

# Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—FRANKLIN.

VOLUME 1

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 18, 1872.

NUMBER 16.

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**A STRENGTHENING TONIC**

at this season of the year

THESE WINES AND OUR GENUINE

SCOTCH ALES

are confidently recommended.

## Contributed Articles.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY JAMES HANWAY.—NUMBER TWO.  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

It was remarked by Secretary Forward, of Andrew Jackson's administration, to a friend after he had heard Frederick Douglass deliver a discourse, "I would give all the property I possess if I were able to speak before a public audience with as much force and eloquence as Fred. Douglass." Douglass was a strong pillar of strength to the old anti-slavery party. He stood as a stumbling block against the almost universal theory that the negro was one of the connecting links between the monkey and the proud anglo-saxon race. France had her Alexander Dumas, while the United States has her Frederick Douglass—names which will not be forgotten by this generation.

For many years Douglass attended the annual anti-slavery conventions held in Cincinnati. The largest halls in the city would be crowded both day and night. There was considerable of the mimic in his composition. On one occasion he undertook to reply to the stereotyped objections of the pro-slavery party against the African race; his answers were amusing and full of good hits, but towards the close of his speech he paused, looked around on the vast crowd, then raised his voice to its utmost pitch and said, "They tell us the negro has weak lungs: he has no voice, his chest is not properly developed"—here he closed, the audience read the answer in the loud tones of his voice, and manifested its appreciation of the hit by cheering him.

At Cleveland, Ohio, when on his way to attend the Pittsburgh convention which nominated John P. Hale and George W. Julian for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, Mr. Douglass delivered an address at what was called the round church. It was crowded to its utmost capacity. At the hotel at which I found accommodations were also two Mississippi planters, genuine slaveholders, who on hearing that the "negro Douglass" was going to hold forth that evening manifested a disposition to hear him. I informed them such was also my desire. So we went together. They evidently felt somewhat distrustful, fearing that the anti-slavery element would recognize their social proclivities; but I assured them there was not the least danger, for toleration of opinion was a cardinal principle with all anti-slavery people in the Free North. Arriving at the round church at an early hour, we obtained good seats. Douglass made one of his best efforts. His speech contained a goodly portion of mercury and was well spiced with amusing anecdotes. My friends, when a pause took place, would whisper to each other, "a bold speaker," "a dangerous man—he ought to be prosecuted for treason," &c. His remarks on the fugitive slave law were forcible and strong. "For my part," he said, "if a slave-hunter attempts to cross the threshold of my door, I will use my strong right arm and lay him dead at my feet. It is a moral duty—nay, it is a religious duty—which all of us owe to our God and to humanity," &c. This appeal of Douglass to his colored brethren to vindicate their manhood, was only equalled by the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, to which I referred in the previous article. After we returned to the hotel, of course criticism was freely indulged in by the Mississippi planters. One of them remarked: "I don't care what people say about moral or political duties; but when they talk of religious notions of individuals, here is where the danger is. You convince the people that to kill a man when he is in search of his property is right and a religious duty, and you make fanatics of them; then argument and statute law becomes imperative. A fanatic is a dangerous antagonist, and the best plan is to keep out of his way."

The next day at Crestline the train stopped for dinner and to change cars. The bell rang and the passengers crowded to the table. Mr. Day, the editor of the "American Alien," was stopped by the landlord, who informed him that a man of his color could not eat at his table. This unexpected reflection on our party caused quite a fiery war of words, and many who had already commenced to dip rose from the table. The landlord looked on with

amazement. An indignation meeting was held after dinner, and a protest was passed never more to enter the door of the hotel. As we returned from Pittsburgh a bountiful dinner was provided at another place, and not a soul eat at the usual dining hall. Mr. Douglass and Mr. Day were the lions of the occasion.

THOMAS CORWIN.

The first time I ever saw Thomas Corwin he was on his way to Congress. There were no railroads in those days, or even turnpikes. It was in Warren county, Ohio. The roads were in an awful condition for travelling. The carriage was fast in the mud, and broke down at that. While it was being "reconstructed" with ropes and splinters, Mr. Corwin, instead of adding to the discomfort of the occasion by useless fretting at the delay as many persons would have done, kept the party in excellent humor by his fund of anecdote. I heard him speak in Cincinnati to a large crowd. It was during the excitement of "no more slave territory." He was for no more territory, and thought the word slave should be omitted. Towards the close of his speech some one in the crowd cried out, "What about the nigger?" Corwin paused, looked around to the right and to the left; at last casting his eye upon the man who asked the question he said with a low voice, rolling his eyes around and drawing his hand over his face; "I do hope no person present intends to cast any reflections on my color." The crowd laughed and it became a scene of perfect uproar. Corwin closed his speech, leaving the negro undisturbed in the "wood pile."

But of all the amusing incidents that I have ever witnessed at public gatherings, (and I have not been a stranger to them), the most amusing was that at a political meeting at the time of Harrison's campaign for the Presidency, at which Mr. Corwin was a speaker. After speaking of the corruptions of Van Buren's administration, and the tenacity with which those in office held on to their lucrative places, &c., he stopped as if he was about through, cast his eye over the vast crowd in his own peculiar style, bent his body over the platform as if he desired to speak to some one close by, then in a low, clear voice repeated the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Job: "Doth the wild ass bray when he has grass, or loweth the ox when he hath fodder?" The point was seen by the crowd, the excitement ran wild, and it was a considerable time before order could be restored.

Corwin was fond of telling the following incident: On his way home, in company with other members of Congress, they tarried at an inn in the Alleghany mountains. Supper being ready the company took their seats, Corwin among them. The landlord, believing him to be a colored man, gently tapped him on the shoulder and whispered in his ear that a table was set for him in the kitchen. Corwin instantly obeyed the summons and adjourned to the kitchen. After a while a Kentucky friend cried out, "Where is Corwin?" No one could tell. He had entered the supper room with his party, but had not been observed on leaving it. The landlord did not know him—had not seen him. He said however he had ordered one of their servants into the kitchen, and he was now eating his supper. One of the members rose from his seat and went in search of him. True, the "colored servant" was no less a personage than Hon. Thomas Corwin of Ohio. The landlord apologized a thousand times for his blunder, and invited him back into the parlor; but no! Corwin would not leave his kitchen quarters, but finished his supper there.

When Corwin commenced his political life, an article appeared in a newspaper which the editor of an administration paper insinuated was written by a person who belonged to the negro family. Corwin was not the author of the article alluded to, but the remarks of the Democratic editor were so extremely personal that Corwin concluded to chastise him; therefore he prepared himself with a cowhide, and meeting the editor on the streets of Lebanon, gave him a thrashing. From this he received the name of "Black Tom."

During the gubernatorial campaign between Wilson Shannon and Corwin, the Whigs had a song in which occurred these words:

"Wilson Shannon will get a tanning  
From Tom, the wagoner boy."

Two years after, Shannon succeeded, then the Democrats sang it:

"Wilson Shannon gave a tanning  
To Tom, the wagoner boy."

I think my friend Gov. S. will remember this incident.

LANE, Franklin County.

### OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPIRIT: There has been nothing this week but clouds and rain—substantially evincing the tendency of Kansas towards drought and other evils resulting from dry weather. I wish some of those Eastern skeptics, whose minds still retain the belief of the droughty nature of our climate, could have passed the last ten days, or, for that matter, the past month, in this neighborhood, and taken, as I have, seven or eight drenchings, seen the earth soaked, and potatoes washed out. I think if they had passed through this they would go home wiser and wetter—if not better—men. But of course every good thing can come too strong. Too much of one thing becomes monotonous, and so it is with the rain. We all sigh for a rest. Just a few days fine weather, so that we can finish planting, etc., and then we can submit to an occasional shower. But this pouring, constantly and perpetually—ugh!

Well, the revival still goes on, and is accomplishing great results. Ottawa is blessed with good ministers, and their earnest labor is being crowned with victory—a hard-earned, well-deserved victory. By the way, some people mistake the animus of my criticism of Rev. Hammond. I did not intend to cast any slur upon the ministry, but simply criticize the man. I reverence a minister of God as highly as any man living, and as heartily despise a pretender thereof. Our own parsons are good, pious, able men, whose hearts are in the work, because they believe in it and love it. But I cannot class Hammond among them or with them. That is what I mean. Among the recent conversions are Wm. Hayes, W. W. Roller, T. C. Bowles, A. W. Walton and several other prominent business men. The meetings are still continued morning and evening, and are very largely attended.

Politically, things are moving. As was suggested in one of my former letters to you, C. B. Mason has formally announced himself as a candidate for District Judge, *vice* Judge Bassett. A. W. Benson has come out for County Attorney. So likewise, I learn, have Messrs. Meigs and Hughbanks. These gentlemen are only the first crop, and the chances are that in a month I shall chronicle the appearance of twenty additional candidates for this position. It seems to be one much sought for by lawyers, and is, I suppose, profitable. There seems to be very little agitation over the office of District Clerk. I suppose Mr. Wilkinson, the present occupant, will be a candidate, and have heard that Ed. Sheldon is looking at the place affectionately. Ed. would make a very good clerk, and is a popular young man.

There is a good deal of conjecture about Blinks. The general question is, "I wonder who he is?" I came in to the post-office the other day, from my miniature farm, and heard quite a discussion over the personality of that genius. I laugh in my sleeve at them, as I know they can never find out through you, and will not suspect me. There is a good deal of power in the obscurity of the person of a correspondent. People who know they have a critic near them, yet whom they cannot identify, will be more apt to read his letters and notes. Of course this is all vanity, but then I think it helps THE SPIRIT, and I am willing to be vain to accomplish that result.

The Davenport Brothers have been here with their mysteries, and puzzled our people sadly about the agencies used to effect their singular performances. I expect it is all right; but my head is too thick to fathom it.

Ottawa is to have a Savings Bank. I learn that it will be opened in a short time, and no doubt it will be a success.

Building is going on as rapidly as the rain will permit. New houses—both business and dwelling—are going up on all sides, and give a busy appearance to our streets.

Considering the scarcity of topics this week, I guess I had better stop, as I am through.

BLINKS.

OTTAWA, May 16, 1872.

**LAWRENCE ELEVATOR,**  
G. W. SMITH, Jr., Proprietor.

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STORAGE AND COMMISSION.

Ground Feed in any Quantity.

The Housekeeper.

CONDUCTED BY CORA M. DOWNS.

AT MY WINDOW.

I have been sitting in a delicious, dreamy state of idleness for the demoralizing length of time that is measured by a whole hour.

There goes a train across the Missouri River bridge; wreaths of pearly, cloud-like vapors float off into the air, and one more engine speeds with its trusting humanity toward the hills of sunrise, youth and home.

Talking about hash, I am reminded that it is said of the English, they have only three known national ways of dressing food—roasting, boiling, and "that inconceivable horror known as hash."

A late writer has thus forcibly expressed himself concerning the boiling of food:

"To boil food, be it meat or vegetables, is to extract from it, first, its volatile aroma, then its essence and juices, and finally, its power of nutrition. Aroma, essence, juice and strength go out into the hot water, leaving behind them the fibre which they have quitted.

Now it stands to reason that there is a great waste of substance in the preparing of vegetable matter. The aroma of asparagus is cast off if the liquid is lost in which the stems are cooked.

How much of chemical knowledge is yet to be obtained in the preparation of the articles we eat! I believe the good Lord who made heaven and earth intended that our food should so nourish our blood as to be independent of those wise old saws who make bitter little pills that cause us to eject what we should never have taken in.

There is no doubt a moral consequence connected with the material satisfaction of compounding our articles of diet. The practical ideas of economy, thrift, management, tact, and the rare quality of combination should be as much studied by young girls as the finer accomplishments that only fit them for society.

I was much vexed in spirit one day last week that the editor of THE "SPIRIT" should happen along with his better half and find some poor bread on a table where the theories evolved should bear better fruit in practice.

But there comes the 5 o'clock p. m. train from Pleasant Hill. How did I ever get my imagination from out the hazy distance, from trailing clouds of smoke, from blue birds' song, and the rain drops on the trees, to drudge among useful and practical matters?

The rain has caused the earth to emerge from her bath of beauty, and all in green, and dotted with starry blossoms, she lies under the smile of the sunlight.

O, what a joy there is in nature! I have watched my lovely blossoms bursting into full perfection until it is a joy to live. My tulips are Cleopatras, robed in purples and Tyrian dyes, and just now a "Souvenir de Malmaison," a flesh tinted magnificent carnation, is a living wonder to my eyes.

And the landscape for the length and breadth of miles before me is all aglow with the beauty of the May.

For life and for the birth of its beautiful things, for death and our transition to the nobler life, let us be thankful. The seed in the ground and the white blossom springing forth, the body in the ground and the spiritual resurrection! Beautiful transformations! Mrs. Browning says:

"O, Life! O, Beyond! Thou art sweet, thou art strange!"

That great, lumbering, overgrown, architectural monster, the Kansas City court house, is right within range of my vision. With its heavy dome and turrets and its rows and rows of what look like port holes from this point, but doubtless are windows, it might be the castle of Giant Despair.

The forest trees on the bluffs beyond are emerald soft against the pearl cloud gates above. A mistiness and haziness after May showers is abroad in the atmosphere. A bird swings on a twig of the apple tree close by, and peers at me with one eye as much as to say that she has her own mind about

things, and a housekeeper's corner, though she do n't make such a parade about it.

"Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary days When the eggs are under your breast; And your mate will fear for willful ways When the wee ones leave their nest; But they'll find the wings in a glad amaze, And God will see to the rest!"

There are a pair of royal blue jays—gorgeous fellows—they have stolen the blue of the skies, "the livery of heaven." They are like some people who go to church and sing, making a tremendous noise and not much music.

ABOUT COCONUT CAKE.

This morning, while I was compounding a coconut cake, a colored man, Davis by name, who was plastering somewhat for us in the rear of the house, remarked that women had such a good time and men had to work so hard all the time, "just to keep the women comfortable!"

"Now, Davis," I replied, "that is one of Satan's traps by which you men are misled. There's not such a great difference whether you mix cake or mortar in this life, and as for the application of the materials we make, the cake I make serves to plaster up the inside of animate things, while the substance you make goes on the outside of inanimate things, and thus you see the equipoise in labor is established."

I don't think he saw, however, and to this moment he thinks that the brain and muscle required to make up a bed of mortar is much greater than that which is demanded by the light, sweet, delicious, feathery compound that this uncouth nut from tropical regions helps to flavor. Just try the grating of the cocoa, my dear friend of the male persuasion, and beat the eggs afterwards for a half hour, and "work" the butter and sugar to a foam, and get your ingredients all properly prepared, and then watch the baking process another half hour, meanwhile preparing your frosting for the layers of cocoa, and before you get through with the cake you will go back to your mortar bed resignedly, declaring that the "elaborismus" of the thing is settled.

TWO QUERIES.

Now, Monsieur SPIRIT, I see that you allow people to ask questions. I want to know what the oriental legends of the Ichthyophagi and the Chelaphagi were?

And please to let us know, now that it is planting time, where the "Cnidian onions of Theophrastus" can be obtained, that were said to be "so mild as to occasion no tears?"

Please to be succinct and reliable in your replies. If my friend, Mr. Hanway, raises onions or horseradish on his plantation, that will not "occasion tears" in preparing for table use, he may reply.

WYANDOTTE, May 9th.

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.

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HOUSE BUILDER,

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ICE CHESTS, BEE HIVES & LADDERS.

ALSO DEALER IN

STONEWARE, SEWER & DRAIN PIPES,

Chimneys for Prairie Homes,

FANCY CHIMNEY TOPS, FIRE BRICKS, TILES, &c.

Large Stock on Hand. Send for Price List.

I would call special attention to my refrigerators. Having had much experience in the business, I combine the good qualities of different refrigerators and ice chests into the one I manufacture.

- 1. Because they are well made of the best material; lined with zinc throughout, and made with double walls; the space between which is packed with dry powdered charcoal, and not with sawdust, as is the case with nine-tenths of Eastern refrigerators.
2. Because they are home manufacture, and are more durable, and save at least fifty per cent. of ice.
3. Because they can be kept in the dining room without wetting the floor, as they are constructed so that the air is in constant motion, and the fumes are allowed to escape.
4. Because they sell for less money and are a handsome piece of furniture for your dining room. All who use them recommend them.

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REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.

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CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, OVER \$10,000,000.

JOHN CHARLTON. CHAS. A. LONG.

CHARLTON & LONG,

Office Over Simpson's Bank, Front Room.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

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THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

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THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

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WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

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

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

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

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.

Ask for Tickets via QUINCY and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, THE BEST ROUTE.

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

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

This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars, and no where else can the passenger so completely depend on a speedy, safe and comfortable journey.

The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query, "How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and truthful document, containing a valuable and correct Map, which can be obtained free of charge by addressing General Passenger Agent B. & M. E. R. R., Burlington, Iowa.

OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GALVESTON RAILROAD LINE

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

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

GOING SOUTH:

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Lawrence, Baldwin, Kansas City, Ottawa, Garnett, Humboldt, Tioga, Thayer, Cherryvale, Independence, Coffeyville, Parker.

GOING NORTH:

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, Cherryvale, Thayer, Tioga, Humboldt, Iola, Garnett, Ottawa, Olathe, Arrive at Kas. City, Baldwin, Lawrence.

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.

Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.

All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS:

At Kansas City with connecting roads for points East and North. At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West. At Ottawa with stages for Pomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage City. At Humboldt with stages for Eureka, Eldorado, Augusta and Douglas. At Tioga with M., K. & T. R. R. for points North and South.

500,000 ACRES OF LAND

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CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent, Lawrence.

JANUARY, 1872.

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TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

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BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

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Close connections are made at the Kansas City, State Line and Union Depots for all points North, East and South.

For Leavenworth 4:05 and 7:35 A. M., 2:40 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Express Accommodation

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for Burlington, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, &c.

At Junction City for Council Grove, &c.

At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City and all points in New Mexico and Arizona.

At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown, &c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden City, &c.

At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

Pullman Palace Cars are attached to all express trains and run through between Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne without change.

Remember this is the great through line, and there is no other direct all-rail route to all points East and West.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Kansas Pacific Railway, and purchase them of W. D. WETHERILL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or of J. C. HIGDON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House.

S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Sup't. BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent, Kansas City, Missouri.

ON TIME!

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD!

The Old Reliable & Popular Through Express Route

TO SAINT LOUIS,

—AND ALL POINTS—

EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!

NO CHANGE OF CARS

FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD

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PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPERS!

MILLER'S SAFETY PLATFORM!

THE PATENT STEAM BRAKE!

An equipment unequalled by any other line in the West.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

A. A. TALMAGE, Gen'l Sup't. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Missouri.

SMITH & HAMPTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

**The Home.**

**"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."**

In the quiet nursery chambers,  
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,  
See the forms of little children,  
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest.  
All in quiet nursery chambers,  
While the dusky shadows creep,  
Hear the voices of the children—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain  
Calmly shine the winter stars,  
But across the glistening lowlands  
Slant the moonlight's silver bars.  
In the silence and the darkness,  
Darkness growing still more deep,  
Listen to the little children  
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,  
And the mother's head drops low,  
(One from out her fold is sleeping  
Deep beneath the winter's snow.)  
"Take our souls!" and past the casement  
Flits a gleam of crystal light,  
Like the trailing of his garments  
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant  
Listening at the gates of life,  
Hearing, far away, the murmur  
Of the tumult and the strife;  
We, who fight beneath those banners,  
Meeting ranks of foemen there,  
Find a deeper, broader meaning  
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,  
Which, to-day, you watch from far,  
When your deeds shall shape the conflict  
In this universal war,  
Pray to him, the God of battles,  
Whose strong eye can never sleep,  
In the warring of temptation,  
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly  
Clears the smoke from out the skies,  
When, far down the purple distance,  
All the noise of battle dies,  
When the last night's solemn shadows,  
Settle down on you and me,  
May the love that never falleth  
Take our souls eternally.

**ANXIETY FOR CHILDREN.**

Parents often stand in the light of their good, and even weaken their moral power, by an undue and improper anxiety for their own children. There may be an anxiety for one's children which shall leave the impression in the child's mind that you have no faith in God. Else why such anxiety? Parents may be so anxious for the welfare of their children that they have very little peace, very little joy, very little trust in God. In order that our hearts may ring out to children in the sweet music of true religion, those hearts must not be touched. If you lay your hands upon a bell when you strike it, it is muffled, and the sound does not come forth. Take off your hand, and everything, and let the bell sound out sweet and clear. The heart must not be muffled by these anxieties and fears and torments.

"To be sure," it is said, "the parent who loves the child must be anxious that it shall do well." Yes, but hope is a better counsellor than fear, for parents. It is just as easy for your mother to say; "The God that has taken care of me will take care of my children. I will trust Him who has never left me nor forsaken me, and who has given me the right to cast my care on him because he careth for me. Not my vigilance, not my skill, not my wisdom, will I trust. I acknowledge that I do not know how to take care of these little ones; but God knows, and I will leave them in his hand." My dear friends wonderful is the way of God with children. How many children there are who come up in spite of their parents! How many parents there are who do enough to destroy it would seem the very possibility of their children ever coming to manliness and integrity, but whose children escape in spite of parental perversion, and come up to honorable and useful manhood! And how many children are surrounded by parents who, though they are exemplary, are overborne by anxiety, and who are afraid, not only of the devil in general, but of everything in particular—afraid of the least thing; afraid of the shaking of a leaf; afraid of exposing their children to the slightest temptation; and who bring up those children in such a way as to produce the impression on the child's mind that the parent is *dreaded* and untrusting, and has but little help from above. That the parent expects that there is going to be some comfort hereafter, the child is led to believe; but there is no impression made upon the child's mind that there is any expectation on the part of the parent of immediate relief.

—Becher.

**UNLUCKY MEN.**

There are certain men born under such unfortunate stars that their existence seems a fatality from beginning to end. Before their entrance into this sublunary world their mothers wished for daughters, and they were born boys. They were twice vaccinated, but caught the small-pox and remained pitted like a cullender of peas. If an epidemic is going, they never escape it. If they drop their pie or bread and butter, it always falls, fruit or butter side down. In drawing for the conscription they always get number one. In the lottery of marriage there falls to them the rough, red, disagreeable and awkward women, poor in money but rich in cousins.

**NOT GOOD FOR MAN TO BE ALONE.**

No one will contend that there are no crimes committed by married men. Fact would look such an assertion out of countenance. But it may be said with truth that there are very few crimes committed by married men, compared with the number committed by those who are unmarried. Whatever faults Voltaire may have had, he certainly showed himself a man of sense when he said, "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise." An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the whole current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the counsel, the affections, the example, and the interests of his "better half" keep him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore the friend to marriage is the friend to society and to his country. And we have no doubt but that a similar effect is produced by marriage on the woman; though, from a difference in their labors, and the greater exposure to temptation on the part of the man, we have no doubt but man reaps a greater advantage from the restraining influences of marriages than woman does.

**JUST SUCH NEIGHBORS.**

A man stopping at a tavern for rest and refreshments began to talk about his journey. He had come from a neighboring town; he was moving away, and glad enough to get away too. Such a set of neighbors as he had there—unkind, disoblighing, cross and contrary, it was enough to make any one want to leave the place, and he had started, and was going to settle in another region, where he could find a different set of inhabitants.

"Well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going."

The next night another man stopped at the inn. He, too, was on a journey, was moving. On inquiry it was found that he came from the same place from which the former traveler had come. He said he had been obliged to move from where he lived, and he did not mind moving so much as he did leaving his neighbors; they were so kind, considerate, accommodating and generous, that he felt very sorrowful at the thought of leaving them and going among strangers, especially as he could not tell what kind of neighbors he would find.

"Oh, well," said the old landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going."

Does it not seem possible that men will generally find about such neighbors as they are looking for? Some people are always in trouble, others "follow peace with all men." Who knows but we can have just about such neighbors as we wish for, simply by treating them as we ought to?

**THE SPRING.**

There is a mildness in the air, and the streets are sloppy wet, and dainty dames in rubber boots across the gutters get; the splashing coaches dash along unheeding how they go it, and well-dressed people dodge the mud as here and there they throw it. Some careless ones get spangled with the splash the horses fling, and wiping off the yellow flecks, they swear like anything! The horses smoke along the way, unheeding aught of law, and Boston though a moral place, is influenced by Thor. Naught boots our blacking, and the shine is sadly taken off, and friends when meeting always say, "How are ye? how's your cough?" And undertakers, jolly look, and wink as if to say, "This is your sunshine, harvesters, for making human hay!" Look out for freshets when the hills pour down their streams amain, and do the mischief maybe with the works upon the plain—sweep off, perhaps, the meadow ricks, the cows, perhaps, and lambs, despite the farmers' tears and prayers, and unavailing dams. We'll hear of bridges carried off, and ne'er a one brought back, and rails, not railers, deeply drowned on many a railroad track. We'll hear of avalanches fierce that fell on every side, as yielding banks gave up their hold and let the union slide. Let's courage take that winter's passed, from witnessing the thaw, as Paul, in scripture, courage took, when he the taverns saw.

**THE OPEN FIRE.**—"I am a firm believer," says Dr. Cuyler, "in the moral and spiritual influence of an open fire. To make home attractive, there must be somewhere in the house a common family rendezvous; and that ought to present a more radiant attraction than a black hole in the floor, through which hot air pours forth from a subterranean furnace. Men will fight for their altars and their fire-sides; but what orator ever invoked a burst of patriotism in behalf of steam-pipes and registers? I never cease to be thankful that I was brought up beside the hickory fire of a rural farmhouse."

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

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For Chapped Lips and Hands and Irritated Surfaces.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

# Kansas Spirit

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MAY 18, 1872.

## DECORATION DAY.

The day set apart and devoted to the decoration of the graves of our dead soldiers will soon arrive, and we are pleased to notice that it will be observed as it should be in Lawrence. Earth has some sacred places, where we feel like loosing the shoes from off our feet and treading with sacred reverence,—places where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. But there are none so sacred and solemn as where rest, waiting the resurrection, the remains of those who have gone before us. Hence in all ages the better part of mankind have chosen and loved spots for the burial of their dead; where they have loved to wander at eventide to meditate and weep.

The massy marbles rest  
On the lips that I have pressed  
In their bloom;  
And the names I loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

The custom of decorating the graves of the dead with flowers, which the Greeks and Romans observed with beautiful care, but which, until Decoration Day revived it, had fallen sadly into disuse in this hurrying and irreverent age, is an expression of some of the sweetest and sacredest sentiments of the soul. Flowers are an appropriate tribute to the grave, which a ghastly theology has taught us to associate with all that is horrible and hopeless, and invest it with the kindling radiance of hope and immortality. "Our cathedrals and old churches," writes Wilcott, "gray with the rust of centuries, speak to the heart through the eye. Death is never unlovely, but meets us with the garland of hope upon his forehead." Addison might well delight to pass an afternoon among the tombs of Westminster Abbey. The most cheering comfort speaks from the grave. It is the last resting place of man. It is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. It is sleep after hard and tiresome toil, repose after a long and agitating contest, victory after a long and doubtful battle.

But there are no graves so sacred, nor so worthy the fresh and beautiful tributes of a grateful people, as those of our martyred soldiers. Let us remember how short a time it is since all that we held dear as a people was imperilled, and it was a problem of the gravest doubt as to whether the Republic bequeathed us by our fathers should be transmitted by us to our children. It was no mere contest for national glory or dominion. It was no fight for the annexation of new territory. It was a struggle for the very existence of the nation. Armed rebellion had its bloody hand upon our throat. Traitors and cowards at home were aiding on the desperate work. A great party met in national council and deliberately pronounced the war our brave boys were then waging in the field to be a "failure." Those were dark and gloomy days, even if some have forgotten them. And the boys in blue who settled all these momentous questions for ourselves and our children, who gave us homes, liberty and peace, who saved for us and our descendants a country, are worthy of all the honor a grateful people can bestow. We do not see how man can forget them. We do not see how they can speak slightly of them. For our own part, while it may seem very weak and childish, we confess to a feeling which makes it as impossible for us to use mean or hard words concerning the heroes who have purchased all we have with their sword, as it would be of our mother. We know it has become quite popular to speak sneeringly or slightly of them. There were those who could do it in the very midst of the contest. Their number seems to have increased, and to have added some strange recruits, but we are thankful not to be counted in the company.

But the boys who fell in the fight, who died a sacrifice for their country, who made the turf beneath their feet a soldiers' sepulchre—for them and sacred to their memory is Decoration Day. They fought in a war which they did not seek, and could not avoid; a war in which they had nothing to acquire, but everything to preserve; a war in which they contended, not for wealth, or honor, or fame, or dominion, but for independence, liberty, existence; a war of moral principles against immoral power, in which the forces of the Union stood forth as the champions of the human race, and shrunk from no sacrifice of treasure or of blood to stem the torrent of iniquitous ambition, and save our fair national heritage from the assaults of the destroyer.

They conquered, but many of them, alas! conquered as Bozarris, "bleeding at every vein." Of many of them, too, it might be written as of the old Grecian hero:

"His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud huzzas,  
And the red field was won."

They fought and died in our behalf; they left dear ones unprovided for, that ours might enjoy the light of liberty and the protection of law; and to forget them, or become recreant to their memory, would be against both patriotism and humanity. The man who does not venerate the gallant dead of our war is unworthy to be a freeman and deserves to be a slave. All that gives any value to our property, any profit to our trade, any security to our homes; all that makes streets safe to walk on—beds safe to lie on—our land a fit place to live in,—is in consequence of the sacrifice of the heroic men, who,

on many a hard fought field proved a soldier's valor and filled a soldier's grave. But we know that though a great, it was not an unwilling sacrifice. We know that theirs in many instances was that brave, heroic purpose, brighter than coronets and richer than kingdoms, which makes light of life compared with duty, and renders a gory bed in duty's path where glory has been, even as welcome as the bed of bridal. All honor to their memory! Let a grateful people strew flowers on their graves.

## THE TRIBUNE AND THE BONDS.

Never to learn anything and never to forget anything has been generally considered an unfortunate type of character. To forget much and learn nothing can scarcely be considered much better. We do not suppose that the editor of the *Tribune* would desire to provoke a controversy with us, and especially one which would necessarily reopen the controversy which raged with more or less bitterness between him and us for many years. We have been unwilling to think so, and have passed over in silence several allusions, which, in the opinion of others, needed attention. But an article in the *Tribune* of the 16th leaves no room for election on our part any longer. We shall endeavor to refrain from touching upon many reminiscences and calling up many circumstances which might throw much light on the *Tribune's* course touching railroads in general, and the Galveston railroad in particular, but we shall say enough to show the editor of the *Tribune* that, as of old, when called out we are on hand. He says:

The last time we had the business men together, the superintendent told them in Frazer's Hall, that "Even now hands are waiting to go to work on the machine shops, and unless we are frustrated by the illiberal opposition of this man who opposes us in getting the necessary grounds, FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS will be expended in the next sixty days."

All we have to say upon this point is simply this: What we said at the time referred to we said by authority. And had it not been for the "illiberal opposition" of the editor of the *Tribune*, all that we then said would have been carried into effect. His "illiberal opposition" caused a delay; Mr. Walker came to Lawrence and withdrew the propositions entirely which we, as Superintendent of the road at that time, made by the authority of Chief Engineer Chanute; and the arrangement subsequently made with the road was made after Mr. Walker had distinctly declared that he would not do what we had declared previously the road would do.

We call attention here to two points. The first is personal to ourself. The second relates to the company. Our personal point is that when we spoke in Frazer's Hall; we spoke by authority. Had the proposition then made been accepted, it would have been carried out. It was not accepted on account of the opposition of the editor of the *Tribune*, he owning the land the company wanted, and declining to part with it on the terms proposed. That he had a right to do this we do not dispute. What we are after now is the facts in the case, and we have stated them as they are. The second point we make concerns the company. When Mr. Walker arrived and found the opposition to the propositions, and the excitement concerning them, he withdrew them, and the arrangement made was made with him directly, and entirely independent of anything said in Frazer's Hall on the occasion referred to. This everybody knows who remembers anything of the circumstances. That we did not get the advantages we ought to have had is for the same reason that we have not got many other advantages we ought to have had. It is unnecessary to more than intimate what that reason is.

The recklessness of assertion in this article is equalled by that of another in the same issue of the *Tribune*, and which has been repeated with Cass county variations, in every issue for several days; viz:

The new definitions of the Galveston men are, that when we say that Douglas county will not stand the outrage by which THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS were taken for ONE DOLLAR, we mean to organize a mob.

Now does anybody need to be told again that Douglas county voted this three hundred thousand dollars for building the road to Ottawa? It might have been unwise to do it—it might have been paying too dear for the whistle—it might have been a foolish trade,—but we did not make it, we did not vote for it, we did not at that time have the honor of a residence in Douglas county. But where was the editor of the *Tribune* when that astute bargain was made, and that plethoric amount of bonds were voted? After having voted them, and the company—as we claim—having complied with its part of the contract, that brilliant career of injunctious was commenced which stopped the prosecution of the road, paralyzed the hands of its builders, and became the beginning of the end of all the misfortunes which Lawrence has experienced touching railroad matters.

These bonds were never "taken for one dollar," and anybody who states so stultifies himself. The bonds belonged to the company, and no man in it ever had a particle of doubt of its ability to legally secure possession of them. What the editor of the *Tribune* probably means to say is, that the stock of the county in the road was sold to Mr. Joy for the nominal price of one dollar. But what he conveniently further forgets to say is that it was surrendered by the county for the further and vastly more important consideration that the city of Lawrence was to be, and forever remain, a point on the MAIN LINE of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad. That was what the county got for its worthless stock.

We have said that the Douglas county stock was

sold for an important consideration. We should also say further that it was allowed to be so sold at a large and important meeting of the business men of Lawrence by an unanimous vote—the editor of the *Tribune* among the rest. The vote was taken after reading the following letter from Mr. Joy: "I have concluded to accept a proposition by which we shall become the owners of a majority of the stock in the L. L. & G. R. R. \* \* \* This however is upon the assumption that the stock which may have been subscribed for by the counties shall be placed in the hands of Trustees," &c. "In other words, they should agree to give me the stock for a nominal sum and the completion of the road," &c. "The bonds and stock of that (Douglas) county should be placed in the hands of Trustees to be delivered when the road is completed to Garnett, as agreed"—in the contract between the company and the Commissioners referred to elsewhere. On the question of doing what Mr. Joy here asks to have done the editor of the *Tribune* voted YES! Now who stole the stock? Who sacrificed the county for ONE DOLLAR? We are not arguing whether Mr. Joy has complied with his part of the contract, but we are setting right the history of the transaction by which the county surrendered its stock and bonds.

This, we are aware, opens the main question now in issue. And if the *Tribune* could devote itself to its discussion it might receive valuable aid from men who, believing that the company acted in good faith at the time, are as anxious as the *Tribune* can be that they carry out the spirit of the contract. But if the *Tribune* is determined to make false starts, and misrepresent the history of facts, those who are personally involved in its criminations must take care of themselves. We have no doubt that if Lawrence is not a point on the main line of our road, in other words if the courts should decide the Kansas City route to be the main line, Douglas county could recover the stock surrendered to the company, and that the company could also be compelled to surrender other things besides the stock. To a man up a tree this would look like a subject for discussion at the present time. But if it is the old bond war, or the "homestead" imbroglio, why, it can be made just as profitable as many of our past controversies have been; and no two persons perhaps better than the editors of the *Tribune* and *SPIRIT* know how that is themselves.

## THE LATE SEASON.

It rains, and it rains, and it never stops raining. It has not stopped raining yet long enough to get anything planted on a side-hill farm. And the prospect is good for more rain yet. If all idea of this being a "drouthy" country is not by this time drenched out of men, we give them up. They would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead. Some of our neighbors, whose land lies differently from ours, have got ahead of us in planting, but our turn will come by and by. We have the promise of seed time and harvest, but whether they shall be early or late is another question. On this we unfortunately have no revelation. But it behooves farmers to be ready to jump to their work, the minute it is dry enough to do it. The clouds have begun to give down, and we know by this time how hard it is to quit raining when it has begun. They are wise who have all their available force of men, boys and teams ready to improve every instant of time that the ground is dry enough to work.

## Telegraphic Summary.

### Political.

A Washington dispatch of the 13th, says: Among the many prominent gentlemen giving their adhesion to the Cincinnati nominees, the names of Reverdy Johnson, John C. Breckinridge, Gen. Dick Taylor, and Duncan Kenna, are mentioned by authority.

The Tennessee Republican State Convention was held at Nashville on the 15th inst. About three hundred delegates were present. The convention was harmonious and enthusiastic, showing that the Republicans of Tennessee are united and unanimous for Grant. Delegates to the Philadelphia convention were appointed, and a full electoral ticket was nominated. No candidate for Governor was nominated, it being deemed the best policy to make no nomination.

Horace Greeley has withdrawn from the editorship of the New York Tribune until further notice.

The House of Representatives has passed a resolution to adjourn sine die on the 3rd of June. The Senate will probably concur.

The Democratic National Convention is called to meet at Baltimore on the 25th of June.

The New York Democratic State Convention declined to instruct their delegates to Baltimore either for or against the Cincinnati nominees.

### Foreign.

An official decree issued at Paris on the 15th inst. announces the appointment of the Duke De Noailles as minister to Washington.

The following extracts from the London papers of the 15th inst. show the spirit of the London press on the treaty question:

The Daily News says: All eyes in England are turned to the American Senate. We have done our duty. The last hope of maintaining peace has been confined to a body always holding the highest place for gravity and wisdom. The Morning Post and Daily Telegraph are sanguine that patriotism will override politics, and that the treaty will survive. The Standard remarks: We have made sacrifices enough. Let the Senate reject the treaty amendment. It is not our fault if the American constitution is defective or the government weak, nor is it our loss if we are released from a liability incurred out of exaggerated differences towards kindred, high-spirited but exasperated people. The Times makes no allusion to the subject to-day.

The following is from a London dispatch of the 15th: The message of President Grant to the United States Senate, submitting the proposed additional article to the Washington treaty, relative to indirect claims, seems to reassure the public that the differences between the two nations will be honorably settled. The publication of the message has had an effect on the market for American bonds and securities, which is now firmer than at the opening.

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It is the best and cheapest fire engine in the world, and comes within the financial abilities of every place.

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CALL AND SEE US.

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What We Know About It.

A subscriber and friend in a distant part of the county, who takes THE SPIRIT and says he likes it, wants to know what Eastern papers he had better take for his family.

BREEDER.—"Would you breed a large, bony, vigorous mare, not fast, but a work mare, to a large Norman stallion, or to a smaller and faster horse?"

A school girl wants to know if we think there is any harm in reading stories. Her mother is much troubled in this respect, and as we publish stories in THE SPIRIT she thinks there can be no harm in reading them.

DOWN EASTER.—"What, if any, is the difference between our Timothy and what you and I used to call Herd's grass down east?"

C. D.—"What can be done for warts on cows' teats?"

An amateur chicken fancier criticizes our preference for the Brahmas on account of their eating so much.

Some inquisitive chap, inclined to conundrums, writes us to know why there are no wrinkles on the horns of Texas cattle.

HOPFUL.—Did Mr. Bonner ever offer \$100,000 for a horse that would beat Dexter's time, and if so why does he not take Goldsmith Maid?

"I throw the door wide open. Of course I should prefer a young and sound horse, like Dexter, but I shall not make it a barrier against any horse undertaking to perform the feat, whether he be young or old, sound or unsound, lame, or free from lameness."

POLITICIAN.—"Has the President of the United States any power to interfere to undo any of the reconstruction acts of Congress, even if he wanted to; and if he has not, what particular difference does it make who is President?"

NEW COMER.—"Do you make your farm pay?"

or floods, or insects, may blast the farmer's hopes, after he has done his best to deserve and achieve success; but I insist that, as a general proposition, GOOD FARMING DOES PAY—that few pursuits afford as good a prospect, as full an assurance, of reward for intelligent, energetic, persistent effort, as this does."

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

Abilene has new potatoes of this season.

Cattle are getting fat in the Arkansas valley.

The fruit crop in all parts of the State promises the greatest yield ever before known.

All our Kansas exchanges speak well of the flattering prospects for a large fruit crop.

The Neodesha Citizen has a report of the sayings and doings of the Pleasant Valley Farmer's Club.

A number of substantial farmers from the older States have recently come to the vicinity of Neodesha and purchased the best farms they could find.

The Fredonia Journal says: "Young corn is coming up well, and the favorable season thus far, in the matter of rain, gives the farmers grounds of hope for a good crop."

The citizens of Longton Township, in mass meeting assembled, passed the following resolution: We will enforce the law in relation to driving Texas or Indian cattle through this Township.

From the Osage Mission Journal, May 11: "Our County Agricultural Society was organized to-day. T. H. Butler was chosen President; C. H. Morris, Secretary, and A. B. Stoddard, Treasurer."

The Independence Tribune says: "It is settled that we are to have a Fair, and now the question is, shall it be a success? Those now in the lead are determined on that point, if those interested will give their support."

The Osage Mission Transcript is of the opinion that "a farmer is never so jolly and happy as when he can stand under his vine and fig tree and fairly see his crops grow—which has been the case during the week passed."

The Marysville Locomotive says: "We have seen several large fields in which the corn stands from four to six inches high. All kinds of vegetation is farther advanced than we have ever seen it this early in the season. One can almost perceive the grain towering upward."

A correspondent of the Union, urging a fair for Allen County, says: "Allen county has all the ingredients necessary to insure success in this enterprise. In the agricultural, horticultural and floricultural departments, she is fully equal to the emergency. In the mechanical and artistic, she is not second in Southern Kansas."

The Lane correspondent of the Ottawa Journal says: "Those intending to plant out forest trees, must not forget that about the last of May is the season of the year to gather the maple and elm seed. Immediately after gathering, plant in rows, in rich, mellow ground, and in a few weeks if the weather is favorable it will show itself above ground."

The Border Sentinel advises to plant trees. "Many people in Linn county complain of a scarcity of timber. They do not seem to consider how easy it would be to have plenty of timber at their own doors in a few years. Walnut, cottonwood, or maple grows rapidly, and it costs comparatively nothing to put in ten or twenty acres of either of them."

Says the Wyandotte Gazette: "Wyandotte county held a very respectable fair nine or ten years ago, we do not now remember the year, but think it was in the fall of 1863. We certainly ought to be able to do as well now. Indeed, in the way of a horticultural display, we believe Wyandotte county might challenge any other county in the State."

The Holton Express says: Hemp raising is attracting considerable attention in our county. Those who are conversant with its culture say it will be a paying crop this season. James S. Duff, living near Whiting, has invested 10 or 20 acres in it, and informs us that he has about the same soil that he had in Missouri, where he successfully cultivated it for years. Others are engaging in its culture, but we cannot recall the names.

The Wathena Reporter has the following on blooded stock: "We frequently observe in our Kansas exchanges notices of blooded horses, cattle, sheep and swine in almost every part of the State. Many persons make a specialty of the raising of no other kind, and in every instance it proves a profitable business. Good stock is easily kept, that is it does not require so much feed, but proper care is necessary in its management."

Emmet gives a hint: "Those who live in town and prefer raising chickens to cultivating garden should always remember that chickens can interfere materially with other people's gardens. The owners of fowls can remedy this evil by keeping the troublesome customers at home. In fact, it would be more agreeable to all parties if that were always done, for the owners of gardens have a summary way of relieving themselves of such pests as chickens."

Diseased animals are now received at the Kansas State Agricultural College. They will be taken care of and treated under the direction of Prof. H. J. Detmers, free of charge, except for actual cost of food and medicines. Animals with contagious diseases will be examined but not admitted to the premises. Owners of sick animals who wish them examined, but prefer to care for them themselves, can bring them to the College at 12 c. each week day. Operations in animal surgery will be performed free of charge.

The Neosho Falls Advertiser warns up on the question of a County Fair. "Woodson county will have a fair the coming fall, in the month of October. It will depend on the farmers to make it a success; but we feel confidence in their doing this through the medium of Township organizations. For the future we bet on Woodson county, on any matter connected therewith. The people have at length commenced to work for the general good, and not entirely for locality. Count the Advertiser for the interests of the county at large at all times."

Mr. Wilkerson, Secretary, calls through the Salina Herald for everybody to attend a picnic to be held in his neighborhood to-day in the following stirring terms: "Is there a farmer in this, the heart of Kansas, who will not attend our Farmers' Social? Let all the tillers of the soil come and bring their wives, and let the wives bring baskets full of something good to eat. And those who have no wives—let them go to Junction City and call upon the rocks and hills to hide them from the face of the earth."

We infer from the following from the Longton Ledger that our old friend Reynolds proposes to indulge in a little racing: "Mr. James Reynolds has some fine colts which he proposes to exercise a little, on his private track, about the first of June. Due notice will be given of the time. He also proposes to offer a premium of a fine saddle to the person owning a horse that can beat his colts at that time. He invites every body to attend. No betting so far as Mr. Reynolds is concerned; he simply offers the premium for the purpose of inducing others to bring their fast stock."

Says the Burlington Patriot: "The semi-annual meeting of the State Horticultural Society will be held at Humboldt, commencing June 11."

Among the Mineral Point items in the Patriot we find mention of our old friend and correspondent, Tipton, from whom THE SPIRIT would like to hear: "Mr. Tipton, the great blooded stock raiser, lives near Mineral Point, and carries on a large farm, as well as attends to the details of stock raising on an extensive scale."

One reason why Marsh Murdock makes such a readable paper, is his generous agricultural items, a few of which we make a note of, concerning Wichita in particular, and the Arkansas Valley in general; we quote from the Eagle of the 10th:

Potatoes are up from two to four inches above the ground and peas have been in blossom for some days, in this valley.

We are glad to notice that our farmers are vying with each other in farm improvements, in planting trees, fencing, adorning and beautifying their homes. This enters largely into making farmers rich, and building prosperous county towns.

Several sacks of peanuts have been brought here, ordered by different farmers and gardeners, who are planting from a quart to a half bushel each. The soil of this valley is very well adapted to the production of that now national and inexpensive luxury.

The Longton Ledger thinks Southern Kansas good enough for anybody excepting those who would have grumbled in Eden: "Our opinion is that this country cannot be excelled for stock-raising and general agricultural purposes, yet we never try to persuade any one to come here to live; come down and see for yourselves; the country speaks for itself, some people are pleased with it and some are not—the latter would likely have found fault with the Garden of Eden."

The Ledger also says things around Longton are growing. "It is a general remark among citizens of Howard county that they never saw vegetation come forward so fast as it has here within one or two weeks past. Grass is three or four weeks later than usual, in Southern Kansas, but it is good now and all kinds of stock has been doing well for some time past."

The Reporter also speaks of Maj. Hudson's famous piggy: "The last number of the Kansas Farmer gives an engraving of the ground plan and elevation of a Model Piggy, with a description of the same, owned by Major J. K. Hudson, of Wyandotte County. Nothing but pure Berkshires are bred at this establishment. It is 100 feet long and 30 wide, composed entirely of pine, placed upon a stone foundation. It is admirably drained and ventilated, and has fourteen pens on each side of the building, each being arranged so that two or more can be thrown together. This is done by movable partitions. Convenient to the piggy are steamers used for cooking the food, and connected with it by a wooden track and truck cars, on which barrels of swill are moved into it. It is indeed a model establishment, and the owner no doubt realizes handsome profits from its management."

Town Talk.

A Card.

Editor Ottawa Leader—Sir: In the ensuing campaign I shall be an independent candidate for the Judgeship of the Fourth Judicial District. The position and the duties of the office do not, in my opinion, require the drill of party or the intervention of a convention to select a candidate, a mode of nomination frequently violating the wishes of a majority of the people. Submitting my claims directly to the people, I shall be satisfied, whatever the result.

Respectfully, C. B. MASON.

May 10, 1872.

SORRY.—The serene, saintly and stately Spooner is said to have ascended the long flight of steps leading to THE SPIRIT sanctum, without finding THE SPIRIT'S editor. Sorry for Spooner. Call again.

F. P. BAKER.—Major General Baker, the old commander of the Press Gang, paid his respects at THE SPIRIT office last Thursday. Baker hangs around a newspaper office just as naturally as a duck takes to water. At ours, he is always welcome.

ANOTHER EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.—Mr. M. O. Hall, editor of the Stuart Locomotive, Iowa, called on us the other day on his way down to see our old friend Hutchinson, with some idea of establishing a paper in C. C.'s dominions.

HARPER.—We have received a call from Mr. Harper, editor of the Democratic Banner, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Mr. Harper is an intelligent observer, travelling through Kansas with his wife, and we wish him a pleasant journey, with all agreeable incidents and memories.

CLERICAL CALL.—Rev. Dr. E. J. Goodspeed, of Chicago, pastor of a church of over 100 members, one of the most distinguished dominies of the Baptist denomination, has been visiting Lawrence, and, of course, paid his compliments to the office of THE SPIRIT.

FROM OTTAWA.—Mr. John Walruff, and Esquires Welch and Nelson, have honored our office with calls during the week. They all agree that THE SPIRIT is a big thing, and Welch is much exercised to know who "Blinks" is.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. C. B. Stoddard has been doing some very acceptable work in the dental line at the Eldridge House. The Doctor is a master of his profession, and a gentleman every way.

WANTED.—Will the Illustrated Journal of Agriculture, published in St. Louis by Messrs. V. & J. S. Marmaduke, please put in an appearance on our table and oblige an appreciative contemporary? Kansas Farmer, ditto.

EMERY.—Judge Emery is talked of for Judge Bassett's place. Mr. Emery is a gentleman of culture and education, and eminently qualified to fill such a position. We have no idea of what wires are pulling or pipes lying in this direction, but it will be fortunate for the District if its judicial emine falls on no less worthy shoulders than Judge Emery's.

PERSONAL.—Gov. Wilson Shannon, of Lawrence, John A. Hutchings, Esq., prosecuting attorney of Douglas County, Judge T. C. Sears, Superintendent of the Law Department of the M. K. & T. Railway Company, and G. T. Pierce, Esq., of Franklin County, all paid their respects to the Osage Mission Transcript last week. Crowther must have been overcome.

MR. ELLIS.—The Ottawa Leader says of this distinguished clergyman: "Rev. F. M. Ellis has been laboring with Christians here since Tuesday evening last, and with the most wonderful results known in the history of revivals. He goes to his home in Lawrence at noon to-day; to attend to official church business which imperatively demands his presence. Were it possible he would remain longer. The unqualified blessings of Christian people here go with him."

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Wathena Reporter says of Rev. Mr. Ellis of this city: "We know him to be one of the most eloquent and interesting speakers in the State."

THE JERSEYS.—The winning and wifely ways of Sam. Fry have robbed us of two of our most beautiful Jersey cows, Daley and Lottie. We were sorry to part with them, but are glad they have so good and appreciative an owner.

WHIPPED.—We have been whipped once. We acknowledge it without delay. It was done, and well done, by our friend Hayden, of Stranger. If you do not believe it, just look at it the next time you see us riding out.

THE LUDINGTON HOUSE.—The Ludington House, at Ottawa, is one of the best kept hotels in Kansas. Everything about the establishment is neat and clean, and the help is very attentive to the wants of the guests. Capt. W. E. Smith, the proprietor, is a gentleman who endeavors to make his house a home indeed, for those who tarry with him.—Garnett Plaindealer.

THE REVIVAL IN OTTAWA.—It's impossible to estimate the amount of good accomplished by the brief visit of this noted Evangelist to this city. The revival has received a new impetus. Christians have been instructed how to work. The whole gospel scheme of salvation has been presented to both children and adults in such a manner as to be clearly understood. Continued interest has prevailed at the revivals since Mr. Hammond went away. Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Lawrence, has assisted in conducting the meetings since Monday evening.—Journal.

DAM THE KAW.—We suppose Darling will get tired, if he is given to getting tired, and quit the damming business. And then we shall hear no more about the dam until Speer wakes up mad some morning, and shakes his gory locks as he cries, for the thousandth time, "Dam the Kaw!" It is our chronic subject, but that is all. There is no danger of its being done. Roll on, silver Kaw! There is no danger of thy being obstructed. We could tell why, but the reason might lose us the good will and stamps of several subscribers, and so we refrain.

THE DOGS.—Shooting dogs in the street is a relic of barbarism that ought to be prohibited. Bear fighting was suppressed because it was believed to have a hardening effect on the spectators. The Puritans joined in the suppression, not because it hurt the bears, but because it pleased the people. It certainly can please nobody to see the poor dogs publicly slaughtered, or, what is worse, maimed and wounded. They should be captured just as they are in New York, a small bonus given to the boys for doing it, time allowed for valuable ones to be redeemed, the balance drowned, and everything done decently and in order.

POLICE DUTY.—We saw an officer of the law the other day marching a boy towards the calaboose. Instead of doing it modestly and quietly as he was big enough to do, he had hold of the boy's arm, and was pushing him along ahead of him, and evidently making as much display as possible of his official prerogatives. This is quite too common an occurrence. Police officers—and especially fresh ones—are quite apt to illustrate a little too forcibly the old description:

"Man, proud man, Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assured,— His glassy essence,—like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven As make the angels weep."

"THE OTTAWA SWITCH."—Lawrence is making a great fuss about Col. Chanute's not sending the night train from the south through to Lawrence, instead of remaining here until 8 the following morning. We believe the Colonel desires to do the greatest good for the greatest number, and we are satisfied that the present arrangement accommodates no one but Lawrence hotel-keepers. Through passengers could not get further than Lawrence, and we don't see why Ottawa is not just as good a place for them to lay over as Lawrence. We will be kind to our suburban retreat on the Kaw, at the end of the Ottawa switch, but she should not attempt to become unmanageable.—Ottawa Leader.

Don't worry about the "hotel-keepers." They can stand their share of the trouble. But if the Leader thinks such an item as the above aids Col. Chanute any over some of the embarrassments of his situation, we opine it is slightly mistaken. If the road from here to Ottawa is what the Leader calls it, a "switch," then the R. R. Company has violated its solemn and legal contract, now on record in the Clerk's office, that "Lawrence shall be, and forever remain, a point on the MAIN LINE of the L. L. & G. R. R." Mr. Joy fully assented to that contract in taking the road. The bonds and stock of Douglas County were surrendered in consideration of that clause in the contract. Now then, Mr. Leader, if you prove the road from Ottawa here to be a "switch," you are proving what Col. Chanute most emphatically denies. We believe that he "desires to do the greatest good to the greatest number," but we hardly believe him to be anxious for this sort of aid in carrying out his plans.

LARGE ORCHARD.—Messrs. N. N. Osborn and John N. Roberts of this city have recently completed the planting of a forty acre pear orchard about five miles south-west from town. It is planted mostly with standard trees and all of the choicest varieties. Mr. Osborn is an experienced fruit culturist of Illinois, and has devoted especial attention to pears. He is thoroughly familiar with the requirements both of soil and climate necessary to the successful cultivation of this delicious fruit, and expresses the confident belief that Douglas county is better adapted to the purpose than any place within his knowledge, excepting, perhaps, some portions of California. At any rate he has backed his faith by an investment of several thousand dollars in this orchard. Both Mr. Osborn and Mr. Roberts are men of untiring energy and perseverance, and whatever they undertake is bound to be a success if success is among the possibilities. We have the largest faith in the capabilities of our State for the production of fruit. We believe this is to become one of our leading and most profitable industries. But to establish this beyond peradventure it is necessary that experiments be made on a large scale, involving a considerable outlay of time and money, and depending for satisfactory returns on results that are as yet somewhat problematical. We count it a matter of public interest and a great public benefit when men of energy, experience and capital are found who are willing to invest their time and money in enterprises like this of Messrs. Osborn and Roberts. We shall watch the result with interest and trust their largest anticipations may be realized.

TAKE IT TO YOUR HOME.—It is so much the fashion nowadays to convey information, and moral truths and sentiments, in the form of stories, that even some popular lecturers have adopted this style of address. The mass of people, especially the young, demand stories to such a degree, that papers filled with sensation novels and exciting, trashy stuff, have a wide circulation. To forestall this taste, and supply something better to the masses, the Publishers of *Heath and Home*, in addition to the usual variety of that paper, have engaged a corps of first-class writers, among whom are Jean Ingelow, Edward Eggleston, Mary E. Dodge, Louisa M. Alcott, Edward Everett Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry, Maria R. Oakley, Lucia G. Runkle, and many others, who furnish to this Journal the best original stories, of the purest character and highest grade—thus conveying much instruction in a pleasing form. Besides these, the weekly *Heath and Home* contains a large amount of first-class reading, editorials, literature, art, science, amusement; instruction for the housekeeper; the gardener; the farmer; a capital department for children and youth; the news of the day; financial and market reports, etc. Its engravings, costing over \$25,000 a year, are of a high order of merit, unsurpassed by any illustrated paper in the world. Altogether, *Heath and Home* is such a journal as may be safely and very profitably taken into any family. It is supplied at the low rate of \$3 a year; four copies for \$11; and ten or more copies for \$2.50 each. Orange Judd & Co., Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York City.

The Young Pioneer.

CONDUCTED BY MISS THEODORA ROBINSON.

TO A MOUNTAIN RILL.

O, thou dear mountain streamlet!  
How bright thy waters flow,  
Just where they used to sparkle  
Some forty years ago,

When on thy flowery borders,  
A merry hearted child,  
I heard thy murm'ring music,  
So soft, and yet so wild,

And watched the little fishes,  
That sport in speckled pride  
Along the pebbly bottom  
O'er which thy waters glide.

Then up the craggy mountain,  
Far from the haunts of men,  
I sought thy crystal fountain  
In yonder shady glen,

And spent the sultry noontide  
Beneath the sylvan shade,  
Or culled the choicest wild flowers  
Along the mountain glade.

I had a little brother  
Who used to roam with me,  
To chase the gaudy butterfly,  
And catch the bumble-bee.

We sat beneath the shadows  
Where elm trees o'er thee meet,  
And in thy cooling waters  
We bathed our tiny feet.

I loved that little brother,  
And love his memory still,  
Though long ago we laid him  
Down by the mountain rill.

The violet and daisy  
Now bloom above his head,  
And shed their sweetest fragrance  
Upon his lowly bed.

And through the weeping willows  
The winds of autumn sigh,  
While the dear mountain streamlet  
Sings a soft lullaby.

Thou laughing, prattling streamlet!  
How sweet thy waters flow,  
Just where they used to murmur  
Some forty years ago.

THE WATER-MELON RAID.

BY HAN MOZIER.

"Boys, let's have some fun to-night," said Ned Ransom one noon last fall when the threshers were at our house. Now when Ned proposed fun we boys were always ready. He was an acknowledged leader among us; he could dance the best, and was the jolliest and most popular chap in the neighborhood.

"I'm in," said Bill Prentice; "and I—and I," exclaimed four or five smart looking boys about fifteen years of age. "What shall we do?" they inquired in the same breath.

"I'll tell you," said Ned; "let's go up to Deacon Peckham's and get some water-melons. I saw Sam Thompson yesterday, and he said he'd just come through the patch and there were any amount of ripe ones there."

"Capital! Just the thing!" said Ben Robb. "Golly, won't the Deacon be hopping mad when he finds his melons gone? 'T would serve him right. We had a nice lot of 'em last year, but that's all the good they did us—one night his boys came and hooked every one."

"How do you know 't was them?" inquired Jimmy Clark, Ned's chum.

"Because I tracked them right to the Deacon's house by the rinds. Then at noon pa sent me home with their pitchfork, and I came upon the boys before they saw me; they were eating the melons, and do n't you think Hank had the face to invite me to help myself? Of course I did n't let on, but went for them and got myself outside of a few slices in a hurry."

"You won't catch me going near Deacon Peckham's patch. Hank told me the old gentleman would whip the first fellow he caught in there within an inch of his life," said Tom Brown.

"I'm opposed to robbing the patch. I think if we should ask him for some melons he would give us all we want to eat," said Jimmy Clark.

"Pshaw, Jim; do n't go back on us. You know you like melons as well as any of us," said Ned.

"Yes, I like them, but I think we could get along without hooking them. Suppose he should catch us. We should feel ashamed to ever show our faces to any of his family again."

"I know the reason Jim do n't want to go," said Ben Robb mischievously. "He's badly struck with Sue. You ought to have seen him the other night at the festival in town. I really believe he spent all the money his dad gave him, setting up the ice-cream and cake. I tried to talk to her but could n't get a word in edgeways."

"Yes, and that's what's hurting you so," retorted Jimmy. "But I'm willing to give you a fair chance. If you'll go with me to-night we'll call on Sue and I'll ask the Deacon for some water-melons."

"I won't do any such thing. He would n't give you one to save your neck,—he's tight as the bark to a tree—besides, they would n't be so good unless we hooked them," said Ben.

"Well, boys, you can do as you please; but I won't steal a single one," declared Jimmy.

"No, but you can eat as many as the greediest of us. Come, Jim, I'll tell you how we'll get over that: you must go along and hold the team while

the rest of us fellows go over the creek and get the melons," said Ned.

"What team will you drive?" inquired Jimmy. "Pete and Bet, I reckon," replied Ned.

"I'm afraid you'll get your apple-cart upset if the wind should set a tumbleweed to rolling. Pete is a wicked old coon when he gets started, and he's awful 'fraid of a tumbleweed," said Johnny Pyle, the boy that lived with Mr. Ransom.

"You need n't feel at all alarmed. Those mules have run on that old machine too long this fall to do much running," returned Ned.

So it was agreed among the boys that they should visit Deacon Peckham's patch that night and get what they wanted, but not disturb the green ones or trample the vines, just as Mr. Ransom called out, "Boys, it's time to hitch up."

The boys went to work in high spirits. A great many jokes were cracked and lots of fun went on that afternoon. All seemed merry excepting Jimmy Clark. His face looked sober. He was thinking of the evening he spent at the festival; of Sue's bright face and entertaining manner; and how she had earnestly invited him to call and spend an evening with her. Could he meet her with a guilty conscience without betraying himself? He felt that he could not; yet something seemed to impell him to accompany the boys upon their raid.

The afternoon wore slowly away. Night came at last. At the supper table fun seemed impressed on every face. After supper the boys lounged around until about nine o'clock, when Ned delivered the signal by saying, "I must finish attending to the mules."

The boys, one after another, followed Ned until all were assembled at the barn.

"Come, let's be off. They have blown out the light in the house," said Bill Prentice after they had consulted together a few moments. So they hitched up and were off in a hurry.

"Now, boys, you must be careful and not make any noise when we get there," continued Ned. "If old Fox should hear us our fun is spoilt. We will drive up in the bend of the creek and leave the team with Jim, and go over with our sacks and bring what we can to the wagon. Do n't plug any or stop to eat in the patch. If we are chased break for the wagon with as little noise as possible."

The night was very still and the moon was shining brightly;—two circumstances which the raiders did not deplore, as they increased the excitement of the undertaking. As they were driving along Ned's piercing eyes detected figures in the distance. He said nothing, but kept a sharp lookout. They were coming across Smith's field. Finally they crossed a ravine and he could plainly distinguish who they were by their forms and gait.

"Boys, do you see anybody?" he asked.

The boys all said "No."

"Just look across that wheat stubble. I believe I see Dock and Fred Norris and big Red Fowler coming toward us."

"Sure enough—our fun is spoilt!" said Bill Prentice.

"No, we can fix that; let's stop till they come up and ask them to go along," said Ned.

"I'm opposed to anything of the kind. I never knew a fellow to go anywhere with Red Fowler without getting into a scrape," said Ben Robb.

"That's our only show," replied Ned, as he stopped the team.

Now the Norris boys had figured extensively in raids of this kind. It was confidently asserted that they could smell a melon patch half a mile on a still night. They understood the lay of every one in the country; had hooked melons out of one end of the patch while the owner was in the other; they had caused seed melons to suddenly leave which the owner had taken great pains to preserve. In fact they knew just exactly how the thing was done and all about it.

"Hello! where are you fellows going?" said Dock as they came up.

"Oh, just taking a short ride. Won't you get in?" said Ned with a knowing nod.

"Yes, I reckon we will; that's just where we are going," said Red Fowler. So they got in and affairs were soon understood among them.

"See that big cloud in the south-west! If I'm not mistaken we'll get wet before we get home if we do n't hurry up," said Ned.

They drove quickly down to the bend, got out and left the team with Jimmy Clark. Just as they had crossed the creek a distant peal of thunder was heard and a slight breeze rocked the quiet birds upon their airy perches in the tall elm trees. Softly the boys crept along; no one made the slightest noise; they entered the patch, filled their sacks, returned to the wagon and emptied them, and concluded there were not quite enough for all; so they started back again. While they were gone the second time Jimmy saw something run up a tree which excited his curiosity. He hitched the team and went to see what it was. He had not proceeded far when Pete, growing restless from standing so long, struck the key of "B flat," to which Bet put in an accompaniment. This duet was fatal to the second expedition.

"Jack! Jack!" shouted Deacon Peckham to his hired man, "I think I hear a mule down at the wheat stacks. Get up and take Fox and run him out."

Jack got up and started out. Fox came up and smelt of him and began to whine.

"What's the matter old dog? Are ye skeered of the bray of a mule?" said Jack.

Fox ran down the road, then came back, put his

nose in the air, sniffed the breeze and gave a short bark. Jack looked sharply over the creek and muttered to himself: "Dorgond if there hain't forty or fifty chaps in that ar melon patch! I'll run and wake the boys in a hurry—Hank, Dan, Hal—up quick," he exclaimed, rushing into the room where the boys slept and giving Hank a fling that landed him upon the floor right speedily.

"What do you mean, you impudent wretch, by dragging a fellow out of bed at this time of night?" demanded Hank, indignantly.

"There's forty or fifty fellers over in yer melon patch," said Jack.

"Get up, boys, quick!" said Hank.

The other boys were on their legs in a jiffy, and they all started for the wheat stacks.

"Look! there's a team—yes, and it's Ransom's. Now for some fun!" said Hank. "Jack, you stay behind that tree by the path, while Dan and Hal and I go across and chase the rascals. The first fellow that comes along, grab him."

"I will, you bet!" replied Jack.

[concluded next week.]

MIDGE'S RIDE.

It was a hot, dusty morning in midsummer. Biddy sat upon the curb-stone by the old town pump, and what do you think she was doing? Bathing baby Midge with a bit of soft white muslin she had found clinging to the handle of the pump as she came up to it. Midge was opening her mouth like a thirsty bird, stretching apart her tiny toes and fingers, murmuring contented little coos, and acting just like other babies in a bath.

"There now, ye tisy bitsy darlin', ye wee beautiful childie; ye'll be white as a snowdrap and swate as a honeysuckle, and I'm goin' to eat ye clean up when I git through, so I be, so I be, so I be-e-e!"

And Biddy's voice went off into a jubilant little trill, in which Midge joined with all her baby powers.

Poor little Midge! You would n't have called her a "tisy bitsy darlin'," a "wee beautiful childie," a "snowdrap," and a "honeysuckle;" for she was the sorriest looking baby in all the town I'm sure—ragged as a nutmeg grater and, before Biddy took her in hand at the old town pump, as dirty as a little digger Indian, shall I say?—not quite, but as a wash-woman's neglected child is liable to be amid the heat and dust of a midsummer morning. Biddy, too, was not a miracle of neatness—but never mind, we won't describe her, for she had "two eyes of Irish blue" that threw a soft, pure light all over her rough face and unkempt hair, even adown her battered dress and over her dusty ankles. That's a big illumination for one pair of eyes to make say you? Ah, but you never saw those wonderful eyes of Biddy Malone's!

"When you get baby washed, if you'll let me I'll take her to ride," said a sweet childish voice from the sidewalk.

Biddy looked up and saw a beautiful little girl with a carriage fit for a fairy queen and all her court attendants.

"O mercy! ye would n't take the likes o' Midge Malone to ride in that fine kerridge now would ye?" exclaimed Biddy with mouth and eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Why not? I'd like to if you'll let me."

There was a wistful look in the little girl's face which Biddy could n't understand at all. She looked at the fairy chariot with its snowy pillow cushions and its dainty curtains of the softest lace, which were carefully closed as if to shelter the face of some dainty sleeper. Then Biddy looked at ragged Midge, and lastly at the beautiful little girl, repeating the incredulous question: "Ye would n't now, honest, do sich a lovely curis thing?"

"See if I would n't," returned the little girl smiling at Biddy's doubtfulness.

Biddy fell to kissing Midge ecstatically, and then sprang with an exclamation of delight to where the little stranger stood upon the sidewalk.

"But what'll ye do with yer own baby? There won't be room for two in the likes o' that tit-bit of a kerridge," Biddy asked drawing suddenly back.

"There is n't any baby there," the little girl said mournfully; and she parted the curtains and disclosed an empty carriage.

Biddy gazed into it a moment silently, and then asked wonderingly:

"Where is it? Ter home?"

"Yes—at home—with Jesus?" replied the little girl in a trembling voice.

"Ye do n't say! I'm sorry for ye," Biddy's voice grew soft with sympathy. "What fer ye haul the empty kerridge round?"

"Mamma lets me because it comforts me. I close the curtains and it seems as if Angel were really there; and sometimes I find some other baby."

The little girl finished the sentence with a sob, while big round tears fell fast from Biddy's eyes upon the soft white hands of the child that were laying Midge down tenderly among the cushions—as tenderly as if it were Angel herself instead of little ragged Midge.

The curtains were drawn, and whether the baby passenger was Angel or Midge 'twas all the same to the passers-by; and I'm sure 'twas all the same to the gentle watchers up where Angel had gone.

Why should we wonder if Biddy, with her bare brown feet did walk beside the beautiful child through all that summer morning? Were they not sister spirits in innocence and love? The birds that fitted through the shadows above their heads were glad because of it, and Biddy was happy, while little Midge slept sweetly, and the beautiful child fancied Angel had come back to her again.

THE SPIDER WEB.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 4.

My first is in long, but not in short.  
My second is in manner, but not in sort.  
My third is in waist, but not in hip.  
My fourth is in ear, but not in lip.  
My fifth is in pear, but not in plum.  
My sixth is in wine, but not in rum.  
My seventh is in cat, but not in rat.  
My eighth is in kitten, but not in cat.  
My whole is a city of the West,  
Of inland towns, amongst the best.

W. HOADLY.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 6.

1. An accumulation.
2. A notion.
3. Smaller.
4. Point of compass.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 7.

1. A girls name.
2. Surface.
3. Something much sought after.
4. Welcomed by the suffering and weary.

PUZZLE—NO. 2.

In my first my second sat,  
From my third, I ate.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—NO. 3.

I am composed of nine letters.  
My 5, 3, 6, 2, 8, is the seat of love.  
My 1, 3, 9, 8, is a vegetable.  
My 5, 6, 7, 3, is a timid animal.  
My 4, 6, 7, is obtained from a certain tree.  
My whole is the name of a popular author.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

*A Geographical Adventure.*—One pleasant afternoon in the month of May, Nancy and Florence went out for a walk. After going a short distance they met a gentleman who was on the lookout for a lost child. Her name was Constance. She wore a dress of *marcelles*, slippers of *marocco*, and a little bonnet of *leghorn*. His countenance expressed *disappointment* when he found that they could give him no information concerning her; and he was filled with *fear*, lest she had wandered off to the woods and been attacked by a *great bear*. Just at this moment his son, whose name was *George*, approached with the lost child in his arms. Nancy and Florence then continued their walk; and feeling *hungry*, they refreshed themselves with a slice of *turkey*, and a glass of *madeira*, after which they returned to their homes.

Word Square—No. 3.

BOAT  
OGRE  
ARMS  
TEST

Decapitation—No. 1.

Table.  
Able.  
Bale.  
Ale.

Cross Word Enigma—No. 2.—"Enigma." Correct answer was furnished by Willie Hoadly, aged 13, of Lawrence.

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CARVING KNIVES AND FORKS, POCKET KNIVES,  
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Brass & Bronze Door & Window Trimmings,

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AXES, CARRIAGE BOLTS,  
HAMMERS, BUGGY SPRINGS,  
HATCHETS, SEAT SPRINGS,  
LANTERNS, CABLE CHAIN,  
STEELYARDS, TRACE CHAINS,  
COUNTER SCALES, HALTER CHAINS,  
PLATFORM SCALES, OX CHAINS,  
BORING MACHINES, IRON WEDGES,  
CORDAGE AND TWINE, CROW BARS,

TACKLE BLOCKS AND PULLEYS,  
MECHANICS' TOOLS IN GREAT VARIETY,  
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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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WINDOWS, SASH, BLENDS, GLASS, PUTTY,  
Cement, Plastering Hair, Plaster Paris, &c.,  
Corner Massachusetts and Berkeley Streets,  
nos-11 LAWRENCE, KAN.

**The Farm.**

**MILKING-TIME.**

When the shadows lengthen on the plain,  
And the leaves are scattered in the sun;  
When cows are lowing in the lane,  
And coming homeward, one by one;  
When mists are tangled in the trees  
That overhang the river's bank;  
The farmers chat and take their ease,  
And shining pails go "clink and clank,"—  
That's milking time.

When puss and fido linger round,  
And run beside the dairy-maids,—  
When circling swallows skim the ground,  
And on the eaves make sudden raids,—  
When rosy girls a ditty sing,  
And squirrels hide in leafy home,—  
And cross-wise jets go "ping and ping,"  
And pails are heaped with creamy foam,—  
That's milking time.

When little ones are tired with play,  
And in the corners blink and nod;  
When katydids are loud and gay,  
And wetted grow the chilly sod;  
When stars are few, and faintly glow,  
And waking fire-flies gather fast,  
Like drifted flakes of golden snow,—  
It's hey for home; the hour is past  
For milking time.

**THE HORSE'S PETITION.**

The following is "The Horse's Petition to his Driver," as published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is the desire of the lady managers that all the children should commit this pretty appeal to memory:

Up the hill, whip me not;  
Down the hill, hurry me not;  
In the stable, forget me not;  
Of hay and corn, rob me not;  
Of clean water, stint me not;  
With sponge and brush, neglect me not;  
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not;  
If sick or cold, chill me not;  
With bit or reins, jerk me not;  
And when you are angry, strike me not.

**THINKING FARMERS.**

If farmers do not make their calling honorable they have only themselves to blame. They are always called by politicians the "bone and sinew" of the land, and if they neglect the cultivation of their minds they will never be anything but bone and sinew. Bone is good but brains are better. Muscle is necessary but mind must direct.

The poor and ignorant may be just as good as the rich and wise, because moral worth is one thing and intellectual power another; but it is a fact that those men ever have been and ever will be most respected who, with equal morals, make the best use of their heads. Lawyers and merchants only succeed in the world by the most diligent study, and farmers can only really succeed in like manner.

A man may, in rare cases, be an excellent farmer, and yet be unable to read, but he is always a thinker. His neighbors read and he hears them talk. They gather ideas from books and papers and apply them, and he watches the result. In his own operations every good farmer carefully studies to discover the reasons for success or causes of failure.

Vast good has resulted in our country from farmers' clubs where the experience of a neighborhood is talked over. To be useful they must be practical. It is not a lyceum for rhetorical culture—although confidence and ability in public speaking are among the important incidental results—but the object should be to compare facts and experience. If a man has raised a good crop, let him tell his neighbors in a little friendly gathering, what kind of soil produced it, what kind of seed was used, and when and in what manner planted. If a failure has occurred, state fully the circumstances and your neighbors may tell you wherein you failed. Even if no valuable information is directly elicited at a meeting, hints are often given and trains of thought started that result in good.

Farmers, depend upon it, you too much neglect your business, and do not sufficiently honor it by the active employment of your head as well as hands. You may rise early and work late, but for lack of forethought take many a false step and miss many a good crop. No merchant can succeed by such neglect as is common among farmers. It is not that farmers know less but they are not as alert and active to all improvements and progress. If they would think more about their business, success would oftener crown their efforts and greater honor redound to their occupation.

**ROOT CROPS.**

Dr. Loring, of Salem, Mass., strongly urges upon our farmers the great importance of growing much more extensively root crops for stock feeding during our long, cold winters. On this branch of farm culture the doctor can speak advisedly, from experience, as he keeps on his farm half a dozen horses, forty milk cows, oxen, young cattle, sheep and swine, to correspond. He has grown all kinds of root crops for stock feeding, and after long and careful observation, has come to the conclusion that the Swedish turnip (*ruta бага*) and the yellow globe mangel-wurzel are the two most valuable and profitable roots grown for cattle feeding, and these roots he grows in large quantities. Good hay and turnips, and no grain, are freely fed to his horses, and all other of his farm stock except milk cows. Turnips, when freely fed to cows giving milk, are apt to give the milk, cream and butter the turnip taste. His horses, fed on hay and turnips, do much better than when their feed is hay, oats and carrots. His milk cows are fed on good hay and yellow globe mangel-wurzels which give increase of flesh, fat, milk, cream, butter and greenbacks.

**INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE AND DOG.**

An account is given of a horse which came home without a driver, but instead of going directly to the stable, stopped at the house, neighed and exhibited other indications of great disquietude. This, at first, excited no attention; but as these manifestations continued, and his master did not appear, apprehension was excited and a person dispatched in search of him. He was found two miles off, lying insensible in consequence of a severe blow upon his head, which he had received by falling from his cart.

By no animal has this sentiment been so remarkably evinced as by the dog. A poor boy was fatally injured and carried to the hospital. His little dog followed him thither, and being prevented from entering it, lay down at the gate, watching with wistful eyes every one that went in, as if imploring admittance. Though constantly repulsed by the attendants, he never left the spot by night or day, and died at his post even before his master.

**JOHNNY CAKE.**

There are as many johnny cakes as there are cooks. Hundreds of corn messes are made up, and called by their makers johnny cake, every one as like a genuine johnny cake as a mud-turtle is like a king—not much more so.

To construct a legitimate, good corn cake of this name, scald coarsely-ground yellow corn-meal. Stir in an even tablespoonful of salt and two spoonfuls of any cooking fat to each pound of meal. Make the batter so stiff that it will lift heaping on a spoon. Have a dripping-pan as hot as it can be handled, and well greased. Lay in the batter an inch thick, and bake in a quick oven till the crust is a rather dark, rich brown.

A corn cake made thus is very palatable cold, and as corn was the staple bread food among the early New Englanders, with whom this particular heroism originated; the probability is that its legitimate name is rather "journey" than johnny cake.

**CARE OF HOGS.**

At the commencement of the fattening process, pigs consume much more food than subsequently; and when quite fat, very little comparatively. A pig, therefore, for mere profit and economy, should be thoroughly fattened. A frequent washing and brushing of the skin—though not usual—is to be strongly recommended, as tending to promote cleanliness and a healthy circulation. How indeed, can a confined brute be in health, or in a state of bodily comfort, with a skin incrustated with scurf and various defilements? The operation of scrubbing must be very agreeable to an animal which naturally takes pleasure in scratching itself, though it may ungraciously grumble when first subjected to the brush.

Pigs when sick are like many men, very intractable, but fortunately, they will generally eat, even when quite ill; therefore medicine may be administered in their food. Salts, sulphur, and antimony are the usual specifics for their disorders.

**FOOD FOR CHICKENS.**

After crumbs of bread and egg, feed oatmeal or barley-meal, slightly moistened with new milk or water, and curd chopped small, for some days. The very small tailings of wheat are the best food for them afterwards until they are old enough to swallow and digest larger corn.

When the whole brood are hatched, the usual method is to place them with their mother for some days under a coop in a retired place, and with food and water outside the bars, so that the chicks may run in and out at pleasure. If the hen were free too soon; she would take the chicks prematurely into places unfit for them, and half-blind them with the dust she would raise, when rolling herself in it and scratching violently, according to the habits of fowls. After a week or so, she may, however, be allowed to walk about with her brood, under precautions.

**HUNGARIAN GRASS.**

As the season for sowing is at hand, it will be well to understand the true worth of this misunderstood grass. Farmers differ greatly in their estimate of its value. The conclusions we have formed are about these:

If fed at any time or to any stock, in such quantities at a feeding that the hay is left and the heads picked out, the rich seed will injure stock; if fed to work horses or work cattle while they are overheated, it will be very likely to injure them. If fed to work stock at any time it should be fed by a prudent man. If fed to horses or cattle which do not work, it may be given with entire safety, if fed as good husbandry will always dictate, in such quantities as always to be eaten clean. We have no knowledge of its value for sheep.

**ADVICE TO HORSEMEN.**

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* gives this advice to drivers: "Whenever they notice their horse directing his ears to any point whatever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse toward the object causing it nervousness, pull it on the opposite side. This will instantly divert the attention of the horse from the object which is exciting his suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the horse will pay no more attention to the object, from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pulling the wrong rein."

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IT IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

power for grinding, shelling corn, &c. We guarantee the Mills to give entire satisfaction. We are also agents for the celebrated Challenge Mill for grinding feed.

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SEVERAL CHESTER WHITE BOARS, under one year,  
A FEW BERKSHIRE PIGS, from four to six months,  
And Young Pigs of each breed, some of the latter nearly old enough to take from the sows.

My stock of Berkshires includes some

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TO YOUNG MEN,**

On the Indiscretions of Youth and the Frailties of Maturer Years.

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

Among many other choice bargains, we have

A 240 ACRE FARM FIVE MILES FROM LAWRENCE,

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

AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN,

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

A 100 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,

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

A FINE DWELLING HOUSE PROPERTY

on Massachusetts Street, very cheap and on easy terms.

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AT VERY MUCH LESS THAN COST—TERMS EASY.

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all fenced and cultivated, small house, good spring and plenty of fruit trees. Very cheap at \$1500.

TO TRADE.—Forty acres of land and good frame house, located within two miles of Lawrence. Will be exchanged for a house and lot in the city. Apply to J. T. Stevens & Co.

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and farms to trade for city property.

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

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

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

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

Also the GERMAN-AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York—cash capital \$1,000,000,—and the TRIUMPH INSURANCE COMPANY, of Cincinnati—capital \$500,000.

**WE MEAN BUSINESS, AND DO BUSINESS,**

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

Deeds and Mortgages Carefully Drawn, and

Acknowledgments Taken.

**J. T. STEVENS & CO.,**

Office rear room over Simpson's Bank.

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

DEAR SPIRIT: If you had seen our little "Orphan Boy" the last few weeks, you would have readily imagined that Mrs. Opie had him in mind when she wrote the pitiful supplication, which used to make our boyish eyes redden while we read it: "Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake, And hear an helpless orphan's tale; Ah! sure my looks must pity wake— 'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale."

Not that our Orphan Boy's cheeks were exactly pale. There are some constitutional reasons in the way of his showing his paleness, even as our modest colored Jim, whose strong right arm will cause these words to be transmitted from me to you, finds a difficulty in the way of showing his blushes. Full many a rose is born to blush unseen. But if our Orphan Boy's cheeks did not look pale, they looked hollow and sunken, his eye lustreless, and his slender legs almost refusing to bear the trifling weight of a very slender body.

You have guessed already perhaps that it is our Lady's orphan colt about which we are gossiping. We have named him "Orphan Boy." We want you all to remember it, because he is a boy of great expectations—both of his parents have trotted inside of three minutes—and when we gossip about his wonderful performances a few years hence, you will feel with me a special pleasure in remembering that it was our dear Lady's "Orphan Boy" that—in spite of early hardships and drawbacks, which are now about to be made matters of history—has turned out so well. But it looked a few days since as if the principal speed he would ever show would be in travelling to his tomb. Of all the things in the world to bring up by hand, a colt is the most difficult. It is the best way to bring up a calf. I will never have another one suckle on my farm. I can bring them up better, fatter, larger and easier on skim milk, adding a very little molasses and meal as they grow older, than they can be on the cow. And then the everlasting fuss of weaning, and separate pastures, and many annoyances that naturally suggest themselves, is done away with. They grow up in blissful ignorance of the knowledge of sucking. And where ignorance is bliss—is it oftener the case than we imagine—it is folly to be wise.

We had at Hillhome a year ago or so about a dozen cows whose calves had been running with them. They had grown to be big, bunting, brutal babies, gnawing their mothers' teats up, and we decided to wean them. It appeared from the unnatural way in which their mothers would kick them that they would prefer their room to their company. But it happened in this case, as it often does in human relations, that the ugliest mothers make the most fuss when they lose their brats. We built a calf pasture on the opposite side of the farm from the cow pasture. The house where we had previously indulged in the luxury of sleep was about equi-distant between them. Jerusalem! Do you suppose there was any more sleep after that? Such a bawling and bellowing as those comfortless cows and clamorous calves kept up might have wakened the sleepers in the cellars of Herculaneum! I account myself a good sleeper. I can sleep in my room under Frazer's Hall with a colored dance in process overhead, where you would think fourteen thousand mules of opposite sexes were let loose. I slept there soundly when Rushmer's sign of the Big Spectacles and Gold Pen were creaking on their rusty hinges as if a broken pipe should try to drown a cracked bassoon. I have slept there when George Fricker was kicking and roaring at the Postoffice door at the witching hour of 4 A. M. as if he had some dead man to resurrect to take the mail off his hands. But those cows and calves beat me. There was no sleep to my eyes nor slumber to my eyelids. And that was not the worst of it. One night the cows would break out and another the calves, while the corn field made to them a convenient, but to me a costly, place of rendezvous. However, all things have an end, and so did this. But the recollection haunts me yet. And no calf since that experience has ever been permitted to get milk from his mother on my farm.

It is easy bringing them up by hand. For the milk they readily learn to drink is their natural sustenance. Babies do tolerably well also brought up that way. When, like Micawber's memorable twins, they no longer derive their sustenance from nature's maternal fount, the cow makes a good stepmother, and her pure milk seems to chime in well with the Young American's constitution. But there seems to be little congeniality between a cow's milk and a colt's stomach. At least it was so in the case of our Orphan Boy. He drank it well enough, and enough of it, but he neither thrived nor grew. He looked so utterly orphanlike and lonesome that it was painful to see him. George tried all manner of experiments to help him out. Every conceivable strategy to make some other mare adopt him, failed. Neighbor Norton had a blind mare, with a young colt, and we got her over to the farm, and tried to fool her. We thought for a time that we had succeeded. The little fellow improved his opportunity with a will, and had nearly got a bellyfull, when she reached around and got hold of him with her teeth, and came near shaking the dinner and life both out of him. I only regret that I could not have had an artist there to take her likeness at that moment. I should have hung it up in my little SPIRIT Dusseldorf, and labelled it, "Stepmother." But our Orphan Boy's luck has changed. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Major Shank-

lin's Goldust mare being unvirtuously inclined once upon a time, made the acquaintance of a gentleman horse in a clandestine manner, whereat the Major waxed exceeding wroth. The consequence of all of which was that a few days ago she gave birth to a colt at Hillhome. But, as bad luck would have it for Shanklin, and good luck for our Orphan Boy, her colt was born dead. Here was our faithful George's golden opportunity, and he was not slow to improve it. He presented his Orphan Boy to the mare Annie, but she declined to own him. Removing her a little, George covered Orphan Boy as well as he could with his hands with the material on the body of the new born colt, and the deception was complete. The mare licked it over with great eagerness, when our Orphan Boy, almost famished from long abstinence, went straight to headquarters for his rations—and Annie Shanklin looked as if she felt uncommonly proud at having so vigorously an offspring! The sorrows of our Orphan Boy appear to be ended. He runs, and skips, and jumps with a new life. What troubles are before him—what long drives—what heavy loads—what hard races—what cruel blows—who can tell? Nor need we bother about it. It is enough for the present to know that he is comfortable now; and trusting the reader is also, this gossip must close. I. S. K.

LETTER FROM RICHMOND.

DEAR SPIRIT: There is nothing more pleasant to the farmer after he has worked to get his spring crop into the ground in good order, and feeling a consciousness that he has done his duty, than to leave his country home for a visit to some one of our thriving cities to spend a few hours in sight-seeing and social chat with pleasant friends. This pleasure your correspondent enjoyed a few days ago on a visit to the city of Lawrence. In my estimation this is one of the nicest, liveliest and most enterprising cities west of the Mississippi river, at least as far as I have seen. Through the courtesy of a friend I was shown over most of the city, and I certainly pronounce it a beautiful place—one where a man, after he has accumulated a competence, would desire to spend the remainder of his days, let them be long or short. The greatest beauty of the city consists in the abundance of shade trees surrounding her many fine residences. Would that more of our western cities would follow her example and do likewise. This important item of beautifying our homes with shade trees is sadly neglected, not only in our cities, but also around our country homes. A few hours spent in this important matter would soon change many homes from a barren waste to a paradise of loveliness. I would say to all, whether you live in town or in the country, plant trees; if you are young, plant them for your own pleasure; if you are old, plant them for your children, and they will bless you for it. Many years hence, when the busy throng that now crowds the thoroughfares of Lawrence shall have passed away, and another generation has taken their place, those trees will stand as an everlasting monument to your memory.

The number and style of her school houses and churches also speak to her visitors in language that cannot be misunderstood, that she not only contains an intelligent, but a church-going people. I certainly congratulate you, dear SPIRIT, in being so fortunate as to be born in such a place. May your walk through life continue to be an honor to the town you represent, is the earnest wish of your correspondent.

Taking everything into consideration, I certainly had not only a pleasant visit, but, thanks to the generosity of the gentlemanly Superintendent of the L. L. & G., a very cheap one, also. Long may he live to be an honor to the Company he represents. F. A. B. POTAWATOMIE, May, 1872.

"YOUNG MESSENGER."

This highly bred trotting stallion will make the season at Manhattan on the following terms: BY THE SEASON.....\$25 00 TO INSURE.....40 00

PEDIGREE.—Young Messenger was sired by Alexander's Abdallah (the sire of Goldsmith's Maid), he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian (the sire of Dexter). The dam of Alexander's Abdallah was by Bay Roman, he by imported Roman, out of the Pinkney mare by Old Hickory, second dam by Membrino, he by Old Membrino, he by imported Messenger. The dam of Young Messenger was Bechante (full sister to Bacchus), by Downing's Bay Messenger, he by Harpinus, Harpinus was by Bishop's Hambletonian, dam by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported Messenger, his dam Pheasant by imported Shark, granddam by imported Medley.

Young Messenger is seven years old this Spring, sixteen hands high, with good bone and powerful muscle, and possesses all the desirable qualities of a roadster and farm horse. His color is dark iron gray. Address FAGLEY & SHELDON, Manhattan, Kas. no6-3m

"BEN. WADE."

This young trotting stallion will stand for the season at the Lawrence Driving Park upon the following

TERMS: LEAP.....\$10.00 SEASON.....15.00 INSURANCE.....25.00

PEDIGREE: Sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., (Strader's); he by Cassius M. Clay; he by Henry Clay. Dam by Mayday; second dam by second Trustee. 131f W. S. WELLS.

"GOULD CLAY."

This famous young Kentucky stallion was sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jr. His sire has trotted in 2:31. Gould Clay's dam is by Echan Allen. Old Echan is the sire of eleven horses that have trotted below two-thirty. The granddam of Gould Clay is imported Glencoe. This horse will stand for the season at \$25. Mares not in foal may be returned next season. Mares from a distance pastured and cared for. W. S. WELLS.

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I'VE LOST MY KNIFE. I've lost my pocket-knife. I loaned it to somebody—do not know who. It had been my constant companion for ten years. It had a pearl handle with silver mountings, and had three blades. If the borrower will return it to me I will put his watch in good order and charge nothing.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I have had twenty-five years' practical experience in WATCH REPAIRING, and am familiar with all the different varieties, and will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Call at Frazer's, Frazer's Block, the pioneer jeweler of Lawrence, where I can always be found ready to put your watch in tip-top order. J. M. SKIFF. n01f

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This corporation is organized under the laws of Kansas. The capital is one hundred thousand dollars, and its stockholders are liable by statute to its creditors for twice the amount of their shares, making two hundred thousand dollars personal liability. One-half of the savings deposits received will be loaned upon first mortgages on real estate of ample value in this State. The balance, except the amount necessary to be kept in the bank to meet ordinary calls of depositors, will be carefully invested in other first-class securities, such as can readily be realized upon for the payment of deposits in case of special need. Similar investments constitute the usual and sole security of deposits in New England savings banks, and are fully and safely relied upon. When, therefore, completed as above with so large personal liability, the safety of money deposited is amply assured. Deposits amounting to one dollar and over will be received at the banking house during the usual banking hours, and on Saturdays from 10 to 3 o'clock P. M. Also, and will draw interest at 7 per cent. per annum, to be paid semi-annually in the month of April and October in each year, and if not withdrawn will be added and draw interest the same as the principal. For further information call and get a copy of our by-laws relating to savings deposits. We also do a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

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EXAMINE THESE FIGURES. \$1,000 at interest, compounded semi-annually, will progressively double in amount, until it exceeds \$1,000,000, as follows:—the upper line of figures for years, months and days shows the time required for any sum to double at given rates of interest—

Table with columns: Amounts as they multiply, Time at 5 per cent, Time at 6 per cent, Time at 7 per cent. Rows show doubling times for \$1,000 at various rates and intervals.

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 3 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent. the result would be \$16,000 in 25 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent. \$32,000 in 20 years, 6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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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 at the trade at Chicago and St. Louis prices.

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