

# Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 6, 1872.

NUMBER 10.

## Kansas City Advertisements.

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## Contributed Articles.

### THE MARTYRS' GRAVE.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

A subscriber of THE KANSAS SPIRIT, after read-  
ing the article entitled "The Two Graves," pub-  
lished in the third number, says: "There lie in the  
cemetery at Osawatomie, several of our old martyrs  
of '56; cannot you give us a short notice concern-  
ing them? I know it would be read with interest." The  
suggestion is a good one. Although there are  
many localities in Kansas, scattered here and there,  
which recall to mind the exciting scenes which oc-  
curred in our early history, there are but few which  
possess more interest than the martyrs' grave, above  
referred to. Each succeeding year is taking from  
us the living witnesses who flourished during that  
eventful period. It is well that the incidents of  
those days should be treasured up and recorded be-  
fore they are entirely forgotten or lost.

The martyrs' grave is located west of the town of  
Osawatomie, Miami County. The remains of four  
individuals, who were killed by the ruffian force  
under Gen. Reed, in August, 1856, were removed  
from the respective places where they were buried  
after the battle of Osawatomie, to this spot some  
four years after. Their names are Frederick Brown,  
David Garrison, George Partridge and William  
Powers. A short sketch of their lives, as far as we  
are able to give it, will be the subject of this article.  
For most of the incidents we are indebted to the  
Rev. S. L. Adair, who assisted in performing the  
last sad ceremony over these departed heroes.

Frederick Brown was the third son of Capt. John  
Brown, known as "Osawatomie Brown," who was  
executed in Virginia for the raid in capturing Har-  
per's Ferry. He was born in Richmond, Crawford  
Co., Penn., Dec. 21, 1830. In the fall of 1854 he,  
with his two brothers, started for Kansas, bringing  
with them some excellent stock. In the spring  
of 1855 they arrived and located about one mile east  
of North Middle Creek, near the place known as  
Mt. Vernon, in Franklin Co. A few weeks after,  
two other brothers, with their families, joined them.  
In October of the same year, Capt. Brown, the  
father, and another brother, and a brother-in-law,  
Thompson (who fell at Harper's Ferry), came to  
Kansas and located themselves at the same place.  
When Lawrence was threatened, in December, 1855,  
the old man Brown and his five sons (Frederick be-  
ing one of the number) responded to the call. When  
quietness was restored they returned and passed  
the winter on their claims.

Frederick Brown was frequently afflicted with a  
disease which caused him to undergo much suffer-  
ing. The blood accumulated on the brain, prevent-  
ing sleep and producing partial insanity. This, no  
doubt, gave rise to his being called "a half witted  
young man," in some of the recent histories of Kan-  
sas; an expression which, in its ordinary accepta-  
tion, by no means conveys the truth in relation to  
him. Those who were best acquainted with him  
considered him an active and intelligent young  
man. Slavery he abhorred, and like the whole  
Brown family, would become at times quite excited  
when the question was talked of.

In the fall of 1855, he was elected as a delegate to  
the Topeka Constitutional Convention, but was  
prevented by sickness from attending. In the  
spring of '56, when Lawrence was sacked, the whole  
Brown family started for the place of conflict. It  
was on this trip your correspondent became inti-  
mately acquainted with old Capt. Brown and his  
sons. At the battle of Black Jack, Frederick was  
laboring to some extent under the influence of the  
disease above referred to. He was placed in charge  
of some horses belonging to the Free State party,  
and being in full view of the camp of Capt. Clay  
Pate and his ruffian band, they could observe every  
movement of his person. He became exceedingly  
excited and kept waving his hat, crying as loud as  
he was able, "The sword of the Lord and of Gid-  
eon!" The enemy supposed a force was advancing  
in that direction and he was encouraging them to  
hasten forward to the fight. By some it has been  
said that on his boldness and daring, victory, in a  
great measure, turned.

In consequence of Frederick's sickness, his father  
took him, by the way of Nebraska, to Iowa, to a  
place of safety. In the month of August he re-

turned to Lawrence. On the 28th he, with four  
young men, was sent by Gen. Lane with a message  
to Capt. Brown, his father, who was supposed to  
be at Osawatomie, but on the arrival of Frederick  
he learned he was at South Middle Creek, in pur-  
suit of some ruffians who had been burning houses  
and taking some persons prisoners on the Potawato-  
mie creek. That night they all returned to Osa-  
watomie. The next morning Frederick called at a  
neighbor's house for some letters to take to Law-  
rence. Seeing some horsemen on the road, and sup-  
posing them to be Free State men, he approached  
them and said "Good morning, boys;" then in-  
quired, "Are you going to Lawrence?" They re-  
plied "No." "I think I ought to know you," he  
remarked. At this, Martin White, drawing near  
him, said, "I know you, and we are enemies;" and  
as he spoke, shot him. Such is the account given  
of this transaction a short time after, by one of  
White's party.

Mr. Cutter of Douglas county, was shot and left  
for dead at the same time and place. Not knowing  
his post-office address, I could not avail myself of  
his record. An article from his pen would be full  
of interest.

David Garrison was born in the year 1826, near  
Yellow Springs, Ohio. He came to Kansas in 1856,  
with his father, and took a claim on the old Cal-  
ifornia road, about ten miles from Osawatomie.  
Having lost two yoke of cattle by the ruffians, he  
moved his family and stock to a place less public,  
thinking it would be safer. He went to spend a  
night with a friend near Osawatomie, and the next  
morning, hearing firing, went to the road and there  
found the body of Brown. He ran to a neighbor's  
to give the alarm. As he returned he came in sight  
of Gen. Reed's forces, attempted to make his escape  
to the woods but was pursued by them and killed.  
He received a number of wounds, most of them  
apparently made by buck-shot, but the one which  
was probably fatal was made by a ball in his right  
breast. A few friends gathered together to search  
for the body, which was found late the same night,  
covered with gore. The wolves were howling all  
around, and by the faint light from a lantern they  
conveyed his lifeless corpse and laid it by the side  
of his friend, Frederick Brown.

William Powers came to Kansas in 1856. He was,  
I believe, a native of Vermont. He was one of  
Capt. Brown's men, and after the battle was over,  
was in the act of making his escape. The enemy  
followed him, and he was killed in the timber, skirt-  
ing the river.

George Partridge met his death while crossing  
the Marais des Cygnes on horseback. He was shot  
in the back part of his head. Another man was  
also riding the horse with Partridge, but he slipped  
off and made his escape. George Partridge was a  
thorough-going Free State man, and was always  
ready to lend a helping hand when necessary. Only  
three days before his death, he was taken prisoner  
while confined to his bed by sickness. A posse of  
ruffians visited the Potawatomie creek, and after  
burning several houses and "pressing into the ser-  
vice" several head of horses, visited the house  
where Partridge was confined by sickness, and took  
him prisoner to their place of rendezvous on South  
Middle Creek. The next morning the Free State  
men attacked the encampment, routed them, and  
rescued Partridge from his confinement. Capt.  
John Brown and his party arrived a few hours after  
the fight, and Geo. Partridge joined his company  
and tarried that night at Osawatomie. The next  
morning the battle of Osawatomie took place, and  
he was killed, as we have related.

These four martyrs of '56 were buried near the  
spot where they fell. Four years after, their re-  
mains were disinterred and placed in the cemetery  
west of the village of Osawatomie, near the town  
site—a spot of ground 50 by 50 feet, donated by  
C. H. Foster, Esq., for this special purpose.

There is no tablet to mark the spot, no simple  
words to tell the passer-by who lies beneath the sil-  
ent sod. The record of their early deeds rests in  
the minds of those only who still live and who were  
co-laborers with them. Certainly it becomes us to  
place some suitable memento over this sacred spot;  
to open our hearts and loose our purse strings to  
honor the memory of these martyrs who sacrificed  
their lives in a holy cause.

The writer of this sketch was personally ac-

quainted with three of them—knew them well. I  
therefore propose to start a public subscription by  
donating five dollars towards a monument for this  
purpose; and if any one should respond to this  
suggestion, address me at Lane, Franklin Co., Kan-  
sas, and I will endeavor faithfully to carry out the  
object contemplated.

### RAIL-ROADS.

BY AN EMPLOYEE.—NUMBER FIVE.

The quaint and genial Charles Lamb, in his "Es-  
says of Elia," writes with that rare humor pecu-  
liar to him of what he denominates "Popular Fallacies,"  
proving as utterly fallacious such aphorisms as  
"That the poor copy the vices of the rich," "That  
ill gotten gains never prosper," "That enough is  
good as a feast," "That handsome is as handsome  
does," very much to the satisfaction of the reader.  
Some future "Employee" possessing the keen per-  
ception of Lamb will write to some future SPIRIT  
of the fallacies and whims the average mind en-  
tains of railroads. Among the salient points for his  
humor to hit will be the general accepted dogma  
that "Corporations have no souls." Theoretically  
true perhaps, and sanctioned by Blackstone and  
Webster. Yet the common sense definition is the  
association of individuals by legislative enactments  
for the performance of certain specific acts provid-  
ed in their charter. As such they should be judg-  
ed like individuals possessed of the same phases of  
character, the same devotion to self-interest, the  
same acquisitiveness, secretiveness, decision, benev-  
olence, order, and human nature, as in a person; for  
in effect it is but an aggregation of persons like other  
business firms which, though composed of units,  
acts as a whole. Viewed in this light the would-be  
axiom becomes pure fallacy. The different individ-  
uals composing the company act through their elect-  
ed head as one man, and then the motives and in-  
terests of the integral parts are merged into a com-  
plete whole. Now if it be accepted that the good  
qualities of our nature predominate over the bad,  
the acts of a corporation are good or bad in propor-  
tion as the aggregation of persons in a company ex-  
ceed an individual. An inside view of the manage-  
ment of railways will sustain this view. "Of him  
that hath much, much will be required," is a prin-  
ciple well recognized among railway officers. Char-  
ity is one of their commonest virtues. The peni-  
less wanderer through our land, bereft of friends,  
or the victim of disappointment or of disease, is  
never denied a ride on his aimless journey, while  
thousands of our young men owe their education to  
the benevolence of some railway official who has  
"passed" them to and from the distant university.  
It has become to be believed that every reduced rate  
of fare given to society gatherings is in the sole  
hope of adding to net earnings. Customs, though  
they obtain for years, are not in themselves right  
unless a spirit of benevolence or justice underlies  
them; and because of this does the least paid of our  
public men, the clergyman, receive half-fare rates.  
Railway statistics prove that excursions of adult  
persons do not pay, as the demoralization of regu-  
lar travel is more than the earnings from the in-  
creased number of passengers at the reduced rates.  
Yet from religious, fraternal or equitable motives,  
every denomination of church or politics, and the  
dozen different secret societies hold their quarterly  
or yearly gatherings, and all expect and receive the  
usual reduction, until so common has the practice  
become that it is claimed in railroad circles that if  
three old women desire to enjoy a tea party a few  
miles away they first apply for "half fare on the  
railroad." In Kansas, churches and school houses  
in process of erection receive greatly reduced rates  
of freight, and the quality of morals and mind are  
enhanced by this corporation or "thing without a  
soul." Viewed from our stand point, the railway  
corporation, instead of being soulless, is a live, en-  
ergetic civilizer, gathering good to itself but also  
imparting it to others.

HUMBOLDT.—Rev. J. E. Bryan of Humboldt called at THE  
SPIRIT office the other day, and represents himself as most  
favorably and pleasantly located at Humboldt. If those who  
live there fare as well as those who visit there, then we should  
say of a truth that the lines have fallen to them in pleasant  
places. Mr. Bryan is a gentleman of talent and culture, and  
we are happy to be able to say that he will be heard from,  
from time to time, through the columns of THE SPIRIT.



## The Farm.

## OLD FARMER GRAY GETS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I want you to take a picture of me and my old woman here, just as we be, if you please sir—wrinkles, gray hairs and all; We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty year,

But we've got some boys to be proud of,—straight, and handsome, and tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,

Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since forty-eight); So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I,—Tom, Harry, Jay and Eliza, and the two girls, Jenny and Kate.

Well, lud, that's a cur'us fix, sir! Do you screw it into the head?

I've heard of this photography, and I reckon it's scary work. Do you take the picture by lightning?—La, yes; so the neighbors said;

It's the sun that does it, old woman, and he never was known to shirk.

Wal, yes, I'll be readin' in the Bible; old woman, what'll you do?

Just sit on the other side o' me, 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand, That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you, And that's the way we're goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

I never could look at that thing in the face, if my eyes were as good as gold.

"Tain't over? Du say! What, the work is done? Old woman that beats the Dutch,

Jest think! we've got our pictures taken, and we're near eighty year old!

There ain't many couple in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see on the nineteenth of next July our golden wedding comes on.

For fifty years in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart.

We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John

Went wrong, an' I drove him off, 'n' it almost broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me

Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?

He was only a boy, and I was a fool for bein' so hard, you see. If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?

Nothin'? That's cur'us! You do n't work for the pleasure of working, hey?

Old woman, look here! there's Tom in that face—I'm blest if the chin is n't his!

God! she knows him!—It's our son John, the boy that we drove away!

## DEEP PLOWING.

So much has been said against shallow culture that almost every farmer will at once exclaim, "Why I always plow deep." Let take a rule and measure the actual depth of furrows and it will be found that four inches is considered deep plowing. We do not hesitate to say that this is shallow plowing. Every farmer should aim to run his plow at least twice as deep. Eight inches is shallow enough—twelve would be better.

At once we shall be answered that this is impossible and that no single team can plow to this depth. Any good farmer can reply to this. He aims at perfection in all his affairs, and if he is obliged this year to expose his cattle to storms, or to haul wood in the summer, or to haul water for family use in a barrel, if he does all these things this year he is determined to do better next year. He who settles in a new country finds himself obliged to attend to many things at once, and consequently must do some things in a slovenly manner. But if he is a man who will succeed in the world, he is only slovenly by compulsion. He is all the while striving to do better. So with plowing. The first year after prairie is broken it will require a heavy team to plow even six inches deep, but it should be a prominent article in your agricultural creed to run the plow every year a little deeper than you did the previous year.

It matters not whether the season be wet or dry, deep plowing is in either case essential. If the ground be wet it will dry out all the sooner. If there is little rain the soil will become very dry near the surface, but the innumerable rootlets which seek out nutriment for the plant will in deeply tilled ground reach down into the moist earth, and crops will look fresh and green even during a drought. The reason why sorghum is so certain a crop, is that its roots penetrate even hard ground to a great depth and reach moist soil.

## THE TRUE SOURCE OF WEALTH.

BY A FRANKLIN COUNTY FARMER.

Labor, either of muscle or mind, is the true source of wealth. It is not by gains of trade, or successful speculation, that the resources of a nation are increased; but by the harmonious, unimpeded labor of every person in the business for which he is fitted, and the equitable interchange of the products of manual skill, of inventive genius, and of mental toil. Mental labor is properly included among the sources of national wealth, because, though often deemed unproductive, it is the agency by which unskilled labor is directed aright and rendered valuable. The moral and intellectual growth of a people is also a source of wealth, adding to material gains while it increases the ability to derive legitimate pleasure from abundance. The foundations of our national wealth are laid upon agriculture, manufactures, commerce and mining. Of these, agriculture is of first importance. It is that which feeds and clothes

all other labor, which supplies the material to be transformed by the skill of the artist, and which freights our commerce, foreign and domestic. Agricultural labor is, then, the leading and most direct source of wealth. The skill of the mechanic may improve; the enterprise of the merchant may exchange; but the source of wealth is in the earth, and the cost and profit are alike determined by the results of agriculture. No other branch of human industry has stronger claims upon the fostering care of legislation; for not only upon its prosperity does that of the State now depend, but the future of the nation is closely bound up with its healthy and sustained progress. Upon the conservation, by the present generation, of those forces in the soil to which we owe our wealth of vegetable and animal products—upon our ability to continue, without deterioration, to produce material for food and clothing sufficient for the wants of a rapidly increasing people, depends in a great measure the future of our country. What question of material interests is more momentous, or demands more earnest consideration? To the prosperity of agriculture we owe most of the increase in wealth, and the consequent civilization and refinement of the present age. This is so obvious that agricultural statistics are considered by every statesman as a thermometer, indicating most unerringly the advance or decline of a nation's prosperity.

## THE ROLLER.

The best farmers in Kansas make important use of the roller. When the ground, because of too much moisture or for other reason, turns up in hard clumps, it is known to all that seeds germinate with difficulty, or if they do begin to grow the roots can find little nutriment. In this case nothing can take the place of a roller.

When the season is dry, a roller should be used to pack the earth and keep it from drying out too rapidly. If seeds do not sprout briskly, or a young crop seems to need rain, use the roller, and you will find great value in it.

## BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

A good housewife should not be a person of "one idea," but should be equally familiar with the flower garden and flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, yet the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of shrubbery, to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skillful sower of grain, she is an equally skillful sewer of garments; he keeps his hoes bright by use; she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

"Manure is money," and "short paper" is like a short plant;—a note at a bank matures by falling due,—an oat in the field also matures by falling dew—but they will be found in both cases shorter than wanted, unless the fiscal bank and the bank of earth both receive timely deposits.

"My hearers," said a hardshell preacher at a funeral, "I never did know enny good of this man. The Lord giv' him hosses, and he run 'em; the Lord giv' him cows, and he fit 'em; and he'd dip the jack from the bottom kerds."

"Mister, where are you going with that horse?" asked a gentleman of a suspicious-looking man, whom he met on horseback. "Well, I ain't a going nowhere with him," said the other, "but he is a going somewhere with me."

Learn as much as possible the experience of the skillful; the man who depends on teaching himself will be likely to receive very poor lessons,—or, as Dr. Franklin has it, he will find "he has a fool for his master."

A farmer recently advertised for a runaway wife, and called particular attention to the meanness of her desertion just as the spring work was coming on, after he had the expense of wintering her.

Did you ever hear the musical notes of a starving herd of hogs? Extinguish by food those notes speedily, if you would avoid even more annoying notes after pay-day has passed.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will be shivered in consequence; that is, the farmer, who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profit also given to the winds. If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels in rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation of crops.

The only remedy for the cherry bird, is shooting—hundreds have thus been driven away by a few hours labor, so that one was not seen for a week.

To transplant evergreens, one point attended to will result in success—neglected, in failure—this is, removing plenty of the earth with the roots.

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious farmer, "I am obliged to work for it."

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition. Weekly visits, as with some, soon result in weakly animals.

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whisky? One husbands the corn, and the other earns the husbands.

The famous stallion Fearnaught, Jr., has been sold by B. S. Wright to Mr. David Nevins, Jr., of South Framingham, Mass. Although in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again.

To preserve plum trees from black knots or excrescences, cut them off several times a year, cut and keep cutting. Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else; plants, animals, and man.

The man who provides well sheltered cotes for his sheep in winter, will soon find plenty of coats for his own back.

The best remedy for bugs on melons and squashes, is a cheap square box, covered with gauze or netting.

Mulching and watering the raspberry on light soils, will usually double the size of the fruit.

To prevent the cherry crop from being spoiled by the curculio, keep the ground from grass.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.

Never keep animals on short allowance—if you starve them, they will surely starve you.

A farmer gathers what he sows; while a seamstress sews what she gathers.

## HOW TO FATTEN A POOR HORSE.

Many good horses devour large quantities of grain or hay, and still continue thin and poor; the food eaten is not properly assimilated. If the usual feed has been unground grain or hay, nothing but a change will effect any desirable alteration in the appearance of the animal. In case oat meal cannot be obtained readily, mingle a bushel of flax-seed with a bushel of barley, one of oats and another of Indian corn, and let it be ground into fine meal. This will be a fair proportion for all his feed. Or the meal or the barley, oats and corn, in equal quantities, may first be procured, and one fourth part of oil cake mingled with it, when the meal is sprinkled on cut food.

Feed two or three quarts of the mixture two or three times daily, mingled with a peck of cut hay or straw. If the horse will eat that greedily, let the quantity be gradually increased until he will eat four or six quarts every feeding three times a day. So long as the animal will eat this allowance, the quantity may be increased a little every day. But avoid the practice of allowing a horse to stand at a rack well filled with hay. In order to fatten a horse that has run down in flesh, the groom should be very particular to feed the animal no more than he will eat up clean and lick his manger for more.

## JEFFERSON AS A GARDENER.

What an experimenter he was with his garden! He tried almost every valuable nut, vegetable, grain, bulb, shrub, tree, and grass the world knows,—almonds, bitter almonds, soft-shelled almonds, olives (fifteen hundred olive-stones at once), Alpine strawberries, French chestnuts, and all rare kinds of more familiar fruits and vegetables. His new neighbor, Mazzei, filled his garden with the fine melons, vines, and nuts of Italy, which it was one of Jefferson's dearest delights to spread over Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia. He watched the operations of the Italian vineyard planters with the closest intention, and put down in his Garden Book a curiously minute account of their method of laying out a vineyard and planting vines. The coming of this little Italian colony, with the intelligent Mazzei at their head, and the prospect which it opened of Albemarle, already called the "garden of Virginia," becoming its vineyard also, was an immense addition to the interests and attractiveness of Monticello. If Jefferson loved his home more than most men, it must be owned that few men have ever had such a home to love.—Parton.

## THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY

SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

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

Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

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

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

## SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

The most elegant and sumptuous Through Drawing Room 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 & St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are direct and perfect, with

## THE BEST ROUTE IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.

Ask for Tickets via Quincy and Hannibal & 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, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line, then connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—through cars are being run to all these points.

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

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

## OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

## THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE &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, 1873, trains will run from Lawrence and Kansas City as follows:

## GOING SOUTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Lawrence.....	11:30 A. M.	8:00 P. M.	.....
Baldwin.....	12:13 P. M.	8:58 "	.....
Lawrence.....	10:00 A. M.	5:00 "	7:00 P. M.
Olathe.....	11:05 "	6:45 "	8:25 "
Arrive at Ottawa.....	12:55 P. M.	9:50 P. M.	10:45 "
Ottawa.....	1:10 "	.....	10:55 "
Garnett.....	2:23 "	.....	12:50 A. M.
Iola.....	3:37 "	.....	2:49 "
Humboldt.....	4:50 "	.....	3:15 "
Tioga.....	5:05 "	.....	3:52 "
Thayer.....	5:30 "	.....	4:45 "
Cherryvale.....	5:50 "	.....	5:52 "
Arrive at Independence.....	6:40 "	.....	6:45 "
Coffeyville.....	6:45 "	.....	7:05 "
Parker.....	7:00 "	.....	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.....	8:35 "	.....	7:52 "
Thayer.....	9:00 "	.....	9:00 "
Tioga.....	9:40 "	.....	9:55 "
Humboldt.....	10:45 "	.....	10:30 "
Iola.....	10:57 "	.....	11:00 "
Garnett.....	11:40 "	.....	12:50 A. M.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	1:30 P. M.	8:10 A. M.	2:40 "
Olathe.....	3:15 "	11:00 "	4:45 "
Arrive at Kansas City.....	4:20 "	12:35 P. M.	6:00 "
Ottawa.....	1:05 "	8:00 A. M.	.....
Baldwin.....	1:40 "	8:50 "	.....
Arrive at Lawrence.....	2:20 "	9:50 "	.....

## ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.

Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.

All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

## CONNECTIONS:

At Kansas City with connecting roads for points East and North. At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West. At Ottawa with stages for Pomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Oange City. At Humboldt with stages for Eureka, Eldorado, Augusta and Douglas. At Tioga with M., K. & T. R. R. for points North and South. At Thayer with stages for Neodesha, Fredonia and New Albany. At Cherryvale with stages for Parsons. At Independence with stages for Elk City, Longton, Peru, Elk Falls, Tisdale, Winfield and Arkansas City. At Parker with stages for Cheyenne.

## 500,000 ACRES OF LAND

Are offered for sale by this Company in the valley of the Neosho and its tributaries.

For further information apply to O. CHANUTE, Superintendent.

CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent, 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 P. M.
Mail.....	2:35 P. M.

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

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

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

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

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

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

S. A. BOWEN, Gen'l Supt. Kansas City, Missouri.

BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent, Kansas City, Missouri.

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TO SAINT LOUIS,

—AND ALL POINTS—

EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!

NO CHANGE OF CARS

FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD

IS EQUIPPED WITH

ELEGANT DAY COACHES!

PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPERS!

MILLER'S SAFETY PLATFORM!

THE PATENT STEAM BRAKE!

An equipment unequalled by any other line in the West.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

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SMITH & HAMPTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.



## The Household.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.  
KANSAS, THE GLORY OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. J. N. W.

Old "Empire" is our fatherland, our home of long ago,  
Where in happy days of childhood we wandered to and fro  
To pluck the meadow lily and the butter-cup of gold,  
And thought the beauty of our home could never half be told.  
Long since we left that fairy spot to seek another clime,  
And found other lands as lovely, with scenery more sublime;  
But the land that we have chosen, and the one we love the best,  
Is the sunny land of "Kansas, the glory of the West."

We had heard of "bleeding Kansas," of pestilence and dearth,  
And had learned to look upon her as the Sodom of the earth,  
Where the red man and the buffalo *ad libitum* did roam,  
And poverty and want invaded every home.  
But the red man and his war-trail have both passed away,  
And the ashes from their camp-fires have smouldered to decay,  
While the poor affrighted buffalo finds not a place to rest  
In all the land of "Kansas, the glory of the West."

Ambition is the key-stone to affluence and fame,  
It has raised up struggling Kansas and won for her a name;  
Her cities and her railroads are all one need to see  
To tell them what the future of this lovely State will be.  
Her broad, expansive prairies are beautiful to view,  
When clothed in Nature's verdure, and flowers of every hue,  
While endless fields of cereals, the largest and the best,  
Grow from the soil of "Kansas, the glory of the West."

## WOMAN AND THE PIANO.

Many a woman, though capable of so much, is frequently called upon in the best years of her life to do but little, but at all times society imposes upon her a strict reticence as to her real feelings. What is she to do with the weary hours, with the days full of the intolerable sunshine, and the nights full of the pitiless stars? Her village duties or town visits are done. Perchance neither have any attractions for her. She has read till her head aches; but all the reading leads to nothing. She has worked till her fingers ache; but what is the work good for when it is done? To set women to do the things which some people suppose are the only things fit for them to do is often like setting the steam-hammer to knock pins into a board. The skillful and ingenious operation leaves them dissatisfied or listless, or makes them, by a kind of reaction, frivolous, wicked and exaggerated caricatures of what God intended them to be. Some outlet is wanted. Control is good, but at a certain point control becomes something very much like paralysis. The steam-hammer, as it contemplates the everlasting pin's head, cannot help feeling that if some day, when the steam was on, it might give one good smashing blow, it would feel all the better for it. To women—and how many thousands are there in our placid modern drawing-rooms!—who feel like this, music comes with a power of relief and a gentle grace of ministrations little short of supernatural.

That girl who sings to herself her favorite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann sings more than a song: it is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody. That poor lonely little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird *nocturno* of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah, what heavy burden seems lifted up, and borne away in the dusk! Her eyes are half closed—her heart is far away; she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west, and the wet vine leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds; the angel of music has come down; she has poured into his ear the tale which she will confide to no one else, and the "restless, unsatisfied longing" has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the common-placeness and dullness of life—from the old books in the study, and the familiar faces in the school-room, and the people in the streets; she has been alone with herself, but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself and the minstrel spirit. Blessed recreation that brings back freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the heavy heart! Happy rain of tears and stormy wind of sighs sweeping the sky clear, and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond!

Let no one say that the moral effects of music are small or insignificant. That domestic and long-suffering instrument, the cottage piano, has probably done more to sweeten existence, and bring peace and happiness to families in general, and to young women in particular, than all the homilies on the domestic virtues ever yet penned.

## CLEANLINESS.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house, exerts a moral as well as physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable, and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of others. And the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal; and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others, or for the laws.

## GOOD MANNERS.

This is a grace of which American women are becoming careless. They are so beautiful as a race, so accustomed to conquest, that perhaps they are getting to believe that Pope's line,

"Look in her face and you forget them all,"

applies to manners; but a beautiful woman without good manners is a flower without fragrance. She is worse—she becomes a positive nuisance, presuming on her beauty and abusing one of God's great gifts. You must look at her, but you look to regret, to disapprove, instead of being chained for life to "sweet looks married to graceful action." You grow to despise and hate her. In a country like ours we must expect to find a frequent coupling of ignorance with wealth, of official station with awkwardness, of high social position with bad manners—combinations more rarely remarked in the older and more settled states of the world. Kings and queens must be decently well-bred and well-educated. They cannot help knowing the proper way to eat a dinner, they cannot help observing the proprieties of dress and etiquette, and the people immediately about them must follow their example. No such necessity exists here. We may have a governor, or a mayor, who is entirely untrammelled by the laws of grammar and of spelling, who uses his own sweet will in regard to his knife and fork, and who is still the proper person to receive the representative of a foreign power. In our cities how sickening is it to see the potentiality of some vulgar rich man who can "buy the crowd" in more senses than one! How mournful to note the absence of good manners in some of our prominent literary and religious celebrities—men whom you hesitate to ask to your house, although their talents are exercising so much influence on the world, and their names are on everybody's lips. The trouble lies in a deficiency of respect, a lack of training, an absence of something to look up to. The best bred men in America are the officers of the regular army and navy. They have been taught to look up, to reverence authority and to be respectful. It never leaves them; they become the most dignified and the most simple men in the community. When women reach a larger grasp of the subject, and observe this great rule, that "the possession of power is better than the show of it," they will have advanced far beyond their present status. The end and aim of the weak and the uncertain is to appear strong and well posed, at whatever cost. It has apparently struck some women in the society of our new country, which must be on a shifting scale, that they appear to stand well by being disagreeable—that an air of hauteur and rudeness is becoming and aristocratic. It is the mistake of ignorance, and would soon be cured by a study of the best models in Europe.

## GOLD DUST.

The first steps that introduce us to the enchanted garden of love are so full of pleasure, the first prospects so charming, that every one is willing to recall them to his memory. Each party seeks a preference above the other; each has loved sooner, more devotedly; and each, in this contest, would rather be conquered than conquer.

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where everybody and everything are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know, and I'll move there, too."

Some people are never quiet, others are always so, and they are both to blame; for that which looks like vivacity and industry in the one is only a restlessness and agitation; and that which passes in the other for moderation and reserve is but a drowsy and inactive sloth.

There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

Calmness is the most abundant origin of all that is keen and deep in the movements of the mind; it is the essence of judgment, the author of penetration, the substitute of invention.

The powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sun-shine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer.

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give a man riches without brains and he is a fool.

There are many moral Actions, who are as miserably devoured by objects of their own choosing, as was the fabulous one by his own hounds.

A modern thinker says that many people will be astonished when they get to heaven, to find the angels laying no schemes to be made arch-angels.

A short prayer reaches heaven—a hint to those who want favors not to molest others with long letters and loud complaint.

Ambition is a mental dropsy, which keeps continually swelling and increasing until it kills its victim.

The essence of things is seldom so much regarded as external and accidental appendages.

To abuse animals by starving them, is as base as the hope of gaining by it is baseless.

Fences operate in two ways—if good they are a defence, if poor an offence.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle, will soon return carats of gold. Knavery, and folly have often the same symptoms.

## MOTHERS.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of Empires or Nations, upon paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. The tablet of that History will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history she shall meet again, and read again, with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of Eternity. This thought should weigh upon the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for Heaven and Immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea-shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or names, in the white, smooth sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few short hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions, the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither floods, nor the storms of earth, can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of Eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in the treatment of her child! How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the Eternal Truth of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

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ORANGE JUDD & CO., Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York.



# Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, APRIL 6, 1872.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

By Cora M. Downs.

We publish this week an introductory note from Mrs. Downs which will give our readers some idea of the good things that are to follow. A department of *THE SPIRIT*, under this head, or some other of like import, will be filled by Mrs. Downs every week. We confess that it is with no little satisfaction, and no light expectations that we inaugurate this department of our paper. Mrs. Downs, besides being a writer whose abilities need no commendation from us, is a practical working housekeeper, and capable of giving such hints, and writing such articles, as will be of the greatest value to the household fraternity of our readers.

We have another feature of original interest to announce next week. We mean business, and only ask the subscribers to roll in. We are satisfied with our start, but have a high ambition for the future, both as to the character of our paper and the extent of its circulation.

## KANSAS THE STOCK STATE.

The history of Kansas has been more remarkable and exciting in many respects than that of any States in the Union. She was born in one of the incipient throes of the great revolution through which we have since passed, and which all participants are not likely soon to forget. She was "raised"—as an Indian would say—in a storm of ideas and amid the clash of arms. The peculiar circumstances of her early history attracted to her a peculiarly stalwart and vigorous class of population. These circumstances, however, prevented the rapid increase of population for many years. But for the last half dozen years our growth has been simply immense. It surpasses all calculation to take a survey of the State, and see what tremendous strides it has been making in population, enterprise and growth.

In this great rush of course many have come only to be disappointed. Speculators and visionaries, looking out for great "chances," expecting fortunes to drop down upon them out of the skies, or spring spontaneously from the ground, have not had their crazy expectations fully realized. They have found that the same old stern law of labor holds good here as elsewhere, and that while there is nothing denied to well directed diligence, there is at the same time no promise for the thriftless, the idle, or the recklessly extravagant. That man should eat his bread by the sweat of his brow seems to be a rule as universal as it is irksome, and our State furnishes no exception to its application.

Up to a late date the rapid construction of many important lines of railway made money comparatively easy, and labor at good prices in ready demand. But this has passed, and we are now upon, or fast getting upon, the "bed rock." Money is scarce, farm produce is low, taxes are high, debts are numerous, mortgages are becoming due, and the wolf is unpleasantly near too many doors. What shape, then, shall our industries and economies take in order to make the most of our State and its resources? These resources are unbounded. There are no richer soils or sweeter skies than ours. But we are destitute of the adventitious advantages out of which many peoples suddenly and easily acquire wealth. We have no exhaustless mines of gold and silver, no lordly rivers upon whose broad, elastic backs the broods of commerce ride, no inland lakes and seas, no forests resounding to the strokes of the woodman's axe, and not even any present prospect of a great city, a commercial emporium, within our borders, where the more adventurous and speculative might gather for quick returns and hazardous ventures. We have our unsurpassed soil and climate, and that is all.

Now what shall we make out of it? How shall we make it pay? This is a very material question, but material questions are now in order. We think we have answered our question in the heading of this article. We must raise stock. We must make this the *STOCK STATE*. It is admirably located for this. It is in the centre. It is the heart of the great commonwealth. Those of us who have visited Kentucky have seen how every farmer is a lord, living in his mansion, and entertaining like a prince, with his market at his own door. And why? Because all the rest of the country, when it wants pure and fine stock, and knows that it will be fairly and squarely dealt with, comes to him to buy. He does not have to go for them. He does not hunt for customers. Customers hunt him. They come to him from the ends of the land. Now we contend that we are geographically better situated to meet and supply such a demand than Kentucky is. We have just as good a climate as Kentucky has. We have a better soil. Her rich and beautiful blue grass solicits the privilege of being tramped into life by our cattle. It naturally takes the place of our prairie grasses when they have served their purpose.

Now then, all we want is the same *STOCK SPIRIT*, the same ambition to have the best horses, hogs and cattle, and the same spirit of honorable dealing which the Kentuckians as a class have, in order to equal and finally excel them in the grand stock race. We say, as a class. Because Kentuckians are not

all thoroughbreds. A great many scrubs get in amongst them. But, as a class, they are noble, high toned, honorable men. And in this we must imitate them, if we would share their splendid reputation. We can commence now, and long before *THE KANSAS SPIRIT* has accomplished its mission, we can beat them as a Stock State, if we will only be true to our splendid opportunities.

## LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS.

Of all the people in the world, the most disagreeable and the hardest to sail along smoothly with, is that class among our acquaintances and friends who are continually looking out for slights. Not a motion, not a word, not a momentary silence, but forthwith the imagination is busily at work brooding over what they are sure is meant for some personal indignity to themselves.

They cannot make a morning call, receive a visitor, meet an acquaintance on the street, or even—worst of all—carry on the daily intercourse of their own family, without meeting with some trivial circumstance which forthwith is developed into mammoth proportions, whereby they are speedily and certainly led to believe that some offense is designed.

They are as touchy as hair-triggers; and their susceptible dignity, like the quills of the porcupine, is ever ready to erect itself into an embarrased attitude of scornful, though sorrowful defiance.

This trait is quite like its twin sister, jealousy, though not so violent in its attacks, nor so deadly in its results. But take the two together, and let them loose in some quiet town where the distinction of "high" and "low" has already been made, and the lines of caste and aristocracy are slowly creeping in—let these two subtle forces be let loose in such a community, and the results will be more direful than if a score of the blackest crimes in the recognized list had been given the same scope; for it is not the high crimes of murder and theft that most disturb and destroy peace and fraternal security; but the continual bickerings, and suspicions, and jealousies, and piques, and heart-burnings, that arise from the same degrading, unmanly, unwomanly expectation of having received a slight from some neighbor or friend, who is, doubtless, utterly unconscious of any such act or intention. A fit of indigestion is generally at the bottom of all such slights and impertinences as they imagine they receive. And such people lay upon others the fault of their own irritability; and, from looking through suspicious eyes, they think everything is tinged with the same gangrened hue.

To say the least, and give the habit the least objectionable name that presents itself, it is very unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight intended unless the neglect is unmistakably open and direct. We should pass along far more smoothly, and have fewer irritations in our pilgrimage, that, at the best, to some of us ever winds through the paths filled with vexing stones and hedged with thorns and briars, if we did so.

## THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless a truth that there is such a thing as intolerant toleration; that is, men may become, in the excess of their zeal for their own freedom of thought and habit, quite unmindful of the fact that others who think differently from them have rights and privileges which are worthy of respect. Ignorance of this principle in human nature, or a refusal to recognize it and act upon it, has led to the bitter persecutions which have disgraced the cause of religion on the one hand, and the cause of irreligion on the other.

The opponents of temperance legislation are imitating the worst errors of the so-called champions of toleration on questions of religion and politics. They are in many respects as arbitrary and tyrannical in their demands as the very men whose arbitrary and tyrannical conduct they seek to oppose and offset. They would exalt intemperance into a virtue, and punish temperance as a vice—make the drunkard appear the model of virtue, the dram-seller the benefactor of his race, and booziness the normal condition of mankind. They would punish abstinence as a sin, and all who advocate it as sinners, and as the perfect man they would introduce us to an individual who preaches and practices the largest license of stupefaction.

Now, it may be said of temperance as Mr. Lincoln said of slavery, that it is right or it is wrong; and we have no hesitation in affirming that a large majority of the people of this country—including those who are most given to excessive indulgence—believe it to be wrong. This being the case, the point to determine is, to what extent the State may interfere to promote the cause of temperance; what laws it may pass and enforce to encourage and maintain what is confessed to be beneficial to the interests of mankind. It is a delicate question—much more so than the zealots of either side are able to understand or willing to acknowledge. The true relation of the State to the individual must not be lost sight of in any controversy. There is a line at which State guardianship ends and individual freedom begins, and true statesmanship consists in discovering this line, and acting upon the discovery. The failure to do this results in the stringent and insane anti-liquor law of Maine on the one side, and in the clamor for free and unrestrained drunkenness in other parts of the country, on the other side.

Undoubtedly the State can go so far on the temperance question as to compel each to respect the peace and rights of all. It can impose such laws as will punish intemperance as a gross violation of social and communal welfare. It can make drunkenness a penitentiary offense, and brand the drunkard as a felon, if it will. The objection to existing temperance statutes is that they are preventive instead of punitive—that they fail to discriminate between the use and the abuse of liquor, and that they go to the extreme of making the dram-seller a more odious person than the dram-drinker. Before legislation can effect any reform in this important matter, the legislator must learn to recognize the theory of individual responsibility, as affecting the patron of the dram-shop. He must admit that to drink to excess, is a greater crime than to sell to excess, and so admitting, he must so act. At present, nearly all our temperance legislation is a dead letter, because it has a false basis, upon which it is impossible to construct any system of morals, or to build any healthful legislation.

—Missouri Democrat.

## YATES' COLUMN.

### \$100.00 REWARD

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

### YATES' IMPROVED CONDITION POWDER.

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

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

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

### YATES' IMPROVED VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS.

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

THEY ARE THE BEST AGUE PREVENTIVE.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

### YATES' COMPOUND SYRUP TOLU, SQUILLS & HONEY

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

Price, 50 Cents and \$1.00 per Bottle.

### YATES' FRENCH COUGH CANDY.

### YATES' GLYCERINE AND CAMPHOR ICE.

For Chapped Lips and Hands and irritated surfaces.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

### YATES' IMPROVED PATENT FLY AND MOUSE TRAP.

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

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

### THE EMPIRE BAKING POWDER.

—For making—

Biscuits, Cakes, Rolls, Muffins, Pastry, and all kinds cooking.

Hotels and families will find it to their interest to use the Empire Baking Powder.

Samples Free.

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

G. W. W. YATES,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST,

Sole proprietor and manufacturer of the above articles,

No. 100 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

## HOWARD & SPENCER, GROCERS,

145 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS,

—Offer for Sale—

DEHESA RAISINS,  
MALAGA LAYER RAISINS,  
VALENCIA RAISINS.

SULTANA RAISINS,  
CHOICE TRIEST PRUNELLAS,  
SMYRNA FIGS.

ARABIAN DATES,  
MESSINA ORANGES & LEMONS,  
CARTHAGENA COCOA-NUTS.

STRICTLY CHOICE AND

## PURE SPICES.

EXTRA GENUINE ENGLISH MUSTARD,  
FINEST PURE GROUND SHOT PEPPER,

VERY FINE WHITE PENANG PEPPER,

GROUND RED CHILLIES PEPPER,

VERY FINE AMBOYNA CLOVES,

BRIGHT NEW SIFTED PIMENTO,

BROWN PENANG NUTMEGS,

BRIGHT PENANG MACE,

VERY FINE SPECIALLY IMPORTED

THIN QUILL CASSIA.

## TEAS.

GUNPOWDER, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75, 1.80, 2.00;

IMPERIAL, 80c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75.

YOUNG HYSON, 90c, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.70.

JAPAN, 90c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60.

OOLONG, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25, 1.40, 1.50.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST, \$1.25, 1.50.

## FISH.

CHOICE SHORE MACKEREL (very fine and fat),

CHOICE MESS MACKEREL (in Kits),

NO. 1 MACKEREL (in Kits),

FAMILY MACKEREL (in Kits),

LABRADOR HERRING,

PLYMOUTH COD,

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NO. 1 WHITE FISH,

MACKINAW TROUT,

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Lake Michigan Fresh Fish weekly by Express.

H. J. RUSHMER,

SIGN OF THE BIG SPECTACLES.

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE.

—Dealer in—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS,

## SILVERWARE.

FINE JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

—ALSO—

MARBLE SLATE MANTELS, GRATES, &c.

## STEINWAY

—and other—

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

THE BEST STOCK,

—and—

THE BEST TERMS IN KANSAS.

No. 57 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

nos-ly

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.



## KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

We select the following "Wea items" from the Paola Republican:

The peach crop will be a partial failure in this section. The wheat crop is badly injured by the winter frosts and many farmers will plow their crops up, as they think there will not be a sufficient stand to justify them to harvest it.

Many farmers have a reprehensible practice of plowing up the roads and lanes in putting their plows in order for spring service. Good sheds and an application of oil to their implements, when stored for the winter, would be better than leaving their plows in the fields until wanted in the spring, and would also save our roads from being cut and scored by many ugly ditches.

In this township there are thousands of bushels of corn in uncovered pens exposed to the weather, and a great part of it is put up in the husks. The farmers and owners would do well to securely cover up their pens to keep off the coming hot spring showers. If neglected at present it will be hard work to save the corn from damaging or spoiling when hot weather sets in.

From the Salina Journal:

Considerable attention is being paid to the co-operative movement on the part of the farmers. Several of the farmers' clubs of the county have manifested a desire to act in unison on this system, and the ideas and opinions expressed by Hon. H. L. Jones in his address before the farmers' club of Walnut Creek township, published in last week's Journal, are to be adopted in general as their rules of action. The club at Maltby's school house, one night last week, adopted a series of resolutions, among which was a recommendation to the farmers that a picnic be held on the 18th of May next, at which time delegates from the different farmers' clubs of the county, as well as all persons interested in the movement, are to assemble for the purpose of selecting a central committee, who shall in the fall call a county convention of the farmers. At the convention this whole matter will be thoroughly discussed and definite plans be agreed upon for the permanent organization of the farmers to carry out the co-operative movement. It is proposed to have a large picnic and to furnish pleasant entertainment to all that may attend.

The "Dexter items" in the Messenger are these: Farmers are busy plowing the ground, building fences, sowing oats, planting potatoes, making gardens, and petitioning for a "Herd Law."

Texas cattle in this neighborhood have ceased their dying, and the owners thereof are beginning to look pleased again, and occasionally venture to "smile" or bet on a horse race.

Horse racing and foot racing are becoming very popular here now, and are indulged in almost every Saturday evening. I fear this may lead some of our young bachelors off the path of virtue—indeed has already, as I understand one of them bet and lost a pint of peanuts on the last race.

A trip to the southeast corner of Cowley county has developed the fact that that portion of our county is as yet only thinly settled. That there is an abundance of good farming land yet vacant, with an abundance of good water on nearly every quarter section.

Miss Kellogg, in the household department of the Arkansas City Traveler, says: We hope that all who have any yard will fill a part, however small, with flowers. We really think it would influence immigration to some small degree at least, if we should do all we could in this way. As the white topped wagons pass through our pleasant town, we really believe that some would be induced to cast in their lot with us if our gardens were filled with bright and fragrant flowers, nodding their little heads to and fro as if in silent greeting and invitation to stay. They certainly would do much in themselves in beautifying the place and making it attractive, besides speaking most effectually of the taste and culture of our people. Strangers are by them reminded of their own flower surrounded homes, and feel that they could willingly make such a spot their abiding place, assured of finding friends in those whose culture and refinement speak for itself as shown in the beautiful flowers which they do not consider time lost in cultivating.

The Wathena Reporter speaks encouragingly of the fruit prospects. The present spring is unusually backward. Before the 25th of March last year, many farmers in this county had all their wheat and oats sown. While the cold weather will retard the spring operations of the farmers generally, we think this month has been excellent for fruit of all kinds. It has not been sufficiently warm to cause the buds to swell or germinate at all, hence sudden freezes or sleets will not affect them. It will take at least ten days of continuous warm weather to cause the fruit buds to swell, and if it should remain so from this date, that period will carry us into April, and we can with almost absolute certainty predict a large crop of apples, peaches, pears, cherries, grapes, etc. As winter wheat is almost a total failure, those of our rural friends having orchards will be partially compensated for that loss.

The Troy Republican says:

The much talked of Agricultural and Mechanical Association of St. Joseph has assumed shape and become thoroughly organized, and next fall a grand Exposition may be expected in that city. Davis Carpenter, Jr., has been elected President, and A. C. Davies is Secretary. No better selections could have been made, and with the co-operation of the farmers, which is to be expected, a fair can be held which will be the "talk" of the country and the boast of the Northwest. A complete prospectus will soon be issued, setting forth the plans and purposes of the association, with statement of premiums, awards, etc.

The Winfield Messenger notes a horse race: "Black Jack" and "Roan Susy" ran a 200 yard race south of town on last Tuesday, for a purse of ten dollars, which was won by "Roan Susy." Her master pocketed the \$10.00 and left for "Racetrack."

The Messenger also congratulates stock men on the prospect of having a celebrated stallion: Farmers, look to your interests. A celebrated fine blooded stallion will be here in a few days from Illinois, who has taken three premiums at the Pike county, Illinois, fair, has all the gait and is sixteen and a half hands high. His color is a dark mahogany brown.

The State Record stirs up the "old fogies of the big bend." The State Fair Board of Agriculture have offered a premium of \$100 for the best display of fruit by any State, county, township, society, or individual; to be awarded at the State Fair next September. We hope the papers of Doniphan county will wake up the old fogies in that big bend of the Missouri river, and pump enough spirit into them to make them compete for this premium as a county. No other piece of mother earth can outdo Doniphan county if the "slow go cases" who enjoy the fact at home will only turn out and make a show. The same premium is also offered for the best display of cereals.

The following item is from the Spring Hill Enterprise of last week:

J. H. Pratt shipped to Mr. Bigger of Kansas City, on last Tuesday, a car load of fat hogs which averaged in weight three hundred pounds. He also shipped to Oldham's Mills, in Kansas City, three thousand bushels of wheat for which he received \$1.66, he having contracted it some time ago.

At the last meeting of the Board of Regents of the State Agricultural College, held at Manhattan on the 27th and 28th inst., the following proceedings were had:

Regent Gray read an article in the Commonwealth of the 24th inst., written by Professor Lee, characterizing the action of the Board of Regents, in dropping Greek from the course of study in the college and giving agriculture more prominence, as "illegal, injurious, unjust, and unworthy," and moved that the chair occupied by Professor Lee (of Latin and English literature) be declared vacant. After general discussion, the motion was, by consent, laid over for further consideration at the next meeting of the board, and the following preamble and resolutions adopted:

Whereas, An article in the Commonwealth of March 24th, read by Regent Gray, is said to have been written by Professor Lee of this college, therefore,

Resolved, That we condemn the spirit and language of the article, and denounce it as unworthy the pen of any one connected with this institution.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this board it is impolitic to sever the office of librarian from the professorship of Latin and English literature.

Resolved, That the secretary be requested to deliver to Professor Lee a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions, and to notify him that a motion is now pending before the board, for consideration at the next meeting, to vacate the chair of Latin and English literature unless due apology be made, and some positive assurance given that such an impropriety will not be repeated.

The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this board that it would be for the interest of this institution to increase the endowment fund by additional sales of land, or otherwise, so that the literary course, science of agriculture and mechanic arts may rank with those of the best institutions of the country.

The report of the Agricultural Bureau for February, gives the price of cows in Kansas for some years past, as follows: In 1866, \$27.94; 1867, \$32.11; 1868, \$29.98; 1869, \$30.67; 1870, \$37.42; 1871, \$38.46; 1872, \$30.77. Decline in the value of hogs has been very marked. In 1869, hogs over one year sold for \$12.46; under one year \$4.95; 1870, over one year, \$12.73; under one year, \$5.16; 1871, over one year, \$14.73; under one year, \$6.93; 1872, over one year, \$9.26; under one year, \$4.27. The report further shows an increase of sixteen per cent. of horses in Kansas for the month of February, 1872, over the same month last year; mules, ten per cent.; milch cows, eighteen per cent.; oxen and other cattle, fifteen per cent.; sheep, one per cent.; and hogs, twenty-five per cent.

Alfred Gray, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, has his headquarters, at present, at Wyandotte, and will soon have his annual report ready for publication.

## Telegraphic Summary.

## The State.

Construction trains have begun running across the Kansas and Missouri river rail road bridge. The celebration of the completion of the bridge takes place on the 18th inst. Special trains will be run from Chicago and other points with excursionists.

Ten miles of the Kansas Central narrow-gauge is completed. Commodore Duffee, of Leavenworth, will send an excursion steamer to the Yellowstone, partly as a pleasure trip, and partly to discover the resources of this region shortly to be traversed by the Northern Pacific railroad. Indian guides will be taken on at Fort Berthold, and ample facilities will be provided to make a thorough exploration of the country. A number of prominent men from the east are expected to join the excursion.

Tracklaying on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad between Atchison and the capital is rapidly progressing, and will be completed in thirty days. Rapid progress is also being made in the construction of the Atchison branch of the Chicago & Southwestern Railroad.

Col. D. R. Anthony is elected Mayor of Leavenworth.

H. F. Sheldon, Esq., is elected Mayor of Ottawa.

Edward Blair, Republican, is elected Mayor of Atchison.

## The Country.

A call has been issued by John J. B. Grinnell, Fitz Henry Warren, Jacob Butler, Geo. W. Field, J. H. Williamson and a number of other prominent Republicans of the State of Iowa, for a mass convention at Davenport, on April 23d, to appoint delegates to the National Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati.

Gen. Longstreet has written a letter in which he says that but for the firm hand of the present administration the future of reconstruction would be left in doubt, and that it is due to the people themselves and to the President to return him to the office that he has filled so well and with such entire good faith. This disposes of the false representation of Longstreet's reason for resigning his office.

A Washington dispatch says it is well understood among politicians there that Judge Davis will decline to run as the Presidential candidate if he shall not be endorsed by the Cincinnati Convention.

The Senate committee on public lands have agreed to a bill to encourage the growth of timber on the Western prairies. It provides that any person who shall cultivate the growth of trees for five years on 140 acres of land, on any quarter section of United States land, shall be entitled to a patent for the whole of said quarter section.

## Town Talk.

**THE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.**—The proprietorship of this establishment has been of a peripatetic character for the last few months, owing to circumstances which it is not necessary here to detail. We are happy, however, to be able to state that it is at last settled in a shape to stay and, we believe, to afford the highest satisfaction to the travelling public. Mr. William Slosson has purchased the interest of Mr. E. A. Smith, and the institution will henceforth be "run" by Mr. Slosson and Mr. Beach—the editor of THE SPIRIT continuing to hang around and get his grub there. We are confident that the present proprietors of the house are fitted for the important business of keeping a first class hotel, and that the Eldridge, under their management will be worthy of the community and an attractive and comfortable home to the unfortunates from abroad who wish to take their ease in their inn.

**ENTERPRISE.**—Many of us on the street have noticed and admired the improvements in the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express outfit since our new agent, Fred. L. Clarke has taken possession. The old dingy office was renovated and made presentable, new wagons purchased, the best team in the city secured and every thing arranged to the satisfaction of our well posted friend Clarke. Charlie Peck and George Smith, Jr., who seem to be cronies of Clarke's, intimated to us that other additions to the outfit were expected, which like the rest would be new and of the best material. They tell us now that it arrived (by express C. O. D., of course) a few days ago and is a fine boy. We congratulate our friend on the fine start he is making and hope he and the stock will long remain among us.

**HADLEY.**—Hon. Washington Hadley has once more received an expression of the confidence and regard of our citizens by being elected to the Mayoralty.

**A GOOD HOUSE AT A CHEAP PRICE.**—We understand that Major Peck of the L. L. & G., who built one elegant house for Major Ransom, is willing to let some other good man have the one in which he lives so that he may try his hand at another. This is a choice opportunity for somebody to get a splendid residence and to get it cheaper than he could build it. For Peck, though no woodenhead, came from a wooden country, and knows how to get good lumber cheap. His house was completed in June, 1871. It is a large, two story, double winged house, the first story eleven feet and the second ten feet high in the clear. The rooms below are a library room 16x16—an elegant room furnished with marble mantle and grate, two large walnut book cases, capable of holding 400 volumes—Parlor 15x16, Dining room 15x13, Kitchen 14x14, with rooms of similar size on the second floor. The house is also admirably supplied with closets, a bathing room on the second floor, front and rear hall, front and back stairways, pantries, china closets, and all the conveniences of a modern first class dwelling. The cellar is 20x30 with stone floor and good drainage. The sink room has a force pump, the well is all right, and there is a good 150 barrel cistern. The house makes a fine appearance, situated on three lots on Rhode Island street, opposite Major Ransom's, and the grounds are well ornamented with fine evergreen and deciduous trees, strawberries, raspberries, &c. The price is \$6,500, and it is cheap.

**MASSACHUSETTS STREET.**—One of the first things our new Mayor will do, we presume, will be to pull down the hideous structures called "awnings" planted in the middle of the sidewalk on Massachusetts Street. It would do no harm to have a few molasses hogsheads stored somewhere else than on the walk, and the women and children would thank his honor if he could invent some means to induce the horses to stand on the Wyckoff instead of the walk. We thought they would be satisfied with the pavement. But like some other folks who will take an ell if you give them an inch, having been provided with blocks to stand on, they must aspire to the planks.

**MR. KALLOCH'S LECTURE.**—The announcement that I. S. Kalloch would lecture, even upon the sombre theme of "Cemeteries and Epitaphs," filled the Universalist church full last night. The lecture was in Mr. Kalloch's best vein, a delightful mixture of poetry, pathos and humor. Many of the epitaphs quoted by the lecturer have not generally a place in the collections which have been published from time to time. Among these was that of the man who "went in on his muscle" all his life, and whose tombstone bore the somewhat ominous and threatening inscription, "I have gone to find Samson." The lecture was received with many marks of approval, and was heartily applauded at its close.—Lawrence Journal.

**RAILROAD TO TOPEKA.**—There seems to be on the part of some a sort of fear of the effect of a railroad from here to Topeka. We consider such a fear very narrow and poorly grounded. We do not consider it a road which Lawrence is particularly interested to help build. But certainly Lawrence is not selfish or silly enough to try to defeat it. Generous towns as well as generous men do the best in the long run. "Live and let live" is the motto for the one as well the other.

**COLORADO.**—Rev. Winfield Scott of Denver has paid us a visit this week, and made some purchases of fine stock to take to Colorado. Mr. Scott is enthusiastic about Colorado in general and Denver in particular. Aside from being a most able and useful minister, he is—as ministers generally are—an excellent judge of fine stock, and did much while in Kansas to improve things in this particular. We have no doubt he will prove as valuable a citizen of Colorado as he was of Kansas.

**THE REVIVAL.**—We infer that the great force of the remarkable revival is over, but its good effects will be long felt in the community. That thoughtful men who have felt constrained to take a higher stand and lead a truer life will hold out to the end, and that men reformed of dissolute habits will not return like the sow that was washed to the wallowing in the mire, will be the wish of every good citizen, whatever may be his creed.

**AFFECTING.**—The Lawrence Journal, speaking of the expulsion of the settlers from the Indian Territory, says:

Out of sympathy their forcible ejection was not proceeded with during the winter, and the final move has been delayed till it is time for the Indians to plant.

That is affecting. It would be such a pity if the whites should get in the way of the Indians "planting." These Indians want to "plant." Are not their well cultivated fields the observed of all observers? Is not their industry known and read of all men? We hope the whites will be sure and get out of the way "in time for the Indians to plant."

**KANSAS PACIFIC LANDS.**—It will be good news to all in search of Kansas lands and homes to learn that Messrs. Abrams, Harris and Binkley have been appointed sole agents and managers of the magnificent lands owned by the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The entire business is intrusted to them, and could not have been put into abler hands; while purchasers can find no more honorable or affable gentlemen to deal with in this country.

**BULLEN.**—Mr. Bullene has arrived home, and there are busy times in his elegant dry goods emporium. Such a stock of goods has never been opened in these parts as is now opening there. All his friends are happy to welcome Mr. Bullene back, and we doubt not that he and his partners are entering upon a magnificent business season.

**VISITING.**—J. W. McMillan, Esq., and wife have left us for a few weeks' visit to Washington, New York, and other places in the East. We miss Mac at home. He is one of the institutions of our city. And while Al and the other boys will run the Second National all right, still they and we all shall be glad when we can welcome the old man back again.

**PARROTT.**—Hon. M. J. Parrott, of Leavenworth, was in the city one day during the week. True to his natural instincts, he sought the best society of the place, thereby proving himself a natural born aristocrat. He also dined at the Eldridge House, which shows that he will live well, commercial element or no commercial element. Parrott is a good fellow, and it always does us good to see him.

**BAKER UNIVERSITY.**—President Harford proposes a short trip to the East in the interest of Baker University. He is taking hold of this important enterprise with his customary energy, and is bound to make it a success. His denominational friends in the East cannot do a better or worthier thing than to aid him.

**JUDGE LEWIS.**—We regret to note the retirement of Judge Lewis from the Police Judgeship. He has filled the position with eminent ability and admitted impartiality, and retires with the respect and confidence of the community.

**MATTHEW.**—Not the Matthew who, with Luke and John, we sometimes celebrate in wretched doggerel, but Matthew the carpenter, alias Shaw, is busy as a bee getting down the Wyckoff. More nerve to your elbow, Matt.

**IMPROVEMENTS.**—The stable of Mr. Osborne in the rear of the Eldridge House, is being pushed vigorously forward, and the improvement in that locality will be a marked one.

**WALKER.**—Hon. J. M. Walker, the efficient President of the L. L. & G. R. R., was in town last Sunday.

**A CHRISTIAN JUDGE.**—It will be noted as one of the good effects of the revival that Lawrence has just elected a Christian Judge—which his name is Jimmy.

**TAR.**—The agreeable and healthful smell of tar permeates our sanctum from the busy work in the streets on the Wyckoff pavement. We shall have a clean and beautiful town by and by.

**THE ELEVATOR AND THE RAIL ROADS.**—In consideration of the almost total failure of the Fall wheat and the necessity of the farmers sowing a greater amount of Spring wheat than usual, Major Smith is shipping Seed Wheat and Oats to farmers only, by the courtesy of the officers of the L. L. & G. and Kansas Pacific R. R., at half the usual rates, and is furnishing Seed Wheat at cost and freight to Lawrence.

## NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

## WARNE &amp; GILLET, DEALERS IN

## HARDWARE &amp; CUTLERY,

Have now in Stock a Full Line of

## GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

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

## A FINE ASSORTMENT OF RAZORS,

Silver Plated Door and Window Trimmings,

Brass & Bronze Door & Window Trimmings,

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

TACKLE BLOCKS AND PULLEYS,

MECHANICS' TOOLS IN GREAT VARIETY,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF HARDWARE.

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

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

77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

no5-1y

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

## GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

## H. H. CARPENTER,

(NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POSTOFFICE.)

## SIGN OF PRISMATIC HAT.

## HATS! HATS! HATS!

HEADS MEASURED AND HATS MADE TO ORDER.

SILK HATS IRONED.

Davies Diamond D. Shirts—The Best in the Market

CUFFS, COLLARS AND CANES.

The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

## INSURANCE!

FRANKLIN, Philadelphia. ANDES, Cincinnati. NORTH AMERICA, Springfield, Philadelphia. Massachusetts. KANSAS, Leavenworth.

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

JOHN CHARLTON.

CHAS. A. LONG.

CHARLTON & LONG,

Office Over Simpson's Bank, Front Room



## The Story Teller.

## THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

The natural scenery of Scotland is celebrated, wherever the name of that beautiful country is known. But after making all proper allowance for early prejudices, I believe that there are many parts of our own country whose scenery is inferior to none in the world. He who has stood on the heights of the Catskill, or admired the shores of our northern lakes, or wandered over the often abrupt and broken mountains which extend from Canada to Connecticut, or trod the sublime scenes which stretch along the great valley of Virginia, needs not to be informed how many and diversified are the beauties of our native land. Many of these scenes are at a great distance from each other; they have never been celebrated in story or song; they stand wild in their native dress, and too little known to be admired. I confess myself an admirer of the sublime and beautiful works wrought by the fingers of Deity, and scattered over our land; whether exhibited in the wild world of waters as they leap down the cataract, or in the majestic river as it rolls its mighty burden of waters in silence through the lofty forest, or in the swelling hills, and spreading vales, watered by a thousand rivulets.

For the purpose of enjoying some romantic scenery, on a warm afternoon in June I left the little village where I had been residing, for a solitary walk. It was in the southern part of New England, about a dozen miles from Long Island Sound. After roaming from hill to hill, now gazing at the fertile plains covered with the richest garments, and now looking at the dark blue waters at a distance, with here and there a white sail slowly moving upon their surface, I found myself among the wildest works of Nature. I had wandered over a mountain covered with timber of different kinds, so steep that it could with difficulty be climbed by seizing the bushes which grew on its sides, and now found myself in a gap between two ranges of steep mountains. Delayed on the hills in search of minerals, it was not till near sunset that I came into this gap, sometimes known by the name of "the Den." It is a fearful place, extending several miles, with high and steep hills on each side, separated just wide enough to admit a foaming stream between them, while their dark shaggy tops seemed to scowl, as if in disdain, at the waters that were dashing at their feet. The stream is dark and deep, now whirling in eddies ere it bounds and dashes over opposing rocks, and now silently and sullenly moving along, as if indignant at the obstacles which stand in its way. There was a little path along the side of the river, trodden chiefly by single persons, though sometimes passed by a team. Besides this, you could see no traces of man. The frowning pines sighed on the top of the mountains—the rocks reared their eternal breastworks—the savage stream dashed along in its pride, and all around was solitude. It was just sunset; there is an indescribable stillness attending the setting of a summer's sun, which every feeling bosom notices. He threw a veil of gold over the heads of the aged pines on the hills at my left, and sank with a stillness that seemed like a stop in the wheels of nature. It seemed as if the wild flood murmured with a less hoarse voice at this moment, and the heron on its banks forgot his screaming. I might not have remembered this moment, had it not, in a measure, prepared me for what followed.

About a mile from the entrance of "the Den," was an opening on the side of the eastern mountain, and nearly half way up its summit stood a small but neat cottage. It was in the midst of woods, save a place cleared around it for a little barn, a garden, a sheep-cote, and a little winding path which led to the door. The small habitation, the garden, &c., were not only neat and in good repair, but I noticed that they even had something like ornament; for a lovely honey-suckle was creeping over the mossy roof, and some beautiful flowers were waving in the garden. Though somewhat surprised at seeing these signs of life, I soon recollected that this must be the habitation of James Orwell, "the mountain cottager," whose character I had lately learned, and in whose history I had taken a lively interest.

James Orwell, whose house I was now approaching, was a native of Scotland. He had come to this country some fifty years before, in the hope of becoming rich. This country was then new, and he had little experience that was of any value. During the revolutionary war, he had a little shop in a village near the sea, where he traded on a small scale. He had acquired a pretty property, when the village was burned by the enemy, and in an hour he lost all his earnings. This stroke was heavy to one who had placed his whole heart upon property, and the more so, as it was unexpected. For a time he was cheered by the hope of remuneration by government, but this hope was soon dashed and he was discouraged. He gradually became morose and disgusted with mankind; and with a wife whom he had lately married, and an infant son, he retired to the lowly retreat where his cottage now stands. Here he had lived unmolested, for more than twenty years, having little to do with the world, save when he went to the neighboring village once a fortnight, to dispose of the wooden fishes which he made at home. He was unsocial and rather repulsive during all this time. But about three years ago his wife was suddenly taken sick, and in a few days died. At the time this

event took place, there was a revival of religion in the next village. The old man invited the neighboring minister to attend the funeral of his wife. It was then that the minister endeavored to soften and sympathize with him; and there are but few whose hearts will not soften at such a season. He gradually gained his confidence, and more gradually drew his attention to the great subject of personal religion. At the time of his wife's death, the old man had an only daughter with him, then about fourteen years of age. His only son had the restless disposition of his father; and at the age of fifteen had left his home and gone to sea. Before the close of the revival, the good pastor had the pleasure of numbering the hardy Orwell and his daughter among the work, and of rejoicing that these sheep upon the mountains were gathered into the fold of Christ. From this time the appearance of the old man was greatly altered. Instead of sauntering over the hills on the Sabbath, and selecting the best maple trees of which to make his wooden dishes, he was now seen going regularly to the village church, with his cheerful daughter hanging on his arm. Every Lord's day he was seen in season at his seat, dressed in his threadbare drab coat, with his silvery hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. His neck was surrounded by a red silk handkerchief; a black vest and pantaloons and a smooth, worn cane completed his dress. As the people saw how great was the change in the old man, how devout was his attention to the duties of religion, and saw his daughter sitting by him, and both mingling their notes of praise in the sanctuary, they all felt that there must be something in religion. I said that from the time of the death of his wife, the old man and daughter were both regularly seen in their humble seats on the Sabbath; but for a few Sabbaths previous to my visit at the cottage, they had both been missing; and the reason was known—because the daughter had been too unwell to go out.

Possessing naturally a slender constitution, she had of late been drooping; and people of the village who loved her much on account of her amiable qualities, all shook their heads with a sigh, and declared they feared that she was not long for this world. Her first symptoms were those of a cold; but it was soon discovered that she had a fixed cough; and the little burning hectic spot which played over her cheek in the early part of the day, told that the worm of disease was preying at the vitals. Yet this mountain floweret was wasting so gradually, that many of her friends hoped it would recover and flourish. The father looked upon the decaying form of his child, and saw that her days were marked by the finger of death, and that she could not pass their limits. From the hour of her close confinement, he scarcely left the side of her bed, as if by paternal kindness he wished to ease the last moments of the spirit which he could not detain. The daughter saw that she could not live; but she looked upon the disease which was fast conquering the body, as a deliverer who was to lead her from captivity to glory. When her father was by, she was cheerful and apparently composed; yet when he was absent, a tear was often seen to stand in her eye, as she looked out of her window upon her little garden before the house, and thought how lonely she should leave her poor father. The father, too, seemed occasionally to have the same reflections, as he gazed upon the sunken face of his child, with an earnestness that showed how much he felt.

They talked of their little earthly plans, as if each was unwilling to realize that they were soon to be separated. Thus week after week went by, every hour of which left the moments of her life still fewer, till the afternoon on which I visited them, when it was believed that her last hour had come. Thus much I knew of the inhabitants of this little dwelling, ere I entered it. On entering, I found the daughter lying in one corner of one of the two small rooms which the house contained, on a neat small bed, at the foot of which sat the disconsolate father. The good clergyman was sitting at his head. After a needless apology for my intrusion, I became a silent spectator, and felt how great was the privilege. The pastor was in close conversation with this lamb of his flock, which was about to leave him, and he was conversing about her departure. When he ceased, there was silence for a few minutes.

"Just raise my head," said the dying girl, "and let me look out of my little window once more." Then turning to her minister, she said with feeling, "Notwithstanding our troubles, there are many delights in our world. There is my poor flower garden—it will soon be grown over with weeds; there is the river—it will continue to run and murmur as if I were here. I hoped I would see the sun once more before he set, but he is already behind the mountain; then there are my two poor pet lambs, that I have fed so long—poor things, they will not have any one to love them and take care of them as I have done; oh, it is hard to leave all these—but hardest of all to leave my poor father! Oh, what will he do when I am gone; who will take care of him when he is sick, and love him as I can? Oh, my dear father, I hoped that I should do all this, and repay some of the many, many kindnesses I have received from you! But the will of God be done!" "I pray that it may be," said the old man, "though I am stripped of all my earthly comforts. But compose yourself, my dear child; God will provide for me while I stay—it will not be long before I follow you—I am almost ready to be taken. I thought that I could never meet this hour; but God gives me strength according to my day." "Your father shall never suffer," said the minister,

ter, "and God will deal kindly towards him. You are exhausted, and had better be quiet a while."

"But, father, I had forgotten one thing—it is my poor brother Henry; he may not be alive now—and if he is, he is not thinking of us. I cannot remember much about him, but I have often prayed that he might return to you in your old age—that we might both live to see him; but more have I prayed that God would make this wanderer His child. Should he ever return I wish you to give him my Bible and hymn-book—there they are, they both have his sister's name in them; tell him it was my dying request that he should read these places where the leaves are turned down; and tell him that he was made for eternity—to repent and prepare to follow me. Oh that we might all meet in heaven! Now, Mr. S., I wish you would pray with me, for I am almost gone; pray for my poor brother—for my father—that my brother who is far away, might return to him. Oh, pray that Christ would receive my soul, for I have done with earth."

The clergyman opened the Bible, and read that consoling portion of scripture which is recorded in the fourteenth chapter of John; when we knelt by the bedside, and he fervently addressed the throne of mercy.

While we were engaged in this sacred duty, the door softly turned upon its hinges, and a fine, well-dressed young man came in. He looked wild, at first, but by the time the prayer was finished, the whole scene before him was fully explained. We arose from our knees, and no one spoke. The stranger was standing and gazing in a kind of stupid surprise; he looked at the old man, and then at the daughter, and his eyes filled with tears.

"It is my Henry," said the old man, stretching out his aged arms, and unable to rise. "My father, do you live and do you remember me?" and in a moment he was in his father's arms. The sister gave a hectic sob and fainted away, but when she revived, her hand was within that of her brother. "My dear Charlotte, I did not expect to find you so sick, but we will nurse you up, and you will be well again in a few days." "You deceive yourself, my dear Henry, I have but a short time to live; but I am glad to see your face once more. Oh, I feel that I have now a new tie to bind me to earth, but it must be broken. Oh, Henry! it would be a dreadful thing to die, but for the hope that I am a Christian, and the Christian can never die. How long is it since you left us, Henry?" "It is six years this spring. You were then a little girl, and I hoped when I kissed you and my poor mother, when we parted, that we should all meet again; but one is gone, and my sister is just going, and I must still be a stranger below, and friendless." "Not friendless, Henry, if you put your trust in God; He will be your friend, and we shall meet again in heaven." "It is all the hope I have left, my sister." "It is; then are you a Christian, Henry?" "I am a great sinner and a poor Christian." "You are? Oh, Henry, how happy shall I die! But I wish you to promise me one thing; promise that you will stay at home and take care of our poor father, after I am gone." "I will." "Now," said the fainting sister, "am I happy; but Mr. S., said she, turning to the minister, "will friends in heaven know each other? It seems as if I shall want to know my brother more." "We shall all be happy and be as the angels in heaven," said the minister.

"Tell me, brother, where and how you became a Christian, for I greatly desire to know."

We all drew our chairs near the bed as the young man related the various situations in which he had been placed, since he left his father's dwelling. How he had been a very wicked wanderer, from one part of the world to another, alike regardless of home and his Maker; how at length he met with a missionary in the east, who had taken great pains to instruct him, and by whose means he had been brought to reflect on his ways and prospects. This missionary had given him a Bible, which had been his constant companion ever since. After his hopeful conversion he had made several profitable voyages, and brought home his wages to his poor parents, to comfort them in their age. He had not heard anything from them since he left the little cot on the mountain; but often, as he sat at the top of the mast, or clung to the yards, had he prayed earnestly for his friends at home. He concluded his interesting narrative with many tears, partly out of joy that he had been so distinguished by the mercy of God, and partly out of sorrow that he had found none to comfort, but his aged father. We were greatly affected at his narration, but still more so as we turned to the dying Charlotte. A smile of joy and hope was still playing over her features, but her heart had ceased its throbbings and was cold in death. She had listened to her brother's voice till the blood ceased to flow in her veins, and so peacefully did the spirit leave its tenement that we knew not the moment of its departure. We saw the body calm and placid, as if laid in slumber, while the soul had gone to its everlasting rest.

A lady, sitting in the same box of an opera house with a French physician, was much troubled with ennui, and happened to gape. "Excuse me, madam," said the doctor: "I am glad you did not swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasiness," said the lady; "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork."

An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make him holler.

When a young man of Dubuque asks a young lady to "take his arm," she gazes on him with a vacillating smile.

A provision-dealer thinks he has a right to keep open shop on Sunday, because he keeps a meat-ing house.

## L. BULLENE &amp; CO.

Inaugurate the New Year with Extensive Preparations for a Large

## DRY GOODS TRADE

IN LAWRENCE.

We are making large additions to our building, and with our increased facilities for trade, are prepared to make our house

The Leading Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods House of Kansas.

During the next thirty days we will hold a

## GENERAL CLEARING OUT SALE,

and will offer to the public unusual inducements in

ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS.

We will not now particularize, but will assure the public that

## WE MEAN BUSINESS,

And that we are offering real bargains in

EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THE TRADE.

L. BULLENE & CO.,

1011 No. 59, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

W. A. H. HARRIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

REAL ESTATE & 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, &c., for non-Residents.

OFFICE 81 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

OVER CREW AND HADLEY'S.

BURR OAK DINING HALL

—AND—

ICE CREAM PARLORS.

SEA-SIDE SALOON.

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

C. W. LAWRENCE,

DEALER IN CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS,

Oysters, Game, Fine Cigars & Tobacco,

75 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

1011 LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

H. E. TURNER,

HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets. Rear of Eldridge House. 1011



## THE WHITE MAN'S LAMENT.

I want to be an Indian,  
An Arapahoe or Ute;  
I'm tired of being a white man,  
And an unprotected brute.  
I want to be an Indian,  
A ward of the Government;  
It's the biggest thing in America,  
Except the President.

I want to be an Indian,  
A "warrior of the plains,"  
I want to wield a tomahawk  
And scoop out people's brains;  
I want to build a camp-fire,  
On a human being's breast,  
And watch his writhing agony  
With a "noble savage" zest.

I want to be an Indian,  
With a "tall, commanding form,"  
And a lousy U. S. blanket  
To protect me from the storm;  
I want to be an Indian,  
And learn the scalping art,  
And then dear Vincent Colyer  
Will come and take my part.

I want to be an Indian,  
And beg, and lie, and steal,  
With that placid sense of safety  
That a white man cannot feel;  
I want to be assured, too,  
That in the worst event,  
I'm a "pet" of Vincent Colyer,  
And a ward of Government.

I want to be an Indian,  
An Apache or Cheyenne;  
I want to bid defiance  
To the common laws of man;  
When I do a bit of arson,  
Murder, larceny, or rape,  
I want to know I have a friend  
At Washington—Red Tape.

I want to be an Indian,  
And have an agent, too,  
One who's honest like the rest,  
And pure and good and true,  
So when I do my devilment  
He may be there to tell  
Vincent Colyer all about it,  
And Horace G., as well.

But alas! I'm not an Indian,  
And my name is only BENT;  
So I till the soil by honest toil  
And swear I am content;  
But still I think an Indian—  
A ward of Government—  
Is the biggest thing in America,  
Except the President.

## FUN AND FROLIC.

**WASHINGTON'S LITTLE HATCHET.**—The latest version of the hatchet story is given by the *Chicago Tribune* as follows: Washington's parents were very particular as to little George's playfellows, never allowing any but his little cousins or nephews to visit him. One of these playfellows, and in some way connected, was one of the Custis boys. Among other cognomens bestowed upon this youth at his christening was that of Isaac. Well, Isaac and George were playing together in the orchard on the day when the historic cherry tree was disfigured. The parental Washington came along and was very much enraged to see his favorite tree cut and hacked in a very bungling manner. So he said to George, "Come here, you rascal! Who cut this cherry tree of mine?" George gazed for a moment at the riding-whip in the old gentleman's hand, and then replied: "Father, I cannot tell a lie—I cut it with my little hatchet."

**NEVER KNOW.**—A hard bit at the Virginia Legislature of last winter is circulating in Richmond. It appears that a party, who had his own reasons for making the inquiry, approached a Pennsylvania railroad man, and asked him flatly whether his company intended to spend any more money in Richmond. "No, sir; no; emphatically no," was the excited reply. "Why not?" "I'll tell you why, sir. The members of the Pennsylvania Legislature are gentlemen, sir—perfect gentlemen. You don't have to bribe but once; but (bringing his fist in virtuous indignation down upon the table) these d—d scoundrels in Virginia have no more conscience than a hog, and you never know when you are done buying them."

The late Artemus Ward used to tell the following story: While in Boston I returned in the horse cars to my lodgings. A pooty gal in spectacles sat near me, and was telling her young man how he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smiling in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Do n't I remind you of some one you used to know?" "Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conclude you ain't him."

A few weeks ago a baby was taken into a church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened. "Why, no," replied his mother; "don't you know, my son, that people are not baptized twice?" "What," returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment, "not if it do n't take the first time?"

A worthy temperance advocate who was engaged in getting up facts for a new lecture, visited a penitentiary to learn the experience of the convicts. Addressing the first prisoner he came to, a burly burglar, he said, "My friend, did whisky have anything to do with bringing you here?" "Yes, it had all to do with it." "How so?" "Why, the judge and jury who tried me were all drunk."

While passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished; and, it attracting their attention, they asked a flaxen-haired urchin near the house, if it "drawed well." Whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

A negro who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming, "Good Lord! dis yere dark-ey can't go nowheres to pray any more without being 'sturbed!'"

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying deacon to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling reply.

## "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 Rysdick's Hambletonian (the sire of Dexter). The dam of Alexander's Abdallah was by Bay Roman, he by imported Roman, out of the Pinkney mare by Old Hickory, second dam by Membrino, he by Old Membrino, he by imported Messenger. The dam of Young Messenger was Baccante (full sister to Bacchus), by Downing's Bay Messenger, he by Harpinus, Harpinus was by Bishop's Hambletonian, dam by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported Messenger, his dam Phœasant 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 no6-3m FAGLEY & SHELTON, Manhattan, Kas.

## "GOULD CLAY"

—AND—

## "LEOPOLD."

These CELEBRATED STALLIONS will be managed the coming season by Mr. W. S. WELLS, and their service can be secured as follows, by the season:

"GOULD CLAY," - - - - - \$25.00  
"LEOPOLD," - - - - - \$15.00

## "GOULD CLAY'S" PEDIGREE.

He was sired by "Cassius M. Clay, Jr.," dam by "Ethan Allen," granddam by "Imported Glencoe."  
He is five years old, and, in only six weeks ordinary driving, has trotted, without special training, inside of three minutes.

## "LEOPOLD'S" PEDIGREE.

Sire, the "Ives Colt," a famous Wisconsin horse by "Old Bell-founder." His dam was a thoroughbred mare.  
He has a record inside of 2:40 on the Milwaukee track. He is a large and sure foal-getter.  
These horses are the property of the Editor of THE KANSAS SPIRIT. Communications respecting them may be addressed to him or to notf W. S. WELLS.

## 100 BERKSHIRE &amp; ESSEX PIGS.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

BY CORA M. DOWNS.

They tell me there is to be a housekeeping department in THE SPIRIT, a sort of household corner over which I am told I shall be expected to preside, but as yet not fully understanding what I am to do, I will look about the premises a little, and "dust up," and give you a hint or two as to what kind of housekeeping you must expect, for I most assuredly intend to have my own way.

Doubtless I shall have an eye over the nursery, where occasionally I may gossip a little about children and their ways.

The kitchen—which I ought to know something about, seeing, as I do, a great deal more of its outgoings and incomings than is often agreeable—the kitchen will often be my province, I have no doubt, but my friends and I will disagree oftentimes as to the respective sauces for goose and gander. *Cui bono?* We shall never all think alike. A misguided young friend once published me as one who "idealized housekeeping!" I have never forgiven him for that! It was a cruel dig, and sometimes since, when things have gone at "sixes and sevens," when the oven would get "the contraries," and the wood was green (that comes of one's husband), and the bread wouldn't rise, and the children would turn things topsy turvy, that suggestion of ideal housekeeping comes to mind, and the first evil thing that I begin to wish for that young friend is that he may get married, and the second is that he may have a mother-in-law, and the third is that he may have the prevailing malady of hired help, and the fourth is that sometime when he sits down to write a sermon, the spectres of the kitchen and the nursery, the cellar and the pantry, may all rise at once and with gaunt faces and forms appear to his solitary vision and laugh in horrid mockery of ideal housekeeping!

We will give and take mutual hints and helps on the subject of closets and pantries. A house without a closet is like a dress without a pocket. What is one to do with one's thimble and spectacles and snuff-box and handkerchief, (and Aunt Chloe would add the nutmeg grater), when one has no pocket? And so of the thousand things that need to be tucked away, absolutely must be put out of the way, where they will be like fairies, ever ready for mortal service but out of mortal vision. What, I say, can a house be worth, that has no pockets?

And the chambers—we'll get our broom and go over them occasionally together, and we'll say how we should like to have things if we could have them just to our fancy.

That vision which THE SPIRIT evoked a few weeks ago, of the old fashioned corded bedsteads, was indeed most comical. I wonder what our ancestors would say now if they could come back to earth and keep house with bedsteads that are put together with magical celerity, and to which the woven wire mattress fits as if bedstead and mattress were run in one mould, and as one softly careers among the billows of comfort, one goes to sleep humming in silent memory the old time tune, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep!"

What is nicer than a spacious, airy chamber, all white and cool, and suggestive of clean, comforting and somnolent influences?

I should like to have that four thousand dollar set of chamber furniture that I saw in St. Louis last fall. Why not? Only think of waking up in the morning to a chime of silver bells all hidden in a miniature cathedral of gold and pearl and porcelain, that pretends to be a time-piece, and is, but not of the sort we see every day; and then to lie with eyelids half closed, in delicious idle reveries, such as only lazy people are ever capable of, and looking up at studies of carvings, sensuous Bacchantes, and sleeping graces, and flowers, and ferns, and fairies, and to slip out by and by from satin coverings into satin robes and slippers, and steal over carpets that have borrowed the patterns that the carver has wrought in the dark, rich woods, only that the carpets are alive with light and bloom, as if the sunlight and south wind had breathed over them and they had burst into flower!

And talking of flowers, what a lovely spell of weather we are having this vernal season. Everybody says the spring is backward, which seems to be a mild word for the wretched condition of things.

"It snowed, and it blew, and it thawed," seems to be the record of the weather for the days that are past.

To-night the Banshee is howling about the house, and I could almost fancy that disaster and doom is in its mournful wail. Seated before the winter comfort of a ruddy blaze, I am in no mood to talk of violet scented breezes; indeed, "I don't believe," as Sairey Gamp would say, "that there ain't no such a thing." "It is a nipping and an eager air" which whistles at the key-hole; it suggests frost and a cold morning.

So we must wait longer for the flowers.

"Oh! true things are fables,  
Fit for suggest tables,  
And the flowers are true things, yet no fables they;  
Fables were not more  
Bright nor loved of yore—  
Yet they grew not like the flowers by every old pathway;  
Grossest hand can test us;  
Fools may prize us never;  
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet forever."

But I am digressing, and not "sticking to my legitimate sphere," as that Neosho man said of me a while ago. He said I sprang up like an Amazon wielding a battle axe, and then I floundered! What a mythological, demon-like appearance he makes one take on, as things go!

What he says in such mournful numbers about

the "filthy pool," and the degrading condition of men who rather enjoy "floundering," makes me to feel sorry for mankind as a whole. I have a better opinion of the race, however, than he has, and I don't think that men, as a class, are so disgusting, even if they do go into politics. I don't see how we could very well get on without them. Like Mrs. Toodles' coffin, they are "handy to have in the house," (especially in this bleak April weather, when we need so much wood and coal.)

I rather dread the warm, clear days that may be coming by and by; for if you have ever noticed those peripatetic nuisances who sell sewing machines, and wire clothes-lines, and garden seeds, and bulbs, and Grant and Colfax pictures, and india-rubber contrivances, and spiral-elastics, and dress-making models, and patent contraptions for babies, these travellers attack the door bell at early morn and cease only with dewy eve. I forgot the "new kind of soap" man, and the "stencil plate" woman. The "new kind of soap" is said to remove anything. I can recommend it to THE SPIRIT; it came near removing all the cuticle from my hands, and will do away with the fibre of cloth about as quickly as anything except aquafortis.

Talking about soap brings us, in thought, to house-cleaning time. Heaven forbid! There will be a purifier's movement in earnest, and an Amazonian "set to" of whitewash brushes and brooms.

And now, my dear SPIRIT, it is getting late, and I have only this to say as a finale to this salutatory in the Household department. I shall expect to sweep clean; to be a severe critic when occasion warrants; and I shall keep a strict watch on the other departments of THE SPIRIT where I have no personal control. It may be that I shall occasionally gossip in my own doorway about the "tricks and the manners" of my neighboring columns.

So, Monsieur SPIRIT, be careful of your cobwebs and your footprints; and the corners. You and I will not always agree—I foresee that—and whenever I see anything about your house-keeping that I don't like, I shall give you practical hints which you may take as "home thrusts" if you like.

WEDNESDAY, April 3rd.

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

DEAR SPIRIT: Railroads have done much to disrobe travelling of its fatigues and annoyances since you and I first explored the mysteries of swollen streams and bottomless quagmires in Southern Kansas. Riding at the rate of thirty miles an hour on the L. L. & G., and feasting at such places as the Ludington House at Ottawa and the Landreth House at Humboldt, contrast strangely with the slow coach of '65 and the coarse fare placed before the hungry traveller at the then first class houses.

Your correspondent was forcibly reminded of this during a recent trip which combined both the old and new—new, in the comforts afforded by the appliances and conveniences of railroads and good hotels; old, when obliged to leave them and with a slow and worn out pony team, undertake the pleasant (?) journey from Independence to Elk Falls upon a road which was entirely strange to us, and to make things still more agreeable, wrongly directed in the start. "Follow the main road," says the accommodating individual to whom we applied for directions. "Follow your nose," would have been quite as definite when the whole country is marked with tracks or trails, apparently leading to every part of the inhabitable globe, and to a stranger, no one claiming any pre-eminence over another by reason of its plainness.

It is a pleasant situation for a stranger alone on a seemingly boundless prairie and out of sight of any habitation of mortal man, with nothing for a guide except the stereotyped "Follow the main road," to find three or four roads, all apparently "main," leading in as many directions. We stop, carefully consider, and finally start again, only to find ourselves after miles of wearisome travelling as many miles from our intended course. We retrace our steps and find our way only to lose it again at the next junction. Thus, after twelve hours of industrious driving, we reach our journey's end.

We could, however, easily have forgotten our troubles had we found the accommodations sometimes, but rarely, met with on the frontier, viz: good, wholesome and well cooked food and a comfortable bed; but when so perplexing a day ends with a most unpalatable supper and a bed of compressed prairie feathers (resin weeds), we are not apt to be particularly amiable. Such was our experience on our recent trip, and in this happy state of mind we found ourselves on the following morning. The longest lane however has its turn. Returning we were surprised to meet our old friend and neighbor, John Johnson, now a resident of Howard County. He has in one short year opened one of the finest farms in the county, and erected a first class saw mill. Our friend insisted upon our remaining to dinner, which invitation we were only too ready to accept after the experience of the previous night. There was only one thing lacking as far as we could discover about the premises to make the place all any one could desire, considering of course the very short time employed in its erection, and that was that among a large assortment of periodicals the handsome face of THE KANSAS SPIRIT did not appear. We suggested the improvement, and have no doubt that when a copy is examined by our friend that this defect will be remedied.

Having partaken of a repast which would not discredit even the Eldridge House, we departed with many thanks for our hospitable entertainment. There is but one sad thought connected with our visit at Mr. Johnson's, and that is that we never expect another invitation to dinner. He can't afford it.

Yours truly,  
R. A. H.

LAWRENCE, April 4.

## A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

The bad habits of many of our most brilliant and intelligent men are not only ruining them, but drawing thousands of the young into the broad road. It is a sad and solemn fact that a vast proportion, if not a majority of the smartest and best educated men in our country are ruled and annually carried into their graves by the fearful habits they have acquired; and which they find themselves wholly unable, after long indulgence, to break off. Boys, or at least many of them think, and probably always will think, in spite of warning, coaxing and threatening, that in order to achieve manliness they must begin by binding themselves with a chain of habits bolted and riveted round body and soul, tighter and tighter, till they awake to the consciousness that they are powerless in its grasp, and to bewail their folly in forging it. It is not always so much the fault of the young as of those who set the example. Most boys are easily influenced, and the sight of men they are taught to respect as moral and influential, smoking and drinking, does not tend to show them the demon lurking in the wine-glass, or how constitutions are shattered and enervated by tobacco. There are always men who are fools and brutes enough to encourage a precocious young gent in his desire to smoke or do worse. There is no use in advising such men, as they show a lack of something in their upper stories commonly called sense. But to any father or friend who desires to use his influence for good with a boy, don't go with a cigar between your teeth, to give him scientific reasons why tobacco will destroy the digestive organs, weaken the mind, and possibly send him to a lunatic asylum. Be sure he will watch that cigar, admire the curling smoke, and mentally resolve that he will try it and then he will know.

The consequences of the use of tobacco are bad enough, but there is no picturing the misery that follows a young life broken and young hopes blasted by the use of strong drink. It is an acquired habit, of course, although it seems as if some were born with it. But if a boy could only see when he takes a glass now and then, that it may be gaining an influence over him every moment that makes the devils that pursue men's souls shriek for joy, and that in a few years will conquer him and grind him to the very dust, making him loathe the demon that he drinks and cannot live without! Nothing in the world will make a man sink so far below the brute as liquor. It will drive men to anything. No crime is too monstrous—no wicked deed too dark and hellish—for a man driven crazy by rum. It makes him forget his friends, his soul, his God!

No precept can be effectual with the young without the good example of the preceptor. Leave to the men you would have him shun the sole right to give him the bad examples; and know that the very habits you are unwilling to give up may be influential in destroying the happiness of one you so earnestly advise and admonish to keep clear of them. The time to begin to keep temptation away is not after habits are acquired; and example is ever more potent than words with the young.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, March 25, 1872.

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## SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS Douglas County, ss. IN the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County Kansas, Priscilla Blackburn and John Blackburn, plaintiffs, and Amon G. Da Lee, defendant: By virtue of an Execution 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 27th day of April, 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 Amon G. Da Lee in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The North half of the South East quarter of the South West quarter of Section one (1) Township thirteen (13) Range nineteen (19) in Douglas County, State of Kansas, appraised at Seventy-five dollars (\$75) per acre, taken as the property of Amon G. Da Lee and to be sold to satisfy said Execution. Given under my hand at my office in the City of Lawrence, this 23d day of March, A. D. 1872.

S. H. CARMEAN, Sheriff of Douglas County Kansas.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS, } IN the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, ss. } John McNutt, Plaintiff, Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Philletus 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 9 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 Philletus 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 30th day of March, A. D. 1872.

S. H. CARMEAN,  
Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.  
Shannon & Shannon, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Two

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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	20	0	16	0	14	0
2,000	10	0	8	0	7	0
4,000	5	0	4	0	3	0
8,000	2	6	2	0	1	6
16,000	1	3	1	0	9	0
32,000	6	6	6	0	5	0
64,000	3	3	3	0	2	6
128,000	1	6	1	6	1	3
256,000	8	0	8	0	10	0
512,000	4	0	4	0	5	0
1,024,000	2	0	2	0	2	6

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 9 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent. the result would be \$16,000 in 35 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent. \$32,000 in 35 years, 1 month, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or saving the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age, \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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