Farm, Garden and Household.

How I Raised Horses.

Having for several years kept mares upon my farm for the purpose of raising colts, I discovered that it was more profitable to let my neighbors keep the mares while I raised the colts. I found that, on the whole, the money and time expended, the risk run, and the attention needed, before the colt was able to look after itself, was the greater part of the cost of the colt until it became a horse. I therefore changed my plan. I disposed of my mares and kept geldings for my farm work, thus getting rid of a vast deal of trouble. Then when my neighbors needed $50 or so at any time, which they very often did, they could always sell me a yearling colt, or at least a weaned one. It was not long before my reputation as a buyer of colts became spread, and I soon had my pick of the colts within a dozen miles around. I made a shed with loose boxes 16 feet square, in each of which I could keep a pair of colts. I feed them during the winter upon cut feed and a few oats, just as my horses were fed, the feed being either cut sheaf-oats or cut corn-stalks, and meal and bran, with occasionally hay and linseed meal. I curried them daily, and gave them just as much attention as a grown horse should have, and many a poor pot-bellied, neglected creature, which I have picked up for a song lest it might die, I have brought round into a thrifty, flourishing young horse. When a pair matched pretty closely I put them together, and by training them during leisure times early, they were broken to light work without much trouble. What they ate was really so little that I never kept any account of it, but probably three pair of colts cost no more to keep than one pair of horses. In summer their keep was pasture with a quart of oats or meal per day only, but they were always brought into their stable at night and fed green cut fodder with the other horses. I kept few of them over the second winter, having more demand for them than I cared to supply unless I got my own price for them. I have sold a pair of very nearly matched two-year olds, broken, or rather trained to drive double or single, for $300, which cost me a year and a half previously $75 for one and but $25 for the other. Their whole keep could not have cost me over $50 up to the day I sold them. I give you the figures from my ledger of the cost and produce of a few of these colts taken at random; the whole list would be too long, as I had upon the average from eirht to ten colts at a time:

One yearling, cost $55, sold at 2 years old for $125. One weanling, cost $40, sold at 2½ years old for $180. One yearling, cost $60, sold at 1½ years old for $150. One yearling, cost $70, sold at 2 years old for $175. Two weanlings, cost $65, sold at 1½ years old for $250.

The last two colts, as the one above mentioned, costing $25, were purchased from a man who used to keep his stock in very poor condition, and boasted after he had sold them that I would soon have a couple of dead colts. The next year, however, they were sold to make room for others at a very profitable price. I think I have given a hint to some of my brother farmers how, by keeping their eyes open, they may turn an honest penny and accommodate their poorer neighbors at the same time.—*Keystone.*

Planting Strawberries.

A correspondent of the *Cottage Gardener* has tried the following method with great success:

"I did not cut any runners off the old beds, but allowed them to run in a mass. In the autumn I lined strips about nine inches wide and two feet apart through its length, and cut them in squares of nine inches. These I took up with a spade at three inches deep. In the bed prepared for them I had trenches dug two feet apart, and placed the squares of strawberry roots in them, at a distance of eighteen inches from each other. The roots were not injured in the least, and the crop was excellent. I had the trenches that were made in the old bed filled with one part of well-rotted manure and two parts of stiff loam, and the bed was soon covered with plants. Thus, by degrees, you can renew the old bed as well as form new ones. Certainly, with the old plan of planting single roots, we obtained finer specimens of fruit, but, unless fruit for show is required, I advise every one to try the above plan for quantity, and they will not be disappointed."

Smut in Wheat.

Theorists differ in relation to what is generally known as smut in wheat. Jethro Tull states that the difficulty was common in England, till some of the wheat taken from a sunken vessel was sown. This produced wheat free from smut, and from that time forward the practice of soaking wheat in ocean brine, or water made artificially salt, became general. Land that contains salt is not liable to produce smutty wheat. Applying lime and salt directly to the soil seems to operate to prevent rust, but it is better to treat the grain than the soil. Sulphate of copper, commonly known as blue vitriol, or blue stone, is now generally used, instead of salt, to prevent smut. An ounce and a quarter of this salt, dissolved in as much water as will cover the wheat, is regarded by many persons as a sufficient quantity for a bushel. The wheat may remain in it an hour. For convenience in sowing, many afterwards sprinkle the grain with dry lime.

What is Thoroughbred?

What we call the thoroughbred horse was created in England by the importation of mares and stallions from Arabia and Barbary, and by the judicious commingling of the foreign with a native blood. Through contest of the turf and the right kind of crossing, the horse was gradually improved, or elevated to a high standard of excellence, and these improved horses were then recognized as the progenitors of an artstocratic race. Equine heraldry had had been made a science, and the birth and pedigree of each horse of high breeding had been preserved in the "Stud Book." Usage had decreed that an animal which can show an uncontaminated pedigree for five generations shall be classed as a thoroughbred; that is, no drop of cold or coarse blood must appear in the veins, the origin of which can not be found behind five successive periods of reproduction. Five removes from a common parentage refine blood and make it aristocratic.

Ducks as Egg Producers.

The number of eggs laid by a duck depends very much on the breed to which she belongs. In all poultry the non-sitters lay more than those that are concerned in the rising generation. Thus the Aylesbury will lay a greater number of eggs than any other duck. The black duck, called the Labrador, the East Indian or Buenos Ayres is a good layer. The Rouen is an average layer, and the wild duck lays few compared to these. An old duck is as a rule better than a young one, but it is impossible to give the average of any of them. Aylesbury ducks begin to lay in November and December; Rouens three months later. Both the time when they begin laying, and the number of eggs they lay are influenced by their keep and by judicious management.

Bad Butter.

A quite common source of bad flavor in butter is allowing the cream to remain too long after skimming and before it goes to the churn. It is very important in making the fine-flavored butter to get up the cream quickly and skim before the milk has become old and decomposed. It should be churned as soon as it can be ready after skimming. Sometimes, in the fall, cream is left to stand several days in the cream pot before it has acquired the acidity desired for churning. It is better to place the cream for churning in a temperature where the change to a slightly acid state is scon brought about, and then churn at once.

Dr. Decaisne, of Paris, protests against the blood-drinking cure as equally "absurd and disgusting."

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

Jessica Dale looked from her seat among the branches of the ancient ash that stood on the river side. On a pile of planks a man's figure was stretched at full length, and he was apparently placidly gazing up at the white clouds slowly dissolving in the blue air.

The man on the planks soon turned his head in such a way that he probably caught a glimpse of her white dress among the leaves, for he instantly sprang lightly down from his resting place and walked swiftly across the meadows towards her, vaulting the fences on his way.

"I am so *very* glad to see you, Jessica," he said, fervently, as he helped her over the stile.

"For what reason, Bernard? You seem wonderfully in earnest."

"Why, no reason, except the pleasure of being with you."

"Not having seen me since nine o'clock last night."

"But you are always a fresh and beautiful sight. I have been wondering what I could do with myself this afternoon, and behold! Fate sends me to you."

"I wonder you are not sun-struck, lying there on the wharf in this hot, broiling sun."

"I don't mind the hot sun. It never hurts me."

"And yet, the coldest day last winter, you worked out of doors all day, building that ice palace for me."

"I enjoy the cold, too, and take the seasons as they come. Heat and cold are alike to me."

"I should think, Bernard, you must be as much as six feet high," she said, measuring him with her eye.

"Very near the mark; I am five feet eleven."

"Well," said Jessica, stopping underneath the pollard willows, and surveying her companion from head to foot, "here is a young man five feet eleven, broad shouldered, never sick, who minds neither summer's heat nor winter's cold, nor terrible storms, and yet, who can find nothing in all this wide world to do on this long summer day but lie on a pile of planks, or lounge up and down the river bank with a girl."

The young man's brown face flushed crimson.

"But what can I do, Jessica?"

"Help those sailors down there on the wharf, and perhaps you will put a little energy into them."

"And what would be the use of my doing that?"

"Just for the sake of doing something. Are you going to live this lazy, useless life all your days?"

"You know very well my uncle won't help me to get into any business, or, rather, he can't, for he never has ready money."

"Help yourself, then."

"How can I, without money? I must have a little to start with."

"Put yourself in as capital, and use your muscles. They are big and strong enough, I am sure. Such weights as they tell me you balance at the gymnasium—go and break stones! You are of no use to anybody now. Your uncle and aunt don't need you; they have their own children. I have no doubt they like to have you with them, and will give you what you need, but you should be ashamed to dawdle through life dependent on a rich man's bounty."

"I don't feel that it is a dependence. I am one of the family, and we all live happily together, and have everything in the world we want. And, more than all that, uncle wants you to come and live there too. There is plenty for all, he says. It is a large house, and there are so many servants they can't find enough to do, and a great deal coming in all the time that would be wasted if we were not there."

"I will never go there with you Bernard, never! I would rather die! I would rather live in a log cabin, on bread and milk, than with a husband who would be willing to lead such a life as you do. I should be so ashamed of him."

The sleepy look went out of Bernard's eyes in a moment, and a bright light flashed into them. "Is that the reason you would never consent to make me happy, Jessica! Oh, why did you not tell me that before?"

"I have not told it now. You dragged me into the discussion, and I was only carrying out your supposition."

"I will go to work to-morrow, if you will only promise to love me."

"I have spoken for your own good," said Jessica, "and I have but one thing more to say; never, from this moment, say to me one word of love until you can offer me something of *your own.* The log cabin is enough, but it must be your own. Mind, I don't say I will listen to you then; it is probable I will not. But, in the meantime, love must not be named between you and me."

"It is clear she does not love me, and she might as well have said so without insulting me with all that talk." Such were Bernard's thoughts after Jessica had left him, and he stood idly kicking pebbles into the river. "She has said some pretty stinging things. That is the way she thinks of me, is it? I would be a fool to give up all I have and work like a common laborer. She is always as busy as a bee herself, and I have thought how nice it would be to take her from her home, where she does so much, to a place where she would have nothing to do at all. And her ladyship does not like it; she gives herself too many airs."

* * * * *

Three miles below the old farm-house stoon the busy town of Perkinsville. On a hot summer afternoon, two days after the talk under the pollard willows, a shadow fell across the open doorway of the farm-house which shadow was immediately followed by the appearance of Bernard Leyburn.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Darryl," he said, as he approached the gentleman. "I want to go to work."

Mr. Darryl, knowing Bernard as he did, was astonished.

"Any money to invest?" he asked.

"Not a cent."

"Then you have not the ghost of a chance. Dozens of young gentlemen now in town wanting work. Sorry I can't help you, Leyburn," he said, cordially, "but, indeed, every place is full and overflowing."

"I do not care particularly for a gentlemanly sitution; I had no expectation of that kind. I will do any kind of work."

"Humph! That is a different thing. What kind, for instance?"

"Driving a wagon, porterage, anything."

"A company of us have started the lumber business high up the river, at Maple Bend. Got a saw-mill going tolerably lively already, and it will move faster soon. It is going to be a big affair, I think. If you want hard work there is a chance for you, but it won't be dainty work. Can you help pile lumber, or take it to the rafts, or cut down a tree, if necessary?"

"Certainly, I can, and will be glad to do it."

"I don't say but what you may work your way to something better, but that is the way you will have to begin. I am afraid it won't suit you."

"Yes, it will," said Bernard, eagerly. "I wish I could prove to you how anxious I am to go to work."

"Do you see that row of flour barrels, ranged out there, ready to be shipped?"

"Yes, sir."

"That sloop has come in sooner than was expected, but those barrels ought to go on board of her this afternoon, and all the hands are busy."

"I'll do it!" said Bernard, smiling.

He went out in high spirits and began rolling the barrels up the gang-plank, eager to show Darryl that he was not afraid of work. He was accustomed to handling heavy weights at the gymnasium, for his amusement. But, before his present job was half done, he found out the difference between work and play. When it was three-quarters done he wished he had left it alone. When the last barrel was on the sloop, and Bernard went back to the office, Darryl noticed that the brightness had died out of the eyes, and the old, sleepy look, had come back to them.

"That was well done, Leyburn," said Darryl. "You'll make a splendid workman. When will you be ready for up the river?"

"I have not *quite* decided to go. I must think it over."

"This is Wednesday. I must know your decision by Saturday."

"What has come over young Leyburn?" asked Darryl of Jessica, when he paid a visit to the old farm-house that evening. "He came to me to-day to ask for work." And then he related, with a good deal of humor, the adventure of the barrels. It was well they were out on the porch with no light but the stars, or he would have seen how Jessica's eyes were sparkling with pleasure.

"I told him if he would go up to Maple Bend he would find plenty of rough work to do, getting out lumber. He was all eagerness, before his tussel with the barrels, but very cool afterwards. He is to decide on Saturday, but I feel so sure he will not go I shall say nothing to anybody."

"But I will!" thought Jessica. "I would not encourage him by any hope of my loving him. But I will give a little push—just to start him off. I will tell everybody in town."

And she did. That is, she told half a dozen carefully selected individuals, and they told all the rest, that Bernard Leyburn was going up to Maple Bend to learn the lumber business. It was not until Friday that this report obtained general circulation. Thursday evening, Bernard visited Jessica, but not a word did he say of either love or lumber. The next day he was congratulated everywhere, and everybody he met wished him good luck.

"I had half determined not to go," he thought, with vexation. "But Darryl has spread the report about, and now I'll have to go up and give it a trial. I shall find it a horrible business, I know."

Bernard had not returned since first he went up, now nearly a year ago, and he had not written Jessica a letter, or sent her a message. His uncle's family had told her that he wrote to them in good spirits, apparently, but that he said nothing about his business, and they believed and hoped he was fast getting cured of his folly, for they understood that he worked like a common day-laborer. She sometimes questioned Mr. Darryl, but he would merely reply: "The young man is doing pretty fairly," which was certainly not very enthusiastic praise. Mr. Darryl had good reason for his reticence, for he remembered how she had spread the report of Bernard's going to Maple Bend through all Perkinsville, while the matter was still undecided, and after he, Darryl, had told her he should tell no one.

"It's strange," thought Jessica that afternoon for the hundreth time, "that Bernard never writes to me! I am afraid he is not doing well. I wonder if he was foolish enough to literally believe that I did not love him, and never would love him? Or it may be he has learned to love work so much he don't care for anything else. A pretty result of my advice! But, I am not sorry I aroused him from his lethargy, even if I never see him more!"

Here the gray eyes filled with tears, which might perhaps have fallen but for a sound that now struck upon her ears—the quick tramping of footsteps through the long grass and daisies. Her heart beat fast, but she would not turn her head.

"I knew I would find you under the ash-tree."

"Bernard." And now the head turned, and she held out both hands. He squeezed them in a very uncivilized manner, that he must surely have learned in the lumber region.

"How you have changed!" she exclaimed. She saw at a glance that the great brown eyes were alive with active thought; that the mouth was firmer, and the whole bearing of the man, resolute and manly.

"If he has not succeeded, he has not given up!" was her mental comment. She made room for him on the bench.

"And you, not all! You are the same Jessica I left! I do believe this is the very dress you wore when I last saw you!"

"How can you be expected to know one white dress from another?"

"It is not your wedding-dress, I hope. You are not married, Jessica?"

"No, I am not married," she said demurely.

"Thank Heaven for that! What have you been doing this long time?"

"The same old round of duties. Sewing and helping mother with the housekeeping, and the children with their lessons. There is no end to woman's work, you know. Only, I don't believe you know anything about it."

"I know you were always as busy as a bee, and I used to think you must consequently be unhappy, but I have learned better than *that* now."

"Indeed! And pray what have you been doing that you are ashamed to write to your old friend?"

"Did you expect me to write to you?"

"We generally look for common courtesy from those who pretend to be our friends, and neither letter or message have you sent me."

"I was waiting for 'something of my own.' You see I have not forgotten a certain conversation under the pollard willows yonder."

Jessica turned away her head. "I did not say you were to treat me with the ordinary politeness of an acquaintance."

"I know. I resolved to see you no more, to speak to you no more, until I should have retrieved my manhood. I went to see Darryl who told me of his lumber business at Maple Bend, where could get work as a common laboring-hand. It was rather a staggering offer, and I took a couple of days to consider it. I was at first somewhat inclined to back out of the scrape, but, at last I summoned up the necessary fortitude, and went."

Jessica thought of the report she had purposely spread around him to force him to go, but, like a discreet woman, she held her peace.

"Hard work it was," continued Bernard, after a pause, "and dreary and disagreeable, helping to get the lumber to the rafts, and down to the vessels. This labor lasted for three months, and if it had not been for my positive determination that nothing should force me back to the old life—and for one other thing—I think my endurance would have given way. At the end of three months the business increased so rapidly, and so many hands came up, that I was promoted to a part of the business I liked very well—filling out the orders, that came in pretty fast, by selecting the proper wood, and measuring the lengths, etc. But, I need not tell you all that, and how one thing led to another until now I hold quite an important position, with a fair salary, a good knowledge of the business, and the prospect of doing better still. And, besides these, I have the funniest mite of a house that looks as if the wind had blown it together, and might, at any time, blow it apart, and yet it is snug and tight for all."

"You have, indeed, done wonders, Bernard. I knew you could do anything you wanted to do."

"If I had got nothing from my work but the consciousness of independence and manliness, I would consider myself fully repaid."

"Of course you would!"

"But then you see I got something more than this, and I shall expect something worth more than all."

"Oh, you do! A mill of your own, I suppose!"

"No, you little demure witch, you don't suppose anything of the kind. Would I have come down here in our busiest season for that? No, I came to look for a jewel without which my life will be nothing—my Jessica's love. Will you refuse to listen to me now, darling?"

There was no need for words; Jessica turned her blushing, happy face to Bernard, and he clasped her in his arms.

"At last!" he said rapturously. "Oh, my dearest, I have waited long for this. If I were not so happy I would reproach you for having been so cold and cruel to me. But, you love me at last!"

"I will make a confession to you now, Bernard; I loved you all the time."

"My darling! And you let me think you did not care for me. Why did you send me away without the least glimpse of hope for your love? Why did you tell me you despised me?"

"No, no, Bernard, I never said that!"

"What you did say amounted to the same thing, and you would not even soften it by saying that you would try to love me."

"What security would I have had that, after you had won me, you would not relapse into your old self? I loved you, but I wanted you to be worthy of my love."

"You are mine now, at all events." And he held her more tightly.

"But," he said thoughtfully, "what will you do up there in that rough region, away from your old friends, and you will not have the comforts you have now in the old farm-house?"

"I would a thousand times rather be up there than in your uncle's fine house. But we have plenty of time to consider all that."

"Not so much time! I can only stay four days, for we are very busy just now; and we ought, by all means, to be married the last of the month."

The head was quickly raised from the shoulder. "Why Bernard! Are you crazy?"

"By no means. What in the world is the use of our waiting? We have known each other all our lives, and how do you suppose I can take the time to come philandering down here every week? In fact, I ought not to be here now, but I made a confidant of Darryl, and he took compassion on me. At the end of this month he thinks they can do without me for a week, and then we must be married. It is not so bad up there, after all. It is a beautiful country, and we have a little society. The superintendent's wife, and the wife of the engineer live there in funny little houses, just like mine; and they are both ladies. And there are a good many cabins dotted here and there in the woods, and the laborers' wives are nice kindly women."

Jessica laughed.

"You will make it out a sort of Paradise, I expect, if I let you go on. But may I ask if you had the house built because you felt so sure of me?"

"I did not feel at all sure of you, but I could not help a little feeling of hope. I did not believe you would care so much about the life I led if you did not love me the least little bit. However, the house was already built. One of the members of the company used to live in it. Everything seems to have happened just right for us."

"You take too much for granted, Mr. Bernard, I have not yet consented to your arrangement."

"But, you will darling? Just consider how much you will make me do when you get up there?"

"This is a consideration, certainly," replied Jessica.

"Oh! I know well I shall have a hard task-mistress. But you will make a happy home for me as a compensation."

Perhaps Jessica felt she had been arbitrary enough. At all events her lover had his own way and the wedding day was fixed to suit him; the bride elect reflecting that her simple *trousseau* would not require much time for preparation. Ruffled dresses and trailing silks would be entirely out of place in the lumber region. They were so happy, sitting there under the drooping branches of the ash, with the silvery sands at their feet, and the river gliding gently by, that they forgot to go up to the house to tell the wonderful news to the family until the dusk of the evening stole upon them.

The Internationals.

The following quotations were adopted by the Federal Council of the Internationals:

Whereas our country is mortgaged to city, State and national bondholders to the amount of $18,000,000,000, requiring in interest $720,000,000 annually, an amount which it is impossible to pay, as the whole taxable property of the country is only $15,000,000,000, and the regular increase of wealth is less than three per cent. per annum; and whereas the business of the country is done on credit—only four per cent. in cities for cash, and only twelve per cent. in the country for cash (vide Garfield's report), thus robbing the business men and enriching Wall street and money lenders—and as we need $3,000,000,000 of currency to transact the business of the country with on a cash basis; and whereas money is but a medium of exchange, a baggage check to represent our baggage, and acts only as a measure of value, which should be issued by the government only, and based on the credit of the whole people; therefore,

Resolved, That the only way to save the country from the usurer and the usurer from having his credits repudiated, we, the Federal Council of the I. W. A. of N. A. do hereby petition Congress to call in its bonds and pay the same in legal tender notes receivable for debts, dues and imports.

Resolved, That we make this appeal by writing to all the prominent politicians and send a copy to all the heads of the trades unions and grange societies.

MISSED ONES.—During the prevalence of the cholera the Roman authorities punched and fumigated all letters from suspected places, but one of the clerical town councilors complained of their inconsistency, for while they were so particular about letters they allowed telegrams to come in without fumigation. Noticing an incredulous smile, as he supposed, on the faces of some of his audience, he drew several telegrams from his pocket and threw them on the council table, saying: "Gentlemen, you seem to doubt it; there, then, is the positive evidence."

The National Grange, in session at St. Louis, unanimously adopted a memorial to the Patrons of Husbandry in the cotton States, arguing for mixed husbandry in the South, instead of expending the energies of the people in raising a single crop.

Robert Bonner's New York Ledger.

The *New York Times* recently contained the following just and appreciative editorial notice:

The *New York Ledger* recently entered upon a new volume, and the proprietor, Mr. Robert Bonner, took occasion to say a few words to his hundreds of thousands of readers. He tells them that the liberality which has been shown in the past in the management of his paper will be continued throughout the new year; that all the old favorite writers will continue to contribute to its pages; that he will be constantly on the watch for "any new development of novel rising genius;" and that he is determined to keep up the *Ledger* as "the best family paper in the world."

That these pledges will be kept, Mr. Bonner's well-known enterprise and high character afford a sufficient guarantee. He may fairly claim the credit of having established a popular journal which is absolutely free from any moral reproach or stain. In too many of the trumpery journals which have been set up in the vain hope of competing with the *Ledger*, the lessons taught to the young are of the most injurious character. Parents are depicted as unnatural tyrants from whom it is a duty and virtue to escape. A boy flies from his home, meets with a stranger of boundless wealth and liberality, is instantly adopted as a son and heir, and achieves exploits which rival all the feats of all the heroes known to history. Many a boy has found out to his sorrow how little these wild and mischievous stories represent the actual conditions of the battle of life. Too often the teaching is even more pernicious—vice and profligacy are openly inculcated. Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* has always been free from this abominable poison. Hence it has been, and is, freely admitted into thousands of families all over the country as a companion and a friend. No profane word, no vicious stories, are ever allowed to appear in its columns. Among its contributors are some of the most highly-esteemed clergymen of the day and many of the ablest writers in general literature. It has two columns every week of replies to correspondents. Which are full of practical good sense and good advice. In the number before us questions on a great variety of subjects are asked, from knotty law points to delicate subjects connected with engagement and marriage, and all these questions are answered carefully and with great good humor and worldly wisdom. In this single number also there are eight different stories, either continued or complete in themselves; articles by the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Hall; many admirable communications on topics of the day, and a great variety of useful and miscellaneous reading. A better publication it would be hard to find; and while bearing our testimony to the fact that it well deserves the wonderful success it has achieved in the past, may we add our wishes for its redoubled success in the future.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

The currency bill being under discussion, Mr. Cameron's amendment, repealing all acts of Congress which limit or may be construed to limit or restrict the entire amount of national bank notes for circulation was rejected by a vote of 36 yeas to 32 nays. The question recurring on Mr. Merrimon's amendment, instructing the committee to report as soon as practicable a bill providing for an increase of National bank circulation so that the whole volume thereof shall not exceed $400,000,000, Mr. Gordon submitted a substitute, instructing the committee to report as soon as practicable, a bill for free banking, and providing for the convertibility of United States Treasury notes into low interest bonds or gold, at the option of the Government, and the bonds convertible into Treasury notes at the option of the holder. Rejected—Yeas, 26; nays, 30. Mr. Cooper, of Tenn., moved to insert the following as a substitute for Mr. Merrimon's amendment: "That the Committee on Finance be instructed to report a bill providing for the convertibility of United States Treasury notes into gold coin or five per cent. bonds of the United States, and also for free banking under the provisions of the National Bank act. Adopted without a roll call.

The Senate discussed the tariff question, or that part of it where an error of a comma had led to the loss of half a million of dollars of revenue, and which might lead to the loss of a larger amount. Mr. Sumner remembered having been told by a learned Judge of the United States Supreme Court that he never regarded punctuation in interpreting a statute, and it was not believed the Government would be a loser in the matter when a decision was rendered.

Mr. Merrimon's amendment to the currency bill was adopted by yeas 28 to nays 25. Mr. Merrimon's amendment as adopted instructs the committee to report as soon as practicable a bill providing for the increase of the national bank circulation, so that the whole volume thereof shall not exceed $400,000,000.

The currency bill being under discussion Mr. Schurz spoke at length in favor of specie resumption. Mr. Morton, of Indiana, in replying said our currency was the best the world ever saw of its kind. He argued that specie payments could not be maintained now as we owe about $1,300,000,000 in Europe, $900,000,000 in Government bonds, and $400,000,000 in railroad and other securities. The interest on these bonds had to be paid in gold, thus draining the country of $60,000,000 of $70,000,000 every year. Russia had her bonds held in England, Germany, and France, and was annually drained of her gold to pay the interest thereon. The result was that Russia had suspended specie payment for years; so with Austria and so with Italy, and all these countries are now in a state of suspension and must continue so for some time. This country is in the same condition and must remain so. Under the present currency the country had prospered more than it ever did before, and the system would admit of expansion of the currency when necessary.

The Senate considered the bill to provide for the appointment of a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic. Schurz, of Mo., spoke against legislative action, and Buckingham, of Conn., in favor of it. Flanagan, of Texas, said so far as he was concerned he had no hesitancy in announcing it as his belief that Congress had the ability to legislate on the subject. The Constitution gave Congress abundant authority to do so. Such legislation would be for the welfare of the whole nation.

During a speech on the currency question, Schurz, of Mo., was called to order by the Chair for reflection made on Morton, of Ind. Morton said in his remarks that Schurz was a foreigner and did not understand the financial questions of the United States. In apologizing Schurz said: Does the Senator say that his words were in a Pickwickian sense? Then I say I used mine in a Pickwickian sense also.

HOUSE.

Mr. Potter, of N. Y., reported a bill to establish an additional Judicial District in the State of New York. Referred to the Commitee of the Whole.

The House took up the bill for the distribution of public documents printed by authority of Congress, seeds furnished by the Agricultural Department, for the free exchange of newspapers between newspaperdom, and for the free transmission of weekly newspapers within the county where published.

During the discussion Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, said he would vote for that part of the bill allowing free transmission to weekly newspapers in the counties of their publication. The whole country newspaper press had been almost fatally crippled by the repeal of the franking privilege. In his judgment the 5,000 weekly newspapers of this country were the best real expression of public opinion. A man who climbed to the fifth story of a metropolitan newspaper office at 11 o'clock at night and slashed off an editorial and sent it off to the country, called that the public sentiment of the American people. In country newspapers the editor, a quiet, sensible man, who in the course of the week saw men from every township in the county, and had his mind filled with the best thoughts of his county, wrote notices and editorials in the course of the week which gave more of the public sentiment of that county than all the metropolitan journals in the United States could give of that county. The repeal of the franking privilege to carry down a very large number of country papers that could hardly live if the present order of things continued. The weekly newspapers of New York now came by mail into districts in Iowa 1,200 miles off, and weighing three times as much as the simple country newspapers, and passed through the mail at the same price. That was an injustice which ought to be remedied, and remedied in the name of the public press, and the metropolitan papers ought to consent to it for their own good, knowing what public opinion is.

Mr. Banning, of Ohio, presented a petition to have the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday declared a public holiday.

A report from the Secretary of the Treasury informed the House that the proceeds of the sales of captured and abandoned property amounted to $20,910,656.

Mr. Tyner, of Ind., introduced a bill to relieve all persons engaged in the military service at the close of the late war from the disability of desertion on account of absence without leave.

Mr. Mellish, of N. Y., gave notice of a substitute for the postage bill reducing the rate of letter postage to two cents per ounce and the postage on printed matter to half a cent per two ounces.

Mr. Albright, of Penn., spoke in favor of the postage bill of the Committee, showing that since 1792 certain rights were accorded to the newspaper press, so that at the time the franking privilege was repealed there was no demand for it so far as relates to the newspapers. He showed the legislative history upon this subject, and that in 1845 the daily press was accorded this right, as given by the committee.

Mr. Townsend, of Penn., gave notice of an amendment to make the free distribution of weekly newspapers within the county where published apply to all newspapers in all sections.

Mr. Small, of N. H., presented resolutions of the New Hampshire Press Association for the restoration of the law allowing weekly newspapers free transmission through the mails in the county of their publication. Also, resolutions declaring hostility to any action that may result, directly or indirectly, in the restoration of the abuses of the franking privilege.

Mr. Cobb, of Kan., criticised a speech of Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, as to his allusions to the Grangers. He declared that these Grangers meant business; that they were the movable force of twenty millions of freemen; that it was foolish to array against them the blanks of the Philadelphia or any other platform, and that they would have justice inside the Republican party if they could, outside it if they must.

Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, declared himself in favor of the section of the bill providing for the free transmission of weekly newspapers. The same principle which justified the support of common schools at the public expense also justified the free circulation of newspapers and periodicals within appropriate limits. Common schools, the press, and the public addresses of every man were the great moral and political instructors of the people. He knew no reason, however, why documents should be printed at the expense of all the people and distributed among a few. Mellish, of N. Y., and Butler, of Mass., approved the newspaper exemption section.

Benefits of Co-operation.

We are asked what can farmers accomplish by co-operation? We answer that they can, as organized clubs, ascertain what implements each member needs, and can afford to send to the manufacturer and buy them at first cost, saving the heavy percentage now paid to middlemen. They can, by a moderate monthly contribution, soon raise the means to build a shop for stocking plows, repairing wagons, and, ultimately, for the manufacture of the implements they need. They can manage their district schools and roads, procure the best works on agriculture, establish libraries, improve their minds as well as their lands, and make their influence felt in legislative halls, and become the controlling power in politics and commerce. With a majority of votes and enlightened views of free government and their own right under it, what is to hinder them from becoming the power in the land, provided they act in concert, as the various rings which oppress them. Are not these aims high enough to stimulate their ambition and nerve them with resolution to attain them? Have they not been the world's drudges long enough to have learned their wrongs and the means of redress? If they prefer to prolong their servitude, they are in a fair way to realize that wish; if they do not it is time they were taking active steps to enforce their rights and establish their independence. To do this without unity of purpose and concert of action, is simply impossible.

Certain Philanthropists once petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts to ordain that all hanging should be done by clergymen. At a recent execution in Gloucester, Eng., a doctor offered to operate gratuitously, for the love of the thing.

In a Granger Lodge.

The Grangers are in order now, and the funny writers are after them. Here is the report of the opening scene in a Grange, that even the Granger himself cannot fail to see some good points in:—

On being brought into the ante-room of the lodge (Greengrocer Temple, No. 101), I was told that I had been balloted for and accepted. My informant, who was securely masked by what I afterwards learned was a large burdock leaf, perforated with holes for the eyes, told me that if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip.

A sepulchral voice from within asked: "Who comes?"

My guide answered: "A youthful agriculturist who desires to become a granger."

Sepulchral Voice—Have you looked him carefully over?

Guide—I have, noble gate-keeper.

S. V.—Do you find any agricultural marks about his person?

Guide—I do.

S. V.—What are they?

Guide—The candidate has carroty hair, reddish whiskers and a turnup nose.

S. V.—'Tis well. Why do you desire to become a granger?

Guide (answering for candidate)—That he may be thereby the better enabled to harrow up the feelings of the cruelly politicians.

S. V.—You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripling, as you cannot see, I will cause you to feel that you are received at the door on the three points of a pitch-fork, piercing the region of the stomach, which is to teach you the three great virtues—faith, hope and charity. Faith in yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, and charity for the lightning-rod peddler. You will now be harnessed, and in representation of the horse, Pegasus, will be tested as to endurance and wind.

The candidate is here attached to a small imitation plow, by means of a hempen harness. A dried pumpkin vine is put in his mouth for a bit and bridle—he is made to get down on all fours, the guide seizes the bridle, and urged on by a granger armed with a Canada thistle, which he vigoriously applies at the terminus of the spine, the candidate is galloped three times around the room. While making the circuit the members rise and sing:

Get up and dust, you bully boy—
Who wouldn't be a granger?
If the thistle prick don't cause you joy,
To feeling you must be estranged, eh!

After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corn-cobs, beeswaxed where thistled, and brought standing up before the great chief—the Most Worshipful Pumpkin Head.

M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to be a granger?

Candidate—(answering for himself)—That I may learn to extinguish sewing machine agents.

M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been hardened with toil?

Candidate—Not extensively, but then I am not running for office.

M. W. P. H.—'Tis well, for our lodges contain several who are supposed to be ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their constituents.

A Smuggler's Bed-Quilt.

All sorts of devices are known to be resorted to by the enterprising persons who buy dry goods in Canada and smuggle them over Uncle Sam's tariff wall, but it sometimes happens that their ingenuity is sadly thrown away. An incident recently transpired at Suspension Bridge which illustrates this phase of the smuggling business. There was a sale of confiscated goods by the Collector at that port some time ago, and a gentleman of our acquaintance, for the fun of the thing, made a bid for the possession of an ordinary-looking bed-quilt or comforter. He got it for fifty cents and took the second-hand thing home, where its arrival elicited no great enthusiasm. After being contemptuously kicked about the house for some time, the quilt was finally assigned to duty on a servant's bed. By and by a rent occurred in its calico integument, and the servant girl one day chanced to notice a corner of superior looking stuff emerging from the aperture. An examination was made, and some rich results followed the old quilt's dissection. Five yards of rich pink silk, nine yards heavy black ditto, a quantity of velvet ribbon and numerous silk neck-ties were successively exhumed from its capacious interior, greatly to the comfort of the comforter's owners. Since the affair transpired there has been an active demand at the Collector's sales for bed-quilts, but the importation does not seem to be kept up.

Nil Desperandum.

A real *healthy* man or woman is a rarity; and what wonder? when we realize that it is the custom to overload the stomach, and then produce chronic disease by the use of spirituous liquors, "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restoratives," etc. Having thus produced disease by indiscretion, the victim wonders why "nothing does him good." Just so; and the reason is that they all, or nearly all, find a basis in alcohol—OR POISON. To all thus discouraged, we can conscientiously say, "make one more trial." Discard spiritnous medicines, and give NATURE a chance, aiding her in the struggle by using one of her own pure and unadulterated herb remedies, in the shape of VINEGAR BITTERS. The discoverer, DR. J. WALKER, of California, is no pretender, but an honorable practicing physician, and his discovery is the result of years of labor and study. The wonderful cures effected by them of Dyspepsia, Fevers, Rheumatism, and many other terrible diseases, are almost incredible.—*Com.*

NOT THE MAN.—The methods of doing business with the Teton Sioux, is vividly illustrated in a story which comes from the Milk River Agency. When the new agent arrived there he inquired for the appurtenances of the agency, such as horses and agricultural implements. He could neither find them nor any one who had ever heard of them. Finally a trapper came in who was supposed to have temporary charge of the agency. Upon being questioned he replied, "What do you suppose I know about yer implements? I never seen none, and I aint no affidavit man, all our affidavit men are up at Benton."

Do you cough? Then prevent, if you have any gumption, with HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, the consumption.—[Com.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.—[Com.

The New York WEEKLY WITNESS, *at One Dollar per annum, is the best Weekly newspaper in America. It has increased in circulation ten fold within a year.*

The New York DAILY WITNESS, *at Three Dollars, is best for business men. Send (by postal card) for sample copies.*—*Com.*

Hack, Hack! Cough, Cough!

Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs manifest themselves. But whether it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and larynx by taking cold, from an attack of Bronchitis, from incipient Consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily nor cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack, or a lingering cough, the Discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a proper medicine for the relief of a Cough, for unless this course is pursued, serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result.

DOCTORS SOON LEARN ITS VALUE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1870.

DR. PIERCE.—For the past six months I have used your Golden Medical Discovery in my practice, and in that time I have tested its merits in severe coughs, both acute and chronic, in chronic diseases of the throat, severe cases of bronchitis, general derangement of the system, constipated condition of the bowels, and wherever a thorough alterative has been indicated. In all cases I have found it to act gently yet thoroughly and effectually in removing the various diseased conditions, and bringing about a healthy action throughout the system. Yours fraternally,

H. L.