

# KANSAS SPIRIT

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 4, 1872.

NUMBER 14.

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W. S. WELLS.

## Miscellaneous Correspondence.

### OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPIRIT: Ottawa's religious world is on the tip-toe of expectation. Rev. Hammond is to arrive to-morrow (Friday), and great are the preparations for his coming. Sheldon's Hall has been rented, more chairs placed in position, and everything done to increase the seating capacity of the hall. If Mr. Hammond accomplishes one half the good that is expected of him, we will be enabled to boast of an exceedingly pious city. Already a city of churches, we will then be a city of churchmen. Of course when excitement runs high upon any topic, a cool head or a cool suggestion is entirely out of order, to the minds of the enthusiasts. And hence it is that any suggestion just now, as to the right of a man to disagree with so much fuss and feathers in a matter so sacred as religion, draws upon the unfortunate head of the suggestor the wrath of several uncorked bottles of goodness, &c. Therefore I merely assert that there are a great many good thinking people who believe that religion comes through the mind and not through the nerves, with which assertion I subside at home and will do so in this letter. Of the course of the revival, and its good results, I will advise you in my next.

Last Saturday, Franklin County's five left for Cincinnati, to express their desires for the proper nominations, by the body which meets at that city. Very good gentlemen were these five delegates, but not representing much of a vote. Liberalism here is not a success. Indeed, a fine tooth harrow could not rake out a hundred Republicans who are supporters of the new movement. Here, as elsewhere, the mass of the people wish to see Grant re-elected, and are abundantly satisfied with his administration during the past three years.

There is very little local news at present, as everybody is busy at spring work, with no time for gossip or making items.

The Driving Park Association have held a meeting and decided to level the track here, and make quite a number of improvements thereon—among others, reducing the length somewhat, as it now exceeds the half mile it was intended to cover. Some wags here say that Ludington and Smith want to shorten the track so that their horses can make a mile in trotting time. But this libel I repel. The association have also taken steps to have a grand horse show this fall. I certainly hope they will do so, as it can be made a grand success. With our unequalled Park, and the best half mile track in the State, we should do something for the cause, and as the gentlemen in charge of the project are men of energy and liberality, I think good results will come of it.

The chances for a County Fair are exceedingly slim, and, in fact, at present decidedly against one. The society has no money, to speak of, and as the farmers almost unanimously voted against a little county aid, which would have placed the organization on a sound basis, the managers are rather discouraged. I heard a number of farmers say that they voted against the proposed aid because they believed Ottawa would not allow the fair to be passed over, but would raise the money at home. This is bad logic, as may be demonstrated this fall, if Franklin county goes without a fair, while all the other counties have one or two. Fairs should be encouraged by farmers at all times. They draw out competition and make new developments of the resources of our soil, and teach every one something new. As no man can learn too much about his business, so farmers should seek every opportunity to learn more about their calling.

I hear rumors of the projected organization of a District Agricultural Society, embracing the counties of Douglas, Franklin, Anderson and Osage. It is intended to hold one grand fair at some point within the district, best adapted for the purpose. This will be a capital plan and should be encouraged.

OTTAWA, May 2, 1872.

### ANSWER TO A QUERY.

EDITOR SPIRIT: On reading your paper of April 20th to-day, I found in it an inquiry from one of your correspondents, for a remedy against cockroaches.

During the past two years we have caused them

to entirely disappear by occasionally sprinkling in sinks, or corners of pantries, or wherever they are most apt to congregate, powdered borax. This is not only a thoroughly effective remedy, but is cleanly, easily obtained at any drug store, inexpensive, and not at all injurious if left within the reach of children or pet animals.

I would like to find a remedy for lice on garden rose bushes, which will not injure the leaves or render them unsightly.

MRS. JOHN MATHER JONES.

UTICA, N. Y., April 26.

### DAIRY FARMING.

EDITOR SPIRIT: In speaking of the requirements necessary to successful dairy farming, the first in order and among the first in importance is good cows. This is so self-evident a fact that it ought to be unnecessary to mention it. I suppose there is not a farmer in Kansas who will dispute its truth, and yet how very few act as though they believed it true. I have no means of knowing, by statistics, what the average flow of milk to the cow is in Douglas county, but from personal observation I am fully convinced it is less than half what it should be. No farmer or dairyman can afford to milk a cow that yields less than an average of 25 lbs. of good, rich milk daily, from March to October, and it may be easily raised above this. This will produce at least 250 lbs. of butter, which, at only 30 cents per pound, gives \$75 to the cow. These are no fancy figures, but are, to my own knowledge, much within the facts in the good dairy districts of New York. I have in mind now one very successful dairyman who will not milk a cow that yields less than 300 pounds of butter in the season; and he has not, for many years, received so little as 30 cents per pound for his butter. These are good, but not extravagant figures, and may be easily reached by any farmer in Kansas. It costs no more to rear or to keep a good cow than a poor one, while the difference in the product is the difference between a good, round profit and positive loss.

I suppose the yearly value of the dairy products of Douglas county to be about \$100,000. Now if the value of this product can be doubled, with no material increase in the cost of producing it, the immense advantage to the producer is clearly apparent. And this is precisely what may be done. I say the farmers of Douglas county can, in five years time, produce \$200,000 worth of milk and butter from the same number of cows and at very nearly the same cost that they now produce \$100,000 worth, simply by careful and judicious selection, skillful breeding and proper care in rearing and feeding their cows. This matter of increasing the value of farm products without proportionate increase of cost, is just now of vital importance to Kansas farmers. The success or failure of our farming interests is involved in it.

The farming business last year was done at a loss. The products of Kansas farms were worth less than the cost of producing them. This may be, must be changed. But how? It may be done in several ways. An increase in the price of farm products would of course accomplish it, and I trust such increase may be realized. But it is problematical and uncertain at best, and, moreover, is beyond the control of the producers themselves. It may be done by concentrating products—getting larger value into smaller bulk, in the form of beef, pork, mutton, wool, butter, &c. And it may be done by increasing the quantity without increasing the cost. In this last direction, among the various means that may be used, the safest, surest and easiest of accomplishment is the improvement of the breed and milking qualities of dairy cows. Get two quarts of milk where you now get one. This need not involve a large outlay of money in fancy breeds of cows at fancy prices, but may be accomplished from our native cows by careful selections from the best of these, and judicious crossing with improved breeds. These means are within the reach of every farmer. Good judgment and patient perseverance are all that is required to accomplish the best results.

I have found so much to say about cows that I have no room in this letter to speak of several other matters that I had in mind. I will speak of these in a future letter.

DOUGLAS.

LAWRENCE, April 20th.

### LETTER FROM GARNETT.

DEAR SPIRIT:—As you do not seem to have any correspondent in our city, I have thought that a few items would not come amiss.

The principal excitement with our folks at the present time is the prospect of the Garnett College being built this summer. Our citizens, by individual subscription, have pledged thirteen thousand dollars, and the Board of Trustees had previously received from the Presbyterian congregation a property worth three thousand dollars. The Board are intending to commence the erection of one wing of the college building as soon as they have sixteen thousand dollars subscribed to the building fund. They have now fifty-seven students in attendance in their temporary quarters, and there have been sold scholarships to the amount of about twelve thousand dollars.

Our city is to vote on the 7th of May on a proposition to build a twenty thousand dollar District School House, as our present quarters are entirely too limited to accommodate the rising generation in our midst. With our college building and the increased facilities that our district school will have, Garnett will be second to no town in the West—of the same population—in educational facilities.

Our politicians are all so nearly of one way of thinking that it is not interesting.

Our fruit trees give promise of abundant crops. Our farmers are nearly done planting corn. All the spring grain is looking finely, but those of our farmers who are in the habit of having large crops of fall wheat to harvest will be saved that labor this summer, for fall wheat with us is almost a total failure. On sixty acres sown by Judge Spriggs last fall, there will not be five acres worth cutting.

There has been a large immigration this spring to the southern part of our county, and there will be a large number of new farms opened up on the south slope of the Ozark Range; and I will miss my guess very much, friend Kallach, if time near at hand does not prove that on those very slopes will be found some of the most desirable fruit lands in the whole State. It does seem as if that mulatto limestone soil, with gravel enough mixed through it to make thorough drainage, will grow peaches and apples to beat the world.

Our town has had an unusual run of entertainments the past week,—between "Archie White's Minstrels and Burlesque Opera Troupe," and "Professor Bronson's Phenological Lectures," our folks have been kept busy.

I intended to write you a few lines, but find the few have increased to many. THE SPIRIT is a welcome visitor, and though somewhat irregular in its visits at first, seems now to have put on steady habits and puts in a regular appearance. Success to both paper and editor!

ALTEMONT.

GARNETT, Saturday, April 27, 1872.

### PROTECT THE BIRDS.

EDITOR SPIRIT:—Permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to call the attention of the public to the practice now common of shooting small birds in the vicinity of Lawrence, and which probably exists proportionately near other towns. Small boys, and, I regret to say, those of a larger growth, are to be seen almost any day shooting every innocent bird to be seen near the outskirts of our city. This practice should cease at once, and the law should be enforced and, I will add, will be in this vicinity, *i. e.*, from one to two miles south of town, unless our friends the birds can live unmolested. The Shrike or "Butcher bird" has made his appearance here and is worth his weight in gold to any farmer or fruit grower. He is a ravenous eater of mice and every species of caterpillars, grubs, beetles, &c., &c. Once let our people know the law upon this subject and I think there will be less of such useless and wicked sport. It is almost needless to say that there are here millions of insects which prey upon vegetation, and which are constantly increasing. Then I say, brother farmers, let us one and all see that this law protecting birds is properly enforced.

HORTICULTURIST.

WAKARUSA, April 10th.

CROWDED OUT.—Several interesting communications unavoidably crowded out this week.



# Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MAY 4, 1872.

## MAY DAY.

May Day is not a national anniversary, it is not a consecrated holiday, and yet it somehow has a sweetness of sound and sacredness of association that makes it one of the marked days of the calendar. However inauspicious or backward the season may be, it marks a pleasant division of time and is to many what the little prospective May queen fancied it would be to her, "the merriest day of all the glad new year." December and May are the climatic antipodes of poetry and song. Good Christian melodists express it:

"When I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May."

The winter at least is over and gone. There is no danger of any more of his untimely and unwelcome visits. The opening leaves and swelling buds and grains are beyond the touch of his icy fingers. There may be an occasional chilliness in the air, a faint breath from his frozen lungs, but it is only an agreeable reminder that his fury has spent its force and that the warm and genial influences of nature are in the ascendant. Those portions of the country subject to the regular alternations of the seasons are undoubtedly the pleasantest for the habitations of men—unless for those whose impaired constitutions require a more perfect equilibrium. And of these, while each has its charm, Spring is the most attractive. It is the season of hope, new life, returning youth and loveliness. It has the most cheerful and enlivening effect upon the hearts and hopes of men. There is a sympathy with nature in her resurrection from the grave of winter.

As the fields put on their carpets of green and the trees array themselves in their robes of beauty, so the goodwife puts her house in order, subjects it to that process which of all others strikes most terror to the hearts of husbands—house cleaning—shakes the dust out of the carpets, brushes the cobwebs out of the corners, and makes brooms, mops, dusters and dust-pans fly with a perfect looseness. The Goodman meanwhile arranges the ground outside, repairs the fences, puts on the paint, and keeps time to the music of the renovating season. This unusual briskness and spirit of improvement is one of the pleasantest characteristics of the Spring. Houses look cleaner, fences straighter, lawns smoother, men tidier, women handsomer and children neater than at any other time.

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

To *Shanty* sing. He will have but one Spring. And he that will not plow by reason of the cold, or for any other, shall beg in harvest and have nothing. It is emphatically the tide in the farmer's affairs which, taken at its flood, will lead him on to fortune, but, neglected and unimproved, is lost forever. He must be vigilant, provident of circumstances, industrious as the bee, and frugal of every moment of time. The summer will give him some days of comparative respite, the winter will afford him sufficient time for rest and recuperation, but the spring calls for all there is in him and for all the time. There is no discharge in this war, nor let up in this work. He may with others, and he will if he adorns his noble profession, enjoy the resplendent season when spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil, but he cannot stop to loiter over it. He must bid farewell to rest or leisure, he must abandon loafing trips to town, he must buckle all his energies to his business, until his seed is in the ground. It will require care, attention and labor afterwards—the farmer's life has few recreations—but he only can succeed on the farm who uses these golden spring days to the best possible advantage.

What sights! what sounds! what rustic life and mirth!  
Housed all the winter long from bitter cold,  
Huddling in chimney corners, young and old  
Come forth and share the gladness of the Earth.  
The plowmen whistle as the furrows trail  
Behind their glittering shares, a billowy row;  
The milk-maid sings a ditty while her pail  
Grows full and frothy, and the cattle low.

Methinks the world is sweeter than of yore,  
More fresh, and fine, and more exceeding fair;  
There is a presence never felt before,  
The soul of inspiration everywhere;  
Incarnate youth in every idle limb,  
My vernal days, my prime, return anew;  
My tranced spirit breathes a silent hymn,  
My heart is full of dew.

## THE BIRDS.

We call attention to the communication from Wakarusa upon this subject. We hardly know of anything of more importance just at the present time. All intelligent writers are now agreed that the birds are nature's own sentinels for the protection of fruit. To kill them off, or drive them off, is destructive of the best interests of the farm and orchard. Their wanton slaughter is also a work of barbarism that an enlightened and civilized community ought not to allow. When we see a company of ragged, reckless little rascals sauntering around and destroying little beautiful birds, just for the sake of murdering them, we can hardly resist the wish that their places were being vacated, instead of the birds'. Let us befriend the charming little songsters. They are not only things of beauty, but messengers of utility.

## PHONOGRAPHY.

There is no one branch of education which we have oftener regretted not acquiring, or which we consider of greater importance to a man of literary pursuits—as well as to many others—than phonography or phonetic short hand writing. The time and labor saved by such a system of penmanship is in itself immense, and the accuracy which may be obtained in reports is one of its greatest values.

Phonography is not exactly a new thing under the sun. Various systems of short hand writing have obtained from the earliest introduction of writing. One of Cicero's freedmen, named Tyro, invented a system of it. The oration of Cato upon the Cataline conspiracy has been preserved and handed down to the admiration of posterity by means of the short-hand system—such is the testimony of Plutarch. All traces of the art were lost through the Dark Ages, but in the 16th century we find it revived in England, and employed by Parliament for the report of its debates.

But all these early systems were arbitrary, incomplete and inflexible, as well as too complex and difficult for common use. It was reserved for Isaac Pitman, in 1837, to establish the true and adaptable science of phonography. And since then thousands of men both in practical and professional life have studied it and received incalculable benefit from it. Dr. Johnson declared of it that its usefulness is universal and not confined to any particular class, business or profession. Coleridge says of it: "My father taught me, at an early age, the use of short-hand characters, and I hardly know any species of instruction that in after life has stood me in greater stead. Knowing the great advantage of short-hand, I say this with a view to induce fathers of families to have their children taught Stenography."

The accomplishment is worth something to a young man when other things fail, as all things may. Good phonographic reporters receive from \$1,000 to \$3,000 per year, and often more. There is a growing demand for them as clerks and amanuenses by business and professional men who see how much time and labor can be economized by them. Phonography has been introduced into the public schools of Washington as an important branch of education, and the time is not distant when no education will be considered complete without it.

We have said thus much generally for the sake of saying particularly that Mr. Wm. H. Mayberry, well known in this community, is a short-hand reporter by profession, has had important positions in the East as such, and is in every way competent to impart a knowledge of this splendid acquirement to any who may desire to obtain it. It gives us great pleasure to know that several University students are now taking lessons of the public to let them know that there is so good an opportunity now presented to learn while young what Coleridge declared had stood him in greater stead in after life than any other branch of his education. Mr. Mayberry himself is also a worthy man, making honorable and commendable efforts for a livelihood, and there are those, undoubtedly, who will esteem it a pleasure to extend this advertisement of his business as widely as possible.

## THE KANSAS PRESS.

We find, through a document forwarded to us by Senator Pomeroy—who, in connection with Senator Caldwell, has our profound appreciation of several recent valuable favors in this line—that Kansas has, or rather had at the time of its publication, one hundred and nine newspapers. Of these, one hundred were weeklies and nine dailies. In addition to these are four monthlies: one agricultural, one medical, one educational, and one our pet *Kansas Magazine*. Of the political stripe of the papers, ninety-five are set down as Republican, thirteen Democratic, and one neutral—that exceptional honor being bestowed upon the sprightly little *Fort Scott Occasional*.

As to nomenclature, the *Republicans* and *Journals* lead the list, there being seven of each—one of them, the *Republican Journal*, having both, so as to keep the equilibrium perfect. Five take the name of *Democrat*—like the girl who had the itch, not ashamed to own it. The State has also five *Heralds* of its glory. Four each stand as *Sentinels*, glory in their *Independents*, or keep the record of the *Times*. We should add also that, including the *German Frei Presse*, four belong to the *Press* gang, par excellence. Three each aspire to be *Tribunes*, claim to be *Unions*, and are modestly satisfied with being *Records*, *Gazettes* and brief *Chronicles* of the times. It will surprise some that there are only two *Pioneers* in such a country as this, but the surprise will not be as great to know that there are only two *Patriots* and two *Statesmen*. There are two *Telegraphs*, but only two *Dispatches*—a limited business—which might be increased if there were, as there unfortunately are not, more than two *Couriers*, *Examiners*, *News*, *Mirrors*, *Registers* and *Spirits*.

The following names do not divide their glory with another. There is but one of each, but each editor would say as the old mother lion did—"one, but a lion." *Advance*, *Advertiser*, *Call*, *Chief*, *Citizen*, *Commonwealth*, *Commercial*, *Empire*, *Headlight*, *Leader*, *Ledger*, *Locomotive*, *Messenger*, *Monitor*, *New Era*, *News Letter*, *Nationalist*, *Occasional*, *Plain Dealer*, *Recorder*, *Ross' Paper*, *Star*, *Standard*, *Traveller*, *Transcript*, *Vidette*, and *Watchman*. Frank Root's *Express* had not begun to run nor Marsh Murdock's *Eagle* to scream when this list was made up. It is interesting in itself, and illustrates better than we could in any amount of writing the splendid enterprise and intelligence of our people.

## KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Holton Express* has a good word for the Northern Kansas District Fair. We have no doubt that it will be one of the best exhibitions ever held in Kansas. Live men run it. "The third annual exhibition of this fair will be held at Woodland Park, near Atchison, commencing on the 10th and ending the 14th day of September. It will undoubtedly be the largest and most successful fair ever held in Northern Kansas, and Jackson county should endeavor to be well represented at it. It is a well settled fact that this section of the State is the richest agricultural region in Kansas, and Jackson county is not behind, either in this science or stock-raising. We would advise the farmers, stock-raisers and fruit-growers to commence at once and prepare something for this great exhibition and make it, if possible, the grandest fair ever held in the State."

The *Express* also has the following item of interest: "John Giberson, one of the most successful farmers and fruit-growers in Jackson county, last year raised five hundred bushels of choice apples on his farm three miles south-east of Holton. We understand he is now making arrangements to set out twenty-five acres of fruit trees and that he designs going extensively into the fruit-growing business, making that a specialty hereafter. Mr. Giberson's apples have taken the premium at the Jackson County Fair, the State Fair, and it is also said that it was his apples which secured the gold medal for the finest apples at the late National Pomological Fair in Philadelphia."

The *Wichita Eagle* says that farmers in Sedgwick county are going into cotton: "Some of our farmers are preparing to plant cotton. Those who are from the cotton growing States maintain that the Arkansas valley in this locality will produce as certain and fine a crop, and as large a yield, as it does on the same river in the State of Arkansas. Last year it was tried and the result gave a promise that does away with any risk."

And also gives the farmers of that country this sound advice: "We would respectfully urge upon the attention of farmers of this valley the fact that for the next year or two all kinds of farm produce will command a large cash price. The emigration alone will consume ten times the probable amount of staple productions that will be raised in this section. Plant, then, with a liberal hand to the end of plethoric pockets in harvest time."

The *Garnett Plaindealer* says the farmers of Anderson county don't see it: "We have refrained from saying anything upon the subject of organizing a County Agricultural Society, for the simple reason that the farmers in Anderson county seem to be perfectly indifferent about the matter. They don't want such a society, or they would have organized one long before this time. The farmers of this county are just as intelligent and enterprising as any other class of people, and when they desire to accomplish a thing they can do it just as quickly and effectually. A society of this kind is a good thing, but the farmers don't see it in that light."

The *Wichita correspondent* of the *Leavenworth Times* writes: "It is noticeable how many new farms have been opened in this and adjoining counties during the past few months. Every day new comers are arriving and settling up some unimproved quarter section. All winter long immigration continued, and this spring it seems greater than ever before. Many thousand acres which a few months ago were lying idle, are now being cultivated and improved."

From the *Leavenworth Citizen* of April 25: "The farmers are in the midst of their corn planting. As they say down in 'Arkansas,' this is 'corn plantin' time.' The ground plows up well this spring, and when turned over the soil becomes very thoroughly pulverized, in consequence of the heavy freezing it sustained during the past winter. This condition of the ground is considered a very favorable indication for the crops."

The *Humboldt Union*, has a report of the proceedings of the Salem Township Farmers' club, and the following item from Osage Township:

"The farmers of this corner are waking up. On Saturday, the 20th of April, a Farmers' Club was organized, at the Spring Valley school house. The following is a list of names of the officers elected for the ensuing year. G. H. Requa, President; J. H. Rose, Vice President; E. A. Martin, Secretary; W. Martin, Treasurer; and J. M. House, Librarian."

The *Iola Register* of April 27th says: "All the farmers in this section have finished sowing oats and are now busy preparing their corn ground. Thousands of acres will be planted during the next ten days. Wheat looks as well as could be expected. Fruit never promised better at this season of the year, and taking everything into account the people of Kansas ought to feel thankful that they are so highly favored."

The *Paola Spirit* speaks of "wool growing, as a branch of husbandry now attracting that share of attention which it deserves as one of the most profitable in which the agriculturist can engage in this rapidly developing State. Sheep and cattle raising are the two pursuits that are destined in the not distant future to engross the investment of more capital than any other and all other branches pertaining to the farmer's vocation."

The *Garnett Plaindealer* of April 25th, has the following items:

"The peach trees are in full bloom. They are two weeks later than last spring."

"Judge Wm. Spriggs has one hundred and eighty-five acres planted in corn."

"Dr. Ramsey left at our office a sprout of an apple tree eight and a half feet long, only one year's growth. How is that for High!"

The *Ottawa Journal* says:

"Several old farmers from old Virginia, were in this city last week, having come here on a visit to a friend in the country. They expressed themselves greatly pleased with our country, and said if they could dispose of their virginia plantations, they would come out and live the rest of their days in Kansas."

The *Leavenworth Call* notices the movements of what Tom Murphy would call "one of our eminent practical agriculturists."

"Col. C. R. Jennison arrived in town to-day from Topeka, and will start for his farm this evening. He is looking as tough, tanned and rugged as a young buffalo."

There will be a general Convention of Farmer's Clubs held on Saturday, May 25th, 1872, at Wisborg's Grove, on Big creek, East Cottage Grove township, Allen county, Kansas. Gov. Robinson and others are expected to address the meeting.

We are not the only county troubled on the Fair ground question, and as mislery loves company, we make a note of the fact that the *Monterey* is exercised about the purchase of grounds at Fort Scott, something as we are here.

The *Oswego Register* says that a Labette county farmer recently wrote to Horace Greeley to know what was best to set out as wind-breaks, and received the following brief reply: "Beans."

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BABCOCK SELF-ACTING FIRE ENGINE,

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

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

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

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JAS. G. SANDS,

IN 1855.

SADDLERY,

FINE HARNESS A SPECIALTY.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

1371



## The Farm.

## OUR AIM—OUR WANT.

That agriculture is by far the most important material interest of these our Western Homes, is evident to all. Honored in being the avocation specially blessed of Heaven in Paradise, it is as important as life itself.

Wherever man is sunk in barbarism, there agriculture is neglected. Wherever man is enlightened, there this employment engages the attention of the wise and the great. But in these inland States, where commerce and manufactures are necessarily limited in their expansion, agriculture is the chief employment of man. With this view, it will be the aim of THE KANSAS SPIRIT to furnish information upon agriculture in all its branches.

To do this profitably to our readers, we shall endeavor to keep in view the demands of Western Farming. With our virgin soil, sufficiently rich by nature in all the elements necessary to the growth of plants suitable to this climate, we believe the great object should be to ascertain the

## BEST METHODS OF CULTURE.

Our Creed is: *Deep Plowing—Fine Harrowing—Good Seed—Early Planting—Thorough After Culture—Rolling the Ground.*

Not everything of good farming is contained in these six maxims. How and when to put in seeds, rotation of crops, harvesting, stock-raising, tree-growing, fruit-culture, and an endless, because constantly developing, range of subjects, call for study on the part of the farmer. Each branch, as stock-raising or fruit-culture, is disposed to magnify its own importance and degrade other branches; but in truth, nothing can be done successfully unless a good system of culture is adopted. Therefore we believe that these six maxims lie at the foundation of Western Agriculture.

"Book Farming" was a few years since in merited disgrace. With a smattering of chemical terms at his command, an editor considered himself capable of laying down infallible rules for the farmer. The theory, now entirely exploded, was, that all plants could be picked in pieces by analysis, and a true statement made of the material or elements of which they grew. Again, by analysis of soil, its elements could be defined, and wherever the same elements were shown as in a given plant, then that soil must be the home for that plant. If any elements were shown to be lacking, they had to be supplied by the farmer, and then he could in triumph await the process of his out-door laboratory. Sensible men, plain, thorough, practical farmers might not be able to answer all this learned lingo, but they were not deceived by it. They knew that nature held sway in their fields, and that heat and cold, wet and dry, sun and shade, wind and calm, all contributed to the process of growth, and quite beyond the scope of our scientific theorist.

The day of such nonsense has passed, and the agricultural writers of the country are numbered among its most enlightened and progressive sons, while science, taught that she must be the handmaid and not the master of the farmer, lends him her valuable assistance. Farming cannot be reduced to an exact system. Its methods must vary with every field, every crop, and every season. Hence, every successful farmer is guided by the lamp of

## EXPERIENCE.

He receives theories; but he believes in them as true only after trial. In this trial he is assisted by his friends and neighbors. If an experiment is a success or a failure with them, he infers that such will be the case with him, under the same circumstances. He therefore talks with his fellow-farmers, and tries to gain wisdom from their EXPERIENCE.

Right here comes in the well conducted Agricultural Journal. It will be our aim to gather the experience of PRACTICAL FARMERS, and spread it before our readers. But we can only attain our high aim, as a helper in Agriculture, by receiving the information of practical farmers, wherever our paper is circulated. We therefore earnestly invite all persons to communicate to us the results of their experience in farming. Failures often are as instructive as successes. Thereby we are shown the rocks on which others split. We ask not for elegant essays. The style of communications is of little moment. We want FACTS sent us in such shape as is most convenient to the writer.

Again we ask our readers to give us, in however brief a form, the benefit of their experience in farming, or to ask any questions of interest to themselves, which, if we have the ability, we shall always be pleased to answer.

## MATHEMATICS OF BEES.

The warmest admirer of honey, and the greatest friend of bees, will never, we presume, contend that the young swarm, who begin making honey three or four months after they are born, and immediately construct these mathematical cells, should have gained their mathematical knowledge as we gain ours, and in three months' time outstrip Mr. MacLaurin in mathematics as much as they did in making honey. It would take a senior wrangler at Cambridge ten hours a day, for three years together, to know enough mathematics for the calculation of these problems, with which not only the queen bee, but every undergraduate grub, is acquainted the moment it is born.—*Sidney Smith.*

"You would not take me for twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a few evenings ago. "Then what would you take me for?" "For better or worse," replied he.

## OILING FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Every farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand, and whenever he buys a new tool, he should soak it well with the oil and dry it by the fire or the sun before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened, and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay rake and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if well oiled the wet will have but slight effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking in the top of the handle by oiling; the wood becomes smooth as glass by use, and is far less liable to blister the hand when long used. Ax and hammer handles often break where the wood enters the iron; this part particularly should be toughened with oil to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the ax will prevent its swelling and shrinking, and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a heavy sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is a poor economy at the present extravagant prices of labor, to set men at work with the ordinary old-fashioned implements. Laborers should be required to return the tools to the places provided for them; after using, they should be put away clean, bright, and oiled. The mould-boards of plows are apt to get rusty from one season to another, even if sheltered; they should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and they will then remain in good order until wanted.

## TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

I wish to give your numerous readers my rules for transplanting evergreens, for I think them as easily transplanted as the apple tree. The time here is about the 15th of June, or after the tops have made from one to two inches new growth. First dig your holes for your trees—dig them large and deep—then take a stake six feet long, and drive it down into the centre of your hole two feet deep—then fill the hole with fine soil to within six inches of the top—then dig up your trees with as many roots as you can get, and set them out as soon as you can, filling around the roots with fine soil.

After you have got the roots covered two inches deep, pour in one pail of water—then wind some rags around the top of your stake and tie the tree firmly to it, and keep it so for two years; and do not forget to cover the ground for two feet each way from your tree with old hay or straw eight inches deep, and put on some stones to keep it from blowing away.

In this way I have set out pine, hemlock, spruce and balsam fir, without losing one tree.—*Country Gentleman.*

WORTH KNOWING.—Housekeepers should know now that the season of pies and puddings is approaching, that the acid in rhubarb, gooseberries and currants may be neutralized by putting a third of a teaspoonful of soda in the fruit, and without affecting the flavor. A less quantity of sugar will then answer to sweeten.

## FUN AND FROLIC.

Some one speaking of a highly ornamented house, whose proprietor was not particularly hospitable, said, "I like to see less gilding and more carving."

It is said that a tradesman in an Ohio city appends to his advertisement, "Ministers of the Gospel supplied at cost, if they agree to mention the fact to their congregations."

It was a well-meant but novel compliment from a parishioner, who declared to her minister she did not know which most to admire—his last Thanksgiving sermon or his wife's new dress.

"I don't like to patronize this line," said a culprit to the hangman, who was adjusting the noose around his neck. "Oh never mind this once," replied the hangman; "it will soon suspend its operation."

A little four-year old boy, on returning from a party given in honor of the birthday of one of his playmates, was asked if he kissed many of the little girls. "No, father," said the little fellow; "I did not kiss hardly any of them."

A Bible class was asked to name the precious stones named in the Bible. After several scholars had given answers, one little fellow called out. "Well, Thomas, what precious stones have you found?" "Brimstone," was the reply.

After a christening at a church in Southwark, while the minister was making out a certificate, he happened to say: "Let me see, this is the thirtieth?" "Thirtieth?" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it is only the eleventh!" The minister was alluding to the day of month.

HARD DRINKERS.—A party of epicures dined together at a hotel; after they had drunk an enormous quantity of wine, they called for their reckoning. "It is absolutely impossible that we four men have drunk so much," stammered one. "You are quite right," replied the butler, "but you forgot the three under the table."

CURIOSITY BAFLED.—"I say, old boy," cried Paul pry to an excavator in North Shields, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. "What are you going to do with the hole?" "Going to cut it into little holes," replied the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate posts." Paul was sold.

One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pease, (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "no less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the grace: "For this and every other mercy the Lord's name be praised!" The effect was irresistible.

EFFECTUAL CURE.—A young married man complained bitterly to his rich father-in-law of the conduct of his wife. "Well, well, make yourself easy," replied the old gentleman; "as my daughter behaves so very badly, I will alter my will and disinherit her, my son-in-law, the moment she gives you again cause for complaint." This threat proved effectual, for from that hour the conduct of the young wife changed; or, at least, the father heard no further complaint from her husband.

## FLOUR AS IT SHOULD BE EATEN.

There is a noteworthy practice in connection with our way of feeding ourselves: and that is the custom of sifting our flour so as to remove from it all the bran—a substance which contains the best nourishment of the grain. This bran has from 14 to 18 per cent. of gluten, while the flour gives but 10 per cent. of the same—according to the statement of Dr. Johnson, in his "Chemistry of Common Life." The public should begin the wholesome custom of eating their bread with bran in it, more or less, since both health and economy strongly recommend such a change. But people in general look rather for what is palatable than for what is wholesome; and unless some baker of original genius shall make a household revolution in this matter of "bread-stuffs," we shall go on eating the fine sifted flour and miss the strength-giving gluten. We are too much addicted to the habit of bolting. We first bolt our flour—we next bolt our food—and then we bolt ourselves—in order to be up to time, at the store or the office.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—I have observed that most ladies, who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life. Having attained finally a certain measure of accomplishments, knowledge, manners, &c., they consider themselves as made up, and so take their station; they are pictures, which, being quite finished, are now put in a frame—a gilded one, if possible—and hung up in permanence of beauty!—permanence, that is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soils the charming colors.—*Foster.*

J. T. STEVENS &amp; CO.,

## INSURANCE AGENTS,

Office Rear Room Over Simpson's Bank.

We represent some of the best insurance companies in the country.

THE CONTINENTAL, OF NEW YORK,

Cash assets over \$2,500,000.

TRIUMPH, OF CINCINNATI,

Cash assets over \$1,000,000.

THE GERMAN AMERICAN, OF NEW YORK,

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Charges as Low as any Good Company's. nol

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY &amp; QUINCY

SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from

Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

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

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

SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

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

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

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

The Shortest and Quickest, consequently Cheapest route; 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 &amp; St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are direct and perfect, with

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.

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

P. B. GROUT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen'l Supt.

"HOW TO GO EAST."

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

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

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

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

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

## OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

## THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE &amp; GALVESTON RAILROAD LINE

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

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

## GOING SOUTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Lawrence.....	11:30 A. M.	8:50 P. M.	.....
Baldwin.....	12:13 P. M.	8:58 " "	.....
At Kansas City.....	10:00 A. M.	5:00 " "	7:00 P. M.
At Ottawa.....	11:05 " "	6:45 " "	8:25 " "
At Cherryvale.....	12:55 P. M.	9:50 P. M.	10:45 " "
At Garnett.....	1:10 " "	.....	10:55 " "
At Iola.....	2:22 " "	.....	12:50 A. M.
At Humboldt.....	3:37 " "	.....	2:42 " "
At Toga.....	4:50 " "	.....	3:15 " "
At Thayer.....	4:23 " "	.....	3:53 " "
At Cherryvale.....	5:50 " "	.....	4:45 " "
At Independence.....	6:49 " "	.....	5:52 " "
At Coffeyville.....	6:45 " "	.....	6:45 " "
At Parker.....	7:00 " "	.....	7:05 " "
			7:35 " "

## GOING NORTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Parker.....	7:00 A. M.	.....	6:25 P. M.
Independence.....	7:10 " "	.....	7:00 " "
Coffeyville.....	7:25 " "	.....	8:45 " "
Cherryvale.....	8:15 " "	.....	7:52 " "
Thayer.....	9:00 " "	.....	9:00 " "
Toga.....	9:40 " "	.....	9:55 " "
Humboldt.....	10:05 " "	.....	10:30 " "
Iola.....	10:27 " "	.....	11:00 " "
Garnett.....	11:40 " "	.....	12:50 A. M.
At Ottawa.....	1:30 P. M.	8:10 A. M.	2:40 " "
At Kansas City.....	1:15 " "	8:15 " "	4:45 " "
At Lawrence.....	1:05 " "	8:00 A. M.	6:00 " "
At Baldwin.....	1:40 " "	8:50 " "	.....
At Lawrence.....	2:30 " "	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 M., K. & T. R. R. for points North and South.

At Cherryvale with stages for Neodesha, Fredonia and New Albany.

At Independence with stages for Elk City, Longton, Peru, Elk Falls, Tisdale, Winfield and Arkansas City.

At Parker with stages for Chetopa.

## 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, nol

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.....	7:35 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.....	11:30 A. M.
Topeka Accommodation.....	7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

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

S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Supt. nol

Kansas City, Missouri.

ON TIME!

## MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD!!

The Old Reliable &amp; Popular Through Express Route

TO SAINT LOUIS,

—AND ALL POINTS—

EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!

NO CHANGE OF CARS

FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD

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!

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St. Louis, Missouri.

SMITH &amp; HAMPTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS. nol



## What We Know About It.

WISCASSET, Me., Apr. 16, '72.

**MY OLD FRIEND.**—The copy of your paper mailed to me arrived in due time and seemed like a visit from an old friend. My boys are still as wild about Kansas as when I saw you, but you know how timid I am about moving. Still, I have about concluded that they will beat me. If I buy a farm near Lawrence can any of the boys get good situations in town? I believe you advised Jim that they go out on the border somewhere and go into farming and stock raising. Can't you answer some questions in "What I know about it," that will not only do for me but for our neighbors who are talking about Kansas? I have myself got converted about the drought matter, but some of them still think you are subject to it. Tell them the facts. Jim's wife objects to going out onto the border, for fear of Indians. Is there any danger from them? I infer that society must be good, for the West, in Lawrence. How is it further out? \*

Yours as ever,

J. H. K.

**Answer.**—We suppose we must try to possess our souls in patience and answer questions about the drought as long as they are asked. It seems a sort of superfluous work to us, though, writing as we are in the midst of a deluge which will not let up long enough for us to get the corn into the ground. Kansas had one year of drought, no more severe than has happened to other States, but circumstances gave it peculiar force and notoriety, and have appeared to leave the impression on many minds that we live on the confines of the Great American Desert, if not in the very heart of it. The same drought that prevailed here, prevailed with equal severity in Texas, Arkansas, and parts of Missouri. But nothing was heard of "famine" there. Kansas was new. A large immigration had just come in, they had put their all into the ground. The crop failed, as it is liable to do anywhere. But there was no old corn in Egypt. There was nothing to fall back on. There was consequent suffering, greatly exaggerated, we have no doubt, in many reports made through the East, but suffering nevertheless. Just such a drought occurs in portions of the country every year. But we do not expect continued famine in consequence. The rains are somewhat more PERIODIC here than in the East and farmers must observe this law and be governed by its conditions. But the average annual fall of rain, as proven by the official records in Washington, is as great here as elsewhere. Due care will secure a crop, even in a dry season, as it did in a multitude of instances during the year of "famine." The fear of drought and consequent failure in farming operations in Kansas is utterly groundless.

**2. INDIANS.**—The Indian troubles of which so much appears in Eastern papers, and dated Kansas, are so far from us that we never hear of them only by way of New York. The Devil is said to be charged with a great deal for which he is not responsible. So is Kansas. The Indians in all this vast State are as peaceable as the whites. No war nor rumor of war has ever been heard from any of these. Our friends then will please be relieved of any fear that we are in danger of being scalped.

**3. SOCIETY.**—You correctly infer that society is good in Lawrence, and we must pardon the characteristic qualification in your query, "for the West." Society in Lawrence is good for ANYWHERE. We put it against any city of the United States, East or West, for its schools and colleges, its churches, its various benevolent and social institutions, and the number of its cultivated, educated, refined and agreeable men and women. As to our friend's question about the regions beyond, we suppose that society differs as it differs everywhere. But a family or a number of families, making that point a specialty, can communicate with Whetstone at Pomona, or Hutchinson at Hutchinson, or Schofield at Williamsburg, or various others whom we need not name, and get fixed to their mind.

**WATER WITCH, Topeka.**—"Are there any Artesian wells in Kansas, and what is the cost of boring them?" **Answer.** We are not posted on the subject of Artesian wells in Kansas. If "Water Witch" had wanted information about the common kind of wells, we could have astonished him with the extent and expense of "what we know about it." We happened to be in Chicago the morning that J. V. Farwell & Co. struck water in their Artesian well, and gathered a fact or two which may be of interest to our correspondent. That well was 1200 feet deep and cost \$10,000. A thousand feet, however, was bored through solid rock. When water was struck it flowed and overflowed at the rate of 1,000 gallons per minute, and we concluded then and there that if we ever got rich enough we would go for an Artesian well on our farm the first thing we did and create our own showers, streams, ponds, &c., to order, and without dependence upon the uncertain caprices of the clerk of the weather.

ELDRIDGE HOUSE, Sunday, Apr. 24.

**EDITOR SPIRIT.**—Being a stranger in your city, and made more than remarkably comfortable at your excellent hotel, I have been improving my time by reading a few numbers of your wonderfully excellent paper. I have learned more about your State from your paper than I ever knew before, and am "almost persuaded" to stay here. All I am afraid of is the ague. Is it prevalent? Can it be prevented? I find various opinions about it among your people with whom I have talked. One gentleman recommends whiskey and quinine taken in the morning as a sure preventive. As I have to leave early in the morning, please find enclosed \$2.00 for your paper, and address Kenia, Ohio.

**Answer.**—We are afraid our Kenia friend has got us, and in more ways than one. We shall have to divide his queries between the ague and the whiskey. They are each too important to be treated in a mixed manner. 1. The ague. We always did argue until last summer that there was no need of anybody having the ague in Kansas if they would provide carefully against it. We had some experimental reason for the opinion, as our family, through a residence of over a dozen years, had escaped it. But last summer they "got it," and got it too, living on the top of one of the highest hills which overlook the little (?) waters of the Kaw. Since then we have been a sweet more modest on the ague question. But we have found in our travels since that they had the ague everywhere fast summer, even in Boston. It was a good year for chills. Kansas is not a good country for chills. As a rule, one may avoid them. As a rule, they will yield to treatment. But justice compels us to say that there are more exceptions to the rule than we wish there were. 2. We gladly leave this chilly part of our correspondent's subject for the other and warmer one, viz., whiskey. Is that and quinine good for the ague? We never tried it but once. George Leis found us shaking the foundations of a somewhat rickety town in Lyon County several years ago, and administered this identical beverage, as nearly as we can recollect. Our recollection also is that it cured us. But if it hadn't it would have killed us. That is the way, however, with some other apothecary's prescriptions. Being entirely unacquainted with the taste of either compound, and taking a good dose of them combined—well—we never had our feelings exactly described until we read in the Atlantic about the dose prepared by Aunt Keziah for her guest. Hawthorne had evidently been there, and

"knew how it was himself," as Sol. Miller says of some Topeka fellows.

He looked into the mug, and saw a turbid, yellow decoction, not at all attractive to the eye; he smelt of it, and was partly of opinion that Aunt Keziah had mixed a certain unfragrant vegetable, called skunk cabbage, with the other ingredients of her witch-drink. He tasted it; not a mere sip, but a good, genuine gulp, being determined to have real proof of what the stuff was in all respects. The draught seemed at first to burn in his mouth, unaccustomed to any drink but water, and to go scorching all the way down into his stomach, making him sensible of the depth of his inwards by a track of fire, far, far down; and then, worse than the fire, came a taste of hideous bitterness and nausea, which he had not previously conceived to exist, and which threatened to stir up his bowels into utter revolt; but knowing Aunt Keziah's touchiness with regard to this concoction, and how sacred she held it, he made an effort of real heroism, squelched down his agony, and kept his face quiet, with the exception of one strong convulsion, which he allowed to twist across it for the sake of saving his life.

And this reminds us of what became of an Arkansas Boniface. He had drunk "whiskey straight" all his days, and looked fair for many days more on the same diet. But a Yankee chancing to stop with him taught him the trick of drinking tansy in his whiskey in order to relieve it from a certain sulphurous taste that was too much for said Yankee's stomach—his early education in the benzine line having been somewhat neglected. The Arkansas man took to his new drink amazingly. He had found a new pleasure. In that he drank so much, and he drank so fast, he could drink no more, so died drunk at last. The Yankee traveller happening around a year afterwards, inquired of a new man behind the bar, as to the whereabouts of his old friend. "Dead!" was the solemn answer. "Dead!" ejaculated the man, with amazement; "why, I never saw a man that looked fairer to live than he did a year ago." "So he might," responded the other, "if he had been let alone and drank his whiskey straight. But a darned meddlesome Yankee fool came along and learned him to drink greens in his whiskey, and it killed him in less than six months." This is positively all we know about whiskey and quinine. We are sorry that our information is so limited, but we can refer our friend to several fellows around here who are abundantly competent to instruct him.

**THUNDER.**—"These thunder showers are terrible to me. Is there any use in lightning rods? What kind do you recommend?" **Answer.**—We know nothing about the kind, but refer you to the Asher Brothers, who advertise in THE SPIRIT. They have roddeled all the houses we ever lived in in Kansas—and that is not a few—they have always done their work in a neat and substantial manner, they are thoroughly posted in their business, and they are an eminently honorable, trustworthy and responsible concern. We speak by the card, and we speak in earnest, because we know them, believe in them, and like them. All that we have ever been afraid of is that they might quit the business and go to Congress as Clarke did,—for they are smart enough—and then they might come out no better than he has. Our recollection is that they furnish any kind or style of rods that customers may want, but recommend more especially the "Franklin,"—a large iron rod such as our house at Hillhome is covered all over with—and made and put up in accordance with the rules laid down by Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. 1st. The rod should consist of iron, not less than three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Iron is preferred, because it can be readily procured, is cheap, a sufficiently good conductor, and when of the size mentioned, cannot be melted by a discharge from the clouds. 2nd. It should be throughout its whole length, in perfect metallic continuity, by screwing the parts firmly together with coupling ferules. 3rd. The rod should be covered with a coating of black paint. 4th. It should terminate above with a single platinum point.

## Telegraphic Summary.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE EDITOR OF THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

CINCINNATI, May 3.

The Press Gang has won—Greeley and Brown;—both editors are nominated. You told me the Convention would not have sense enough to nominate Greeley or Sumner, and if they did, you did not know what you should do. Now what will you do? Come in out of the cold! **SOREHEAD.**

It is positively untrue that Bismarck expressed approval of the indirect claims.

Gov. Hoffman has vetoed the New York city charter bill, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the cumulative voting clause, and the House sustained the veto by a vote of 80 to 37.

The World's special from London says: I am authorized to say that the British government considers our claim for indirect damages withdrawn. Gladstone and Earl Granville will compliment President Grant in Parliament for yielding to their demands.

## KANSAS STOCK ITEMS.

The Iowa City Daily Press says:

"We understand that Young Hambletonian has been sold to some parties in Atchison, Kansas. We are sorry that the admirers of fine stock in this section did not look more to their own interest, and keep the animal on terms. He is a fine horse, from the celebrated horse Gen. Logan, and he by Rysdyke Hambletonian. He is a fine trotter, and with training would stand among the fastest of trotting horses."

The Atchison Champion, noticing the purchase of this horse by Messrs. Scoville and Smith, of that city, says: "Young Hambletonian is one of the fastest horses ever brought to this section of country."

The Holton Express says:

Another item for this portion of prolific Kansas. We noticed in our city, Monday last, a white mare, "Old Nell," by name, the property of W. R. Webster, who has twin mare mule colts. They were about ten days old, looked fine and healthy, and it is with difficulty that they can be told apart. Mr. Webster is hardly satisfied, as he has a very great antipathy to the stubborn, long-eared breed, and he complains bitterly against such an imposition. But "Old Nell" bears her honors with pride, and looks down and sings high over the female portion of the equine race in this section of the county.

The Neodesha Citizen reports a case of horse stealing: Two horses belonging to Mr. F. H. Atchison were stolen from the stable of Capt. Ford near town, on Friday night of last week. A suspicious vagabond by the name of Tracey, who disappeared the same evening the horses were taken, is charged with the theft. The horses were very valuable and the loss falls pretty heavily on Mr. A., who has been an invalid for several months.

And the Winfield Messenger another: "Where are the Vigilantes? We learn that Mr. Enoch Willett, one of the most prominent farmers, who lives on Little Dutch, had a span of mares and a span of mules stolen last Tuesday morning. According to accounts, it was a very bold affair, as they were taken after daylight. Mr. Willett saw them driving off the horses, but at the time supposed that it was one of his sons bringing them up."

Paola has a natural curiosity in the shape of a pig with one head, two bodies, six ears and eight legs, all of which are perfectly and distinctly formed. One set of legs are on the back, and one double-car on the neck immediately in the rear of the head.

## Down Talk.

**PEW RENTING.**—The pews in the Congregationalist church were rented last Thursday evening.

**CONFIRMATION.**—The rite of confirmation was administered to another class at Trinity Church last Wednesday evening.

**DECORATION DAY.**—There was a special meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic last Tuesday evening to make preparations for Decoration Day.

**RUNAWAY.**—Howard & Spencer's horse ran away early in the week but this has not prevented them from supplying the usual quantity of first class groceries to our citizens.

**A GOOD APPOINTMENT.**—We are pleased to know that our old friend, Tom Dorwin, formerly of this city, has been appointed general passenger agent of the M., K. & T. Railroad, with headquarters at St. Louis.

**THE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.**—The Eldridge House, at Lawrence, has been altered so as to make it a serious business for any gentleman to attempt to "jump" his board bill, as the attentive clerks at the counter will have a fair crack at him with their revolvers, all the way to the street door.—*Leavenworth Call.*

**AGRICULTURAL.**—Hon. Thomas Murphy of Atchison, the Patron Saint of practical agriculture, and the worthy Treasurer of the State Agricultural Society, was in the city this week. "Tom" is one of the good fellows of this world who help to make it agreeable, and who will be missed when they quit it. "Here's a health to thee, Tom."

**THE STANDARD.**—The Daily Standard, as might be supposed from the marked ability with which the weekly is conducted, is a lively and spicy little sheet. We hope our citizens will afford it such patronage as to make it a permanent institution. Lawrence ought to have an evening paper, and she can never expect one more ably conducted than the Standard.

**OF COURSE.**—Mr. Wheeler, who conducts the educational columns of the Ottawa Herald, speaking of the reading matter taken from the Ottawa postoffice, says: "Of the literary weeklies, Kallach's SPIRIT takes half the list, and Harper's Weekly comes in for a large share of the remainder."

The Ottawa people are intelligent and cultivated; they show it by what they read.

**DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW.**—The Paris Pavilion Circus and Dan Rice will be here on Thursday, May 16th. This is one of the best shows now traveling. It is complete in all its appointments. As the fame of Dan Rice, as a showman, is world-wide, everybody will be glad to see him in Lawrence. He always has an excellent company of artists, and this is his model circus. Dan is a favorite with the people. Go and see him by all means.

**A GOOD ORDER.**—Mr. Chanute the excellent Superintendent of the L. L. & G. R. R., has issued the following excellent order in reference to intoxication among employees:

"Any employee who is in the habit of using intoxicating liquors to excess, or who is found in a state of intoxication, either on or off duty, or who is in the habit of spending much time in saloons or bar-rooms, need not expect to be retained in the service of the company."

**INSTITUTE.**—The Normal District Institute formally opened Tuesday evening in the high school room of the Central, by an address by the Hon. H. D. McCarty, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The meetings during the week have been of a highly interesting character, and addresses have been delivered by some of our best educators. We were pleased among others to receive a call from Mr. Philetus Fales, of Ottawa.

**AN IMPROVEMENT.**—No more marked improvement has been made in the city in a long time than was made on Tuesday in the removal of the signs over the sidewalks on Massachusetts street. They were an eye-sore and a nuisance, and everybody is glad they are removed. Now let us have the old wooden sheds taken down, and stop using the sidewalks as warehouses for merchandise and old trumpery, and we shall have, by all odds, the finest thoroughfare west of St. Louis.

**FINE WORK.**—The counters and desks for the new bank, corner of Massachusetts and Warren streets, have been placed in position by Mr. H. E. Turner, the designer and builder. In beauty of design and thoroughness of workmanship they are unexcelled by anything in the city, and we are proud of them as home productions. When such work can be produced by our own artists and mechanics, we fail to see the necessity of sending to Chicago or elsewhere for fine work. Let us patronize home skill and home industry.

**GARROTING.**—Anybody who saw Lefebvre garrote that tall, wild, murderous looking colored gentleman on the street the other day, will admit him to be an accomplished gentleman in the art. The nigger had got away from Carnes, big came and all; he had escaped the terrific sweep of Johnny Bliss' blue cotton umbrella, but when Lefebvre grabbed him, he surrendered. We move that all the horse thieves caught in Lawrence be turned over to him. Only we want him to bring their eyes a little further out of their head than he did that one's; so far, in short, that they will not get back.

**EXCOMMUNICATION.**—They have excommunicated a Bro. Turney from the Church and Pulpit in Franklin county, one of the most serious allegations against him being as follows, to-wit: "Here's what Turney said concerning miracles, at the valley school house, Miami county Kansas, near Lane post office, on the 4th Sunday in July, 1871. He denied that Christ ever worked a spiritual miracle while on earth, and that all the miracles he did work was done for a evil design, and then he coted this passage, by sayin, hear what Christ says: 'A wicked and adulterous generation seeks a sign.'"

**MR. HAMMOND IN OTTAWA.**—Mr. Hammond was to have commenced, and we presume, did commence, his labors in Ottawa last evening. We are sincerely glad that he is to give Ottawa the benefit of a visit, and we hope for the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good. There are some fellows down there that are trembling in their boots and we are glad on their account that he has come. We see by the Ottawa papers that the good people have made suitable arrangements to receive him. They have organized in true working order by the appointment of committees on Finance, Subscription, &c.—we should think these two would come pretty nearly under the same head—on Hall and Ushers, among whom it pleases us to see our ancient friend Bowles—on Music, &c. It looks a little queer, and very pleasant to see Wm. Hayes, Asa Lathrop, and others whom we might mention, figuring on these committees; but who shall say that a work which turns these men thus around is not a good one? We devoutly believe it is. And we are glad to take this opportunity to say so. Our "open letter" meant just what it said, no more and no less, and was not intended, and by no fair construction could be interpreted, to afford any aid and comfort to the enemies of revivals. It was a deserved rebuke of the officiousness and meddlesomeness and inconsistencies into which some revivalists will run, which are a damage and not a help to genuine revivals. We hope they will be avoided in Ottawa, and that a great deal of good may be done.

**DISCRIMINATION AGAINST KANSAS TRADE IN FAVOR OF KANSAS CITY.**—From the New Time Table of the L. L. & G. R. R., we quote as follows:

"Northward—leave Coffeyville, 6:55 p. m. arrive at Kansas City, 5:30 a. m.—at Lawrence, 8:50, a. m."

**ACCIDENT.**—Mr. Byrd is so busy all the rest of the week at Bullene & Co.'s Dry Goods emporium, that all the opportunity he has for air and exercise is on Sunday. And since Beecher advocates this sort of thing he undertook to carry it out last Sunday, but with very unsatisfactory results. The street cars frightened the horse, or rather, the mule team ahead of it. We would not give a continental for a horse that would not scare at those mules. The buggy was capsized, the gentleman accompanying Mr. Byrd somewhat injured, but Byrd himself came off with flying colors and succeeded in securing the horse. We left them at this point and are unable to report the further progress of the ride.

**MAYOR GROVENOR.**—This worthy and much respected city official celebrated his retirement from the Mayoralty last Monday evening by giving a supper to his companions in council at the Eldridge House. Mr. Grovenor retires with the best respects and best wishes of the people of this city. He has been a good Mayor, and Mr. Hadley has got no fool's job on hand to succeed him. Of the supper at the Eldridge the Journal says: "About half-past ten o'clock the members of the Council and other city officers adjourned to the hotel, where Mel. Beach greeted them with the smile of a 'jolly landlord,' and escorted the party to the tables, which disclosed a sumptuous repast, and which all seemed to enjoy to the fullest extent, and in which Mel. showed that he could please members of the city government or any one else."

**THE NERVE.**—Kalloch has got the nerve. Not long since he monopolized Mrs. Cora M. Downs, who will in future preside over "The Household" in the KANSAS SPIRIT; and now we have the good news that he has engaged the services of Miss Theodora Robinson and Mrs. Dr. Knapp, both of this city, whose chief aim will be to keep the young folks delighted. Miss Robinson has the just reputation of a popular writer, and the results of her pen are relished for their vigor, simplicity and good sense. Mrs. Knapp is highly mentioned as an artist of fine attainments, and we are sure she will give her best efforts to lend this new attraction to THE SPIRIT a charm that will make its pages even more welcome than now. Mr. Kalloch has our permission to continue in the way he has begun, and to never cease until he has brought to the surface all the literary talent there is in Kansas.—*Ottawa Leader.*

## "YOUNG MESSENGER."

This highly bred trotting stallion will make the season at Manhattan on the following terms:

BY THE SEASON.....\$25 00  
TO INSURE.....40 00

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

Young Messenger is seven years old this Spring, sixteen hands high, with good bone and powerful muscle, and possesses all the desirable qualities of roadster and farm horse. His color is dark iron gray. Address

FAGLEY &amp; SHELDON, 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.

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. A. H. HARRIS,

## NOTARY PUBLIC,

## REAL ESTATE &amp; INSURANCE AGENT.

## NEGOTIATOR OF LOANS

## AND GENERAL BROKER,

## Improved Farms, City Property and Unimproved Lands for Sale.

## Personal Attention Given to Making Collections, Paying Taxes, &amp;c. for non-Residents.

OFFICE 21 MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

OVER CREW AND HADLEY'S.



## The Young Pioneer.

CONDUCTED BY MISS THEODORA ROBINSON.

## HANGING MAY BASKETS.

[Continued.]

"Halt!" commanded Tute, as the flying squadron were about to enter the hollow which led to the haunted house.

The breathless fugitives checked their speed, and glanced behind them with those curious sensations of alarm and merriment which every one who has ever committed the offense of hanging a May basket will understand exactly.

"The lights have all disappeared. You don't suppose the boobies have got baffled and given up the chase, do you?" said Tute, disappointedly.

"Oh! I do hope so," murmured Blanche, in a tone of intense thankfulness.

"Pooh! you little chicken, the fun is n't half up yet. We want to be pursued to the haunted house. 'T would give us a chance to pay the Old Man a visit and make a stand against the boys—two birds with one stone. I believe I'll sing a tune to put them on the track."

"O, don't, don't!" pleaded Blanche; "I sha'n't live five minutes if you take me into that frightful place!" The other girls remonstrated also. Even Patty interposed against Tute's purpose. Now that the excitement of an immediate pursuit was over, none cared to proceed further toward the ill-omened house. Tute laughed derisively, and, raising her voice to its highest pitch, went off into a wild, rollicking strain, which must have reached the very mountain top and stirred the inmost depths of the neighboring forests.

"Now, then, we'll jog along. If they follow, well and good. If not, we've shown that we're true blue," said Tute, after listening in vain for some responsive token in the rear.

A very reservoir of mysteries, seen and unseen, was the old Tompkins habitation—i. e., the "haunted house." Situated in a low, marshy hollow, the place was nearly hidden from view by drifting snows in winter and malarious fogs in summer. Snakes abounded in the hollow, and the poison ivy trailed luxuriantly through the rank wild grass and over the granite boulders that obstructed the way to the house. No one had lived there since—well, something happened once. We don't like to talk about it, but how will you understand if we remain silent? So this was the strange occurrence: Old Peter Tompkins and his whole family—packed up their goods and started for Kansas! Since then the place had been deserted except for marauding animals and an occasional stray traveller, who chanced to take refuge in the old house during a storm or in the night-time. Here is another strange occurrence: An old man passed through the neighborhood once upon a time. He carried a pack upon his back and a knotty staff in his hand. This Rip Van Winkle mystery was seen by watching school-children to descend into the hollow and enter the old Tompkins house. No one had seen him take his leave, and although a thorough search had once been made—led off by Jake Judkins and Tute Dall-ripple—in which no lingering traces of the strange visitant could be discovered, "The Old Man in the hollow" had become the bugbear of the timid-minded youth living round about the region. Was n't that a silly reason for calling the old Tompkins place the "haunted house?" You think so. Tute thought so; too, as she led the way with chivalrous boldness down through the dark marshy hollow, supporting Blanche protectively meantime.

"Hark! did n't you hear music?" questioned one of the girls, as they entered the garden below the house.

"Fiddle-sticks and frogs!" responded Tute, contemptuously.

"The pack the Old Man carried was supposed to be a music box. Our boys say they've heard it many a time," whispered the girl who walked behind Blanche.

"Your boys are idiots, then, and you're trying to imitate them," said Tute, catching the whisper and turning irefully upon the girl.

They reached the old stone door-step. Tute's hand was on the latch.

"It certainly is n't frogs we hear—just listen—it seems to come from the inside of the house," said Patty.

"It's fiddlesticks, then," laughed Tute, as she boldly pushed open the door. A dismal creaking of the rusty hinges was the only sound now heard.

"Now, then," said Tute, "we'll march through the house in a body, after which we'll travel home and go to bed."

"What's the use?" inquired one of the girls, rather feebly.

"To have something to brag over, of course," replied Tute, candidly.

The house was very still and very dark; but a faint light struggling through shattered window-panes seemed to fashion the very darkness into weird shapes to trouble the imagination of the girlish adventurers. The rickety chamber stairs had been ascended and descended in safety, and one side of the house successfully prowled through, when Tute led the way into the kitchen. Here the windows were boarded up; hence total darkness enveloped the girls.

"Don't go any further, Tute; I feel queer—as if somebody was surely in the room!"

"Why don't you speak out loud, Pat Payson?" exclaimed Tute, in a boisterous tone. "Are you afraid of the sound of your?"

Tute did n't finish the sentence, for Patty seized her arm with a vise-like grip, ejaculating, "Hush!" "The music again?" "Down cellar!" "The Old Man!" gasped several of the girls in a united breath.

Distinctly, from an underground region came a burst of music—not the sound of a human voice, but a startling imitation of the wild, high tune with which Tute had awakened the echoes but a few moments before.

"There's a mystery, and I propose to investigate it," said Tute, in a determined voice. "I'm going to open the cellar door. Stand where you are, all hands. I know just which way to steer."

Blanche uttered a smothered shriek, while Tute advanced to grapple with the "mystery."

The music below continued. In the room there was a groping sound, followed by a shuffle, a sudden panting and stamping, and the next in order was a heavy thud, by which it might have been inferred that Tute had fallen to the floor in an unexpected manner. Whatever the catastrophe, the girls were powerless. Tute might have been slain by some dread monster of the dark, and still they could have offered no assistance. Dead silence filled the room until Tute's bewildered voice exclaimed:

"Good gracious! The buck is in the room—the boys are in the cellar—escape for your lives!"

There was a blind groping for the door.

"It's shut and fastened, and we're gone up!" groaned Tute, who had regained her feet in time to be the first to find the door.

Poor little Blanche! here her overstrained nerves gave way entirely. She uttered a piercing scream and fell—upon Tom Payson's neck!

By a sudden flashing of a light that youngster revealed himself, with half a dozen of his fellows, standing in the very midst of the bewildered girls.

"Postpone the fiddling, Cliff," communicated Tom to the lower region. "Jake is in the other room," added Tom, with a provoking laugh, as Tute glared at him in mute astonishment.

"How did it happen?" said Patty, rubbing her eyes to make sure she had not been spirited away, since entering the "haunted house."

"Part of us tagged behind in our stocking feet. The rest, with Jake and the buck, went round. The latter got here in time to guard the cellar door," said Tom, pointing to the ferocious animal, which crouched helplessly upon the floor, being fettered and tethered, with only his head and fore legs remaining free.

By this time Cliff Morris had emerged from the cellar and the rest of the boys assembled in the room, each holding in his hand a flaming torch, which, by the bye, showed off Blanche's costume "frightfully." Tom continued to be spokesman. Stepping forward, he announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, we shall conclude the evening's entertaining exercises with an amusing farce entitled 'The Barber's Carnival,' after which refreshments will be served in—ahem!—right here, in the kitchen."

Involuntarily all eyes looked at Jake, the girls with dread (excepting Tute, who had fortified herself with sublime indifference), the boys with mischief in their faces. The terrible strapper held in one hand a pair of sheep-shears, and in the other a spotless linen handkerchief. Handing the shears to Tom, he advanced and politely blindfolded Tute, who submitted with perfect stoicism.

"For shame, Jake Judkins!" interposed Patty, indignantly. "You would n't cut off Tute's curls! They're the pride of the whole neighborhood."

"Well, now, ye see, they're worth fifty dollars in clean cash. That would buy me a yoke of promising steers," returned Jake, surveying the luxuriant ringlets with anxious eyes.

Here all the girls recovered their voices. "Shame, Jake! You would n't be so mean!"

"Well, now, ye see agin, a crime has been committed, and justice demands a fleece for a fine. But mebbe the buck's would answer instid of the girls'. What says the court?" Jake seemed impressed with an entirely new idea just then.

"Aye! aye! the buck's—the buck's," clamored the boys with loud applause.

"And who shall crop the fleece?"

"Tute! Tute! Tute Dallripple!" again demanded the court.

The struggling animal was brought out. Jake managed the horns while Tute, still blindfolded, undertook the task of shearing the sheep. It was a comical struggle.

Jake's new corduroys, in which he was honorably attired, suffered frequent attacks in common with the fleece from the misdirected (?) shears. But Tute was a persevering girl, and the task was finished at length, amid the applause of both girls and boys. Tute's eye-bandage was then removed, and she inspected her work with hearty laughter.

"Good gracious!" (Tute had one bye-word, we're sorry to say.) "He looks as if he'd been run through a saw-mill—ragged and jagged and ruefully rough. Won't your father raise a row?"

"The animal is mine. I traded for him 'o-day a-purpose," laughed Jake in return.

"Well, let's have the wool. I'll card and spin it and knit you a pair of stockings for a memento," offered forgiving Tute.

Jake looked immensely tickled. "That's you, Tute! You're a duck, and I would n't harm a hair of yer head for all the cattle that was ever drove to Brighton," he said with a sentimental ogle. "And see here now Tute, while yer up to the business could n't ye squeeze out enough, over-n'-above the stockings to make some cloth to patch my trousers?"

"I'll try my very best," was Tute's response.

The refreshments were the contents of the May-baskets, served up from the boys' pockets. Each claimed his captive by instinct, and "treated" her in royal style. We do hope the "Old Man" was peeping through some crevice and enjoying that fun. What if the "wee sma' hours" were being pointed out upon the farm-house clocks before the girls and boys reached their homes? Hanging May baskets happens but once a year.

## "PLAYING HOOKEY."

May-flowers springing from the ground; Johnny couldn't go to school, Must have leaves his hat around.

Would n't mind the teacher's rule.

Deep the ditch his path across, Johnny jumped, but missed his aim: Clothes all mud and temper cross—Johnny, Johnny; what a shame!

Homeward wended John his way, In a sober, thinking mood, Determined not to disobey

In the future, rules 't were good.

Johnny, keep that resolution, Keep it sacred as you can, And in life's great revolution, You'll come out a noble man.

## CHUBBY AND BOB'S CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER ONE.

DEAR ROBERT ROLLY: I've been told that you're my Cousin Bob, and that you live Out West where the corn grows so high folks have to shin up the stalks to get at the Ears. Is that so? I'm Chubby Merry-weather. My real name is Dorcas Me-hit-able, but they call me Chubby because I'm so fat. Uncle Jerry's got a black Pig. Pig and I weighed even till I had the Mumps. Then Pig got ahead of me. But I guess I'll catch up when huckleberries come. I came down from Heaven eight years ago last sap-sugar time. The next day after I got here Tim stole me out of bed and carried me out to camp to the sugaring-off. Since then I've been subject to the Sniffles. Tim says he dropped me into a barrel of sugar-water and that's what makes me so sappy. But I guess that's a joke. Did you ever get Burnt Out? We have. The event transpired three years ago last Christmas night. Tim never walks in his sleep unless he overeats himself. Three years ago last Christmas night he overate himself however and got up and set the House Afire. Lots and lots of boys came to the fire. Jimmy Little helped me run to the sheep-pen. He expressed much sympathy on the way and said if he'd thought I'd ever got Burnt Out he would n't have cut off my doll's Nose with his new jack-knife four years ago last Fast Day. I tell you it was a Big Fire. Everybody did everything they could to put it out to no avail. One man tore down the front yard fence. Another man also chopped down Tim's bird house to keep the fire from spreading. I guess he took it home with him to prevent it from being stolen. Though he said he did n't. My leg-horn bonnet and plaster Paris angel and mother's silk dress were thrown into the pig-pen for safe keeping. The Fire Engine did n't get there till sometime after everything was in Ashes. A crowd of boys including Tim went to see what the matter was because it did n't come. The old man that rang the bell said he guessed it had gone round Robin Hood's Barn. Robin Hood must live a good ways off. At least I never heard of him before or since. I tell you we were in a Desperate Fix. The neighbors started a list at once. One boy subscribed three Cats. We had to kill the Cats because we could n't afford to keep them, having been Burnt Out. I was in hopes Sis Frye would contribute her big wax doll that cries when you squeeze it and opens and shuts its eyes. But she did n't. I'm afraid she hasn't as much charity as she ought to have. I've always meant to write to you ever since the Fire, but I haven't had time before. I suppose you don't know there are six Children of us. Tim and Solomon and I and Abraham and Sunbeam and Pussy-cat. The two latter are twins. They're three years old and awful funny. Sunbeam has pig-tail curls and Pussy-cat is Cross Eyed. Grandpa and Aunt Polly also live with us. Grandpa is Deranged. He's perfectly harmless however. But he tries to get away from home, and we have to take turns watching him, all but Sunbeam and Pussy-cat. They'll begin when they're four years old. Mother pays us 2 Cents a week for watching Grandpa. Of course we like to do it. And she likes to pay us 2 Cents. I've got almost enough Grandpa money to buy me a new spelling-book after paying the Twins a cent apiece for telling on him whenever they see him going down the road. I can spell down the whole school without boasting. I can spell big words as well as little ones. Aunt Polly wears Specs and drinks strong Tea. I'm a little afraid of her. If you answer this letter I'll tell you what she did to me once.

Very Respectfully Your Obedient Cousin,  
CHUBBY MERRYWEATHER.

HUCKLEBERRY HILL, Vermont.

P. S.—Please save my letters, because I'm going to write my own Biography some time, and they will want to be in it. Tim says live folks don't have biographies, but I guess it's no matter if I ain't dead.

CHUB.

Little Minnie, who had often been with her mother to the musical association, where they were rehearsing "Esther," caught the air and a portion of the words and amused the family infinitely by singing at home: "Hay-man, Hay-man, long-legged Hay-man!"

Franky was a little invalid. His mother had told him she thought that when the dandelions were in bloom he would be well again. One evening Franky's father carried him to the window where, looking out, he saw the stars. His little pale face grew bright with thankfulness. "Now I'll be well again," he said, pointing upward, "there are yots of dandy-yons in b'oom—yots and yots of 'em, up there!"

Little Carrie stood by the window looking into the yard one morning in early blossom time. "Oh mamma, just come here," she exclaimed, "the cherry trees have all been popping corn!"

Parent's excuse to a school teacher: "Dear Miss—Please excuse my boy's absence from school this morning. I kept him at home to fit him into a pair of pants."

## THE SPIDER WEB.

How many of our young friends would like to have a hand in weaving "The Spider Web"? Please send us puzzles of all sorts, original conundrums, games, &c.—anything to amuse, instruct, or tax the ingenuity. We would like to receive answers to the puzzles given this week. We shall give the answers in two weeks after the publication of the puzzles, instead of every week; also the number and names of those solving the questions.

Address Postoffice Drawer 83, Ottawa, Kansas.

## A GEOGRAPHICAL ADVENTURE.

One pleasant afternoon in the month of a Cape of the United States, a town of France and a city of Italy, went out for a walk. After going a short distance they met a gentleman who was on a Cape of North Carolina for a lost child. Her name was a town of Switzerland. She wore a dress of a city in France, slippers of a country in Africa, and a little bonnet of a city in Italy. His countenance expressed a Cape on the western coast of the United States when he found that they could give him no information concerning her; and he was filled with a Cape on the eastern coast of the United States lest she had wandered off to the woods, and been attacked by a Lake of British America. Just at this moment his son, whose name was a Lake of New York, approached with the lost child in his arms. The Towns of France and Italy then continued their walk; and feeling a province of Germany, they refreshed themselves with a slice of a country in Europe and a glass of Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, after which they returned to their homes.

## WORD SQUARE—NO. 3.

1. A vessel used on water.
2. An imaginary monster of the East.
3. Weapons of defense.
4. To prove.

## DECAPITATION—NO. 1.

Entire, I am an article of furniture.  
Behold, I am able.  
Transpose, I am a bundle.  
Behold, I am a kind of liquor.

## CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 2.

My first is in hen, but not in duck.  
My second is in fortune, but not in luck.  
My third is in Maggie, but not in Jane.  
My fourth is in gentle, but not in tame.  
My fifth is in many, but not in few.  
My sixth is in dampness, but not in dew.  
My whole is something to puzzle you.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

Cross Word Enigma, No. 1—John Brown.  
Numerical Enigma, No. 1—Education.

Word Square, No. 1.

D E S K  
E V E N  
S E E  
K N E E

Word Square, No. 2.

D E E P  
E D G E  
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## Poems for the Season.

## MAY.

LEON HUNT, whose writings are remarkable for an extreme delicacy of fancy, although somewhat deformed by a quaintness savoring of affectation, is the author of the following poem, suggested by the season, which shows in a striking manner both his excellence and his defects:

May! thou month of rosy beauty!  
Month when pleasure is a duty;  
Month of maids that milk the kine—  
Bosom rich and breath divine;  
Month of bees and month of flowers;  
Month of blossom-laden bowers;  
Month of little hands with daisies,  
Lover's love, and poet's praises:  
Oh, thou merry month complete—  
May!—that very name is sweet!

May was maid in olden times,  
And is still in Scottish rhymes;  
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;  
May's the month that's laughing now.  
I no sooner write the word,  
Than it seems as though it heard,  
And looks up and laughs at me,  
Like a sweet face, rosy;  
Like an actual color bright,  
Flushing from the paper's white;  
Like a bride that knows her power,  
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong  
Come to keep the winter long,  
And deny us thy sweet looks,  
I can love thee, sweet! in books—  
Love thee in the poet's pages,  
Where they keep thee green for ages;  
Love and read thee, as a lover  
Reads his lady's letter-over.  
Breathing blessings on the art  
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever;  
May will part from Spenser never;  
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—  
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;  
May's in all the Italian books;  
She has old and modern nooks,  
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves  
In happy places they call shelves,  
And will rise and dress your rooms  
With a drapery thick with blooms.  
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,  
May's at home, and with me still;  
But come, rather thou, good weather!  
And find us in the fields together.

## LESSONS.

Year after year  
Nature renews of life her various types;  
The penance lily and the passion rose  
Their primal tints disclose.

Year after year  
The skylark trills the skylark's ancient song;  
And in the matted grass the crickets troll  
Their pre-deluvian roll.

Year after year  
The cradle blossoms with the sinless babe;  
And never vainly does the harvest grave  
Its solemn tribute crave.

Year after year  
The fields of Spring are strewn with promise blooms;  
And Autumn's russet walls are hung with fruit  
For Winter's thriftless suit.

Year after year  
Without confusion and without delay  
Earth is re-peopled, and in stately train  
The seasons come again.

Year after year,  
Since no remission is by Nature shown,  
Surely, on Nature's God may man rely,  
'Neath whatsoever sky.

Year after year,  
She, constant priestess, at His altar stands,  
Repeating lessons of exhaustless trust  
To faithful lips of dust.

Year after year,  
Lead me, O Nature! nearer perfect faith,  
That I may see, through all degrees of gloom,  
Love in perpetual bloom!

## MAY.

BY JAMES G. FERGIVAL.  
I feel a newer life in every gale;  
The winds, that fan the flowers,  
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
Tell of serene hours—  
Of hours that glide unfelt away  
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls  
From his blue throne of air,  
And where his whispering voice in music falls,  
Beauty is budding there;  
The bright ones of the valley break  
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
And the wide forest weaves,  
To welcome back its playful mates again,  
A canopy of leaves;  
And from its darkening shadow floats  
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;  
The tresses of the woods  
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;  
And the full-brimming floods,  
As gladly to their goal they run,  
Hail the returning sun.

## SPRING.

O, 'tis a gladdening sight indeed to see  
The earth put on her mantle of bright green!  
Mountain and valley glittering in their sheen,  
And twinkling every leaf on every tree!  
I hear the Oak shout out, "Look, look at me!"  
"At thee," the Ash replies, "what dost thou mean?"  
I'm at my tiring, and will soon be seen."  
"Yes, yes," the Birches cry, "and here are we!"  
Rings every grove with melody around;  
Echo starts up and gives again the sound.  
The robin-redbreast, who the winter long  
Trill'd from the leafless bough his little lay,  
Now stops his pipe, knowing full well his song  
Is all too plaintive for so bright a day.

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## GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

DEAR SPIRIT: I have another horse! Or rather my wife has. I have been frank to tell you several times that she owns all the stock. And for good reasons. In the first place, she paid for it. In the second place, she knows how to keep it. In both of these qualifications I am constitutionally deficient. Still I call the stock mine, and I feel about it a good deal as the man did whom his wife ordered out of her apartment, for fear that his presence might be annoying to another gentleman to whom she was attending. The obedient husband obeyed, but, putting his eye to a convenient opening, said: "So long as I have the spirit of a man in me, I will peek!"

Nobody knows how we poor men are tyrannized over. To a superficial observer it would look like an impossibility that a great, strapping six-footer should be led about, ordered, owned, controlled and Caudelled by a little, slender, good for nothing piece of humanity in petticoats. But so it is. There is nothing about which so much silly stuff is written, and about which so little is known, as the nature of woman. So mild, gentle and amiable! Bah! Does not everybody know that both in the Reign of Terror and in the rising of the Commune, the frenzy and atrocities of the women rivalled, if they did not surpass, those of the men? Does not everybody know that when the Crusaders took a number of women with them to the siege of Acre, and it might have been supposed that female gentleness would mitigate the ferocity of the war, the result was that a number of Turks having been captured, the women begged that the prisoners might be delivered to them, not for the purpose of alleviating their lot, but for the purpose of cutting off their heads with knives?

But as I was saying, I have got another horse—and so long as I have the spirit of a man in me, I will call him mine. But how did I come by him? I will tell you. It illustrates my fate. There is no escaping fate. We may run, shirk, dodge, kick, fight, but it is no use. Fate will beat us. I was in Ottawa, and read the announcement that that gentlemanly auctioneer, Lon. Hastings, would sell at 2 P. M.—no postponement on account of the weather—a fine horse. Already having several animals of that persuasion at Hillhome, the announcement made no particular impression upon me. I was fated, however, to be going along that way just as Lon. was putting in his best licks and making one of his most touching appeals. He had only got a \$100 bid, and was in deep distress thereat. He touchingly appealed for more. He fixed his fatal eye on me. The horse himself seemed to join mutely in the appeal—which was far from mute on Lon.'s part. I went him a V. better, just to encourage the thing along—as Artemus Ward used to put a bull thistle under his horse's tail to "kinder encourage him along." I had no more idea that the fine looking fellow would go at any such figures, in a city where there are such eminent horse fanciers and speculators as I have already made the readers of THE SPIRIT somewhat familiar with, than I had of his flying. Alas for the vanity of human calculations, where a horse is concerned. My unlucky star rose in the ascendant and there remained. All of Lon.'s eloquence was thereafter lost. The crowd conspired against me. The fates had decreed me the horse. And I took him.

The next important thing was to pay for him. Has it ever occurred to you, my impecunious friend, that it is better to be lucky than rich? A lucky man has all the advantages of money, without the bother of it. When the miser had shown a poor man his heaps of shining gold carefully stored away, the poor man said: "Now I am richer than you." "How do you make that out?" asked the miser. "Why," replied the other, "I have seen your gold, and that is all you can do, and I have n't the trouble of taking care of it." There is a vein of philosophy in that little incident that might be expanded into an essay—but for a gossip it is perhaps best to return to our mutton, or, as it happens to be in this case, our horse. We had not gone to Ottawa prepared for any such calamity as this. Strict fidelity to truth would compel us to say that we seldom go anywhere prepared for such an investment. Josh Billings says "there are two things a fellow is never just exactly prepared for, and them is—twins." He might have added, as appropriate to this latitude just now that there is another thing that few Kansas fellows—and especially Kansas editors—are prepared for, and that is to pay \$100 for a horse, or for anything else.

But I was observing something about the advantage of luck, where one does n't happen to be rich. What does a man want of money to pay a hotel bill with, provided the landlord dead-heads him? Or provided he knows how to slip in the back way and eat a breakfast on his own "hook," as a certain nice young man did at the Eldridge House the other morning? What does a man want of money to pay his fare with, if he has a free pass? And the Railroads are notorious for furnishing these to the fellows who cannot pay for themselves. And what does a man want of money to pay for a horse with, if he has a friend in the crowd who will pay for it for him? I had a friend in that crowd. I always have a friend in any crowd. It is my best hold. That friend was Lud. Sometimes on cigar boxes it used to be H. H. L. His initials are Henry H. Ludington. He comprehended the situation. He had travelled with me—and here looms up a subject for gossip that would be a gossip indeed. But I must not digress. In fact, I seldom digress. All

my readers know how I stick to a subject. That accounts for the popularity of this gossip. I heard of a preacher of whom it was said that "if his text had the small-pox his sermon would not have caught it." It was not me. So we will come back to our text, which it is the horse, or rather the more abstruse and metaphysical one of how to pay for the horse. Henry suspected my situation, and invited me into his bank to get the money. I accepted the invitation without hesitation, and paid for the horse. What a lucky thing it is to have a friend in a bank! And what is the use of having a bank unless it has friends? And what is the use of having friends unless you treat them like friends? Or, to draw it a little finer, what is the use of having friends, unless you know how to use them? But these intricate questions confuse me. They belong to the region of logic rather than gossip, where I do not feel so much at home. I only started to let you know that we are not out of horses, although we pronounced a funeral gossip over one last week. There is no danger of our getting out. A woman who had lost her husband, and sent for a preacher to give him what Mark Twain would call a "good send off," in answer to his request for a Bible, after fumbling through all the closets and hiding places of the house, got together a few scattered leaves, and handing them to the minister, said: "I'd no idee we was so high out." We never indulge the dream of being so near out of horses as that, and therefore, if everything else fails, shall always have something to gossip about. But how will Lud get his pay? That's what might be called a stunner. But as there is no chance for gossip on such an eminently tragical subject as that, we must let it slide.

I. S. K.

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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	Years	Months	Years	Months
\$1,000	14	0	11	8	10	0
2,000	28	0	22	5	20	0
4,000	56	0	44	10	40	0
8,000	112	0	88	20	80	0
16,000	224	0	176	40	160	0
32,000	448	0	352	80	320	0
64,000	896	0	704	160	640	0
128,000	1,792	0	1,408	320	1,280	0
256,000	3,584	0	2,816	640	2,560	0
512,000	7,168	0	5,632	1,280	5,120	0
1,024,000	14,336	0	11,264	2,560	10,240	0

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 5 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$16,000 in 35 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent, \$32,000 in 35 years, 6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$300 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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## SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS, } In the District Court, Fourth Judicial  
Douglas County, ss. } County, Kansas.  
John McNutt, Plaintiff, Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Phil-  
tus Fales, Defendants.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE, to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court, in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will, on Saturday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the city of Lawrence, County of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Philtus Fales, and each of them, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south half and the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section two (2) township thirteen (13) range eighteen (18), in said County of Douglas, appraised at eighteen hundred dollars (\$1,800.00). Taken as the property of Lyman Cone and Harriet Cone, and to be sold to satisfy said Order of Sale.

Given under my hand at my office in the city of Lawrence, this the 30th day of March, A. D. 1872.  
S. H. CARMAN,  
Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.  
Shannon & Shannon, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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