

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS, APRIL 5, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 530.

How Longfellow Wrote Evangeline.
In an interview a short time ago the poet gave the following details of how he wrote his masterpiece:

Expressing preference for his "Evangeline," I ventured to say: "I see that you located the final scene of that beautiful story in Philadelphia."

"Yes, sir. The poem is one of my favorites also; as much, perhaps, on account of the manner in which I got the groundwork for it as anything else."
"What is the story, please?"
"I will tell you. Hawthorne came to dine with me one day and brought a friend with him from Salem. While at dinner Mr. Hawthorne's friend said to me: 'I have been trying to get Hawthorne to write a story about the banishment of the Acadians from Acadia, founded upon the life of a young Acadian girl, who was then separated from her lover, spent the balance of her life searching for him, and, when both were old, found him dying in a hospital.'"

"Yes, said Hawthorne, 'but there is nothing in that for a story.'"
"I caught the thought at once that it would make a striking picture if put in verse, and said: 'Hawthorne, give it to me for a poem, and promise me that you will not write about it until I have written the poem.'"

"Hawthorne readily assented to my request, and it was agreed that I should use his friend's story for verse whenever I had time and inclination to write it. In 1825 I started for Europe, and when in New York, concluded I would visit Philadelphia, and so went over."

"It was in the spring, about this time, and the country was as beautiful as it is to-day. I spent a week in the Quaker City, stopping at the Old Market House, on Third street, near Walnut. It was one of the best hotels I ever stopped at, and at that time perhaps the best in the country. It had been the private residence of the wealthy Bingham, and was kept by a man named Head. The table was excellent, and the bed-chambers were splendidly furnished and were great, large airy rooms as large as this," turning around and surveying the ample library room in which we were seated.

"It has been given way now to the demands of business, I believe, for when I was last there I could hardly recognize the place where it stood. During my visit I spent much time looking about, and Philadelphia is one of the places which made a lasting impression on me and left its mark on my later work. Even the streets of Philadelphia make rhymes:

Market, Arch, Race, and Vine,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine.

I got the climax of 'Evangeline' from Philadelphia, you know, and it was singular how I happened to do so. On the day I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high inclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write 'Evangeline,' I located the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death at this poor house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks.

"It is purely a fancy sketch, and the name of 'Evangeline' was coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor house in Philadelphia gave me the groundwork of the poem."

"The claim is that the Quaker almshouse on Walnut street, near Third, is the one referred to in 'Evangeline.'"

"No; that is not so. I remember the place distinctly. It is the old poor house I referred to which stood on the square between Spruce and Pine and Tenth and Eleventh streets."

Mr. Longfellow then took from an adjoining room a picture of the old Quaker almshouse, and explained that the spot which attracted his attention and marked Philadelphia for the final act of 'Evangeline' was not the old institution, as had been so often claimed.

A Temperance man on Temperance.

Outside of temperance and theology there is no subject that so quickly elicits indignant howls as being touched as that which miscalls itself temperance. To the men who manage and approve the temperance movement as at present conducted a single word of criticism or doubt is as irritating as a red shirt dangled before the eyes of an unreasonable bull, and suggestions of practical work for the benefit of the men who would stop drinking if any one would help them are resented as indignantly as if they were invitations to drink. A refreshing exception to this rule is the superintendent of an inebriate's refuge at Boston, who, in talking with a reporter a few days ago, pointed out the blunder of the temperance movement in very much the same language that outsiders have used. Among the causes to which the gentleman attributed the generally admitted decline of interest in the cause are lack of work by the great society known as the "Sons of Temperance," the intrusion of politics, the assumptions of religious societies, and above all, the lack of any general, intelligent, persistent effort to improve the condition of the drinking man that he will be able to resist temptation. In other words, a practical temperance worker sees the movement under exactly the same light as the

practical outsider, and admits that though it may not have too much sentiment behind it is sadly deficient in heart and pocket.—*New York Herald.*

Peace on the Rails.

Five men have signed a certain paper. Thereupon the market price of \$5,000,000,000 of securities has changed; the cost of food to 15,000,000 of consumers has changed, and the prospective value of agricultural products raised by 20,000,000 of people has been affected. These five men appear to wield an enormous power. But it may perhaps be found that, after all, they are not so much the rulers as the subjects and almost helpless instruments of events.

These five persons represent the trunk lines, whose new compact as to freight and passenger rates have been published in detail. The five roads agree to fight no more, to divide their business on the basis of the traffic of 1880, and to submit disputed questions to arbitration. A little while ago they were taking freight to the seaboard at twelve cents per 100 pounds, from Chicago to New York, and now they are charging about twice as much; but the most violent anti-monopolist in the country does not complain of the rates now established as excessive. Indeed, the lowest rate ever made in the very extremity of any railroad war, until within a year or two, was never so low as the rate upon which the companies now fix as a great advance, after a struggle of unprecedented severity. Truly, Mr. Vanderbilt appears to be right in saying that the recent struggle has taught railroad men how cheaply railroad freight can be transported. But are the railroads altogether free in the matter? Why did they make no attempt to establish that which was the ordinary winter rate until last year? They have seen a tremendous decline in charges for transportation—a decline so great, that had their business of last year been done at the rate of a few years ago, their aggregate earnings would have been greater by at least \$75,000,000. Yet no one supposes that these companies, out of mere goodness of heart and boundless generosity, voluntarily bestowed this vast sum upon the public. They were not entirely able to prevent the decline. They are not now able to restore rates to the point at which they were maintained a short time ago.

Like other kings, these monarchs of the railway world are to some extent at the mercy of events. The tremendous decline in rates was not wholly to their seeking, though it was upon their offer that freight was transported at the lowest rates. Since July last a struggle has been in progress, until recently, which many have attributed with all its losses to the personal quarrels or the private speculations of one or two men, and yet those same mere instruments of events were mighty than themselves. They have made peace, not because it altogether suited them to pocket losses and affronts, but because events did not permit them to carry the struggle much further.

The immediate cause of the railroad war of 1881 were, first, the great development of facilities for handling freight here and elsewhere; and second, the construction of new railroads designed to share the large profits realized from transportation at the old rates. In 1879 and 1880, the railroads had been extraordinarily prosperous. Thereupon shrewd men calculated that, if large profits could be earned by roads costing \$150,000,000, in transportation freight between the sea and the lakes, profits could also be realized by roads costing a third or a quarter that sum. The Lackawanna express, the Ontario and Western, and the proposed projection of a Massachusetts road across this State, were some of the fruits of this idea. But the law of gravitation is not more certain or irresistible than the law which impels capital into any branch of business which seems especially profitable. So, too, the building of elevators by the Erie and Pennsylvania, and the improvements at Baltimore and Boston, were mere inevitable consequences of the remarkable development of a profitable business in grain carrying. These things brought about, of necessity, a severity of competition in the present, and a prospect of greater competition in the future, against which managers undertook to defend themselves by a war of rates.

In the settlements thus far, moreover, the managers have been impelled by almost irresistible power. There were stockholders and creditors, at home and abroad, who demanded a cessation of strife. There were great bankers, here and in Europe, who gave notice that they would refuse hereafter to recommend the securities of companies that persisted in the strife, and some of the companies were aware that they would be compelled before long to ask new financial arrangements. In a thousand ways the whole financial world pressed the managers to put an end to the struggle which could otherwise only end in ruin.

These events teach some lessons which legislators may well study. They teach, first, that it is nonsense to suppose that a few railroad monopolists have power to make rates to please themselves. The laws of trade and finance are more powerful than all the kings on earth, railroad and other. Second, these events teach that unusual profits in any business will inevitably be cut down, in a short time, by the gravitation of new capital into that business, so that no monopoly can be maintained. Third, they teach that the irresistible force of competition, where legislation does not break its power, accomplishes

more than any Congress or Legislature could have accomplished by any act. Finally, they teach that the public has no occasion to fear the new compact which the railroad managers have made. It will either be used to give them unreasonable profits, or it will not. If not, the public need not complain. But if it establishes unreasonable rates and secures unreasonable profits, there will very soon follow a growth of facilities for transportation against which no combination can possibly sustain itself.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Young Folks' Department.

At Eventide.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Listen," said the children, "grampa is singing."

Was that singing which sounded more like the works of an old clock running down, or the melancholy creaking of an ancient door than the articulate consonance of a human voice, attuned to sweet sounds! Yet, once, when that voice rolled out its mellow notes of love and conquest, it had thrilled the hearts of those who heard it with a hungry longing for all the beautiful things it seemed to encompass and describe. Then it had belonged to a young fellow with eyes like stars, and the limbs of Hercules, and the flush of everlasting youth sat deep in his cheeks. Now, it came from the sunken and asthmatic chest of a little wizened old man, sunk far back among the cushions of an old rocking-chair—the chair that belonged to his dead wife—and the wisps of hair that hung about his wrinkled cheeks were as white as snow. But, on his shrunken and shapeless knees, as if to connect him still with the world of youth and love, was a fair, rosy child, whose sunny head was laid against the old man's heart, where she nestled lovingly in the sweet abandon of a tired, trusting childhood. It was for her the old man was singing these labored notes now, when the grasshopper was a burden, and the child, with the uncritical tastes of her years, thought she had never heard such sweet music. In front of them was the undraped window, through which they could see a crescent moon bathed in the faded flush of a departed sunset, and its attendant star, and the child clasped the old man's hand raptuously as he sang in his wheezy voice:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I w-o-o-nder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

"The poor tr-a-v-e-l-er in the dark
Thanks God for your tiny spark,
Would he know which way to go
If you did not twinkle so?"

The old man could not see a printed page held before him, but he could plainly discern that far-distant star shining in the blue sky, and the children at the door heard him telling Mabel he was the poor traveler in the dark, and the star would show him which way to go. Then the feeble old voice piped up with that most fascinating rhyme:

"A ship-a-ship-a-sailing,
A sailing on the sea,
And it was deeply laden
With pretty things for me."

"There were raisins in the cabin,
And almonds in the hold,
The sails were made of sat-in
And the mast it was of gold."

This was followed by a livelier strain, to which Grandpa kept time with his slippered foot:

"London bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lea;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady."

"How shall we build it up again?
Dance over, my Lady Lea, etc."

The child could not know that the singer would rather have sung the saddest funeral hymn, but that great love for her conquered, and brought his feeble mind out of a world of graves and shadows to do her bidding, so she put one dimpled hand up with a caressing motion, and patted his thin cheek, and nestled closer to him, as she whispered, in a voice of entreaty, "Now, grandpa, the 'Babes in the Woods,' and the old man cleared his voice a great many times to make it more impressive, and began in a tragic melody:

"My dear, do you know
That a long time ago,
Two dear little children whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away,
One fine summer day,
And lost in the woods, so I've heard people say."

And when it was night
How sad was their plight;
The moon did not shine, and the stars gave no light,
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they laid down and died."

"And when they were dead,
Two robins so red,
Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread,
And sang them this song
All the day long;
'Poor babes in the wood; poor babes in the wood,'"

Oh, don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

As the quivering voice rose and fell in its weird intonations, the children at the door were awed into silence by its sad complaining, but Mabel only lifted grateful eyes, shining in misty sleepiness, and whispered caressingly, "More, grandpa," but he was wandering in the past now, in his own young world, and he sang snatches of quaint hymns, and the airs of long forgotten songs, sad refrains that were full of heart hunger and pain. But it seemed stronger, almost like the voice of a young man, as he troiled forth in soft, pathetic notes:

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
When the flower is' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree."

The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree,
It's hame, an' it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countree."

The children stole away subdued and awed by the change in the old man's voice, and told their mother "grappa could sing splendid." Mabel fell sound asleep, to dream she was a lost babe in the wood; the moon and its pale, cold star went down softly over the western horizon, and dissolved in a sea of amethyst splendor, and grandpa, with his dear old head laid back on the cushions, and still clasping his little Mabel to his heart, had gone "Hame to his ain countree!"

A Puzzle.

A farmer and his wife, a grocer and his mother had three silver dollars, three half dollars, and three quarter dollars to divide equally without breaking any of the pieces. How were they to do it?

Enigma.

'Twas whispered in heaven and muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
'Twas seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;
'Twill be found in the spheres when riven asunder;

'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his home and the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.

In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found.

Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned,
It softens the heart; and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear;
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
O, breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour.

Who will guess this enigma and tell us its author?
J. S. B.

Correspondence "Young Folks' Department."

MR. EDITOR: I am a little girl eight years old. Papa takes the SPIRIT and likes it very well. I do not go to school now, but will when it commences. I study reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. I have three sisters and four brothers. The little boys and girls tell what pets they have; we have none but three canary birds. I can knit, sew, sweep, wash dishes, and play too. I will close, as this is my first attempt. MAY GOOD. LENEXA, Kas., March 26, 1882.

Correspondence "Young Folks' Department."

MR. EDITOR:—This is the first time that I ever wrote to your paper, so you must not expect much this time. This winter is the first that I ever went to school. I study reading and geography. We all liked our teacher. I will tell you how many hawks we caught this winter and last winter. Last winter we caught twenty-two hawks, and this winter eighteen, and two prairie eagles. If any of the little readers of this paper want to know how we caught them let me know, and I will tell them the next time I write. We have ten little chickens. I will close by sending a riddle. There is a big red thing down in the meadow; it eats and eats and never gets full. Yours truly, FRANK UBER. LYNDON, KANSAS.

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LONGFELLOW.

'Twas but a few brief days ago, so proud
We were of thy long life and what it bore;
And now, for all that wealth of praise, the shroud,
And hearts all hushed, since they thy loss deplore;

For swiftness glowing sunset dies in gloom,
Thy-flashing brightness darkens in the tomb,
And we that gazed in rapture and delight
Now stand bereft of that inspiring sight!
Yet no! thy years were long, thy song was sweet,
And welcome now from all who heard its strain;

As birds our own New England woodlands greet,
So came to us thy pleasant glad refrain,
And while the seasons come with flowers and song,
Our minstrel shall their happiness prolong.

—[William Branton, in Christian Register.]

CONVERSATION AND LETTER WRITING.

"These journeyings reveal to me the state of the people. They make plain the need of a simpler priesthood, a ministry at the field, road, fire-side, bed-side, at tables, in families, neighborhoods, wherever man meets man truly. Now all ministries are aloof from human needs. Societies, senates, preaching, teaching, conversation, play ignobly with men's hearts—and there is no great and sincere intercourse—souls do not meet; and man, woman, child, bewail their solitude. Sincerity in thought and speech can redeem man from this exile and restore confidence into his relations. We must come to the simplest intercourse, to conversation and the epistle. These are most potent agencies—the reformers of the world. The thought and desires of men wait not thereby the tardy and complex agencies of the book-seller's favor, printer's type, or reader's chances, but are sped forth with far and wide, by these nimble Mercuries. Christianity was published solely by lip and pen, and the Christian documents, the entire literature of this great fact, is comprised in a few brief fragments of the life and sayings of Jesus and the epistles of his immediate adherents. And thus shall the new life and new ideas find currency in our time and win the people to themselves."

Who is the author of the above sentiments? "Duties of Women" to the first person who will tell me will be sent free. Address John S. Brown.

FREE TRADE.

The New York Herald gives this short but pithy sermon:

Butter from Holstein, cabbages from Germany, and now potatoes from Scotland—this is the alarming report of those whose business it is to note the record of our importations. We submit to the statesmen of the protection school that three great American industries—cabbages, butter, and potatoes—are seriously threatened by the pauper labor of Europe and that steps should be taken immediately to save them from destruction. A good stiff duty should be imposed at once. The imposition of say one hundred and fifty per cent. would exclude the foreign products from our products and double the price of the native articles. In this way the possessor of a potato patch might become a millionaire in a short time.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all kinds of skin eruptions. This salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Barber Bros.

The Turner Raspberry.

THE TURNER RASPBERRY plants for sale by E. A. Colman, Lawrence, Kansas, at \$1 per hundred or twenty cents per dozen delivered at Lawrence packed for shipping. The Turner is a red raspberry.

Neighboring Correspondence.

WHO WROTE IT?

In looking over a chest of old papers at his house a few days since, Capt. W. O. Hubbell found the following manuscript. He knows nothing about who was its author or when it was written. The scrap of history it gives will be of interest to everybody. The appearance of the paper would lead to the belief that the manuscript was very old. If any of our readers can throw any light on the subject we should be glad to hear from them:

A PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF "KANSAS-TRAITORS," BY A TRAITOR.

On Wednesday, the 21st of May, I received a message from Lawrence to the effect that a large company of "Border Ruffians" were congregating near that place for the purpose of destroying the town. I immediately mounted a horse and rode ten miles up the creek, and aroised the "Pottawatomies," and by six o'clock in the evening thirty-four men, armed and equipped, met at the rendezvous at the junction of the Osawatomie road, with the California road. The "Marion Rifles" and "Pomeroy Guards" from Osawatomie were to meet us here by agreement, but instead of a company of men only two came, and reported that another messenger from Lawrence had arrived, who contradicted the former report, and the Osawatomie companies would await further orders; the "Pottawatomies," however, agreed to push on to Lawrence and ascertain for themselves the facts of the case.

Accordingly, we moved on to Middle Creek and camped for supper and rested till midnight, when we struck our tents and moved on, crossing Middle Creek and the Marias des Cygnes with difficulty, on account of the high water. When about half way between the Marias des Cygne and Ottawa Creeks we met a messenger from the vicinity of Lawrence who reported that the "Border Ruffians" had taken the town and razed it to the ground. This startling news was received in silence by the company; then the word "onward" was passed along the line, and vengeance was written in the liniments of every countenance.

We pushed on and arrived at Ottawa Creek at break of day. Here we halted a few minutes to break our fast, and bait our horses. In the meantime a messenger was dispatched to Osawatomie to arouse the settlers. After resting a few minutes we pushed on to Prairie City, where we learned that there was no organized Free State force in Lawrence and that the "Border Ruffians" were in possession of Blanton's Bridge and assembled in force at Lecompton. We concluded to encamp at Prairie City, where we were joined by Company C., of Kansas Volunteers, under command of Capt. Shores.

On the 23d we were joined by the Pomeroy Guards, Capt. Dayton. Here we heard that Gov. Robinson was on his way from Westport to Lecompton, a prisoner, guarded by a company of "Border Ruffians." We immediately struck our tents, and moved to Palmyra, where we were joined by the "Marion Rifles," Capt. Updegraff, which increased our force to about 130 fighting men.

On the 24th Capt. Brown, of the "Potawatomie Rifles," with a scouting party, went into Leavenworth. Upon his return he reported that the Free State Hotel and Governor Robinson's house had been burned and the two printing presses destroyed and the own sacked according to "law and order" by a posse of South Carolinians, Georgians, and "Border Ruffians," headed by United States Marshal Donaldson and Sheriff Jones. Upon the receipt of this news we broke up our camp and returned home, each company dispersing its members with the understanding to be ready to come together at any time when their services should be required.

On our way home from Palmyra we received intelligence of a disturbance in Potawatomie, in which five Pro-Slavery men were killed. Upon our return we found the settlement in a terrible state of excitement; a number of families had left for the States, and those that remained called a meeting, without distinction of party, and passed resolutions pledging to protect each other from mobs or invading foes of either party. How well these pledg-

es were kept by the Pro-Slavery party I will endeavor to show:

On Wednesday, the 28th, I heard that a company of 100 men on horseback were coming into the settlement. I started immediately, in company with two prominent Pro-Slavery settlers, to meet them. We found them to be a company of Pro-Slavery men from Sugar Creek, Bull Creek, and Stanton, headed by a Capt. Arbuckle and Gen. Coffee, from near Westport. Their avowed purpose in coming was to arrest the men that had killed the five men heretofore spoken of. I was immediately arrested for a witness, they said, without any remonstrance or interference on the part of my Pro-Slavery friends. On the contrary, they accompanied the mob and assisted to arrest every (twenty) Free State man that they could find in the neighborhood and take their arms. We were then marched about twenty miles in the heat of the day to Paola, the Pro-Slavery headquarters of that part of the Territory, where we arrived on the evening of the 29th of May, and exposed in review, subject to the taunts and insults of two companies of "Border Ruffians,"—one from Harrisonville and one from Westport—which were drawn up to receive us. We were then placed in the hands of Deputy United States Marshal Hayes, who placed us in a room and guarded us with four armed men night and day. It may be proper for me to state here that up to this time and for all the time while in custody not one of those arrested had any warrants or writs of any kind served upon them. We found at Paola Capt. Brown and Jason, his brother, who were arrested a day or two before, near Osawatomie, and their houses burned. Capt. Brown was insane, on account of the anxiety and trouble of the past two weeks.

On the 31st Capt. Brown was delivered into the hands of Capt. Wood, of the United States Cavalry, who pinned his arms behind his back and tied a rope to him, one end of which was given to a soldier on horseback, and he was obliged to keep ahead of the horses, in a march of eight miles under a broiling sun. The cords which bound his arms were so tight that he will probably carry the scars to the grave.

On the 1st of July eight of the remaining prisoners, Jason Brown, Wm. Partridge, Simon B. Morse, Wm. Ribboun, Pain Maness, and myself were taken to Osawatomie and put under the charge of the United States troops under the command of Captain Wood. The rest of the prisoners were discharged, one of them losing a valuable horse, which he was riding when taken prisoner. Capt. Wood, after receiving us in his charge, tied our hands behind us with a strong cord for one day and night. He then procured chains, and fastened us two and two by the chains, being locked around our ankles. Capt. Brown, jr., by this time was a raving maniac. We passed the first night in a tent on the damp ground without any bed-clothes, and, in fact, while in charge of Capt. Wood would have had to have done so all the time had not our friends supplied us with blankets.

Good for the Women.
Correspondence to THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
While passing through Anderson county last Friday I was very much pleased in passing some of the school houses to observe the people in large numbers engaged in planting trees. At one of the school houses I stopped to see what had induced them to all plant trees on that day, and learned that the County Superintendent, Miss Eva E. Hobart had proclaimed Friday, March 24, as Arbor-Day. I called on the young lady when I went to Garnett, and found that she was a very efficient officer, having visited every district in the county, some of them several times, during her term of office. More such County Superintendents would do away with many objections now urged against that office. TRAVELER.

LAWRENCE, Kas., March 30, 1882.

Tribute of Respect.
GRANGE HALL, TOLEDO GRANGE }
No. 620, P. of H. }

WHEREAS, it has pleased the great Master of the universe to permit death to enter the circle of our Grange, by calling to the Great Grange above, February 14, 1882, our worthy brother, C. C. Myser; therefore, be it
Resolved, that while we deplore the loss of our brother, we bow in humble submission to the decree of the great God of the universe.

Resolved, that in the death of brother Myser, our Grange has lost a devoted and worthy brother, his family a kind husband and good father, the church and Sabbath school an able worker, and the community an industrious and useful citizen.

Resolved, that we deeply sympathize with his grief-stricken family, and while tendering them our heartfelt condolence in this their sad hour of bereavement, we earnestly commend the widowed wife and fatherless children to the loving care of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.

Resolved, that this preamble and these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Grange, a copy to be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and that the same be published in the SPIRIT OF KANSAS and our county paper.

D. R. SHELLENBARGER,
C. WEESNER,
W. M. OSBORN,
Committee.

TOLEDO, March 25, 1882.

Free of Charge.
The generous proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, specially request that all sufferers from consumption, Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, loss of voice, difficulty of breathing, tickling in throat, night sweats, phthisis, quinsy, hoarseness, croup or any affliction of the throat, chest or lungs, to call at Barber Bros. drug store and get a trial bottle free of charge, which will convince you of its wonderful merits, and show you what a regular one dollar size bottle will do. Thousands of hopeless sufferers who once looked forward to a dark and unpromising future, are now the most happy beings on earth, having been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption.

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MOUND CITY POULTRY YARDS!
PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

I am breeding from two strains of this celebrated breed of fowls, namely: "Keffer" and "Essex," and now have some very fine birds for sale. I took the first premium on my Plymouth Rocks at Bismarck in 1880, and have received the same honors wherever exhibited.

I am prepared to mate breeding pens to suit purchaser.

LIGHT BRAHMAS.
I am breeding two strains of Light Brahmans, namely: "Duke of York" (Comey's), and "Antocrat" (Philander Williams') strains. These strains of Light Brahmans are, without doubt, the finest that were ever raised of this justly celebrated fowl.

I received the following premiums on my "Duke of York's," at Bismarck in 1880:
Best pair of chicks.
Best breeding pen of Light Brahmans.
Sweepstakes on best pen of five pullets and cockerel.

I have a fine lot of these for sale now.

BUFF COCHINS.
I am breeding from two strains of Buffs, namely: "Doolittle's" and "Sid Conger's." They are very fine, rich buff color and very heavy leg and toe feathers, and are as fine birds as any in the West.

My prices are the same to everyone. I will send you as fine stock for the money you send me, as you would receive were you present in person to trade.

PRICES.
Single bird.....\$3.00 to \$5.00
Pair.....5.00 " 7.00
Trio.....7.00 " 9.00

EGGS FOR HATCHING.
For setting of thirteen.....\$2.00
For setting of twenty-six.....3.50

SANFORD L. IVES,
Mound City, Linco. county, Kansas.

THE

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PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, NOTIONS, ETC., ETC.

It will pay you to examine stock and get prices before purchasing.

BATES & FIELD, 99 Massachusetts Street,
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Our Warerooms are Located at 46 and 48 Vermont Street!

**IF YOU WANT
PLAIN FURNITURE,
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Call and see us. OUR PRICES WILL SUIT!
OUR STOCK OF

UNDERTAKING GOODS IS LARGE!

Consisting of Plain Coffins, Burial Cases and Fine Caskets. Burial Robes in all grades of goods.

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Remember the Location is near the Court House

HILL & MENDENHALL,
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J. S. CREW & CO.

OUR WALL PAPER STOCK IS VERY COMPLETE.

Embracing all Grades, from Brown Blanks

TO THE BEST DECORATIONS.

WINDOW SHADES MADE TO ORDER.

ON KNAPP'S SPRINGS OR COMMON FIXTURES.

150 Children's Carriages from Five to Thirty Dollars, Croquet, Base Balls, etc.

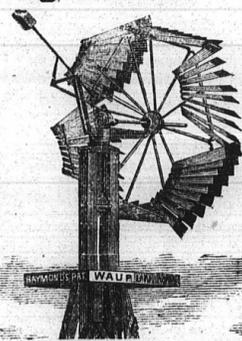
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Dealers in Agricultural Implements!

Casaday Sulky Plows, Mowing Machines,
Marsh Sulky Plows, Reapers,
Walking Plows, Marsh Twine Binders
Farmers' Friend Corn and Harvesters,
Planter, Sulky Hay Rake,
"Hayworth Check Row-er, Althouse and Enter-
prise Wind Mills,
Walking and "Riding Steel Goods,
Cultivators, Newton Farm Wagons,
B. D. Buford's Plows "Minnesota Chief" Threshers,
and Cultivators, Fanning Mills,
Grain Drills, And other goods too numerous to mention.
126 MASSACHUSETTS STREET, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.



THE OLDEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE CITY!

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DEALER IN

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

NO. 83 MASSACHUSETTS STREET, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a workmanlike manner, and all work warranted.

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ONLY First Class Work made in every size and style of Pictures.

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Crayon and Water Colors in the most perfect manner
Equal to any done in the United States of America.

FOR DIRECT PICTURES ONLY THE NEW RAPID BROMIDE EMULSION PROCESS USED.

No head rest needed any more! From one to four seconds sittings!
CHILDREN'S PICTURES INCOMPARABLE! PRICES LIBERAL!

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

C. C. THACHER, Publisher and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: ONE Year (in advance) \$1.25, SIX Months .75, FOUR " .50, THREE " .40, ONE Year (if not paid in advance) 1.75

TO ADVERTISERS: THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS is the best organ through which to reach the farmers of the West of any periodical published. It has a larger circulation than any agricultural paper published west of St. Louis.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Every day this office receives a dozen or more letters which require answers, and in most cases the answering takes time and postage for which we get no remuneration.

QUITE a company from Oskaloosa will emigrate to Washington Territory this month.

ABLINE and Enterprise, Dickinson county, are red hot over a fight as to which shall be the county seat.

THE Fort Scott Monitor regrets that the Governor has not called an extra session of the Legislature to re-district the State.

SOMEBODY has discovered that Easter will be observed this year on the anniversary of the day on which the resurrection really occurred.

A MINISTER is assigned every year by the Conference to the Methodist Church at Troy, Ohio, and is invariably locked out by the trustees.

THE disciples of Father Mathew may almost claim Victor Hugo as one of them, for he has always taken water with his claret and been of unusual sober habits.

AN important consulship was once at the disposal of Gov. Seward. In his dilemma he asked a Senator whom he would advise him to select.

MR. C. C. THACHER has purchased THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS, published at Lawrence. He is a scholarly gentleman, has had considerable experience in the newspaper field.

Advantages of Co-operation.

It is an unquestionable fact that labor and business generally, conducted on the system of large industrial enterprises, is far more productive of wealth than when conducted on a small scale.

The problem to be solved by farmers and working men generally, is now to obtain the economy and efficiency of production on a large scale without dividing the producers into two parties with hostile interests—employer and employed—the many who do the work being mere servants under the command of the one who supplies the funds.

The value of such an organization in healing the widening and embittering feud between the classes of laborers and capitalists must, we think, impress itself upon the minds of all who reflect on the condition and tendencies of society at the present time.

We cannot conceive how any man persuade himself that the majority of laborers will forever, or even much longer, consent to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" all their lives long in the service, and for the benefit of others.

All kinds of business when thoroughly organized and conducted on the co-operative system will place both the laborer and capitalist under the same responsibility of conscience and duty, under the same mastering influence of self-interest, to guard carefully the interests of all, and to see to it that every detail of the work be thoroughly and economically done.

THE people of the United States ought not soon to forget the name of Kosmash Guymayeff, or, if they cannot remember that, at least they should be mindful of what this poor Russian exile did for Americans whom he found in distress.

THE notorious outlaw, Jesse James, was shot and killed at St. Joe Monday by Robert Ford. The particulars are substantially as follows: Jesse, his wife, and two children, moved from Kansas City, where they had lived several months, until they found their whereabouts would be suspected, in a wagon to this city, arriving here November 8, 1881.

A short time ago, before Robert had joined James, the latter proposed to rob the bank at Plate City. He said the Burgess murder trial would commence there to-day and his plan was, if they could get another company to take a view of the situation of the Plate City bank.

WE have received from Gen. Rice an invitation to attend the meeting of the Neosho Valley Editorial Association at Fort Scott May 25 to 27. We shall try to be there.

SAMUEL BELL, who died at San Antonio a week ago, was a sword-maker for the American army during the war of 1812, and was the first Texan to hoist the Union flag after the surrender of Lee.

You can't place much reliance upon the oaths of the fellows who are now engaged in giving Jesse James and his gang away. A man who will rob a train and then blow up his partners in crime can't be trusted very far.—Topeka Capital.

Very correct, Mr. Capital. Yet a jury of twelve men who doubted the honesty of a young man who committed a crime on purpose to be an informer, were called perjurers by a paper about the size of yours.

Ninety-one Republican newspapers in the State opposed the re-nomination of St. John, with over fifty to hear from, and which have expressed no opinion.—Commonwealth.

Will you do us the favor to name those ninety-one Republican papers that are opposing St. John's re-nomination? Will you particularize fifty such papers among the more than two hundred? Will you point us to twenty-five? Will you even list us where to find a dozen anti-St. John papers in the whole list? Come, now, let's get down to business.—Topeka Capital.

Put us down for one. Then read these: The Wyandotte Gazette, an ardent advocate of prohibition, declares, in its last issue, that unless care is exercised not to antagonize a large element in the Republican party, the hold of the party in this State will be shaken.

The Gazette then goes on to say: "A very large minority are to-day opposed to the re-nomination of St. John for a third term. Should he be re-nominated, twenty-five per cent. of the party would either refrain from voting or vote against him. The lukewarmness of the voters would extend to the election of other officers, especially members of the Legislature and of the upper branch. Not only would all anti-prohibitionists desert the party, but thousands of the very strongest temperance men in the State would stay at home."

"There are other good men in the State, strong in their belief in the prohibition laws, and strong with the people, whose nomination would do credit to the State and party, and there would be no danger of dividing the party by placing one of them at the head of the State ticket."

It is said that Capt. J. B. Johnson, of Topeka, will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. It would be considerable satisfaction to us to know that this rumor had foundation, and that it was not started only to subvert the interests of some other aspirant. The Captain is a good man, and one who would make a popular election at any rate, we believe he would stay at home a portion of his time to attend to the duties of his office. His name has been favorably received in this section than any other that has been mentioned as a probable nominee.—New Valley Chief.

It ought to be understood, very soon, just how far this intolerance is to go. If it is to be the rule that a sincere Republican, who obeys the laws, leads a temperate, sober life, and who would make a popular election, is to be read out of the party because he does not favor the nomination of Governor St. John for a third term?—Abilene Champion.

We have the best interests of the State and the Republican party at heart, and beyond Mr. Haskell as the regular nominee for Congress from the Second district, we have no preference, and are willing to accord to the delegates sent from this district the privilege of making a good selection.—Garnett Plaindealer.

The Fort Scott Monitor rebelliously remarks: "Gov. St. John is making a very grand mistake in not calling the Legislature together. In this matter he evidently has a master."

Every paper now fighting St. John has all along either denounced prohibition or declared that "the law cannot be enforced."—Abilene Gazette.

Through the carelessness of the compositor, the usual statement was omitted from the above, that the editor of each and every such paper is a "whiskyite" and the purchased creature of the saloons.—Abilene Champion.

Mit Reynolds writes from Washington that "politics is hell's own profession, a stinging, changing, precarious business that has ruined more young men than all other callings." This reminds us that we have heard terrible denunciations of intemperance from men who had unnumbered fingers of whisky inside.

The Nickerson Argosy says: "We will support St. John when he is nominated, we don't think we will before. He is not our choice."

Jesse James Killed. The notorious outlaw, Jesse James, was shot and killed at St. Joe Monday by Robert Ford. The particulars are substantially as follows: Jesse, his wife, and two children, moved from Kansas City, where they had lived several months, until they found their whereabouts would be suspected, in a wagon to this city, arriving here November 8, 1881.

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brother Robert as a companion worthy of sharing the enterprise with them. Jesse, who had met the boy at the latter's house, near Richmond, three years ago, consented to see him. The two men accordingly went to where Robert was and arranged to have him accompany them to Plate City.

Ever since the boys had been with Jesse they had watched for an opportunity to shoot him, but he was always so heavily armed that it was impossible to draw a weapon without James seeing it. They declare that they had no idea of taking him alive considering the undertaking. The opportunity they had long wished for came this morning.

Breakfast was over and Charley Ford and Jesse James had been in the stable currying the horses, preparatory to the night ride. On returning the room where Robert Ford was, Jesse James said, "it's an awfully hot day."

He pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them on the bed, then he said: "I guess I'll take off my pistols for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard." He unbuckled the belt, in which he carried two forty-five calibre revolvers, one a Smith & Wesson and the other a Colt, and laid them on the bed with his coat and vest; he then turned on the brush with the intention of dusting some pictures which hung on the wall. To do this he got on a chair; his back was now turned toward the brothers, who silently slipped between Jesse and his revolvers.

At a motion from Charley both drew their guns and motioned the quickest of the two. In one motion he had the long weapon to a level with his eye, with the muzzle not less than two nor more than four feet from the back of the outlaw's head. Even in the motion, quick as thought, there was something which

DID NOT ESCAPE the acute ears of the hunted men. He made a motion as if to turn his head to ascertain the cause of that suspicious sound, but too late; a nervous pressure on the trigger, a quick flash, a sharp report, and a well directed ball crashed through the outlaw's skull.

There was no outcry, just a swaying of the body, and it fell heavily backwards upon the carpeted floor. The shot had been fatal, and all the bullets in the chambers of Charley's revolver, still directed at Jesse's head, could not more effectually have decided the fate of the greatest bandit and free-booter that ever figured in the pages of a country's history.

Mr. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done, divided from the room in which Robert had been tragically shot by the dining-room. She heard the shot, and dropping her household duties, ran into the front room. She saw her husband lying extended on his back and his slayers, each holding his revolver in his hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house.

She had reached the enclosure, and was in the act of sealing it, when she stepped to the door and called to him: "Robert, you have done this; come back." Robert answered: "I swear to God I did not."

They then returned to where she stood. Mr. James ran to the side of her husband and lifted up his head. Life was not yet extinguished when she asked him if he was hurt. It seemed to her that he would say something, but he could not. She tried to wash away the blood that was coursing over his face from the cut in the forehead, but it seemed to her that the blood would come faster than she could wipe it away with her hands.

AN IMMENSE CROWD. Mrs. James accompanied the officers to the house—all having previously left, her two children aged seven and three, a boy and a girl, at the house of a Mrs. Surnal, who had known the James' under their assumed name of "Howard" ever since they had occupied the adjoining house. She was greatly affected by the tragedy, and her heart-rending moans and expressions of grief were sorrowful evidences of the love she bore for the dead desperado.

THE REPORT OF THE killing of the notorious outlaw spread like wildfire throughout the city, and, as usual, the report assumed every variety of form and color; very few accredited news writers, however, and simply laughed at the idea that Jesse James was really the dead man. Nevertheless, the excitement ran high when one confirming report succeeded the other. Crowds of hundreds gathered at the undertaker's establishment where the body lay, at the city hall, at the court house, and, in fact, on every street corner, the almost incredible news constituting the sole subject of conversation to the excitation of the highly less accredited topic of the coming city election. Coroner Hedding was notified, and Undertaker Siddons was instructed to remove the body to his establishment. This was about 10 o'clock. A large crowd accompanied the coroner to the morgue, but only the officers and the wife, including the reporter, were admitted. The body lay in a remote room of the building. It had been taken out of the casket and placed upon a table.

FEATURES APPEARED NATURAL, but were disfigured by the bloody hole over the left eye. The body was neatly and cleanly dressed, in fact, nothing in the appearance of the man of many bloody scenes, of which he had been the hero. The large cavernous eyes were closed as in a calm slumber, only the lower part of the face, the square cheek bones, the stout prominent chin, covered with a soft sandy beard, and the thin firmly closed lips, in measure betrayed the determined mind and iron courage of the dead man. A further inspection of the body revealed two large bullet holes on the right side of the breast within three inches of the nipple, a bullet wound on the leg and the absence of the tip of the middle finger on the left hand.

Advertisement for Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co's SAMARITAN NERVE CURES AND NEVER FAILS. Includes an illustration of a man on a horse.

The only known Specific Remedy for Epileptic Fits. SAMARITAN NERVE Cures Epileptic Fits, spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Vertigo, Hysterics, Insanity, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Diseases.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cures Female Weakness, General Debility, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Painful Menstruation, Laceration of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Gravel, Inflammation of the Bladder, Irritability of the Bladder.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cures Alcoholism, Drunkenness, and the habit of Opium Eating. These degrading habits are by far the worst evils that have ever befallen suffering humanity.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cures Nervous Prostration, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scrophulous Syphilis, diseases of the Kidneys and all diseases of the Urinary Organs.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cures Nervous Depression, Scrophulous Syphilis, diseases of the Kidneys and all diseases of the Urinary Organs.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cures me of vertigo, neuralgia and sick-headache. Mrs. Wm. Henson, Aurora, Ill.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cured me of asthma, after spending over \$3000 with other doctors. S. K. Hobson, New Albany, Ind.

SAMARITAN NERVE Cured me of scrophulous after suffering for eight years. Mrs. J. B. Fletcher, Fort Collins, Col.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

BY O. C. THACHER.

City and Vicinity.

HOPE, PAWNBROKER. Money to loan on household goods, cattle, or any personal property. Security—chattel mortgage. Office on Henry street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Lawrence is a good market for straw now.

LETTUCE and pie-plant have appeared in market.

The prospects for fruit were never more flattering.

Cattle can get a very good living from the grass now.

HALF the people who ran for office yesterday got beaten.

SEVERAL new business places are building on Bridge street, north side.

THERE is little likelihood of any important changes in the city officers this spring.

AUGUST POEHLER and Mrs. Dr. Taylor are each putting down new cut stone sidewalks.

THE Lawrence canning factory are manufacturing a million tin cans, which they expect to fill this season.

"Great Blood Tonic," for the cure of all blood diseases—"Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Has no equal.

"Dr. Seller's Cough Syrup" will ensure you a good night's rest. It is the best cough medicine in the market. Price 25c.

There is a very fair prospect that we shall have another straw paper factory, three times the size of the one nearly completed.

ALL the window caps and sills in Mr. Tisdale's new house are to be of blue granite. He has a large pile of the beautiful stone on the ground.

Julius Fischer has purchased 400 tons of ice from the Kansas Pacific railroad. This, with what he carried over, will be sufficient to supply his customers.

Society Belles. Are loud in their praise of Floreston Cologne on account of its remarkable delicate and lasting fragrance.

THE machinery of the old woolen mill has been transferred to the old furniture factory on Pinekey street. Mr. Mackey will improve the old woolen mill and make it the largest wire fence factory in this section.

Annoyance Prevented. Gray hairs are honorable, but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

Mr. Vick is quoted as saying that the "white worm," or any other worm, in pots, may be destroyed by sticking three or four common matches down in the soil, also one or two up in the drain-opening. The phosphorus on the match is certain death to the animal life, and a powerful fertilizer to plants.

A Card. To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D., New York City.

Look Out for Them. A set of sharks are prowling around this and adjacent counties with a new lightning rod swindle. Several persons were gulled by them at Fort Scott a few days since. The only safe way is to sign no sort of paper. If you want lightning rods buy them of some of our local dealers who propose to live here. Give strangers a wide berth.

New Styles. On Thursday and Friday of this week, Mrs. Gardner & Co. will open a full and complete assortment of spring and summer styles of millinery, fancy goods, patterns, hats, bonnets and French flowers, feathers and all the latest novelties of the season, to which a special invitation is given to the ladies to come and see the new styles.

THE rapid rise in value of real estate is very forcibly shown in a sale which Mr. Hoadley made last week. It was a farm about three miles from this city. The farm was sold last fall to a party for \$4,100; but a slight flaw appeared in the title and before the matter could be fixed up the purchaser backed out. Mr. Hoadley sold the farm last week for \$4,750, and the last purchaser has already been offered \$500 for his bargain.

To know where to get a good wholesome dinner without paying for what one does not want, is to a stranger sometimes valuable information. At B. B. Porter's, in this city, we know that you can get at all times just what you want and at reasonable rates. Mr. Porter himself is a most agreeable gentleman, and long experience has so accustomed him to catering to everybody that he seems to know just about what a man wants the instant he sits down. Everything there is neat and homelike, and it is a place we can recommend to those coming to the city.

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists. Depot at Lela & Bro's.

EVERY paper in the State has a candidate of its own for Congress.

Mrs. Gardner will give her annual display of Millinery on Thursday and Friday of this week.

THE plans for the new Santa Fe depot are all drawn. The building will cost \$3,700, and will be an ornament to the city.

ON Wednesday of last week a prisoner in the county jail succeeded in making his escape by climbing the fence around the jail yard. He was recaptured a few days later at Cedar Junction by Sheriff Asher and ex-Sheriff Clarke.

To Horsemen. In another column will be found the advertisement of E. A. Smith's justly famous horses. It costs no more to rear a colt that will sell readily for \$200 than to raise a plug. Mr. Smith has raised some of the finest stock in the State, and breeders who look to their own interests will take advantage of his stock.

A Clear Complexion. Can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom in the cheek. Read about it in the other columns.

Home Lectures. At the Unitarian Church are being delivered a series of lectures by home talent. B. W. Woodward, Rev. Howland, Mrs. Diggs, and Prof. Canfield are among those who have already spoken. Anywhere but in Lawrence these lectures would be considered cheap at half a dollar each; but here we have them at fifteen cents—two for a quarter. Prof. Caruth is the next speaker, and his subject is "Wm. Tell and His Country."

Obituary. Mrs. Al. Winchell died in this city on Monday last, and was buried on Tuesday. She was aged about forty years; the daughter of Henry O. Sholes. Sholes is, we think, the oldest printer in the State. He now lives with his son at Wyandotte. Until the Standard left this city he worked at his trade. He has been the publisher of more than one paper, and was a sharp and pungent writer. He was also city clerk of this city for one or two terms. He had twelve children, six boys and six girls, only two of whom are now living, Mr. A. T. Sholes of Wyandotte, with whom the old man makes his home, and Miss Jennie M. Sholes, of Denver, with whom the old lady makes her home. Old Mrs. Sholes has been for a long time totally blind, and Mrs. Winchell has been for more than a year blind, and has been a constant sufferer for more than that time. Mr. and Mrs. Winchell were married in this city in 1860. They have had born to them three children, Herbert, Henry H. and Luddy. Luddy died about a year ago. Herbert, a member of the Young Men's band, is an express messenger, and Henry is in the employ of John Ross. The remains were laid to rest on Tuesday, Rev. J. S. Brown officiating. A delegation from the Young Men's band attended as an escort, thus showing their love and respect for their fellow member.

The City Election. The controversy in the election in this city yesterday was made by the temperance men themselves—temperance or anti-temperance. It ought never to have been raised. In a city election where every man knows the sentiments of his neighbor the best man for the place ought to be the best. The men nominated on the citizens ticket, so far as we know, are all good temperance men, and we certainly believe they will discharge honestly the duties of their offices. The following is a summary of the votes cast:

FIRST WARD. Councilman—Bangs, 174; Henley, 128. Board of Education—Bowers, 149; Emery, 149. Justice of the Peace—Chadwick, 183; Blythe, 116. Constables—Phillips, 118; Campbell, 191; McWilliams, 120; Bowers, 140.

SECOND WARD. Councilman—Kilworth, 82; Smith, 123. Board of Education—Alder, 93; McAllister, 112. Justice of the Peace—Chadwick, 91; Blythe, 115. Constables—McWilliams, 73; Bowers, 120; Campbell, 90; Phillips, 107.

THIRD WARD. Councilman—Bedale, 242. Board of Education—Gould, 82; Clarke, 150. Justice of the Peace—Blythe, 93; Chadwick, 149. Constables—Campbell, 150; Bowers, 118; McWilliams, 134; Phillips, 70.

FOURTH WARD. Councilman—Hutchings, 187; Leeper, 34. Board of Education—Bullene, 132; Pinckney, 39. Justice of the Peace—Chadwick, 137; Blythe, 32. Constables—McWilliams, 104; Phillips, 36; Bowers, 57; Campbell, 132.

FIFTH WARD. Councilman—R. J. Petty, 68; Bruce, 66. Board of Education—Howard, 130. Justice of the Peace—Chadwick, 90; Blythe, 73. Constables—Phillips, 73; Bowers, 73; Campbell, 59; McWilliams, 54.

SIXTH WARD. Councilman—Pettibone, 35; Mallison, 59. Board of Education—Long term, Force, 51; Phillips, 45. Short term, James, 74. Justice of the Peace—Blythe, 44; Chadwick, 49. Constables—Phillips, 32; Bowers, 52; Campbell, 38; McWilliams, 51.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, ch'punks, gophers. 15c. boxes. Ask druggists.

"Buchupalpa." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists. Depot at Lela & Bro's.

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FIRST WARD. Councilman—Bangs, 174; Henley, 128. Board of Education—Bowers, 149; Emery, 149. Justice of the Peace—Chadwick, 183; Blythe, 116. Constables—Phillips, 118; Campbell, 191; McWilliams, 120; Bowers, 140.

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A YOUNG man who was ploughing with a pair of mules near Gonzales, Texas, not long ago, observed in the morning that the off mule was suffering from a swollen jaw. On the principle that mules have no rights which the owners are bound to respect, he paid no further attention to the matter until evening, when he noticed that the near mule was drawing away as far as possible from its mate. A closer inspection revealed the head of a rattlesnake sticking out from the collar of the afflicted beast, in which snug quarters it had probably passed the winter.

The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued next month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine, and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

State News. Dickinson is having a county seat war. Abilene and Enterprise are the contestants.

Thos. P. Fenlon, of Leavenworth, is spoken of as the Democratic candidate for Governor. Well, we presume Tom could take his defeat as good naturedly as any man they could put up.

The county seat war in Graham county is not a dress parade. It's blood.

The Republican Congressional Convention of the Third District will be held at Emporia May 24—the same day as the First District. Now let the Second District fall in line and have theirs the same day.

The soldiers throughout the State are making arrangements for a grand reunion at Topeka in September. The government has granted the use of 1,000 tents and equipage.—Salina Herald.

The are forty-two organized pests of the Grand Army of the Republic in Kansas, and many more taking steps toward organization. Department Commander Walkinshaw says that he cannot muster the posts now as fast as they are sworn in.

We are informed by Senator Plumb that the prospects are good for the Kansas Pacific railroad lands being placed upon the tax roll.—Lincoln Beacon.

What all over the State is reported to be in excellent condition, and prospects are that harvest will be about ten days earlier than usual.

Stafford county has a county seat war on hand. The contestants are the towns of Stafford and St. John.

William Bishop, County Superintendent of Saline county, has designated April 15th as the Arbor day for planting trees around the school-houses.

County Superintendent Hull, of Johnson county, has appointed April 7th as Arbor day, and comes out in the Mirror and News Letter with a column of instructions how to plant the trees.

Skin Diseases Cured. By Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures as if by magic, pimples, black heads or grubs, blotches and eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, barber's Itch, salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, scald head, chapped hands, sore nipples, sore lips, old, obstinate ulcers and sores, etc. SKIN DISEASE.

F. Drake, Esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and all had failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured by a few applications.

The first and only positive cure for skin diseases ever discovered. Sent by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents. HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs., 62 Vessey street, New York city.

For blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerated piles DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN PILE OINTMENT is a sure cure. Price \$1 by mail. For sale by druggists. Woodward, Faxon & Co., Kansas City, wholesale agents.

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, AETHISA, and all THROAT and LUNG affections, also a positive and radical cure for general debility, and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow's. The recipe with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope to

DR. M. E. BELL, 161 N. Calvert Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

The Best in the World. Send for catalogue and price list. RICHARD HALLARD & Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Threshers

STALLIONS FOR SERVICE, -AT-

Norwood Stock Farm

1882 - Season of - 1882.

ALMONT PILOT [Standard]. Bay stallion, 16 1-2 hands high; weighs 1,200 pounds; star, and near hind pastern white; foaled June 21, 1874; bred by Richard West, Georgetown, Kentucky. Sired by Almont, he by Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid, record 2:14.

First dam Lucille, by Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid, record 2:14. Second dam by Pilot, Jr., sire of Lady Russell, the dam of Maid S., record 2:10 1-2. Third dam a superior road mare, owned by D. Swigert, Kentucky; thoroughbred.

Black colt 15 1-2 hands high; foaled May 16, 1878; sired by Almont Pilot. First dam Corinne, by Andrew's Abdallah, son of Alexander's Abdallah. Second dam, Iodine, by Gill's Vermont, by Downings' Vermont, by Hill's Black Hawk. Third dam Annie W., imported Gloucester. Fourth dam Polly C., by Wagner. Fifth dam Cinderella, by Kosciusko. Sixth dam Old Pet, by Kennedy's Diomed. Seventh dam —, by Kennedy's Comet. Eighth dam —, by imported Diomed.

Almont Pilot..... \$25.00 Ravenwood..... Private.

E. A. SMITH, Norwood Stock Farm, Lawrence, Kan. 4-5-3m

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Send for it at once. It is the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known cures of Catarrh and Bronchitis. — Baptist. Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

GUS. A. FAAS, Sells the best pianos and organs made—consequently can't find time to write an advertisement. Mass. St. N-X-T to P. O.

"O. K." BARBER SHOP. James R. Johnson, Proprietor. Low Prices and Good work.

Shop under Wells Fargo express office, corner of Winthrop and Massachusetts streets. Opposite the post office. Give him a trial.

GREENHOUSE AND BEDDING PLANTS. A. WHITCOMB, Florist, Lawrence, Kansas. Catalogue of Greenhouse and Bedding Plants sent free.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always restores the youthful color to grey or faded hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N. Y., 50c. and \$1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer. If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic. If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier and the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used. If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take PARKER'S GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours. CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y., 50c. & \$1 sizes, at dealers in drugs. GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

F

The Household.

A Good Book and a Good Offer.

We regard it one of the duties of the editor of "The Household" to introduce to its members and readers all the good books he can search out.

Our readers will recollect, perhaps, that some months ago we spoke very highly of the merits of a book entitled "The Duties of Women," written by an English woman, Miss Frances Power Cobbe. An eminent American clergyman writing from London, says of this book: "It is the profoundest, wisest, purest, noblest book, in principle, aim, and tone, yet written upon the True Position of Woman in Society. It should be circulated far and wide among all classes of our countrywomen."

This is high praise of the book, but in our estimation none too high.

We wish we were rich enough to give this book to all the readers of "The Household" but we are too poor to give it even to one.

We will make this offer, however. To each one who will send us a new subscriber to THE SPIRIT, accompanied with the cash, we will send, post-paid, this valuable book. Every careful mother, every thoughtful woman, should own a copy to read and to lend.

Please address JOHN S. BROWN, Lawrence, Kansas.

We Come.

Correspondence to "The Household."

Aged Shepherd of our flock We come to aid thee—not to mock. Fain would we lend our hand to mold "THE SPIRIT Household" in a fold, Where we in unity can meet For sympathy and friendship sweet.

Dear Friends:—From the Household column of THE SPIRIT comes the query, "Where art thou?" and in the still, though powerful, voice of the pen, we answer, "Here am I!" Our worthy Manager has been so magnanimous I could not remain away any longer. Thanks, kind teacher, for your magnanimity. We did not mean to be unruly, but there is just a little of the American spirit about us women, and we like to humor it just a little once in a while, especially when it comes to measuring pens with our stalwart brothers in the line of argument. And even some of our noted brothers of the quill have said, "they never could do themselves justice when writing to order."

You wished us to tell "The Household" what books we are in the habit of reading. In answer to the query, I shall have to plead "promiscuity," for although I have read poem after poem and sketch after sketch from the pens of a list of authors, too numerous to mention, I have never made a study of any of them; but among our favorites are Longfellow, J. G. Holland, William Cullen Bryant, Mrs. Sigourney, and others. We will also have to confess to a lack of appreciation for Shakespeare; perhaps it is because we are incapable of understanding his writings, or the poems of his "building;" if so, we surely cannot be blamed for our lack of appreciation. But of all poems that we are acquainted with, there is none that surpasses that grand old one, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and which I believe the authorship is unknown; or at least I have never seen it attributed to any one. If the editor of THE SPIRIT knows he will confer a favor by not only giving the author's name, but by publishing the poem.

We have been watching with interest the discussion on "The Bible in schools," and, while we would not make it a text book, it seems to us that the effort to prohibit a chapter being read, or a prayer being offered, is intolerance of the very worst kind; and although we are not in favor of persecuting the Jews, we would not expect them to do otherwise than wish to exclude the Christian Bible from the schools. Neither do we believe it should be compulsory, but rather that it should be left to the conscientious scruples of the teacher, as some are very conscientious on such points; that is, on asking the blessing of God, either audibly or inaudibly, on everything they do, and the scholar must have very little politeness who would refuse to act properly during such exercises. And we venture the school board would not complain if the teacher spent an hour every day in extra instruction, or keeping an unruly scholar after school. It seems to us it is interfering with the very principles on which our government was founded.

CONTRIBUTOR.

Abraham Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved; The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Whose beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by; And the memory of those who loved her and praised, Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne; The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn; The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap; The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep; The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven, The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers of the weeds That wither away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been; We see the same sights our fathers have seen, We drink the same stream and view the same sun.

And run the same course our fathers have run. The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink; To the life we are clinging they also would cling; But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold; They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, but no wall from their slumbers will come; They eyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died; and we things that are now, Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow, Who make in their dwelling a transient abode, Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim-age road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, We mingle together in sunshine and rain, And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death; From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud— O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Correspondence to "The Household."

The editor of "The Household" appears to be determined to eradicate everything from our department that has any tendency of a religious bearing about it.

In an editorial in THE SPIRIT of March 1, 1882, under the caption, "Statistics in determining moral questions," "To determine the question whether morning prayers shall be kept up in Harvard University, President Elliott mailed circulars to the parents and guardians of all the undergraduates inquiring whether they had daily morning prayers in their households," 528 say no, and 218 yes. This, you say, you "presume will settle the question and no more morning prayers will be said in Harvard University." To-day is the Lord's day, and I am satisfied if a count was had a large majority of the citizens of Kansas, of all orders, would be found delinquent if they should be asked this evening if they had been at church to-day. According to your reasoning this would "settle the question" and no more preaching "will be said" in Kansas. Again, it is not uncommon that a large majority of the parents and guardians of the common schools of Kansas fail to attend their annual elections. This, too, "settles the question and no more" schools will be taught in those districts.

But then to make your argument doubly sure you say, "The teacher Jesus never gave much encouragement to public praying." That he never gave any encouragement to hypocritical praying, long prayers and vain repetitions is true, and this is equally true that when men pray they should affectionately shut themselves from the world, and this is what he meant by the "inner chamber," and not a little inner room or closet to a kitchen. Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God taught literally, figuratively, parabolically and symbolically. Hence the great similarity between the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature.

Please read your testament again, both Greek and English, and if you fail to still see that the teacher Jesus did give encouragement to public praying, I will offer you my assistance in a subsequent article showing you that you are in this matter mistaken.

Yours as an humble citizen in the kingdom of Christ. A. VARNER. SOLDIER CITY, Jackson Co., Kans., Feb. 19.

Answer to Contributor.

Correspondence to "The Household."

"Contributor" asks the name of the author of the poem commencing with: "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" It was written by a Scotchman named William Knox. I have seen no other poem written by him, and can learn nothing of his history. His fame as a poet rests on this one poem probably, and in it, short though it may be, he has made his name immortal.

This poem, we understand, was a particular favorite with Abraham Lincoln. Mr. T. B. Carpenter, the artist, writes that while engaged in painting his picture at the White House he was alone with the President one evening in his room, when he said: "There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain."

My knowledge of the fact of the writer's name is obtained from William C. Bryant's book, entitled "A Library of Poetry and Song." This book comprises in one volume of some 800 pages choice collections from the best poets. Its extent and completeness may be judged from the fact that he has made selections from some 430 poets, giving their names, and from eighty-five which are anonymous. From Shakespeare he makes 75 selections, from Byron 39, from Sir Walter Scott 27, Sir Thomas Moore 36, from Longfellow 20, Whittier 20, Cowper 20, Tennyson 20, Shelly 20, Wordsworth 26, Bryant 22, Mrs. Hemans 10, Milton 14, Thomas Hood 23. This may furnish data for determining the scale of merit in which many of the poets stood in the estimation of Mr. Bryant. We all have our favorite poems and our favorite poets. I think I am more familiar with Whittier's poems than with any other American poet, and read him oftener. His "Show Bound" I have read every winter since 1865.

I never read it without having called up tender memories and pleasant associations. In it he pictures New England scenes and New England character very truly and with great vividness. Every perusal of it carries me back to my old home, and places me in the dear family circle of which I was a part. I meet father and mother, brothers and sisters around the winter's fire and see again,—

"Between the andron's straddling feet The mug of cider simmering slow, The apples sputtering in a row, And nuts from brown October's wood."

Henceforth, listen as we will, The voices of that hearth are still; Look where we may the wide world o'er, Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn, We sit beneath their orchard trees, We hear, like them, the hum of bees, And rustle of the bladed corn;

We turn the pages that they read, Their written words we linger o'er, But in the sun they cast no shade, No voice is heard, no sign is made, No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet LOVE will dream and FAITH will trust, (Since He who knows our need is just), That somehow, somewhere, MEET WE MUST. This is something more than an answer to "Contributor;" it is a kind of opening the heart, a showing of the inwardness that we of the Household may know each other better.

JOHN S. BROWN.

Correspondence to "The Household."

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Old Bach has been laughed at so much for giving his advice about managing affairs, and especially in regard to the government of children, that he ransacks old papers and searches old books, to see if he cannot find something to the point, and something which the readers of the Household will deem sensible and wise and worth their study. The article which he has stumbled upon this time is headed:

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLANKING. It is not in military science alone that a flank movement is sometimes

better generalship than a direct assault. Often it is easier and better to flank the ordinary troubles and vexations of domestic life than to attack and overcome them. It makes a braver spectacle, to be sure, and makes more noise, "to take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them." But such victories are often more costly than defeats.

Sometimes, for example, the weary wife gets into a mood—no matter how—that may without injustice be called unreasonable. Sometimes the husband is, not to put too fine a point upon it, cross. Now, nothing is more certain than that people are never argued or upbraided nor scolded nor driven out of such frames of mind. But they will generally come out, if they are given half a chance. A little pleasant letting alone, or a discreet diversion of thought or occupation, will often work wonders. If there has been bad luck with the dinner, praise the one you had yesterday; it will not help matters to growl. If the fire goes out, you can build it again while you are fretting about it, or trying to fix the responsibility while the house grows cold. If the work gets delayed, slip some of it aside until another day, instead of tiring out yourself and everybody else in a frantic endeavor to run things according to a Mede and Persian schedule, with no let-up for accidents. If the good husband can't be coaxed out of his berish mood, leave him alone to enjoy it. Don't try to gain victories. The work will wag on just the same, and a good deal more pleasantly, if you execute a flank movement occasionally, upon finding too great an obstacle in the path of a direct march.

And so with the government of children. When your play-loving boy asks to go out after supper, and you do not think it best, for any reason, don't say: "No, you can't"; the house is the place for boys at night." If the lad has any of the old Adam in him, he will either sulk or rebel or manage in some way to make himself and every body near him uncomfortable until bed-time. You can rule him of course by authority; but it is not a victory to be proud of. How much better to make him prefer to stay in, or at least reconcile him to doing so! Propose a game for him, and take a hand yourself; or read to him a story from a book a little beyond his range of reading, but quite within his line of thinking, or have a frolic or pulling candy with him—anything to give the boy a good time, and make him forget his disappointment. No time is better expended in family government than in helping the children to prefer or to accept cheerfully your wise way. Things are going wretchedly wrong in that family where the little ones stay in the house as in a place of confinement, or go to bed unhappy.

The wisest and most successful mothers are those who avoid, whenever possible, direct issues on trivial matters with young children who have a very positive will of their own. It is quite possible at times to wink at little delinquencies without being blind to disobedience or wrong-doing. Those especially who cannot rule their own spirits should be very careful how they force a conflict with persons under them. The philosophy of flanking difficulties deserves to be more studied and without confounding it with the easily besetting sin of shirking, to be more practiced. It is productive of amiable moods, of cheerfulness, of peace, of good digestion, and so is a promoter of health and happiness. Many a position that cannot be carried by storm can be turned; many an obstacle hard to surmount can be passed by.

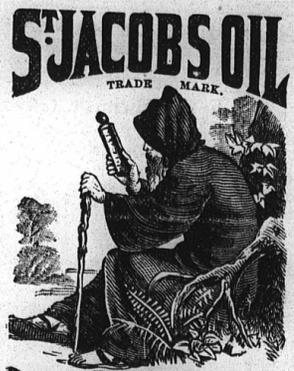
HONEY BEES.

The New System of Bee-Keeping. Everyone who has a farm or garden can keep bees on my plan with good profit. I have invented a new and new system of bee management, which completely changes the whole process of bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received one hundred dollars profit from sale of box honey from one hive of bees in one year. Illustrated circular of full particulars free. Address MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Maine.

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Keep a full stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPEVINES, ROSES, ETC.,

Of Popular Varieties Suitable to the West, Including the new LARGE MONTMORENCY CHERRY

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KEIFER'S HYBRID PEAR being blight proof.

TO THE PEOPLE OF DOUGLAS AND ADJOINING COUNTIES We say come to the Nursery west of town on the

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TO THE CITIZENS OF LAWRENCE We say drive out and enjoy the scenery from MT. HOPE

—AND— SELECT FOR YOURSELVES APPLES, CHERRIES, PLUMS, ROSES, PEACHES, PEARs, GRAPEVINES, SHRUBBERY, EVERGREEN AND DECIDUOUS TREES fresh from the ground.

Parties wishing to communicate will state what is wanted and bottom prices will be given.

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Farm and Stock.

Subscribers are earnestly requested to send for publication in this department any facts not generally known, but of interest to stock raisers and farmers. Farmers, write for your paper.

Observations of Rev. Gabe Tucker. You may notich it on the palm's as a mighty risky bla...

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance An' Heben Dat holds on to his piety but one day out of seven; Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chaps...

I never judge o' people dat I meets along de way, By they places what they come from an' he houses what dey stay;

Select the Best Seed.

We have just been reading the report of a Michigan farmer who sowed the plumpest and fairest of grains, care fully selected from the choicest Clawson wheat, and now, the second season, has harvested an acre which for size and evenness he never saw equaled.

There is nothing wonderful in this report. Every observing farmer knows that the best and ripest and plumpest seed, of whatever kind, produces the largest crops. It is to be regretted that any farmer should be so careless or so shiftless as to sow inferior or foul seed, when by the exercise of a little care in his selection, he could secure a larger quantity and a better quality of grain.

BANANAS.

Where They Are Raised—Facts Regarding the Trade.

Aspinwall Letter to the Troy Times. The most of the bananas that are used in the United States are shipped from this place. Until about two years ago the whole of them came from here, but now they are beginning to ship them from Jamaica.

The first thing to be done is to clear out all the undergrowth, bushes, twining vines, etc. These are gathered and burned. After this is cleared away the large trees are cut down. It sometimes takes two or three men as many days to cut down one tree. After the land is cleared the bananas are planted in rows about fifteen or twenty feet apart.

The first crop from a piece of ground is always the best. The bananas are larger, and there are more on a bunch. They usually average about 250 per bunch, and yield about 175 bunches per acre. The second crop is a little poorer in quality, and so each time the trees are cut off the fruit becomes smaller and yields fewer to the bunch, until, in four or five years the land runs out. There is no particular season for the fruit, it being as plentiful at one time as another.

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As soon as the steamer reaches New York the bananas are taken to a large warehouse, where they are ripened. They have eight or

ten large rooms, which are heated with steam, each one being kept at a temperature differing from the others. Bananas which they wish for immediate use are placed in a room where the temperature is quite warm, while those the market is kept constantly supplied, and not flooded at one time and stunted at another, as would be the case if they were all allowed to ripen at once.

Last January a man who claimed to be from Ohio was industriously circulating around New Milford and vicinity seeking to procure agents for a farm grist mill. He succeeded, is now known, in getting three farmers to sign a paper saying they would take an agency on commission.

Farmers Duped. A Noble township girl has already plowed thirty-five acres of ground this spring, to be put in corn, besides drilling twenty acres of oats. This is the kind of a girl to have. We'll wager a court house site that she don't try to wear a No. 3 shoe on a 7 foot, don't girth so tight with corsets that her ribs crack when she draws a troubled breath, don't bang her hair, paint, powder, frizz, chew gum, hair pins or faded bouquets—but is a sensible, graceful, dutiful, pretty, piquant, lovable darling, and whoever secures her for a wife will get a treasure above all price.

Well-Merited Success. A gentleman once asked a distinguished dispensing druggist to explain the secret of the almost universal demand for Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine. He said that it was in fact a genuine medicine—such a compound as every good physician would prescribe for the disease which it was advertised to cure.

SHORT-HORN BULLS FOR SALE. The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he has for sale one thorough-bred Short-horn bull three years old, that was awarded second premium both as one and two-year-old at the successive fairs at Bismark.

GEO. EDWARDS, Merchant Tailor, No. 59 Massachusetts street, Frazer Hall LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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For dizziness, rush of blood to the head, tendency to apoplexy, dyspepsia, fever and ague, dropsy, pimples and blotches, scrofulous humors and sores, tetter and ring worm, white swelling, erysipelas, sore eyes, and for young men suffering from weakness or debility caused from imprudence, and to itching in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: "I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for dyspepsia, dizziness, weakness and kidney disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From this first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest of blessings."

Mrs. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O. Sold by all druggists everywhere at \$1 per bottle. HENRY & CO., Sole Proprietors, 62 Vessey street, New York City.

WOODWARD, FAXON & CO., Kansas City, Wholesale Agents.

PILES! PILES! PILES! A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer.

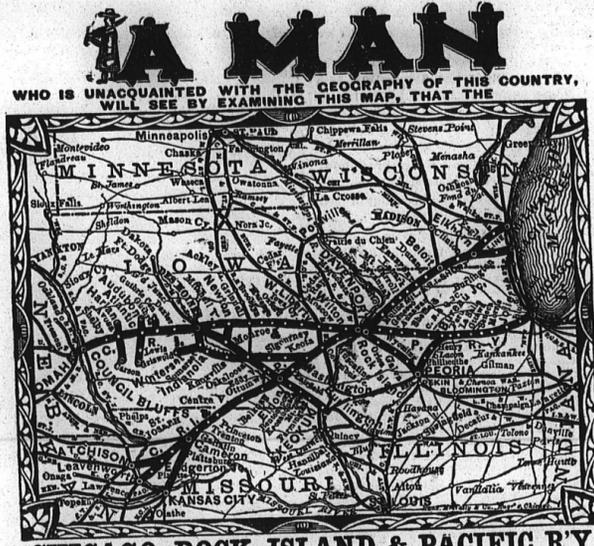
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Prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Dr. Frazier, of Cleveland, says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of pile cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment."

For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1. HENRY & CO., Prop'rs., 62 Vessey street, New York City.

WOODWARD, FAXON & CO., Kansas City, Wholesale Agents.

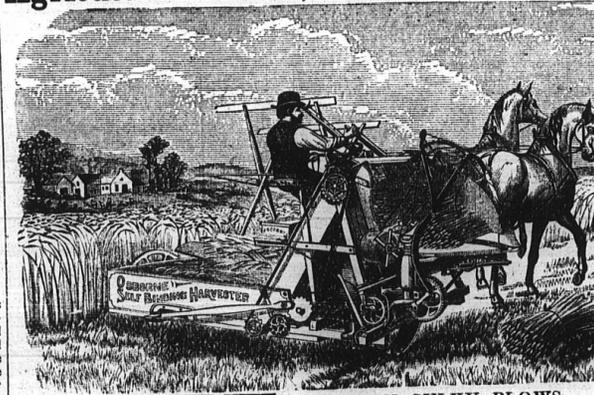


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BARNUM'S TEMPERANCE TALK.

Crediting a Third of His Seventy-two Years of Life to Total Abstinence. P. T. Barnum, who was justly advertised by the Manhattan Temperance Association as a mammoth attraction, addressed yesterday afternoon probably the largest audience ever gathered at Masonic Temple. He was introduced by the Rev. S. Thomas Williams as "one whose name is a household word throughout the United States." The great showman came forward, looked florid and healthy, and bowed to the audience. He was dressed in a dark suit, with sack coat. He spoke with energy. "I have probably drank more liquor," he said, "than any man in this hall; but now, thank Heaven, I drink no more! I had the best wine cellar in the State of Connecticut. I went on drinking for six or seven years. I found that I couldn't do as much business as I used to do. I began to get headaches. I didn't think for a moment it was the liquor. I invited Dr. Chapin to come to Connecticut some time after that and preach a temperance sermon. I heard it. It was directed against the moderate drinker. I couldn't go to sleep that night. The next morning I got up bright and early and broke every champagne bottle in the cellar. I showed Dr. Chapin what I had done. He asked me if I was a teetotaler. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am; but I have been so only for two hours.' I signed the pledge that morning, am now 72 years of age, and I know I should have been in my grave twenty-four years ago had I not become a teetotaler. "Alcohol is indigestible. There is no more nutriment in it than in a pound of tennepenny nails. It is just as sensible to drink the glass itself as to drink what it contains. Some people think it a fine social thing to say when they meet their friends, 'How are you, my boy? Let's take a drink.' It would be a more sensible thing for a man to go out with his pockets full of baked potatoes, and say, when he meets a friend, 'How are you, my boy? Let's eat a potato.' "When I was in Erie a reporter came to interview me about my circus. He incidentally intimated that he would take a drink. I told him I was a teetotaler. Then I interviewed him. The interview wound up with his pledging himself not to drink again. He wrote to me and told about his success after I left Erie. He finally wrote me a letter asking me to write a letter to a lady, whose name and address he inclosed, telling her what I thought of him. I did it. In his next letter to me he said: 'Barnum, we're engaged.' He is now a chief editor in Detroit. He wrote me recently saying: 'Barnum, I've got a boy.' That man's boy is now 11 months old." Mr. Barnum concluded his speech by urging all young men to sign the pledge.—N. Y. Sun.

The Dangers of Ignorance.

One cannot judge from the brief accounts given which are the precise causes of such disasters, but there is reason to believe that ignorance is prolific; that many persons have only a vague knowledge of nitro-glycerine, cannot recognize it when they see it, and are not acquainted with the various forms in which it is compounded or with the peculiar dangers of handling it carelessly. Nitro-glycerine itself is a dense, yellowish liquid, but, in order to diminish the dangers attending its use, fine ground mica, sawdust, or some similar powder is saturated with it, and thus the various blasting-powders known as dynamite, mica-powder, dualin, rend-rook, etc., are formed. These compounds can be easily transported with comparative safety. But the nitro-glycerine easily drains off from the powder and oozes from any crevice in the vessel in which the compound is kept. Drops of it thus bedewing the edge of a box may be very easily mistaken for oil or kerosene, and it works men ignorantly endeavor to nail the boxes tighter or to open it for examination there will be a disastrous explosion. Several have occurred in the past years in this way. The victims knew, no doubt, that nitro-glycerine, or the compounds, may be exploded by a blow (contact with fire is needless), but they did not suspect that the innocent-looking oil was nitro-glycerine. Why should no youth be taught in the schools somewhat of the practical dangers of these substances which are coming into such common use? They would pursue the study with interest, especially if there were judicious experiments. A Missouri story is that a teacher confiscated a small metal box which a pupil was playing with in school hours, and, thinking it contained chewing-gum, tried to break it open with a hammer. It was a dynamite torpedo of the kind used on the railroad track as a danger-signal, and large bits of it had been cut out of the lady's cheek. Would it not have been well if she had known somewhat of the aspect of torpedoes? Was it not more important to the journeyman plumber who threw the lighted match into the pan of camphene, mistaking it for water, by which the great printing establishment of Franklin Square was burned some twenty-eight years ago, to know camphene by sight than to have memorized many of the matters prominent in a public-school course? Surely workmen, especially "raw hands," in establishments where these things are used, should be systematically instructed in advance, and the courts are now enforcing this principle.—From "Modern Eclectic," by Benjamin V. Abbott, in Popular Science Monthly for April.

A Gritty Son.

The Champion publishes a notice by a son that he will prosecute to the full extent of the law, any person furnishing any intoxicating liquors to his old father. The name appended to the notice is one well known in Atchison. Its owner has not been conspicuously active in religion, moral, or philanthropic movements; he has never passed any considerable portion of his life in denouncing other people as "rumblers" and "whiskyites," but in the publication of this notice he means business, and if he gets the evidence he will make it very sultry for his offender. He is not waiting for public sentiment to be educated up to his standpoint, but says: "If you give this old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, any more whisky, I, myself, individually, without the assistance of any 'league' or 'union,' with my own funds, will prosecute you as long as I can find you." On this notice the Champion thus pungently remarks: We regret that the publication of such a notice is necessary. We should think that no creature, standing on two legs, possessing clearly defined eyebrows, and without bristles down his spine, or hair on the inside of his hands, and calling himself a man, would, for ten or fifteen cents, push this old man as he stumbles and gropes to his grave. Of course, no man with any sense of honor or decency, will fail to regard this notice. If he does he may rest assured that he will regret it. A word to the wise is sufficient. The word has been given, and will stand in the Champion for a week, for the benefit of those it may concern.

Rev. Orville Dewey, one of the most inspired and inspiring preachers of modern times has just passed away. He was 88 years old. He began his active ministry as an orthodox Congregationalist. A change in his theological opinions took place soon after the commencement of his ministry, and in the year of 1828 he was settled as a Unitarian minister. Though he has been most closely identified with the Unitarian denomination and maintained with great clearness and vigor their gospel, which he regarded as entirely coincident with the teachings of Jesus, yet he was greatly respected by all classes of Christians and loved as a man of eminent purity of character and an earnest defender of the truth as it was manifested to him in the life and teachings of Jesus. At his funeral was read the appropriate and very beautiful hymn of Bryant's, commencing with, "I saw an aged man upon his bier." There was read also an extract on Death from one of Dr. Dewey's own early sermons, treasured by a friend for many years, and sent in to a member of his family on the day of his funeral. I wish there was space in our Household to give both poem and extract. I know our readers would like them very much; but they are too long for insertion. Next week I would like to give a short notice of "The People's Poet," taken from the Christian Register, a paper that has made more quotations from Longfellow's poems than any other religious paper published. J. S. B.

A HOT PLACE FOR MILLIONAIRES.

The Request That was Made to Dr. Newman For an "Old-Fashioned Sermon"—A Quiet, Orthodox Discourse Instead. In reading the usual notices from the pulpit, Dr. Newman, of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, announced that among his letters of the week there was a request to preach an old-fashioned sermon, having as its basis that all millionaires and railroad directors ought to go to hell. The Doctor said, in answer to the request, that he did not want all millionaires to go to hell, as there was great need of such persons in our community and many reasons why they should remain with us. But if there were any millionaires or railroad directors in the congregation he would not say there was a hell, that there was a Saviour and a God, who is over all and above all. The pastor had no knowledge of the person sending the request, and there were many reasons why he could not comply with it, chief among the number being that he wasn't educated in the school of finance, though he sometimes felt that a new professor might be founded in our theological institutions, that of M. R., modern rascality, which would possibly in time work some good. Many complaints had been made that clergymen abstain from dealing with the popular sins of the day from the pulpit. As a rule, clergymen do not know much about the inside workings of Wall street or the ins and outs of the world of nature, but if there are those that do it is pretty certain that they soon regret it. (Laughter.) Dr. Newman selected as his text Matthew xlii, 45-46—"Agents, the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls: who when he had found one pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought it." Christ borrowed His illustrations from history and the common concerns of life, said the preacher. His method of teaching the people was by parables and similes. By parables He told them truths as old as man, and by parables He stimulated inquiry, alluring men to follow the paths thus opened. He never announced the finale. With him dogma was the prophet of parable and parable the historian of dogma. It was no wonder that the people heard him gladly because of these marvelous parables. Out of Christ's thirty parables the preacher had selected that of the text as the most significant, showing the manner of his teaching great truths. The initial question was, Why did the Divine Teacher select the pearl rather than some of the other precious stones to illustrate the inestimable value of Christianity? The preacher instanced eloquent reasons why the diamond, sapphire, emerald, opal, topaz, or ruby might have been used by Christ in the parable with great force and beauty of illustration, but setting them all aside, he continued, Christ chose the pearl because it represents the completeness of Christianity. Art cannot add to its beauty or lustre, and attempts to improve it have resulted in deformation and depreciation. And so Christianity has come to us down the ages complete and impossible of addition or improvement. Every excision mars its beauty and every attempt to improve it turns out a failure. No doctrine can be eliminated nor principle rendered nugatory. Another reason why Christ selected the pearl to illustrate the meaning of the parable was because it is the emblem of a suffering Saviour. It is the production of a suffering animal, and how significant, then, its selection, as it represents his vicarious suffering for man, for without this suffering there could be no redemption. The pearl, when worn by women, should suggest a suffering Saviour, or looked upon by man there should be thoughts of Calvary. The intrusion of a grain of sand in our lives may not be removed, but we can make pearls of trials, afflictions, and sufferings, so that they will become things of beauty rather than of sorrow. The pearl is only obtained by great personal risk. It is found at the bottom of the deep. He who would have the pearl of great price must work for it—work even as the advantages of this world are obtained. Our salvation can only be reached by self-abnegation and the constant seeking of God's great truths and the diving into the depths of his profound love. After reference to the various shades of life of which the pearl is emblematic, the preacher counseled his hearers to take Christ for their guide. Turn away, he said, from doubt, infidelity, and scepticism. This done and the pearl of great price will be found.

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Where the Chinese Will Go. Dispatches from British Columbia indicate that the Chinese will have no trouble in finding American homes after hoodlums and demagogues have forbidden them to land on our Pacific coast. Two shipments of them are expected immediately at Victoria, four thousand more are to follow at once, and the sooner they leave the better will the natives be pleased, for the said natives are sensible enough to know that only by an immense increase of their laboring force can the province be developed. It might be supposed that California, which needs labor rather more than any other State in the Union, might view the Chinese in the same light that its northern neighbor does. Columbia, however, has no hoodlums to distort her vision.

THE LATEST MARKETS.

Produce Markets. KANSAS CITY, April 4, 1882. Flour—lowest to highest prices. 3.25 @ 7.30. Wheat—No. 2 fall, spot. 1.14 @ 1.16. No. 3 fall, spot. 1.16 @ 1.18. No. 4 fall, spot. 98 @ 98. Corn—No. 2, mixed, spot. 69 @ 69 1/2. Oats—No. 2, spot. 51 @ 52. Butter—range of prices, per lb. 27 @ 30. Cheese—per lb. 10 @ 14. Eggs—per doz. 12 @ 12 1/2. ST. LOUIS, April 4, 1882. Flour—lowest to highest prices. 4.50 @ 6.00. Wheat—No. 2 fall, spot. 1.28 1/2 @ 1.30 1/2. No. 3 fall, spot. 1.21 @ 1.23 1/2. No. 4 fall, spot. 1.13 @ 1.15 1/2. Corn—No. 2, spot. 71 1/2 @ 72. Oats—No. 2, spot. 49 @ 52. Rye—No. 2, spot. 81 1/2 @ 82 1/2. Pork—No. 2, spot. 17.20 @ 17.50. Lard—No. 2, spot. 10.30 @ 10.65. CHICAGO, April 4, 1882. Flour—lowest to highest prices. 4.50 @ 8.25. Wheat—No. 2 spring, spot. 1.35 1/2 @ 1.36 1/2. No. 3 spring, spot. 1.29 @ 1.31. Rejected. 84 @ 85. Corn—Spot. 68 1/2 @ 71. April. 68 @ 68 1/2. Oats—Spot. 47 @ 49. Rye—No. 2, spot. 48 @ 49 1/2. Pork—No. 2, spot. 17.55 @ 17.40. Lard—No. 2, spot. 11.20 @ 11.25.

Live Stock Markets.

St. Louis, April 4, 1882. Hogs—Firm; light to good Yorkers, \$6.30 @ \$6.00; Baltimores \$6.65 @ \$6.75; packing, \$6.25 @ \$6.75; butchers' to fancy, \$6.80 @ \$7.25; pigs \$6.00 @ \$6.25; receipts 1,300; shipments 2,000. KANSAS CITY, April 4, 1882. CATTLE—The Commercial Indicator reports Receipts 586, shipments 391; market still firm and active; demand good for shippers and the local butchers' trade; native steers averaging 1085 to 1400 lbs., sold at \$6.60 @ \$6.65; cows \$4.40 @ \$5.00. Hogs—Receipts 3,666; shipments 1,261; Market opened steady, but closed weak and 5c lower. Range of prices, \$5.70 @ \$6.75; bulk at \$6.00 @ \$6.65. SHEEP—Receipts none; shipments none; market nominally unchangeable.

Lawrence Markets.

While there are no quotable changes in our local market, yet some of the leading lines of produce are considerably weaker and less sought after. Butter is coming in in sufficient quantity to supply the demand, and will certainly be lower very soon. Potatoes are coming in by the car load from Minnesota, and in large quantities can be bought for \$1.40 @ \$1.60 per bushel. Eggs are plenty, though the price still holds up. As follows are our quotations: Flour—Patent \$4.00; A 1, \$3.50; Upper Crust, \$3.25. Wheat—No. 2, \$1.10 @ \$1.15; No. 3, \$1.00. Corn—65 @ 70c. Oats—45c. Potatoes—Peasblow, \$1.40 @ \$1.50, retail at \$1.75; Early Rose, seed, 75c @ \$1.25; Peerless, \$1.25 @ \$1.40, retail \$1.75; Canada Early Rose \$1.75; Wisconsin, \$1.75; Minnesota, \$1.75; Iowa, \$1.75; Wisconsin Snow Flake, \$1.75; Wisconsin Peasblow, \$1.75. Eggs—10c; retail two dozen for 25c. Butter—80 @ 85c, retail 35 @ 40c. Oranges and Lemons—25 @ 40c, per dozen. Apples—\$1.75 @ \$2.00, retail at \$2.00 @ \$2.50. Beans—Retail at 3 lbs. for 25 cents.

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