

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 14, 1872.

NUMBER 45.

The Great Dry Goods House of Kansas.

L. BULLENE & CO.

Now offer to the public the most extensive and complete

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

IN THE STATE.

Their Stock, bought for Cash, they are enabled to

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

They are determined to make Large Sales early in the season, and Low Prices will constitute a distinguishing feature of their business.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ORDERS

from a distance, and

SAMPLES SENT WHEN DESIRED.

Particular attention is called to

THEIR CARPET DEPARTMENT,

which embraces everything belonging to that branch of trade.

—IN THE—

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

Merchants from the interior are assured that our prices are as low as any to be found West of St. Louis.

MESSRS. HENRY BROWN & CO.,

73 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

Are now prepared to serve the celebrated

MALBY AND NEW YORK

OYSTERS.

in every style; also by the can or keg, wholesale or retail

Are in daily receipt of

FINE MICHIGAN CELERY,

and are prepared to furnish parties with

SUPPERS AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

FINE CIGARS, TOBACCO, CONFECTIONERIES, &c.

LAWRENCE  
ENTERPRISE NURSERIES,



3 1/2 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF THE CITY.  
A General Nursery Stock—Home Grown.  
Evergreens and Flowering Shrubs a Specialty.  
Address, for Price List,  
JOHNSON & ALBERTSON,  
LAWRENCE, KANSAS. 247

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

On Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving,

HOWARD & SPENCER

Spread out to the admiring gaze of the multitude who visited their store, to see and be seen, to buy or not, as they pleased.

300 FINE FAT TURKEYS.

Besides Geese, Ducks, Chickens and Game.

10 CASES BEST BRAND BALTIMORE OYSTERS.

50 Dozen Extra Nice Celery. 25 Barrels Cranberries.

MACINAW TROUT AND WHITE FISH.

Fresh Fruit, Preserves, and Jelly in Glasses that it would have made your mouth water to look at.

CANNED FRUIT,  
the finest on the continent.

CANNED VEGETABLES  
that had no equal on earth.

MINCE PIES,

PLUM PUDDINGS,

APPLES, NUTS,

AND CIDER,

With a variety of other Goods, all of which were pretty effectually "cleaned out," but they at once ordered a fresh supply, and are determined to keep up the "grand display" at their "exposition," corner of Massachusetts and Warren streets, until the Holidays are passed at any rate—possibly longer.

GO SEE FOR YOURSELF.

LAWRENCE  
BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
CORNER MASSACHUSETTS AND WARREN STREETS.

Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Mathematics and General Commercial Branches.

OPEN TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Students Can Enter at Any Time.

For particulars, call at the school or send for circular.

not-ly

H. W. MACAULAY, Principal.

GOSSIP FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

DEAR SPIRIT: You know—for I have told you so a great many times—that it is my great desire to live a quiet life. Nothing looks so pleasant to me—on paper—as a quiet country home where one can view the world, as Cowper has it, "through the loopholes of retreat." But like a great many other things that are pleasant to think about, and speculate upon, and dream over, the practical difficulty is in the realization. I often find myself in a strait betwixt two opinions. I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind. It seems a little cowardly, however pleasant it may be, for a full grown man, with an average amount of energy and ability, to try just simply to get where he can enjoy himself best, be worried the least, and lead the quietest and pleasantest sort of life.

At least it is not this sort of stuff that the heroes have been made of. They were no recluses. The convent and the cloister were no places for them. They did not quit the world, but overcame it. They did not seek places of seclusion and quiet, but left their footprints in the amphitheatre of common life, and gained their crowns in just such dust and storms as blind and bewilder us.

"Sigh not the old heroic ages back,  
The heroes were but brave and earnest men;  
Do thou but hero-like pursue thy track,  
Striving—not sighing—brings them back again."

And then—to come down to a more practical difficulty—it seems almost impossible for a man to keep out of a fuss even if he tries to. I did not want a fuss with Thacher. Not because I care anything for Thacher. I scarcely know a man easier to beat, for he is a man almost without friends. Such a character as he never makes friends. There is no blood in him. He that would have friends must show himself friendly. So saith the Scripture. I commend the text to Timothy Dwight's exegetical perusal. But on general principles I would have avoided a fuss with him. I am well aware that the judicious grieve over such things. I am well aware that very little good is accomplished by them. Still, they are sometimes unavoidable. Timothy and I have understood for a long time that there was no love between us. Oil and water could easier mix than Timothy and I. But by a sort of tacit understanding we have treated each other at arms length, and observed what he calls, and what he is very fastidious about, the "proprieties." But this state of things naturally could not last forever. No sooner did he begin to apprehend that the good people of Kansas might be looking favorably on my aspirations to represent them in Congress than his cup of wrath boiled over. True, he only commenced writing up another gentleman—making no allusions, as he says, to me! Is he such an idiot as not to know that everybody knew he was trying to drive at me? As Jack Watts pertinently put it, his articles "read between the lines."

In fact, they were of the most provoking possible style. A direct assault, in plain Saxon words, is endurable. But a guerrilla attack is another thing. There would be a grim satisfaction in being demolished by a tiger in comparison with being poisoned to death by a venomous reptile. There is such a thing as

"Conveying a libel by a frown  
And winking a reputation down."

Timothy Dwight understands that art. He is very high toned. He is very dignified. He is very sanctimonious. But he is a sanctimonious snake. That is why I despise him. He has cheated me. He has lied to me. He has robbed me. He has slandered me. And he has done it all in such a pious, prayerful, hypocritical, sanctimonious way, as to make his offenses doubly heinous. I have met many men. I have been betrayed by some and disappointed in others. But I record it in cool blood, that in a somewhat varied experience of men, Timothy Dwight Thacher is "the meanest and coldest hypocrite I ever met." Cold! Why, death is warm compared with him. His icy fingers will be icier still if ever they find that thing in him that men call a heart!

Still I would have avoided the necessity of saying all this of him. When I observed the tone and temper of his paper, I knew what was the matter with him. And on seeing his note denying that

the Douglas county delegation were for me, I wrote the following article for THE SPIRIT:

WHAT AILS THACHER?

This is what ails Thacher. He can make nothing out of Killoch. He has bled him all he could bear. He knows he won't stand bleeding any more. He has tried to bleed Pomeroy. He has promised to support him if he would take the Postoffice away from Shimmons, and do him sundry and divers little favors in the newspaper line. But the old "corruptionist" was not corrupt enough to buy him. So he turns to Phillips. The Cherokee business is good. The Cherokees are in funds. With their Attorney as our Senator the "Journal" would be in a good way. This is what ails Thacher. He is the biggest and meanest, because he is the slyest, corruptionist in the State of Kansas. His paper today is controlled by a corporation, and can be controlled by anybody that will pay the biggest price for it.

As to the Douglas county delegation, we do not know how they stand. We haven't asked them how they stand. We don't care how they stand. If they think the interests of their county will be subserved by their supporting us, they will do it. But Thacher neither knows how they stand, nor can influence in the least degree a single one of them. He can't influence anybody in Douglas county. He is a powerless politician. But his assumption of saintliness is a sham. He wears a mask, and we propose to tear it off. We are as much opposed to corrupt politicians as he is. But for those who are corrupt under a cover of piety, who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, who for a pretence make long prayers, we have an especial aversion, and think we shall be doing the State some service in unmasking one of them.

This is what we wrote. But after writing it, we said to ourself: Perhaps this had better be avoided. Men are tired of these quarrels which they call personal. A great deal of dirt will be thrown, and there will be quite a bespattering. But *cut down?* The boys will laugh and enjoy the sport; but sensible men will be sorry, friendly families will be estranged, children will be made no better by such an example from their elders: we will just drop Timothy a note, and give him an opportunity, if he chooses, to cease his covert attacks on us, however much he may laud others at our expense.

Accordingly we wrote:

OLATHE, Dec. 5, 1872.

MR. THACHER: I have just seen your note, "Not So." I have found your Phillips article circulated among members where I go. I advise you to go a little slow. A war between us wouldn't be an entirely one-sided affair. I know, of course, how you regard me. But you may not know that I regard you at once the meanest and coldest hypocrite I ever met. And I hold some points in proof of it. I do not care for your opinion, but if you choose to use your paper against me, I think I shall retain influence enough to reward that, even if I am not elected Senator. We will see. I have written an article for publication, but on reflection will give this hint before we open in earnest.

I. S. KALLOCH.

We marked the note "private." But it seems we did not know that this eminently "proper" and pious personage would have no regard to that. He chose to make it public. He calls it "a letter to be read." We have read it carefully in print, and while we admit that we should have made it a little more ornate if we had expected to see it in that shape, yet upon sober inspection we are rather gratified with its perusal. We think it is "a letter to be read." We hope everybody will read it. We take back not one jot or tittle of it. Thacher is "the meanest and coldest hypocrite we ever met." We stand by our guns, and we have several of them to fire.

As to its being a threat against journalism, of course it is that. Or rather it is a threat against his mean and cowardly kind of journalism. Because a white-livered and puritanical puppy happens to have a paper—which we made for him and he stole from us—does it follow, forsooth, that he can get behind that and fling his invectives and tell his lies *ad libitum*, and without being threatened with retaliation? We apprehend that the "journalists" of Kansas will have very little sympathy with his craven whine for their sympathy. They are men who know the bounds and decencies of journalism as well as he does, and who, unlike him, know how to take as well as give.

Thus, dear SPIRIT, as in duty bound, I have related how I tried to keep out of one fuss, and failed. And now that I am in, I ask your indulgence till I am through with the job. You will still continue to be plentifully supplied with the same choice reading as heretofore, but, for "and acquaintance" sake, spare me a corner where I may attend to a little "side show" now and then.

I. S. K.



The Farm.

FARM-YARD SONG.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes, His shadow lengthens along the land— A giant staff in a giant hand;

Now to her task the milk-maid goes; The cattle come crowding through the gate, Lowing, pushing, little and great;

While still the cow-boy, far away, Goes seeking those that have gone astray, "Co' boss! co' boss! co' co' co'!"

Now to her task the milk-maid goes; The cattle come crowding through the gate, Lowing, pushing, little and great;

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THE FARMER.

Here in these shades, these deep seclusions hid Beneath the whispering leaves, and o'er our moors A ragged independence lives at ease;

SEASONING RAILS AND BOARDS.

After some remarks on the advantages of cutting rails and boards designed for fencing of a uniform length, the "Country Gentleman" makes the following suggestions in relation to seasoning them:

There is another point of importance in providing fence stuff. This is to have the boards sawed or the rails split immediately after the trees are felled, or as soon thereafter as possible, and set up at once to dry.

Wood ashes are not quite so common in our day as they were in the days of our fathers, when fireplaces and back-logs were fashionable. And for this very reason we ought to be more careful in saving them.

FARMERS' SONS.

At a meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, Gen. Patrick made the following remarks in regard to the growing aversion among farmers' sons to farm work:

"Only a few of our children are following in our footsteps. The old folks are left alone. With failing health and increasing years many are compelled to sell out the homestead and live in a village, where it is possible to live alone.

MAKING CHEESE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

When we first settled in the country known as "West of the Big Wood," in Minnesota, we had very little milk, and as soon as we got into our cabin my wife commenced making cheese—setting the milk in a pail, thoroughly separating the whey from the curd, scalding well, putting the curd in a small cloth sack and hanging it up in a warm place to cure and drain; bag say three inches wide and long enough to hold the curd.

OBJECT OF FAIRS.

Colonel W. R. Taylor, president of the Dan County (Wis.) Agricultural Society, concludes his address at the opening of the late fair of that society as follows:

THE VALUE OF WOOD ASHES AS MANURE.

Wood ashes are not quite so common in our day as they were in the days of our fathers, when fireplaces and back-logs were fashionable. And for this very reason we ought to be more careful in saving them. Many farmers who have not as yet wholly discarded the practice of burning wood are in the habit of selling their wood ashes to ash peddlers for a few cents per bushel, regarding them as of too little value to warrant the trouble of storing them for fertilizing purposes.

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CLOTHING.

OTTMAN & POTWIN,

LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS

ONE PRICE STORE,

67 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Our Chicago manufactory now being in full operation, having recovered from the recent great fire, we are receiving fresh, new goods every week, and shall offer them at ten per cent. less than our former low prices for the balance of the season.

HATS AND CAPS CHEAPER THAN EVER.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

OTTMAN & POTWIN.

NEW YORK

BLACK LEAD WORKS

172 Forsyth Street, New York.

NELSON & CO., Proprietors,

Importers of

Ceylon Plumbago, German & other Black Lead, Crucible Clay, &c.

Also Manufacturers of

Crucible Plumbago, Electrotype do. Lubricating do. Piano Action Plumbago, Shot & Powder Polish, Lead Facings, and

STOVE POLISH.

JAS. H. PHINNEY. 35 HORATIO NELSON.

HOPE

Begs leave to state that he has commenced business

IN LAWRENCE,

as Tailor, on Warren street, two doors East of State Bank, sign of the Anchor, and having brought with him some of the best receipts

FROM ENGLAND,

is prepared to do cleaning in a superior manner.

N.B.—Gentlemen's clothes, ladies' saques, cloaks, &c., made to look equal to new. Gentlemen's own materials made up in the present styles of fashion, at prices to suit the times. Please note well the address.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY

SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

Connecting at Quincy Union Depot with Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroads to all points East, North and South.

This short route, and connecting great through passenger lines, by way of Quincy, afford passengers unequal advantages: The most elegant and sumptuous Through Drawing Room Sleeping Palaces and Day Coaches run in the World. Trains supplied with all modern improvements to contribute to Comfort, Speed and Safety.

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

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

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

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.

Ask for Tickets via Quincy and Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line, THE BEST ROUTE.

P. B. GROUT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. O. S. LYFORD, Gen'l Supt.

"HOW TO GO EAST."

By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route.

"Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last, may be called the best route in the West.

The Line consists of the Kansas City, Saint Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line, there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—through cars are being run to all these points.

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

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

OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GALVESTON RAILROAD LINE

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

GOING SOUTH:

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Lawrence, Baldwin, Kansas City, Olathe, etc.

GOING NORTH:

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Lawrence, Independence, Coffeyville, etc.

ALL TRAINS CARRY PASSENGERS.

Night Express north will run daily, Saturdays excepted. All other trains will run daily, Sundays excepted.

CONNECTIONS:

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

500,000 ACRES OF LAND

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

JANUARY, 1872.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST. NO TEDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS

BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:

Table with columns: Express, Accommodation, Mail. Rows include Lawrence, etc.

Close connections are made at the Kansas City, State Line and Union Depots for all points North, East and South.

For Leavenworth.....4:05 and 7:35 A. M.; 2:40 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Table with columns: Express, Accommodation, Mail. Rows include Lawrence, etc.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

At Topeka for Burlington, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, &c.

At Junction City for Council Grove, &c.

At Carson with the Southern Overland Mail & Express Co.'s daily line of coaches for Pueblo, Trinidad, Las Vegas, Ft. Union, Santa Fe, Las Cruces, Silver City and all points in New Mexico and Arizona.

At Denver with passenger and express coaches for Georgetown, &c., and with Colorado Central Railroad for Central City, Golden City, &c.

At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast.

Remember this is the great through line, and there is no other direct all-rail route to all points East and West.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Kansas Pacific Railway, and purchase them of W. D. WATKINS, Ticket Agent, at the Depot, or of J. C. HOUXON, City Office, corner room under Eldridge House.

S. S. BOWEN, Gen'l Supt. BEVERLEY R. KEIM, General Ticket Agent, Kansas City, Missouri.

ON TIME!

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD!!

The Old Reliable & Popular Through Express Route TO SAINT LOUIS,

AND ALL POINTS— EAST! NORTH! SOUTH!

NO CHANGE OF CARS FROM SAINT LOUIS TO NEW YORK

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD

IS EQUIPPED WITH ELEGANT DAY COACHES!

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

An equipment unequalled by any other line in the West.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

A. A. TALMAGE, Gen'l Supt. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Missouri.

H. H. TURNER,

HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.

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



The Home.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.
'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;

POETRY.—Poetry is the interpreter of the soul,
and translates all thought into one language.
While we eat the fruits of Autumn, it reminds us
of the blossoms of Spring; and when we inhale the
odoriferous breath of May, it foretells the frosts of
December.

We may not pause at any point of this life and
take its retrospect. Our full lives here are to be
visible in our finished lives hereafter.

MY MOTHER'S CANDLE.

Did you ever loiter beside your mother's stand in
the old family kitchen? Perhaps it overlooked the
beautiful valley of the slow-winding Connecticut,
as my mother's did. Did you never loiter beside
that little charmed "work-table" of a winter evening,

Such are some of our early recollections and child-
ish associations connected with the kitchen candle.
Another thing we remember was, that when we
took our candle to light ourselves to bed, we were
sometimes so thoughtless as to pinch the fire on the
smoking wick after we had blown out the blaze.

You smile at the mention of these recollections.
So do I, often, at the thought of them. But some-
times I weep, too, that the pleasant scenes they pic-
ture will never come again to me in sweet reality,

And tears of sadness, too, have wet my cheek,
that sometimes, in those days of headstrong youth,
I grieved those faithful guardians of my haste.
And yet other tears of sadness I have sometimes
shed in mournful selfishness that I shall never once
again, this side the grave, behold the loving
eyes that looked so oft with me into the blaze of
that unforgotten candle.

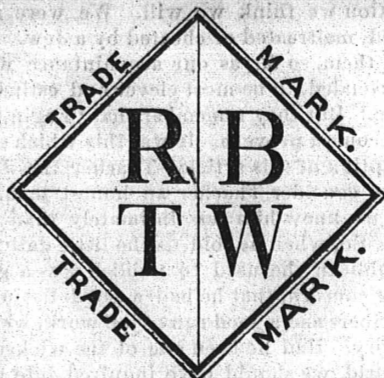
A WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF DRESS.

For myself, I should be thankful to return to the
habits of our grandmothers—buy a bonnet which
would do to wear ten years; have three dresses,
two for every day and one for "nice," and wear
them year after year till they wear out, without
alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at
the back of my head. I should then have more
time for reading and study, and more money to
spend in books, pictures, and travelling, to say
nothing of the unlimited time and money for do-
ing good. And I know of very many women
who would be only too happy to throw aside the
wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would
be the result? With the maiden, no more beaux;
with the wife, a cessation of devotion on the
part of her husband—results too dire to be con-
templated for a moment. I speak what I know,
and testify what I have seen. I have myself been
to parties sensibly and economically clad, and I was
despised and rejected of men; again, I have been
more fashionably and expensively attired, and I
had more beaux than I knew what to do with. By
the way, why don't some of the wise and sensible
bachelors court and marry among the vast army of
working-girls? They are dressed simply, and are
accustomed to habits of economy. They would be
glad enough of good homes, and would make ex-
cellent wives. They are personally attractive, and,
I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as
the average of fashionable women. Why is there
not a greater demand for them as wives, and why
are not the Flora McFlimeys a drug in the mar-
ket? Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not
deceived, O, my brethren! With you lies the
fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to
pay court to silks, panniers, frills and chignons,
and we shall go over to calico in battalions.—
[Evening Post.]

LIVE NOBLY.—Men should learn to live nobly.
It is not enough that we pass through life inoffen-
sively. We must crowd our days with acts of pos-
itive goodness. There is many a harmless plant
which, because it is nothing more than harmless, is
trampled in the mire or burnt with useless stubble.
A flower, not half so large or strong, because it
smiles a blessing on the world, is cherished in kind-
ness and praised for its benevolence. Live nobly,
which means that you are to love and serve your
God with all your heart and soul, and mind, and
strength, and your neighbor as yourself, loving
not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

GENUINE BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Four coffee
cups full of sifted Indian meal, two cups coarse
flour, either wheat or rye; one teaspoonful salt,
one teacup molasses, and boiling water enough to
make it as thick as griddle-cake batter. When
nearly cool, add half a teacup yeast, either home-
made or distillery. Put the mixture into an iron
baking dish, cover tightly, and let it stand in a
warm place till it cracks over the top (which should
be smoothed over with wet hands before it is
placed to rise.) Bake it five or six hours in a
moderate oven which will not burn the crust to a
cinder.

WINE BITTERS.



A RELIABLE TONIC.
AN AGREEABLE AND PLEASANT DRINK.
AN ANTIDOTE FOR ALL BILLIOUS DISORDERS.

Our "Wine Bitters" are Made
of Pure Wine from Grapes Grown at
Rosebrook Vineyard, near Lawrence, Kansas.
DEALERS AND OTHERS ARE FURNISHED WITH CERTIFI-
CATES OF THE PURITY OF THESE BITTERS
UPON APPLICATION.
Manufactured by
ROSEBROOK WINE CO.,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
D. M. SELLS, Manager.

H. J. RUSHMER,

SIGN OF THE BIG SPECTACLES,

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS,

SILVERWARE.

FINE JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

—ALSO—

MARBLE SLATE MANTELS, GRATES, &c.

STEINWAY

—and other—

PIANOS AND ORGANS

THE BEST STOCK,

—and—

THE BEST TERMS IN KANSAS.

NO. 57 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

THOMPSON & CHAPMAN,

Dealers in

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

No. 71 Massachusetts Street.

CASH PAID FOR GAME AND PRODUCE.

All Kinds of Vegetables in Season.

A Supply of Everything Usually Kept in a

MARKET GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE

Constantly on Hand.

ANDREW TERRY, Pres. JNO. K. RANKIN, Cash.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.

LAWRENCE
SAVINGS BANK,

No. 52 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence.

General Banking and Savings Institution.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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ROBT. MORROW. J. M. HENDRY. C. S. TREADWAY.
A. F. ABBOTT. J. K. RANKIN. J. H. HAIGHT.

This corporation is organized under the laws of Kansas. The
capital is one hundred thousand dollars, and its stockholders are
liable by statute to its creditors for twice the amount of their
shares, making two hundred thousand dollars personal liability.
One-half of the savings deposits received will be loaned upon first
mortgages on real estate of ample value in this State. The balance,
except the amount necessary to be kept in the bank to meet ordi-
nary calls of depositors, will be carefully invested in other first-
class securities, such as can readily be realized upon, for the pay-
ment of deposits in case of special need. Similar investments con-
stitute the usual and sole security of deposits in New England sav-
ings banks, and are fully and safely relied upon. When, there-
fore, coupled as above with so large personal liability, the safety
of money deposited is amply assured.
Deposits amounting to one dollar and over will be received at
the banking house during the usual banking hours, and on Satur-
days from 6 to 8 o'clock p. m. also, and will draw interest at 7 per
cent. per annum, to be paid semi-annually in the month of April
and October in each year, and if not withdrawn will be added and
draw interest the same as the principal.
For further information call and get a copy of our by-laws relat-
ing to savings deposits. We also do a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Eastern and foreign exchange for sale. Coins, United States, State
and county bonds bought and sold. Revenue stamps for sale.
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EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.

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

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

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$2,000 in 35 years,
2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent, the result would be \$10,000
in 35 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent, \$32,000 in 35 years,
6 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent, \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000
in 58 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young
man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to
\$100,000 in the same time.

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

WARNE & GILLET,
DEALERS IN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Have now in Stock a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

of all kinds of the best quality, including

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

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF RAZORS,

Silver Plated Door and Window Trimmings,

Brass & Bronze Door & Window Trimmings,

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

MECHANICS' TOOLS IN GREAT VARIETY,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF HARDWARE.

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

We make a specialty of Carpenters' Tools, and keep the best as-
sortment of goods in that line to be found in the Western Country.
We sell all articles at the LOWEST CASH PRICES, and respect-
fully ask the public, before purchasing, to look through our stock,
which is one of the most complete in the West.

77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.



**Kansas Spirit.**

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

**HORACE GREELEY.**

It is not too late to say a kindly word for Horace Greeley. It will not be too late to do that so long as any of us have words to utter. For his is

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

He has left a deep and indelible impression upon the mind of this country. He was peculiarly a child of our American civilization. Such a character as his is possible under no other government on earth. He must have appreciated this fact himself, and it undoubtedly lent additional ardor to the fervid patriotism with which he loved his country.

He is a striking instance of what energy and integrity can do. He was a self-made man. And his career proves that, while colleges are good in their place, there are better schools. Men owe less to their schoolmasters than to themselves. The hill of science cannot be climbed by deputy. This poor and awkward printer-boy, by his own unaided efforts, without office, or patronage, or rank, without any of the adventitious circumstances which aid most great men to be great, came to fill the whole continent with the lustre of his name, and to be known, loved and venerated by the whole American people.

This is what we must admire, a man great in himself and not in his surroundings. It is easy for a man to be great when he has a great office, like that of the Presidency, to aid him. All he wants then is sound common sense, the uncommon ability to keep from any weak or foolish things, to be great. It is comparatively easy for the general at the head of his army to be brave. His place is assigned him. The eyes of the world are upon him. What he does or fails to do will be known and noted. But when the particular finger of fate points to some private soldier in the ranks, and he faces danger and death, with no one to get behind, with no one to tell the story of his daring, then we may be sure the hero stuff was in him. Such were the Sergeant Jaspers and Moll Pitchers of the American Revolution; such were the unnumbered brave heroes who have snatched our imperilled nationality from destruction, and borne it aloft in safety amid the very blaze of battle. Their heroism was a native impulse, and they would have done as they did had they known their careers were to end at the cannon's mouth, and their names to perish from human recollection.

Horace Greeley was one of the greatest men America ever produced, and great especially in this, that his greatness was in himself. Position could only have weakened it. He was never less great or more out of place than when his great name was used as a catchword by men who had no appreciation of his rare nobility. Polk and Pierce and Tyler have been Presidents. Clay and Webster and Greeley fell short of their ambitions. But all this only shows that office cannot make a small man great, nor the lack or loss of it diminish for an instant the lustre of inherent greatness.

His death seems like a terrible tragedy. There are mysteries about it that pass comprehension. How that great mind that had stood unmoved the jars and shocks of controversy for so many years should at last be hurled from its pedestal by the miserable peltings of a political campaign, passes all comprehension. There must have been other and deeper causes than this. We are prepared to believe most fully that he received the news of his defeat without emotion. He was too great to be much affected, much less killed, by that. But he had grown tired of the burden of life. He had watched the companion of his youth as she sank slowly into the dark valley. He had seen his full share of the hollowness and heartlessness and hypocrisy of men. Above all, he had done his work. He had fought the battle of life, and fairly won his glittering crown. All that remained was to put off his armor and lie down to rest. That he should have done so amid the tumultuous throbbings of a mind diseased is matter for mourning and regret. But it is still the pride of his countrymen and the glory of his many friends that he never betrayed the one nor deceived the other, and that though the light of his life went down in temporary darkness, it will shine more and more unto the perfect day.

**HITS THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.**

The St. Louis "Democrat" has a way of hitting Kansas politics about right. It need not go far from Lawrence to find evidence that it has done so in the following, which we clip from its editorial columns:

The Kansas Senatorial race promises rare excitement. Pomeroy, at present, leads in the pools, while there is not much choice in the field, which is composed of Judge Lowe, Hon. I. S. Kalloch, Col. W. A. Phillips, and Governor Harvey. Of the latter, Kalloch is the favorite, while Phillips has many admirers. The contest will at least afford a conspicuous illustration of the national reputation which Kansas politicians have acquired, to-wit: that the unanimity with which they wage war against a fancied external foe is only equalled by the ferocity which characterizes their internal quarrels.

**GLUTINOUS.**

In an article on the Senatorship the Manhattan "Nationalist" says of Senator Pomeroy: "He is neither licentious, vulgar, nor glutinous." He sticks to his seat pretty well anyway, for a man that is not glutinous.

**THACHER THE JEW.**

Perhaps we should beg pardon of the Jews. On reflection we think we will. We were never ill-treated, maltreated or cheated by a Jew. We have found them, so far as our acquaintance with them has extended, to be most clever and estimable gentlemen. But they remember that "Fagin the Jew" has become a proverb. It was this which suggested the caption of this article—Thacher the Jew. We used to consider Thacher an honest man. It was when we knew him less intimately than we have since. So, when he told us the little daily evening "Republican" he used to publish was a good and paying concern, that he had a good list of paying subscribers and a good run of job work, we believed the story. Had he been one of the wicked men of the world, we should have inquired into the truth of his representations. We should have asked to see the list. We should have inspected his books. But Mr. Thacher was such a pious man that we unhesitatingly gave him our confidence and relied upon his word.

In the arrangement then made with us, in addition to other and valuable considerations, we paid Thacher *Four Thousand Dollars in money*. His whole miserable concern at that time was not worth half the money. He had no subscribers, no business, no credit, and few friends. He was on his last legs. He could not have published his paper a month longer had he not victimized us into the idea of resurrecting him. He got Perry, the President of the Kansas Pacific, to set him up in business, but Perry soon finding out that he was utterly uninfuential and useless, dropped him like a hot potato, and we have now good reason to believe that he was pretty well out at the elbows and near starvation, when we took hold of him. It was a regular "confidence" operation. This hypocritical "raise-God bare-bones" who turns up his eyes with such holy horror at a club house or a game of luck, who deplores the demoralization of the race track, and sheds his crocodile tears over a lottery ticket or a grab-bag, played on us a game that would disgrace a respectable Peter Funk! And no doubt he chanted his Psalms with an extra nasal twang after he had robbed us. Perhaps he has heard of the old New England Deacon—I expect he was a Thacher—who said to his boy: "John, have you watered the rum?" "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Then come to prayers." Far be it from us to intimate that the church is responsible for these hypocritical pretenders. We claim that we are doing good service to good church people whom we respect in tearing off the mask from the hypocritical pharisees who are doing more than all the openly wicked men in the world to bring religion into contempt and disrepute.

But the story is not half told. Our business firm was christened "Kalloch, Thacher & Reynolds." But Thacher was to be the business manager. He was supposed to understand business better than Milt. or ourself. And his high-sounding professions and pretensions forbade the idea of his ever cheating us. So we made him business manager. And he "managed" for us with a vengeance! He managed to steal all the concern made, and to so disgust his partners that they were glad to quit him while they had enough left to make a start in some other business. If we had staid with him till this time we should have been paupers. The agreement was that he should make a report of the financial situation every month. *He never made one while we were with him.* We tried repeatedly, and in vain, both Mr. Reynolds and ourself, to get a settlement, to find out where we were, to know what had become of our money, to know what was being done with the receipts. But all in vain. We never did know anything about it, neither do we to this day. We worked for nothing, and Milt. worked on promises, but the saintly Thacher got able to buy us both out! And that is about all we know about it. For a correct business man as he is presumed to be; for a man of extraordinary piety as he assumes to be, we leave it to others to determine if these "short and simple annals of the poor" are not interesting commentaries of character?

These statements are facts, not only within the cognizance of the parties concerned, but many of them sufficiently understood by many citizens. And they brand Timothy Dwight Thacher as a hypocritical pretender, a pious fraud, a sanctimonious swindler, "the meanest and coldest hypocrite we ever met." And so long as he considered the private note in which we told him that "a letter to be read," perhaps he will also regard this production of the same description. At any rate he may rest assured that it will be read, and he may thank himself for creating the necessity that it should be read.

**DULL WIT.**

When that useful but somewhat ungraceful animal, the cow, shall be taught to waltz, with all the beauty and grace of a Parisian belle; when rough frontiersmen shall learn to larup mules without interspersing each lick with oaths of profanity; when cold blood shall be as much admired as an ardent and generous nature; when pharasaical sanctimoniousness shall pass current for piety; when the Lawrence "Journal" shall prove it did not try to sell out to Pomeroy, as charged and repeatedly charged by the Lawrence "Tribune," it is barely possible that Timothy Dwight Thacher's dull and insipid attempts at wit will be appreciated. Timothy Dwight attempting to be facetious! It's enough to make a mule laugh. Better call in an ap-Prentiss; most any "botch" will make a less ridiculous display in attempts at wit.—[Parsons Sun.

**POLITICS AND THE FARM.**

We cannot all be politicians. Neither can we all be farmers. And no man certainly can be both and do justice to both. The farmer has a natural dislike and distrust of the politician. And this is not strange. The class of men who are understood to be professional politicians are not the loveliest order of created intelligencies. The farmer of all men hates shams. There is no sham in his work. And he has little patience with it in others. Still he should remember that politics is not all sham. In its highest sense it is the science of government. Wise and just laws, judicious taxation, an economical use of the public funds, generous encouragement of schools, the care of the helpless wards of the State, all these are political questions, and no man can have more interest in them than the farmer.

Now if he eschews politics altogether, and turns it over to the political shysters, he will have to pay the penalty of his folly. We are in the habit of calling ours the best government the sun ever shone upon. And so it is. But it is the government of the people. And when the people cease to be interested in its management, and turn it over to professional politicians, the days of its glory will be ended. "Ichabod" may then be written on its gates.

We hold it then to be the sacred duty of the farmer, as well as of every citizen, to study carefully the constitution of his country, to become versed in its history, to teach its thrilling story to his children, to be vigilant and active at all seasons of election and see that no doubtful sentinels are placed on guard.

We feel especially grateful to the farmers of Wakarusa for the generous confidence they have bestowed upon us, and for the alacrity and unanimity with which they responded to our request that they should honor us with a seat in the State Legislature. We feel under an additional responsibility to so act as a legislator that they will say to us on our return: "Well done, good and faithful servant." We shall watch carefully all such questions as more immediately affect their interests, and we shall carefully report to them through the columns of THE SPIRIT whatever may transpire to interest them. We want and mean that the issue shall prove our election to be an advance movement in our local politics, and we shall take care that the fifty-third district receives no detriment so long as we represent its interests.

We started out with the intention of making a semi-apology for having so much politics in THE SPIRIT. But what we have written is perhaps the best apology we could make. The intelligent farmer is a man interested in other things, and who wants to read about other things than fodder for his stock and fuel for his fire. He is a citizen of the Great Republic, and whatever concerns that concerns him. That farms may be worth tilling, that towns may be abodes of order, that streets may be safe to walk on, that beds may be safe to lie on, it is necessary that our political affairs should receive the thoughtful attention of every citizen. And while we would not lessen in the least degree the contempt which every farmer ought to have of the pot-house politician, we would at the same time intensify the interest he ought to feel in the political welfare of his country.

**THE OPPOSITION TO POMEROY.**

The opposition to the re-election of Senator Pomeroy in this city appears to be diminishing. The man who has abused him the worst has already declared his preference for him over us. This is good so far as it goes. His hatred of Pomeroy appears to be only a comparative thing after all. We have half suspected this for a long time. But we have hardly dared to say so until now. At any rate, it is a comforting thing to us, as a personal friend of Mr. Pomeroy, that if events should lead us to his support, we shall at least have the support of Thacher for our act.

He knows of course that we are for ourself. He knows that we made our campaign on that ground. He will recollect the article of ours in which we most distinctly affirmed this, and which he copied with favorable comments. Not because we were for Phillips, or Lowe, or Harvey, but for Kalloch, did he give us as good an endorsement as he ever gives anything. And on the Saturday before our election he informed us that he had squelched the last and most threatening danger to us, and rendered our election beyond a question. This was when we were for ourself for the Senate. But he evidently did not think at the time that there was anything formidable about that. But as soon as it begins to look so, he announces himself for Phillips, and commences writing his characteristic articles to prove that Pomeroy is the better man of the two. We have no dispute with him on this point. We never did believe him in earnest in his opposition to Pomeroy. We knew the price—a cheap one too—at which he was ready to quit it. But he has quit without Pomeroy paying him a cent. We desire to call Pomeroy's attention to this slight favor which we have performed for him. If he does not appreciate it, it will be because he has so slim an appreciation of Thacher's services.

So far as we are concerned, we stand where we started. We repeat what we said in the preliminary campaign, that whatever regard we may have for Mr. Pomeroy bears no comparison to the regard we have for ourself. We have never disguised the fact, nor attempted to, that we are on terms of personal friendship with Mr. Pomeroy. So far as we are personally concerned, we could support him with the greatest pleasure. But, recognizing the

feeling of prejudice which prevailed among our constituents, we told them the only circumstances under which we ever could vote for Mr. Pomeroy, and also promised them that we should make just as square and strong an effort as we could for our own election. This seemed to please them. They gave us a thousand out of their fifteen hundred votes.

But our object now is to call their attention to this man Thacher. *He* prefers somebody else—he even prefers Pomeroy to us. Do they sympathize in this view? Do they wish us to relinquish our fight? Will they be satisfied with what satisfies Thacher? There are plenty of ways in which they can let us know, and let *him* know, if the situation suits them. It seems to us that the hypocrisy and hollowness, the utter disregard of truth, decency and consistency on his part are now so transparent that every man in this community will at last estimate him at his true value. There were some, undoubtedly, who thought him honest in his opposition to Pomeroy. They can now see that there was no honesty in that, and they can infer, what everybody who has ever been in close business connection with him knows to his sorrow, that there is not an honest hair in his hypocritical head.

**THE PRIDE OF PAOLA.**

We refer of course to her new, imposing, magnificent school house. We should be proud to live in any town that has the enterprise and public spirit to provide such a place as that for the education of their children. The children themselves, growing up under such circumstances, and having such inducements presented to climb the hill of science, must be proportionately benefited. And though the taxes may be high, and the building a little in advance of present needs, yet parents, we are persuaded, will be more than repaid for the outlay. Persons having children to educate will be tempted by a place that makes such splendid provisions for them. The building is the best one we ever saw in this country, without any exception, for the amount expended in its erection. It cost \$35,000, but if it had been built as many other public buildings in Kansas have, it would have cost three times the amount. Much credit is due Capt. Shannon for this economical use of the funds with which he has been in part intrusted as Chairman of the Board of Education. We saw many things in Paola to please us. Some new buildings, some old friends, a general spirit of enterprise and progress, but the pride of Paola is her public school.

J. S. WHITE. E. F. GOOD.

**WHITE & GOOD,**

Dealers in

Staple & Fancy Groceries, Provisions, &c.

FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

141 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

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PRACTICAL MATTRESS MAKER.

ALL KINDS OF MATTRESSES MADE.

Hair and moss mattresses renovated and made equal to new. Warehouse, Dixie's old stand, corner of Vermont and Winthrop streets, rear of Eldridge House. n28

**FINE HORSES FOR SALE OR TRADE.**

As I do not wish to go to farming, I will sell or trade,

FOR LAND OR CITY PROPERTY,

All of my Trotting Horses. Among them will be found some of the choicest trotting blood to be found in the State of Kentucky. n28t

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**BALING COMPANY,**

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GEO. ATCHESON & CO., Proprietors.

Buy, Bale, Ship and Sell Hay, Hemp, Flax, Broom-

Corn, Etc., in any Quantity.

Apply at the Office of G. W. Smith's Elevator, near the Kansas Pacific Railway Depot, North Lawrence, or address Post Office Box 75, Lawrence, Kansas. no3-ly

**TO WESTERN INVENTORS.**

Having completed arrangements with one of the most able and responsible soliciting firms in the United States, as their record and references will show,—residents of Washington,—I am enabled to offer valuable service to parties desirous of

PROCURING AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PATENTS.

Their business will have the same attention as if present personally at Washington.

J. A. HARD, Solicitor of Patents,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.



Town Talk.

JOHN BUNYAN—WRITER, PREACHER AND MAN.—The lecture of the Presbyterian church course was delivered last evening in the Presbyterian church by I. S. Kalloch.

Bunyan's character was considered as a writer, a preacher and a man. His parentage was obscure and humble. His occupation was menial. But he rose to be a great light in the world.

But it was as a man that Bunyan's character was most fully and effectively dwelt upon. He was a brave man. He dared to do right. He was true to his own convictions.

Mr. KALLOCH'S LECTURE.—Owing to the fact that there was some uncertainty as to where Mr. Kalloch's lecture was to be delivered and no definite notice given up to too late an hour to give it general circulation, the audience to hear him was not so great as it would otherwise have been.

THE CATHOLIC FAIR.—The Catholic ladies of Lawrence are noted for their splendid entertainments, and the fair at Liberty Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings has no exception in this respect.

OUR LECTURES.—There was a fair audience, perhaps one hundred and fifty, at Dunning's Hall on Tuesday evening, to hear Mr. Kalloch's lecture on "The Moral Responsibility of the Press."

Mr. Kalloch brought history, poetry and his own sparkling wit to bear in showing the growth and present condition of the press—gave a vivid picture of the hard lot of the average printer—told how great a power the press had become and how viciously its influence was sometimes wielded.

Even as rapport with his audience discussing a theme on which he is posted, and which he feels an interest in, Mr. Kalloch is one of the most graceful, eloquent, and powerful speakers of his day and generation; and on Tuesday evening he came pretty nearly up to his best.

One week from next Tuesday evening, Gen. Fraser, President of the State University at Lawrence, will give a lecture at Dunning's Hall, for the benefit of the Congregational church, on "The Physical Geography of the Earth."

FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Thursday evening was occasioned by the burning out of a chimney in the south part of the city. A serious accident happened to the engine while being hauled to the scene of the alarm.

THE PAOLA LECTURE ON THE PRESS.—The lecture per se was fine. It was replete with wit, humor and pathos, and abounded with the most beautiful imagery.

OUR GOVERNOR.—Hon. Thos. A. Osborne, Governor-elect of Kansas, paid Lawrence a short visit this week.

A SECOND CHOICE.—There is, however, another about whom much is being said—one whom we admire for the talent he possesses—and that man is I. S. Kalloch. He is recognized by all persons as the ablest man in Kansas.

KNOWS HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.—Mr. Kalloch is a man of marked ability, really the ablest man in the State. He is a man who will naturally have ardent friends and strong enemies, as Henry Clay had them, as all really great men have them.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—The epizootic has at last made its appearance in Lawrence, and a large number of horses are already affected. Osborn's stable has been closed for several days, all of his horses having the disease.

MR. KALLOCH'S LECTURE.—Owing to the fact that there was some uncertainty as to where Mr. Kalloch's lecture was to be delivered and no definite notice given up to too late an hour to give it general circulation, the audience to hear him was not so great as it would otherwise have been.

A SUCCESS IN EVERY RESPECT.—Mr. J. Savage, an old Kansas settler, is writing some very interesting sketches for Kalloch's SPIRIT. Some of the best papers ever prepared in this State are now appearing in that paper from different authors.

GOOD WORDS.—Hon. I. S. Kalloch delivered his popular and interesting lecture, the "Battle of Life," at the Baptist church last evening, to a crowded house.

EVENING SCHOOL.—An evening school will be opened at the Central school house in the evening of Monday, Jan. 6th. It will be under the general charge of Superintendent Rote, who will be assisted by the teachers of the various city schools.

FIRE.—The stable of Louis Chartrain, of Marion township, containing six valuable horses and several sets of good harness, was burned with all the contents, on Thursday evening the 12th inst. It is supposed the fire was the work of an incendiary. Loss \$2,000. No insurance.

RACY.—Kalloch's SPIRIT continues to be as racy and entertaining as though he were not entered for the Senatorial race.

MILLINERY & NOTION STORE, 153 MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

MRS. E. E. W. COULTER

Respectfully invites the attention of Ladies and others to her large and elegant assortment of MILLINERY GOODS.

CORSETS, GLOVES, LACES, COLLARS, FEATHERS, ZEPHYRS AND YARNS.

Real Hair Switches and Curis, Kait Goods,

AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

The making of Caps for Old Ladies,

Head Dresses for Parties and Concerts,

AND BONNETS & HATS TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

Parties from the Country Especially Invited to Call.

Mrs. Coulter bought her stock for CASH directly from the largest wholesale houses, and will prove to all who may favor her with their patronage that she will sell for cash as cheap as the cheapest.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ON ALL ORDERS.

PROF. JAMES JOHNSON, BARBER SHOP, OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.

SHERIFF'S SALE. STATE OF KANSAS, In the District Court, Fourth Judicial District, sitting in and for Douglas County, Kansas.

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court, in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will, on Saturday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1873, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Lawrence, county of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said W. A. Harris and James B. Hamilton, and each of them, in and to the following described lands and tenements, to-wit: All of lot 5 in the south-east quarter of section 13, township 12, range 18 east, lying south of county section line running from east to west, containing 12 7/100 acres, otherwise described thus: The south-east fraction of the south-east fractional quarter of section 13, township 12, range 18 east, north of the Kansas river, in Douglas county, Kansas, appraised at five hundred and eighty-four dollars twenty-one hundredths dollars (\$584.2100), taken as the property of W. A. Harris and James B. Hamilton, and to be sold to satisfy said order of sale.

Given under my hand and my office in the city of Lawrence this 31st day of November, 1872. Sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas.

NOTICE. Samuel Poole, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that John A. Peck did, on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1872, in the District Court of Douglas county, State of Kansas, file his petition against Samuel Poole, defendant, setting forth that the said Samuel Poole, defendant, was indebted to him, the said John A. Peck, plaintiff, in the sum of one hundred and thirty-two (132) dollars, with interest, and that the said Samuel Poole, defendant, upon an account for work done and materials furnished in erecting and constructing (including rods upon premises owned by the said Samuel Poole and at his request, and in and by said petition judgment for the said amount is prayed against said Samuel Poole; and the said Samuel Poole is hereby notified to appear and answer said petition on or before the 11th day of January, A. D. 1873, or the day of judgment will be taken against said Samuel Poole in favor of said John A. Peck, and an order of sale of attached property.

By his attorneys, RIGGS, NEVISON & SIMPSON.

NOTICE. Samuel Poole, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that John A. Peck did, on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1872, in the District Court of Douglas county, State of Kansas, file his petition against Samuel Poole, defendant, setting forth that the said Samuel Poole, defendant, was indebted to him, the said John A. Peck, plaintiff, in the sum of one hundred and thirty-two (132) dollars, with interest, and that the said Samuel Poole, defendant, upon an account for work done and materials furnished in erecting and constructing (including rods upon premises owned by the said Samuel Poole and at his request, and in and by said petition judgment for the said amount is prayed against said Samuel Poole; and the said Samuel Poole is hereby notified to appear and answer said petition on or before the 11th day of January, A. D. 1873, or the day of judgment will be taken against said Samuel Poole in favor of said John A. Peck, and an order of sale of attached property.

By his attorneys, RIGGS, NEVISON & SIMPSON.

LEGAL NOTICE. Attachment. SAMUEL POOLE, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that D. & N. G. Miller, co-defendants, on the 2nd day of November, 1872, filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas county, State of Kansas, against the said Samuel Poole, defendant, setting forth that the said Samuel Poole is indebted to the said D. & N. G. Miller in the sum of \$37.50, and interest thereon at 12 per cent. per annum from the 15th day of October, A. D. 1871, and the said Samuel Poole is hereby notified to appear and answer said petition on or before the 11th day of January, A. D. 1873, or judgment will be rendered against the said Samuel Poole in favor of the said D. & N. G. Miller in the sum of \$37.50, with interest thereon at 12 per cent. per annum from the 15th day of October, A. D. 1871, and an order of sale of attached property.

By his attorneys, RIGGS, NEVISON & SIMPSON.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. CREDITORS and all others interested in the estate of Horace C. Brown, deceased, of Douglas county, Kansas, are hereby notified that on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1873, I shall make final settlement of said estate.

JOHN M. SHEPHERD, Administrator of Estate of H. C. Brown.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

H. H. CARPENTER, NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POSTOFFICE.)

SIGN OF PRISMATIC HAT. HATS! HATS! HATS!

HEADS MEASURED AND HATS MADE TO ORDER.

SILK HATS IRONED.

Davies Diamond D. Shirts—The Best in the Market.

CUFFS, COLLARS AND CANES.

The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State.

GEORGE FORD, H. D. WHITMAN, FORD & WHITMAN, Wholesale and Retail.

GROCERS, No. 93 Massachusetts Street, corner of Henry, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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THE KANSAS SPIRIT, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY I. S. KALLOCH & CO. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR. INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. COLE BROS. & ASHERS, DEALERS IN LIGHTNING RODS AND WOOD PUMPS, Lawrence, Kansas. ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. SMITH & HAMPTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.



The Story Teller.

GRANDMA'S DEARY: RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

[Continued.]

Sooner than he was expected it was whispered about that Mr. Lincoln was in town—some said in our hotel. We grew excited. What did this early and secret arrival portend? In a few hours came the news of his flight from Baltimore and of the disappointment of the mob who had assembled there to waylay and probably slay him.

The night before the Fourth Angela wakened me from a terrible dream.

"Oh, Deary!" she said, "do wake up. You groan so dreadfully you frighten me to death. What is the matter?"

It was sometime ere I could realize that I was safe and far from that awful scene of blood!

"I will not tell my dream to-night, Angy. We should neither of us sleep any after. I want to try and forget it."

But in the morning the memory of it was still too vivid to be borne alone, so I related it to my cousin. "I thought, Angy, that there was war,—a fierce and bloody one,—and that I was somewhere near the two armies when they joined battle. O, it was so fearfully distinct and real! It makes me shudder now. I thought they fought till the day was clouded by smoke and till mountains of dead, horse and rider, obstructed the plain. I thought that blood ran in rivers, with strong, rapid tides, like the middle of the river at Oak Hill, and that it reached even to the horses' bridles. I could hear it ripple and wash against the ranks of living men and the piles of dead. Men's faces, like the faces of demons, peered out of the thick smoke-clouds towards the South; and faces solemn and stern, but calm and sad, appeared from the clouds towards the North. There was in one direction a dreadful roaring of cannon, and in another a hand to hand strife that was more dreadful still. Gashed and bleeding, and with their clothes torn off them, the men fought on and no man fell until he was wounded nigh to death. By and by the dead grew to be more than the living, and I saw the writhing bodies as they were trampled on and crushed by the hoofs of the war steeds. Then some attempted to clear away the wounded and bear them out of the fight and to make a path through the heaps of dead, but a loud voice sounded through the smoky cloud: "Forward! Stop not for dead nor dying till the field is won!" and the troops dashed on.

"There were no wild cries of pain as the wounded were crushed to death; but I saw faces of unutterable agony turned heavenward, and low deep groans rose dismally from all sides. I fell a groaning with my dying countrymen, and that woke you, and you woke me, or I think I should have died with them; for I thought there was no respite and no refuge but in death."

"What a dreadful dream!" cried Angela, shuddering; "I hope it never will come true."

But we had to make haste, for much was to be done that day.

All that was done has been recorded in the daily papers of the time, I need not tell it here. Suffice it to say that no one attempted to harm Mr. Lincoln, and that when all was over and General Scott had heard what Mr. Lincoln had said, he uttered heartily, as if relieved of a great care and burden: "Thank God! we have a government!"

But there were fierce, dark faces everywhere in Washington. I did not like the looks of many that I saw, and I said as much to Mr. Bert.

"I agree with you. These men are all traitors. There can be no doubt of it. They meditate mischief, but they are cowards that dare not perform it."

We returned in safety to New York, and I went for a visit to cousin Constant's. It was very pleasant there, but I missed the excitement of the talk that I had grown used to. I amused myself with the children all I could. There was a pretty neighbor of Theodosia's who used to be in often. She was a second wife and had always with her her husband's child, as willful a young rebel as ever lived. This little girl made sad work with my cousin's children, and did all sorts of mischief.

"Why in the world don't you make the child behave?" I asked the mother.

"How can I? You see she won't mind a word I say," was the reply.

"Make her mind. Whip her if you can't manage her any other way."

The young wife looked at me with horror.

"Strike the child of a dead woman!" she uttered. "I would not lay my hand on her to save my own life!"

"La!" said I, "that's a new doctrine for a step-dame to advance. I respect your motive, madame. You certainly must have a desire to do right, but you are in the wrong. Correction when done in the spirit of love is a kindness to any naughty child. I would not hesitate one moment to whip that naughty little creature now; and then, as soon as she gave up and obeyed, I would caress and comfort her. She would be happier than she is now, and so would you."

But the lady could not see it so, and that child fairly drove me away from my cousin Constant's. Theodosia did not seem to mind it so much, but I could not and would not endure it. So, promising to come again, I started back to the boarding house. This was the first of April, 1861. Angela, her lover, her mother and Mr. and Mrs. Bert were in the parlor when I entered. They all seemed glad to see me back—laughed when I told what had shortened my visit. Mr. Bert was teasing Angela now. She was listening with pale, affrighted face to something that he was telling her.

"And if there should be war," he said, "you would, of course, imitate the heroic example of the women of the Revolution, and bid sire and brother and dear lover go forth to fight the battles of his country."

"Indeed I would not bid my friends go to get killed. What would country be to one who had no friends? Give me my friends, I say, alive and whole, before all the countries in the world!"

"So I say, Angela. We never will let them go to war, will we?"

"Never, never!" she uttered earnestly, tears springing to her eyes.

"What would become of us were all the women to feel as you do?" asked Mr. Bert.

"There would never be any fighting, and we should all be a great deal better off," was the reply.

"Now, husband," cried Mrs. Bert, "what is the use of being all the time teasing?"

She had clapped her handkerchief over her mouth, as he had opened it to reply to Angela. "Come, friends all, let us play something active and romping. I'm tired of sitting still."

"Oh, yes," said her husband, wriggling himself out of her hold and jumping up with his hair all on end; "that's right, wife—let's play ponds."

He looked ineffably silly. No man living knew better how. Mrs. Morse, a visitor, burst into an agony of laughter. She was a handsome lady, very fleshy, a woman with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a keen eye for manly grace and beauty. Bert had been her study before that day. Now she unconditionally surrendered to his influence. We grew almost alarmed at her agitation. Her solid sides shook like an earthquake; tears poured from her eyes; and her screams of laughter were startling. We all caught the infection, and had exercise enough that time without the game of romps.

"That man! that man! Take him away! I shall die if he comes nearer!" gasped Mrs. Morse as poor Mr. Bert, a little taken down by the tumult he had raised, approached her to promise better behavior.

We passed a merry, care-free evening, had one game of "ponds" to comfort Mr. Bert, and went to our beds in a state to sleep without restless dreaming. Sad mornings follow, sometimes, after merry evenings. March came in next morning. He was quite like himself, and seemed to feel humbled and penitent. He wanted his father to try and procure another place for him, and assured him that no such trouble as had been should be again. Uncle Howard and all of us were so glad and thankful!

Angela went and sat down in her brother's lap, put her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom and cried—"For joy," she said.

Just then a servant brought up letters. One was from George Lakewood. On opening it, out fell some cards. They were his wedding cards. He and Jane were married.

An instant change came over the fine, melancholy face of March. He sprang up and putting his sister from him—what is a sister to a man in the agonies of hopeless love? or in the transports of love that is required?—hurried out of the room and the house.

We felt that all our bright hopes were again dashed to atoms.

We were right. Long before night the wretched March was carried, dead drunk, to his lodgings. My aunt knew of this, and I thought her heart would break.

But nothing earthly is so tough and strong as the human heart. No woe, no anguish, no despair that can be named or imagined, is too much for it to bear—as woman, at least, knows.

Our other letters were from uncles Norman and Theodore. They seemed greatly exercised about the state of the country, and were earnest in their condemnation of "the stupid inaction and blind security" of the North-east.

"You all seem to be asleep," they wrote, "and you slumber on the crust of a terrible crater. In a few days it will break under you, and what will come then? The South is in hot and bitter earnest. She means war, and not play. Why cannot you gold-besotted, business-ridden Eastern men understand this? If you do not quickly rouse up and shake off the stupor that is on you, our country is forever lost. I know—I feel it. Would that all the North could feel the same ere it be too late."

Uncle Howard smiled.

"This," said he to Mr. Bert, to whom after dinner he read a part of the letters, "is the tone of all the Western people. They are strangely alarmed, and very enthusiastic. Hear what brother Norman of Wisconsin says:

"I have ten sons dear to me as any man's sons are to him. Seven of them are of suitable age to enter the army, and I will freely give them all to the work if our Government will only do something to put down this accursed rebellion."

"You see, Bert, he is ready to pitch in. He thinks it the only thing to be done."

"I am not sure that he is not right," said Mr. Bert thoughtfully. "How Major Anderson is being treated! I wonder that he endures it as he does. I almost wish he'd shell the city."

"You are a savage man, sir," said Angela. "How should you like being shelled?"

"Depends on what it was done with, Lady Angela. I've heard of lips of fair ladies being compared to shells, and—"

"There! you can stop where you are, husband," interposed Mrs. Bert, lifting her hand in a warning manner towards the curly pate of her better half, who ducked in well assumed terror of the castigation threatened, while Angela sat laughing at her humiliated foe.

[To be Continued.]

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!!!

We are Retailing, Very Cheap, a Machine Oil, composed largely of Animal Oils, for MOWERS, REAPERS, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.,

WHICH IS UNSURPASSED FOR DURABILITY, Having been well tested on Engines, Railroad Cars, &c., and Preferred to other Oils.

A CHEAP CASTOR OIL, FOR THE SAME PURPOSE

A Large Number of Empty Alcohol Barrels, For Vinegar, Putting up Pickles, Rain Water, &c.

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

MORRIS & CRANDALL.

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, ON MASSACHUSETTS STREET.

"Absolutely the Best Protection Against Fire." Over one thousand actual fires put out with it.

MORE THAN \$8,000,000.00

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THE BABCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Fire Departments in the principal cities of the Union use them daily.

They are safe and simple, and a powerful protection. The Government has adopted it. Forty-six railroads use it. Insurance Companies reduce rates where it is introduced.

—Also the—

BABCOCK SELF-ACTING FIRE ENGINE.

FOR CITY, TOWN AND VILLAGE USE.

It is more effective than the steam fire engine, because it is instantaneously ready and throws a powerful stream of carbonic acid gas and water for any length of time.

It is the best and cheapest fire engine in the world, and comes within the financial abilities of every place. It does not require an expensive system of water works, and is never out of repair.

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ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES WEST OF THE CITY.

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AN UNSUALLY LARGE AND FINE ASSORTMENT OF GENERAL NURSERY STOCK.

Having now on my grounds the largest General Nursery Stock in this State, I will sell at wholesale on better terms than can be had in the Eastern markets. Special attention is called to my stock of

APPLES, PEARS AND CHERRIES,

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R. S. JOHNSON,

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Cash Paid for Country Produce.

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SEWING MACHINE EMPORIUM, No. 153 Massachusetts Street, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A Full and Splendid Stock of Pianos and Organs Constantly on Hand.

Also a Full Stock of GUITARS, VIOLINS, ACCORDEONS, FLUTES & FIFES, Of the best quality and bought directly From one of the Largest Importing Houses in the Country.

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And other first class Manufacturers; also for the GEORGE PRINCE ORGANS, WHITNEY & HOLMES ORGANS, NEEHDAM SILVER TONGUE ORGANS.

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FIRST CLASS INSTRUMENTS, And has selected such as in her judgment and experience have points of superiority over all others.

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Which is acknowledged by all experts who have examined it to be the best Upright Piano in the world. It has the PATENT TRUSS FRAME, which is the only frame ever devised that will enable an Upright Piano to stand in tune. The tone is also surpassingly rich and mellow.

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—Also— THE LAMB KNITTING MACHINE AND THE FRANZ & POPE KNITTING MACHINE.

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SPECIAL DEPOSIT BOXES,

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

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EVERY LADY IS ESPECIALLY INVITED

to call and examine the Howe

SEWING MACHINE,

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NO MATTER WHETHER SHE WISHES TO PURCHASE OR NOT.

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\* A dream that visited the writer before the war began.



Miscellaneous.

WANTED, A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Wanted, a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind;

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,
Who well to her household looks;
(Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant Irish cooks?)

A "very domestic person,"
To "callers" she must not be "out,"
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about;

To conduct the "ladies' meeting,"
The "sewing circle" attend;
And when we "work for the soldiers,"
Her ready assistance to lend.

Careful to entertain strangers,
Travelling agents and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits,"
The deacons have had so much

A perfect pattern of prudence,
Than all others spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress;

But when we have found the person,
We hope, by working the two,
To lift our debt and build a new church,
Then we shall know what to do;

Oh, yes!—I'll tell you the story,
The very words that were said,
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
And then,—oh, yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,

And the biscuits were out in a minute,—
Well, what came next? Let me see,—
Oh! Fanny was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea;

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
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tender serenades in the wayes, although Aristophanes failed to translate them into his rough Greek. When we come upon a solemn company of crows that have settled on the fall tree of a lonely wood, we stop to listen to their hoarse notes, in full faith that they carry much meaning in such sepulchral tones, and that they have halted there to discuss their prospects and determine upon some plan for the next campaign.

SLEEP AND HABIT.

Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus an old artilleryman often enjoys tranquil repose while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommode by the noise of his mill.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Among the many proverbs that apparently have a great deal of wisdom, but which need a little analysis before accepting, is that which declares that we should not "put off until to-morrow that which can be done to-day."

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.—When Peter of Cortona was engaged on a picture for the royal palace of Petti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child.

HOTELS.

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WALNUT BRACKETS,
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I make it a specialty to keep the
BEST ASSORTMENT OF GOODS

in my line, to be
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I sell all articles at the
LOWEST CASH PRICE,

and respectfully invite the public before purchasing, to look through my stock, which is one of the largest assortments in the WEST.

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LANGUAGE OF BEASTS AND BIRDS.

It is a common saying that man is distinguished from brutes by the noble gift of speech, but in this we are assuming altogether too much. We call all animals dumb, and imply a certain pity in the word; but in some native language of their own they may be calling us likewise poor dumb creatures, and commiserating our inability to frame their speech.



**THACHER'S ABUSE OF POMEROY.**

One of the most disgraceful prostitutions of the press that has ever been perpetrated in this State is the course of Thacher's paper towards Senator Pomeroy. It has been a clear, cold and piratical attempt to levy black mail from beginning to end. We measure the words we use, and know whereof we affirm. Honest readers of that paper have not failed to notice the irregularity of its assaults on Pomeroy. Every once in a while it would open on him with the fury of a mad-dog, and gnash its teeth, and foam at the mouth, and threaten to tear him all to pieces. And then it would simmer down and remain quiet. Unsophisticated persons would want to know what all this meant, why this irregularity, these spasms, this fitful and fretful mode of attack?

The "Tribune" told them why, but some allowance had to be made for the jealousy of a rival paper. But the "Tribune" told them the truth. During the whole period of Thacher's ferocious assaults on Pomeroy he has been making overtures to him for his assistance, and promising his support and pledging his silence, if he would come to his terms! He distinctly and unequivocally agreed, if the two papers could be consolidated with him as editor, that he would support Pomeroy and not fight Sidney Clarke! Now, if among his readers there are any who have any lingering faith in the rectitude of his political course, or the sincerity of his political denunciations, what do they think of this? They know with what a canting, hypocritical tone he has denounced Pomeroy as corrupt, and clamored for greater purity in our political affairs. He has set himself up as the Apostle of purification, as old Purifier himself. He has as good as said to all the rest of us poor, timid, halting politicians: "Stand back! I am holier than thou." Where we scarcely as much as lifted our eyes to heaven, he has walked boldly into the temple and prayed: "I thank thee, God, that I am not as other men—and especially as other purifiers." And yet, no sooner has he had an attack of Pomeroy hydrophobia than he has suddenly hunted his kennel, ceased his yelping, and promised to be peaceable if Pomeroy would buy the "Tribune," or even remove *Shimmons from the Postoffice!*

This is political purification with a vengeance. This is a terrific stroke of the anti-corruption fever. There is nothing in the language of vituperation that he has not applied to Pomeroy. He has out-Heroded Herod. He has exhausted the dialect of billingsgate. He has blackened his history, calumniated his character, ridiculed his religion, declared him a disgrace to the State, denounced every man who would support him, and yet agreed to support him himself if he would remove *Shimmons from the Lawrence Postoffice!* Shimmons was his Mordecai then. He has got another now. But we decline to mention his name. The sight of it brings on the hydrophobia. But its initial letters are Kalloch.

If we remember correctly Thacher has published a note from us which was headed "private." "Under ordinary circumstances," he says, "we should not publish a private letter." Under ordinary circumstances we should not publish a private conversation. The rack could not extort it from us. But after this last and lowest breach of decency on his part, all seal of silence is removed from us, and we have a vivid recollection, and a few notes, of several of his confidential communications, with which we propose from time to time to furnish him a little entertaining reading, and perhaps to afford his friends a little insight into his hypocritical character. One of them will suffice for now. It was during a ride from Baldwin City to Lawrence. The conversation turned on Senator Pomeroy. He said that his only fight on Pomeroy was because he kept Shimmons in the Postoffice. That "business was business." That the Postoffice supported the "Tribune" and the "Tribune" was his business rival, and that if Pomeroy would take this support away from it he would cheerfully support him. At least, he said, he would agree to say nothing against him, for, having said so much, people might suspect his motives (1) if he should turn round to praise him. Would anybody suppose that poor Shimmons in the Lawrence Postoffice was the cause and, upon his own confession, the only cause, of all the bitter and solemn enathemas he has poured out upon the devoted bald head of poor Pomeroy? And yet this is the fact. And there happened to be good witnesses of it, in addition to our testimony. Does it need any more to prove him a hypocrite and a slanderer. Were we not justified in declaring him "the meanest and coldest hypocrite we ever met?" And was it not cunning in him to let folks know what we thought of him?

**WHICH SHALL IT BE?**

As time passes there is a new list of names added each week to those already mentioned for U. S. Senator. We have now, Kalloch, Pomeroy, Lowe, Phillips, Harvey, Eskridge, Thacher, Henry, King, and perhaps more, but as there is only one man to be selected, the remainder will be disappointed if they are looking forward to an election. There is no law to prevent any man from being a candidate, still we are of the opinion that the more aspirants there are the better it will make the chances of Mr. Pomeroy, as he will go to Topeka with his full strength in working order. For this reason we are sorry to see his opponents so divided in opinion and favoring so many different candidates, as it is evident that unless there can be a united opposition, S. C. Pomeroy will be our next Senator.

Hence, the question arises, which one of the candidates mentioned can unite the most strength in opposition to Pomeroy? We believe that person to be I. S. Kalloch, and that he is the only man that can gather strength enough to dispossess Pomeroy. There may be those who would prefer some other person for the position, but it is our prediction that either Kalloch or Pomeroy will be the next U. S. Senator from Kansas, and therefore those that are really opposed to the re-election of Pomeroy may as well fall into line and help defeat him by supporting Kalloch.—[*Iola Register.*]

**KALLOCH ON THACHER.**

LAWRENCE, Dec. 9th., 1872.  
EDITOR TRIBUNE: I respectfully ask for space in your paper to allude to an article which appeared in Sunday morning's "Journal." Mr. Thacher publishes a private note from me in which I called him the "meanest and coldest hypocrite I ever met," and propounds the conundrum, whether or not I am a gentleman. I would suggest to him that that is not the question. The question is, whether he is a hypocrite; or rather, perhaps, I should say that there is no question but he is a hypocrite. An open enemy is respectable. An honest man will keep many friends, even if he does many hasty and imprudent things; but a hypocrite is the object of universal detestation.

"His lifted eyes salute the skies,  
His bended knees the ground,  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found."

And men generally sympathize with the abhorrence. I can respect a man who makes a square assault upon me. But a cunning, white-livered, subterranean, snake-in-the-grass man is my especial abhorrence. And considering that to be Timothy Dwight Thacher's exact character, knowing it to be that from intimate and painful acquaintance, having a sufficient array of facts to convince the most incredulous, I can hardly express my obligation to him for giving my opinion of him the benefit of even the limited circulation of his paper.

If anything were needed to fasten this hateful character upon him, it would certainly be found in his recent political course. He has been generally supposed to be against Mr. Pomeroy. He has said many mean things about Mr. Pomeroy. True, there were those who knew the terms on which he was willing to quit opposing Mr. Pomeroy. Mr. Pomeroy himself knew them. And, to his lasting credit be it said, he refused to pay the price of blood which this hypocritical leech proposed to draw. Recently—for a small consideration in hand paid—he opened his columns to a new tirade against Pomeroy. There may have been persons green enough to suppose that he was in earnest about it. But no sooner does he see that the popular sentiment begins to point to me as a possible successor of Mr. Pomeroy, than he commences a series of Joab-like articles to prove that somebody else—not excepting Pomeroy—is a better man for the position than I am. This exposes his whole character. The ass' ears stick out. The dog in the manger won't let the ox eat. If Timothy can't be selected, why should Kalloch? That's the question. And so he begins to discover undisputed excellence in Mr. Pomeroy. Just listen to him. Remember that it is Timothy Dwight Thacher on Pomeroy! "He is not incompetent, inefficient or inexperienced." "He is a man of more than average ability." "He has made, in many respects, an industrious and efficient Senator." "In this respect he has the advantage of any man that could be selected in his stead." "His deportment is decorous." "He violates none of the proprieties." "He does n't drink, nor gamble, nor lead a fast life." "His social influence is on the side of good morals and correct living." Now, would anybody believe that the author of this eulogy of Pomeroy is the same snivelling hypocrite who has been pouring his unstinted denunciations on him the last six months?

I congratulate Mr. Pomeroy on this recruit. I take it now that Thacher will sustain me if I should vote for Pomeroy! The people of the 53d district seemed satisfied with my disposition to try to get Pomeroy's place. Thacher may remember that several of them voted on that not long ago. I had to tell them that I was not very sound on the Pomeroy goose. Thacher copied what I said and seemed pleased with it. But, presto, change! When it comes between Kalloch and Pomeroy, by all means let us have Pomeroy. Surely, Dwight, you have overdone the business this time. You have forgotten your usual cunning. You have allowed me to tell your readers that you are "the meanest and coldest hypocrite I ever met," and before I am done with you they will all believe it.

I. S. KALLOCH.

—[Lawrence Tribune.]

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Five miles from town, all fenced, plenty of good fruit, good house and barn, land of the best quality, and very cheap.  
AN 80 ACRE FARM THREE MILES FROM TOWN,  
well improved, good house, fine yard, pear trees and other fruit, good hedge around, 20 acres of timber—to make for good wood land and some cash.  
A 160 ACRE FARM FOUR MILES FROM TOWN,  
all fenced, very nice orchard in bearing, good improvements—a very desirable place, and cheap at \$40,000.  
A FINE DWELLING HOUSE PROPERTY  
on Massachusetts Street, very cheap and an easy term.  
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\$1000 Reward to any Chemist, Physician, or others able to discover Iodide of Potassa, Colchicum, Mercury, or anything injurious to the system in Dr. Filter's Rheumatic Syrup.  
\$250 Reward for the name of any warranted preparation for Rheumatism and Neuralgia sold under a similar legal guarantee, setting forth the exact number of bottles to cure or return the amount paid for same to the patient in case of failure to cure. A full description of cases requiring guarantees must be forwarded by letter to Philadelphia. The guarantee, signed and stating quantity to cure, will be returned by mail, with advice and instructions, without any charge. Address all letters to Dr. Filter, No. 48 South Fourth Street. No other remedy is offered on such terms. Get a circular on the various forms of Rheumatism, also blank application for guarantee, gratis of the special agents, n28y1 MORRIS & CRANDALL.

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