

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.


VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

NUMBER 33.1

LAWRENCE

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Stock in this State, I will sell at wholesale on better terms
than can be had in the Eastern markets. Special attention is
called to my stock of
APPLES, PEARS AND CHERRIES,
which are unusually fine. Unusual inducements are offered
on young stock suitable for nursery planting. Catalogues and
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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. Lausheger's Muscatelle and Private Cuvet,
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Choice California Brandy, Choice Bourbon Whisky,
SCOTCH AND DOMESTIC ALE.
We Aim to Please, and Guarantee our Goods
to Give Satisfaction. 71f

COLE BROS. & ASHERS,
DEALERS IN
LIGHTNING RODS
AND WOOD PUMPS,
Lawrence, - - - - Kansas.
ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 14

Contributed Articles.
LETTER FROM TOPEKA.
BY CORA M. DOWNS.
OFFICE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, STATE FAIR.
DEAR SPIRIT: "The momentous crisis which
was to have arrived has *aroven!*" In other words,
the State Agricultural Fair is in full blast. The
drums are pounding, the brass blasters screaming,
the showmen are elocutionizing, and the crowd is
going about and around, seemingly without special
purpose or endeavor.
Coming up on the cars yesterday we saw the dis-
tinguished men of the nation jumbled in, "permiss-
kus like"—Kalloch, and Pomeroy, and Clarke, and
Caldwell, and several others. The train moved
slowly in consequence of carrying so much great-
ness.
The query is still in my mind as to what brings
people out to attend fairs. I can understand why
the politicians turn out in force—this was demon-
strated by a performance at the wigwam last eve-
ning, where three Congressmen and one United
States Senator held forth to—I suppose—an appreci-
ative audience. Five times we were told why we
should not vote for Horace Greeley. The Presi-
dent of the Grant & Wilson Club, in introducing
each speaker, first covered his victim all over with
an oleaginous envelope of flattery, in order, I apprehend,
that the audience could more easily swallow
him. Col. Phillips addressed the audience at length.

He is a man of rather fine presence, but labors under the disadvantage of a thin voice for a man of his size. There is one comfort, however, when we listen to his non-sonorous sentences, and that is that John Rauldolph had a wirey shriek that used to pierce the solid hulk of the body politic. Col. Phillips has a national reputation as one of the men whose voice and hand is for freedom, and whether with voice or pen, he fought those battles for free speech and equality which have become historic.
Then came Judge Lowe—who is not a low man, by any manner of means. I had heard some men who were not Congressmen, call him a tame man; but he was fierce enough in his onslaught on the bolters of the Republican party. His speech was full of earnest purpose and strong in its enthusiasm for the standard bearers of Republican principles. He convinces his audience that he is a good man for his place, which is a great deal for these times, when we are constantly being harassed with hearing of the unfitness of things.
Then followed our little Cobb, with a flourish of trumpets from the man of introductions—"Gallant and chivalrous Cobb," &c., etc., enough to crush a modest man, but entirely harmless to the unextinguished orator who threw off his wrappings and leaped to the front. I am entirely glad that he is nominated for Congress. I fully concur with him, that he is the best man that could possibly have been selected. When he was relating what he would do when he got to Washington, a voice in the back part of the meeting called out, pleadingly, "Do not go to Washington, do not go to Washington, do not go to Washington." There is only one criticism that I can make of his address, and that is, if he will only leave out the personal pronouns, *I*, *me*, and *mine*, and stick to the great issues of the day, forgetting himself, "sinking shop," in fact, and identifying himself only with the Republican party, as he is a pillar and not the chief corner stone—we shall all be glad to see him where it is his "acme" to be.
Mr. Caldwell closed the meeting by a few remarks upon the political aspect. He said a few rather pithy things about Kansas editors. He seems a quiet, unostentatious gentleman, of kindly face and prepossessing manners. The best wish I could wish him is that he may kick off the dust of Kansas politics from indignant feet, and be allowed to find the dignified and elegant leisure which he enjoyed before the political "sarpents" got after him.
So ended the Wigwam Meeting. Some loud calls were made for Pompey, but that jovial and pleasant farmer was doubtless taking a nap at his hotel. He looks as if all the shafts of fate were not going to pierce him,—happy, contented, and full of pleasant speech.
This morning, therefore, after that late bombardment of speech making and patriotism, we were all sleepy, and some of us were late at the Fair; but we found the man who dilates upon the wonderful cow with two tails and five legs, or five tails and two legs, I have forgotten which, and a wonderful something else which I do not dare describe. We found him still indulging in exhaustive appeals to the crowd: "Walk in—gentlemen! Do not leave your ladies outside! We'll give you your money back if you don't see everything that we show you on our banners!"
The fruit show this fall is without parallel, says everybody, in magnificent specimens of size, beauty, complexion and perfection.
Geo. T. Anthony is enthusiastic over his gorgeous pomological exhibition. He says that if such a fruit display as this could be kept up for three weeks at such a fair as the American Institute in New York, it would be worth millions of dollars to this State. George T. Anthony is a success in whatever he undertakes, because he is *dreadfully* in earnest. No man would call him a two faced man. He is solid, frank, brave, truthful, honest, and worth a fortune to the farmers of the State, representing by the press and personal endeavor as he does, the agricultural interests of the State.
Talking of political speech-making a while back, I wanted to say that Mr. Anthony makes the most forcible and convincing political speeches of any Kansas orators I have had the happiness to hear. He made a splendid effort and argument for the Republican party one evening lately at Wyandotte. I reported the same very briefly in a letter to that most amiable of editors, D. R. Anthony, and he

published the letter of course, leaving out the pith of the letter which alluded to the *Anthony* who made the speech; for which little amiability I must be even with him sometime when I "tak' notes" of the politicians.
The fine arts department and the industrial exhibitions in Floral Hall are below their average.
The crowds in attendance upon this Fair, notwithstanding the splendid weather, are not so great as last year. I find that a Fair is pronounced successful as the crowd surges hither and thither and the jam is insupportable. It is considered a big thing generally if the crowd is greater than the exhibition.
In the mechanical department, so little do I know of wheels and pulleys, springs, and other contrivances of invention and ingenuity, that I am glad I am only a chance letter writer and not a reporter.
Mr. Knight's display in the photograph line is unsurpassed by anything I have ever seen in Kansas or Missouri. I hope he will take some of his work to the Exposition in Kansas City.
With Mr. Knight and the sun to fasten your lineaments upon a card, you can go down to posterity in imperishable light and shadows—I think it is said he can make a homely person look almost handsome, as he fixes the features by his magic art into pictured significance.
Do not go to Topeka without visiting Riverside Gallery.
A race is now progressing; from the Secretary's office I can hear the band appearing by stirring strains to the eager crowd. "Ethan Allen," not booked for a race, but stately stopping shows his aristocratic horse flesh to admiring horse lovers. For my part, he looks to me like any other lively bay, moving lightly and nimbly in harness, and I should never suppose that he would bring so many thousands in value as they profess he is worth. He is twenty-four years old.
There was a nimble pacer on the course yesterday, as white as snow, which the crowd named Greeley. He started off remarkably well, but wound up finally by coming out clear behind everything. It looked wonderfully like a prognostication.
The cows and calves, and sheep and pigs, I am not qualified to judge of, and I will leave it for male judges to report them properly. One huge porker was worried for half an hour yesterday till it was made to stand up for ten seconds, when down it sank in porcine heaviness of heart and body heaving a sigh like an expiring engine.
I wonder if a fair pays financially for all the annoyance and hard work and wear and tear of nerve, muscle, energy and patience. Our faithful secretary, Mr. Gray, is working like a martyr, and the work grows in magnitude. Thank fortune that I am only a weak member of an awarding committee, where I am to be assisted by such important assistants as Gov. Harvey and our new to be Auditor of State, Web. Wilder, and our pet literarian J. J. Ingalls of Atchison. And as the hour for *business* has arrived, I must fold my sheets "like an Arab," and deliver them over to the chief of "THE SPIRIT," who is staking around upon the earth looking as if the Fair Ground was his own especial stamping ground, and as if he owned all things terrestrial, which I am certain he does not.
The hotels are crowded. Last night I suppered at the Fifth Avenue, and dined at the Tefft House whose only five kinds of meat were spread before me, (I wonder if my reputation as a gourmandizer has preceded me.) Mr. Smith is said to make an admirable host. At any rate his tables are abundant, and his crowds go away *filled*.
Topeka is a nice place. The people are generous and hospitable, and social life and festivity are the order of the hour. To-night there is a church festival, where one is to meet the beauty and the chivalry.
COL. SELLS.
Hon. Elijah Sells, of Lawrence, talks of moving to Colorado. He has been in this State long enough to secure a good standing, and we hope he will find it to his interest to remain.—(Humboldt Union).
We fully concur with the "Union." Col. Sells is a good citizen and an able man. He is one of the sort of men that the State cannot afford to lose. We enter a protest against his going.
Exposition at Kansas City next week.

The Farm.

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman who many years Had ploughed his fields and sown in tears Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands Will yield no harvest to my hands; The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering; No promised grapes its blossoms bring; No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain, The heavens are brass—they yield no rain: The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake a breath had stirred His drooping vine, like wing of bird, And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be Forever hid in mystery, Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine, Must hang the clusters on the vine, And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create; But those who work, and watch, and wait, Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear The clouds and thunders in thy ear— An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car, With trailing smoke and flames afar, Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain Was rising up to meet the rain That came to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the clouds he saw again The covenant of God with men, Re-written with His rainbow pen:

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail, And though the gates of hell assail, My truth and promise shall prevail."

HOEING AND WEEDING.

We think many farmers fail to recognize the importance of clean culture for their field crops, and often neglect to hoe and weed as they should.

LET US SAY RAM, INSTEAD OF BUCK.

Most of our correspondents, and in fact, a large proportion of sheep breeders, fall into the error of designating the male sheep as a "buck."

RAISING POTATOES FROM THE SEED.

Raising potatoes from the seed is, according to the "Agriculturist," an interesting but not very encouraging field for experiment.

SHEEP AS WEED EXTERMINATORS.

It may not be known to farmers in general, that it is a common practice in some parts of the country to turn sheep into the potato field,

TREAT THE COWS WELL.

If there is any animal which policy would dictate the good treatment of, it is the milk cow.

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your photograph.

What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

"Teeth extracted with great pains," is the rather ambiguous advertisement of a dentist.

Where is money first mentioned in the Bible?—When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man. The latter, of course, was the deaf-endant.

Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes. She was dreadfully ruffled then.

A celebrated wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," he replied, "Hook and eye are old acquaintances."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the other is that they have no mind.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

A gushing poet asks in the first line of a recent effusion, "How many weary pilgrims lie?" We give it up, but experience has taught us there are a good many.

A Chicago paper received a letter from a lady which reads as follows: "Why is it that that dear Lord Byron, who used to write such beautiful, beautiful poetry, keeps so quiet lately?"

A spirited paper thus comments on the weather: "The showers of the last three days will cause every stalk of corn to carry ears like a mule, while every watermelon will fancy itself a beer-keg dressed in Paris green."

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

The following speech is attributed to a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania: "I know wimur, Mr. Speaker; I say it in no disrespect; I know um; I have had 'em heap to do with um; they're a useful class, and—um yet with the best of 'em you may have trouble."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, Sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

SECOND NATIONAL BANK.

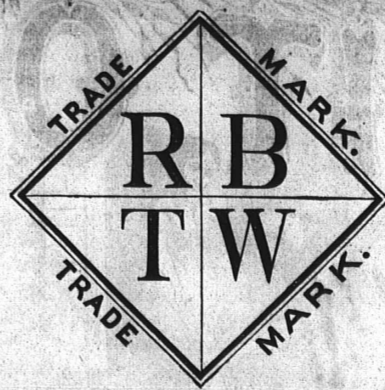
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A RELIABLE TONIC. AN AGREABLE AND PLEASANT DRINK.

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Our "Wine Bitters" are Made of Pure Wine from Grapes Grown at Rosebrook Vineyard, near Lawrence, Kansas.

DEALERS AND OTHERS ARE FURNISHED WITH CERTIFICATES OF THE PURITY OF THESE BITTERS UPON APPLICATION.

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Improved Farms, City Property and Unimproved Lands for Sale.

Personal Attention Given to Making Collections, Paying Taxes, &c., for non-Residents.

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OVER CREW AND HADLEY'S.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS. Connecting at Quincy Union Depot with Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroads to all points East, North and South.

This short route, and connecting great through passenger lines, by way of Quincy, afford passengers unequalled advantages:

SEE WHAT THEY ARE! The most elegant and sumptuous Through Drawing Room Sleeping Palaces and Day Coaches run in the World. Trains supplied with all modern improvements to contribute to Comfort, Speed and Safety.

The Largest and most convenient Depots and Through Baggage Arrangements in the United States.

The great rivers all bridged, avoiding all transfers and ferrage; securing to Passengers East the utmost economy.

The Shortest and Quickest, consequently Cheapest route; therefore, when going East, all who are posted buy tickets at Kansas Pacific Ticket Offices, or at Kansas City Union Depot, via Quincy, over Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, as all our connections are direct and perfect, with

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS. Ask for Tickets via Quincy and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, THE BEST ROUTE.

F. B. Groat, Gen'l Ticket Agent. O. S. LYFORD, Gen'l Supp.

"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 B. & M. R. R. R., Burlington, Iowa.

OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GALVESTON RAILROAD LINE

Hope by furnishing first-class accommodation in every respect, by strict attention to the comfort and safety of passengers, and by lowering their freight rates as fast as increasing business will warrant it, to deserve and receive a fair share of patronage, and to promote and increase the settlement of the country along its line.

On and after January 1st, 1872, trains will run from Lawrence and Kansas City as follows:

GOING SOUTH:

Table with 4 columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Lists train times for Lawrence, Baldwin, Kansas City, Olathe, etc.

GOING NORTH:

Table with 4 columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Lists train times for Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, etc.

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 Ottawia with stages for Pomnia, Quenemo, Lyndon, and Osage City.

500,000 ACRES OF LAND

Are offered for sale by this Company in the valley of the Neosho and its tributaries. For further information apply to O. CHANUTE, Superintendent. CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent, Lawrence.

JANUARY, 1872.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route

TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

NO TEDIIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:

Table with 2 columns: Train type, Time. Express 2:55 A.M., Accommodation 7:30 A.M., Mail 2:35 P.M.

Close connections are made at the Kansas City, State Line and Union Depots for all points North, East and South. For Leavenworth 4:05 and 7:35 A.M., 2:40 P.M.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Table with 2 columns: Train type, Time. Express 1:00 A.M., Mail 11:15 A.M., Topeka Accommodation 7:30 P.M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for Burlingame, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, &c. At Junction City for Council Grove, &c. At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City and all points in New Mexico and Arizona.

At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown, &c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden City, &c. At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

Pullman Palace Cars are attached to all express trains and run through between Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne without change. Remember this is the great through line, and there is no other direct all-rail route to all points East and West.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Kansas Pacific Railway, and purchase them of W. D. WERTZEL, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or of J. C. HORTON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House. S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Supp., Kansas City, Missouri.

ON TIME!

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD!

The Old Reliable & Popular Through Express Route TO SAINT LOUIS, AND ALL POINTS— EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!

NO CHANGE OF CARS

FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD

IS EQUIPPED WITH

ELEGANT DAY COACHES! PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPERS! MILLER'S SAFETY PLATFORM! THE PATENT STEAM BRAKE!

An equipment unequalled by any other line in the West.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

A. A. TALLMAGE, Gen'l Supp. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Missouri.

SIMPSON'S BANK, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1868. CORNER MASSACHUSETTS AND HENRY STREETS. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

The Home.

THE TWO HOMES.

I stopped at a cabin one night,
A low and humble one,
But the fire on the hearth was bright,
And a light through the window shone.

CHEERFUL SUNDAYS.

I can never tell why country clergymen do not
shut up their churches in summer, and selecting
some lovely grove, there talk, not "preach," to their
people.

over, and take that disgusted, weary little child by
the hand, and walk out into the fields with it, and
show it God's wonderful workmanship in the varieties
of trees, leaves, and flowers.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Of all the returnings, that one "after the funeral"
is the saddest. Who will say it is not so, that has
ever followed a beloved one to the grave?

POSTURE IN CHURCH.

A lazy posture in the sanctuary is offensive to a
refined and reverential mind. It lacks decorum in
regard to place, the acts of worship, and the fellow-
participants.

SAMUEL POOLE. EREN POOLE. J. VAN AMRINGE.

S. POOLE & CO.,

PORK PACKERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PROVISION DEALERS,

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

SMOKED SHOULDERS,

CLEAR SIDES,

PICKLED PORK,

KETTLE RENDERED LEAF LARD,

FRESH MEATS OF ALL KINDS,

SAUSAGE MEAT, AND

SUGAR CURED CORNED BEEF,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

Corner Massachusetts and Winthrop Streets,

UNDER LIBERTY HALL,

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FINE JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

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MARBLE SLATE MANTELS, GRATES, &c.

STEINWAY

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PIANOS AND ORGANS.

THE BEST STOCK,

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THE BEST TERMS IN KANSAS.

No. 37 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

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YATES' COLUMN.

\$100.00 REWARD

Will be paid to any one finding a single grain of Black Anti-
mony, Arsenic, or any other poisonous mineral in

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 adap-
ted to the various diseases to which horses are subject, viz:

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

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

YATES' IMPROVED

VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS,

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

THEY ARE THE BEST AGUE PREVENTIVE.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

YATES' COMPOUND

SYRUP TOLU, SQUILLS & HONEY

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

Price, 50 Cents and \$1.00 per Bottle.

YATES' FRENCH COUGH CANDY.

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Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

It is but a few years comparatively since the revival of muscular christianity commenced. Since then it has had a great run, so great indeed that it has been nearly run into the ground. Mr. Wilkie Collins wrote the novel of "Man and Wife" to show—as he does very effectually—that a very poor sort of a man may be great on his muscle. It is true enough that man may serve his God, and himself, with his muscles as well as with his brains, but the tendency of the day undeniably is to cultivate muscle at the expense of mind, to determine our young men to become perfect human animals, at any rate, leaving the intellect to take its chances. The type of this present tendency Mr. Collins has given us in his sketch of Geoffrey Delamayn. This person has features "as perfectly regular and perfectly unintelligent as human features can be," "an expression of immovable composure," "brawny muscles showing through his light coat," "deep in the chest, thin in the flanks, firm on his legs," is in short, a perfect human animal. And that is all. And it is because he is nothing more than Mr. Collins draws up this formidable and highly colored indictment. This modern Briton, he tells us, is the result of the present devotion to athletic pursuits, a devotion bad both for the intellectual progress of the race and for its moral purity. A desire to surpass all others in physical pursuits is a desire to become a savage. Uncivilized man becomes an expert oarsman, a swift runner, a skillful horseman and a crack shot; but he is a brute. It is becoming every day more true that those who devote themselves exclusively, or give a considerable portion of their time, to physical pursuits, like boat and horse-racing, base ball and cricket, are very apt to become "gentlemanly" roughs of the higher sort. It is difficult to trace the divide between the amateur and the professional. With this theory Mr. Collins has created a peculiar character. Geoffrey Delamayn is made to possess no virtue except physical courage, and that of the baser sort, which constantly tends to animal brutality. He becomes a seducer, because he has no self-restraint; he abandons and betrays his friend, and finally murders his wife, because he has become a savage, and ceased to be a civilized man.

This picture, drawn with great artistic skill, contains much essential truth. The number of those who are willing to admit that special physical training has been pushed too far, is very numerous. We have forgotten about softening of the brain and dyspepsia, and are now impressed with heart disease, incident to over exertion, and broken bones. The victims of the midnight oil are sufficiently numerous on paper, but it is possible that the victims of physical abuse people the graveyards in much greater numbers. The wasted time is the least objection to the present system, although as a general thing, the crime of excessive study, or better, of lack of exercise, is not characteristic of Americans. The principal objections are, the distaste of intellectual pursuits consequent upon this practice, the physical ills which flow from it, and the evil associations which seem inseparably connected with many sports. The truth is, that while in isolated instances men foremost at the bat have ranked highest in pulpit, bench and bar, the reverse has more frequently been the case, and men eminent in the various departments of learning have not been distinguished on the ball ground, or at the row-lock. The necessity of extreme physical exertion to health has not so many advocates as formerly. It has been discovered that literature tends to longevity, while special physical exertion too frequently leads to an early grave. "A man may die of mental laziness and insanity, but rarely of regular mental exertion. Indeed, scholastic pursuits frequently improve rather than impair constitutions. The general fact is undeniable that eminence in literature is connected with long life, and eminence in literature is not usually associated with eminence in physical pursuits. Constant attention, however, to these sports found to create serious mischief, in that it distracts the attention of young men from their paramount intellectual occupation, and degrades their life. A physical athlete is a beautiful animal to look upon, but a withered, hump-backed king may lead an army of them to battle. The "professional" element invariably enters into these sports, and this professional element has nothing to do with intellectual life. It means, too frequently, intimate associations with a set of boozers who may be able neither to read nor write. And once into the rut it is difficult to get out of it. Doubtless it is a fact that any young men in this country have been influenced, in their choice of colleges, quite as much by the rowing as the educational advantages of these institutions.

The physical aspects of the question should not be overlooked. In boat-racing, and similar sports, is almost impossible to avoid excess, and excess attended with the most serious dangers. Most medical writers insist that boat-racing is very liable to superinduce heart disease, and no insurance will insure the life of a man, married or single, who has this diseased heart arising from boating. Rheumatism is also almost inseparable in this practice.

The reaction against excessive physical exercise beginning to become manifest, and muscular

christianity may be said to be on the decline. It is to be hoped that the benefits derived from the love of manly sports may not be entirely overlooked, and that in seeking to prevent our boys from becoming roughs, we do not drive them to the cloister.

THE LEAVENWORTH FAIR.

We started from home last week with our little Jerseys, etc., intending to visit the Leavenworth and Atchison Fairs, and then return via the State Fair at Topeka. But who does not know that

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley?"

Though we are happy to say that we are in no necessity of finishing the stanza in the plowman's mournful strain:

"And leaves us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy."

Two days of rainy, drizzly, chilly and gloomy weather put all our matters aback, so that when we telegraphed John Martin at Atchison to know when we could exhibit "Jerseys, Ayrshires and yours truly," and got answer, "To-day between one and two o'clock," it then being the witching hour of 12 m., and the Atchison train having been gone some three hours before, we concluded not to go to Topeka via Atchison. The weather, among other gloomy effects, brought George down with an attack of the ague, and so we concluded, *ex necessitate*, to make the most of a week at Leavenworth.

That, by the way, is not a very hard thing to do. Leavenworth is a good place to visit. They may talk as they please of its dullness and deadness, it is the only city in Kansas. It is really the only place big enough to hold a big fair in. It has a population capable of remuneratively patronizing it, and not only capable of it, but disposed to do it, as was abundantly proven in the splendid concourse of people that graced the grounds the last few days of the Fair. And then, Leavenworth is a tolerably big place anyway. When a countryman goes away from home to spend a week, it is mighty pleasant to go where he can entertain himself—or, what is far better, because so much cheaper, be entertained by his friends—at a first class restaurant; visit such elegant and elevating amusements as the Black Crook; eat a meal or two at such a splendid table as the Planter's House men will set just as long as they keep a hotel; lounge in such newswy editorial headquarters as Anthony keeps; ride behind such heads as Ben. Akers furnishes for his friends; loaf away his spare time in such club rooms as the princely hospitable fellows of Leavenworth alone know how to keep up; and, in short, enjoy the sights and scenes of a metropolis.

The Fair itself got a bad set-back by the bad weather of the first few days. Had it not been for this, it would have been one of the most elegant things of the kind ever had in Kansas. In the first place, the present managers have spared no pains or expense in getting ready for it. They have constructed a most magnificent amphitheatre, and several other needed buildings, put the sheds and stables in good repair, and done everything in their power to please and accommodate exhibitors. Mr. P. G. Lowe, the President, and Mr. Ed. Russell, the Secretary, are well known gentlemen, in the best sense of the term, and we are a witness to the unwearied assiduity with which they labored to have everything go off with dispatch, accuracy and satisfaction. Taking this opening exhibition as a sample, we predict for the future Leavenworth exhibitions a great success.

Especially if the managers will give earnest heed to a friendly suggestion or two. First, avoid all log rolling, packing, or favoritism in the appointment of committees. This is a point that must be guarded, especially in a place where personal grievances run as deep as they unfortunately do in Leavenworth. Put none but competent men on committees. It is an outrage to exhibitors to violate this rule. Our notion is—and we wish the Leavenworth managers would inaugurate this reform—that an exhibitor should have the right, for cause, to challenge any member of a committee. If he knows that he is entirely incompetent to judge in the department, or if he knows of his entertaining any personal animosity towards any exhibitor that might color his judgment, he ought to have the right to object. In a word, exhibitors have some rights that the managers of fairs are bound to respect. If they suppose it is any fun or any profit for a man to prepare his stock and take it to a fair, even if he is fortunate in the matter of premiums, they are greatly mistaken. It is an annoying, troublesome and costly business. But enterprising exhibitors are willing to subject themselves to all this for the good of the State, and the improvement of its stock. But they should be treated with consideration, and while they should have no voice in the choice of judges, they should have a right to object to the prejudicial or the incompetent.

Again, there should be two races at set times on every day of the fair. We shall not stop to argue this. It is enough to state it. People do not go to fairs to see races only. Of that we are well aware. But most persons who go are more interested in this than in any other part of the exhibition. Perhaps it is a pity that it is so. But it is so. There is no doubt about that. There was not enough good racing at Leavenworth. So everybody said. And what everybody says must be true. The race on the last day between St. Elmo and Mr. Tough's horse was a most interesting and exciting spectacle. We have our opinion of the man who could see the magnificent stride with which Elmo came down

the home stretch on the last heat without stirring his admiration for the horse and his gratification at such a splendid trial of speed.

But we commenced neither for criticism nor complaint. We had a good time at Leavenworth, were well treated by everybody, and staid till the last train on Saturday night. For which indulgence we have had to pay the penalty of staying at home during most of the days of the State Fair. But all indulgences have to be paid for. We wish the Leavenworth gentlemen much success. And if they will profit by friendly admonitions, and go on with the energy and liberality with which they have begun, we do not see why they will not have it.

FUN AND FROLIC.

Marsh, and Bent, Murdock slept in our editorial sanctum one night during the Convention, and didn't enjoy the musketoes.—[Kalloch's "Spirit."

Well, we should say we did not. We voted for you for Congress, though, and conclude we are now "one ahead of you." After eating at your hotel, reading your SPIRIT, sleeping in your sanctum, and voting for you for Congress—after all this, and then being spoken to on Massachusetts street in Lawrence, and called "Mr. Kalloch," by a lady—"louder, if you please, Mr. Speaker, LOUDER!"

That's too thin. We do not believe a word of it. The lady might have spoken to us when we were in Bent's company—notwithstanding the company—and Bent might have imagined himself the lucky man, but that is the most our imagination will allow. However, if it was so, consider yourself congratulated.

The "louder" story to which Bent refers, is a good one. At the risk of furnishing it for free use in the campaign, we give it circulation. It is an old story, but not so familiar as some others. All speakers have an acquaintance with, and instinctive horror of, the man in the crowd who yells out "louder!" before he has got his mouth half open. Before he can begin to say: "Fellow-citizens of Butler county"—some squeaking voice cries out "louder!" A speaker has to pitch his key—to begin as he can hold out—to try his lungs a little—but Mr. Louder has no patience. He must hear from the word go.

Tom. Marshall was once announced to speak in Chicago. When the committee went after him, Tom was pretty tolerably tight. However, he told them if they could get him to the hall, and stand him up with something to lean on, it would be all right. In due course of time the celebrated orator is before his audience, one hand on the desk and one on a chair, his body slowly vibrating back and forth. At length he commenced: "Shent! men of the Convention!" "Louder!" cried a shrill voice from a back corner of the gallery. "Shent! men!"—said the orator. "Louder!" cried the squeaker. Now thoroughly aroused and sober, turning himself slowly round, and fixing his fatal glance on the spot whence the cry came, he said: "When the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet to call the sleeping dead to judgment, and its solemn tones reverberate through the ambient air, I suppose some d-d fool from Chicago will sing out, 'Louder, Gabriel, LOUDER!' " Mr. "Louder" was not heard from again.

Many good campaign anecdotes of the kind are told. One is more familiar, but will bear repeating. Mr. Henry was an ambitious little whippersnapper—such as may have been seen in other places, but not, of course, in Kansas—who was big with a speech of which he was bound to be delivered at a certain political gathering. To make sure of an opportunity for his delivery, he engaged a pertinacious, but somewhat unsophisticated politician, who had not the honor of his personal acquaintance, to call for "Mr. Henry" at the conclusion of every speech, and to keep calling for him until he heard him, and then he would hear something worth hearing. Accordingly, no sooner was any speaker through than Verdant called for "Mr. Henry." His calls grew louder, "Henry! Henry! Mr. Henry!" Finally, Mr. Henry commenced a speech, but, being unknown to the Chairman, was not formally introduced. He had hardly commenced, when Verdant arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, there have been loud and repeated calls for Mr. Henry. The audience want to hear Mr. Henry. I now insist on hearing Mr. Henry!" The Chairman, having in the meantime been informed who Mr. Henry was, arose and said: "Will the gentleman please keep his seat and patience? Mr. Henry is now addressing the audience." "That Mr. Henry!" screamed out Verdant; "why, that's the darned infernal little fool that told me to holler!" Verdant never served in Gideon's band again.

Marshall's allusion to Gabriel reminds us of the codger in Maine cured his wife of Millerism. The excitement ran high when we were a boy. The woods were ablaze with camp-meetings. Ascension robes were made ready. The only thing that prevented many from going up was not getting the "right flop." The old chap to whom we have referred was particularly annoyed by his wife, who she awoke him out of a sound sleep, crying out: "Gabriel's coming! Gabriel's coming! Do n't go to hear the sound of his chariot wheels?" "O! go to sleep," said the disgusted unbeliever. "Do you suppose Gabriel is such a darned fool as to come on wheels in such a sleighing as this?" His wife was cured.

Many ridiculous things occur in connection with serious matters, as when an Arkansas preacher, of the Hardshell persuasion, announced that on the following Sabbath he should "preach agin Sunday

schools." When the day arrived, he took for his text: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees." "My brethering," said he, "thar ain't narry text in this yer Bible that warent guv to us for a rule, and a guide, and a consolation—ah. Now, my brethering, when we want a hoss to stop when he is gettin' too reachin', we sing out to that yer hoss, woe—ah. So the Bible, seein' ther Scribes and Pharisees strikin' out too reachin' a gait—like these yer Sunday school fellers—says to them, woe—ah." This finished the Sunday school for that year.

We have all heard of a certain minister who once took for his morning text, "Ye are of your father, the devil"—and in the afternoon, unconsciously, "Children, obey your parents."

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered, "Did n't he bring his amen with him, mamma?" Perhaps it is time to ask if there is any "amen" to this fun and frolic. Here it is.

THE EDITOR ABSENT.

Our readers may have seen the statement last week that the editor was absent attending the fairs, and a week or two before that he was absent in the East; but he writes this to say that, though occasionally absent in the flesh, he is present in THE SPIRIT. Our absences, though frequent, are short, and we anticipate them by a copious supply of copy. It remains for a faithful and competent foreman to do the "make up," which he does so well that he leaves little to be desired. An editor, however, has no business being absent. His place is at his post. And it gives us great pleasure to know that our business arrangements are such that we shall be "at home" this winter, and we promise to give our readers as good a paper as we can make. All we want of them is to help increase its circulation. A little pains on their part will be of great advantage to us.

We are greatly encouraged by their expressions of interest in THE SPIRIT. A friend in Maine writes:

"Your paper is the most welcome one that comes to our home. And you know we have a taste in that line. Probably something of our interest arises from personal interest in yourself, but, aside from that, we cannot help regarding THE SPIRIT as a most admirable paper. If your people sustain it, it will speak volumes for their intelligent appreciation."

The following private note explains itself:

CANON CITY, COLO., Sept. 6th, 1872.
DEAR SPIRIT: We did not have the pleasure of giving you a welcome week before last on Thursday, as has been our custom, and therefore U. S. has had to bear the blame of spoiling the story which so far promises to be very fine. We have manufactured a link to fill the vacancy, but as the original will doubtless give us better satisfaction, please send us the number for August 17th (if I calculate correctly), and much oblige
Yours for Grant, (if I had a vote),
J. L. PRENTISS.

And so does the following:

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., 9-9, 1872.
DEAR SPIRIT: Your issue of Aug. 31st not received. Wife says it is the best paper in Kansas, and cannot spare a number of it. I see you have been moving and suppose in confusion you missed me. Will forgive you, but don't do so any more.
Yours,
R. W. PUTNAM.

A Wyandotte lady—not our brilliant co-worker from that city—speaks of it as "the paper which I admire more than any other published in Kansas." J. K. Hudson, whose good opinion we highly appreciate, says: "THE SPIRIT is one of our most welcome visitors." There is no end to the good words that greet us. But we want more friends and more dollars. Lend us a helping hand, and we will make THE SPIRIT all you want it.

A LITTLE REST.

We profoundly sympathize with the following remarks of the Iola "Register." The "everlasting harping" is becoming slightly monotonous. Our State has been sufficiently advertised for its rottenness, and perhaps it will not be harmed by a little rest:

The everlasting harping about bribery in Kansas politics can find a little rest now, for in the nominations recently made at Topeka and Lawrence there was not the smallest show of influencing votes through illegal means. Indeed, so afraid were the candidates of being charged with this disgraceful habit of former office seekers, that they offered not even a cigar or a treat to a delegate, and were half afraid to shake hands for fear some detective should fancy they were conveying some sort of forbidden intelligence in that manner.

We suppose that all our Kansas political affairs have not been conducted on the highest moral points, but we do not believe that they have been worse than the conduct of political affairs in other States. There has been no more corruption; there has not been as much bribery; and there has been a higher standard of personal character and conduct among our prominent politicians than is usually found. Our Governor, Senators, and Representative in Congress, and our candidates for Governor and Representatives, of both parties, are gentlemen of social standing and influence, of temperate habits, and unimpeachable decorum in the walks of life. We have had some little observation of public men for the last twenty years, and we say without hesitation that in these respects they will average with the representative men of any other State.

Now let us quit fouling our own nest. Specific charges of moral delinquency against public officials sustained by evidence are in order. But loose and indefinite denunciations have about spent their force. The "everlasting harping" has become wearisome. It can do the men denounced no harm. It certainly can do the State concerned no good. It tends to rob our representatives of any power they might have to aid us. It brings Kansas into contempt. And we submit for the benefit of all concerned that speakers and presses can find some better business than this.

The Story Teller.

GRANDMA'S DEARY;

OR,
RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

[Continued.]

When Annie came back to us, led by her captor, and blushing celestial rosy red, she was not able to deny the charge that she, as well as Deary, had been thoroughly kissed by Col. Luther.

"But I didn't submit to it so meekly and quietly as Deary did," said she, a little spitefully.

"You can't say truly that you did not like what you got," cried Angela; and Annie, jerking herself away, ran laughing out of sight.

"She is such a queer creature," remarked Serena, looking after her. "She'd rather be poking about alone, any time, day or night, watching and listening, than to be in anybody's company. That's the way she finds out everything."

"She is very beautiful, and has, I should say, no wrong intentions by her silent, lonely ways," remarked Col. Luther, "but I wonder if she is correct in her opinion about George and March."

"She probably is. She very seldom mistakes in her observations, and she is very correct in all her statements. Jane is, you know, the ward of uncle Lakewood, and a dear, sweet girl. I hope she will decide for Georgie; he is a better fellow, a great deal, than March Howard. Oh, my!" The speaker started and turned pale.

"What is it?" asked Col. Luther.

"Where is Angela?" asked my cousin. "Did you observe what I said of her brother? She was with us but a moment since, and I feared she heard me; but I see she is not within ear shot. Cousin March has many noble qualities, but he will drink and gamble! It worries his parents and Angela half to death."

"I should think it might! Georgie is as good as he can live, and would make any woman happy. I often wish that he was not my cousin, and would be my lover; but I'll be content if he takes Jane Ashley."

Just then a troop of little ones swept past.

"Here, Oscar—Oscar!" called Serena to a little fellow about nine years old, son of uncle Norman, "where are you all going so fast?"

"To the barn, to ride down to the field in the hay cart," was the reply.

In a few minutes more the great hay rack, drawn by the patient oxen and guided by the not so patient Dennis, came slowly down the field at our right. A dozen children were packed within, and Oscar stood in the centre of the crowd, brandishing an ox-goad.

"Take care you don't poke somebody's eyes out with that brad, you young mad-cap," we heard old Dennis growl.

"It is a great wonder Dennis allows them to ride or to be near him," I said; "he hates the trouble and noise of children. I know that he will scold Grandma half to death this afternoon to revenge himself for the present fit of good nature."

"Scold Grandma!" cried Grace Herbert; "what do you mean?"

"I should think you had been here enough to know," replied Serena. "Dennis is crosser than Pa's favorite old slave, Niger. He orders Grandma about all sorts of ways, and talks and acts as though he thought her incapable of doing anything right."

"I would not have him here, then. I'm sure this is all news to me. I always felt afraid of Dennis, for he never seemed to like me; but I had no idea that he was cross to Grandma."

"He is much more good natured, or rather he is more quiet while the family is here than when we are alone. I think he fears my uncles, and so does not show out his nature; but the very day that the house is cleared of you all, he begins to reign with a high hand, and for several weeks he is so dreadfully ugly that he makes us all very uncomfortable."

"Why does your grandmother keep such a servant about her establishment?" inquired Col. Luther.

"He was a great favorite with my grandfather, and once saved his life in battle. He has always lived with us, and Grandma would not turn him away if he were ten times as much trouble as he is. I get tired to death of him; but Grandma could not get along at all without Dennis to scold at her."

"What a misfortune it is to be made with so bad a disposition and temper," said one of my cousins. "Dennis was not made so. He was a very fine young man," 'tis said. Why, he has been to college, if you can believe it. He is a great scholar—he is, really. But he took no care of his health, lived in a shady room, neglected bathing and proper exercise, till his health forsook him. This was enough, but added to it was a disappointment in love, and the poor man became a mere wreck of the cheerful, healthful youth that he once was. You see Grandma knows all his history, and she has exhaustless sympathy and pity and patience for him—gratitude also, because he saved her husband's life."

"You will never become invalids here at Oak Hill Home for the want of the sunshine," remarked Col. Luther. "You seem to have very little regard for your carpets."

"Grandma cannot bear to have the sun or air excluded from our rooms. She is firmly persuaded that a great deal of the feeble health of people

comes from neglect of water, air and sunshine. Except in extremely hot weather, she will allow no apartment that is in use to be shut up from the sun. As Dennis agrees with her in this regard, there is no trouble about it."

"I have no doubt they are perfectly right. Your words remind me of an experiment tried on one of his daughters by an eccentric friend of mine. This daughter had been for many years an invalid. My friend had spent a fortune in trying to have her health restored. He had always charged his wife with keeping the house too close and dark; but his wife hated flies and dust, and as foul air and twilight were, in her esteem, much less obnoxious, she quietly persisted in shutting all the window blinds. At length my friend took a resolution. He engaged workmen, and refusing to make to his family any explanation of what he intended, he had an apartment constructed at the top of his house, which caused a great wondering below stairs. This room was roofed with glass; it was provided with baths and couches, and when it was done he had his daughter's desk and work table and book shelves taken up there, and ordering her to leave behind her every vestige of clothing, he had her marched in there to sun. In vain the daughter cried and begged; in vain the mother stormed and protested; in vain brothers and sisters tittered and grew saucy in their expostulations. The father, this time, was determined, and Miss Agnes was afforded opportunity to try how she liked the fashion of Mrs. Adam. Every pleasant day, when the heat was not too great, Agnes was obliged to employ or amuse herself, nude, in her sky parlor. She was required to bathe freely and rub herself a great deal. In one year's time this poor, feeble, suffering, peevish girl became a pretty, plump, cheerful and healthy one, and six months afterwards she was married. My friend's experiment leaked out and created something of an excitement. An eminent London physician took up the idea, and there is now, in that city, a flourishing establishment conducted on the principle that the sun is a great healer."

"What a plain spoken man Col. Luther is," whispered Serena to me. "I should think he would scare you half to death—he does me."

"He hates prudery; but he never says one word that does not become the lips of a true gentleman," was my reply.

"Hum!" said Serena; "no doubt. But come, Deary, do leave his side for a little while and roam with me across the brook and to yonder clump of fir; it looks so inviting over there."

We set off, crossed the little brook on a fallen tree, and then went slowly along in the sweet-smelling shade, not in the mood to talk. Suddenly a sound as of sobbing struck my ear, and at the same instant Serena caught me by the wrist, and pointing down a natural avenue that opened just before us, said, in a low, angry voice, through her shut teeth,

"See there!"

A fallen tree lay across the path, and upon this, leaning against another tree that stood contiguous, sat a tall, handsomely formed man, whose head was bowed till his shining curls almost mingled with the curls of one whom his arm closely encircled. She was clad in white and was bitterly weeping. The backs of both figures were turned to us. The man spoke in soothing tones, and every now and then he lifted his hand to his companion's face, as though wiping away her tears. I looked at Serena. Her face was pale and she bit her lip.

"Alfarata and Horace!" she said; and darting forward, she gave Horace a shove, and taking Alfa by the shoulders, shook her violently.

"Oh, my God! my God! what it is to be a slave!" cried the dark browed girl, passionately casting up her arms to heaven, then falling prone upon the ground.

"Get up—none of these airs—come home with you! You, sir," turning furiously to Horace, who stood leaning against the tree, "are well set to work. I will tell your father,—and you meddle with her again if you dare!"

Horace smiled derisively.

"Anger is not becoming to your style, cousin Serena. Deary, now, never looks better than when in a passion. Don't trouble yourself to tell my father—I have myself informed him that I desire Alfa. Come, now, coz, be amiable and tender hearted, and say what you will take for your sweet hand-maiden. Don't handle the poor girl in that rough way!" he broke out, as upon his proposing to purchase Alfa, Serena had slapped her on the cheek and ordered her to start instantly for the house. Alfa obeyed, and Serena, not deigning any reply to Horace, took me by the arm and hurried after her.

Horace could not induce uncle Lee to sell his daughter's pretty hand-maiden; but when, after staying for a month at Oak Hill Home, Horace took his leave—to visit Niagara, Lake George, &c., as he professed—Alfa disappeared. Howard and Serena Lee were very much exasperated at this circumstance, but their father charged them to say not one word of the matter to any of the Davis family.

Col. Luther and I took a trip to Saratoga and to Lake George about the same time that Horace departed, but we saw and heard no signs of him at either place. We also visited the White Mountains, and my enjoyment of these pleasant jaunts was doubled from the fact that, besides being with Col. Luther, I was out of the way of all my baby cousins.

[To be Continued.]

*A fact which should be universally known.

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RHEUMATIC SYRUP.
A STATED QUANTITY GUARANTEED TO CURE,
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TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
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Five miles from town, all fenced, plenty of good fruit, good house and barn, land of the best quality, and very cheap.
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stands in the very front rank of fire insurance companies, having paid \$1,400,000 in cash for Chicago losses, and having remaining cash assets of over \$2,500,000. Persons seeking sure indemnity on their property will call on us, and we will do them good.
Also the GERMAN-AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York—cash capital \$1,000,000,—and the TRIUMPH INSURANCE COMPANY, of Cincinnati—capital \$500,000.
WE MEAN BUSINESS, AND DO BUSINESS,
and all having business to do in our line will be welcome in our office.
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"Absolutely the Best Protection Against Fire."
Over one thousand actual fires put out with it.
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Fire Departments in the principal cities of the Union use them daily.
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It is the best and cheapest fire engine in the world, and comes within the financial abilities of every place.
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Choice Selections.

THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.
 I come from the haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down the valley.
 By thirsty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorns—a little town—
 And half a hundred bridges.
 Till lost by Philip's farm, I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
 I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles;
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.
 With many a curve my banks I fret,
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set,
 With willow-weed and mallow.
 I chatter, chatter as I flow,
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
 I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing;
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling;
 And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel;
 With many a silvery water-break
 Above the golden gravel;
 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel-covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.
 I slip, I slide, I glisten, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows,
 I make the netted sunbeams dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
 I murmur under moon and stars,
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses.
 And out again, I curve and flow,
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

The general character of life is that of monotony. Whether we regard the life of man, or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, that life, to all outward appearance, is a monotonous succession of scenes and movements—all but identical. We wonder how the interest is kept up. But we never tire of going to bed at night, and we are very sorry when we tire of getting up in the morning. We never weary, except with regret, of breakfasting, dining, and supping; and yet these actions are repeated incessantly three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, with renewed excitement on every succeeding occasion. We take off our clothes once every day, and we put them on once every day. We do this, at nearly the same hour, in daily succession; and when our health is good, the pleasure derived from so doing is not marred by the repetition of the act; for the ebbing and flowing of our bodily sensations prepare us, without any efforts on our part, for all the vicissitudes of our existence. When hungry, food is agreeable; when weary, sleep or rest is a treat; when warm, the cool air is agreeable; when cold, the pleasure derived from a cheerful fireside and a comfortable supper is delicious. The excitement is kept up by contrasts, and we purchase the enjoyment of one feeling by encouraging the reverse. With health, and youth, and prosperity, we should never be weary. It is age, and weakness, and poverty, that prepare us for death; and even that comes easy upon most men, at last, like a sleep, and the heaviness of the heart gives even the last sleep a welcome.

TOLERATION.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, who was a hundred years of age, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming toward him. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, Abraham asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all of the perils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham brought him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

LARGE LITTLES.

This is an old truth, but it is well to listen often to it. Dr. Bonar is the preacher in this instance: "Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, or reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things of the hour, and not the great things of the age that fill up a life like that of Paul or John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainard, or Martyn.
 "The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence, or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of holy life. And then attention to little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and looks, and tones; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality, and method, and true aim in the ordering of each day—these are the active development of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.
 "What makes you green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak of stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible character to admire or copy."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following waif, afloat on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:
 "Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passages may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows.
 "But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of man appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.
 "In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'"

GENIUS.

All men are not born with genius, but every man can acquire purpose, and purpose is the backbone and marrow of genius—nay, I can scarcely distinguish one from the other. For, what is genius? Is it not an impassioned predilection for some definite art or study, to which the mind converges all its energies, each thought or image that is suggested by Nature, or learning, solitude or converse, being habitually and involuntarily added to those ideas which are ever returning to the same central point, so that the mind is not less busily applying when it seems to be the most released from application. That is genius, and that is purpose—the one makes the great artist or poet, the other the great man of action. And with purpose comes the grand secret of all worldly success, which some men call will, but which I would rather call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commanded fortune, I should say "earnestness."
 "The earnest man wins way for himself, and earnestness and truth go together."—[Bulwer.]

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 ALL KINDS OF MATTRESSES MADE.
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 EVERY LADY IS ESPECIALLY INVITED to call and examine the Howe
SEWING MACHINE,
 AS NOW IMPROVED,
 NO MATTER WHETHER SHE WISHES TO PURCHASE OR NOT.
 Easy Monthly Payments Will Secure a Machine!
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 is prepared to do cleaning in a superior manner.
 N. B.—Gentlemen's clothes, ladies' sacques, 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. noltf

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THE NICHOLS WIND MILL!!!
A PERFECT SELF GOVERNOR!!!
 Runs no Faster in a Gale than in an Ordinary Wind.
IT IS THE BEST WIND MILL MADE.
 IN DEMONSTRATION OF THIS WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION WITH THE WORLD.
 Farmers and Stock-raisers, this is just what is needed, and is destined to come into general use in this State. It has been thoroughly proven in the Eastern States. We will erect one of these Mills side by side with any other made, giving them the choice of position, and thus perfectly test its merits.

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 power for grinding, shelling corn, &c. We guarantee the Mills to give entire satisfaction.
 We are also agents for the celebrated Challenge Mill for grinding feed.
 For information, call on or write to
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 Local Agents:
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DR. C. G. GARRISON'S
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On the Indiscretions of Youth and the Frailties of Maturity Years.
 The most plain, frank and reliable pamphlet ever written on this subject. No man can afford to be without it. Sent to any address in a sealed envelope for 25 cents.
 Address: **DR. JOHN PEE,**
 Sixth Street, between Main and Delaware,
 Kansas City, Mo.
 Dr. Pee can be consulted by both sexes at his office from 9 o'clock A. M. to 8 P. M., daily.
 7-ly

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

DEAR SPIRIT: I am full of a discourse of weeds. But whether I can do justice to the subject is a matter of grave doubt.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, To throw a perfume on the violet, To smooth the ice, or add another hue Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish, Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Equally abortive is the attempt to properly portray some things that are ugly, obstinate, annoying and bothersome—among which I reckon weeds.

Is it not unaccountable how much easier they grow than grain? They require no cultivation. They ask no manuring. They want no vigilant attention. They are spontaneous, plentiful and irrepresible. They come without call and stay without welcome.

And the serious thing about it is that it is illustrative of the whole course and growth of life. Who that looks back to the starting post cannot see how much more thrifty and plenty have been the weeds than the flowers all along life's journey?

Now that I seriously think upon it, it seems to me that one of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life is "boy love." No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature, than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manly ways.

He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolater! He is the very type of magnanimity and self-abnegation.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka, swim storm-tossed oceans, scale impassable mountains, and face legions of bayonets, but for one sweet smile from her dear lips.

Happy! happy! foolish boy love; with its hopes and its fears, its joys and its sorrows, its jealousies and its delights, its raptures and its tortures, its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings, its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.

And then the ambitions. Would it not make you and me blush if we had to own what great men we once were, and what a great place we expected to fill in the world's broad field of battle? It was a flowery way that stretched before us.

flowers on our graves. But their visits will grow more and more infrequent. New loves will outgrow the old, and it will not be long before the wanderer will walk carelessly over our unheeded and unweeded graves.

Still, I would not close this gossip in a strain of sadness. Life is worth the most when best understood. And the dreams and illusions of youth give place to the substantial satisfactions of maturer years.

So, trusting in His love, we tread The narrow path of duty on; What though some flattering dreams are dead? What though some cherished hopes are gone? Yet brighter, surer hopes remain— Why should our spirits, then, complain?

I. S. K.

A GOOD MOVE.

It has already been announced in the daily papers that Mr. B. F. Akers, of Leavenworth, has made an important purchase of Mr. Ogden of this city. It consists of Mr. Ogden's house, in which Alex. Banks resides, nearly opposite the residence of Sam. Riggs, one of the finest places of residence in Lawrence.

Mr. Akers has also purchased the old and well known Fair Grounds where the State Fair has been held several times and sold to Mr. Ogden by Messrs. E. A. Smith and H. H. Luddington.

Mr. Akers has also purchased the old and well known Fair Grounds where the State Fair has been held several times and sold to Mr. Ogden by Messrs. E. A. Smith and H. H. Luddington. There are sixty acres of the richest land in Douglas county in the grounds, a mile track unsurpassed anywhere in the West for trotting purposes.

Mr. Akers has also purchased ten head of Mr. Ogden's horses, including the fast trotting stallion, Bourbon Chief, the splendid young stallion, St. Nicholas, by American Clay and out of the dam of Mambrino Bertie—the others high bred and fast trotting brood mares.

A HERD OF JERSEYS.

Col. Waring contributes to the "American Agriculturist" an account of the Jersey cows of Mr. J. Milton Mackie of Massachusetts. There are about thirty of them, all thoroughbred, of various colors, from dark mulberry to creamy fawn.

The calves are taught to drink milk when they are two or three days old. When about a month old they are put on skimmed milk, with a trifle of wheaten shorts. The skimmed milk is sometimes continued for a year.

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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.

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OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, ON MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

IMPORTED JERSEYS FOR SALE.

I WILL SELL A PORTION OF MY THOROUGHBRED JERSEY HERD. I have Yearlings, Two Year Olds, Calves, and some of my best Imported Cows that I will sell AT REASONABLE PRICES. My fine Thoroughbred Bull, "Pioneer," I will also sell. All animals guaranteed to be of pure blood.

PLACE HOUSE,

Corner of New Hampshire and Warren Streets, LAWRENCE, KANSAS. This house is situated in a pleasant and business part of the city, and sojourners find it a pleasant and convenient place to stay while remaining in the city.

BOARD \$5 PER WEEK.

1871 JOHN T. PLACE, Proprietor.

FINE HORSES FOR SALE OR TRADE.

As I do not wish to go to farming, I will sell or trade, FOR LAND OR CITY PROPERTY, All of my Trotting Horses. Among them will be found some of the choicest trotting blood to be found in the State of Kentucky.

H. E. TURNER, HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE. Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets, Rear of Eldridge House.

ESTABLISHED IN 1855.

JAS. G. SANDS, SADDLERY.

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UPHOLSTERY,

150 MASSACHUSETTS ST., LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

J. T. STEVENS & CO., INSURANCE AGENTS,

Office Rear Room Over Simpson's Bank. We represent some of the best insurance companies in the country.

THE CONTINENTAL, OF NEW YORK, Cash assets ver \$2,500,000.

TRIUMPH, OF CINCINNATI, Cash assets over \$1,000,000.

THE GERMAN AMERICAN, OF NEW YORK, Capital, \$1,000,000.

Charges as Low as any Good Company's. no5-ly

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.

LAWRENCE SAVINGS BANK,

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

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

This corporation is organized under the laws of Kansas. The capital is one hundred thousand dollars, and its stockholders are liable by statute to its creditors for twice the amount of their shares, making two hundred thousand dollars personal liability. One-half of the savings deposits received will be loaned upon first mortgages on real estate of ample value in this State.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Eastern and foreign exchange for sale. Coins, United States, State and county bonds bought and sold. Revenue stamps for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.

EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

Table with columns: Amounts as they multiply, Time at 5 per cent, 6 per cent, 7 per cent. Rows for various amounts from 2,000 to 1,024,000.

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 69 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.

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

WARNE & GILLET, DEALERS IN HARDWARE & CUTLERY. Have now in Stock a Full Line of GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

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

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF RAZORS,

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

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

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

AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF HARDWARE.

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

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

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

77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.