

ninety five dollars, besides paying over forty for expenses. This we think is pretty fair for a small town, especially when the Methodists had a supper only a few nights previous, and all of the churches have taken their turn this winter. The different religious bodies are very liberal towards each other, and meet

I presume you good "Malne La" folks
 be glad to know what we are doing on the
 Temperance question, in this remote corner
 of the universe, but this letter become too
 long I will merely say we are wide awake
 on this subject, as on every subject with
 this I will leave the matter for the future as
 you may hear from me again should this
 prove acceptable I want to tell you about
 our soil, climate, products, water power, salt
 works, gypsum etc. but I thought it best to
 write you on this letter and to send you the
 detail hereafter. You will be better prepared
 to hear of these things, now that you know
 we did not spring up in the wilderness, but as
 far as I can learn have all come from "some-
 where," and are for the most part christian-
 ized. I know that your more steady and con-

The West might think, still there are many in every City and town of New England, who are contemplating the possibility and perhaps the probability of a visit to the West. They are interested in news from the newly settled country because of friends there. To the former class these letters are especially addressed. They are not, however, to be sent to Kansas, and don't fail to visit our flourishing town, which is located at the junction of the Santa Fe and Missouri Rivers, at the entrance to the richest valley in the West. A hundred and seventy two miles west of Kansas City, on the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, is a place where you can find out any one desiring further information in regard to this section of country, and will answer any questions as far as it lies in my power.

Very Respectfully

SUSAN B. BALDWIN.

also a forked beard, fantastically shaped ears and a large, bushy mustache. He may be described as an unripe man or an overgrown baby. There are many varieties of the word, which are found the good boy, the bad boy, the little boy, the fat boy, the wild boy, the fat boy, the tom boy, the fast boy and the Bowery boy. The good boy is now almost extinct. There are many varieties of the red head, the little red head when attending funerals, and, above all, when sleeping. A conscience of causticness might perhaps consider them good boys. The red head is so called because of its red lug. When he has done wrong he should be corporally rebuked with a good dose of Solomon's lard and the tonic.

One of these bad boys has been trying to find a virtuous stage driver. His test is to put the driver in the head with a turnip or potato; then if he sweats he is a bad man, a traitor, a scoundrel, a scoundrel.

virtuous man. That man was dumb. The little fellow is he who runs errands, tells tales, and is a general nuisance. He is up every morning before breakfast, pulls the cat's tail until she gives him a token of her affection on the hand or cheek, and never uses a table without immediately making a suggestion to the important individual who "bosses" the little fellow at every opportunity, and is very fond of displaying his own vast learning.

The little boy is the one who is difficult to manage, for he is not a bad boy by nature, he does not lie, steal, or swear. He only allows his big, sometimes of animal spirit, plays full and—some of them even play to mischief. He is no harm, but does grow a little. He enjoys good health, thinks principally of his own fun; can't keep still, eats green apples, has awful colics, cuts up a frozen roast, and then sits down to eat. He is always up on the seats of the chairs, and brooms to clean his

ways has four or five distinct coats of paint, and he has been painted over so many times that he is always doing two things, energetically, steadily, and well, namely, eat and sleep. Other things are of no great importance to him, except the habit of drinking beer. The tom boy is a snare and a delusion. He is not a boy at all. He is a girl, and we are not discussing girls.

There is one other thing that boys find only in our large cities. He is the citizen who smokes fine cigars, expostulates freely, wears flashy clothes, drives fast cars, and drinks beer. He is not a boy. He is a girl, and almost any fine day walking on Broadway or Fifth avenue. Don't lend him any money if you can help it. He is not a boy, and he has the Bowery boy, or "Corner Statu", as he has been called. He seems to labor under the impression that lamp posts are erected to give him a place to lean against, and he goes to him to moisten with the juice of the tomato.

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num.
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petence." —Amos Lawrence.

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