

KANSAS SPIRIT

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

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Contributed Articles.

A MALE PRUDE.

BY CORA M. DOWNS.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each in its utmost development supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge. Each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another. Each leaves the passionate lover or the no less passionate hater forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his subject. Philosophically considered therefore the two passions seem essentially the same, except that one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance, and the other in a dusky and lurid glow.—Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

Love seeks the perpetual good of its object; hatred seeks its downfall and disgrace: the motive power having entirely different springs of action in the two cases, and operating with different results through life, the one passion tending to elevate its possessor and the other to degrade, it would be a curious philosophy indeed which would attempt to prove that the two passions are identical, and the apparent difference in them the result of the medium through which we look at them.

It is an interesting psychological study to observe the life-long active enmity of some men against other men. The animosities and enmities of women may be interesting too, but I have been accustomed to think of their puerile foundations and to care so little for them any way, that they could never be dignified into a study. But with men whose active pursuits of a political and business nature keep them prominently before the public, we naturally hear of their individual bias, prejudice and jealousy, and cannot always remain entirely neutral in our own interest concerning them. If I see a man especially obnoxious in the parade of his own virtues, I always question the consistency and the honesty of that man. "He is a thief, a liar and a scoundrel," he exclaims of his neighbor; and the very bitterness of his rancour shows that he does not expose his neighbor's faults for his neighbor's good, or for the larger good of society. "How do you know he is a thief?" says Society, willing to be convinced. "Where did he get his money?" irately responds the inquisitor, as if answering a question with a question were indisputable proof of his first assertion.

Now Society is more charitable than she often gets credit for, and wants to get at the facts, and so long as a man cannot arrange facts in solid array to substantiate his anathemas he makes himself ridiculous, and Society, first credulous, then doubtful, begins to sympathize with the persecuted victim of personal spite, and to see the real excellencies of the accused underneath the cloud of abuse by which his assailant has surrounded him.

There is in almost every community a character who, moving in a narrow groove of opportunity and influence, inheriting peculiar dogmas of belief and prejudice from a bigoted ancestry, and having the sneering, self-righteousness of the Pharisee, undertakes to mould the opinions of those who are unfortunate enough to be his neighbors; and by a persistency keener than his intelligence, by a temper fiercer even than his prejudices, and by a sort of restless enthusiasm that often ferments to the verge of madness, he succeeds in at least drawing the attention of the crowd to his own creeds, formulas and convictions. He is the Roger Chillingworth of society, sitting in judgment himself upon suspected evil and weakness. His moral nose has the keen scent of a deer-hound on the track; he sniffs misfortune and the evil consequence of a misstep as the fox does the unwary chicken, and never after for one moment does he have a thought of charity or sympathy for the suspected one again. His doctrine is, "So-and-so lives in a glass house, let's throw stones!" and he spends his narrow, hard, hateful and unlovely life in aiming at his neighbors' weak points. "Has he been proven guilty?" says Justice. "No, but he has been accused and suspected, and that's enough for me."

O! if I had my choice I had rather be the man who greatly sins and suffers, and yet living out his nobler manhood in helping the fallen and weak and miserable with words of encouragement, sympathy and charity, will stand I doubt not a better chance with the all-loving Father than the selfish and cold-blooded Pharisee who walks by "on the other side."

Fold thy austere robes about thee, and roll thy cold eyeballs, and purse thy sanctimonious lips, and thank thy Lord that thou art not as other men are, and refuse to touch with thy clammy hand the warm hand of thy erring brother; let him lie in the gutter, put thy foot on him if he attempts to rise, and when thou diest go to a blue, cold heaven all thine own, where only blue, cold souls like thine have liberty to enter. Methinks the heaven of repentant sinners will be the better place!

RAIL-ROADS.

BY AN EMPLOYEE.—NUMBER ONE.

FOR THE SPIRIT.

DEAR MR. KALLOCH:—From the interest always manifested and the valuable service rendered by you in the early history of Kansas railroads, I am led to believe that articles on this subject would be welcome to the columns of THE SPIRIT, and not uninteresting to a large number of its readers, who recognize that means of communication and transportation are kindred and important subjects to the many vital questions coming before the farmer; and while I cannot hope to present new ideas or collate new facts to the professional railroad man, they may be of some interest to the large class of readers who, engaged in agricultural pursuits, are not in position to be familiar with very much of the subject. Especially would I like to bring these ideas and figures before the young men and boys who are to inherit or acquire the farms of Kansas.

In the early settlement of this continent the colonists hearly always settled upon the seashore, bays and large rivers of the Eastern coast. They depended wholly upon water communication for the transportation of themselves and of their supplies. As their towns and villages became numerous and emigration to the interior set in, it invariably followed the water courses, as of necessity, for with unoccupied wastes ahead and their only market behind them, some means of transportation must be kept open. The numerous streams of the Eastern States afforded ample territory for many years, and not until the tide of immigration flowing westward crossed the first, of the ranges of mountains running north and south, and the streams ran from instead of to them, did the first want of public thoroughfares be comefelt. Sentiments of patriotism, commercial and political unity, and the development of the material interests of the country, united in demanding a system of public works. The use of steam as a motive power being still undiscovered, four great canals were commenced by the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, to connect their navigable tide-waters with the great lakes and the tributaries of the Mississippi. These were stupendous undertakings, requiring great engineering skill, labor and expenditures of money. But one of these lines, the Erie canal, reached completion and proved a success. The others were prosecuted with more or less vigor, made considerable progress, but were discontinued by the discovery and application of railways to the necessities of the country.

Locomotive engines, invented by Watt and materially improved by Geo. Stephenson, in England, in the year 1827, were applied to this country in 1829, by Peter Cooper, on the Baltimore & Ohio road, his first engine making its trial trip in the summer of that year.

We learn from the old manuals on architecture, that in the early days of the world's history, "when the rigor of the seasons obliged man to shelter himself from the inclemencies of the weather, he first planted trees on end and laid others across to support a covering," and that the bairds that connected these trees at top and bottom, gave rise to the idea of base and capitals of columns. Mr. Cooper's engine was as crude and unsightly, as compared with the symmetrical locomotive of the present day, as the rude habitations of the ancients in contrast with the elegant houses of the present. It is described as being about the size of an ordinary hand car, and its total weight not exceeding one ton. It had a boiler not much larger than many in use in kitchen ranges, standing upright in the centre of the car, with a section of stove pipe for its smoke stack. It had a little cylinder of 3-1-2 inches diameter, and speed was gotten up by belting. As no natural draught was sufficient in so small a concern to "get up steam," he rigged an old fashioned bellows at the bottom of his car, with gearing on the car

wheels, which, when in motion, would blow the fire and the machine made to do its work. It is also related that when Mr. Cooper came to make his trial trip he invited a few friends and inaugurated at that early day the now universally popular "excursions." The trip was from Baltimore to Ellicott Mills, a distance of thirteen miles. When all was ready, the passengers seated and signal given, Mr. Cooper gently pushed his engine a little way, until sufficient speed was attained to work the bellows, and away they went. It was a success, and attained a speed, at one time, of eighteen miles per hour. When at the greatest speed, some enthusiastic gentlemen of the party got out their memorandum books, inscribed their names therein and some connected sentences, to demonstrate that it could be done, even at the great speed they were going. An interesting incident of this trip is on record, something like this: The stage company of Baltimore, Stockton & Co., had long enjoyed a monopoly of the passenger business inland, and were very properly alarmed at the expected success of their new rival. Hoping and asserting that nothing could eclipse a "coach and four," they prepared on the trial day to give the "steam thing" a race. Hitching up their best horse to another car (there being a double track for a few miles, the cars having previously been moved by horse power), they awaited the signal "go!" The horse was under motion instantly, while Peter was yet pushing his car. The Stage Co. were ahead, but the train was gaining and soon they were "neck and neck." Jehu whipped and Peter fanned his fire. The train slowly passed the horse, and when the stage man was about giving up, the belt running the bellows slipped off and speed slackened. In vain Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands in attempting to adjust the belt; the horse came up, passed and claimed the victory. The victory, however, was with Mr. Cooper, and soon after, stage companies commenced running from the termini and in connection with railroads, instead of against them on time.

A BRIEF MEDLEY ESSAY.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.

The troubles and unavoidable misfortunes of life are numerous. Our path is set about with thorns and briars. Our imaginary evils help to swell the catalogue to an alarming extent. In fact it might be a question whether those of the imagination do not in many cases outweigh our real misfortunes. We are, it is true, in a great degree the masters of our own situations. We render life miserable by looking at the dark side of every event which crosses our path. Our natural disposition or education may perchance have a controlling influence on our thoughts and actions. Be this as it may, the "blues" is a wretched malady to be associated with, and whenever we foster and nourish it as a bosom friend it will become chronic and incurable. I know a man who is always quarreling with the weather. It is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. If the crops look unpromising, a famine is on hand; if they look flourishing, produce will be so cheap that there will be no sale for it. A newspaper is either too prosaic or too much filled with light reading. A sermon is too argumentative or too disjointed. And so it is with everything his eyes or ears behold or hear. The whole world is in chaos. Nothing exactly suits him. He finds fault with all the world, himself included. Is not such a case past all redemptive skill?

A young man who manifested some love for literature, and was evidently more inclined to read books than hoe potatoes, prevailed on his father to send him to college to procure a finished education. His father was willing, but his aged mother manifested quite an uneasiness to lose her son by sending him to college. She insisted that our colleges were dangerous to the religious training of our youth, for she was educated in the theological school of that good man, Stephen Hopkins, and believed with him that the majority of mankind would inevitably be damned. After much solicitation and entreaty the young student was permitted to leave his home for a college life. Some nine months afterwards he returned home on a visit. I called to see him, and was fortunately present during a controversy between the aspiring youth and his aged mother. His father was sitting in his arm chair smoking his pipe and paying due attention. My presence did not

interrupt the current of debate. It was evident the college youth had stated that the six days of the Book of Genesis did not mean six days of twenty-four hours each, but geological periods of unlimited ages. The old mother took the position that this was a new-fangled fancy of visionary men whose hope was to overthrow the truth of the Bible. She said she had heard of it before, but had not supposed such an infidel theory could have found its way into our temples of learning. Her son endeavored to explain, but it was of little avail. The longer they talked the more confused became the difficulty. A short lull ensued. The old lady, whose knitting-needles had never ceased their motion, rose from her chair, and addressed her husband in the true spirit of inspiration: "Did I not tell you that if we sent our son to college his head would be crammed with all sorts of nonsensical notions and wild ideas? Did I not tell you that? Yes! You cannot deny it! And here he is, come home to instruct his old father and mother in a new religion! No—I won't believe a word of it. The old doctrine as taught by our venerable and learned fathers of the church is what I am going to live and die by." As she uttered her pathetic protest she walked the room to and fro. She stopped as if a new thought had crossed her mind and said: "Yes—yes! another evidence that

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

I have always said so. My dear old mother and my grandmother used to tell me so. And old people know more than these young sprouts who spring up like a mush-room, go to college, and then come home to teach their parents the wisdom of men."

As I left this humble domicile on my way home, my thoughts recurred to the words of the past—
"Men grow pale
Lest their own judgment should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light."
Innumerable are the barriers and drawbacks to the advancement of learning. Old prescribed modes of thinking which ages have accumulated are stored away for our special use. To doubt their infallibility is to render one the subject of censure. Imaginary evils, crude notions and indigestible opinions harass us on every side. Antiquity sheds a venerable halo around old theories. The intellect of today becomes intimidated by the lapse of years. We venture with doubt and dubious steps to explore the new fields which a Newton, a Cuvier or even a Beecher have opened to our view. Infantile impressions cling to our very being. We nurse and foster them through life. So long as they remain undisturbed we may derive pleasure from them, even if they be "baseless fabrics." "How many things are there," says Lord Bacon, "which we imagine not! How many things do we esteem and value otherwise than they are! This ill-proportioned estimation, these vain imaginations, these be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of perturbation."

PROFIT OF TEXAS COWS.

Mr. Wm. M. Rogers, who announces himself "an honest democrat," shows that, without any reference to politics, he carries a level head. He writes as follows to the Oswego Register:

I have 5 Texas cows, below the average size; they raised 5 good calves last year, which we think will amply pay for their keeping; and we made and sold \$200 worth of butter during the past season, and used for the family all that was needed—the family consisting of myself and wife, 3 children, and 2 men—all told; which we think would amount to at least \$50 more, making in the aggregate \$250 net, or \$50 each. We have a fine milk cellar, well cemented, which I claim credit for, all the rest being due to the energy and skill of my wife, she being the best man of the two. She sold butter all summer for 30 cts. per pound, and could not supply one half the demand, while her neighbors, in consequence of not having a suitable place to put milk, were forced to sell as low as 10 cts., I think. We have 6 cows this year, and my wife wants 4 more, and says if I will get them she will do so more. She thinks with that number she can make cheese and increase the profit 50 per cent.

FARMS ABOUT OTTAWA.

A traveling correspondent visiting Franklin County some time since and writing an extended notice of Lient. Gov. Elder's farm, speaks of some others as follows:

Mr. J. E. Baer has about 1,000 acres, with several hundred acres fenced and under cultivation, and the entire tract will be mostly inclosed this season; and the place will be put into tame grasses as soon as possible. He has a fine two-story house, that would do credit to any county. In fact, there are many large and elegant farm houses between the farm of which we have spoken and Ottawa, which, with their substantial improvements and broad acres of cultivated land and good stock around them, quite surprised me, for my last trip in this vicinity was five years ago, when it was little else than an open prairie. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Kibby, Mr. Pile, Mr. Fouts, Mr. Clement, Mr. Asheman and others have well-improved farms and good residences. The latter has about three hundred acres under the plow.

The Household.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes or lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway,
Make your homes both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty swelling titles,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than mammon's gilded honors,
More than thoughts can well compare,
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright;
Trees arrayed with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home more lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow be forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control;
Home with bright and pure surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

Wednesday, the 14th of February, commenced the season of Lent. The day is designated in the calendar as Ash Wednesday. Lent will continue until Sunday March 31, which will be Easter Sunday. The fast of Lent, as most of our readers are aware, is derived from the forty days abstinence of our Saviour in the desert. His abstaining from food on that occasion was, we are scripturally told, that as the author and introducer of the new law, he would correspond to the examples of Moses and Elijah, both of whom had acted in a similar manner upon their ministrations. The earliest allusions to Lent speak of it as an established usage handed down from the Fathers. The rigor of the ancient observance, however, which excluded all flesh, and even the so-called "white meats," is now much relaxed; but the principle of permitting but one meal, with a slight refectory or collation, is everywhere retained. In Spain, during the Crusades and the wars with the Moors, a practice arose of permitting, in certain cases, the substitution of a contribution to the Holy War for the observance of the Lenten abstinence; and although the object has long since ceased, the composition is still permitted under the same title of the *Cruzada*. In the Greek Church the ante-paschal fast is one of forty-eight days; but it is only one of four similar fasting periods observed in that church. In the Anglican Church, Lent is retained as a church season of the calendar, with special services, and proper collects and prayers; but the observance of the fast is left to the discretion of each individual.

THE DECAY OF POLITENESS.

In nothing is the decay of politeness more remarkable than in the relations between the sexes. Men and women are antagonistic as well as familiar. We will start no vexed question to account for this antagonism, but suggest that it must be in some sort the result of steam and smoke, since it began with the railways. In olden times—not so very old, either—when the stage-coaches were our best and readiest means of traveling, women commanded the care and attention of the gallant. In case of rain, gentlemen relinquished their comfortable inside places, and mounted to the roof in favor of the ladies. Coats, cloaks, umbrellas—every available convenience was at their service. They were waited upon at inns, taken in and out of the coach, assisted with their luggage—taken care of, in short. Now, the sight of a woman in a railway car sends the knight further. He rushes from compartment to compartment until the obnoxious flowers or feathers that alarmed him are absent, and he gains that luxurious divan appropriate to the stronger sex, and called a "smoking carriage." If the warning whistle precipitate him into the company of the fair sex, he leaves it as quickly as he can, and he does not tarry to offer a hand or protect a hand-box. It is just possible that those ladies who have taken to cigarettes may find more favor with the weary masculine traveler. The urbanities of domestic life and the civilities of society are equally lost in smoke. Men herd together in clubs, where the pipe, emblem of low life in the last generation, is the calumet of peace of this. Women who unaffectedly dislike the odor of tobacco need not expect to be liked by the men. They are simple bores. Thus, if men prefer clubs to drawing-rooms and pipes to ladies, women, asserting their rights in turn, form separate societies. They have their clubs, reading-rooms, meetings and interests apart. They become what is called "strong-minded," and the other sex, who "make chimneys of their noses," as James I. not inaptly said, puff out ridicule instead of puffing out politeness.

EDUCATED WOMEN.

Liberal culture will fit a woman better even for the ordinary toils and responsibilities of household life. Even a domestic servant is of more value to her employer if sufficiently intelligent to understand the use and meaning of her work, to observe and reason about the best mode of arranging and managing it, to be thoughtful and careful with reference to the things committed to her charge. How much more does this apply to the head of the house, who in the daily provisioning and clothing of her little household army, the care of their health, comfort, occupations and amusements, the due and orderly subordination of the duties and interests of servants, children and friends, and the arrangement of the thousand difficulties and interferences that occur in these relations, has surely much need of system,

tact, information, and clearness of thought. We realize the demands of her position only when we consider that she has to deal with all interests from the commonest to the highest, with all classes of minds, from the youngest and most untutored to the most cultivated; and that she may be required at a moment's notice to divert her thoughts from the gravest and most serious concerns to the most trifling details, or to emerge from the practical performance of the most commonplace duties into the atmosphere of refined and cultivated society.

When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

GOLD DUST.

Our strongest passions are—to get and to be got.
The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul.
To speak to the purpose, one must speak with a purpose.
Manners are the happy ways of doing things.—Emerson.
Infidelity, like death, admits of no degree.—Madame de Girardin.
Dishonesty is the forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.
Worship your heroes from afar; contact withers them.—Madame Necker.
Zane asked the oracle how he should live and was told to inquire of the dead.
The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.—Horace.

A woman who has never been pretty, has never been young.—Madame Swetchine.
No sword is too short for the brave man. He has only to advance to make it long enough.
He who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem.—Milton.
I can forgive a crime, says Madame Recamier—it may have some grand motive—but never an awkwardness.
What a vast deal of time and ease that man gains who is not troubled with an impertinent curiosity about others!
I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.—Goethe.
Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash your feet, and affectionate speech are at no time wanting in the mansions of the good.—Menu.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross the shade.
It is with the finest characters as it is with the finest woods and marbles; the polishing hand is still needed to bring out the veins of beauty and grace.
Quotation, sir, is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it; classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—Samuel Johnson.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.—Coleridge.
If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsel, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.
There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

It is because we are dissatisfied with ourselves that we are so anxious to have others think well of us, and were we conscious of meriting their good, we would care less for their ill-opinions.
The teacher who does nothing but teach is not fit to teach. The preacher who does nothing but preach is not fit to preach. The man who does any one thing and nothing else is not fit to do that one thing.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on the tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.—Jean Paul.
A skillful experimenter comes to the following conclusion on the toxic action of tobacco: First—The pernicious effects of tobacco upon children are incontestable. Second—The use of tobacco causes pallor, palpitation and troubles of the digestion. Third—Children addicted to tobacco are of inferior intelligence, and have a taste more or less pronounced for strong drink.

CLOTHING.

OTTOMAN & POTWIN.

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NOTICE.

State Fair Proposals.

AGRICULTURAL ROOMS, CAPITOL BUILDING, } TOPEKA, January 23, 1872.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Kansas State Agricultural Society to be held in the Capitol building, Topeka, March 12, at 2 o'clock P. M., proposals for the location of the State Fair for 1873 will be considered. All towns and localities competing for the same are respectfully invited to send sealed proposals to the Secretary's office on or before 10 o'clock A. M. of the 15th proximo. Proposals must contain a condition that the exhibitor halls, executive department, amphitheatre, horse and cattle stalls, sheep and hog pens, &c., will be sufficient in number and dimension to accommodate the exhibitors and attendants of a State Fair. A detailed statement thereof must accompany the proposal with the amount of cash to be paid the first day of the Fair, in addition thereto. It is the purpose of the executive board to publish the premium list in April and advertise the Fair extensively, and with the cordial support of the farmers, mechanics, stock-raisers and other friends of agriculture, to make the next State Fair the Fair of the West.

H. J. STRICKLER, President.

ALFRED GRAY, Secretary.

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A COMPLETE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

To meet the insatiable desire for stories, we shall abundantly supply our readers with those, and those only, that are written by the best authors. We will furnish an antidote to the flood of corrupting literature in story form made attractive to both old and young. As an evidence of our purpose, it is with no little pride that we announce that the first extended prose story ever written by JEAN INGELWILL will appear in the columns of

HEARTH AND HOME.

We have purchased, at a very liberal price, exclusive right to use this story serially in America, and it will extend nearly or quite through the coming year. Few will read the opening passages without being fascinated by their wondrous beauty, and without an irresistible desire to follow the story to the end. It is the ripe fruit of the author's genius. The News Department tells, in a clear, condensed way, what is going on in the world, so as to make the reader intelligent without wading through a great mass of material. In short, it is a paper that will please and profit both old and young in every Home.

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TERMS, IN ADVANCE:—One copy, one year, \$3.00; four copies, one year, \$2.75 each; ten or more copies, \$2.50 each; single number, 8 cents. 20 cents a year extra when sent to British America.

The subscription price of the American Agriculturist is \$1.50 a year. One copy each of *Hearth and Home*, weekly, and *American Agriculturist*, monthly, will be sent one year for \$4.00, to which 20 cents should be added when the papers are to go to British America.

ORANGE JUDD & CO., Publishers,
245 Broadway, New York.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

COWS FOR THE DAIRY.

Some correspondents of the *Western Rural* are exercising themselves on the long disputed, and, as would appear, still unsettled, question of the best cows for the dairy. Mr. Tolcott is sturdy in favor of the Short Horns, and says, among other things: "I have had full-blooded Short Horn cows run in the same pasture with fine Jerseys, at the same time, that would, from the same amount of milk, raise a thicker cream, and full as highly colored as the Jerseys, while they would give nearly double the quantity of milk." He also pronounces the Jersey guilty of wild and wayward habits. Our friend Bullene got the same impression of one that was sent him from Boston. He had read our glowing descriptions of the "gentle Jerseys," and finally concluded to get one of these family pets. She turned out anything but a pet. She "went for" every member of the family by turns, with hoof or horn, and was soon pronounced a very rough specimen for family purposes. We need not say that she was a very exceptional animal. There is liable to be a black sheep in most any flock. Mr. Tolcott has probably had some experience like Bullene's, and very improperly judges a class by an ill bred specimen. There is nothing in the whole animal creation more docile, gentle and affectionate than a Jersey heifer, properly brought up.

As to the quantity and quality of milk given by the Short Horns, "Young Farmer" joins issue with Mr. Tolcott, and his experience is similar to our own. We have seen splendid milkers among the Short Horns. The biggest milker we ever owned was a thoroughbred heifer purchased of a gentleman of Anderson County, whose Short Horns seldom fail of winning premiums, and never fail of winning admiration, wherever they are placed on exhibition. But she was an exception. As we said in last week's "Gossip," there is an occasional cow, of the native stock, as good as a Jersey for milk and butter, and we tried to show how the most should be made out of such valuable stock. But we are considering classes, and not exceptions.

"Young Farmer's" experience is, we opine, that of many others. "The Short Horn consumes a bulk of rich food, and where does this go? Not all into the pail, as all full well know. We procured a heifer of this breed, paying an exorbitant price for her, thinking we were on the broad road to fortune. She gave us a calf, but the fact was, she did not begin to give milk enough for it. Talk about small teats—she scarcely had any, and a very, very small bag—all this time fat as a hog; the more and richer feed, the fatter she grew, and no perceptible difference in her milk." This "Young Farmer" further says—and in this he shows that he has been studying the dairy question with an intelligent spirit: "The cow I shall advocate is a cross. Take a full-blooded Jersey bull, and a grade cow of good size, and good milking qualities. This will give us a good, fair size, with quantity as well as quality—a good cow for a small cost, and no fancy breeders' prices to pay."

The subject of cows for the dairy coming up in the regular order of business, at the Northwestern Dairymen's Convention, Mr. G. E. Morrow, of the *Western Farmer*, thought that the dairymen of the West and Northwest did not give that attention to the breeding of cows that they should. We cannot rely on the progeny of cows as being equal to the parent stock; those who make butter a specialty should have the Jersey stock of cows; cheesemakers do not want the Jersey, as they want quantity, not quality. He thought the Ayrshire breed the best for this purpose; spoke of the Devon breed as being good, also, and urged the importance of procuring the best male animals for breeding purposes. There is nothing in the world better established than that the Jersey is the cow for cream and butter. The Ayrshire is probably the best imported blood for quantity of milk, and we understand that the quality is of a very desirable character. For the general farmer, no doubt that "Young Farmer's" recommendation as to a cross is the best thing to be done in order to secure the best stock for dairy purposes.

POMONA—A MODEL SETTLEMENT.

There are two men associated together in the Pomona enterprise who ought to be able to build a town. If they cannot, it would be of precious little use for anybody else to try. They are John H. Whetstone and S. T. Kelsey. They were among the first and best in the Ottawa enterprise. That vigorous city owes not a little of its splendid early growth to their efforts. We find their names now appended to a little pamphlet addressed "To all who want Homes," and treating of "a model settlement at Pomona, Franklin County, Kansas."—Messrs. Whetstone and Kelsey selected a tract of land of some twelve thousand acres, about six miles from Ottawa. The body of land is well supplied with water, and pure soft water is obtained by digging from twenty to forty feet. Mr. Kelsey is putting one section of the land into a Nursery and Horticultural Farm. The advantage of such an enterprise, with such a man at the head of it, to the settlers in the neighborhood, can only be appreciated by those who know Mr. Kelsey. Outside of the town, they are planting Osage hedges around each quarter section, and they intend to fence the whole

body of land with the best and cheapest fence in the world.

There is a plenty of coal within easy reach. A careful herder will, at a small expense, take care of all the stock owned on the whole tract. Here is an inducement which has never been offered in this shape before, and which those in search of homes will do well to consider. The land, outside of the town, is sold in lots of from an eighth of an acre to eighty acres. It is the design to make every resident a freeholder, free and independent, with a home of his own, even if it be a small one. Farms like these are being sold at from ten to twelve dollars per acre, one third down and the balance in one and two years. The entire tract is already inclosed with a fence. The manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks are forever prohibited. No inducements will here be offered to tempt the young or the weak to intemperance. In fact, there is everything at Pomona to make it a model settlement. Good schools and churches, good men at the helm, no liquor, cattle herded, Kelsey to grow trees, and Whetstone to teach how to trade, Pomona must be *sui generis*. There can be no place like it. We are going to visit it soon, and are confident that such a community will want such a paper as THE SPIRIT.

A SAD AFFAIR.

The papers down East are growing serious about the venerable President of our Agricultural College. The *Eastern Mail*, published in Waterville, Maine, comes to us with the following lugubrious notice, only lacking the black lines to make it perfect:

A strange death was that of the Rev. Joseph Denison, who was the President of the Kansas State College of Agriculture. The *Kansas Farmer* of the 15th contained a cartoon of a maniac in violent contortions, labeled "Joseph Denison, D. D." The unfortunate man glanced at it, gave an agonizing cry, sank on the floor, and died instantly.

The *Boston Journal* is quite serious about the matter and has an appropriate eulogy of our departed President. We are happy to assure them, however, that President Denison is still alive and kicking, as some of them would no doubt find out if he could get his big boot in the neighborhood of their "down-sittings."

MORE FRIENDLY WORDS.

The *Girard Press* says:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT.—I. S. Kalloch has entered the field of journalism once more, and presents one of the finest papers in the State to the people of Kansas and adjoining States. It is "a Journal of Home and Husbandry," and we would advise the readers of the *Press* to send two dollars and secure it for a year. The copy before us contains articles from the pens of Mrs. Cora M. Downs, L. A. Alderson, J. K. Hudson, T. W. Greene, and others, besides the unexcelled editorials of Mr. Kalloch himself. "Gossip from the Farm," is a notable feature, and many of the old readers of the *Lawrence Journal* will not be without them. Address, THE KANSAS SPIRIT, Lawrence, Kansas.

The *Columbus Independent* seems to have some doubt how long this SPIRIT will continue, but we hope it will live long enough to relieve it:

A NEW SPIRIT.—During last summer I. S. Kalloch said to the multitudes of Kansas that he soon expected to commence the publication of another paper in Lawrence. Though a little late, he has kept his promise, and the new-born is called THE KANSAS SPIRIT. It is a handsome quarto sheet, devoted principally to the farm, although containing much matter years, and forever be as free from sin and corruption, as it is that is not agricultural. We hope THE SPIRIT may live many in its infancy. But it is our honest opinion that it is a SPIRIT born soon to take its flight to an unknown region, as all good spirits do when young. However, if any one desires to take it for six months or a year, they can do so by addressing the publisher, and enclosing the subscription money—\$2.00 per year.

From the *Atchison Champion*:

We didn't wait until the third number of Mr. Kalloch's new paper was received, before noticing it, to see whether succeeding numbers would be as good as the first. Because we knew they would. We waited simply because procrastination triumphed over delighted fancy and good intentions. But having waited so long we are able to say that the first number of THE KANSAS SPIRIT was one of the neatest, most attractive and most readable "journals of home and husbandry" we have ever had the pleasure of seeing, and that each succeeding number has been fully as good, if not better than the first. THE KANSAS SPIRIT is published weekly, and is a large, handsome, eight-page journal. It is just such a paper as we have long needed in Kansas, and deserves, and we have no doubt will receive, a handsome support. It is furnished at \$2.00 per annum, in advance. Address the publisher, at Lawrence.

The *Ellsworth Reporter* says under the head of—NEWSPAPERIAL.—We have received the first two numbers of THE KANSAS SPIRIT, "a journal of home and husbandry," published at Lawrence, by I. S. Kalloch & Co. It is a large eight page paper, gotten up with more than ordinary taste and filled with choice agricultural and literary reading. We wish it success.

The *Oskaloosa Statesman* forgot to mention a point in its first notice of our paper which is one of no inconsiderable importance:

In noticing THE KANSAS SPIRIT last week, we forgot to mention the subscription price, which is \$2.00 a year. Send that amount to I. S. Kalloch, Lawrence, and procure a No. 1 weekly journal, devoted to the home and the farm.

Our thanks to the *Salina Journal*:

The long-looked-for, but almost-given-up, KANSAS SPIRIT, Kalloch's paper, has finally made its appearance, hailing from Lawrence. It is in large quarto form and printed on fine paper, and bran new type. Kalloch always had a pleasant, forcible way about him, and the two issues, the first numbers before us are in his best vein. The paper is published weekly, at two dollars per annum. All of our readers wanting a really good paper, suited for the farm and household, may be certain of being satisfied by subscribing for THE SPIRIT.

The *Ottawa Herald* says:

The third number of THE KANSAS SPIRIT has made its appearance, much improved. This paper is devoted to home and husbandry, and ought to be in every family in the State. Mr. Kalloch is one of the most vigorous and racy writers in the State, and is just the man to make a good readable paper.

The Junction city *Union* attends to us as follows. We are glad George has hope for us. He knows how it is himself:

We neglected to note, last week, the reception of Kalloch's new paper, THE KANSAS SPIRIT. It is published at Lawrence, on Saturdays. It is a large octavo. Kalloch designs to make it "A Journal of Home and Husbandry." He is heavy on wide columns. Typographically, it is not to be compared with his old *Ottawa Journal*, and Nos. 1 and 2, in interest and variety of reading matter, fall short of that publication. But Kalloch can and will make it.

From the *Topeka Record*:

THE KANSAS SPIRIT has made itself manifest at our desk. Its appearance is attractive, and its matter interesting. Success to our new Ex.

Our old first love in the newspaper line, the venerable *Gazette* of Rockland, Maine, has a pleasant word for us:

We have received the first number of "THE KANSAS SPIRIT," a handsome eight page weekly paper, published at Lawrence by our old friend and former townsman Hon. I. S. Kalloch. THE SPIRIT is designed to be a first-class family and agricultural paper, especially devoted to the interests of the homes and farms of Kansas. That it will be what it promises the first number is a sufficient earnest and the fact that Mr. Kalloch is to give it his constant personal attention is the strongest assurance. Mr. Kalloch has shown great energy and ability in whatever he has undertaken, and he is nowhere more at home than when wielding the editorial pen. We wish THE KANSAS SPIRIT a prosperous career.

The *Neosho Falls Advertiser* tenders its—Most profound SALAMAT TO THE KANSAS SPIRIT, Kalloch's long talked of "home paper." If there is a man in Kansas that is capable of furnishing such a paper, that man is Kalloch. As a writer his superior is not in the State. Besides containing the current news of the day, his paper is largely devoted to the agricultural interests of the State, hence will prove valuable to the farmer.

The *Ottawa Leader* does us up brown: THE KANSAS SPIRIT is at hand, beautiful as a big sun-flower, rich as a musk-melon, original and outspoken as Kalloch always is, handsome in typography, neat in its make-up,—and just the paper Isaac wanted and what every family in Kansas ought to have. Success, and heaps of it.

The *Leavenworth Call* deserves the best bow we can make:

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.—The above is the name of a new weekly just published by Hon. I. S. Kalloch, of Lawrence, the first number of which we received this morning. It presents a very fine appearance in typography and general make up, and we hope to see it in the hands of every farmer in the State. THE SPIRIT will compare favorably with any agricultural paper published in the West, and I. S. Kalloch will compare favorably with any editor in the country. THE SPIRIT is only \$2.00 per year.

The *Wathena Reporter* says: We have received the initial number of Kalloch's KANSAS SPIRIT, published at Lawrence. It is an eight page clearly printed paper. It is devoted to Home and Husbandry. It evinces ability, and we wish it much success. Its editor is one of the best writers in the State.

And the *White Cloud Chief*: We have received the first number of I. S. Kalloch's paper, THE KANSAS SPIRIT, an eight page weekly, published at Lawrence. It is devoted mainly to Agricultural and Home Affairs. Publishing a newspaper and keeping a hotel are said to be two of the hardest things in the world; but Kalloch is likely to make a success of both.

From the *Solomon city Times*: We have received the 1st and 2d numbers of THE KANSAS SPIRIT, a neatly printed quarto sheet, published weekly at Lawrence, Kansas. It is devoted to agricultural interests and is well filled with interesting reading matter. I. S. Kalloch is the editor and publisher. It will be well patronized by the farmers of Kansas and we wish it a success.

Judge Hanway—whose good opinion of a newspaper is worth as much as any man's we know of—writes us: "THE KANSAS SPIRIT has pleased me much. My whole family are delighted with it." The Judge also adds: he must excuse us for the liberty we take in making public a little private note, especially when there is a lady in the case:—"I should like to have an opportunity of shaking hands with your correspondent, Mrs. Downs. I always read her racy letters."

Mr. Alderson, of Atchison, writes: "I am wonderfully pleased with the paper." Hon. G. W. Glick of Atchison gives us a little fatherly, and—we must admit—needed advice: "I am glad you have your paper started under encouraging circumstances. Now do your best, and give us a good farmers' and stock raisers' paper—a Kansas paper too." W. E. Smith of Ottawa, who knows how to keep a hotel, as everybody who has stopped at the Ludington house knows, writes: "Send me five or six copies of THE SPIRIT of last issue. They go off like hot cakes here."

Special Notices.

FARM SEED! FARM SEED!!

The best varieties of SEED WHEAT, CORN, OATS AND POTATOES, Grown and for sale by the undersigned. Price list free to all applicants.
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We are the oldest REAL ESTATE AGENTS in Lawrence, and have sold more land in Douglas county than any other firm doing business here. Our large experience and familiarity with the quality and value of land in this county, enable us to offer superior advantages to parties seeking profitable investments or desirable homes. Parties, whether citizens or strangers, wishing to buy, sell or trade, will find it to their advantage to call on us.

Among many other choice bargains, we have

A 210 ACRE FARM FIVE MILES FROM LAWRENCE,

with abundance of living water, plenty of timber, choice fruit of all kinds, all fenced, and comfortable house, at \$25 per acre on very easy terms. Also,

AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN,

well improved, good house, fine young pear trees and other fruit, good hedge around 40 acres, water and timber—to trade for good wild land and some cash.

A 100 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,

all fenced, very fine orchard in bearing, good improvements—a very desirable place, and cheap at \$6,000.

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One of the best located and most desirable residence properties in the city

AT VERY MUCH LESS THAN COST—TERMS EASY.

We cannot specify one in a hundred of the properties we have to sell. Come in and see our list, and we can certainly suit you.

We are also agents for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad lands, and can furnish them in any desired quantity to actual settlers. We have

UNSURPASSED FACILITIES FOR LOCATING COLONIES,

and we invite correspondence from all who contemplate forming colonies to locate in Kansas.

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THE CONTINENTAL FIRE, OF NEW YORK,

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.

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and all having business to do in our line will be welcome in our office.

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Office rear room over Simpson's Bank,

Town Talk.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—This body met in Lawrence last Wednesday. It was one of the largest and best gatherings of men ever assembled in this State. Hon. J. D. Snoddy was chosen President. The following gentlemen were elected delegates to the Philadelphia National Convention: George Noble, of Douglas county; B. F. Simpson, of Marion; John A. Martin, of Atchison; H. Buckingham, of Cloud; Wm. Baldwin, of Sedgwick; Josiah Kellogg, of Leavenworth; J. C. Carpenter, of Neosho; H. C. Crass, of Lyon; J. M. Haberlein, of Leavenworth; and C. A. Morris, of Bourbon. These delegates were unanimously and enthusiastically instructed to vote for the renomination of Grant. The feeling on this point, outside of a few sour heads and soreheads, and they not delegates—was plain and unmistakable. *Kansas will have no uncertain voice for Grant.* At a large gathering of delegates the evening previous to the convention, it was agreed that all the convention had to do was to give utterance to this conviction. The usual platitudinal resolutions were therefore omitted, and the following sharp, plain and unequivocal endorsement of the Republican party and President Grant was adopted as the sentiment of the convention:

The Republicans of Kansas in convention assembled, for the purpose of electing delegates to unite with the delegates from other States for June 5th, ensuing, for the purpose of nominating the next President and Vice-President of the United States, desire to give renewed and most emphatic expression to their confidence in the principles, their pride in the record, and their faith in the future of that national political organization which carried the country through the difficulties, and preserved it amid the disasters of one of the stormiest conflicts of all history; and which has addressed itself to the solution of those delicate and difficult problems which are the general legacy of all wars, and more especially of such a civil strife as ours, in such a manner as—with such local exceptions as would be inseparable from any policy of pacification—to secure the country at large a degree of internal peace, organic unity, financial standing and credit and general business prosperity, which are the wonder and admiration of all the nations of the earth.

And believing, as this convention does, that this satisfactory condition of public affairs is largely attributable to the patient courage and wisdom of the man who was first trusted commander-in-chief of the armies, and then the honored president of the councils of the republic; it is therefore

Resolved, That the delegates this day chosen to attend the Philadelphia National Convention be and are hereby instructed to cast their votes for the patriot president and citizen soldier, Ulysses S. Grant, who in the dark and disastrous days of the republic displayed those qualities of courage, wisdom, loyalty and unyielding persistency which inspired the friends of freedom with new energy and hope; filled the gallant soldiers of the union with the spirit to fight, and, if need be, to die in its defence; and which crowned our long conflict with the inestimable boon of complete victory and permanent peace;—who, in the less dangerous but more difficult duties of a grateful people called him, has proved himself an able, steady and successful pilot of the ship of state; amid conflicting opinions and trying exigencies, the earnest advocate of all judicious attempts at political reform; the foremost friend of all oppressed and distressed peoples, of whatever condition or color, who are struggling for the inalienable rights of perfect equality before the law; the undaunted defender of our claims and equities in the great parliament of the nations;—whose administration, in short, has brought us a degree of peace and prosperity at home, and respect and dignity abroad, which it would be suicidal to interrupt or interfere with until time has been given to complete and cement the work so well begun and so auspiciously prosecuted to the present time.

THE CITY SCHOOLS.—Lawrence has reason to be proud of her city schools as well as of the fact that she is the home of the finest educational institution west of Ann Arbor—the University of Kansas. We gather the following facts from the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Education, just issued in a neat pamphlet. Other cities have made a more ostentatious showing of their educational systems, but to say that the schools of our city are well graded, are taught by experienced teachers, and presided over by an accomplished principal; that the buildings are provided with the newest and the best furniture and appliances for instruction, and are filled with bright, intelligent scholars—such as Lawrence has hundreds of—is putting the matter very modestly. Perhaps never in the history of the city were the schools in as thorough and flourishing a condition as to-day. Their more general superintendence is in the hands of Mr. Wm. C. Rote, a member of the Board. Since his election, less than a year ago, the study of the German language has been adopted as a part of the regular course, and is taught with success by a thorough teacher. Music has also been included as a branch of instruction. In this study the pupils of every grade have regular drill by practical musicians. No better evidence of success in these two branches could be desired than the enthusiasm of the pupils. That music may be and ought to be taught in every public school, has been demonstrated within the past six months to the full satisfaction of the Board of Education and, we think, the parents of the pupils.

The course of instruction, from the lowest grade in the primary schools to the highest in the high school, requires seven years. The pupil who completes the course successfully is competent to enter college.

Lawrence has no one very expensive school house, such as adorn Leavenworth and Topeka, but it has seven good, substantial brick buildings, situated in the different wards of the city, and worth, in the aggregate, seventy-five thousand dollars, besides the valuable lots on which they stand. This plan has been found preferable to that of crowding many hundred children in one spacious building, necessarily remote from the homes of many of the scholars.

In these and one rented building are taught seventeen schools, having an average monthly attendance of 1072. These are conducted by nineteen teachers, six gentlemen and thirteen ladies. The colored schools are taught in one large building on the south and one on the north side of the river.

What Lawrence needs to fully complete her school appointments, is a first class high school building, on the eligible site selected for the purpose at the corner of Kentucky and Warren streets, and one or two more buildings for the accommodation of the ward schools. When these shall have been built, our city will have reason to be congratulated upon the noble provision she has made for the education of her children. We believe the time will come when the common schools of Lawrence will be as noted as any in the West.

PERSONAL.—Among the distinguished and welcome callers at the office of THE SPIRIT during the week have been Rev. Dr. Atkinson, the efficient and laborious executive head of the Ottawa University enterprise; Judge Spriggs and Hon. E. S. Nicolls of Garnett; Marsh Murdock, the genial Senator from Osage, who is about to start a new and first class paper in the new and first class town of Wichita; Rev. Mr. Hammond, who, in addition to being a good preacher is a warm-hearted and pleasant gentleman, who has been, and still continues to be, instrumental in doing a great amount of good; and Maj. G. C. Snow, the large-hearted and able-bodied farmer of Neosho Falls.

BEEKEEPERS ASSOCIATION.—Beekeepers will remember that their regular monthly meeting comes on the first Saturday of each month. The next meeting will be March 2nd.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.—The past seven days will be remembered as the most remarkable week in the religious history of Lawrence, unless the coming week should be still more remarkable. More people have made religion a topic of common conversation, more personal appeals have been made to the unconverted, more persons have been in daily attendance at church, more public, and we doubt not more private prayers have been offered, and more marked good done, than ever before in our city in the same brief period. If the coming seven days should prove as fruitful in good works on the part of Christians, and amended lives on the part of the class ordinarily called "sinners" in distinction from professors of religion, Lawrence will be revolutionized. The whole moral tone of society has begun already to undergo a great change. Leaders in society are feeling the influence of the meetings. Those in low life also are coming to acknowledge their need of spiritual change. To particularize, with the crowded state of our columns, would be impossible, and where the daily press of the city and State has given so much space to the topic, would perhaps be unnecessary. What in view of all that has been done seems but a glance at the unusual manifestations of religious interest in the community, is all that we can give this week. Rev. E. Payson Hammond came to this city on Friday night, the 16th inst. That night, being worn from his excessive labors in Leavenworth, he did but little more than introduce himself to the public at the union meeting in the Congregational church. On Saturday there was no meeting. On Sunday p. m. and night Mr. H. conducted meetings in the same church. These were of immense size. Not even when the church was dedicated were there as many people pressed within its walls. On Monday, and from that till Thursday, there were two meetings a day, a prayer meeting at the Presbyterian church at 9 o'clock a. m., and a service in the Congregational church at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Both the prayer meeting and the children's meeting have crowded the respective churches in which they were held. During these three days the common schools held but one session daily, by direction of the School Board, to give the children the opportunity of attending the meetings. It is needless to say that the opportunity was not neglected. The children and many adults crowded in masses to the place of worship. On Thursday night Mr. Hammond preached his first sermon to adults, and held his last children's meeting in the afternoon of the same day. So that although on that day there were three meetings, neither the interest nor the crowds in attendance abated. In the afternoon handbills were posted on the streets, and two thousand smaller ones handed the children as they left the meeting, for them to circulate, announcing that at night Mr. Hammond would preach his first sermon to adults. As a result, partly of this special effort but much more of the mighty tide of spiritual influence felt throughout the city and largely throughout the entire county, the house, spacious as it is, could not be made to hold the vast crowds of adult people. They surged about every doorway, they stood on the back of seats against the wall in the galleries, and scores went back, unable to get in. A dozen or more ministers were on the extra platform erected over the pulpit floor and extending far into the room. The effect on the audience was fully as marked as that on any of the previous audiences composed mostly of children. Hundreds staid till after ten o'clock, to be conversed with and prayed for. Again the same vast numbers came together last night, and again the same manifestations of religious interest were seen.

To sum up what we have said and what has been said in the daily public reports of the meetings, three facts are noteworthy: The absence of all sectarian feeling among the members of the ten or twelve different churches and at least six different denominations represented by those who take active part in the work. Regular primitive harmony prevails among the hundreds of christian workers.

The rapidity with which the interest has swept over the community is another quite wonderful fact. The Lord appears to have "suddenly come to His temple." Perhaps it is not too much to say that three hundred children have given the clearest evidence to their spiritual advisers, ministers and deacons, of their conversion, while perhaps two hundred more are seriously considering the subject of personal religion; and we believe that five hundred adults are also thoughtfully considering their need of speedy repentance and salvation, besides those who have already been converted. Such numbers in a place of less than twelve thousand inhabitants, are surely very unusual, even in the history of revivals. And the work has been in progress simply one week.

Another feature that surprises every one, whether in sympathy with the movement or not, is the double nature of the work. It is taking hold at the same time of the two extremes of persons, both in point of age and character. The surprise is frequently expressed that the great "children's preacher" should be able to so deeply impress the adult portion of the community. Those who heard his first sermon to this class will bear witness to his power over mature and reflecting minds. Mr. Hammond has one of the highest gifts of oratory—wonderfully persuasive discourse. To see him weave his illustrations together so thickly and simply as to make his discourse a sort of living kaleidoscope, one would avow he was born and ordained for talking to children, and children only; while a stranger of fifty years would say, on hearing him preach to adults, that that was his forte, and that he seldom if ever heard great truths presented in such abundance and power from the pulpit.

The facts, so far, go to prove that the work is not due to any one man or any class of men, but to the Spirit of God; and that we are in the midst of a movement of most unworldly power and extent.

THE SUN.—Capt. G. C. West has purchased a half interest in the Parsons Sun, and will conduct it in connection with M. W. Reynolds, Esq. We have not the pleasure of Mr. West's acquaintance, but we know from experience that he has got the most genial and agreeable partner that a man ever had to do business with. As a "writist," everybody knows Milt. to be a success, but it is not everybody that knows, as well as we do, what a right down, straight forward and reliable good fellow he is. The man is to be envied who has him for a partner.

LIGHT AHEAD.—The first step towards Carbondale has been taken. The means have been raised to defray the expense of locating the line of railroad to that point. The right of way will also be obtained at once. It is thought that this will be given for the whole distance. Some further aid will probably be voted in Osage county. These things secured, the rest will follow. Liberality and a united effort are all that are needed to secure success. We hazard this guess—the braying of the contractors' mules will make the valley of the Wakarusa musical before another wheat harvest, and ere Christmas next the iron horse will outstrip all other quadrupeds there.

A GOOD MOVE.—Judge Bassett of Lawrence has adjourned the District Court for one week, to enable the lawyers to get religion. If Mr. Hammond succeeds in converting the lawyers of that town he must certainly be endowed with the spirit of divine grace. We know of no town in the State which has so many wicked, irreligious limbs of the law, as Lawrence. —*Leavenworth Call.*

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A Lawrence feminine Sunday School teacher recently, while engaged in the administration of her duties, lost her Bible, and did not know where to find it. When she got home the book of books was found wagging along on the bustle behind her, where it had been placed by a member of her class who had not the fear of God before his eyes. —*Leavenworth Call.*

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The State.

SPECIAL DISPATCH FROM TOPEKA.

TOPEKA, Feb. 24.

The Legislature is demoralized this week. The State Convention at Lawrence and the soldiers' gathering here caused a suspension. The Investigating Committee is about ready to report. There is no prospect of settling the apportionment imbroglio. The House, it is feared, will continue contumacious. Hon. M. J. Parrott lectures in Representative hall this evening on "Commercial Politics."

The Country.

The agricultural convention at Washington has adopted a resolution urging on Congress additional liberal donations of land for existing and future agricultural colleges, and making other provisions to further agricultural education. President Grant visited the convention, and on entering the room was received with applause. Loring welcomed him in a brief speech, after which the President took a seat on the platform.

A Sioux City special says a letter from Col. Porter, an old citizen of Ponca, Dixon county, says ten men in addition to the two reported last night, were frozen, and others missing in Dixon and Winnebago counties. A large party of men from Logan and South creeks were chopping wood at the Winnebago agency when the storm came on. Of this party seven are dead and seven are missing. A man named Austin, his son and a boy named Collins were overtaken by the storm near Ponca, and all three frozen to death. Several other deaths are reported. The severity of the storm is unparalleled in this country, and was rendered more severe by reason of the snow being damp when the storm began and afterwards freezing. Several men who were out in the storm say that the snow and ice was positively six inches in thickness all over their heads, and that it was with great difficulty they could keep an opening through which to breathe. The loss of stock has been heavy, and probably reaches several hundred head. It is feared that the worst is not yet known, and that more deaths have occurred.

The passengers recently delayed on the Union Pacific generally denounce the management of the road in the bitterest terms. Many united in a card for publication. Goods shipped from New York via Cape Horn November 5th by ship David Crockett, arrived here Saturday last, while goods shipped over land the same day have not yet arrived. The tariff bill as reported from the senate finance committee does not abolish duties on tea and coffee, but fixes them at ten cents and two cents per pound respectively, thus disregarding the recent action of the House. The duties on salt are also altered from those fixed by the bill; before it was recommended the general reduction of ten per cent. on the tariff was adopted. Among the changes is a considerable reduction in the duties on leather.

A large number of additional articles are added to the free list, being such as do not compete with American productions. After the first day of July next the duties are to be reduced ten per cent. on cottons, wools, silk, iron and steel, except on pig iron and steel rails, earthen ware, leather and India rubber.

Foreign.

The following is a cable dispatch to the *World* from London, about M. Gladstone's speech: Mr. Gladstone has written a long letter explaining in an extremely amicable manner the present position of her majesty's government concerning the treaty of Washington, denying the utterance of the passages in his recent speech in the house of commons, as had been erroneously reported. In order to allay public excitement in England I have furnished copies of Gladstone's letter to the press of London. It is now published in every journal of the Kingdom, causing profound sensation.

It is reported that on Sunday last the pope signed a decree convoking the ecumenical council, the place of meeting to be either in the Island of Malta or Tyrene, as shall be hereafter determined, and that when the council meets the pope will leave Rome.

Emperor William is sick, and the Queen Dowager Elizabeth, who is 71 years of age is also ill, and fears of a serious result are entertained.

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What We Know About It.

A gentleman engaged in the hardware business writes us to know what the population of Lawrence is, what are the probabilities of its future growth, and what the chances are in his line of trade.

The population of Lawrence at the last census was about nine thousand. It is claimed and believed that we have gained some two or three thousand since. We do not know how this is, but are confident that Lawrence never grew faster or stronger in the same length of time than it has the past year. It is a thrifty, energetic and increasing young city—almost universally admitted to be the best town, all things considered, in the State. 2. We believe its future fully insured. It has passed through the several stages of undue elation, depression, &c., through which all young towns must pass just as surely as all young children must have their run of measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, &c. Property has a steady and permanent value. It does not go by fits and starts. It is founded upon a rock. It is blessed with a large number of sagacious and devoted business men; men, we mean, devoted to the welfare of the town. Mr. Darling said the other day, in some remarks before our City Council—we think it was, but that does not matter—that "it was the height of his worldly ambition to improve Lawrence." That is the right spirit. And that is the spirit which we fortunately have a good deal of in Lawrence. 3. We cannot advise you as to the prospect in the hardware line. We should say at first blush, that we are tolerably well supplied already. Messrs. Warne & Gillett, whose advertisement will be noticed in another column, have one of the most complete establishments of this kind that any town is favored with.

Mrs. J. S. V. writes to know if we have full blood dark Brahma chickens for sale, the price, what we think of them, &c.

We have not got them, and so can tell what we think of them with great impartiality, or rather could, if we had not the light Brahmas, which are pretty nearly the same thing. The dark or "Pencilled" Brahmas should never be crossed with the light ones. Mr. Tabay, who was the most extensive and successful breeder of Brahmas in England, pronounces the result of such a cross always unsatisfactory. As to the merits of the Brahmas, they rank deservedly high. In size, the dark variety is larger than any breed ever yet known. They are good and constant layers, even in winter, and, if pure bred, scarcely ever sit till they have laid at least thirty or forty eggs. As winter layers, it is claimed that no breed equals them. They are very hardy, and grow very fast, and are therefore early ready for the table. The flesh, however, is not as good as that of some other breeds, after they are six months old. This is the only fault of the Brahmas. We believe that, all things considered, they are the best variety of poultry.

Still we would repeat, what we have often urged before, that for those wishing to raise poultry, a few pure blooded games are invaluable. We raise all our chickens with game mothers. They are the only ones fit to sit. They can whip rats, skunks, dogs and small boys. They will fight for their eggs and brood in a way to astonish a non-combatant. We have a few choice pairs of the purest blooded games, if our correspondent, or anybody else, would like to invest in them. The poultry business is one of the prettiest and most profitable in which the farmer can engage. It is one in which his young girls—if he is so fortunate as to have them—will take a special interest. And when we consider the value of eggs and the convenience of chicken meat always on hand, it is surprising that no more attention is paid to this branch of husbandry.

A friend in Maine writes as follows: "I see that you say a good deal about Northern and Southern Kansas. Is there any difference in the soil and climate of the two parts? I do not want to go where it is too hot. Had I better bring some pigs, &c., along with me, or can I get them there?"

There is not much difference in the climate of the northern or southern parts of Kansas. Perhaps there is a week or two of advantage in the early spring in the south. But this is counterbalanced in the fact that the soil, as a rule, is better in the northern than the southern portions. We know that there will be a plenty of our people to "get up on their ear" at this statement, but we believe it to be true. As to bringing pigs, that would be worse than carrying coals to Newcastle. We have pigs till you can't rest. If you stop at Kansas City, call on Hudson. You will see his advertisement in THE SPIRIT. If you come to Lawrence, call on the editor of THE SPIRIT. His wife boasts of having the most hogs and the best of them, that any farm can show in these parts. If you go to Northern Kansas, call on Hon. G. W. Glick, or Dr. W. L. Challis, at Atchison. Mr. Glick writes us: "I shall have a few thoroughbred bulls for sale in the spring, and a fine lot of Berkshires. I shall have on the first of March two fine Berkshire sows that were bred in England and are in pig by an imported boar." Dr. Challis writes us: "I have associated Mr. A. H. Jennison with me in the various interests at 'Woodland Farm.' He is a 'thoroughbred' stock man, and ere long you may hear from us about the Berkshires, Poland-Chinas, Durhams, and Newry. At any rate, we will meet you at the Fair next Fall!"

MARRIED.

By Rev. Father Walsh, of St. Bridget's Church, St. Louis, Mo., on the 13th, Mr. William Ross, of Chicago, and Miss Annie Scanlan, of Leavenworth.

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In Lawrence, Feb. 21, by the Rev. S. V. Sterner, of Sternerton, Kansas, Mr. Wm. J. P. DeLesdernier and Miss M. Jennie Critzer, both of this city.

STAPLE GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

DRIED FRUITS.	FISH! FISH!!
CANNED FRUITS.	TEAS! TEAS!!
PRESERVED FRUITS.	NUTS! NUTS!!
CANNED VEGETABLES.	ORANGES, LEMONS.
ENGLISH PICKLES.	COUNTRY PRODUCE.

HOWARD & SPENCER.

FANCY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

Down Talk.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—This body met in Lawrence last Wednesday. It was one of the largest and best gatherings of men ever assembled in this State.

The Republicans of Kansas in convention assembled, for the purpose of electing delegates to unite with the delegates from other States for June 5th, ensuing, for the purpose of nominating the next President and Vice-President of the United States.

And believing, as this convention does, that this satisfactory condition of public affairs is largely attributable to the patient courage and wisdom of the man who was first trusted commander-in-chief of the armies, and then the honored president of the councils of the republic; it is therefore

Resolved, That the delegates this day chosen to attend the Philadelphia National Convention be and are hereby instructed to cast their votes for the patriot president and citizen soldier, Ulysses S. Grant, who in the dark and disastrous days of the republic displayed those qualities of courage, wisdom, loyalty and unyielding persistency which inspired the friends of freedom with new energy and hope.

THE CITY SCHOOLS.—Lawrence has reason to be proud of her city schools as well as of the fact that she is the home of the finest educational institution west of Ann Arbor—the University of Kansas.

The course of instruction, from the lowest grade in the primary schools to the highest in the high school, requires seven years. The pupil who completes the course successfully is competent to enter college.

Lawrence has no one very expensive school house, such as adorn Leavenworth and Topeka, but it has seven good, substantial brick buildings, situated in the different wards of the city, and worth, in the aggregate, seventy-five thousand dollars.

In these and one rented building are taught seventeen schools, having an average monthly attendance of 1072. These are conducted by nineteen teachers, six gentlemen and thirteen ladies.

What Lawrence needs to fully complete her school appointments, is a first class high school building, on the eligible site selected for the purpose at the corner of Kentucky and Warren streets, and one or two more buildings for the accommodation of the ward schools.

PERSONAL.—Among the distinguished and welcome callers at the office of THE SPIRIT during the week have been Rev. Dr. Atkinson, the efficient and laborious executive head of the Ottawa University enterprise; Judge Spriggs and Hon. E. S. Nicolls of Garnett; Marsh Murdock, the genial Senator from Osage, who is about to start a new and first class paper in the new and first class town of Wichita; Rev. Mr. Hammond, who, in addition to being a good preacher is a warm-hearted and pleasant gentleman, who has been, and still continues to be, instrumental in doing a great amount of good; and Maj. G. C. Snow, the large-hearted and able-bodied farmer of Neosho Falls.

BEKEPERS ASSOCIATION.—Beekeepers will remember that their regular monthly meeting comes on the first Saturday of each month. The next meeting will be March 2nd.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.—The past seven days will be remembered as the most remarkable week in the religious history of Lawrence, unless the coming week should be still more remarkable. More people have made religion a topic of common conversation, more personal appeals have been made to the unconverted, more persons have been in daily attendance at church, more public, and we doubt not more private prayers have been offered, and more marked good done, than ever before in our city in the same brief period.

To sum up what we have said and what has been said in the daily public reports of the meetings, three facts are noteworthy: The absence of all sectarian feeling among the members of the ten or twelve different churches and at least six different denominations represented by those who take active part in the work. Regular primitive harmony prevails among the hundreds of christian workers.

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STAPLE GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

Table listing grocery items: DRIED FRUITS, CANNED FRUITS, PRESERVED FRUITS, CANNED VEGETABLES, ENGLISH PICKLES, FISH! FISH!, TEAS! TEAS!, NUTS! NUTS!, ORANGES, LEMONS, COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FANCY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

The Story Teller.

THE LITTLE "TRUNDLE-BED."

We have a fond little treasure,
Joyous and bright as the morn,
Loved without stint or measure,
Ever since it was born;
'Tis a dear little girl, and her golden hair
Falls in ringlets bright o'er her forehead fair.

And close by the side of our bed,
This precious little bundle
Every night is laid,
Snug in her little "trundle;"
Smiling so sweet that it sometimes seems,
Good angels must talk to the child in her dreams.

And every night she comes,
Weary of frolic and play,
Then softly her vesper hums,
And kneels by her bed to pray—
And then, as soon as her prayers are said,
She nestles right down in her trundle-bed.

The clothes are all folded neat,
In winter, all snugly tucked in,
The "coverlet," blanket and sheet,
Drawn under the darling's chin;
Then all you can see is her baby head,
As she sleeps for the night in her trundle-bed.

And often we come to kneel
Where our little treasure lies,
And prayers such as parents feel,
We send up to the skies;
For we hear of death, and we come to dread
The loss of our child from her trundle bed.

We think—yes, often we think,
And what if the child should die!
The heart for a moment will sink,
And a tear-drop moisten the eye;
Fond hearts are now bleeding, as others have bled,
While they gaze on a vacant, but dear little bed.

Affection hath reared her shrine,
By the lowliest things of earth,
And the holiest feelings entwine
Round the spot that gave us birth;
Thus we love the place where our baby sleeps,
And affection her nightly vigil keeps.

'Tis a plain, old-fashioned thing,
That little baby bed,
Where love her offsprings bring,
And angels lightly tread;
Yet a cord may be touched by the merest toy,
That shall deluge the heart with a tide of joy.

We love it, and who shall dare
These holy feelings deride,
Like that precious "Old Arm Chair,"
And a thousand things beside;
So, whether our child be living or dead,
A dear little thing is that trundle bed.

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

"Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs:
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own."

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year; and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty," replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her, and the only lover she ever had borrowed the savings of her years of toil and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all times, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But, in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you should remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," replied Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue called her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging, for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "It is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything bright as a new five-cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came merely to say good morning, and to ask you if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down the stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her ten cents an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to draw up her mouth for refusal; but the promise of ten cents an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evi-

dently of an impressive temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of "Mind how you do that; if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you are!"

Under these enlivening influences Peggy worked like a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by you shall hear my music box."

This opened wide the windows of the little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, caroling. The happy child turned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures of what sort of a thing a music box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept to work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box.

At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest a while, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music box; and after a while she opened it and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she called her.

The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down, with her finger on her lip, and answered, in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence.

"It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence.

It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time to cool, then, stepping out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Did not I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray, make haste and sweep it up. I would not have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors."

The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of frontier war.

But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed. Mrs. Fairweather also had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor, poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behavior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door without being saluted with a growl and a sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and on he would run.

Aunt Hetty vowed she would scold him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbors' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink steadily resolved that he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more firm in his opposition if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the fore-finger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations.

"I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; you see if I don't; and I sha'n't wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, unless you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat do n't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is no right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor Pink because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarreling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out into the country to board. Sally, you will bring me one of the pies we baked this morning. I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," said Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I did not keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung before the donkey's nose, and he set off on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is very easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in-doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron; "we will try them a while longer, and if they persist in quarreling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head. "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what is the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold, snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked, and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking and knocking each other with all their might. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit.' Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children, remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem on business," said she. "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I do not approve of folks going a-peasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy she will do great credit to your bringing up."

The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she had read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and nature folds the young heart lovingly to her bosom. A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand them.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs; and perhaps keep her from going into consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and as her ear is quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The muscles of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes and the sweet young voices fell like the dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew!

Aunt Hetty had learned to use kind words instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time she would say, "Well, really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it, it is such a bright, good-natured thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded with flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, that is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practiced, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened, budded and blossomed in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness. Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music teacher thought her more than handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said: "Ah, thou dear, good aunt, it is thee who has made my life Fairweather."

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The Farm.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

From school, and ball, and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, in summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cold Chocora stealing,
There's iron in our Northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat,
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common,—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and make your bread
You do not need a lady;
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly.
"Tis well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness,
I tell you love has naught to do
With meanness or unmeanness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle time
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sycdown's blushes,
A motion of the waving grain,
A music of the thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me
You cannot of your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison walls about me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender;
"And if I give you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender?"

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor?"

"I love you; and on that love alone,
And not my worth presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-swinging eradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

THE STOCK STATE.

"The stock interests of Kansas have already become of very large importance and give promise of some day securing to that young State a place in the foremost rank of the great Stock-raising States of the country.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

HEAVY YIELD OF WHEAT.—Mr. James Smith, of Cedarville, Washington Territory, writes to the Agricultural Department as follows: "I send you a sample of wheat that I have raised the past season: 1,200 bushels on 26 acres of land. In the spring of 1870 the land was covered with brush and timber. I cleared the land the following summer, burnt it in August, got ready for sowing February 1, 1871, without plowing, and harrowed the seed in, finishing February 12. Finished thrashing September 7."—*Agricultural Report.*

PLANTING FOR POSTERITY.

The time-honored distich,

"He who plants pears
Plants for his heirs,"

is not accepted by modern pomologists as wholly true. There are a dozen kinds of pears that will bear good fruit the third or fourth season. Among them are the Bartlett, Summer Doyenne, Seckel, Howard, Gifford, and Julienne. A like selection of apples, early and late, may also be made. The small fruits, too, bear fruit sooner than they used under the old methods—strawberries, for instance, bearing full crops in one year, and blackberries and raspberries in three, or even in two, years. There is less talk now about the folly of planting when one is morally certain to die before the trees come to perfection. Selfish talk it was, at the best, and the less we have of it the better. We find in the *Country Gentleman* this story of the late David Thomas, the pioneer cultivator of fine fruit in Western New York: "After he had long passed a half century of years, and his head was whitened by age, he commenced planting a large fruit-garden, which was afterward widely known to pomologists. Some of his acquaintances who knew but little of improved tree-culture at that early day, wondered what he was setting out those trees for—he could never expect to live long enough to get any fruit from them. But the trees did bear in time for him to eat of the fruit, for they were set out and managed in the best manner; and for more than twenty years from the time they began to bear, he enjoyed from them an abundance of delicious peaches, apricots, plums, pears and cherries." Assuming that the class of persons who will not plant for posterity to enjoy the fruit is nearly extinct, we may now go to work to persuade the present generation to plant forest-trees, the shade of which will probably be used by the coming man and his descendants.

A PAYING SPECIALTY.

In West Hebron, Washington county, N. Y., is a seed garden of 140 acres extent, where the annual sales foot up \$15,000. The seeds are grown chiefly under contract for parties in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other places. There were 42 acres of cucumbers in these grounds, last year, which are estimated to yield about 12,500 pounds of seed. Four hundred bushels of beet seed, and two tons each of beet and turnip seed, and more than 3000 bushels of potatoes, including all the fancy varieties, are some of the outgrowths of this plantation. The new seedling potato, "Late Rose," originated here. Mr. Edward L. Coy, a middle-aged man, formerly a school teacher, is the "gone-to-seed" proprietor, and has attained all this greatness in about 16 years. So shrewd have been his enterprises that with the money obtained from his first term to teaching he bought fruit trees which this year yielded 90 barrels of marketable apples. In connection with this seed business, and a pleasant and useful auxiliary, is the growing of Ayrshire stock, which bids fair to give the proprietor even more celebrity than he has attained with vegetable growths. "What man has done, man can do," is an old adage, but in view of this Coy man, is it not safe to predict that there are undiscovered fields of success, even in threadbare husbandry?

STOCK COMPANY FOR KANSAS.

Just before going to press, says the *National Live Stock Journal*, we learn that two gentlemen—the heads respectively of two very fine stock-breeding establishments in this State—have agreed to unite their concerns and establish a large stock-breeding farm in Kansas. We learn they are now engaged seeking the proper location of ten thousand acres of land—the quantity required for such an enterprise as they would conduct;—and if they can secure that and conclude certain other necessary preliminaries they propose to take their stocks, both very large and valuable and worth in the aggregate over \$100,000, to that young and flourishing State. Their stock would embrace thoroughbred and trotting horses—a very large stock and very valuable;—Short-horn cattle—one of the finest collections in the West;—Ayrshire cattle, Berkshire, Poland-China and Chester White hogs; Cotswold and South-down sheep; Bremen geese; Aylesbury and Cayuga ducks, and all other kinds of poultry; together with many other kinds of improved stock, including Angora and Cashmere goats, &c. As we know the stocks of these gentlemen personally, we can congratulate the people of Kansas on the acquisition.

THE ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Peas are of Egyptian origin.
Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
The nettle comes from Europe.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
Rye originally came from Siberia.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The poppy originated in the East.
The pine is a native of America.
The mulberry originated in Persia.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The walnut and peach came from Persia.
The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from the East Indies.
The radish originated in China and Japan.

Fowls that show lassitude or weakness may be strengthened by giving a decoction of citrate of iron mixed with water in such proportion as to give it a very perceptible taste of iron. Iron-water for fowls, made by putting some scrap-iron of any kind in a trough or pail of water, also answers the purpose.

BEST BULLS FOR TEXAS CATTLE.

After more than half a century of close observation, both at home and abroad, and the breeding various races of improved domestic animals, I would pronounce decidedly in favor of bulls of the Norfolk Red Polled (hornless) breed for Texas cows, at least for the two or three first crosses, for a further improvement, and then, resort to shorthorn bulls to cross on this produce. There is no stronger friend to the noble shorthorns than I have been from their first importation into the United States down to the present day; and no one has more persistently advocated their great merits, as all who have read the agricultural papers can bear witness; but I think the breeders of cattle on the great Western plains make a mistake in selecting horned bulls of any race for their first crosses on the rather wild and long-horned Texas cows.

The superior advantage of the Norfolk Red Polled bulls for this purpose may be summed up under the following heads:

First: It is the most docile of all breeds of cattle, and will consequently quicker tame the somewhat fierce and wild nature of the Texan. All feeders of fat cattle know that such as possess the quietest disposition, yield much larger profits than those which are more restless in pasture.

Second: The longhorns of Texas cattle, as indeed of all other breeds, are not only dangerous, but useless, and tend to exhaust the soil of one of its most valuable constituents—phosphate of lime—in growing them. In using Polled Bulls to horned cows, nearly half of their produce come without horns, and the remainder with them greatly shortened—often mere nubbins. In the second cross, the horn almost entirely disappears, and in the third cross it is rare to find anything of it.

Third: This grade polled breed could not only be reared and fattened at a less cost than the pure Texas cattle, owing to their quieter disposition and improved form, but their meat being of a much superior quality, they would sell at 25 to 50 per cent higher price in market than that of the latter.

Fourth: Polled bullocks can be herded and driven over the plains more easily, and by a less number of herdsmen, horses and dogs than the horned; and they cannot gore or injure each other in so doing. When carried over railroads, they can be closer packed in the cars, thus cheapening transportation, and on arrival in market, are not at all dangerous to handle; when driven through the streets of crowded towns they never attack or injure any one.

Considering the above I am persuaded that the introduction of the Norfolk Red Polled Cattle into our country, for the purpose of crossing on all its unimproved breeds, would be greatly to our advantage, especially in cheapening the production of beef. Nor is this fine race deficient in its dairy qualities; for as now improved, they are said to be nearly equal in this respect to the celebrated Ayrshires. They have been long bred as a distant race in Norfolk County, England, their color is universally a bright deep red, and they never have horns. They are of medium size, mature early, fatten quickly, and are very hardy. Not a single specimen of this useful improved race, to my knowledge, has yet been imported into the United States, their merits having been unknown, till recently, out of their own particular County of Norfolk. Latterly, however, their breeders have begun to exhibit them at the cattle shows in various parts of England, where they have won high favor, and commanded purchasers at good prices. At the last Christmas Exhibition of Fat Cattle in London, the great annual event of the United Kingdom, a four-year-old Norfolk Polled Bullock was shown and took a First Prize. His weight was 2,276 pounds. A cow of the same breed then exhibited weighed 1,706 pounds. These were uncommonly high weights for this breed of cattle. They were undoubtedly extra fat, as all animals usually are at this great Christmas show.

Another useful breed to cross on Texas cows, would be the Black Scotch Polled. These are bred to some extent now in Upper Canada, and may be purchased at a moderate price. They are generally coarser and rather larger than the Red Norfolk Polled, but their beef is of about the same quality. Their cows, as a general rule, give only a small mess of milk, which is extra rich, and makes an excellent quality of butter. Their color is not so popular among our breeders as red, but I consider this a mere matter of fancy, and of no great consequence at best.—A. B. ALLEN, in *N. Y. Tribune.*

ALL ABOUT PIGS.

What can be said or sung in favor of pigs—before they grace the butcher's stall? CHARLES LAMB has written sportively upon roast pig, but he probably never saw the creature alive. DRYDEN, indeed, introduces pigs into one of the fables which he modernized (and spoiled) from the simple old English of CHAUCER, and describes them as joining in the pursuit of Reynard the Fox (running off with Chanticleer in his jaws),

"with many a piteous squeak,
Poor dears! as if their pretty hearts would break."

And genial LEIGH HUNT wrote a charming little essay on the "Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving." As a wild animal the pig commands respect, and his courage and pluck have been celebrated by poets and story-tellers. But as a domestic animal he belongs among the vulgar and unclean tribes. Even when washed and scrubbed for exhibition, and put into a clean pen, there is nothing attractive in the creature; and we fancy the pretty young lady, shown in our illustration as leaning over the railing and poking the obese animal in the sides with her parasol, will turn away the next minute in disgust.

Yet the writer remembers an enthusiastic rural gentleman who once maintained that every creature had some point of beauty, and the pig's was his eye! The assertion was received with a roar of laughter by the by-standers; but the gentleman (an agriculturist of some distinction) silenced the crowd by quietly asking them if they had ever "looked a pig in the eye." As he had made pigs' eyes a study, and they had not, he had rather the best of them.

The only people that appear to love pigs, and not only to tolerate but like their society, are the Irish peasantry. To Jews and Mohammedans they are an abomination, and to eat of their flesh, or even to touch them, would be accounted a sin by the followers of MOSES and the Arabian Prophet. But in the shanty he is a favored guest. He may sleep under the bed, or in the middle of the floor, and receive more attention than any "other" member of the family. Of course there are good reasons for this. The pig is well kept because he will keep the family; and if the poor peasant in his native country has no other place to house the creature than his own wretched shanty, the more shame to the system that keeps him in such poverty.

Obstinacy is the chief characteristic of the pig. He seems to do every thing for contrariness. Innu-

merable anecdotes are told of him founded on his unaccommodating disposition. "That's a fine pig you have there Pat," said a gentleman to a jolly-looking peasant who was carefully guiding a fat specimen of the tribe before him; "are you driving him to market?" "Whist, yer honor!" says Pat, with a droll expression of anxiety; "do n't let him hear ye say that! I'm desavin' the craythur. If he thought I wanted him to go to the fair, divil a step would he take in that direction." In LEIGH HUNT's essay, already alluded to, we find a humorous story of a pig-driver who had got his uncomfortable charge within a few streets of a London market. It was much, says the genial essayist, "His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skillful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Duckingpond Row; masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering, as he was, on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

"He bolts!"
"He's off!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true, "he'll go up all manner of streets!"

If any reader presumes to doubt the accuracy of this description, let him try to drive a pig himself. He will find that Pat had a true insight into piggy's character.—*Harper's Weekly.*

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.—Fruit. Let the slenderer take comfort: it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

All the States entitled to Agricultural College Land Scrip have received the same, except Arkansas and Florida.

Pop-corn is a luxury in England. A firm in Galesburg, Illinois, has just shipped forty barrels of it to London.

A man who had traveled through New Jersey says that he saw some land there so poor that you could n't raise a disturbance on it.

The farmers of Farmington have organized a Farmer's Co-operative Society. A co-operative store is to be started on a capital of \$3,000.

Much hay has been burned in Lynn county, by incendiarism. The object is supposed to be to make the country untenable for Texas cattle.

It is estimated that at least 600,000 cattle have been driven from Texas this year into Kansas, Nebraska, and Western States. It takes about 200,000 head of beef to feed the Indians every year.

A Kansas paper's cow obituary says: "There is not a farm wagon in the country that she has not stolen something out of; not a gate in town that she has not opened; and the stones that have been thrown at her would make five miles of turn-pike."

To thaw out pumps when frozen up, or to remove the ice from any vessel, by throwing in a quart of salt, and a little warm water to melt it, will often save a great deal of trouble. The brine formed on the top won't freeze while the ice keeps gradually thawing.

Never have a red-hot shoe put on the foot of a horse, to burn it level. If you can find a black-smith mechanic enough to level the foot without red-hot iron employ him. The burning process deadens the hoof, and tends to contract it. If you do not believe it, try a red-hot poker on your nail, and see if it does not affect the growth.

Every man who owns a piece of land should plant trees along the lanes. It is due to his children who are to come after him. It is a beautiful custom in Germany to set out one fruit tree for every child born. This is the special property of the child for whom it is set out. He protects it and cultivates it, and as he grows up he looks upon his tree as a twin brother.

An old farmer, in the *Germantown Telegraph*, says "the practice of coating the bark of fruit and ornamental trees with white wash, is one that cannot be too severely deprecated. The obstruction of respiratory organs and orifices, whether effected by the application of whitewash or any other adhesive material, always acts as a fruitful source of disease, and in time proves fatal to the tree. When the bark becomes rough or incrustated with moss, it should be cleaned by scraping and washing down thoroughly with a solution of potash or soda in water, affording smoothness to the surface without obstructing the pores."

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J. M. HODGE & CO., Abilene.

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER FOUR.

DEAR SPIRIT: There are some experiences peculiar to every human heart—in which the stranger cannot intermeddle and to which even the familiar friend is not admitted. We live a double life. One our own, one others'. No man is perfectly transparent. There are thoughts in his heart and experiences in his life of which even those best acquainted with him are ignorant. The more transparent and open one is, the more he is likely to be loved; and at the same time he is also more likely to make for himself a heap of trouble. He is likely to be too communicative, too free on a short acquaintance, to tell too many of his secrets where they are not likely to be very sacredly kept. Young persons are inclined to be frank. School girls—not to speak of the boys—are given to "gushingness" in their school day attachments. I was once a little weak in this line, but congratulate myself that I have got bravely over it. Never shall I forget one little lesson—little as it looks now, but a painfully mortifying one at the time. I had formed and cemented an eternal alliance, for better or worse till death should us part, with a sweet little girl of about my own age, which could not have been far from the witching time of 16. Of course it was a very secret as well as very sacred affair. We both had sense enough to know that we should be laughed at, and both had sensitiveness enough not to want to be laughed at. The way to prevent this was to keep our secret. My friend kept hers—even if she was a woman.

Which leads me to gossip a minute in passing upon this, that the most ridiculous slander ever circulated about woman is her inability to keep a secret. Women have more secrets to keep than men, and they keep more than men. Nobody knows this better than the men themselves. "Women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know," says Chesterfield. "The man who trusts a woman with a privacy, and expects silence, may as well expect it at the fall of a bridge," says another old slanderer. It is related that a man once rushed into his house, looking horror-stricken with alarm, and asked the partner of his bosom if she could keep a dreadful secret in which his life might be involved. Of course she could and would. He then proceeded in great distress to relate how, in a temporary fit of passion, he had committed a murder, and buried the body under a certain tree near the brook. The good wife, when left alone, was in as much apparent distress, and, as the sequel will show, much greater real distress, than her murderous lord. She had—as who has not?—one faithful friend to whom she must go for counsel. This faithful friend had another. You can guess the balance of the story. It spread like wildfire, until the Sheriff came, and was conducted by the guilty man to the tree at which he had killed, and under which he had buried—a toad! It was all done to punish his wife for a tell-tale disposition. It is my verdict that he deserved the fate of the toad. It is my deliberate judgment that this whole tirade on women is an impious and unfounded libel. In short, that, "the allegations are false, and the allegators know it." Woman's answer to man, the wide world over, was given by Ophelia to Laertes:

"Tis in my memory locked, And you yourself shall keep the key of it."

How many a loving and trusting wife thus carries the secret of her husband's wrongs and infidelities to the grave! Nay, how many a confiding but betrayed and ruined girl has refused, even in the supremest hour of agony a woman ever knows, to reveal the name of the perfidious wretch who was the author of her undoing!

But this is getting to be very serious gossip, and I beg it to be most distinctly understood, has nothing to do with that little early experience of mine which I was about to relate. As I said, my fair friend kept her secret. It was this remark which led me off into the serious homily which you and I are both glad we are through with. But as for me, my blissful secret came nigh bursting me. It seems as if I must tell my chum, dear Sam. Cary! with whom I slept every night, and from whom I had never kept anything. But my sagacious fair friend had, in addition to a general pledge of secrecy, extorted a particular one in Sam's case. So I had to bear my blessed burden alone. But I do not wish to be irreverent in saying that it was greater than I could bear. However I was soon relieved of it. A sailor came home to the quiet country town. He had been gone on a long voyage. He had seen the world. He was jolly, communicative, hearty, free and easy, as sailors are. He wore a broad-brimmed, bright, shiny tarpaulin—not quite such a stunner perhaps as the beaver I am now supporting, but making a heavier impression on me, I doubt not, than mine is making on the envious circle of my acquaintances. (Mine came from Carpenter's.) He wore duck trousers which must have been several feet in circumference where they touched his feet. He wore a checked shirt. In short he made a tremendous impression on me. We became sworn friends in an hour. I was in raptures with him. I borrowed a pair of his sailor trousers. I made up my mind to go with him on the next cruise. I told him all my little love secret. Q. S. Everybody in town knew it in a day. I got on a big disgust. I returned the duck trousers. I abandoned the sea. No more "life on the ocean wave" in mine. I apologized to my fair friend. And she forgave me. And, dear SPIRIT, she has had to forgive me a great many times since; for although I betrayed my secret, I stuck to my first love, and "you bet" I will get a curtain lecture from her when she sees this.

This is one of the youthful indiscretions that is common to men, and not peculiar. It is a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. To attend to business strictly, and have few intimacies, is the safest rule for mature life. Farmers suffer more than any class from lack of company, congenial society, and friendly intimacies. There is a want that can best be answered by wife and children, by books, and especially by such companionable papers as we shall make THE SPIRIT. Your best friend, dear fellow, is your wife. She is often tired and worried as much and even more than you. Your work is from sun to sun; hers is never done. How many sleepless nights she spends with the children while you are snoring off the fatigue of the labors of the day! It is not strange if she gets a little cross now and then as well as you. But you will be astonished to know how pleasant you can make her, and what good company she will be to you, if you only try. Your secrets will be safe with her. She will not betray you. She will not go back on you. She will repay you a hundred fold for all the attention and affection you can bestow upon her. The friendships of the world have been called confederacies in vice or leagues in folly. Such is too often the truth. But this does not apply to the friendships of home and family. And while one should treat his neighbors well and his friends with fidelity, he will never be sorry for making his best friends and companions of those whose interests and sympathies, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, are one and indivisible with his own.

I. S. K.

I'VE LOST MY KNIFE.

I've lost my pocket-knife. I loaned it to somebody—don't know who. It had been my constant companion for ten years. It had a pearl handle with silver mountings, and had three blades. If the borrower will return it to me I will put his watch in good order and charge nothing.

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