

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

NUMBER 32.

LAWRENCE



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3 1/2 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF THE CITY.
A General Nursery Stock—Home Grown.
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Promptly Attended to.
SPECIAL DEPOSIT BOXES,
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gives perfect security against loss
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COMMERCIAL NURSERY,
ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES WEST OF THE CITY,
Offers for the Fall of 1872 and Spring of 1873
AN UNUSUALLY LARGE AND FINE ASSORTMENT OF
GENERAL NURSERY STOCK.
Having now on my grounds the largest General Nursery
Stock in this State I will sell at wholesale on better terms
than can be had in the Eastern markets. Special attention is
called to my stock of
APPLES, PEARS AND CHERRIES,
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on young stock suitable for nursery planting. Catalogues and
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Buy, Ship and Sell Hay, Hemp, Flax, Broom-
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Apply at Office of G. W. Smith's Elevator, near the Kansas
Pac. Railway Depot, North Lawrence, or address
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HOWARD & SPENCER,
Dealers in Choice
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.
Our Stock is Full and Well Assorted.
ALL THE SEASONABLE GOODS.
Cross & Blackwell's Pickles in Quarts and Pints.
SAUCES AND RELISHES OF ALL KINDS.
Salmon and Oysters—Spiced and Fresh.
MACKERELL, LOBSTERS AND SARDINES.
Choice Table Butter, Always Hard and Sweet,
A SPECIALTY.

CALIFORNIA WINES,
IN GREAT VARIETY.
I. Lausheger's Muscatelle and Private Cuvet,
CHAMPAGNE, CATAWBA,
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Sacramento White Wine,
SONOMA WHITE WINE,
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ROSEBROOK WINE BITTERS,
Choice California Brandy, Choice Bourbon Whisky,
SCOTCH AND DOMESTIC ALE.
**We Aim to Please, and Guarantee our Goods
to Give Satisfaction.** 71f

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!!!
We are Retailing, Very Cheap, a Machine Oil, com-
posed largely of Animal Oils, for
MOWERS, REAPERS, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.,
WHICH IS UNSURPASSED FOR DURABILITY,
Having been well tested on Engines, Railroad Cars, &c., and
Preferred to other Oils.
A CHEAP CASTOR OIL, FOR THE SAME PURPOSE.
A Large Number of Empty Alcohol Barrels,
For Vinegar, Putting up Pickles, Rain Water, &c.
Our Stock of Drugs, Chemicals, and such other Merchan-
dise as is kept by Druggists, is full in variety and quantity,
and up to the Standard in Quality.

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OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE,
ON MASSACHUSETTS STREET.
COLE BROS. & ASHERS,
DEALERS IN
LIGHTNING RODS
AND WOOD PUMPS,
Lawrence, Kansas.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 14

The Housekeeper.
CONDUCTED BY CORA M. DOWNS.
**OUR DOG FAN—THE LAWRENCE CONVENTION—CRACKERS
AND STRONG BUTTER—KEEPING DECENT—OUR BOYS—
THE HOT WEATHER AND HEADACHES.**
We, that is our sachem, and I, (myself) and the
two bifurcates that comprise our male juvenile popu-
lation in this castle, all had our attention attract-
ed to the performances of our little dog "Fan," this
afternoon. She was making an aperture in the
walk south of the bow window with her two little
white fore feet, scattering the dirt in clouds; she
seemed to be smelling something, and then she
would dig tremendously. By and by Frisk came
along, and he joined in the enthusiasm, and helped
scatter dirt. Presently Fan gave Frisk to under-
stand that it was n't his funeral, and when she had
succeeded in preparing a coffin-like opening in the
earth, she suddenly ceased her labors, whirled
around two or three times, and comfortably spread
herself out in it, closing her eyes with a peaceful,
"Put me in my little bed" expression, which was
quite aggravating to her audience, who expected
nothing less than a large sized rat or a ground
squirrel to appear after such a splurge; and poor
Frisk, like a disappointed politician, walked around
and about with a "Grandma Greeley" expression of
innocent surprise and imbecile benignity.
I asked the sachem if it did not remind him of
the Lawrence Convention, and he could n't see it!
and says I, "Wasn't there a good deal of *smelling*,
and *digging*, and throwing up dust (in some peo-
ple's eyes), and comfortable squatting on the part of
some, and others 'walkin' round and round' after-
wards, looking as if they didn't expect anything,
anyhow?" And then he smiled.
"I saw the candidate sipping his beer,
Wiping his mustache and lapping his jaws,
And I said to myself, 'it's decidedly queer
If this is the man that should help make our laws.'
But may be he is—may be he is!
I won't say it outright, but may be he is!"
I heard of *somebody* who "took bugs in his'n" at
a Lawrence restaurant the other day. He called
for crackers to *diffuse* in his soup, and he found
several strange, crawling, six legged (or for the
matter of that they may have had ten or a dozen
legs), vampire looking "hobjects," that had no busi-
ness in respectable crackers. He mildly insinuated
that he *did not like bugs!*
That reminds me of a Kansas traveller, who, din-
ing at the table of a distinguished Kansan in another
quarter of the globe, remarked concerning the
butter, "If we had such butter as this in Kansas,
we would send it to the cracker man." Now I've
sometimes wondered what kind of flavoring the
cracker man used, but this remark gave me a clue,
and it also gave me a hint as to what to do with
deceitful and unsavory butter. My book of recipes
says:
"Rancid butter may be restored by putting 15
drops of chloride of lime to 1 pint of water. Work
the butter well in it, then work it over again in two
clear waters, and salt."
(I don't believe there's much in it, but one can
try it. I like the qualities of strength and force in
most things, but butter should not be *energetic*.)
I don't know why butter should make me think
of Senator Pomeroy, or of THE SPIRIT'S oleaginous
remarks in his defense last week. I said a kind
word for him once, and was called "an Amazon"
in consequence; but as Hosea Bigelow observes,
"How I do like a man that *aint* afeard!"
"PUTTING THINGS TO RIGHTS."
Hawthorne puts Aunt Keziah to sleep forever
with the consoling reflection,
"I don't think there is so very much to trouble
me in the other world. It won't be all housework
and keeping decent, and doing like other people
there."
I am especially comforted by such an observation
as that. To "keep decent" is the one bugbear of
life. Just now as I look around my den, and think
how that menagerie of mine has gone off to bed and
left me to "pick up things," it is heart rending. I
should like to ask the suffering feminine popula-
tion of hearths and homes how they manage to
compel their juveniles to respect the Sabbath as a
divinely ordained institution. My eldest com-
menced his Sabbath this week with shouting "Yan-
kee Doodle" on the highest key. I remonstrated

that "Doodle," &c., was *not* a Sunday tune.
"Would n't it do for Sunday," said he, "if I should
sing Sunday school verses to it?"
Now, what would *you* have said to such a ques-
tion? And my youngest biped, regardless of Sun-
day knees to his pants, gets down a *la* quadruped,
and builds all sorts of bridges. Bridge building is
an evening pastime with him. There is one on the
carpet now; there is a long inclined plane of books,
and then a long level line of the same; there are
wonderful piers and abutments of nine-pins and
empty spools; and at the end of the bridge lies a
train of wrecked (tin) cars. The shrieks of the lo-
comotive which the miniature engineer manufac-
tures with his vocal organs, are something fearful
to hear, but I try to endure them, thinking how
the boy will remember his innocent play with the
tin engine and its wooden smoke stack one of these
days, when the fires of experience in later life shall
have burned out such innocent enthusiasms.
As for the sachem, he evidently thinks that he
has earned his right to "fold his tent like the Arab,
and silently steal away," when he has piled up
about his arm chair in the east window his usual
quantity of political and religious authorities—for
he is sufficiently orthodox to take his politics and
religion *mixed*. There are the "Congregationalist"
and "Independent," the "Tribune" and "Times,"
the "Nation," the Kansas journals, to say nothing
of the exceptionals and occasionals that drop in so-
cially every day or so.
What is one to do with old newspapers? I never
burn one but I fancy I am consigning to the ele-
ment of fire a great deal of *brain*, since so many
thoughts from so many minds go into the composi-
tion of a single readable journal. But fire is our
destiny. We are told that the chromatosphere of
the solar ball is enveloped in magnesium, which
may satisfy *you*, oh, reader! concerning the exas-
perating heats of the summer, but is no consoler to
me.
I am often in summer time afflicted with what I
have learned to call a *sun* headache. The glare of
sunlight during the very warm weather always
brings it on, or the heat of a cooking stove, even if
I do not endure it for more than ten minutes; but
the distress is greatest whenever I am out for a
short time in the sunlight. A pain darts to my
brain through the optic nerve and causes a tem-
porary paralysis of vital power. I have been eager-
ly reading up *headaches*, their causes and their con-
sequences, &c., and it is really quite entertaining
literature. Here is an authority, and I wish some
Kansas doctor would let me know "what he knows"
about it:
TURPENTINE IN HEADACHE.—Dr. Warburton
Begbie (Edinburgh "Medical Journal") advocates
the use of turpentine in the severe headache to
which nervous and hysterical women are subject.
"There is, moreover," he says, "another class of
sufferers from headache, and this is composed of
both sexes, who may be relieved by turpentine. I
refer to the frontal headache, which is most apt to
occur after prolonged mental effort, but may like-
wise be induced by unduly-sustained physical ex-
ertion,—what may be styled the headache of a fa-
tigated brain. A cup of very strong tea often re-
lieves this form of headache; but this remedy, with
not a few, is perilous, for, bringing relief to pain,
it may produce general restlessness and—worst of
all—banish sleep. Turpentine, in doses of twenty
or thirty minims, given at intervals of an hour or
two, will not only remove the headache, but pro-
duce in a wonderful manner, that soothing influ-
ence to which reference has already been made."

ABOUT TREE GROWING.
A farmer writes to the Oxford (Kansas) "Press," that by
breaking up no oaks or crooks along our creeks or sloughs in
August or September, and planting cottonwood, we can soon
have a grove that will do as a substitute until good timber
can be grown. The nut growing trees are the most valuable,
as they pay their way while growing. The black and English
walnut and the butternut are the best for low bottoms—the
chestnut, hickory and pecan for high, dry land—the wild
cherry for dry bottoms. The sugar maple (soft), locust, burr,
white and pin oaks, and our native coffee bean, are valuable.
The last named can be easily propagated by planting pods in
the fall. They seldom fail. By cuttings from the roots of
grown trees they can be multiplied indefinitely—either the
nut bearing or the male. They make the best shade tree for
stock, as the leaves are deadly poison to flies, and to most in-
sects.

The Farm.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,

ABOUT OLD HORSES.

We all feel old age, as it slowly creeps upon us,
and therefore ought to sympathize with the faithful
servant that has labored out his best years for
our benefit.

"There should be a deep sympathy for old horses.
It is a common practice in this country to make old
horses break the colt, and too often work with it
for years.

"Again, the old horse requires more time to eat
his meals and rest his nerves. Of all the animals,
the old horse is worst abused. Although he has
been our most faithful and profitable servant, yet
in his old age the lash is applied to force out a
youthful vigor.

"We do not blush to say that the man who has
enjoyed the profits and pleasures of a good horse as
long as he was profitable, and then shoves him off
among inhuman jockeys, is an inhuman, treacherous
and suspicious friend.

THE RACE COURSE AND STABLES AT ELM PARK.

To the lover of fine animals nothing can be more
pleasing than a visit to the Elm Park stables in this
city, which although established less than one year
ago, are already famous.

"Ben. Butler," Dr. Christy's thoroughbred young
stallion, is a beauty, and from the manner of his
carriage it is evident he "knows it."

hope to see him trot this fall, and would like to see
"Charlie Lowe," a thoroughbred three-year old
stallion, or "Billy Ellwood," or the "Portland
Maid," all good horses, alongside.

Perhaps the "Ottawa Chief," a light bay gelding
thoroughbred, is the handsomest animal in the
stables. There are several other trotters—all good—
but we have space to mention only a few.

Among the pacers every body knows "Jennie
Phillips," and what a speedy going, true grit little
mare she is. The "Gray Eagle," "Phillips," and
"Smuggler," are way up in the horse scale, and are
perfect types of beauty.

The sight of these noble animals well repays the
trip out there, and we understand Messrs. McBride
& Julien to be desirous of having the public visit
the stables at its pleasure, one of them always being
present to show the stock, to the ladies in particu-
lar.

Of the track, it is not too much to say it is not
excelled by anything in America. Of course there
is more ornamentation on the large old tracks of
the eastern cities, which Elm Park can only get by
age, but the ground itself is unexcelled. We hope
the enterprise will be as remunerative to the prop-
rietors as we know it is beneficial to the commu-
nity.

Let no man hereafter say that there are no good
horses in Kansas, nor facilities for breeding, rais-
ing, and training them. We hear it said that an as-
sociation for the improvement of the breeds, the
stock itself, and for training and driving, will soon
be formed by some of the horsemen and other res-
ponsible citizens of the county. We shall hail its
inauguration with joy.—[Olathe Mirror.

FUN AND FROLIC.

"Louis, the well-beloved," said the priest who announced
the death of Louis the Fifteenth, "sleeps in the Lord." "If
such a mass of laziness and lust," growls Carlyle in reply,
"sleeps in the Lord, who, think you, sleeps elsewhere?"

Erskine was an egotist of genius, and such a spendthrift
of the personal pronoun, that Cobbett, who was once printing
one of his speeches, stopped in the middle, giving as his reason,
that the "I's" in his font of types gave out, and he could
not proceed.

The following pathetic note was picked up on a Danbury,
Conn., street: "Dear Jane—I hope you ain't mad because I
did n't laff at you when you laff at me last evening at the post
office. I aint proud, dear Jane, but I have got a bile under
my arm, and I can't laff as I used to as Heaven is my judge.
Yours, truly, Henry."

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, took a malicious delight
in living, because, though life gave her no pleasure, it gave oth-
ers pain. At one time, it was thought she must go. She lay
for a great while speechless and senseless. The physician
said, "She must be blistered, or she will die." This touched
her, and she screamed out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't
die!" and she kept her word.

Dr. Johnson, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, committed the
scandalous impropriety of talking wit and wisdom to an alder-
man by his side, who desired to concentrate his whole ener-
gies on the turtle. "Sir," said the alderman, in a tone and
with a look of awful rebuke, "in attempting to listen to your
long sentences, and give you a short answer, I have swallowed
two pieces of green fat without tasting the flavor. I beg you
to let me enjoy my present happiness in peace."

A deputation of Presbyterians having waited on Lord Chan-
cellor Thurlow, to request his aid in obtaining certain
statutes disqualifying their body from holding civil offices, re-
pealed, Thurlow thus bluffly answered: "Gentlemen, I will
be perfectly frank with you. Gentlemen, I am against you,
and for the established church, by —! Not that I like the
established church a bit better than any other church, but be-
cause it is established. And whenever you can get your
religion established, I'll be for that, too. Good morning to
you."

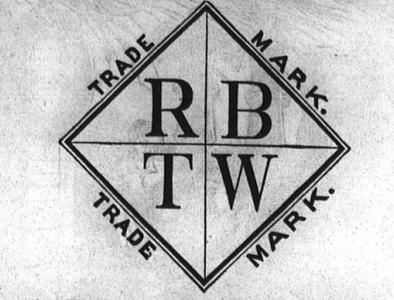
In this country the hobby-mongers are fairly in the ascen-
dant, and the right to mind one's own business must be pur-
chased of one of these idle dunces, portentously developed
into voluble bores. Their principle of action is identical with
that of Punch's music-grinder, who contemptuously refuses
the penny you toss at him to silence his soul-stabbing melo-
dies, and clamorously demands a shilling as the price of his
"moving on." "Don't you suppose," he inquires, "that I
know the vally of peace and quietness as well as you?"

A good deal of sport has been made from time to time
of lawyers. Everybody is familiar with the reply of the rustic
who came into a county seat tavern wet and cold one night.
Court was in session and the lawyers were thick. One of
them thought rustic was a good subject and commenced inter-
viewing him. "Travelled far, stranger?" "Pretty far,"
said verdant. "You must be a great traveller," said the law-
yer. "Considerable," said verdant. "Did you ever travel
to the infernal regions?" asked the lawyer. "O, yes! many
times," said the countryman. "Well, now, tell us how it is
down there," said the lawyer. "Pretty much as it is here,"
said rustic, "the lawyers all near the fire!"

An unfortunate man, who had never drank water enough
to warrant disease, was reduced to such a state by dropsy
that a consultation of physicians was held upon his case.
They agreed tapping was necessary, and the poor patient was
invited to submit to the operation, which he seemed inclined
to do in spite of the entreaties of his son, a boy of seven years
old. "Oh, father, father, do not let them tap you!" said the
young hopeful; "do anything, but do not let them tap you!"
"Why, my dear? It will do me good, and I shall live long in
health to make you happy." "No, father, no, you will not;
there never was anything tapped in our house that lasted
longer than a week."

The following came under our own observation. It oc-
curred at a meeting of the Maine Baptist State Convention,
held many years ago in Belfast: Rev. Mr. K. of Maine was a
converted lawyer, and became a minister. But he was a good
deal of a lawyer yet, as his ministerial associates often found
out in their public convocations. Rev. Dr. C. of Boston was
Secretary of the Education Society, and used to stir up the
brethren in Maine in their annual conventions to the impor-
tance of praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth labor-
ers into the harvest. He was accustomed to dwell upon the
ease with which the Lord could fill up the ranks of the min-
istry by converting and consecrating lawyers, as in the case of
Bro. K. Rev. Mr. B. had heard this about long enough, and
smarling under some of K.'s lawyer-like ministerial perform-
ances, arose, and suggested to the brethren the propriety,
while they were praying the Lord to convert the lawyers, of
praying that he would convert the lawyer all out of them!

WINE BITTERS.



A RELIABLE TONIC.
AN AGREEABLE AND PLEASANT DRINK.

Our "Wine Bitters" are Made
of Pure Wine from Grapes Grown at
Rosebrook Vineyard, near Lawrence, Kansas.

DEALERS AND OTHERS ARE FURNISHED WITH CERTIFI-
CATES OF THE PURITY OF THESE BITTERS
UPON APPLICATION.

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ROSEBROOK WINE CO.,
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Improved Farms, City Property and Unim-
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Personal Attention Given to Making Collections,
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THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY
Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,
The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY
SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS
Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges,
with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from
Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

Connecting at Quincy Union Depot with Chicago, Burlington &
Quincy and Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroads to all points
East, North and South.

This short route, and connecting great through passenger
lines, by way of Quincy, afford passengers unequalled advantages:

SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

The most elegant and sumptuous Through Drawing Room Sleep-
ing Palaces and Day Coaches run in the World. Trains supplied
with all modern improvements to contribute to Comfort, Speed
and Safety.

The Largest and most convenient Depots and Through Baggage
Arrangements in the United States.

The great rivers all bridged, avoiding all transfers and ferrage;
securing to Passengers East the utmost economy.

The Shortest and Quickest, consequently Cheapest route; there-
fore, when going East, all who are posted buy tickets at Kansas
Pacific Ticket Offices, or at Kansas City Union Depot, via Quincy,
over Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are
direct and perfect, with

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.
Ask for Tickets via Quincy and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short
Line, THE BEST ROUTE.

P. B. GROAT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. O. S. LYFORD, Gen'l Supt.

"HOW TO GO EAST."

By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route.
"Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its
truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to
the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last,
may be called the best route in the West.

The Line consists of the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council
Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through
Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line,
there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to
Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—
through cars are being run to all these points.

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.

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

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

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

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

GOING SOUTH:

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

GOING NORTH:

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

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

CONNECTIONS:
At Kansas City with connecting roads for points East and North.
At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West.
At 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
O. CHANUTE, Superintendent.
CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent,
Lawrence.

JANUARY, 1872.
KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route
TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

NO TEDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS
BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.
Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:
Express Accommodation 8:55 A. M.
Mail 7:30 A. M.
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Express 1:00 A. M.
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At Topeka for Burlington, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Flor-
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At Junction City for Council Grove, &c.
At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s
daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union,
Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City and all points in New Mexico
and Arizona.

At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown,
&c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden
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Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

The Home.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms around him—Thou art all
That this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.

I could have smiled on every brow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en, for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;—
To meet thy smile of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel I'll be "alone;"—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest; 't is too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

TRUE HAPPINESS.

I ask not for riches, I ask not for wealth,
I seek but contentment, prosperity, health.
What's the great world, its pomp or its pride!
I despise its vain glory—its folly deride.
Wealth cannot purchase true joy for the heart,
Peace is not bartered for gold in the mart;
Rank, station and power live but for a day,
Bright, transient and tempting, they soon pass away.

The king in his palace so pompous and grand,
With every gay pleasure that wealth can command,
Is oft discontented and unhappier far
Than honest, industrious, poor peasants are.
Then give me a home that is free from all guile,
Where virtue sits guarding its portals the while;
Peace, joy and happiness, angels so fair,
Bright hopes and contentment are ever found there.

HOME IMPROVEMENTS.

Whatever we do for the improvement of our
homes we do for ourselves. Dryden never gave
expression to a truer sentiment than when he wrote
the line,
"Home is the sacred refuge of our life."

Other places may possess interest for us, but our
own homes are the places where the deepest inter-
ests center. Thither we turn when the business of
the day is over, and there, if anywhere, we find rest
and recuperate our exhausted physical or mental
faculties and gird again for the stern duties of life.
And for the reason that home is our sacred refuge,
we should give great attention to its improvement.
Now improvements are not all of them expensive
and removed beyond the reach of the poorer class-
es. Some of the greatest luxuries of life are among
its commonest. A tree planted in the garden, a
vine taught to wind its tendrils and weave its foli-
age about the door of a cottage will diffuse a cheer
and give an air of genial comfort where everything
else may be dreary and even repulsive. The sur-
roundings of a house often have more to do with
its attraction than the interior arrangements. We
all admire a well-kept garden, a well-trimmed
hedge, with fences in good repair, carefully painted.
They are not only evidences of thrift and industry,
but are of themselves a source of real gratification.
On the other hand, a garden allowed to keep itself,
grow up with noxious weeds, hedges scraggy, or
wanting and tumble-down fences, will give an air
of dearth and utter discomfort, painful to contem-
plate or behold. A little patch devoted to flowers,
well cared for, although it may contain no rare
plants, no exotics, will enhance the pleasure of any
home and impart a feeling of laudable pride to its
possessor. A family may be poor—unable to deco-
rate the walls of the best room with a single picture,
but a very little time devoted to the cultivation of
a flower garden will give them a living, variegated
picture, as grand and beautiful as ever was limned
by a master genius of pallet and brush. The culti-
vation of flowers is a recreation and a positive
pleasure for both sexes, not to mention its hygienic
effects. We often notice the wide contrast between
two homes, equal in situation and natural advanta-
ges. One is the type of ease and comfort—the other
cheerless and neglected. When we look for the
difference, we find it is simply this, the owner of
the one has paid attention to all these little arrange-
ments which give it an air of a true home, while
the owner of the other has neglected them, and
closed his eyes to the fact that the care and im-
provement of things trivial in themselves gives the
greatest effect and is in reality the highest art of
improvement.

Make home beautiful. It is at home we are to
find happiness if at all, and the feeling that our
houses have much in and about them that is attrac-
tive, will never impair our sense of satisfaction. If
we have the means at our command, a few good
pictures should find a place on the walls. A fine
picture has an influence of its own. Books are al-
ways attractive, and a judiciously selected stock
should be found in every home; they are an orna-
ment alike to the mansion of the wealthy and the

cottage of the poor. Music, too, has its charms,
and we are glad to reflect that few homes are now
deprived of its elevating strains.

The care we take of our domestic retreats, and
the improvements we make in them, will yield a
rich return for all our time and expense, not only
in our own lives and conditions, but in those of
our children. An attractive home is one of the
strongest safeguards that can be thrown around
the young. Its remembrance is to them a shield
and buckler, an influence which cannot be easily
superceded by evil; and when long and busy years
have passed, its sweet memories still come back to
us with the freshness of a summer morning, and
like a star in the blue ether of heaven shed upon us
a mild and chastened light.—[Rockland (Maine) Ga-
zette.

STANDARD OF LIVING TOO HIGH.

This passion for riches, and this overwork of
body and mind have a broader, deeper, and far
more significant meaning than what appears upon
a cursory survey. From this source springs some
of the most powerful influences to undermine the
constitution and health of our people. We have
set up a standard of living too expensive—yes, ex-
travagant—that has too many wants; we have not,
as a people, the physical stamina or brain power to
reach such a standard and live by it; a few indi-
viduals may do it, but the many cannot. Multi-
tudes, attracted by the prizes set before them, enter
the arena, but a few only reach the goal. This
standard is all powerful in its influence—including
the fashions of the day, the equipage, the style and
manner of living, both of individuals and families.
Its mainspring is money—money—money, which, in
the language of the wise man, "answered all things."
Consequently money must be obtained by all means
and at whatever hazard or cost. The appeal it
makes to young people, and particularly heads of
families, is almost omnipotent, and reminds of the
famous lines of the satirist, which have not been
inaptly rendered:—

"My friend, get money; get a large estate,
By honest means; but get at any rate."

In this struggle for gain, what multitudes early
break down in health, bring on disease, and sink in
premature graves! How fast some men grow old!
What pined and haggard countenances—what care-
worn and wrinkled features—what frail and lean
bodies do we behold! What a number of business
men now die in the prime of life, at the ages of
thirty, forty, and fifty, when they should live to the
age of sixty, seventy or eighty! What an unusual
number of sudden deaths occur among this class of
men, which would not in a healthy state of society!
How rapidly changes the organization of young
men in this battle of life, from freshness of coun-
tenance, vigor of muscle, and elasticity of spirits, to
the pale complexion, the feeble body, and languid
gait! And the changes wrought in the constitution,
health and spirits of women in this headlong pur-
suit of fashion and style, are no less marked and
deplorable. And where is the prophet wise enough
to foretell what is to be the result of such a state of
things.—[Dr. Nathan Allen.

MANNERS.

"I make it a point of morality," says a writer,
"never to find fault with another for his manners.
They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite,
polished or rustic, I care not what they are if the
man means well, and acts from honest intentions
without eccentricity or affectation. All men have
not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called,
to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and
ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners,
it is well founded on reason and good sense, and
not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like
conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not
studied. I always suspect the man that meets me
with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same
bending of the body, and the same premeditated
shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be
rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recog-
nition, and when occasion requires, the homely but
welcome salutation—"How are you, old friend?"

GOLD DUST.

Patience is the key of content.
There is a foolish corner even in the brain of the sage.—[Ar-
istotle.
The Lord has many fine farms from which he receives but
little rent.
Whoso despiseth the day of small things will never attain
great things.
A secret is too little for one, enough for two, and too much
for three.—[Howell.
It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and
wrong, and judge people accordingly.
If thy conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it
smite thee twice, it is a condemnation.
A joyous, happy heart will gather up sunshine in life, where
a mournful nature could find cause only for sorrow.
Two things indicate an obscure understanding—to be silent
when we ought to converse, and to speak when we should be
silent.
Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in
a damp house—dispersing chills and drying up mold, and
making all wholesome and cheerful.
The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no
man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that
roll away from him and go beyond his ken on their mission.
Most people drift. To do this is easy. It costs neither
thought nor effort. On the other hand, to resist the tide one
must have principle and resolution. He must watch and pray
and struggle continually. And yet no thoughtful person, who
cares for his own soul, will dare to drift.

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Rheumatism, Yellow Water, Stiff Complaint, Heaves,
Loss of Appetite, Inward Strains, Fatigue from
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Kansas Spirit

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

JOB'S FRIENDS.

There was one peculiarity about Job's friends, that it would be well for us to notice, that we may avoid it. It was their proneness to say disagreeable things. They were, no doubt, well meaning men in the main, and thought that fidelity to Job required them to hint and suggest things that fell on his poor lacerated spirit like scalding water on a raw sore. It may have been partly thoughtlessness, partly a mistaken sense of duty, and partly a natural acidity of temper that made it easier to say such things than the contrary. But whatever was the cause, the fact is very evident, that they had a most unenviable facility in the utterance of unpleasant things, which we now see were as unnecessary, and indeed, unjustifiable, as they were unpleasant. The tendency to this kind of utterance is not yet extinct, and every man has some of Job's friends in the circle of his acquaintances. They belong to different classes. There are some from whom you are always sure to hear something that is disagreeable, and so uniform is this fact, that it is hard to believe that it is not a positive pleasure for them to say these painful things. If you have made a blunder, or been guilty of an oversight, or had any ill-natured remark made about you, you are sure to hear of them when you see these monitors. If they possess the gift of wit, they can allow no occasion to pass unimproved, that offers a chance for a sarcasm. The poor victim may wince and write under the sting, but to them it only proves the masterly manner with which it was used, and reacts with a complacent sense of superior power. Such a man was Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, who acted so long as a link between the present and the past of English literature. There was a pertinacity and ingenuity in his use of the caustic, that reminds one of the "vitriol-man," once so famous in New York. He not only could resist no opportunity, but seemed always on the alert for one, by which he could eject the caustic fluid with the most dexterity and effect. At one time it became so formidable that his guests were wont to maneuver who should be last to leave the room, so as to avoid the retiring shaft that was almost sure to follow them, and it was said of him that he made his way in the world as Hannibal made his across the Alps, by vinegar. When one has such a friend as this, he is ready to wish for Bildad the Shuhite as a positive relief.

In other cases there is a mistaken sense of duty, that must always be respected, even when it acts with awkwardness. It is very rarely that a heart inspired with real kindness and Christian affection, will err in this way, except when combined with great mental weakness. But there are such cases, and when they exist, every wise man will appreciate the motive and overlook the blunder. Faithful rebuke or advice will be gratefully received by every true man, even when he knows that the adviser does not understand the subject about which he thus gives his opinion. Elihu, severe as were some of his words, was not required to unite in the sacrifice enjoined on the other three friends, perhaps in part for this very reason. There may have been less of personal bitterness, and more of mistaken conscience in him, than in Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar.

There are others with whom the cause is mere thoughtlessness, or want of delicate sensibility. They have an amusing, and yet provoking way, of blundering on the very things they ought not to say. If a man's father had by mischance been hung, they would be sure to discuss the subject of hemp in his presence with untiring perseverance. If he happens to be lame of a leg, he is sure to receive expressions of the liveliest interest in the matter, inquiries as to how it came so, whether it hurts, and whether it do' n't make him feel badly sometimes; and queries indefinitely of the same soothing character. If he is beginning to verge on uncomfortable corpulence, and has uneasy visions of approaching obesity, he is sure to be complimented on his high health, and with the most cordial assurances that he is gaining flesh wonderfully. If he is lean and lantern faced, dejected and dyspeptic, he is met with the sympathizing assurance that he looks very thin, that he must surely be unwell, and do' n't look anything like as hearty as the last time they saw him. If he has an unreasonable and inconvenient altitude, they are much concerned about the state of weather up there. If he has made a foolish speculation and lost a year's labor, they will be sure to show him how easily he might have known better, if he had only looked at the matter differently. Thus it is through the endless catalogue of the petty annoyances of life.

These minor marplots, like overwise and over-talkative children, are sure to stumble on the very thing that ought to be left unsaid, and, with the most provoking unconsciousness of evil, say the most unpleasant things. Still, these Job's friends are not without their use. When a man feels unduly exalted, let him seek out one of these friends, and he will find his temporary exaltation to collapse more or less gently, in a manner that will leave nothing perhaps to be desired in the way of spiritual discipline. After all, there is nothing in the world without its uses,—not even Job's friends.

The Editor of THE SPIRIT is absent, at the Fairs.

HOW WE THROW OURSELVES AWAY.

The world is full of men who are throwing themselves away. We do not allude merely to those whose ruin is brought on by the common forms of vice, such as drunkenness, gambling and other forms of sensuality, but to men who throw themselves away by less flagrant errors.

One fancies, for instance, that he ought to be in a public office; aspires to be considered a Clay, a Webster, or a Benton; and neglecting his business, runs after the will-o'-wisp of politics, till finally he ends in bankruptcy and disgrace. Another, dissatisfied with the slow returns of a legitimate trade, embarks in speculations, and not only ruins himself, but helps to bring on a momentary crisis, which drags down hundreds of innocent people. A third, neglectful of the adage that a "rolling stone gathers no moss," shifts his quarters continually, locating now in the Middle States, now in the West, now at the South, or is by turns storekeeper, farmer, agent and speculator.

Others throw themselves away by being ready to attend to everybody's affairs but their own. They make money at first by strict attention to business; begin then to aspire after what they call "position;" get elected a bank director, railroad director, or insurance director; neglect their store, and find, when a crisis like this comes, that the subordinates to whom they have confided have proved incompetent, and that their affairs are hopelessly involved. Others, from the very beginning, are at the beck and call of any one who is willing to impose on their good nature. They never, in consequence, acquire means of their own. Some men ruin themselves by having too much hope. Like Micawber, they are always looking for "something to turn up;" they do not, therefore, labor and save as they should, and they are, as might have been expected, beggars all their lives. Another class is too ready to despair. A breath of wind knocks them over, and when down, they have not the pluck to get up and try again, but lie in the highway bemoaning and lamenting like children, waiting for somebody to pick them up.

The methods, in fact, are infinite, by which men throw themselves away. Hundreds do it by endorsing for a friend; and they indorse not because they are ignorant of his folly, but because they cannot say "no." Hundreds of others throw themselves away by aspiring to have fashionable acquaintances, to live in fine houses, to give costly entertainments; and of the hundreds who thus ruin themselves, quite one-half have no taste of such things, but fall victims to a miserable vanity. One man throws himself away, by yielding to the extravagant fancies of a silly wife. Another throws himself away by not marrying at all.

In all times the shore of life is strewn with shattered wrecks. How many of these have gone ashore, without any fault of their own? How many have thrown themselves away? If we could know the history of each voyage, we should find that the number of the latter far exceeded the number of the former; for even in hurricanes, it is only those close to the lee shore, who cannot claw off. Our own bad seamanship it is that makes us too often cast-aways.

UNWISE PARTISAN JOURNALISM.

A correspondent of an eastern paper sends a protest against the manner in which the Presidential campaign is being fought by many of the party organs on both sides. He thinks it "quite possible to urge the claims of the candidates without descending to the vile, fecund abuse that already begins to make gentlemen hesitate to read an avowed party journal." He continues:

Certainly, there is enough in the history of both General Grant and Mr. Greeley to enable their friends to urge their claims before the people in a forcible, dignified and manly way. It does not seem to the writer to be quite necessary to throw mud upon the opponent to establish a clean life for the party supported. To descend to the language of fish women and the duties of scullions rather argues a lack of social culture in a writer, and lessens the force of such other articles of the journal as might command the attention and respect of the general reader.

We will not quote any further, for several reasons. In the first place we don't want to set ourselves up as a judge of the course of our contemporaries. Besides, when they supplement deficiencies in argument with violent personalities they know that they are belittling themselves and therefore fiercely resent any assertion that they are doing so. "The sweet consciousness of guilt" does not sustain them. Fortunately they do not accomplish as much evil as might be thought. The newspaper reading American is a pretty good critic of what he sees in the journals. The editor who thinks that rant will pass for reason, abuse for argument, personality for disinterested desire to serve a cause, or malice for righteous rage, will some day discover what an egregious ass he has been, provided he has sense enough.

PREJUDICE.—Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances toward him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly, diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

We think that it is Bulwer who, in one of his most celebrated novels, argues that almost every difficulty to which human beings are liable in the progress of events, may be overcome by time, faith and energy. The doctrine is certainly encouraging, and it will in a great majority of cases be found correct. There may, of course, be exceptions, but they will prove few and far between. There is nothing like perseverance in the affairs of this life. By this we do not mean a blind, bigoted and dogged disposition, a determination to adhere to one idea, however absurd, and under all circumstances; but a calm, cool and resolute spirit, which is not intimidated by trifles, which is not overcome by momentary reverses, which never loses faith in right, justice and overruling Providence, and which at the same time relaxes no efforts within human scope and means.

It is, we are aware, not a little difficult to wrestle with misfortune, and rise again and again from the strong blows of adversity by which men are suddenly depressed; but while the mental and physical continue in full vigor there is hope, and by the exercise of faith and energy, the vicissitudes that interrupt our progress and overcloud the mind will gradually give way. No one can read the future; no one can tell what a day will bring forth, and it is this very mystery as regards the coming time that should induce us to persevere to the last, to struggle on from day to day, hoping, trusting, believing that a change is at hand. How many can now look back to the past and trace their thorough recovery from misfortune to this hopeful and faith inspiring spirit!

All are liable to chances, all are surrounded at times by difficulties and dangers, to overcome which requires not only the exercise of moral courage, but of physical effort. It is at such times and seasons that the doctrine of the celebrated novelist is particularly applicable. Time, faith and energy are the great restorers.

Courage is absolutely essential, as well in the commercial world as upon the battle-field, and timidity and despondency are the worst of counselors in a season of difficulty and danger. Time, faith, and energy are, we repeat, the greatest essentials, and "hope on, hope ever" forms a motto and a maxim that should be kept steadily and constantly in view by all who are engaged in the great struggle for independence, and who are fighting what has been emphatically designated the battle of life.

To-day may be dark, desolate, and cheerless, but to-morrow may be full of cheerfulness and sunshine. It is often so in the material world, as well as in the moral, the social, and the commercial. Above all things, hold fast to the priceless jewels of honor and integrity, and never abandon a good cause, a good enterprise, or a laudible object, while a solitary hope remains.

OLD MEN.

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe he will be doing something for himself, or his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hours of his life Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Adams, and Young, and Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives was not decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. There are scores of grey headed men we should prefer in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale as at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frown.

A WICKED WORLD.

The world is only wicked and weary to those sated with its delights, and incapable of appreciating them. The material of the world itself sets such an example of cheerfulness and brightness, that it is quite wonderful how any one can imagine for a moment that weariness could possibly be one of its attributes. The year dies in the gloom and bitterness of winter, but the fresh young beauties of nature revive in the spring. Nature is perpetually renewing her charms and multiplying her gifts. If man could only renew his life in like manner, he might live forever without weariness, and find the world—even this so-called wicked world—a paradise to all eternity. The sun is always shining, the flowers are always blooming, and the birds are always singing, the golden grain is always waving somewhere in this wicked world.

THE COMMERCIAL ELEMENT.

The great art of making money out of official position is not altogether unknown even in the virtuous commonwealth of Massachusetts. The city crier of Charleston has just been detected in sundry little operations that would have done honor to any of the Tammany scullions. He has been in the habit of picking up stray children on the street, stowing them away until called for, and then making a great show of trouble in finding them, for which he demanded extravagant compensation. He overdid the thing in one or two cases, and is likely to do his crying henceforth entirely on his own account.

THE EXPOSITION.

LAWRENCE EXPOSITION commenced Tuesday, the 10th of September, under very unfavorable auspices—wind, rain, etc., yet entries were made up to late Thursday evening. The committee concluded to keep the Exposition open all the week, closing with a grand Social to-night, at which the Lawrence German Band will discourse their sweetest music. Tuesday noon commenced the first of a series of dinners, the last of which will be given to-day. It is needless to speak of them, as the repeated visits of merchants, bankers and others, with their wives, sisters and sweethearts, fully attest the popularity of the Exposition dinners. Last night there was a grand musical entertainment, under the direction of Dr. Wilder, all the musical celebrities of the city taking part. To-night will be sung on the Fair Grounds "The Exposition Song," by the pupils of the Central School. Although discouraged on account of the bad weather at the commencement, yet the Fair in many departments is creditable. The Ladies' department is grand, and the show of fruit and vegetables good. The Sewing Machine department is well represented, as is also Washing Machines. J. C. Nobles exhibits a new invention in this line, which combines a steam wash boiler and fruit canner. What he claims as new is the method of generating steam in the boiler and bringing it in direct contact with the clothes, thereby permeating them with the hot steam and by this means separating the dirt from the clothing. The same boiler is used for canning all kinds of fruit, by a steam process which is very ingenious and simple. This attracts universal attention and seems to be a great favorite with the ladies. Hubbel & Co. exhibit a fine display of stoves. Smith, Bailey & Co., a bed-room set fine enough for a king's palace. The Floral department, under the superintendence of Mrs. S. B. Prentiss, is a thing of beauty, and reflects much credit on the Superintendent and also Miss E. N. Soule, who designed the crowning figure of the pyramid. The premium on roses was awarded to Mr. Cartwright; on cut flowers, to Mr. Whitcomb; pressed flowers, Miss Ella A. Prentiss; floral design, Miss E. N. Soule.

Premium on baker's bread awarded to a journeyman of the Eastern Bakery. There was quite a contest on bread by girls under eighteen years of age, there being twenty entries. First premium, Annie Durland, \$10; second, S. E. Ringle, diploma. On Cake—first premium, Carrie Lum, \$5; greatest display, Flora Shaw, \$5; best four cakes, Miss Mary McClure. On Butter—first premium, J. B. Howard, \$10; second, Forrest Savage, \$5; third, Geo. Gilbert, diploma. Champion game of croquet was played Thursday night, by C. E. Fisher, Col. Sells of the Sherman House grounds, and Smith and Davis of Woodward's Drug Store. Victors, Fisher and Sells.

The show of milk cows took place on Friday. The Baby and Children show takes place at 2 P. M. to-day. Grand matinee for children this afternoon at 3 o'clock, in which Mr. and Mrs. Greeley will take part. The Fair presents many attractive features and is well worth visiting; and all who have not visited the Exposition, should do so to-day.

CONCERNING OFFICE SEEKERS.

EDITOR SPIRIT: Politics and the mercury are running very high just now. These boiling hot days that are so trying on one's physical powers, are succeeded by nights of fiery debate upon the comparative merits of the different candidates and parties, so what with being up all day and out half of the night, we, as a community, are about "played." We are afflicted, tormented. The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint.

Office seekers are as plenty as mosquitoes. They swarm around one like buffalo gnats—they envelop and smother one with their superfluous attentions. No dancing master can bow with such grace as a politician, before election. No other person can grasp your hand or pet your children with such a genuine affection as he betrays. He loves you and yours, and wishes he could remove to the country and purchase near you, so as to enjoy your society. These patriots eat watermelons, cucumbers and cabbage with a relish, and ask, as an especial favor, to be treated to corn bread and buttermilk. They insist upon sleeping on the porch floor, and declare they exhibit hands as bony and muscular as batter cakes. The papers are teeming with a history of their brilliant and self-sacrificing achievements in the struggle for the good of the race (these papers they happen to have with them and one gets supplied free of charge). They also contain graphic accounts of the rude manner in which the populace have besieged their offices and forced them to appear and enlighten them upon the "greatest issues of the hour," which usually consist of the announcement that after repeated solicitations, they have consented to run for Congress, or Governor, or Probate Judge, or County Surveyor, or whatever field of labor the honest "yeomanry" may select for them. For all their toil for the people's good they ask only this boon—that they may be permitted to love them to the end—of the campaign.

That regular diet of such stuff is enough to kill the oldest man in the world, is the deliberate opinion of SHAWNEE. Aug. 30, 1872.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Board of Commissioners of Douglas county, Kansas, at their meeting on the seventh of October, 1872, asking that a part of the road established July 7, 1869, on the petition of W. B. Barker and others, be vacated, to-wit: All of said road, located on the northwest quarter of section 21, township 15, range 19.

LAWRENCE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

A Rare Opportunity to Obtain a Thorough Musical Education. The best instruction is now brought within the reach of all. Terms lower than the charges of the most inferior teachers. Fall term begins the first Wednesday in September. Send for Circular to J. E. BARTLETT, Professor of Music in the State University, LAWRENCE.

FINE HORSES FOR SALE OR TRADE.

As I do not wish to go to farming, I will sell or trade, FOR LAND OR CITY PROPERTY, All of my Trotting Horses. Among them will be found some of the choicest trotting blood to be found in the State of Kentucky. GEORGE W. OGDEN.

What We Know About It.

"HUNTER" wants to know what the law is concerning the shooting of certain kinds of game. Answer.—The law of Kansas prohibits the killing of grouse, prairie chickens, woodcock, snipe, wild turkey, deer, elk or fawn, between the first day of March and the first day of August, or any quail or pheasant between the first day of March and the first day of October, each and every year.

EDITOR SPIRIT: I have a calf that got poor and lousy last winter, and it seems as if she would never get over it. Do you know a sure cure?

Answer.—The best remedy we have ever found is one clipped from Wilkes' "Spirit," and handed us for a similar case by Charley Garrett: The entire body must be dressed with a strong decoction of quassa, prepared as follows: Quassa chips, one pound; water, four pints; boil twenty minutes and strain for use. After an interval of about ten days, the dressing should be repeated, as the immature nits are not killed by the infusion of quassa.

MR. KALLOCH.—Dear Sir: After several months' cogitation, we have about determined to come to Kansas. We do not want to try another winter in Massachusetts. Please find time to write me particularly about the climate. It was beautiful when I was there. But how does it average? Is it healthful? How about the age? I read in your paper that it is good for lung troubles, which you know is my weakness.

Answer.—Our old Massachusetts friend will be pleased with our climate as a whole. But he must not expect too much. A perfectly satisfactory climate is a hard thing to find. Perhaps a man never undertook a more difficult job than to find a climate that will exactly suit him. If he is at all fastidious he will find himself in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." We heard Bayard Taylor, who has travelled in almost all countries, once say that any man was a fool who, if he had got accustomed to any particular climate, ever left it in search of a better. There is no perfection under the sun, in this or in anything else. It will storm in the most favored latitudes, as there will be accidents in the best regulated families. Still, a somewhat extensive experience has convinced us that the climate of Kansas is as good as that of any State, and better than the most,—and that is good enough. Its healthfulness cannot be disputed. People are sick here. Now and then a man dies. We admit these things so that we may not be misunderstood. For when you tell some anxious seeker of a western home that the climate is good, he understands you to intimate that storms and winds are unheard of institutions. And when you tell the same enthusiastic and credulous enquirer that the country is healthful, he infers that graveyards are a thing unknown. We repeat then that people sicken and die in Kansas. There are some diseases, too, that are incident to the climate. Fever and ague prevails in the newly settled districts, but disappears as settlement and civilization increase. The surface of the State is high and rolling, the air clear and bracing, and it cannot be as subject to that disagreeable disease as some other localities. Throat and lung diseases are sometimes brought here, and sometimes die fatally, but the climate is remarkably adapted to their improvement, and many aggravated cases have been completely cured.

JUNCTION CITY, Sept. 10, 1872.

DEAR SPIRIT: As a candidate for popular favor, you have much to contend with—more, perhaps, than your friend, Mr. Kalloch, would like to admit. Your "dress" and general "make up" are unexceptional,—your solid worth and sparkling wit are appreciated. All admit that in your line you have no competitor in Kansas; that you supply one of the wants of the people—and to supply which, at least \$40,000 annually has been sent out of the State.

But while you, by your own solid merit, have won respect and appreciation, you have been regarded with suspicion and mistrust on account of your close relationship with Mr. Kalloch. The politicians of Kansas have an idea that Mr. Kalloch, at some remote period in the past, had a little political ambition, and that the seeds of this malady have not been entirely eradicated from his system,—that the object of his association with you, is to secure the confidence and respect of the people and the advancement of his political interests. The natural result is, that the legion of "small fry politicians" all over the State, are suspicious of your growing popularity with the people; they believe you are building up Kalloch, and that in the course of time they will have in him a formidable rival. Scanting danger from afar, and fearing a competition with brains, you are belittled and characterized as "an experiment," "short lived," "Kalloch's electioneering dodge," &c., &c., and the assertion made that such a paper can't be sustained in Kansas; that as soon as "Kalloch's electioneering fund" is exhausted, you will die a natural death, and that advance payments will be lost to the subscribers.

Were the minds of the people—the farmers, the mechanics, the laboring men—the great reading public, disabused of this fallacy, and your acquaintance more widely extended, your friend Kalloch would soon find that he occupied a much more honorable position than that of any of our Kansas politicians; and that with your demands and that of your readers upon his time and talents, he would forget that he was ever afflicted with that bane of Kansas society—political ambition.

Can you not put the minds of political aspirants at rest, increase the confidence of the people in your permanency, and thus extend your influence and usefulness?

FARMER.

Answer.—It was in view of some just such feeling, the existence of which we were well aware of, that we took occasion to say as much as we did about politics in our last number. We shall not repeat it. Our intention is to publish a first class family and agricultural paper, and we are happy to say that enough people believe in our sincerity to give encouragement to our enterprise.

Telegraphic Summary.

The Liberal-Democratic Convention met in Topeka last Wednesday, and after agreeing as to the division of officers, adopting resolutions, &c., nominated the following ticket: For Governor, Thaddeus H. Walker, of Topeka. For Lieutenant-Governor, John Walkuff, of Ottawa. For Treasurer, C. H. Pratt, of Humboldt. For Auditor, V. B. Osborn, of Ellis county. For Secretary of State, J. F. Waskey, of Labette county. For Attorney General, B. P. Wagoner, of Atchison. For Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. D. Sawyer, of Osage county. For Chief Justice, H. C. McComas, of Fort Scott. For Presidential Electors, W. H. Larrimer, of Leavenworth; W. A. English, of Sedgewick county; Pardee Butler, of Atchison county; A. Thoman, of Shawnee county; and A. A. Rucker, of Cherokee county. For Congress, S. A. Riggs, of Lawrence; J. W. Laughlin, of Cherokee county; and H. B. Mitchell, of Paola. Charles Sumner has been nominated by the Liberals and Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts. The Republican majority at the State election in Maine last Monday, as far as heard from, amounts to about 16,000. It will probably reach 17,000.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

Concerning the Atchison Fair, which has just closed, the Salina "Herald" says: "The arrangements for this fair are first class in every respect, and it promises to be of much more than ordinary attractiveness. The grounds are among the best in the western country; the premiums are numerous and liberal; and there is to be a 'hoss trot' every day. Competition is open to the world, and no entry fee charged. The address will be delivered by I. S. Kalloch, who not only knows more than Greeley does, but can tell what he knows in a much more entertaining style than that of the cabbage-man of Chappaqua. All who enjoy number one fairs should make it a point to attend the Atchison exhibition."

And concerning its own Fair, it says: "Our County Fair, which commences on the 1st proximo, will be an exhibition of more than ordinary interest. The officers of the Society have united in the determination to make the Fair one of interest—if possible, of superior attractiveness. Profiting by experience, they purpose bestowing due attention to everything exhibited, and not permit any one feature of the exhibition to absorb all of public concern. While proper respect will be shown for the speed of horses, and, in fact, for all equine displays, it is not proposed to make a mere 'horse show' of the exhibition as was too nearly the case last year. Our citizens, and all who may visit the Fair, may expect, therefore, to see many interesting pieces of machinery, works of art, products of the soil, and varieties of the animated creation as well as good and fast horses. Let our readers bear this in mind, and go to the coming Fair with warm hearts and worthy purposes."

The Neosho Falls "Advertiser" reports the proceedings of the Everett Township Farmers' Club. The Secretary presented the Club a bound volume of the "American Agriculturist"—and a better present could not have been given. The farmer and farmer's family that take the "Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home," have a circulating library at home. All they need more is THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. The subject for discussion—"Will it benefit farmers to subscribe for agricultural journals?"—was opened by R. F. Repass. He thought we should take advantage of the knowledge and experience of others, and this could only be done by agricultural journals and books. E. Fender said every person should take a paper relevant to his business. The lawyer, the physician and the merchant have theirs, and why should not the farmer have his? Mr. Wiley said he thought it would take too much money to book-farm. William Smith thought a paper was almost as essential to a farmer as a plow. J. W. McKelvey read an essay upon the subject, which brought out many points of interest. James Martin said it would be better to take the "Kansas Farmer," although it was not so good a paper as others of its class; it would improve as the State became more settled.

The Garnett "Plainsdealer" notes an important cattle sale: "On Monday, the 23d day of September, Mr. John Moler, of Reeder township, will offer for sale forty head of three-fourths and seven-eighths blood short horn Durham cows and heifers. Mr. Moler is the most successful stock raiser in the county. He has given great attention to the business, and marked success has attended his exertions. Farmers and stock raisers generally, cannot do better than attend his sale, which will be held on his premises at the above date."

Major Henning, of the Gulf railroad, is preparing to make a more complete exhibition of the products and resources of his road than ever before. He will have on exhibition at the Kansas City Exposition a pyramid formed of the several varieties of marble and building stone found upon the Fort Scott railroad. The base will be of brown Barnard, next above it gray Hillsdale stone, then Fontana marble, then Baxter stone, and upon the top a block of black Fort Scott marble, all highly finished and artistically cut.

The Humboldt "Union" advises to look out for shade tree borers: "If our citizens, both in town and country, want to save their shade trees, they should make close examination of the trees, to ascertain whether the borers have commenced depredations or not. Some of our people tell us that these pests have commenced in some classes of trees they have never been known to work on before."

The Wichita "Eagle" says that "no more favorable season could possibly be desired than the present one for sowing fall wheat. Every farmer should put in enough for his own consumption at least. By the harvesting of the next crop we expect to have a first class flouring mill in Wichita."

The Eskridge "Landmark"—Vol. 1, No. 1—says: "Nearly every farmer in this vicinity will have more or less peaches. Kansas will maintain the reputation she has obtained abroad as a fruit country."

The Junction City "Union" says the herd law is a success in Dickinson county. Farmers who were unable to fence have raised good crops on the open prairie.

This year a farmer near Paola set out sixty acres of apple trees.

We clip the following items from the Leavenworth "Herald":

Crops in the country look like business. They are rapidly maturing, so that frost will not be in time to bite them. Corn will this fall sell at a very low price, not enough to pay. Those who cannot pay the prices ought to starve to death.

Lawrence Wholesale Markets for Farmers' Produce.

Beef Cattle—native steers, 3 @ 34, gross; native cows, 2 1/2 @ 3. Veal Calves, \$5 @ \$7 each. Sheep, \$4 @ \$5 each. Hogs, 3 cts. per pound, gross. Cut Meats—Bacon sides 11 cts.; shoulders, 9 cts; hams, sugar cured, canvassed, 17 cts.; uncavassed, 14 cts. Lard in tierces, 10 cts. Tallow, 7 1/2 cts. Hay—best upland, new, \$5.00; second bottom, \$4.00 @ \$4.50. Hemp and Broom Corn—none offering. Wheat, \$1.50. Corn—white, 25 cts.; yellow, 23 cts. Oats, 15 cts. Corn Meal, \$1.00 per 100 lbs. Ground Feed, \$1.15 per 100 lbs. Potatoes—new 25 cts. per bushel. Butter, 20 @ 25 cts. per pound. Eggs, 12 1/2 cts. per dozen. Beets, 50 cts. per bushel. Onions, 40 cts. per bushel. Apples—green, 40 cts. @ 75 cts. per bushel. Green Corn, 5 cts. per dozen. Spring Chickens, \$1.50 @ \$2.25 per dozen. Tomatoes, 60 cts. per bushel. Peaches, 50 cts. @ \$1.00. Grapes, 2 1/2 @ 4 cts. per pound. Watermelons, 8 to 15 cts. each. Sweet Potatoes, 75 cts. per bushel. Muskmelons, 5 to 10 cts. each.

HOPE

Begs leave to state that he has commenced business

IN LAWRENCE,

as Tailor, on Warren street, two doors East of State Bank, sign of the Anchor, 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. nolff

MONEY TO LOAN.

The undersigned are prepared to negotiate loans on long time, on unincumbered Real Estate.

G. W. E. GRIFFITH & CO., OFFICE, POEHLER'S BLOCK. 15tf

IMPORTED JERSEYS FOR SALE.

I WILL SELL A PORTION OF MY

THOROUGHbred JERSEY HERD.

I have Yearlings, Two Year Olds, Calves, and some of my best Imported Cows that I will sell

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

My fine Thoroughbred Bull, "Pioneer," I will also sell. All animals guaranteed to be of pure blood.

My Stock will be on Exhibition at the State Fair. Address the undersigned, Topeka, or I. S. Kalloch, Lawrence. n30m3 E. A. SMITH.

F. DURRANT, PRACTICAL MATTRESS MAKER.

ALL KINDS OF MATTRESSES MADE.

Hair and moss mattresses renovated and made equal to new. Warehouse, Dixie's old stand, corner of Vermont and Winthrop streets, rear of Eldridge House. n28

PLACE HOUSE,

Corner of New Hampshire and Warren Streets, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

This house is situated in a pleasant and business part of the city, and sojourners find it a pleasant and convenient place to stay while remaining in the city. We spare no pains to make every one feel at home while stopping with us, and in order to prevent any grumbling we have put down first class meals to twenty-five cents, pleasant, airy rooms to twenty-five cents each night.

BOARD \$5 PER WEEK.

18yl JOHN T. PLACE, Proprietor.

H. E. TURNER, HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets, Rear of Eldridge House. nolff

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY

OF

RIGGS & SINCLAIR,

Proprietors of

DOUGLAS COUNTY ABSTRACT BOOKS.

Loans Negotiated on Real Estate Security.

Abstracts of Title Furnished.

Conveyancers and Notaries Public.

No. 52 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS. n17tf

O. P. BARBER,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES,

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.,

No. 157 Massachusetts Street,

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY

COMPOUNDED. n20yl

LAWRENCE BUSINESS COLLEGE,

CORNER MASSACHUSETTS AND WARREN STREETS.

Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Mathematics and General Commercial Branches.

OPEN TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Students Can Enter at Any Time.

For particulars, call at the school or send for circular.

nol-ly H. W. MACAULAY, Principal.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,

OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

OFFICERS:

J. W. McMILLAN, President. C. T. HOLLY, V. Pres. G. A. McMILLAN, Cashier. nolff

L. BULLENE & CO.

Have on hand a large stock of

WOOLEN GOODS,

Consisting of

FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS,

CASSIMERES, CLOTHS,

JEANS AND BLANKETS.

These goods were bought when the Market was

MUCH LOWER

than at present, and they will, for a

FEW DAYS LONGER,

Offer them to their customers at prices consider-

ably under their present value.

ALL WHO ARE IN WANT OF

WOOLEN GOODS

Of any kind will certainly find it to their interest

to examine their stock, as

A LARGE ADVANCE HAS ALREADY TAKEN PLACE

In the Eastern Markets,

and still higher prices are looked for.

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. nolff

CLOTHING.

OTTOMAN & POTWIN,

LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS

— AT THE —

ONE PRICE STORE,

67 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

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

nolff OTTOMAN & POTWIN.

JAMES T. STEVENS & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS,

Office Rear Room Over Simpson's Bank.

Special Agents for the Lands of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railway Companies. oith

PROF. JAMES JOHNSON,

BARBER SHOP,

OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.

The Story Teller.

GRANDMA'S DEARY;
OR,
RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

(Continued.)

Ah! had aunt Hester known who was up garret with Deary, how she would have rushed thitherward to prevent mischief!

In a few moments Col. Luther rose and began to gaze about him. Catching sight of my white curtained corner he advanced a step or two towards it, and then retreated, muttering to himself:

"I better pick out my books first, and then seek for a less dusty corner to deposit them."

He stooped over the books, with his back to me. I felt that I must try to escape. If he discovered me I could not hide from him the distress that had wrung me, and he would demand and learn the cause of it all. I should certainly die if I were obliged to betray how I felt. I must escape. How unspeakably strange the fate which had led him to my retreat. It seemed almost as though the form before me were the shadow of a dream. But it had heard a step. Starting erect and whirling quickly about, though my feet had moved as lightly as possible over the bare floor, the Colonel confronted me.

"Ah, Mousie!" he ejaculated, in suppressed, but delighted tones, "so they keep you up garret, do they? Good! but I have found you."

"I must go down," I said, as he caught my hand. "Indeed, I must go directly down."

"Not so, sweet. I wish to talk with you. Where have you been since we parted at the hall door last night? And what has been done to you?" he held my face nearer to the not very brilliant lamp.

"Why have you been crying yourself nearly to death?" he asked.

I was struggling to keep down the sobs—to keep back the tears, and dared not try to answer. He held my head against him and spoke in a low, coaxing tone.

"My Deary, tell me all your trouble, and I will do all in my power to cure it. Has it anything to do with me?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Did aunt Hester scold you and try to make you afraid of me?"

"Yes, sir." "And you were to stay up here to keep out of Col. Luther's way, were you not?"

"Yes, sir." "I suppose they told you he would care nothing for the love of a little orphan's heart—that he would please himself with you for a little while, then go away and forget you, while flirting with others. Was not this, or very like it, what you heard?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, just wipe up your tears, Deary, and after we have talked as long as we wish to in this good old, blessed garret, which, hereafter, I shall always value above all the rooms in the house, we will go down and talk awhile with grandmother; and if she will consent to give you to me for my own sweet wife, we will see who shall hereafter dare try to keep you apart from Col. Luther."

One trouble was over; but I was deep in another. I had not thought so far as that of which he spoke. The word "wife" terrified me and made me tremble. I was not fit for a wife—I did not wish to become a wife—all I wanted was leave to be as much as I liked with Col. Luther. Whether he suspected my feelings or not, I did not know. But he tried all he could to restore me to calmness and good spirits. By and by I said:

"Grandma told me not to become too much interested in any man. She does not like me to have a lover. She thinks me too young."

"You are not too much interested in me; your feelings are just what they ought, under the circumstances, to be. I should not have spoken to you as I have—perhaps for several years yet—but I will not have people making you miserable. You were always, since I first saw you, charming to me; but it is since finding you crying for me under the current bushes that my intention of making you my wife was formed. My only doubt and hesitation has been the wide difference in our ages. It seems hardly fair towards you."

I remembered what grandma had said about my uncles not allowing me to be given to Col. Luther, and all my shrinking from the thoughts of marriage vanished. Nobody should part me from Col. Luther. I resolved on that, at once and forever.

"If ever I marry, I wish to become the wife of a man that is a good deal older than I am. I never did like boy beaux. You know I had several last summer, but I turned them all away. You are just the age I like for a lover."

He laughed. "Perhaps so. But the trouble is, I shall not always remain at my present age. And when the gray hairs are on my head and in my beard, and the tracks of age begin to come at the corners of my eyes and mouth, you may wish that you had a younger husband."

"No, I never shall," replied I, confidently, laying my cheek against his bosom.

"Do you like such hair as mine?" I asked, presently, anxious to have a troubled question laid at rest.

"I think I do," was the emphatic, but smiling answer; and the yellow hair was kindly stroked by a soft, warm hand.

"And oblong eyes?" I continued, determined to be satisfied as to the truth.

"Why, yes, you simple child; of course I do. Why should you doubt it? Have you not every reason to know that I do?"

"But all the girls say that my hair is ridiculous; and that nobody has such oblong eyes as mine. I was so afraid that you might think so, too."

Col. Luther laughed so heartily, and looked at me in such a comical way that I became quite confused and ashamed of—I did not know what.

"It is wicked to flatter little beauties," he said, "so I shall not tell you what I do think about your eyes and your hair; but never doubt that I like them—love them very much indeed."

He then talked of other things for half an hour or so, until we heard some one in the hall below call out that grandmother was in her own room. We sought her there, and Col. Luther told her his wishes, and with deference and respect, but heartily in earnest, he made his plea.

"You must be fully aware, Col. Luther, that there is no unwillingness in my mind to accepting you for a grandson; but what do you want of such a mere child as Deary is? She has never had a care—she knows nothing of the realities of life. You may almost as well seek to mate with a canary bird as with my cosset, Deary. The early death of both her parents and the delicacy of her own constitution had the effect to cause me to rear her almost too tenderly. She is utterly unfit for the stern duties and the stormy scenes of life."

"I will shield her from them with a care as jealous and as unwearied as your own. Moreover, I do not ask to take her from you at present. She shall remain under your care until she is twenty-one years old. All I ask until that time is the liberty of seeing her freely."

Grandma rose and rang her bell. Kate appeared and was directed to bring uncles Harold and James quickly to their mother. She obeyed, and the proposal was spread before them. Uncle James at first looked rather doubtful; but uncle Harold said at once, patting me affectionately on the head:

"I think our little Blue Bell's child might go for many a long year without again winning love from a heart so noble and so kind—one which would cherish her so tenderly as would Col. Luther's. Col. Luther, you have my glad consent to your desires. My brother may speak for himself."

"Many thanks, sir, to you. You have laid me under a debt of gratitude that I never can repay," said my dear lover, with flushed and earnest face. His eyes then turned towards uncle James.

"There is in my mind but one objection," remarked the Bishop.

"The difference of age?" questioned Col. Luther.

"It is, sir; but if the maiden's heart elects you, and is satisfied, I do not know that others need make the difference of a few years any stumbling block to your happiness. How is it, Deary—do you feel sure that Col. Luther, and no other, is the man for you?"

"I do, indeed, uncle," said I, laughing and feeling foolish, but resolute.

"Then I give my consent, if mother gives hers," said uncle James.

And thus it was settled, very much to the disgust of aunt Hester, who heard of it that very night, but to the satisfaction and mirth of everybody else—unless, perhaps, of aunt Hester's eldest daughter.

"I think it perfectly delightful to have some lovers in our party. Such a company is too tame when there can be no flirting and wooing and winning going on," cried cousin Angela. "I do wish there was a lover for me among all these fellows; but we can't fall in love with our cousins or brothers."

"Charlie must bring more of his friends with him next year," said Serena. "That is, if he has others that are as attractive as you are, Col. Luther."

"Thank you, Miss Serena," returned Ruthven, quickly bowing before her. "A word of praise from lips so beautiful is like fruit of silver in a golden frame."

"I know of one other love affair in our midst," whispered little Annie Lakewood. "George and March Howard are both head over ears in love with Jane Ashley."

"Well, puss, if you do not beat all! Four ears and eyes do duty, if ever anybody's did," I said, not very pleasantly, for I remembered what she had caused me to suffer.

"You need not be so cross about it. You might not have been engaged to Col. Luther now if I had never seen him kissing you."

Everybody laughed at my confusion—Luther most heartily of all. This was the first he had heard of Annie's part in the trouble of my wretched day.

"Here, you young witch," he cried, starting after Annie, as she bounded down the hill, "stop and account for yourself. I intend to punish you for watching and then telling tales."

She fled, screaming, but not far. Her pursuer was too swift footed for even her—the swiftest female runner of our race, and down they went together on the velvet turf.

[To be Continued.]

Lord Brougham gives it as his opinion, in one of the learned papers contributed to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that the child receives its unchangeable "bent" of character before its fifth year. If this be so, how important are home influences!

Wharton, bragging to Swift of his drunken frolics, was advised by that cynical satirist to vary his caprices a little, and take a frolic to be virtuous.

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SONG.

There's a charm in the Spring, when everything
Is bursting from the ground—
When pleasant showers bring forth the flowers,
And all is life around.
In summer day the fragrant hay
Most sweetly scents the breeze,
And all is still save murmuring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.
Old Autumn come, with trusty gun,
In quest of birds we roam;
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.
A winter's night has its delight,
Well warmed, to bed we go;
A winter's day, we're blithe and gay,
Snipe shooting in the snow.

A country life, without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need—I take no heed
Of splendor and renown.
And when I die, oh, let me lie
Where trees above me wave;
Let wild plants bloom around my tomb,
My quiet country grave.

A GEM.

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of clear cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
Only one sweet word of day;
If, in one poor, bleeding bosom,
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow warm and strong—
Then my God! I thank Thee—bless Thee
For the precious gift of song.

NEWSPAPER NOTORIETY.

There are many men, and a few women, who have a morbid desire to get their names into the newspapers. To see their full appellation given in connection with some public movement or private enterprise, "accidentally" made public, affords them quite as much pleasure as can be experienced from any worldly incident. The editorial rooms of influential journals are honored with the frequent visits, and more frequent letters, of these seekers after notoriety, and the lesson which they teach to the observers of the weaknesses of human nature does not serve to raise one's estimation of the selfishness of mankind.

Many persons who have long been in public life, and have been accustomed to seeing their names in print, after a while acquire an inordinate appetite for that kind of popularity, and are led to believe that the world is forgetting them if they are not periodically mentioned as the prime movers in something of great importance to themselves, but of little interest to the rest of the human race. A statement may be made concerning the political opinions of a once prominent Democratic or Whig politician: that goes the rounds of the press; in due time it is contradicted over the signature of the "injured" individual, who generally improves the occasion to state at length his honest convictions. We do not wish to do politicians of the old school injustice, but there have been many instances where both assertion and contradiction emanated from the same pen.

We hope to see the day when a lecture will be delivered and some too considerable scribbler will not consider it necessary to send us the list of those who occupied seats on the platform. No doubt many worthy and substantial citizens were there, and they were gratified with the performance; but the public know that they "still live," and will not forget it if they are not specially mentioned on this particular occasion. The community are also aware that these citizens like good lectures and attend popular gatherings; and it does them credit to be seen in such company; but the stereotyped faces of those who generally occupy platforms "on the interesting occasion" are so well known that the reader may take it for granted they were there, unless prevented by circumstances over which they had no control.

An idea is prevalent among those not well informed in the matter, that editors have a difficult job to fill up their columns. It is not so. The "difficult job" is in selecting that which is appropriate from the confused mass that is continually crowding upon them. In this category belong those who imagine that editors will consider it a marked favor to be allowed to frequently print the names of men of inordinate vanity and self-esteem.

Some persons consider it indispensable that the public should be informed who were present at Smith's last private party, and frequently Smith himself furnishes the names. It is not of the slightest importance that the name of the young lady who was belle at the ball of the Bearskin Guards should be made public, how many founcces there were on her dress, or how many California diamonds glistened on her alabaster neck. Spare her, O Jenkins! let it be sufficient that she was flirted with and admired by the beaux; that she was envied and called "perfectly horrid" by her rivals; and that she danced as well as Papatist's most graceful pupil. Should that young lady ever become a "strong-minded woman," editors might have cause to repent of having first taught her the sweet pleasure of seeing her name in the newspapers.

Every community has members who never learn that their opinions upon national affairs, and their convictions upon enterprises of local interest, are

not of primary importance; and yet their names may appear more frequently in print than those of worthier citizens. They may be seldom quoted as authorities, but their personal pride is doubtless more than gratified at the seeming consequences attached to their public mention. It does not follow from this that frequent reference to a prominent person should affect his influence with intelligent people. It is those who figure in every conceivable unimportant puppet show that should not be mistaken for great men, especially if the public is continually made aware of their extensive and varied duties through the medium of the public press.

COMFORT FOR HOT WEATHER.

It is hot, undeniably, awfully hot, and has been for a period that we are now beginning to reckon by weeks. Day after day the sun burns in a cloudless sky, and the mercury in the thermometer creeps silently up to 92 degrees, perhaps to 95 degrees. Even the leaves on the trees seem to wilt, grass dries, the streams are drying up, and now people begin to realize what hot weather is. The nights are only a little cooler than the days, sleep is unrefreshing, everybody is getting tired and nervous and cross, and murmurs at the weather are heard on every hand, even from those who have every comfort and luxury at their command, every appliance for mitigating the discomfort of the heat.

Would these grumbling souls like a recipe to enable them to endure patiently and pleasantly the heat, and think twice of their blessings where they think once of their own annoyance? Let them follow the example of a good city pastor, who, spending an afternoon visiting the sick, concluded well people had no reason to find fault with the weather. He had sat by a sick bedside in an attic, where the confined air was heated till that out of doors seemed cool in comparison, and yet there a human being was obliged to remain. He had visited other sick-beds—their occupants burning with fever or fading away with consumption, conscious that this is their last summer on earth, and the effect upon him was wonderful to see. He was the cheerfulest man one could imagine, no grumbling about the weather from him, and the secret of it was, he had been going round doing good.

What a simple rule it is for being happy, either in winter's cold or summer's heat, and yet how few of us know it, or if we have heard of it how seldom we practice it. We beg some of those people who live in fine houses in shady yards, in houses so large that each occupant can have a room to himself, where cool blinds shut out the sun, and wire doors and window screens bar the ingress of annoying insects,—who have all the delicacies of the season on their tables and cooling drinks always at hand, who when tired of home can take a run to the mountains or a trip to the seashore and come back again invigorated and refreshed,—we beg those who can command all these luxuries, and yet go growling around at the weather, making themselves and all around them miserable with their repinings, to follow the example of the pastor we have mentioned, and of many other good pastors, and try the effect of a visit to the sick and the poor, most likely to be found in some crowded tenement house and may be in an unsavory part of the city. If the world does not seem pleasanter to them afterward, and the heat we have had or are likely to have perfectly endurable, it will be contrary to the experience of everybody who ever yet sought contentment in doing good.

PUTTING THINGS IN ORDER.

Everybody knows that we men owe an immense, ever-accumulating, and utterly incancelable debt to the ladies. One of its principal items is the gratitude due to them for putting our things to rights and keeping them in order. Roughs and disorderlies that we are, what should we do without their neat-handed ministrations? What husband that remembers the hopeless chaos of his bachelor bureau, and contrasts it with the trim and tidy appearance of the drawers in which his wife has arranged his shirts, handkerchiefs and socks in perfect harmony with Heaven's first law, does not bless the day when he emerged from the single state into double-blessedness? How delightful to find the shirt-front uniformly "cream-laid," and guiltless of twist or wrinkle, the hose always duly mated, the convenient string and the indispensable button ever in place. Looking back on the higglerly-pigglerly days of his hermit life, the Benedick blessed with a notable helpmeet pities from the bottom of his heart such of his old companions as are yet uncoupled.

THE ARCTIC FIRMAMENT.

The intense beauty of the arctic firmament can hardly be imagined. It looked close above our heads, with its stars magnified in glory, and the very planets twinkling so much as to baffle the observations of the astronomer. I have trodden the deck when the life of earth seemed suspended,—its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me, as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of light, I have ejaculated, in humility of spirit, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolting sunlight and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not, and they bore me back to the stars again. —[Dr. Kane.

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FROM THE NATIONAL PARK.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN, August 19th, 1872.

EDITOR SPIRIT: The day I left Lawrence I met your smiling countenance upon the side-walk and promised if the spirit so moved I would write a letter for your paper from the great National Park.

Whether from my surroundings of spouting geysers or from thoughts of home and friends, I cannot now tell, but the "spirit moves" and I cannot resist its influence. So taking my port-folio from off my well-worn saddle, I seat myself upon a fallen pine tree, by the side of a blazing camp-fire of pine, and adjust myself to the task.

By my side eating their breakfast are my mess-mates, five in number—all tried friends and true. This meal though ample is very simple. It is composed of fried bacon, fresh elk-steak, hot biscuits, coffee with sugar and canned milk, or as it is called here "condensed cow," all seasoned with pepper, salt and pickles. Our "board" is the hard ground, upon which is spread a "poncho," or rubber blanket, our seats are as humble, our plates and cups are of tin, but with a "mountain appetite" our "daily bread" is delicious.

Our camp is pitched in an open pine grove, and overlooks the Madison river. In our front and nearer the river are several groups of our party taking their morning meal. Dr. Hayden is engaged in earnest conversation with the topographer of the Snake River Expedition, for this is their last interview before separating for the season. Prof. Bradley and Dr. Curtis are reclining in the shade, while Mr. Herring, astronomer, and Gov. Langford form another group. Scattered around in confusion are saddles, guns and pistols, cooking utensils, unwashed dishes, and many little single beds out of which yawning sleepers have just emerged. These, with blankets of all conceivable colors—red, yellow, gray, blue and black—overcoats from army-blue to the best beaver cloth, make up the picture before me.

Below and near the river's brink is a row of a half dozen hot springs, small ones, but all active. In one of these we bathe ourselves, in another wash our dishes, and, what is strange to tell, the dirtiest white shirt will boil as clean and white as snow in three or four hours. Your lady readers will exclaim, "What a place is this for making practical Mrs. Starrett's favorite plan for a great universal wash-house and laundry!" In another spring we get boiling water for our tea and coffee,—our teakettle is always boiling—in another boil our meat, etc. This "basin," as it is called, is more properly a valley, about three miles in width, with its retreating sides as they slope gently back from the river mostly covered with a thick growth of evergreens. Much of this valley is as white as snow, and it dazzles our eyes in the bright sun-light as its rays are reflected back from these delicious deposits.

As I write I am seated in the midst of the most active geysers in the world; and if all others in the world were collected in one group they would not equal in size and number those my eyes now behold at one view. Here are literal "lakes of fire and brimstone," boiling with intense heat, from whose brink the hardest sinner would shrink and draw back with fear at the thought of taking a plunge therein. I can hardly suppress the thought, that as the illustrations in the New Testament were generally taken from things and scenes that were actual and real, this also might have been alluded to on account of there being similar springs in sight at the time our Savior used the figure. Many "bottomless pits" are also here, for we have sounded one three hundred and fifty feet and more, and found "no bottom." No doubt many others are as deep and deeper than this one.

While standing around some of these boiling cauldrons, from whose surface the strong, stifling, choking fumes of sulphur is constantly thrown off into the atmosphere, we often hear it affirmed that hell must be very near to us. A young Englishman just over from the "old country," upon hearing the remark said he thought it must be the back door to it, if not the actual locality. The truth of either statement however must be decided by wiser and more learned heads upon this grave subject than mine. The air-like clearness of the water, coupled with its great depth, gives it a wonderful beauty:—a tinge of light azure blue, gradually growing deeper and deeper blue as the water deepens until it borders upon a light green; this as it ripples into waves and furrows by the constant boiling water varies with dancing colors and beautiful hues of blue, purple and green, unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere in nature. Then the reflection from the opal-like walls, which take a pearly lustre often, renders the effect still more beautiful and past description. The water also shows the prismatic colors with fine effect and great brilliancy.

Throwing "hot water," often mixed with mud, smut and slime, is a common practice in our time by politicians, and sometimes I am sorry to say by other classes in community who ought to know better and do better; but here they all find their counterpart in nature, the only difference being, however, here it is wo to him who do'n't "stand from under"; he is sure to be terribly burned.

Every sixty-five minutes during the day and night, week and year, the geyser known as "Old Faithful" sends up its column of hot water promptly on time. It stands on a pedestal of its own building, of pure silver, white and clear—much like the steps to an old cathedral, every pound of which would make beautiful specimens for a college cabinet. On the top of these steps stands the crater,

rounded, scalloped and moulded by its frequent eruptions, and whiter and cleaner even than the steps which lead to it. Looking into this hollow tube, six by three feet wide and five feet high, we find the water boiling and seething with great unrest, but about five minutes before its grand ascent it increases its fury and often "slops over" into the face of one too eager to procure the finest portions of its specimens. All at once by a single puff it goes up ten feet, next twenty, then thirty—forty—and perhaps by this time it leaps one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five or thirty feet, all at one puff, making a most inspiring and magnificent sight, hissing and screaming out its pent-up waters. Down over the sides of its pedestal flow vast quantities of water in hot, steaming currents, and on the side opposite the sun a most beautiful rainbow is seen, perfect as it can be, to grace the spectacle. Five minutes we watch this noble geyser, when it begins to die down; and handsome it is in death, in its last efforts, as the great column of water lowers and lowers in height till it finally subsides, and all is quiet for an hour more. Our two photographers endeavored to catch the scene, with what success I have not yet learned. A little after noon the "Bee-hive" sent up her column of water over one hundred and fifty feet, and by some it is thought to be excelled in beauty by none of the many others. In the evening the "Giantess" exhibited herself and threw up her jet over two hundred feet with a "great noise" sounding distinctly on the night air over a mile to our camp. During the night the "Grand Geyser," too, moaned and spouted and sent up a larger stream of water than either of the preceding over two hundred and twenty-five feet, and it made the ground upon which our head was pillowed tremble and shake.

The "Old Faithful" exhibited also in the evening by moonlight at her rising, making a sight at once unusually grand and beautiful, far, far beyond any description I can possibly give,—so mellowed, subdued and toned down was the sight. That night scenes and sounds, sleeping and waking, between the whirring and whizzing of steam, the spluttering of vast columns of water, and the constant rumbling and thudding of the many geysers surrounding us on every side, make up a wonderful memory not soon to be forgotten.

Even now while writing the above the geyser known as the "Castle," so named on account of its crater (twenty feet high and eight by fifteen wide) being formed like an old castle wall, has been throwing water with most terrific force. It has before this been constantly tossing up spouts of ten and twenty feet, and keeping up continually a grumbling sound, rendering it unsafe to look down into its throat, and we had supposed that that was the limit of its eruptions and power. But just at this moment all at once it started on a terrific "bust," shaking the very earth with an earth-quake's shock, sending up large volumes of boiling water one hundred feet high with a fury which is really appalling. All other sights are left, and every one is now standing still beholding this terrific exhibition of a volcano in real activity. The hissing of the steam as it strikes the cool air is tremendous. After fifteen minutes the water ceases mostly and steam crowds its throat to its fullest extent with pulsations quicker than we can possibly count—faster than any steam engine at its greatest speed—making the vast old crater hum with a deafening noise. Such a terrible outburst of steam could never be exhibited by artificial means. Now it goes to its fullest again, throbbing faster than ever! And now it slackens a little and dies down. Now it begins only to outdo its former exploits! The sight is terrific! It casts into the shade everything else I have seen. Now it again dies away for a moment, only to recover and shake the earth like an earthquake. When will it exhaust itself? It seems as though the very earth would burst asunder as its hollow throat screams and groans like a dying monster. A strong smell of sulphur fills the air, and still it goes faster in its pulsations till they are united into one general roar of sound. It dies a little now and gives a puff or two; now it is at a medium height and is less fearful. Again it assumes its wonted fury—hissing—hissing and rumbling like a hollow tube. And so for an hour it alternates in fierce bursts of steam and more moderate "puffings." But now there seems to be an easing up, and we conclude it will not rend its "castle" this time. We can now by an effort count its throbbings. The earth shakes less and the eruption is dying away. Mr. Holmes has sketched the scene and is now looking over the side of the crater. Some of the party have gone over to see "Old Faithful" "spout," as her time is up and she is prompt, but six or eight still sit watching to see how this will end. She still hisses by turns, and grows more hollow in sound, but is still doing earnest work. Now it dies gradually away and goes by spurts, slack and full by alternate efforts, till after an hour and a half a full blast of steam like a huge engine is all that is left of the castle.

Other geysers by the score, and many of great power and size, must be omitted in this letter, already made longer than I anticipated by the unexpected eruption of the "Castle" close to our side and still giving out steam in vast quantities. Our time is up in this basin, and we go down the Madison early to-morrow from our old camp in the lower basin, to which we must go now on account of time and supplies. I know many of your readers will live to visit these wonders, and millions will also look upon these dying forces of nature which have elevated our mountains and given us many of

the best blessings earth affords. There are times and places in this lower world of ours, when we stand face to face with some of the mighty forces of nature, some of which I have in my feeble way endeavored to describe to your readers, when man with his little wants and his most earnest desires thrust in before his Creator, is unfitting—when prayer even is out of place—when naught but silence and silent worship seems becoming while so very near the mighty arm of the Great Architect of the universe. Or, on the other hand, when climbing to some high mountain top—as I have often done in the daily round of my duty—far above this sordid, plodding, working world, we seem nearer heaven, and can alone commune with the Infinite. Then as we bare our heads to the cool winds which come to us so pure and fresh from the embrace of the eternal snows which lay in thick banks all about us, we can but lift up our voice to God and thank Him for this beautiful world so full of loveliness and of the wondrous works of His hand. We thank Him also for the clear, blue sky, the bright sunlight, the pure air, these broad green valleys stretching wide from mountain to mountain, these cool rivulets of water so late from their prison-house in yonder banks of snow, which, like lines of silver, come rushing and foaming down the mountain-side to the great river which winds its meandering way to the ocean. We thank Him also for these wide-spreading forests, covering the hill-side and mountain top like a veil of verdure, so green and beautiful. We thank Him for these little lakelets so sweetly nestling in beauty upon the mountain side and in the bosom of the great valley below, which like mirrors picture back to heaven the noon-day sun, the silver moon, the twinkling stars and the blue sky. We thank Him also for the grand old mountains, the works of His hands and of his fingers, which like a vast sea of pinnacles send heavenward one united, continual song of mute praise to the God that "brought them forth." We then thank Him for this life, at once so full, buoyant and free, and for the blessed hope of a life beyond this world of care, where we can more fully know the wealth and depth of His love, and where in the elasticity of eternal youth we can not only roam from mountain top to mountain top, but go from earth to the most distant star that sends down to us its feeblest ray or twinkles in heaven's blue arch above. Truly yours, J. SAVAGE.

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