

KANSAS SPIRIT

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—FRANKLIN.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 11, 1872.

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Contributed Articles.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY JAMES HANWAY.—NUMBER ONE.

HENRY CLAY.

In the Fall of 1844 Henry Clay made a tour of the Northern States. While at Richmond, Indiana, the Abolitionists presented a petition to him asking him to emancipate his slaves. He requested that it should be presented to him at the organization of the meeting. Mr. Mendenhall (a Quaker) was selected to perform this delicate task. A vast crowd was in attendance. The petition was handed to him. It was read aloud. It was evident that Mr. Clay did not feel in the best of humors. The lion was aroused. After he had proceeded in his reply to near the close of his remarks, he said, pointing his long bony fingers at Mr. Mendenhall, and advancing with a measured step, "I tell you, Mr. Mendenhall, my slaves are as well fed and as well clothed and as slick as you." This drew forth a tremendous applause. Everybody concluded the poor Abolitionists were totally annihilated; but this cutting rebuke lost him thousands of votes, for even the moderate Abolitionists who were opposed to the presentation of the petition on the occasion considered it an unwarrantable insult to the people of the North. I had heard Henry Clay frequently before, but this speech surpassed all previous efforts.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

There have been but few public orators who had a greater influence on the multitude than Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish Agitator. After the repeal of the odious Test and Corporation acts, and the Catholic Emancipation bill, Daniel O'Connell was elected from the County of Cork. This triumph was hailed as the crowning achievement of reform. Meetings were held in most all the large cities of Ireland. Fortunately I was in the city of Dublin at one of these meetings, and had a good opportunity to see and hear the great popular leader of the people. Perhaps I had become somewhat enthusiastic, for no man in those days could breathe without becoming indoctrinated in the leading questions which agitated the public mind. He spoke for over two hours, and held the vast crowd in his hand. At times he would pour out the most violent invectives against the government of England: the vast crowd would groan as with one voice—and no people on earth can express themselves in this manner as well as the Irish. (My nerves quivered, for on former occasions the military had dispersed the people at similar meetings, and no one knew but they might do so now. But they did not.) O'Connell would next caution the people to be law-abiding; he deprecated all acts of violence, "For," said he, "this is what the government of England most desire; they want a pretext to exercise their power; do not give them an excuse." The crowd would respond, "We won't—we won't."

The power Daniel O'Connell held over the millions of his Irish brethren was unlimited. They loved him—they venerated him—as never was mortal man loved before. On one occasion I heard him pleading before the courts on some important legal case. It was O'Connell as a Lawyer, and not as an Agitator. I could hardly believe that it was the same man.

The government by proclamation issued its fiat against "Repeal Meetings," and several of the leading spirits were under indictments for treason. Not to be outdone, the repealers organized "Breakfast Meetings," where they assembled weekly and discussed matters appertaining to the affairs of Ireland. These meetings were more select, and the speakers more guarded in their language. The speeches would appear in the newspapers the following day, and large editions printed to supply the wants of the people. It was at one of these meetings the secretary acknowledged the receipt of a sum of money, the donation of the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, to what was known as "the O'Connell Fund." The great Agitator rose from his chair and moved that the money be sent back to America. For his part he wanted no aid from men who had robbed the negro of his hard earnings. It was "blood money," "nothing but blood money," and he scorned to be the recipient of such favors. By this course he lost many admirers in America, but he more than gained the number in England and other countries who had previously been but pas-

sive lookers-on. In closing his speeches he generally repeated the following apothegm to Ireland:

"Great, glorious and free—
First Isle of the earth, first gem of the sea."

About this time Spring Rice (afterward Lord Monteagle) had been read out of the party by the "Repealers' Association." He was too conservative to please the ultra wing of the O'Connell party; so he came to Dublin to vindicate his position, and a monster meeting had met to hear him. He was an eloquent speaker, his language classical and full of poetry.

MR. SHIEL.

One of the most amusing incidents connected with newspaper publication occurs to my mind whenever the name of this great Irish orator is mentioned. The English Reformers, headed by Wm. Cobbett and Hunt (the blacking-man he was called) held a meeting in the County of Kent. It was held in the open commons, and a vast crowd attended. Not the most harmonious feelings existed between the leaders of this meeting and Mr. Shiel. They heard that the Irish orator intended to address the meeting on the Catholic Emancipation question. To cut him off, the English radicals had a resolution in their pockets declaring that none but land-holders, tax-payers or legal voters of England should speak at the meeting. The resolution was adopted and Mr. Shiel was debarred from taking any prominent part in the exercises of the day. And here comes in the joke. On the morning after the meeting I stepped into a reading room in the city of London, and taking up the *Morning Chronicle* read a truly eloquent speech, said to have been delivered by Mr. Shiel at the meeting the day before and received with marked manifestations of approval and amid great popular applause. On examining the reports of the Tory press and other papers, however, to my great surprise—I not being at the time aware of the facts in the case—they contained not a word about the eloquent address of the Irish orator. The morning after this some of the papers, to save their credit for not giving the most eloquent of all the speeches to the public, as their contemporary the *Chronicle* had done, simply stated that their reporters had not heard a two hours' speech from Mr. Shiel. A day or two afterwards "the cat jumped out of the bag." Mr. Shiel had left his speech with the editor of the *Chronicle*, not dreaming of the trick that would be resorted to for its suppression; and the editor, rejoicing that he should have the earliest report, published it. The most amusing feature of the reported speech was the words which occurred in brackets showing how the speaker's remarks had been received: [Cheers], [Sensation], [Great applause], [Tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes]. [The honorable gentleman took his seat amid the most rapturous applause], etc. This was rich, as no speech was made, and the anti-Reformers made the most of it.

THE PET OF THE FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

DEAR SPIRIT: We were most profoundly touched by the reading of that tender and eloquent obituary of the faithful family pet and servant, the now departed "Lady." Only a few days previous, you might have seen a half-dozen ladies of the genus *homo*, standing in their doors on Kentucky street, quivering with indignation at the brutal conduct of a man, who was beating a young horse most mercilessly. For some either real or fancied failing of the poor, dumb brute, he continued lashing and beating him over the head and eyes till the animal fell upon the ground, breaking the harness by the fall. Of course, when the beast arose, repairs were to be made—a very slight cost, comparatively—and we could not help thinking that one of two things would prove a blessing to community, when such brutal and disgusting scenes are enacted anywhere, as an outrage upon the finer feelings of spectators. And why should not a heavy fine be imposed upon such disturbers of the public peace, as well as upon other less heinous offences, seeing that we have not yet inaugurated our other alternative, viz., of treating such unreasonable tempers as we would the more hopelessly insane—as not fit to be at large? Such exhibitions cause the sympathetic nature to bear an untold agony, and on the other hand, vitiate and harden the more stubborn and unfeeling, while children often catch the infection, to afflict society with their torturing experiments upon animals of

every kind, and thus grow to be tyrannical and aggressive, even in their dealings with each other. The case described above occurred in front of, or between two school buildings, where were hundreds of children who might have witnessed the cruel scene. We could not help thinking, as we read your beautiful testimony to the graces of your "dear, gentle, lovely Lady," hoping she had "gone to greener fields and fresher pastures," of the comparative influence and effect the two modes of treatment must naturally produce upon both the adult and the youthful mind. We once heard a distinguished traveller assert that he could invariably tell the character of a family, though utter strangers to him, by the conduct of the domesticated animals on the place. And truly, we cannot but congratulate the family where the "Lady Lykins" "never heard from them an unkind word, or received at their hands a cruel blow." We would that the tender and blessed example were written out and placed with "Lady's" picture in all our art windows, that our children might be educated thereby, and emulate the glorious pattern, in which the "prevention of cruelty to animals" is so forcibly brought home to every humane soul, and so poetically portrayed in those last sweet words of attachment to the dear old family pet! O! is it not just as easy and far more satisfactory every way, to grow the sweet clover of kindness, as the noxious and deadly ivy, which poisons at the fountain and leaves the cruel scars of death upon the most noble and majestic forms of beauty with which our earth is blessed?

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

EDITOR SPIRIT: After a ride over the well conducted and ably managed Kansas Pacific Railroad to the States and return, one is reminded of the immeasurable advance of to-day over five years ago. It is hardly credible that the shortening up of the distance from Leavenworth to Denver from six tedious weeks to thirty-one hours, would produce such a change as is everywhere apparent in this Rocky Mountain region. To the Kansas Pacific R. R. more than to every other cause combined this Territory owes its thrift. It has changed Denver from a trading post into a city of 10,000 people. From the impetus given this point by this railroad, towns and villages are springing up like magic. To be sure the benefits are reciprocal, as they ought to be. The Railroad has produced the thrift in the Territory, and the thrift of the Territory repays the Railroad for its enterprise.

The Kansas Pacific has exhibited great enterprise in pushing its long line to this mountain region. Its characteristic energy is again displayed by procuring control of the line from Denver to Cheyenne. Again it is at work and it is reaching out to tap directly by what is known as the "high line," via Georgetown, through the mountains direct to Utah, the rich trades of the mining interest, as well as that of Utah. Clear Creek county recently voted \$250,000 bonds to this company in preference to trusting the little company who are spading their way from this point via Golden to Central. Great and long lines manifesting vigor and showing a spirit of fairness, can always successfully compete with lesser corporations.

Since Mr. Bowen has become Superintendent of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, we have an illustration of how splendid management, great vigor and perfect courtesy can be successfully combined. The Road has a splendid set of officers. Messrs. Bowen, Noble, Fisher, Oakes and Keim have brought this Road under splendid control, as any one who has an eye to business can easily see. From Superintendent to brakemen the virtues of courtesy and accommodation are manifested. Why not? There is not a commodity in Christendom that pays better for the investment made than kindness, courtesy and gentlemanliness. The virtue consists in the existence of Railroad managers who have brains and nerve enough to perceive and make use of these too often cast away virtues. We rejoice that there is a determination on the part of this Railroad to use this rich commodity. We bespeak for Mr. Bowen, the General Superintendent, what his ability, skill, knowledge of men, and knowledge of commercial law deserves—abundant success; and for the Road, if the same foresight and energy is continued, a hold upon the people and power among railroads second to none in the West.

W. S.

Denver, C. T., April 24, 1872.

FOLKS.

A great many sorts of people in the world! What a queer world it would be, though, if everybody was like everybody else. One man that you meet has his hat set on one side, another has it set back, another pulls it down in front, another pulls it all straight down, down to his ears, as if he meant business, or like a bee-gum on a fence post. One wants to take you right into his confidence and tell you all the secret things he knows—indifferent, terrible, profound, or otherwise, with the injunction that you tell no one in the world. But you may soon learn that he has told forty friends the same things with the same injunctions of the most profound secrecy. Another don't want to tell you anything. If you inquire after his health or that of his family, or of his business or pursuits, he imagines you are after some secret, meddling where you have no business, and at once he is on his guard. Another snaps you at every advance till you are with him as you would be with a set steel-trap—sure to keep hands off.

But the characteristics of people are so like many things we see that it's difficult to avoid comparisons. Some folks remind you of milk and water. The old proverb says, "In union there is strength," and they are forever trying to exemplify its truth by mixing their milk and water. You'd rather have a pint of clear, rich milk alone, but they put their pint of milk into a gallon of water, and succeed in having a great deal of it. They are specially careful to have it so in religious matters; and if they can get a pint of Grace into a gallon of Ceremonial they imagine they have performed wonders in the way of union. They think if only things are thrown together, union is accomplished, and they go through life heaping up sand hills, piling up clouds and bottling moonshine, all the time wondering that people are so blind as not to appreciate their gigantic labors. They mix their milk and water, and are astonished at the vitiated taste that does not appreciate it. If you squeeze a lemon or an orange you expect to get the rich juice, but if you squeeze a dish-rag you expect dish-water. How sadly disappointed when you look for the rich juice, if you find but dish-water, and when you expected cream, only milk and water.

In the matter of fashions, "folks" are seen to perfection. If one sheep jumps a pole, all the flock will jump the empty space where the pole was. It's a good deal so in fashion. One lady has shoes with toes an inch wide, heels three inches high and sharp pointed, and all arranged so as to turn the foot to a "corn-field," all the rest do likewise. The matter of comfort and appearance has nothing to do with it, only so that it is just as the others. Let one head be made the base for a hay-stack, at once all heads are to be so arranged. Let one man have square-toed boots, toes three inches longer than the foot, all must do likewise. And so on through the chapter. Some imagine that all the people present are taking items of their dress, so that it keeps them looking, watching, fitting, pulling and placing things just right all the time. Others think you come to visit their furniture—they are uneasy because it isn't as fine as somebody's else was, or it has scratches on it, or a speck of dirt, or something that makes them uneasy till the next one comes. Others never think you have come but to visit good things to eat. Oh, how they do worry! They worry themselves and their visitors, while their heated imaginations are fixing up something or other for you to think of the food set before you. They seem to think that all the amenities of social life are bound up in a napkin or table-cloth, or that all the pleasures of a visitor are to be found in eyeing well-kept furniture.

Did you never think it a sin to be ugly? I do. "Ugly as sin." Some folks are homely, but not ugly. Others are pretty, but not beautiful. The essence of beauty is purity. A clear, pure mind will print itself on the countenance so distinctly that all may read. We see folks who are pretty—we admire them—but a closer view reveals the truth, and we feel disappointed that there is no beauty. We are surprised, afterwards, that we should have looked for beauty in a mud fence covered with transparent paint. Beauty is not on the surface. Prettiness may be, but not beauty. The aged may be beautiful as childhood innocence; youth may be hidden by ugliness as forbidding as sin.

A. S. PARSONS.

The Housekeeper.

CONDUCTED BY CORA M. DOWNS.

BREAD.

OTTAWA, Kansas, April 16, '72.

DEAR SPIRIT:—I salute THE SPIRIT and Mrs. Cora M. Downs very respectfully and ask permission to come in a moment and chat a little about housekeeping, and perhaps ask a question or two. I certainly should not have been bold enough to ask this favor had not the lady presiding over this particular department kindly invited us to do so. My housekeeping at present is in the country and on rather a limited scale, but I suppose if we keep a merry heart it matters but little whether we live in a magnificent palace or a humble cottage. Four thousand dollar chamber sets, etc., etc., are among the portables *non est* with us on the banks of the Marais des Cygnes, although we confess we really did possess paintings, and carpets and books that were all burned; Oh, dear me! it makes me heart-sick to think of it, even now.

I congratulate myself, however, upon being rid of one skeleton that haunts so many households, viz., "help." No disconsolate grand-daughter of Chang, or trifling Gretchen invades my domicile at the present writing, and as my family is small I manage, with the assistance of a washerwoman, to get along nicely with my work and take care of the blessed baby besides. To be sure the little lady helps me considerable in sundry ways, such, for instance, as upsetting the water pail if it happens to be left a moment where she can reach, throwing the dishes out of the cupboard, &c., &c. While not engaged in these pleasant pastimes, I notice that she is usually employed in digging the ashes out on the carpet with her hands, and I should judge from the pleased expression of her countenance and the way she smacks her lips, that coals and ashes were not a "bad thing to take."

But the sole purpose of this epistle is just this: Speaking of good bread, in one of your letters, reminding me of the sad fact that I am a very poor bread maker. Now, what kind of yeast do you use—hop yeast, milk yeast, twin-brother or baker's yeast? I have tried them all, and sometimes I get good, but generally the contrary. Please answer, and oblige

A LADY FROM THE COUNTRY.

I shake hands with my friend by the River of the Swans, and will confess that yeast is a weakness of mine. Before I was married I never knew the amount of work it required to run a household. The stewing and brewing, the baking and making, the frying and trying, the failing and ailing, the slopping and mopping, and so forth and so on, had to be done, as I supposed, to a greater or less degree—small concern was it of mine—and somebody of course had it to do. So I kept my hands lily white, and studied adaptation and harmony in colors, rhymed and sung and danced, until suddenly I made a leap into sober matrimony, and, as the circus clown says, "Here I am!"

A year and a half passed away before I had a kitchen of my own, and realized that the ordeal of bread making was before me. There was something fearful and wonderful to me about bread making. It was the one thing I feared, dreaded, and almost despaired of accomplishing.

Did your mother-in-law ever laugh at you and say your poor husband would have a rough time of it eating your "experiments?" Did n't she? Well, then, you've something to be thankful for. And did the rest of your friends say, "My stars! what a wife for a poor man that girl will make, with her tastes and her notions and her habits!" And did somebody else tell you that writing poetry and cooking dinners were two different things? As if anybody was so senseless as to believe the contrary.

A friend lent me some yeast and told me how to set the sponge. I never dabbled much into theories about bread making. To my utter astonishment and infinite delight my bread was a success. No abstruse or complex problem of the thinkers ever gave me more food for study than this first experiment of compounding the staff of life, from the initial batter stage to the last and perfect condition of the light, white, sweet loaf that men know and commend. I always gave the main credit of that success, however, to the party who made the yeast. How that particular yeast was made it behooveth me not now to tell, because I like a later rule better. The lady who gave it me is giving occasional receptions to Spanish people at Santiago, Chili, and she "walks in silk attire," and doubtless has forgotten how she taught me the mysteries and miseries of culinary operations.

My own rule in ordinary practice of bread making is this: I grate six good sized potatoes (paring them first) and pour over them about a pint of boiling liquid which I have strained from the hops that are boiling in the stove. I have about a quart of hop liquid in all. The remaining pint I reserve in the porcelain kettle (never in an iron kettle for yeast making) after the hops are thrown out, and into this liquid I put one large table-spoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of sugar (I use coffee sugar) and a tea-cupful of flour that has been stirred into a thick batter with cold water. Stir this constantly till the flour is well scalded—say a minute or so; (don't let it scorch! if you do, it is all up with your yeast; I had almost said you might throw up the sponge.) Then take the potato liquid and the flour ditto, and stir it all together, pouring it into an earthen vessel, and when cool enough (say milk-warm) put in a tea-cupful of good home-brewed yeast; any ordinary good housekeeper will have it on hand. To have good yeast you must start with good yeast. In two days you ought to have yeast that will pop anything but the question.

With equal proportions of common sense, energy and good yeast, if a housekeeper cannot make good bread she had better make up her mind to give up the bread business. But there are so many contingencies to bread making that common sense only

knows how to supply and take care of—i. e., to keep the yeast jug well scalded, so that it shall be sweet and clean for the new supply; (once a fortnight is my rule for making a new supply,) to have the bread-batter kept warm; to be careful about the quantity of yeast used, not more than half a cupful of light, foamy yeast to an ordinary baking; to set the yeast away where it will "keep cool," when you have taken out what you require for the sponge; to know *just when* to begin to knead your bread with new flour; to be not weary in kneading, and yet to be careful and not stiffen or toughen the dough with too much flour; to know the proper moment for moulding into loaves and biscuits; to know how long the loaves should stand before they go into the oven—some people say an hour, but an hour would generally ruin my bread; and to be sure about the heat of the oven, the last and greatest consideration of all. "Do n't let your oven get hot," I have charged my Cinderella countless times. Bread, like some easy, substantial folks, wants to go *slow and sure*.

I like to let the bread take care of itself, nowadays. I am more interested in the plans of Nature and in watching her hourly miracles. A package of flower seeds from the old established nurseries of Ellwanger & Barry of Rochester, N. Y., lies on my table, and I might write a whole chapter of romance about the flower fairies enclosed in those tiny papers, each containing wonderful little germs, various and distinct, and waiting like lovely human souls for their burial and resurrection, before they put on a celestial body of life and beauty.

Were you ever in Rochester, O. Spirit? It is the flowery land—it is the valley of bloom. I spent a day there once, half the day at Mt. Hope, where the dead lie sleeping like the seeds of the flowers, waiting for the light and the morning; the other half of the day was spent wandering through the enchanted land that Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry call their nurseries and greenhouses.

The cultivation of flowers becomes a passion. Remembering some things that one of those flower princes said to me on that occasion, I lately wrote to him, telling him of my hunger for flowers, and as a consequence, here they are, *in embryo*. I have great faith in them. I have a little tree growing in our door yard, that came in a letter from South America. It was only a seed then.

Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry! your seeds shall grow fragrant to your memory. I wish your greenhouses could be transplanted into Kansas, but since they cannot, we can at least sometimes send to you for the flower fairies that come at our bidding. Sometime if I hint that I want some hybrid perpetual roses, do you think they will come? Sometimes I have only to wish for a thing and it comes! I have wished, however, for one thing that did not come. Moreover, I don't think it ever will come. "Shut your eyes and open your mouth," as the school boys say, and I'll tell you what it is that never comes—it is a pot of gold!

WYANDOTTE, April 30th.

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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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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

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

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By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route.

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

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

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

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

GOING SOUTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Lawrence.....	11:30 A. M.	8:00 P. M.
Baldwin.....	12:15 P. M.	8:58 "
St. Joseph.....	1:00 P. M.	9:50 "	7:00 P. M.
St. Olathe.....	1:35 "	10:45 "	8:35 "
St. Joseph.....	1:55 P. M.	11:35 P. M.	10:45 "
Olathe.....	2:30 "	12:30 A. M.	11:35 "
Garnett.....	3:15 "	1:15 "	12:50 A. M.
Iola.....	4:00 "	2:00 "	1:45 "
Humboldt.....	4:45 "	2:45 "	2:30 "
Thayer.....	5:30 "	3:30 "	3:15 "
Cherryvale.....	6:15 "	4:15 "	4:00 "
Arrive at Independence.....	6:45 "	4:45 "	4:35 "
Coffeyville.....	7:30 "	5:30 "	5:15 "
Parker.....	8:15 "	6:15 "	6:00 "

GOING NORTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Parker.....	7:00 A. M.	6:25 P. M.
Independence.....	7:10 "	7:00 "
Coffeyville.....	7:25 "	7:05 "
Cherryvale.....	8:15 "	7:55 "
Thayer.....	9:00 "	8:40 "
Toga.....	9:40 "	9:25 "
Humboldt.....	10:25 "	10:10 "
Iola.....	11:10 "	11:00 "
Garnett.....	11:40 "	11:30 "	12:50 A. M.
St. Olathe.....	12:15 "	12:00 "	1:40 "
St. Joseph.....	1:00 "	12:35 P. M.	6:00 "
Olathe.....	1:05 "	8:00 A. M.
Baldwin.....	1:40 "	8:50 "
Arrive at Lawrence.....	2:20 "	9:50 "

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 Toga with stages for Neodesha, Fredonia and New Albany.
At Cherryvale with stages for Parsons.
At Independence with stages for Elk City, Longton, Peru, Elk Falls, Tisdale, Winfield and Arkansas City.
At Parker with stages for Cheyenne.

500,000 ACRES OF LAND

Are offered for sale by this Company in the valley of the Neosho and its tributaries.
For further information apply to
O. CHANUTE, Superintendent.
CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent,
noty Lawrence.

JANUARY, 1872.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route

TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

NO TEDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS

BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:

Express.....	3:55 A. M.
Accommodation.....	7:30 A. M.
Mail.....	2:35 P. M.

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

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

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Express.....	1:00 A. M.
Mail.....	11:15 A. M.
Topeka Accommodation.....	7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for 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. WETHERELL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or of J. C. HORTON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House.

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

ON TIME!

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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

IS EQUIPPED WITH

ELEGANT DAY COACHES!

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,
noty St. Louis, Missouri.

SMITH & HAMPTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The Home.

WIFE AND I.

We quarrel'd this morning, my wife and I,
We were out of temper, and scarce knew why,
Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies, spiteful and wroth—
Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbowed to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
By her kindness herself reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble, too,
And very contrite and loving.

But, seeing I acted an humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost felt in a passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubborn neck of mine,
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there, with their warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh; and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
Leaves a certain fond facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain,
And teach us a rough humility.

You see, we love one another so well,
That we find more comfort than you can tell
In jingling our bells and corals;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear
That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great, fierce fights of the world, we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
Like brave, strong man and woman;
But the trivial quarrels of days and nights
Unshackle our souls for the great, fierce fights,
And keep us lowly and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind;
Were Nature less wise as a mother;
And with storms like ours there must flutter out
From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt—
The excess of our love for each other!

THE KITCHEN AND ITS LABORS.

As the Kitchen is the most important room in the house, so, too, the labors of the kitchen are more important and call for a wider range of practical talent than any other branch of housekeeping. Upon their intelligent performance depend in a large degree the general health, comfort and prosperity of the household. Wholesome food, only, is promotive of health and strength; savory dishes all relish and prefer, while the "little leaks that sink the ship" will assuredly flow from a lack of economy in the kitchen.

We are, as a people, seriously deficient in the general practice of skill and economy in the household, and especially in culinary labors. A French family would live well on what is often wasted in an American kitchen. True, we have many skilled cooks, frugal, model housekeepers, but they are the exceptions, not the rule. Nor is it strange that such is the fact. What have we ever done whereby to become skilled and perfected in the refinements—the science—of cookery and the arts of housekeeping? We say science of cookery, for the famed culinary artists of France, through Carême, have converted the art into a science, made taste yield to chemistry, and the kitchen to become instead of a workshop a laboratory.

PANEGYRIC ON BEDS.

The almost forgotten French romancer, Clemence Robert, thus warmly expressed himself on the comforts of the bed:

"A bed is certainly the most precious and most favorable asylum found here below. In fact, when I look at it, and when I think, when I step into it, how one is suddenly, as if by enchantment, rid of fatigue, cold, wind, dust, rain, importunate visitors, tedious conversation, common place remarks, pompous assertions, bragging, putting forth headstrong opinions, contradictory discussions, travelling stories, confidential readings of a poem or a whole tragedy, explanations or systems in long words, interminable monologues, and that in place of all these one has pictures, thoughts, memories to be called up, that he is in the midst of a chosen society, or phantoms and visions, just to the mind, and all these dreams, which a foreign writer calls 'moonlight of the brain'; when I think of all of this as I look at a bed, I know not what words to make use of to express my enthusiasm and veneration, and I am almost ready to bow in adoration before it."

SHOW YOU HAVE A HEART.

In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another of innocent pleasures by the score, through very carelessness and apathy; courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its share of kindness from us. The child made merrier by your interest in its story; the old domestic flattered by your seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny (though give the penny too); the laborer cheered on in his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love; and superiors gratified by attention and respect, and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one hand to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give! Instead of these, what have we rife in the world? Frigid compliment—for warmth is vulgar; reserve of tongue—for it's folly to be talkative; composure never at fault—for feelings are dangerous things; gravity—for that looks wise; coolness—for other men are cold; selfishness—for every one is struggling for his own. This is all false, all bad; the slavery-chain of custom, riveted by the foolishness of fashion; because there is ever a band of men and women who have nothing to recommend them but externals—their looks are their dresses, their ranks are their wealth—and in order to exalt the honor of these, they agree to set a compact seal of silence in the heart and on the mind, lest the flood of humbler men's affections, or of wiser men's intelligence, should pale their tinsel-praise; and the warm and the wise too softly acquiesce in this injury done to heartiness, shamed by the effrontery of cold, calm fools, and the shallow dignity of an empty presence. Turn the tables on them, ye truer gentry, truer nobility, truer royalty of the heart and of the mind; speak freely, love warmly, laugh cheerfully, explain frankly, exhort zealously, admire liberally, advise earnestly—be not ashamed to show you have a heart; and if some cold-blooded simpleton greet your social efforts with a sneer, repay him (for you can well afford a richer gift than his whole treasury possesses) with a kind good-humored smile.

SATURDAY NIGHTS.

What blessed things, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon when pale yesterday look beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday night makes people human; sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war-drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron-doored vault comes to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him; and all the world is shut out. Shut out? Shut in, the rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.

May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then poor fellow! Saturday night's nothing to you just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue eyed or black eyed, but above all, true eyed—get a home, no matter how little, and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two-and-a-half, in it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paraph.

GOLD DUST.

You will always be reckoned by the world nearly of the same character as those whose company you keep.

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is used to others.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

The public character of a man is the tinsel worn in court; his private character is the service of gold kept at his bankers.

Be careful of your promises, and just in your performances, and remember it is better to do and not promise than to promise and not perform.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

In order to keep up with the progress of the age Time has abandoned the scythe and hour-glass and has purchased a mowing machine and a watch.

The great head of the church seems to take notice of little things—sparrows, mites, and cups of cold water, which many lofty-minded people overlook.

Simplicity and genuine unaffectedness is of a greater value than beauty. The latter will captivate, but not retain, while the former will make a deeper impression each day.

In ancient days the precept was "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

"I neither admire nor love sadness," says Montaigne, "though the world usually honors it with especial favor. They clothe wisdom and virtue with it—the horrid, ugly dress!"

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, ripen years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

SAMUEL POOLE. JOHN POOLE. J. VAN ARMAN.

S. POOLE & CO.,

PORK PACKERS;

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PROVISION DEALERS,

SUGAR CURED HAMs,

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CLEAR SIDES,

PICKLED PORK,

KETTLE RENDERED LEAF LARD,

FRESH MEATS OF ALL KINDS,

SAUSAGE MEAT, AND

SUGAR CURED CORN BEEF,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

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H. J. RUSHMER,

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WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS,

SILVERWARE.

FINE JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

— ALSO —

MARBLE SLATE MANTELS, GRATES, &c.

STEINWAY

— and other —

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

THE BEST STOCK,

THE BEST TERMS IN KANSAS.

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YATES' COLUMN.

\$100.00 REWARD

Will be paid to any one finding a single grain of *Black Antimony*, *Arsenic*, or any other poisonous mineral in

YATES' IMPROVED CONDITION POWDER.

This is the only powder in the market which does not contain some of the above named poisons. It is strictly a vegetable compound, and especially adapted to the various diseases to which horses are subject, viz: *Hide Bound*, *Distemper*, *Poll Evil*, *Scratches*, *Fistula*, *Mange*, *Rheumatism*, *Yellow Water*, *Stiff Complaint*, *Heaves*, *Loss of Appetite*, *Inward Strains*, *Fatigue from Labor*, *Bots*, *Worms*, *Coughs*, *Colds*, &c.

Also Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry Diseases Cured by it.

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

YATES' IMPROVED

VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS.

The Surest Cure for *Biliousness*, *Constipation*, *Headache*, *Fever*, and all other diseases peculiar to a malarious climate.

THEY ARE THE BEST AGUE PREVENTIVE.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

YATES' COMPOUND

SYRUP TOLU, SQUILLS & HONEY

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, First Stages of Consumption, &c., is positively unequalled in the known world.

Price, 50 Cents and \$1.00 per Bottle.

YATES' FRENCH COUGH CANDY.

YATES' GLYCERINE AND CAMPHOR ICE,

For Chapped Lips and Hands and Irritated surfaces.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

YATES' IMPROVED

PATENT FLY AND MOUSE TRAP.

The greatest novelty of the age, and the most effectual cure for the pests. Put up in Bottles and in Sheets.

Price, 25c per Bottle, 10c per Sheet.

THE EMPIRE BAKING POWDER,

For making Biscuits, Cakes, Rolls, Muffins, Pastry, and all kinds cooking. Hotels and families will find it to their interest to use the Empire Baking Powder.

Samples Free.

Liberal Discounts will be Given to Dealers on all the Above Articles.

G. W. YATES,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST,

Sole proprietor and manufacturer of the above articles.

No. 100 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MAY 11, 1872.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The political situation is most agreeable—the political prospect most delightful. Greeley and Grant will, in all human probability, be the only candidates in the field. Dan. Voorhees may call on the old untirred as lustily as he will. They will be deaf to his warnings. In fact, they are the old untirred no longer. They may still claim the proud preeminence of being the “great unwashed,” but not the “old untirred.” For they have been scared completely out of their organization. They have thrown up the sponge. They have acknowledged the corn. They have, virtually, accepted an old line and unconditional Republican as their standard bearer. A man who has fought slavery most relentlessly and unsparingly ever since he had a voice to speak or a pen to wield; a man who louder than all the rest cried “On to Richmond;” a man who, in personal character, political history, private associations and public committals, is the very antipodes of the Democracy, is the chosen chief around whom the Democracy must rally and for whom they must vote!

That is almost as good a thing as we want. It is good enough to enjoy, at any rate, for a little while before we get particularly exercised or excited as to the result of the contest. Men who remember what this old party has been, and what it has tried to do, and who can now see what would have become of this country if it could have had its way, must be allowed a little reasonable exultation over the fact that it has got to vote for Horace Greeley! The same hellish crowd that hunted him through the hiding places of New York during the riot, that thirsted with wolfish ferocity for his blood, that sacked and gutted even the house of the family that dared to entertain him as a friend, must now “hurray for Horace!” That is glory enough for one day. We wish them much joy in their rejoicing.

So the Democracy is beaten in the start. The Republicans are bound to be victorious, for we are bound to have a Republican President. We see no reason why the campaign should not be an eminently and exceptionally pleasant one. The noble army of office holders who are in, and office seekers who are out may, and doubtless will, work themselves into a temporary frenzy; but this need not disturb the calm serenity of the editors and readers of papers like THE SPIRIT. There is nothing for us to get crazy about. We have no occasion to march in torch-light processions, nor get hoarse with senseless shouting, nor let our angry passions rise, because somebody else does not see through our spectacles, nor utter our shibboleth, nor run with our machine. Those of us who think our soldier President has done the best he could, and given us a safe and prudent administration of affairs, will probably be averse to swapping horses, especially if we think we are not yet clear out of the stream. A safe nag has a great many things to commend him. He may not do for a 240 race. He may not astound spectators by his antics. He may not kick up as much dust and excitement as he goes along. But then, he is less liable to shy. He stands till you get in. He goes slow over the rough places. He won't run away if the rein gets under his tail. He isn't afraid of the locomotive. He doesn't scare worth a cent. Now a great many conservative people like Grant because of his safe and staying qualities. Such can vote for him.

But those who think everything is going to the bad under his administration, that the whole country is becoming debauched and demoralized, that it is high time for a new deal, will vote for Greeley. Well, suppose there are enough of them to elect him. What then? Why, we have got a good Republican, anyway. The country is safe. There is nothing to be alarmed about. He will do the best he can, and be just as much abused as Grant is, when he is President as long as Grant has been. So let us have peace. The main thing is to try to be right according to the light we have. To satisfy our own consciences, to quit ourselves like men.

Two classes in general go to make up a party, great or small. One is the sincere and earnest men who embrace it from conviction of the truth and importance of its principles, and from a belief that it will act honestly and patriotically, when it shall have gained the opportunity. The other is composed of camp-followers, those who join it in the expectation of success and personal advantage. This is a numerous, meddling, and noisy body,—political gamblers, sometimes fighting on one side, sometimes on the other, always, however, making it a point to be on the strongest side, if they can only guess which that will be. In this, however, they are apt to blunder, and though everlastingly hunting for the game of success with their noses close to the ground, still, from having been on so many tracks one time and another, their instincts become dull and worn out, and thus they very frequently lose the scent, though to preserve it and be in at the victory and death is the sole pursuit of their mercenary lives. They don't, after all, perceive which party is likely to win half so well as the earnest man, who has no selfish aim to disturb his vision, and whose insight is keen in proportion to the selfishness of his wishes and the purity of the medium through which he looks into futurity.

The Fredonia Journal says the fruit prospects are reported good in all directions.

INDEPENDENT VERSUS NEUTRAL PAPERS.

The province and duties of the independent press are often misunderstood, and still oftener misrepresented. An independent paper, it must be remembered, is not a neutral one. It is the boast of the last never to have an opinion of its own, to veer about with every wind of popular fancy, to truckle with whatever or whomsoever happens to be in the ascendant, and, in a word, to sacrifice truth continually to the fleeting interest of the hour. But the independent press has a higher character to support. It bows the knee to none of the false Baals of the times. It serves truth and justice even at the expense of obloquy. It sets out to teach the people, not to cower before them, and, if it is honest and bold, it never abandons this aim. It does not, however, undertake all this with the self-sufficiency of ignorance, but rather with the cautious and comprehensive charity of disciplined wisdom. It therefore omits no opportunity to learn, despises no source from which facts may be gathered, leaves no labors untold which will assist towards the perfect elimination of truth. It does not pronounce hasty judgments, but when it speaks, it speaks out decidedly.

The superiority of the independent press over the partisan is, however, as great as over the neutral. Partisan papers, like corporations, have no souls of their own. They are made over, without hope of redemption, to an unrelenting master, whose lightest behests they are compelled to obey. They do not dare to see things with their own eyes, but only through the eyes of the great *nominiis umbra*, who stands directing and watching out of sight, and who pulls the wires which makes them move and dictates the words they have to utter. They are but puppets. The real showman is their party. This is a principal cause of reckless personalities, the heedless assertions, and the constant misrepresentations of the arguments of their opponents, which disgrace the partisan press; for men are never so violent as when they feel that they act, not for themselves personally, but for a faction or a party.

The independent press as it actually exists, falls short, we know, of this ideal. But while comparative perfection is possible to the independent press, it is hopelessly out of the reach of the neutral or partisan. The neutral press is almost invariably stupid. It blinks and winks like an owl in the light, but never has anything really to say, except to hoot inarticulately at times to keep up its own courage. The partisan press is racy enough, but as a rule is generally wrong. It lives and breathes in an atmosphere of exaggeration; it makes spectacles through the mists, out of harmless gate-posts; it follows will o' the wisps engendered by its surroundings; so that he who trusts implicitly to it will be tortured with constant alarms, or led astray into political quagmires innumerable. It is only the independent press which can join vigor to truth, or be racy without being wrong. Sometimes when the independent press attacks partisan follies, there is a cry that it is no longer impartial; but an independent press which never censured party would soon cease to be trustworthy. The time will come when neutral and partisan papers will almost cease to be, for there is no press in the long run which can be trusted, except the independent press.

TEMPERATENESS IN POLITICS.

Americans who still think it worth while to cherish respect for the institutions and concern for the dignity of their country, are constantly outraged by the gross speech and occasionally by the gross behavior of publicists whose conspicuousness renders them, however we may regret the fact, representative men of the nation. In legislative assemblies and, unhappily, in the columns of leading newspapers the habit of abandoning self-restraint and of indulging in coarse personal invective has grown and spread until at last it has lost the quality of novelty, so that Congressmen and editors may abuse each other like drunken sailors or angry fishwives without attracting any particular attention. The most disgraceful epithets, are, in our time, freely bandied by persons occupying positions that formerly would have been supposed to certify their occupants as gentlemen; and, what to our mind is worse, such animadversions are either coolly submitted to or merely retorted in kind by men of the same grade as their assailants. We are forced to conclude either that feelings of personal honor are much less sensitive than formerly, or that words, by general tacit consent, no longer carry their former legitimate meaning. When people curse at each other in constitutional conventions, hurl books and inkstands at each other in state assemblies and city councils, call each other plunderers and conspirators on the floor of Congress, give each other the lie direct in newspapers, and attack private character in unequivocal terms from the rostrum; when all these things are said and done and no consequences, or none to speak of, follow, the conclusion to which a disinterested observer is impelled is rather awkward. Our grandfathers would have said that all the parties concerned must needs be not gentlemen, but low blackguards; the assailed for not resenting the attacks made upon them, the assailants for making the attacks, knowing that in no dangerous way were they likely to be resented. We do not see that the resource of declaring that the hard words really mean nothing personally offensive, or that they are to be construed in a Pickwickian sense, furnishes any just excuse to those who employ them since it leaves the offenders in the attitude of insulting their readers and hearers as

well as their special opponents by the flagrant violation of good breeding, and since unmeaning vituperation is the habitual weapon of the coarsest and lowest of the human family.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

Many of the farmers of Cowley county, says the Winfield Messenger, have different kinds of vegetables ready for the market.

At the last meeting of the Wilson County Agricultural Society, it was decided to make arrangements for procuring and improving permanent Fair Grounds.

The Salina Herald is “glad to see so many of our citizens planting trees in front and around their premises. Now is the time to plant. It will soon be too late. Let all plant who can: Let our side-walks be lined, and our residence grounds filled with trees.”

Hamblin's Ottawa Kansas Guide congratulates our farmers because “one do not have to spend a lifetime opening a farm in Kansas. The prairies invite the plow immediately, and gridding trees, digging up stumps, and grubbing, are obsolete terms ‘in the far West.’”

The Leavenworth Commercial learns that Mr. A. N. Allen, a stock farmer of Jefferson county, sold off his farm last year cattle and hogs which have brought him in about \$20,000 in clear cash. He is now sowing 100 acres in blue-grass and clover, with the intention of doing a stock business in earnest.

The Paola Republican is responsible for this alarming item: “The fruit trees are full of blossoms—so full that there seems no room for an ordinary growth of leaves. The prospects of the peach and cherry crop are positively frightful, and there are not one-fourth trees enough in the county to bear the threatened crop.”

The Neodesha Citizen says: “The timely showers with which we have been favored has revived every root of wheat which retained any vitality, and fields which were brown as earth are now looking green. We cannot expect a large yield of wheat, but have a prospect far better than was anticipated a few weeks ago.”

From the Humboldt Union: “The farmers on Big Creek have followed the good example set by those of Salem township, and organized a Farmers' Club. This is as it should be. Nothing contributes more towards the advancement of the interests of a farming community than an interchange of experience through the medium of these clubs.”

The Emporia News says: “From the way these fine stock men are now bringing in the best thoroughbreds, we conclude Kansas, and especially this section of it, will soon be able to show as fine herds of cattle as are to be found anywhere in the Union. We believe they will do as well here as in any State, if not better, and that is the opinion of the men who are going into the business.”

From the Osage Mission Transcript—Crowthers' new and elegant paper—we take the following: “The Farmers' Clubs of the northern part of this county, of which there are a large number—each school district, we believe, having an organization—will meet in the Cunningham School House, in Big Creek Township, on Thursday May 25th. Would it not be a good idea for our leading citizens to meet with these organizations and make arrangements for a grand fair to be held here this fall?”

The Topeka Herald “desires to call the attention of such farmers of this section of the country as have corn to sell, to the fact that they can realize a much greater price for their corn than is being paid at any of the different points, if they will but take the trouble and pains necessary to do it.” This can be done by clubbing together and forwarding their corn to the Indian Territory, where it is worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel, the M. K. & T. R. R. shipping it at less than twenty-five cents per bushel.

The controversy relative to the Agricultural College continues at a lively rate between the Kansas Farmer and the Local paper at Manhattan. The Farmer insists upon its being a purely agricultural institution, and says that there is an “irrepressible conflict between the old and the new in education,” and “predicts a stirring up that will bring a pure, sweet odor of progress, at once grateful and encouraging to the people, who deeply desire that the College become aggressive in management.”

The Holton Express is of the “opinion there is nothing that so much tends to the rapid development of the country as a good county fair.”

A correspondent of the Express, noticing some fine cattle fed and fattened by Wm. Baxter of Circleville, and Capt. Little and Mr. Hart of Grenada, adds: “Kansas is now sending the best cattle that go to the Eastern market, and it will not be many years till Old Illinois will have to give up the major part of stall-feeding to Kansas and Nebraska.”

The Alma Union recommends farmers to sow millet: “Every farmer would do well to put in four or five acres of millet or Hungarian. Stock need something besides prairie hay to bring them through the winter all right: millet is much better than corn. A little fed every day will make stock flourish. We have always fed it to our stock, and they come out in the spring in good condition. Calves will keep fat on it, and cows will continue to give milk all winter without running down. It wants to be cut before it is ripe, and then well secured.”

The Beloit Gazette—which, by the way, aside from being ably conducted generally, has a copious and interesting local department—says: “It has been suggested by numerous citizens that an agricultural and horticultural association should be organized in Mitchell county. It is rather early in the settlement of the county to hold a fair, but, perhaps, not to form such an association. The practice that prevails in many places of holding meetings of clubs and associations for the purpose of imparting to each other their experience, is a good practical benefit to farmers and stock and fruit raisers.”

The following items are from the Wichita Eagle: Lettuce, young onions and radishes have put in an appearance here.

Cattle are fattening rapidly. The grass on the valley above town is from three to eight inches high. Ten thousand fruit and ornamental trees have been set out this spring on the farms and in the gardens around us.

Farmers and stock raisers will doubtless receive with satisfaction the information that Mr. Charles Jennison, of West Wichita, has purchased the Childers Morgan stallion, for which he paid \$2,000.

The Topeka Commonwealth thus glowingly and gushingly speaks of the fruit prospects about Topeka: “The season is promising—more than promising—for already the hand is extended to seize the first in order of a long series of fruits but yet for a few days to be looked in the store-house of nature, and then yielded up to man for his pleasure and sustenance. The vine, bush and tree are all overburdened with the growing fruit. The grape, currant, strawberry, plum, peach, pear, cherry, and apple—we shall have the greatest abundance for home consumption and enough to spare to furnish all the people of these United States who are not so bountifully provided for.”

THE BIG DRY-GOODS HOUSE OF KANSAS.

L. BULLENE & CO.

—Now offer—

TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS,

—At—

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

—The largest and most complete—

STOCK OF DRY-GOODS

IN THE STATE.

—Our Stock embraces—

EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THE BUSINESS

Adapted to both City and Country Trade.

Our facilities for purchasing enable us to sell at

THE LOWEST PRICES,

And we intend to keep at all times

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MARKET.

—Our Stock of—

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, Etc.,

Is the most complete to be found West of St. Louis,

AND WE WILL DUPLICATE ST. LOUIS PRICES.

We have on hand SEVERAL THOUSAND YARDS of very superior KANSAS MANUFACTURED JEANS and FLANNELS, which we offer by the piece or yard at LESS THAN THEIR VALUE.

Careful Attention Given to Orders, and Samples of Goods Sent by Mail on Request.

L. BULLENE & CO.,

1017 No. 26, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

“Absolutely the Best Protection Against Fire.”

Over one thousand actual fires put out with it.

MORE THAN

\$8,000,000.00

worth of property saved from the flames!

THE BABCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Fire Departments in the principal cities of the Union use them daily.

They are safe and simple, and a powerful protection.

The Government has adopted it.

Forty-six railroads use it.

Insurance Companies reduce rates where it is introduced.

—Also the—

BABCOCK SELF-ACTING FIRE ENGINE,

FOR CITY, TOWN AND VILLAGE USE.

It is more effective than the steam fire engine, because it is instantaneously ready and throws a powerful stream of carbonic acid gas and water for any length of time.

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

It does not require an expensive system of water works, and is never out of repair.

SEND FOR “THEIR RECORD.”

STODDER & STEERE, Gen'l Agents,

No. 24 S. Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

J. M. HUBBEL & CO.,

Successors to Shimmens & Adams,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STOVES, TINWARE,

Wooden Ware & House Furnishing Goods.

Galvanized Cornices and Tin Roofing put on Buildings on Short Notice.

22 Massachusetts Street,

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1127

LEARNED & SON,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS,

185 Massachusetts Street,

Repairing, Trimming & Fine Painting a Speciality.

In style and quality of workmanship we will not be excelled, and our prices shall be entirely satisfactory.

CALL AND SEE US.

ESTABLISHED

JAN. 9, 1865.

IN 1865.

SADDLERY.

FINE HARNESS A SPECIALTY.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

1371

OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPIRIT: Rev. Hammond has come, and gone; but cannot exclaim like that ancient Roman chap, "Veni, vidi, vici." The truth is he was not a success—I mean Hammond of course. He made no new converts, but on the contrary disgusted a great many of our better class of people, and if my eyes and ears deceived me not, a few of our good clergymen. We all expected see a minister and hear a preacher. We did neither. And our chagrin—to draw it mild—is excessive. I may, to be sure, tread on your toes in thus expressing myself, but I honestly convey the sentiments of many of our citizens in doing so. Gentlemen and ladies who cannot indorse a George Francis Train in the pulpit, are outspoken in their disapproval of our recent visitor. The revival however still goes on, and is likely to produce good results, notwithstanding the departure of the Evangelist, who by the way was the recipient at the depot of five twenty dollar gold pieces as the gift of Ottawa. Rev. Ellis of Lawrence preached here Tuesday evening in Sheldon's Hall to a large audience. The sermon was both excellent and effective, and did more real good than a month's acting of the gentleman who preceded him. The sermon has been highly commended on all sides, and its earnestness attested by the thinking which is going on among those who should think on the great question of the hereafter—i. e., all of us.

We have had an abundance of excitement the past week. Two such events as the coming of Hammond, and the announcement of the Cincinnati nominations, are sufficient to put the most sober of people on ends. And then such nominations! Whoever thought of such a thing as the old Prize Tomato man getting the first place on the ticket? Nobody, of course. And hence everyone is surprised, and busily engaged in pulling their ears to ascertain whether they are awake or dreaming. As for the Democrats, the first day they were sadly befogged. Now their vision has improved and they hurrah for Greeley and tear off the rim of their hats as willingly as any Abolitionist. But seriously, the "old philosopher" has many friends here, and his cause is gaining quietly but steadily. Many men who last week would not touch the Liberal movement, this week announce their support of Horace. If Miss Anna Dickinson should pop up now and ask again, "Whither are we drifting?" there are many men here, including your correspondent, who would give it up at once. We can't solve the problem. In the classic language of Hoyle, "we pass." A Greeley and Brown Campaign Club has been organized with Col. L. W. Shepherd as President, John Walruff and C. D. Crane, Vice Presidents, H. True, Recording Secretary, C. W. Nelson, Corresponding Secretary, while Capt. Andersen keeps the money box. The club is a pretty strong one, as it will enroll almost every German in the place and a good many Americans—Republicans and Democrats. The *Herald*, by the way, comes out for Greeley and Brown, and with the *Leader* will make a fight for that side of the question.

Dropping politics and turning to agricultural interests, I find considerable complaint among the farmers, upon the prospects of crops. One farmer, from south of us, told me a few days ago that the wheat which had escaped winter, had been so badly damaged by chinch bugs recently that he and many of his neighbors ploughed up the fields and started corn. He further stated that the young corn was suffering from the same enemy. Cannot something be done to destroy this little customer? After last year's losses and this year's experience, I should think that every effort would be made to ascertain the best mode of exterminating these pests. Would it not be a good idea to start a chinch bug column in THE SPIRIT and have farmers relate their experience, methods of warfare, and results?

Another growl comes from nurserymen. And very justly do they complain. Mr. Stevens, our enterprising neighbor, says he has lost fearfully among his grape vines during last winter, from frost, also in his smaller fruits. It appears the frost was so hard as to extend down deep and freeze the life out of young vines—layers, particularly—and many of the older ones. In some other localities the late cold snaps have done it for the peaches, and many who have tenderly nursed their trees for several years, each year to see them blossom and then blight, very properly "rise to explain" and very fully maintain, &c.

The new \$30,000 school house has been commenced. It is to be located immediately south of the Presbyterian church, in the Park, and readily visible from the R. R. track, being just west of it. It is to be something huge. Rumor has it that the masons will lay the corner stone with the customary imposing ceremonies.

Our silver cornet band boys are soon to inhabit new uniforms, and they will appear in such array, for the first time, on July 4th. They have secured Forest Park and will give concerts, have dancing, serenade and "sich," for the entertainment of those who will give a quarter and pay for extras. Our boys are good musicians, and obliging, and should, as I suppose they will, be generously supported.

The muddle about the deed to the Company by the city, of the land for the machine shops, has been filtered and made clear. The Company have got what they wanted and will go to work at once. The Round-house will first go up, and then the other buildings. When these shops are completed, Ottawa will beat anything south of Lawrence on manufacturing.

Our furniture manufactory has been completed

and the machinery is going in. The managers expect to turn out their first work in two weeks. The enterprise is already a grand success. Enough orders have been received to keep the factory running for some time ere it can catch up.

After alluding to all other topics, it would be unfair to close without a reference to the babies, who have about as much as they can do, attending to whooping cough. For this item I expect to receive the grateful smiles of the mothers who read the gossip of

BLINKS.

OTTAWA, May 9, 1872.

Town Talk.

KANSAS STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, LAWRENCE, May 7, 1872.

The semi-annual meeting of the State Horticultural Society will be held at Humboldt Tuesday, 11th day of June, proximo, and continue two days. The hospitality of the citizens will be freely extended to all in attendance from abroad. It is expected that the railroads will extend the usual half fare rates to members and others wishing to attend, which benefit must be called for at place of departure. All persons interested are most earnestly invited to aid in making this meeting one of great interest and benefit to the State.

DR. WM. M. HOWSLEY, President.

G. C. BRACKETT, Secretary.

State exchanges please copy.

A PLEASANT AND VALUABLE CORRESPONDENT.—It pleases us quite as much to have our contributors favorably noticed as to be thus noticed personally. Judge Hanway has been a valuable correspondent of ours ever since we published a paper in Kansas, and through his industrious pen a great deal of valuable reading has been furnished our reading family. The appreciation in which his articles are held by the press, as well as the many pleasant references made to him, Mrs. Downs, Miss Robinson, and others of our literary corps, are among the agreeable incidents of our work. The Paola Republican has our thanks for these kind, and, evidently, sincere words:

On the first page may be found an article from the pen of Judge James Hanway, of Lane, entitled "The first of the Jayhawkers," which will be read with interest by all, but more especially by the early settlers of Miami county, many of whom were personally acquainted with the "first Jayhawker." Last week we published an interesting article from the same pen concerning the graves of some of the martyrs who fell in the early struggle in Kansas. Both articles are worthy of preservation, as they contain incidents connected with our early history. The articles were written for and first appeared in THE KANSAS SPIRIT, published at Lawrence by I. S. Kallach, and we take this occasion to speak of that paper, as we believe we have not done so before. Mr. Kallach is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to speak of him here. As a writer and talker—stump or pulpit talker we mean—he has no superior in the State, if an equal. His paper is devoted to home matters and agriculture particularly, with a small amount of religion and politics interspersed to give it spice and zest. These subjects form but a small portion of a large amount of reading matter, which is principally "gossip" about the home and farm, but something may always be found in THE SPIRIT's "broad-gauged" columns that will interest the farmer, mechanic, lawyer, divine, business man, and last but not least, the women and children. We have no hesitation in recommending THE SPIRIT to our readers as one of the most interesting family papers published in the "wide, wide world."

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The Episcopal Diocesan Convention held its session in this city on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. It was largely attended by both ministers and laymen from all parts of the State. Bishop Vail presided, and the session throughout was a very interesting one, though the exceedingly unfavorable weather prevented a large attendance on the part of our people. A reception was held at the Bishop's residence on Wednesday evening, at which, in spite of the mud and rain, a large number of people paid their respects to the Bishop and his lady, and enjoyed the hospitalities which they dispense so well. It is unnecessary to say that it was altogether a pleasant and enjoyable occasion, as, with such hosts as the good Bishop and his estimable lady it could not possibly be otherwise.

FLOWERS.—Our Police Judge is not the hard hearted man that such an official is sometimes supposed to be. No man that loves flowers can be. And Judge Christian not only loves them, but loves to raise them, and loves to have the fact appreciated, as is proven by the elegant selection left at the office of THE SPIRIT. Mr. Christian is a righteous Judge, an eloquent attorney, and an agreeable gentleman every way, but as a Floriculturist, he beats himself. Such a combination of excellent and extraordinary traits of character is seldom combined in one man of his size, and we cannot help feeling about him as was felt about another when

"Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,

How one small head could carry all he knew."

RAIN.—The very frequent rains of the last two or three weeks have seriously interfered with the business of planting in this region. Very little corn has been planted at this writing, and the weather is still unfavorable, with no very flattering prospect of improvement. It will take some days of dry weather to fit the ground for planting, so the corn crop of this county will be a late planted one at best. There is still abundance of time to make a good corn crop, with a favorable season, but, planted later than the 10th of May, the chances against it are largely increased.

CAPT. TERRY.—Capt. W. D. Terry, a prominent member of the S. W. Stage & Bus Company, is in the city. The Captain is a tip top gentleman, and we were pleased to see him.—*Leavenworth Call*.

The same "tip top gentleman" has been in Lawrence this week. The men connected with the S. W. Stage and Omnibus Company are all "tip top gentlemen" and universally popular in the State which they have done so much to accommodate and advance.

PERSONAL.—Friend Beeler of Richmond was in town again this week, searching for water for the citizens of that burg. It seemed a little odd that a man should be at all anxious about the "water supply" in the midst of the drenching rain-storms of Wednesday and Thursday, but so it was. His anxiety was relieved, however, when he secured permission of Col. Chanute to sink a well for the R. R. Co. on the Richmond town site. Success to him and his well!

FINE GROWTH.—D. G. Watt has a pear tree three years old on his place near this city, that made a growth last year of 148 feet. Four limbs made a growth of five feet each.

CORRECTION.—In speaking of the new counters for the State Bank, last week, we gave the credit of the designing and building to Mr. H. E. Turner. This was partly incorrect. They were built by Mr. Turner, but the designer was Mr. Geo. Wells, the architect. Mr. Wells' reputation as an architect is too well established in Lawrence to need any words from us, but we desire to give credit where credit is due.

POTATO PLANTS.—We have heard some inquiry made for potato plants, and take this method of saying to all desiring to raise the best variety of sweet potatoes, that Mr. D. G. Watt, living two miles west of the city on the south side of the river, is prepared to furnish them with plants. Mr. Watt also has cabbage plants for sale.

THE FARM AND FAMILY PAPER.—James T. Stevens of THE KANSAS SPIRIT, Lawrence, favored us with a call yesterday. THE KANSAS SPIRIT is second to none as a farmer's and family paper, and we recommend it to our citizens.—*Olathe News Letter*.

THANKS.—Our thanks are due Messrs. Cutler & McAllister, the accommodating Job Printers who do first class work in their job rooms just underneath THE SPIRIT office, for various appreciated favors.

BOARD OF TRADE.—There will be a meeting of the Board of Trade this Saturday, evening at the gentlemen's parlor of the Eldridge House, to consider the water power question. A full attendance is requested.

G. GROVENOR, President.

TAILORING.—See Mr. Kirby's advertisement elsewhere, in which he informs the public that he is prepared to do cutting, making, repairing, and cleaning, and will be found one door north of the Eldridge House.

MONEY.—See notice of "Money to Loan," by G. W. E. Griffith & Co., to be found in our advertising columns.

Telegraphic Summary.

Political.

A Charleston dispatch says the Conservative press of South Carolina endorses the Cincinnati ticket and platform as eminently acceptable to the South.

A New York dispatch of the 5th says the *Sun* this morning takes more decided ground in support of Mr. Greeley. It warns the Democrats that not to accept the Liberal Republican ticket will result in their defeat, and advises the Philadelphia Convention also to nominate Greeley if they desire the Republican party to be preserved as an organization.

The *World* has fully taken position against Democracy, adopting the Greeley ticket. It says Greeley's selection was entirely unexpected by the Democracy, otherwise nothing would have been said looking to co-operation in the nomination of Greeley. It considers a much greater schism exists in the Republican party than had been hoped for, and if the Democracy drive home the wedge skillfully they will disrupt the Republican party and elect their own candidates. The Cincinnati Convention acted without the slightest regard for Democrats, and the latter must appeal to the country through their own Convention.

Ben Wood and Fernando Wood, who were in favor of Judge Davis, are out without reserve in favor of adopting the Greeley ticket.

Judge Davis has abandoned the thought of running for President on any ticket, and has given in his adhesion to Grant.

A New York dispatch of the 8th says: The Democratic National Executive Committee met this afternoon at the residence of August Belmont. Eight States were represented. It was decided to hold the next convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-president of the United States, on the 9th day of July, 1872, at 12 o'clock, in the city of Baltimore.

A dispatch dated Troy, May 8th, says: The colored Republican State Convention met here to-day, and unanimously pledged the colored voters of the State to support the nominees of the Philadelphia Convention.

Washington dispatches corroborate the statement that Hendricks and Pendleton are opposed to Greeley.

A New York dispatch of May 9th says: The Union Republican general committee of this city last night recommended the Assembly district committees not to send delegates to Elmira, and endorsed the Cincinnati ticket and platform. The executive committee was in session yesterday.

Country.

The interior of Niblo's Theatre was burned on the morning of the 6th. The Metropolitan Hotel was seriously damaged, and other buildings to some extent. Total loss about \$280,000.

A Washington dispatch of the 5th says there is no change in the position of the Alabama question since the semi-official publication in which it was said that the claims for indirect damages had not been and would not be withdrawn.

A New York dispatch of the 7th says no disclosures have been made in any quarter, of the conference at the State Department last Saturday on matters relating to consequential damages, and all pretended accounts thereof are fictitious.

Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet painter, is dangerously ill at the Astor House.

The Methodist General Conference is in session in New York. The affairs of the book concern are occupying a large share of its attention. The investigating committee have made a majority and minority report. The majority report severely censures Dr. Lanharn and exonerates the management of the book concern from all blame.

Foreign.

A dispatch from Madrid dated March 5th says: A dispatch from San Sebastian this afternoon says the division under Marianas to-day completely defeated the Carlists concentrated in Navarra. After a conflict of nine hours the troops carried the village of Carasa at the point of the bayonet. The whole Carlist centre is captured. It is said Don Carlos is a prisoner.

A later dispatch says Don Carlos with only two hundred adherents has passed through Bensea, flying into France. The battle in which he received his complete defeat was fought at Oronqueta yesterday (the 4th.) Of the Carlist forces engaged 306 were killed and 747 taken prisoners. The insurrection is at an end.

Dispatches from Mexico indicate that the insurrection there is substantially quelled. The revolutionary army is completely demoralized and destitute; the officers mostly dismounted and shoeless, and the men without pay or food.

A London dispatch of May 8th says: A telegram from Bombay brings intelligence of the most disastrous floods in the southern part of British India. The town of Vallore, in the precinct of Madras, suffered terribly. Many of the inhabitants were drowned. It was stated that there were fifteen thousand inhabitants in the town, and they lost everything they possessed, the water having washed away the houses and left them perfectly destitute.

A dispatch from London says: A majority of the Erie Railroad shareholders here have combined in making Tom. Scott president of the American board; and Scott having telegraphed sufficient assurances, the combination seems successful.

ALL PARTIES DESIROUS OF OBTAINING

STRICTLY PURE AND FIRST CLASS

GROCERIES,

Are invited to call at

HOWARD & SPENCER'S,

CORNER OF MASSACHUSETTS & WARREN STS.

SPECIALITIES:

NEW YORK SUGARS AND SYRUPS,

Mocha, O. G. Java and Choice Rio Coffee,

THE FINEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS

IN THIS MARKET,

C. F. FELL & BRO.'S PURE SPICES,

CANNED FRUIT—BEST AND WELL KNOWN BRANDS,

CANNED FISH AND VEGETABLES—DITTO,

CROSS & BLACKWELL ENGLISH PICKLES,

TABLE SAUCES OF ALL KINDS,

OLIVES, CAPERS, MOUTARD DIAPHANE,

IMPORTED GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

WE DESIRE TO CALL

ESPECIAL ATTENTION

TO OUR STOCK OF PURE AND CHOICE

CALIFORNIA WINES,

PORT, SHERRY, CLARET, MUSCATELL,

ANGELICA AND SAN JOAQUIN BITTERS,

BRANDY.

For Flavor and Boquet

THESE WINES ARE UNRIVALED.

TO THOSE NEEDING

A STRENGTHENING TONIC

at this season of the year

THESE WINES AND OUR GENUINE

SCOTCH ALES

are confidently recommended.

COLE BROS. & ASHERS,

DEALERS IN

LIGHTNING RODS

AND WOOD PUMPS,

Lawrence, - - - - Kansas.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

COLE BROTHERS,

Manufacturers and Wholesale & Retail Dealers,

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Orders can be addressed to JOHN J. COLE,

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W. S. RILEY,

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VETERINARY SURGEON,

Lawrence and North Lawrence.

LABORATORY No. 22 MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

Medicines Constantly on Hand.

JAMES T. STEVENS & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS,

Office Near Room Over Simpson's Bank.

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

MONEY TO LOAN.

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

G. W. E. GRIFFITH & CO.,

OFFICE, FORHLER'S BLOCK.

WM. KIRBY,

TAILOR.

Gentlemen's Clothing Cut and Made in the Latest Style. Clothing Scaled and Repaired on short notice at Low Rates. First Door North of Eldridge House, LAWRENCE.

The Young Pioneer.

CONDUCTED BY MISS THEODORA ROBINSON.

PAUL AND MOSES.

"Mamma, mamma, what do you think has happened?" cried little Clara, running into the house one bleak morning in February. "Old Yellow Feathers has hatched, and all the brood are dead but two. Poor, dear chicks! eight of 'em—cold and stiff as little round snowballs. I feel just like crying, don't you, mamma?" added Clara, while two little briny brooklets glided swiftly down her rosy cheeks.

Mamma looked very sober and said, "Foolish old Yellow Feathers! If she had only waited until the warm spring weather before bringing out her brood she might have reared a promising family. I hope she will learn wisdom from her misfortune, but hardly expect she will."

"But what is to be done with the two little live chickens? The old hen has taken them right down into the snow, and they'll certainly freeze their cunning legs short off."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Clara's kind hearted mamma, looking almost as much distressed as her little daughter. "I'm afraid the wee creatures will have to perish like the rest of the unfortunate brood."

"Why couldn't we bring them into the house?" inquired Clara, eagerly.

"Hens in the house?" said mamma, smiling doubtfully, "that would not be according to the rules of a model housekeeper."

"But we don't bring in the little chicks—the old hen could stay outside; and they're such perfect morsels they'd only take up the tiniest bit of room. Do come right out and help me catch them, mamma," said Clara, coaxingly.

Mamma put on her shawl and went with Clara into the yard, where foolish old Yellow Feathers was strutting through the snow, clucking noisily, and trying to induce the tiny, shivering chicks to follow in her footsteps.

"You cruel mother hen," cried Clara, indignantly; "you're just as bad as mamma would be if she should put baby Daisy on the floor and then scold her because she could n't creep, when she's ever so much too little. We shall take away your children, for you do n't deserve to keep them."

But when the chickens had been rescued from the snow, the mother hen's distress at losing them affected Clara's tender heart immediately.

"Don't cry, poor biddy, you shall come and see your baby chicks right often and they'll be better off, you know."

And so the chickens were carried to the house. Clara lovingly ensconced them in a beautiful Indian basket, bedded with the whitest wool. Her delight in them was unbounded. She fed them carefully and cuddled them under her apron, among her hair and between her little, soft, white hands.

"Oh, you darling, darling creatures! you must be named at once. I shall call you—let me see—I think I'll call you Paul and Moses. Aren't those two good names, mamma?"

Mamma thought they were, so Paul and Moses became two household names.

Several days passed, during which the chicks grew stronger, heartier, and noisier. One anxiety constantly harassed Clara, however. Mrs. Innocence, the family cat, seemed greatly interested in the basket in which Paul and Moses lodged. She watched it steadily, and when the precious pets were released from the basket for a free and easy stroll about the room, Mrs. Innocence seemed wonderfully impressed with their appearance.

"What does make puss act so queer? She's such a model of a cat you don't suppose anything could tempt her to eat up Paul and Moses, do you, mamma?" Clara inquired, with deep concern.

Clara's mamma smiled and said, "We cannot tell, my dear. Even such a model as puss may not be proof against so tempting a morsel, especially when there are no mice to be had."

After that Clara watched them with greater care than ever, until, coming in one afternoon she found the basket upset and Paul and Moses nowhere to be seen. A sound of lamentation filled the room.

"Oh, my beautiful chicks! Naughty, naughty puss has eaten you all up, I'm sure. Puss! puss! where are you, puss?"

An answering "mew" greeted Clara's ears. The little girl peered anxiously under the table and then burst into a fit of loud, delighted laughter.

"You sweet little chicks, and you splendid old puss! What a pretty, curious sight!" Then running into another room, Clara exclaimed: "Mamma, do take Daisy and come as quick as you can. Mrs. Innocence is hovering Paul and Moses!"

Sure enough, the downy chicks had crept close under the soft, ample neck of the motherly cat, and were nestling there with contented peeps, while puss was purring loudly and acting very proud and happy.

"Puss thinks she's got her kittens back, that we gave away last month, and Paul and Moses think they're under their mother's wing," said Clara. "I'm going to leave them with her and see if she won't make them her adopted children."

Strange as it may seem, puss did adopt the chickens and cared for them as tenderly as if they had been her own offspring. She arranged their toilets by washing them with her tongue and smoothing their downy plumage with her paws. Paul and Moses seemed well pleased with the arrangement.

They followed her about the house, perched upon her back and acted in a very free, and sometimes saucy manner. Pecking at her eyes and pulling her smollers was a favorite amusement with them.

Paul and Moses never became successful mousers, notwithstanding the faithful efforts which Mrs. Innocence put forth towards their instruction, and—greatly to the annoyance of puss—when they became of age they would persist in learning to crow instead of adopting her expressive language.

Puss has never lost her interest in Paul and Moses, although they have long since passed from under her care, having become distinguished rulers in the poultry yard. They are still living, we are happy to say, in full possession of all their faculties and in excellent fighting order.

These memoirs are historical facts. Clara will vouch for their truth. Mrs. Innocence can lift her paw in solemn assertion, and Paul and Moses, we have no doubt, would be happy to add their testifying crow.

CHUBBY AND BOB'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR COUSIN CHUBBY:—Pooh! mebbe you think it's a big thing to get burnt out of everything but a plaster injun but I do n't. We get burnt out every spring of all the land we've got besides being blowed up every once in a little while by a tornado. Thunderbolts you oughter be in Kansas sometimes. Everybody gets scared but me. Would n't I catch me getting scared at a tornado. Six colts likter got knocked down with one hailstone the other day and that ain't a patching to what I've seen take place in this country. Houses sometimes sail off in the air putty nigh and are never heard from again till somebody else has taken up a claim where they've lit and lived in 'em so long the first owners haven't any more right to 'em than the timber rats and gophers. It takes a to'able stiff breeze to cut that sort of a caper but that's nothing to what I've known to happen out here.

Did you say it was Jimmy Little's Jackass that kicked off your doll's nose? I've got a whole drove of them fellers that will every one of 'em do a heap worse things than that; they'll all stop and stand on their heads when I'm racing them on a bet against Bill Turner's colts, and when I whale 'em with a hedge gad it only makes 'em straighten up the taller and stand still the longer. I've trapped fifty-two polecats this winter me and Bill Turner and Jack Whipple and about a dozen other fellers. At any rate I've trapped seven and I reckon the other fellers have all trapped three apiece.

Me and Bill Turner had a cock-fight the other day to raise money for the missionary cause. A chap came round to Lick Creek schoolhouse where me and Bill go to Sunday school and reported that somewhere over yonder the boys are all getting chucked under the car of juggerning for doing nothing but minding their own bizness. That made me and Bill hopping mad and we agreed 't was time the thing was stopped. The chap wanted some money to stop it with and me and Bill 'was bound he should have it but we couldn't think of any way to raise the stamps till Bill lit onto me after Sunday school and said "I've got a rooster that can whop your old Dandylegs you bet." That made me madder than ever and I told him to prove it. He said he would; so we agreed to have a cock-fight to raise some money to give to the chap to stop the car of juggerning that's killing off all the boys over yonder. The fight came off Monday afternoon in the school house yard; admission five cents: dogs half price. Jack Whipple took his bull-pup down to chase off the deadheads that 'lowed to hang round outside the ring and not pay. Ten boys and fifteen dogs came to the fight including a woodchuck and another rooster who had complimentary tickets. The other rooster came to look on; he didn't dare to fight because he belonged to Johnny Sands and Johnny's father is boss of the Sunday school. I said Dandylegs was whopping Bill Turner's rooster and he said he wasn't, then I said he was again and he said he wasn't again, then I hit Bill and he hit me back and then you better reckon I pitched into him. By the time I'd got Bill well licked Dandylegs had killed his rooster so the fight would have hadter stop if Johnny Sands hadn't agreed to let him do as he was amind to about entering the ring. Johnny took off the string and turned his back and you bet that rooster was n't fool enough to be long in getting to the middle of the ring. If Dandylegs hadn't died all at once very sudden he'd have beat Johnny Sand's rooster so he wouldn't have known the way home. It took all the money we'd raised on the fight to buy me and Bill new roosters and ten cents over. So the missionary cause will have to wait a bit I reckon. Bill Turner had a black eye, and I told him to let on that somebody's calf did it and he said he would. When I do anything I don't want to own up to I say somebody's calf did it. Ain't that a jolly way to get out of the brush? Don't forget to tell me what Aunt Polly did to you once and I'll tell you what to do to pay her back. Something awful slick and mean. Tell Tim I own everything on the place. I let 'my people have the use of things and don't take any pay but my vittles and clothes. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain

BOB ROLLY.

LICK CRICK BOTTOM, KANSAS.

P. S.—I didn't see anything to correct in your letter but joke: it oughter be spelt joak.

Our ingress in life is naked and bare; our progress through life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here we shall be well there; more couldn't be told by preaching a year.

THE COLONY BENEATH THE EAVES.

The southern breeze returns at last;
How soft the zephyrs play!
And little feet are running fast,
To greet the coming May.

The children gambol on the law,
Around their country home;
On barn, and fence, and every tree
The swallows now have come.

Each anxious couple soon survey
A place to build their nest;
The male bird brings the miry clay,
The other does the rest.

Along the barn's low drooping eaves
The masonry goes on;
To nook and space the mortar cleaves,
Till all are joined in one.

The unfledged birdling, peering down,
Opens wide its gaping throat,
Like Nubians from their mud-built town,
Upon each passing boat.

Look! how they cleave the ambient air,
To feed their hungry brood;
Above, below, and everywhere,
In search of tiny food.

The harvest moon comes on apace—
The reaper with his sheaves—
The swallow, from her resting place,
Calls up her brood and leaves.

Good-bye, ye lively, twittering things,
We part with kindly cheer;
Till on your light, ethereal wings,
You come again next year.

EIGHT PIECES OF PIE.

Peeping in at the kitchen window of an ancient looking and dilapidated farm house, in the interior of an old settled country, I saw an aged woman with her little grand-son—the youngest child of her last born—seated before the old fashioned grate, within which the fire blazed up weirdly and danced hither and thither in an irregular and fantastic waltz, caught by the wind which whistled in mournfully through the many crevices in the building. The old woman's gaze was fixed upon the fire, and as the coals brightened or clouded under the strange influence of that singular "fairy in the fire," her eyes seemed to partake of their wildness and her fingers clutched nervously in the coarse garments in which she was attired.

The little boy looked at her in silence—in a half awed half loving manner—for awhile, then rising he approached and twining his arms affectionately about the old lady's neck, he said:

"Grandma, tell me now—you have often promised—why you always drop a tear when cutting our pie, and why you always cut it in just eight pieces, when there are but two of us since sister died?"

The woman started slightly, and shiveringly drew her grand-son upon her lap.

"My child," said she, "you have touched a chord in my heart which gives but a mournful echo of the love it bore my husband—your grandpapa—and six noble sons—all gone, gone to the unknown world. Happy days were those in the spring time of our hearts and hopes, as our children grew up around us and played on summer days among the opening flowers in the woodland green. Happy curly heads we caressed at night, and cheery young voices made happy music through our household. It was all sunshine then—a wide contrast with the shadows of the present. Years have come and gone, and my once wavy brown locks are silvered with age, but the sweet habits of that full family circle cling to me still, and I think of the childish prattle of my little ones as they once clamored, each for his particular piece of pie, and how often your grandpapa and I divided the two remaining pieces among them, while our hearts bounded with joy at the expressions of pleasure our little sacrifice brought forth. And now when I cut the eight pieces images of those dear ones rise up before me and I leave my piece untouched, while you take one which I always name your fathers, for he was the first—ten years since—to go and leave a sad vacancy in our happy circle. In two short years you and I, my child, were all that was left. Your grandfather breathed his last in my arms after a short but suffering illness. Two of my boys fell upon the field of battle, one died in the poisonous atmosphere of Andersonville, and two were lost before a fortress, and when the news was brought to me that the blue waves had closed over the heads of my last darlings, I knelt by your little sleeping form and prayed that you might live to revive your father's family;—you are the last of the name. But to me, the absent ones appear in the eight pieces of pie."

That was the old woman's story, and when she had finished, the child slipped quietly down upon the floor and crept silently to his little room, while his innocent mind wondered if the seven now in Heaven cut their pie into eight pieces and left grandpapa's piece untouched, so that she could have it when she went up there. While the old woman seated alone with closed eyes saw—as it were—her husband's form in his accustomed chair in the chimney corner, and felt again six pairs of little hands pulling at her skirts.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.—O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I have, may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ. Do we need anything else, Phaedrus? For myself I have prayed enough.

THE SPIDER WEB.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 3.

My first is in spider, but not in fly;
My second is in near, but not in nigh.
My third is in mud, but not in clay.
My fourth is in April, but not in May.
My fifth is in ebb, but not in flow.
My sixth is in reap, but not in mow.
My seventh is in spirit, but not in mood.
My eighth is in diet, also in food.
My ninth is in never, but not in now.
My tenth is in tumult, but not in row.
My whole is always the same,
And from Rome originally came.

PUZZLE—NO. 1.

In my first, my second sat;
My third and fourth, I ate.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 4.

1. An animal.
2. A kind of liquor.
3. A beverage.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 5.

1. A large town.
2. A thought.
3. A drop of water.
4. An enclosure.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—NO. 2.

My 5, 9, 10, 8, 12, is an animal valued for its fur.
My 10, 9, 10, 2, 4, 3, is a species of monkey.
My 7, 12, 9, is a meadow, a plain.
My 9, 1, 6, is a girl's name.
My 11, 9, 5, 5, is a girl.
My whole is a word of one syllable.

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HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

Have now in Stock a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS, SHEARS AND SCISSORS,
TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS, COAT AND HAT HOOKS,
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LANTERNS, CABLE CHAIN,
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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,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

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IT IS THE BEST WIND MILL MADE.

IN DEMONSTRATION OF THIS WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION WITH THE WORLD.

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Cement, Plastering Hair, Plaster Paris, &c.,

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nos-ly LAWRENCE, KAN.

The Farm.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELDS.

Sweet nurlings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relies ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare!

Ye fearless in your nest abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescribed
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of him who worlds and hearts survey;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day; to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."

BEES.

So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home,
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, bustled in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. SHAKESPEARE.

DEEP PLOUGHING AND SUB-SOILING.

Experience is the great teacher in farming. Without it, successful agriculture is almost impossible. With it, we can make our business profitable and our lands productive. Past experience teaches us that deep ploughing is absolutely necessary on almost every farm, in order to get the highest profit from the soil. The reasons for this are plain to every practical farmer; but as some of our readers may not have considered the subject in all its bearings, we present the advantages of deep ploughing. First: the space in depth to which the roots of all crops penetrate, and from which they derive nourishment, is limited chiefly by the extent to which the plow has run. Beneath that point, especially in clay soils, the roots make but little progress. Second: the unbroken sub-soil, when composed of clay, is not easily penetrated by rain. Hence, after the ploughed soil has become saturated, the surplus water escapes from the surface, often carrying off valuable portions of fertility. Deep ploughing prevents this washing away of the surface. Third: a deeply-broken soil is a store-house for moisture, holding a portion always in reserve for periods of drought. When the sun, the air, and the growing crop have taken up the surface moisture, some of the roots are still deep down in the earth, where the supply is abundant. Again, this moisture from below constantly rises toward the top during a drought, by capillary attraction. It also brings with it some elements of fertility in solution, and as the evaporation goes on, these must enrich the surface soil.

The above statement may be regarded as scientific facts in agriculture. We have seen farms that were "run out" by thin, shallow ploughing. The plantations of the Southern States, from Virginia to the Gulf, all exhibit the sad effects of shallow cultivation. We have, also, frequently seen farms in the Middle and New England States whose fertility and productiveness were reduced fifty per cent. by ploughing thin—by merely scratching the surface to the depth of only three or four inches. The result of this evil practice is a regular and systematic depreciation of the land, with a certain decimation of crops every year. The late Professor Mapes, one of the most scholarly and practical of American agriculturists, was an advocate of deep ploughing; and his own estate in New Jersey is to-day an evidence of the correctness of deep cultivation. He doubted the value of his land, and more than doubled his annual crops, by ploughing deep.

Sub-soiling land—of which Mapes was the pioneer in this country—is also of great advantage. By this means the bottom of the furrow is thoroughly broken and pulverized, without being turned up. This being done, the surface plow then throws its next furrow upon this loosened portion of the sub-soil, and the sub-soil plough following again, breaks another portion—and so the process is continued, till the whole field has its surface stirred to a depth which cannot ordinarily be reached by any one plough operating alone. The benefits of sub-soiling are similar to those of deep ploughing. It opens up a new source of fertility, for the sub-soil always

contains more or less of mineral substances demanded by the growing crop. It also gives a deeper space for the circulation and retention of air and moisture, which is a perfect antidote to drought. Again, if the soil is level, and of such a character as to retain too much of the rain-fall, then the newly broken sub-soil lets it pass off more freely from the surface soil. On lands thoroughly drained, we presume the sub-soil plough would not be of so great an advantage.

Another peculiar benefit which sub-soiling has over ordinary deep ploughing is that it gives a deeply pulverized mass, without exposing upon the surface that portion which is often not adapted to most crops. On a tenacious clay, which sometimes forms a hard crust, there would certainly be no advantage in sub-soiling; but for a majority of soils we would follow the experience of Professor Mapes—we should plough deep and sub-soil all land adapted to thorough cultivation.

OLD FASHIONED GARDENS.

In all the old fashioned gardens one finds a double row of currant bushes, almost as inevitable as the lilac or the white rose bush, at the garden gate. A charming alley is thus opened up for nearly the length of the plat. They maintain their lines as faithfully as appointed metes and bounds; and, spread over the green ruffles of their leaves, may be seen, all through the season, a white crop of old ladies' caps, that tells of the grandmother whose hand planted the purple morning-glories under the windows, whose head now and then shows itself between the verdurous walls of the bean-vines. A man would as soon think of tearing a true sentiment out of his heart, if such a thing could be done, as of pulling up the currant bushes that are so well rooted in the garden.

How the red beet-tops glisten in their long rows, as if some pains-taking hand had varnished them, one by one! How crowded stand those carrots, boring each its long yellow finger into the mellowed sub-soil! With what a Dutch-like and dogmatic air the swelling cabbages erect their pulpy heads in the performance of the useful work they are set to do.

At the further end of the plat stands the summer-house,—a sort of Pomona's shrine, in its way, as well as a moonlight resort for lovers; a contorted grape vine wearing a lattice of leaves below and a canopy of green overhead, whose purple tributes you may sit and pluck in the dreamy afternoons of September, while the yellow finches are clustering on the bushes and the poultry are wallowing in the soft garden mould.

FUN AND FROLIC.

WIT AND HUMOR.—A New York Bohemian, speaking of the price of meat said that "beef was never so high since the cow jumped over the moon." Now this is pure humor, and the author of it laughs with everybody and laughs at nobody. We shall not attempt the difficult task of defining wit and humor. Hazlitt says: "Dr. Fuller's remark that the negro is the image of God cut in ebony, is humor; and that Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is the image of the devil cut in ivory, is wit."

Wit and humor are as closely related as the Siamese twins, and like that couple they go together, and it requires a sharp blade to separate them. Fun is a fine art, and he who is master of it will know how to stop short of that line which separates it from the absurd and ridiculous. Wit is crank, scornful and analytical. It makes invidious contrasts, tosses analogies in your teeth, spoils no good stories for relations' sake. It shoots a feathered shaft before you can lift a shield, and is sure to hit you in a tender spot. If a man were as invulnerable as Achilles, whose soft spot was in his heel, it would be sure to wound him unless he wore thick boots, which, unlike his lips, should be water-proof.

Americans do not laugh enough. We scarcely recognize this comic side of life. Artemus, "the delicious," as the author of Griffith Gaunt calls him, shook our sides with laughter, and a few others did so—all of them, however, can be counted on the fingers of the two hands. These jokers have made us laugh a little when out of the roars of the bulls and bears of Wall street; but we, as a people, have failed to sustain first-class comic journals. The humor of Lowell and Holmes and the wit of Saxe are appreciated by a few—the choice few—because the aroma of their poetry gives a pleasant odor to their merriment. Mirth follows us on the street, and overtakes us at our occupations; it tickles the ribs of sleep, even. Why, then, do we not respond to the exhibitions of cheerfulness?

The Tera Haute, Ind., *Album* gives the following essay on "The Ox," from one of its young contributors, just as it came from his pen:

"Oxen is a very slow animal, they are good to break ground up. I would rather have horses if they didn't have kolick, which they say is wind collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerous for to keep horses than an ox. If there was no horses the people would have to wheel their wood on a wheelbarrow. It would take them two or three days to wheel a cord a mile. Cows is useful to. I have herd some say that if they had to be fother or an ox they would be a cow. But I think when it cum to have their tits pulled of a cold morning they would wish they was n't, for oxen don't generally have to raise caves. If I had to be enny I would rather be a heffer, but if I coodent be a heffer, and hed to be both, I wood be a ox."

A Scotch witness in the House of Lords gave recently in rather dictatorial style his notions as to the failings in the character of Irishmen and Englishmen. He was allowed to say his say, and when out of breath, Lord Lucan asked him to oblige the committee with his ideas relative to Scotch character. "Aweel, my laird, they're jist on the contrary, unco modest and—" The rest of the sentence was drowned in uproarious merriment.

A little girl in Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly.

"They forgot their kerosene," responded Miss Five year-old.

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied; "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

A man in Brattleboro', Vt., was recently urged by an insurance agent to take out a policy for the benefit of his wife to the amount of \$5,000. Before deciding he asked his wife's opinion, when she replied with charming frankness, "Why, my dear, you will of course act according to your own judgment; but, in case of your decease, it would make me a rather more desirable widow?"

Long ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A—, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

A school teacher asked a new boy, "Who made the glorious universe?" But the boy could not tell. So the teacher got a rawhide, and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip and sniveled out: "Please, sir, I did; but I won't do it again!"

Dr. Velpau used to relate that on one of his visits to l'Hotel Dieu, having asked a patient how he did, the sick man answered: "Ah! doctor, I am so ill if anybody came and told me I was dead I should not be astonished at it."

It is said that the wind blows with such force in Colorado that when a man loses his hat he has to telegraph to the next station for some one to stop it.

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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

VERY FINE THOROUGHBREDS,
Purchased of well known importers and breeders of Canada; and my Chester Whites are bred from stock purchased of some of the most reliable breeders of Pennsylvania. Purity of stock guaranteed in every instance. Apply to
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It will curl the most stubborn and straight hair that ever grew on human head, to equal natural curls. No one can tell the difference, and it is almost impossible to get the curl out of the hair.
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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 160 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,

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

A FINE DWELLING HOUSE PROPERTY

on Massachusetts Street, very cheap and on easy terms.

One of the best located and most desirable residence properties in the city

AT VERY MUCH LESS THAN COST—TERMS EASY.

A FINELY IMPROVED FARM OF 233 ACRES, SEVEN MILES

from Lawrence; good house, barn, crib, cattle sheds, &c.; a fine orchard and plenty of all kinds of fruit. One of the very best farms in Douglas County. Small amount of cash required. Balance on very long time.

A SMALL PLACE OF 20 ACRES THREE MILES FROM TOWN,

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.

CITY PROPERTY TO TRADE FOR FARMS OR RAW LAND,

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

UNSURPASSED FACILITIES FOR LOCATING COLONIES,

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

We Examine Titles, Pay Taxes & Loan Money

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

WE DO A GENERAL

INSURANCE BUSINESS,

BOTH LIFE AND FIRE,

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

THE CONTINENTAL FIRE, OF NEW YORK,

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

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.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

DEAR SPIRIT: It has occurred to me this week that one of the most foolish and expensive things farm hands can do is to take tools, harnesses and the like to pieces, as occasion seems to require, for the purpose of patching up things that are lacking. It is very true that we cannot have all the complete equipments that we desire for our work, but I believe it is cheaper in the long run to keep what we have separate and distinct. The rein needs lengthening for the plow harness, for example. It may be most convenient at the moment to take the rein off from the riding bridle to do it with. But presently there comes occasion to use the riding bridle. Some cattle have broken into the field, or a troop of unmannerly, marauding boys have got into your choice clover patch, or your wife is taken suddenly sick and the Doctor is wanted. You rush for the pony and the bridle, and you find the bridle, minus a rein. This is a circumstance at least calculated to ruffle that serene temper of mind which is presumed to be a farmer's natural condition. Or the whiffletrees are taken from the wagon and left over night in the most distant corner of the plow field. And in the morning the first thing wanted for use is the wagon. You have the wagon, minus the whiffletrees.

I know of no department of work where it is more necessary to its economic prosecution to have a place for everything and everything in its place, than the farm. Just think of the time lost every day in hunting for the fork, the shovel, the hammer, the oil can, the currycomb, and the many other things that are in constant demand about the barn. The way to save time and temper in the long run is to resolutely put every implement in a certain place when you are done using it. It is a great temptation when you are done with it to drop it down or hang it up just where you happen to be. But it is a temptation that should be stoutly resisted. For you are sure to want it again soon at the most inconvenient distance from where you left it—and ten to one if you haven't forgotten where you did leave it. It is true that a thing is not always lost if you know where it is—as the cook said when he dropped the teakettle overboard—but it is also true that it might sometimes about as well be lost, as was certainly the case with the kettle.

Excessive neatness is a nuisance—especially in the woman you board with. To have to take off your boots before you come into your own house—to be prohibited from the national right of expectorating in the locality most convenient—not to be allowed to throw your coat, hat and mittens down promiscuously in the rooms you have built and furnished—to be told if you tip your chair back against the wall, and elevate your feet on another, that it will scar the wall, and break the chair, and does n't look well, and all that sort of thing—all these restrictions and limitations of personal freedom are a great annoyance, and the community of husbands ought to combine together to show that they have some rights which wives are bound to respect. And then, it kills the women. This is why they do n't live out half their days. This is why they grow thin, and wrinkled, and prematurely old, while their husbands gain in corpulence and comfortable-ness. They are too neat. They are too much distressed about a little dirt. They forget that it is healthy. They scrub themselves to death. There are few of them who can so happily combine the scrubbing and scouring faculty with the lighter and finer accomplishments of life, as did the faithful spouse upon whose tombstone the husband had engraved this memorable memorial:

"We miss her at the washing tub,
We miss her at the planer,
All day she used to rub and scrub,
And at night she'd shout hosanna."

But the masculine persuasion, as a rule, is not troubled with too much neatness. It is seldom that you see barns too clean, yards too tidy, tools too bright, or laid in their appropriate places with too much care. They are too generally here, there and everywhere. Hence they get broken, scattered and lost. And I am persuaded, from what little "I know about farming," that just here is a great waste as well as a great worry in our work.

I. S. K.

HARD PAN NOTES.

NUMBER TWO.

DEAR SPIRIT: There has been so much hard work to do this spring at Hillside, that beyond the absolute business letters, no writing has been done, and no time has been left to gossip with your readers. Hard pan has seemed to preponderate. In subduing this rough timber land, where we have to take it "from the stump," as the pioneers say, it is not the most consoling thought at all that it uses up the first generation entirely to make it fit for the seed and to occupy with pleasure or profit. Prairie friends say, "Why in the world do you work yourself to death in such bluffs as these?" In tilling crops we confess to have often wished for the long, even furrows of a mile stretch, where every kind of labor-saving machinery could be introduced and a larger profit on the labor secured, but for living we like the bluffs best. Every point of the compass gives us a new panorama of beauty that every month changes and varies, and we have such a love for our rough hills as no prairie could ever give. That may not be a "business" explanation of why we farm among the hills, but such as it is it must answer until you come to see us.

A young man writes me to know what his prospects for success would be to come here to Kansas

with \$2000 to farm. Has no experience in the business, but has been reading up agricultural works. Thinks he would like fruit culture and stock, &c. I have received dozens of such enquiries in the last six years. There seems to be an impression abroad, not only in the East but in the West, that if a man has a little money and a smattering of what has been written about agriculture, he should of course at once make a successful farmer. It is somewhat difficult to reply to such enquiries without disturbing the peace of mind of the earnest enquirer after agricultural highways to success. In the first place, it is utterly impossible to say to this enquirer or any other that he will succeed in farming, as that all depends upon himself and not the State he happens to stop in. It is safe to advise him to find the best farmer he can, and apprentice himself to learn the business, and this will no doubt prove the least expensive and the shortest road to success, if it is in him to succeed anywhere. If this enquirer will but fully consider that farming is like any other legitimate calling, requiring adaptability of means to the ends desired, a full and thorough knowledge of the mechanical details as well as theoretical knowledge, and make such investments in lands, stock, implements and labor as are necessary to carry through whatever crops he may devote himself to, we can safely say he will at least stand a good chance of winning. But if he invests all his means in getting ready to farm, his failure is almost a certainty, unless he has the pluck and energy to survive three or four years of disappointment.

If an individual has only caught at the poetic side of rural life as it has been written of in all past time, and accepts the hard work of the farm as a disagreeable alternative, he will not remain a farmer very long. Enthusiastic farmers are not very numerous, nor are successful ones. We have known not a few who, after reading Peter Henderson's "Gardening for Profit," rushed into gardening, expecting two and three hundred dollars per acre profit, and after laboring under the disappointments and losses of a year or two, left the business in disgust. The trouble does not so much lie in the land or market as it does in the very commonplace fact that there are very few Peter Hendersons.

To create or to build or to make a farm where it was a wilderness or wild prairie, with its vineyards, orchards, meadows and cultivated fields, buildings and improvements, so as to be pleasing to the eye and profitable to the pocket, is an achievement not to be lightly undertaken, and only accomplished where there is sense, energy, money and "clear grit."

J. K. HUDSON.

HILLSIDE FARM, May 5, 1872.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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G. A. McMILLAN, Cashier. nolif

"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 Ryndick'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 by Harpina, Harpina was by Bishop's Hambletonian, dam by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported Messenger, his dam Phoebe 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 roaster and farm horse. His color is dark iron gray. Address
nolif-3m FOGLEY & SHELTON, Manhattan, Kas.

"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.
18lf 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 Ethan Allen. Old Ethan is the sire of eleven horses that have trotted below two-thirty. The granddam of Gould Clay is imported Glenoe. 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.

"LEOPOLD."

Sired by Old Bellfounder; dam, a thoroughbred Kentucky mare. This horse has trotted in 2:35 and is a famous getter of trotters. He will stand at Hillhome Farm the present season at \$15. Mares taken and cared for. Insurance for \$30.
W. S. WELLS.

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GIVE WHAT IS CALLED FOR,

Give Pure Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals

From the best Laboratories of Europe and America,

AND, FINALLY, TO GIVE YOUR MONEY'S VALUE.

Call and See, and Try. nolif

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Oysters on the Half Shell, and Clam Chowder—Sea-Side Style.

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I'VE LOST MY KNIFE.

I've lost my pocket-knife. I loaned it to somebody—don't 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 Fraser's, Fraser's Block, the pioneer jeweler of Lawrence, where I can always be found ready to put your watch in tip-top order.
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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, deposited as above with so large a 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 8 to 8 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.

Eastern and foreign exchange for sale. Coins, United States, State and county bonds bought and sold. Revenue stamps for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.

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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—

Amounts as they multiply.	Time at 5 per cent.			Time at 6 per cent.			Time at 7 per cent.		
	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days
\$1,000									
2,000	14	0	33	11	8	22	10	0	37
4,000	28	0	36	23	5	14	20	1	24
8,000	42	1	9	35	2	6	30	2	21
16,000	56	1	23	46	10	28	40	3	18
32,000	70	2	5	58	7	20	50	4	15
64,000	84	2	18	70	4	12	60	5	12
128,000	98	3	1	82	1	4	70	6	9
256,000	112	3	14	93	9	26	80	7	6
512,000	126	3	27	105	6	18	90	8	3
1,024,000	140	4	10	117	3	10	100	9	0

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent. the result would be \$2,000 in 25 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent. \$2,000 in 20 years, 8 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 2 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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CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

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