

KANSAS SPIRIT

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—FRANKLIN.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 8, 1872.

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The Housekeeper.

CONDUCTED BY CORA N. DOWNS.

SUMMER SEWING.

It is a good plan to get the press of summer sewing out of the way during the month of May.

I have resolved, from past experience, to make up my mind during the spring just how much clothing, table and bed linen will be required for the summer months, and to set about getting the needed material made up. Two girls and a sewing machine, with a good head to plan, to cut out, contrive and make ready the garments, will, or ought to, in a fortnight, get any ordinary family ready for the three hot months of our climate.

It is a mistaken policy and economy to let the summer sewing accumulate on your hands, my dear housekeeping friends! Some of you, no doubt, say you can't afford the needed help, and some of you dislike the extra work and worry of strangers in the house, and the confusion of "so much going on at once;" and it is fatiguing to that extent that the rattle of the sewing machine being over for awhile in our castle, I am conscious of a sense of repose and quiet that is pleasant to the soul. How I love to go through a house where there is an atmosphere of domestic quiet. The shades are down at mid-day, the garish sunlight and warm air is shut out. The rooms which were well aired at sunrise are closed until sunset, and a cool shadow of rest and peace pervades the interior. A vase of fresh flowers, palm-leaf fans, a cosy apartment with India matting and an inviting lounge—these are suggestive of the rest to which the heated traveller, homecoming under his umbrella, looks gratefully as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

How noisy some households are! the baby cries incessantly, the dog barks, the house girl sings at the pitch of her voice, or slam-bangs the doors till each poor rasped nerve in your body aches for a poultice of silence. The little four-year-old tumbles off the porch, the pots and kettles catch the prevailing excitement, and everybody talks in high tenor. Oh, deliver us from living anywhere in their region!

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

Last Saturday a lady friend and I organized a little private and domestic picnic. It was agreed that since she amply provided the substantial, I should look after the lighter viands. So with oranges, lemons, ice, sugar, and strawberries, I offset her cake, pickles, sandwiches, jellies, &c., and we, with our baskets and boys, spent the day by a little waterfall under the overshadowing trees. The boys romantically call the little pool formed by this miniature cascade "the baptizin' hole," because the colored Baptists do there dip and submerge the followers of their "persuasion."

Boys are aquatic creatures. They borrowed our handkerchiefs to make seines wherewith they vainly and laboriously sought to catch some little unwarly fish. They leaped and frolicked like polliwogs in the brook, till finally we, unwilling that the glancing birds in the tree tops, the sunshine and the foamy waterfall, the fishes and the boys should have such a good time all to themselves, we two demure ladies actually did divest our pedals of the trim stocking and slipper and waded out into the sparkle and dash of the water, much to the horror of our juveniles, who could not believe that it was exactly proper for "Mammas" to do what boys had the inalienable right and privilege to do. I suppose it was not proper to wade with the boys in the brook, but it was pure fun! and my eldest irresistible, in attempting to stand upright on his hands in the water, with his feet uppermost, lost the equipoise of things and splashed down head foremost, and came up a "damp, moist, unpleasant body," a moving monument of the fact that some things can't be done as well as others.

Then the dinner in the woods, where the Papas came and made the lemonade for us, and the pale mother whom we had coaxed out from her retirement with the pretty baby seemed to enjoy all the pleasant fuss and bother so much, and one of the boys boiled over enough to venture the startling proposition, "Oh, ain't this a bully time!"

I had left a pile of mending at home, but we had a play day with our boys, and neither they nor we will ever regret the special pleasure gotten up in their interest. I have "resolved," as Josh Billings

says, to devote a day now and then to these small bipeds in pants. Every walk that a mother takes with her boys in the woods is a moral blessing to them. Try it, mothers! do less exhausting housework; never mind the frays and the stews, but once in a while take a lunch basket and go out into the country, down by the river bank, or into a grove, and make a table of the grass, and a sideboard of a fallen log.

I have just found some pleasant remarks about tea-time, and as my own tea table is spread, "waiting for Papa," I will subjoin them here, for there are hints in the article that may be read with interest by any household.

THE TEA HOUR.

The tea hour, in thousands of happy homes, is the hour of the day looked forward to with most intense delight, as it calls around the table the members of the household after the various cares and labors of the day are completed, and a season of rest and social intercourse is anticipated. The dining hour is with most people the time when the appetite is craving, and the sense of hunger is apt to beget a considerable amount of impatience or perhaps fretfulness. If there is any hour in the day when the man of business is unamiable or testy under his own roof, it is just before dinner, when he is waiting for the signal which is to summon the family to the dining-room. Children, guided by their quick instincts, seldom ask for favors at such unpropitious moments; and often family pets, the dogs and cats, learn to skulk away into some quiet corner, and wait until the meal has fairly begun, before they venture to intrude themselves into chairs, or come within reach of the paternal boots. Dinner may be called the business meal; it is the one which requires the most labor and expense to provide, and it is too apt to be partaken of when the mind is loaded with the business perplexities of the day. In the nature of things it cannot be the season when the family shut themselves in from the outside world, and turn the current of the thoughts upon pleasant themes.

At breakfast there is more or less hurry. The mind, refreshed with sleep, is elastic, confident, eager to encounter the labors and duties which have come with the morning sunlight, and there is little inclination to talk or think of other matters than those which are connected with the work of the day. It must be conceded that, in this country, the tea hour is the time, and the tea table the place, for the introduction of topics of conversation which require a forgetfulness of everything that is personal or selfish. It is peculiarly the time and place for social converse upon the wonderful and beautiful things in nature which modern research has so clearly unfolded, and which, when understood, are so well calculated to make us not only wiser but better.

From the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* we clip some good recipes for potato cooking. I have always thought a potato was a potato, and that it was not susceptible of much variation in its preparation for the table; baked, boiled whole, and mashed, fried, steamed, chopped and stewed in cream; mashed potato made into rolls and sliced and browned on the griddle,—these constitute the ordinary preparation of the potato for the ordinary table; but those inventive Frenchmen can make something out of a potato that no mortal would dream of calling potato; and balls and salads and truffles testify to their skill of invention and handicraft. Here are some sacrifices on the shrine of the potato. The bog peasant who roasts his "praties" in the ashes of his altar fires, would doubtless prefer his cheaper and less exhaustive method. The cheese preparation I have not tried, but should think it might be nice.

Boiling Potatoes.—To boil a potato well requires more attention than is usually given. They should be well washed and left standing in cold water an hour or two, to remove the black liquor with which they are impregnated, and a brackish taste they would otherwise have. They should not be pared before boiling; they lose much of the starch by so doing and are made insipid. Put them into a kettle of clear cold water, with a little salt, cover closely and boil rapidly, using no more water than will just cover them, as they produce a considerable quantity of fluid themselves while boiling, and too much water will make them heavy. As soon as

just done, pour off the water instantly, set them back of the range, and leave the cover off the saucepan till the steam has evaporated. They will then, if a good kind, be dry and mealy. This is an Irish recipe, and a good one.

Potato Salad.—Any one who has eaten potato salad at a Parisian hotel will be glad to try it after he gets home. The following is a good formula for the simple but delicious preparation. Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter to half an inch thick; put into a salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of tarragon or plain vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and pepper and salt to taste; stir well, that all be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table. Anchovies, olives, or any pickles may be added to this salad, as also bits of cold beef, chicken, or turkey if desired; but it is excellent without these.

Sweet Potato Balls.—First boil the potatoes, then carefully mash the farinaceous part. Boil in the mean time a pint of milk, put in some lemon peel, a couple of small lumps of sugar, and a little salt. When the milk boils, take it off the fire and add the potatoes, so as to form a paste, or rather a tolerably thick mush. When cool, make it into balls; cover these with crumbs of bread and egg. Fry to a nice brown color, and serve up with sugar streved over them.

Relish For Breakfast Or Lunch.—Take a quarter of a pound of good, fresh cheese; cut it up in thin slices and put in a spider, turning over it a large cupful of sweet milk; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a dash of pepper, a little salt, and a piece of butter as large as a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Have at hand three Boston crackers finely powdered or rolled, and sprinkle them in gradually; as soon as they are stirred in, turn the contents into a warm dish and serve.

Contributed Articles.

MIDDLE MEN.

BY A. M. BURNS.

At present as well as in the past the cultivators of the soil are and have been the mere adventitious buds of the great community tree instead of the large branches. If we can form a correct opinion from the "signs of the times," it is evident a new epoch is about to commence in the life of the tillers of the soil. Heretofore they have toiled from one year's end to another and carried their produce to the "middle men," receiving as an equivalent just what the middle men see proper to give and in such pay as is on the shelves of the stores at the price demanded. In the West we are a stock raising and an agricultural community; the implements of husbandry are made in the East; the farmer must pay the enormous freight from the East to the West, which could be saved if such implements were manufactured in the West; then he must pay the price that the eastern manufacturer requires, which is never too little; then add the agents' 20 or 30 per cent. commission, it makes an enormous tax on the western farmer. We send the raw hides to the East and of course pay the freight; they are then tanned, made into shoes and sent West, the farmer paying the return freight on the shoes in addition to the nursery stock is raised in the East and peddled to farmers at a cost of 100 per cent, to the farmer for the peddler's commission.

We have not space to enumerate all the articles that the farmer has to pay double prices for, to say nothing of his having to lose the amount of the freight on the produce sent East instead of selling it direct to western manufacturers. And then it cannot be denied that farmers give the middle men a large profit which could be saved by them. I will give one or two instances illustrative of this: A young soldier one year after the war, with the assistance of his wife, raised one thousand bushels of corn which he was induced to bargain to a middle man at fifty cents a bushel; the middle man sold it for one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, and then demanded it and the young farmer was compelled to deliver it, and thus the middle man in less than one hour made one thousand dollars from the hard toll of the farmer and his wife besides a profit on

goods sold them. A brother-in-law of this young farmer was more fortunate. He kept his corn longer and sold two thousand bushels at one dollar and fifty cents, while the middle man the next week received two dollars and fifty cents per bushel, thereby making two thousand dollars from the labor of a farmer. It is not always that the middle men receive such large profits, but the principle exists, and all the contracts made with them are for their benefit; and instead of the producers of grain, vegetables and fruit being the ruling class and regulating an honest price for agricultural products, they are the mere serfs of the speculators, and must take the price offered for the result of their year's toil, and pay the price asked for everything they buy. The merchant, manufacturer, mechanic, professional man, in fact every class of people on earth fix the price of their labor or whatever they have to sell except the farmer. If the farmer wants a watch cleaned, a horse shod, a plow or wagon repaired, a shoe mended, a meal of victuals in tow, his harness mended, or any other work or any kind of goods, he must pay whatever may be demanded of him; but on the other hand, if he has anything to sell he must take the sum offered. In buying or selling he has not one word to say about the price. Is there a class of people on earth that are more like slaves than farmers? That they are the tools of middle men is a fact, and cannot be fruitfully denied.

But the farmers are themselves to blame for this state of things. They could remedy the imposition of the middle men if they would. But to do this there must be unity among a great portion of them at least. They must associate and with preconcerted action sustain home manufactures; buy nothing from merchants that can be made here; and if eastern implements or goods must be purchased, let us combine and obtain them at the prices paid by merchants, and save the merchants' per cent. of profits, store rent, clerks' hire, and the enormous expense of the merchant's extravagant family.

Can this be done? We answer emphatically that it can. It is now and has been done for several years past by thousands of farmers in the United States. It will be our aim in future papers to show how it can be done. In concluding my first paper I might say that the first step for those favorable to this move is to increase the circulation of journals which favor the interests of the farmer. Let every subscriber to THE SPIRIT procure the name of at least one neighbor, and as many more as possible, as new subscribers. This is the first step, and it is absolutely necessary.

MASHATTAN, May 21st, 1872.

LETTER FROM "SHAWNEE."

DEAR SPIRIT: If "one tree well planted hastens on the Millennium," what rate of speed would that good time attain as the result of five thousand trees well planted? Please answer in your column devoted to inquiries under the caption "What we know about it," but don't neglect your spring plowing to do it. Take some leisure day. In the meantime we may rest in the belief that it would "come a tearing."

Less than one year ago Vinemont was an unbroken prairie, the largest vegetable growth being the resin weeds. Its fences, fields, houses, vineyards and orchards existed only on paper. All this is changed. Thousands of trees are putting forth their leaves and tender branches and already relieve the eye and gladden the heart of every beholder. This is why I have not written sooner. Letters may be deferred, but trees may not be. The wet spring has been very favorable for planting trees and shrubbery, and not a few hereabouts have improved the opportunity. Although eastern Kansas is liberally supplied with forests, they lie mostly in the valleys and are hidden when a general view of the country is taken. This is against us now, but it may all be remedied in ten years if every prairie farmer will devote five or ten acres of his farm to the cultivation of groves of our rapid growing maple, box elder and cottonwood trees. These will soon materially check our high winds, induce a more regular rain-fall, add incalculably to the beauty of the landscape, and eventually become a source of immense profit for fencing and fuel. The fears of drought are forever dispelled, the Indians have gone, grasshoppers ditto, but the winds continue. Let us all with one accord go to planting trees in earnest, and our State will soon enjoy (?) less gale days.

SHAWNEE.

The Farm.

SUMMER FALLOWING.

Ground that is intended for a crop of wheat should be plowed in June. As soon as the corn is planted, a first plowing should be given, unless a crop of clover is to be turned under, when it may be deferred until the clover is in full bloom. A fallow, whether bare or with a green crop, has for one of its purposes the destruction of weeds. As many weeds ripen early, they should be destroyed in time. After once plowing, if the ground is well harrowed and pulverized, and the weeds kept down, a second plowing may be deferred until the soil is well rotted, when it may be crossed and again harrowed. This constant stirring of the soil will effectually kill out the weeds and clean the land. The exposure to the sun and air will develop food, available for the coming crop. The more the soil is turned and intermixed, the more perfectly will this result be accomplished. The labor is well bestowed, for not only will the wheat crop be improved, but the grass will take better on such well-prepared soil, and good grass means good grain to follow.

As a rotation of crops has become an established principle of good farming, it is necessary to start well. The rotation well commenced will proceed well throughout. If there should not be time to prepare thoroughly a whole field, concentrate all the time and labor, as well as manure on such a part as may be, and what is done, do well. It is by such means that farmers in Great Britain are enabled to pay yearly rentals of twenty-five to forty dollars per acre, and live well besides. More than half the farms of that country are under twenty acres, and the country has the appearance of a garden. Fields are cleared of weeds by fallows, lime is applied regularly, crops are hoed by hand: even wheat is thus cleaned. Weeds are pulled by gangs of children, nothing is left to deprive the grain or roots of the necessary food, and enormous crops are the result. While the cost of labor prevents much of this with us, it does not prevent us from cultivating our land thoroughly. By decreasing the extent of the land worked, we may increase the average crop. Weeds are unprofitable and must be killed out. The summer is the only time for this work, the plow and harrow the needed tools, and constant working the only method.

WATER FOR HORSES.

Mr. B. Cartledge of Sheffield, a member of the Royal Veterinary College, calls attention to the very common mistake made by keepers of horses in limiting the supply of water to their animals. Many owners of horses, most grooms, and others who have the charge of them, profess, he says, "to know how much water a horse ought to be allowed, and, when a poor, thirsty, over-driven animal arrives at his journey's end, he is treated to a very limited supply, and the pail is taken away before its necessity is half met. It is a mistaken notion that cold water frequently produces "colic." I have often known it cure the disease. When cold water does cause abdominal pain, it is from long abstinence, and when the horse drinks to excess. But even this is rare. I allow my horse to drink from every trough I meet on the road, if the water be clean, and, in my own stud, I never had a case of colic. At home, my horses always have water before them. A friend of mine, to whom, the other day, I gave this advice, directed his servant to adopt it. The servant shook his head, and said "he thought he knew as well as Mr. Cartledge when his horses required water, and how much." The owner, in reply, told the servant that might be so, and he must allow his horses to drink as often and as freely as he did himself.

ECONOMY OF SEED.

Experiments have recently tended to prove that roots and grains, by being planted much farther apart than is usual, will actually yield much larger crops than are now obtained. This has been shown to be the case with potatoes, and more recently with wheat. It is found that the wheat plant increases above the ground in proportion as its roots have room to develop without interference with those of its neighbors. In one experiment, wheat thus treated furnished ears containing over one hundred and twenty grains. It was found in the course of the same experiments, that on every full developed cereal plant there is one ear superior to the rest; and that each ear has one grain, which, when planted, will be more productive than any other. By selecting, therefore, the best grain of the best ear, and continuing the experiment through several generations, a point will be reached beyond which further improvement is impossible, and a fixed and permanent type remains as the final result.

How to Make Good Cheese.—Old Squire J., of Addison county, Vt., was famous for bringing to market a better article of cheese than any of his agricultural neighbors, which occasioned a merchant to inquire "how it happened." "I think I can tell you the secret of it," said the squire. "You may have noticed that, when the milk stands for a while in the pans, there is a kind of yellow scum that rises on top of it. Now some women are so dreadful neat that they skim this all off; but my wife ain't so pertickler, but stirs it all in together, and, ra-aly I think the cheese is all the better for it."

TREES.

What traveller in the summer, says the *Agriculturist*, has not blessed the thoughtful man who planted, or spared from the original forest, the road-side tree, where he found rest and shelter for himself and his jaded beast? Why should we not have continuous rows of such trees planted through every farm? Why should not every village center in a town form its tree-planting association, and line its streets with the beautiful indigenous trees that are to be had for the cost of digging in the model avenues in New-England and in the older parts of the country, where the present generation is enjoying the results of the good taste and toils of their forefathers. Trees were planted when the village streets were first laid out, and their branches are now a crown of glory, affording shelter from the summer heats.

The forests in France are under the care of the government, and under the new laws for their protection, they have increased nearly one million of acres. Less than one-sixth of the area of the kingdom is covered with woodland. This is much less than is desirable for the best interests of the husbandman. It is estimated that from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of a country should be covered with forest, in order to secure uniformly good crops. Our forests, now disappearing at the rate of 3,000,000 of acres annually, demand the attention of government.

DAILY CONSUMPTION OF HAY.—It is hard to lay down an absolute rule of the specific number of pounds of hay to be fed to each animal; but according to the subjoined table it will be seen that the daily consumption does not vary much from three pounds to each hundred pounds of the animal.

Table with 4 columns: Animal, Pounds, Young growing, Pounds. Includes Working horses, Working oxen, Steers, Sheep, and Young growing cattle, Milch cows, Dry cows, Elephant.

ENRICHING PASTURE LANDS.—The *American Farmer* has been discussing the subject as to what stock most enriches pastures. Horses are considered the very worst fertilizers of pastures; being dainty feeders, they are apt to graze only in spots, to the great injury of the grass. The same objection, though in a less degree, holds against cattle, and their manure is not scattered sufficiently for the good of the land. Sheep, being even grazers, and ranging over the whole field, scatter their manure in the very best form as a top dressing, and are therefore regarded as the very best stock for enriching pasture land.

W. C. Flagg, of Madison county, Ill., the owner of a large and profitable farm, estimates that, by the use of mowers, hay-rakes, and horse-forks, he can cut, cure, and stack hay at a cost of from \$1 to \$1.50 a ton.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

Old ribbons will look quite renewed if washed in cool suds made of fine soap and ironed when damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth and pass the iron over that. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it, while drying, into gum arabic water. White silk gloves wash well, and should be dried on the hands. Never dampen bonnet-ribbon and iron it wet—it makes it stiff as horn.

Do not buy dark or very white kerosene—the light yellow is safest. Lamps with "sun-burners economize the light most. There is a patent hanging-lamp, fastened to the ceiling by a strong coiled brass spring, which can be pushed up or pulled down to any height at pleasure. The apparatus is durable. Such a lamp is nearly as convenient as gas, and is cheerful over the tea-table or work-table.

Many a life is lost by disease occasioned by the noxious effluvia arising from decaying vegetables into the rooms above. Sort out and remove all half-rotten potatoes, turnips, etc., and throw them into the hog-pen—not for the hogs to eat, but because there is the place for such refuse. Then sprinkle coppers or some other disinfectant about the cellar walls and bins to remove the taint already there.

One indication of the progress of horticulture in this country is that we hear so little about training trees on walls or fences; while, formerly, a considerable part of every work on fruit-culture was devoted to this subject. Following the example of our English cousins, from whom we learned our horticulture, much attention was formerly given to their elaborate systems of training; but they are now found to be useless or worse, under our hot suns, unless it may be for a few varieties of pears, for which the season of the Northern States is hardly long enough; and for these it is hardly worth while, as we have other equally good varieties which can be grown to perfection with much less trouble. We have seen the fruit of trees trained on a brick wall presenting a burnt appearance, which showed plainly that the heat was too great. Such trees have been well described as "stretched perfectly flat as if impaled alive, or crucified with a cruel and unattainable purpose of compelling them to produce rich fruit by torture."

A kitchen should not be less than twelve feet square; it should be on the ground-floor, be well lighted by opposite windows, and have an outside door. It should contain the cistern-pump and the well-pump. The practice of eating in the kitchen, sitting down amidst the smoke and smell of cookery, and the dirty dishes and refuse of preparation, is fatal to comfort and domestic refinement. Use your dining room "for every-day;" if muddy feet may enter it, don't carpet it, but have the floor painted dark green and dashed with white. It should be separated from the kitchen by a pantry opening into both. This is the proper place for china-ware and table-linen. A small door opening on the shelves saves many steps in replacing dishes when washed. A store-room and closet for iron-ware should adjoin the kitchen, and stairs descend from it to the cellar, which should also have an outside door and flight of steps, for storing vegetables from the garden. Wooden sinks for washing dishes are generally uncleanly and ill-odored; a tin dish-pan with hot suds, a milk pan with clear rinsing-water, a clean dish-cloth and dry towels will do the business well.

W. A. H. HARRIS,

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Table with 4 columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Includes Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, Cherryvale, Thayer, Tioga, Humboldt, Iola, Garnett, Kansas City, Olathe, Atchison, Ottawa, Baldwin, Lawrence.

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SMITH & HAMPTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAWRENCE, KANSAS. notif

The Home.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The summer sun is shining
Upon a world so bright!
The dew upon each grassy blade,
The golden light, the depth of shade,
All seem as they were only made
To minister delight.

From giant trees, strong branched,
And all their veiny leaves,
From little birds that madly sing,
From insects fluttering on the wing,
Ay, from the very meanest thing,
My spirit joy receives.

I think of angel voices
When the birds' songs I hear;
Of that celestial city bright
With jacinth, gold, and chrysolite,
When, with its blazing pomp of light,
The morning doth appear.

I think of that great river
That from the throne flows free,
Of weary pilgrims on its brink,
Who, thirsting, have come down to drink;
Of that unfalling stream I think
When earthly streams I see.

I think of pain and dying
As that which is but naught,
When glorious morning, warm and bright,
With all its voices of delight,
From the chill darkness of the night,
Like a new life, is brought.

I think of human sorrow
But as of clouds that brood
Upon the bosom of the day,
And the next moment pass away;
And with a trusting heart I say,
Thank God, all things are good!

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more;
Of me,—my day,—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,—
Of all this mortal part has wrought,—
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame!

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

By the tone at present adopted, both in speaking and writing of women, we are painfully reminded that the days of chivalry are past. The amiable, intelligent, much-enduring companion of man, the partner of his sorrows here, and the co-heir with his inheritance hereafter, is spoken of in terms of coarseness, ridicule and reproach absolutely painful to dwell upon. Respect and courtesy are at an end; the question seems to be who will say what is most cutting and most offensive—how every fault can be proclaimed, every weakness exaggerated, every virtue denied. There was a time when this would have been considered unmanly, ungentlemanly; but the Christian code is now reversed. "Let every one take up a stone and cast it at her." If a man, unfortunately, has a wife, and they are going on in tolerable peace and harmony, some daily newspaper will open his eyes concerning the serpent he is cherishing in his bosom. He thought, poor man, in his simplicity, he had a kind, amiable, good sort of woman; who was doing her best for him and for the children; but he suddenly finds he has been cruelly deceived from first to last. One of the plagues of Egypt has taken possession of his house, spreading ruin and devastation around, caring for nothing but so far as it tends to her own personal comfort and convenience. Vain and selfish, extravagant and cruel; if she can have her jewels of silver and jewels of gold, her brougham by day and her opera by night, her husband and children may take care of themselves, live or die, remain in England or take a trip to Hong Kong, it matters not to her. And this Egyptian plague was so dark in her dealings, so cunning and mysterious in her arrangements, her poor, deluded husband never dreamed of the daily deception practiced on him; and though he has read the history of his wrongs over and over again in clear print and on good paper, the fraud has been so systematic and ingenious, he cannot realize it yet.

From the mischievous nonsense of this modern school of critics, who have lost all faith in woman and virtue, it is refreshing to turn to the recorded opinions of great and noble men concerning their wives. We will quote the example of two distinguished lawyers, Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Samuel Romilly, whose learning and character give weight to their testimony, and who lived in times so little removed from our own, that the influence of their spirit ought to reach us yet. Sir James Mackintosh, shortly after the death of his wife, thus wrote to Dr. Parr:

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was and what I owed to her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by a tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection, and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am, to her whatever I shall be. I lost her, alas! at the moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender companion of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am bent down to the ground."

That is the testimony of a man who, his biographer tells us, was esteemed for his candor and amiability, for his clearness and comprehensiveness of thinking, and the great diversity of his knowledge.

We will now give the touching memorial of Sir Samuel Romilly. In 1818 he writes:

"For fifteen years my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue are united in the warmest affection, to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty that eyes ever beheld. She has borne to me seven children, who are living, and in all of whom, I persuade myself that I discover the promise of their one day proving themselves not unworthy of such a mother."

On the 26th of October, 1818, this beloved partner died; the shock was so dreadful to her husband that he fell into delirium, and on the 2nd of November committed the fatal act which terminated his existence, and in one grave the bodies of husband and wife were laid.

While women have the testimony of such high-souled men to their virtue, worth and intellect, they may rise superior to the silly taunts and insults with which they are now assailed. How different was their language, how noble their affection, compared to the petty spirit of rivalry that distinguishes modern society, and influences the tone of modern literature!

KEEPING FLIES OUT OF HOUSES.

In 1836 Mr. Spence communicated to the Transactions of the Entomological Society the means of excluding flies from a room with unclosed windows by covering the openings of such windows with a net made of white or light colored thread, with meshes an inch or more in diameter. Now there was no physical obstacle whatever to the entrance of the flies, every separate mesh being not merely large enough to admit one fly, but several even with expanded wings, to pass through at the same moment; consequently, both as to the free admission of air and of the flies, there was practically no greater impediment than if the window were entirely open, the flies being excluded simply from some dread of venturing across the thread-work. The only condition is that the light enters the room on one side only; for, if there be a through light from an opposite window, the flies will pass through the net. Mr. Spence first saw this mode practiced near Florence by a gentleman who had seen it adopted in the monastery either of Camaldoli or La Verna. A passage in Herodotus, book ii, chapter 25, records that the fishermen in his time were similarly protected from gnats when asleep by covering themselves with their casting-nets, through the meshes of which the gnats would not pass. Thus Herodotus is as correct in this passage as Geoffrey St. Hilaire showed him to be in the history of a bird (Charadrius Egyptianus of Hassalquist) taking the gnats out of the mouth of the crocodile, which was deemed a mere fable until confirmed by the evidence of St. Hilaire when in Egypt.

MODERATION.—Why this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more when he drinks from a large glass? From whence comes that universal dread of mediocrity, the fruitful mother of peace and liberty? Ah! there is the evil which, above every other, it should be the aim of both public and private education to anticipate! If that were got rid of, what treasons would be spared, what baseness avoided, what a chain of excess and crime would be forever broken! We award the palm to charity, and to self-sacrifice; but, above all, let us award it to moderation, for it is the great social virtue. Even when it does not create the others, it stands instead of them.

NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Slice a few cold biscuits, or some dry light-bread, fry them slightly in a little butter or nice gravy. Beat three or four eggs with half a teaspoonful of new milk and a pinch of salt. When the bread is hot, pour the eggs over it and cover for a few minutes, stir lightly, so that all the eggs may be cooked.

SAMUEL POOLE. EREN POOLE. J. VAN AMBINGE.

S. POOLE & CO.,

PORK PACKERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PROVISION DEALERS,

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

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KETTLE RENDERED LEAF LARD,

FRESH MEATS OF ALL KINDS,

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

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

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

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VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS,

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SYRUP TOLU, SQUILLS & HONEY

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

Price, 50 Cents and \$1.00 per Bottle.

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For Chapped Lips and Hands and irritated surfaces.

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PATENT FLY AND MOUSE TRAP.

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

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

THE EMPIRE BAKING POWDER,

For making Biscuits, Cakes, Rolls, Muffins, Pastry, and all kinds cooking. Hotels and families will find it to their interest to use the Empire Baking Powder.

Samples Free.

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

G. W. YATES,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST,

Sole proprietor and manufacturer of the above articles,

No. 100 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JUNE 8, 1872.

"NUMBER SIX."

In glancing at the captivating table of contents of our Kansas Magazine for June, according to our custom we strolled into the "editor's quarters" first. Our attention was specially drawn here to the words at the head of this column. What do they mean? What particular significance attaches to "number six?" If it were the fascinating number seven, then we should remember all about seventh sons, and the seven days of the week, and a great many other wonderful things suggested by the title—not excepting the Seventh day Baptists. But the only "number six" that we could think of was a certain villainously fiery medicine, compounded by one Thompson,—who was also the author of a "Composition" that beat any other effort in that line we have ever come across,—which a venerable aunt of ours who had got Thompsonianism bad, used to administer in our family as often as occasion required and the victims were willin'.

On turning to this "number six," however, we found it to be a much pleasanter and altogether different subject; being nothing more nor less than a pardonable editorial felicitation over the fact that the Magazine has attained to the age and dignity of "number six." In short, it has been here long enough to be considered an "old settler." A "new comer" is of mighty little consequence in this country; but then, it is so encouraging that nobody has to be a new comer long. Five months is long enough. "Number six" will set them all right. Not that they could not vote before. But they can go to Congress now. We hear of several candidates who have been here just six months. We may call them "number sixers" for short. We used to have what they called "fifty-sixers." But they are all ante-diluvians by this time.

Well, the Kansas Magazine may congratulate itself on reaching "number six," especially when it has been "self-sustaining from the start," and has "gained constantly in patronage and popularity, entering upon the second volume with the most flattering prospects of an enlarged, enduring and profitable career." We are heartily pleased and greatly relieved to hear the admission that few, if any, of the projectors of the Magazine ever felt certain that it would ever see a "number six." We were so stupidly incredulous upon this point that we had begun to feel quite ashamed. But the editors' ingenuous confession has set us all right. The truth is, the Magazine has life in itself. It is one of the things that are made to live—one of the few, the immortal books, that were not born to die. There is always room above, as Daniel Webster said to the young man. There is always room in the upper story. There is always a chance for first class talent to live and thrive in any department of human effort. The Kansas Magazine lives and thrives because it is a vital publication, up with the times, impregnated with our Western life and help of its growth.

Modesty would naturally preclude our saying—had we not been compelled to overcome our native modesty so much that we have got quite used to it—that THE SPIRIT is another illustration of the truth. There were papers enough, goodness knows. The newspaper business in Kansas is ridiculously overdone. There are some peculiar reasons why there should be so large a number in the newer towns. A newspaper and a railroad are a Kansas necessity. As soon as a town is laid out the newspaper is born. It is needed. It is indispensable. As an advertising medium of the new enterprise, it must be supported, if for no other consideration. This is natural and necessary in a new country. But that they should be multiplied until towns of three or four thousand people should have three or four newspapers, all trying to build themselves up by tearing each other down, each the exponent of some little local, clanish clique in the community, is calculated both to do injury to the communities over which they wrangle and to bring the newspaper profession into contempt.

Why did we enter a field so fully occupied already? Because we thought there was room above. We thought our people, irrespective of party, sect, or locality, would support one paper broad-gauged and able as we are trying to make THE SPIRIT. The result has not disappointed us. We have not yet become a "number sixer,"—at least when we reckon by months. But we have lived long enough to be fully self-supporting and to anticipate a future with the same confidence as the editor of the Magazine. And, thanking our readers for their appreciation and support thus far, we cannot close this rosy reverie any more appropriately than by quoting from "number six"—for the rest of the good things we must refer our readers to the Magazine itself.

"Will people never learn, we wonder, that the editor is the servant of the many-minded public, and not of a club, clique or particular neighborhood? If twenty good magazine contributions by different writers and on different topics were submitted to a single outsider, most of them, and probably all but one or two of them, would be rejected; but if submitted separately to ten or twenty persons all would be accepted. Herein lies the editor's great secret; and yet it is no editor's secret, if his self-appointed critics cared to learn it. He selects papers and makes a magazine not according to what he thinks his patrons ought to read, but according to what he thinks they desire and prefer to read. Some things suit some folks, and other things suit other folks. How to satisfy all without offending any, how to meet this taste here and that taste there, is the editor's task; and on the skill with which he performs it depends the success of his publication."

DOUGLAS COUNTY FAIR.

There are some enterprising farmers and stock men in this county who do not wish to be cheated out of a Fair on account of the stupidity and stubbornness of our County Commissioners. They have already succeeded in delaying matters so long that it is impossible for us to do what should be done, and what but for them might have been done, for the credit and benefit of the farmers of Douglas county. But there is still time enough to make a creditable exhibition if we commence at once. Those interested in the matter will meet in the gentlemen's parlor of the Eldridge House this afternoon at 2 o'clock. We understand that Mr. Ogden, the owner of the old Fair Grounds, is disposed to join liberally and heartily in any move of this description. Mr. McMillan also proposes to make a most generous offer of his lovely Island for such purposes if it is deemed best to make that the centre of operations. Our citizens will undoubtedly contribute with their accustomed liberality when they see a prospect of a permanent enterprise. In our next issue we hope to be able to tell our farmers, definitely and fully, what our prospects are for a Douglas county farmers' festival this fall.

FAIR AT MANHATTAN.

We are in receipt of the Premium List for the Third Annual Fair of the Blue and Kansas Valley Agricultural Society, which will be held at Manhattan from the tenth to the fourteenth of next September. The List is creditably—yes, elegantly—gotten up at the *Nationalist* publishing office, and, though the individual premiums are not large, they are arranged and distributed with such excellent care that the projectors of the enterprise deserve well of the farmers and stock-growers of that magnificent region of the State. Manhattan is delightfully located for such an exhibition, and, with the rich country tributary to it, ought to have, as we believe it will have, a most interesting and enterprising exhibition. We intend to see for ourselves, and then our readers will know what we know about it.

AGRICULTURAL ADDRESSES.

There has been a great deal of sport from time to time about the kind of addresses generally delivered at agricultural fairs. White handed gentlemen talk to hard handed farmers about the dignity of toil; but the farmers have a suspicion that they had rather preach it than practice it. Of all the blunders however ever made in this line of talk, that of introducing politics is the most inexcusable. Mr. Greeley addressed the Trumbull County Agricultural Society in Ohio last fall, and we doubt not he is a little sorry for this part of his speech:

"I saw the other day a suggestion that I would probably be the best Democratic candidate to run against General Grant for President. I thought that about the most absurd thing I ever heard or read. If the Democratic party were called upon to decide between Grant and myself, I know that their regard for what they must call principle would induce nine-tenths of them to vote against me. Why? I am a decided enemy of that party, even in its most respectable aspects."

THE JOURNAL AND THE TICKET.

The anxieties, hopes, fears, perplexities and general uncertainties of a great many speculative individuals, as well as of the Kansas press generally, will be set at rest by noticing at the head of our staid, venerable and reliable old *Journal* the names of the nominees of the Philadelphia convention. Dwight proposes to make what fight he has to make on "corruption and bribery" inside the "lines." Whether he is sensible in this or not is not for THE SPIRIT to say, but THE SPIRIT can say that he is generally a pretty sound, sensible and sagacious gentleman. At any rate the *Journal*, wherever it supports or opposes, has an enviable reputation for ability as well as integrity—the latter quality still being of some value in newspaper concerns.

A GOOD THING.

One good thing will result from the political status in Kansas. It will give us better men for the offices. The stoughton bottle era is over, Kansas is no longer the paradise of mediocrity. We cannot take lunk-heads, chowder-heads and cabbage-heads as figure heads for this campaign. The Liberals will bring out such men as Marc Parrott of Leavenworth, and Sam. Riggs of Lawrence, as their leaders, and it will take something besides stoughton bottles to beat them. The old guard must bring out its best men—men of talent, character and influence. So we are not only going to have a good President in Grant or Greeley, but we are going to have a live Governor and some first class Congressmen from Kansas.

BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

This important body has been in session this week at Fort Scott. Rev. E. Gunn of Atchison was elected President. The committee of Churches reported that the letters from the different Churches indicate a good degree of prosperity in most, and in very many a large increase in numbers. Among the members of the Executive Board for the ensuing year we notice the names of Rev. F. M. Ellis and Geo. S. Hampton, Esq., of this city. Rev. F. M. Ellis made his report, as the Corresponding Secretary of the Executive Board, which embraced the work done by that Board during the past year. It had met regularly every three months, and had held one extra session. It had recommended to the Baptist Home Mission Society to aid the Churches at the following points in support of their pastors in sums ranging from \$100 to \$600

each: Emporia, Solomon City, Wamego, LeRoy, Baxter, Humboldt, Iola, Augusta, Wathena, Troy, Columbus, Lowell, Hiawatha, Sabetha, Chetopa, Independence, Thayer and Centerville. The total amount of aid recommended was \$8,050, of which that Society had granted \$7,600 (\$3,000 of which was for the support of General Missionaries for the State.)

This notice is condensed from the admirable report of the Convention for the *Monitor*, by W. R. Spooner, Esq., of the Humboldt Union, Secretary of the Convention.

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CALIFORNIA WINES,
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For Flavor and Boquet
THESE WINES ARE UNRIVALLED.
TO THOSE NEEDING
A STRENGTHENING TONIC
at this season of the year
THESE WINES AND OUR GENUINE
SCOTCH ALES
are confidently recommended. 7tf

THE BIG DRY-GOODS HOUSE OF KANSAS.

L. BULLENE & CO.

—Now offer—
TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS,
—At—
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,
—The largest and most complete—

STOCK OF DRY-GOODS.

IN THE STATE.
—Our Stock embraces—
EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THE BUSINESS
Adapted to both City and Country Trade.
Our facilities for purchasing enable us to sell at

THE LOWEST PRICES,
And we intend to keep at all times
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MARKET.

—Our Stock of—

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, Etc.,
Is the most complete to be found West of St. Louis,

AND WE WILL DUPLICATE ST. LOUIS PRICES.

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

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

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No. 59, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

COLE BROS. & ASHERS,

DEALERS IN
**LIGHTNING RODS
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Single meals 25 cents. Lodging 25 cents each night.

BOARD \$5 PER WEEK.

All are respectfully invited to come in except drinking, swearing, profane and ill-behaved persons. We prefer the room of such to their custom.

1871 **JOHN T. PLACE, Proprietor.**

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Apply at the Office of G. W. Smith's Elevator, near the Kansas Pacific Railway Depot, North Lawrence; or address Post Office Box 373, Lawrence, Kansas. no3-ly

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G. W. SMITH, Jr., Proprietor.

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The undersigned are prepared to negotiate loans on long time, on unincumbered Real Estate.

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WM. KIRBY,

TAILOR.

Gentlemen's Clothing Cut and Made in the Latest Style. Clothing Secured and Repaired on short notice at Low Rates. First Door North of Eldridge House, LAWRENCE.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

In the matter of the application of RICHARD HUSON, administrator of the estate of ROBERT PRATT deceased, to sell real estate to pay debts.

NOW comes Richard Huson, administrator of the estate of Robert Pratt, and presents to the Court his petition praying for an order for the sale of so much of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased as will pay and satisfy the remaining debts due by said estate and unpaid for want of sufficient personal assets, accompanied by the accounts, lists and inventories required by law in such cases.

Examination whereof, it is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be notified that application as aforesaid has been made, and that unless the contrary be shown on the 21st day of June A. D. 1872, an order will be made for the sale of the whole or so much of the real estate of the said deceased as will be sufficient to pay the debts of said estate that are unpaid for want of sufficient personal assets. And it is further ordered that notice be given by publishing this order for three successive weeks in some weekly newspaper published in Douglas county, the last publication to be at least one week before the said 21st day of June, 1872.

STATE OF KANSAS, COUNTY OF DOUGLAS, ss.
I, James M. Hendry, Judge of the Probate Court of Douglas county, State of Kansas, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of the proceedings had in the above matter on the 15th day of May A. D. 1872, as appears from the record of said Court.

In witness whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix the seal of said Court, this 17th day of May A. D. 1872.
JAMES M. HENDRY.

Telegraphic Summary.

Political.

The Philadelphia Convention has been held, and as was expected, has nominated President Grant to be his own successor. Hon. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts was nominated for Vice President. The Kansas delegation was for him from the beginning. The platform is generally considered an able and progressive one.

Hon. Chas. Sumner has made his great speech against Grant in the U. S. Senate. Matt. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, replied to him.

The New York Times has a five column article to prove Gov. Hoffman's connection with the Tammany frauds.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison has written a letter to Sumner, chastising him, and defending Grant.

Country.

WASHINGTON, June 5. Senators Morton, Rice, Logan, Anthony and Carpenter of the committee on privileges and elections, say in their report they are clearly of the opinion that the charges of bribery and corruption against Senator Pomeroy connected with his senatorial election by the Kansas Legislature in 1867, totally fails to be sustained by any competent proof, but seems to be urged for some purpose unknown to the committee, beyond that of correcting existing evils. Senators Thurman and Hill concur with their colleagues of the committee, in finding that there was not evidence before them sufficient to show that Mr. Pomeroy's election was procured by corrupt means, but they do not think it proper to impugn the motives of the General assembly of Kansas who urged the investigation.

James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, and one of the foremost men of the craft in this country, is dead.

Gen. Sherman and Lieut. Grant are announced in Berlin.

In the Senate, Logan, Senator of Illinois, from the Committee on Privileges and Elections, reported the testimony in the case of Senator Pomeroy's election, and says that they have ascertained no facts to sustain the charges of bribery and corruption made against him.

A. A. Thomas has been confirmed as Register, and Thomas Ploymann as Receiver, for the Northwestern land district, Kansas.

The labor reform party of Pennsylvania have passed resolutions rejecting over the practical triumph of the eight hour principle in New York, and calling on the working men of Pennsylvania to inaugurate the eight hour movement in their own State.

Foreign.

In the house of lords Earl Russell moved his long impending address to the Queen, praying her majesty to instruct her representatives to retire from the board of arbitration at Geneva if the indirect claims be not withdrawn by the United States. He made a long speech in support of his motion, and said that there was not a form of extravagance not to be found in the American case. The nation must treat the United States as it treated them in the Trent case.

Granville defended the right of the American government to place its own construction on the treaty and to introduce indirect claims. He said the only way to escape the consequences of opposite interpretations put on the treaty, was through the supplemental article. He believed the indirect claims would be withdrawn, and rebuked Russell for reference to the Trent affair.

Several lords took part in the debate, and after an exciting discussion the house adjourned without action.

Forty thousand people have been rendered homeless by great floods in Italy.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company have closed a contract with Mr. S. T. Kelsey to grant him thirty sections of land, from Hutchinson to the west line of the State, for the purpose of experimental hedge trees. Beyond Hutchinson, on the line of that road, there is little or no timber. The soil is said to be good. Mr. Kelsey will break ground for this forest culture next fall, and begin planting the ensuing spring. He is characterized by the Commonwealth as a man of large experience in this matter, and possessed of an amount of energy that will insure success, if success is possible. We can endorse all the Commonwealth says concerning Prof. Kelsey. We have no doubt but that his big enterprise will be a big success both for him and the road.

The Eureka Herald, speaking of a meeting of the Directors of the Agricultural Association of Greenwood county, says: "The statement of the Secretary proved there was a deep interest in the success of the Association on the part of the farmers throughout the county. More than half of the capital stock has already been subscribed, and the great majority of the shares are held by farmers. The Directors will continue to solicit for subscriptions to the capital stock, it being desired to have the whole number of shares absorbed so as to have an interest in the organization as extensive as possible, and make the demands necessary in starting lighter on the individual members."

The correspondent of the Workingmen's Journal, speaking of the farmers meeting in Allen county, says: "It is estimated that there were fully two thousand persons present, and a more refined and intelligent assemblage it would be hard to find gathered in the western country. Old men and young, maidens and matrons, children and adults were all there in a promiscuous gathering. The object of the convention was to take into consideration the 'ways and means' of improving the condition of the farmer. Strong resolutions having the securing of this object in view were passed, and great unanimity prevailed."

From the Neodesha Citizen: "Considerable trouble is experienced by our townsmen in obtaining good and palatable butter, especially in the spring season. It seems to us that there is no excuse for this, as we have one of the best stock countries in the world, and every convenience for dairymen. There is yet no person in this vicinity who pays his whole attention to this business, and it is fair to suppose that a little fortune could be realized in a very few years by practical dairymen engaging in making butter and cheese and selling milk."

The Kansas Farmer, speaking of the State Fair to be held in Topeka September 16th, says it "promises to be one of the best ever held in the State, if not indeed in the West. Already the secretary of the State Board is deluged with letters from every source in relation to it, and with good weather Topeka may expect to entertain one of the largest assemblies ever brought together in the State."

The Osage Mission Transcript furnishes the following items for this column:

- "Corn throughout the county is remarkably good.
- "There are a dozen or more farmers' clubs in this county.
- "Peaches in every part of the county are looking very fine.
- "The oat crop will be unusually large throughout this region this season.
- "Wheat is very ordinary; some fields look pretty well, while others are almost a failure."

Town Talk.

For THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

SPRING LIFE.

BY J. E. M.

O 'tis a delicious thing to live,
This bright, sunny weather,
When the birds are singing their notes of praise
In one glad song together.

When the trees burst forth, for very joy,
Into drifts of bloom and beauty,
And the joyful song of the early bird
Seems an earnest call to duty.

When the very grass beneath one's feet
With strong, new life is springing,
And every day, and every hour,
Some pleasure new is bringing.

'T is pleasant to watch the bursting buds
Their delicate leaves unfolding,
And search for Nature's mystery,
Which every leaf is holding;

And watch the bees on the clover-tops
The dew and honey drinking;
To teach us that life is the time for work—
For doing, as well as thinking.

O 'tis a delicious thing to live,
This bright, sunny weather,
When the heart within, and the life without,
Are praising God together.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.—Mrs. Downs will attend the great Boston Singing Spree as representative of THE SPIRIT. We make this announcement with no little pleasure and pride, for our readers with us will anticipate some rich and readable correspondence from her. No doubt she is willing for a time to abandon the "housekeeping" department both at home and in THE SPIRIT for the sake of seeing the sights and hearing the sounds of the Great Jubilee. Not having much of an ear for music, we expect to enjoy reading Mrs. Downs' description of it better than we should the thing itself. Meantime, remember that THE SPIRIT sends a special correspondent to report it. Please give us credit for our enterprise, and keep rolling in your \$2.00.

THE BLOCKADE LIFTED.—The next block is laid. The pavement is down to Howard & Spencer's, and a block beyond. This will be good news to all the lovers of good things. It has looked so forbidding around Howard & Spencer's that we have n't had the courage to attempt to force an entrance. Besides, there is always such a crowd of customers around the door. But it is all right now, and those who want the choicest groceries will read their ad. in THE SPIRIT, and call on them without delay.

Learned is also out of the woods. You can now get your buggies repaired or buy a new one, without endangering your neck in getting there.

SWEEP EARLY.—The practice of sweeping the sidewalks is a most excellent one. Cleanliness is akin to godliness. But we would suggest the propriety of doing it early, and at as uniform a time all along the line as may be. As it is now, Bullene, Rushmer, Poole, Yates, Warne & Gillett, and nearly all the advertisers in THE SPIRIT, have this business attended to early. The advertisers in the other papers are a little later, showing that they are a little slower. The old fogies who do not advertise at all are of course the last to have their walks swept.

LIBBY.—Mr. Washington Libby of Chicago has been in our city spending several days at the Eldridge House this week. Mr. Libby is the owner of considerable property in this city, but is best known to the travelling public as the old proprietor of the St. James Hotel, Chicago. All such will be more than pleased to learn the probability of his becoming proprietor of the new and magnificent Palmer House now being built in that city. He is a prince of landlords, as well as a first class gentleman in every respect.

LAWRENCE CLERGYMEN ABROAD.—The union meetings still continue with earnestness and efficiency. On last Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Cordley, of Lawrence, addressed one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the city, with characteristic force and effect. Sickness in his family compelled him to return at once, to the regret of all. Since Tuesday, Rev. T. W. Greene, of Lawrence, has been present, laboring with earnestness and success.—*Junction City Union.*

WANTED—AN ENTERPRISING DAILY.—Last Sabbath morning we read in our daily papers that James Gordon Bennett of New York was seriously ill. On the same morning the people of Leavenworth were reading an able obituary notice of him in the Times, and the people of Atchison and Topeka were informed of his death. The same news was published here Tuesday morning, only two days later than in Atchison and Topeka. How high is that for the head centre?

GEN. DEITZLER.—The Oskaloosa Statesman makes the following complimentary allusion to one of our most deserving and distinguished citizens: "Among the many prominent Republicans in Lawrence who are out for the Liberal ticket, we notice the name of General George W. Deitzler, the first Colonel of the gallant First Kansas Regiment, and one of the bravest soldiers of the war, to our personal knowledge."

EPISCOPAL.—The Episcopal Bazaar has been a great success this week, and has drawn a large crowd of people to its support and enjoyment. No pains have been spared to make the affair as attractive as possible, and we trust that these efforts of the beautiful and devoted ladies of the Episcopal Society have secured a handsome aid towards the building of their church.

HARD TO BEAT.—Mr. Watt of Wakarusa brought into our office the other day three stalks of pie-plant weighing six pounds. One of the stalks weighed two and one-fourth pounds. He brought a load to market that day not a stalk of which weighed less than one and one-fourth pounds. Can anybody in Kansas or anywhere else beat that?

STATE BANK.—This institution goes into operation to-day. Their large safe arrived and was placed in the vault on Thursday, and their convenient and attractive banking house is now complete in all its appointments. The officers of the bank are men of large experience in the business, and we have no doubt of the success of their enterprise.

JUDGE GOODIN.—It delights us amazingly to see the name of our distinguished friend, Judge Goodin, of Humboldt, among the "eminent practical agriculturists"—to quote once more from another one of them, Tom Murphy—at the big farmers' meeting recently held in Allen County.

SAVINGS BANK.—Col. Terry of the Lawrence Savings Bank has gone East, but Johnny Rankin is left, and while he is about the business is in no danger of suffering.

BLINKS.—Where is Blinks? We hear he has had the chills. Warm up, old fellow, and give us some Ottawa gossip.

TO SHAVE OR NOT TO SHAVE.—There is no "shave" in ours. In a fit of temporary lunacy many years ago we resolved never to shave till we were out of debt. Everybody who knows us knows what a crazy resolution that was. Our prospect for a shave—excepting from Calkins or some other operator in his line—is now a very distant one. But a public journal speaks, or should speak, for the public. The public want to be shaved Sunday morning. And they must be shaved then or not at all. Saturday is too busy a day to think of it. Our city authorities have, in our humble judgment, done a very asinine thing, in ordering the barber shops closed on Sunday. Let the barbers and their customers settle that little affair between them. We would remind our lordly and lofty city fathers that, while there is a right smart sprinkling of Yankees in Lawrence, there is very little of the "Blue Law" blood in them. Their attempts to legislate morality will end where all such attempts have, in their own discomfiture and the detriment of the cause of genuine morality and good order. But if the barber shops are to be closed, then go ahead and make clean work of it. Shut up Summerfield and all the bakeries. Shut up the drug stores and stop their whiskey peddling—all except Yates. Anybody that reads his column in THE SPIRIT would n't have him shut up. Dry up Livingstone, Billy Sells, Brown, and all the milkmen—or rather their cows—on Sunday. They have no business to give milk on Sunday. Beecher says when he was a boy in Connecticut he thought it was wicked for the birds to sing on Sunday. Perhaps it was. If so, give them an ordinance. Ordig up an old one, and enforce it. And then, order the people to go to church, and pay the preacher, and the thing will be done. All it wants is ordinances enough, properly obeyed, to introduce the Millennium.

LAWRENCE.—We took the early train from Topeka to Lawrence, where we remained till night. There is very little wheat in the Kaw Valley, and the corn has a sort of "drown-out" appearance. Lawrence is still improving. A fine three-story bank building, to cost sixty-thousand dollars, is being built on the corner north of the Eldridge House. And speaking of the ELDRIDGE HOUSE reminds us that in this hotel Lawrence has something to brag on. It is the best one, by all odds, west of St. Louis. Kalloch & Co. are determined to keep its reputation up to the highest notch, and they are doing so by satisfying every guest that stops with them. The clean beds and rooms, the well swept halls, the well cooked variety on the table, the prompt and gentlemanly officials and waiters, all combine to render a visit here one of pleasure, and the desire to "call again" irresistible. If this "little sketch," as one of our correspondents would say, will satisfy Kalloch & Co. for the three "000" which the clerk handed us on a little slip of paper when we asked for our bill, we will give them another on the same terms next time we stop with them. One thing we can say confidently, and that is, no man, woman or child ought to fail to go to the Eldridge House when they visit Lawrence. All will enjoy a stay there and get their money's worth.—*Jack Stoller, in Emporia News.*

ADVERTISING.—We heard of a gentleman in a prominent business firm in this city saying the other day that their house was too well known to need advertising. It surprised us to know that an intelligent merchant of Lawrence would make such a speech. He may be doing all the business he wishes to, and decline to advertise on that account. But, of the one hundred thousand people whose trade might be tributary to Lawrence, and who have come into Kansas within the last year or two, how many does he suppose know about him? How many of them are now trading in Kansas City instead of here, on account of their liberal advertising, does he suppose? The men and towns who do the most and best business for the longest times are those who advertise most judiciously and liberally. The splendid success of such a house as that of L. Bullene & Co. is largely attributable to "printers' ink," and they are intelligent gentlemen enough to acknowledge it.

HOLDING OUT.—To those who are acquainted with John C. Richmond—generally called Judge Richmond—sometimes the noble Richmond—occasionally plain John by some irreverent familiar youth—the following incident is too good to be lost. Those who do not know him will lose the best part of it. But here it is: Judge Thacher took Mr. Hammond on a little tour down the Galveston road while he was here. Stopping at Ottawa, Richmond came into the cars, and Thacher introduced the preacher to the Judge. "I am happy to meet you, Mr. Hammond," said Richmond. "That depends entirely upon yourself," said Hammond. "I expect to be there, and if you hold out I shall be happy to meet you!"

STEWART & McEWEN.—These wide awake young furniture men call attention to their business in another column of THE SPIRIT. They know their business thoroughly, and, withal, are very pleasant men to deal with. Go and see them and examine their immense stock of goods, and when you come to learn their prices you will be astonished to find how cheap you can buy good furniture in Lawrence.

JERSEY MILK.—As an evidence that Jersey milk is appreciated by our citizens the milk wagon of Wm. H. Sells, Esq., has "Jersey Milk" prominently inscribed upon it. For family use one quart of pure Jersey milk is worth two quarts of such as is furnished by the average cow.

The Wichita Eagle says: "A Texas man informs us that there are twelve herds of cattle grazing on the Nemacoh, comprising about fifty thousand head, and a hundred and fifty thousand have crossed Bluff creek, all waiting shipment from this point."

BEEF.—Boarders at the Eldridge House often wonder where it gets such rich and juicy beef. The mystery is explained when they are told that it is furnished by Poole & Co., the champion beef and pork concern of this country.

ICE CREAM, ETC.—Dr. Lawrence has sold out the Burr Oak ice cream parlors. But the gentleman who has taken his place seems to be fully his equal in those polite accomplishments necessary to an institution of the kind.

ADDRESS.—The editor of this paper will deliver the address before the Annual Convention of Kansas Editors next fall, at Atchison.

RATIFICATION MEETING!

A GRAND RATIFICATION MEETING
over the nomination of
GRANT AND WILSON
will be held
THIS EVENING AT LIBERTY HALL.

Speeches are expected from T. Dwight Thacher, Judge Smith, I. S. Kalloch, C. W. Babcock, John Hutchins, and other distinguished gentlemen. Republicans of Douglas County! turn out, and show that you are still true to the old party, its history, its principles, and its nominees.

PER ORDER.

**MRS. STARRETT'S
MUSIC STORE
—and—
SEWING MACHINE EMPORIUM,**
No. 153 Massachusetts Street,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A Full and Splendid Stock of Pianos and Organs Constantly on Hand.

Mrs. Starrett is sole agent for the Pianos of
F. C. LIGHTE & CO., DECKER & BRO.,
CHICKERING & SONS,

And other first class Manufacturers; also for the
GEORGE PRINCE ORGANS,
WHITNEY & HOLMES ORGANS,
NEEDHAM SILVER TONGUE ORGANS.

Mrs. STARRETT brings to the music business an experience of fifteen years as teacher of music, and she will endeavor to prove to all who favor her with their patronage that her opinion of instruments is honest, intelligent and reliable. She keeps none but

FIRST CLASS INSTRUMENTS,
And has selected such as in her judgment and experience have points of superiority over all others.

MRS. STARRETT CALLS ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE
CHICKERING UPRIGHT PIANO,

Which is acknowledged by all experts who have examined it to be the best Upright Piano in the world. It has the PATENT TRUSS FRAME, which is the only frame ever devised that will enable an Upright Piano to stand in tune. The tone is also surpassingly rich and mellow.

A Large and Complete Stock of
SHEET MUSIC & MUSIC BOOKS,
Just Opened; also
GUITAR AND VIOLIN STRINGS
Of the Best Quality.

Mrs. Starrett also offers for sale a variety of

**STANDARD
SEWING MACHINES.**

THE MANHATTAN SILENT SEWING MACHINE,
Making the "Elastic Lock Stitch."

THE BLEES NOISELESS LOCK STITCH MACHINE,
—and the—
AMERICAN COMBINATION BUTTON HOLE MACHINE.

—Also—
THE LAMB KNITTING MACHINE
AND THE
FRANZ & POPE KNITTING MACHINE.

Letters or orders from any part of the State will receive prompt attention. Persons ordering instruments from a distance may rely upon receiving the very best.

For further information call on or address
Mrs. H. E. STARRETT,
153 Mass. St., LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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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

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

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF RAZORS,

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

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

TACKLE BLOCKS AND PULLEYS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS IN GREAT VARIETY,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF HARDWARE.

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

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

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

77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

nos-ly

The Young Pioneer.

CONDUCTED BY MISS THEODORA ROBINSON.

THE DECORATION PILGRIMAGE.

[Concluded.]

Tony and Daisy walked along the dusty highway until they had gone some way beyond the city limits. They stopped to rest on a knoll under the shadow of a large maple tree growing beside the entrance of a lane which diverged from the highway.

"O, hum! I guess we've travelled 'bout a dozen miles a'ready; 'tany rate it's time to eat by my watch," said Tony, making a clutch at the basket which Daisy held in her hand.

"Take care—you'll spoil the flowers," said Daisy, fluttering her apron protectively over the basket.

"Have you got a new watch?" she added, curiously.

"No, it's an old one. I've had it ever since I was a baby," replied Tony.

"Where is it?" inquired Daisy, inspecting Tony's jacket for some signs of a watch chain.

"In my stomach," said Tony, mysteriously.

Daisy failed to comprehend. Tony was altogether too smart for her.

"That means I'm hungry—do n't you understand? Come, le's have some bread 'n' sugar," and Tony plunged his hand roughly down through the waxen lilies and French forget-me-nots in search of the more substantial article which his stomach craved.

Daisy held the basket with both hands, but Daisy's hands were small and weak. The basket slipped from her grasp, and rolling down the knoll, emptied its contents into the dusty road. Daisy uttered an exclamation of sorrow and ran down to pick them up.

"Oh, the beautiful wax flowers are all broken and the forget-me-nots are covered with dirt! They won't be fit to put on Banjo's grave when we find it."

"Hum! the bread 'n' sugar's gone up the spout, too. We'll be starved to death by the time we get home," grumbled Tony.

Daisy looked grieved and proposed to return home at once, but Tony had no idea of giving up the Decoration project so easily.

"No, we'll travel on. We'll find any 'mount of dandelions on the way, and Banjo won't know the difference 'tween them and—and—touch-me-nots and lilies. Mebbe we'll come across an old 'noman with a peanut stand, and if we do we'll ask her to treat. Peanuts and 'lasses candy is better than bread 'n' sugar," said Tony, taking possession of the basket with a very lordly air.

Daisy looked wistfully down the lane from which they were about to turn to pursue their course along the highway. The lane was carpeted with grass and guarded on either side by a low stone wall, already green with early climbing vines and fresh spring mosses.

Beyond the wall lay a flowery meadow, and below the meadow a forest unfolded its tender green foliage, presenting a cool, inviting appearance to the dusty little travellers.

"I guess Libby Prison's right down there," said Daisy, pointing across the meadow. "Let's climb over the wall and maybe we'll find some big ripe strawberries and a brook with some dear little fishes swimming in the bottom."

"No, they don't build prisons in the wood, 'cause the prisoners would 'scape and climb up the trees, and nobody could catch 'em again. But most likely it's over 'yond the woods. We may as well run down and 'vestigate, and p'raps we'll meet a grizzly bear, and if we do I'll kill him and skin him with my new five-bladed jack-knife," said Tony, savagely displaying the glittering weapon and causing Daisy no small amount of apprehension concerning the dangers of the forest which they were about to "investigate."

They climbed over the wall and started down through the meadow. They reached the forest and walked into its cool, shadowy recesses with eager, hurrying feet.

"Oh, this is the place where the big bluffs grow," said Daisy, as they came all at once upon some high rocks that overhung a deep, but narrow river.

Tony strode boldly forward, leading Daisy by the hand, and they peered down into the swiftly running water.

"A wful dark and deep, aint it? Any 'mount of old witches down there, too, I 'spect. Want me to push you off?" said Tony, giving Daisy's hand a quick little jerk which caused her to utter a terrified scream and fall suddenly back against a higher rock which jutted sharply from behind.

"Dear, dear, I'm most killed!" sobbed Daisy, putting up her hand to wipe away the blood that trickled from a gash which one of her tender little cheeks had received from the fall.

"Poh! that's only a flesh wound. What if you'd had your head took off by a cannon ball like Banjo did?" said Tony, consolingly.

"Banjo did n't—he only had the rheumatics," said Daisy, forgetting the "sojer" ruse which they had determined to practice at Banjo's expense.

"Keep still—if you tell on him you'll spoil the fun," cautioned Tony.

Just then a splashing sound was heard and a moving object appeared in the water, half way across the river.

"What is it?" asked Daisy, fearfully.

"A big, black grizzly bear! We'd better run!" exclaimed Tony, taking to his heels, entirely forgetful of the heroic slaughter which he had planned in the highway. Daisy followed Tony in breathless terror. They had not run far when a short, quick bark saluted their ears.

"Pshaw! it's only a dog," said Tony, looking relieved; whereupon they turned about and started for the river bank again. The sound of voices next attracted their attention, and looking down they saw two boys coming down the river in a boat.

Tony waited until they had arrived opposite the rock on which he stood, and then hailed them, saying: "Hello, fellers! give us a ride will ye?"

"Got any stamps to pay your passage with?" inquired one of the boys.

Tony hesitated. Stamps were articles of exchange which he did not possess just then. He looked expectantly at Daisy. Her little pocket was also empty.

"We'll never get there if we don't get this lift. There's something that aint much 'count; I guess they'll take that for fare," said Tony, pointing to a pretty gold locket which hung suspended to a ribbon from Daisy's neck. Then without waiting for an answer from Daisy, he raised his voice, saying: "All right, haul up and take us in and we'll give you something as good as stamps to pay."

The boys brought the boat to shore and waited while Tony led Daisy down the rocks to the landing place.

"This boat takes pay in advance—hand over," said one of the boys, in a business tone.

Daisy raised her hand to her neck. "My locket has got mamma's hair and papa's picture in it," she said with timid remonstrance.

"That do n't hurt any, does it fellers?" inquired Tony.

"Wal, consider'ble much, but we'll take it if we can't do no better," said the larger of the boys, displaying some very dirty teeth by a mischievous grin.

The boys were very rough in their appearance. Timid little Daisy felt greatly afraid of them. With trembling hands she removed the locket from her neck and gave it to the boy, who immediately slipped it into his pocket, while his companion, scowling, said:

"I say, Jack, that b'longs to this cove as well as you. Will ye hand over half the value 'thout any row?"

"We'll fight it out when we git on shore," suggested the larger boy, with the air of one who was sure of his advantage ground.

The smaller boy muttered ominously, and the boat moved away from the bank.

"How fur are ye bound?" inquired the boy with the dirty teeth, inspecting the little travellers inquisitively.

"O, on'y just down to Libby Prison," replied Tony, with the air of an experienced tourist.

Both the boys grinned. "Short journey. Not more 'n fifteen hundred miles!" said the larger one, giving his oar an athletic dip which sent up a deluge of water and drenched both Tony and Daisy to the skin.

Tony made an effort to protect his rights by grumbling: "I say, fellers, that aint a very polite way to treat a couple of sassaengers that have paid their fare in 'vance."

Another deluge suspended Tony's breath, after which he remained speechless for some time.

The boat glided swiftly down the river. The big black dog swam on ahead. Having an opportunity for thought, Daisy became very much alarmed over her situation, and Tony, it must be confessed, felt some uneasiness concerning the final issue of events.

Perhaps the boat had gone two miles when the boys began to hold a whispered consultation together which Tony and Daisy, who sat in the stern of the boat, failed to hear except by snatches.

"It's too good a joke to be lost," said the larger boy glancing over his shoulder at the silent little passengers behind him.

The other boy seemed to hesitate for a little while, and then he nodded consentingly, whereupon they began to row toward shore.

"Go in to land? What'll you ask to take us back where you found us?" said Tony, who had by this time become very contemplative on the journey they had undertaken with such little thought or care.

"Oh, I wish we could go right back. We'll never, never find Banjo's grave, and I'm 'fraid we're lost forever. Do please take us home and mamma'll pay you anything you ask," pleaded Daisy looking wofully distressed and frightened.

"Haint got no time to fool away in that fashion. We've got business on hand," answered the large boy as he and his companion jumped on shore; "but I'll tell ye what," he continued, "we'll lend ye the boat and the oars, and yekin take it back to the man we stole it from. He won't do nothin' more 'n lick ye at the most. Set still now or the boat'll tip over and ye'll both go to Davy Jones' locker," and the cruel boys laughed jerringly and pushed the boat away from the shore while the frightened children stretched their hands and cried for rescue.

*** * * * *
A Company of people were assembled within an inclosure near the bank of the river down which Tony and Daisy floated helplessly. Flower-strewn graves lay all about them, and a solemn hushed expression dwelt on every face. A band of singers had been chanting a funeral hymn, and the last strain had scarcely died away when the sound of childish voices came up from the river distinctly calling for help. All eyes were turned toward the little voyagers and soon a strong, fleet swimmer was on his way to the rescue. Tony and Daisy were brought to shore soiled, and drenched, and pale, with their basket of spoilt flowers and—with a little wise experience of mind we hope. Mrs. Waters

and May Egbert recognized the children and the flowers, (the forget-me-nots had been taken from May's new bonnet for the Decoration occasion) but in their joy over the rescued children the flowers were cast aside with little care. So Tony went to Camp Diggins after all—but Banjo's resting place is still unknown to the little Decoration Pilgrims.

NATURAL HISTORY SKETCHES.

MY "YOUNG PIONEER" FRIENDS:—In "looking around" in our morning walks for a proper subject for a commencement of our "Natural History Sketches," we came upon a number of tame geese—some swimming in a little stream, and others waddling amongst the bunch grass on the bank,—and it occurred to us that as a rule those objects with which we are most familiar we know the least about, for the reason that constant association seemingly lessens the importance of a knowledge of them—or in other words, we take it for granted that we know what we really do not. We are often puzzled to answer simple questions about some object on which we supposed ourselves thoroughly posted. Therefore the tame goose becomes by this train of thought the subject for our first consideration.

This fowl is much esteemed and bred for its excellence as an article of food and for its feathers, down and quills, though in these modern days the quills are of comparative little value. Formerly they were much used for pens, and in more ancient times by the Scottish and English archers for feathering their arrows.

The goose lives to a great age, and instances are recorded of geese having reached the remarkable age of one hundred years; but with us they are seldom permitted to live their natural age.

In this country geese require very little care in their raising, but in England much pains is taken with them. In Russia they are brought up in large droves with no attention whatever. One author informs us that among the villages of the Cossacks on the river Don—subject to Russia—the geese leave their homes in March or April, as soon as the ice breaks up, and the pairs joining each other take flight in a body to the remote northern lakes, where they breed and reside during the summer months; and on the beginning of winter the parent birds with their multiplied young progeny all return and divide themselves, every flock alighting at the door of their respective owners.

The goose is nowhere kept in such vast numbers, in the United States, as in New England, some persons there owning as many as a thousand. They are bred for their feathers more than for food, and are stripped once a year of their quills and no less than five times of their feathers. The first picking commences about Lady-day, in September, and the other four between Lady-day and Michaelmas. It is said the birds do not suffer much by the operation unless cold weather sets in, which then kills great numbers of them. The old geese submit quietly to the plucking, but the young ones are noisy and unruly. Even goslings of only six weeks are not spared, for their tails are pulled out to inure them early to the custom.

Geese hatch their eggs in general but once a year, but if well kept they sometimes breed twice in a season, and instances are known where a goose has hatched three broods in a single year. In places where a business is made of raising them, each bird has a place allotted to it, in rows of boxes one above another, and the "goose-herd," who has charge of them, drives the whole flock to water twice a day, and bringing them back to their habitations places each bird on its own nest. So that driving geese to water, which expression we use out West as a joke, is a reality in some places.

It is scarcely credible what numbers of geese are driven from the country into large cities to market, and particularly into London in England. There are frequently two or three thousand in a drove, and an Englishman once told us that he saw one drove that contained above nine thousand. In ancient days history tells us that they were driven in much the same way from the interior of Gaul into Rome.

However simple in appearance or awkward in motion the goose may be, it is not without many marks of sentiment and understanding. The courage with which it defends its young and protects them from ravenous birds, and certain instances of attachment and even gratitude which have been observed in it, render our general contempt for the goose ill-founded. This is strongly confirmed by many instances of intelligence which we could relate if we had space. Horace Greeley is sometimes called an "old goose," but we think very inappropriately.

The goose has for many ages been celebrated on account of its vigilance. The story of their having saved Rome by the alarm they gave when the Gauls were attempting the capital, is well known, and was probably the first time of their watchfulness being recorded; and on that account they were afterwards held in the highest estimation by the Roman people. It is certain that nothing can stir in the night, nor the least or most distant noise be made, without the geese being roused and immediately beginning to hold a cackling converse; and on the nearer approach of apprehended danger they set up their shrill and more clamorous cry. It is on account of this that they are regarded by many persons as the most vigilant of all sentinels when placed in particular situations.

Some singular stories are told of attachments between geese and dogs and horses, where the exhibition of their friendship was remarkable, but we have not space to give them this time.

THE SPIDER WEB.

A FISHING EXCURSION.

One lake in British America day, a bay in British America, a cape on the eastern coast of Virginia, a mountain in British America, invited a river in Siberia, a city in Turkey, a sound on the west coast of Greenland, and a cape on the east coast of Massachusetts, a city in Mississippi, to accompany him on a fishing expedition. The sky was a river in New York with clouds; the lightning flashed, and the bay in Michigan rolled. Armed however with rubbers and umbrellas, they sallied forth; eager to draw from the waters the speckled lake in Canada, and the huge lake in Canada.

A cape on the east coast of Massachusetts, a city in Mississippi suggested that on such a lake in British America day, they might secure a cape on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. But they were doomed to a cape on the western coast of the United States. No lakes in Canada or cape on the eastern coast of Massachusetts disturbed their lines. They are on the point of returning home, as the air blew a city in New Hampshire, and the rain had turned to mountains in Africa, when they espied the river in New York face of a river in Brazil, a city in China through the river in the northern part of New York. He was sitting on a river in Illinois, with a dead city in New York by his side. On his city in France hung a southern cape of South America of powder, and by his side a flask of old island south of Cuba. Through the influence of a country in Africa, and a city in Cuba, cape of South America, which they gave him, together with considerable cape on the western coast of the United States, they obtained from him a huge slice of the city in France of the city in New York. Then, amidst the fast falling mountains in Africa, looking as if they had just emerged from a city in Maine they returned to their homes.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 10.

To decline; a metal; part of the face; having understood.

DECAPITATION—NO. 4.

Entire, I am a magic power; behead, I am an injury; behead again, I am part of the body; transpose, I am an animal.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 7.

My first is in whale, but not in fish;
My second is in platter, but not in dish;
My third is in ship, but not in bark;
My fourth is in hawk, but not in lark;
My fifth is in stupid, also in bright;
My sixth is in wrong, but not in right;
My seventh is in great, but not in small;
My eighth is in Peter, but not in Paul;
My ninth is in house, but not in barn;
My tenth is in land, but not in farm.
My whole is the name of a city.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

Cross Word Enigma, No. 5.—School. Answer furnished by Willie Hoadley.

Numerical Enigma, No. 4.—"Ad astra per aspera."

Word Square, No. 8.—

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ISAAC INVESTIGATED.
FROM THE BUFFALO "COURIER."
HANNAH: There's one idea I would fain impress on thee; A committee of investigation is a vanity
From which the wickedest of men have little cause to flee— Judge, then, its impotence against a blameless man like me!

Yet, I confess, that inwardly I quaked with sore dismay, When I was summoned to appear before one, last Third day, Lest some untoward evidence might render void, to me, The gift of stock and dividend, of which I wrote to thee.

I was relieved internally when, with a subtle wink, The chairman blandly said, "We're all Reformers, here, I think;" And when he said to me, "Fear not! All here are on the make!" I knew him for my kin, although a parable he spake.

I asked him to interpret his dark saying, "on the make?" He said it signified a purpose never to forsake The path of public duty on account of gifts of stock; But to take such things with firmness; yea, the firmness of a rock.

He further said—to show me that I'd fallen among friends— That "all the ends they aimed at were their country's" divid- ends.

He spake, and called the members to corroborate the chair, And lo! Some stock like unto mine I saw in each hand there! The lines were fallen unto me in a most pleasant place, For such hands, surely, would not cast a stone for my dis- grace:

But these dry bones might have rattled, and these teeth have gnashed likewise, Had that committee been composed of babbling sneaks and spies.

In this report they said—it seemed almost like flattery— "There is not here among us a more upright man than he!" But several members, doubtless moved by envy, muttered "hosh!" And others scoffingly remarked that "it was all whitewash!"

After this vindication, who will dare insinuate That I was ever purchased for a stock certificate? Nay! the righteous is delivered out of trouble, as thee sees, And my "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all my paths are peace!"

Yea: Froward tongues may wag, but all their wagging will be vain, To turn me from pursuing the path of virtuous gain. Shall greedy knaves alone wax fat on wages of their sin, While good men starve where gifts abound? Nay, Hannah, 'tis too thin!

My mission is to purify this legislative mire, And in this job, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." The way to reform rascals, and bring them to repent, Is for the virtuous to arise and gobble every cent.

FUN AND FROLIC.
"Weight for the wagon," as the fat lady said, Motto for an old bachelor—Be just and fear knot.
The height of a young lady's ambition—Two little feet.
If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.
How do they weigh eels with scales, when eels have no scales?
A woman's heart is like a violin—it requires a *beau* to play on it.
In Boston hotels, when a man feels thirsty he asks for a "towel."
Why is a hat a dangerous article? Because it often *blows off* the head!
Why is Victoria Woodhull like one of Bret Harte's heroes? Because she's Tennie C's partner.
In New Hampshire they call elopement suicide. That is not so bad. He sued and she sighed.
The Louisville *Courier-Journal* informs a correspondent that Nilsson was not the one who fought at Trafalgar.
The German Livingstone, Carl Mauch, thinks he has found the genuine Ophir of Central Africa. Ophir the left.
"Were you ever baptized?" inquired an earnest minister of a green candidate. No—no-o-sir! never only one't, and then I fell in!
"Come into the Varden, Maud," is the way in which the musical mammas urge their daughters to try on their new calico dresses.
"Papa, ought a teacher flog me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not, my boy," replied the father.
"Well," said the little fellow, "he did to-day, when I didn't do my sum."
"Bachelors," says Josh Billings, "are always a braggin' of their freedom! Freedom to darn their own stockings and poltice their own shins! I had rather be a widower once in two years regular, than to be a grunting old hair-dyed bachelor only ninety-nine days."
One exceedingly warm day in June a neighbor met an old man and remarked that it was very hot.
"Yes," said Joe, "if it was n't for one thing I should say we were going to have a thaw."
"What is that?" inquired the friend.
"There's nothing froze," said Joe.
A politician boasted that he could tell any kind of wine or liquor, blindfold, merely by the taste. He was tried with one kind after another, and readily named them. At last a glass of water was handed him. He tasted it, hesitated, tasted it again, smelled it, re-tasted it, and then said, "I give it up. That's a brand of liquor I never got hold on before."
Jones said to Hawkins, a crusty old bachelor, "What a pity that poor old Golden has gone blind! Loss of sight is such a terrible thing, and the poor old fellow's eyes are quite sealed up."
"Let him marry, then," exclaimed the waspish old celibate; "let him marry, and if that doesn't open his eyes, then his case is indeed hopeless."
Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steam-boat pilot—"That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend con- nected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed, why; what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."
A Chicago paper is responsible for the story that a few days since some boys in that city dropped an anvil, weighing two hundred pounds, out of a four story window on the head of an African who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was willing to let the boys have fun, but when they jammed a "gemmen's" hat down over his eyes and spoiled it in that way, the law must take its course.

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

"LEOPOLD."
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LETTER TO "THE SPIRIT."
EDITORIAL AND CONFIDENTIAL.
WAITING AT THE STATION.

DEAR SPIRIT: That I have somewhat neglected you the past two weeks has not been my fault, as, in the good hands I left you, I trust it has not been your misfortune. And this suggests to me to say, what I have intended to ever since I have been in communication with your reading family, that they and I are both greatly indebted to my faithful foreman, Mr. Lucius T. House, for the creditable appearance of THE SPIRIT. Lucius was my reliable helper in making my old Ottawa JOURNAL, and is still at his post, giving me a feeling of comfortable security, whether at home or abroad, that he will do his best, which is all anybody can do, and more than many will do.

Though I have tried to write an amiable paragraph I am sorry to add that I am in a very unamiable mood. If you have ever started for home, and missed an important connection, and found, on your arrival at the station, that you have several hours to wait there, and there found further, after puzzling your brain over that unsolvable enigma, a railway guide, that you must wait several hours at several other stations before you can again get in connection with the "through express"—I say, if you have ever been there, why then you know how it is yourself, and have no need of further remarks from me.

It is most singular how a wrong start will seem to affect one for a whole journey. A miss is as good as a mile in more ways than the adage intends it. I got a poor "send off" from New York, had two hours to wait in a Jersey City depot before getting off at all. Then the James Fisk, Jr., the finest sleeping-car in this country, and running on one of its best roads,—thanks to the skill, enterprise and princely business talents of the man for whose murder Stokes will be hanged, or there is little sense in hanging anybody,—had to fly the track in the night and throw us into Buffalo in time to wait six hours for a train to take us to Toledo in time to wait several hours more. It has been noticed that some men are always behind time, missing connections, waiting at stations, born out of due season, not naturally calculated for the lightning express—perhaps in consequence of some such unfortunate and inexplicable calamity as affected the early history of the renowned Tristram Shandy;—and they always seem to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen, get to the depot after the cars have gone, in short, they seem to have started in the race of life ahead of their wits and are constantly looking over their shoulder as if they expected to see them coming after them. I have a profound disgust for such characters; but just now I have also more than ordinary sympathy for them.

But there is luck in leisure, and delays may be turned to good account if one will. I was not a little interested while waiting at Jersey City, and seeing the crowds of New York life that poured through the depot at short intervals from their business in the city to their homes in the country. For the five o'clock train came the fat and solid men who could afford to go home early. They were a fine looking and well dressed crowd and walked with the dignity and weight of wealth. In half an hour came a larger crowd of younger men, men in the thickest of the strife, whose fortunes are not yet made, many of whose locks are prematurely grey, and whose step is quick and nervous. For the next train came the clerks and better class of mechanics, nearly all young, many of them tired and worn, and all of them in an awful hurry. For the last came the day laborers in their soiled clothes, and perhaps with some tool of work in their hard hands, hurrying to homes where, let us hope, a warm supper with the smiles of a cheerful wife and the prattle of happy children will smooth the roughness and rest the weariness of laborious life.

But one thing interested me more than anything else I saw, and that was the starting of an emigrant train for the West with ten cars jammed full of Swedes. They were by all odds the best looking and best dressed lot I ever saw. They appeared to be in much better condition than the ordinary emigrant companies. They had good comfortable clothes, substantial trunks, and what impressed me most, they were cheerful, happy and healthy. From old grandmothers to little babies they were a jolly crowd, five hundred strong, seeking homes in this world's asylum. They had the unmistakable look of Swedes, but their faces were not quite as flabby, nor the hair as carrot, as many of them. They did not look quite so much like Horace Greeley as our Swedes do. But they need not be ashamed of looking like Horace. Horace may be President.

But—your attention, Governor—I noticed one other thing which I think worthy of your notice. Not one of them was bound for Kansas. I looked over the directions on their baggage. I talked with some immigration agents who were furnishing them information. They were going to Iowa, to Missouri, to Wisconsin, to Minnesota, to Illinois, everywhere but to Kansas. You have been Governor of a noble State for nearly four years. During that time it has had a magnificent increase. But are you sure that all has been done that could have been done to induce these splendid workmen from the old shores to make their new homes among us? Knowing as I do your interest in the welfare of our young commonwealth, I would call your attention to the fact that something should be done and without delay to advertise our unsurpassed advantages to seekers after homes.

It seems at first astonishing, but on reflection it

is not astonishing at all, that they know so little about our country, or where to pitch their tent now that they have got here. I know a Swede in Lawrence, who could have secured a hundred splendid settlers for Kansas in an hour if he had been where I was. The inscription on their baggage was in some cases funny enough. One man's was directed to "New York, Bitsburg, North America." Another's was "New York, uber Cikago, Milwaukee, North America." The names also interested me. I only give you one of them, and that without note or comment—Answanderugs Gut.

Having commenced my letter with the conclusion of my trip, I may as well end it concerning the beginning of it. The reason I have been absent from you then, O SPIRIT! may be found in the following lively little dispatch:

TO I. S. K.—
Senate Committee on privileges and elections, investigating Kansas senatorial elections, desires your attendance, here forthwith.
JOHN R. FRENCH,
Sergeant at Arms U. S. Senate.

As that Committee wanted to see me, the least I could do was to go, though what they wanted of me was more than I knew then or they know now. Still I had the pleasure of telling them that in my opinion our State is not the rottenest plank in the ship, that our Senators were not elected much differently from others, so far as my observation had extended, and that the investigation had been carried on and discussed thus far in a dirty, inquisitorial, meddlesome and mischievous manner of which all concerned would sometime be ashamed. I have not the slightest idea that anything will ever result from these "investigations" further than the weakening of the influence of our Senators and the discredit of our State. I know that many think differently, however. Well, we shall see. "Let us have peace."

One of the pleasant incidents of my trip was a night spent at the new and splendid summer resort near Chicago, the Riverside Hotel, kept by Messrs. Clark & Meserve. Here I met my old friend Washington Libby—Meserve's old partner at the St. James—and a right pleasant night we spent in this delightful retreat. The hotel is in the Swiss villa style, 260 feet in length and 104 feet in depth, with spacious rooms, single and in suites, constructed and arranged with a view to avoid the lofty flights and crowded dormitories of too many summer hotels. It is detached from the more public offices of the house—the cuisine department, dining halls, reception rooms, billiard parlors, etc., etc., being 275 feet distant, and reached by a covered double veranda, midway in which rises the music pagoda, 40 feet in diameter. Riverside itself is one of the most splendid American enterprises of the day; and with such a splendid gentleman as Meserve to keep it, hotel it will be one of the most attractive stopping places in the country during the summer.

The breakfast bill of fare was a model. It was a sort of letter—an "open letter"—addressed to the guest and informing him what he could have. But there was not half the amount on it that disfigures bills of fare in some smaller houses that I might mention if I were not afraid of being personal. The great, glaring fault of the cooking arrangements in western and southern hotels is that quantity is regarded of more consequence than quality. You go to the Revere or Tremont in Boston and ask a waiter to bring you a "good breakfast"—without studying the bill of fare which one with an indifferent morning appetite always hates to do—and he will bring you a steak, some potatoes, a cup of coffee and some bread—and that is all. But what steak! It seems as if the cook has put all the talent of cookery into it. And so of the rest. The bread, the coffee, the potatoes, are excellent. They tempt the appetite. They set well on the stomach. They give a man a hope. As Ben Lotherp used to say of something else, "it makes things appear differently."

Per contra, I made this request of the greasy negro who waited on me at the National Hotel in Washington the other day, and he brought me—1. Fish. 2. Veal outlet. 3. Ham and eggs. 4. Steak. 5. Sausage. 6. Potatoes with bacon, etc., etc. And everything cold, dead and clammy. Such a mess if got into your stomach feels as if it was tossing around on a floating island and touching nowhere only to sour and sicken, until nature gets strength to expel the ungenial and unassimilating substance from the system. This is our western way. We go in for the quantity. But it is a poor way and had better be reformed. (It is going to be at the Eldridge House.)

While upon the hotel question I may as well add that Col. Sam. Allen at the old Stevens House in New York still knows how to keep a hotel to my certain knowledge, for I made actual experiment of the fact during this trip, and record my testimony for the benefit of whom it may concern. And while in the complimentary way, let me not forget to make grateful mention of my old friend Merrill, of the firm of Acker, Merrill & Condit, who always makes my calls at his magnificent store memorably pleasant by his polite attentions. It may not be amiss to add—with at least one eye on business—that another invoice of their genuine imported cigars has arrived at the Eldridge House—or will be before this greets you—and that those who want a good smoke, a square meal, and to be entertained by the assiduous attentions of three landlords, the smallest of whom weighs two hundred pounds, (fighting weight), and who are therefore not to be trifled with, can be accommodated satisfactorily to themselves, as well as to

Their obedient servant, I. S. K.

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

—Can be found the—
Renovated, Re-stocked, Neat and Attractive
DRUG STORE
—OF—
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.

LEARNED & SON,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS,
186 Massachusetts Street.

Repairing, Trimming & Fine Painting
a Speciality.
In style and quality of workmanship we will not be excelled, and our prices shall be entirely satisfactory.
CALL AND SEE US.

J. M. HUBBEL & CO.,
Successors to Shimmons & Adams,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STOVES, TINWARE,
Wooden Ware & House Furnishing Goods.

Galvanized Cornices and Tin Roofing put on
Buildings on Short Notice.
92 Massachusetts Street,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,
OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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

I'VE LOST MY KNIFE.
I've lost my pocket-knife. I loaned it to somebody—do not 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.

LAWRENCE
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
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Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Mathematics and
General Commercial Branches.
OPEN TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Students Can Enter at Any Time.
For particulars, call at the school or send for circular.
H. W. MACAULAY, Principal.

ESTABLISHED 1855.
JAS. G. SANDS,
SADDLERY.
FINE HARNESS A SPECIALTY.
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
STATE OF KANSAS, } In the District Court, Fourth Judicial
DOUGLAS COUNTY, ss. } District, sitting in and for Douglas
County, Kansas.
H. M. Matney and John Kaub, plaintiffs, Daniel Pitsenberger and Hannah Pitsenberger, defendants.
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 8th day of July A. D. 1872, at 3 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 Daniel Pitsenberger and Hannah Pitsenberger, and each of them, in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The south half of the south-east quarter of the north-west quarter of section (10), township fourteen (14), range nineteen (19), in Douglas county, State of Kansas, appraised at two hundred and forty dollars (\$240.00), taken as the property of Daniel Pitsenberger and Hannah Pitsenberger, and to be sold to satisfy said execution.
Given under my hand at my office in the city of Lawrence this 31st day of May A. D. 1872.
S. H. CARMEAN,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

ANDREW TERRY, PRES. JNO. K. RANKIN, CASH.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.

LAWRENCE
SAVINGS BANK,
No. 52 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence.
General Banking and Savings Institution.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
A. TERRY, President. CHAS. ROBINSON, V. Pres.
ROBT. MORROW. J. M. HENDRY. C. S. TREADWAY.
A. F. ABBOTT. J. K. RANKIN. J. H. HAIGHT.

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

Stockholders:
J. G. HASKELL. ALONZO FULLER. R. B. GEMMELL.
J. H. HAIGHT. M. S. BEACH. CHAS. ROBINSON.
A. F. ABBOTT. MOORE & BENNETT. JAMES M. HENDRY.
ANDREW TERRY. C. S. TREADWAY. O. A. HANSCOM.
JOHN X. NOYSE. JOHN K. RANKIN. J. S. CREW.
ROBERT MORROW. L. BULENE. J. S. CREW.
SAMUEL FRY. SUSAN H. TERRY. C. E. GRAY.
W. E. SETTLIF & CO. JOHN Q. A. NORBON. JOEL GROVER.
GRN. JOHN FRAZER. S. A. BIGGS. WALKER CRAIG.
SCHMUCKER & MC CONNELL. MRS. EMILY P. D. WOODWARD.
B. W. WOODWARD & CO.

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

Amounts as they multiply.	Time at 5 per cent.		Time at 6 per cent.		Time at 7 per cent.	
	Years	Days	Years	Days	Years	Days
\$1,000	20	110	16	110	14	110
2,000	10	55	8	55	7	55
4,000	5	27	4	27	3	27
8,000	2	14	2	14	1	14
16,000	1	7	1	7	6	7
32,000	6	3	6	3	3	3
64,000	3	2	3	2	2	2
128,000	2	1	2	1	1	1
256,000	1	6	1	6	6	6
512,000	6	3	6	3	3	3
1,024,000	3	2	3	2	2	2

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent. the result would be \$16,000 in 35 years, 4 months, 26 days; or at ten per cent. \$32,000 in 35 years, 6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

CLOTHING.
OTTMAN & POTWIN,
LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS

— AT THE —
ONE PRICE STORE,
67 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Our Chicago manufactory now being in full operation, having recovered from the recent great fire, we are receiving fresh, new goods every week, and shall offer them at ten per cent. less than our former low prices for the balance of the season. We are preparing for a large jobbing business, and shall be able to sell goods to the trade at Chicago and St. Louis prices.

HATS AND CAPS CHEAPER THAN EVER.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.
OTTMAN & POTWIN.

HOPKINS
Begg leave to state that he has commenced business
IN LAWRENCE,

as Tailor, over McCurdy's boot and shoe store, 128 Massachusetts street, and having brought with him some of the best recipes
FROM ENGLAND,

is prepared to do cleaning in a superior manner.
N. B.—Gentlemen's clothes, ladies' saques, cloaks, &c., made to look equal to new. Gentlemen's own materials made up in the present styles of fashion, at prices to suit the times.
Please note well the address.

CITY LIVERY,
FEED & SALE STABLE,
SAM. WALKER, Proprietor,
No. 27 Massachusetts Street,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

H. E. TURNER,
HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.
WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.
Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets,
Rear of Eldridge House.