery oven, and soon he came out, staggering like a blind man; but everybody shouted, and he struggled hard, though his clothes, and even his hair was on fire.

He saved the dear girl, and after dreadful sufferin' the Lord saved her, but not to be the beauty of the family any more. One side of her face is as lovely as ever, but the other is drawn and scarred dreadfully.

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We settled it among us that Kezzy's lot'd be an easy one in life, and it did seem so as she grew up. Why, even at school, there used to be almost fightin', winter time, as to which of the boys should take home pretty Kezzy on his sled; and as years went on, every thing 'peared to be made smooth-like for our little girl.

Her good looks did n't make her proud, not a bit, for her father and mother took good care that they should n't. She was always a help and a blessin' in the house, never waiting to be asked if she should do this or that, as some of my grandchildren do, I am sorry to say; but going right straight and doin' it, if she saw it was to be done. That's the way; there aint no other that's pleasant to the feelin's. It kinder hinders me to have folks askin', "Sha' n't I do this, or that?" and never stir to do it. Of course I say no; anybody would.

Every year of her life that child grew han'somer, and it's my opinion that we'd all got a good ways toward worshippin' of her, and thinkin' her of more consequence than any mortal being should be thought, though she never took no advantage of it.

Well, presently, when Kezzy got to be seventeen, the son of the richest man in town took a great fancy to her, and before the fire every thing was arranged, and folks all seemed glad for Kezzy's good fortune. I did n't like it, myself, for there was something about the man's ways that did n't exactly suit me for Kezzy; not that I could tell just what it was; only a sort of feelin'.

I was over to daughter Nabby's, spendin' the afternoon, and we'd had a real comfortable time, muffs for tea, and some of Kezzy's preserves, which beat everything ever I'd tasted of. I can see her jest as she looked that very hour. She always wore white when she could, for we all liked her in it so much, and that day she had blue ribbons in her hair. Her eyes danced, her cheeks were just touched with the faint color that you've often seen on the side of a peach, and her lips looked so red, and pretty, and baby-like, that I could n't keep my eyes off of them.

Yes, our little Kezzy had grown up a beauty, a real beauty; there was n't a thing avry about her face, even her hair curled so that part of it seemed like gold, as it tossed about her face and shoulders. Why, can't you see her? I can. It's a picture I would n't part with, for it was the last time. O dear me!

The fam'ly had all gone to bed, and the kitchen clock had struck ten. The cook, poor thing, had a little baby, a very sweet little child that Kezzy had taken to, and loved very much. Nabby did n't know it, but sometimes the cook would take too much, and she kept her bottle in a little stone closet, that nobody ever went to much; and it seems she must have been drinking that day.

Any way, 't was most 'leven, and a beautiful night, too, when Kezzy felt somebody shaking her shoulder hard. She opened her eyes, and there stood the cook, half undressed.

"O, Miss Kezzy," she cried, "the house is afire, and whatever shall I do?" Kezzy sprung right out of bed with all her wits about her; 't was always her way.

"Where is it, Mary?" she asked.

"In the kitchen, miss, an' it's run across the hall, and got into the settin'-room. O, what shall I do?" Kezzy flew over into her mother's chamber and waked her up and her father, and then they got out the servants just in time, for the front stairs had caught and the back ones were burning up.

All at once Kezzy heard the cook scream that the baby was in the back room, over the store-room. The poor creature took on dreadful, and it's a fact that in her fright, bein' half stupid with drink, she'd forgot her own child. She flew at the flames, but somebody pulled her back.

As for Kezzy, at first sound of that cry she was off, and nobody knowed it. She just went in the front door, and up the burnin' stairs, and into the child's room, and there she was at one of the winders, the flames all about her, (for she could n't get down, the stairs had partly gone,) holdin' the child at arm's length.

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she married her brave preserver a few months alter her third widowhood. The happy pair removed to Pittsburgh, where the husband was engaged in mercantile business. Thither Robert, still cherishing his first love, followed them. One day as he was passing the husband's store he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in, he beheld the mangled corpse of that gentleman on the floor. A tierce of rice, in being hoisted to an upper story, had fallen through the traps, killing him instantly. Anxiously Robert inquired if any one had been sent to inform his wife, and was told that the book-keeper had just gone. Robert started for Alleghany City, where the deceased had resided, at the top of his speed. The book-keeper was just ahead of him, and from the past experience, knowing the virtue of prompt action, and apprehending that the clerk had designs on the widow, he ran for dear life, side by side. The race continued until they reached Hand-Street bridge, when the clerk was obliged to stop to pay the tolls, while Robert, commuter, passed over without stopping. Reaching the house of the widow first, Robert told the heart-rending news, and in the same breath made a proposal of marriage. He was accepted. True to her promise, after a year of mourning, she became his wife. As all her husbands had died wealthy, Robert was comfortably fixed after all. This case is a remarkable example of what pluck and perseverance will do for a man, while at the same time it teaches a lesson on the danger of delay.

DESTRUCTION OF BUFFALOES.

Quite recently Colonel W. B. Hazen, stationed at Fort Hayes, Kansas, sent the following letter to Mr. Bergh, in respect to the destruction of buffaloes on the Western plains:

DEAR SIR:—Hoping to interest you, and through you the people of the country and Congress, I would respectfully state that the extraordinary introduction of railroads into and across the wilds of our country has made the vast herds of wild buffalo of the plains accessible to all classes of people, and each year vast numbers are slaughtered for so-called sport, and a greater number by hunters for their hides, which net about \$1. I have seen numbers of men this winter who have the past season killed 1,000 each for the paltry sum of \$1 apiece, the carcasses being left to rot on the plains! The buffalo is a noble and harmless animal, timid, and as easily taken as a cow, and very valuable as food for man. It lives upon a short grass, which grows luxuriantly upon the high, arid plains of this middle region, that is, from dryness, unfit for agriculture. The theory that the buffalo should be killed to deprive the Indians of food, is a fallacy, as these people are becoming harmless under a rule of justice. In view of these facts, I would most earnestly request that you use such proper influence as may be at your disposal to bring this subject before Congress with the intention of having such steps taken as will prevent this wicked and wanton waste, both of the lives of God's creatures and the valuable food they furnish. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, W. B. HAZEN.

THE WHALING BUSINESS.

The business of whaling, once so great and profitable, seems to be dying slowly, but not the less surely. The number of vessels engaged in the enterprise has constantly decreased, nor is there any prospect of an increase. At New Bedford, over a dozen vessels are offered for sale, and several owners are about to retire from the business. The Arctic fleet sent out this Spring will number 25 ships—23 American, 1 English, and 1 Hawaiian. The American right whaling fleet, the past season, consisted of only nine crafts; the catch, 3,825 barrels, was larger than for four years previously. In sperm, there has been a fair catch, but nothing like the great cargoes formerly obtained. During the year only one vessel was added to the fleet, against 72 lost to the business, 35 being wrecked. The numbers of the fleet at present are as follows: Thirty-seven ships in the Indian Ocean, 26 in the Pacific, 16 in the South Pacific, 6 in the South Atlantic, and 27 in the North Atlantic.

NATURAL TRAITS.

There is a class of men who are naturally inclined to receive impressions from others. Consequently, they love crowds, if not society, and have a passion to be constantly among people.

Another description of men prefer directly the reverse. They are solitary, wish to live alone, go into company with reluctance, and find their principal source of enjoyment in their own society and reflections. When thrown among others, they cannot help projecting their own character and thoughts on them instead of waiting for and accepting those of the persons with whom they happen to be associated. These two classes are as distinct and well recognized as the lion and sheep among animals. Isolation and domination are the characteristics of the one, gregariousness and compliance that of the other. These different qualities result more from a greater or less strength in the will, than in the force of simple intellect.

SNOW ON THE PLAINS.

A snow storm on "the plains" of the great west is often quite unlike that which visits any other section of country. The uninterrupted sweep of wind carries the flying flakes horizontally through the air for miles, until they are deposited in ruts and ridges and against the windward sides of slopes and bluffs that vary the monotony of the plains—just where a pathway has been made for a locomotive. Nor is it any easy task to disperse the masses of soft snow, or cut a passage through solid heaps of ice-like snow mingled with sand. The assaults of the iron plow and locomotive are sometimes in vain, and the utmost prudence as well as energy are necessary to overcome the formidable drifts. Time and experience will doubtless enable managers on comparatively new railroads to protect exposed points by snow-fences and other appliances.—Harper's Weekly.

WHICH IS IT.

Will lager intoxicate? This question remains unsettled, although the answer, we believe, depends a good deal upon the man who drinks it. Two youngsters in Boston, who were suspected of stealing their employer's goods, were tracked by a detective, who discovered that they frequented beer saloons, played billiards with assiduity, imbibed uncommon quantities of lager. After this their lodgings were searched, and there a good many stolen goods were found. Now, was it the billiard-table or was it the beer-pot which seduced these lads from the path of rectitude? Perhaps the worst charge which can be brought against the vintage of King Gambrinus is that it is a great promoter of laziness, loafing, and profitless talk, to which may be added its tendency to create an ungraceful abdominal protuberance or sesquipedality.

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CONTAINING MEMOIRS OF THE EMINENT PERSONS OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES, AND ACCOUNTS OF THE VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF THE NORSE, HINDOO, AND CLASSIC MYTHOLOGIES, WITH THE PRONUNCIATION OF THEIR NAMES IN THE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES IN WHICH THEY OCCUR.

BY J. THOMAS, A. M., M. D.

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THE CONTINENTAL, OF NEW YORK, Cash assets over \$2,500,000.

TRIUMPH, OF CINCINNATI, Cash assets over \$1,000,000.

Charges as Low as any Good Company's. nol

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HOUSE BUILDER,

NO. 9 MASSACHUSETTS ST., (NEAR THE BRIDGE.)

Manufacturer of REFRIGERATORS,

ICE CHESTS, BEE HIVES & LADDERS.

ALSO DEALER IN STONEWARE, 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. noltr

NOTICE.

State Fair Proposals.

AGRICULTURAL ROOMS, CAPITOL BUILDING, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Kansas State Agricultural Society to be held in the Capitol building, Topeka, March 12, at 2 o'clock P. M., proposals for the location of the State Fair for 1892 will be considered. All towns and localities competing for the same are respectfully invited to send sealed proposals to the Secretary's office on or before 10 o'clock A. M. of the 12th proximo. Proposals must contain a condition that the exhibition halls, executive department, amphitheatre, horse and cattle stalls, sheep and hog pens, &c., will be sufficient in number and dimension to accommodate the exhibitors and attendants of a State Fair. A detailed statement thereof must accompany the proposal with the amount of cash to be paid the first day of the Fair, in addition thereto. It is the purpose of the executive board to publish the premium list in April and advertise the Fair extensively, and with the cordial support of the farmers, mechanics, stock-raisers and other friends of agriculture, to make the next State Fair the Fair of the West. H. J. STRICKLER, President. ALFRED GRAY, Secretary. nol-5v

The Farm.

TO AN OLD OAK.

Round thee, alas! no shadows move—
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe!
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath!

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd!

Then culture came, and days serene,—
And village sports, and garlands gay:
Full many a pathway cross'd the green,—
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May!

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder fraught!
Erst in thy acorn cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought!

Went in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise;
And, planting there the guardian spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the lone corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!

THE TRUE NORMAN HORSE.

A. B. Allen, of New York, gives his views of the best horse, from which we extract the following:

I must confess that I think the well-bred Norman of the Percheron family (not the great, fat, coarse, overgrown beasts which sometimes pass under this name, bred in France), far superior to them all. The race I speak of is usually 15-2 to 16-2 hands high, with fine Arabian-like head and ears, and weigh, when in good working order, from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds—an extreme may be 17 hands high, weighing 1,700, or possibly, rather fat, 1,800 pounds, but such large animals are not, as a general rule, so active, hardy, or serviceable as those of a medium size.

The improved Norman horse is said by tradition to have been produced by a cross on the large, coarse mare of the country, of Arabian stallions, brought back to France by the Norman knights, in their crusade to the Holy Land, centuries ago. These crossed animals, being found much superior to those already reared in Normandy, were kept and bred together by themselves, and thus, for many years, have become a thoroughly well-established breed. They are among the hardiest, strongest and most enduring breed of horses in the world, and unquestionably superior to all others for the farmer of the West. Many, on first looking at these horses, will say, "Oh, they are too fat, thick, and clumsy, to travel well on the road." But their flesh is not fat; it is simply thick, strong, hardy muscle. Their wind is excellent, and their natural trot along a good level road is about six miles per hour, which they will keep up, on an average, for hours in succession. Their pace in the French diligence (a very heavy stage coach) is eight miles per hour, and that over moderately hilly roads.

I have heard it asserted that the small, stout, heavy Canadian horse is derived from the large Norman, and that the cold climate there and lean food have reduced him to his present degenerate size. I cannot credit this; for I saw horses of the same size and type precisely, when in France, and they told me they had been so bred from time immemorial. When the French first settled in Canada, ships were of so small a size they could not well transport those large Norman horses across the Atlantic ocean; they consequently took out the smaller race. So far as my observation extends, attempting to breed down a large race of animals to a smaller, by lean food, &c., produces tall, long-legged, slab-sided, light, weedy creatures. The Canadian is right the reverse of all this, being the type of a thorough-going Norman of 13-2 to 14-2 hands in height, instead of 15-2 to 16-2 hands.

CUTTING TIMBER FOR FENCING.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, who was brought up in the belief that the old of the moon in February was the best time for cutting timber for durability, and that fence posts ought to be seasoned, says he has learned by dear experience that both theories are wrong. He prefers to cut when the tree is full of sap, and to set posts when green. Rails cut when the sap is running, and the bark immediately removed, will last one-fourth longer than if cut at any other time and the bark left on. He has found that posts made from the limbs and upper part of trees always last the longest. Instead of banking dirt about a post he would make a hollow or dish around it to catch and hold water, believing that as water excludes the air, the longer it remains about the post the better. He says: "I had posts made from the body of a large chestnut tree, that grew by itself; it was cut about the middle of April, made into posts and put up without seasoning. They generally stood about twenty years; at the end of thirty years the last of them were taken up, and were then not entirely rotten. Again, I cut a white oak in the beginning of May, when there was a full flow of sap; their general durability was seventeen years; and some of those made of the limbs, were taken up after they had stood twenty-two years, and were not yet rotten.

Again, I cut another chestnut, and eighteen feet from the stump I made a gate post with the bark and planted it while yet green. The post has been standing since 1811, and it shows no sign of being rotten except a small hollow in the top of it. I cut another thrifty white oak at the standard time in February, and planted the posts the spring following. The ground in which the fence was set, in all three cases, was alike. At the end of six years from planting this batch of posts, there were so many of them rotten as to be easily broken off even with the top of the ground. I have not been in the practice of waiting for posts to season, before they are used, though it sometimes happened; but the result was always in favor of green posts."

GATES.—Make gates instead of bars. They cost but little more in the first place. Then they save weeks of time in the long run. To stop, take down and put up a pair of bars is no short job if one is in a hurry.

PRACTICAL HINTS ABOUT MILKING.

All owners of cows should thoroughly understand the principles of, and be able to perform the operation of milking as it should be done. Very many persons, children and grown persons, set about and are trusted with the business of milking who never perform their part properly, although they may have practised for years.

Almost all cows in milk are nervous animals, if not often willful, and in order that you may obtain all the milk they are capable of giving, they must be treated with the utmost gentleness, and that at all times. If a cow stands in fear, perhaps trembling, of your blows, kicks, and threats, she will very likely withhold her milk; at all events, it will effect either the quality or the quantity to a greater or less extent. There are seldom cases requiring chastisement; more frequently kindness, with firmness, will answer a much better purpose. In most cases where chastisement is administered, an expectation of a full quantity of milk will be disappointed.

The cow should be first brought to proper position by approaching her on the right side, stool and pail ready; place the stool, sit down on it, and with the right hand brush the bag and teats clean, and before commencing to draw the milk. During this operation the milk flows in rapidly, and all ducts leading to the teats are filled completely. The faster and sooner it is completely drawn out, with gentleness, the more likely you will be to get the whole. The milker who sits and talks, or in any way delays his business, will never obtain all the milk the cow is capable of yielding.

The stripping, to obtain the last drop, should be done with great gentleness, by working the udder somewhat in imitation of a calf sucking. A person who understands and faithfully performs the operation of milking will cause the cow to yield milk that will make one-quarter more butter than one-half the common grown persons who do the milking will. This is a strong assertion, but no stronger than we believe the facts will warrant.

All beginners should be properly taught at first how to take hold of the teats, and when once learned, they will remember. This is seldom explained to beginners, and hence each chooses their own mode of milking. They should be instructed that if they would milk with ease, the hand should be kept very near the extremity of the teats, not so near, however, that the milk will strike any part of the hand or fingers. They should sit down close to the cow, not at arm's length away; the left arm should always press against, or be in close proximity to the leg of the cow, and then if she kicks or steps, you can ward off the force and protect yourself and pail of milk.

With proper handling of heifers while young and before calving, there is very little liability to have kicking cows. Sometimes a heifer with her first calf, and even older cows, get their teats sore, cracked or otherwise, and this will cause uneasiness, and often pain them so as to cause them to kick or step. In all such cases they should be humored, coaxed, and dealt gently by, and even caressed and fed some choice bite after milking.—*Irish Agriculturalist.*

HOW TO RAISE EARLY POTATOES.

Thoroughly plow the ground as early as the spring will permit, put it in nice condition, and strike out the rows the same as for corn, three feet apart, and shallow. Then drop the seed about fifteen inches apart and cover it with a hoe; about one inch deep is sufficient to keep out frost, and the heat of the sun on the surface soon sprouts the potatoes.

I generally grow buckeyes for early potatoes. There may be earlier varieties, but not so good. Last season I used them continually from the eighth of June, and that was before there were any potatoes in market except a few from Norfolk.

I don't want any long manure about my potatoes; would sooner have none. This plan of raising potatoes is equally good for late ones, on stiff or wet land.—*Cor. Ec.*

SALT FOR CATTLE.—In relation to feeding salt to farm stock there is some diversity of opinion, but all animals accustomed to herbaceous food crave saline matters in some shape, and where salt is not accessible they will lick nitrous efflorescence, wherever occurring on the prairies or in the timber. Our own experiments have fully satisfied us that salt at all times accessible to farm animals so that they may take just what they need, is the proper rule. If supplied at irregular intervals they will often take so much as to physic themselves strongly, and hence the conflicting opinions respecting this subject.—*Western Rural.*

DEEP PLANTING FOR TREES.—Out of eight to ten hundred apple trees so deeply set that an ordinary spade thrust square down will not reach the uppermost roots, we have yet to see the first case of bark bursting, or blight. We attribute the exemption of our trees from these diseases, or whatever else they may be called, solely to deep planting, and nothing else. We do not know of another orchard about us where the trees are set so deep, nor do we know of one of older or equal age wherein cases of blight or bark bursting have not occurred.—*Western Pomologist.*

A GOOD SHOWING.—The number of Texas cattle, transported over the Kansas Pacific railway during the last five years was: For 1867, 37,490 head; for 1868, 56,800 head; for 1869, 51,320 head; for 1870, 131,360 head, and for 1871, 161,320 head. To facilitate this enormous business the company have prepared and printed a small guide map of the Texas cattle trail from several points in Texas to Abilene and neighboring points on the railroad, with the distances, and a sketch of the country around the stations.

"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.

"GOULD CLAY" AND "LEOPOLD."

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

"GOULD CLAY," - - - - - \$25.00
"LEOPOLD," - - - - - \$15.00

"GOULD CLAY'S" PEDIGREE.
He was sired by "Cassius M. Clay, Jr.," dam by "Ethan Allen," grandam by "Imported Glencoe."
He is five years old, and, in only six weeks ordinary driving, has trotted, without special training, inside of three minutes.

"LEOPOLD'S" PEDIGREE.
Sire, the "Ives Colt," a famous Wisconsin horse by "Old Bell-founder." His dam was a thoroughbred mare.
He has a record inside of 2:40 on the Milwaukee track. He is a large and sure foot-getter.
These horses are the property of the Editor of THE KANSAS SPIRIT. Communications respecting them may be addressed to him or to W. S. WELLS.

100 BERKSHIRE & ESSEX PIGS.

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

WARRANTED PURE, FOR \$25.00 THE PAIR.

None of the boars from which they spring have cost less than one hundred dollars each, and some much more.
Also, a few Suffolks. Address the Editor of THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

WIND UTILIZED!

THE NICHOLS WIND MILL!!!
A PERFECT SELF GOVERNOR!!

Runs no Faster in a Gale than in an Ordinary Wind.
IT IS THE BEST WIND MILL MADE.

IN DEMONSTRATION OF THIS WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION WITH THE WORLD.

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

IT IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST power for grinding, shelling corn, &c. We guarantee the Mills to give entire satisfaction.

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

For information, call on or write to
J. T. LARKIN & CO., Lawrence,
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Local Agents: C. T. TOMPKINS, North Topeka.
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LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS,

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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.

HATS AND CAPS CHEAPER THAN EVER.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

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ELDRIDGE HOUSE,
LAWRENCE.

The undersigned have purchased the above well known Hotel of E. A. Smith & Co., and will spare no pains or expense to make it a PLEASANT HOME FOR THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

The house is being repaired and refurnished, the best articles of food and drink that the markets afford are on hand, and a large supply of genuine imported cigars have been ordered from the well known importing house of Acker, Merrill & Co., New York.

HOPE

Begs leave to state that he has commenced business
IN LAWRENCE,
as Tailor, over McCurdy's boot and shoe store, 128 Massachusetts street, and having brought with him some of the best recipes

FROM ENGLAND,

is prepared to do cleaning in a superior manner.
N. B.—Gentlemen's clothes, ladies' saques, cloaks, &c., made to look equal to new. Gentlemen's own materials made up in the present styles of fashion, at prices to suit the times.
Please note well the address. notif

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IMPROVED FARMS AND TOWN PROPERTY.

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

Among many other choice bargains, we have

A 240 ACRE FARM FIVE MILES FROM LAWRENCE,

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

AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN,

well improved, good house, fine young pear trees and other fruit, good hedge around 40 acres, water and timber—to trade for good wild land and some cash.

A 100 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,

all fenced, very fine orchard in bearing, good improvements—a very desirable place, and cheap at \$6,000.

A FINE DWELLING HOUSE PROPERTY

on Massachusetts Street, very cheap and on easy terms.

One of the best located and most desirable residences pro. erites in the city

AT VERY MUCH LESS THAN COST—TERMS EASY.

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

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

UNSURPASSED FACILITIES FOR LOCATING COLONIES,

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

We Examine Titles, Pay Taxes & Loan Money

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

WE DO A GENERAL

INSURANCE BUSINESS,

BOTH LIFE AND FIRE,

and represent some of the soundest companies in the country, in both these branches of insurance.

THE CONTINENTAL FIRE, OF NEW YORK,

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

WE MEAN BUSINESS, AND DO BUSINESS,

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

Deeds and Mortgages Carefully Drawn, and Acknowledgments Taken.

J. T. STEVENS & CO.,

Office rear room over Simpson's Bank.

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

DEAR SPIRIT: Having gossiped upon the sort of stock into which some persons—among whom I have admitted myself to be a conspicuously unfortunate example—run almost unconsciously, it may not be out of place to gossip a little upon the sort to which the average farmer should take most kindly, and in which he will be most certain of success. To begin with, I am quite in accord with our mutual friend Hudson in his warm advocacy of "specialties in farming." There is no one branch of our agricultural economy which—coincident conditions being favorable—will not return a comfortable living, and, in the end, an ample competence. I ask the reader to look over the list of those who for a dozen years have persistently stuck to some one specialty, through good seasons and bad, high prices and low, and see where they stand to-day. I know a man who has thus followed the specialty of the grape business,—and many of you know him—and he has become independent in his devotion to it. I know another whose specialty has been potatoes. He has indulged in no experiments, tried no fancy kinds at exorbitant prices, but has given his best attention to large crops of the best standing variety. He sold seed one year within my recollection for three dollars a bushel. Other years they have not been worth hauling to market. But what is the result as a whole? He is worth more money than any of his neighbors. So I know men—and so do you—who have made a success of bees, pigs, chickens, choice breeds of cattle, &c., &c. A subscriber to THE SPIRIT just occurs to me whose specialty was and is the sheep. Through all the long decline he stuck to his sheep, graded them up, improved them, cared for them,—the most gentle, humanizing and beautiful branch of our noble pursuit, eminently suggestive of the Good Shepherd who carries the lambs in his bosom, and who desires nothing so much as to bring all his scattered and home-sick flock into his warm fold at last,—and I need not add that he is in comfortable circumstances to-day, and not at all sorry that he remained faithful, when all were faithless, to his favorites. It is a general rule in mercantile affairs that to buy when things are cheap and sell when they are high is the grand secret of success. Why are our farmers so slow to learn it? If pigs are down and sheep are up, they must sell all the pigs at any price and buy all the sheep at any price, and vice versa. Such a course is simply suicidal.

But a specialty is not to be run into the ground or ridden as a hobby. Other stock and productions must have their appropriate place and care, beside the special ones. There must be one trunk line—and then the more feeding branches, the better. For example, every farmer must have some cows. They are cheap and cheaply raised in Kansas. Now it will require but little extra time or expense to make this department a far different thing from what it ordinarily is on the farm. After all that can be said of the Darhams, the Jerseys, the Ayrshires, and other breeds, we have what is called the "native stock"—a mixed, mongrel, heterogeneous blood—but which contains as choice specimens occasionally as can be found in any imported herd. There is a great deal of truth in the adage as applied to pigs: "The blood is in the trough." And the adage applies to other stock as well. There is blood in the care—blood in the crib—blood in the curry-comb. When I have been—in my modest way—extolling the wonderful cream producing and butter making qualities of my little Jerseys, I have occasionally stumbled upon a farmer who could "go me one better;" who had a cow that could equal if not beat mine. And I have no doubt of it. I had one myself in Ottawa,—old "Roan"—bought of Father Simson, who knows a thing or two about cows, to say nothing of horses, which was fully equal to the average Jersey in the richness of her milk and far ahead of them in the amount. I freely and gladly admit that there is occasionally just such a cow. There have been just such from the time wherein the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary. But what have we done about it? And what are we going to do about it? These are the questions for the hour. They bring me to the side specialty which every farmer, and every townsman, who owns a cow may follow with the surest success. The trouble with these occasional specimens of good cows is that there is no improvement. The opportunity is not seized to make a better stock for the future. The grand cow is allowed to mate with some inferior animal—with anything in short that can bring her to her milk, for that is all that is wanted of her—and her progeny is starved and stunted for a miserable life, or fatted for the butcher. By and by the grand old cow goes through her patient service and yields to the executioner, and all there is left of her is the mysterious effect of the power of beef of which David sings to Ruth in Dr. Holland's delightful cellar scene:

"The power enslaved by yonder cask Shall many burnish bear, Shall nerve the toller at his task, The soul at prayer."

[I like that last idea. It may not be very pious or poetical. But it is very sensible. Beef makes a man pray well. No empty stomach nonsense about that. No dyspepsia or "goneness." The good beef-eater is the heartiest preacher.] But the old cow should have been put to a better use. She should have left an improved progeny behind her. A record should have been kept of them. Thus we should by and by have a native stock herd-book, of more practical value than many now in use. It seems astonishing that more attention is

not paid to this. Old "Roan" was a very old cow when I had her. But she had readily been bought and sold many times for one hundred dollars when the average price of cows was thirty. A heifer calf of hers from a Jersey bull would have been worth as much and would have sold for as much. And yet of the dozen calves she bore, I doubt if there is one in existence whose pedigree could be traced, or if it could be to any worthy source. Now, if you have such a cow, breed her without fail, and regardless of cost or trouble, to a thoroughbred Jersey bull. If the calf is a bull, fatten it for the butcher. As the boy said, "If you don't like the breed, you can kill the pups." To raise graded male stock for breeding purposes is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. If it is a heifer, it will be worth one hundred dollars the day it is born. Bring it up carefully and gently, breed it when the time comes to another Jersey, and you will soon have a cream and butter stock of your own which will be invaluable. Then there will be large, fine, fat cows in your herd, which naturally run to bulk and beef instead of milk and butter. Breed them to the best thoroughbred Short-horn you can find, and follow that up with good care. Kill, and sell for beef, as fast as you need to, anything that is not extra, or has not extra points. Does any man doubt what the result of this course would be in ten years? If he does, let him try it, and with the \$2.00 which he sends to renew his tenth annual subscription to THE SPIRIT will come a benediction upon its Editor. I. S. K.

"HUNTSMAN'S FAVORITE."

EDITOR SPIRIT:—I regard this as the finest apple I have met with in the west, and although western in its origin, it is but little known in Kansas. It grows very large, is of a rich orange color, and has a delightful aroma peculiar to itself. It is a long keeper, very hard in the fall, and about Christmas it becomes mellow and fit for use, and while its flavor is superior, it equals any other apple for cooking purposes. Last fall 108 barrels of apples were shipped from Warrensburg, Missouri, to St. Louis. "Huntsman's Favorite" brought \$5.50, while the Jenneting was selling for \$2.10 per barrel. The history of this apple is interesting. In the first settlement of Missouri, an emigrant from North Carolina, who located in La Fayette county, brought with him a quart of applesauce, which he planted out in rows, and called it a nursery. Among the trees which John Huntsman procured from this nursery, and planted out in Johnson county, twelve miles north of Warrensburg, was the one from which the apple now known as "Huntsman's Favorite" descended. The original tree, after bearing fruit regularly and bountifully for more than forty years, and after having furnished thousands of grafts for numerous nurseries, died in 1870. The trees here given are derived from Judge Trepp, who in his early days used to go with John Huntsman to this seedling nursery for fruit trees.

Such is my appreciation of this apple, that in planting a small orchard last fall, I selected one hundred "Huntsman's" and only ten Jennetings. I procured my trees, as well as trees for my friends, from William Zoll, of Warrensburg, Missouri. Mr. Zoll sent me a box of apples, which I distributed among my friends, nearly all of whom awarded the prize to "Huntsman's" above every other variety of apples produced in the west. ATCHISON, KANSAS.

VARIETY IN FARMING.

EDITOR SPIRIT:—Much has been said of late on this subject, all going to prove or illustrate that the most successful farmer in the country over, is the man who does not depend for success upon any one kind of crop, or single branch of agriculture. It seems to be the opinion of those who have brought much experience to bear upon the subject, that the old adage "too many irons in the fire" finds its exception in farming; that a man who raises hogs and nothing else, is likely to miss it quite often, as for instance this year; or a man who gives his sole attention to raising wheat, may lose even the seed he sowed. To venture a year's work, the use of the ground, and the grain required to cover it on a single venture may win, but if it fails, it leaves a farmer of only moderate means in "the short rows." To go about the raising of sheep, or hogs, or even cattle alone, unless one has very peculiar advantages for it, is somewhat risky business. Nearly all agree that for the majority of farmers, a better plan is to give attention to different crops and different kinds of stock, on the ground that all are sufficiently profitable where they succeed, and that one alone may prove a failure. I believe this general position holds especially true of agriculture in Kansas. Here is a soil and climate adapted to almost any grass, or grain, and the conditions for the successful raising of almost any kind of stock, while the special aptitude of neither soil nor climate is such as to warrant the husbandman in giving his exclusive attention to any single branch of his pursuit. 'Tis true, stock raising is considered by many the shortest road to competency, and even wealth in this "Stock State;" but the word stock of course includes all farm animals, to the perfumed goat. The raising of stock in general, may be more lucrative here than the raising of grain, but my position is still sound that no one kind of stock should be raised to the exclusion of all the rest, except in rare instances. As to productions of the ground, one can hardly go on in cultivating all the ordinary kinds, and some that are not yet introduced to any considerable extent,—of this latter kind I would mention hemp, flax, tobacco, and tea. There is a peculiar fitness in Kansas, for these and for several others that I might mention. They could be cultivated in the fields, side by side with our ordinary grains, and with little if any addition to the usual farm equipments. I mention these from a belief that if variety of products is a good and sound theory, the greater the variety the better. As to the adaptation of our State to the culture of tea I would say more, only I recently heard one of my neighbors say he was going to give his nature views on the subject to the intelligent reading public through the columns of THE SPIRIT, and I much prefer for him to do so. Meantime, I shall look with interest for his article. DOUGLAS COUNTY.

ADDRESS OF A. O. DARLING.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LAWRENCE BOARD OF TRADE. Gentlemen:—I have been identified with the interests of Lawrence for the last ten years. I have worked in the city of my adoption, and my labors have been crowned with reasonable success. We are proud of the history of Lawrence and proud to honor the names of those who have fought and struggled here for the cause of human freedom. For this she has made her mark in the history of the world, which can never be effaced.

Our facilities for commerce, for an inland city, are good, and with the completion of the lines of railroad already provided for, our railroad system will be complete. As to our agricultural resources, they are so well understood that suffice it to say, taking Lawrence as the centre of a circle, with a radius of one hundred miles, there is no place on the face of the globe, of equal extent, that offers greater inducements to the husbandman.

I wish to speak more of our manufacturing interests, which, to the prosperity of a city, I consider second to no other; and to the want of manufactures in the West we may attribute the almost universal scarcity of money. Under the present system of manufacturing, every article made by machinery in the East helps to build up large communities to be fed by the bread and meat produced in the West, thousands of miles away, the freight often being more than the producer of the article receives for his labor and capital. This is the reason why our farmers are obliged to sell their corn for twenty-five cents per bushel and their hogs at three cents per pound, in our own market, and pay extravagant prices for all manufactured articles. I cannot attribute this state of affairs, as some political economists do, to the extravagant profits of our merchants or middle men, or the exorbitant tolls and charges of our millers, but solely to the want of a home market. The key to the solution of this whole problem is, encourage home manufactures. We have rolling through our midst, a mighty power, sufficient, if properly controlled, to supply the motive power for fifty first class manufacturing establishments. The advantage to the city and county if one half that power was utilized, would be almost incalculable. In less than ten years it would change the quiet "historic" city of Lawrence into a bustling manufacturing and commercial city of 50,000 inhabitants. The Water Power Company is now ready to do their part to bring about this much desired result, if they can receive proper encouragement, and the best of all, the good wishes of the people. I will further say, if the dam is built under the present management, it will be built at or near the city of Lawrence, will be supplied by spacious canals, one on each side of the river, and in the centre of the city. The fallacy of going up the river six or seven miles to dam the river, and bringing the water down in a canal, the most casual observer must admit is impracticable. The nature of the river is such, at the point where Col. Medbury selected a place for a dam, that it will cost as much to build a dam four feet high, as it will in the city, above the bridge, seven feet high. The water in the river at its lowest stage extends over a space of at least four hundred feet; and a canal of that length, to conduct an amount of water sufficient to supply the wants of the manufacturing interests and not lose too much head in its transmission, would require to be two hundred feet in width. If the canal were to be built through the level bottom lands, which are composed almost entirely of loose sand—the water being carried above the natural channel and in close proximity to it—it would lose a large proportion of the water before reaching the city. And if the canal were to be made through those ridges of rock and clay that also occur on the route, our city, if sold at auction, would not furnish means enough to construct it. And the third and most conclusive objection is the expense of keeping the canal clear of the ever-shifting sand. It would require the constant use of dredging machines; whereas, with short canals well protected, every particle of sand and sediment can be worked out in fifteen minutes by simply opening the gates at the lower end of the canals provided for that purpose. As it has been suggested by a large number of prominent citizens, the city should secure power to run water works for the use of the city, and the law distinctly authorizes cities to appropriate money for that purpose.

The Water Power Co. agree to create this power at the city of Lawrence and furnish water sufficient to produce power to raise 2,000,000 gallons of water 150 feet in height in 24 hours—a quantity sufficient to supply the wants of 100,000 inhabitants—for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, one half to be paid when the engineers in charge of the work, together with the city engineer, shall decide that one half of the expense to create said dam shall have been expended, and the balance when it shall have been completed, and the flume ready to receive the water wheels.

It may be considered best to use the Holly plan of water works, which keeps water under constant pressure in pipes, and does away with the necessity of a reservoir, which kind of water power is very economically and easily controlled, as any required pressure in the pipes can be obtained, simply by adjusting the gates in the wheel, and works in an automatic manner, standing still when the pressure has arrived at the required force and starting immediately when the water is drawn from any of the pipes, thereby lessening pressure on the pumps. With our streets lined with main pipes filled with water under heavy pressure, with occasional fire plugs and coils of hose at convenient distances, and our houses filled with water pipes, a fire of any magnitude would be almost impossible. And the lessened expense of the fire department and the lower rates of insurance will amount to many thousand dollars in a year. The whole cost of complete water works on this plan, including the perpetual power, will be less than one hundred thousand dollars. The water rents will pay the interest on the investment as soon as completed, and before the maturity of the bonds a sinking fund could be saved sufficient to liquidate the principal. It may be asked by some, "What are we to manufacture?" With cheap power and cheap food, in this beautiful country with a healthy climate, in the very heart of this great nation, settled by an intelligent and energetic people, with railroads reaching out from us to nearly every point of the compass, ready to bring to us the raw materials and take away the manufactured articles, I would answer, "everything."

The difference between the timber from our own State, in the rough, with the freight added, which is of the lowest class, and the price of the manufactured article, is what we want to leave in Lawrence, and furnish business for our people. The cotton of the Red River country can be laid down in Lawrence as cheaply as in New Orleans, and New Orleans is a long way from Lowell and Manchester, and the freight on goods from Lowell to this place would be a large profit to a manufacturer. The fleece of New Mexico passes by our door on its way to the East, and returns to us again in the shape of blankets, &c. The necessity of cheap and steady power to grind our grain into bread-stuffs is too well understood to require comment, and would become an important branch of industry at this place. This subject is a fertile one, but I will not weary you with any more remarks. I will merely say in conclusion, that we have at Lawrence the natural advantage of the three great sources of wealth combined, and if we do our duty we will build up the largest and most prosperous city in the State. The question is, shall we do it?

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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 for \$1,000, \$2,000, \$4,000, \$8,000, \$16,000, \$32,000, \$64,000, \$128,000, \$256,000, \$512,000, \$1,024,000.

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 35 years, 2 months & 4 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$1,000 in 25 years, 1 month & 12 days. At 7 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 29 years, 5 months & 12 days. At 5 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 36 years, 2 months & 14 days. At 4 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 44 years, 10 months & 14 days. At 3 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 60 years, 10 months & 14 days. At 2 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 90 years, 10 months & 14 days. At 1 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 140 years, 10 months & 14 days.

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