

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

U. G. R. R. page 8
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VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 27, 1872.

NUMBER 26.

LAWRENCE



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Contributed Articles.

MORE WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.
BY CORA M. DOWNS.
SHAWANGUNK VILLAGE, N. Y., July 16th.

You know, Monsieur Editor, how Rip Van Winkle, slowly coming to life again with aching limbs and frosty hair, finds himself the only aged and unrecognized individuality in a land where familiar things have taken on an unfamiliar newness and strangeness, and sadly bewildered with the change in his native surroundings he moans:

"I know not if I be Rip! I thought I wash Rip, but now I know not if I be somebody else!"

At least that is what the stage Rip says, and just now I am Rip.

I return again to my native village where formerly my fathers were lords of the soil; where there was only one straight uncompromising street with two taverns,—nobody ever thought of calling them hotels—and two stores, where everything could be

had for cash—lynch-pins and hair-pins, fish-lines and clothes-lines. The "big house" in the centre of the village, spacious in its details, is still standing with its ancestral trees about it, so sacred to me in its unwritten romances, that I could not bear to cross its thresholds, lest all these "tragic eyes" should rise up from the Past and look that hopeless-ness that is born out of suffering and loss. Here still is the mill-dam, and yonder sits the dusty miller at the door, sleepy with the drowsy hum of the water-wheel and the rumbling of the machinery.

The woolen-mills and saw-mill are gone, and in their stead a ponderous establishment grinds out the paper which becomes record of thought, event and purpose.

The cottages in the old street are much the same as formerly, but beyond, as if there is no quiet, quaint, sleepy little village on earth that steam with its hissing breath will leave unmolested, beyond, I say, there are several new streets cut across the green meadows, and corner groceries, and the inevitable drug store, a bakery, and, Heaven preserve us! an ice-cream saloon! stare at us as much as to say, "Who says we are not a town?" There is a spruce brick church with a tower and a bell, and yonder is a telegraph office, and the modest little depot building that the Walkill Valley railroad has built, and all around are neat and tasteful homes of new-comers who do not recognize in the stranger within their gates the laughing girl who ran with the streams, sang with the birds, and dreamed her dreams where the railroad, the telegraph office and the steam-mill have upset dream castles entirely.

Here and there is an old landmark that is dear in memory. The paper mill that absorbs so much land and water privilege has not yet levelled to the earth my old Elm with its wide-spreading, fan-like branches.

Green and familiar it waves its branches a century old; among so many strange faces that glance coldly on me as if I were not part and parcel of the humanity here interested, it nods me a friendly greeting with all its feathery sprays as if it would say—

"Come to me again, child of my affections! Rest thy heated brow against the gray and mossy bark where of old rested thy waving locks of girlhood; here place once more the tired feet that come wandering faintly to the gnarled and twisted roots that still stretch out restfully into the sobbing and sighing water. I have not forgotten thee, tuneful heart and singing soul! Human eyes may close, and hearts forget to beat, but I keep for thee, my nestling, the seat of mosses, and the shadow of rest, and there will be now and then to some stray wanderer like thyself a memory of thy singing days.

"They cannot rest beside me
Nor feel thy memory here;
Thy spirit breathes a vesper
Upon the silent air.
A breath of poetry and flowers,
A song of bird and bee,
Is mingled with enchanted hours
And the Old Elm Tree."

Thus it is often, as probably you have found it, O SPIRIT! versed as you are in the devious ways of men, knowing how little there is in friendship that outlasts the romance of youth—how fickle is love and how insecure. Nature keeps for us a tender mood; still her old forests are green and shadowy, and the waterfall sings on and on forever; the orchards bend low with golden fruit where many a Hebe once reached with rounded arm and tempted her lover with the same lovelight in her eyes and lips that lost the first lover his Eden home and pretty effectually disturbed us all.

Now the apples are still on the boughs, but the Hebes are gone; whether they married the lovers they loved, and were happy wives I know not—no, not I!

Only care I that the cellar is well stocked with pippins and pearmains and Long Island Greenings, and as the frosts of maturer life settle about our temples, and the arm-chair grows a pleasanter resort than the mossy roots of the old Elm, I will even smile over the dead loves and buried friendships of Long Ago.

Wasted affections and blighted hopes! Are there such things in this round, green, laughing world? No, rather are there quiet, contented corners in pleasant households, apple sauce in the cupboard, and a jar full cookies in the pantry, with healthy

and happy children in the doorway.

It is well to keep up the sentiment however of the early romances of youth, else what would the novel writers do, whose principal stock in trade is in sighs and eyes, and tears and fears.

No doubt there are people who are foolish enough to keep on having "feelings" all their days, and they get a little dreamy and addled over the musty Past!

What does the musty Past do for them? Take up a pleasanter philosophy, oh you idlers! There's more than one lucky wight who sings rather than sighs.

"For in my heart of hearts as well,
There have been many other lodgers—
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs. Something Rogers."

LAKE MOHONK, July 20th.

I have been lulled to Elysian dreams this morning by a heavenly angel,—Annie is her mortal name—and she sang, oh, what melodies! Even now though the piano lid has closed upon all those delirious echoes of voice and chord and key, even now the words float up the stairway as my charmed remembrance holds them—

"Ah! dormez, dormez, ma belle!
Dormez, dormez, toujours!"

And I could pray to the singer to keep on—

"Ah! chantez, chantez toujours!
Chantez, chantez, ma belle!
Chantez toujours—
Chantez, ma belle!
Chantez toujours!"

Since the heathenish remarks I made with regard to the musty Past, I have been where I went nearly twenty years ago with a few of the same party that accompanied me this week. We went to Lake Mohonk in the Shawangunk Mountains, ("Paltz Point") a precious few of us, reunited links of a broken chain.

At the grand hotel that the march of progress has here established, we met another detached link: his name was Charlie and his first address to me was,

"Well, Miss Cora! who has been the victim of your flirtations lately?"

"Miss Cora," indeed! I looked in serious matronly displeasure at this presumptuous, fat and distinguished six-footer who did not reverence my two-score years, and addressed me in the hilarious and irreverent language of youth; but I forgave him afterwards, for he took us rowing out upon the silvery, moon-lit lake, and we glided softly and silently into the "Emerald Cave." Oh, how still it was! Silence and shadow and rest over all things!

So with hearts o'erburdened with memory, we sat saying never a word while the oarsman dipped his oars gently and we peacefully passed under the sheltering shadows of the "Gate of the Winds," and of "Eagle Cliff," while far above, "Sky Top" frowned with its beetling crag, a gray old Fate against a silvery heaven of hope and star-beams.

There was never so silent a sail! We said "Thank you!" with bated breath and stepped ashore, and there is one more picture hung in the enchanted castle all sacred to memories and dreams.

Then we found our lodgings for the night, "to sleep—perchance to dream;" and if black eyes and blue, false eyes and true, intermingled with those dreams it were not to be wondered at.

The Indian name for the mountain was Mohonk, meaning the "Great Sky Top." I cannot give you in words any impression whatever of this lovely spot. Great masses of rock piled in wild confusion, ledge upon ledge, with craggy summits and fearful crevices, vistas of surpassing loveliness meeting us at every turn!

Albert K. Smiley, a brother of Miss Sarah Smiley, the popular Quaker preacher, is the proprietor of the hotel. Everything about the house denotes the prim, quiet, quaint character of the Quaker dynasty. There are no mosquitoes and no miasma, no intoxicating drinks and no gambling. Miss Smiley was a guest at the house while we were there.

A great number of visitors seek this lonely, lovely Mohonk, and it loses its former quiet, secluded look with the daily boating parties that skim its crystal bosom.

It is morning again, and we seek the "Sky Top." Winding up the narrow pathway we grow young, and call each other Mary, and Annie, and Charlie, and James, &c., and laugh aloud with the "funni-

ness" of a joke perpetrated on said James the evening previous. He was inquiring anxiously after his baggage, when one of the dining room servants said to another—

"Do you know what was done with this old gentleman's baggage?"

Our friend's thin gray locks and whitening beard had drawn down upon him this venerable appellation, but his laughing brown eyes and all his quips and cranks were so much like the "Jim" of olden time, that to us he could never be the "old gentleman."

And so the morning hours whiled away—away—away. We shall not all meet again on this round, rolling globe. Too near the skies is a dangerous place for people who have cares below. We came down again, more soberly, pulling the ferns and tying them together with pleasant words of faith in each other and fond remembrance, and Annie's blue eyes and Mary's dark eyes will look no more for "a year and a day," if ever, from old "Sky Top." The "old gentleman" did and said very frisky things, and the ride home was one of those crowded chances in life when elbows change partners without dislocation, when the stage would tip from side to side in a crazy way, and people get jumbled promiscuously. Nevertheless it was not as it is in life's journey with one's friends sometimes. There were no quarrels and upsets, and we said farewell with smiling eyes that half veiled the tears of parting.

JUNCTION CITY CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPIRIT: The weather in this favored part of the heritage is what you want to know of first of all, is it not? Well, then, the weather is "peculiar" just now, like the great run of Kansas weather. I never saw it when it was n't peculiar. Wherein the peculiarity consists in this case, I will leave you and your intelligent readers to surmise. Only this hint, the cost of ice is getting to be a practical economic question.

But then who can wonder at it when a Greeley and Grant club meet each week, and I believe the same evening, and all in a place the size of Junction. If the atmosphere is tempered at all by the political status it ought to be tropical. For things are waxing more and more heated in the contest. Some of the language made use of is n't "pretty," as the feminines would say.

But here I am discoursing on politics in a strictly neutral—is that the word—journal of "home and husbandry." Excuse me. It's hard to reflect public feeling at present and eschew politics. But I will keep the curb on, and be more particular.

The only wonder with many up this way is that THE SPIRIT is not as prone to put in its appearance in every farm house, store, hotel and place where men most do congregate as the N. Y. "Tribune" for instance—that is no longer a political reference you know. Every body asks for THE SPIRIT, and every copy of it is eagerly grabbed for. There aren't enough copies. That's the trouble. Maybe you want money for your subscriptions. If that's the case then there is a clue to the fact that the demand is greater than the supply. Still canvassing for your nonpareil paper up this way would pay, most certainly. The heart of the husbandman rejoices about this time. His eyes stand out with delight. He prophesied in the early spring that nothing would be raised this season, and he can't imagine what to do with his superabundant crops. Farmers and people generally up here work hard, and deserve prosperity, if some of them do grumble a little in bad weather. But then Junction is a favored spot, and the people do not have much occasion to lose their tempers. Geo. Martin works with his hat off and his sleeves rolled up. He leaves his coat at home. The report that he is coming out for Greeley is supposed not to be true. He may take a professorship at Manhattan however.

BONDS VOTED.

Franklin County, on Monday last, voted by a large majority to issue \$300,000 in county bonds in aid of several new railroad enterprises. This is well. It places the future prosperity of Ottawa and of Franklin County on an assured basis.

The Farm.

THE RAIN.

Dusty lies the village turnpike, and the upland fields are dry, While the river, inly sighing, creeps in stealthy marches by; And the clouds, like spectral Druids, in their garments old and gray, Sweeping through the saddened silence, fold their sainted palms and pray.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

The importance of careful agricultural education cannot be over-estimated, if it is true, as is claimed by observing and thinking men, that a better kind of farming would double the crops of this country, without materially increasing their cost.

We have learned that the more nearly education can be made a process of seeing, rather than hearing, the more perfectly and rapidly we develop growing minds. Object teaching is the watchword of modern education, and farmers themselves are the best proofs of the value of this kind of teaching.

Farmers are sadly misjudged in this matter. The reason why farmers move out of the rut slowly is that their earnings are too small to permit them to take risks. The merchant or manufacturer who earns a large profit can invest a part of it in anything that promises to better his condition, and have something left to live on.

The misfortune is that agriculture, in all its branches, has in America been followed principally by classes representing two extremes: the old-fashioned farmer—conservative, unprogressive, relying only on the few modes of culture to which he was accustomed as a boy; and the rich amateur, who possesses no real knowledge and feels no sincere, absorbing interest in the life which he has adopted as another form of luxury.

DEFECTS IN OUR FAIRS.

We have cattle shows, where fat cattle, sheep, and pigs are to be seen; but who tells us just what the animals weighed before the fattening began, how much and what cost of food they ate, how long they were fed, the temperature they lived in? Every one knows that the calf that sucked two cows became a very large calf; but the farmer wants to know if it paid. We have plowing matches, where certain technical excellences in straight or even furrows are of prime consequence; but no account is made of the respective value of the plows used, to know which plow does its work best with least wear-and-tear on a team, and yet experiments have shown that between good and bad plows there is a difference of from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

The horse-races at the same fair are settled by

seconds, ounces of weight, drops of blood in pedigree.

These fairs are not object lessons; they are mere prize shows. The intellectual food they furnish is generally poorer than the practical education which results from looking over the pens of prize cattle. The fair generally closes with an address by an ex-governor, an aspirant to Congress, a minister, or lawyer, who shows in his address, if it happens to touch on the subject of agriculture at all, that he has only crammed for the occasion.

Their ears tickled with high-sounding words and phrases, and their minds filled with fine ideas about general politics, political economy, or the importance of voting right, the audience go home to read the next day whose pig was fattest, whose horse trotted fastest, whose beets grew the largest, and are no more agriculturally wise than before the show.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

Manure is greatly injured by lying in the rain. It needs shelter as much as the cattle. Don't keep a calf tied or shut up in some damp, dark corner, with hardly room enough to lie down. He needs the sunshine as much as hens, or plants in the garden.

A recent writer states that 350 bushels of potatoes remove 90 pounds of potash from the soil on which they are grown; consequently, wood ashes is one of the most valuable manures for this crop.

Twenty years ago a majority of the Connecticut farmers were in debt. Now most of them are laying up money, made by selling lamb, veal, eggs, butter, chickens and potatoes in the factory villages.

A correspondent of the "American Entomologist" says that a few sliced onions buried in an ant-hill will cause the ants to leave it. A gill of kerosene oil, poured into the orifices of the nests, will secure the same result.

The "Cottage Gardener," London, says "earthing up potatoes diminishes the product and retards the ripening of the tubers. Long experiments in England have proved this fact—that hilling up the potato will reduce the crop one-fourth."

The "Agricultural Gazette" estimates the annual consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom at 50,000,000 of quarters—it may be a million more—and states the average yield per acre, throughout the kingdom, at 27 bushels. An English quarter is eight bushels.

At a Farmers' Club in Ohio the discussion of the question resulted in the conclusion that August and February are the most suitable months for cutting timber. In August the summer's growth is mature and firm. In February the circulation has been for two or three months suspended by the cool of winter.

An English farmer broke up 30 acres of water meadow that produced nothing but coarse edge grasses and rushes. After it was thoroughly drained and laid down to grass, he was able to cut four crops of green fodder annually of the best quality. The same thing could be done in thousands of cases in this country.

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"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.

This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars, and no where else can the passenger so completely depend on a speedy, safe and comfortable journey.

The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query, "How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and truthful document, containing a valuable and correct Map, which can be obtained free of charge by addressing General Passenger Agent E. & M. R. R. R., Burlington, Iowa.

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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.

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

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

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS. Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted. All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS: At Kansas City with connecting roads for points East and North. At Lawrence with Kansas Pacific trains East and West. At Ottawa with stages for Fomons, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage City.

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Table with columns: Express, Accommodation, Mail. Rows include TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST; TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST.

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AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN, well improved, good house, fine young pear trees and other fruit, good hedge around 40 acres, water and timber—to trade for good wild land and some cash.

A 169 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN, all fenced, very fine orchard in bearing, good improvements—a very desirable place, and cheap at \$6,000.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. 22 MASSACHUSETTS STREET, 20th

The Home.

LEAVING THE OLD HOUSE.

There's sunshine on the meadows,
And sunshine on the road,
And through the brightness toils my horse
Beneath a heavy load;
And I stand beside my gate, with hand before my eyes,
I hear the children laugh to see the household gods I prize.

There was a time when this old home
Was full of mirth and glee;
But one by one the household went
And left it all to me—
A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a sacred place
By echo of a missing voice, or dream of vanished face.

Ah, how I used to pause before
The mirror on the stair,
And shake my long, bright ringlets out
And fancy I was fair!
I took that quaint old mirror down and packed it up last night,
And never stopped to trick my hair—for what is left is white.

In later years I used to sit
And watch the long, green lane,
For one who came in those old times,
But cannot come again;
But, somehow, still at eventide my chair is turned that way:
I sit and work where once I watched—I sat so yesterday.

My new house is a pleasant place,
But yet it grieves me now;
Its small completeness seems to say
My world is narrow now;
'T is far too small for any one with festivals to keep,
But for my funeral large enough, for few will come to weep.

Good-by, old home—a long good-by;
My hand is on your gate;
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,
I may not longer wait.
Good-by, old house; and after all, the love which makes you dear
Awaits me in the heavenly home, which I am drawing near.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear,
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken;—
Though all were night, if but the light
Of Friendship's altar crown'd us,
'T would prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!

EFFECTS OF SMOKING.

The effects of moderate and immoderate smoking on the organs of the body are stated to be as follows: In an adult man who is tolerant of tobacco, moderate smoking—say to the extent of three clean pipes of the milder forms of pure tobacco in the twenty-four hours—does no great harm. It somewhat stops waste, and soothes; but there are times when it unsettles the digestion. To an immoderate degree—say to six or eight pipes a day, especially if strong tobacco and foul pipes be used—smoking unquestionably is very injurious to the animal functions. The blood is made too fluid; the biliary secretion is arrested; and the digestion is constantly deranged: there is dryness of the tongue and frequent nausea. On the heart the symptoms are very marked. They consist of palpitation, a sensation as though the heart were rising upward, a feeling of breathlessness, and, in bad cases, of severe pain through the chest, extending through the upper limbs. The action of the heart is intermittent, and faintness may be experienced. Extreme smoking is also very injurious to the organs of the sense. In all inveterate, constant smokers, the pupils of the eye are dilated, owing to absorption of nicotine, and the vision is impaired in strong light; but the symptom which most of all affects the vision is the retention of images on the retina after the eye is withdrawn from them. Thus, if he turn his eyes from a window, he retains the impression of the window, the panes seeming red and the bars dark. When such pictures are seen for some minutes, the smoker may be assured that he has carried his indulgence out of the pale of safety. On the sense of hearing inveterate smoking produces disturbances; these consist of restless deafness, and ringing or whistling in the ears. The circulation of the brain is sometimes also disturbed, and giddiness and vertigo are produced. The muscles, after extreme smoking, are prostrated. Long smoking also effects the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing "smoker's sore throat." There are also some other effects occasionally produced in the mouth—viz.: sponginess of the gums and tartar on the teeth. On the whole, however, smoking does not injure the teeth. These are the worst effects of tobacco: they all point to functional disturbance. The question remains whether worse effects ever follow from over-indulgence in smoking. The great effect of tobacco is to arrest the functional processes on which growth and development depend. To the whole body of the growing youth, therefore, the act of smoking is decidedly deleterious. When, however, the body has ceased to grow, the effects

of tobacco in this regard are not felt; and, when the body is falling into decay, smoking seems conservative in its action. As regards the production of specific diseases by tobacco, the hypotheses that have been raised are too loose to be accepted. It is said that tobacco dulls and destroys the mental faculties. The facts are that, when the body is in full vigor, smoking does lessen the power of the faculties; but, when the body is overworked and worn, tobacco soothes and conserves. If there were any foundation in the idea that tobacco produces insanity, the fact would be at once broadly marked in the difference of numbers of the insane in the different sexes. This remark is, however, less applicable to paralysis. It has been urged that tobacco produces cancer: the statement is utterly groundless. Neither consumption nor bronchitis, in the chronic form, can be induced primarily by smoking. At the same time it must be admitted that smoking does mischief in both these disorders when they exist, except in asthma. In the main, smoking is a luxury which any man is better without. Of nearly every luxury tobacco is the least injurious. It is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it is in no sense worse than tea, and, by the side of high living, altogether contrasts most favorably.

AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE.

The age of fifteen has been celebrated in song as life's rosy period, and it has been allowed to bloom up to twenty, ay, even up to twenty-five; the age of sixty or seventy has been honored as being the years of wisdom and of mature virtues: I will sing the praise of the age of forty—the present century's and my own age. I know a lady who, when twenty-eight years old, gave herself out to be thirty—"for," said she, "what is the use of sticking to those two years?" Perhaps I also follow a little in her footsteps, for I think with her: thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty—why, it comes almost to the same thing. The wisdom teeth and the wrinkles have already come. Forty years! Do you not feel something "set" in those words? At forty one has generally settled down in life. This is why one can quietly walk about and contemplate in this world—and there is much to contemplate in this world. Our century has also settled down, but it has settled down in Parliament and meditates upon the State, and therefore it looks neither merry nor uneasy, but thoughtful. So also is woman at forty. The heart does not then any longer beat uneasily after one; nor do we then stand here in life as a candidate for any thing, a prey to wishes, hopes, uncertainties, contrarities, happiness, and misery; neither does the frame of our mind, like a chameleon, take the impression of every new object, changing from rose-color to black, from green to gray, in the course of only a few hours; nor do you see in every one whom you meet some important personage in the romance of your life, nor in every uttered nonsense a monster which you are to rush upon and attack, like Don Quixote battling with the windmill; you need not then dance when you want to sit still, nor walk according to the will of others, when you have your own will—in a word, you are above a great deal of anxiety and trouble. Many a rosy light has, it is true, perchance waned, but also many mists have rolled away and brightened. You see your way clearer, you walk along more steadily; not swayed hither and thither by the wind, as in youth; not leaning with faltering steps upon the crutches of old age; you walk sturdily on your own legs, and look around in the world without coming to fisticuffs with it. Forty years is the age of contemplation, of practical thought. Long life be to them!—*Fredrika Bremer.*

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen, they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclination perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

PUTTING OFF.

Have you a habit of "putting off till a better time" little matters that seem trifling, but which you should really consider as tests of character? To such we say fight this inclination with a persistent strength which will take no denial, if you ever wish to be or accomplish anything in this world; for, rest assured, it is the little fox at the foot of the vine, which will nibble away till every bud and blossom of the future shall be covered with mildew and blight.

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YATES' IMPROVED CONDITION POWDER.

This is the only powder in the market which does not contain some of the above named poisons. It is strictly a vegetable compound, and especially adapted to the various diseases to which horses are subject, viz: *Hide Bound, Distemper, Poll Evil, Scratches, Fistula, Mange, Rheumatism, Yellow Water, Stiff Complaints, 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,

The Surest Cure for *Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Fevers,* and all other diseases peculiar to a malarious climate.

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.

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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.

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No. 100 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JULY 27, 1873.

OUR STORY.

We shall commence next week the publication of AUGUSTA MOORE'S original story. We earnestly invite our friends to send in their names before that time so that they may have the story complete. It will be a feature of THE SPIRIT of absorbing interest, while we flatter ourselves that they will find enough else, if they do not read stories, to amply compensate them for the small investment which THE SPIRIT costs.

HISTORICAL.

In overhauling the old papers the other day—job of reflection, reminiscence, and repentance!—we found among other curiosities a copy of the Laws of the Territory of Kansas, passed at the second session of the General Legislative Assembly held at the city of Lecompton in 1857. It is a work of nearly four hundred pages, and, in many respects, as interesting as a novel. In a long act concerning the boundaries of counties, we find the names of such as Lykins, (now Miami,) Breckenridge (now Linn,) McGee, Dorn, Weller, Richardson, Madison, Godfrey, Wise, Hunter, and Calhoun. It is not so very long since these counties had their "metes and bounds" assigned them, but, in name at least, they have "gone where the woodbine twineth."

An act prohibiting the circulation of paper currency of any bank, under the denomination of three dollars, by the infliction of a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, is now happily obsolete, or some of us would go where the woodbine twineth.

An act to locate the State Penitentiary in the city of Lecompton, county of Douglas, to procure a site and proceed with the erection of the buildings, and to take effect and be in force from and after its passage, would appear from a historical point of view, to have taken little "effect," and been of less "force."

Agnes City is made the temporary county seat of Breckenridge county, and St. Bernard that of Franklin county. But Emporia and Ottawa seem to have paid very little attention to the county seat arrangements of the Lecompton assembly. But Paris is made the "permanent" county seat of Linn county, so we suppose they supposed that little difficulty forever settled.

Among the "Institutions of Learning" established and located we notice the "Kansas Territorial University" at the city of Kickapoo, designed to promote and encourage the diffusion of knowledge in all the branches of learning, "including the literary, law, medical, and theological departments of instruction."

The "Buchanan University" is another institution of similar liberal aim and scope, established at Tecumseh, and having for its "government" such notables as Gov. Geary, Wilson Shannon, Gen. Strickler, and Aleck, afterward Senator McDonald, of Arkansas.

"Breckenridge College," not having "university" aspirations, but wisely providing that "no person shall be excluded on account of religious belief," is located at the flourishing city of Lodianna, Brown county.

Joel K. Goodin, Perry Fuller, and other distinguished literary gentlemen, are constituted a body corporate, with a perpetual succession and a common seal, to run the affairs of "Centropolis College" with full power not only to "confer all the literary honors and degrees conferred by similar institutions," but also "to create such other degrees" as may best promote the cause of sound practical learning. Persons but little acquainted with us sometimes wonder how we came to have so many titled gentlemen in Kansas. Perhaps Joel has been exercising the power conferred upon him and created a title now and then!

"Haskell College" is located at Emporia, with our old friend P. B. Plumb as one of its fathers; but it appears to have made as little progress as the "Kansas Female Collegiate Institute" in the town of Ogden, and among the sponsors for which we recognize another familiar and friendly name, S. D. Houston. Gen. Strickler appears again in the "Wakarusa City Seminary"; and C. E. Blood and E. M. Thurston—two good men since dead—and our old friends, A. J. Mead and Ira Taylor, left for parts unknown to this deponent, and Albert A. Griffin, who still lives and shines in Manhattan, launch the "Manhattan Institute" upon the sea of being, to grow, for aught we know, into the present Agricultural College of the State.

James F. Legate, James Christian and others appear as the original "water power" company, and had, let us hope, less trouble in getting the right to "cut a canal along the Kansas river, the object of which is to afford a water power for manufacturing purposes," than Darling has in damming the incorrigible stream!

C. W. Babcock, Marc. Parrott, and their far seeing companions, secure twenty-one years exclusive license to operate a bridge over the Kansas river at Lawrence, provided they commence it within three years, and provided also that "said bridge shall be so constructed as not to interfere (with) or prevent the navigation of said river by steamboats." It is proper to add that by subsequent legislation, the roaring Kaw was pronounced to be "not a navigable stream," so that Bab's little charter is not to be invalidated on account of obstructing navigation,—

which would be about as rational as some other grounds on which it has been assailed.

In this connection, however, we should not omit to state that Powell Clayton and Aleck McDonald figure as corporators in an institution having for its design "the employment of steamboats for the navigation of the Kansas river and its tributaries, for the conveyance of passengers, towing boats, vessels or rafts, and the transportation of merchandise or other articles." Clayton and McDonald have both since found a more practical sphere of operations in Arkansas.

The acts for the incorporation of railroads fill one hundred pages of the book, and among the companies we select the now not very familiar names of the "Grand Central," the "Palmetto and Roseport," the "Atchison and Fort Riley," the "Atchison and Lecompton," the "Atchison and Palmetto," the "Missouri River and Rocky Mountain," the "Delaware and Lecompton," the "Palermo and Lecompton," the "Eastern Kansas and Gulf," the "Palermo and St. Jo.," the "Central," the "Missouri River and Nemaha valley," the "St. Jo. and St. George," and the "Mine Hill." Among the railroad kings of these incipient fiery steeds whose sinews are made of steel and whose provender is fire, we notice the names of Wilson Shannon in two of them, H. J. Strickler in two, Dr. Challiss, of Atchison, in two or three, in such excellent company as that of John W. Geary, now Governor of Pennsylvania, Peter Abel, Gen. Stringfellow, Dick Rees of Leavenworth, Wm. H. Russell, &c., &c.

But the town department of the work must have borne the heaviest on the shoulders of the Lecompton legislators. Here we have over one hundred pages of enactments made and provided for such future "cities" as Lexington, Delaware, Palermo, Roseport, Geary, America, Tarrance, Shendoah, Potosi, Westphalia, Chamiere, St. Leander, Charlottesville, Coahoma, Tacoah, Cherokee, Pierce, Wakarusa City, Wheatland, Spartanburg, Missouri City, Carolina, Powhattan, Monique, St. Bernard, Virginia, Wewoka, Sebastian, Petrea, Versailles, Hamilton, Madison, Wyola, Toronto, Sonora, Buchanan, Springfield, Claytonville, Neoma, Bloomington, Medbury, Shannon, Newcastle, and Nicaragua! We notice that our distinguished agricultural friend, Strickler, was busy in laying out farms, even then, for he is corporator in four of these "cities," but Gov. Shannon holds him level, occupying an equally responsible position in four equally important "cities"—one of them glorying in his own illustrious name. David T. Mitchell, Esq., also seems to have had "town on the brain," his name appearing in the organic act of half a dozen of them. Bob Stevens also, who may have been heard of since in connection with some railroad enterprises, appears in the list, and Powell Clayton got time from his arduous efforts in improving the navigation of the Kaw, to "found" a few of the future commercial emporiums of Kansas. It is pleasant to notice, however, that Learnard in starting out to found Burlington, and Deitzler, Emporia, hit the nail on the head, and afford a new illustration of the business sagacity of Lawrence men.

COFFEYVILLE.

Our readers have heard of the name, and many of them have seen the town. It is in order for us to confess however that, until last Thursday, we had never seen the sprightly little city. It is not yet a year old, but it is a pretty big thing for its age. The stores are for the most part roomy and inviting, the dwellings neat and tasty, and the whole impression pleasant on the mind of a stranger. To a Lawrence man the place has a wonderfully familiar and home-like appearance. In the first place, he stops at the Eldridge House. That seems enough like home, does it not? The Eldridge of Lawrence has reason to be proud of its name-sake, if not the least bit envious of its trim and tidy appearance. We can hardly imagine a greater surprise or pleasure to a weary traveller than to be shown into one of the comfortable and beautiful rooms of the Coffeyville Eldridge House down on the very borders of Kansas settlement and civilization. The house is kept by Messrs. Ed. Eldridge & Skinner, and is kept, so far as we could see, in a most unexceptionable manner. We certainly wish Ed. all manner of the success which he most richly deserves.

T. B. Eldridge, Esq., formerly known by his many Lawrence friends as "Tom," has his banking house headquarters across the way from the Eldridge, where in the most affable manner he attends to the financial concerns of the town and surrounding country. Tom is a cultivated gentleman, and made our short stay in Coffeyville pleasant by his polite attentions. Across the way in another direction the sign of Slosson & Co., Druggists, meets the eye, and a call discovers George dealing out pills and potions as naturally as at his old stand in Lawrence. A little farther on W. E. Sutliff & Co. are ready to attend to the rehabilitation of seedy and threadbare humanity. In another direction Fred. Eggert & Co. hang out their dry goods sign, while near by another well known and highly esteemed old Lawrenceite undertakes to give a weekly map of the busy life of the little city, "its fluctuations and its vast concerns," in "Ross' Paper."

With these surroundings it is not strange that a Lawrence man should feel tolerably at home in Coffeyville. A travelling Ottawa man would find himself equally at home in Hall's boot and shoe store, an unpretending building, but where they say Hall gives equal fits to those which have made

him celebrated in Ottawa. It is not to be understood that all these aforementioned gentlemen have removed the home ranch, and made themselves a local habitation, as well as a name, in Coffeyville. Many of them are still seen, as they would be sadly missed if absent from their old haunts, but their spirit of business enterprise has led them to branch out in this enterprising and prosperous town.

We call it such with premeditation, although it is very quiet and dull in Coffeyville just now. But it is quiet and dull everywhere just now. The man who gets tired of Coffeyville, or any other place, because business is dull at this time, and goes browsing around the country to find where it is lively, will have a hard and lengthy road to travel before he makes the coveted discovery. All places have their periods of dullness, and there are periods when all places are dull. And this is one of them. Coffeyville is surrounded by a rich and thickly populated country; it is on the borders of that famous fabled land known as the Indian Territory; and when, as must happen before long, that territory is open to the advancing strides of civilization and contention, it will be a business centre of importance and rapid growth.

OUR DIGESTION.

Dio Lewis has written the most racy, readable, comprehensible book upon this subject that we have ever seen. Most books of practical physiology are great failures. They are visionary, contradictory, or so impossible to follow as to render them utterly impracticable. But here is a book pleasant to read, brought within the common comprehension, and yet, which treats fully and reasonably the questions of our physical existence. We recommend it to universal perusal. It is the young man's guide to health, the mature man's corrective and directory, the sick man's physician, the saving of a physician to the well. We shall only jot down at random some of the salient things we remember from its perusal.

The way for fat persons to grow leaner,—strange that this should have made the strongest impression upon us, but the weather is hot, and larding the green earth as one walks along is a suggestive exercise,—is to keep their eyes open and their mouths shut. That is, to sleep little and eat little. Sleep is a great producer of fat. So is drink. The most fattening meat is pork. So it should be least eaten by fat people. For muscle, brain and nerve, beef comes first, pork last. The best way for lean people to grow fat is to keep their eyes shut and their mouths open. That is, they must sleep a good deal and eat a good deal. White bread, butter and sugar, the most common articles on our tables, are poor trash, furnishing almost nothing for brain, muscle, and bone. Oat meal, cracked wheat, and corn are, on the contrary, strong, fattening foods, furnishing abundant nutriment for brain, muscle, and bone.

Alcohol is no food. It assimilates with nothing and aids nothing. It is a foreign, poisonous substance, and should never be taken into the system. Tobacco is let off a little easier, but gets some hard licks. Coffee and tea, not too strong or too hot, are good drinks for most persons. Two good hearty meals a day are enough, breakfast and dinner. We all eat too much. Tomatoes may be eaten sparingly with safety, but the time will come when they will only be used as a medicine. Salt is not tabooed, as some modern physiological writers have tried to.

Colds come more from deranged stomachs than from conditions of the atmosphere. This explains why people so often say: I was exposed in such and such a way, and did not catch a bit of cold; or, I do not see how I got such a terrible cold, I have been careful not to expose myself any. The old adage about stuffing a cold and starving a fever has produced incalculable mischief. Exercise, as a rule, should not be taken before breakfast. Women who have an hour to work over the hot stove to get breakfast should fortify their stomachs with a little bread and tea. Instead of destroying their appetite for breakfast, they will soon find it the best way of promoting it.

The book closes with a lot of valuable receipts for good and healthful food, and is withal, as we have clearly intimated, one that everybody ought to read. It treats of subjects that come home to our stomachs, if not to our "business and bosoms," and there cannot be anything of more practical concern. We are a nation of dyspeptics. We are all overeaters. There is very little comprehension of the most suitable things to eat. Our cooks are nuisances. Our food is adulterated. It is costing us ten times as much to live poorly as it would to live well. All of which and much more is satisfactorily shown in "Our Digestion."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS,) In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, Kansas.
Hiram J. Dingus, Plaintiff, Geo. E. Dennison and Ezekiah Usher, Defendants.
BY virtue of an Order of Sale to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will on Saturday, the 24th day of August A. D. 1873, at one 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 George E. Dennison and Ezekiah Usher, and each of them, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The east half of the south-east quarter of section seven (7), in township fifteen (15), of range eighteen (18), in Douglas county, Kansas, appraised at two hundred dollars (\$200); taken as the property of George E. Dennison and Ezekiah Usher, and to be sold to satisfy said order of sale.
Given under my hand and office in the city of Lawrence this 17th day of July, 1873.
S. H. CARMAN,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

HOWARD & SPENCER,

Dealers in Choice

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.

Our Stock is Full and Well Assorted.

ALL THE SEASONABLE GOODS.

Cross & Blackwell's Pickles in Quarts and Pints.

SAUCES AND RELISHES OF ALL KINDS.

Salmon and Oysters—Spiced and Fresh.

MACKERELL, LOBSTERS AND SARDINES.

Choice Table Butter, Always Hard and Sweet,

A SPECIALTY.

CALIFORNIA WINES,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

I. Latusheger's Muscatelle and Private Cuvet,

CHAMPAGNE, CATAWBA,

PORT, SHERRY, CLARET,

MUSCATEL, ANGELICA,

Sacramento White Wine,

SONOMA WHITE WINE,

Dreset & Co. Sonoma Wine,

San Joaquin Wine Bitters,

ROSEBROOK WINE BITTERS,

Choice California Brandy, Choice Bourbon Whisky,

SCOTCH AND DOMESTIC ALE.

We Aim to Please, and Guarantee our Goods to Give Satisfaction.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!!!

We are Retailing, Very Cheap, a Machine Oil, composed largely of Animal Oils, for

MOWERS, REAPERS, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.,

WHICH IS UNSURPASSED FOR DURABILITY.

Having been well tested on Engines, Railroad Cars, &c., and Preferred to other Oils.

A CHEAP CASTOR OIL, FOR THE SAME PURPOSE.

A Large Number of Empty Alcohol Barrels,

For Vinegar, Putting up Pickles, Rain Water, &c.

Our Stock of Drugs, Chemicals, and such other Merchandise as is kept by Druggists, is full in variety and quantity, and up to the Standard in Quality.

MORRIS & CRANDALL.

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ON MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

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OTTMAN & POTWIN.

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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.

no11f OTTMAN & POTWIN.

COLE BROS. & ASHERS,

DEALERS IN

LIGHTNING RODS

AND WOOD PUMPS,

Lawrence, - - - - - Kansas.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 14

Telegraphic Summary.

The Geneva Tribunal held sessions on the 23d and 24th instants. Rigid secrecy in relation to the proceedings is observed and nothing definite can be learned of their doings.

Gladstone made a speech at a banquet in London on the 24th in the course of which he said: "Arbitration has not produced the heart-burnings which were apprehended, but will lead to an amicable settlement, like a friendly suit in a court of law."

An attempt was made on Sunday the 21st inst. to assassinate King Amadeus of Spain. The escape of the King was a very narrow one.

By a special decree, Catacazy has been dismissed from the diplomatic service of the Russian Empire. The "Journal of St. Petersburg" states that the publication of the pamphlet concerning Secretary Fish was entirely without the knowledge or consent of the government.

President Juarez of Mexico died of apoplexy on the night of the 16th inst.

Rio Janeiro advises say that those iron-clads, for which the Argentine Congress voted \$260,000, have been ordered from the United States.

The new French Minister, Marquis de Noailles, was officially received by the President on the 24th.

The belligerent Butler has been removed from his position as Consul-General at Alexandria, Egypt, and Richard Beardlee, of Indiana, has been appointed in his place.

The Secretary of the Interior has authorized the withdrawal of all mineral lands from agricultural entry.

Senator Schurz made his opening speech of the campaign at St. Louis on Monday last. The speech had evidently been prepared with great care and took decided ground for Greeley. He has gone to North Carolina to take part in the campaign in that State.

President Grant arrived in Washington on the 23d and returned to Long Branch on the 24th. A cabinet meeting was held on the 23d at which all the heads of departments were present except Secretary Delano.

Senator Conkling has taken the stump for Grant and Wilson in New York.

S. T. Streeter resigns from the New York Liberal Republican committee, and will support Grant.

Tom. Murphy writes from Long Branch that he believes President Grant paid for his sea-side cottage himself; that he (Murphy) did not contribute anything toward it at any rate.

Competitive examinations will be held at Washington on the 2nd of August for the purpose of filling a vacancy in the office of Deputy Comptroller of the Currency.

The machine shops and other buildings of the Erie railway at Jersey City were destroyed by fire on the 24th, involving a loss of \$1,000,000.

The Health Officers of New York are taking prompt and vigorous measures to prevent the spread of cholera, should any vessels arrive from the Baltic with the disease on board.

Agent Adams, of the Los Pinos Indian agency in Colorado, reports to the Indian bureau, under date of July 2, that the rumors that the Indians are preparing for hostilities, are without any foundation whatever. They are perfectly quiet, and the number at the agency has been steadily increasing, at the rate of ten lodges a day.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

The Editor of the Ottawa "Journal"—like a sensible man as he is—has been "out in the country." Our readers will be specially interested in the following: "Our next visit was on 'Argo' (Judge Hanway) about a mile and a half south. He has a fine farm, and a perfect wilderness of trees—all kinds of fruit, long rows of cottonwood, walnut, etc., and a splendid hedge. The Judge now only attends to his fruit, having an orchard of 550 trees, grapes, etc., leaving the balance of his farm to other hands. And by the way, he promises to tell our readers 'what he knows about' some of the products of our Kansas prairies.

The Iowa "Register" evidently thinks that Southern Kansas is a land flowing with milk and honey, or at least with something just as good and more substantial: "The people of Southern Kansas will be in no danger of starvation this summer and fall. Although it has only been a very few years since the first white man settled in this county, we shall have grapes in abundance, apples enough to supply the home demand, and peaches to almost give away, in fact we expect to see this delicious fruit sell for twenty-five cents per bushel. Melons which are just beginning to ripen will be so plentiful that a person will consider it extortion to be asked five cents for one larger than he can carry. Wheat in some localities, is much below an average crop, while in others it is above, oats, well a man that does not have fat horses, with oats at fifteen cents per bushel must be too lazy to feed them, and as for corn there is such worlds of it that it will be necessary to extract the juice to induce people to use it up."

The Hutchinson "News" advises farmers to plow their hedge rows: "No farmer in Reno county should fail to plow hedge rows around his quarter section this season. It is true, the difference to you this year is but little; but remember that it takes four years to grow a hedge. At the end of that time your corn fields will be broader, your young orchards more valuable, and your cattle and horses greatly increased. When that day comes and finds you a year behind, you would not begrudge a hundred dollars if your land was enclosed by a fence. If any have their hedge rows unprepared let them begin to prepare them, the sooner the better. The ground will do if not plowed until the first part of August; so if you cannot plow before, plow then."

The Louisville "Reporter" has been on his travels and makes the following report of the crops: "We were east as far as Indianapolis, Ind., week before last, and found no crops, except fall wheat, either in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois or Indiana, that would compare at all favorably with the crops in Kansas, and especially in Pottawatomie County. Here the farmers are getting pretty well along with their harvestings and the harvest is bountiful. Corn also bids fair for a very large crop. Elder Dearborn of Manhattan, passed through the city last Tuesday on his return home after an absence of about four weeks, and reports the crops looking exceedingly well all over his District."

We regret to see from the Olathe "News Letter" that the dark bay stallion "Morgan" owned by Mr. Gray of Ottawa died on Tuesday night at the stable of Wm. Julian & Co. Mr. Gray recently purchased the horse paying \$2,000.00.

The Topeka "Commonwealth" makes a note of Nurserymen and Tree-Growers in Council: "At a meeting of nurserymen, Friday evening, at the house of William Keith, an association was formed, to be called the 'Nurserymen and Tree-Growers' Association of Kansas.' J. M. Rosse was elected president, E. R. Stone, vice president; A. J. Stark, secretary, and Wilson Keith, treasurer. The object of the association is for united action in matters pertaining to the interest of nurserymen in the state. The first regular meeting will be held in Topeka on the 18th day of September."

The Paola "Democrat" says: "The next Fair of the Miami County Agricultural Society will be held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th and 7th days of September next. Let every Farmer, Merchant, Mechanic and Business Man in the county be prepared to aid in making it a success. All premiums offered will be paid in Cash. The list will be printed in a few days."

The Burlington "Patriot" asks: "Are the horsemen of Burlington going to make any arrangements to get some fast stock on the track during the fair this fall? Moralists may say what they please, but horse races will draw a crowd. And that's what we want."

Town Talk.

THE KANSAS FARMER.—A fatality seems to attend our efforts to do the fair thing by that most excellent publication, the "Kansas Farmer." We sent several of our first issues to the "Farmer" and getting no response concluded that an exchange of courtesies might not be desirable. After waiting six months we renewed our courtesies which were promptly and handsomely met by the "Farmer," which stated in a flattering allusion to our enterprise that it had but lately seen a copy of our paper. This indicated that our first proposals for exchange had not reached their destination. But now, in attempting to copy the neat notice which the "Farmer" gave us, we gave credit to the "Prairie Farmer," a Chicago concern that has never seen fit to pay attention to the fact of our existence, instead of the "Kansas Farmer," whose good opinion we are happy to have, and happy to have our readers know that we have.

We said, in starting, that there could be no such thing as rivalry between us and the "Farmer." Anybody that sees the two papers can see that we are correct. We consider the "Kansas Farmer" an ornament to our State, and a publication of such sterling merit that it should receive the patronage of every farmer in it.

THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—We have observed that whatever the editor of THE SPIRIT attempted to do, he always succeeded in doing it well. When we heard that Hon. I. S. Kalooh was going to publish a paper in Lawrence, we knew it would be one of the best papers in Kansas—everybody knew it who professed to know anything at all. Therefore in saying that THE SPIRIT was the best agricultural paper in Kansas we meant just what we said—not with a desire to flatter the editor—but to let the people know where they should send their two dollars to get an agricultural paper worthy of the name. Not only is THE SPIRIT a good agricultural paper, but it is good in other respects. It tells about everything going on in the world in a genteel way. Its editorials are well written and its correspondence of the best. We can take a copy of it and prove to any man in two minutes that it is the best family newspaper in Kansas. Besides all this, Kalooh is a "HUNKY DOREY" fellow and knows all about these things.—Eldorado "Times."

BULLENE.—L. Bullene, Esq., has removed from his old homestead to the new and elegant suburban residence lately occupied by Mr. George A. Reynolds. Mr. Bullene has lived fifteen consecutive years in his old home; his children have grown to manhood and womanhood in it; saplings of his own planting have become vigorous trees; and in this country of many and sudden changes, we mention the incident as something remarkable. We do not think of another Lawrence man who has resided the same length of time in the same place. Mr. Bullene has also changed the style of his advertisement, as our readers will see, but the old business stand, the low prices, the fine goods, are the same, yesterday, to-day and forever.

A FRIENDLY WISH.—The name and style of Kalooh's great home paper has been changed from THE KANSAS SPIRIT to THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. For a fireside journal and farmer's paper it has no equal in the west, and is excelled by no other paper of the kind published in America. A splendid and beautiful original story is being written for its columns by a well known author, which story will be commenced in a week or two. We wish every farmer in Sedgwick county could afford this paper for his family, which is only the price of an ordinary newspaper, \$2 per annum.—Wichita "Eagle."

SENATORIAL.—Senator Pomeroy has been in town, and making himself comfortable at the Eldridge House for several days this week. The Senator, as usual, looks in jolly good heart and health, and appears to take life with philosophical equanimity and composure. He considers the country in general, and Kansas in particular, as sure for Grant and Wilson, though there is a hard battle to be fought, and says that he has no time to attend to his own personal political matters until the great contest is settled. A large number of friends and citizens paid their respects to Mr. Pomeroy while he was here.

NOW IS THE TIME.—We have neglected to notice an improvement in Kalooh's paper. It has a new head, which is a great improvement on the old one, and the name is changed to THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. The proprietors have secured an original story from Augusta Moore, the publication of which will be begun in a few weeks. Now is the time for all who wish to take a first-class family and agricultural paper to subscribe. Only \$2 a year.—Burlington "Patriot."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—THE SPIRIT office is under many obligations to Mr. A. Whitecomb the florist, corner of Warren and Tennessee streets, for the present of a most beautiful Japan Lily. A gentleman who cultivates such flowers must be a connoisseur in his art, and deserving the liberal patronage of the community.

LONG LIFE TO IT.—Kalooh dropped in upon us last Tuesday. By the way we observe he has put a new head on THE SPIRIT. We thought it had reached the point beyond which improvement was scarcely possible, but the new heading has passed it. Long life to Kalooh and his SPIRIT.—Ottawa "Journal."

PLASTERING.—John Q. Ashton was the lucky bidder for the plastering of the New University. The contract was awarded to him at \$8,190, and comprises nearly two acres of surface. Ashton is a good workman and will do the job promptly and well.

AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE.—THE KANSAS SPIRIT will soon contain the initial chapter of an original story by an author of well-known merit. This will be an attractive feature of THE SPIRIT.—Ottawa "Leader."

CAMP MEETING.—The Methodist State Camp Meeting commences on the 18th of August at Topeka. An effort is being made to secure the services of Rev. E. P. Hammond.

CHURCH BUILDING.—The outside of the new Episcopal church is completed and the inside work is being pushed rapidly forward.

The walls of the Quaker Yearly Meeting House are nearly up.

The Colored Methodist church, corner of New York and Warren streets, is receiving the roof.

The walls of the Colored Baptist church, corner of Ohio and Warren streets, are up to the top of the basement story.

The foundation of the German Methodist church, corner of New York and Berkley street, is laid and the walls somewhat advanced.

These buildings are all of stone or brick, and are to be handsome, substantial churches—some of them very fine and costly ones. The Episcopal and the Quaker churches will cost not less than \$25,000 each. Five churches in process of erection at once speaks well for the prosperity as well as the morals of Lawrence, especially when account is made of the large number of fine church edifices already completed.

SAD.—Many friends sympathize with our friends Judge Banks, and Alex. Banks, in the loss of little children.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone,
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away."

FOR THE TRIBUNE.—Mr. Chas. A. Long has accepted the appointment of travelling agent and correspondent for the "Kansas Tribune," and left yesterday on a tour through the Eastern States in the interest of that paper.

CHANGES.—C. A. Pease is established in his new store adjoining his old stand, and Wilder & Palm have occupied Pease's old stand with their stock of agricultural implements, seeds, &c.

THACHER.—The Wathena "Reporter," and several other exchanges in different parts of the State, express a strong desire to see T. Dwight Thacher, Esq., nominated for Congress.

SOLD.—Mr. Henry C. Brown has sold his fine place of twenty acres, a little south-west from town, for \$7,500. We hear that Mr. Brown intends leaving Lawrence.

TRADE.—Is lively at the wholesale grocery house of Mr. Nathan Frank. He is shipping immense quantities of goods daily to his customers west and south.

RETURNED.—S. A. Riggs, Esq., is at home again. His visit to Chappagua has evidently increased his enthusiasm for Greeley.

OUT AGAIN.—Mr. John A. Dalley's many friends are glad to see him on the street again. His illness has been a severe one.

ADDITION.—Judge Bassett is building a large addition to his beautiful residence on Mount Oread.

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, \$2 1/2 @ \$3 each. Hogs, 3 cts. per pound, gross. Cut Meats—Bacon sides 8 1/2 cts.; shoulders, 6 cts.; hams, sugar cured, canvased, 13 cts.; uncanvased, 11 cts. Lard in tierces, 9 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, 28 cts.; yellow, 28 cts. Oats, 20 cts. Corn Meal, \$1.15 per 100 lbs. Ground Feed, \$1.15 per 100 lbs. Wheat and Wheat—none offering. Potatoes—new 30 cts. per bushel. Butter, 15 cts. per pound. Eggs, 15 cts. @ 20 cts. per dozen. Beets, 50 cts. per bushel. Onions, \$1.00 per bushel. Apples—green, \$2.00 per bushel. Blackberries, 20 cts. per quart. Green Corn, 5 cts. per dozen. Spring Chickens, \$1.75 @ \$2.50 per dozen. Tomatoes, \$2.00 per bushel.

Posting.

For better information of consumers, we quote the following:

- Collier strictly pure white lead, \$12.50 per 100 pounds. Lawrence City white lead, \$11.50 per 100 pounds. Lined oil, pure, \$1.10 per gallon. Lubricating oil, West Virginia, 75 cents per gallon. Quinine, \$2.75 per bottle. Morphine, \$1 per bottle. Strychnia, 50 cents per bottle. Gum camphor, 90 cents per pound. Borax, refined, 50 cents per pound. Citric acid, \$1.40 per pound. Tartaric acid, 85 cents per pound.

The above sample prices are not "combination;" we are not in the habit of combining with others to sell goods, being able to "run our own machine." Neither are they "co-operative," being good for all who favor us with their trade, for we establish no privileged class among our customers. They are simply such prices as we have been selling at, are, we think, fair, and probably fully as low as exclusive retail dealers can afford to sell at. However, we shall be interested to see them discounted twenty or even ten per cent., as we are willing to contribute our share toward a solution of the problem of how low goods can be sold, as we consider that business. We say to our customers, for the future as in the past 17 years, that they can always get goods of us, for the quality, fully as low as the most favored customers of other houses.

B. W. WOODWARD & CO.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS, } In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, Kansas.

DOUGLAS COUNTY, ss. } County, Kansas.

Henry Lewis and Albert Allen, Plaintiff's: Richard Malloy, Defendant.

BY VIRTUE of an Order of Sale to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court in and for Douglas county, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will on Saturday, the 24th day of August A. D. 1872, at two 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 Richard Malloy in and to the following described lands and tenements, to-wit: Lots No. two hundred and fourteen (14) and two hundred and sixteen (16) Tennessee street in the city of Lawrence, Douglas county, State of Kansas. Lot No. two hundred and fourteen (14) appraised at five hundred dollars (\$500), lot No. two hundred and sixteen (16) appraised at two thousand dollars (\$2,000). Taken as the property of Richard Malloy and to be sold to satisfy said Order of Sale.

S. H. CARMEAN, Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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

G. W. E. GRIFFITH & CO.,

OFFICE, POEHLER'S BLOCK. 151

L. BULLENE & CO.

Have on hand a large stock of

WOOLEN GOODS,

Consisting of

FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS,

CASSIMERES, CLOTHS,

JEANS AND BLANKETS.

These goods were bought when the Market was

MUCH LOWER

than at present, and they will, for a

FEW DAYS LONGER,

Offer them to their customers at prices considerably under their present value.

ALL WHO ARE IN WANT OF

WOOLEN GOODS

Of any kind will certainly find it to their interest

to examine their stock, as

A LARGE ADVANCE HAS ALREADY TAKEN PLACE

In the Eastern Markets,

and still higher prices are looked for.

ATTENTION, FARMERS! 5,000 HEAD OF CATTLE

To be put out to winter on shares among the Farmers of Douglas County.

FAVORABLE CONTRACTS CAN BE MADE NOW!

Also Cattle for Full Feed

Will be supplied on very easy terms to responsible men.

This is a fine opportunity for farmers to use up their coarse food and also to put their corn into beef.

Apply to

J. T. STEVENS,

Over Simpson's Bank, LAWRENCE.

H O P E

Begs leave to state that he has commenced business

IN LAWRENCE,

as Tailor, on Warren street, two doors East of State Bank, sign of the Anchor, 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.

B. T. STEWART.

J. B. McEWEN.

STEWART & McEWEN,

FURNITURE

—AND—

UPHOLSTERY,

150 MASSACHUSETTS STS.,

1871 LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

CITY LIVERY,

FEED & SALE STABLE,

SAM. WALKER, Proprietor,

No. 27 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

LAWRENCE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

A Rare Opportunity to Obtain a Thorough Musical Education.

The best instruction is now brought within the reach of all. Terms lower than the charges of the most inferior teachers. Fall term begins the first Wednesday in September. Send for Circular to J. E. BAILETT, Professor of Music in the State University, LAWRENCE.



CONDUCTED BY MRS. THEODORA ROBINSON JENNESS.

SUMMER WANDERINGS.

BY T. R. J.
(Concluded.)

"Lill Havens, I shall box you soundly if you don't vacate my room immediately. I'm tired to death and every nerve in my body is completely unstrung. Everything I ask is to be permitted to go to sleep and not wake again for six weeks. Will you take your leave miss before I expel you forcibly?"

The small miss thus addressed curled her lips and pouted, looking somewhat grieved withal, but her manner plainly indicated that she meant to stand her ground against all opposition. She answered Grace in this manner:—

"That's a nice, 'fectionate way to talk when you've been don off all summer lon' and your little sister's been stayin' at home teepin' house all alone with nurse and drammer. Seems to me if I hadn't but dest dot home from a dourney, I'd tiss my little sister how d' do and ast her if she'd been lonesome and let her see my pretty things and 'scribe what I'd seen for sights, 'stead of freatinin' to bots her ears, tause she zibited a little turiosity over my tummin' home," whereupon Lillie deliberately lifted the lid to Grace's largest trunk and began an examination of the damaged flury therein contained. Poor Lillie, like most other small sisters of distinguished belles, had been denied the privilege of examining to her satisfaction Grace's new summer outfit, so she had determined to seize upon it second hand. Lillie ransacked at leisure, for languid, worn out Grace sensed her physical inertia far too well to attempt to measure arms with even so small an atom as Lillie—six years old.

Grace lay quite still in her darkened room and soon her eyes closed heavily and she was lost in a deep, dreamless sleep. Having satisfied her curiosity by going to the bottom of every trunk, Lillie retired to seek another place of amusement, but Grace slumbered on through all the changing glory of that September morning, like a weary bird that had returned from flight to fold its wings within the home nest with murmurs and complaints against the wayfaring that had been its chosen lot.

About the middle of the day Ruthie Holcomb entered the darkened room with a merry bustle and after throwing open a pair of shutters, she walked up to the couch where lay the still sleeping Grace and shook her long and strongly.

"Why, Grace Havens, what have you turned into? A sleeping machine, I'm sure. Wake up and tell me your experience," Ruthie shouted in her ear.

Grace opened her eyes with difficulty and greeted her friend with only the shadow of a smile.

"You look as lackidical as a last year's snowball," complimented Ruthie with laughing frankness.

"Thanks—you look like a new blown peony," returned Grace yawningly. "What have you been about Ruthie Holcomb, to get so tanned and blistered and speckled? You won't look fit to attend a party for at least six months or perhaps a year."

"No such a thing," inserted Aleck Havens, who had followed Ruthie into Grace's room, for the purpose of congratulating his sister upon her return as well as his own. "Ruthie looks as radiant as a peck basket full of sunbeams. Just look at these cheeks for instance," and master Aleck, with the familiarity acquired by weeks of Cherry Mountain sociability, gathered a pinch of blooming flesh between each thumb and finger, and continued: "You know you'd swop the latest 'step' you've been agonizing over for a week no doubt, to be able to exhibit such a pair of twin blush roses as Ruthie's cheeks upon your own countenance. Come now own up sis, and acknowledge the patness of my sp e h."

"Well, Ruthie does bear it better than most girls could in her condition," admitted Grace rather reluctantly. "It's so dreadfully unfashionable to have color in one's face. She'd be ruled out entirely at Saratoga, but here at home it does n't signify so much. But what's the matter Ruthie? You look as elated as if you were going to an evening party instead of just getting home from a tiresome journey. When did you reach town, by the way?"

"About an hour ago."

"And have you taken a nap so quickly?"

"A nap—dear me, no, no—what do you think I wanted of a nap?" said Ruthie laughing loudly. "The trip down from Cherry Mountain would have rested me if I'd been tired when we started, which I was n't. We all came down in a bunch—Aleck and the other boys, the children, mamma and aunt Hannah, and a crowd of jolly strangers, whom we met up there. Cherry Mountain was loaded down this year with the most delightful people in the world."

"O, as to that, Ruthie Holcomb, you always discover a fund of delight where no one else would

think of searching. I dare say your Cherry Mountain associates were very common people. Pray give me a description of one or two," said Grace.

"Well, there was the dearest old couple, at least seventy-five, every bit as lively and brisk as most people at twenty-five. Quakers too they were. They wore gray clothes, and talked so quaint and kind! It was a real comfort to follow them round and do them a small favor now and then just to hear them say 'Thank thee my dear, thee is a very obliging child.' Were n't they entirely splendid?" added Ruthie, appealing to Aleck in her most enthusiastic tone.

"Yes, they were marvelous spry, and the jolliest old bricks on the summit no mistake. But I like the little grass widow with the ten children, about as well as the balance of the crew."

"Aleck calls her the grass widow," said Ruthie, "because her husband's been gone off on a collecting tour (scientific) ever since Toodles, the youngest child, was three months old. She expects him home sometime with a fleet of schooners full of wonderful discoveries. 'T was so funny and nice to hear her tell about her husband's queer propensities. He sometimes spends whole weeks over the merest insect. The children all like toads as well as we do canaries. It was a very curious family indeed."

"Did you meet with any other interesting specimens?" inquired Grace, with a supercilious air.

"O yes, there were babies in abundance, and boys without number, and a young lady whose father had struck oil—"

Here Aleck interrupted Ruthie, saying: "And three jolly old maid sisters that came up to the Mountain for the express purpose of supplying us young fellers with strings. We kept them unwinding most of their time. You see we pitched our tent right over against Lake Cottage, so as to make the company over there available in time of need."

"Have you finished describing the Cherry Mountain society?" inquired Grace with an expression of severe infliction upon her countenance.

"O no, the best of all was the society we found in the woods and water, in the air and—everywhere. O, the birds and fishes and chubby little wild animals that fluttered and swam and frisked around Lake Cottage! The children and I went off with the boys to the other side of the mountain and were gone two days. We got lost and a wildcat growled at us, and there's no end to the adventures we had. O dear, I feel as if I could lift a world. Did you dance with a prince?" enquired Ruthie, suddenly seized with a desire to hear of Grace's summer experience.

"Well, no, the only prince upon the stage turned out to be a California pickpocket. He happened to be arrested before the older belles had finished swinging him around the circle. We very young ladies did not enjoy the privilege of his acquaintance before he was hustled off to prison," returned Grace in a tone of bitter satisfaction so easily recognized as the result of disappointed vanity and pique and petty jealousy.

"That was too bad entirely," said Ruthie sympathetically. "But were there not plenty of other (dancing) fishes to be caught swimming there yet, after the pretended prince took his departure?"

"Well yes, I danced with a millionaire, but he was perfectly horrid. Now Aleck is gone I may as well acknowledge that he was the finest specimen of a 'daddy long legs' I ever accepted for a partner. His red head by far outshone my garnet silk and his freckled complexion was even richer than the gold trimmings."

"Poor fellow, he was n't a bit to blame for that. I hope you enjoyed your dress as much as you expected to."

"Mamma never let me put it on but once, the night I danced with the millionaire. She said it was too hot and heavy looking. The other girls of my age all wore thin dresses. I might have had half a dozen beautiful cheap dresses bought for what that one dress cost, if mamma had n't been so foolish. I did n't have any variety at all in comparison with the rest. Why there was one girl there no older than I that had thirty elegant grenadines and tissues and the like. O dear, it's a positive relief to be able to tell my pent up trials to a sympathetic listener," sighed Grace, folding her hands and closing her eyes, a poor little representative of "mute despair."

Ruthie's lips twitched nervously and her eyes glowed with overflowing merriment, but she silently awaited further confidence from Grace.

"Mamma was dreadful cross the whole season through. She did n't allow me to have my own way in a single respect. I imagine 't was because she did n't get the new set of diamonds papa expected to be able to buy her before we went to Saratoga. Everybody was cross and critical and sarcastic. The men smoked and drank, the boys swaggered and the girls giggled and flirted. There was n't a bit of rest for soul or body. I suppose we will have to go through it every summer though, and I've but just begun—I'm not yet fourteen years old," and Grace assumed a look of worn-out resignation so irresistibly ridiculous to Ruthie's eyes that the latter gave herself away to overpowering laughter.

"Come up to Cherry Mountain with me next summer and I'll wager you won't come back with such a dreadful story at your tongue's end. Will you engage to go with me?" said Ruthie.

Grace shook her head in a doubtful manner.

"One might as well retire from the field entirely as to give up Saratoga. 'When one's among the Romans she'll have to do as the Romans do.'"

THE DIFFERENCE.

DEAR PIONEER: I send you the following effusion from our school district, which, coming as it does from a Kansas boy only sixteen years old, properly belongs to the Young Pioneer Department of THE SPIRIT.

Our school teacher, in explaining the difference between poetry and blank verse, said as an example that

"Sam. rode a ram
Over the dam,
And came down ker-slam,"

was poetry, and that

"Sam. rode a ram
Over the bridge,
And came down ker-flop,"

was blank verse. He then requested the scholars to write compositions for the next Friday afternoon, and desired as many as could to attempt verses. When the day arrived and the manuscripts were presented, he was somewhat surprised to find the following:

THE RAM AND SAM.

A boy named Sam.
Once rode a ram
Down by the dam,
On behind he had a ham,
To get him along he had to lam,
And the ram
Threw Sam.
Ker-slam,
And gave him a jam.

A big white shoat
And an ornery goat,
So Sam. since wrote,
Scared the ram into a moat
And he lay on the water like a boat.
Sam. and his coat
Would n't float,
So they sunk, we denote.

Now phrenology,
Or better, theology,
Offers no analogy
To this freak in zoology;
Nor does the science of ontology
Make any apology
For the ram's
Throwing Sam.
Into the moat
And soiling his coat.

Osage County, July 15, 1872.

—J. A. S.

THE SPIDER WEB.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA—NO. 11.

I am composed of six letters.
My first is in cable, but not in rope.
My second is in potash, and also in soap.
My third is in forest, but not in wood.
My fourth is in bonnet, but not in hood.
My fifth is in romp, but not in play.
My sixth is in night, but not in day.
My whole is a great city of the East.

WORD SQUARE—NO. 15.

1. Solid. 2. Chhillness. 3. Coarse, harsh. 4. An action.

DECAPITATION—NO. 7.

Entire, I am to fear; behead, I am to peruse; transpose, I am beloved; behead, I am part of the face; transpose, I am a verb.

A HIDDEN BOQUET.

1. You have this silk twisted up in kinks.
2. The Tivoli lyceum is a good school.
3. You can tie that rope on your wagon.
4. Mr. Cook in Japan sympathizes with us.
5. A rattlesnake I hear. O, save me!
6. Through carelessness, he became liable to the same.
7. She can narrate an anecdote to perfection.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, & C.

Hidden Animals.—1. Camel. 2. Horse. 3. Hyena. 4. Cow. 5. Lion. 6. Bear. 7. Buffalo. 8. Tiger. 9. Hare. 10. Bison.

Geographical Puzzle.—James and Charles went out for a stroll, and wishing some refreshments went to Martha's Vineyard. James pronounced the fruit the best he had ever eaten. "Po!" said Charles; "it does not compare with what I had while stopping with the Prince of Wales any more than a little rook does to the Tower of Pisa." It being foul weather, they seemed destined to get wet; but Providence favored them, and they found a little slave to hold an umbrella over their heads until it was clear. Then taking a sniff of cologne, they proceeded to the park, where they saw among other things a beautiful swan. They greatly admired its grace of motion, and Charles gave it some worms for its dinner, which incensed James greatly, and he became so disagreeable that Charles put him on the back of a great salmon and sent him down the Atlantic ocean.

Cross Word Enigma, No. 9.—The Moonstone.

Correct answer to Geographical Puzzle furnished by Nellie Sawyer, of Ottawa.

NATURAL HISTORY SKETCHES.

NUMBER SEVEN.

THE EEL.

MY YOUNG PIONEER FRIENDS: Some time since a small party of us went upon a fishing excursion to a small lake in Franklin county, and amongst the fish which we caught we found a number of eels—a kind of fish which we did not suppose existed in this State. We have since been making some investigations to learn something of the eel, and will now give you the benefit of them.

Eels bear a strong resemblance to the serpents, both in habits and external appearance, having long, slender bodies, covered with a smooth, slippery skin, and in general are unprovided with scales. All eels are carnivorous,—that is, they live on animal substances—and are capable of migrating from one stream to another over land.

The fish of this genus have a small head and tubular shaped nostrils; the gills are furnished with twelve rays; the body is of cylindrical shape, and there is no separation between the tail, back and anal fins, all being united in one continuous fin. The natural history of the eel is involved in very

great obscurity, though perhaps no fish is so generally known to mankind, for it exists in most all countries, in the fresh water streams and lakes as well as the sea.

The eel is called a fish, but it is more properly the connecting link between the fish and serpent, possessing more of the characteristics of the latter. They frequently leave the water and wander over meadows and fields in search of snails and toads for food, or for the purpose of finding more convenient places for breeding. These raids always occur in the evening or night. The wandering propensity of the eel has been long known, and is frequently mentioned in ancient writings. They move from one pond to another at a great distance apart, and are often found in small bodies of water, which have neither outlet nor inlet.

While eels are migrating in streams, they present to a superficial view the form of one continuous, moving black body, and ascend steep places and go over falls in the stream by clinging to the rock. They have even been known to climb perpendicular beams in mill-dams and canal locks. In doing this, their heads and part of their bodies are first thrust out of the water and pressed against the wood work for some time, until the viscid substance which they exude from their bodies becomes thick and adhesive sufficiently to support the weight of their bodies; they then commence ascending directly upwards, with as much ease apparently as if sliding on level ground.

Eels will live a long time out of water, the element in which they spend most of their lives; and instances are recorded which are remarkable. An eel was once found in a bale of flax which had been on board a ship for six weeks, and yet when it was taken out and put into water it soon revived and became as lively as ever.

The eel is exceedingly voracious, and subsists on fish, frogs and other inhabitants of the water. Sometimes large rats have been found in their stomachs, and in ponds which are frequented by fowl they destroy large numbers of young ducks.

In still, deep water eels grow to a large size, sometimes to the weight of sixteen or eighteen pounds and measure over a yard in length.

Our English friend—whom we often consult, for he is "posted"—says that he once saw in England a quantity of eels which would have filled two wheelbarrows, the whole of which had been taken from the body of a dead horse that had been thrown into a ditch. They had no doubt been feasting on the flesh of the horse; yet they were exposed for sale and purchased by persons who make food of them, and there are many who think them fine eating.

On the sea-coast it is observed that eels migrate from the salt water in the spring and return in the fall, growing and fattening in the meantime in the fresh water streams.

We find the following account of the migration of eels in an English work on Natural History: "While walking upon the river bank I observed something like a black rope moving along the edge of the stream in shallow water. Upon closer inspection I discovered this to be a shoal of young eels, which continued to move on day and night for nearly a week, and as they moved at the rate of two miles an hour, and were in column of from fifteen to twenty abreast, the numbers must have been enormous. To avoid the impediment which the current would have offered, they kept close to the water's edge, following the windings of the river. It was very easy to catch them, although they were active and nimble."

These eels were perfectly formed in every respect, and not exceeding two inches in length. As they passed tributaries of the river a portion of them would drop off from the main body and ascend the smaller branches, and there is no doubt that the whole number were finally distributed in this manner.

Eels that live in ponds and streams in the interior, pass the winter in the deepest part of the mud at the bottom. They do not seem to eat much and remain almost torpid.

The problem of the generation of eels is a difficult one, and although this subject has occupied the attention of many naturalists, the question is still undecided—some claiming that they are viviparous and others that they are oviparous.

We have been discoursing upon the common eel, and much more could be said about them, but space forbids. There are many other species of eel in this country and Europe, including the black eel, the silver eel and the conger eel which inhabits the ocean and grows to the length of ten or twelve feet, and sometimes weighs over a hundred pounds. There is also the electrical gymnotus, or eel of South America, but we cannot say anything more about them at present. Perhaps at some future time we may have something more to say about this singular electrical animal.

INTERPRETER.

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BIRDS.

Birds are singing round my window, Tunes the sweetest ever heard, And I hang my cage there daily, But I never catch a bird.

RIVERS.

See the rivers—how they run Through woods and meads, in shade and sun, Sometimes swift, sometimes slow, Wave succeeding wave, they go A various journey to the deep, Like human life, to endless sleep.

FUN AND FROLIC.

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GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.
NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

DEAR SPIRIT: Much as I pride myself on my farming talents and capacities, I am compelled to own that it is a fortunate thing for me that the farming lines have fallen to me in pleasant times and places. I have no doubt that I should have made a most lamentable fizzle of it to have cleared the old farm in Maine which my venerable grandfather made to blossom as the rose. The fact is, it is not only geographically fortunate that that inhospitable climate and soil were first attacked and subdued, but that they had a class of farmers fitted for the work. They were men of stout hearts and brawny arms, men of simple faith and dauntless courage, men who scorned ease and rest, who courted privation and peril, men who knew how to turn rocky glebes into fertile fields, and snatch a reluctant harvest from the very skirts of winter. I venerate these men. I love to dwell upon their memory and extol their heroism. But when it comes down to hard pan, I must confess that I would rather emulate than imitate them,—especially in their farming operations. I had just experience enough in New England farming in my youthful days to give me great respect for it, but very little affection. The old scythe was a good thing, and so was the old hoe. It was a grand thing to clear the old forests, especially by the stalwart men who

"Made the wild woods ring
With the anthems of the free."

But as a matter of choice I prefer prairie farming, the mowing machine to the scythe, and the sulky cultivator to the hoe. I believe with Uncle Ned in "Laying down the shovel and the hoe," and in taking a ride on the roller, the mower, and the subsoiler. I feel that I am doing a philanthropic service in introducing to my farmer friends their farmer neighbor, Mr. E. G. Marshall, and in asking them to read his card in another column about his "improved Quaker mower and reaper," together with the testimonials of Oliver Barber and other responsible farmers to its excellence. I have taken a pleasure ride on one of his machines, and had the satisfaction of seeing the timothy fall before it, much more rapidly, evenly, and handsomely than

"Grass before the mower's scythe."

These agricultural implement men have placed lazy but ambitious farmers—of whom I claim to be which—under deeper obligations to them than it is easy to express. There is Wilder, a public benefactor, a genuine philanthropist, who for a trifling consideration will fit you up with a buggy on which you may ride at any sort of work imaginable. One of the farm wagons with the inscription of "Wilder & Palm" on it, and a spring seat, is as good a thing as a man needs to ride on, and can't be beat for hauling on, by any wagons made anywhere. We have tried them, and know whereof we affirm. But just think how many aching backs and tired legs have been relieved by the ingenious inventions which Wilder and such philanthropic geniuses delight in circulating among farmers! Not that farming is not work, even in its best estate. Oh, no. We rather guess not. But it is work so different, so much more inspiring, so much more accomplished, than it used to be, that we feel like calling down a benediction upon the brains that invented these labor saving and result increasing machines.

And, touching this labor topic, I know there are a plenty of you disposed to laugh at such as I when we talk about it. What do we know about work? When our delicate hands become hard and horny, when we drop the tawdry ring and take up the tool of labor, it will do for us to talk about being workers. Well, there is some sense in what you say, but not all. There are many kinds of work and workers. There is a work of the head, and there is a work of the hand, and the one might as well claim independence of the other, as their labors. I claim to belong to the glorious company of workers, to the noble army of men who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. I am proud of this, and I will not yield my claims to being a worker to any man, unless he can beat me. I may not be able to plow or reap or sow as much in a day, but I will do as much work in a day as he can, and if he does not believe it, he can try it.

And when we get machinery for everything, when those mighty powers of steam and lightning are made to saw our wood, and plow our fields, and trim our hedges, and "shuck" our corn, then I expect some of the speculative and "genteel" farmers will catch up with you. At any rate we all agree in liking the machines, you, perhaps, because you can do more with them, I, because I can do it so much easier. It is all the same in Greek. I have a great admiration for the farmers who love work for the mere sake of work, but I have a suspicion that there are very few of them. Most of men work because they have to work, because the welfare of dear ones depends upon their work, and they work cheerfully, courageously, and hopefully. But if their necessities and spurs were wanting, I apprehend there would be a good deal less "mile labor" than there is just now. However, we will not dispute about trifles. We can agree on the essentials, which are, patronise Marshall when you want a mower, and Wilder & Palm when you want either that or anything else in the line of agricultural machinery. Well, the world moves. Twenty years ago, the man who should have told a well-to-do farmer, about to take the field in July with ten stout mowers, that the men were useless, would have been ridiculed. Recall the long, hard days in the hay-field, when the men were obliged to get into the dewy meadows by three o'clock in the morning;

and must use all their energies to cut the grass, uncertain what kind of a day might follow, before the sun should dry the moisture too much for the grass to cut easily. We need not follow the hard day's work—the spreading, turning, raking, and mowing away—all remember it. Observe the difference now. Sitting on a chariot, like the old Grecian warrior, its wheels armed with scythes, the conquerer rides out into the meadow after the sun is up, cuts in a few hours all the grass that can be made and saved in one or two days; returns his team to the stable, takes a horse in a hay-tadder and drives about the field, tossing the grass high and wide into the air. Fun, isn't it? Who would n't be a farmer, and "run with the machine"? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I. S. K.

U. G. R. R.
NUMBER FIVE.
BY JAMES HANWAY.

There have been different epochs in the world's history when the arbitrary mandates of government forbade the promulgation of opinions which were at the time considered inimical to the established order of things. Governments have been the conscience keepers of the savans of former periods, not only on matters appertaining to politics, but on questions of morals and science.

When Galileo and Toricello gave the world new light on the physical laws of the universe, the ecclesiastical courts denounced them as visionary and atheistical. These learned doctors commanded the great Galileo to "abjure, curse and detest," and never again to teach, "because erroneous, heretical and contrary to Scripture," the doctrine of the earth's motion and the sun's stability.

At the learned council of clergymen which met at Salamanca in 1486 to examine and test the views of Christopher Columbus, a considerable portion of them held it to be grossly heterodox to believe that by sailing westward the eastern part of the world could be reached. "They observed," says Washington Irving in his life of Columbus, "that in the Psalms the heavens are said to be extended like a hide,—that is, according to commentators, the curtain or covering of a tent, which among the ancient pastoral nations were formed of the hides of animals; and that St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, compares the heavens to a tabernacle or tent extending over the earth, which they have inferred must be flat."

The laws of gravitation and the mechanism of the heavens as taught by Sir Isaac Newton and Prof. Gregory have been universally recognized as the true theory, but it was two hundred years before these truths became respected from the time they were first advanced.

The march of science has always been impeded in its course by arbitrary enactments and the ignorance and prejudices of the multitude. In fact we cannot say that we are even at this day free from its power and influence. It is only a few years (1846) since a respectable and influential publication contained the assertion that "geology had the devil for its author," thus classing such authors as Buckland, Hugh Miller, Sir H. Davy, John Mason Goode, and others, as the servants of "the devil." And it is not uncommon to meet with men and women otherwise intelligent and well informed who believe with the editor of the publication referred to, that the devil is the author of the interesting study of geology. It must be a distressing thought to that class of persons that books are introduced into our common schools which teach that science to our children—(see Wilson's Fifth Reader.) A lecturer a few years since who undertook to prove the geologists infidels, also denounced as unsound the theology of good old Isaac Watts. The lines which were taught us in our infancy—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so,"

were, he remarked, decidedly heterodox. They should have run—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
Satan hath made them so."

Prejudices originating from a misunderstanding of the physical laws of the universe, or the testimony of the world's physical history as hidden in her rocks, mountains, plains and rivers, are not half so prejudicial to the welfare of society or the happiness of mankind as wrong ideas and opinions which are of a moral character and tendency. If my neighbor believes the earth is flat like a trencher—that it is stationary and the sun moves around it—it does not prevent my cabbage from growing in my garden, nor my apple trees from yielding their annual supply of fruit. But when he insists that one-half the human race has a natural right to enslave the other half, or assumes to be my conscience keeper, it comes home to me, and interferes with the daily avocations of life. Hence it becomes of infinite importance that the right of liberty of thought and a free expression of opinion should not be fettered, cribbed or confined.

Plain and obvious as this position now appears to every reflecting mind, it is only yesterday as it were that we have practically conceded this truth. Only a few years since over three millions of persons were held in cruel bondage, and a majority of our population either defended the great wrong or apologized for it.

A few noble spirits, scattered here and there, entered their protest against it. These persons were denounced by the political organizations and by the majority of the leading ecclesiastical bodies as fanatics, men of one idea and disturbers of the peace, when in fact they were the Luthers, Keplers, Gallileos and Toricellos of the times—the advance guard

of a higher civilization—who recognized a self-evident truth which theologians and politicians through their respective organizations saw proper to deny.

The revolution of opinion in the United States has been wonderful. It demonstrates that the world is on the march of progress: that the crude notions and errors of our ancestors must yield to the development of science; and the plain, fundamental laws of morality and common sense on which society alone can prosper, cannot be discarded with impunity.

The reader may ask, "What has all this to do with the annals of the Under-Ground Rail Road?" It has this, and nothing more: that we are thus taught never to persecute one another because we differ in opinion: that what is pronounced heterodox to-day may become orthodox to-morrow; hence never to be dogmatical in our opinions, although supported by the voice of the multitude. And it becomes us to discard the absurd and atheistical sentiment, so frequently quoted, "Vox populi, vox Dei." And without entering into political matters, I rejoice to witness the significant fact that instead of presenting old pro-slavery hunkers as the nominees of the respective parties, we have the names of men who have fought and labored in the cause of human liberty; and whatever may be the result of the impending election, it is a public acknowledgment that the "fanatics" of the past are the "representative men" of to-day.

Let the "old liberty guard" rejoice and the young men be strengthened in their faith never to abandon a principle to follow the multitude to do wrong. The blandishments of power are fascinating, but an honest conscience is the best monitor and rule of life.

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EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

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

Amounts as they multiply.	Time at 5 per cent.			Time at 6 per cent.			Time at 7 per cent.		
	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days
\$1,000	2	0	0	1	8	0	1	4	0
2,000	1	4	0	11	8	0	10	0	0
4,000	7	0	0	6	0	0	5	0	0
8,000	3	6	0	3	0	0	2	6	0
16,000	1	8	0	1	6	0	1	3	0
32,000	9	0	0	8	0	0	10	0	0
64,000	4	6	0	4	0	0	5	0	0
128,000	2	3	0	2	0	0	2	6	0
256,000	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	3	0
512,000	6	0	0	6	0	0	6	0	0
1,024,000	3	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	0

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, 16 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 53 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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