

KANSAS SPIRIT

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1872.

NUMBER 13.

ALL PARTIES DESIROUS OF OBTAINING
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Are invited to call at
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THESE WINES ARE UNRIVALLED.
TO THOSE NEEDING
A STRENGTHENING TONIC
at this season of the year
THESE WINES AND OUR GENUINE
SCOTCH ALES
are confidently recommended.
The Household.
CONDUCTED BY CORA N. DOWNS.

FLOWERS AGAIN!

With a delicious box at my feet, of "all sorts" of the loveliest things from the "Gravois Nursery," or "St. Louis Winter Garden," which my husband brought in and put down with an air as if he thought I could not ask for much more in this world, and with new uncut magazines before me, and being just home from a journey, don't you think, dear SPIRIT OF KANSAS, that you ought not to expect me to take up a stupid pencil and paper and scribble inanities that are as green, no doubt, as "green things growing," but that don't grow into any good themselves, and don't stay green in memory? One of the flower men *did* remember me when he went into his kingdom. Bless him! he's a very Prince of Good Things, is Henry Michel of St. Louis, and "long may he wave!" I was in at one gate of his flower kingdom last fall. I wonder if the good Lord will give me flowers to tend in the future world? I think people who live in green-houses ought to be happy! how moist and soft and cool the air is; how fragrant the heliotropes with their soft little purplish blooms! what tender little sighs the opening rosebuds breathe, like that first love that Tennyson speaks of: "Dear as first love!" (but not "wild with all regret;" Oh no!) What spotted curious foliage-plants! as if plants took it into their heads to break out with

measles, and small-pox, and what not? and flowers all in bridal white, "snow white, snow soft, snow silent," as Gerald Massey says.

Do you suppose a gardener, one whose delight it is to cultivate flowers, could ever be a butcher? But there's no use in going into metaphysics, I know he could not; a man who could not kill an inanimate thing could hardly knock a good, honest, motherly cow in the head! but I suppose he has no conscience about worms and insects and that miserable little ridiculous "pediculus" that bothers my house plants so much. Somebody told me the other day that "flowers of sulphur" were (or was?) good for house plants.

INSECTIVOROUS.

While one is talking about creeping and crawling things, I am reminded that somebody in THE SPIRIT wants to know what will drive off cockroaches. Powdered borax, Madam, sprinkled through the closets, down cellar, in the corners, &c., will keep roaches at a distance, just as camphor gum, laid on the pantry shelves, will keep off a tribe of ants. Powdered alum in the bed crevices is said to be good to banish the miniature turtle that gets over a vast deal of ground in a remarkably short space of time; and who, when humanity and daylight discovers him, starts off at incredible speed on any number of legs, to get into his own individual crevice. Maybe he has read in classic lore what a philosopher says—"We ought not to stretch either our legs or hopes for a point they cannot reach,"—and makes up his instincts that if the point can be reached it were better reached. One reads much about the odor of good deeds, but one of these perfume peddlers, when crushed, what good deeds has he committed that he sends forth such a fragrance upon the "startled air?"

THE CELLARS.

This is the time of the year when the cellars need to be put in a thorough preparation for the warm weather coming. Whitewash, and brooms, and wire windows, and swing shelves with wire covers for cold dishes, milk, &c.—these have all to undergo the careful supervision which is necessary to the health and well being of those who eat the vegetables and other provisions which come up from below.

A clean, cool cellar, smelling of lime, is a nice place. It is not always an advantage, in this windy, dusty country, to clean the whole house too early in the spring. I believe the first week of May is quite early enough. The wind carries the dust in clouds and deposits it about picture frames and along the window sills and into the curtains. The cellars, however, are to be cleared of winter vegetables, the late apples to be sorted over, new coats of whitewash applied, &c. An air of decay or mould about the cellar may be the forerunner of disease.

A MERRY HOUSEWIFE.

I had the good fortune to visit in a family the other day, where the mistress of the household was a specimen of fat, fair and forty good health and sunshine of spirit. It seemed to me as if the whole family did nothing but laugh and grow fat. There really seemed to be no spirit of "carping care" in the house; no closet door opening suddenly revealed the least bone of a skeleton, but merriment and high spirits seemed to prevail like an atmosphere about the household. I was glad to be where the glad, merry, kind music of the heart seemed so free in its expression, and I thought if all of us could only throw dull care to the winds as did this sunny faced matron, it would not make so much difference if Jane scorched the coffee in browning it, or if Betsy did not scour the tea knives. "I am not going to set traps for gray hairs and wrinkles," said this pleasant soul; "the flowers don't work, and I am not going to slave myself to death, so that when I die, people will only say of me, 'She was a great drudge, and latterly she grew very cross and disagreeable!'"

I think that most housekeepers get worried and nervous over the thought that so much is expected of them. Husbands are exacting, children are irritable and selfish, the family sewing increases, the day is not long enough for its manifold duties, and the night yields not its proper rest. I have a letter lying before me from a friend in Chili, which says we should take a lesson from the South American ladies how to live without work. But then they

rear such enormous families of children in that country that a poor wife has her hands full without the ordinary kitchen work. They are not ambitious on small means as we are. It is the undue ambition as much as manual labor that kills us here. The body could go on like a machine till it gives out, all parts at once, but the mental strain sometimes stops it all too soon.

ABOUT EGGS.

A friend of THE SPIRIT wants to know how many ways there are of cooking eggs. I suppose there are a great many devices that culinary artists have arrived at by dint of much contriving. The ordinary and favorite ways are boiled, poached, fried, scrambled, shirred, and the various omelettes that some folks call *turned*. A nice dish is made by beating up the whites of ten or twelve eggs to a stiff froth; butter a baking dish, and turning the beaten whites in the dish, put it in the oven till it sets nicely, taking on just a delicate flush of brown or buff color. In the mean time drop the yolks softly, so as not to break them, in boiling water and as they set (do not let them cook till they are hard), drop them carefully at intervals over the baked whites and sprinkle with just a suspicion of salt. This is a pretty breakfast or supper dish.

I read lately about making bread out of sea water. I don't know what those Academicians in Paris won't be finding out next, now that they have gone to bread making, and found a baking powder in the ocean. They say the chloride of magnesium is raised to a sufficient temperature in baking to do away with the unpleasant taste, and the lightness of the bread is not diminished.

Well, well! I shall never forget how I felt when I first learned that the quality of effervescence in bread was the spirit of alcohol, which is only subdued as the bread goes through the baking process.

I forgot to say in beginning this article, that I wish all my friends would send to 107 North Fifth street, St. Louis, when they want beautiful things for their gardens.

WYANDOTTE, April 24th.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

THE FIRST OF THE JAYHAWKERS.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

In the April number of the Kansas Magazine we have an interesting article from the pen of John James Ingalls, entitled "The last of the Jayhawkers." I propose to give to the readers of THE SPIRIT a short sketch of the first of the Jayhawkers, as near as I can remember hearing it related soon after the events transpired.

In the summer of 1856, during the troubles which existed throughout Kansas, one morning before the sun was up, an individual by the name of Pat Devlin was seen entering the village of Osawatimie, Miami county. He was riding a horse or mule, and loaded with no inconsiderable amount of articles, of various character, which entirely covered his beast. A neighbor met him and accosted him in a familiar manner: "Pat, you look as if you had been out on an excursion." "Yes," said Pat, "I have been out jayhawking." Not fully understanding the meaning of the term "jayhawking," he inquired of Pat Devlin what he meant. Pat, who was a bold Free State man, replied that he had been foraging off the enemy—meaning the pro-slavery party. He then, like a true lexicographer, explained the meaning of the word "jayhawker." He said, in Ireland there was a bird called the jayhawk, which worried its prey before devouring it. From this little incident "from the reedy shores of the Marais des Cygnes," has sprung forth the familiar term of jayhawker, a term which was adopted to designate the practice which existed for many years along the border between the Free State and pro-slavery parties, of foraging one from the other.

Why should not Kansas be the originator of a new term to designate a peculiar phase of our early history? Other countries have given birth to terms which are of every day use; for example, the name "marauder," which conveys to the mind a soldier who goes about in quest of plunder. In former days there was a family of the name of Merode, famed in the history of the Netherlands; but one of its members became more successful in his exploits of making forays into the enemy's country than in his victories achieved over the enemy in

open conflict. From these plundering expeditions the term "marauder" owes its origin.

The term "jayhawker" is a rival term of similar import, and threatens to displace its old ally from the vocabulary of western phrases.

After the large influx of immigration in the spring of 1857, the pro-slavery party began to give up the contest for supremacy—their arrogance and bravado began to wane. The Free State party were inspired with new hope, and many who had left their claims in the border counties of Linn and Bourbon in the summer and fall of '56, retraced their steps in '57 and '58, to take possession of their former claims. They found them, in many cases, occupied by the pro-slavery population from Missouri, hence the difficulties continued on the border a long time after other portions of the Territory were following the avocations of a peaceful life.

The Free State party found a leader in the person of Capt. James Montgomery, a man of the keenest sensibilities, and an upright and honest man. A number of the settlers were organized into a military company, and arms were donated to them by certain liberty loving men of Boston. With these Sharp's rifles and a thorough organization—for they had their secret signs of recognition—they became a power which checked the arbitrary usurpations of the minions of slavery, and became an object worthy of the recognition of the ruling powers at Washington. As the name of jayhawkers was a term of reproach, this was given them by "the law and order party," as they were pleased to style themselves, which, in plain English, meant fugitive laws and the expulsion from the soil of all who denied the claims and demands of the slave power.

In course of time, the term jayhawkers became of general application, and not only were Montgomery and his men called jayhawkers, but several years after, when the 7th Kansas Regiment was organized, with Col. Jennison at its head, the term was generally considered as one peculiarly appropriate, from the fact that the Colonel of the regiment had been one of the lieutenants of Col. Montgomery, and consequently a true representative of the Free State men who figured during the eventful period of the border difficulties.

The strange anomaly which existed in the early history of this State, of the government casting its influence in behalf of slavery and against freedom, produced a state of things peculiarly favorable to the operations of the jayhawkers. The many grievances which the friends of freedom had suffered from the hands of the dominant party, could not be forgotten in a day; their hatred was implacable. Revenge, so natural in unregenerated human nature, sought its victims, and when they could not be found, others who were supposed to sympathize with them were unceremoniously dealt with as co-workers in the fallen cause. Men of reckless character and daring desperation availed themselves of the favorable prospect of "enriching themselves in the name of liberty," and many a Free State man was robbed and plundered by those bannermen who followed in the wake of the jayhawkers.

Mr. Ingalls, in the article referred to, gives a short sketch of a man well known and remembered in this section of country by the name of Cleveland, but whose real name was Charles Metz. This man is presented as "the last of the jayhawkers." The writer says: "He continued his exploits for some months, but was finally driven to bay in one of the southern counties, and attempting to let himself down the side of a precipitous ravine, was shot by a soldier from above, the ball entering under his arm and passing through the body." The place where Cleveland was killed was on the Potawatimie Creek, about three quarters of a mile south of the village of Osawatimie.

It is certainly a remarkable coincidence, that the place which gave birth to the name of jayhawker should also be the spot where the last of the jayhawkers met his death.

Pat Devlin was killed in the fall of the year 1869, in Aurora, Colorado Territory. He was on a drunken spree, and while riding through the streets, fired into the window of a house on Ferry street. As he was returning, he was shot by the owner of the house and fell dead. Thus the first and the last of the jayhawkers came to their death by the hand of violence—a fit reward for their daring exploits in gaining "property in the name of liberty."

The Farm.

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

BY DAYARD TAYLOR.

Well—well! this is a comfort, now—the air is mild as May,
And yet 't is March the twentieth, or twenty-first, to-day:
And Reuben ploughs the hill for corn; I thought it would be
tough,
But now I see the furrows turned, I guess it's dry enough.
I don't half live, peened up in doors; a stove's not like the
sun.
When I can't see how things go on, I fear they're badly done;
I might have farmed till now, I think—one's family is so
queer—
As if a man can't oversee who's in his eightieth year!

Father, I mind, was eighty-five before he gave up his;
But he was dim o' sight, and crippled with the rheumatiz.
I followed in the old, steady way, so he was satisfied;
But Reuben likes new-fangled things and ways I can't abide.

I'm glad I built this southern porch; my chair seems easier
here:
I haven't seen as fine a spring this five and twenty year!

And how the time goes round so quick!—a week, I would
have sworn,
Since they were husking on the flat, and now they plough for
corn!

When I was young, time had for me a lazy ox's pace,
But now it's like a blooded horse, that means to win the race.
And yet I can't fill out my days, I tire myself with naught;
I'd rather use my legs and hands than plague my head with
thought.

Now Reuben's on the hither side, his team comes back again;
I know how deep he sets the share, I see the horses strain:
I had that field so clean of stones, but he must plough so deep
He'll have it like a turnpike soon, and scarcely fit for sheep.

If father lived, I'd like to know what he would say to these
New notions of the younger men, who farm by chemistries:
There's different stock and other grass; there's patent plough
and cart—
Five hundred dollars for a bull! it would have broke his heart.

They think I have an easy time, no need to worry now—
Sit in the porch all day and watch them mow, and sow, and
plow;
Sleep in the summer in the shade, in winter in the sun—
I'd rather do the thing myself, and know just how it's done!

Well—I suppose I'm old, and yet 't is not so long ago
When Reuben spread the swath to dry, and Jesse learned to
mow,
And William raked, and Israel hoed, and Joseph pitched with
me:
But such a man as I was then my boys will never be!

I do n't mind William's hankering for lectures and for books;
He never had a farming knack—you'd see it in his looks;
But handsome is that handsome does, and he is well to do:
'T would ease my mind if I could say the same of Jesse, too.

There's one black sheep in every flock, so there must be in
mine,
But I was wrong that second time his bond to undersign:
It's less than what his share will be—but there's the interest!
In ten years more I might have had two thousand to invest.

There's no use thinking of it now, and yet it makes me sore;
The way I've slaved and saved I ought to count a little more.
I never lost a foot of land, and that's a comfort, sure,
And if they do not call me rich, they cannot call me poor.

Well, well! ten thousand times I've thought the things I'm
thinking now:
I've thought them in the harvest-field and in the clover-mow;
And sometimes I get tired of them, and wish I'd something
new—
But this is all I've seen and known; so what's a man to do?

'T is like my time is nearly out, of that I'm not afraid;
I never cheated any man, and all my debts are paid.
They call it rest that we shall have, but work would do no
harm:
There can't be rivers there, and fields, without some sort o'
farm!

TAKE ENOUGH SLEEP.

Said one of the oldest and most successful farmers
in the country: "I do not care to have my men get
up before five or half past five in the morning, and
if they go to bed early and can sleep soundly, they
will do more work than if they got up at four or
half past four." We do not believe in the eight
hour law, but nevertheless are inclined to think
that, as a general rule, we work too many hours on
the farm. The best man we ever had to dig ditches
seldom worked, when digging by the rod, more
than nine hours a day. And it is so in chopping
wood by the cord; the men who accomplish the
most, work the fewest hours. They bring all their
brain and muscle into exercise, and make every
blow tell. A slow, plodding Dutchman may turn
a grindstone or a fanning-mill better than an ener-
getic Yankee, but this kind of work is now mostly
done by horse-power, and the farmer needs, above
all else, a clear head, with all his faculties of mind
and muscle light and active, and under complete
control. Much, of course, depends on tempera-
ment; but as a rule, such men need sound sleep and
plenty of it. When a boy on the farm we were told
that Napoleon needed only four hours' sleep, and
the old nonsense of "five for a man, six for a woman
and seven for a fool" was often quoted. But the
truth is, that Napoleon was enabled, in a great
measure, to accomplish what he did from the facul-
ty of sleeping soundly—of sleeping when he slept
and working when he worked. We have sat in one
of his travelling carriages, and it was so arranged
that he could lie down at full length, and when
dashing through the country as fast as eight horses,
frequently changed, could carry him, he slept sound-
ly, and when he arrived at his destination was as
fresh as if he had risen from a bed of down. Let
farmers, and especially farmers' sons, have plenty
to eat, nothing to "drink," and all the sleep they
can take.

WIND-BREAKS.

Many a farmer's cottage and out-buildings are sit-
uated upon an eminence or prairie with no natural
protection from the cold, bleak, wintry winds—ne-
cessitating the use of a large quantity of fuel to
keep the house warm and comfortable, and much
fodder to keep up the animal warmth of stock.
Nothing will be as successful in counteracting this
influence as a belt of timber or evergreens planted
upon the windward side of such buildings. An or-
chard thus planted will not only prove highly re-
munerative, but add to the value of the premises,
and form a partial protection from the wintry
blasts.

The best shelter or protection is one or more
rows of evergreen trees planted close together;
they are almost certain to live. American Arbor
Vita (*Thuja occidentalis*) affords an excellent pro-
tective screen in a small place; but upon the prairie,
where the wind blows with terrific violence, the
Norway Spruce (*Abies excelsa*), or some one of
the Abies family, will be found hardy, and the
foliage will not die out at the bottom in a few years,
thus disfiguring the symmetry of the screen, as well
as opening a passage for winds. Either of the above
named varieties may be obtained of your nursery-
men at small expense. I would advise the planting
of the evergreen hedge a sufficient distance from
the building, so that a number of desirable fruit
trees may be planted between the hedge and build-
ing, thus affording a protection for the fruit trees,
rendering a strong growth sure, and the danger of
injury of the bud from late frosts considerably less-
ened.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

THE SHEEP.

The sheep is one of the gentlest of the animals
which God has created for the food and clothing of
man. This creature is useful to us in various ways.
Its flesh feeds us; its milk produces cheese; its fat,
besides the uses in cookery, supplies us with can-
dles and ointments and materials for soap; its wool
clothes us, and serves for bedding, carpeting and
other articles of furniture, and affords employment
to multitudes of men, women and children in vari-
ous trades, and amusement to ladies who delight in
knitting, netting and rug-work. So important are
the uses to which the fleecy covering of a sheep is
convertible, that the Drapers' Company originally
intended to adopt this motto: "No ram, no lamb;
no sheep, no wool; no wool, no woolman; no wool-
man, no spinner; no spinner, no weaver; no weav-
er, no cloth; no cloth, no clothier; no clothier, no
cloth-worker, fuller, tucker, shearman or draper."
The milk and cheese of sheep constitute in many
countries a chief article of human food. Even the
horns, which in some varieties are common to both
sexes, are useful to the button-maker, glue is ex-
tracted from the trotters, and the skin serves for
parliament, book-binding, gloves and other purposes
for which leather is useful.

VINEGAR.—The Imperial Society of Horticulture
of the Rhone suggests that, as insects which infest
plants have a horror of vinegar, this article be used
as a preventive of their ravages. It is alleged by M.
Denis, Director of the School of Arboriculture of
Lyons, that experience showed that trees sprinkled
with a solution of nine parts water to one of vine-
gar, bore fruit abundantly, while those not so treat-
ed produced scarcely any. It may be applied to
flower beds or fruit trees by a garden syringe, or a
watering pot with a fine rose.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

Kid-nappers—Young goats sleeping.

The best time to cut corn—When it aches.

A prickly pair—A hedgehog and a porcupine.

Where to find milkmen—At the "watering places."

The best household receipts—The receipts on your trades-
men's bills.Oats, corn and hay are unusually scarce in the northern
part of Michigan.Can a watch be said to be perfectly dry when it has a run-
ning spring inside?To make Rhine wine—To a pint of vinegar add a sixpence
worth of sole leather.The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a
man a bee-leaver at once.To poultry-keepers: Is there any difference between a hen
stealing and a cock-robin?The severity of the past winter has caused the death of cat-
tle in the prairies in Louisiana.A company has been formed in Fairbury, Illinois, for im-
porting horses direct from Europe.New England used to be celebrated for its fine apples, but
the State of Michigan is ahead now.The kangaroo is indeed a curious cuss. He is generally
most wide awake when he's leaping.Why is an empty cabin like a bird of the poultry class? Be-
cause it is a chancier (shanty clear).Straw-berries, pie-plant and new tomatoes are to be found
in the New York markets. Fifty cents a small and a dollar a
bite.One thousand acres of flax will be sown on Clark W. Thomp-
son's farm at Wells, Minnesota, this spring, and fifteen hun-
dred acres of other crops.Farmer—"Well, my man, and how much do you want a
day?" Irish Laborer—"Shillin' a day and you ate me, or
eighteen pence a day and I ate myself."There is a farmer in Yorkshire, England, who has a mile of
children. His name is Furlong, and he has four boys and
four girls, and eight furlongs make a mile.A certain caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descrip-
tive of what is to be seen inside, generally winds up by say-
ing, "Step in, gentlemen, step in. Take my word for it, you
will be highly delighted when you get out."

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"Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its
truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to
the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last,
may be called the best route in the West.The Line consists of the Kansas City, 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,
there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to
Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—
through cars are being run to all these points.This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern
improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars,
and no where else can the passenger so completely depend on a
speedy, safe and comfortable journey.The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query,
"How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and
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lowering their freight rates as fast as increasing business will
warrant it, to deserve and receive a fair share of patronage, and
to promote and increase the settlement of the country along its
line.
On and after January 1st, 1872, trains will run from Lawrence
and Kansas City as follows:

GOING SOUTH:

Leave.	Express.	Accommodation.	Night Exp.
Lawrence.....	11:30 A. M.	8:00 P. M.	
Baldwin.....	12:15 P. M.	8:55 "	
Lawrence.....	10:00 A. M.	6:00 "	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.....	2:22 "		12:00 A. M.
Iola.....	3:37 "		12:50 A. M.
Humboldt.....	4:50 "		1:42 "
Tioga.....	4:55 "		3:15 "
Thayer.....	5:00 "		3:22 "
Cherryvale.....	5:50 "		4:45 "
Arrive at Independence.....	6:49 "		5:52 "
Independence.....	6:49 "		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 "		6:45 "
Cherryvale.....	8:15 "		7:52 "
Thayer.....	9:00 "		8:00 "
Tioga.....	9:40 "		9:00 "
Humboldt.....	10:05 "		9:55 "
Iola.....	10:27 "		10:30 "
Garnett.....	11:40 "		11:00 "
Arrive at Ottawa.....	1:30 P. M.	8:10 A. M.	12:50 A. M.
Olathe.....	3:15 "	11:00 "	2:40 "
Arrive at Kansas City.....	3:15 "	11:00 "	4:45 "
Ottawa.....	1:05 "	12:35 P. M.	6:00 "
Baldwin.....	1:40 "	8:00 A. M.	
Arrive at Lawrence.....	2:20 "	9:50 "	

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.

Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.

All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS:

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

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

JANUARY, 1872.

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TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

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BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:

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

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

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

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

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

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for Burlington, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Flor-
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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 Fran-
cisco, 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
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BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent,
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St. Louis, Missouri.

SMITH & HAMPTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The Home.

SUMMER DAYS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, summer days, dear summer days! how sweet ye are and fair,
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes throughout the
earth and air;
When all the birds have built their nests, in loving couples
twined,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing down the wind.
The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson, white and
blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long, sweet morning
through;
The humming bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And unfledged birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.

The grandsire sits beside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks of long ago.

I ask him if these summer days are not a rare delight,
They rise so fair, and glide so slow into the golden night.
"Ah me!" he says, "I dream upon the years which used to be;
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me."

I wonder if 't will come to me—the time when I shall say,
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds will sing above my head their chorus glad and
clear,

Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear?

I wonder if I too shall sit and dream an old man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten themes;
While all the hues and symphonies of sea and sky and earth
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles, nothing worth?

Ah, no! whatever change may come, that change can never be.
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrows time can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and lose their keenest
power,
Yet when the sparrow comes and sings at early morning hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song can never cease to hear—
I know the clear, ecstatic voice will pierce my heavy ear;

And I shall see the roses blow, and note the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fire flies come;
And though my eyes may have as yet the bitterest tears to
shed,

I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because my cheek is wan;
The peach tree will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists which mournful age may bring to cloud my
view

Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious blue.
This beautiful world, which every year renews its youthful
prime,

Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build, the morning-glories
bloom.

ONE WAY TO A HUSBAND'S HEART.

Too much cannot be said or written on the sub-
ject of cooking; for life, health, prosperity and
happiness depend upon the quality of food we eat.
Many a man can trace his fallen fortunes and ship-
wrecked hopes to heavy bread, tough biscuit, and
other poor cooking. Stomachs ought to have sheet-
iron linings, to endure the burdens and insults im-
posed upon them by inefficient housewives.

Those long-faced, glum sort of people, to whom
it seems a sin to laugh and drive dull care away, are
most likely the victims of indigestion, which brings
on a multitude of diseases and makes invalids. So
a man may work and do his best to accumulate a
fortune—but if his wife does not properly prepare
his food, or, if they can afford it, see that her hired
help does it, in the midst of increasing prosperity
and bright prospects, that man is very likely to fall
sick; and when his strength is gone, the spirit of
his projects dies out, and everything sinks down,
stagnant and lifeless.

Women have a far greater responsibility in these
things than many of them like to admit or assume.
It requires very little more effort to do things well
than to botch them up. And there is a satisfaction
in knowing a thing is rightly done, which pays for
the trouble.

In all departments of housekeeping, it costs less to
be neat, orderly, and systematic, and to know just
how much butter, sugar, eggs, and flour to use on
baking day, as well as just how long to boil or roast
a nice, tender piece of meat, that it may not be
toughened, and its sweetness and nourishment
cooked away. Good housekeepers know so many
ways to save and economize, of which an unprac-
ticed hand is entirely ignorant. Experienced cooks
make delicious and inexpensive dishes of odds and
ends left over from meal to meal, which in most
households are more or less wasted. Who would
believe that the well-picked bones of a roasted
chicken, with two or three little beef bones taken
from the broiled beefsteak which was served at
breakfast, boiled two hours in about a quart of wa-
ter, will make excellent soup, good for the sick,
and tempting to the most delicate taste? Try it
and see.

Soup is strengthening, and can be made much
cheaper and easier than most people imagine. Beef
bones are just as good for soup after they have been
roasted as any, and save much expense.

There is no accomplishment for which a woman
has so much reason to congratulate herself and be
proud, as for being a good housekeeper, and the
foundation of housekeeping is to be a good cook.

Generosity towards a vanquished opponent makes our vic-
tory over him appear the more signal. Even more than this—
concessions to the defeated exalt the victor from an object of
admiration to one of love. To the fame of superior courage
or address, he thereby adds the glory of a greater magnani-
mity.

ABOUT FOOD.

Dio Lewis says:—To make the best bread that
can be made of wheat, obtain good wheat and grind
it without bolting; mix it with cold water until it
is as thick as can be well beaten with a spoon; after
it is thoroughly beaten down, put it into a large
iron pan, composed of many little ones, which must
first be made hot; put it then quickly into a hot
oven and bake it as rapidly as possible.

Indian corn makes excellent nourishment. It
contains a large amount of oil, has remarkable fat-
tening qualities, and is likewise remarkable as a
heat-producer. Rice keeps its consumers fat, but
it lacks the elements which feed the muscles and
brain.

Potatoes, both Irish and sweet, are very poor
food for brain and muscle.

Of meats, the best for heat and fat are pork, mut-
ton, lamb, beef and veal; for muscle, beef, veal,
mutton, lamb and pork; for brains and nerve, beef,
veal, mutton, lamb and pork.

In cold weather, fat meat, butter and the like will
keep the body warm; and in warm weather, milk,
eggs, bran bread and summer vegetables will keep
it cool.

There is no difficulty in a poor man's having meat
for his family every day. Take, for example, what
is called a shank of beef. The very best can be
bought for a fraction of what the dearest parts
cost. A single pound cooked in a stew with dry
bits of bread will make a meal for an entire family.

The Greek and Roman armies ate but once a day.
The common impression that tomatoes are the
healthiest of all vegetables is a mistake. If eaten
at all, it should be with great moderation, and ne-
ver eaten raw. Tomatoes have sometimes produced
salivation. Dr. Lewis knew a young woman who
had lost all her teeth from excessive eating of toma-
toes.

Pies and cakes are poisonous.

KILLING OURSELVES.

There is reason to believe that a tendency towards
physical deterioration is seen amongst Americans,
due to various causes. It is frequently remarked
by travellers in this country that there is amongst
us a much larger proportion of brain development
as compared with physical development, than in
foreign countries. Our manner of life in this new
world, the intense excitements both in business and
in professional life, the ambition to be great and the
haste to be rich, are giving us for intellectual keen-
ness, activity and power, a superiority among na-
tions; but we proportionally lose in physical en-
ergy. One may see signs of it everywhere. Meet a
man with a vigorous physique, a full, ruddy face,
a general air of ease, contentment, and good living,
and you are almost certain to call him an English-
man. See a man coming who appears like one run-
ning to a fire, thin, hatchet-faced, spindle-legged,
pale, with the fire of an over-excited brain burning
in his eye, and you may know, without asking, that
he is an American. We in this country are much
in danger of forfeiting our Anglo-Saxon heritage
of bone, muscle, physical power of every kind, and
it is quite time for us to inquire if, in our own
characteristic nomenclature, "it will pay" to sacri-
fice both body and soul in worship of the dollar.

GOLD DUST.

"Every day
A little life, a blank to be inscribed
With gentle thoughts."

ROGERS.

"A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and
write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come
unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be
secured, because they seldom return."

BACON.

Free minds make free governments. Radically, there are
but two forms of government—the despotic and the democ-
ratic; the first adapted to the imperfect stages of society,
and the other to its more advanced conditions.

The petty vexations of human life are like importunate
beggars; if you treat them kindly, they call again; but if you
spurn them from your door, they will very likely soon cease
to trouble you.

Never hesitate to engage in a noble enterprise for fear you
have no power to render it important aid. There is no pos-
ition so humble where a man may not be a benefactor in the
cause of truth.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and
persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word
is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

In a contest with a weaker party it is more honorable to
yield than to force concession. Magnanimity becomes the
strong.

To do a thing with too much care is to do it indifferently.
Done in that way it lacks the careless grace of nature.

We must yield something even to the whims of people—es-
pecially if we would have our own indulged.

A thorough scoundrel values the confidence you repose in
him only so far as it enables him to abuse it.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run
aground, little boats may pull them off.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic
too busy to take care of his tools.

Slander kills threefold—him that utters, him that is attacked
and him that hearkens.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never
confer real happiness.

It is invidious to distinguish particular men as adventurers;
we are all such.

Liberal minds are liberal even in their interpretations of
liberality.

To confide too much is to put your lemon into another man's
squeezer.

Care admitted as a too cherished guest quickly turns to be
master.

Address makes opportunities; the want of it gives them.

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ORANGE JUDS & CO., Publishers.

100 Broadway, New York.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, APRIL 27, 1872.

POLITICS AND OUR PAPER.

A good friend writes to complain that an editorial of ours a week or two since on the "Abuse of our Public Men," was in contravention of our promise to keep politics out of our paper. We have great respect for our good friend's democratic prejudices, and would not stir them up in an unseemly way, but really, upon careful reflection, we cannot see that his objections are well taken. We praised General Grant. We spoke in warm terms of the services he had rendered in the suppression of the rebellion. Our offense had this extent, no more. And does our sensitive friend suppose that we are so politically dumb that our SPIRIT cannot obey the scriptural mandate to speak well of the rulers of our people?

We want it fully understood by our rapidly increasing family of readers, that, in the ordinary sense of the term, THE SPIRIT is not, and, while we control it, never will be, a political paper. But we want them also to understand that this position will not prevent us from making independent criticisms upon public men and public measures. We shall say a good word sometimes for a Democrat, and we shall occasionally, no doubt, have a mean thing to say about some Republican, and we shall say these things when the notion takes us—but we shall say them with entire indifference to the party bearings of the subject. With all the local strifes and struggles of our distracted politics this paper will have nothing to do. But with the great national questions and contests that agitate the public mind, it will have just as much to do as our friend, on reflection, will agree with us would be proper on the part of a paper that professes to keep up with the times and do its part in the manufacture of a correct public sentiment.

In times of political controversy it must be remembered that a great deal is called politics that has no politics in it. The old story will immediately suggest itself in illustration of this idea. A zealous Whig wanted his laboring man, who was a zealous Democrat, to attend church with him. The man refused, because the parson was forever preaching politics. The gentleman disputed the proposition, and dared his man to go to church once to put the matter to a test. On returning home the gentleman wanted to know of his servant if he had not now become satisfied that his notions about the parson's political preaching were erroneous. By no means. The sermon was all politics. On the contrary, the gentleman argued, there was not a solitary word about politics in it from beginning to end. "Why," says the irate Democrat, "his very text was politics!" "The text politics!" roared the astonished Whig, "why, the text was: 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?'" "O, yes," said the man, "but I knew what he meant—he meant: 'If the Whigs are scarcely saved, where will the cursed Democrats appear?'"

That was the trouble with our friend. He knew what we meant. We spoke a good word for our much abused President. We hope to live to speak many such. But our "liberal" friend "knew what we meant." We beg of him to hold his temper. We will not trouble him much. We promise to be very good on this political matter. There are political papers enough, mercy knows. We have no desire to enter the list. But when we do happen to say something that hurts somebody's political corns, we advise them not to be quite as sensitive as their democratic friend in the incident above mentioned.

OFFICE AND HAPPINESS.

A gentleman prominent in an honorable profession in the State, referring to a rumor that he is regarded as a candidate for Congress before the next State Convention, writes us: "I have no political aspirations whatever, and would not take a nomination for Congress if tendered me by a unanimous vote of the Convention—all of which I would freely say in a public way but that I dislike to assume the attitude of declining something which has not been, and in all human probability never will be, offered me." There is a popular belief that everybody wants office; that they are immensely disappointed if they fail to get it; and that they are dreadfully depressed at losing it, no matter how long they have had it, or poorly they have used it. And there is a good deal in history, and a good deal more in life, to corroborate this belief. After Cicero had been expelled from Rome, we know what delightful letters he wrote from his country home; how he expatiated on the growth of garden vegetables, on the music of lowing herds, on the gambolling of lambs, and on the unnumbered and innocent delights and joys of rural life. But when Rome turned to him again, he was not long in bidding good-bye to his garden, his herds, and his flocks. So men ever since say they are satisfied to be beaten for office, satisfied to retire from office, but the satisfaction only lasts till there is opportunity for another effort.

So far as personal happiness, peace of mind, domestic enjoyment, and a good conscience are concerned that man is unquestionably better off who lets politics alone. When one sees how hollow is the beautiful shell, how many cares, kicks and curses, are the taxes which the successful must pay,

how multifarious and endless are the tasks imposed, how greedy are friends, how cynical are foes, surely in his better and more sensible moods he resolves never again to strive so hard for what is of so little worth. Add to all this the fact that the successful politician, unless he is rich—and if he is honest there is little prospect of that—has no home. He bids farewell to this sanctuary of the heart, when he embarks upon the stormy sea. The time occupied in the fulfillment of his official duties when abroad, and in meeting the demands of his party and constituents at home—the caucuses, conventions and campaigns—leave little time for the enjoyment of home. If there are those who have no homes to love, or having them do not love them, who regard this as mere sentiment, and the sacrifice as a song, then we do not write for such. We neither understand them nor wish to.

Ah! who can tell how sad the heart,
When absent from the home held dear;
When memory to the mind imparts
The happy scenes remembered there!
And then how sweet the thought doth seem,
That after years of toil and pain,
Our feet that have so wearied been,
Shall wander back to home again!

The truest hearts the world ever knew have been truest to their homes. Stars that have filled the world's eye have shone brightest there. What picture of him ever touches the heart like that which represents the lamented Lincoln in loving relation with his beloved little Tad? Bring forth the robe and the ring, and put them on him, not when he stands by the helm of the ship of State, and guides her over the roaring billows; not even when his hand holds the pen which by a word is to free a race and make his name immortal; but when he turns aside to home life and childhood love, as one would turn from some fevered dream to the quiet of a Sabbath day!

Still it does not follow from this that all men should always stay at home. The world is a great battle-field, and there is fighting to be done. It is an organized work-shop, and there is labor to be done. Nunneries and convents are for fools and cowards. We cannot run away from the world, if we are good for anything in it, without injury both to the world and ourselves. There is a race to be run, and lofty ambition is not satisfied with being a mere spectator. Of course there are dangers, but it is from their very crest the hero plucks success. Of course there are defeats, but the great soul is greater than its accidents, and if cast down is not destroyed. Of course there are the marks and scars of conflict, but these will witness in the end that he was not afraid to stand where the darts flew thickest. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" has been so often repeated as to become almost stale, but it contains sentiments which every young man should bind to his heart with iron bands. Where in all the range of language is there so much contained in the same compass as in these four immortal lines?

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Each of us is his own biographer, writing with the pen of his life his record on the age. We may leave only a silly or a nursery tale, but if true to ourselves we may leave a record which will be at least to some hearts, like an old illuminated manuscript, a sunny memory forever. For

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:—
Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

We recollect once hearing the late Dr. Jayne, of Philadelphia, give an amusing account of the beginning of his wonderful success in the patent medicine business—a method however which we are not recommending for the trial of amateurs, especially if they propose to try upon THE SPIRIT. He sent his advertisements broadcast over the land, and as it was easier getting them inserted than it is now, they were generally published. The rush however was not very alarming for his wonderful cure-alls, and the means were lacking to meet all the printers' bills. Whereupon the various newspapers turned to and abused him severely. He was a quack and his nostrums were a humbug. Then the medicines began to sell like hot cakes. Money flowed in, and the printers were paid out of the first installments. So of course they had to change their tactics again, and praise the Doctor. He was no quack, and his medicines were sure to cure. No consumption could withstand his expectorant; no worms could live if his vermifuge got after them; his pills, like steamers on the sound, were warranted "through by daylight!" By this time of course his fortune was made. He had got the benefit of three advertisements by paying only once, rather tardily at that.

That judicious advertising is indispensable to a first class business in this day and age is beyond question. The men who do the advertising are the men who do the business. There is Bullene who sells more dry goods than any other concern in these parts, and you will always hear from him through the papers. The other day he had a blank half column in one of the dailies, the rush of business being so great that the firm had no time to fill it up,

But they bought the space and paid for it nevertheless. Such enterprise is bound to win.

The same thing may be said of Yates, the druggist. He is yet a young man, but his affable manners, coupled with his enterprising spirit, are bound to carry him to the head. Friends of ours who have occasion to trade with him speak, without exception, in the highest terms of satisfaction. His articles are genuine, his word can be implicitly relied on, and his advertisement in another column tells something of what he is doing.

Messrs. Morris & Crandall, who have purchased the drug store of Geo. Slosson & Co., are reported to be men of practical acquaintance with their business, and publish in another column a live card to let the readers of THE SPIRIT know what they are about. Skiff, the man who has "lost his knife," is in the same room, but not at all in the way. On the contrary, while you are getting a prescription put up to grease the hinges of your mortal frame, Skiff can lubricate the machinery of your watch so that it will run like a quarter horse.

Next door to them is Rushmer, the genteelst jeweler in the mountains. He keeps the nicest things and has the most winning way about him of making you think they are nice. Nobody who visits Rushmer lacks the disposition to purchase. "Barkis is willin'," but alas! Barkis is sometimes poor. But if anybody needs anything in Rushmer's line, they need go no farther for it. He can sell as cheap as you can buy, and what he sells you will be what he says it is. There is one method of soon getting money enough to buy some of Rushmer's beautiful articles, and that is to become a steady and permanent customer of Johnny Rankins, across the way. Just deposit the money needlessly spent in the Savings Bank every week for a while, and see what a nice pile you will have to purchase a nice thing at Rushmer's. Or, if you want something of a different order, step into Ottman & Potwin's for a suit of clothes, or into Carpenter's for one of his nobby hats. There is nothing you cannot get with money, and if you read the advertisement of the Savings Bank you will see what a simple thing it is to make money.

But while a man may get along without a watch, he may wear old clothes, and sport an old hat, when it comes to the grand substantial of life, there is no dodging. Beef he must have, and flour, sugar, coffee, et cetera. By consulting THE SPIRIT he will find that Poole and Howard & Spencer can supply all his needs in these departments. The one keeps the crack meat establishment and the other the *bon ton* grocery house of this country. He must be hard to suit that cannot be suited by them.

But what would be the good of all these choice edibles without some convenient arrangement for cooking them? In old times—which some deluded souls seem to think a great deal better than our times—they got along as best they could with the great fire place and its gigantic hand irons and cranes, the latter loaded with divers pots and kettles. But now Messrs. J. M. Hubbel & Co., successors to Shimmons & Adams, can furnish a stove that will make the good wife laugh in spite of herself at the perfection of its operation. You will find Hawkins, one of the most gentlemanly and agreeable fellows in the world, there to attend to you. And what you cannot get in the line of their advertising will not be worth hunting after. But when it comes to the fine art department of the hardware business, the men for you to see are Warne & Gillett. They have the most complete and satisfactory assortment in this line that we have ever seen in the western country. We have traded with them a good deal, and it is a very rare thing that you cannot get just the article you want of them. They are gentlemanly and responsible dealers into the bargain, and a customer feels an agreeable sort of confidence in dealing with them. We spoke some time ago of a friend who found all the necessary bolts, bands and rivets to fix up his dilapidated buggy with at Warne & Gillett's. He writes us since however that the buggy, like the famous old "one horse shay," has come to grief again, and wants to know where he can get another. We unhesitatingly recommend him to our old friend Learned, who makes better wagons for the money he gets for them than any man we know of. We have had several hundred of him in the last few years, and we ought to know. And when it comes to repairing there is nothing he cannot repair, and do it so well—especially if Harry will put a few of his fine touches on it—that you cannot tell it from new. So much "about advertising" for this time.

MAD DOGS.

A rabid dog has bitten eight head of cattle and some hogs and sheep, on Walnut creek, a tributary of Salt creek, in the Solomon valley. Some of the animals bitten became unquestionably rabid and have been killed. The dog was shot by a Mr. Thompson, but unfortunately not until he had seriously bitten a Mr. Neely, mauling his left hand. Mr. Neely has gone to St. Louis for medical treatment.

Hydrophobia is one of the most dreadful scourges of the human family. The above item, clipped from an exchange, is only one of many that might be selected, showing the fearful damage being inflicted by rabid dogs. The hot season is coming on like a strong man armed, and our city authorities cannot be too alert in taking all necessary precautions against this fearful scourge. The *Iola Register* would ask our newly elected councilmen what they think the effect would be if a rabid dog should chance to come by the way of Iola and infect two or three hundred of the mongrel curs that fill the streets and sidewalks of the city.

THE BIG DRY-GOODS HOUSE OF KANSAS.

L. BULLENE & CO.

—Now offer—

TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS,

—At—

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

—The largest and most complete—

STOCK OF DRY-GOODS

IN THE STATE.

—Our Stock embraces—

EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THE BUSINESS

Adapted to both City and Country Trade.

Our facilities for purchasing enable us to sell at

THE LOWEST PRICES.

And we intend to keep at all times

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MARKET.

—Our Stock of—

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, ETC.,

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

AND WE WILL DUPLICATE ST. LOUIS PRICES.

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

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

L. BULLENE & CO.,

No. 89, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

"Absolutely the Best Protection Against Fire."

Over one thousand actual fires put out with it.

MORE THAN

\$8,000,000.00

worth of property saved from the flames!

THE BABCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

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

They are safe and simple, and a powerful protection.

The Government has adopted it.

Forty-six railroads use it.

Insurance Companies reduce rates where it is introduced.

—Also the—

BABCOCK SELF-ACTING FIRE ENGINE,

FOR CITY, TOWN AND VILLAGE USE.

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

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

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

SEND FOR "THEIR RECORD."

STODDER & STEERE, Gen'l Agents,

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

J. M. HUBBEL & CO.,

Successors to Shimmons & Adams,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STOVES, TINWARE,

Wooden Ware & House Furnishing Goods.

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

93 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

LEARNED & SON,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

154 Massachusetts Street.

Repairing, Trimming & Fine Painting
a Speciality.

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

CALL AND SEE US.

ESTABLISHED JAN. 6, 1858, IN 1853.

SADDLERY.

FINE HARNESSES A SPECIALTY.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Telegraphic Summary.

On the occasion of Mr. Kerson being sworn in as Senator from North Carolina, Mr. Thurman said that now for the first time since 1861 is every seat filled and every State represented. It is a fact upon which the Senate and the country might well congratulate themselves.

A Richmond, Virginia, special says: The Liberal Republican movement has broken down and nearly all the leaders upon the publication of their names have backed out.

A Washington special says: Mr. Logan informed your correspondent this morning that, although he considered the so-called Liberal movement in Illinois formidable, he did not believe it had sufficient strength to carry the State against the republican party.

The chair in which John Adams sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence will be sent to Cincinnati for the use of the presiding officer of the Liberal Convention.

The Irish American central reform league of New York has issued an address to the people in favor of the nomination of Horace Greasley for President, by the Cincinnati Convention.

The *Tribune* says Mr. Bartlett, counsel for Edward Stokes the murderer of James Fisk, Jr., has withdrawn from the case on account of disagreement with associates as to the management of the defence. After four months delay, Stokes has not even pleaded to the indictment.

The claimant to the Tieborne estate has been admitted to bail.

The Maryland Republican State Convention instructed the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention to vote for Grant.

Arrangements are being made by the American residents to welcome Miss Nellie Grant to Paris. During her stay a ball will be given her at the Grand Hotel.

Parties arriving at Portland from Sitka, Alaska, report great excitement in that place on account of the discovery of rich silver mines within half a mile of town, and rich gold and silver mines in other localities adjacent to the coast. The excitement was at a high pitch when the steamer left.

Baron Offenburg, the new Russian Minister to Washington, arrived in New York on the Steamer Cuba.

A dispatch from Sebastopol announces the arrival in that town of General Sherman and Lieutenant Grant and Hon. A. G. Austin, the American Minister to Russia.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

Cowley county has the new herd law in force, says the *Messenger*.

Mr. Bigger has started a chicken farm of twenty acres near Wyandotte.

The Washington *Republican* of the 19th speaks of the farmers of that section as about through sowing wheat, and busily engaged in preparing the soil for corn.

The Burlington *Patriot* says: "In the Neosho Valley oats and corn are up. Considerable spring wheat has been sown. Spring crops are looking uncommonly thrifty and the farmers are in good spirits."

The Greenwood County Agricultural Association has been organized with the following officers: Edwin Tucker, President; Robt. Loy, Vice President; H. C. Rizer, Secretary; Geo. McCrea, Treasurer.

The Independence *Tribune*, speaking of a call for a meeting of the farmers and others interested, to be held in that city on the 27th, says: "We hope our farmers generally will see that this is a made a success, and that the Fair is also a success."

The *Frederick Journal* wants to know how high this is for Kansas trees: "Mr. Holmberg informed us a few days ago that he had two year old apple trees in bloom. How's that for young? This is a fast age, but the fastest part of it is in Kansas."

The *Eureka Herald* has a note on the Greenwood County Agricultural Society: "The Association is now ready for subscriptions of stock. Much good may be accomplished by such an association, if it is generally supported by the people of the county."

The *Tioga Herald* speaks of the organization of the Tioga Township Farmers' Club. The officers are: President, I. Stoddard; Vice President, DeGroat; Secretary, A. T. McGee; Treasurer, S. Stanfield. The club meets every Saturday evening.

The Ellis Valley itemizer of the *Emporia News* says: "Our agricultural society is all right. We have received from Washington quite a supply of books, and about fifty different kinds of seeds, including some very nice spring wheat and oats, and some barley, which are properly cared for."

The Osage Mission *Journal* thinks that "now is the time for the citizens of Neosho county to organize an Agricultural Society, if they wish to hold a fair this coming fall. Let somebody take the lead in this enterprise. Neosho is one of the very best agricultural counties in the State, and should have a well organized Agricultural Society."

The *Wathena Reporter* says: "Owing to the almost total failure of the wheat crop by freezing, probably more spring wheat will be sown this season than for many years previous. Farmers dislike to buy flour, and prefer to raise spring wheat. Though not as good as the fall variety, some of it makes good, sweet, white bread. The quality of bread, after all, depends as much upon the maker, as the quality of the flour."

The Secretary of the Dragoon Farmers' Club writes the *Osage Chronicle*: "Last week the Club was made the recipient of a handsome bounty from the National Agricultural Department, in the way of seeds and public documents. The Club has been the recipient of frequent favors from the Department. These seeds will be placed in the hands of experienced farmers, from which you may expect important results."

The *Wichita Eagle* spreads itself thus sensibly on the tree question: "The tree question is of vital importance to the people of this section, and is one which we shall take occasion to urge often upon the attention of our readers. Trees and hedges are the desideratum of this valley. The successful cultivation of these will produce a wonderful transformation in the general appearance of the country; will add to its beauty and affect the climate greatly for the better. With even a very small grove upon each quarter section the improvement in the perspective, as also the influence upon the climate, would be wonderful. It has already been sufficiently demonstrated from the short experience already obtained that the growth of all kinds of timber is attended with success. The sub-irrigation, heretofore treated of, is especially favorable to the rapid growth of the softer woods. For the purpose of fuel alone every farmer would save money by devoting two to five acres to the growing of peach trees. Three or four years time would be sufficient to produce an abundance of fuel for a family, while the supply could be kept up indefinitely by simply adding the proper number of pits each successive year. Every street and sidewalk in Wichita should be bordered with trees, and the 'setting out' should not be postponed a day. Thus will we add value to our property, comfort to our homes and beauty to our growing city."

Town Talk.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

WAITING.

BY A GIRL OF TEN YEARS.

Waiting till the shadows have a little longer grown;
Waiting for the fruits of the seeds that we have sown;
Waiting for the dear ones who never, never come;
Waiting for the time when we'll join them, safe at home.
Waiting for the time when our loved ones we will meet,
Far, far above, in the happy golden street;
Waiting for our Savior to call us up on high;
Waiting for the time to bid the world good-bye.
Waiting for the time when the heavenly angels come,
To bear us far away unto our Father's home.

This world is full of waiting,
But there we'll wait no more,
When we stand before the heavenly gate,
Upon the other shore.

LAWRENCE, April 25.

THE YOUNG PIONEER.—This department of *THE SPIRIT* speaks for itself, and needs no praise from us to those who will examine it. Miss Robinson is a talented writer, with peculiar adaptation to such a department as she has undertaken. All we want now is a strong pull from the young folks for whom she is working. Our subscribers—like ourselves—are men who love to think we are in our prime, but who are really not far from the down grade of life. Still we live again in our children, and are best pleased with what best pleases them. We regard this feature of our paper then, both for the children proper and the children of a larger growth, as second to none in interest or importance. And our readers must understand that we do not secure such talent as is now employed to make up *THE SPIRIT* without paying for it. If they want us to do it, therefore, they must pay us. It is high time that all should have their subscription at the captain's office. Money makes the mare go, it is said. However this may be, one thing is certain, it is necessary to make the paper go.

THE FAIR GROUND QUESTION.—We gave a short notice in last Sunday's paper, of a meeting to be held next Saturday in the parlors of the Eldridge House, by the members of the Douglas County Agricultural Society, and others, for the purpose of discussing the matter of a fair ground. A dying struggle, as it were, is to be made to induce the County Commissioners to perform their business in a rational way. The farmers and the many others who take special interest in our county fairs, are desirous of owning a suitable fair ground, and have determined to abandon all interest in the matter unless the ground is furnished. We are not advised that the Commissioners are to meet the farmers next Saturday to talk up the matter—perhaps it will not be convenient for them to do so—perhaps there will be something to grind on that day, an axe or something else. Under the circumstances, we are certain the Commissioners should take sufficient interest in the matter to be present and see if something cannot be done at once. Are we to be cheated out of our county or district fair because of the apathy of the Commissioners?—*Lawrence Tribune*.

FRIENDLY NOTICE.—The Howard City *Messenger* has our thanks for a friendly notice:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT. I. S. Kallach, editor, Lawrence, Kansas, is one of the best of Kansas papers. Its editorials are fresh and racy, plainly telling that they originate from a source of thought and culture, and such as always benefits the reader. All of its columns are well filled with miscellaneous news, agricultural notes, bucolics, poetry, sentiment, &c. The paper richly deserves an unlimited circulation, which we hope it may have. Success to *THE SPIRIT*.

Still another:
THE KANSAS SPIRIT is a paper to which we invite the attention of our readers. It is published at Lawrence, Kansas, and is in every respect a first-class family newspaper, devoted largely to the interests of the farmer. The editorials and other matter is as good and readable as can be found in any eastern journal. We hope the people of Kansas will give it a wide circulation.—*Osage Chronicle*.

THE BEST IN THE STATE.—Our Methodist friends do not intend to be outdone. They had the best church in Lawrence in the day of it, but they have got left behind. And they are not the people to stay behind a great while. They now propose a fifty thousand dollar church and to have it done during the present season. Ten men have already pledged a thousand dollars each, and this generous subscription, added to the available property they have on hand, gives them a good "send off." May they make the race. With such men as Peter Ridenour, Col. Adams, Charley Duncan and others for drivers, they ought to come out ahead.

STEINWAY.—It is not Mrs. Starrett, but Mr. Rushmer, who sells the Steinway pianos. Everybody is presumed to know this, so our little mistake of last week will correct itself. Rushmer has the best of everything, and so of course must have the best pianos. The "sign of the big spectacles,"—fortunately for us who had been vainly trying to sleep to its music—has disappeared. But signs may come or signs may go. Rushmer goes on forever. The spectacles, the silver-ware, the fine jewelry and fancy goods are all inside, and Steinway pianos to make music for you while you look around.

THE FRIENDS.—What a sweet name that is for a Christian society! The Friends! Could anything be more appropriate or more expressive? Neither is there a more respectable Christian organization in this country than that of the Friends. It is a matter of public congratulation that they have selected Lawrence as the place for building one of their substantial and imposing churches. It is rapidly going up on a beautiful site near the residence of Hon. John Speer, and, when completed, will add another to the many attractions which make Lawrence such an attractive home for all its people.

THE WEATHER.—Well, Winter has at last got out of the lap of Spring. The old scoundrel "lingered" in that improper place, until it became a matter of universal scandal, and the force of public opinion has caused him to absquatulate. The consequence is that Spring is all tucked out with holding him so long, and has stepped incontinently out, leaving Summer in possession of the field. The last few days have brought to the mind of the fat unfortunates who "lard the green earth as they walk along," the wish of Sidney Smith that he might get out of his flesh and sit down in his bones.

HUTCHINSON.—Mr. C. C. Hutchinson has visited us this week. It gratifies us exceedingly to learn of his success in his new town enterprise. All he wants now is a paper, and somebody will do well to look the field over. C. C. is no slouch at a paper himself, and would be an invaluable help to the conductor of one. His address is Hutchinson, Kansas.

DOLLY VARDEN.—We hasten to say, before anybody else puts in the claim, that we have a Dolly Varden calf. She is a lovely little Jersey, bright fawn and white, and a perfect Dolly Varden. We claim the name, and we claim that it is the prettiest Dolly Varden in Kansas.

WANTED.—Somebody to open a decent place where Turkish or vapor baths can be furnished to order.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The Presbyterians are preparing to "arise and build." The revival has added largely to the efficiency of this organization, and a new and larger church is demanded.

LECTURE.—The next lecture in the Course at the Universalist church will be delivered by President Fraser. A rare literary treat may be expected, and a full house should greet the distinguished speaker.

DOGS.—There is one locality in Lawrence where a celebrated dogologist was barked at by actual count in a half hour's walk, by seventy-six full blooded curs, besides several mongrels. A right smart chance for hydrophobia.

LEAVENWORTH.—Our Leavenworth friends may feel flattered at the following veracious item: "Leavenworth, Kan., increased 9,050 in population, during last year, and has 1,340 more inhabitants than Kansas City, Mo.," which we clip from the *Chicago Western Rural*.

HARD PAN.—Our friend Hudson has struck hard pan so solid in his spring work that he has no time to indulge in "notes" about it. When the crops are in—and may we no hope before—we may look for a continuation of "Hard pan notes" from his vigorous and practical pen.

THAT DOG.—We are fond of dogs. But we like them in their place. And a church or lecture room is not exactly their place. The same "oudacious" little cur that yelped at us on the occasion of a recent lecture, in Fraser's Hall last Sabbath evening responding to the eloquent speaker. We knew his voice as soon as we heard it, and sympathized with the speaker, though we were glad to see that she did not seem much annoyed by it.

FROM OTTAWA.—It will be seen that we have got a correspondent from Ottawa who is on time as well as up to snuff. The other chap that we engaged down there is a trifling fellow—we know him of old and were not disappointed—and after one little spurge, he subsided. The gentleman who is now engaged to write for us regularly is not one of that sort. He is one of the "staying" kind. He is also a gentleman of character and influence in Ottawa, and we look to him for a faithful map of the busy life of that busy little burg.

ORIGINAL MATTER.—The amount of original matter in *THE SPIRIT* will, we presume, not be overlooked by our readers. In addition to the entirely original columns filled by Mrs. Downs and Miss Robinson, there is an amount of editorial work which is not put into any other paper hereabouts. Fully one half the matter since the paper started, under the head of Home and Farm has been written by the editor expressly for his paper. Perhaps, however, we should have done better to use the scissors more and the pencil less.

FUN AHEAD.—Attention, boys! James Robinson, the renowned champion rider, is coming with all his trained horses, and animals, and such various attractions as make the circus the biggest thing of the year for the boys. There seems to be an innate and ineradicable sympathy between a boy and a circus. After it is gone, he is a little concentrated circus himself for a month. Beds, chairs, pianos, and tables are his experimental theatre, and walking on his hands his normal gait. Who could deny his boy as much pleasure as the circus affords him?

FISHER.—Mr. G. C. Fisher who lectured so successfully on the "Commune" last winter, his engagements being made by the Boston Lyceum Bureau, will lecture next winter on the "Beecher Family." Mr. Fisher was European correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, during the years of 1870 and 1871, and occasional contributor to leading New York and Scottish dailies. As a writer he is thoughtful and brilliant, and his paper presentations of a subject are emphatically good. Knowing what he can do both in composition and oratory, we predict for him delighted audiences.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—The rooms of the Christian Union, corner of Massachusetts and Henry Streets, were opened to the public on Monday morning last. The rooms are pleasantly and conveniently located, and are neatly filled up. A large and well selected assortment of newspapers and magazines will always be found on the tables. We understand that a library is to be established and other attractions and conveniences added, which will make these rooms the most pleasant and desirable place in the city in which to pass a leisure hour. The enterprise is in all respects a laudable one, and, if properly conducted, cannot fail to be productive of much good.

"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 Baccus), by Downing's Bay Messenger, he by Harpinus, Harpinus was by Bishop's Hambletonian, dam by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported Messenger, his dam Phœnix 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 roader and farm horse. His color is dark iron gray. Address FOGLEY & SHELTON, Manhattan, Kas.

"BEN. WADE."

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

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

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

W. S. WELLS.

"GOULD CLAY."

This famous young Kentucky stallion was sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jr. His sire has trotted in 2:34. Gould Clay's dam is by Ethan Allen. Old Ethan is the sire of eleven horses that have trotted below two-thirty. The granddam of Gould Clay is imported Glencoe. This horse will stand for the season at \$25. Mares not in foal may be returned next season. Mares from a distance pastured and cared for.

W. S. WELLS.

"LEOPOLD."

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

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: *Hill Bound, Distemper, Poll Evil, Scratches, Fistula, Mange, Rheumatism, Yellow Water, Stiff Complaint, Heaves, Loss of Appetite, Inward Strains, Fatigue from Labor, Botis, 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.

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OUR INTRODUCTION.

Isn't this a beautiful time to begin a friendship, dear young folks? The birds are getting acquainted with each other, and why should n't we? A couple of dear little meadow-larks attracted our attention this afternoon. They were perched upon a roadside fence chatting away in a very familiar manner. Doubtless they had known each other but a few moments. Shall we not take them for an example, and make ourselves as friendly and as free as they? You are pleased with the new department we hope, and are going to try and help make it respected even by wiser heads than ours. "You" means everybody, dear young folks, wherever THE KANSAS SPIRIT with "The Young Pioneer" shall find it's way. We shall need a deal of help to carry on our work successfully. Will you not rally to our assistance? This is a capital time to begin a search for curiosities. Nature's kingdom abounds with them already. Now flowers and insects are springing into life upon the prairie and in the forest. New pets are coming to you daily. Study their habits and eccentricities, and tell us about them if they are amusing and instructive. Does the darling baby do some very funny things, or the older little brother or sister use some wonderfully cute sayings, then let us hear of them that we may spread them abroad. But be sure they are worth publishing, and be very brief, for our space is limited. This is all we have to say this time, but we shall hope to enjoy very many chit-chats with you in future; for we are yours in the sincerest fellowship,

T. R.

HANGING MAY BASKETS.

"O my! Didn't you ever, ever hang a May basket?" exclaimed Patty Payson, in astonishment. "No. What are they like and what's in them?" inquired Patty's cousin Blanche, looking mystified. "Why, they're woven of different, colored tissue paper, and they have braided bails and any amount of feathery dangles, and they're filled with all sorts of goodies—nuts and oranges, candy hearts and kisses and compliments, etc., and maybe a bit of poetry written in a disguised hand, without any name signed to it; like this, for instance:

The rose is red,
The violet's blue;
I like sugar
Better than you."

replied Patty, with a mischievous laugh.

"Where do you hang them, and what for?" still questioned Blanche.

"Pat hangs hers on Cliff Morris's door, because he's her sweetheart," explained Tom Payson with boyish candor.

"Such fun! You've no idea," said the blushing Patty, not venturing to contradict her brother.

"Fun! I should say it was—especially when kissing time comes. O-o-o!" and Tom embraced the empty air and smacked his lips with a delightful foretaste of the sweet time coming.

"Unless you happen to run 'afoul' of Tute Dallripple—eh! Tom," said Patty, jeeringly.

Tom looked sheepish and Blanche inquired curiously: "What does she do?"

"Knocks a fellow down," said Tom, in an expectant tone.

"Catching comes before kissing," said Patty, "and I shall take care that does n't happen. You'll have to run like the wind, Cousin Blanche."

"Dear me! I can't; it isn't lady-like. Where do you run?"

"Into the woods, to be sure."

"Oh!" shuddered Blanche, "I should be frightened to death. The bears would catch me and I should spoil my shoes."

Patty laughed heartily and said: "I'll lend you some 'stogies' and promise to keep the bears from eating you up. Do go, Blanche, it will be such a jolly time—better than crowning a queen or dancing round a May-pole."

Patty was right. Of all the dear delights of the merry May-time, hanging May baskets is the rarest sport. Going down into the woods in all the budding sweetness of a May-day morning to crown a queen and dance around a May-pole is a charming revel, we all know, but where is the girl and boy who would not decline the honor of being queen and prime minister themselves rather than forego the pleasure of hanging May baskets to their sweethearts in the evening time? But it takes a genuine rustic to rightly enjoy a May-night frolic, like sweet Patty Payson, who could scale a fence as gracefully as she could dance around a May-pole, and who wasn't afraid to walk alone down where the whip-poor-wills chanted their lonely night-songs, and the "moping owls" made dismal noises in the dark wood passes. Patty's cousin Blanche was a Boston girl—this is a New England story—she'd never hung a May basket, and she was afraid the bears would catch her and she should spoil her shoes. You pity her, don't you? But Patty meant to teach her how to enjoy fun.

"Dear, dear! What a fright I am. Do you suppose any one will see me?" exclaimed cousin Blanche, peering with half-laughing horror at her quaint little image in Patty's bedroom mirror. A jinsy woolsey bloomer, cavalry boots and Tom's best cap made up her costume. "No flounces or fluttering ribbons," was Patty's decree. Tom's laugh sounded roguishly through the open window. It

had a mysterious ring, as if he knew something he did n't mean to tell. The girls stole away through the gathering dusk, and Tom's voice called after them: "Good luck and narrow escapes! Us fellows'll have the race course to-morrow night."

Being leap-year, the girls were entitled to the first "run." The boys remained at home to receive compliments.

"Pat Payson, you're just in time!" congratulated a volley of suppressed voices, as Patty and Blanche joined a crowd of girls assembled in a covert retreat on the bank of Willow Brook. Tute Dallripple was there, distinguished amid the darkness for her buxom form and boisterous giggle.

"Who've you got with you, Pat?" said Tute. "The little city chit? Good gracious! I'll have to carry her on my back when we make the runs. She can't keep within ten miles of us. We'll lose her in the woods and!"

"Hush, Tute, you're mean to talk that way. She's only trying to scare you, Blanche," said Patty, reassuringly.

Tute laughed good-naturedly, and forthwith adopted Blanche as her especial charge.

Instead of going singly or in pairs, the girls had arranged to patrol the neighborhood in a squadron, halting within safe distance of the enemy's (?) quarters, while one of their number—she who claimed the resident as her sweetheart—should perform the adventurous feat of hanging the basket upon the door and delivering the signal "pounder."

"I don't understand what's up. We've given ten runs and have n't received a single chase," said Tute Dallripple, as Patty, alone and unpursued, joined the expectant girls in the edge of the woods below Cliff Morris's house.

"I've never known the boys to act so before. You don't suppose they've agreed to lie still, just to plague us, do you?" said Patty.

"It's a mean trick if they have," said Tute, wrathfully. "But we've got one more chance. If I don't bring down a hunt from old Joe Judkinses, I'll never hang another May basket."

No one but Tute Dallripple would have dared approach "old Joe Judkinses," bound on the errand which she meant to perform on this particular May night. In the first place, "it was a hard road to travel." The Judkins farm was an isolated patch of country, fortified on the four sides by a swamp, a mountain, burnt woods and a haunted house! In the next place, the paternal Joe was savagely disposed toward all May-night revelers. "As for havin' a pack of tom-boys prowl'n' round my place in the dead hours o' night, string'n' down my door latch with their nonsensical trash and routin' up my boys with their thunderin' noises, it's an imposition I sha'n't stand no longer. Jest let 'em try it once agin and they'll find out what they'll ketch." This was the threat which rumor had poured into Tute's ear that very day. Furthermore, Jake Judkins—Joe's eldest son, who measured "six foot five" and could handle the stoutest ox in the country—was reported to have sharpened the sheep shears for the purpose of shingling the head of whatsoever damsel might venture to pay her respects to him in face of all the terrors before mentioned. Now Tute Dallripple counted fifty curls—on full dress occasions—hence Jake would make a paying job of it should he succeed in capturing the fleece.

The girls were fully impressed with a sense of their comrade's peril, and Tute's May basket (dedicated to Jake) contained an extra orange and a killing necktie in honor of her doubly hazardous "run." The squadron advanced through the burnt woods as the most desirable route. They accompanied Tute some distance beyond the outskirts, and halted under cover of the darkness, in an open field.

"What will you do, Tute, if Jake should catch you with his sheep shears?" inquired one of the girls.

Tute's milk-white teeth gleamed through the darkness, and she cut the air with a neat little rawhide, which she had kept concealed until the proper moment for display.

How long the girls waited for Tute's return we will not attempt to say. Suspense lengthened the moments to an "eternity."

"She's caught, I'm afraid—yes, I'm sure of it," said one of the girls, opening her ears to listen for the sound of Tute's returning footsteps. Poor little delicate Blanche was trembling in every nerve. "We'll wait another minute, and then start to her rescue in a body," said Patty, with determined courage.

But before the minute had elapsed, the sound of rushing feet disturbed the still night air. Tute's voice, charged with suppressed excitement, sounded from the top of a neighboring knoll:

"Run, girls, run! Old Joe's Merino buck and Jake are both after us."

Like a flock of ostriches sped the girls. Blanche's tender feet became winged for the occasion, and, had they been less self-sustaining, Tute's strong arm soon offered reliable support. A sound of stamping and panting came distinctly to the girls' ears. A fence lay between them and the woods; could they reach it in time? They did, and were scrambling over, when a whistle, in which the pent up volume of an over-charged steam engine seemed to find escape, sounded from behind, and instantly the woods, toward which the girls were fleeing, became illuminated as if a myriad of jack-o'-lanterns had suddenly flashed into existence.

"Good gracious—the boys! Keep close to the fence, shift round and tack for the haunted house," ordered Tute, in a deep, strong whisper.

(Concluded next week.)

CUTTING OFF THE CURLS.

My laughing, rambling, rollicking Fred
Is getting too big and old
For his cunning, curly baby head—
I must "shingle" the locks of gold.

Twelve beautiful curls so long and fair
Round the head of my little man;
I straighten the shining, tangled hair,
And curl it over again.

It will be my lovely task no more
To comb out these pretty tresses;
I linger long, and twine them o'er
My finger with soft caresses.

Some foolish tears on the curls fall down;
Each tress seems a dear baby joy—
As the scissors clip them one by one—
Snatched out of the life of my boy.

No need of the pretty stockings now,
Little short pants and buttoned suits
Must be laid aside. I wonder how
My baby will look in "long-legged boots!"

I wonder if "papa" will know it's Fred
On the steps, when he comes from the store;
Or will he say to the sunny shorn head,
"What little stranger is at my door?"

THE "BIG DIPPER."

A little boy sat alone upon the east porch of a beautiful mansion, looking dreamily into the northern sky where the "big handle dipper" was brilliantly delineated by its seven bright stars upon the azure back-ground, and the child wondered why God—of whom its mother had so often spoke—had placed it there. But the young mind was undeveloped for the solving of a problem which had puzzled much older heads, and his form sinking slowly back against the stone column of the great porch, the tired eyes closed. Fantastic shapes flitted through his brain for a moment, and the boy was lost in dream-land. His mother came from the door soon, folded her sleeping darling in her arms, kissed him rapturously and disappeared within, while the stars in the "dipper" twinkled merrily, as though much pleased over having put the boy to sleep in contemplating their mysteries.

Years of quiet peacefulness passed, until in a moment of National danger his country called her youth to its defense; and our little boy—now grown—with a bosom-friend were with the first to spring to arms. He bade adieu to his mother, sister and to one who had long been his sweetheart, and as they stood together beneath their favorite elm—those two—in the quiet evening of a summer day, he pointed to the last star in the handle of the "dipper" and said:

"That shall be ours while I am absent. Looking at it I will know you are thinking of me; and should any ill happen either of us, perhaps our star will communicate it gently to the other."

They kissed and parted; and for a short time a little cloud was over their star.

In the depths of the enemies wild country, surrounded by dangers multiplied by the cupidity and relentless hatred of their foe, was the camp of a small but intrepid army; and before one of the tents, seated upon a log, were two young men—browned and hardened by exposure to the rays of a tropical sun. They were the youth and his friend, who two years since had parted from their homes. The same "big dipper" appeared to them in the north, that they had so often seen in their native land—only a little lower perhaps—but it seemed to them an old acquaintance, and they looked at it lovingly.

"If either of us are killed in the coming engagement," said our hero, "let us promise, whichever it may be, to come back, if it is possible, and tell the other all about the 'big dipper.'"

Their hands clasped and the promise was sealed. And the dipper, twinklingly, reminded one of his distant sweetheart.

It was the evening after a bloody day, sickening to those even who delighted to revel in the butchery of their fellow-men. The invading army had beaten the foe, but the victory was dearly bought with precious lives. The remnants of squadrons, batteries and companies had formed in line upon their parade-grounds, and the stern officers were calling the rolls, checking off solemnly the names of the killed, wounded and missing.

"Oh! my friend is dead!" cried our hero; "mangled in the last assault upon the enemies' works."

A black cross was marked opposite the name and the company dismissed.

That night, as he lay upon his soldier's bed, in the solemn hour of night, thinking of their last promise, the flap of the tent was pushed aside, and clearly defined in the moonlight he saw a spectral form. It was his friend. The figure raised one hand, and with a finger on its lips made a motion of silence. He sprang to his feet—the ghost was gone. The mysteries of the beyond could not yet be revealed.

The "big dipper" looked mournfully down on him, and seemed to pity his grief.

An old man lay dying in the same mansion where years before we had seen him in his mother's arms. The bed was surrounded by anxious sons and daughters, and one was there—soon to become a widow—whom we had seen with him in days passed, as they parted beneath the elm tree. The old man's face was whiter than the thin locks that straggled over the pillow wet with the tears of friends, but he was not unconscious.

"Carry me," said he, "in an easy chair to the

north window. I would look out."

It was a last request, and they complied.

Seated there his eyes sought out the "seven stars." All around him were silent, but a gleam of delight passed over his face, and he thought how near the mystery of the "handle dipper" was to being solved.

That was all. His wife spoke to him, but received no answer. Deep sobs of grief filled the room, and the face of the corpse, of all those there, was the only one that wore a smile.

CHARLEY'S CUTE SAYING.

Here is one of Charley's cute sayings. It has been published before, but we think it will bear repeating. We were acquainted with Charley, and have heard him make a great many funny speeches, but none quite equal to this. The dear little fellow is in Heaven now, but his wise and beautiful sayings will linger long in the memory of those who knew and loved him.

Charley's teacher had drawn the picture of a horse upon the blackboard, to be copied by the scholars. At the end of the appointed drawing time, she passed around the room to examine the slates of the little artists. Charley's slate was eagerly raised for her inspection. He had drawn the horse very correctly with this exception: it was minus the eyes.

"Why, Charley, that's well done! But where are the eyes?" said his teacher.

Charley's countenance fell. He studied over his work a moment, and then exclaimed:

"It's blind!"

"But, Charley, blind horses have eyes."

The little fellow studied again. The next instant he shouted triumphantly:

"So's mine, but they're shut so tight you can't see 'em."

THE SPIDER WEB.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 1.

My first is in joy, but not in grief;
My second is in root, but not in leaf;
My third is in hat, but not in cap;
My fourth is in knock, but not in rap;
My fifth is in bite, but not in kiss;
My sixth is in sorrow, but not in bliss;
My seventh is in oil, but not in fat;
My eighth is in weasel, but not in rat;
My ninth is in Jane, and also in name;
My whole is a man of political fame.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—NO. 1.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 2, 5, 6, 1, is a Southern fruit.
My 4, 8, 5, 6, is an article of clothing.
My 8, 9, 7, 8, 9, is a vegetable prized by the hard-hearted.
My 9, 3, 6, is a fruit with a hard shell.
My whole is something prized by all intelligent people.

WORD SQUARES.

NO. 1.	NO. 2.
1. Used in writing.	1. Profound.
2. Even.	2. The sharp side.
3. Withered.	3. An article of diet.
4. Part of the body.	4. A plague, pestilence.

Answers next week.

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FUN AND FROLIC.

"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class: "now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now, what is to be done with her, after that?" "Cut off her head and sell her to a boarding-house keeper for a *spring chicken*," exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

One of the German clothing dealers in Belfast, Maine, recently sold a man a pair of boots. A few days afterwards the man returned with them, and said he went out into the barnyard to work where it was a little wet, and the soles came off. "Nene, nene! mine friend, you did n't ought to walk round mit dem. Dey ish cavalry boots, made to ride mit."

A strong-minded woman, in referring to "The Effeminate Man," in a lecture, said: He is like a weak poultice; like a cross between root beer and ginger pop with the cork left out; like a kitten in pantaloons; like a sick monkey with a blonde moustache. He goes through life on tiptoes, and dies like cologne water spilt on the ground."

A Jury in North Carolina, after being "charged" in the usual way by his honor, retired, when a white juror ventured to ask a colored associate if he understood the charge of the Judge. "Golly," exclaimed the astonished amendment, "he does n't charge us nuffin for dat, does he? Why, I thought we was gwine to git pay."

A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and unpopular man, put the usual question, "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am!" "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing!"

The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a chase, framed an indictment, impeached a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down the law and turned carpenter.

A woman lecturer says woman's sphere is bounded on the north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, and on the west by her maiden aunt.

A client remarked to his solicitor, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments, sich as they did up letters in."

Josh Billings says that a large policy of life insurance does n't exactly make a man's corpse smile at his widow, but it helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

A young man generally gives a look of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself, and do' nt use scissors.

A foul conundrum: Why do chickens have no future existence? Because they have their necks twirled in this!

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill and yet never moves? The road.

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

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

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

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

Also the GERMAN-AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York—cash capital \$1,000,000,—and the TRIUMPH INSURANCE COMPANY, of Cincinnati—capital \$800,000.

WE MEAN BUSINESS, AND DO BUSINESS,

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

Deeds and Mortgages Carefully Drawn, and Acknowledgments Taken.

J. T. STEVENS & CO.,

Office rear room over Simpson's Bank.

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER TEN.

DEAR SPIRIT: This must be a gossip of lamentation. Jeremiah was a weeping prophet, and I must be a weeping gossip for once. For our family is just now an afflicted community. You have been apprised before now that we run to horses, so that the loss of one under ordinary circumstances would be an ordinary loss—only this, and nothing more. But the one we have lost—Lady Lykins—was a good deal more. She was one of the family. She was not for sale. She was not trading stock. She was booked for the family just as much as the baby is. And while we are far from able to bear the pecuniary loss with christian composure, still this has been nothing to the affliction in our family by the loss of "Lady." She was so good, so kind, so gentle, so intelligent, and so smart withal, that we all loved her. She was the "pet of the pasture and stall."

Most horses that we call family horses are lunk-heads. They are safe, and that is all. Now safety is an important consideration, especially when we have as high authority as the Bible was before Mrs. Wilcoxson came here, for saying that the horse is a vain thing for safety. But some other traits are very desirable. If to safety can be added speed and style—a rare combination we admit—then you have the perfection of a family horse. This was "Lady's" combination. She could trot in a three minute gait, with a long and lofty stride, and a child could drive her with a string while she was doing it.

Her sympathy to the touch or voice of woman was something the most wonderful that we have ever seen in horse-flesh. She was Annie's mare. And many a time when we have been driving her and she has pulled us till we were tired, and we could not coax her to slacken her pace, Annie has taken the reins and with a single "Whoa, Lady," her entire gait instantly changed, and she was as gentle and docile as a lamb. Her intelligence was almost human. It was far ahead of some humans we know of. In the pasture, while she might be as wild as a wild horse to a man attempting to catch her, Annie could walk up to her in a drove of horses, and lead her by a hair whithersoever she pleased. No wonder that she should love a horse that loved her so well.

"Lady" was well known and a universal favorite in Lawrence. People inquired after her between the time of her accident and death as tenderly as they would have done after any other member of our family. She had been owned by some of our best families, and we know of more than one little girl that loved her well enough while she lived to shed a tear for her now that she is gone. And is there anything ridiculous in this? A faithful horse, and a faithful dog, are two of man's best friends. There was a bitterness in Byron's epitaph on Boatswain with which we have no sympathy, but there is so much truth and sense in it, and so much that is consonant with our own feelings about our lost "Lady," that we copy it entire:

Near this spot
Ave deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of man, without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, A DOG,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808.
When some proud son of man returns to earth
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe
And stored urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been!
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole, exclusive heaven.
Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

It may be that man is not immortal! It may be that the horse is not. I believe they both are. No good and useful thing will ever die. As for the rest, death is the cheapest riddance. But can anybody tell why it is that death seems to love a shining mark in the field of his devastations, wherever it is? Does it not seem as if the best is always taken—as if we lose what we could least afford to—as if the blow falls in the least desirable quarter? Moore's verse has been quoted until it has almost become ridiculous, and a writer is liable to the suspicion of still being in his veal-age who uses it, but nevertheless here it goes again:

"O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And loved me, it was sure to die."

"Lady" has left a little orphan boy baby, a week old when she died, and she taking him away from her was one of the afflictive incidents of our story.

The little fellow had got the other side of the fence. She rose on her hind feet to jump it, and being somewhat weak in the loins, and her feet slipping from under her, she came down on her haunches, and broke her back, or at least injured it so that her hinder parts were completely paralysed. As for the rest, her great intelligent black eye was as clear as ever. She would look into the face of those she knew with an expression that seemed as if she must speak. She seemed perfectly quiet and at ease as long as any one would sit by her and rub her. As much as it hurt her to be moved, if we took hold of her head, she would let anything be done to her. But nothing could be done. Our dear, gentle, lovely "Lady" has gone let us hope to greener fields and fresher pastures. And we have this to comfort us, that she never heard from us an unkind word or received at our hands a cruel blow. Would not this be a pleasant reflection for all of us, dear farmer friends, when our faithful dumb friends and we must separate?

I. S. K.

OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPIRIT: It would be difficult indeed to find a city in our thriving State presenting a busier or more prosperous appearance than our "guide place." In addition to a large number of buildings now going up, there is scarce a residence which is not undergoing some improvement, while the quantity of trees and shrubbery set out this month is something marvelous. The new mill and elevator, located near the railroad bridge and adjoining the track, are rapidly approaching completion. The mill has been enclosed and the machinery will be placed in position in the course of a week or two, while the elevator is to be ready for the fall trade. The furniture factory has also been inclosed and will be in running order in about a month, turning out home-made articles from chairs to chamber sets. Work on the machine shops hangs fire. Some say because of a difficulty in the title to the lots conveyed by the city to the company; others because cash is short in the treasury of the latter corporation. Whichever the cause, our citizens certainly hope for a remedy, and the speedy completion of the structure.

The District Court has been in session for the past two or three days, disposing of the criminal cases of the docket. John Louis, the hero of two trials on the charge of obtaining a package of money from the express company in 1869 by personating his uncle, to whom the same was addressed, having been discharged at the second trial, was re-arrested and tried on Monday on the charge of perjury, and convicted thereof.

Outside the city, our farmers are busy in spring work. The wheat crop will not be a success. In many places it has been almost entirely destroyed, and oats planted instead. Fruit as a general thing looks well. I am told that in some localities the peach crop will be a failure.

The proposition to vote \$300,000 of county bonds to certain railroads has been submitted and an election called for. In conversation with farmers from different sections of the county, I find that the scheme is looked upon with some disfavor. Each section desires a more distinct recognition of their claims for stations than is embraced in the proposition. Peoria wishes a station guaranteed, and I am told unless the clause allowing the company the privilege of locating their station within half a mile of their place is stricken out, thus making their point a station, they will vote against the whole proposition. A similar difficulty exists in the Lane district. A petition signed by one hundred and five voters of that township has been presented to the County Commissioners to have the Topeka and Fort Scott Railroad run through the centre of the township, instead of touching at Lane, which it is understood is the intention of the managers of the road. In addition to these troubles, there is some feeling in this city as to the probable rejection of the M., K. & T. R. R. of the \$150,000 bonds proposed to be voted to that company for a road from Paola to the west line of the county. Manager Stevens having refused that amount once, it is claimed he will not now accept it. In that case Ottawa will lose the line it most needs. It is the general impression that some expression should be had from Mr. Stevens upon this subject before the election. Should this proposition be carried, and the various roads be constructed, Ottawa will be a great railroad centre, and its prosperity insured.

The riding park association will make several improvements to the track here, and efforts will be made to have several trotting exhibitions during the coming season by horses of fame and time.

The revival still progresses, and it is said that Mr. Hammond will soon be here to clinch the good work accomplished by our home pastors.

The war between the newspapers still continues, and invectives and criminations are freely indulged in. Such exhibitions are bad at all times, but worse when used for mercenary ends, as is the case in at least one instance. The principal fight seems to be between the *Journal* and *Leader*. The editor of the latter having made a profession of religion and joined the church, the *Journal* people seem determined to drive him out again. But when it comes to spicy retorts they had better let him alone.

The newly elected city officials took their seats last week, and the era of Reform has commenced. The Fire Department has been started by appointing E. H. Dimick—a very valuable man—superintendent, and will soon be in working order.

OTTAWA, April 24, 1872.

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DEALER IN CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS,

Oysters, Game, Fine Cigars & Tobacco,

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I'VE LOST MY KNIFE.

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

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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This corporation is organized under the laws of Kansas. The capital is one hundred thousand dollars, and its stockholders are liable by statute to its creditors for twice the amount of their shares, making two hundred thousand dollars personal liability. One-half of the savings deposits received will be loaned upon first mortgages on real estate of ample value in this State. The balance, except the amount necessary to be kept in the bank to meet ordinary calls of depositors, will be carefully invested in other first-class securities, such as can readily be realized upon, for the payment of deposits in case of special need. Similar investments constitute the usual and sole security of deposits in New England savings banks, and are fully and safely relied upon. When, therefore, coupled as above with so large a personal liability, the safety of money deposited is amply assured.

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

Amounts as they multiply.	Time at 5 per cent.			Time at 6 per cent.			Time at 7 per cent.		
	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days
\$1,000									
2,000	14	0	13	11	8	22	10	0	27
4,000	28	0	26	23	5	14	20	1	24
8,000	56	0	52	46	10	28	40	2	21
16,000	112	0	104	92	20	56	80	4	42
32,000	224	0	208	184	40	112	160	8	84
64,000	448	0	416	368	80	224	320	16	168
128,000	896	0	832	736	160	448	640	32	336
256,000	1,792	0	1,664	1,472	320	896	1,280	64	672
512,000	3,584	0	3,328	2,944	640	1,792	2,560	128	1,344
1,024,000	7,168	0	6,656	5,888	1,280	3,584	5,120	256	2,688

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$5,000 in 25 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 5 per cent. the result would be \$16,000 in 25 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent. \$32,000 in 25 years, 9 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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67 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

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HATS AND CAPS CHEAPER THAN EVER.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

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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 Philatus Fales, Defendants.

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

Given under my hand at my office in the city of Lawrence, this the 30th day of March, A. D. 1872.

S. H. CARMAN,

Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

Shannon & Shannon, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CITY LIVERY,

FEED & SALE STABLE,

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No. 27 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

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