

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOLUME I. LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 28, 1872. NUMBER 34.

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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
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Contributed Articles.

MIXED PICKLES.
BY CORA M. DOWNS.

A most unattractive title if you are looking for anything good, my epicurean reader! but do you like pickles? That is, do you like pungent, peppery, acid, spicy, warming tit bits?
There is a pickled conglomeration we buy at the grocers called "Picallilli"; there is a little of everything in it. So feeling altogether too dull for anything in the way of original pickles to-day, I must shake up a jar of mixed pickles, and you may regale your repeat with them if you like. They have helped my digestion wonderfully. Here is one: "Your soft, amiable women always paddle out of a storm of trouble with a duck-like agility."
Yes, that is so. Dear me! how I have envied these little, round, rolling, smooth "toits" of women who laugh and grow fat, no matter what happens. What endless talkers they are, how infectious is their laugh, how kaleidoscopic the world looks at them, and what a rapid, glesome river of life is that which carries their "little boat rocking" out into the ocean of the hereafter. Take another pickle!

"What a blessing it is to mortals, what a kindness of Providence, that life is made so uncertain! that death is thrown in among the possibilities of our being! that these awful mysteries are thrown around us, into which we may vanish! For, without a new world it would be possible to be heroic? How should we plod along in commonplaces forever, never dreaming high things, never risking anything? For my part, I think man is more favored than the angels, and made capable of higher heroism, greater virtue, and of a more excellent spirit than they, because we have such a mystery of grief and terror around us, whereas they, in a certainty of God's light, seeing His goodness and His purposes more perfectly than we, can not be so brave as often poor, weak man, and weaker woman, has the opportunity to be, and sometimes makes use of it. God gave the whole world to man, and if he is left alone with it, it will make a clod of him at last; but to remedy that, God gave man a grave, and it redeems all, while it seems to destroy all, and makes an immortal spirit of him in the end."
Sometimes when we see a funeral procession slowly moving along, crawling up the hill, winding about the turn of the road, and at length entering the gates of the "silent city" in quiet and solemn order, does it not occur to us that it will be but a little while before this same ceremony will take us softly through the "business street," past the open doors which we now so confidently enter, then through the suburban ways, and at last to the gate which shall never open or close for us again! Then gently, oh how gently, they will lower us to the bosom of Mother Earth! Whether we are ever to know in some future existence the secret and the mystery of Being, none have come back to tell us. But the Christian's hope blossoms like a flower over the dust and decay of this dread secret of death, and to the believer in Christ's resurrection it lights up all the way.

"Let no one think that time is wasted in telling wonder-stories to the little folks. The time would be well spent if spent only in giving pleasure, but these stories play an important part in the early education of a child, and it is no matter for congratulation that an occasional little Gradgrind has no relish for them."
"Don't tell me a hobble-gobble story," said a sweet little girl climbing into my lap one day, "tell me a true story."
I am not exceedingly partial to wonder stories, unless they create a fictitious world of beauty, light and fragrance to the eyes of the children, peopled with sparkling little fairies and glittering with dew drops. But hobgoblins and giants, and monsters with great battle axes, and all their impossible deeds should have no place in a child's brain museum. Some children have such a greed for the horrible. They are not satisfied to hear how "Once there was a giant fifty feet high, and he lived in a house all built of sugar, cakes and candy," unless we shall make this giant gobble up twenty or thirty children at a single meal, and slaughter a great many grown folks with a terrible sword. He must have

a stomach that will take in like an earthquake, and a voice that will bellow like a volcano. But these are the children who are afraid of "the dark." Their imaginations are so intensified and tortured that they see a spectre in the clothespress, and a ghost in the wakeful spell of the night that sometimes comes to those whose brains have had the morbid food of undue excitement. "The longer I live," said a minister to me the other day, "the more I learn to pity children."

When I visited the "Kindergarten" at Lawrence the other day, I did not pity, but I felt happy for the children. There they were, the pets, with their blocks, and their straws, and their "Jim-lastics," as darling little Nelly called their exercises. There was that cunning little Dwight, with his face so full of sweet sunshine and dimples that one always wants to "squeeze him to pieces," trying to fix his droll little paws after the rule of the performance, showing how the mechanic goes through his daily labors and the husbandman gathers his fruits of toil. No fear of a box on the ear of any mother's darling that will send him sobbing to his seat. Then there was the block table, where the tiny fellows learned their first lessons in form, acquiring the principles of geometry without any of their dry axioms, and getting a peep into the world of science that makes it look as attractive as a play ground.

If Lawrence were a little more crooked in her ways, I should think she were a young Boston. But she is so Philadelphian in her angels, so neat, and straight, and level, that we can never compare her very closely to the Puritan city. But I sometimes think when I hear her people talk, that she must be a little heaven upon earth, where the religious people never quarrel, where no married couples want to be divorced, where knowledge is imbibed with as much ease as water is obtained from the town pump, and where men get rich merely by sitting still and watching the rise of town lots!

Maybe I have looked through rose colored spectacles, and that reminds me that I shall offer you just only one more pickle before I put the lid on the jar. It is from the beloved Hawthorne:

"But I am to grow old, and to be brown and wrinkled, gray-haired and ugly," said Rose, rather sadly, as she thus enumerated the items of her decay, "and then you would think me all lost and gone. But still there might be youth underneath for one that really loved me, to see. Ah, Septimius Felton! such love as would see with ever-new eyes is the true love."

What is it to grow old? Cannot a woman keep her charms of sweet and courtly intelligence so that wise men and little children, and pleasant, loving women shall think her old age beautiful? The handsomest woman I saw in Boston, during that heavenly week of my summer's pilgrimage, was one whose snow-white hair dressed a la Pompadour, and whose fresh complexion lit up by a pair of eyes still warmed by the fires of ambition and intelligence—these combined with gracious and imperial manners, made up one of the most perfectly charming women I ever met. Can a woman then be crowned with the snows of age and still be beautiful? The arts of dress are so many tricks to adorn, and alas! sometimes to deform our youth; but the charms of culture, and wit, and graceful, social ease and confidence, and the true politeness of a genuinely kind heart, in the high-bred expression of which a real lady sometimes so adorns and illuminates her womanhood, these are the immortality of a beauty that Rose had not counted on.

Oh what a love that is that sees with "ever new eyes!" To those "eyes divine" there is never the old adage, "brown, wrinkled, gray-haired, and ugly;" but the lips we have kissed are as the lips of yesterday, sweeter in the twilight than the roses of morning! and the eyes that smiled with "The light that never was on sea or shore," in the blossoming time of youth and hope shine on in the "somewhere" till death hides them behind a mist of tears, and leaves the world without roses and without smiles. But beyond, always the stars are shining!

WYANDOTT, September 25th.

The Troy "Republican" says: "We count up nearly one hundred and fifty acres of vineyards in this county, belonging to different persons. Constant Poirier's is the largest—43 acres. Adam Brenner's comes next, 18 acres, while others have from one to eight and ten acres."

The Home.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.
They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlight stillness,
You hear the river run.

GUIDING CHILDREN.

The very fact that children have so many desires which it would be improper to gratify should make us the more anxious to indulge them in all such as are really innocent.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

Many an error would be avoided by parents if they would bear in mind that every part of their conduct which comes within their child's observation is part of that child's education.

Decaying vegetable matter is much more poisonous than decaying animal matter.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

Children's parties are among the many peculiarities of our present social life. Doubtless children have always more or less had their parties.

THE VICTORY NOT OUTWARD.

In the universal conflict of life, the victory is not to be looked for outwardly. You will remember that when Paul had that strange, mysterious thorn in the flesh, whatever it was, he prayed thrice that it might be removed from him;

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

Mark the intelligence and delight expressed in his every feature, when, from his comfortable siesta on the hearth-rug, he hears the well-known voice in the hall, or the equally well-known footstep, and rouses himself at once, his whole frame, from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail, vibrating with excitement.

GOLD DUST.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we can not break it. Scandal, like a kite, to fly well depends greatly on the length of the tail it has to carry.

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

Price, 25 Cents Per Package.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST,

Role proprietor and manufacturer of the above articles.

No. 100 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

THE SHORTHORN SHOW.

Mr. E. S. Nicolls of Garnett was not nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. He would have been, in all probability, if he had not been pitted against one of the most accomplished and popular men in the State. It is furthermore the opinion of his friends that Mr. Nicolls would have made a most admirable Lieutenant-Governor if he had been elected. But whether this is so or not, one thing is certain, and that is that he made a most admirable superintendent of cattle at the State Fair. The place was never more ably, impartially or successfully filled. In the first place, he is posted on cattle. He knows how it is himself. And then, in addition to this, he is a square man. You know where to find him. You know he says what he means and means what he says. You know he is not a man to be tampered with or fooled with.

The show of Shorthorns was splendid, and Mr. Nicolls labored with unwearied fidelity and assiduity to make it a success. But the grand thing about it was the introduction of the scale of points for the guidance of committees. This consists of some twenty-five points, such as forehead, eye, horn, brisket, loin, twist, &c., and against such point is a number, say 20. If a committeeman considers the horn of the animal perfect, for example, and the number is 10, he marks it 10. If less than perfect he marks it as he thinks. All the committeemen go over the animal point by point, each marking as he thinks it deserves, and then the papers are handed to the Superintendent, who adds them up, the aggregate of all the points marked being the judgment of the committee on any given animal.

This is certainly the most satisfactory method of judging an animal's merits, and yet some curious things result from it. The animal that a man might vote for by looking at as the best and showiest animal, may be beaten by the scale of points. In illustration of this, take Andy Wilson's bull, Minster. He has become too old for a show animal. He is stiff and tired. But it is hard to find an animal of his breed anywhere who will come out equal with him point by point. By figuring the points, he came out ahead. Without this process he would have been beaten.

By this process also fat takes its proper place. Fat has won more blue ribbons than all other qualities combined. But the scale of points gives a lean animal, if of a superior character, a chance to beat fat. This we consider a most important gain. And the agricultural community is indebted to Mr. Nicolls for the nerve and judgment with which he applied the rule.

When we can have the same thing applied to horses and as good a Superintendent as George Young proved himself to be—if he had been relieved of the "assistance" of a muttonhead lawyer from Burlingame who knows about as much about a horse as a horse knows about heaven—to put it into practice, then we shall be in no danger of such stupid reports as we have animadverted upon in another article. Make blood a point. And speed a point. And endurance. And general style and action. Also soundness. With a few such leading points to tie a committee to they will not play so often these fantastic tricks which are enough to make horses weep.

In the general reconstruction which it is admitted must take place in the management of our State Society if it ever amounts to any good, we certainly hope that a place of influence will be found for as intelligent, enterprising and progressive a stock man as E. S. Nicolls.

KANSAS AHEAD.

The most interesting contest of the State Fair, was between Kansas and Missouri on fruit. Kansas carried off the blue ribbon, and richly earned it. There could be no question of this in any unprejudiced mind, but the difficulty was that so many minds must of necessity be prejudiced. The competition was earnest, brief, and a little bitter. The correspondent of the Kansas City "Times," reviewing the third day's proceedings, gives a Missouri touch or two in this style:

Things in the fruit department are getting warm, and for a time to-day the indications were that the question of superiority would remain unsettled. Missouri exhibitors complain bitterly of the manner in which they have been treated, and only the dispassionate advice of their friends prevented a general packing up and abrupt departure for home. This feeling arises from the fact that Kansas men have not as yet completed the arrangement of their display, while the official programme set forth that all should be in readiness Tuesday night. Missouri was prompt on time but Kansas was not, and requested an extension until noon to-day. Then again was further time desired, and now the inspection by judges has been put off until to-morrow. Such advantage Missouri men of course object to, and claim that as they were ready on time their rivals should not have been given so much time to fix up in. And yet another thing affords what Missouri men think just cause for complaint, and that is the constant reinforcement of fruit gathered up about the State and sent in here after date of closing entries. As far as I am concerned, I have nothing to say, the above being the sum and substance of the statements made by Missouri exhibitors. That they are in the main true, I do not hesitate to affirm, for I visited the hall just at dusk and found the matter as far as Kansas was concerned, still in a state of confusion, there being little, if any, indication that the work of arrangement was near completion. On the other hand, Missouri, to my knowledge has been ready all day.

Now what is the answer to this indictment? Why,

simply this, that Kansas loaned Missouri all the plates and other fixings necessary to put their things in order, and had to wait the arrival of others from Leavenworth and Lawrence before they could arrange their part of the exhibition. This is the pay they get for their politeness. As soon as they got the crockery necessary, they put their fruit in order, and when it was in order, it beat Missouri out of sight. And this is what's the matter with Missouri.

GEORGIE REYNOLDS.

Everybody in Lawrence knew and many loved little Georgie Reynolds. The hospitable and kindly nature of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reynolds, secured for them and their children a large number of acquaintances and friends. But Georgie was naturally calculated to make friends on his own account, independent of the surroundings of an agreeable and pleasant home and family. His clear, bright, intelligent eye, his handsome, open and manly face, his gentlemanly and active ways, made him an universal favorite. He was a promising boy. His future was big with many expectations of splendid manhood. The heart and hope of loving parents lived, not only in the good boy he was, but in the good man he promised to be.

But alas for human hopes and dreams! Little Georgie's sun has set even in its morning. In all the rosy gilding of its promise it has gone down in darkness and left the world without its sun to some afflicted hearts.

Death is always and everywhere sad. It is the skeleton of all feasts. It is the dark shadow over all homes. The infant of a day when it passes away leaves a desolate blank which only they can comprehend who have seen the tender blossoms of their being nipped by the untimely frost. The man of middle age and many cares falls in the harness,—drops out of the ranks, weary with the march of life,—and he falls as the oak falls, with a crushing and deadening noise, carrying down with him the hopes and loves of weaker and younger plants that were sheltered in his shade or protected by his strength. The old man comes to his garner like a shock of corn fully ripe, and yet there is sadness, a dreary vacancy and a mournful wail. There is no relief from the unusual sorrow which death has brought into our world with all its woe.

"Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible,—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine."

And yet, if there could be any silver lining to so black a cloud as death, it would be when the very young or the very old, or even the middle aged, pass away. Hope, but not promise, is buried in the infant's grave. It is only the bud that is blighted. There is as yet no blossom and no fruit. Before the bright blossom predicts the rich fruit,

"Death comes with friendly care
The opening bud to heaven conveys
And bids it blossom there."

The old man has done his work. His harvest is gathered. The battle of life has been fought. There is nothing left but death. And even in middle life the account is pretty well made up. We know, but too well our narrow conditions and impassable limitations. Life loses its zest and death its terrors to the weary warrior in the world's bad field of battle. He is too often too willing to lay his armor down even before the victory is won. And those who weep have this to console them, that the tired brain is at last at rest, that the burdened heart has at last found relief in the quiet sepulchre, where,

"Unheeded on the silent dust
The storms of life may beat."

But none of these alleviations temper the griefs that gather and groan above the graves of youth. There is no weariness with life. It is all in the future. There is none of the fretfulness that comes with the failures, or the sadness that comes with the losses, of mature years. There is none of the consolation of a finished work, or the gratification of a gathered harvest, or even the tameness of an ended but fruitless struggle, that must mix with the cup we drink when we bid farewell to the way worn and battle-scarred veterans of the field.

Georgie died at the age of fourteen—just when life is loveliest and death darkest. Our heart goes out in sympathy towards the afflicted family from which he has been taken. Most gladly would we say some word for their relief. But we know how useless it would be to try. The current of grief must have its way. It must overwhelm. We might remind them of occasion for gratitude that God had given them so good a boy. He was already old enough to have filled their hearts with a grief gloomier than the grave had been otherwise. We might remind them that he has already escaped the wear and weariness, the cares and crosses, the labors and losses, the aching sense of disappointment, the mortification of many defects, the coldness of enemies, the perfidy of professed friends, which they as well as we are old enough to know make up a goodly share of even the most favored lives. So that what is their loss is Georgie's gain.

But words are never so weak and cold as when they are used to make such a sorrow as this appear

like anything else than the crushing calamity it is. We only took up our pen, in the sadness which this event has produced in our own heart, to pay a passing tribute to a manly little comrade whom we had learned to love, and whom we are pained to lose. Sleep in peace, little Georgie! Green be the turf above thee. And in the land upon whose blissful shore there rests no shadow of the grave, where there is no aching head or weary heart, no decrepit age or carping care,

"No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repose"—

may we all meet you again where we may drink the streams of immortality, forever happy and forever young.

UNJUST DISCRIMINATION.

The spirit manifested towards the smaller breeds of cattle by some prominent agriculturalists is, in our estimation, one that is far from commendable, and that ought to disqualify them from holding any representative position in connection with agricultural exhibitions. We are ready to assert as loudly as anybody, that the Shorthorn breed of cattle is the main breed for Kansas. This is so evident that it needs no argument. But we claim at the same time that there is a place for other breeds as well, and that enterprising gentlemen engaged in their introduction, should be patronized and encouraged instead of ridiculed and sneered at. We speak within our knowledge when we say that presidents of important agricultural societies are in the habit of publicly speaking of the efforts of such gentlemen in a most contemptuous manner. And while, as individuals, we do not complain when they express such opinions, we have a right to complain when they use their official influence and position to underrate or depreciate our enterprise. We claim that a man of such contracted views, and such illiberal ways of showing them, is unfitted, and ought to be barred from holding a position which he will prostitute so unjustly. And we know that the enlightened public stock sentiment of the world will sustain us in this position.

The board of the State Agricultural Society, gives \$75.00 for the best Shorthorn, and \$25.00 for the best Jersey, Ayrshire or Devon. We pronounce this an unjust discrimination. We believe there ought to be none. There is none in Arkansas and many other Western States. There ought in strict justice to be none here. But we have been willing, in deference to an imperfect developed general sentiment on this question, to allow the Shorthorns to lead. While we were connected with the Society, they received double the premium of the milk and butter breeds. Under the circumstances we did not complain. Such enlightened gentlemen as Alfred Grey, J. K. Hudson and others, always concurred with us in our views. The Leavenworth Society, the Kansas City, and the Northern District, all give the smaller breeds one-half the amount given the larger. But under the present enlightened administration of the State Society, the unjust discrimination is made to which we have referred. Self respect would prevent us from ever showing any stock where such a rule prevails. It will prevent others in like manner. It will discourage further importation also. Not so much from the dollars and cents involved, as from the desparagement which such an unjust discrimination rests upon a branch of stock industry.

We claim, and can prove, that the Jerseys are the most preferable stock for butter-making. And butter is an article of use and commodity as well as beef. We have seen persons who thought fully as much of good butter as good beef for their tables. The men who expend their money and enterprise in the direction of improving the quality, regulating the supply, and lessening the price of butter, are not the men to be ridiculed in their efforts by some narrow and bigoted beef breeder, who happens for a year to be permitted to walk around a fair ground labelled "President." They are men who know their right, and knowing, will maintain them. And we predict either that men of such narrow and bigoted notions will not much longer be elected to run agricultural fairs, or else that the fairs they run will be run into the ground.

THE OTTAWA FAIR.

We understand that the attendance at this Fair was not as good as it should have been. But the exhibition was a creditable one, and the perseverance of the managers will be rewarded, we trust, another year. Ottawa has the most beautiful place to hold a Fair in in the State of Kansas, and we hope some arrangements will be made by which future fairs shall be what they should be on such grounds. We notice some other familiar names and friendly competitors of other years among the wearers of the blue. John E. Baer glories in the best bull three years old and over. J. C. Pickrel gets sweepstakes for the same persuasion of an animal, as also for a cow. Daniel Stores has the best stallion and the best five colts. Billy Pickrell walks away with the best three year old stallion. We congratulate ourselves and them on seeing THE SPIRIT awarded as a premium to Mrs. Horace T. Kelsey, Mr. James Butell, Mr. G. W. Lewis, Mr. R. H. Stewart, Mr. W. E. Spears, Mr. H. Rogers, Mr. J. S. Haines, Mr. R. R. Maxson, Mr. M. A. Kirkham, Mr. Samuel Wolgamot, Mr. Frank Graff, Mr. Vance Green, Mr. John Bass, Mr. S. W. Winter, Mr. C. P. Sherman, and the Ottawa Furniture Factory. People who attend fairs and take premiums are just the kind of readers we want for THE SPIRIT.

TOPEKA'S MISTAKE.

The good people of Topeka thought they were doing a smart thing when they misused the power which the Agricultural Society had afforded them to elect a Board of Agriculture in their especial interest. By so doing they now see that they have captured quite a goodly sized elephant. They got the Board they wanted. They got a good friend of Topeka for President. They made sure of good Topeka friends enough to vote right in the Board. To make assurance doubly sure they gave Douglas county—the leading agricultural county in the State—no representation on the Board. They got a Topeka man for President. They got a Topeka man for Vice-President. They got a Topeka man for Superintendent. In short, they got the Fair at Topeka. And then they run it in a very Topekaish sort of style. They had a Topeka board of judges in the races. When a Lawrence horse would break, even if he lost a length by doing it, the Topeka judges would so far lose their discretion as to spout, "See that horse run!" But when a Topeka horse would run down the entire home stretch, they could but see it of course. But with silent regret. No loud expressions then. It was a Topeka horse. And they were Topeka judges. And the State Fair was at Topeka. And it had a Topeka President. And a Topeka Vice-President. And a Topeka Superintendent. And it made a difference, you see, whose ox was gored, or, in other words, whether a Topeka or Lawrence horse run.

We write of things that were noticeable and noticed, and remarked upon generally, by gentlemen living in neither place, but only interested in fair play. And we write them for the sake of saying that in all these respects our Topeka friends have not acted wisely. It is a good deal with towns as it is with men. Fair play is a jewel. Meanness is its own reward. To take an unfair advantage may secure a temporary gain, but it will always be temporary and generally unsatisfactory. The holding of the Fair at Topeka this year, for which they labored so energetically, and, as we think, unfairly, was not a particle of benefit to Topeka. A few hotels made something out of it. A few hucksters may be a little better off for it. But there were not people enough there to make it an affair of any importance, and those who were there left with no such impressions as are of any great value to our capital city.

The fact is that the disposition of Topeka to grasp at and secure every public demonstration where the people are likely to come together is beginning to be understood and is not altogether appreciated. The capitol is there. The courts are there. Our people must go there for legislation and law. Is it necessary that they should go there for everything else? Lawrence, Leavenworth, Ottawa, Olathe, and many other places are nearer the center of population in Kansas than Topeka is, and more readily and cheaply accessible. Why then should they be taxed in time and money to go there for every side show just to accommodate Topeka? We have no hesitation in saying that if the State Fair had been held in Leavenworth or Lawrence this year, it would have had ten times the attendance that it had in Topeka. Why, to accommodate the notions of Topeka, should the Board persist in holding it where the people are not and where it is evident they will not go? But, they say, neither Leavenworth nor Lawrence applied for the Fair this year. Neither will they another year, gentlemen, if you again elect a Board predestined from all eternity to hold the Fair in Topeka. It is a little too much of a dead open and shut. We know how nicely you fixed things last year. And we shall give you all the rope that is necessary to fix them again this year. And, if you persist in the same way of doing things, you may hold your Fair in Topeka till the cows come home. But it will be a Topeka Fair. Only this, and nothing more. There will also be a Lawrence Fair. And a Leavenworth Fair. And an Atchison Fair. And several other fairs. And may the best fair win. You can continue to call it a State Fair. And the State can continue to throw away its money, upon it. But it will be such only in name. The real State Fair, which the State will attend, and of which it will be proud, and by which it will be advertised, will be somewhere else. And, though we do not write in a very tragic mood, we will commend to certain Topeka gentlemen the soliloquy of Macbeth. They can learn it in a short time and repeat it at their leisure.

"Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding."

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

But few of our readers knew the wife of Rev. Dr. Jeffrey of Cincinnati. But to those who did her beautiful character is a precious memory. We see the announcement of her death with keen sorrow, and with deep sympathy for our beloved friend her husband. He has lost such a companion, counsellor and comfort as few men have in their wives. That he may be sustained in his affliction will be the prayer of many friends.

SITUATION WANTED.

A situation wanted by a printer. A first class workman. A No. 1 job printer. Would prefer job work, but would accept a situation on a newspaper. Address, P. O. Box 1016, Lawrence, Kansas.

The Story Teller.

GRANDMA'S DEARY; RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

OR, BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

(Continued.)

While Col. Luther and I were absent there was a romance going on at Oak Hill. George Lakewood was very warmly attached to March Howard. They were of the same age, and they and Charlie Herbert had always been faithful friends. George knew the faults and the dangers of March, and used all his influence to break the former up. Georgie was a true Christian—a dear, affectionate, Christian man, and poor March loved him better than he did his own brother. One day they were roving by the river, both feeling rather subdued and melancholy in mood.

"March," said Georgie, "I believe you are in love. Are you, my boy?" "You have hit right the first time, old Georgie; and I believe you are in love yourself, or you would not have suspected me. Is it so, my boy?" "Exactly so. But who is the lady, March?" "Cannot you guess?" "Not I. Can you guess who has enslaved me?" "No, I am sure I can't. There are no girls here but our own family, except your Jane."

"My Jane? Ah! I wish she were mine. She—Why, March, what ails you, man? I never knew you turn white in the face before. You frighten me." "It is nothing. I had a sudden pain. It darted through me like a dagger—sped by the hand of a friend. You were saying?" "Fact, boy, I've forgot what I was saying. You've scared me half out of my wits. Oh! Jane—I was about to say that our Jane is the very lady of my love; but I have not the slightest cause for hoping that she particularly favors me, and I fear to make known to her the true state of my feelings lest I thereby lose the pleasant, but most tormenting, familiar footing on which I now stand. Now I've made a clean breast to you, do you reciprocate. What name wears the lady your heart loves best?" "Jane Ashley," uttered March.

"It was now Georgie's turn to grow pale. 'Can you mean it?' he asked. 'All.' 'Well, my dear boy, old Georgie will never stand in your way. Rely on that. This is a bitter pill, though. But I'm thankful I have never said aught to her unbecoming the character of brother." "You are a generous, noble fellow, George. May your God bless you. But speak to the lovely Jane. She will never turn a cold ear to you, my boy. I shall never allow her to know of my love. I'm a poor, unworthy dog, any way, and never ought to have presumed to lift my amorous eyes to her pure face. As true as I live, Georgie, I'd rather that you had her than to obtain her myself; for I know that with you her life would be happy, and I want her to be happy."

The poor fellow bowed forward and two large tears dropped heavily to the ground. But Georgie, feeling that the love of Jane might be his friend's salvation, urged him by all means to lose no time in wooing her. He declared that he would never seek her hand, so that March need not hesitate on his account. March declared the same, and Miss Jane seemed in danger of never hearing of the love of two of her most devoted admirers. At last they agreed that they would both speak to her and leave the decision to herself.

"Perhaps she may refuse us both," said Georgie, "and then we need quarrel no more who shall give her up. You shall speak to her first." "Nay," said March, "I will do no such thing. Do you go first."

"Indeed I will not. Now, March, be reasonable and do as I desire. I promise you that should she refuse you I will try my best to win her; but, as true as I am a living man, I will never offer her my hand until she has finally rejected yours. You know I never break my word."

Thus this strange, but real, dispute was settled, and March, making the first venture, was kindly and mildly, but firmly refused on the ground that the heart of the fair Jane was already disposed of. Then Georgie, his hopes all ready to triumph, for something in Jane's face when he sought her alone told him that her heart had felt the flame of his and responded to it, took the fair hand of his father's ward in his and told how he longed to have it for his own, and the little hand, trembling in his, closed warmly about his fingers. George had won.

Alas! poor March! He said he was delighted; and then, night after night, he wandered up and down the banks of the river, trying to convince himself that there is no hell; that death is only sleep and rest; and that miserable man has a right to die at will. But he could not settle to suit him the awful questions that were in his mind. He hated life and longed to be rid of the burden; but if to escape from the body was only to emerge into more intense existence, what would he gain by drowning himself? Nothing but more tormenting pain, and he would lose all hope that time might heal him. He reflected upon the distress which had visited him in dreams, when the body did not seem to share his trouble. The anguish and horror of such times he

remembered was more awful than anything that had come upon him during waking hours. Why was this? Might it not be a foretaste of the terrible horror and darkness, the measureless woe which the wicked soul, parted forever from its fleshly companion, might be fated to endure? Ah! March did not dare to prove the dread mystery of Death. It was not by working on his love or gratitude, nor on any of his nobler feelings, but by a pressure on his fear, that the God of mercy saved March Howard. Fear, in its place, and for its own peculiar service, is as good as love. God gave both passions to mortals, and he uses both in dealing with them.

March was the second son of Aunt Angela. His elder brother, Norman Howard, was a steady, industrious man, never, apparently, tempted to go far wrong. He was terribly annoyed at March. There was little sympathy between them. Angela was the connecting link between her brothers; she dearly loved them both; but her beautiful, erring younger brother was the dearest to her. She knew something of the vices of March, and suspected more, and her tears and prayers for his reform, for his salvation, God had seen and heard for many years. Could these, could the entreaties of her parents, prove in vain?

The case looked dark at times, and hopeless, and the father's patience often gave way; but the faith of the women never faltered. They knew not how or when, but that March would eventually be gathered into the safe fold, they were sure. Thus, though they wept while they prayed, they did not despair. Nor did Grandma, to whose large, maternal heart her grandchildren were as children.

Dear Grandma! that heart of hers had to carry burdens which were heavy and sore. Can any doubt this statement who remember that her children were so numerous?

There was one worry which was spared to her. Of this world's goods Grandma knew that all her family possessed sufficient; but almost every other care possessed her heart for them. Grandma was a foe to slavery. To hate it was her nature. And that so many of her descendants were defiled by its odious touch was a wearing grief and shame to her. She had, in former days, faithfully rebuked the sin, but now she never spoke at any length upon the subject. A stern word here and there as she found occasion, was the extent of her present testimony against it; but we all knew how she felt. She could not fail to perceive the effect that was being produced upon the characters and dispositions, and upon the very faces of that portion of her family which belonged south of Mason and Dixon's line. How little idea they had of controlling their passions; how selfish and indolent they were; how irascible, and at times how cruel. Poor Grandma saw it all, and laid it to heart. Her son Oscar, who at the early age of fourteen had left his home to go with an uncle to New Orleans, who had married and settled there, and had afterwards removed to Charleston, seemed more like a Southern born man than like a native of the free North. All his interests and affections were with the South. He said boldly that the only thing in the North he had the least regard for was Oak Hill Home: its inhabitants and those that from year to year were gathered there. His look was dark and haughty, his manners proud and reserved. He was very splendid in appearance, but the spiritual atmosphere about him was not good. He was a Custom House officer in Charleston. Was always saying that the whole country ought to be ruled by the South. He and uncle Davis were fast friends. Uncle Lee was very much of their way of thinking, but in temper and manners uncle Lee was mild and pleasing. He was very kind hearted, and could not bear to know that even a slave was unhappy. That his children were so passionate and harsh towards their servants was a trouble to him. Uncle Oscar had quite a large family, of whom Charlie and Heber and Maud were the favorites with their northern relatives.

Poor Maud was the least beautiful of us all. Naturally she was comely of feature and her dark auburn hair was a great ornament to her—so people who wished to comfort her used to say; but she was tall, thin and awkward, and her pale face was deeply scarred by small pox. We all pitied Maud, and I think we loved her the better for her misfortune; though, certainly, no one could admire her for her beauty. She felt deeply the difference of appearance between her and the other girls, and seemed always to wish to sit in shady corners, and to keep apart.

Ah! why cannot all persons be made beautiful, and preserved from all that mars beauty? Maud had a true, warm heart. She loved us all right well. Her brothers and sisters were all very dear to her; but dearest of all, as I know, was the merry, generous Charlie. And Charlie loved his sister Maud better than he did anybody else in the wide world. So Maud had one great comfort. Charlie always said that he never should marry. He meant to buy him a beautiful place like Oak Hill Home, and live there with Maud for housekeeper, and they would have company every summer just as Grandma did, and never be bothered by husband or wife. "We will content ourselves with each other, dear sis; and if there be joys that we shall thus lose, there are certainly many sorrows that we shall escape. I have no desire for any other life." And it really appeared that this was true. Charlie had never, either as boy or man, shown the least partiality for any maiden except his sisters or his cousins. All Maud's castle building for the future was

connected with Charlie. She had no other plan, nor hope, than to live and die with this dear, faithful brother.

Ah! poor, dear Maud! Ah! bright, beautiful and brave young Charlie! (To be Continued.)

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THE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair was in some respects a grand success and in others a grand fizzle. In the exhibition itself, particularly in the matter of fruit, it was not only creditable but magnificent.

And this is all there was creditable about it. In every other respect the Fair was the most stupendous fizzle that we have ever had in that line. The people were not there. It was as vacant as a fashionable church in summer, and as solemn as a funeral.

Of course there are those who will say that our remarks are dictated by spleen. And they are perfectly welcome to say so. Gen. Strickler was not the man of our choice for the position, and the conduct of the late Fair has amply demonstrated that we were right.

"One blast upon his bugle horn Is worth a thousand Beemans"

for the superintendency of a fair, though in many other relations we should prefer Beeman to Mack. Every man for his place.

But it is unnecessary to continue. That the State Fair, as a whole, was a fizzle, is beyond dispute. That its stupid and foggy management is responsible for it was so evident that the foolish wayfarer man could see it.

WOMEN AS FARMERS.

At the annual meeting of the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, held in Elgin, Ill., on the 9th and 10th of February, the Hon. K. A. Willard, of Herkimer county, N. Y., made an address of marked ability, from which we extract the following:

"Mr. Willard said he did not mean to advocate female field labor, such as is known among the lower classes in Europe, nor would he abridge one iota any female accomplishment; but he could see no objection to any man's daughter or sister taking her seat occasionally on the mowing machine, the hay tedder, the wheel-rake, the sulky plow, or cultivator, or in the direction of some light farm machinery, where she can gain strength and health in the open air.

Pigott, the wife of Sir Robert Pigott, has one of the most noted herds of Shorthorns in England. She has made it both a source of profit and reputation. A high bred American woman can hardly understand such a taste, and regards it with intolerable disgust.

TEMPERATURE IN BUTTER MAKING.

In midsummer the temperature of cream will often be far in the seventies, and sometimes get into the eighties. If it gets into the eighties the butter will be rancid, more or less, according to the amount of heat and the length of time exposed.

Those who have their milk near the stove in a warm room, are sure to get bad butter. The temperature getting above eighty degrees, as it will in such a case, decomposition will set in, and there will be a rancid taste.

Buy a thermometer; buy it as soon as you can get it, if you have milk, and keep it in your milk-room at the figure of sixty or a few degrees from it. Then your cream, the year round, will be fit to churn without changing the temperature.

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Stockholders: J. G. HASKELL, ALONZO FULLER, R. B. GEMMILL, J. H. HAIGHT, M. S. BEACH, CHAS. ROBINSON, J. M. ABBOTT, MOORE & BENNETT, JAMES M. HEDDERT, ANDREW TERRY, C. S. TREADWAY, PAUL M. BROOKS, JOHN N. NOYSE, JOHN K. RANKIN, G. A. HANCOCK, ROBERT MORROW, L. BULLENE, J. S. CREW, SAMUEL STEVENS, SUSAN H. TERRY, C. E. GRAY, W. S. BUTLIFP & CO., JOHN Q. A. KORTON, JOEL GROVER, GEN. JOHN FRAZER, S. A. RIGGS, WALTER CRAIG, SCHMUCKER & MC CONNELL, MRS. EMILY P. D. WOODWARD, B. W. WOODWARD & CO.

EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

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

Table with columns: Amounts as they multiply, Time at 5 per cent, Time at 6 per cent, Time at 7 per cent. Rows show doubling times for amounts from \$1,000 to \$1,000,000.

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$1,000 in 25 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent, \$2,000 in 25 years, 6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars worth of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

WARNE & GILLETT,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Have now in Stock a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

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

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF RAZORS,

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

NAILS, DUNDEE THIMBLE SKINS, 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.

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