

THE HOME SPIRIT

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

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The Household.

CONDUCTED BY CORA M. DOWNS.

CONCERNING HELP.

I have been engaged to-day in the perplexing business of initiating new help. A sad eyed granddaughter of the Duke of Chang, who lives in the bottom lands across the line, pervades the rear of my castle. She has the most hopeless face! I have been expecting to hear a catalogue of family troubles, but as yet she is an absorbent, spongy; she do'n't let out, but goes around in a dejected, friendless kind of a way, as if she had just stepped out of one of Dickens' charity schools.

"What is the matter, Jane?" I say. "You seem so sad and down hearted! Have n't you been treated well? Young people should be cheerful, and sing, and be light and bright and merry; what is the matter?"

No answer but a gush of tears, and a more despondent hang to the corners of the most lugubrious mouth I ever saw. (This can't be one of the gushing girls we read of.)

Chang could hardly have made his home very sunshiny, the surroundings being uncongenial to the element of sunshine. A child without a childhood, youth without the heart and soul of youth—is there anything sadder?

I remember my Gretchen of last winter with regret. What if she did make gruel when she was told to make mush? It takes time to grow as wise as an owl; but she had a sunny face, she could sing and laugh, and she had an eye for bright colors. The morning she came into my sitting room to bid me good bye, I thought about Solomon in all his glory, who was not arrayed like this. She wore a bright pink calico dress (it was stinging cold outside), worn very "short at the bottom," like the blankets in the sleeping cars, and royal purple stockings, a blue neck-tie, and a green hat with a scarlet feather. Her father needed her, she said, for it was planting time, and so my fair German flower transplanted herself about the Teutonic hearth-stone and I am left desolate, or I fear I shall be, for I cannot long bear up under that depressing influence just the other side of the dining room door.

"Will you have the tea-table set now?" she groans out almost inaudibly. Presently she appears again with a face of absolute despair, "Will you have tea or coffee for supper?" and disappears with a sigh like a worn out engine.

"She looks like a girl that has fits," says a sympathizing friend. She has a "Hark from the tomb" expression, anyhow.

PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

This question of household help underlies the theory and practice of all domestic economy. In those primitive times when Sarah and Rebecca and Rachel kept house, and did all the work that is now done by machinery, spinning, weaving, and manufacturing much, (and most of all domestic yarns, no doubt), they had their handmaidens in each department of labor. They probably had an enjoyable, social time of it; perhaps some of the Utah-ites come nearer an appreciation of the then existing state of things than we private and selfish families possibly can do.

On the whole, I think we have gained much in this elegant retirement of ours. The looms of the manufactories, the sewing machines, knitting machines, and all the various contrivances that go to make labor light for those of us who reap the benefit, have left us also in the seclusion and quiet of homes where the hum of loom and spindle and wheel disturb not the peace of the morning nor the rest of the evening.

One advantage those primitive housekeepers doubtless had over us, they did not *change* help in those days as we do. We have traditions that in those old families servants were born and that they died "on the piece."

In very large households this might be an advantage; but I know something of the subservency and dependence of a mistress upon her domestics, and where numerically they are more than a match for one, I question the authority one might have under adverse circumstances.

MERCENARY MOTIVES.

There is much fine rhetoric about "well regulated

households." I think in all such establishments the mental and physical wear and tear is with the mistresses. The perplexity, the responsibility and the patience—who have these to bear, if not the care-worn mistresses of busy homes? How little she gets of the sunlight and fresh air her exhausted vitality needs. Tired out with the labors of the house, she cannot walk over the town or country as she might if nerve and muscle had not already had more than their share of exertion. How many husbands ever think it one of their strongest family duties to see that the overtaxed housekeeper gets the sunlight on the hills, and the breeze from the woodlands, and by this means coax back the unfamiliar look of brightness that once lit up the girl's face, which has grown strangely sad and old in the matrimonial service of years.

Many writers discourse eloquently about sordid and mercenary mothers, who look only for money in the suitors that bow prospectively to their young daughters. I do not so much wonder at this mercenary spirit, when I think of the confinement and privation of many women who rear families and guide households. Out of their tender care for their innocent girls, who little know that love in a cottage sometimes goes without a dinner, they insist that the lover shall begin at least with the comforts of life; that where the mother only had the broom, the daughter shall have the pony for morning exercise, and that she shall have a chance to keep fresh the charms that won the love which is not always proof to gray hairs and wrinkles.

PHYSICAL LAWS.

This brings one to a consideration of physical well-being that some one wisely calls physical morality. Tyndall says: "Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat. What can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat, and avoid all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. The formation of right habits is essential to the permanent security of health."

Dr. Holmes says there are people who think that an educator or physician can do almost anything, if he is called in season. But "in season," the shrewd doctor thinks, would often be a hundred or two years before the child was born—and people never send so early as that.

Do any of us realize that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins? I think a revolution of thought and action is sure to come on this subject.

The proper digestion of food is a principle so little understood by housekeepers and mothers that it would seem as if teachers would do well to enforce certain physiological precepts upon the minds of children, in order that they may become familiar with a few very common laws of nature. I try to enforce a rule in my own household that there shall be no eating between meals; and the only infringement that is sometimes made is the surreptitious eating of apples. One boy lives mainly on bread and butter; good, wholesome, sweet light bread, and pure, fresh butter, right from some genuine butter *artiste* in the country, is very fair living. I sometimes urge a diet of vegetables upon him, and can now and then prevail on him to take a little juicy beef-steak, but his eyes are so bright and his cheeks so red, on his bread and butter fare, that the natural craving is the best law, as I believe, and the generous grain with its mineral and vegetable concentration, and the expressed lacteal abundance and richness of the motherly cow give him muscle and sinew, and make him tough and hardy as a young mountaineer. Good bread is the staple article of home consumption.

EXERCISE AND MEDICINE.

I have an acquaintance who has a delicate child. Every few days the doctor goes there, and I think that the parents think a little aconite and a little belladonna and some other little humbug will gradually bring him around all right. What he needs is to get out of close rooms, have regular diet of good, rich milk and good, sweet bread, never to taste cake and candy, or hot biscuit, but to have thick, stout shoes, a good warm woolen sack and hood, and then stay out of doors all day with the dog, and the chickens, and the worms!

I had a communication from a friend the other

day, asking whether there was an opening for a female physician in this place. A daughter of Hygeia, a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College, was looking out for a *berth*. (Be sure, Mr. Typo, not to spell wrong!) I thought of the poor young man whom Saxe describes, who, in the course of many disappointments and misadventures, stumbled upon a well—

"He cried, 'Here's an opening at last!'
And in less than a jiffy was in it."

I wish that school trustees, school committee men, and *school boards*, (rightly named oftentimes, for it's as hard for them to get a new idea in their heads as it is to drive a tenpenny nail through a six inch oak plank)—I wish they would consider the six hour system as an infringement upon the laws of healthful exercise and occupation. How would they like to be cramped up between little desks for six hours to the day, during these bright, cheerful spring days? I do not wonder that children grow narrow chested, and stoop-shouldered, and get listless and heavy oftentimes. It is a question with me, whether I ought to take my growing boys out of the school rooms (if there were only two or three hours of school confinement I would not say a word), and let them study the arithmetic of the woods, and the grammar of bird jargon and brook babble, and the geography which shall be only a knowledge of the earth's surface as far as their little feet can carry them from day to day. If I could only leave my house keeping and go with them, doubtless it would be better for us all; but the god of circumstance is stronger than sense and reason, and holds us down to circumscribed spheres. The *grand-daughter of the Duke of Chang* would forget the bread in the oven, the fire would go out on the altar of the culinary god, the Master would come home to his dinner, and finding the same not in a state of readiness or even in a state of contemplation, there would be, most likely,

"A *zeampus*, a *ziot*, and a *zeow*."

Because the brute side of a man comes uppermost when he's hungry. He may be ever so mealy mouthed on ordinary occasions, but do give him his codfish ball and stop his mouth first if you have any particular grievance to complain of. Don't vent household troubles upon empty stomachs. This is also an infringement upon the rules of Hygeia.

ABOUT THE BOYS.

Speaking of boys, Mr. Lincoln used to say of "Tad," "Let him run; he has time enough left to learn his letters and get pokey." But now he is wiser than all of us; he did not in his brief life learn very much, nor get very "pokey," but he has no need for spelling books and the horrors of arithmetic by the green pastures and still waters on the plains of Light.

How anxious we all are that our children shall be learned in the lore of books—that they shall grow large of thought and culture and action. How much of classical and historical and metaphysical lore is to be crammed into their precious little craniums.

A fat, unspeculative, staring and contented baby, who sucks his thumb for the lack of something else to do, has rather the best of it, since the world and human life and death have vexed his soft little brains with no complex problems.

Josh Billings says there seems to be four styles of mind: first, them who knows it's so; second, them who knows it ain't so; third, them who split the difference and guess at it; fourth, them who do n't care which way it is.

The latter class go out of the world as they came in it—human clams stranded high and dry on the sands of Time. I wonder if we all go one way, after death; if there is to be a difference in "rewards of merit" for the mind that has tracked the lightning in its fiery courses and bent the great forces of nature to the use of man, and for the imbecile who might be a beetle on the earth for all the sign he gives of the angel within him.

PROFESSOR MORSE.

What a star the world loses in Prof. Morse! Once, when I had ridden down from Poughkeepsie to Newburgh, seated with him in the cars and chatting with him in a girlish confidence of my own plans for the future, when the cars stopped at Fishkill Landing he assisted me to alight, and laying his

hand on my head with a sweet benediction in his face, he said, reverently, "God bless you, my dear, and may you be prosperous and blessed of Him." His head was very white then, as if with the weight of care and years.

His eldest son was of weak intellect, and his own wife, a niece of his first wife, was deaf and dumb; a singular family group they were in some respects.

A man sometimes, even in this ungrateful world, dies wrapping the robes of his greatness about him (as a king folds his ermine in stately magnificence and lies down), knowing that the world recognizes how a great soul is going out and over the dark river. Prof. Morse went out crowned with honors and left the legacy of a great discovery to mankind. He who holds the lightning in his hand will surely welcome into eternal light and knowledge this star-eyed inquirer, who reverently and trustfully gives up this boon of life and accepts what comes after with the serene faith of the Christian philosopher.

COMING TO THE POINT.

I am reminded, in coming back from lightning, the skies, and philosophy, of a couplet in the "Nursery Rhymes:"

"Old woman, old woman, whither so high?"
"To sweep the cowwebs out of the sky."

I trust, while my department seems to be emphatically that connected with housekeeping matters, that you will pardon me if I gossip on in my own way about anything and everything. If any of my lady friends who take *THE SPIRIT*, would like to ask any questions or propound any housekeeping conundrums, I dare say the good natured editor of this paper will give them a corner to "say their say." Sometimes one gets a text from such inquiries, and they lead to commendable investigations. I will by no means promise to answer intelligibly. Very few doctors take their own medicines. You know the advice given by Sir Richard Jebb was: "My directions will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they are windy; but anything else you please."

I dare say that often my housekeeping will contain about as much of the practically useful as Sir Richard's directions; but so that they entertain and are not heavy diet of wisdom, it is enough.

Perhaps next week I shall discourse a little about the foes of furniture, and other annoyances too numerous to mention, and I shall tell you whether the grand-daughter of the Duke of Chang still continues to pervade our domestic atmosphere.

I will only wind up with one suggestion to-day, and that is with regard to coffee. I have lately heard that many coffee bibbers think mixed coffee is best. "Try Java, Mocha and Maracibo, with soft water," says Prof. Blot, "and use the silvered gauze filter." Now my own experience in buying coffee of Western dealers is that coffee is sufficiently mixed when you get it. Of course you ask for Java—you get a few grains of Java, and a few of Mocha, and a few of Rio, and whether the rest is all Maracibo or not, I don't know. Prof. Blot's coffee is like his oxtail soup; it is a little easier to get at his meaning than to accomplish the results.

I found this little snatch of song, just now, which must be my good bye for *this* time. It is not mine, but some sweet soul sent it out on the winds and waves, and it is as simple and sweet as "A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

Only a taper's light
May lead a weary wanderer out of night.
Only a sparrow's song
May silence sorrow the heart's keys among.
Only a violet
Sweeten an hour embittered by regret.
I am content to be
A little light, a lowly melody,
A flower, the vale beside,
"Till I return my treasure multiplied.

WYANDOTTE, April 10th.

The *Eureka Herald*, speaking of the wheat prospects in Greenwood county, says:

Reports from the various portions of the county are rather confused. In some instances the same field has been reported as bad by one writer, and good by another. From all that we can learn, we judge that a few weeks since, the wheat looked as if it was about all killed, but that the rain has brought it out so that it is better than it was thought to be. The fields that were planted early, and plowed or drilled in, are the best. A few of these will yield a full crop; few or none are killed entirely. Late wheat has suffered badly. Bottom fields have suffered worse than upland. Some spring wheat has been sown to replace fall wheat.

The Farm.

OLD ROAN.

Under the roadside chestnut-branches, Where the midges dance and wood-bees drone, Switching the flies from his flanks and haunches, Stands the old stage-horse, poor Old Roan!

FARMING IN KANSAS.

We are in receipt of so many letters from the East inquiring if Kansas is a good State for farming, that we are prompted to answer the question in a general way.

statement, but it is true and some time will be acknowledged by all, and the sooner it is known and acknowledged, the better for all.

Kansas has a climate more like that of tropical countries than any State east of us. Our rains are more periodic and we have more continuous days without rain than other States.

But the agricultural peculiarities of all new States must be carefully studied. During the first ten years of California's marvelous growth, she was not supposed to possess other wealth than that of her minerals, but upon further experience, her farming capacities were properly understood, and now wheat, wool, salted beef, wine and fruits are exported to all markets of the world.

In Kansas we must so cultivate our ground as to prepare either for continuous rain or continuous dry weather. While many of our seasons are as regular as those of Illinois, yet we sometimes have serious exceptions to the rule and we ought to be prepared for these exceptions.

Now these facts should be studied. There are doubtless crops to which these peculiarities of soil are especially adapted, and there are many important considerations which cannot be alluded to in this article, and which are better known to old and observing farmers than to us, but we set it down as a maxim, and one when followed will give us a far better average of crops than the State of Ohio, that successful farmers must plow deep, plant early, and cultivate thoroughly; putting in seed deep or shallow, and using the roller just as may be indicated by the character of the season.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

Great complaints are made by farmers of the constant annoyance caused by the use of round screw bolts in agricultural implements and machinery worked by horse-power.

Farmers should make the surroundings of their homes neat, not only because the sight of the beautiful has an ennobling influence upon all; but also for the more mercenary reason that the neat, orderly, well kept farm is worth far more in dollars and cents, at selling time, than the farm where evidences of carelessness and slovenliness are everywhere seen.

There is no tree so well adapted to street and lawn, as the maple, either hard or soft. The hard maple is of slower growth, but when grown it is preferable to the soft variety.

A correspondent of the American Entomologist says that ants' nests in gardens or elsewhere, may be dispersed by burying in them sliced onions. A few spoonfuls of kerosene oil poured into the nest will also cause the ants to "vamoose the ranch."

A New Jersey orchardist kept two hundred to three hundred barrels of apples last winter in perfect condition, by simply piling them together in the open air and covering them up with a quantity of salt hay.

A stout wire stretched in the garret of the house or other loft, is one of the best things to hang seed corn on, as it can be easily arranged so as to keep off mice and rats.

A good test of cheese: Melt a piece. If nearly all dissolves into an oily mass it is good. But if it warps into a tough, leathery scrap, it will never give satisfaction.

Recent experiments have proved that animals cannot take on flesh rapidly unless the temperature is nearly uniform and between 50 and 60 degrees.

Dr. Jenner, of England, discovered a constant connection between all broad-breasted animals and ease in fattening.

A decent, substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keeps the doctors away.

When the labors of the day are past, let good books and newspapers invite the youngsters to the sitting-room.

The usual average of the English wheat crop is 28 bushels per acre. This year it will not be over 27.

No food makes pork that tastes better than such as is made with cooked potatoes and corn meal.

If you have a yoke of oxen do not be ashamed of them, and give your note for a span of horses.

Do not give the merchant a chance to dun you. Prompt payments make independent men.

Do not let your horses be seen standing much at the tavern door: it do not look right.

Keep good fences, especially hne fences; they promote good feelings among neighbors.

Do not buy a piano for your daughters while your sons need a plow.

Do not run for constable; you may get the office and let the plow stand.

Teach your boys to look up and forward, never down or backward.

Do not leave to memory what should be written; it makes lawsuits.

Do not become surety for him who waits for the sheriff.

Do not starve your land: if you do you will grow lean.

Buy a farm wagon before a fine carriage.

Do not buy patent rights to sell again.

GO TO FARMING.

A good living is what comparatively few men succeed in making in village or city life, and yet nothing is more easy of accomplishment on a farm. Besides, there is a pleasure in cultivating and embellishing the earth, improving and increasing its products, and thus adding to the aggregate of human happiness.

"ARBOR DAY."—In Nebraska, the 10th of April has been set apart as sacred to the planting of trees, and has been styled "Arbor Day." In order to induce competition, the State Agricultural Society has offered a premium to the agricultural society of the county in which the greatest number of trees shall be planted on that day, and a farm library worth \$25 to the person who plants properly the greatest number of trees himself.

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GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Leavenworth, Baldwin, Kansas City, Ottawa, Garnett, Iola, Humboldt, Tioga, Thayer, Cherryvale, Independence, Coffeyville, Parker.

GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, Cherryvale, Thayer, Tioga, Humboldt, Iola, Garnett, Ottawa, Kansas City, Leavenworth.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The Household.

A MOTHER'S WORK.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."—Prov. xxxi. 27.

Early in the morning
Up as soon as light,
Oversceing breakfast,
Putting all things right;
Dressing little children,
Hearing lessons said,
Washing baby faces,
Toasting husband's bread.

After breakfast reading;
Holding one at prayers;
Putting up the dinners;
Mending little tears;
Good-bye kissing children,
Sending off to school,
With a prayer and blessing,
Mother's heart is full.

Washing up the dishes,
Sweeping carpets clean,
Doing up the chamber work,
Sewing on machine;
Baby lays a-crying—
Rubbing little eyes;
Mother leaves her sewing
To sing lullabies.

Cutting little garments,
Trimming children's hats,
Writing for the papers,
With callers having chats;
Hearing little footsteps
Running through the hall,
Telling school is over,
As mamma's name they call.

Talking with the children
All about their school,
Soothing little troubles,
Teaching grammar rules;
Seeing about supper,
Lighting up the rooms,
Making home look cheerful,
Expecting husband soon.

Then, with all her headaches,
Keeping to herself,
Always looking cheerful,
Other lives to bless.
Putting to bed children—
Hearing say their prayers,
Giving all a good-night's kiss,
Before she goes down stairs.

Once more in the parlor,
Sitting down to rest,
Reading in the Bible
How His promises are blessed;
Taking all her sorrows
And every care to One,
With that trusting, hopeful heart
Which none but mothers own.

OLD MAIDS.

Why do not certain women marry? It may be flippantly replied, because they are not asked. But this is not altogether true, as many men might testify, and besides, the question may be put, why are they not asked? Some of the best women we know are unmarried and are neither "anxious nor aimless," but living lives which do good service to their day and generation. We never meet them but we wonder why are they not married, and our explanation is not at all complimentary to the taste and good sense of men. Some women adopt a single life as a vocation because they are idealists, and are not willing to enter the married state on any lower plane than that indicated by St. Paul when he said, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." By the way, it is very strange that women should object to St. Paul's teachings concerning the sphere and duties of women! They call him an "old bachelor," but no one has a higher appreciation of women than this apostle, and in ancient and modern literature there is no such idealistic conception of the marriage relation as in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. A sprightly writer thus expresses his opinion of those who are unmarried, but as we look at it, should be:

"I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is humane to all the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an old maid."

The truth is, we would get on very ill without single women, for they are the most valuable and indispensable members of society. If there is a "Dorcas" or a "Phebe" needed in a church the pastor instinctively turns to an "old maid;" if some widow's children are to be nursed the maiden sister is called upon; if a sick old woman is to be taken care of a spinster must do it; in fact, "old maids" are just as necessary and as honorable as wives, and in our "republic" they shall be honored for their works' sake. What would families do were it not for the care and mollifying influence of a maiden aunt? Romanism boasts of its chaste and serviceable nuns, but Protestantism might call the roll of its thousands of women who, under no vow, and without the love of husband or children, are yet wives and mothers in spirit to hundreds who need consolation.

FUN AND FROLIC.

An absent-minded professor, in going out the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after, he stumbled against a lady in the street; in sudden recollection of the former mishap, he called out with a look of rage in his countenance: "Is that you again, you brute?"

This reminds us of the preacher who officiated at a country funeral. As was the custom, he first went to the house from which the widow's good man was to be carried away to his long home, and made the prayer appropriate to such an occasion. Instead of making the minister a present of a pair of kids or an elegant necktie, or something of that sort, it is the country custom to give him something substantial. The late and lamented Rev. Dr. Caldwell, preaching his introductory sermon to the Baldwin Place Baptist Church in Boston, told his people that when he called on them and they offered him a lunch, or he staid to tea, they need not trouble themselves about "fancy fixings, but give him the good substantials." It is related of an old down easter, on his first visit to Boston, that when the waiter asked him what he would have, he replied, "None of your jim craks—something substantial." On being politely requested to be a little more explicit as to what he meant by substantial, he answered: "Meat or rum."

Well, to return to our story. The bereaved widow gave the parson something substantial. She gave him a string of sausage. He deposited them in the capacious rear pocket of his old "surtout"—that is what they used to call it. But on the way to the church, where the more lengthy services were to be held, the parson was immensely annoyed by a keen scented and sympathetic dog, which persisted in making sundry sudden sorties upon the rear pocket aforesaid. However, the parson reached the church at last, and closed the door upon the dog, hoping that his annoyances were over. But dogs sometimes get into churches—as that lively little specimen did which responded to our lecture so briskly in the Universalist church the other evening. The church was one of the old fashioned kind, with a pulpit way up near the roof, to which the preacher ascended by a steep and narrow flight of winding stairs. On his way up, one of his deacons, having something of importance to say to him, ran up part way behind him, and twitched his coat tail, so that he might speak to him before he got up in sight of the congregation. The good parson's patience had by this time entirely failed him, and, giving a tremendous kick straight out from behind, he sent the astonished deacon sprawling into the broad aisle, and, to apologise to the congregation, said: "That dirty dog has been trying to steal my sausages ever since I left the house; I hope he is satisfied now."

The Calendar of the University of Michigan for 1871-2 gives all needed information in regard to classes and studies in that very prosperous institution. In the list of announcements we find, "Feb. 9th, first semester closes." "Feb. 12th, second semester begins." We can conceive of no reason for using the word *semester* instead of term, except that it looks learned. The Cornell University is, however, one third worse. Its terms are of three months, and are of course *trimesters*. This Cornell institution has possession of the Agricultural College Fund of the State of New York, and it must be highly interesting to farmers' sons to learn that such a *trimester* begins on such a date. Will boys who are taught to call a term a trimester ever call a spade a spade? The Michigan and the Cornell Universities, having been endowed directly by the people, should be above all such small affectations. If their dead languages will spoil for want of airing, let them choose some other place than their catalogue for the operation.

So says *Hearth and Home*. And we say, Amen. Our Agricultural Colleges have very little to do in the dead language line, or in any other dead line, though some of them appear to have more fondness for the dead than the living. One of the best things we ever heard, though it would be impossible to put the scene on paper, occurred at a public discussion in one of the Baptist Anniversaries in Boston. The late Dr. Colver, though one of the ablest preachers in the denomination, had not had an early liberal education, and was a dreadfully hater of all shams and shows into the bargain. The discussion was a warm one, and much blood was up all around. The more that was said, the farther they seemed to get from an understanding of the situation. Rev. Mr. Stowell appeared in the list, and, according to his custom—which we reckon he has since more often honored in the breach than in the observance—quoted Latin. Thereupon Dr. Colver arose and said: "Brethren, we have been groping in the dark, and getting all the time more mystified. I acknowledge that until now I have seen no way out of our troubles, but *Bro. Stowell's Latin has set me all right*. It is all clear now." It needs a knowledge of the parties and circumstances to see the full point—but perhaps there is point enough to make a note of.

One of the most clear-headed writers we know anywhere, distinguished for his sterling common sense, and his pithy Saxon style, utters the following, which we commend to all whom it may concern: "Did it ever occur to writers for the public press that the mass of readers know nothing of Latin, or of French, or any other language than their own mother tongue? I heard a very intelligent farmer say the other day, as he threw down the paper he was reading, 'There! any man who writes for the common people to read, and mixes an unknown tongue with the English, without translation or apology, is an imposter. He deliberately insults every common reader, and such imposition I never meet without indignation; and I despise the pedant who does it.'"

An appreciative friend who heard our lecture on "Cemeteries and Epitaphs," sends us a complimentary note and the following:

"Here lies the bones
Of William Jones,
Who, when alive, collected bones.
But Death, that bony, grizzly spectre,
That most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy,
That here he lies in *bona fide*."

An English parish church-clerk gives the following notice: "No person is to be buried in this churchyard except those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the parish-clerk."

It is hardly fair to doubt that Balaam's ass spoke like a man, when so many men speak like asses.

Rev. Dr. B. gave this pulpit notice: "This congregation is respectfully invited to attend the funeral of the only surviving son of Mr. Thomas Miller, tomorrow, at two o'clock, P. M."

A Dublin attorney, complaining of a newspaper notice of the death of a living person, said that no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased.

Speaking of that lecture, we heard a little *bon mot* in connection with it that is too good to be lost. The lady's name who presided at the organ was *Graves*. Another lady suggested that she might have been chosen on account of the grave character of the subject. But, whatever the reason was, the verdict was that she performed her part of the entertainment well.

HOME CONVERSATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home amongst their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficiently for both, let them first use what they have for their own household. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in a pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

THE HOUSE A HOME.—A picture has no more charm for you when you perceive that the figures are not really doing what they pretend, but are only posing for effect; and it is the same with a house. When it is built, not for what it pretends to be—a home, to work and rest and be happy in—but for display of any sort, its charm is gone, and its value as a home, and you will never cheat any one into believing in it.

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ORANGE JUDD & CO., Publishers,
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altf.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, APRIL 13, 1872.

THE ABUSE OF PUBLIC MEN.

The abuse of public men is a chronic disease in this country—and in other countries too, for all we know. It would seem from the reports of Sir Charles Dilke's plucky speeches that even as high and amiable a character as Queen Victoria cannot escape. But especially in this country, where we are all taught that we are sovereigns and that our public officials are nothing more than our servants, sort of errand boys to run on chores for us, the public man must expect as much abuse as he can well stand. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. And uneasy lies the head that wears any wreath of civic honor, if it is at all sensitive to what men say about it.

After they are dead, it is all right. The poet's pen exhausts the pomp of wo. They were devils on this, they are angels on the other, side of Jordan. The character of Henry Clay looks grand to us now, separated from the stripes of men and serenely throned in the Better Land. But what a horrible idea we had of him when we were a boy! Surrounded by Democratic influences and opinions, he was represented to us as the very blackest embodiment of all nameless crimes and guilt. And so of many others, whom we now revere as the political giants of those days, compared with whom the statesmen of ours look like pigmies beside the Alps. They had to bear their full share of public criticism, calumny and unkindness. It is the habit of our people to speak freely and rudely of our rulers. And it is a wrong habit. It has an evil effect in more ways than one. It causes the young to lose confidence in our institutions and their representatives. And it causes our representatives themselves to feel that they are serving an ungrateful, unreliable and splenetic constituency, and this feeling will affect injuriously both the character and extent of the service they render.

Why cannot we be a little more just and kind to men before they shuffle off the mortal coil? It would do them some good now. But the dull ear of death will care little for funeral panegyrics. There is one old veteran whom we just now call to mind—Wm. H. Seward—a statesman who has grown old in his country's service, a veteran war horse for human freedom when it had fewer defenders than now, the eloquent and dignified and cultivated Senator, the shrewd and wary premier who carried us through all the complications of the rebellion without a foreign shock or jar; what magnificent eulogies will be pronounced upon him as soon as he is gone! What a touching tribute to departed worth will the New York Tribune contain! And yet it can now only speak of him in terms of cruelty or contempt. And the common tone of remark concerning him is anything but complimentary or comforting to an old public servant soon to pass away. We remember his unfortunate "90 day" prediction. We remember his ambition to be President. We remember that he is not exempt from the last infirmity of noble minds. And these are the things we talk about now. These are the things he sees in the papers about himself. But if he could only read those that are published the morning after he is dead! That would make it all even.

The amount of abuse that has been heaped upon General Grant the last few months is one of the most unaccountable and outrageous chapters in our history. Whether he is to be next President or not; whether he has made a perfect President so far or not; whether he smokes too many cigars, or talks too much horse, or associates too much with the brave boys who stood by him in the hard, hot day of battle, rather than with the white livered and cold blooded statesmen who reclined in their senatorial easy chairs while he was leaping into the deadly breach and storming the wild intrenchments of death; one thing is certain—there is no living American to whom we owe a deeper debt of gratitude than we do to him. He saved us when we had lost all heart and hope. We admitted this once. Every loyal heart in the land knows this. Well, have we forgotten it all? Have we nothing but abusive and contemptuous words for that iron invincible spirit which rallied our almost disheartened soldiers, and inspired with new life and enthusiasm every patriotic heart throughout the land? It is a shame and disgrace that the rancor of personal politics will lead men to treat with such recklessness and wickedness a man to whom, more than to any other man, we owe our grand inheritance of liberty.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

Within the past few years there has been a growing tendency, on the part of the conductors of the American press, to depend more on subscribers and patrons for support, and less on political leaders and their partisans. In most, if not all of the large cities in our country, the press has outgrown the degrading necessity of depending on politicians, and in the cities where we are acquainted with the newspaper establishments, the independent papers are rapidly increasing in circulation and patronage, while the political papers, as a class, are each year becoming less valuable to their owners. The great success of the independent press is no doubt attributed to the fact, that with the increasing culture of our people, they demand something more of their newspapers than a simple record of the news of the

day, and an abstract from official documents. Intelligent men of all parties prefer a high-toned paper, which will sometimes even challenge their dissent, to a journal that gives, from week to week, only a repetition or rehash of their own individual views or opinions. The conductors of the independent press cannot of course hold themselves responsible to the personal views of any individual patron; neither can they submit to the dictation of any man, or party. In order to have journals useful and profitable, it is of the highest importance that their editors should be frank, fearless, free, true to their own convictions, avoiding profitless discussion, ill-natured controversy, and bitter personalities.

The political papers usually use the word "neutral" in an offensive sense, when they scold or rebuke journals of the class above named. Neutrality implies being undecided, but no person we think can carefully read the independent press, without arriving at the conviction that it has emphatic opinions on most public questions, which are stated in an explicit manner. The statistics of American newspapers show that as a class, the independent papers have more than three times the patronage received by political journals—the latter having an average circulation of 1170, while the former have an average circulation of 3659. In the large cities, the difference is greater than in an average of the whole country, for while the issue of the political papers would be reckoned by the hundred, that of the other class would be estimated by the thousand.

Papers are demanded in our families that can be positive without being partizan, and independent without being impudent. No man can read the majority of our papers, particularly in a time of political excitement, without being convinced of their inappropriateness, not to say deleteriousness, to the minds of the family, especially of the young. Indeed the manner in which political parties, and political candidates, and political editors often treat each other when important elections are pending is iniquitous and painful in the extreme. Each accuses the other of unmixing and execrable baseness; of undermining the Constitution and plotting the ruin of the country; of being vile, and false, and unscrupulous, and only anxious for the spoils of office. One of the most serious results of this bitterness is a corruption of the press that is fearfully flagitious and demoralizing. In time of high political excitement it is almost impossible to gain reliable information from the public party gazettes. By party prejudice and rage facts are denied and discolored; truth is distorted or ignored; the fair and hard-earned reputations of men are covered with obloquy; and no means, however unworthy, are spared if they will serve a favorite purpose and elect a favorite candidate. An honest man dares not compete in what he reads. As if the tongue, that "world of iniquity," could not circulate deceptive and scandalous assertions with adequate celerity, men have taught the pen and ink to lie; by abuse of the most unparalleled atrocity, they have made that powerful engine, the press, a vehicle of falsehood. And yet despite of all they say and print to the contrary, there is not the slightest evidence to prove that there may not be among all political parties, and even among the leaders, some good men and true, who honestly aim at their country's welfare; some with pure intentions and right principles, and a sterling patriotism; while there are, doubtless, others—alas too many of them—with bad intentions, and "seven principles," as John Randolph said, viz: "five loaves and two fishes."

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Telegraphic Summary.

State.

The State Liberal Convention was held in Topeka last Wednesday. Hon. Sam. J. Crawford presided. The following gentlemen were appointed vice-presidents: Byron Sherry, Leavenworth; H. B. Horn, Atchison; A. Thoman, Topeka; C. Willemssen, Lawrence; H. D. Shepard, Burlingame; W. H. Morris, Neodesha; J. L. Floyd, Sedgwick County; E. E. Bush, Wyandotte; T. R. Russell, Crawford County; J. E. Martin, of Sedgwick County, and T. Clark, of Salina. Hon. B. Gratz Brown and M. J. Parrott delivered eloquent addresses. Hon. S. A. Riggs was chairman of committee on resolutions.

The Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad will formally open from Leavenworth to the Indian country on the completion of the bridge across the Kansas river at Lawrence, on the 18th, by running a train of their own coaches into the Union depot in Leavenworth.

A formal test of the Leavenworth bridge was made on the 10th inst. by the chief engineer, and consisted in placing upon it two engines and eight flat cars, loaded with twenty tons each, making a pressure of one ton to the lineal foot. The greatest deflection in the longest span was less than three inches. The result was satisfactory in the highest degree.

Among other bills which Wilson, from Senate military committee, reported back, was one to pay certificates issued for fortifications at Lawrence, Kansas.

Two colonies from Pennsylvania, numbering three hundred families, left Allentown this week for homes in Russell County, Kansas.

Country.

The soldiers' homestead bill, which became a law Tuesday last, provides that every private soldier and officer who served in the army of the United States during the late rebellion, for ninety days or more, shall be entitled to 160 acres of land.

The House appropriation committee has agreed to recommend appropriations asked for by the Agricultural Department—about \$40,000.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher surprised his congregation, last Sunday, by calling on them to contribute to a Universalist preacher from Kansas, who would solicit from them during the week.

In Boston, at the election for delegates to the Massachusetts State convention to choose delegates to the Philadelphia convention, ward Six, in which Sumner was born and now lives, which includes the aristocratic literati of Beacon street, and also three or four hundred negro votes, instructed its delegates for Grant and Wilson, unanimously.

At the Pennsylvania State convention a resolution was unanimously adopted instructing the delegates to the Philadelphia convention to vote solid for Grant, and regarding the Vice Presidency to act for the best interest of the Republican party.

At the Massachusetts State convention ex-Gov. John H. Clifford of New Bedford presided, and made a brief address strongly endorsing the administration of President Grant. Delegates elected are Alex. H. Rice, Boston; Dr. Geo. B. Loring, of Salem; ex-Gov. Wm. Claflin, of Newton; Oliver Ames, North Easton; Sylvanus Johnson, North Adams. Resolutions were adopted advocating the re-election of President Grant. They also recommend Henry Wilson for Vice President.

The removal of the squatters on the Cherokee Indian lands south of Kansas cannot be much longer delayed. The Indian Bureau is determined in its view that they should be expelled. The President is represented as being positive and earnest in demanding the execution of his order, and the Secretary of War is equally firm.

Foreign.

The city of Antioch, in Syria, has been visited by an earthquake, causing terrible loss of life. One-half of the city was totally destroyed, and great distress prevails in that section.

In the case of O'Connor for assault upon the Queen, O'Connor's father was sworn in his son's defense. He testified that he (the father) was a nephew of Fergus O'Connor, and that several members of the family besides the prisoner were insane. The prisoner was wounded in the hand in 1866, and received injuries which rendered him insensible for some time. The witness also stated that his son was never connected with any political association.

A cable dispatch in the New York Evening Mail says it is reported that at an interview at Baden Baden last week, between Queen Victoria and the Prince Imperial of Prussia, the question of the expediency of her majesty abdicating in favor of the Prince of Wales, was discussed. It is believed that the Queen, who, it is affirmed, has for several years past seriously considered the question of abdication, had decided to seek counsel and advice of her royal relatives of Prussia before taking any decisive action in a matter of so grave importance.

Fuller returns of the recent elections for members of the Cortes have been received, and the list now stands as follows: Ministerialists 231, radicals 62, reformers 42, Carlists 382, opposition conservatives 92.

The authorities of the French departments on the Spanish border have been instructed by the government of Versailles to arrest all Spanish refugees and send them to the Basque provinces for detention. They have also been ordered to stop all packages going into Spain containing cartridges or powder.

Dispatches say that Gen. Palache has placed Matamoros under military law, and requires all vessels navigating the Rio Grande to obtain a special permit before approaching within twelve miles of the city, as protection against attack from the river. This will probably be received by steamboat men on the American side as being opposed to international law. Troops are still advancing towards Matamoros, and will probably commence the siege at once.

Mount Vesuvius is again in a state of violent eruption. A column of fire is issuing from it, and stones, ashes and cinders fall in dense showers around the summit. Tourists are hastening to Naples to witness the spectacle.

The editor of the Alma Union is making some most sensible suggestions to the farmers thereabouts. We select the following:

When you sell a cow from your herd always sell the poorest, not the best. Keep the best cows from which to raise an improved herd of cows. We have no doubt that with proper efforts the average value of cattle might be increased ten dollars a head, and of horses twenty-five dollars a head in ten years. Such an increase in value would put most of our farmers out of debt at once.

We believe that few of our farmers make as much as they should of the pig. No animal on the farm is more profitable. We can't stop to argue the proposition. Let us have more and better pigs.

Poultry ought to contribute more than it does to the farmer's income. Chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and guinea fowls ought to swarm about all our farm yards.

Few of our farmers keep bees. Many ought to. The prairie flowers, the flowers that grow in yard and garden, the mustard, clover, and corn blooms, are all full of honey, and if we were wise we should have millions of little winged servants gathering and storing their sweets.

Town Talk.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS AND THE FAIR GROUNDS.

—We have refrained from alluding to this subject for several weeks, on account of a hope deferred which has literally made our heart sick, that our County Board would furnish grounds for us to hold a Fair upon. They have failed to do so. And they have failed, in our judgment, because they did not want to do so. We will except from this condemnation Commissioner Darling, but the other Commissioners have manifested an indifference to the instruction of the County and to the repeated requests of the County Agricultural Society, which, in our deliberate judgment, is utterly inexcusable and outrageous. We are a little too full of the subject just now for utterance, but we know whereof we affirm, and, at an early day, shall take occasion to show the farmers of Douglas County why they are without Fair Grounds, and why they—the first agricultural County in the State—will go without a Fair this year.

MORE GOOD WORDS.—The Fort Scott Occasional calls THE SPIRIT "the best home paper in Kansas."

The Topeka Commonwealth, noticing the arrival of one of our agents, speaks of THE SPIRIT as "an agriculturo-politico-religio-family-literary journal, occupying a field in Kansas journalism hitherto untrodden by any paper. It is a handsome sheet, and is sprightly, entertaining, valuable and able." Prouty has hit the nail on the head. That is what we are, exactly, but we lacked words to say it. Prouty, your paw! But what shall we say to the Emporia News? Which says of us:

"THE KANSAS SPIRIT, Kalloch's new paper, gets better and better each week. We like it, head and all, and devour its contents with a relish not experienced in reading any other Kansas publication. Its bright and beautiful pages—for it is a model typographically—teem with the best things to be found in print. It should have a large circulation."

That is good, coming from anybody; but from "Jake" it is doubly valuable.

MILT. HEARD FROM.—The following letter explains itself. It is one of Mil's characteristic performances, and his hosts of friends in Lawrence are always interested in them:

INDEPENDENCE, KAN., March 30, 1872. EDITOR MONITOR: You are right! The editors can do anything. They can go to Philadelphia, and drop down to Washington and interview Grant and the departments. Tomorrow will invite us to his cabin; Caldwell ditto. Judge Lowe will be glad to see us, and we shall be glad to see him. I am advised by authority as follows: "Tom. Scott will give trip passes for you all to attend the Convention in the first week in June." Have called a meeting of the officers and executive committee to arrange programme.

Deborah, the pretty Jewess and lawgiver, enjoined upon her subjects:

Speak to the Judges who ride upon white asses.

Dear brethren in the editorial flesh, let me enjoin upon you: Write for the R. R. who give you free passes.

Very respectfully, M. W. REYNOLDS, Pres't. Kan. Ed. Association, Pres't. Parsons & Santa Fe Railroad, and Proprietor of "Milt's Milkery."

CEMETERIES AND EPITAPHS.—This was the theme of Mr. Kalloch's lecture on last Thursday evening, at the Universalist Church. The entire subject of graveyard literature was handled in an able manner by the speaker. The methods and customs of the burial in all cemeteries were treated of. From grave to gay, from lively to severe, the speaker treated of the subject most exhaustively. Epitaphs without end, and of all conceivable descriptions, were read, showing extensive research and careful selection. The church was filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience, which manifested its interest by frequent applause and hearty laughter. The lecture was a great treat, and the lecturer fully maintained his unquestionable popularity whenever he consents to address a Lawrence audience. Through an unaccountable oversight this notice was omitted in yesterday's paper.—Tribune.

"UNCLE TOMMY."—We shall still speak of our deceased friend, Mr. White, by the familiar term by which he went when he was among us. When such an appellation becomes common, it evinces a common, kindly feeling towards those to whom it is applied. A mean, cold, hard, narrow, bigoted man never becomes everybody's uncle. Mr. White was the reverse of all this. He was a liberal, charitable, cheerful and large hearted man. Even when suffering from pain and sickness, his presence was promotive of kindly and pleasant utterances. The life of such a man as Uncle Tommy was not lost, nor without its influence for good; and we confidently leave him for the future in the hands of the Being who created him, and whose tender mercies are over all His works.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.—We can think of no enterprise ever started in in the State with reference to the success of which we were more incredulous—and for which at the same time we had heartier good wishes—than the Kansas Magazine. And we are now ready to acknowledge that, both in execution and ability of conduct, as well as in circulation and success, it has entirely surpassed our calculations and confounded our predictions. We are not yet fully converted to its ultimate success, but we are under tolerably deep conviction, and if successive numbers keep up as much pressure as the others have, we should yield, by the King compelled, and own him conqueror.

BABCOCK ABROAD.—There is a great "revival" of religion in Lawrence, Kansas. The prayers, speeches, confessions, and names of the converts are regularly reported for the daily newspapers. One peculiarity is worthy of notice. There is an out-door meeting held every day at 11 1/2 o'clock A. M., "in front of Simpson's bank." The best speech we have noticed was that of Gen. C. W. Babcock, who said that "a man could not be converted without he made reparation for the wrong he had done." This is not an original remark, but it has often been made, and we are pained to say, than acted upon.—New York Tribune.

JERSEY COWS AND BUTTER.—Mrs. I. S. Kalloch sends us a pail of fine butter made from her herd of beautiful Jersey cows, twelve in number, and now being kept at Burr Oak farm. They will soon be removed to Hillhome farm for the summer. In this locality the Jersey cows stand first as butter makers and for general family purposes. Mrs. I. S. Kalloch's herd is the finest in the State.—Journal.

QUESTIONABLE.—One of our exchanges has made the statement that the editor of the Oskaloosa Statesman experienced religion during Hammond's revival at Topeka. There must be some mistake in this. The Statesman continues a Democratic paper.—Sol. Miller.

LIFE INSURANCE.—Geo. A. Moore, Esq., Secretary of the Missouri Valley Life Insurance Company, was in the city this week, and paid his respects to our office. Mr. Moore is an honorable gentleman and a most efficient officer of the Society.

GROVENOR.—His Honor, Mayor Grovenor, was baptised into the fellowship of the Baptist Church last Sabbath. He will make a valuable acquisition to the strength of the Church.

HON. THEO. C. SEARS.—We had a pleasant call, a few days ago, from State Senator T. C. Sears, of Ottawa. He is now principal attorney, in Kansas, for the M. K. & T. railroad company, and was making a business tour through the valley. Besides being one of the best lawyers in the State, Judge Sears is a gentleman of fine address, of the best social qualities, and a good man in all respects. By all odds he was the strongest man in the last Senate. He is one of the best speakers in the State, and his speeches in the Senate were always clear and forcible. He was the most fearless, logical and convincing debater on the floor of that body. Throughout the two years he was consistent, and no man in the Senate made a better record. Our associations with him were of the pleasantest character, and we shall always remember them with the best of feelings. We are glad to know that our friend has a "good thing" in his present position, and is enjoying a lucrative practice besides. We should be glad if the people should say to him, at the proper time, "come up higher" in politics.—Emporia News.

THE TEFY HOUSE.—This mammoth hotel, which, under the administration of McMeekin & Son, has attained a popularity second to none in the west, has been leased by E. A. Smith, Esq., late of the Eldridge House at Lawrence. If any of our readers are unacquainted with the new landlord, we will say, for their information, that the Tefy, under his management, will lose none of its excellent reputation. Mr. Smith is a first-class landlord, and takes pleasure in running in a first-class manner first-class hotels. Several important improvements in the internal arrangements of the house are already in contemplation by him. Mr. McMeekin has leased the Union Hotel (railroad) in the first ward, and will take possession of it in about a month. Both gentlemen have the hearty good will of the Commonwealth.—Topeka Commonwealth.

THE LAWS OF 1872.—The pamphlet edition of the session laws, with an appropriate index, is now ready for delivery at the Commonwealth office. Sent to any address on receipt of fifty cents.

Mr. Prouty has favored us with a copy, printed in good shape, conveniently indexed, a credit to the State and its popular State Printer. Prouty is one of the few fellows that has few, if any, enemies, and his brethren of the press are always pleased to chronicle his success. He has our best wishes that his shadow may never be more. It is so big now that it is easier sometimes for him to stand up than sit down.

SOMETHING FOR THE FARMERS.—Something new in the shape of a gate, with all the appearance of being just the thing needed by farmers, has been set up on Henry street, opposite our sanctum window, where it will be on exhibition for several weeks, and we recommend farmers to give it a careful inspection. Mr. Canfield, the inventor, is stopping at the American House, where he may be found when not exhibiting the workings of his economical invention on the corner of Massachusetts and Henry streets. See advertisement.

SHANKLAND.—Our old time Kansas friend, Col. Shankland, of Lawrence, has been spending some days in our city. Col. S. was down to see us last summer, and succeeded in directing a large share of the cattle trade of Texas to the Kansas Pacific R. R. You will always find the latch-string on the outside, Shank.—Sheridan (Texas) Land Journal.

CONFESSING.—The Oskaloosa Statesman says: "We see by the Lawrence Journal that the meetings there are as interesting as they were under the direction of Mr. Hammond. Gen. Babcock, Judge S. O. Thacher, Steve Horton and Rob't. Frazer have spoken out in the meetings and candidly confessed their sins."

REYNOLDS.—Geo. A. Reynolds, the first Mayor of Fort Scott, was here yesterday. He will soon be a resident of Parsons and give his whole attention to building a railroad to Independence, Parker, and through the Southern tier, Elk City, Oxford, &c., to Wichita.—Fort Scott Monitor.

FARMERS' FAVORITE! Canfield's Flexible Farm Gate.

I have set up for exhibition, on the corner of Massachusetts and Henry Streets, opposite Simpson's Bank, my NEW AND UNRIVALLED INVENTION, The Flexible Farm Gate. All I ask is that the farmers will examine it, and I feel assured that neither they nor I will be losers by their doing so. J. M. CANFIELD.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN MORTAR, OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, 59 MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

—Can be found the—

Renovated, Re-stocked, Neat and Attractive DRUG STORE

MORRIS & CRANDALL.

Dr. R. MORRIS having associated himself in business with Dr. T. V. CRANDALL, a practical Druggist from New York City, they will continue the business of GEO. SLOSSON & CO. at the above mentioned place.

Our Motto is to Give Satisfaction, GIVE WHAT IS CALLED FOR,

Give Pure Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals from the best Laboratories of Europe and America, AND, FINALLY, TO GIVE YOUR MONEY'S VALUE. Call and See, and Try. nllif

I'VE LOST MY KNIFE.

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

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. I have had twenty-five years' practical experience in WATCH REPAIRING,

and am familiar with all the different varieties, and will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Call at Frazer's, Frazer's Block, the pioneer jeweler of Lawrence, where I can always be found ready to put your watch in tip-top order. J. M. SKIFF, nollf

Kansas City Advertisements.

FINE HOGS FOR SALE.

I have now for sale, at reasonable prices, ONE BERKSHIRE BOAR, over one year old, SEVERAL CHESTER WHITE BOARS, under one year, A FEW BERKSHIRE PIGS, from four to six months, And Young Pigs of each breed, some of the latter nearly old enough to take from the sows.

VERY FINE THOROUGHBREDS,

Purchased of well known importers and breeders of Canada; and my Chester Whites are bred from stock purchased of some of the most reliable breeders of Pennsylvania. Purity of stock guaranteed in every instance. Apply to GEO. M. CHASE, Kansas City, Mo.

PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS,

From the largest and best herd in the West. Prices reduced. FIFTY PREMIUMS IN 1871.

Only one breed kept. Address, J. K. HUDSON, Box 108, Kansas City, Mo.

KANSAS CITY GRAIN ELEVATOR, LATSHAW & QUADE, Proprietors, DEALERS IN GRAIN.

The highest market price paid for Wheat, Corn and Oats. 100,000 Bushels Wanted Immediately. 7m3

The Most Wonderful Discovery of the Nineteenth Century!

DR. C. G. GARRISON'S MAGIC HAIR CURLING FLUID.

It will curl the most stubborn and straight hair that ever grew on human head, to equal natural curls. No one can tell the difference, and it is almost impossible to get the curl out of the hair.

For sale by Druggists and Notion and Fancy dealers. Price \$1.00 Per Bottle.

Sent to any address on receipt of price. C. G. GARRISON, M. D., 1217 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. 7m3

CENTRAL HOUSE,

C. P. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Main Street, Between Seventh and Eighth, KANSAS CITY, MO. 7m3

CONFIDENTIAL LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN,

On the Indiscretions of Youth and the Follies of Maturer Years.

The most plain, frank and reliable pamphlet ever written on this subject. No man can afford to be without it. Sent to any address in a sealed envelope for 25 cents.

Address DR. JOHN FEE, Sixth Street, between Main and Delaware, Kansas City, Mo. Dr. Fee can be consulted by both sexes at his office from 9 o'clock A. M. to 8 P. M., daily. 7-ly

GO TO THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, BEST!

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THE MOST PRACTICAL AND BEST ESTABLISHED BUSINESS COLLEGE IN THE COUNTRY, — Located in the — DRY GOODS PALACE BUILDING, Nos. 712 & 714 Main St., between Seventh and Eighth, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

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THE HAIR STORE.

J. E. VINCENT Has the best and only regular Hair Store in Kansas City. Mr. Vincent is a

PRACTICAL WIG MAKER, and manufacturer of all kinds of Hair Goods generally. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.

All orders by mail promptly filled. Give him a call at No. 713 MAIN STREET, Kansas City, Missouri. 8yl

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—AND— VETERINARY SURGEON,

Lawrence and North Lawrence. LABORATORY No. 22 MASSACHUSETTS STREET. Medicines Constantly on Hand.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,

OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

OFFICERS:

J. W. McMILLAN, President. C. T. HOLLY, V. Pres. G. A. McMILLAN, Cashier. nollf

The Story Teller.

DEEDS VERSUS CREEDS.

And, seeking truth, I wholly lost my way;
 Bowed back and forward by the swinging tides
 Of doubt and faith, confused by many guides,
 Each one armed with a doctrine and a creed
 Which each felt safe to say
 Would meet and satisfy my every need.

And one claimed Jesus was the Son of God;
 And one denied that he was more than man.
 One scented wrath in the redeeming plan;
 One dwelt upon its mercy and its love;
 One threatened with the rod;
 One wooed me with the cooings of the dove.

And whether souls were fore-ordained to bliss;
 And whether faith, or works, were strong to save;
 And whether judgment lay beyond the grave,
 And love, with pardoning power went down to hell—
 Whether that road or this
 Led up to heaven's gate, I could not tell.

Amid this dust of theological strife,
 I lingered with a want unsatisfied,
 Heaven while I lived, not heaven when I died,
 Was what I craved; and how to make sublime
 And beautiful my life
 While yet I lingered on the shores of Time.

To judgment swift my guides in doctrine came:
 Which one lived out the royal truths he preached?
 Which one loved mercy, and ne'er overreached
 His weaker brother? And which one forgot
 His own in other's claim,
 And put self last? I sought, but found him not;

And wept and railed because religion seemed
 Only the thin ascending smoke of words,
 The jangling rattle of inharmonious chords;
 Until—my false inductions to disprove—
 Across my vision streamed
 The glory of a life aflame with love.

One who was silent while his brethren taught,
 And showed me not the beauties of his creed,
 But went before me, sowing silent seed
 That made the waste and barren desert glad;
 Whose hand in secret brought
 Healing and comfort to the sick and sad;

Aglow, I cried, "Here all my questionings end:
 Oh! what is thy religion, thy belief?"
 Smiling, he shook his head with answer brief,
 "This man so swift to act, so slow to speak,
 "In deeds, not creeds, my friend,
 Lives the religion that I humbly seek."

And soft and swift across my spirit stole
 The rest and peace so long and vainly sought;
 And though I mourn the graces I have not,
 If I may help my brother in his need,
 And love him as my soul,
 I trust God's pardon if I have no creed.

JOHN'S WIFE AND MINE.

When I stood on board the Ocean Queen, a steam-
 or outward bound, I bade farewell to the only
 friend I had in the world. When John Fairlie bade
 me God speed, wrung my hand in his own, and
 turned from me, I had looked my last upon the only
 face I cared for.

I shall never forget his last words.
 "Remember, Paul," he said, "that, whether you
 win or fail, you have a true friend or brother in me.
 While I have a home, you shall share it. If India
 fails, come back to me, and we will be brothers in
 everything; and remember, return when you may,
 your first visit must be to my house. You must
 come straight there."

These were kind words, and he meant every one
 of them. We had always been like brothers. I had
 no one in the wide world but John Fairlie. He
 was about five years older than me. At the time I
 left England for India I was twenty, and he twenty-
 five.

My father, Stephen Hylton, of Hylton Grange,
 had been a wealthy, solitary man. He must have
 had some great secret grief in his life that struck
 him from the roll of living men. Perhaps it was
 my mother's early death that embittered him. I do
 not know; his troubles were a sealed book to me.
 We lived in complete isolation, never seeing friends
 or visitors. My father, who was an accomplished
 scholar, educated me himself.

The only friend I had was John Fairlie, of Lyned-
 ale Hall, the only son of old Squire Fairlie. He
 was my comrade, play-fellow, and brother in every-
 thing but name—kind to me, fond of me, true as
 steel. His father died when John was twenty, and
 then he became Squire of Lynedale.

My father was ruined soon afterwards. I never
 knew his secrets. To this day I am quite ignorant
 of the cause of his downfall. Hylton Grange and
 everything we had in the world was sold. For
 some short time my father struggled on in London,
 then died, keeping his secret to the last. A distant
 relative of his—some third or fourth cousin—exerted
 his influence for me, and I was sent off to India.

Of course, John Fairlie came to see me start, after
 exhausting his ingenuity in providing me with
 every comfort for the long voyage. Tears, such as
 women shed, stood in my eyes, when the honest,
 kindly face passed out of my sight, and I was quite
 alone in the world. For five years I had struggled
 with fortune, which seemed all against me during
 that time. I wrote constantly to John, and he
 never missed a mail.

He married the same year I left England, and was
 evidently very proud of the feat; actually married
 a young widow, with two daughters, Lady Clara
 Ross—one of the handsomest women in England.
 After that, I fancied John's letters were colder in
 tone. When I spoke of ill-fortune, his sympathy
 was not so warm or so ready as formerly. So, when
 I began to grow rich, I did not tell him, although

my love for him never altered—never changed or
 cooled. Our correspondence almost ceased.

After a time, money seemed to grow under my
 hands by magic; everything I touched turned to
 gold. Far and near Paul Hylton was known as
 one of the wealthiest and most fortunate of men. I
 was a millionaire, yet there was no one in the wide
 world to love me. I had neither kith nor kin. I
 would have parted with all my gold for only one of
 the blessings that fall to the lot of other men.

After fifteen years I grew tired of Indian life, and
 resolved to go home to England, and there enjoy
 the fortune that labor had won. I reached London
 on the 23d of December. There was no one to greet
 me, no face to smile upon me, no voice to bid me
 welcome. Neither mother, sister, brother, nor
 friend; my heart was cold and sad. Every one
 else seemed happy and animated—I was alone. My
 heart yearned for my old friend—for the shake of a
 warm hand-clasp—for a kindly word. I remembered
 his farewell. True, we had not written for three
 years, but I did not doubt but that he was John
 Fairlie still.

Early on the 24th, I started for Lynedale Hall,
 knowing that he would welcome me. No words of
 mine can tell what that ride through the Winter
 day was like. The snow and frost were old friends;
 the cold air, after the burning Indian blasts, so in-
 vigorating; the gray, wintry sky, the bare hedges,
 and leafless trees—I enjoyed them all.

What would John say to me? How would he
 greet me after all those years? What seemed more
 natural than that I should hurry to spend my leis-
 ure time with him.

It was five o'clock when I reached Lynedale Hall.
 The windows were aglow with light and warmth.
 It was evident that my old friend's house was full
 of guests.

In answer to my inquiries, the footman said Mr.
 Fairlie was at home. He ushered me into the libra-
 ry, and went off in search of his master.

Five minutes afterwards John stood before me,
 but there was no gleam of recognition in his eyes.
 I looked earnestly at him. The same honest, kindly
 face, but full of anxious lines, the same true, clear
 eyes, with a shadow in them.

"John," I cried, "do you not know me?" His
 ruddy, honest face turned quite white.

"It cannot be Paul—Paul Hylton?" he said.

"It is, indeed!" I replied: "come to spend a few
 days with you."

Then he grasped my hands, as in an iron vice, and
 I knew that he was unchanged.

"My dear old friend," he said, with quivering
 lips, "I am so pleased to see you!"

I thought he would never finish shaking my
 hands, or bidding me welcome home. God bless
 him! I might have known that he would be true.

We talked for half an hour without stopping—
 of our parting, of old times and old friends; then
 John's kindly eyes resting on my traveling suit, he
 said, "So the world has not prospered with you,
 Paul."

I smiled, but did not deceive him, feeling, for
 the first time, proud and happy that I was a mil-
 lionaire, resolving to keep my secret for a day or
 two, and then surprise him with it.

At that very moment the library door opened,
 and a tall, stately lady entered the room.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she said, coldly; "I did not
 know that you were engaged. Perhaps, with a
 house full of visitors, you can spare time for more
 than one?"

"A hint to me!" I thought. Never did I see such
 a change as, at the sound of that voice, come over
 poor John. He had been so happy, so merry, so
 kind—now he stood up, confused and hesitating.

"To be sure, my dear," he said, meekly—"to be
 sure! I am very remiss, Lady Clara. Let me in-
 troduce my old friend, Paul Hylton, to you."

The lady favored me with a very haughty bow.

"He—has returned from India," said John, with
 trembling hesitation, "and has come to spend a few
 days with us."

Then she looked at me, slowly and steadily, from
 head to foot. I felt conscious that I should have
 visited a tailor. My clothes seemed shabby, my
 boots dirty, under the calm search of those proud
 eyes.

"What room will suit Mr. Hylton best?" asked
 John. "He will want good fires; England is very
 cold after India."

"I understood you that our list of guests was
 complete," said Lady Clara, haughtily. "You had
 better send for the house-keeper; there are no
 rooms to spare."

So saying, with a decided frown, she swept from
 the room.

I saw it all; John was fearfully henpecked. He
 stood feebly, trying to smile, rubbing his hands,
 and looking ruefully at me.

"Lady Clara is—is tired to-night," he said; "we
 have so many visitors."

"John," I said, "be frank with me. I am an un-
 invited guest; if I have come at an inopportune
 moment, I will go away again."

He flushed crimson.

"Nothing of the kind," he said; "how can you
 speak so, Paul. You are my friend—my guest—
 welcome always, as are flowers in May. Lady Clara
 is peculiar; she has always been amongst the grand
 people, you know. I think it would, perhaps, be as
 well not to say you have been unfortunate before
 her; she would not understand, you see."

The housekeeper came, and a room was found for
 me—more thanks to old Mrs. Green's remembrance
 of me as "young Hylton, of Hylton," than from any

interest on the part of Lady Clara. I was shown
 up stairs, and told the dinner hour was seven.
 While I was dressing, John stole quietly into my
 room.

"Paul," he said in a hushed voice, "if there is
 anything you want, remember my wardrobe is
 yours—have no scruples."

I thanked him with a smile, thinking if my dear
 old friend only knew!

The first dinner-bell rang, and I went down to
 the drawing-room where all the guests were as-
 sembled. There I was introduced to Miss Ada
 Ross, Lady Clara's daughter (the youngest sister
 was married that same year), and to John's two
 children—a charming boy and girl.

Miss Ada Ross measured me accurately with her
 eyes. They expressed nothing but contemptuous
 indifference until they lighted suddenly upon a val-
 uable diamond ring I wore upon one finger—a ring
 that had once been chief of a Rajah's treasure.

Then she gave me a puzzled look, asking plainly as
 eyes could do what a poor, uninvited guest did with
 such a jewel as that?

She was a brilliant rather than a beautiful girl,
 with dark, flashing eyes, a fine face and a tall figure,
 something like her mother. John's two children
 resembled him.

Just as we were going to dinner, a young girl
 stole into the room—a girl who riveted my atten-
 tion at once. She had a sweet face, fresh and fair,
 with clear, blue eyes and the most beautiful mouth
 I ever beheld. No one appeared to take any notice
 of her; no one spoke to her. She was plainly
 dressed, without any jewels or ornaments, but to
 my eyes she was peerless as a graceful queen.

I had just time to ask John who she was.

"The dearest and best girl in the world; my poor
 sister Nellie's child," he said hurriedly. "She is
 dead, you know, and Kate is living with us. I will
 introduce you to her, Paul."

He did so; and I asked Miss Kate Challis if I
 might take her down to dinner. Poor child! I
 read such a story in her sweet, downcast face. She
 trembled and flushed when Lady Clara spoke to her
 or came near her, and seemed overpowered at the
 very idea of Miss Ada Ross. I read a story of fem-
 inine oppression and cruelty; I understood the
 girl's miserable position—the taunts she received
 from Lady Clara, the envy and jealousy of Miss
 Ross.

She was a sweet, simple, loving child, frightened
 and nervous, yet with a quiet fund of humor that
 often startled me.

John Fairlie loved the girl; I could see that very
 plainly. He spoke to her several times during din-
 ner, and was solicitous about what she ate and
 drank.

It was a pleasant party, despite Lady Clara and
 her proud daughter. The dining-room was mag-
 nificently decorated; the dinner was recherche and
 well served; the guests happy and full of gaiety.

After dinner I had Miss Kate all to myself. No
 one seemed to think I was worthy of much notice,
 and no one seemed to care for her, although she
 was the sweetest, prettiest girl in the room. Peo-
 ple took their cue from Lady Clara, who ignored us
 both.

I was amused and touched by the girl's warm,
 deep love for her uncle. Her eyes glistened and
 her whole face grew bright at the mention of his
 name. He seemed just as fond of her, but dared
 not show it, poor fellow.

The next day was cold and stormy. I went to
 church, with Kate Challis and John. Neither my
 lady or her guests dare venture out in such "un-
 reasonable weather." My companions were like
 two children out of school, the way in which John
 laughed and talked, growing grave and serious
 when my lady's name was mentioned; and Kate,
 daring to be her own natural self, proved to be the
 merriest, sweetest, most winsome girl in the
 world.

CHAPTER II.

One day, during dinner, I heard that my old
 house, Hylton Grange, was for sale. I resolved to
 purchase it, for vague, sweet dreams of wife and
 home began to steal over me. I placed the matter
 in the hands of my solicitor, telling him to keep the
 secret, and not let the purchaser's name become
 public. John stood the test so well I did not care
 to tell my secret yet. The poorer he believed me to
 be the kinder he was to me, and Kate the same;

while my lady and her daughter looked down upon
 me from the height of their grandeur. Yet I was
 vain enough to think that had Ada known I was a
 millionaire she would have liked me. Once or
 twice, in the absence of her stately mamma, she
 tried a small passage-at-arms with me. Her lady-
 ship accidentally entered in the midst of one of
 these little affairs, and I was most unconsciously
 a listener, some time afterwards, to a conversation in
 which my name figured to a great extent.

"Ada," said her ladyship, "how can you think of
 wasting your time talking to that man, while Sir
 George Carew and Lord Bateman are in the
 house?"

"He is a very nice man, mamma," was the pert
 reply, "and talks to me, which Sir George never
 does."

"He is as poor as a church mouse!" said her lady-
 ship, angrily. "I hope he does not intend sponging
 upon us much longer. He has been unfortunate in
 India, or something of the kind."

"Nice men are always poor or unfortunate," said
 Miss Ada. "Mamma, how in the world did he get
 hold of that diamond ring?"

"Nothing but paste!" said her ladyship. "Noth-

ing in the world betrays a man so soon as false
 jewelry. I have no wish to talk about Mr. Hylton,
 Ada; only let me warn you that all time spent with
 him is lost."

I did not hear the reply, having just at that mo-
 ment an opportunity to escape.

Lynedale Hall was in a grand commotion. Her
 ladyship decided that a ball should be given on the
 30th, and the whole place was in a ferment of prep-
 aration.

"I am so fond of dancing," said Kate to me, one
 morning; "I shall enjoy this ball very much."

"So shall I, if you will dance with me, Kate," I
 said; "not without."

She half promised. Judge of my surprise when,
 two hours afterwards, I met her in the grounds,
 her sweet face stained with tears.

"What is the matter, Kate?" I cried. "You have
 been crying. Tell me what it is."

I drew her arm in mine and led her through the
 shrubbery, where the snow lay white upon the trees.

"What is it?" I asked again. "Tell me, Kate."

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for crying,"
 she said; "but Lady Clara has decided that I am
 not to go to the ball."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I have no dress," said Kate; "and Lady Clara
 thinks, with so many visitors at the Hall, there is
 no time to see about one."

"Where does Lady Clara's come from?" I asked,
 quietly.

"From London," replied Kate. "Dresses for my
 aunt and cousin were ordered three days since."

"Buy a dress, Kate," I suggested.

"I have no money," she said, simply, with a smile.

"My uncle buys everything for me. He will not
 know I want this until it is too late."

"What a thing it is to want money," I said. And
 Kate looked at me with a gentle, sympathetic gleam
 in her eye.

"I do not care very much," she said, "but I had
 promised to dance with you."

I clasped the little hand that lay on my arm, and
 Kate's sentence never was finished.

The next moment I went to my room and wrote
 a letter to Madame Cerise, the Court milliner, and
 endorsing a check for what I know now to be a
 ridiculously extravagant amount, I ordered from
 her a magnificent ball dress, with every detail com-
 plete. I described Kate, her size, appearance, and
 left the rest to the well known taste of Madame
 Cerise.

Kate's sunny temper never showed itself so clearly
 as now. Although she believed there was no
 hope for her, she took just as much interest in the
 ball, and never complained to her uncle.

The all-important day came round. Lady Clara
 gave me very distinctly to understand that the room
 in which I slept was wanted; but John privately
 begged of me to take no notice. "Lady Clara is
 over-tired and anxious," he said.

It was soon after noon when a parcel was sent to
 me by Miss Challis. I opened it and found a most
 beautiful handkerchief, embroidered with hair, and
 the sender implored her uncle's old friend to accept
 the little present.

My pretty, simple Kate! I took it and thanked
 her when we met.

That evening, about two hours before the ball
 began, I was with John in his favorite resort, the
 library, when Lady Clara entered. Barely recog-
 nizing my presence, she began at once.

"Is it possible, John, that you have ordered this
 box for Kate, from London? I can hardly believe
 you even capable of such folly!"

"I have ordered nothing," cried John. "I did
 not know that Kate required anything. What do
 you mean?"

"There is a box just come from London," said
 Lady Clara, "addressed to Miss Kate Challis, con-
 taining the most beautiful dress I ever saw—far
 better than I or my daughter can afford; shoes,
 gloves, fan, opera cloak, wreath, bouquet, and all
 complete. If you did not order it, who did?"

"Most certainly I did not," said John, emphati-
 cally. "Is there no bill or memoranda, or anything
 by which you can tell whence it came?"

"Not a word," she replied; "not a fold of paper."

How I blessed Madame Cerise for her attention
 to my wishes.

"What does Kate say herself?" asked John.

"Kate!" cried Lady Clara, contemptuously. "She
 pretends to be surprised; but it seems strange to
 me. I don't like anything underhand—"

John rang the bell impetuously.

"Send Miss Challis to me at once!" he said; and
 in two minutes she came in, smiles and tears strug-
 gling for mastery, looking so pretty and so shy, so
 happy and so puzzled, I longed to clasp her in my
 arms, and kiss her tears away.

"Kate," said John, "can you guess who has made
 you this very handsome and beautiful present?"

"No, uncle," she replied; "no one has ever given
 me anything, except you."

"That will do, my dear," he said. "Wear your
 dress, and look as nice as you can in it."

Kate made her escape. Lady Clara looked both
 baffled and spiteful.

"Your niece must have a fairy god-mother!" she
 said, contemptuously. "I do not like mysteries,
 nor do I approve of a poor, penniless girl like Kate
 being dressed like a duchess. However, I wash my
 hands of it."

She went away. At this time I sat pretending to
 read. When Lady Clara closed the door, poor John
 sighed.

"Who can have sent Kate that dress?" he said.

"I shall never hear the last of it. I wish to good-

ness she were happily married—Lady Clara will never be fond of her.”

“Why not?” I asked, briefly.
“I think Miss Ada is jealous of her,” said John. “Nellie’s child is very pretty, and good as she is fair. She gladdens and brightens my life, Paul.”

“She should marry a neighbor,” I said; “then you could take refuge with her, sometimes.”
John had ceased all pretence with me. He knew that I knew he was henpecked and tyrannized over in no light degree.

John was, like myself, very anxious to see Kate in her brave attire. We contrived to send for her to the library when she was dressed; and I know not who was the most startled, John or I.

She looked magnificently lovely. The slender, girlish figure, robed in a flowing dress of white, shining silk, shrouded in costly lace—the graceful head, with its hair wreathed with lilies and clusters of scarlet verbenas—every detail was perfect; the white satin shoes, the costly fan and the bouquet of lilies and verbenas—the bright, sweet face shone out from the silk and lace so fair and sunny.

“Well done, Kate!” cried John. “You will be the belle to-night!”

“Well done, somebody!” cried Kate. “Whoever sent me this dress does well, uncle.”

Then she looked wistfully at me. I saw that she was wishing that I, too, had been presented with a box.

“I hope you will enjoy yourself, Kate,” said John, wistfully. “Who shall you dance with?”

“Mr. Hylton,” replied Kate, frankly; “and I dare say Mr. Horfrey will ask me, as well.”

“You are a good girl, Kate,” John said. “Give me a kiss, and then run away.”

She raised her sweet face and kissed him. No, I could not stand that!

“Kiss me, too!” I cried. “I am not your uncle, but I am his oldest friend, and here is a piece of mistletoe—see!”

“Yes—give him a kiss, Kate,” said John. “Poor Paul! he has no one in the wide world.”

But, seeing how the fair face flushed and the lips quivered, I was content to kiss her hand reverently as though she had been a young queen.

And, indeed, John was right. Kate was the belle of the ball. She had no lack of partners. Lord Bateman appeared to see her for the first time, and was charmed, as everybody could see. Lady Clara was angry; and during the only dance I had with Miss Ross, she expressed herself in forcible language on the subject of Kate Challis.

It was a very brilliant ball, and Kate enjoyed it to her heart’s content. More than once I saw John’s eyes following her proudly, yet sadly. He knew she would have to do bitter penance for this temporary sovereignty.

Lord Bateman asked her to allow him to take her down to supper, but Kate pleaded her engagement to me.

When the evening was over, I found, on reflection, it had been the most pleasant of my life.

CHAPTER III.

A few days afterwards there was great excitement at Lyncedale, for some one had brought the news that Hylton Grange had been purchased by a stranger, and was to be altered, enlarged, and fitted up in a magnificent style. The place was already full of workmen, superintended by a clever London architect.

Who was the purchaser? No one knew. A stranger and a wealthy man, who intended to reside there himself. I listened to all the remarks, the conjectures, and felt delighted that I had kept my secret. But for that, I might have been courted and flattered by Lady Clara and Miss Ada. Man is weak; who can tell what might have happened then?

As it was, my supposed poverty had given me an insight into their real characters—it had taught me how to appreciate Kate’s virtues and John’s noble character.

There came a day when my old friend called me into his library, his face white and his hands trembling—when he asked me what were my plans for the future.

“Remember,” said John, “my purse is yours, Paul—use it as you will. If there should be any way in which you would like to start, do not hesitate for want of capital. We are brothers, you know. If I were a bachelor—and here poor John sighed deeply—“if I were a bachelor you should share my home; but a married man cannot do as he would.”

“I understand. Lady Clara thinks I have been here long enough, John—is that it?”

He blushed and stammered so confusedly, I felt sure of having made a very happy hit.

“There is one thing I must beg from you, John, before I leave. Give it to me and I shall be the happiest man in the world,” I said.

“Anything I have,” he said, his honest face brightening.

“Give me your niece, Kate, to be my wife,” I said. He literally gasped in astonishment.

“My niece—Kate!” he cried.

“Your niece—the sweetest, truest, best and fairest girl in the world!” I replied.

“Willingly,” he said; “most willingly. But, Paul, my dear boy, what will you keep her on? Kate cannot live on air, you know.”

“I will find the ways and means, if you will use your influence for me,” was my reply.

But he had clasped my hands in his own and was wringing them violently.

“I am so glad,” he cried. “There is no one I care

for so much as you, Paul. I would rather give Katie to you than to a prince! Go and ask her yourself; see what she says, and bring her to me.”

I went, knowing pretty well that about this time Kate would be out for her morning walk.

Far down amidst the leafless trees I saw the glimmer of her dress. It was a bright, clear, cold Winter’s day. The snow had vanished, and the frost set in. The ground was cold, hard and white, the holly trees and laurel bushes frozen, the sky deep, dark blue, and the sun shining.

The wind made grand music in the lime-trees; it seemed to be chanting a solemn hosanna, rising at times to a loud, mournful dirge, then dying away to a soft, low whisper.

I overtook Kate as she entered the long avenue of limes.

Her shy, sweet face turned to me with a startled gaze.

“May I walk with you?” I asked, “I am to leave Lyncedale to-morrow, and want you to do something for me before I go.”

“Leave Lyncedale,” she cried, her fair face growing white and wistful; “I am so sorry, Mr. Hylton.”

“Really!” I cried. “Oh, Kate, do you really care for my going?”

She tried to run away from me then, but I held her fast, and—well, you know the rest dear reader; it was the old story, and I told it in words that moved Kate. At least, I succeeded; for there came a time when the little hand ceased to tremble in mine, and the fair, pure face was hidden on my heart.

She loved me. Ah! where was the cold of the Winter’s day now? Warmth, love and happiness were all around me. Earth was changed into fairy land.

Shall I ever forget how she laid her hand upon my arm, and looking at me with a smile, said, “I should not mind being poor, at all; there are so many things I could do to help you, if you would let me, Paul.”

I promised she should help me; then recollecting John, took her back to the library, where he had waited patiently an hour and a half.

“She is willing, John!” I cried. And I do not know which of the three was most pleased.

“We must tell Lady Clara,” he exclaimed, suddenly. And then we exchanged a look of comic dismay.

“You had better take the news yourself, Paul,” said my old friend. And I agreed with him.

Lady Clara was alone in her own boudoir. Never shall I forget her look of rigid contempt.

“Of course,” she said, “if Mr. Fairlie has given his consent, I have nothing to do with the matter. Miss Challis is not under my control. I may, perhaps, be permitted to say I think it is a singular arrangement—two persons entirely without a fortune. I hope it may end well.”

“Miss Challis is a fortune in herself,” I remarked; “and I will do the best I can.”

Her ladyship bowed to show the interview was ended.

During dinner the conversation turned upon the new proprietor of Hylton Grange. I could see that Lady Clara was anxious over him, and that Miss Ross was looking forward to his appearance on the scene with keen delight.

I left the next day and went back to London. There I spent my time in choosing furniture, hangings, pictures and statues for my new home; sparing neither time, trouble nor expense, so as to make the casket worthy of the gem it was to contain.

At stated intervals I went down to Lyncedale, receiving always the warmest of welcomes from John and finding Kate more and more loveable each time. Lady Clara took very little notice of me, but was intensely interested over the Grange. I heard of wonders of art that arrived daily. Her ladyship had even paid a visit to see the improvements, and was fairly charmed with them.

And the time came when the Grange was ready for its mistress. Then I went to John and told him I was in a position to marry, if he would give me his niece.

Lady Clara was very cold and contemptuous, saying she should wish the wedding to be as quiet as possible. “Really, for a niece of Mr. Fairlie, of Lyncedale, this was a very strange match.”

I sent down a pretty, simple wedding dress for my darling, and the day came when she was to be my own. I did not tell my aunt until the wedding breakfast was over. No guest had been invited, save the rector and the curate. Lady Clara, Miss Ross, my darling, and her pretty bridesmaid, Alice Howe, Sir John, the two strangers and myself were the only persons seated at the wedding breakfast.

When John had made his little speech, and I stood up in my turn, I told my secret, and what it had done for me—how it had proved my old friend’s truth and sincerity, and had given me the sweetest and noblest wife man was ever blessed with.

No words can describe Lady Clara’s face—the rage, the wonder, and the mortification. No words can describe the baffled annoyance of Miss Ross. The great match of the neighborhood actually caught up by the poor, obscure Kate Challis. The wedding of Hylton, of Hylton Grange, slurred over as a thing to be ashamed of, when it might have covered them with glory!

“I think, Mr. Hylton,” said Lady Clara, with a deferential smile, “it would have been better had you appeared in your true character.”

I assured her ladyship that my little experience had done me a world of good.

She changed so completely—nothing was good enough for me or for Kate. She overwhelmed and sickened me with apologies for slights I had never noticed.

I took my fair young wife home, and that home is heaven to us. John comes for three and four days at a time. Her ladyship never recovered from the shock of having mistaken Hylton, of Hylton Grange, for a pauper. She became more submissive and meek—John could quell her haughtiest moods by simply referring to me. May you, dear reader, be as happy as I am.

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From a full report in the Atchison Champion, we make the following selections:

The fair in its past history is well known to the people of Doniphan county, but in no previous year has it been so successful as the present one.

For years past, here in the West, the contest has been very severe and close as to whether the fairs should consist of a few Chester White pigs, two or three bulls, with the bulk of their weight principally in their head and horns, a fanning mill, and a peck each of potatoes and turnips;

Much controversy has been indulged by the newspapers throughout the country, upon the propriety, policy and morality of exhibitions of horses and trials of speed at Agricultural Fairs; and as far as the dispute has come under our observation, the affirmative has been liberally in the majority.

To Dr. W. L. Challiss, the owner of that magnificent horse, Newry, much credit is due for the interest he is taking in the promotion of the stock of Kansas.

"Consternation," the property of Mr. F. M. Bell, of Troy, was awarded the "blue," in the roadster stallion ring. He is a very fine horse.

SPEED RING.

The races announced, owing to the heavy condition of the course, were without great interest. The half mile heat race was won by Prince, owned by Dr. Challiss, and driven by that masterly reinsman, John Drew.

CATTLE.

The display in this department was small. Messrs. Challiss and Jennison were awarded the "blue" for their two year old bull, "Duke of Woodland."

SWINE.

The competition in this department was active. M. R. R. Everest, of the "Massasoit," was awarded the "blue ribbon" in all classes. For the best boar, of any age, Mr. Everest exhibited his recent Kentucky importation, "Clay," a Berkshire, four months old.

In the ring of the best sow of any age, Mr. Everest was successful with "Julia," a Berkshire of rare form and breeding. "Julia" has already taken enough "blue ribbons" to make her a comfortable quilt.

Mr. Lon. Jennison also exhibited some very fine Berkshire and Poland-China hogs.

The Columbus Independent notes the fact that the horses in Cherokee county are as a general rule too small for the work necessary for them to perform, therefore heavier stock should be raised for future use, and adds that it is the interest of every man engaged in that business to improve his stock as much as possible every year, and especially horses.

The same paper says: We visited the farm of Enoch Carter, Tuesday last, and was shown by him his orchard, consisting of thirty acres, of all varieties of trees, ranging from one year old up to three, and hardly a tree is to be found in the orchard that will not bear this season.

The Fredonia Journal is happy, as would appear from the items we append:

The hearts of our farmers have been made glad by the recent rains. The earth had become so dry that many feared short crops. But last Friday the rain came, and has repeated its visits frequently since.

The fifth annual or "Easter Monday" fair of the Troy A. H. and M. Association was held on April 1st, and, all things considered, it was a success.

From the Atchison Champion:

Hon. Geo. W. Glick has received two of the finest Berkshire sows ever brought to this country. They are from the litter of a sow that took the premium last year at the great Agricultural Fair at Cirencester, England.

The Paola Spirit has seen a fine herd of fat cattle: Mr. W. R. Fox, living in the east part of this city, has a herd of about 150 head of fine steers which he is fattening for the eastern market, on a farm about three miles from town.

A Chase county farmer correspondent of the Emporia News says: I can name parties now on homesteads in Marion county, who located one year ago, herded their stock while grass lasted, stabled afterwards, raised sod corn enough to feed all winter, have fat horses, cows in good condition, milk and butter plenty, from twenty to fifty acres broke, and the homestead broke around ready for hedging this spring.

Winter wheat is reported to be nearly all killed around Alma, and farmers will put in spring wheat instead.

The Altoona Union says the Pleasant Valley Farmers' Club has interesting meetings.

The Eureka Herald contradicts the report that the wheat in that vicinity has been killed.

The Kansas Pacific is transporting wheat and oats for seed for farmers' use, at half rates.

Horace Greeley has been requested to deliver the annual address at the next State Fair.

The Garnett Plaindealer says that in Anderson county the peach crop will be abundant this season. The buds are in splendid condition.

The Humboldt Union contains the proceedings of the Salem Township Farmers' Club of Allen County. The subject of discussion was root culture.

The Iola Register is in hopes that many fields of wheat that were considered dead may be resurrected by the spring showers and favorable weather, making the old lesson good, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

The Euphoria News says: The weather continues fine. People are still preparing for corn planting. The farmers say that the ground plows better now than it has for years before.

The Osage Mission Journal publishes the notes of a meeting of the Big Creek Farmers' Club. The officers are: President, N. P. Wisborg; Vice President, A. P. Gibson; Secretary, J. S. Peery; Janitor, R. Cunningham.

S. K. Davis has shown the editor of the Wichita Vidette a specimen of sugar made from the sap of box cedar trees, which grow profusely on several streams in that section of the State. It tastes exactly like sugar made from the maple.

The Wathena Reporter says: Our exchanges from different parts of the State contain interesting proceedings of Agricultural Clubs. We would like to know if the club organized in this township in by-gone days has collapsed, and if so, why do not some of our wide awake farmers take measures to resuscitate it?

Among the Lake Creek items in the Chetopa Advance we clip the following:

Winter wheat is not all killed as the farmers anticipated, by the hard winter. Some fields are looking quite well. Seed potatoes are in great demand. The potato crop was all frozen in the ground last fall. The early inclement weather prevented their being dug up.

Some farmers have their oats sown and others are preparing their ground.

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

WARNE & GILLETT,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Have now in Stock a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

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Silver Plated Door and Window Trimmings, Brass & Bronze Door & Window Trimmings.

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

TACKLE BLOCKS AND PULLEYS, MECHANICS' TOOLS IN GREAT VARIETY, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF HARDWARE.

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

We make a speciality of Carpenters' Tools, and keep the best assortment of goods in that line to be found in the Western Country.

We sell all articles at the LOWEST CASH PRICES, and respectfully ask the public, before purchasing, to look through our stock, which is one of the most complete in the West.

77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

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YOUNG MESSENGER.

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

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

Pedigree.—Young Messenger was sired by Alexander's Abdallah (the sire of Goldsmith's Maid), he by Rysdyck's Hambletonian Bay Roman, he by imported Roman, out of the Pinkney mare by Old Hickory, second dam by McComb's mare, he by imported Messenger. The dam of Young Messenger was by Harpinus, Harpinus was by Downing's Bay Messenger, he by imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was by imported imported Medley.

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

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ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS.

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

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HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS Douglas County, ss. In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County Kansas, Priscilla Blackburn and John Blackburn, plaintiffs, and Arnon G. Da Lee, defendant. By virtue of an Execution to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will on Saturday the 27th day of April, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Lawrence, County of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Arnon G. Da Lee in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The North half of the South East quarter of the South West quarter of Section one (1) Township thirteen (13) Range nineteen (19) in Douglas County, State of Kansas, appraised at Seventy-five dollars (\$75) per acre, taken as the property of Arnon G. Da Lee and to be sold to satisfy said Execution. Given under my hand at my office in the City of Lawrence, this 23d day of March, A. D. 1872.

S. H. CARMEAN,

Sheriff of Douglas County Kansas.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS,) In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, Kansas, John McNutt, Plaintiff, Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Phil- ices, Defendants.) BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE, to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court, in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will, on Saturday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Lawrence, County of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Lyman Cone, Harriet A. Cone and Phil-ices, and each of them, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The south half and the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section two (2) township thirteen (13) range eighteen (18), in said County of Douglas, appraised at eighteen hundred dollars (\$1,800.00). Taken as the property of Lyman Cone and Harriet Cone, and to be sold to satisfy said Order of Sale. Given under my hand at my office in the City of Lawrence, this 30th day of March, A. D. 1872.

S. H. CARMEAN,

Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas. Shannon & Shannon, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 3w6

ANDREW TERRY, Pres. JNO. K. RANKIN, Cash. CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.

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No. 52 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence.

General Banking and Savings Institution.

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

Deposits amounting to one dollar and over will be received at the banking house during the usual banking hours, and on Saturdays from 8 to 8 o'clock p. m. also, and will draw interest at 7 per cent. per annum, to be paid semi-annually in the month of April and October in each year, and if not withdrawn will be added and draw interest the same as the principal.

For further information call and get a copy of our by-laws relating to savings deposits. We also do a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

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EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

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

Table with columns: Amounts as they multiply, Time at 5 per cent, Time at 6 per cent, Time at 7 per cent. Rows include \$1,000, 2,000, 4,000, 8,000, 16,000, 32,000, 64,000, 128,000, 256,000, 512,000, 1,024,000.

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$2,000 in 25 years, 4 months, 19 days; or at ten per cent. \$2,000 in 23 years, 6 months, 5 days; or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would, of course, increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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