

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 29, 1872.

NUMBER 22.

THE STATE BANK,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS,
CORNER OF MASSACHUSETTS AND WARREN STREETS,
Is Now Prepared to Transact a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Deposits Received and Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.

Collections Made on all Points, and all Business Promptly Attended to.

SPECIAL DEPOSIT BOXES,
in a splendid burglar proof safe, for the safe keeping of Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, and other valuables, all of which being inside a fire proof vault gives perfect security against loss either by fire or burglars.

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**FOURTH OF JULY
AND SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC
CELEBRATION.**

AT HIGHLAND PARK.

On the Line of the L. L. & G. R. R., 14 miles south of Lawrence, 1 1/2 miles north of Baldwin City.

Highland Park Leased and Fitted up by Railroad.

GRAND OPENING JULY FOURTH.

A Mammoth Excursion Train will leave Lawrence at 9 o'clock A. M., arrive at Highland Park at 9 1/2 o'clock A. M. Lawrence Brass Band will accompany the Excursion. It will be one of the largest and most exciting celebrations ever witnessed in Kansas. At the Park, band and vocal music, patriotic speeches, songs, sumptuous dinner, ice cream, confectionery, swinging, ball playing, croquet, quadrille music and dancing, panoramic views around Niagara Falls and other beautiful scenery, a \$200 dollar organ given away in a novel manner, each person present having an equal chance of getting it, are some of the attractions. Everybody invited. Beautiful Highland Park is just the place for a day's enjoyment. Excursion rates, round trip, adults, \$1; children under twelve years, 50 cents.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

SIMPSON'S BANK,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

CORNER MASSACHUSETTS AND HENRY STREETS.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Lawrence Wholesale Markets for Farmers' Produce:

Beef Cattle—native steers, 3 @ 3 1/2, gross; native cows, 2 1/2 @ 3.
Veal Calves, \$5 @ \$7 each.
Sheep, \$3 1/2 @ \$3 each.
Hogs, 3 cts. per pound, gross.
Cut Meats—Bacon sides 7 1/2 cts.; shoulders, 5 1/2 cts.; hams, sugar cured, canvased, 12 cts.; uncanvased, 11 cts.
Lard in tierces, 8 1/2 cts.
Tallow, 7 1/2 cts.
Hay—best upland, new, \$5.00; second bottom, \$4.00 @ \$4.50.
Hemp and Broom Corn—none offering.
Corn—white, 35 cts.; yellow, 33 cts.
Oats, 33 cts.
Corn Meal, \$1.15 per 100 lbs.
Ground Feed, \$1.15 per 100 lbs.
Barley and Wheat—none offering.
Potatoes—new 75 cts. @ \$1.00 per bushel; old, 50 cts. per bushel.
Raspberries, 25 cts. per quart.
Currants, 12 cts. per quart.
Butter, 12 cts. per pound.
Eggs, 12 cts. @ 15 cts. per dozen.

Contributed Articles.

THE GREAT PEACE JUBILEE.

LETTER FROM MRS. DOWNS.

PRESS HEADQUARTERS, 2 P. M., COLISEUM,
Boston, June 20, 1872.

There is a trampling of feet: a rush as of mighty waters; the sunlight breaks through the clouds after a slight shower, as if to smile upon the scheme of a World's Peace Jubilee!

To say that I feel like "a cat in a strange garret" would not inaptly describe the position in which I am placed. Amid a great crowd of intelligent and distinguished people connected directly and indirectly with the Press, there is not a familiar face to me. Several pleasant looking ladies have joined the crowd, and they make me feel a little less lonely.

An hour before the concert it is interesting to look about among the reporters and correspondents and note the faces and heads of the brain representatives that are to give the great Peace Jubilee in

miniature to the less favored of the world's population who do not see and hear for themselves. They are fine looking representatives.

"Can you find anybody in this precious Boston that knows anything?" inquired a lady this morning who had vainly sought information upon various points of public interest. The police are excepted from this general disability to answer questions. They will tell you where a thing is, what it is, and how much.

This morning while waiting for the escorts to the English and German bands to pass up State street, I asked an evident Bostonian "which way was up." Without turning his cool and contemplative eyes upon me he held up an aristocratic hand and motioned with his thumb toward the designation.

When I get back to Kansas I shall be full of Boston airs. If anybody asks me what direction to take going to and from any place in particular, I shall look off into vacancy and twiddle my thumb in the air to indicate the desired direction. That's the way they do in Boston; it must be the correct thing.

The pressure in the streets, especially on School street in front of the Parker House, on the first day of the Jubilee was fearful. Attempting to find our way back to the Parker House whence we had strayed, we found ourselves sandwiched, jammed and compressed into limited accommodations. For a long time, as usual, we could not find out what was the matter till somebody ventured the statement that the "Grenadiers" (the English band) were taking their beer at the Parker House. By and by there was a movement in the crowd, a sudden swelling of the tide, and loud and angry voices. The Boston Light Guards were forcing a way.

"Flashed their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,"

till finally by dint of threatening motions and glittering swords they made a passage way and carried the poor bored and victimized Grenadiers along with them. You remember the old rhyme:

"Who comes here? 'A grenadier!
'What does he want? 'A pot of beer!"

But the great rush took place at the Coliseum. The police force however was so strong, and the arrangements for obtaining tickets so perfect, that no unpleasantness marked the passage of the crowd. The choral societies marched in by thousands; the Calathumpians and Bangwhangians and Toohootians and all the various organizations were at last seated. It is a sight that one will never forget, to look upon that dense mass of thousands and thousands of faces. It is good to be here. The singers en masse look like gigantic acres of petunias and geraniums and verbenas, and as by the magic wave of Gilmore's hand they rise in their places with a billowy motion, it is as if a wind had swept over the acres of humanity and burst the blossoms into perfect flowering.

The reporters who send their telegrams in every direction have the advantage of us, and the raciest correspondent is but a "slow coach" whose letters of description come in a week after the show. Notwithstanding the entertainment is on such an extensive scale, whatever thoughts, incidents and items appertain to its progress will be of interest doubtless to those who are so far distant. The press are amply accommodated. A great deal of attention is paid to their wants, and their apartment is fitted up with taste, while every facility is afforded for the dispatch of business in hand.

The principal lady sopranos from abroad are Mdle. Rudersdorf and Madame Leutner. Strauss, of waltz fame, is here and receives ovations that ought to make any mortal man proud of his own name and fame. As he leaps to the platform in the centre of this great throng of listening humanity, a sudden burst of applause, loud and long continued, greets him. Again and again the clapping of many thousand hands tells him what a welcome is from souls attuned in sympathy to his delicious melodies, and the waving of handkerchiefs and murmurs of greeting through the whole audience cannot help but wake in him responsive thrills.

The first day of the Jubilee was especially dedicated to America. It is estimated that not more than twenty-five thousand auditors assembled to hear the festival of music. The second day, dedicated to England, the audience grew in proportions, the selections were finer, Madame Pescha Leutner made her first appearance, and the English band al-

so presented themselves with their scarlet and gold uniforms and made a brilliant and imposing appearance. After their national anthem was brilliantly sung by Mdle. Rudersdorf, the whole orchestra and all the musicians and singers joined in the chorus. Then in the first hush of the applause which followed, the Englishmen with a great blaze of trumpets triumphantly sounded the first notes of "The Star Spangled Banner." Instantly the whole vast audience were on their feet. An ocean of handkerchiefs were thrown upon the pulsating air. Cheer upon cheer broke from the excited multitude. There was a mad clapping of hands, and the English leader, Godfrey, bowed again and again, seeming to enjoy the spectacle himself as he looked about and recognized the national enthusiasm over the anthem of home and liberty.

I cannot begin to describe the scenes of this great Jubilee. Words fail. With cannons booming and keeping time to the grand old airs of our country, with the pealing thunder of the majestic organ rolling out great billows of music, with the whistling of myriad violincellos and flutes, and the triumph of bugles and trumpets overhead, how is one to transcribe with a simple pen the whirlwind of feeling that passes over the soul, and the quiet that comes afterwards haunted in its peacefulness only by memories of mocking-bird melodies, the trill of nightingales, the soaring notes of the sky-lark, and the blended harmonies of many stringed instruments, all choraged finely to the grander tones of brass and silver throats, and these all uniting in one grand triumphant burst, peal upon peal, till the roof vibrates and the walls resound.

The bands are a favorite feature in the Jubilee. The greeting to the English band was, I thought, as enthusiastic as it could possibly be; but on the German day (Wednesday) the audience being so much larger, the welcome to the German Imperial band was even wilder in demonstration. The Germans gave us "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle" to wind up their performances, but not so finely as the English rendered them.

But the *etiquette*, the subtle fine touch of human nature responsive to its kind, was shown on the fourth day by the French Garde Republicaine, who, greeted by the vast audience of one hundred and twenty thousand people with deafening roars of applause, with an ocean of handkerchiefs fluttering upon the air, and the clapping of myriad hands, stood for a few moments looking in silence at the spectacle, the leader with his head uncovered, till at length he lifted his baton, and "The Star Spangled Banner" broke in majestic strains upon the ears of the excited multitude. The tumult that followed defies description. As every spear of grain in a field of wheat waves and bends to the passing breeze, so did this great mass of humanity sway and stir moved by the impulse of popular enthusiasm and common brotherhood.

Gen. Banks, who opened the Jubilee with a speech which very few people in the vast building heard, but which the reporters afterwards made intelligible, observed that "The greater triumph for which humanity has suffered, justice pleaded, philosophy and christianity supplicated, will yet be realized." It is well that this triumph of universal freedom should be ushered in by Peace Jubilees. Attempts have been made to call it the great Gilmore swindle. But it takes an international look and interest, and on Thursday, the day dedicated musically to the French nation, no stranger within the walls of the Coliseum could feel that it was a private enterprise for swindling the public. It is a gigantic work involving the expense of many thousands of dollars. It is the dawn of international musical festivities.

It is said that the foreign bands in attendance are overwhelmed with the joyful greeting they have received. The Englishmen played "Yankee Doodle" on Boston Common on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Don't you think that looks like good feeling? Then our Marine band of Washington played "Britain Rules the Waves," etc., etc. Whether the Prussians and Frenchmen fraternize so beautifully, your correspondent has not learned. There are still two days of this week to be employed at the Coliseum. It is as impossible for me to give you a digest of the week in one letter as it is to describe the "harping symphonies" of the occasion. You should hear "Pesky Leutner," as the

street boys call the beautiful woman who bears off the palm of chief soprano, in her wonderful performance of an aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute." It was thrilling in effect, her remarkable voice filling the gigantic building even on the highest notes, when it went up—up—up—faint and clear till lost as it were in the clouds.

The famous waltz of Strauss, "Wine, Woman and Song," was a delicious volume of harmonies. I closed my eyes and drank in with the sense of overpowered delight all the early impassioned memories stirred up by those strains, of beautiful women and manly chevaliers, the brilliant lights of the ball-room, the floating waltzers, the dreams in the eyes of lovers as they moved softly along to the interpretations of love in strains of music. The intense pain of loving, the dread of absence, the fear of loss, the moan of unrequited affection; then the certainty of being loved, the joy of loving, the one presence of earth that fills the life with all worth living for: all this is interpreted by these divine compositions of the Viennese violinist and composer.

The "Il Trovatore" seems to be a great favorite with the masses who like a big noise. But of all the grand things of the Jubilee there has been nothing so grandly magnificent as "Old Hundred," rendered by the whole orchestra of two thousand musicians and twenty thousand singers, with the great organ pouring in its immensity of sound. Some one said it was the garnered doxologies of dead and buried centuries all rolled into one inspiring peal of melody.

If one, in drowning, suffocated and overwhelmed by heavy waters, could deliberately describe all his sensations, convictions, etc., I should think it might be possible for one to take this Jubilee and give it piecemeal in cold-blooded description. I can't do it, O SPIRIT! You have flattered me till I came on here, thinking I might write up little chatty talks about it, though I am no musical critic. But I am drowned—suffocated—gone under. It may do for a flippant reporter to tell about "brass blasters" and "rural locusts" and "Gilmore's barn" etc., but with G. Washington people who "cannot tell a lie" it is a wonderful demonstration: a mammoth affair of good feeling, magnificent choral effects, exquisite solos, and the finest instrumental performance in the world.

We shall stay through this week and then move on to New York. I may in my next letter of incident and adventure give you a few notes about the close of this week's performances at the Jubilee, if such notes will not be stale by week after next.

I must wind up with telling you that Gov. Harvey is being petted and lionized at the magnificent hotel known as the "Commonwealth." We called upon him, and the beautiful woman who is mistress of ceremonies at the Commonwealth, Mrs. Wolcott, forever dispelled from our minds the idea that Boston people are a selfish and exclusive fraternity. She made at least one day of our stay to pass like angel footed hours. With charming hospitalities and elegant courtesies she filled the day's entertainments with reminiscences that I shall always treasure up when I think of this curious and busy city. I am no less in love with Boston than formerly. It is so distinctive in its characteristics, so cheerful, and just now so festive, that it will be a kaleidoscope for me forever of charming remembrances.

The Commonwealth Hotel is probably the finest in the city; the apartments *en suite* are luxurious and stately. Here all the principal dignitaries are quartered, and they certainly ought to be satisfied with their quarters. This hotel shows what a hotel may become under the auspices of an imperial womanly presence, as well as that of the chief, known as the landlord. Mr. Wolcott is certainly at the head of his profession. The presence of flowers, the ease of the guests, the introductions and attentions that strangers experience, the home-like aspect of things and the splendid cuisine should recommend this hotel to the travelling public. If you have to pay for style and elegance in hotel life, you might as well pay for "first chop," as the street vendors of edibles inform you.

If the Governor is not carried off bodily by the bevy of beautiful women who surround him, he will be proof to the "polly-gamic fever" which the virtuously indignant, fat old lady of the theatre represents the public mind to be guilty of.

Good-bye, O my SPIRIT! for this time.

The Farm.

KNITTING SOCKS.
Click, click, click! how the needles go
Through the busy fingers, to and fro—
With no bright colors of Berlin wool,
Delicate hands to-day are full;
Only a yarn of deep, dull blue,
Socks for the feet of the brave and true.
Yet click, click, how the needles go,
'T is a power within that nerves them so.
In the sunny hours of the bright spring day,
And still in the night-time far away,
Maiden, mother and grandame sit
Earnest and thoughtful while they knit.
Many the silent prayer they pray,
Many the tear-drops brushed away,
While busy on the needles go,
Widen and narrow, heel and toe.
The Grandame thinks with a thrill of pride
How her mother knit and spun beside
For that patriot band in olden days
Who died the "Stars and Stripes" to raise—
Now she in turn knits for the brave
Who 'd die that glorious flag to save.
She is glad, she says, "the boys" have gone,
'T is just as their grandfathers would have done;
But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start,
For "the boys" were the pride of Grandame's heart.
The mother's look is calm and high,
God only hears her soul's deep cry—
In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call,
She gave her sons—in them her all.
The maiden's cheek wears a paler shade,
But the light in her eye is undimmed.
Faith and hope give strength to her sight,
She sees a red dawn after the night.
Oh, soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,
And shorten the march on the weary way,
To know that at home the loving and true
Are knitting and hoping and praying for you?
Soft are their voices when speaking your name,
Proud are their glories when hearing your fame,
And the gladdest hour in their lives will be
When they greet you after the victory.

TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.
"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,"
He-Chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;
Whether on France's flag you flap and dare,
Or roost and drowse in Shelton's elbow chair;
Or rouse the drones, or please the female kind,
And cluck and strut, with all your hens behind;
As symbol, teacher, time-piece, spouse, to you
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, doe.

Oviparous Sultan, Pharaoh, Caesar, Czar,
Sleep-shattering songster, feathered morning-star;
Many-wi'd Mormon, cock-pit Spartacus,
Winner alike of coin and hearty curse;
Sir Harem Scaram, knight by crest and spur,
Great, glorious, gallantuous Aaron Burr,
How proud am I—how proud you corn-fed flock
Of cackling hours are—of thee, Old Cock!

Illustrious Exile! far thy kindred erow
When Warsaw's towers with morning glories glow;
Shanghai and Chittagong may have their day,
And even Brahma-pootra fade away;
But thou shalt live, immortal Polack, thou,
Though Russia's eagle clips thy pinions now,
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,
When freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

CULTIVATING CORN.
The popular opinion is that cultivation is mostly
for the purpose of killing the weeds. It will not
be difficult to show that faithful cultivation does
much more than this, even to warming, moistening
and manuring the soil as well as destroying the
weeds.
The air about us is always moist. The hotter the
day the more moist it is. It has been ascertained
that in a hot day in July more than thirteen hun-
dred gallons of water evaporates from a single acre
of land. The soil has a strong attraction for water,
and it is a part of the duty of the atmosphere to
penetrate the soil and moisten it, as well as to give
us the breath of life. But the soil, on its part, must
be in a suitable condition to receive it. If the sur-
face is compact, the air cannot readily enter it.
When the weeds are destroyed by cultivation, the
surface is made loose, the air penetrates it freely,
deposits the moisture it contains, and thus waters
the field.
It follows then that the oftener and more thor-
oughly a field is cultivated, whether there are weeds
or not, the better will it withstand the effects of
drought.
The soil is as active as the air, for the moment
the air enters the soil robs it of its moisture and
passes it along to the roots of the plants. Thus a
carefully cultivated field may be covered with lux-
uriant crops during a drought, while those on the
hard surface of another may be perishing for want
of moisture.

CURING CLOVER HAY.
No hay is liable to so great an injury from expo-
sure to sun and rain in curing, as that made from
clover. If the leaves become dry they fall off and
waste a most valuable part of the crop. Clover
should never be exposed to the sun longer than is
necessary to expel the external moisture; it should
then be put in small cocks and cured by sweating.
Fair weather is not more desirable in making any
kind of hay than that from clover. Rains, long con-
tinued, will nearly ruin the quality of the hay,
whether it falls upon it in the cock or in the swath.

After it has been exposed to the sun for four or five
hours, it should be put up in light, small cocks, of
sixty or one hundred pounds; in this way it will
generally cure sufficiently in two or three days to
haul in; but before it is loaded, the cocks should be
carefully turned over and opened and exposed to
the sun and air for a few hours, when it may be
stacked or put in the barn without the loss of any
of the finer portions of it. If put up in larger
cocks, longer time will be required to cure it and
the liability to injury from rain increased. The
hay will be improved and the tendency to fermenta-
tion diminished by the application of two or three
quarts of salt to each ton, mingled through it as it
is unloaded. Some apply more salt, but too large
a quantity is injurious to stock. No more salt
should be applied to the hay than the appetite of
the animals would crave while eating it, provided
no salt was applied. Clover cured in this way is
sweet, bright and healthful to either cattle or hor-
ses; but as it is too frequently cured—dried to death
in the sun or exposed to the rain and dews—it loses
all the finer portions of it, and but a blackened mass
of stems remains.

PLANTING TREES.
The scarcity of timber in all parts of the country
accessible to railroads is becoming a serious ques-
tion; and it is necessary to take immediate steps to
supply a want that in a few years will become seri-
ous. Much rough land has been cleared of timber,
and is allowed to grow up in scrub oak and pine,
which, if planted, would in a few years furnish a
valuable supply. Fencing and building timber will
be our greatest want in the future, the question of
fuel being satisfactorily settled by our abundant
coal deposits. If these thousands of acres now neg-
lected were cleared of scrub growth, and planted to
European larch, Norway spruce, chestnut or locust,
in ten years, with proper care, fencing material
would be plenty. On every farm space could be
found for ample plantations of such timber. The
advice of the canny Scot to his son, "Jock,
when ye hae naething to do, be aye sticking in a
tree—it will grow while ye're sleeping," might be
followed by many of our farmers without much
trouble, and with a certainty of a profitable return
within ten or fifteen years.

FUN AND FROLIC.
Teacher—"Now, a very light blow is sufficient to break a
nose." Johnnie—"I dunno about that; I've blowed my nose
more'n a hundred times, and it ain't broke yet."
The time-honored practice of a young lady winning a pair
of gloves by kissing a somnolent old gentleman, may be de-
scribed on his part as kid-napping, and on hers as kid-nab-
bing.
To the father: Daughter—"Well, to tell the truth, I did,
not think much of the close of the sermon." Father—"Prob-
ably you were thinking more of the clothes of the congrega-
tion."
Husband—"I hope you have no objection to my getting
weighed?" "Certainly not, my dear; but why ask the ques-
tion?" "Only to see, my love, if you would allow me to have
my weigh for once."

A Paisley ballie, in speaking of one of his coadjutors in
office, whom he thought a little "cracked," said: "If they
do not keep the razors frae that man, he'll commit suicide on
himself or some *ither person*."
"Bridget, I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs.
Jones is this morning." Bridget returned in a few minutes
with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years,
ten months and eight days old.
Missouri editors do not indulge in coarse epithets. They
merely remark of a contemporary, in a spirit of quiet sar-
casm, that "his ears would do for awnings to a ten-story
wholesale hog-packing establishment."
A Scotch clergyman was talking very seriously to a par-
ishioner about drinking, and hoped he had produced some
effect. And so he had, for the parishioner says: "Ye're
right, sir; whisky's a bad thing, especially bad whisky."
Two friends, some years married and widely separated,
lately exchanged telegrams, thus: "To—. All well. We
have two pairs of twins. How is that for high?" "To—.
We have three little girls. Three of a kind beats two pairs!"
A toll-gate keeper in Virginia was lately brought before a
magistrate for cruelty to his daughter, occasioned by allow-
ing her lover to drive through the gate free when she had
charge of it. Like one of Shakespeare's heroines, "she never
'colled' her love."
The Waterbury *American* says: "It has always been a mys-
tery to us where all the Smiths came from; but while visit-
ing in a neighboring city the matter was satisfactorily explained
by the appearance of a large sign over the door of a factory,
with the announcement that this was the 'Smith Manufac-
turing Company.'"
A French nobleman, who had been satirized by Voltaire,
meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing.
The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him
how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice.
"Sir," replied the Duke, with a significant smile, "It has been
done you already."
A ten-year-old, boasting to a schoolmate of his father's ac-
complishments, puts it thus: "My father can do almost any-
thing. He's a notary public, and he's a 'pothecary, and he can
pull teeth, and he's a horse doctor, and he can mend
chairs and wagons and things, and he can play the fiddle, and
he's a jackass at all trades."
A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a
celebrated college, and asked the question, "Can a man see
without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How,
sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without
eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see
with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the
whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over meta-
physics.
Mindful of the traditional relationship of dog to sausage, a
wagging rhymer pens the following "ode" to his favorite
puppy:
"O! the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from a china cup,
Gambling round so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Bawling 'After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna."

W. A. H. HARRIS,
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over Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are
direct and perfect, with
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BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.
Ask for Tickets via QUINCY and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short
Line, THE BEST ROUTE.
P. E. GREAT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen'l Sup't.

"HOW TO GO EAST."
By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route.
"Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its
truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to
the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last,
may be called the best route in the West.
The Line consists of the Kansas City, Saint Joseph and Council
Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through
Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line,
there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to
Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—
through cars are being run to all these points.
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improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars,
and no where else can the passenger so completely depend on a
speedy, safe and comfortable journey.
The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query,
"How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and
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THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GÁLVESTON
RAILROAD LINE
Hope by furnishing first-class accommodation in every respect,
by strict attention to the comfort and safety of passengers, and by
lowering their freight rates as fast as increasing business will
warrant it, to deserve and receive a fair share of patronage, and
to promote and increase the settlement of the country along its
line.
On and after January 1st, 1872, trains will run from Lawrence
and Kansas City as follows:

GOING SOUTH:

| Leave. | Express. | Accommodation. | Night Exp. |
|---------------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|
| Lawrence | 11:30 A. M. | 8:30 P. M. | |
| Baldwin | 12:15 P. M. | 8:58 " | |
| At Kansas City | 10:30 A. M. | 6:50 " | 7:00 P. M. |
| At Olathe | 11:05 " | 6:45 " | 8:25 " |
| At Arrive at Ottawa | 12:55 P. M. | 9:50 P. M. | 10:45 " |
| Ottawa | 1:10 " | | 10:55 " |
| Garnett | 2:25 " | | 12:50 A. M. |
| Iola | 3:37 " | | 2:42 " |
| Humboldt | 4:50 " | | 3:15 " |
| Toga | 4:25 " | | 3:58 " |
| Thayer | 5:00 " | | 4:45 " |
| Cherryvale | 5:50 " | | 5:52 " |
| Arrive at | | 6:45 " | |
| Independence | 6:45 " | | 7:05 " |
| Coffeyville | 7:00 " | | 7:35 " |
| Parker | | | |

GOING NORTH:

| Leave. | Express. | Accommodation. | Night Exp. |
|-------------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| Parker | 7:00 A. M. | 6:35 P. M. | |
| Independence | 7:10 " | 6:45 " | |
| Coffeyville | 7:35 " | 6:45 " | |
| Cherryvale | 8:15 " | 7:52 " | |
| Thayer | 9:00 " | 9:00 " | |
| Toga | 9:40 " | 9:55 " | |
| Humboldt | 10:05 " | 10:30 " | |
| Iola | 10:27 " | 11:00 " | |
| Garnett | 11:40 " | 12:50 A. M. | |
| At Ottawa | 1:30 P. M. | 8:10 A. M. | 3:40 " |
| At Olathe | 3:15 " | 11:00 " | 4:45 " |
| At Arrive at Kas. | 4:20 " | 12:35 P. M. | 6:00 " |
| Ottawa | 4:35 " | 8:00 A. M. | |
| Baldwin | 1:40 " | 8:50 " | |
| Arrive at | | 9:50 " | |
| Lawrence | 2:30 " | | |

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.
Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted.
All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.
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At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West.
At Ottawa with stages for Fomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage
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Douglas.
At Toga with M. & K. T. R. R. for points North and South.
At Thayer with stages for Neodesha, Fredonia and New Albany.
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TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.
NO TEDIOUS QMIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS
BY THIS ROUTE.
NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.
Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.
TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:
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Accommodation 7:30 A. M.
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Close connections are made at the Kansas City, State Line and
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For Leavenworth 4:05 and 7:35 A. M., 2:40 P. M.
TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:
Express 1:00 A. M.
Mail 11:15 A. M.
Topeka Accommodation 7:30 P. M.

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At Topeka for Burlingame, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Flor-
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At Junction City for Council Grove, &c.
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daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union,
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and Arizona.
At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown,
&c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden
City, &c.
At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Fran-
cisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.
Pullman Palace Cars are attached to all express trains and run
through between Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne without
change.
Remember this is the great through line, and there is no other
direct all-rail route to all points East and West.
Be sure to ask for tickets via Kansas Pacific Railway, and pur-
chase them of W. D. WETHERILL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or
of J. C. HORRON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House.
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TO SAINT LOUIS,
—AND ALL POINTS—
EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!
NO CHANGE OF CARS
FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK
AN & OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.
THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD
IS EQUIPPED WITH
ELEGANT DAY COACHES!
PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPERS!
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Lawrence, Kansas. notif

The Home.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway,
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago!"
And I sing in my quavering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows:
My boys that I gave to freedom,
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

People in general suppose that, by extracting and insulating what they conceive to be the nutritious principles of any alimentary substance, they are able with greater certainty and effect to nourish the body of the sick and delicate. Thus we continually hear of strong beef-tea, pure arrow-root jelly, and the like, prepared with great care for such persons. But it will surprise many to hear that a dog, fed on the strongest beef-tea alone, rapidly emaciates, and dies within a short period; and that precisely the same consequence would ensue on continuing the strongest man on the same food. It is also a fact that a dog fed on fine white bread (usually considered by far the most nutritive kind of bread) and water, both at discretion, does not live beyond the fiftieth day, and a rabbit or guinea pig, fed on the best wheat alone, dies of the symptoms of starvation, commonly within a fortnight, and sometimes much sooner. The same effects follow if they are fed on oats or barley, singly. An ass fed with rice boiled in water does not survive above a fortnight. The reason of all this is, that diversity of food, and a certain bulk, are essential to nutrition. It follows that strong soup, beef-tea, arrow-root, animal jellies, and such articles of food, should at all times be taken with some alimentary substance, and particularly with bread.

TEACH THE WOMEN TO SAVE.

There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best saving bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house, has a large field to save in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is only made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a prompting of avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the woman as well as the man.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

Our young men are the hope of the country, the expectation of the church. In a very few years they will be the active men of their generation. The present will be in the past, and the future will be in their hands. Among them are the coming rulers of the country, the educators of the people. The lawyers, the doctors, the preachers of the gospel, the men of influence and power in all public and private positions for the next thirty years, are among those who are just entering upon youthful manhood. Some of them may now be among the flocks like David, or with the herds, like Amos, or at their nets, like Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, or at the plow like Cincinnatus in the field; and we may know little of the specific destiny of individuals; yet we may have no doubt that in the ranks of these self-same young men stand those who are to bear the burdens of the coming generation, and to mould that which is to ensue.

It is no wonder they are objects of intense interest to all thoughtful minds. It would be strange if parents were not deeply solicitous for the welfare of their sons, even beyond the measure of natural affection. For if the sons be not "as plants grown up in their growth"—give no promise of a prosperous and useful future—what hope is there either of support and comfort from them in declining age, or well-being for society and the churches? In truth, we are shut up to the alternative of gloom and despondency (save in Omnipotency) if hope for the future cannot be derived from the characters and conduct of the young men just ready to take our places!

How significant, then, are the growing distinctive qualities of these young men! How justly may good men carefully scrutinize their incipient habits and tendencies, as bearing upon that which is to come. With what intenceness may they fix their eye upon the steps and motion of every young man within the sphere of their observation. Let no young man think himself unobserved.

GOOD ADVICE.

Never shirk your duties, however low and mean they may seem to you. Remember that to do as well as ever you can what happens to be the only thing within your power to do, is the best and surest preparation for higher service. Should things go against you never give way to debilitating depression; but be hopeful, brave, courageous, careful not to waste in vain and unavailing regret the power you will need for endurance and endeavor. Learn well your business, whatever it may be; make the best of every opportunity for acquiring any sort of knowledge that may enlarge your acquaintance with business in general, and enable you to take advantage of any offer or opening that may come. Above all things, remember that character is essential to success in life, and that that character is the best which is real and thorough—true and genuine to the core—which has nothing underlying it of the consciousness of secret sin; which is as pure and unspotted as it is thought to be, and the moral and manly virtues of which are based upon and inspired by a religious faith—by that love and fear of God which at once preserve from "great transgressions," and prompt to the cultivation of every personal and social virtue.

A WORD TO BOYS.

My young friend, did you ever know—can you ever call to mind a single case of a person who, having his own way to make in the world, spent his time in the streets, in billiard saloons, around hotels, or in any form of dissipation or idleness, succeeded in an eminent degree in any enterprise? Look over your list of friends and acquaintances and note their course. Do you not find upon examination that those who to-day are men of influence and honor were the youths who made the best use of their time, turning it to good account; and, on the other hand, do you not find those who stood at corners, with a cigar or pipe in their mouths, went from bad to worse and from worse to ruin? Sadly must the answer be made—oh, that it were not so! they have failed. Will you not profit by the experience of others? Go not that way. Never be idle. Every moment of your time is a golden one, use it as such; improve the mind, fix your eyes on some noble object, be men. The call is for men; will you not be one of that number who can say, "I am a man?"

THE BEST BEAUTY COMES UNSOUGHT.—Perhaps the short, hasty gazes cast up any day in the midst of business, in a dense city, at the heavens, or at a bit of a tree amid buildings—gazes which partake almost more of a sigh than a look—have in them more of intense appreciation of the beauties of nature than all that has been felt by an equal number of sight-seers, enjoying large opportunity of seeing, and all their time to themselves. Like a prayer offered up in the midst of everyday life, these short, fond gazes at nature have something inconceivably soothing and beautiful in them.

CARPET SWEEPING.—Draw the broom to you with short, quick strokes, taking up the dirt every half yard in a dust pan, or at each stair, and thus avoid working the dirt into the cleaner parts. Never use tea leaves, paper or damp grass to collect the dust; let the dust pan do that.

Every young man should make it an object to spend a portion of his leisure time in the company of intelligent and virtuous ladies.

SAMUEL POOLE. BEN POOLE. J. VAN AMRINGE.

S. POOLE & CO.,

PORK PACKERS,

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SUGAR CURED HAMS,

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CLEAR SIDES,

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FRESH MEATS OF ALL KINDS,

SAUSAGE MEAT, AND

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\$100.00 REWARD

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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: Hide Bound, Distemper, Poll Evil, Scratches, Fistula, Mange, Rheumatism, Yellow Water, Stiff Complaint, Heaves,

Loss of Appetite, Inward Strains, Fatigue from Labor, Botts, Worms, Coughs, Colds, &c.

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

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

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VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS,

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THEY ARE THE BEST AGUE PREVENTIVE.

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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.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

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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.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST,

Sole proprietor and manufacturer of the above articles.

No. 100 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Kansas Spirit

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JUNE 26, 1872

CONCERNING CROAKERS

"Every one," says an old writer, "must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere Habit of Complaining." The old writer might have said it with even more emphasis had he written for our day.

And it has occurred to us—devoutly hoping that we are mistaken—that there are more croakers in Kansas than we have any particular use for. There is nothing more certain, for example, than that the weather cannot accommodate itself to the wants of every individual.

This habit of croaking works serious injury. There are persons who only want some apology for laziness or shiftlessness. A neighbor's oats are up and the chinch bug has attacked them, therefore they will sow no oats.

It has never seemed to us that any practical political good could be expected from extending the elective franchise to women. We might give reasons as plenty as blackberries in a fruitful season for this opinion.

But there is one phase of this woman question in connection with our politics to which we wish to call the attention of our readers of all parties; and that is the question of the presence of woman at our political gatherings.

But, in addition to this, women are just as deeply interested in, and sensibly affected by, our political affairs, as men are. They live in the same country, are amenable to the same laws, and as much concerned in good administration, as we are.

They are the wives and mothers of voters. And they do vote—or the most of them do—just as really as if they went to the polls, and deposited their ballots. It is just as necessary, therefore, that they have an intelligent appreciation of political affairs, as it is that we have.

It is well for the country that there are

such. It would be better for it if there were more. For the sake, then, of the dignity and decency of political gatherings, as well as for their information and education on political topics, we trust that every call for every political meeting in the State during this campaign will say: "Ladies especially invited." It ought to cast a cloud over the title of any political gathering to the good credit of the community if this invitation is not extended.

A GOOD FARM

The Fredonia Journal makes mention of a good farm in Wilson county, owned by Mr. G. W. Hutchinson. Mr. H. is President of the Woodson county agricultural society, and is one of the most influential farmers of that county.

OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR SPIRIT: I have been reading the Standard, and am once more convinced that some men are as truly born to be blackguards as others are to be great. As you know, I am familiar with your chief's personal history dating back to days long ago, and in places east of the Alleghenies. Hence it is, with this recollection in my mind and the Standard's abusive article before me, that I am tempted to add the remonstrance of your humble correspondent to that of almost every citizen of our city with whom he has conversed or heard express themselves against the article in question.

Of the local events of the week, none claim precedence for notice over that of the marriage of the talented conductor of the Pioneer Department of THE SPIRIT, Miss Theodora Robinson, to Maj. Ben. Jenness. Indeed, I know your young readers, whose number is legion, will be gratified to learn of the happy event and extend to their fair friend as hearty congratulations and good wishes as does "Blinks."

To say that politics are active is but feebly expressing it. Crowds congregate on our main street, and eloquence, logic and wit are shot from both sides, only to make Grant men stronger and Greeley men firmer. Who ever heard of a man who changed his political views, or for that matter any other views, from sheer argument with some other man? That characteristic staying quality of the Yankee, a determination never to give in, but die hard, prevents one from yielding his views or even tacitly acknowledging himself whipped.

"The man that calls you Tom or Jack, And proves by thumps upon your back How he esteems your merit, Is such a friend, that one had need Be very much his friend indeed To pardon or to bear it."

But Clark is a good fellow, even if he can't be representative. And while gossiping about candidates, I ought to mention the name of H. P. Welsh, who I learn seeks a place on the State ticket as Treasurer. Also, P. P. Elder, who aspires to the first place thereon; i. e., Governor. However, it seems to be a question between him and Hand whether he will keep his temper long enough to get there or not.

Well, I have about exhausted my limit and must close by noticing the fact that the crops of our county will be light. Winter wheat very light, oats medium, corn pretty good, but with bugs working on it. Potatoes want rain, as does everything else that is growing, including

OTTAWA, June 27, 1872.

BLINKS.

WHAT "TOY" KNOWS ABOUT GARDENING

MY DEAR MR. KALLOCH: As your paper is largely devoted to agriculture, perhaps my experience in a garden may be of profit to some of your readers. Not that my success has been remarkable, for my garden has done far more for me than I have done for it. I undertook it not because I had any love for work, or any horticultural knowledge to display, but because my physician recommended it.

It is a pleasing reflection that every man in the West may have as large a garden as he wishes. I have, and mine is only about 100 feet square. It was a piece of raw prairie, and after subsiding and marking it I commenced planting in vegetables in due proportions. My lot however lies along the street, and this was an occasion of much trouble, for almost every one had something to suggest about gardening.

My work has suggested a good many things, a few of which shall conclude this letter. First, in regard to blisters. The first thing I raised in my garden was a blister. After you raise one it will not be hard to raise a full crop, for I very soon had my hands full. They puffed up, full and juicy, and have continued longer than any other vegetable production in my garden. Now, what are blisters made for? Can "Blinks" tell? Then, about the weeds. I never could see any use for them. True, they may be for moral effect or to prevent laziness. They try our patience, and perseverance, I know, and had Job tilled a garden I fear he would have lost his crown as a pattern of patience.

Will he not recommend a constitutional amendment providing that beans shall leave themselves in the ground and not get their back up; that corn shall be killed and cucumbers planted when the moon is right? Shall we not have messages to Congress about farming, and will not things be run into the ground? I fear so, and hence I shall not vote for Greeley. As an ebony fellow voter stood leaning on my garden fence the other day, chatting away, I said, "Sam, who are you going to vote for?" "Mr. Greeley, sar." "Mr. Greeley I why, Sam, do you know what he says about farming?" "No, sar." Then I told him several things I have heard, ending every time with the question, "Can you vote for such a man?" Among other things, I told him

that Horace says that the best way to gather cabbages is to shake the trees, with muslin cloth beneath, so as not to bruise the head. It was plain to see, by the way he showed the white of his eyes and the way his ivorys glistened, and the loud guffaw which was heard until he was out of sight, that he was convinced. That darkey will not vote for Greeley.

But seriously, the garden has been a good thing for me. It has put oxygen into my blood, and strength into my limbs, and energy into my nerves. I find that a man can quickly hoe himself away from his books and oppressing cares. The mind is at ease and needs only enough thought to keep one from cutting down the plants. It enters into languid communion with nature and feels refreshing rest. It is a good thing to work with God in producing the fruits by which we are sustained.

OTTAWA, June 20.

TOY.

MRS. STARRETT'S MUSIC STORE

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.

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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