

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. II.—NO. 6.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 53.

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

MALTBY 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.

Also dealers in

FINE CIGARS, TOBACCO CONFECTIONERIES, &c.

HOTELS.

LUDINGTON HOUSE,
W. E. SMITH,
OTTAWA, - - - KANSAS.
All Trains stop for Dinner. 35

TEFFT HOUSE,
E. A. SMITH,
TOPEKA, - - - KANSAS.
150 Rooms. The best located and kept House in Topeka. 35

ELDRIDGE HOUSE,
KALLOCH & BEACH,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
The only First Class House in the City. 35

PLACE HOUSE,
Corner of New Hampshire and Warren Streets,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

This House is situated near the business part of the city. We have reduced the fare to 25 cents for single meals, and a night's lodging, with pleasant rooms and good beds, 25 cents.

BOARD \$5 PER WEEK.

We claim that this is the best One Dollar per day House west of the Mississippi River. Persons in the habit of stopping at houses where two dollars a day is charged, are especially invited to give us a call.

1871 JOHN T. PLACE, Proprietor.

JAMES T. STEVENS & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
Office Rear Room Under Frazer's Hall.

Special Agents for the Lands of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railway Companies. Also

A FINE LIST OF LAWRENCE CITY PROPERTY
— and —
IMPROVED FARMS IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

We represent several

FIRST CLASS INSURANCE COMPANIES,
Among which are the

CONTINENTAL OF NEW YORK,
Capital \$1,000,000;

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

AND THE FIREMAN'S FUND OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Capital and Assets in Gold over \$800,000.

These companies have all withstood the two great fires of the country, and enter upon the year 1873 with capital unimpaired and a large surplus. Property holders should

MAKE A NOTE OF THESE FACTS.

W. E. SUTLIFF. J. B. SUTLIFF.
W. E. SUTLIFF & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Cloths, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
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COLE BROS. & ASHERS,
DEALERS IN
LIGHTNING RODS
AND WOOD PUMPS,
Lawrence, - - - - Kansas.

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H. E. TURNER,
HOUSE AND BRIDGE BUILDER.
WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.
Shop on Corner of Winthrop and Vermont Streets,
Rear of Eldridge House. nolr

LAWRENCE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
A Rare Opportunity to Obtain a Thorough Musical Education.

The best instruction is now brought within the reach of all. Terms lower than the charges of the most inferior teachers. Pupils can enter at any time. Send for Circular to

J. E. BARTLETT, Professor of Music
in the State University, Lawrence.

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ENTERPRISE NURSERIES,

34 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. 241r

THE YORK EXPOSE.
And the Question it Suggests.
BY MRS. DOWNS.

"As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are jolly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. No man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his aged head;
His face still combating with smiles and tears,
Ah, had not God for some strong purpose steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents."
—[Duke of York, in *King Richard II.*

"The Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation: where are they.—[Col. A. M. York, in a recent speech at Independence, Kansas.

And we may add, Benedict Arnold—George Francis Train! where are they?

It might make one to feel a little uncertain about the testimony of many witnesses in a jury trial, especially if such testimony is colored, as more or less it often may be, by the prejudice and excitement of the witnesses, as one listens to the multitudinous expressions which the late legislative tragedy has brought out, and considers how good men may differ about the honor and the moral involved in this question of promise and betrayal.

At a dinner party the other day, a gentleman, anti-Pomeroy of course, (have you seen such a *lusus naturæ* as a Pomeroy man lately?) was discoursing lengthily and eloquently upon the moral courage and the splendid conduct of Col. York.

At the close of his remarks, I quietly asked him if he would have done as York did.

His face flushed slightly and he replied, "I have not the nerve, and I think very few men have."

The son of our hostess enthusiastically spoke out in meeting just at this crisis, and exclaimed:

"Well, if any of our boys at school should do such a thing as to help get a boy in a scrape, and then go and tell on him, and get him punished, you better believe that boy had better *light out* before the fellows could get hold of him!"

Of course we felt curious to know what the boys would do to him, and we naturally inquired.

"Well, they would pound him, and kick him, and bang him up, so that he'd find out what they thought of him!"

"Oh, now, Johnny!" said a sarcastic lady, "they would receive him with great guns, and bonfires, and big speeches; and they would call him a savior, and a defender, and a strong tower; and they would send him to Congress by and by, and he would be the hero of the day—especially if he meant to do good and thought he could benefit the whole school by what he was doing."

Johnny shook his head significantly and said:

"He needn't be mean, if he *did* want to do good. Where does the school-boy get his sense of honor? Is it instinctive? Is it hereditary? Is it a matter of code and custom?"

To show that "the boy is father of the man," we are reminded that the postmaster at Denver, hearing the whole story of the York conspiracy, took a long breath and remarked in a deep undertone:

"The treason is good, but *d*—*d* be the traitor!"

Col. York did good service to the State; there is no doubt of it, if the facts are as he presented them—and what is one man's overthrow is another

man's top-loftiness, as our splendid friend John James (as we Kansas scribes love to call him) must have thought when he awoke the next morning after he shot up into space with such dizzy precipitancy, and doubtless rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself, and said,

"If I be I, as I think I be,
I'll call my little dog, and he'll know me!"

I have been astonished and dismayed to find how bitter the Christian heart becomes, and how charitable a heathen oftentimes will appear by force of contrast, under the influence of political enmity.

"I have brought you the Saint's paper," said a good husband to his quiet spouse a few evenings since in a humble cottage somewhere.

The wife thought it must be a Mormon paper full of polygamous doctrines, which being opposed to *on principle*, she eagerly snatched up for perusal, but alas! it was a Kansas journal, edited by men of great moral force, who fire great guns of truth and keep hot shot and shell always ready for warfare against all iniquity.

"Now," said she, "this man and his party have victory on their banners, and there will be merely full reporters' details here, without exulting comments and 'proud man's contumely.' He can afford to wear the dignity of a victor, and cover the wounds and scars of his enemies."

Nay, not so—bitter charges, accusations heaped upon accusations, nicknames, triumphant taunts, blows, jabs, stings, and thrusts, these were the victorious notes of the conquering hero of the hour.

"Don't strike a dead man, my friend!" said an officer to a fellow who contemptuously struck the dead body of a rebel soldier with his musket as he was marching over a battle field hardly won.

Oh, Christian Charity! that will not in the hour of a great man's moral paralysis, be willing to let the good that he has done win him a little fellowship with our "suffering sad humanity," and while holding up to us the warning and example, will not be willing to drop *personal* allusions from the pulpit, the press and the desk, and in sad silence

"To bear away the wounded,
To cover up the dead."

We are accustomed to think of Christ as the model of all Christian gentleness, and as our moral Head he is our example. Therefore we should in all great lessons of the hour where individual sacrifice is required for the good of the church or state, consider how far the code of Christian honor extends towards such voluntary immolation of ourself upon the altar of duty.

What does Christ's example teach? Would He thus have had you work out his purpose? Is it *right* and *honorable* and *just* to do this glaringly apparent wrong that a good may grow out of it?

Would Christ in service to the spiritual or temporal faith of the saints have so performed, so promised, so betrayed?

There is a great moral question here involved. I wish that some of the learned pulpit expounders who love to talk about this "terrible example" will give us the wisdom of theology on *this* subject, and that the law and the press would do likewise. They do feebly suggest some doubts as to the purity of the manner of the *expose*, and while lauding the great moral courage of this "son of York," they do not say that he acted like a *Christian gentleman*!

It was not a *god-like* deed! though he himself declares it was productive of a greater event than the Declaration of Independence or the Emancipation Proclamation.

I don't like to have the bottom knocked out of those venerable institutions in this way!

WYANDOTTE, Wednesday, February 5.

CHINESE HOLIDAYS.

The heathen Chinese have notions that might be advantageously adopted by Christians. The way they celebrate their holidays is one of them. The first thing they do is to pay off old debts, and square accounts to a fraction. Money matters having been thus adjusted, they then make up old quarrels, and shake hands all round. Having thus got square pecuniarily and socially, they eat, drink, and are merry, and finally wind up with a sparkling discharge of Chinese fire crackers. The paying of debts and making up of quarrels are certainly a good way to begin the celebration of holidays.

The Farm.

THE LAND THAT WE LIVE IN.

Oh! bright is the land that we live in,
And soft blow the breezes around—
The stars make a palace of heaven,
And flowers enamel the ground!

But brighter by far to the minstrel,
Than all the sweet wealth of this land,
Are the maidens who dwell in its bowers,
By mountain, savanna and strand!

'Twas hymned by a bard, that the planets
Once, charmed from their passionate home,
Assumed the fair features of woman,
And dwelt in the valleys of Rome!

INTERCHANGE OF COMMODITIES.

The city of St. Louis, by her central position, and by her command of transportation facilities by water and rail, is especially capacitated to act as a factor for the interchange of commodities, products and merchandise between the North and the South, the East and the West.

in New Orleans will buy more than a hundred pine-apples. The freight charged for making the exchange representing the enormous difference. This condition of things out not to exist.

GROWING NUT TREES.

It is somewhat surprising that with all our nation's love of gain, and the general appreciative admiration of beautiful trees for shade and ornament, we have so few instances where nut bearing trees have been adopted for planting in the place of maple, elm, or linden.

HIGH-HEADED TREES.

With the thermometer only just above zero, and the wind blowing strongly from the northwest, we feel inclined to keep in-doors to-day, so we take up our file of the "Prairie Farmer," and on looking it over, we find therein many and various opinions in print on different subjects.

Our first planting in Illinois was in the year 1842. It was then orthodox to plant high-headed trees. So I planted such. They lived, bore apples in due time, and this year 1872 showed "by their fruits," that all was right with them.

many years in practice in the planting, cultivating and fruiting an orchard in the West, I made my last planting eight years since, of some five hundred trees, and have trained them with the head four to five feet from the ground.

My ideas and opinions are here given for what they are worth, not after a short experience of ten years with low or high-headed trees, but after an experience of more than thirty years of fruit culture in the West; and in the language of another, I advise to "train your apple trees up out of the way of your heads."

W. A. H. HARRIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.

NEGOTIATOR OF LOANS

AND GENERAL BROKER,

Improved Farms, City Property and Unimproved Lands for Sale.

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

OFFICE 81 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

OVER CREW AND HADLEY'S.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY

SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from

Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

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

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

SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

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

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

The great rivers all bridged, avoiding all transfers and ferriage; 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. E. GREAT, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

O. S. LYFORD, Gen'l Sup't.

OPEN TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE LEAVENWORTH, LAWRENCE & GALVESTON RAILROAD LINE

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

On and after January 1st, 1873, trains will run from Lawrence and Kansas City as follows:

GOING SOUTH:

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

GOING NORTH:

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

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.

JANUARY, 1872.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

NO REDDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS BY THIS ROUTE.

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY. Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST: Express 8:25 A. M., Accommodation 7:15 A. M., Mail 1:50 P. M.

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

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

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST: Express 1:05 A. M., Mail 11:45 A. M., Topeka Accommodation 7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS: At Topeka for Burlingame, Emporia, Cottonwood Falls, Florence, Newton, Wichita, &c.

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

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

At Cheyenne for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno, San Francisco, and all points in California and the Pacific Coast. Pullman Palace Cars are attached to all express trains and run through between Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne without change.

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

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

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!

E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Missouri.

C. A. PEASE, Dealer in

Hardware, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, TINNERS' STOCK AND TINWARE,

114 Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

The Home.

LINES TO OUR BABY

Little allspice, pepper, pickle!
Baby, changable and fickle,
Lying in your nurse's arms,
Safe from everything that harms;
Full of smiles and full of tears,
Full of joys and full of fears,
Are you mortal or divine?
Tell me, little baby mine!

Little rabbit, cricket, robin!
Baby, whimpering and sobbing,
Sleeping on your mother's lap,
Dreaming, 'whiles of sweetened pap,
Pleased with chirping, pleased with song,
Quieted by nothing long,
Care you most for milk or wine?
Tell me, little baby mine!

Little monkey, lemon, clove,
Darling pledge of wedded love,
Seated on your father's knee,
As wide awake as you can be,
Striving, while you clutch the air,
To pull his whiskers or his hair,
Think you not you're something fine?
Tell me, little baby mine!

Little poppy, saffron, thistle,
Baby stilled with chirp and whistle,
Nestled in your cradle small,
Like a little waxen doll,
Dimpled darling, blue-eyed boy,
A future hope, a present joy;
Why thus round my heart entwine?
Tell me, little baby mine!

POWER IN LANGUAGE.

The chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of right thought. All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order. There are no other virtues of the language producible by art than these; but let me mark more deeply, for instance, the significance of one of them. Language, I said, is only clear when it is sympathetic. You can in truth understand a man's word only by understanding his temper. Your own word is also of an unknown tongue to him unless he understands yours. And it is this which makes the art of language, if any one is to be chosen separately from the rest, that which is fittest for the instrument of a gentleman's education. To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possibly only to the gentle.

And thus the principles of beautiful speech have all been fixed by sincere and kindly speech. On the laws which have been determined by sincerity, false speech apparently beautiful, may afterwards be constructed; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped and chiselled on external principles, it falls into frivolity and perishes. And this truth would have been long ago manifest, had it not been that in periods of advanced academical science there is always a tendency to deny the sincerity of the first masters of language. Once learn to write gracefully in the manner of an ancient author, and we are apt to think that he also wrote in the manner of some one else. But no noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.

No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions; and your whole method of reading will thus be quickened, for being sure that your author really meant what he said, you will be much more careful to ascertain what it is that he means.

And of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost law of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous and for worthy objects; occupy them in just deeds, and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore—observe the necessary reflected action—that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration because it is not only vocal but vital; and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke, by becoming what these men were.—[Ruskin.]

INDEPENDENCE IN THINKING.

Tired of self-reproach, everybody complains of everybody else, and ignores self-power and self-consecration. There is so much to be lifted up, so much to be learned of the manner and means of soul-raising, and such a ghostly fear that a little mistake here and there will incur ridicule or pity, that we live from day to day mechanically caring for the body as if it were an ephemeral thing, as if it were possible that we are a quit-claim upon all these earthly intelligences when we have just begun this

peculiar life. Who has stood, at the sunset hour, when the broad expanse of heaven was robed in a sea of gorgeous colors, blending and contrasting with their innumerable shades and transparencies, linked to the purple hills, to the dark, tapering spire, to the beautiful foliaged imagery of the towering tree, to the sable roof of church and tower, and dome of costly edifice, to the "lowly thatched cottage," and not felt that this life and heaven—like earth and sky—are irrevocably wedded; that he who is witness to all this grandeur shall return, like the setting sun, an eternal heir to the joint kingdom of earth and heaven? In the beauty of nature and in the magnificent glory of our thought is all our hope, our sympathy, our consciousness, our happiness—our God. We cannot separate the two; imagination in its loftiest flights has but touched an earthly paradise.

CLOSE STOVES.

Of all the nuisances in the shape of modern economical inventions, one of the most unmitigated, in our opinion, is the dark, mirth-dispelling, jail-resembling, close stove. Doubtless they economize fuel at the expense of health; but we never attempt to infuse vital warmth into our shivering frame by one of these gloomy iron boxes, but we wish these deadly foes to cheerfulness, and their inventors with them, were sunk at the bottom of the Atlantic. If wood were forty dollars a cord instead of six, or coal fifty dollars a ton instead of six, we would burn it in an open fireplace. We would rather freeze, even, in view of a generous, blazing, roaring open fire, than undergo the gradual thaw effected by a cheerless, blues-impacting, suffocating iron stove. True, this invention affords a cheap means of dispelling the cold; but who at evening has not marked the difference between the cheerless warmth of heated iron, and the rich, generous, comfortable, and all-pervading temperature which steals through the frame when the ruddy open fire sends its dancing flames across the snug sitting room—when the red embers blaze and glow with a tempting spell that charms you to the hearth; when, if there be a friend present, you pour out your whole soul into a flood of unbidden confidence, and only tear yourself away at twelve, "the very witching time o' night," when the clock, with a single quivering peal, startles you from your tranquil and delicious reveries?

We believe there is not a more common source of contamination to the air of our dwellings, school houses, and churches, than the almost universal use of stoves. Heated iron not only absorbs rapidly the oxygen so necessary to the lungs, but at the same time exhales a deleterious suffocating affluvia. Hence the severe headache to which almost every one is subject who respites the atmosphere in the vicinity of a heated iron stove. When the laws of human posture are reversed, and men stand on their heads instead of their feet, then will air-tight stoves, *et id genus omne*, which now heats the former and cools the latter, answer, in a small degree, the purposes for which they were designed. The pain in the brain, which they now almost universally cause, proceeds from the want of a sufficient oxygenation of the blood in the lungs. It is said that a similar effect has been produced on quadrupeds, by causing venous instead of arterial blood to pass into the head. Besides all these formidable objections to the close iron stove, there are the further ones, that it produces, as generally managed, a very uneven temperature, and a much higher degree of heat than is healthful.—[Western Monthly.]

THE LION'S RIDE.

When a lion wishes to have a giraffe for his dinner, he is obliged to be very careful how he goes to market. Giraffes are not cheap articles of diet, even for a lion, and an attempt to get a meal of that kind of meat always costs him a great deal of trouble, and sometimes costs him his life. Of course, the lion slips up very quietly toward the giraffe. He always does that, no matter what his prey may be, but in this case it is necessary to be very careful indeed, for if he springs and misses the giraffe, the great beast may get a kick at him before he has time to recover himself, and a kick from a giraffe, whose hind legs fly out like sledge hammers, will make even a lion feel "considerable shuck up like." But even after the lion has safely landed himself on the giraffe's back, his dinner is not ready yet. The giraffe is a large and powerful animal, and away he rushes, as fast as his long, awkward legs can carry him, and that is very fast indeed. Clitter, clatter! Spring and bound! Away he goes, with the lion hanging on like a good fellow, and the hyenas come yelling after, hoping to have a chance to get something at the second table, for it is hardly possible that a lion can eat a whole giraffe. But it is not at all certain that there will be a giraffe for dinner at all, for if the frightened creature can once get into the woods, he may be safe. Dashing among the trees and trunks, he may knock the lion off. And then look out, Mr. Lion! The giraffe will turn on you as quick as lightning and kick the life out of you before you can get out of the reach of his heels, and all those poor, dear little hyenas will have to go hungry to bed. Although giraffes have frequently been known to get the best of lions in this way, they are not always so fortunate. If a thick wood cannot soon be reached, the strength of the giraffe will be exhausted, and the cruel beast upon his back will fix his teeth in his throat and drag the poor creature down and kill and eat him.—[Hearth and Home.]

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.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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.

TAYLOR'S

COMMERCIAL NURSERY,

ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES WEST OF THE CITY,

Offers for the Fall of 1872 and Spring of 1873

AN UNUSUALLY 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,

which are unusually fine. Unusual inducements are offered on young stock suitable for nursery planting. Catalogues and Price List furnished on application. Address

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

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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 Nlee 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.

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

MORE THAN

\$8,000,000.00

worth of property saved from the flames!

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.

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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.

SEND FOR "THEIR RECORD."

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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.

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

COUFFS, COLLARS AND CANES.

The Finest Establishment of the Kind in the State.

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

A CARD.

The unexpected turn of events which made me a member of the Legislature, and the more unexpected turn of events since the Legislature convened, have so occupied my time the past few weeks that I have been unable to give that attention to THE SPIRIT which I would have enjoyed giving. The same condition of things and circumstances therewith connected will prevent me from doing justice to it in the future. I have therefore reluctantly concluded to announce the severance of my connection with it with this concluding number of the year. It has been for the most part a pleasant year that I have spent with its readers. I have done my best, until otherwise so engrossed that it was impossible to do it, to make a paper that should be a pride to the State and a welcome visitor around the evening lamp of its happy households.

I leave it in the hands of J. T. Stevens, who will spare no pains to keep up its high and healthy tone, and express the wish that my friends may be his friends.

As for myself, it is perhaps proper to say that I do not quit the journalistic profession in quitting THE SPIRIT. It is my purpose, if I can control circumstances sufficiently to put into execution, to still stick to a profession which has more charms for me than any other, and which I believe to be one of the noblest and most potential in the range of human effort. Of this I will say more when I know more. It is not without a pang of regret that I part with the readers of THE SPIRIT, and it is from a full heart that I wish them all possible prosperity.

I. S. KALLOCH.

From the above card it will be seen that with this number Mr. Kalloch withdraws from his connection with this paper. We have been associated with Mr. Kalloch in the publication of THE SPIRIT from the commencement, and have learned to thoroughly appreciate his eminent tact and skill, and his unequalled ability in the conduct of a newspaper. We part with him with sincere regret; but we know that his interest in the success of THE SPIRIT does not cease with the severance of his connection with it, but that his heartiest good wishes will always go with us in our endeavors to maintain for it the high standard of excellence which has belonged to it hitherto. We hope and expect to receive frequent and valuable aid in our work by his advice and counsel, as well as from his pen.

We shall spare no pains nor labor to make THE SPIRIT in all respects a first class family and agricultural journal, and a worthy and welcome visitor in every Kansas household. We are in no sense a politician, and party politics will find no place in its columns. Still we shall not refrain from expressing our convictions on public measures and public men as occasion may seem to require, but never from a party standpoint. We enter upon our new work not without many misgivings of ourselves, but with strong faith in the Kansas people. It will be our faithful endeavor to deserve success at their hands, and, deserving it we have no doubt we shall receive it.

J. T. STEVENS.

A STEP TOWARDS REFORM.

A Law abolishing the franking privilege on and after the 1st of July next, has passed both Houses of Congress and has received the Presidential signature. This franking privilege is a proper one enough if properly used, but for many years it has been so grossly abused that the voice of the people have long demanded its abolition. Congressional virtue has not hitherto been equal to the sacrifice; and we give the present Congress abundant credit for its action in this matter. The effect will be to save some millions of dollars to the treasury, and to relieve the mails of some thousands of tons of useless matter, besides removing a temptation to fraud which congressional virtue has seldom been able to resist. It is an excellent commencement of much needed retrenchment and reform. But it is only the commencement. Let the good work go on. There is plenty more of it to be done.

POMEROY.

We are glad to know that the Legislature of our State is taking action in regard to the charges made against Senator Pomeroy, and we sincerely hope the investigation will continue till all the facts in the case are brought to light; and if the guilt falls on the head of Mr. Pomeroy, then let him take the consequences of his crime. It is of vital importance to us as a young and rapidly growing commonwealth that we throttle corruption among us in any and every form in which it may present itself. We hope the time is not far distant when brains and honesty and integrity of purpose will be the standard to be looked after in men to fill all places of trust in our State. Then can the poor man aspire to be preferred and stand a good chance of winning, side by side with the rich. Then will we be Republican in fact as well as in form.

PRINTERS.

Printers are unlike other classes of men. Their vocation imparts to them an intelligence that does not result from any other business. Dealing with language exclusively, in its combination of letters, words, sentences and paragraphs, they are constantly brought into communion with thoughts and their

working, and thus insensibly become imbued with the ideas of those minds whose creations they help to embody into those forms that give them to the world. They literally get grammar at their fingers' ends while picking up the types that form sentences that are grammatical. Spelling comes to them as natural as breathing, for they fall into correct orthography from force of habit. The characteristics of printers are not so favorable to personal thrift as those of other professions. They partake of the nature of artists in some degree, and are generally liberal to a fault, thoughtless of the future, and frequently improvident for the present—flush when in a good situation, and dead broke when on a tramp. They may be said to be the working Bohemians of the world of operatives.—[Exchange.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

The fun of a practical joke consists in the opportunity given to enjoy the physical or mental suffering of the victim. Of course such enjoyment is cruel to a greater or less degree, and just so far as civilization grows toward perfection the disposition to enjoy the pain of others disappears. Practical jokes will always probably be enjoyed by boys—who are naturally young savages, and delight in tormenting all weaker animals—but, we are glad to see are ceasing to be popular among "grown up people." Chambers' Journal has a collection of practical jokes, which are, for the most part, quite new.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent; for instance, the Thracians, at their drinking parties, sometimes played the game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree, and placed underneath it a stone of such shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots; and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on the stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was kicked away; and if he could cut himself down with his sickle, well and good; but if he was not quick enough he was hanged outright, and the rest laughed, thinking it good sport.

Nero's jests were likewise very practical. "What a fat fellow that senator is!" he observed one day to a courtier; "see me cut him in two." And he did it in a most facetious manner.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

When a lady condescends to a practical joke, it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin money. One day a lady closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him, borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL NOTICE.

FRANK B. FESLER,

Consulting and Operating Surgeon for all Diseases and Deformities of the

EYE, EYELIDS AND EAR.

DEAFNESS EVEN CAUSED BY CATARRH, CURED!

Having been in a large and constant practice for twenty years, and fifteen years of that time in the cities of Philadelphia, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo., enables him with skill and success to treat disease of the head, such as

CATARRH, DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, HEART, LIVER AND STOMACH, AND Scrofula in all its forms, Rheumatism and other Nervous and Chronic Diseases of the Human System.

DR. FESLER will visit any part of the country in consultation, or to perform Surgical Operations.

CANCERS, OLD SORES, TUMORS AND DEFORMITIES Of Every nature, operated on where MEDICAL TREATMENT IS OF NO AVAIL.

INFIRMARY AND SURGICAL ROOMS AT THE LAWRENCE HOUSE, Lawrence, Kansas, where he is permanently located.

J. M. HUBBEL & CO.,

Successors to Shimmons & Adams, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STOVES, TINWARE

Wooden Ware & House Furnishing Goods.

Galvanized Cornices and Tin Roofing put on Buildings on Short Notice.

92 Massachusetts Street.

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J. IRA BROWN, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

REEDY'S PATENT HOISTING MACHINES PUT UP.

Door and Window Frames made to Order.

JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Shop and Office at Kimball Bros., Pinkney St., Lawrence.

THOMPSON & CLAYTON,

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.

A SPECIALTY!

DR. FITLER'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP.

A STATED QUANTITY GUARANTEED TO CURE, OR MONEY REFUNDED.

\$100 Reward for any Case of Neuralgia or Rheumatism of any form whatever, (considered curable), that Dr. Fitter's Vegetable Rheumatic Syrup will not cure—warranted unobjectionable, and a physician's prescription used inwardly.

\$5000 Reward offered to the Proprietors of any Medicine for Rheumatism and Neuralgia able to produce one-fourth as many genuine living cures made within the same period of time as Dr. Fitter's Vegetable Rheumatic Remedy.

\$2000 Reward offered to any Person proving Jos. P. Fitter, M. D., to be other than a graduate of the celebrated University of Pennsylvania in 1833, and Professor of Chemistry—treating Rheumatism specially for 39 years.

\$1000 Reward to any Chemist, Physician, or other able to discover Iodide of Potassa, Colchicum, Mercury, or anything injurious to the system in Dr. Fitter'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 the preparation, signed and stamped quantity to cure, will be returned by mail, with advice and instructions, without any charge. Address all letters to Dr. Fitter, No. 45 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, MORRIS & GRANDALL.

ANDREW WILSON,

KINGSVILLE, KANSAS,

(On the Kansas Pacific Railroad),

BREEDER OF

PURE SHORTHORN CATTLE

— and —

IMPROVED BERKSHIRE HOGS,

As Good as Any in the State.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. 50

LAWRENCE HAY

BALING COMPANY,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

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 73, Lawrence, Kansas. no2-ly

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Loans Negotiated on Real Estate Security.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS. n17tf

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, Knit 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. 45

O. P. BARBER,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.,

No. 157 Massachusetts Street.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. n20y1

M. SHAW,

NO. 35 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

Manufacturer of

REFRIGERATORS

ICE CHESTS, BEE HIVES & LADDERS.

ALSO DEALER IN

STONEWARE, SEWER & DRAIN PIPES,

Chimneys for Prairie Homes,

FANCY CHIMNEY TOPS, FIRE BRICKS, TILES, &c.

Large Stock on Hand. Send for Price List. 23

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

WARNE & GILLETT,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Have now in Stock a Full Line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

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

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

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

77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS. no5-ly

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 CERTIFICATES OF THE PURITY OF THESE BITTERS UPON APPLICATION.

Manufactured by

ROSEBROOK WINE CO.,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

D. E. SELLS, Manager.

Telegraphic Summary.

THE LEGISLATURE. Monday, February 3rd.—No quorum in either House. Tuesday, February 4th.—In the Senate Mr. Edwards introduced S. C. R. No. 22, as follows: Be it Resolved, by the Senate, the House concurring therein, That the Hon. John J. Ingalls, United States Senator elect, be and he is hereby invited to address the legislature in joint convention on the question now at issue, and attracting the attention of the people of the United States. And be it further Resolved, That the president of the Senate is hereby requested to convey to Mr. Ingalls the notice of the passage of this resolution, and request him, if accepting the invitation, to name such time as will be most acceptable to himself. Under a suspension of the rules the resolution was adopted. Mr. St. John introduced S. C. R. No. 28 relating to charges of bribery against S. C. Pomeroy, and asking the United States Senate to take action thereon. Laid over under the rule. Mr. St. John moved to suspend the rules and consider the resolution immediately. The motion prevailed and the resolution was adopted. Mr. Topping offered a resolution providing for the appointment of J. W. Edwards as Senate postmaster. Adopted. Mr. Matheny introduced S. B. 51, an act to encourage planting and growing forest trees in the state of Kansas. Several bills were read a second time and referred to the proper committee. The chief clerk appeared with a message from the House announcing the concurrence of that body in S. C. R. No. 22, relating to investigation, with an amendment increasing the membership of the committee to five from the House and three from the Senate. Mr. Edwards moved that the Senate proceed at once to the consideration of the House amendments. The motion prevailed, a vote was had and the amendment concurred in. In committee of the whole S. B. No. 8, to postpone the penalty for the non payment of taxes was taken up and reported back to the Senate recommending that it be struck from the calendar. In the House S. C. R. No. 21, relating to investigation of charges of bribery against Senator S. C. Pomeroy, was taken up. Mr. Hutchings moved to amend by making the committee three on the part of the Senate and five on the part of the House. The amendment was adopted and the resolutions as amended prevailed. Mr. Kalloch offered a concurrent resolution which was read a first time, providing for the investigation of all connection members of either body might have in the alleged corruption and bribery of Senator Pomeroy. Laid over under the rule. By Mr. D. M. Adams, H. C. R. No. 14, relating to an investigation of the late State auditor, in the registration of bogus bonds, and providing for the appointment of a committee authorized to send for persons and papers, was, under a suspension of the rules, taken up and adopted. Mr. Reasoner offered the following resolution, H. C. R. No. 15. Resolved, by the legislature of the State of Kansas, the Senate and House concurring therein, that without assuming to decide upon the merit of the charges, thus anticipating the decision of the court to which the charges are now referred, that it is the sense of this legislature that it is due to the dignity and honor of this State that Senator S. C. Pomeroy should immediately resign his office of United States Senator. Mr. Hutchinson moved that the rules be suspended and that the resolution be considered now. After considerable debate the resolution was adopted by a vote of 64 to 8. A current resolution passed both houses of the Legislature Tuesday providing for a joint committee to investigate the charges of bribery in the late Senatorial election. The Senate passed a concurrent resolution on the 4th inst. memorializing the United States Senate to investigate the case of Senator Pomeroy, and the House passed on asking Pomeroy to resign. GENERAL. A Washington telegram of the 3rd inst. says: The opinion is freely expressed by high officials, including two members of the Cabinet, that Senator Pomeroy can prove that he was defeated by conspiracy, and through such conspiracy Ingalls was elected, and the Senate cannot do otherwise than refuse Ingalls the seat, and remanding the question back to the people of Kansas for a new election. Mr. Ames' friends assert that he has in his possession receipts for dividends on the Credit Mobilier stock signed by Colfax, which he will produce if the latter attempts to impeach his testimony. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd inst. a battery of four boilers in the American Iron Works of Jones and Laughlin at Pittsburg Pa. exploded with terrible effect. The Factory buildings were completely shattered. Seven persons were killed outright and thirty others were more or less wounded. The police difficulties in Chicago still continue. The matter is to be brought before the courts. Senator Wilson has promised to resign on the 19th inst., and Secretary Boutwell expects to be elected in his place. A project is on foot, a grand excursion of the Legislatures of Missouri, Texas, and Kansas, to Denison and other points in Texas, sometime in March. It is proposed to visit Topeka, Kas., and Jefferson City Mo., on the return. A Washington dispatch says that President Grant in company with several members of his cabinet will make the tour of the Southern States immediately after the adjournment of the present Congress. The dead-lock in the Alabama legislature has ended by the admission of Senator Miller from Conyo county, thus giving the Republicans control of both branches of the legislature. The Senate committee in the Caldwell bribery case have closed the testimony and have only to make their report. The new postal cards will be ready for use about the 1st of May. Senator Pomeroy arrived in Washington on the 4th inst. but was not in his seat in the Senate. The new loan seems to be very popular. The National banks are subscribing very freely, and it is expected that the entire loan will be closed this week. The Republican State Convention of Connecticut have nominated Henry P. Haven for Governor. UNION.—Every farmer should take the "Farmers' Union," a weekly paper devoted to the co-operation among farmers. It is the nearest and best paper in the State, for the price, only one dollar per year. Send to J. A. Cramer, Publisher, Lawrence, Kansas.

Town Talk.

CONCERT OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—The entertainment at Liberty Hall last evening, the second of the semi-annual concerts, was of the highest order in all respects. An attendance unusually large and discriminatingly appreciative greeted the performers. Comprised in the exercises of the evening were selections from Chopin, Haydn, Donizetti, Flotow, Von Weber, Wollen, Haupt, &c., Among those who participated in the renditions of the various themes, we found Prof. J. E. Bartlett, Miss Ella Gray, and Miss L. M. Johnson of the faculty of the Conservatory; and of the pupils we observed Miss Mattie Campbell, Miss Vara Gunn, Miss Florence Hendry, Miss Lillie Whitcomb, Miss Anna Augustine, Miss Carrie Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Chas. Hart, Dr. Patterson, all of whom did their respective portions, in the main, admirably. As for Prof. Bartlett, his position at the piano is too well known to require comment from us. As a skillful manipulator of the keys, he has very few superiors; for certainly he seems to have reduced that branch of the business to the nicest of sciences. And in the attainment of this science, the musical soul, a peculiar deficiency with many professionals, is never lost sight of; he does not play as though it were simply a profession, but a divine art which demands something more than startling effects to commend itself through the ear to the intellect. His classical interpretations are so uniformly good, so nearly perfect, that it is useless to multiply laudation. Miss Ella Gray, in her renditions of Robin Adair, and Waiting, brought forth the most enthusiastic applause. Miss Gray possesses two indispensable elements in a high degree—beauty and grace. Her features have an elegance rarely seen upon the stage; the expression which clothes them is quiet, sweet and winning—in short, it is an educated face, indicating both intellect and refined culture. Add to this face a finely developed figure arrayed in faultless costume, and the picture is as complete as politeness will justify our drawing. These gifts are not disguised by any of that artificiality so frequently witnessed in those who appear before the public. There is none of the flurry and flutter, the superabundance of deportment, or the artful simplicity which is deceptive to no one. She comes forward to the footlights, not with the manner of a great or little vocalist who anticipates carrying the spectators by storm, and will not be disappointed if she does not; but precisely as a well-bred lady would, who had been asked to sing in her own drawing room to a company of her own friends. Her voice is of ample range, and splendid quality, having a compass to meet every exigency, and a flexibility which is capable of presenting the most delicate shades of sounds. Her rendition of "O! Luce di quest' Anima," was a gem replete, if we may be indulged in the expression, with musical embroidery. We have not space to enlarge upon the merits of all who participated, nor to specify some small defects or deficiencies which might be pointed out by a severe and exacting critic.—But we cannot refrain from uttering a word of hearty commendation to Prof. Bartlett and his able assistants for this musical feast. DR. FESLER.—This gentleman, late of Philadelphia, has recently established himself in this city and offers his professional services to the people through the columns of THE SPIRIT. He comes highly recommended as a physician and surgeon. He makes a speciality of all kinds of chronic diseases requiring surgical operations, and invites all who may be afflicted with such diseases to give him a call. He makes no charge for his services until the patient is satisfied that permanent benefit has been received. His office is for the present at the Lawrence House. IMPROVEMENT.—The stock of jewelry and silverware which has heretofore occupied one side of the store of Morris & Orndall, has been removed, and the whole of the fine, large store is now occupied by them in their drug business. They have now one of the finest fitted up and best stocked drug stores in the city. We are glad to know that their increasing business demanded these increased facilities. They are the kind of men who deserve to succeed. ELDRIDGE HOUSE BONDS.—At the meeting of the Council on Wednesday evening last quite an animated discussion took place in regard to the payment or repudiation of the city bonds, known as the Eldridge House Bonds. The final vote stood five for payment and five for repudiation. Mayor Hadly giving the casting vote in favor of payment. J. W. STURNS & SON.—We have received from these gentlemen their price list for nursery stock for the spring trade. Their nurseries are situated 3 miles southwest of Ottawa. We know the gentlemen to be fair and honest dealers, and Franklin county should give them a liberal support. THANKS.—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the third Anniversary Festival of Eureka Lodge, No. 62, I. O. of O. F. held at Eureka, Kas. on the evening of the 7th inst., for which we tender our thanks. We know they had a good time, and wish we could have been there. THE WEATHER.—We think old winter has got his back broken at last. The past few days have been genial and spring like;—in fact genuine Kansas weather. We refuse to recognize the weather of the past few weeks as belonging to Kansas at all. HOUSEKEEPER.—A lady of experience, one without incubance, would like to superintend a widower's home who has a small family. Best of reference given and required. Address, Mrs. M., Lawrence, Kansas. WHEAT.—The prospects of the wheat crop in Kansas the coming season is said to be invariably good. DISTRICT COURT.—The February term of the District Court is now in session. "HOW TO GO EAST" By the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Burlington Route. "Though last not least," is an adage as true as it is old, and its truth is again exemplified by the completion of the New Line to the East, via Creston and Burlington, which, though the last, may be called the best route in the West. The Line consists of the Kansas City, Saint Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R., with two daily trains from Kansas City, through Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joseph to the Missouri State Line, there connecting with the Burlington Route, which leads direct to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, and Columbus—through cars are being run to all these points. This line is well built, thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement, including Pullman's Sleeping and Dining Cars, and no where else can the passenger so completely depend on a speedy, safe and comfortable journey. The Burlington Route has admirably answered the query, "How to go East," by the publication of an interesting and truthful document, containing a valuable and correct Map, which can be obtained free of charge by addressing General Passenger Agent B. & M. R. R., Burlington, Iowa. PROF. JAMES JOHNSON, BARBER SHOP, OPPOSITE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.

Market Reports.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, Feb. 7, 1873. The wheat supply of the country is fast diminishing, and millers are troubled to know whence they shall draw till the new harvest comes in. We quote it higher. Corn is still dull. Oats have advanced, and the demand is good at the figure. Cattle dull. Hogs have advanced and are firm at quotations, now that they have mostly passed into the hands of speculators. Most of the eastern packing houses are holding, expecting to compel a still further advance in pork. Of course farmers will get no benefit from the rise, since they have sold. FREIGHTS PER ATLANTIC & PACIFIC R. R. FROM LAWRENCE TO ST. LOUIS.—N. Y. Cattle cars..... \$40 Hog cars..... 40 Grain cars, 21,000 pounds..... 53 Flour cars, 21,000 pounds..... 55 Hay cars, 7 tons..... 30c. \$1 05 Grain, per 100 pounds..... DENVER, VIA K. P. R. R. Cattle cars..... \$150 00 Hog cars..... 150 00 Hay cars, 7 tons..... 85 Flour, grain and vegetables, per 100 pounds..... St. Louis Market. Wheat, No. 2..... \$2 00 Corn, No. 2, mixed..... 35 " No. 2, white..... 43 Oats, No. 2, mixed..... 35 " No. 2, white..... 35 Cattle, choice native..... 6 00 " fair native..... 4 50 common Texas..... 3 00@4 00 Hogs firm at..... 4 00@4 20 Hay, per ton..... \$18@20 Lawrence Produce Market. HOGS AND CATTLE. Live hogs..... 3 1/2c Dressed hogs 200 pounds and over..... 3 3/4c " light..... 3 1/2c Fat cows..... 2 1/2c Fair native steers..... 3c Prime native steers..... 3 1/2c GRAIN. Corn..... 20c Oats..... 20c Buckwheat..... 7 1/2c PRODUCE. Potatoes..... 40c Onions..... 50c Beets..... 40c Carrots..... 40c Turnips..... 20c Rutabaga turnips..... 30c Cabbage..... 10c Butter, 1st quality..... 20c " 2d..... 15c Eggs..... 25c Turkeys, dressed..... 12 1/2c " live..... 7c Chickens, dressed..... 8c " live, per doz..... \$2.50 HAY. Prairie..... \$6.00 Timothy..... 8.00 WOOD. S. B. hickory..... \$8.00 Dry oak..... 8.00 Green oak..... 6.00 Soft wood..... 5.00 PROVISIONS AT RETAIL—FLOUR. Strictly choice family, per sack..... \$5.75 Choice..... 5.15 Second choice..... 5.00 Third choice..... 3.50 Nebraska spring wheat..... 4.25 Corn meal per 100 pounds..... 1.20 Buckwheat..... 6.00 COFFEE. Mocha, per pound..... 50c Java..... 35c Best Rio..... 28c Second..... 25c Laguyra..... 27c SUGAR. A..... 15c Ex. O..... 14c XXX..... 13c Portorique..... 12 1/2c MOLASSES. Sugar House molasses..... 75c Golden Syrup..... \$1.00 Sugarloaf syrup..... 1.25 New Orleans..... 1.00 Sorghum..... .60 Coal oil..... .40

1858 1873 LAWRENCE FOUNDRY.

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The Story Teller.
GRANDMA'S DEARY;
 OR,
RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

[Continued.]

Too soon we learned how to understand Grandma's last strange words. Before her body was laid in the grave we had letters from Fortress Monroe, telling the particulars of the deadly strife of the vessels of war. Uncle Theodore and several of my cousins had been slain. So it was her son that Grandma saw as she was dying, and the glad greeting which her spirit, almost free, gave him, was echoed in her body, not yet quite forsaken of its vital part. Oh! the mysteries of life and death! When shall we understand them?

Uncle Theodore was fatally wounded in the early part of the action, and he refused to be removed from his ship.

"But she is sinking, sir," said the men who would have helped him.

"I will sink with her," was his reply, "since my wound is fatal. Stand to your guns, my sons," he shouted to the boys, "till the last minute."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the hearty response, and gallantly was the command obeyed.

Broadside after broadside the old Cumberland gave forth, as near and nearer to her decks the water came.

"She shall speak for freedom till her last gasp, uncle," cheerfully cried cousin Leon, a son of aunt Hope.

"Right, my boy," returned uncle Theodore.

The words were hardly out of his mouth ere a cannon ball crashed through the ship, tearing from brave Leon's body both his legs. He had been about to fire his gun, and the match was not thrown from his hand nor extinguished.

"I'm not to be conquered so, Jeff. Davis," said the bleeding young hero, and struggling up from the slippery deck, he made two or three steps on the stumps of his mangled limbs, and applied the match. Loud roared the heavy gun, and with its voice passed away the undaunted soul of Leon. He fell beside Uncle Theodore, dead.

"Dear, noble boy!" said uncle Theodore, dragging himself closer to poor Leon, and lifting the lifeless head to his own wounded heart. "Thus let us go down, our guns roaring around us, our colors flying over our heads—and may the Lord have mercy on our souls."

He spoke no more, but was still alive—said the only one of my cousins who escaped to tell the tale—when with a full broadside bellowing and flaming from her decks the old ship sank. Her colors were never struck. When the deadly fight was over and the red hue of the waters passed away, when the groans of the wounded on her decks were all hushed and her dead lay in her, pale and calm, cleansed by the whelming waters from the blood and smoke of battle, those colors waved there still. Did the brave hearts below know it? Did they rest the more quietly because of what waved triumphantly above them? We know not; but daring indeed would be the traitor that should attempt to touch a flag thus guarded by dead mariners, who gave life for its defense and who refused to forsake it in death. Would not cold hands be lifted from the waves to drag down to hopeless destruction any or all who might dare to lay unfriendly grasp upon the colors of the Cumberland?

Oh, Oak Hill Home! desolation was being written on all thy walls.

Grandma had fulfilled aunt Hester's fear and Charlie's wish: she had given Oak Hill Home to me. Uncle Harold was to reside there with me—at least till the end of the war.

We had grown used—almost hardened—to horrors. I had wept and moaned until it seemed to me that if the next news came that all were killed I could only groan and sit motionless.

Then came the battle of Pea Ridge, in which my trooper cousins, in the Third Iowa Cavalry—twelve as brave and handsome horsemen as ever drew the sword. Seven of them were brothers, Norman Herbert's sons; also Georgie Lakewood and two of his brothers, and two sons of dear uncle Theodore, whose duty to his native land was done. Of course I dreaded that many of them would fall. I dreaded to hear, but letters soon came and my fears were laid at rest. Strange to say, not one of my cousins had been killed and but two wounded, and that only slightly.

"But it was a horrid battle," wrote cousin Norman to March, and the letter was sent to me by Ruthven. "Our regiment suffered terribly, and I feel almost ashamed that none of us were killed. It looks too much as though there must have been some skulking, which I assure you there was not. Four of our good horses were shot down. This is a heavy loss, for we can never find others like them. They were our own good steeds, reared and trained by our own hands, and they knew and loved us almost like human things. It was a struggle, old boy, to leave those noble creatures dying on the field. I can even now hear their cries, and they thrill me most painfully. But I have no doubt we should forget all minor things in gratitude to God for preserving us all alive in an engagement the most savage and bloody that has yet been known in this war. Nearly all of our regiment who were so wounded as to fall were afterwards murdered—many of them scalped by the Indians whom these

inhuman Southern wretches have stirred up to fight against us. The Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole Indians, of whom some three thousand were engaged in the battle, under the command of Col. Albert Pike, a Northern man, who deserves, and will doubtless receive, eternal infamy for his efforts to induce a horde of savages to butcher brave men who had taken up arms to prevent the subversion of the Republic—repeated the outrages upon civilized warfare, and the shocking barbarities with which our early history has made us familiar. They fought as they did in the olden times—in the manner the rebels have adopted as their own, from behind logs and trees; anxious to destroy, but fearful of exposure; seeking by every device and deception to draw our men into ambush, and attack and slay them at disadvantage. In many instances they succeeded, but in others our men were as wily as the aborigines, and defeated them at their own game. Many a savage, while he was peering cautiously around a tree, or through the bushes, was relieved of life by a musket or rifle ball crashing through his skull. The Indians often assumed to be dead, throwing themselves upon their faces on the ground, and as soon as our troops would pass they would rise, take deliberate aim, fire and fly. Scalping and robbing were, as of yore, their favorite pastimes. They plundered every wounded, dying and dead Unionist they could find, and very frequently murdered those they discovered so badly hurt as to be incapable of offering resistance. The savages, indeed, seemed demonized, and it is said the rebels did everything in their power to excite them to frenzy, giving them large quantities of whiskey and gunpowder a few minutes previous to the commencement of hostilities. The appearance of some of the besotted savages was fearful. They lost their sense of caution and fear, and ran with long knives against large odds, and fell pierced by dozens of bullets. With bloody hands and garments, with glittering eyes and horrid scowls, they raged about the field with terrible yells, and so often frightened some of our soldiers for a few seconds as to escape the fate that should have befallen every one their number.

"I have spoken of the terrible excitement and demoniac rage into which the savages were thrown by the appeals and firewater of the rebels, who, it appears, suffered from their aboriginal associates nearly as much as the Unionists themselves, and in a manner they could have least expected. The secessionists overcharged their dusky machines, and when they were fired, the truly guilty suffered from the recoil. The Indians in the midst of the excitement and under the stimulus of their burning passions became frenzied, lost to every sense but that of slaughter. Friend and foe were alike to them; they fired at the nearest mark, and used their long knives indiscriminately upon all within their reach. For more than twelve hours they continued this impartial warfare, killing and wounding more of the Missouri and Arkansas troops, it is believed, than they did of ours. On Saturday morning, a body of 300 or 400 Indians were discovered on the north side of Sugar Creek, below the curve of a hill, firing from thick clusters of post-oaks into three or four companies of Arkansas soldiers, marching in McCulloch's Division toward the upper part of the ridge. The Major of the battalion seeing this, hallooed out to them that they were firing upon their own friends, and placed his white handkerchief on his sword and waved it in the air. The Indians either did not see or did not care for the symbol of truce; but poured two volleys into the Arkansans, killing among others the Major himself. The presumption then was that the Cherokees had turned traitors, and the secessionist soldiers were immediately ordered to charge upon them. They did so, and for an hour a terrible fight ensued among the oaks between them and their late savage allies, in which it is stated some 250 were killed and wounded on both sides. The Indians suffered severely, as they were driven from their hiding places and butchered without mercy. A person who witnessed this part of the fight says it was the most bloody and desperate that occurred on the field—being conducted with the most reckless and brutal energy by the two parties, of whom it would be difficult to say which was the more barbarous. On the dead savages were found, in some instances, two or three scalps, fastened to their belts by thongs of leather. The fate of the Arkansans was indeed a distribution of poetic justice. The seeds of rebellion had sown among the Cherokees, like the teeth that Cadmus planted, turned against them in their growing with fury and with death.

"The Indians cannot be particularly blamed, I suppose, for fighting according to their own custom, and they no doubt think themselves fully justified in making war on the United States Government whenever they can get a chance. Perhaps they are. I do not argue the point. I know I should not like to be treated as they have been by the whites. But what can be said for these rebels who have urged the Indians on to deeds of savage violence and cruelty? Only that they are themselves in all deeds of dastardly malignity and cruelty, a full match for any Indian that ever lived. I saw them, with my own eyes, going about stabbing and mutilating our wounded."

This letter filled us with horror and indignation against the barbarous and wicked rebellion, and made me feel an almost frantic longing to have some decisive and radical measures immediately taken for its suppression.

"Oh!" said I to my uncle, "why will not Govern-

ment call for the help of the slaves? It does seem like stupidity or madness to delay. Never, never will this miserable war be ended till that is done. The rebels take negroes, Indians, anything to fight with; but we must yield all our friends to death rather than even try to do what might save them and subdue the enemy. For my part I believe that there are no slaves in the rebel States, which are now no States, but territories, reverted to the general Government, and under the full control of the President and Congress. Our general Government pretends to hold no slaves, why then do n't Mr. Lincoln proclaim that there are no longer any slaves at the South, and that the blacks are expected to rise and maintain their freedom? This, and only this, will ever save us. If it never is done, or if it is delayed too long, we are gone. God will destroy us."

"Oh! Deary, you take too dark a view, my child. There are a great many difficulties to be considered in such a course as you propose. Mr. Lincoln understands what is best to be done far better than you possibly can. He is an honest, wise and politic man; and he knows better than to do anything rashly."

"Well, well, I suppose he does, but I often think it is the best way to be prompt and bold in doing just and right things, no matter how unpopular or unpolitic they are. Do them, and trust in God, and you are much more likely to come out all right than if you keep delaying and looking here and there to see some safe way to step. It is always safe to do right; though it may appear to be very dangerous. This war is sent because of slavery, and sure am I that if Government rolls slavery up and puts it safely away, so that when the war is over it can come out unhurt, undestroyed, thousands on thousands of precious lives will be the forfeit. Perhaps, as Mari says, the whites will nearly all be killed, and the country given to the African. It would be only just; but oh how dreadful for us. I think our Government is terribly blinded."

I sat and cried beside my grave but tenderly affectionate uncle. He patted me on the head, saying kindly, "Oh! you are not well to-day; and you are looking only on the dark side. There are many encouraging aspects to the war these days. I think we shall soon have Richmond my love, and then the worst will be over. The army seems to be in fine spirits."

"But March writes things that no one dare print. He don't feel sure of getting Richmond. He says he believes what the the fugitive slaves say; and he does wish that they were received and allowed to help. He says the number of sick soldiers and officers is awful; and every day dozens are coming down. He don't know but the army will be destroyed by sickness, if things keep on at the present rate. There are hundreds of ways in which the slaves could be of vast service to the army, even if they did not fight; but orders are given not to allow them within the lines. It does seem such a foolish and self-injuring order. Oh! dear! I do feel dreadfully to-day."

"I should think so, Deary, but remember it is the Sabbath, and we should try to put away from us all disquieting and oppressive thoughts. Let us try and forget the bad management of our rulers and army officers, for this day at least."

"This is the very day I can't forget—Sunday has grown of a color livid red to my imagination—so many battles have been fought on Sunday that I fully expect to hear there is one to-day. I know, uncle, that you laugh at me for thinking I can judge at all about military affairs. But you can never convince me that matters have not been shamefully mismanaged. I could manage better, I know I could. Do you suppose that ever I would have made a quartermaster of that vain and ambitious dentist at the village, who knows not the first principle of feeding men? Do you suppose I'd run my men half to death, and then march them, half starved, into battle? Do you suppose I'd rush my army in among masked batteries, when I knew that they must be there? Don't you suppose I'd have some means contrived so that my loyal soldiers should not shoot each other down for enemies? Do you suppose I'd shut my eyes to the fact that the rebels are in earnest, and are strong armed, desperate men, instead of women and children ready to run with cake and coffee to the depot to meet our troops? Catch me marching our brave fellows into the very jaws of death, as has been so often done by somebody's fault since this blundering war began. It is truly exasperating to think of."

"You are very right in saying that, my dear. There has indeed been criminal mismanagement somewhere, and the loss of many lives has been the penalty. But this happens in all wars. We must try and be patient and take courage and comfort in the thought that God overrules all things to suit his own purposes. Men, strong and wicked as they are, can never defeat him."

All that day my soul was disquieted within me. I was not surprised at all when I heard that there had been another dreadful battle. Our army—through somebody's fault—was surprised and almost driven into the river. Many soldiers were slain in their beds, and the fright and confusion was terrific. The Union loss was heavy, but our side was at last victorious. To me it seemed that another blunder had been committed. No friend of mine bled in the battle of Pittsburg; but all the dead and wounded there were the friends of some one, and my heart grew heavier through pity. I wrote to Ruthven that I wanted to come to him, and follow him about as Eloie had followed Daniel; but he was so opposed to the scheme, I gave it up for the time.

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For further information call on or address

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Miscellaneous.

HOW STRANGE.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two
Shall be what all lovers become—
You frigid, and faithless, I cold and untrue—
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you—
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do—
Love's bright web unraveled, and rent, and worn through—
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me,

How strange it will be!
How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day,
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose*—
When every day serves some new fault to disclose—
When you find I've cold eyes, and an every day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the commonplace way—
Ah, me,

How strange it will be!
How strange it will be, love—how strange when we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand!
When my pulses no longer delightedly beat
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet—
When I watch not your going, far down the long street—
When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly sweet,
Grows hard in reproach or command—
Ah, me,

How strange it will be!
How strange it will be, when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent with nothing to say,
Or coolly converse on the news of the day
In a wearisome, old married folks sort of a way!
I shrink from the picture—do n't you?
Ah, me,

How strange it will be!
Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and old—
As so many others have done—
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold—
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold—
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsolated,
'T will be strangest of all things that ever we told,
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

The Rev. Mr. Day preached on Sunday at the comfortable little chapel of Independents, on the query: "Is the Devil Dead?" The theory of the speaker was that the devil is the embodiment of all evil in the world—disease, disaster, death, &c. Christ himself triumphed over the devil, but as long as there is in the world suffering, wrong-doing and death, Christ's work is not yet performed. The devil is, therefore, just as active, strong and triumphant in the world to-day as he ever was. Mr. Day, however, believes that mankind are not to be finally handed over to the tender mercies of the devil to be tormented everlastingly, but that after death they will be punished, purified, and ultimately enjoy the happiness of heaven.

If we understand the reverend gentleman correctly, he believes that some great change, or series of changes, such as those that have already taken place in the ages of the past, may finally occur in the world, and the present laws of the universe be changed or modified by the Almighty, when sin, physical suffering and death will be banished, and the Kingdom of Christ reign supreme. The devil will, at that period, be himself cast into hell, and forever destroyed and blotted out of existence.

Mr. Day's arguments to prove his particular theories were ingenious and subtle, and although a little misty, his views are, perhaps, no more visionary than those of other theologians who treat of subjects that must after all remain mere matters of opinion. A good many people must have anticipated from the subject announced, "The Destruction of the Devil," that some serious accident had happened to their old friend and associate, and the audience was quite large.

After all the abuse that has been heaped upon "Old Nick," with his cloven feet and red-hot tail, we really do not know how the world would get along without him, it has become so used to his company. It would certainly be very lonesome to a good many people, and monotonously dull.

The devil is the grand motive power of the business world, and keeps everything lively. Without him what would become of all the magnificent cathedrals and churches, the ministers and missionaries, the theological schools, and tract societies, Henry Ward Beecher and religious newspapers, and all the numerous branches of industry connected with them? What would become of Dr. Banyard's stately church and his theological thunder, of Dominic Knapp's "baptismal pants," and Mr. Dunn's fiery philippic against sin and "satan," and the thousands of good sermons that are preached all over the world every Sunday? The devil furnishes more employment in this world than is generally supposed, and we doubt if he can be spared just yet without creating too great a vacuum.

Only think of the many enterprises he is managing in this country alone, besides the New York daily papers. The great coal and railroad monopolies, the national banking and moneyed monopolies, State Legislatures; the election of United States Senators, Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, theaters and gift concerts, Credit Mobilier schemes, thousands of gambling hells, the New York custom house, and scores of other places of infamous resort; the whole Radical party, and a great many other wicked things, as the auctioneers say, too numerous to mention.

Domine Day is right when he says that the devil

is now just as active and as powerful as ever, in spite of the theological missiles that have been launched at his head for so many hundred years. We fear he is a tolerably permanent institution in the world, and would be greatly missed. We have never had any dealings with him ourselves, but those that have seem to have prospered just as well as we have, and a great majority of mankind do not act as though they really wanted him destroyed.

A FLOGGING BY PROXY.

Many years ago, there lived in a beautiful little country town in north Alabama, a genial, warm-hearted old gentleman, Judge H—, well known throughout the State as well for his distinguished ability as his marked generosity and congeniality. Among his chattel possessions was a negro named Jake, or as he was more familiarly called Uncle Jake, and there never lived a more provoking old darkey; for Uncle Jake, although a favorite, had many weaknesses, and among others he was particularly regardless of truth, to such an extent, in fact, that occasionally the good old Judge found it necessary to punish him. It was the custom in those days for the town constable to administer a flogging, for a consideration, whenever the master was disinclined to officiate, and the constable of this particular town had a severe reputation for proficiency among the darkies who had now and then been so unfortunate as to come under his hands.

Jake, although he had never been there, was well posted, and had a great repugnance to Massa G—, who was the incumbent at that time. On one occasion, during the Christmas days, while the old Judge was quite severely indisposed, Uncle Jake had been guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishment was deemed necessary, so the Judge wrote a note to the constable about as follows:

"Mr. G—: Please give the bearer thirty-nine lashes and charge to me. JUDGE H."

Calling on Uncle Jake, the Judge ordered him to carry the note to G—, who would give him a grubbing hoe.

Jake started off up town, but his suspicions were aroused. He could not understand what the Judge wanted with a grubbing hoe at Christmas time, and his conscience was not as clear as it should have been. The result of his suspicion was that the truth suddenly flashed upon him—he was to be whipped. Seeing a school boy approaching, he took out the note and said:

"Massa Bob, what is dis note? Got so many dis morning I got 'em mixed."

The boy read the note and explained its contents to Jake, who whistled and laughed to himself as a bright idea struck him. Calling a negro boy, who was near, Jake said:

"Does you want to make a quarter?"

"Of course I does."

"Well, take dis note down dar, to Massa G— an' git a grubben hoe, and I wait here 'till you comes back, an' den I gives you a quarter."

The boy hurried off to accomplish his errand, and in due course delivered the note to G—, who took him into the yard, locked the gate, and proceeded, despite the boy's protestations of innocence, to administer the desired flogging, while Jake hurried off home, chuckling over the happy result of what might have been serious business for him.

That evening the Judge called him up, and inquired:

"Jake, did you get the grubbing hoe?"

"No, massa; I give a boy a quarter to fetch dat note to Massa G—, and I spec he got dat hoe."

TEARS.

The principle element of a tear is water; the water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *muscus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hands of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at those of ours; "salt" is however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries, the water evaporates, and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, seen through the microscope, array themselves, in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lacrimal gland" which is situated above the eyeball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eyes. But tears do not only flow at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night—although less abundantly during sleep—they trickle softly from their tender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health.

It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelid that effect the regular spreading of tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away by two little drains, called "lacrimal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose.—[Chambers' Journal.]

UNCLE JACOB TALKS SENSIBLY.

"The fact is, Harry, you can't afford fooleries," said my uncle; "you have your own way to make, and nothing to make it with but your head and hands, and you must begin to count the cost of everything. You have a healthy and sound body; see that you take care of it. God gives you a body but once. He don't take care of it for you, and whatever of it you lose you lose forever. Many a chap goes to college fresh and healthy as you are, and comes out with weak eyes, crooked back, and yellow complexion, and dyspeptic stomach. He has only himself to thank for it. When you get to college they'll want you to smoke, and you'll do it just for idleness and good-fellowship. Now before you begin just calculate what it will cost you."

An excellent ointment for chapped lips and hands, says the "American Agriculturist," for dry sores, for burns, for sore noses, for softening corns on the feet, for piles, in short for any diseased surface where a soft protecting coating is required, is what is called "Glycerine ointment." This can be readily prepared by any druggist, by simply rubbing into what is termed "cold cream" a little glycerine—just enough to give it a soft, lard-like consistency. More glycerine can be added in winter than in summer. A drop or two of oil of roses stirred in, gives it an agreeable perfume. It should be well corked, and be made fresh every month or two. When the hands become chapped or roughened by cold weather, smear them with a little of the glycerine ointment at night, rubbing it in, and then wipe off all that will soil the clothing, and the skin will usually be soft and pliable in the morning.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer says he cleared his premises of rats by catching one, smearing him with kerosene oil, and then letting him go. How he caught the rat he does not say. Daubing the entrance to their holes with tar is a sure way to give offence to rats, and they are apt to turn up their noses and leave.

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HOME DECORATION.

An address delivered by Henry Morrell, of Topeka, before the State Farmers' Institute, at the Kansas State Agricultural College, January 24th, 1873.

When thoroughly considered, home decoration is one of the broadest and most important subjects for earnest consideration. So broad, that viewed from any standpoint, many volumes would not exhaust the theme. Works have been written on the kitchen alone; volumes treat of bed-rooms, and other portions of home interiors. Many excellent works can now be found on home architecture are purely artistic embellishment; works that will satisfy every craving for knowledge on the art of making home what it should be, and enabling all who will carefully study them to work correctly for the accomplishment of a well and clearly defined purpose. The subject is important because it has a daily, hourly and life-long influence on the happiness of every family.

The chief adornment of any home—its crowning glory—without which all other ornaments are useless, is a healthy and happy family, and all other decorations must be made with the sole view of ministering to the physical, mental and moral health of the homes of human occupants. We can not stop with the important preparation and decoration of nutritious and digestible food, and the best provisions for the partaking of "balmy sleep," but must remember that hungry brains also require food, and will have it, good or bad.

Among the indoor appliances to aid in attaining this crowning glory of a home, the kitchen should be supplied with the modern and tasteful conveniences that lighten woman's never-ending work. Avoid bare walls; better get a Harper's Weekly and paste up the pictures, than have bare deserts of plastering; even an old hat, shawl, coat, umbrella, or an old sun-bonnet hung from a peg, relieves the dreadful monotony, and becomes a home-decoration better than nothing. Colored prints and chromos are cheap, and good ones a good investment, but chromo fac similies of raw beefsteaks, roasts, joints, or dead game should not be hung in a kitchen—rather marine views, landscapes, palaces, gay scenes with figures; they give a healthy contrast to the actual surroundings, and help the mind to brief visions of other scenes—giving a refreshing mental respite from the realities of smoking griddles and real dishwater. Avoid bare walls all through the house as a mental pestilence. In our favored age, when fac similies of paintings that lately only the very wealthy could hope to enjoy, can be had so cheaply, there is little excuse.

To attain the crowning glory or healthy family adornment every room must have thorough ventilation, and if there is a room that cannot be kept light for a good portion of every day, it will be a matter of the greatest economy to take off the blinds and use them for kindling wood. Take up dirt-concealing carpets in bed-rooms, at least, and realize that the exquisitely delicate and sensitive surface of the human lungs were not constructed to digest or absorb the particles of wool daily mixed with the atmosphere while sweeping or walking on carpets. But bare floors are unsightly, and carpets are so comfortable. There are two beautiful and decorative substitutes, one is in Mosaic floors of different colored woods in various patterns, oiled or polished, and occasional Turkey rugs (the rugs to be taken out of the house and shaken, not swept indoors). This floor, though very beautiful, elegant and satisfying, is expensive, at least in the first cost. The next best is an India matting, of good pattern, in place of carpet, with occasional little strips of bound carpet for Turkey rugs, placed about the bed, washstand and bureau in winter, when the matting is so cold to the feet. This is cheaper than carpet and very much better.

The sciences, arts and manufactures, now joined hand in hand, are marching joyously onward, giving us the good fruits of their harmonized union, and by the aid of commerce, piling up their blessings at our very doors with the greatest prodigality, making elegances, conveniences and comforts attainable in every average modern home, that were beyond the reach or never dreamed of by the millionaires of old. Art, as the companion of industries, is putting the stamp of her refining and pleasurable influences on almost every article devised for home use, so that it is scarcely possible now to purchase anything from a yard of calico to a Brussels carpet, from a parlor set to a cook stove, without decorating the interior of our homes with at least a slight touch of true art, if we can only see it. Yet, notwithstanding all that has or may be done, it still remains a pleasurable duty, the neglect of which brings its own penalty, to study and ponder enough on the art of home decoration, both indoors and out, to be able to at least escape permanent eyesores, or disease-engendering blunders. To conquer the notion that time bestowed on such studies could be better spent as extra business hours, to get to know the fact that the decoration of our homes from the kitchen hearth to the boundary fences is of vital importance and real profit; that it not only influences our own lives, characters, successes or failures, but in a greater degree those of our children and their children.

That portion of home decoration that comes under the head of landscape gardening, is probably the most neglected or least thought of. Yet, after having the house all right, not only in comfort and convenience of interior, but in graceful form of exterior, a fitting receptacle for our dearest treasures;

something more is found to be wanting to make it a true home, sweet home. The architect may be ever so successful—build a jewel of comfort, convenience and beauty—the jewel still requires an appropriate setting. The possessor finds that much of the ingredients of home is in the lot out of doors; that there is company in trees, variety in their shadows, comfort in arbors and bowers, a joy in flowers, repose and tranquility where he could, like Holmes's tailor,

"Lay on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about him."

The possessor had a plan for his house, but gives little thought of a plan for the grounds; such a simple matter could be fixed any time when he can get trees—it only wants one here, another there, and so on. He had never thought of or realized the difficulties encountered, the amount of study and cultured art that had been bestowed on grounds he had noted in his travels, that had delighted him by their loveable simplicity and artlessness (the perfection of art is in its concealment); he had seen merely grass, trees, shrubs and flowers growing in the most natural way, and wants the same thing—good—he sees no regularity, no complicated geometrical forms, no apparent effort to produce effect—no art—all so simple and perfectly natural; he will do the same thing.

To all such this one fact should be known: To insure successful results it is, in architecture, equally imperative in laying out grounds, from square yards to square miles, to first make a well digested plan on paper; before this is done plant nothing, in no other way can blunders and needless expenses be avoided. Spare no pains in maturing such plan, think long about it, revise and correct it, and when you are sure you are right, go ahead; the result will not be disappointment.

To illustrate the general method of procedure, we will suppose the possessor of a new home to have succeeded well with the house, it having been properly built from the carefully made plans of a skillful architect, but his home lot, of say half an acre, is a desert—no grass, no trees, no shrubs. He consults a nursery catalogue or a wide awake travelling agent, and in due time enough trees come to properly decorate fifty acres, but they are so small there is room for all, and more, so in they go. His too much curved walks prove, on trial, to be inconvenient and ill-considered; his trees and shrubs grow up an unsightly chaos. He then commences to study about it; digs up, casts out, makes changes and changes, falling into new blunders while he corrects old ones, until in the course of years, some degree of order comes. Yet it is not what he would like to have had; some of his trees have developed so beautifully in the wrong place, that he has no heart to apply the axe; and so his home becomes marred by objects beautiful in themselves that would enhance the beauty of all, if differently situated. Oh if that lovely fir that now crowns on my front windows were only near the side of the lot! its value could not be estimated in dollars; how gracefully its lower limbs would nestle to the lawn! It was a pretty little thing when he got it from the nursery—its branches had spread so that a new and inconvenient walk had to be made around it; still at last it so encroaches on the house that the cruel axe must be applied. Thus with similar and minor blunders the grounds are kept in constant disorder; nothing can be left to properly perfect its native beauty. The lot not only ever lacks its fair share of loveliness, but is a constant source of vexation, disappointment and expense for necessary rearrangements, where all should have been enjoyable tranquility and beauty, every year adding to its charms, until in the fullness of time it would grow to be one of those fine old homes, majestic in its matured harmony so seldom found.

Owing to the difference of climate, position, size, natural or artificial surroundings, no two homes can be well treated in the same manner. Each will have an individuality like faces, so that in home decoration, at least from a landscape gardener's point of view, we must study the natural features and surroundings; and while being governed by them, keep the face clean, and so comb the hair as to bring out its best expression. And though there can be no precise rules for general application, there are some principles that should govern all home grounds from Windsor Castle or Osborn to the 12x14 balloon frame of the settler on the bleak, raw prairie. But so little thought is yet bestowed on the permanent arrangement of home grounds, that it would be safe to say that there is not more than one instance in a hundred in Kansas where the right tree has been planted in the right place. What is wanted and imperatively demanded, is more forethought.

The delightful study and duty of properly laying out home grounds is one of more responsibility than would at first appear. The field is a broad one, the planner must know more than where and how tree or shrub should be planted, congeniality of soil to the plant, or even a fitting and harmonious arrangement. Not alone the planting and beautifying of grounds to give an evidence of taste and refinement to the passing traveller, our neighbors or ourselves, all these are the delightful means for the attainment of higher and nobler ends, never to be lost sight of—that of engendering increased physical, and consequent mental and moral health—to attain which a continued effort must be made in all plans, to hold out every inducement to entire people, especially

ladies, to live more out of doors. Making agreeable places for children to play, arbors for use, as well as show; bowers, pleasant shady secluded nooks, where the family sewing, reading and crocheting can be done; to afford easy access for social, neighborly intercourse, where, as in Europe, the ladies of several households could meet in afternoons (when the men are out of the way) in well-seated shade, to interchange friendly courtesies and do their darning, mending and knitting. Meanwhile not only lightening their dear hearts by possibly just a little gossip, but laying up stores of health and happiness for themselves and children, by imbibing vigor from the pure air and light God has so freely given for our use. Croquet grounds, arbors, seated bays, bowers, anything he can do to keep the ladies in summer out of darkened rooms, too often poisoned by the vapors from even the best of cellars, will conduce to their happiness and to that of their posterity.

A marked case is cited in a health journal of a family who settled on the open prairies of Missouri. The natural hunger for shade induced the pioneer to plant trees thickly about the house; the trees mature, putting the home in never-ending twilight. The boys, as usual, leave home early and return robust men to attend the funeral of a sister; then another and another; the poor girls confined to the darkened house and excluded from the "merry merry sunshine," one by one decline and fall a prey to consumption. Death clears the home; trees are cut, the sun again sends his beams into the rooms, and the habitation is healthy. Florence Nightingale says dark rooms are sick houses.

A late authority attributes much of the consumption so prevalent and fatal in New England, to the presence of trees, now mature, that were improperly placed when planted long ago. Excessive indoor life, and the great absence of inducements to spend more time in the open air, is one of the chief causes of the acknowledged enfeebling and deterioration in the physical well-being of American women. Proper home decoration has no small share in correcting this great evil—on the health of the mothers depends the health of the nation.

A difference of a hundred yards in the site of a dwelling, has been known to exempt a family from the ague. The imperceptible fumes from a drain killed the useful Prince Arthur. The misplacement of wells and out-buildings have killed and enfeebled thousands—though the water may sparkle ever so clear and bright, there may be disease and death in the cup. It becomes, therefore, the first and important duty of the landscape gardener, amateur or professional, to give his earnest thought to all sanitary matters, and provide as far as can be in the site of house and arrangement of grounds for the best health of the occupants.

Another object of landscape gardening is to foster a greater love of home. I quote from Scott's late and excellent work on suburban home grounds: "Compared with the English, we are yet novices in the fine arts of gardening, and the exquisite rural taste even among the poorer classes of England, which inspired glowing eulogiums from the pen of Washington Irving thirty years ago, is still as far in advance of our own, as at that time."

The Briton loves his home—he makes it lovable. If moderately prosperous, he seldom if ever leaves it. If adverse circumstances compel him to emigrate, he does so with sadness—leaving his home with a deep regret he never conquers. This love of home has taken no small part in making a great nation of a small island. Those who possess pleasant homes take a much deeper interest in local and national welfare than wanderers. A man will fight all life's battles by loving his home—the beauty of home induces the love of it, and the love of home is the strength of the nation.

The greatest present need with us is a reform in the prevalent practice, born of a commendable hunger for shade, of massing without discrimination every attainable tree of almost any kind, and planting them any way to have trees, and enough of them, very often ten trees where three shrubs should be, eventually not only concealing the house they were intended to adorn, but in addition, having no good effect upon the health of its occupants. The opposite, sometimes seen, and equally bad, is in leaving the house entirely nude, without even a shrub to relieve its look of neglected lonesomeness.

A certain portion of all home grounds should be set apart entirely for pleasure, where every feature will induce ease, rest and enjoyment; croquet, swings, nice cosy nooks for reading, chess-playing or courting; where no visible feature will suggest the hard toils of life, to be as much as possible the opposite of the real daily hard work; where body and mind can throw off the shackles of daily duties and be relaxed and reposed; where the bow can be unstrung to preserve its elasticity and usefulness; where it will not be, or look like all work and no play. If no such provision is made—and all work and no play does make Jack a dull boy—it may be looked for that he will still be bright enough to leave his task-burdened home the first opportunity to seek a rational amount of enjoyment elsewhere; sometimes, alas, being separated from the holy influences of a mother's love—falling a prey to vicious pleasures and practices—finally swelling the list of miserable drunkards, fast men and women, making houses of incarceration necessary for the restraint of some fond mothers' darling child, who left home so pure.

The cost of home decoration may be little or great,

with always a sure return. The principle ingredients trees, shrubs and grass are not expensive. With care they will grow as rapidly and look as beautiful for the impecunious young hero digging a fruitful farm out of the raw prairie, as for the millionaire on the banks of the Hudson. All the labor and money expended is returned many fold; first, in the enabling of those at home to better prosecute their daily occupations. Second, in the enhancement of the real cash value of the home.

There are three values to all articles manufactured, from a tea cup to a suburban home; the first value is the raw material; the second, the labor employed in making it; the third, its artistic value. One article, a pitcher, for instance, may be just as good in material and strength, and hold just as much as another, no more difficult to make the moulds once constructed; yet one will be worth \$10,000 the other \$1.00. A block of marble in Florence may be worth \$25.00 let Powers work at it a few months and its value is \$10,000.00. One dollar's worth of the right kind of paint put in the right place on canvass becomes worth one thousand. This is art value. So five dollars worth of trees, shrubs and grass seed properly disposed by art, greatly enhance the value of the raw material upon which they are placed.

After all, the most delightful business of life is in the making of a healthy, happy home; the heart feels it, and in the frantic, delirious scramble for green paper, business ignores it, still the heart shows it by finding time to at least immortalize poor Paine for writing just one little short song, that of "Home, sweet Home."

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2,000	10	0	8	0	7	0
4,000	5	0	4	0	3	0
8,000	2	6	2	0	1	6
16,000	1	3	1	0	8	3
32,000	6	3	6	3	4	15
64,000	3	1	3	1	2	12
128,000	1	6	1	6	1	6
256,000	8	3	8	3	1	3
512,000	4	1	4	1	8	3
1,024,000	2	0	2	0	4	0

EXAMPLES.—At 6 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$8,000 in 35 years, 2 months, 6 days; while at 8 per cent. the result would be \$16,000 in 35 years, 4 months, 16 days; or at ten per cent. \$82,000 in 35 years, 9 months, 5 days; at 12 per cent. \$1,000 will grow to \$1,000,000 in 59 years and 7 months, or during the life-time of many a young man now 21 years of age. \$100 dollars would of course increase to \$100,000 in the same time.

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—AT THE—
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