

The Kansas Spirit

A JOURNAL OF HOME AND HUSBANDRY.

"PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP."—Franklin.

VOLUME 1.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1872.

NUMBER 8.

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And Young Pigs of each breed, some of the latter nearly old enough to take from the sows.
My stock of Berkshires includes some
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Purchased of well known importers and breeders of Canada; and my Chester Whites are bred from stock purchased of some of the most reliable breeders of Pennsylvania. Purity of stock guaranteed in every instance. Apply to
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It will curl the most stubborn and straight hair that ever grew on human head, to equal natural curls. No one can tell the difference, and it is almost impossible to get the curl out of the hair.
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On the Indiscretions of Youth and the Frailties of Maturer Years.
The most plain, frank and reliable pamphlet ever written on this subject. No man can afford to be without it. Sent to any address in a sealed envelope for 25 cents.
Address DR. JOHN FEE,
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Dr. Fee can be consulted by both sexes at his office from 9 o'clock A. M. to 8 P. M., daily.

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THE MOST PRACTICAL AND BEST
ESTABLISHED BUSINESS COLLEGE IN THE COUNTRY,
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ESTABLISHED 1865. INCORPORATED 1867.

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J. E. VINCENT
Has the best and only regular Hair Store in Kansas City.
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PRACTICAL WIG MAKER,
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Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.
All orders by mail promptly filled. Give him a call at
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Contributed Articles.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.
"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON."
BY JAMES HANWAY.

Sometimes, in travelling through the country, we come across an incident which is not only amusing but instructive. A short time since, I saw a man cutting down corn stalks with a hoe. They were damp and cut hard. "And pray, sir," said I to the employer, "what did those ten or twelve acres of stalks cost you to be leveled to the ground?" "About four dollars and boarding the hand." "Thanks I to myself," a pretty good bill to pay for not doing the work in proper season. I remarked to him that I had about the same amount of stalks, and got them down in half a day. He looked astonished. I then told him that with my team of horses and a long pole, sixteen or eighteen feet long, I had dragged down my stalks on a frosty morning, between breakfast and dinner time; and what is more, they were done better, as they broke off close to the ground. My friend who could afford to pay the four dollars to a hand for doing a job that need not have cost him a dime, has not taken a newspaper for years; he says he cannot afford it. Is he not a strange specimen of human frailty?

The economy of life is to save labor. No man labors for the sake of labor. If he performs labor it is at least with the expectation that he will receive a remuneration for his services, and as a general rule, he will be rewarded for the skill and labor he has expended. Muscular strength is very necessary in conducting the operations of a farm; but this is not all. There is something equally as necessary as animal strength; it is skill, judgment and knowledge; and no farm, orchard or vineyard can be profitably carried on without these necessary qualities.

There is, perhaps, no class of the human race, who are compelled to gain a livelihood by manual labor, like the farming community in clinging to old theories and following the footsteps of our great grandfathers. The prejudice against what is termed "book farming," is rapidly passing away, for no one can deny that experience when in print is no less valuable than oral instruction.

A successful farmer must be a man of close observation; he should study facts, which the varied systems of farming present him with. It is not necessary, especially in a new and rich country like Kansas, that he should study chemistry to become a good farmer. Speculative theories do exist and will continue to exist, even amongst farmers. A farmer, when he puts his seed in the ground in due season, knows not what yield he will receive from his labor. It may be said that it is a speculative or uncertain operation. This is true, because it depends on frequent showers and numerous other unforeseen contingencies over which he has no control. One thing is certain,—if the farmer neglects to arrange his work in due season, to sow seed at the proper time, he will be the loser by the delay and his labor, in a great degree, will be lost. Some men there are who take the world so easy that they may be said to be "one day after the fair." When I lived in Ohio I had a neighbor of this class. He was a leading member of his church, and a most amiable man; exhorted and prayed continually, and was highly respected by every one. He was even an industrious man, but a most miserable farmer. He was always "a day behind the fair," doing nothing in season, but always out of season (save praying). Near by lived a man of considerable wealth, who seldom darkened the doors of a church—a man given to intoxication and other vices; but he was a man who conducted his farming operations in due season, and became wealthy. It was frequently remarked by the neighbors, how strange that an upright, honest, consistent Christian should be always embarrassed by debt, while a drunken and immoral man should be blessed so bountifully with the necessities of life. The fact was, there was nothing strange or wonderful about it, if we look beyond the surface.

As a general rule, all vice and immorality brings on a chain of circumstances which produce disease and premature death, loss of property and character. But in this case, so far as property was concerned, he attended "in season" to his farm, which

brought in wealth, while his pious neighbor neglected "in season" the "seed time and harvest." Virtue has its reward, but if we neglect to perform our part in due season, in cultivating the earth, we cannot reasonably expect to be rewarded for our labor. Repeating the Litany, attending high mass, or repeating the Lord's prayer will not answer, if we neglect our duty to do all things in season.
LANE, Franklin County.

FOR THE KANSAS SPIRIT.
RAIL-ROADS.

BY AN EMPLOYEE.—NUMBER FOUR.

DEAR SPIRIT:—There are probably more miles of railroad now in course of construction than at any time since the commencement of railway building in this country. The mania for new and competing lines of roads has travelled westward with the tide of immigration, and may be considered as now at its height in Kansas and adjoining States. Already the few prudent ones begin to fear that the opposite extreme will be reached. A portion of the people do not seem to realize that there is a condition of life known as having "too much of a good thing." Accordingly we see in every little town when hardly six months old, even, claiming for itself the future "head centre" of its section of the State, and the "nucleus of a system of roads radiating therefrom." Every little village has its two or three *Directors* and perhaps a *President*, who are expected to present the claims of their respective companies in so winning a manner as to secure subsidies of different kinds with which to bring into life some pet scheme that must struggle along for years, imposing high rates of freight and fares, in addition to the increased taxation consequent upon the subsidy voted, and finally breaking down or selling out to some foreign capitalists, on whom it will require constant and vigorous legislation to run the road in the interest of the community originally giving the aid. The Railway Commissioners of Massachusetts, acknowledged authority on the subject, report that for the benefit of both parties, the ratio of population to mileage of road should be at least one thousand to one. Yet Kansas people are clamorous for more railroads, with a ratio of less than four hundred to one. A writer in the initial number of the *Kansas Magazine*, claiming that Kansas has already eighteen hundred miles of railways with a bonded indebtedness of thirty-six millions of dollars, and admitting they at present and for some time to come cannot pay dividends to owners, modestly predicts that in ten years "Kansas will require and can sustain thirty-five hundred miles of road," nearly double the present mileage. We cannot agree with this sanguine "writist," who, from the ease with which he dabbles with large sums of money, shows his entire adaptability for governmental position in its finance department.

Assuming that this bonded indebtedness of \$36,000,000 should bring an interest of 10 per cent., and that operating expenses are 66 per cent. of earnings, with a traffic equal in both directions it would amount to a tax of \$11.25 per year upon each inhabitant, and as he proposes to build roads for the next decade as fast as population increases, his view does not present a very promising outlook for the people of our State. In our judgment, Kansas has already gone beyond her means and should be content with completing the lines already under operation, leaving new and competing lines to be built by capitalists who will be sure to come to the front whenever there is a reasonable hope for a return of the investment. The present lines, as they become strong, will, if occasion requires, put out lateral branches into localities that can sustain roads; other items of internal improvements have been neglected and should now receive attention. Pay the subsidies already voted, honestly and promptly as they become due; improve the water power of the State and utilize our coal fields by planting manufacturing in every county. The bonds usually voted by a township will erect a manufactory requiring more operators than one hundred miles of road, while the enhanced value of lands and the increased population will be more than double that resulting from two or three "competing lines."

Read the communication from "Shawnee," and other interesting matter, to be found on the eighth page.

The Farm.

THE JERSEYS FOR BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer writes: "I am this season raising the standard to 210 pounds, to which my twenty-five cows must all come, or else there is war on them to the knife. Now I have yet found no breed come up so well or rank so high in the butter scale as the full bred and part bred Jersey. I have three of them which make each 12 pounds per week. They are all easy kept, small consumers, and among other good traits as butter cows milk close up to the calving time. While my herd of twenty-five Jersey cows (six full breeds and the balance three-fourth and seven-eighths Jersey), are exceeded in butter production by some of my neighbors in a short race of one, two, three or four weeks, yet in a twelve-months trial I have always exceeded theirs. The Jerseys are a well marked and distinct breed, as any one can see. More of them come up to the true wedge shape, which means, as signs of a prime dairy cow, a large and deep carcass, proportionally broad hips, light thigh and light fore-quarter, with prominent milk veins and well marked escutcheon, prominent eye and neat head and neck—than any other breed within my knowledge and experience. I therefore go for the Jerseys."

Col. Waring, of Ogden Farm, closes a letter to the Agriculturist as follows: "I have just closed a contract for my entire supply with one of the largest butter and cheese dealers in Boston, a man who is handling tons of 'best' butter at 30 to 35 cents per pound. He pays me, to begin with, 75 cents, and promises an advance. After I had made this engagement I was offered 85 cents by another customer. My man not only pays me this price—he makes an advertisement in the Boston papers of 'Ogden Farm Butter,' and behaves generally as though he considered it a good thing to have got hold of it. Now, why is it that my butter commands at wholesale more than twice the retail price of 'best' butter? Simply because it is of EXTRA good quality; hard, firm, high-colored, well flavored, and well worked. It is put up in neatly ornamented half pound cakes; each of these is wrapped in a square of damp muslin, and they are packed on shelves in an ice-box, so that they reach the market in the most attractive form. No pains are spared to make everything as appetizing as possible, and the butter really costs as much as two cents a pound more than it would if put up in the ordinary way. 'Notwithstanding all this, I could not possibly make such butter as I do from any other than Jersey cows, nor could I be sure of having it always good if I did not set my milk in deep cans, immersed in cold spring water. For the majority of my readers this account of my butter business will be only so much chat to be taken in at one ear and let out at the other; but there are a few who will try to take a hint from it, and these few do not need to have its lessons pointed out for them. They will see that a Jersey bull, a set of deep milk cans, and the utmost thoroughness in all the little details of making and marketing, will enable them to sell their butter at twice their present prices. There need be no fear of overstocking the market with really 'glit edged' butter. It will always be scarce and high. For instance: Mr. Sargent, of Brookline—at whose feet I sit in dairy matters—sells his whole product to Hovey (my customer) for \$1.15 per pound, and Hovey sells it for \$1.25. I hope, in time, to equal him."

SPRING WORK.

The Spring with all its hurry and the many pressing duties of the farm, is almost here. Among the best of farmers, there is always a complaint in May and June that they are behind in their work. Among the tillers of the soil there are many who only farm for the corn and bacon of their own consumption, trusting to make the ends meet by trading and selling wood, or "working out." They are always behind, and it do'n't make much difference. But for the pioneer farmer who is building a home, planting orchards, vineyards, and carefully keeping up the fertility of the soil, to be ten days or two weeks behind with farm work is a serious thing for a whole season. We believe that the only way to be surely in advance is to increase the working force just at this time. Double the number of hands and teams to get through the outside work, to enable plowing to begin the first hour the ground is dry enough. Lay in the Summer's supply of wood, if not done before this, and do all the necessary repairing of buildings, fences and roads. Have wagons, plows and harness repaired, and extra bolts, nails, lap rings, clevises, plow handles and beams and everything in trim to work without hindrance as soon as the season for planting arrives. We believe in early crops, and a few days lost in the planting of some crops often, by the fickleness of the season, prove to be the cause of their failure and show how very valuable the first days of Spring always are. Spring wheat, oats and potatoes for the farm, and peas, radishes, salsify and onions for the garden, will do to go in with safety as soon after the 15th of this month as it is possible to get them planted. Hot-beds for cabbage and tomatoes should now be planted. A heavy coating of manure on the rhu-barb and the asparagus beds will well pay. If the grape-vines have not yet been pruned do not delay until the buds begin to put out; have it done immediately; but leave the pruning of the orchard until June, when the wounds will readily heal.—J. K. HUDSON, in Kansas City Bulletin.

GARDENS.

"God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, "and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man."

"There is no ancient gentleman," says the grave-digger in "Hamlet," "but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession." Said the gentle old Archbishop Sancroft to his friend Hough, who was visiting him in Suffolk:—"Almost all you see is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age. My old woman does the weeding, and John mows the turf and digs for me; but all the nicer work—the sowing, grafting, budding, transplanting, and the like—I trust to no other hand but my own, so long, at least, as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation."

The poets are full of the delights of gardening; Crowley and Pope, at least, came to realize their dreams in this respect. One can run through very few pages of English verse and not have to leap hedges of allusions to gardens, or without bringing away a memory stuck full with their fragrant blossoms. An appreciative writer observes that "Bacon and Milton were the prophet and the herald, Pope and Addison the reformer and the legislator of horticulture." Spenser's stanzas abound with real garden pictures, terrace raised above terrace, and lawn stretching above lawn. The garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet" is the favorite one with all readers, because in the fragrant atmosphere of the garden, in the tempered moonlight, and to the sound of trickling waters, love is made in the true spirit of romance. Tennyson has shown us how it is attempted in the more exquisite passages of his everywhere-quoted "Maud." The poet Shenstone wrote from his favorite Lenoxes: "I feed my wild ducks; I water my carnations; happy enough if I could extinguish my ambition quite." Father Adam was placed in a garden to "dress and keep it." Every reader of English recalls at once Milton's fine description of our first parents in Eden, rising with the dawn to dress the alleys green—

"Their walks at noon, with branches overgrown."

The gray old monks, in fact, who had an eye open to the good things of life in their day, were the first genuine cultivators of flowers and fruits, and around their solitary keeps of learning slept securely many a productive garden and blossoming orchard. They had the true relish for what those things brought them, and tended a tree or a flower with the same zeal with which they wore the pavement smooth with their frequent devotions. They taught us horticulture, and we are thus become their debtors for more than the mere learning they were instrumental in handing down.

BUCOLIC BREVITIES.

Who was the first jockey?—Adam, for he was the father of the race.

Farmers are like fowls; neither will get full crops without industry.

"Agriculture is the most useful and most noble employment of man."—[Washington.]

The cash value of the farms in the United States, according to the last census, is \$9,261,775,221.

Large horses are generally most admired by farmers; but farmers are most admired who pony up.

Prosperity is generally based upon knowledge and industry; the swine will always get most that nose moost.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a cow-ard.

If your neighbors hens are troublesome and steal across the way, do n't let your angry passions rise; fix a place for 'em to lay.

A bottle of arnica should be considered indispensable in every house. For bruises, cuts and burns, if applied immediately, it is almost magical in its effects.

Corn cobs are one of the richest of the vegetable products in potash. So rich are they in alkali that in new countries the ashes are sometimes used as a substitute for saleratus.

It is related of an English farmer that he condensed his practical experience into this rule: "Feed your land before it is hungry, rest it before it is weary, and weed it before it is foul."

The Indiana State Fair for the present year has been located at Indianapolis; that of Ohio at Mansfield; that of Michigan at Kalamazoo; that of Iowa at Cedar Rapids; that of Illinois at Ottawa.

It is not known where he who invented the plow was born or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with blood.

Almost any one may be a pretender at farming; the most ordinary intellects may make a living on the farm; but to be a farmer in the full acceptance of the term, to understand the laws that govern nature and properly apply them in agriculture, demands the study and application of a lifetime, and is, indeed, a pursuit worthy the best intellect.

Henry Clay once gave expression to the following sentiment:—"No man can be a thorough and intelligent farmer who depends solely upon his own practice, and neglects to avail himself of the knowledge of others, communicated orally or by the press. It is my belief that no farmer of observation and thought can read a good agricultural paper regularly without deriving from it more benefit than many times its cost, and wherever a family is growing up around him, it would be wisdom to subscribe for several."

FOWL CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a hen immortal? Her son never sets. Why have chickens no hope in the future? They have their next world (necks twisted) in this. Why is a hen on a fence like a cent? Head on one side, tail on the other. Why do'n't hens lay at night? Then they are roosters. Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? A little forward of the main hatch. A chicken just hatched like a cow's tail? Never seen before. Why should not a chicken cross the road? It would be a fowl proceeding. If a ship captain had no eggs, what would he do? Lay to (two). And, to conclude, a hen is a poor economist, because for every grain she gives a peck.

L. BULLENE & CO.

Inaugurate the New Year with Extensive Preparations for a Large

DRY GOODS TRADE IN LAWRENCE.

We are making large additions to our building, and with our increased facilities for trade, are prepared to make our house

The Leading Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods House of Kansas.

During the next thirty days we will hold a

GENERAL CLEARING OUT SALE,

and will offer to the public unusual inducements in

ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS.

We will not now particularize, but will assure the public that

WE MEAN BUSINESS,

And that we are offering real bargains in

EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THE TRADE.

L. BULLENE & CO.,

no. 59, Massachusetts St., Lawrence.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

Connects at Kansas City Union Depot with

THE GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE,

The Old Reliable

HANNIBAL, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY & QUINCY

SHORT LINE EAST!

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING 6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

Between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over Iron Bridges, with Pullman Sleeping Palaces and Palace Day Coaches from Kansas City to Quincy, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

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

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

SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

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

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

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

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

THE BEST ROADS IN AMERICA.

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO ALL POINTS.

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

P. R. GROAT, Gen'l Ticket Agent. GEO. H. NETTLETON, Gen'l Supt.

"HOW TO GO EAST."

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

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

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

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

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

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, to deserve and receive a fair share of patronage, and to promote and increase the settlement of the country along its line. On and after January 1st, 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, Ottawa, Olathe, Arrive at Ottawa, Ottawa, Garnett, Iola, Humboldt, Tioga, Thayer, Cherryvale, Arrive at Independence, Coffeyville, Parker.

GOING NORTH:

Table with columns: Leave, Express, Accommodation, Night Exp. Rows include Parker, Independence, Coffeyville, Cherryvale, Thayer, Tioga, Humboldt, Iola, Arrive at Ottawa, Ottawa, Olathe, Arrive at Kas. City, Baldwin, Arrive at 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 Fomona, Quenemo, Lyndon and Osage City. At Humboldt with stages for Eureka, Eldorado, Augusta and Douglas. At Tioga with M., K. & T. R. R. for points North and South. At Thayer with stages for Neodesha, Fredonia and New Albany. At Cherryvale with stages for Parsons. At Independence with stages for Elk City, Longton, Peru, Elk Falls, Tisdale, Winfield and Arkansas City. At Parker with stages for Chetopa.

500,000 ACRES OF LAND

Are offered for sale by this Company in the valley of the Neosho and its tributaries.

For further information apply to

O. CHANUTE, Superintendent. CHAS. B. PECK, Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent, nolif Lawrence.

JANUARY, 1872.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The favorite short line and only direct all-rail route

TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

NO TEDIOUS OMNIBUS OR FERRY TRANSFERS

BY THIS ROUTE

NO LAY-OVER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

Express trains run daily. All others daily except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING EAST:

Table with columns: Express, Accommodation, Mail. Rows include 3:55 A. M., 7:30 A. M., 2:35 P. M.

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

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

TRAINS LEAVE LAWRENCE, GOING WEST:

Table with columns: Express, Accommodation, Mail. Rows include 1:00 A. M., 11:15 A. M., 7:30 P. M.

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS AS FOLLOWS:

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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.

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The Household.

"TALES OUT OF SCHOOL."
 Oh, our sweethearts at school, long ago,
 When our own hearts were fresh as the dew!
 There were cheeks of the rosiest glow,
 There were brown eyes, and black eyes and blue.
 Have we ever loved as we loved then?
 (Lesson far from the good master's rule!)
 How we crossed lots through meadow and glen;
 But we never told tales out of school!
 I remember the long afternoon
 When the clock slowly plodded to four,
 And the bees and the flies hummed their tune
 As they swung in and out of the door;
 When the schoolmaster dozed in his seat,
 And the sun glared on river and pool;
 Then how wistfully young eyes would meet,
 For we longed to tell tales out of school!
 Ah, the notes that were written and sent
 In the slyest of underhand ways,
 When we all on our books were intent!
 We were cunning in those early days.
 I have come to the school house once more,
 And I stand where the leaves rustle cool,
 Two are straying where we strayed before:
 Are they telling some tales out of school?
 As I live, it's my old comrade Frank!
 See the rogue! round her waist his arm steals,
 Ah, the girl played him many a prank;
 Will she hear, now, his earnest appeals?
 Why, it seems but a day since he stood
 At the foot of the class, as "the fool";
 Then you laughed at him, hey, little hood,
 Shall I tell any tales out of school?
 How the old time returns as I look
 On the village that lies far below,
 On the graveyard in yon quiet nook,
 Where the earliest violets grow.
 I have been to the fair little tomb
 Where the long grass is wavy and cool:
 Still, my heart! Joy for others may bloom,
 Whisper not thy sad tales out of school!
 Now, the nimble red squirrel peeps out
 From a chink in the vine-covered wall,
 And he knows what the twain are about,
 And the robins to each other call.
 There's a ring slipped upon a white hand,
 Quite engagingly! (Love's golden rule!)
 Sadly wrong that so near them I stand;
 But I never tell tales out of school!

GOLD DUST.

Man begins with God when he gets to the end of himself.
 A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself.
 Chiefly the good is worth knowing—only the beautiful is worth studying.
 They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose; who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*
 Things, not persons, are the proper subjects of hatred. One must have hatred as vents for his passions. Hatreds are the chimneys of the mind, serving to carry off the smoke of its pestilent humors.
 The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the further we recede from the other.
 Goethe said:—I am fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which, to our eyes seems to set in night; but it has in reality only gone to diffuse its light elsewhere.
 A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time runs along by itself. A little further down they unite and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a time keep its purity in foul company, but a little later and they unite.
 Scarcely anything, among minor matters, tends more to lessen a husband's regards, than the absence of a certain elegance in the dress and household management of his wife. How can the heart continue to love, when the eye is constantly taking exceptions?
 Wisdom is, I suppose, the right use of knowledge. To know is not to be wise. Many men know a great deal, and are all the more fools for what they know. There is no fool so great a fool as a knowing fool. But to know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom.—*Spurgeon.*
 A man's character may be surmised from the style of female beauty he admires. "Though an ardent admirer of the sex," says B., "there must be a certain character in the face that fascinates me: the heart must speak in it. Mere pretty pieces of rose-colored flesh, prettily put together, I am not so fond of."
 That was very good testimony to the Christian character of the carpenter who had reconstructed a house for a lady. Going into prayer meeting soon after, she found him leading the meeting, and remarked to the friend who accompanied her, that she was as willing to hear him pray as before their business transactions together.
 I do say that to pass through the customs of society, its complaisance, its flatteries, its white lies, and its thousand little permissions, and come out unscathed, is not easy. I do say that to pass through business in the way in which it is conducted, and keep your garments white, and maintain a pure character, requires the utmost endeavor.—*Beecher.*
 If there were no immortality, if our whole life here is only an evening twilight preceding the night, not a morning twilight, if the lofty mind is also let down after the body by coffin ropes into the pit—O! then I know not why we should not, at the graves of great men, do from despair what the ancient savage nations did from hope, that is, throw ourselves after them into the pit, as those people did into the tombs of their princes, so that the foolish, violent heart that will beat for something divine and eternal may be choked at once.—*Jean Paul.*
 Three things to love: courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire: intellect, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends, and a contented spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good humor, and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country, and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to think about: life, death, and eternity.

THE FAMILY.

No earthly circle can be compared to that of the family. It comprises all that a human heart most values and delights in. It is the centre where all human affections meet and entwine, the vessels into which they all pour themselves with such joyous freedom. There is no one word which contains in it so much endearing association and remembrances, hid in the heart like gold. It appeals at once to the very centre of man's being, his "heart of hearts." All that is sweet, soothing, tender and true, is wrapped up in that one name. It speaks not of one circle, or one bond; but of many circles and many bonds, all of them near the heart. The family home, the family table, family habits, family voices, family tokens, family situations, family melodies, family joys and sorrows; what a mine of joys and sorrows lies under that word! Take these away and earth becomes a mere churchyard of crumbling bones; and men so many grains of loosened sand, or at best, but as fragments of a torn flower, which the winds are scattering abroad.
 All that is beautiful in human relationship, or tender in human affection, or gentle in human intercourse; all that is loveable and precious in the movements of a human heart from its lowest depth to its uppermost surface, all these are wrapped up in the one name of family. For close-knit bonds, for steadfast faithfulness in love, for depth of sympathy, for endurance in trial and danger—where shall we find anything that can be compared to the story of earth's family circle? Conjugal love, parental love, brotherly love, sisterly love, all are here. The many streams of human affection empty themselves into it, or flow out of it for the fertility and gladness of the earth.

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

Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MARCH 23, 1872.

AGITATION NOT ALARMING.

Some persons are very much alarmed at anything like agitation, commotion, discussion, that stirring up of the mental and moral forces which we sometimes call controversy. There is nothing frightful however, but on the contrary much that is hopeful in such a state of affairs. It is the opposite of rest and stagnation. The state of mind produced by the flashing of opinions, prejudices, principles, and opposite lines of action among men is not the most deplorable that can be imagined. It is to the community what a tempest is to nature—what a fan was to the threshing floors of Judea. There is an analogy in all God's works and laws which illustrates this proposition, if we will but find the end of the intricate and interwoven threads and trace them till we find it out. Nature is full of voices expressive of the great law that agitation and action are both the evidences and the necessities of life.

Agitation is the law and life of the air we breathe. The necessary law of its healthy being is that it be stirred and agitated in order to be kept pure. The storms, tornadoes and gales that sweep like unchained furies across the earth and ocean all move by law and are necessary to life. And the more gentle zephyrs which lightly toss the curls upon the brow of childhood, move obedient to the same law and under the same superintendence.

"He bids his gales the fields deform,
Then when his thunders cease
He paints his rainbow on the storm
And lulls the wind to peace."

Let the air but remain quiescent for a while, let its vast laboratory be closed, and no wind, or tempest, or tornado be brewed there, and how soon would these myriad lungs of man and beast send the fiery current of poison into the pulses of life, and scorch and shrink them till they ceased to beat. Agitation in the air is its law of life; rest, quiet, and stagnation are death.

The same lesson is taught by the water as by the wind. The little rill which glides from a fissure in the rock on the mountain side makes its little mimic cascade, its miniature Niagara, and goes dancing and foaming down its rocky path. Increasing as it flies, each separate globule or drop jostles and agitates its fellow until by a ceaseless onward movement they enter the capacious mouth of the sea. Then the sun kisses them and they rise to the clouds; rocked in these airy cradles of the sky for a while, they are again shaken down into the lap of earth, resting for a moment upon the leaf of a buttercup or rose, but to be shaken off by the wind to sink again into the channels or arteries of the earth, and to mingle again in the restless ocean. The mysterious movements of the ocean are necessary to its life. Currents like highways cease not, and the great tidal movements pulsate with unvarying regularity from mid-ocean to the shores of every continent and island. Storms sweep over her face, toss her frosty billows to the heavens, while her thundering surges and deep ground-well play the grand diapason in the music of nature. Our life has been often compared to the sea—calm, serene and placid when the elements of its commotion rest, but angry, vehement and impetuous, when those elements become aroused and lash its bosom with a whip of storms. But were it not for the storms the sea would become stagnant, putrid, dead. Were it not for the storms we also would become the same.

Vegetation acknowledges the same law and illustrates the same necessity. The leaves upon the grand old oak must be stirred, and the massive trunk have been rocked by many tempests, before

"It stands in the forest amid its peer,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years."

They have literally been shaken into their places, while their roots and fibrous fingers—their vegetable muscles—have attained consistency and strength by the law of agitation.

"Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave stops in its flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rare heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven!"

The earth itself must be stirred and agitated in order to become a granary sufficiently vast to feed all flesh. What is the farmer's plow but an instrument of profoundest agitation to the soil which flies mellow and loose from its curved and polished side? Thus old mother earth is never quiet. The miner's lamp explores her secrets and his pick is unceasingly active; the mechanic with his ringing hammer, the manufacturer with his spindles, and the tramp of unnumbered millions, of all pursuits, of all races, ages, colors and climes, shake her with their stalwart tread, and feed from the table which she hourly spreads. If she should undertake to play the grumbling conservative for a while, and demand rest, quiet, and cessation from agitation, death to the race would ensue. Even the grave where our fathers sleep and to which we go is no exception to the rule, for the worm quarrels and competes with his fellow-worm for the dainty morsel which death gives them, until we are resolved into other forms of matter, to follow forever the law which governs all worlds and all states.

Many good people have about such an idea of heaven as the good old widow of Jeremy Taylor's look had, who discarded the idea of activity there,

but thought she would "sit down forever in a clean, white apron and sing psalms." A dreamless repose—a masterly inactivity—is their idea of a happy future. It is needless to say that it is sustained neither by reason nor Revelation. The inhabitants of heaven are represented as "serving God day and night," and "ceasing not" in their ascriptions and activities. God himself is the great worker, as this great universe, throbbing in every part, bears ample testimony. Old Dr. Beecher said he would not wish to go to heaven if he supposed he was to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes. And he indignantly asks whether Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, has ceased itinerating the universe of God? Whether Wesley and Edwards and Whitefield are idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing?

The law of mental development is essentially a law of agitation. The lad becomes a dunce unless he is profoundly stirred, stirred to the very depths of his mental powers. The half-awakened mental powers of the youth thrust themselves into the work of life, and grow to maturity in ceaseless conflict with other minds. To what do we owe our knowledge of the arts and sciences to-day, and how have we ascended so high on the philosophical ladder but by this same law of mental strife, a ceaseless agitation of the moral forces of the world? There is then no fear in a little commotion. An exciting political campaign is not the worst thing in the world. A religious excitement, of which so many are afraid, is one of the most natural, and one of the most necessary things on earth. No age has been exempt from a species of mental hunkerism, from a class of mental mummies, wrapped in the ceremonies of the dead past, forgetful of the living present and the opening future, sleeping as the dead sleep in the catacombs of ancient Thebes. Let them sleep on and take their rest. But let us remember and be inspired by the sentiment, however familiar the words have become, that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

GOSSIP OFF FROM THE FARM.

NUMBER EIGHT.

DEAR SPIRIT: "Will you be off or from?" is a question that some of your readers are familiar with, but to the others it will be as mysterious as Masonry. I am "off." And so this "Gossip, No. Eight," is off from the farm. Not even gossip can be always on it. This is a gossip on the cars. The compositor will know it from these irregular scrawls; the reader may know it from the compositors excusable errors. I have known steadier places to write in than a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy car going at the rate of forty miles an hour.

But if the car is a poor place to write in, it is a splendid place to think in. It seems as if one's faculties get new life and increased momentum from the speed of the locomotive. The rapidly changing objects of vision are productive of rapidly changing reflections. There is something exhilarating about a modern railway trip. The cars and crosses that go to make up the day's experience of an ordinary life like yours and mine, are left behind. There is no printer's aggravating cry for "copy." There is no apprehension of a call from a creditor. You feel safe from duns, sheriffs and printers' devils. There is, it is true, sometimes an unpleasant remembrance of bills payable, but experience hardens one to most anything. Soldiers get used to being shot, why may not debtors get used to being dunned? There was Harrington, who politely presented me his little bill for painting, papering and otherwise decorating my rooms, and which I politely promised to pay in a day or two. And here I am, safe, to be sure, but a little uneasy on account of that promise. My intention was to write to him privately. But it occurs to me that I can attend to him in this gossip, which we all understand to be of a strictly confidential character. I am sorry then, my dear fellow, that I forgot my promise, but I will try to make amends by saying that if anybody wants anything done in your line—and the time for "fixing up" will come if Spring ever comes—they can do no better than to leave their orders at your shop. Promptness, neatness, thoroughness, and commendable patience with such impecunious customers as the undersigned, ought to, and, when this is read and duly pondered, undoubtedly will, secure for you a tremendous increase of business. [Please credit me with a V. and wait a time with patience.]

"Mendota! Twenty minutes for dinner!" There is no particular music in that sound at 11:30 to a man who did his best to create a famine at the Galesburg table at 8:00. So here goes for twenty minutes of more legible scribbling.

What were we gossiping about? Railroad traveling or Harrington's papering? And where is the connection of the story? as the fellow inquired about the dictionary. I have it. The satisfactions of the pastime, among which we have considered freedom from duns, and may now, by an easy transition, consider the facilities for sleep. When I commenced the unprofitable career of an uncommercial—I want Marc Parrott to "mark" that word, uncommercial, even if I am on my way to Washington—when I entered upon the vagrant life of an uncommercial traveller some fifteen years ago, a journey from Boston to Kansas, without sleeping cars, bridges over rivers, eating houses with anything to eat in them, was a very different thing from now. But the great difference and the great improvement is in the arrangements for sleeping. Ordinary

sleeping is a dead loss of time. You wind your watch—if you are a man of regular habits, as all regular readers of THE SPIRIT are presumed to be. You kick off your boots. You disrobe. You lie down. You snore—if you are fat and happy. Snoring is the unconscious testimony of a peaceful conscience. You ought to hear me snore! The conductor says it was terrific last night when the train stopped, causing many irreverent ejaculations among the nervous passengers whom troubled consciences kept awake. In short, you sleep. But the next morning you wake just where you went to sleep. There has been no progress. It has been a dead loss. But to go to sleep at Cameron—or as soon thereafter as one of the Eldridge House cigars has aided in the digestion of your supper—and wake up in the morning at Galesburg, from the middle of one State into the middle of another, two hundred and fifty miles left behind,—a journey that would have taken our fathers a fortnight to accomplish, and kept them wide awake at that,—to sleep to the tune of thirty miles an hour, this is the very sublimity of sleep! This is sleeping to some purpose. This is sleeping with a rush. It is getting through the world as fast when you are asleep as when you are awake, and a great deal easier.

"Blessings on the head of the man who invented sleep," said Don Quixote—or Sancho Panza, it matters not which—the sentiment is what we are after. Had its illustrious author lived in our day, he would have said, "Blessings on the man who invented sleeping cars," who, as it were, packed sleeping up and made it portable. Napoleon used to sleep in his ambulance. But we are not all Napoleons and all have not ambulances, and may be content to take ours in sleeping cars. Now, when some inventive Yankee gets up a machine that we can wind up so that it will run the plow, and reaper, and other little farm utensils while we are asleep, will it not be fun then to be a farmer? There is a little too much manual labor about the business now to make it attractive to a man of sedentary habits—I believe that is what they call it, although some confound it with laziness. But it will all be right in the good time coming.

Bless me! here go the cars again, a dinner lost but a gossip gained, another proof of the adage that "there is no great loss without some small gain." But the Cameron supper and the Galesburg breakfast were very satisfactory—almost as good as Aleck gets up at the Eldridge—and I shall stand it. It just occurs to me that some shallow reader may think there is some mercenary motive in these frequent allusions to the Eldridge House. I beg to disabuse him of the erroneous impression. That is the place where I board, and as this is all the pay the house gets for it, you would not think me such an ingrate as not to speak a good word for it. It is, I assure you, a first rate Hotel; if it were not, I would change my boarding place. Free board, I regret to say, is no inducement to me, unless it is good board. While I live, I want to live. Sponges on the rock, weeds on the wall, and some people exist; but I believe in living. That is why I live at Mel. Beach's tavern. Now let us have peace.

I am trying to find a place to stop, for I feel almost certain that this agency epistle will be love's labor lost, but how to stop bothers me as much as it used to Bro. Ellis. When I remonstrated with the colored person who made my bed last night for not tucking the blankets in at the foot, he silenced my presumption by saying that "de blankets is too short at de bottom." I thereupon fell to reflecting upon what things should not be too short at the bottom. Bed blankets of course. That is a proposition too plain to need any argument to sustain it; especially with a cold night and no bed fellow. And ladies dresses. How I do abominate short dresses! For the muddy streets, all right. For the home or the drawing room, never. And gents' pants. That uncultivated and uncovered space from the shins to the heels is the awkwardest looking part of man, next to a dilapidated stove-pipe hat. But men who get their clothing of Ottman & Potwin, and their hats of Carpenter, never look that way. And parlor curtains. Let them down to the floor. Don't have them too short at the bottom. That is what Bullene will tell you, and he knows more about such things, and sells more of them, and better too, than any man we know of. And horses' tails. But I must stop. There is no end to the things that ought not to be too short at the bottom. But there are other things that are improved by being short at the bottom. As, 1. Sermons. 2. Gossip. That is why this closes so abruptly.

I. S. K.

P. S. In a fit of temporary insanity I have admitted the most important fact that I am on my way to Washington. You will want to know, then,—as of course you ought to know—why this is thus? Frankly, then, it is not for an office. I am elected to run THE KANSAS SPIRIT. That is good enough office for me. What then am I going for? Why, I am going;—really, the road is getting so rough that I am sorry to stop without telling. It is the first secret I ever kept from you. Put that down to the credit of

I. S. K.

PLANT TREES.

Now is the time to plant out your fruit, shade and ornamental trees. Let it be done with a liberal hand, both in town and country. Every man or woman owning a rod of ground can plant at least one tree, shrub or grape vine, and whoever does even so much have not lived entirely in vain. They have conferred a benefit on their fellow-creatures.

HOWARD & SPENCER, GROCCERS,

145 Massachusetts Street,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS,

— Offer for Sale —

DEHESA RAISINS,
MALAGA LAYER RAISINS,
VALENCIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
CHOICE TRIEST PRUNELLAS,
SMYRNA FIGS,
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MESSINA ORANGES & LEMONS,
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STRICTLY CHOICE AND

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EXTRA GENUINE ENGLISH MUSTARD,
FINEST PURE GROUND SHOT PEPPER,
VERY FINE WHITE PENANG PEPPER,
GROUND RED CHILLIES PEPPER,
VERY FINE AMBOYNA CLOVES,
BRIGHT NEW SIFTED PIMENTO,
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VERY FINE SPECIALLY IMPORTED
THIN QUILL CASSIA.

TEAS.

GUNPOWDER, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75, 1.80, 2.00.
IMPERIAL, 80c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75.
YOUNG HYSON, 90c, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.60, 1.70.
JAPAN, 90c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60.
OOLONG, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25, 1.40, 1.50.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, \$1.25, 1.50.

FISH.

CHOICE SHORE MACKEREL (very fine and fat),
CHOICE MESS MACKEREL (in Kits),
NO. 1 MACKEREL (in Kits),
FAMILY MACKEREL (in Kits),
LABRADOR HERRING,
PLYMOUTH COD,
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NO. 1 WHITE FISH,
MACKINAW TROUT,
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Lake Michigan Fresh Fish weekly by Express. 75c

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FINE JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

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— and other —

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THE BEST STOCK,

— and —

THE BEST TERMS IN KANSAS.

NO. 77 MASSACHUSETTS STREET,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. J. K. Hudson, seeing that somebody in the Rural World "rather takes it for granted that he has about the heaviest corn that grows" proposes to put \$10 into Col. Colmans hands, if the other party will do the same, to be given to the man who shall send 12 ears of the heaviest corn to Colman previous to the next St. Louis Fair. This is the way Hudson goes for his man,—we will back him against odds: "Now, J. F. B., if you mean business, let us hear from you. The corn to be sent to Col. Colman previous to the holding of the St. Louis Fair, and the decision to be made and published by Col. Colman at the time. Competition open to all States. I exhibited last year, at the Kansas State Fair, 52 ears of my mammoth Dent corn which weighed 70 pounds, and received first premium over very large competition; the same at the Kansas and Missouri Fair at Fort Scott, and was likewise successful in taking the silver cup at the Kansas City Exposition. As I have faith in this being the heaviest white corn grown, I am willing to test it practically, as above indicated, and offer the premium to make it interesting."

Judge Hanway has an able article in the Garnett *Platdealer* on tree culture. The following directions he considers sound:

- 1st. Prepare the ground as for corn, and plant the seeds fresh from the tree.
- 2d. Cover shallowly, and cultivate the trees in the same manner as corn, for three years, after which they will take care of themselves. Cottonwood and willows are most easily grown from cuttings.
- 3d. Plant the seeds and cuttings of deciduous trees where they are to remain, thus saving one year's growth and labor of transplanting.
- 4th. Never attempt to plant a grove with large trees taken from the woods, or in any case, without good cultivation.
- 5th. If evergreens are to be planted, it will usually be found cheapest to buy them of nursery-men, as more skill and patience are required to grow them than farmers usually possess.

The *Thayer Head-Light* preaches a sifort but excellent sermon from the text "Plant Trees." "The season for planting shade and ornamental trees is upon us, and we hope to see the time improved in thus adorning and beautifying our homes. How desolate and dreary a place looks without a tree. We care not how fine the house or beautiful the surroundings, to us it has not the appearance of home without nice shade trees, and for this purpose nothing, in our opinion, is nicer than the wild forest trees, everywhere to be found in our timber. On a prairie farm, we think, a row of forest trees growing around it adds much to the beauty and value of the farm. We talk about shade trees, of course we do not forget the value and advantage of fruit orchards, but upon this subject our people are generally alive."

The *Salina Advocate* says: "Since our last issue, farming operations have commenced in good earnest. Many persons here have already this year ploughed forty acres, and like activity is being displayed throughout this locality. Winter wheat looks well, and a great breadth of Spring wheat will be sown,—we look for extraordinary crops—however we can't certainly do better than last year, for so great was our corn crop then, that it can now be bought on our streets at twenty-five cents per bushel."

They have organized a "Farmers Protective Society" in Ellsworth County, which looks towards protection from Texas cattle. The *Reporter* says: "The severe losses sustained by the farmers the past year have awakened their energies, and they are determined to prevent the driving of Texas cattle promiscuously through the settlement; spreading disease among the fine stock of the County, and ruining the farmers, most hopeful anticipations of making this the finest stock County in the west."

Mr. Riley M. Hoskinson, of Burlingame, now has on his prairie farm several thousand trees, planted by him and his family within the last five years, among which are oak, walnut, soft maple, elm, white ash, sycamore, catalpa, white and yellow willow, mulberry and cottonwood. Many of his cottonwoods are now about thirty feet high and six inches in diameter.

The *Lane correspondent* of the *Ottawa Journal* reports that "Cattle and stock in general have come out of winter quarters in fair average condition. It has been a long, cold winter, but dry, which no doubt has been favorable to much of the stock which has been but poorly provided with shelter."

The *Thayer Head-Light* says: "The past winter has been a very hard one on wheat, and the superiority of the drill over the old fashioned broadcast way of sowing is being everywhere acknowledged. The drilled wheat has stood the winter much the better."

The *Fredonia Journal* says that "grass is coming, and prairie flowers, now and then one, have been seen."

The *Journal* also says that "wheat is proving itself not to have been dead, but sleeping. A fair crop is now confidently expected."

The *Wathena Reporter* says that the directors of the Doniphan County agricultural, horticultural and mechanical association have determined to hold a fair at Troy on Easter Monday, April 1st. It will continue but one day.

The *Columbus Independent* says: Noah and John Weaver shipped last Tuesday, to Kansas City, two car loads of the finest cattle ever shipped from this county. Several of them weighed over two thousand pounds each."

The Board of Directors of the Nemaha County Agricultural Society have decided to hold their next annual fair at the fair grounds in Seneca, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 18th, 19th and 20th, 1872.

An oil well has been opened in Vernon County, Missouri. We can scarcely glance over a paper from Southern Kansas without seeing mention of wells or springs of oil in that section.

Out of 4,000 head of Texas cattle in the vicinity of Wichita last fall, only about 900 are left. The mortality was occasioned by the severe winter and neglect.

The law in relation to Texas cattle prohibits the driving of southern cattle through the State between the first days of March and November.

The yield of wheat at the Kansas Agricultural College farm, at Manhattan, the past season, was forty-three and one-half bushels per acre.

The *Fredonia Journal* reports the discussion of the Farmers Club at that place on the question of "How to raise oats."

In Riley County last year, a farmer raised ten acres of Tappanahock wheat, averaging 37½ bushels per acre.

Mr. Polsgrove, of Fort Scott, has in one year raised from the seed a grove of soft maples four feet high.

Telegraphic Summary.

The State.

Rev. Mr. Hammond held a prayer meeting in the editorial room of the *Topeka Commonwealth* on Saturday morning of last week. Mr. Prouty, the State Printer, issued a circular stating that all business would cease for one hour, and inviting all of his employes to attend. Every man about the establishment, with the exception of the editor of the *Kansas Magazine*, attended. There were fifty-five of them. At the appointed time Mr. Hammond arrived, attended by fifty children. Talking, praying and singing was kept up for an hour, and the meeting was pronounced a success.

The Congregational church of Fort Scott burned down last Friday night. On Saturday some forty carpenters offered their services, and a new building, thirty-two by sixty feet, was ready for the Sabbath services. The building destroyed was one of the neatest in the State.

The Country.

The *Herald* publishes an Erie exhibit, which shows that there has been a tremendous increase in all departments where frauds could be perpetrated since 1868, the time when Gould and his associates became connected with the road. March 29th is fast day in Connecticut.

One of the jurors engaged in trying Mayor Hall having died, the remaining jurors have been discharged, and the case has been continued.

Davis Scott Mitchell has been indicted as the perpetrator of the horrible murder of the Billings family, at Windsor Locks, Conn., in January last.

The majority of the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on the subject of female suffrage, have reported a resolution amending the constitution so as to give women the right to vote and hold office.

It is stated that an Administration Senator proposes to introduce into the Senate an amnesty bill, with two exceptions, and will endeavor to have it passed without having it antagonized with Sumner's civil rights bill.

The *Tribune's* Washington special says that Charles Sumner has consented to attend the Cincinnati convention, and preside over its deliberations. The *Evening Post* editorially says the name of Mr. Sumner will give character to the Cincinnati convention, and it trusts that the meeting in that city will be the most influential and popular gathering for years, and that its course will be such as to determine the success of the Republican party. The *Times* and *Chronicle* publishes a denial, which it says is upon the authority of Senator Sumner, to the effect that he has neither consented nor been asked to preside over the Cincinnati convention, and that, with his present opinion, he will decline to do anything of the kind.

One thousand Apaches, lately on the reservation, are now on the war path in Arizona. Gen. Crook started for Tomto Basin, with friendly Hualapais for scouts. Owing to silver coinage becoming a nuisance, falling to 2 per cent. discount in trade, the San Francisco mint refuses to accept silver bullion for coinage.

A Washington special says that the President emphatically denies the statement that he will press his nomination irrespective of a possible defeat in November, and declares that he never has requested a renomination, and that the success of the Republican party, whoever may be its Presidential candidate, is his earnest desire.

A *Herald* dispatch states that since the arrival here of Admiral Inglefield, six weeks ago, as naval attache of the British legation at Washington, he has been inquiring minutely and thoroughly into our naval affairs and their condition. In this he has had every facility from our Government. He has already examined the defenses at New York and along the New England coast, and has lately been ordered by Minister Thornton to visit New Orleans and inspect the defenses at that and other southern ports. All this excites much comment among the army and navy officers.

Mr. Francis Thomas, of Maryland, is nominated as Minister to Peru.

Chief Justice Chase is said to be in consultation with the regular Democratic leaders, and to favor the holding of a straightout party convention and the nomination of a Democratic ticket.

The oldest navigators say they never knew so much ice in Lake Erie with so little snow. For nearly eighty miles out the ice measures three feet and a half thick, and teams are crossing at points never known before. It is feared that navigation will not be open till the last of May.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* telegraphs from Washington that the letter purporting to have been written by Judge David Davis, accepting the Labor Reform nomination for the Presidency, was not written by the Judge, but was the invention of a newspaper correspondent. Judge Davis is represented not to have accepted the nomination at all, and disapproves of several important planks in the platform of the convention.

Foreign.

The Juarists have defeated the rebels at Zacatecas, and taken that town.

A revolutionary movement in Spain is expected immediately.

It is reported that England and Uruguay have come to an open rupture and that all friendly relations between them have ceased.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Cork was one of unusual proportions. A mass meeting was held in the city park, at which it was estimated that nearly 15,000 persons were present. Mr. Rahaman presided, and on taking the chair made a powerful speech. He said that most of the despotic governments in Europe would not have allowed such an occasion of royal thanksgiving to pass without signaling it by an amnesty to political prisoners. The Queen of England should remember that her dynasty owed its existence to the greatest perjurer who ever lived—the Duke of Marlborough. Providence seemed to interpose to remind her of that, for in the same carriage with the Queen when O'Conner presented his pistol and petition, sat a lady of honor who was a relative of Churchills. England had never granted Ireland anything from motives of justice. Concessions had always been had through fear. The speaker's bold denunciations were received with frequent and prolonged cheering. The various organizations marched to and from the park with flags and bands of music. Although there was much excitement, no disorder occurred, and the police force, which had been largely increased for the day, found no occasion to interfere.

In the House of Commons last Monday, Lord George Hamilton called attention to the demonstrations of visitors in the galleries, whereupon they were cleared. Among those ejected was Minister Schenck.

Advices from Matamoros, Mexico, to the 19th, say the particulars of Trevinos' defeat near Zacatecas, proves more disastrous to the revolutionists than at first reported. While the battle was progressing one thousand men revolted and joined Roeha, which created excitement, resulting in the rout of the revolutionists and the capture of Trevinos' main command, with all their material of war. Gen. Cartenia attacked the revolutionists near Camargo, defeating them and capturing many horses and men. Gen. Quirago's position in Camargo is rendered precarious, Cartenia having advanced toward Monterey.

Down Talk.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—Between two and three o'clock on Thursday morning a small brick dwelling on the corner of Hancock and New Jersey streets, belonging to Sandy Clayton, a colored man, and occupied by himself and family, was burned to the ground. Mr. Clayton and his three boys perished in the flames, while Mrs. Clayton escaped from the burning building with her infant child, but not without receiving serious, most probably fatal, injuries. The child is also in a very critical condition. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Clayton had been out to a meeting at the colored Baptist church on the previous evening, and returning rather late built a fire. The family slept up stairs. Mrs. Clayton was awakened by her husband, and finding the house in flames, seized her infant and started down stairs. Being blinded and suffocated by the flames she dropped the babe on the stairs but almost instantly returned and picked it up and succeeded in reaching the street with it, both herself and infant literally ablaze. Mr. Clayton reached the street also, but hearing the screams of his children, went back to rescue them, and while in their room the floor gave way beneath them and all were precipitated into the fire below. A few neighbors appearing on the scene at this time, a plank was raised to the chamber window in the hope of affording succor, but all efforts proved fruitless. The remains of the four bodies were recovered finally, but with the exception of Mr. Clayton they were burned out of all semblance of human beings.

This is the most heart-rending and terrible calamity that has happened in our city since the dreadful massacre of August 1863. And the strangest part of the matter is, that a dwelling house, together with its human occupants, should be burned up in a thickly settled portion of the city, with no alarm of fire being given, and scarcely a dozen people aware of the dreadful catastrophe happening in our midst.

STATE CONVENTION.—A convention of the colored Republican citizens of Kansas was held at the Court House in this city on Wednesday the 20th inst. The object of this convention was to choose delegates to the National Convention of colored people to be held at New Orleans in April next. Some seventy delegates were present. A temporary organization was effected by electing Capt. W. D. Mathews of Leavenworth Chairman, and W. H. Compton of Topeka Secretary. A committee on credentials and one on permanent organization was appointed. The committee on permanent organization reported: For President, Silas Hughes of Atchison; Vice-President, G. C. Gray of Shawnee; Secretary, Geo. C. Smith of Leavenworth. The report was adopted. A committee on resolutions was appointed who reported a series of resolutions, among which was one highly complimentary to Senator Sumner, and also one deprecating any action on the presidential question by the New Orleans convention. The resolutions provoked an animated and lengthy discussion and were finally adopted. C. M. Langston, D. Gordon and W. D. Mathews were elected delegates to the New Orleans convention. After considerable talk on various subjects a State Central Committee was appointed and the convention adjourned.

Neither this convention or the coming National Convention at New Orleans has any special political significance, but is merely an effort on the part of our colored citizens more fully to secure and establish their civil rights and equality before the law.

RELIGIOUS.—The extraordinary religious interest that has prevailed in our community the past few weeks, seems to have suffered no abatement in the absence of Mr. Hammond. His sermons each day to grow deeper and stronger, and more far-reaching in its effects. The meetings both morning and evening are largely attended and very interesting. At least 2000 people have gathered at the Congregational church each evening for the past five weeks, and the large audience room of the Baptist church has been well filled at each morning prayer meeting. There is no excitement, but a quiet, deep, and all-pervading interest in religious matters, reaching to all classes and conditions of people, and operating with a mysterious and wonderful power on their hearts. Who can doubt that it is indeed the spirit of the living God that is moving in our midst. Men of high standing in community and of irreproachable moral character, together with those whose lives heretofore have been notoriously profligate and wicked, have acknowledged its power and yielded to its influence, professing to have found peace and joy through faith in Christ and submission to His will. And still they come in steadily increasing numbers, with the earnest inquiry of "what shall we do to be saved?" The meetings are to be continued for the present, and still greater results for good are confidently looked for.

ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday evening as Frank Munroe was driving along Massachusetts street, between Henry and Warren, with a large load of lumber and shingles, one of the wheels of the wagon went into one of the numerous deep holes that exist along that portion of the street, and a part of the load on which Mr. Munroe was sitting slid on, taking him with it. While attempting to extricate himself and secure his team, several bunches of shingles fell on him, one of which striking his leg just above the ankle broke it. He was immediately taken into Sherburne & Mason's and received proper surgical attention from Dr. Hensley who happened to be near at hand. Mr. Munroe is a very worthy and hard working man, and this accident will prove a very serious matter to him. It seems to us that the city is not entirely clear of responsibility in this matter.

OBITUARY.—We are pained to be obliged to record the death, during the past week, of Mr. John Ross, one of the very earliest settlers of Lawrence. Mr. Ross has been prominently identified with the varied and remarkable history of this city from the start, "all of which he saw and part of which he was." His long residence here had made him widely known among our people, and he was universally respected and loved for his many good qualities of head and heart. He was kindly and courteous in his intercourse with others, a good citizen and an honest man. His death removes another of the old, familiar faces which are so rapidly disappearing from our midst.

SNOW.—As we write this the sleigh-bells are jingling as merrily as in mid-winter. We had laid out our Spring work, given our Spring advice, sung our Spring carols, and really thought the most lovely of the seasons was about making her appearance, and we gaze forth to behold her, when lo! instead of the green grass and beautiful flowers with which she would be clothed, we see only the snowy mantle of old Winter, whose icy fingers are clasped about roof and gable as though he were determined never to loose his hold.

The above was written yesterday (Friday) morning, with the snow over an inch deep on the level; but before night it brightened up, the sun came out from its curtain of clouds, the weather became warm and pleasant, the snow disappeared, and to-day is as beautiful and lovely a Spring day as one could wish to see.

BILES.—We commend to Steve Horton's calm consideration. The following reflection of the philosophical Josh Billings: "Knowing how to sit square on a bile, without hurting, is one of the lost arts."

THE ELDRIDGE HOUSE.—The *Parsons Sun* says: "The Eldridge House is becoming immensely popular under its new change. How could it be otherwise with Killoch to insure good victuals, and that prince of good fellows, the most popular man in Douglas County, Mel. Beach, Superintendent." We take pleasure in copying this compliment, and in fully endorsing it. The Eldridge House, under its new management, is one of the most pleasant and well ordered hotels in the West. Everything about it is neat, comfortable, and good. The tables are well supplied, the rooms are comfortable, and a traveler finds it a most elegant stopping place.

KANSAS CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.—There is an addition to our Kansas City column this week, of the houses J. E. Vincent, hair dealer and practical wig maker, and J. F. Spalding's popular Commercial College. Kansas City business men see the advantages offered by our columns as an advertising medium for their wares, and as we are determined to accept only a limited number of advertisements, we should not wonder if they got the "inside track," to the exclusion of some of our home dealers who desire to avail themselves of a portion of our advertising space, but who are slow in handing in their orders.

THE WEATHER.—We have looked and hoped for Spring until "hope deferred" has indeed made the "heart sick," and still we look and hope in vain. We suspect the occasion of the long delay is the old story of "Winter lingering,"—you know the rest—which of course prevents locomotion on the part of Spring. We trust the white-headed, gray-bearded old gentleman will resign his position soon, and then, no doubt, Spring will hasten to make amends for the long protracted though unavoidable delay on her part.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.—For a distinct idea of western enterprise, one should visit Spalding's Commercial College, at Kansas City, Missouri. The college rooms occupy the entire third story of the largest and finest business house in the city, are well ventilated and elegantly furnished, offering accommodations for four hundred students. The rooms also command fine views of the Missouri river, Wyandotte, and a large portion of the city and suburbs, thus combining in one course of study, by the happy aid of congenial circumstances, that union of business culture and aesthetic tastes so much desired and so rarely found.

THE ELEVATOR.—Major Smith reports things lively at his elevator on the other side. The Hay Baling Company are also busy pressing and shipping large quantities of hay. These two institutions are worth a great deal to the farmers hereabouts, and should be liberally supported by them.

The L. L. & G. road gave \$850 in premiums to the locomotive engineers, in sums varying from \$75 to \$150, for efficiency in performance of duty, economy of fuel, and for least amount of stock killed. They will find that premiums cost much less than smash-ups.—*Eureka Herald*.

What We Know About It.

MR. KALLOCH: As you promise to tell what you know about everything, I want to ask you if Jim Legate is going to be Governor of Washington Territory? It is rumored down this way that you would like to go there. Can you tell me about the climate, soil and chances up there? *Answer.* Our Ottawa friend presumes a little on old acquaintance. When we promise to tell what we know about everything, does he suppose we have any means of knowing who will be Governor until after the election? We do not know whether Jim Legate will go to Washington Territory or not. We have some doubt of it. We have some doubt of any Kansas man's getting it. We have succeeded in making the U. S. Senate think we are not fit to have anything; we have put our Senators in a position where they cannot demand anything—although, if they are going to make no more decent demands than this one was, the loss will not be very great. As to ourselves, we are out of politics. We are sick and tired of dabbling with it. We are a farmer, and the editor of a farmer's paper. It seems hard to convince folks of this, and so we have to keep repeating it. As to the "climate, soil and chances" of W. T., our impression is about this: The climate is one of very even temperature, never as cold in winter or as hot in summer as it is here. The land "Gulf Stream" strikes it most favorably. It is a moist, damp climate, with a good deal of fog, a sort of English or London air. The soil makes no comparison with ours, but is good for some things. We should not pronounce it a first class agricultural region. The "chances" we should think good. There are fish, timber and navigable waters. There is a great railroad to strike Puget Sound somewhere. Pluck, enterprise and a little money will no doubt do great things there. But so they will here. So they will anywhere. The pastor of the Baptist church in Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, writes as follows about it:

"After a residence of fourteen months in this country, I believe I can say with safety it is a good country; soil good and productive, timber plenty and good, health excellent, no fever and ague. Stock of all kinds do well, especially sheep; farm products bear a good price; climate very mild in winter, cool and invigorating in summer. The beautiful water of Puget Sound, affording over a thousand miles of ship navigation, with many beautiful rivers and smaller streams, abound in fish; the Sound affording all sorts of shell-fish in abundance. The North Pacific Railroad will connect the Columbia River and this place the present season. Good opportunities are opening for mechanics, farmers, teachers, preachers, merchants, etc."

A lady subscriber, living a few miles from the city, writes us: "How do you get along about help? Do you board your farm hands? Does your wife like the farm life?" *Answer.*—Our fair correspondent touches us on a tender point. Our wife likes the farm and would like to live on it, were it not for this very difficulty about help. Or, if we did not fill the house up with farm hands, she would try to get along without help. As it is, we are boarding in town just now, and getting rested for the work ahead. (N. B. The Eldridge House is an excellent boarding place). We are satisfied from observation that the hardest life in the world for the "women folks," is that of the farm. And this is on account of the difficulty of obtaining help. The farmer gets his help, and his wife has to cook and wash for him. Thus the relief of his cares is the increase of hers. We quite agree with the advice of a cotemporary:

"We urge farmers to build tenant houses for their hired help, quit boarding farm hands, hire married men who can live on the farm with their own families, and you will all be more comfortable, live longer, and have more money in the end, if that is the end, although it ought not to be all of life."

Our man George said to us a few weeks ago: "I want you to tell in 'What We Know About It,' how to prevent Dash from sucking the eggs." Not having any very definite information on the subject, we never attempted the answer, but find the *Rural World* relieving an anxious correspondent of the same difficulty:

"We have seen several remedies recommended and have tried some of them as follows: First, boil eggs hard, and while hot, stuff them down the animal's throat—oral and not always effective. Second, insert in the egg in case the emetic properties of which will wear him—found this a failure. Third, administer half an ounce of buckshot through a small tube—successful, but the dog was a failure."

The Story Teller.

GOLD AND DROSS.

A gray cold sky hung over the old town. It snowed merrily, and mingled with a mistlike, tearful rain, as if it bewailed its own fate in falling on those dark, muddy streets and sidewalks. There were few people out—no pleasure seekers or gaily dressed promenaders on such a day; and Marion Graham sitting in her sister's parlor turned her listless gaze from the window with a little sigh of weariness, and drew her chair still nearer to the cheerful open fire in the low grate. Whatever the prospect might be without, it was very cheerful within. Bright roses looked out from the mossy green of the carpet, and the sunny pictures gleamed on the walls. The chairs and lounges were temptingly cozy and comfortable, and scarlet and white geraniums, with beautiful delicate ferns, were grouped at the window.

Opposite Marion sat her sister, Mrs. Wilmot, with busy fingers showing white against the crimson merino she was fashioning into a dress for little Miss Nannie, and eyes wandering smilingly now and then to the corner where the child was amusing herself with a squash which she had borrowed from the kitchen. She had abandoned her whole family of dolls for this new object of affection, and was hugging it in her arms, rejoicing in its size and its "nice crooked neck." Presently Bridget's red face appeared at the door.

"Ah sure, Nannie, darlint! an 'ye've got the punkin up here, an' me a sarchin' the house over for it! Let me have it now till I'll make the nice pie for dinner." And she seized the prize and marched off with it, leaving the little one gazing disconsolately after her.

"Well," said Nannie, recovering a little from her astonishment, "I flnk it's a queer country where folks' child'en can be carried off and made into pies. I guess I'll go and see her chopped up," she added, philosophically determined to derive some pleasure from the affair, and trudged off after Bridget.

The mother laughed, but a smile that fitted over Marion's face was not altogether one of amusement. "Poor Baby Nannie!" she said. "That is always the way! Our fairest ideals prove to be nothing but squashes that must be converted into dinner if we would live in this matter-of-fact, eating world."

"Your doleful moral is slightly twisted, my dear," laughed her sister. "The trouble is that we will persist in placing our affections upon the squashes that were designed for dinner from the first. The chopping up follows inevitably."

"Possibly. But I can't see that we have much choice—it's squashes or nothing," retorted Marion. "Oh dear! what a day it is! That steady drip, drip, from every house corner makes me nervous. It sounds like some monotonous funeral march; and as for that gray sky, it really does n't look as if the sun ever could shine through it again."

Mrs. Wilmot glanced over the street where the houses showed dim through the mist, and the leafless trees trembled in the cold and rain.

"Thy lot is the common lot of all. Into each life some rain must fall; Some days must be dark and dreary;" she quoted a little dreamily.

"Well, there is no particular comfort in that, as far as I ever could discover," said Marion. "I remember when we were children we all had the scarlet fever at the same time, and our old Irish nurse used to say to me—'Sure ye must n't fret so, dear; ain't the other children all down wid it, too?' But I could n't see that that fact made my headache any less, my fever any lighter, or all the abominable doses any easier to swallow. It may be poetic consolation, but it isn't practical. Just fancy yourself trying to summon up courage to have a tooth extracted by the reflection that at that very moment there are probably ten thousand different persons, sitting in ten thousand different dentist-chairs, with their ten thousand mouths open, waiting for cold steel and agony!"

Mrs. Wilmot laughed and bent a quick, searching glance on the fair face opposite to her. There was a vein of bitterness underlying all this seeming lightness.

"What is it Marion?" she asked. "It has taken something more than this rainy day to turn all your gold into dross."

Marion lifted her eyebrows as if about to express her inability to see what connection this bore to her last remark, but a second impulse prompted her to answer soberly.

"I don't know anything that has done it, Helen. In fact, I do n't know what is gold and what is dross."

"Which means that you do not know whether to answer yes or no to a question that was asked you last night?" queried Mrs. Wilmot, venturing upon a shrewd guess.

Only the sudden flush that swept over Marion's cheek and brow told that she had heard the question. She gazed steadily into the fire for a moment or two, and then took up her book again. Her sister watched her a little anxiously. She felt sure that Marion had come to a place in her life where two diverging paths awaited her choice, and that to-day's unquiet and unrest sprang from a heart ill at ease and undecided. The offer that had been made the young girl was a brilliant one—wealth, position, power—and against the offer there was little to be said. He was neither immoral, ungentlemanly, nor disagreeable. In fact, his virtues were nearly all negative ones, and it was this very want of something positive about him—deep con-

victions honestly carried out, an earnest purpose in life—that troubled Mrs. Wilmot most. Marion had both heart and soul, and she wondered if she could be content to look, with him, merely on the surface of things; if she would not starve on the husks that satisfied him!

Marion was pondering that question, too; trying not to put it quite so strongly, however, for the pomp of the place, and the glitter of gold had blinded her a little. This man's friendship was pleasant enough, but she did not love him. He fell far below her ideal of a true, noble manhood. Through all his conversation there came no ring of deep thought, of honest opinions carefully formed; of a brave, earnest, unselfish purpose in life. He could not sympathize with, or comprehend, such things. But Marion was trying to persuade herself that what she could not find in him was not to be found anywhere. He was no worse than others.

It was a selfish world at best, she said—every one looking after their own comfort, and seeking to advance their own interests regardless of others. Unselfishness, self-sacrifice and good-hearted philanthropy were all very well to weave beautiful dreams about, but they were not to be found in practical, every-day life. Heroes did not exist except in books and fancy; and for the sake of visions and dreams should she turn away from what the most of her acquaintances would call her wonderful good fortune—a golden opportunity? She would have wealth, and with it position and influence, as this man's wife; yet her cheek flushed at the last three words, even though they were spoken in her own heart alone—it seemed so much like selling herself. Why should it though? she asked herself persistently. If she did not love here neither did she elsewhere, and no one would be wronged. She could give all he asked or cared for—a placid, good-natured liking. Deep, fervent love, he would never require or even comprehend. That was one trouble, indeed; there were depths in Marion's nature that he would not know. She felt, even while she reasoned with herself, that if she entered upon this path, her old, high thoughts of life and all its noble possibilities, her best resolves and highest aims, her truest self, must be put aside, or would die in the atmosphere that would surround her. It would be dwarfed and starved by the influence of a life that should be one with her and yet would be altogether diverse. True it was only what others were doing all around her, and calling practical and sensible, but was it not a deep sin against her own truth and womanhood? Despite all the offered pleasures it held out to her, would there not come many days like this one, that would shut away the work and force her back upon herself? Would there not come many hours of loneliness and forced introspection, when the life to which she was looking forward would seem empty, worthless and false?

She was not ready to answer these questions yet, and the busy thoughts that she could not yet put aside wearied her. She could not interest herself in the book she had taken up, and the room seemed strangely silent now that Nannie's merry prattle was gone. She was about to go in search of the child, when Bridget once more appeared at the door.

"There's a man out here, ma'am, wants to know does ye want any umbrellas mended?"

"No," Mrs. Wilmot answered carelessly. "Oh yes, I do too!" she added with a quick second thought. "Nannie broke one the other day trying to use it for a balloon. Where is he, Bridget?"

"Out in the hall, ma'am." And Bridget returned to the kitchen, while Mrs. Wilmot hunted up the article with fractured bones, and carried it out for inspection.

A little, spare, thin man stood there, leaning slightly upon his bundle of umbrellas to afford support to one limb that was shorter than the other. His coat, a rather shabby one, was buttoned closely round him, and his cap was drawn down over his iron gray hair; but from under this latter article a pair of keen bright eyes were surveying his surroundings. A little boy—a shy, pale-faced, sad-eyed child, was with him.

"Got something for me to mend, ma'am?" the man asked as Mrs. Wilmot approached him, and his voice sounded wonderfully cheery and pleasant to come from such a person, and on so forlorn a day. "Yes'm, yes, indeed; this is easy mended. We'll have it right in a hurry, won't we, Johnny? if the lady can give us a bit of a place to sit down we need n't take it away at all."

Mrs. Wilmot glanced at the child's little hands blue with cold, and turned involuntarily toward the bright, warm room she had just left.

"It won't make much dirt, I suppose?" she questioned, pausing for a moment with a house wifely regard for her carpet.

"Oh, no, ma'am! dear no! nothing more'n a piece or two of whalebone and a bit of wire at the most."

Mrs. Wilmot was reassured, and throwing open the door, she gave them comfortable seats by the fire, noting as she did so how eagerly the two pairs of hands were held towards the warming blaze.

"Trying to limber my fingers a little before I begin, ma'am," the man said with a smile. "It's a cold, bad day out, but I suppose you would n't feel it much here," he added with an admiring glance around the pretty apartment.

"Does you live a good ways off, little boy?" queried Nannie, brushing the curls away from her face, and making hospitable advances toward a conversation with the young stranger. But he only

looked at her wonderingly, and moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"Ho, now, Johnny! why don't you talk to the little girl?" said the father briskly; and then apologetically to Mrs. Wilmot—"he hain't been out with me many times, you see. I'm only just beginning to take him because he can help me carry the umbrellas sometimes."

"How many children have you?" asked Mrs. Wilmot kindly.

"Only four, ma'am; Johnny, here, is the oldest. We did have three older, but they're gone away now."

"Away—at places you mean?" questioned Marion, not quite comprehending, and beginning to feel interested in the odd, cheery little man, with his quick movements and his readiness to talk.

He paused an instant in the act of laying out his tools and looked toward her.

"Yes, ma'am, to the very best kind of a place—up there, you know. There's no danger that they'll ever want for anything, or ever be turned away."

There followed a moment's silence which he was the first to break.

"It did seem dreadful hard at first—just as they were getting old enough to work and help some. But then, as I said to Martha, what more did we want than to see 'em do well? And if I'd tried and worked my hardest I could n't have got 'em into no such good fortune as they know now. It's better for them, so we won't fret if it is a little harder for us, will we, Johnny?"

"But it must be hard for you to take care of four little ones, just in the way, with no one to help you," Mrs. Wilmot said.

"Oh, I don't! Martha helps a good deal—takes in washing and such things, you know. It's pretty hard work some times, but still we get along. I did n't take to this always, though; I used to be a bricklayer before I got the fall that lamed me; but I never could do much at it afterward."

"You do not seem to be unhappy with it all," commented Marion, coloring suddenly, however, when she found she had spoken her thoughts aloud.

But the stranger was not well enough versed in the ways of society to perceive anything strange in the remark, and he answered unhesitatingly.

"Unhappy? No, to be sure I ain't. Why, dear me, I hain't got no reason to be! You'd think so too, if you could just see the misery there is in this world." He worked busily a few moments, and then added, as if his thoughts had been wandering away to the many scenes of suffering he had witnessed. "You hain't any ideal! Nobody can have unless they've seen. There's some that's better off'n I am, that's sure; but there's many that's enough sight worse. I've seen a good deal tramping about this way, ma'am."

"Many of those that are better off are not as contented and cheerful as you are," said Mrs. Wilmot, giving utterance to a thought that held some self-reproach in it.

"Well, I do n't know. I ain't no ways extraordinary that way myself—not like I ought to be—but I do like pluck and good spirits, I tell you! I ought to be better'n I am, because I've had chances, you see. We did have a hero in our family once, ma'am."

"Who was it?" asked Marion, amused.

"My brother, younger'n me. He was a real out-and-out hero, wasn't he, Johnny? You see, Miss, I've told Johnny so many times that he knows about as well as I do myself. David, his name was; he was a bricklayer, too," he continued, answering the question in Marion's eyes. "He was n't a bit like me. He was a great, tall, strong, good-looking fellow, with just the heartiest laugh you ever heard—a prime workman too! No danger of his being out of work; he could always get it, and good wages besides, so he and Mary—that's his wife—lived as snug as could be for two or three years. Everybody liked him, and that was the beginning of the trouble—they liked too well. He must go here, and there, and everywhere with the other men, and he liked to please 'em. Then he must treat once in a while, for he made more money than the most, and it would seem mean if he did n't; that's what he thought, and so he got from buying it for 'em to drinking it with 'em. I expect I need n't tell you so much how things went after that; you know how one thing follows another on that track. He was n't one of the sort that keep on that way for years and never show it; it told on him fast. Why, his hands, that used to be so strong, would shake like a leaf, of a morning before he got his bitters. That would steady him up a little, and he managed to do considerable work for all. He was n't ever cross and quarrelsome, and he never got dead drunk, but he would drink every day. It worried me dreadful, and I don't know how his wife stood it. 'David,' I'd say to him, 'You're going to ruin just as fast as you can take yourself there.' 'I know it; but it ain't no use to talk; I can't help it,' he'd say, and so it went on."

"One day there were a few men sent out on the railroad to see about taking some work a few miles from town. David was one of 'em, and not hardly so steady as usual, even. After the train got going pretty fast he went out on the platform, and tried to step across to another car. He staggered and slipped, and just saved himself by one hand from going right down between the wheels. It was a minute or so before he got rightly to his feet again; but when he did he was sober, and knew how near he had come to being crushed to death under the wheels. The idea of an awful, sudden death like that, and going into the other world drunk, as you may say, to meet everything that's to come, is

enough to make any man stop a bit and think. It did him. He did n't talk to anybody much the rest of the ride, and the first thing he did when he got home that night, was to hunt up one of them temperance societies and take their pledge.

"Well, we were pleased enough when we heard it, and you never did see such a glad woman as Mary. But David could n't work the next day—he was so shaky without his spirits—and the day after it was the same thing. We thought he'd get over it in a few days, and get used to going without; but he did n't. I s'pose it took too deep hold on him, and he just got weaker and weaker. The doctor told him it was stopping so sudden, and that he'd have to take a little liquor along to keep him up till he'd get stronger. But David only shook his head and walked off. The doctor tried it over and over again—I s'pose he meant well, too—and he said it was the only thing 't would help him; but David would n't give up—I swore," says he.

"A bad promise had better be broken than kept," says the doctor.

"It's the best promise I ever made," David tells him.

"Well," says the doctor, "I don't say you ain't right to want to stop drinking; it's the way you do it that's the matter. You'd ought to stop by degrees—a little to-day, a little less to-morrow, and so on."

"You've learnt a good deal, doctor, and I think a good deal of your opinion, but you need n't ever tell me that a man can get rid of a sin by holding fast to it. I know what I am, and what the first drink of liquor'd make of me. I've sworn I would not touch it, and I won't," says David.

"Then my man you'll die," says the doctor.

"There's nothing else'll save you."

"David looked out of the window a minute kind of steady like, and then smiled.

"Well, I'll die a sober man," says he, "and I'll keep my pledge, sha'n't I, Mary?"

"Her face was most as white as his, ma'am, but she just said, 'Yes, David,' and they stuck to it, both of 'em. We could all see how it was going after that, but he never changed his mind; he'd only be troubled a little, sometimes, when he looked at Mary."

"Can't help you any. I've killed myself, Mary," he'd say, "but still it ain't so bad as it might have been. Read to me what the Bible says about him that overcometh." And she read to him all about the star, and white robe, you know.

"He died in a few weeks. The doctor said he was a fool, but I never could believe it was looked at just that way up yonder. Mary and me, we called him a hero. She saved money by sewing and one way and another to buy a little white stone for his grave, and I'll tell you just what she had put on it, —'Faithful unto death!'"

The little man looked steadily into his umbrella for a few moments, and hammered vigorously at a rivet. Presently he raised his eyes again, clear and bright, to Mrs. Wilmot's face.

"I used to think, ma'am, that when the Bible spoke about the great number up there that had 'come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb,' it meant just the martyrs and such. But I tell you I know now that there's a good many sorrows worse'n death, and to live for Him is harder'n it would be to die for Him sometimes. But there's a good many brave, true souls that's doing it—more than most people think for, only they keep up such cheery faces, some of 'em, that nobody but God will ever know they did come out of great tribulation. There, ma'am, your umbrella is mended—done good and strong, if I do say it myself, and likely to last a good while yet, and go through a good many storms," returning the repaired umbrella for inspection. "I often wonder what sort of errands they'll go on—those that I mend—and who'll go under 'em."

"Both glad ones and sad ones, no doubt," Mrs. Wilmot answered, smiling a little at the fancy.

"What is the price?"

"Thirty-five cents—thank you, ma'am. Come, Johnny, my boy, we must move on. Much obliged to the lady for giving us such a nice warm place to rest in, ain't we? Good morning, ma'am." And the little man shouldered his bundle of umbrellas, and limped away, followed by Johnny.

Marion stood at the window as they went down the street, and watched them with thoughtful eyes. Some things that she had been that morning trying to persuade herself were far off and visionary, seemed suddenly to have grown near and real. Gold and dross were not the same; there was coming a fiery test that would try them. Truth, nobleness and earnest life were something more than a name or fancy. The "great multitude that no man can number," to which the finger of revelation pointed, proved that there were many brave, patient hearts pressing steadfastly forward, as the old man had said; and she?—No, she would not barter her truth, fetter her soul, and lower life from its highest aims, for any place the world could offer.

She stole away to her own room to write the answer that left her true to herself and to God; and the old umbrella-mender went on his way, and never dreamed that he had been Heaven's messenger to a fellow-pilgrim.

Gov. Perham of Maine is no dandy official, but a genuine farmer. On a recent tour of inspection to the Swedish settlement in Aroostook County, the Governor noticed some wheat which he thought was not properly secured. He at once put up several "stooks" after the Yankee manner, which was a new way to the Swedes. They will no doubt profit by the lesson.

THE BRAVE OLD PLOUGH.

A song to the plough, the brave old plough, That hath ruled the wide world o'er, For life and good fare on his strong steel share Shall depend for evermore;

Thou hast seen the time when no pealing chime Was heard the wide world through; When the King's broad hall and the cottage small Of a Christmas never knew,

Thou hast seen the time, in many a clime, When the bread was hard to win, When both great and small, at hunger's call, Were led into deadly sin;

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

It sometimes seems that Mr. Bergh discriminates unfairly between human and brute creatures in favor of the latter. Some of his demands, and not a few of his legal steps, have excited hostility on the ground that they are more regardful of animals than of human beings.

It is this aspect of the subject that gives it special and abiding interest to every friend of his kind. The reaction of conduct upon the mind and character of the individual himself is often far more serious and important than its direct action upon others.

The omnibus and street car companies in New York city have found that a horse weighing 1,000 or 1,100 pounds is the most serviceable, and the best food for him is 12 pounds of hay a day, 15 pounds of corn meal, and two or three pounds of salt in a month.

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—AND— "LEOPOLD."

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"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

EDITOR SPIRIT:—We concluded to have a well; the principal object being to procure water. In order to make success sure, a "water witch" was interviewed and his services secured. He came on time, peach bough and all.

This Mr. Waterman was a character; water witchery was his hobby; he had ridden it so long and faithfully that his whole mental capacity, never very large, perhaps, had shrunk up around this one idea until he could think and talk of nothing else. The scores of flowing wells, of purling fountains, of hair breadth escapes from wells whose bottoms had fallen out, &c., triumphs of his mysterious divining power, furnished an inexhaustible supply of evidence which he considered irresistible. One could easily believe he had water "on the brain." In addition to his oral testimony, he had a way of glancing that spoke volumes; these glances were a sort of reserve force that was brought up to sweep the field and make victory complete.

In laying out our grounds and arranging for the buildings contemplated in the plan, we had naturally enough selected a location for a well. I produced the plan. With an imperious wave of the hand it was set aside. "Better have a well where the water is." How strange that I had not thought of that before.

Mr. Waterman evidently meant business. Seizing the peach bough, he began solemnly pacing to and fro in the yard; suddenly he struck a current which bore him off some distance from the house. As it swept him around a bend I heard him say, "Very strong vein;" so it seemed. Now, I have some little knowledge of our Kansas streams and of their devious courses, especially the Smoky Hill river, that is said to fence three sides of every farm between Salina and Junction City; but of all the crooked crooks I ever saw, the "black crook" included, that vein outcrooked them all. "The same I am free to maintain." After describing the letters of the alphabet a few times, with an occasional figure 8 and one or two maneuvers that would have tangled McClellan, our hero headed homeward under full sail, "His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun." Except a maelstrom or two past which he came, nothing of importance occurred until the magic sprout darted down near the spot where the voyage began, and the well was located. A second survey produced the same result, or nearly the same. I believe there was an eighth of an inch variation, but we thought he had done pretty well, especially as the wind was blowing a gale at the time. I was then informed that at a depth of sixteen and one-half feet there was an abundance of pure soft water. I suggested seventeen feet, to be sure. "No, sir! just as I say," and then he glanced at me and I withered. The family was now assembled to join in tendering thanks to the Professor for his services, and like an actor well up to his business, he made his exit during the applause.

The next thing to be done was to get a careful hand to scrape off the crust down to the water. An Irishman offered and was employed. I gave him a detailed account of the process by which the water was found. So rapidly had my respect deepened for Mr. Waterman and his skill that I became a defender of the science and unconsciously assumed the Professor's earnest, positive manner. When I had concluded, my "help" sneeringly remarked, "A spade is the best water witch." I tried to give him a glance; the consciousness of failure restored me to myself. I need not describe the different strata of earth and rock through which we passed during the first few days; our experience was similar to that of others who have dug wells in Kansas. At a depth of sixteen feet the Irishman declared he could hear the "wather gurgle." I now think may be he could not. After strengthening the windlass, and examining the rope and bucket, and making complete arrangements for a rapid retreat, I again charged him to strike easy, and the work was resumed. I presume the readers hereof know that blue clay is not a fluid substance—not much! I never heard of any one finding therein a watery grave. At sixteen and one-half feet the only change from the last yard or two was that the blue clay was a little bluer and harder than ever. I never saw anything before that was as blue, excepting, possibly, some army beef. Our spirits were somewhat revived, however, by a discovery of shining particles, like sand, in the lumps of clay which we had broken open in hunting for the "soft water," and we concluded to proceed. Before going far we came to a vein of gold that promised well. Notwithstanding the quality was not very superior and the shaft we had sunk was not where I wanted a gold mine, yet I concluded to make the best of it and go to work at mining. My Irishman agreed to take the ore out on the "halves," so I borrowed a barrel to haul water in for the present, until I could have a well discovered that should be devoted entirely to water. Having settled down to this conclusion, I felt tolerably well reconciled to the turn matters had taken, when suddenly my peace was again disturbed—this time by the miner calling to let me know that the water was coming in. I could scarcely realize it but it proved to be the case. I forgave the slight inaccuracy of the Professor's calculation, in a twinkling, and ordered Pat to throw in what nuggets he had out, and come up. I really believe he would have staid an hour cheerfully, and dug away in the water.

Well, we had reached water at last, but it has turned out to be of no manner of account. It seems "soft" enough, but has such a mineral taste, probably owing to the gold, that neither man nor beast will drink it; in fact, it do' n't make good swill for the hogs.

SHAWNEE.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

In case of any sudden attack of disease it is well to know what to do, or avoid doing, to the sufferer during those anxious moments before the doctor comes. Specific directions can be given for particular cases, but there is this general rule applicable to all: "Do not go to the medicine chest, if you have the misfortune to possess one. More maladies are to be found in it than remedies, and it is an axiom that in those houses where most drugs are used the greatest number of diseases prevail."

There are, however, certain things which can be done by unprofessional persons even for the relief of most diseases, provided that they will take the trouble to inform themselves of what is proper to do. This information, indeed, it is the duty of every one to acquire, for upon its completeness and proper application may depend the lives of thousands. There are few diseases, if any, which require active interference, and the main thing to learn is how to abstain judiciously from it. There is an almost irresistible tendency to force some disagreeable stuff or other down the throat of a sick person. No drug of any kind, unless its action is thoroughly understood, and the occasion for its use perfectly apparent, should ever be given by other than the doctor. It is a mistake to suppose that medicines are essentially beneficent in their operation, or, if not positively beneficial, are innocent. If drugs do no good they are sure to do a great deal of harm, and physicians of the wisest experience are the most distrustful of them. As a general rule, then, in case of a sudden attack of disease, whatever it may be, do not look to the medicine chest for relief.

The main object of a non-professional person should be, as in fact it must be of the professional, to facilitate the satisfaction of the apparent wants of the sufferer from disease. If there is evident thirst, give him drink; if a gasping for air, let him have it; if there is a sensation of heat, apply cold; and if of cold, supply warmth. It is always more prudent to act in accordance with the instinctive desires of the patient than the acquired opinions of the attendant. Nature is a surer guide than art.

There is no greater mistake than the prevalent idea that when we have a sick person we must always be doing. A great deal of mischief arises from this benevolent but harmful diligence. A person falls down in a swoon, and we forsooth, in well-intentioned but fatal ignorance, murder him by putting and keeping him on his legs. Another lies prostrate from exhaustion, and while a provident nature strives to restore him with repose, we torture him to death by an affectionate but worrying solicitude.

In case of any sudden attack of disease the first thing to do is, of course, to remove any apparent cause of it. The next is to place the patient under those circumstances known to be favorable to the comfort, convenience, and health of all people, well or ill. Unloose every tightened garment, lay the sufferer upon a bed or sofa, where the limbs can be stretched at perfect ease, and after supplying the immediate and apparent want, whether of air, water, heat or cold, let him alone until the doctor arrives.

SPRING PLANTING OF FRUIT TREES.

Cultivators this Spring will find it necessary to remember the following directions:

First. Have the ground well pulverized and put in fine tilth by plowing and subsoiling to the depth of 15 inches in the rows where the trees are to be planted. Digging deep holes is liable to very serious objections, as clay subsoil is very retentive, and holds water during the season, thus materially injuring if not killing the tree.

Wet lands are never suitable for orchards. Transplanting may be done any time when the ground is open and free from all frost or water. Most cultivators are liable to plant deep. An invariable rule is that no tree should be planted deeper than it grew before; the roots are often stifled for the want of air, or starved by the poverty of the soil, or are so far away from the vivifying influence of light and heat that a natural decline and failure are inevitable. The roots of trees are very sensitive things, and a change of situations not as favorable as before, quickly shows itself in the decaying looks of the tree and branches.

Nearly all the roots of the tree that contribute to the production of the fruit or wood are found near the surface, and have little need of the subsoil for food. Where manure is to be applied, do not put it in contact with the roots; but either at the bottom of the holes dug for setting out, and then covering with earth, or still better, by applying on the surface, after planting. The rains and frosts will leach the manure, and it is in better condition to be absorbed by the roots; also, in case of drought, no damage will be done.

Second. In planting, examine the roots, clear out all worms or insects; if the roots are bruised or broken, prune by cutting from the under side of each end.

Shorten in the tops and limbs in proportion to the loss of roots before planting.

Let one man place the tree in the hole and hold it, and let another scatter in carefully fine earth, and press it in carefully around and beneath every root, taking care to keep the small roots and fibers each in their place, and in a horizontal position. Draw up the earth in a large, smooth, gently sloping mound toward the tree, and the work is done.

No man will ever regret half an hour spent in the careful planting of a fruit tree, or any tree whatsoever. Five years lost by the bad planting of a tree can never be recovered in a man's life time.

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ROAD NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Board of Commissioners of Douglas County at their next regular meeting on the first Monday of April, 1872, praying that so much of the road located July 7th, 1869, on petition of W. B. Barber and others, be vacated, which lies within the following limits to-wit: Beginning at a point twenty-five feet north of the south-east corner of the south-east quarter of section sixteen, township twelve and range nineteen, thence west twenty-three and seven-tenths one-hundredths chains inclusive.
LAWRENCE, Kansas, March 11, 1872. Sw2

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF KANSAS Douglas County, SS.
I, Douglas County Kansas, Fricisella Blackburn and John Blackburn, plaintiffs, and Amon G. Da Lee, defendant: By virtue of an Execution to me directed and issued out of the Fourth Judicial District Court in and for Douglas County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled case, I will on Saturday the 27th day of April, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Lawrence, County of Douglas, State of Kansas, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest whatsoever of the said Amon G. Da Lee in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The North half of the South East quarter of the South West quarter of Section one (1) Township thirteen (13) Range nineteen (19) in Douglas County, State of Kansas, appraised at Seventy-five dollars (\$75) per acre, taken as the property of Amon G. Da Lee and to be sold to satisfy said Execution. Given under my hand at my office in the City of Lawrence, this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1872.
S. H. CARMAN,
Sheriff of Douglas County Kansas. nol-5t

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

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This corporation is organized under the laws of Kansas. The capital is one hundred thousand dollars, and its stockholders are liable by statute to its creditors for twice the amount of their shares, making two hundred thousand dollars personal liability. One-half of the savings deposits received will be loaned upon first mortgages on real estate of ample value in this State. The balance, except the amount necessary to be kept in the bank to meet ordinary calls of depositors, will be carefully invested in other first-class securities, such as can readily be realized upon, for the payment of deposits in case of special need. Similar investments constitute the usual and sole security of deposits in New England savings banks, and are fully and safely backed upon. When, therefore, coupled as above with so large responsible liability, the safety of money deposited is amply assured. Deposits amounting to one dollar and over will be received at the banking house during the usual banking hours, and on Saturdays from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M. also, and will draw interest at 7 per cent. per annum, to be paid semi-annually in the month of April and October in each year, and if not withdrawn will be added and draw interest the same as the principal. For further information call and get a copy of our by-laws relating to savings deposits. We also do a

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JOHN N. NOYSE.	JOHN K. RANKIN.	O. A. HANSCOM.
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EXAMINE THESE FIGURES.
\$1,000 at interest, compounded semi-annually, will progressively double in amount, until it exceeds \$1,000,000, as follows:—

Amounts as they multiply.	5 per cent.		6 per cent.		7 per cent.	
	Years	Months	Years	Months	Years	Months
\$1,000	14	0	11	8	10	0
2,000	28	0	23	5	20	0
4,000	42	1	35	2	30	2
8,000	56	1	46	10	40	2
16,000	70	2	58	7	50	4
32,000	84	2	70	4	60	5
64,000	98	3	82	1	70	6
128,000	112	3	94	0	80	7
256,000	126	3	106	0	90	8
512,000	140	4	117	3	100	9
1,024,000	154	4	129	6	110	10

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, 15 days; or at ten per cent. \$32,000 in 35 years, 6 months, 5 days; or at 12 per cent. \$64,000 in 35 years, 8 months, 15 days; or at 14 per cent. \$128,000 in 35 years, 10 months, 15 days; or at 16 per cent. \$256,000 in 35 years, 12 months, 15 days; or at 18 per cent. \$512,000 in 35 years, 14 months, 15 days; or at 20 per cent. \$1,024,000 in 35 years, 16 months, 15 days.

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