

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Householdry.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 28, 1872.

NUMBER 47.

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not-ly

LAWRENCE, KAN.

The Story Teller.

GRANDMA'S DEARY;

OR,

RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

[Continued.]

Luther had been written to from Charleston (his native city) to hurry home and help protect the city from Union mobs; but he sent back word that he could serve his country in other ways more to his mind. So they branded my Ruthven as a traitor to South Carolina. And I held him to my heart as a loyal soldier.

"But you wish me to cast off this military dress and leave the army, do you not?" he asked, looking into my eyes.

"No, Ruthven. I see now that brave men must not fear to die, if the cause of right demands the sacrifice."

"My noble, noble girl!" cried Col. Luther. How warmly and fondly he clasped me then! How reverently he kissed me! Then I melted into tears within his embraces, but my heart never wavered.

Angela's lover was among the first to volunteer. She made no opposition, but her cheek at once lost its red rose and took on the white which it has worn ever since. Our men were all very hopeful. When the first shock and insanity, as it seemed, was past, they all began to tell how easily the South could be whipped. I never believed it. What Charlie had said and written of the spirit and the strength of the South forbade me to console myself with any such notion. Besides, did I not know that Southerners were brave? My own relatives were Southerners, and I knew that whatever faults they had, cowardice was not of the number. Then, as Charlie's brothers wrote in the last letters we got from any of them, they would all take the field, leaving their slaves to till the land, before they would be overcome by Yankees. They had always been more or less used to military drilling, and were likely to make better soldiers than our clerks, farm-boys and merchants. Besides were not their officers the best scholars of our military schools? I saw all these things at once, and could not think there was any wisdom or reason in saying that the South could be easily beaten.

How sudden was the change that passed upon our people. One week the black coats of citizens thronged the streets; the next week soldiers, soldiers everywhere. Changed like caterpillars into butterflies—the same, yet not the same. Poor fellows! My heart ached for them all.

"Going forth to die!" was my constant thought as they passed me, and my eyes were always filling with tears as I looked at them. Every soldier seemed brother or cousin or

lover to me. I knew he was so to somebody. When I thought of something that it might help them to know, I always spoke and I told them, and many a kind look and hearty "thank you" did I obtain from the grateful fellows. The red caps and breasts of some of the regiments worried me sadly.

"Marks for rebel bullets!" thought I. I could see these poor red clothed lads (for many of them were nothing more) lying dead on battle-fields, twelve to seven of the grey-clad men. So I begged of those I met to remember, if they needs must go into action in that attire, to pin up those red breasts and brass buttons with the grey lappets. The idea seemed to take hold of every mind. I could see the soldiers pulling at their lappets to try if they would meet, and I hope they did take the simple precaution that I suggested, for some regiments were obliged to wear that most unsuitable dress into battle.

Troops almost immediately began to pour through New York on their way to Washington. In the Massachusetts Seventh was my uncle James' eldest son. By his side marched an old school-mate and friend. We spoke to my cousin as he went through Broadway, for we (the Howards and Luther and I) were there on the look-out for him. We had an ice cream for him, and loads of good wishes and such other things as he could carry.

Luther's regiment had not been called out yet, but he was in daily expectation that it would be.

The New England men were about the first men that we had seen in the ranks. It was sad to see so many slender boys toiling under heavy knapsacks. Besides, what could such soldiers do if the war became earnest?

Vice President Hamlin said to one of our friends: "It makes me sick to see what regiments you are sending to face those furious fire-eaters. Why, they will swallow down such boys as they would milk! I tell you we need men for the work that is before us. What I can do to get them I will do at once, on my own responsibility."

"Do'n't Mr. Hamlin think the South will be likely to back down now that they see we are getting ready for them," inquired uncle Howard.

"Back down!" exclaimed his friend emphatically. "No—he thinks that they are desperately in earnest and mean to carry out their plans at any cost."

"Then we shall see a fearful, bloody day," said uncle Howard, gloomily. "I did not think to see such a day this."

"Do'n't be despondent. A good cause is sure to triumph," said Mr. Bert, cheerily.

"Not at first, my boy. Evil is apt to win the first battles. The triumph of that which is right is often long delayed. And if God has taken us in hand now, and means to enter into judgment with us, it is my opinion that the North must take the first scourging. She has great guilt upon her. Even in the matter of slavery, what the South declares to be the 'corner stone' of her new government, the North is almost as blameworthy as she. We have upheld her, we have given way before her, we have utterly forgotten the rights of the poor, oppressed slave, and even now, how has it been? All winter, until the shot hit Sumpter, the North has been anxious to compromise—to stoop to the demands of Slavery. The North was fairly kneeling at the feet of the South, entreating her not to be angry and she should have all that she asked, except the power to rule the opinions of such as hate oppression; and the South, vexed to madness because she could not have that also, kicked up her suppliant, and began pouring into her fortress shot and shell. Then when flesh and spirit could endure no more, came the great uprising. But our people, determined never to think of themselves as they ought, are already taking to themselves great credit and praise for the brave fervor of feeling that has come upon them. They are too confident in their own might. We need humbling, and I have a feeling that the time for our abasement is come."

These sentiments, and the manner in which they were uttered, made a great impression upon all of us. Even Mr. Bert admitted that uncle Howard might be right.

Our dinner hour was six, and this conversation took place before any one had left the table. March had not been seen or heard from for several days; but now, while we were yet at table, he entered the dining room, arrayed as a soldier. We did not know of his intention to volunteer. His face was pale but pleasant; his great, sad eyes were lighted by noble feeling.

"I have come," said he, "my dear parents and friends, to make you a last visit before leaving in the service of my country."

When he went with us to aunt Howard's room he told us that he had taken a solemn pledge never to drink again, never again to play any game of hazard, and to seek with all his heart to be admitted into the service of his Maker. He had been in Baltimore when the first guns of the war were fired, and the echo of that sound, he said, transformed him. He felt that from that hour evil had lost its power over his soul. A high and holy inspiration came upon him, and he felt called of God to rise and sin no more, but to go forth and serve his country.

"And you will yet, my parents," said the dear boy, who was noble, after all, "the proud of the son who has caused you so much bitter shame and sorrow. If I live I will win me a name that shall atone for the past. If I die you shall not blush for the fate of your soldier."

There were tears and sobs within that chamber; there were heart-felt thanks to God; there were fond, fond embraces; there was a hard but hopeful parting; and dear March went from us to make good his promises. Already the war had proved itself not all a calamity.

The march of the regiments which left the city by night affected me deeply. We used to stand where we could see them. One night I insisted on standing out of doors, close

on the curb-stone, so that I could have a distinct view of the men's faces. Dear human faces! Dear faces of fathers, husbands, sons, brothers and lovers going away, so many of them, to return no more! I knew not one of them, but my heart yearned over every one. *Somebody* knew and loved them, and my turn at the altar of sacrifice was so soon to come!

The steady tramp, tramp, tramp, so heavy, so measured; the clank of arms; the voice of command; the rockets sent up all along the line of march; the torches that were carried by some not in the ranks; the banners dimly seen; the sad, stern faces, some so firm but others so very weary in expression; the hasty greetings and partings, as some one caught sight of a friend in the ranks; the farewells called out mournfully from the crowd along the side pavements; and again that steady measured tramp, tramp, tramping of the host going forth to battle—can they ever be forgotten? Never, never. Though you look on such a scene but once you remember it for a lifetime. I looked upon it many, many times. March went off by night. The order came the very day he made his memorable visit. We all went out to see him go—all but his mother. She "could not," she said. There was time for but a word as our brave boy passed us, but his pale face brightened so when his eager, searching gaze rested on us, that we knew it was not in vain we had come.

Springing from the ranks he wrung his father's hand and kissed once more his sister. I had shrunk back to leave them more alone.

"Tell my mother that I will write soon and regularly," he cried, as he regained his place and moved on. "God bless you all."

"God bless and protect you, my dear son!" replied uncle Howard.

March was gone quite out of sight. Angela cried in silence.

"Good-bye, John!" shouted a young man at my side.

"Good-bye, my dear old fellow—good-bye!" was the response, as a fine, sturdy soldier leaped onto the curb-stone and caught my neighbor's hands. A moment, and he, too, was gone.

"Good-bye, boys! bring back the head of Jeff Davis," sang out the Southern rascals fits, my fine fellows!" sang out voices from the crowd.

"Do'n't talk in that way," said a reproving voice.

Cheers rent the air all along the line, answered by cheers from the regiment. Poor fellows! did they, at heart, feel like cheering? I could not believe it. To hear them made me cry. One regiment marched out on a very warm day. They looked nearly roasted, and not all of them were yet rigged in their hot regimentals. What will they do—how will they live, we said, during the burning heats of a Southern summer, unsheltered as they will often be? But we found that we must harden our hearts to everything. All manner of woes belong to war, and if we were to have a war—and it was clear that we should have one: that we were in one—we must nerve ourselves to bear everything.

"We have all seen our best days," said Theodosia, plaintively. Constant was in the regiment that March had joined, but he was not ready to start till the day after March and the others did. Theodosia broke up housekeeping and took board at Mr. Brower's, with aunt Howard.

"When Constant and I were in Pennsylvania," said Theodosia, "we saw an eagle perch upon a standard above the head of an orator who was urging men to volunteer. Everybody noticed him. He did not seem at all disturbed by the notice he attracted, nor by the shouting and cheering. He staid till the speech was ended, and then spread his wings and sailed majestically away towards the North. We pride ourselves on being, as a people, remarkably free from superstition, but I think there was not a man in that whole assembly who would have dared to shoot that emblematic bird. I'm sure the attempt would have frozen me with horror."

"Dear me! and what wonder?" cried Angela. "There do seem to be signs and wonders taking place now as really as in old times. Mrs. Bampton—you know her, mother—told me that she heard a whale run up the Delaware a short time since, and it made her think there would be a war; for before the last war a whale had done the same thing, and none had tried it since."

There was a knock at our door. "Come in," said aunt Howard. Mrs. Bert opened the door. Her pale, excited face told instantly that some new terror had come.

"What—what is it?" cried we all.

"Mr. Bert says that the Massachusetts sixth has been fired into on their way through Baltimore, and that there have many lives been lost. There is a dreadful time there."

"Oh! my poor nephew! Oh! my poor brother James! Do they know who were killed?"

"I do not know. Husband!" called Mrs. Bert. He came in and we asked him. He gave the names. My cousin was not among them; but his friend was one who was shot dead.

"It was on the 19th of April that the first blood of the Revolution was shed," said Mr. Bert, with serious eyes, "and that was Massachusetts' blood. This looks like an omen."

"The hand of a Greater than man's, I trust, in this matter, and will carry our country through," said aunt Howard. "More than one thing has taken place to assure me that Powers unseen are deeply concerned in this struggle, and that the final triumph will be on the side of justice and universal liberty."

"So I trust and believe, Madam," returned Mr. Bert; "but just at this juncture things look dark. Our troops cannot go through Baltimore, it seems, and Washington may be in the hands of the rebels before we can prevent it."

Every one knows that this fear was not realized. All the public events of that anxious time are chronicled. It is with private hopes and fears and joys and griefs that we have to do.

[To be Continued.]

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

1872.

These figures have been made many times by the readers of these lines. It would be curious to moralize on the variety of circumstances under which they have been written.

Reflection becomes the time. We are on the isthmus of the years. Behind us is the irrevocable past; before us the untrodden future.

"We are hurrying on, hurrying on, Says a voice that speaks from the works of God, And the flaming spheres as they roll along"

But no matter for this, if our progress is in the right direction. If we increase in wisdom as we increase in years, we may laugh at time, and bid him do his worst.

And let us not be disheartened by failures and difficulties. We have broken many resolutions; we have encountered many obstacles; but these, rightly regarded and used, may become means of improvement, and create in us the muscles of power.

C. C. HUTCHINSON.

C. C. Hutchinson, of Reno county, is banking "under the name and style" of the Reno County Bank.

The above-deserved compliment of one of the most practical and prominent men in southwestern Kansas we clip from the Emporia "News," and we take pleasure in endorsing every word and idea contained therein.

THE REASON WHY.

We had hoped not to be compelled to make another apology within the current volume of THE SPIRIT, but several causes—excessively cold weather, moving our office, sickness of a compositor and the difficulty in finding extra help during the holidays—force us to issue a half sheet this week.

OUR QUARRELS.

A friendly paper expresses its regrets that we should prostitute our paper to our personal quarrels. We join in the regret. We felt, a few weeks ago, a good deal as good Dr. Neale felt when a brother preacher had told some scandalous story about him: "Would that some ungodly man would whip him!"

Few editors have indulged in a personal controversy, and at its close could truly say that they had neither lost their self respect nor fallen in the estimation of judicious friends.

W. A. PHILLIPS.

The Lawrence "Journal" before the Congressional Convention, which met at that place last September, supported the man whose name heads this article, as one of the three Congressmen elected from Kansas at the late general election, entirely against the wishes of Western and Northwestern Kansas.

And now that we have a United States Senator to elect, the same paper supports this man for the office. It uses his name in opposition to I. S. Kolloch. Phillips is an ordinary man, and as a speaker or public worker, but a very common-place man; Kolloch as an orator is the finest that we have in the West.

IRA BROWN,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Door and Window Frames made to Order.

JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Shop and Office at Kimball Bros., Pinkney St., Lawrence.

NOTICE.

Samuel Poole, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that Andrew Terry, of the county of Douglas, State of Kansas, did, on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1872, file his petition in the District Court within and for the said county, against the said Samuel Poole, defendant, setting forth that the said defendant, on the 13th day of October, A. D. 1871, made and delivered his promissory note to D. and N. G. Miller for the payment of \$1200, due twelve months thereafter, which note was then and there assigned to the said plaintiff, and that such note was duly presented for payment, and such payment being refused, was thereupon duly protested, and that there is due and owing to said plaintiff from said Poole, on said note, the sum of \$1200, with interest thereon from October 23d, A. D. 1872, at twelve per cent. per annum, \$72 damages of protest, and \$1.78 for notarial fees; and the said Samuel Poole is notified, that he is required to appear and answer said petition on or before Saturday the 11th day of January next, or judgment will be rendered that the said defendant recover of the said Poole the sum of \$1272.78, together with interest on \$1200 from October 23d, A. D. 1872, at twelve per cent. per annum, plus the costs of the proceedings.

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

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EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

\$1,000 at interest, compounded semi-annually, will progressively double in amount, until it exceeds \$1,000,000, as follows:—

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

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$16,000 in 35 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent, \$32,000 in 35 years, 6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

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Have now in Stock a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS, SHEARS AND SCISSORS, TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS, COAT AND HAT HOOKS, CARVING KNIVES AND FORKS, POCKET KNIVES, HAND AND DOOR BELLS, LOCKS AND LATCHES,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF RAZORS,

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

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TACKLE BLOCKS AND PULLEYS, MECHANICS' TOOLS IN GREAT VARIETY, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF HARDWARE.

THE CELEBRATED UNION CHURN, WARRANTED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION, OR THE MONEY REFUNDED.

We make a specialty of Carpenters' Tools, and keep the best assortment of goods in that line to be found in the West. We sell all articles at the LOWEST CASH PRICES, and respectfully ask the public, before purchasing, to look through our stock, which is one of the most complete in the West.

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Real Hair Switches and Curls, Knit Goods,

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Parties from the Country Especially Invited to Call.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ON ALL ORDERS. 42

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FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

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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.

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As I do not wish to go to farming, I will sell or trade,

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Their business will have the same attention as if present personally at Washington.

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FOR SALE.

Will sell or exchange for Illinois or Wisconsin property, my farm, twelve miles east of Lawrence, within one mile of Stranger station, one hundred and sixty acres, all under good board fence, sixty-five acres under cultivation, thirty acres timber on Spring creek, good frame house with eight rooms, spring running in cellar. This is one of the most desirable

DAIRY FARMS

in the State. Address WILLIAM HAYDEN, Stranger, Kansas.

THE VALUE OF STATISTICS.

On more than one occasion have we laid before our readers, valuable and interesting results from the labors of those who devote their attention to gathering statistics on different subjects. It is a subject that to many persons is almost wholly devoid of interest, but to those who are interested in the study, it almost forms their meat and drink. The collecting of such facts, and the arranging of them is of immense value to a nation. From them we arrive at correct conclusions in regard to our growth, our wealth and material development, as well as our educational and religious condition. The particular topic to which we desire to call the attention of our readers at this time is the growth of our railroad system and its value. The facts almost seem like a gorgeous Eastern fairy story, but we presume they are correct, because they are taken from an annual publication that is regarded as reliable.

It appears that at the close of 1869, our country had about 50,000 miles of railroad in operation, and it is estimated that during the year 1870, 5000 miles more were constructed. In 1851 the total mileage of railroads in the country was 8,876 miles, and during that year the earnings from passengers were \$19,274,254, while that from freight was \$20,192,104, or the whole earnings was nearly forty millions of dollars. The tonnage of all the roads during that year is set down at five millions of tons, and the value of this tonnage at seven hundred and fifty millions. This would make the value of every ton weight carried one hundred and fifty dollars, which we suppose is moderate enough.

In 1869, eighteen years afterward, the tonnage of our railroads is given at one hundred millions of tons, and the value of this tonnage at ten billions, eight hundred millions of dollars, which is more than four times the amount of our national debt. The earnings of the roads from this source also amounted to about three hundred millions of dollars, a sum sufficient to pay our debt in seven years. This vast net work of railroads is continually bringing more of our country into market, and yet the same rapid increase for fifty years will leave millions of acres far from lines of railroads. Who at the end of that time can calculate and express the value, earnings and tonnage of all these roads?

Railroads, however, are not the only investments in this country. If this one item, however, is so transcendently great in value, what is to be said of all our sources of wealth? With these facts before us, and staying us in the face everywhere, whether croakers now and then talk of repudiating the debt that was incurred to defend, protect and preserve this glorious Union against the uplifted hands of traitors. Our debt, in comparison with our developed and undeveloped resources, whether agricultural or mineral, may almost be compared to a drop in the bucket. In this brief statement we see the value and importance of the study of statistics of every kind, and in regard to all subjects. Some are of more value than others, but all are needed to make our conclusions accurate and reliable.

SENATORIAL.

The State press is just now dishing up the Senatorial question to the amount of less than a thousand columns a week on this subject, and still I. S. Kalloch and S. C. Pomeroy are ahead. The Lawrence "Journal" and a few other papers who have been fighting Pomeroy "all summer" are now dropping him and "going for" Kalloch, one of the most eloquent orators and finest men in the West. The whole fight now seems to be made upon Kalloch. Opposition gives a man strength.

Mr. Pomeroy has considerable strength in the Northwest, but that which is opposed to him will vote for Kalloch. It is the same with Southwestern Kansas. In any way that we can count the vote of the next Legislature, Mr. Kalloch will receive not less than fifty votes on the first ballot for U. S. Senator, and upon the second he will gain a larger one. Should he succeed in being elected to this position, Kansas would have a man in the position that would be an honor to her. Mr. Kalloch is a man who would take a leading position with the affairs of our Government, and at the same time he would be a valuable man to our State at large.

The "Journal" supports Phillips, a man we do not want. Other papers in Kansas advocate other men, among them Harvey, Logan, Carpenter, Snoddy, and a dozen or so others. These men are all in the field against Pomeroy, but if they expect to defeat the present incumbent the supporters of these men will have to unite upon Mr. Kalloch, the second strongest man in the field. Mr. Pomeroy, all will admit, has the most strength of any one man, but the question is, can he gain a larger vote than he now has?—[Beloit Gazette.]

ADVICE FROM KANSAS CITY.

The Kansas City "Times" makes some suggestions which it considers important to be heeded: "We desire in this connection to tender a word of advice to those opponents of Senator Pomeroy who hope to beat him without going outside of the Radical party, simon-pure, for a candidate. It is this: There is no use for any of the opposing candidates to hope for any such profusion of good Radical record as Senator Pomeroy possesses, by keeping within the bounds of his own misdeeds; not because they have not the will or the capacity to achieve similar distinction, but because their opportunities have been less ample. Therefore, it will be necessary to concentrate upon some one man all the shortcomings of the whole lot in order to go before the incoming Legislature with anywhere near the amount and quality of recommendation which Pomeroy will carry. A good man to concentrate upon is Kalloch. He already possesses a good groundwork of irregular transactions to begin with. A search among the files of the New York "Times" or the Kansas City "Bulletin" of date about a year and a half ago, will reveal some transactions of his in relation to some Indian trusts which will be found to contain all the essential points that go to make up a Kansas Radical politician, and differing from the exploits of Pomeroy in quantity rather than in qual-

ity. If upon this promising foundation the opponents of Senator Pomeroy will combine to build up a symmetrical superstructure of corruption for the ex-Rev. Mr. Kalloch, by contributing each one a share of his own iniquities, they may succeed in placing that ex-Reverend gentleman on a footing of something like equality in the send-off of the race. Then, if they will go to work and make up a purse equal to that wherewith Senator Pomeroy intends to inspire the Kansas Legislators with a proper sense of duty, it may be said that the Senatorial contest at Topeka will be an even thing. We fear, however, that the thing is impracticable. It will do no harm, though, to try the experiment, and we would beg to add that no time is to be lost, that a caucus should speedily be held of the anti-Pomeroy faction, a proper record made up for Mr. Kalloch, and the services of the New York "Sun" in making him notorious at once secured."

LEGISLATOR.

When a man is elected to the position of State Senator or Representative, the people in voting for him expect that he will support in balloting for United States Senator, a man whom their constituents prefer in the position.

With the Northwest, it is a known fact that the choice of the people are somewhat divided in opinion, but this divided opinion lays between but two men—I. S. Kalloch of Lawrence, and S. C. Pomeroy of Atchison.

In Mr. Kalloch they believe they would have a true friend, and a man who would be an honor to the State at large. In Pomeroy, the settlers on these homestead lands look to him as their great benefactor.

In our rounds we find that the citizens of the Northwest are for these men above all others, and it seems hard for them to choose between the two. —[Beloit Gazette.]

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!!!

We are Retailing, Very Cheap, a Machine Oil, composed largely of Animal Oils, for MOWERS, REAPERS, CARRIAGES, &c., &c., WHICH IS UNSURPASSED FOR DURABILITY,

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It is more effective than the steam fire engine, because it is instantaneously ready and throws a powerful stream of carbonic acid gas and water for any length of time. It is the best and cheapest fire engine in the world, and comes within the financial abilities of every place. It does not require an expensive system of water works, and is never out of repair.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

Henry Kesting and Theodore H. Ruediger partners, as H. Kesting & Co. Plaintiffs, versus Morton J. Enright, and Frances Enright, and Esther A. Raymond, Defendants.

Morton J. Enright and Frances Enright, whose places of residence are unknown: You, and each of you are hereby notified that Henry Kesting and Theodore H. Ruediger, partners as H. Kesting & Co., did, on the first day of October, A. D. 1873, file their petition in the District Court within and for the county of Douglas and State of Kansas, against the said Morton J. Enright, Frances Enright, and Esther A. Raymond, defendants, setting forth that the said defendant, Morton J. Enright, on the first day of December, A. D. 1868, made and delivered his promissory note to Esther A. Raymond for the payment of four hundred dollars (\$400.00) due two years after date, with interest at ten per cent per annum, and to secure the payment of said note when the same should become due and payable, the said Morton J. Enright, and Frances Enright, his wife, executed and delivered to the said Esther A. Raymond, their mortgage deed, dated the 25th day of January, A. D. 1869, upon the north half of the north-west quarter of section No. nine (9), in township No. twelve (12), of range No. twenty (20), containing eighty (80) acres of land in Douglas county, Kansas, which note and mortgage was then and there duly assigned by the said Esther A. Raymond to the said plaintiff, and that there is now due and owing to the said plaintiff from the said Morton J. Enright, on said note and mortgage, the sum of four hundred dollars, with interest thereon from the first day of December, A. D. 1870, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and fifty dollars attorney's fees for foreclosure of mortgage, and the said Morton J. Enright and Frances Enright are notified that they are required to appear and answer said petition on or before Saturday, the first day of February, A. D. 1874, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment will be rendered in favor of the said plaintiffs, and against the said Morton J. Enright for the sum of \$400.00, and interest thereon at ten per cent per annum from December first, A. D. 1870, and \$50.00 attorney's fees for foreclosure of mortgage, and a decree entered for the foreclosure of said mortgage against the said Morton J. Enright and Frances Enright, and for costs of suit.

PUBLICATION NOTICE.

District Court, Douglas county, Kansas. Emily E. Fuller, Plaintiff, against Rufus H. Fuller, Defendant.

RUFUS H. FULLER is notified that he has been sued by Emily E. Fuller, and that he must answer the petition filed in said case in the Clerk's office of the District Court within and for the county of Douglas and State of Kansas, on or before the third day of February, 1873. The plaintiff charges the said Rufus H. Fuller with having abandoned her for more than one year next preceding the filing of said petition; also with having been guilty of cruelty and gross neglect of duty toward the said plaintiff, and prays that she may be divorced from the said Rufus H. Fuller.

Dated this 15th day of December, 1872. BARKER & SUMMERFIELD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

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

W. Oulton, Plaintiff; W. A. Harris and James B. Hamilton, Defendants. BY virtue of an order of sale to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court, in and for Douglas county, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will, on Saturday, the 14th Day of January, A. D. 1873,

at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Lawrence, county of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said W. A. Harris and James B. Hamilton, and each of them, in and to the following described lands and tenements, to-wit: All of lot 5 in the south-east quarter of section 13, township 12, range 19 east, lying south of county section line running from east to west, containing 12 2/3-100 acres, otherwise described thus: The south-east fraction of the south-east fractional quarter of section 13, township 12, range 19 east, north of the Kansas river, in Douglas county, Kansas, appraised at five hundred and eighty-four dollars twenty-one hundredths dollars (\$584.29-100), taken as the property of W. A. Harris and James B. Hamilton, and to be sold to satisfy said order of sale. Given under my hand at my office in the city of Lawrence this 26th day of November, 1872. S. H. CARMEAN, Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

CREDITORS and all others interested in the estate of Horace C. Brown, deceased, late of Douglas county, Kansas, are hereby notified that on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1873, I shall make final settlement of said estate. JOHN M. SHEPHERD, Administrator of Estate of H. C. Brown.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT. H. H. CARPENTER, NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POSTOFFICE.)

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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.

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G. A. McHILLAN, Cashier. Prof. JAMES JOHNSON, BARBER SHOP, OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing; Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow, And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying. Old year, you must not die; You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die. He lieth still; he doth not move; He will not see the dawn of day; He hath no other life above. He gave me a friend and a true true-love, And the old year will take 'em away. Old year, you must not go; So long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have seen with us, Old year, you shall not go. He froth'd his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year we shall not see. But though his eyes are waxing dim, And though his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me. Old year, you shall not die; We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, if you must die. He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er, To see him die, across the waste, His son and he: doth ride post haste, But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own, The night is stary and cold, my friend, And the new year, blithe and bold, my friend, Comes to take up his own. How hard he breathes! over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock. The cricket chirps; the light burns low; 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands before you die, Old year, we'll dearly rue for you; What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die. His face is growing sharp and thin, Alack! our friend is gone. Close up his eyes; tie up his chin; Step from the corpse, and let him in That standeth there alone, And waiteth at the door. There's a new foot on the floor, my friend, And a new face at the door, my friend, A new face at the door.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A Real Incident. BY GRACE GREENWOOD. On a Christmas night, some years ago, there were gathered about the wide fireplace of a large New England kitchen a happy family circle consisting of a well-to-do farmer, who was a magistrate—known far and wide as "Squire Percival"—his comely wife, two fair daughters, a niece, and last, but not least, a son, just home from Yale for the holidays. The night without was seasonable cold, and brilliant with moonlight and starlight. The large stone farm house stood on the brow of a hill behind a protecting line of tall pine trees, the only green in the wide landscape. The steep hillside and the valley beneath were heavily blanketed with snow. The early part of the evening had passed merrily with games, jests, and songs. But for an hour or two the conversation had taken a drift into the realms of the supernatural. One ghost had succeeded another till, as the "witching time of night" approached, and the fire burned low, the circle instinctively drew closer together, with thrills and shudders of strange spiritual dread, which is yet akin to the keenest pleasure—an awesome joy, an exquisite terror. The solemn sighing of the winds among the trees, heard in the pauses of ghostly recitals, added its wondrous, weird effect to the theme. Just as young Percival had concluded a wild German legend, which he declared "splendid stuff for dreams," the outside door was heard to open suddenly. All looked around more or less fearfully, to see standing on the threshold the slight form of a fair young woman, clad in white, and looking strangely pure, and cold, and luminous, like incarnated moonlight. "With the glide of a spirit" she came forward. Her feet were quite bare, and her arms were drooping wearily. Masses of fair hair fell over her shoulders, but her eyes were dark, and fixed with a melancholy stare. Her lips were slightly parted and almost colorless. She came into the circle about the hearth, and there paused, standing utterly motionless—a beautiful, appalling figure. For a moment, all the startled group remained as silent as that strange visitor. Then one young girl caught her breath in a hysterical scream, which was instantly answered by a cry from the lips of "the woman in white," "into whose blank eyes rushed a wild, keen light. She gazed about her in terror and bewilderment, then glanced down upon herself, and sank cowering upon the floor, covering her face with her hands, and giving way to childish paroxysms of weeping. The farmer's wife, a woman of rare sense and presence of mind, at once divined the truth. "She is a sleep-walker," she said. "She must be half dead with the cold. Girls, bring some wraps." Immediately all was bustle. The farmer and his son discreetly vanished from the scene, and the kind mother, daughter, and niece devoted themselves to their bewildered charge, who still wept and sobbed under their kind ministrations, but declared that she felt no cold and no pain, though her delicate feet were actually bleeding from her long walk up the icy hillside and over the crust of snow. After having been tenderly put to bed, however, she became sufficiently composed to reply to the few questions which had been put to her. She said that she was Lucy Ellett, the niece of the village physician; that she had lately been taken from school on account of nervousness, and sent to him for medical treatment, but that homesickness and loneliness had made her worse. She had occasionally walked in her sleep before, but only about the house and grounds at home, and on summer moonlight nights. "I think the moon bewitched me," she said smiling through her tears. That night she

had, before going to bed, looked across the little valley to the pleasant house on the hill, watching the cheerful Christmas lights gleaming through the pine trees, and longed to be one of the happy party there, though she was a stranger to all. She had cried herself to sleep, she said, and that was all she knew of her mysterious tramp over snow and stones and ice. Not a memory, not a thought could she recall till the moment when she found herself standing on the hearth in her night dress, with so many wondering eyes fixed upon her. "Oh, dear, what do you think of me? What can you think of me now?" she moaned. "Never mind what we think of you, my poor child," said the good, motherly Mrs. Percival, we love you already, so drink this nice ginger tea and go to sleep." The poor child got a little natural sleep, and in the morning appeared somewhat less ghostly than the apparition of Christmas night. But she was very pale, with a playful, shy, grieved look. She was suffering less from exposure than was expected, but more from the nervous shock of the night before, and by the advice of her uncle, who had been summoned, consented to remain with her new friends for a few days. Young John Percival was hospitably kind to the invalid guest, not seeming to perceive that she shrank from his attention in a sensitive, disquieted way. Yet when his eye was not on her, she was observed to study his face with a peculiar inquiring expression. She could not remember having seen that face at the fearful moment of her awakening, and she hoped he had not been a witness of that walking trance, and she regarded it with absolute horror. Finally, on the last day of her visit, finding herself alone with him for a moment, under a desperate impulse, she asked, "Did you, too, see me that night, Mr. Percival?" He was touched by the tremble in her voice and the wistful look in her dark eyes, but he answered honestly: "I cannot deny that I did see you." "Oh, sir, what must you have thought?" "Thought? why I thought that if ghosts would always come in such shape, I would never fear them more." The shy smile and rose blush that his playful answer called forth, seemed first to reveal to the young collegian the pale, shy vision of that night as a lovely walking flesh and blood reality. I never heard of Lucy Ellett "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" as a somnambulist after this, but I heard that, on another Christmas night, she stood on the hearth of the old farm house, dressed all in white, in the midst of the same family circle, and she gazed about her and said: "I am afraid I am walking in my sleep again," and then, putting up her hands in a pretty, deprecating way, added: "But if I am John, don't wake me."

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

On Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving,

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10 CASES BEST BRAND BALTIMORE OYSTERS.

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Fresh Fruit Preserves, and Jelly in Glasses that it would

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With a variety of other Goods, all of which were pretty effectually "cleaned out," but they at once ordered a fresh supply, and are determined to keep up the "grand display" at their "exposition," corner of Massachusetts and Warren streets, until the Holidays are passed at any rate—possibly longer.

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