The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.—Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN,
DENTIST,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
July 3, '72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street Huntingdon. [jan.4,'71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, hree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1y

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.

LOVELL & MUSSER, *Attorneys-at-Law*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,'72

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

JOHN SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY

SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE.
FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop.
Nov12,'73-6m.

MORRISON HOUSE,
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.
April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister's Building (second floor,) Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72.

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on handand for sale. [ap19,'71-6m

HOFFMAN & SKEESE, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, and dealers in PARLOR and KITCHEN FURNITURE, corner of Fifth and Washington streets Huntingdon, Pa. All articles will be sold cheap. Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [jan.15,'73y

WM. WILLIAMS,
MANUFACTURER OF
MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES, &C.,
HUNTINGDON, PA
'STER PARIS CORNICES,
MOULDINGS. &C
ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER.
Jan. 4, '71.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE
For all kinds of printing.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO
THE JOURNAL OFFICE

The Muses' Bower.

[Original.]

A Parody on John Anderson Me Jo.

BY THE BARD OF THE GLEN.

Each poet hath his day, John,
And so have I had mine,
But you can write away, John,
For you are in your prime.

But do not tire your brain, John,
By writing late at night,
There's nothing to be gain'd, John,
But wearing of the sight.

Go sooner to your bed, John,
And with the lark arise,
Then clear will be your head, John,
And bright will be your eyes.

And now that I've grown old, John,
My days are yet but few,
The muse, the pen, and all, John,
I give them up to you.

And when that I am dead, John,
You'll write a line for me,
Your name be at the head, John,
That all who read may see.

If you should go before, John,
Then I will do the same,
Your writing will be o'er, John,
But still will live your fame.

The Story-Teller.

A CLOSE SHOT.

Where the Kentucky cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream there lived, in early times, a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who with his wife and only child, a charming girl of some eight or nine years, occupied a rude cabin at the base of a precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger—the Indians at that time being plentiful throughout the region—he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the home of the rude hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as might be in the larder, they maintained a very friendly attitude.

Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from twig or bark.

In this manner several years had been passed and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier fort.

One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the door-way, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling and blood-shot eye told that he was intoxicated, appeared, staggered to the log steps and threw himself upon them.

His first demand was for "fire water," which was, of course, refused on the plea that there was none in the house.

The Indian became cross and ugly, swearing with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the household. Branson was a brave man and, although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw that he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threats. Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration—which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk—Branson sprang upon him, knocked him down with a blow of his fist, and then disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few minutes of futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken slumber.

He did not waken until next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored his weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side.

The savage, on waking, rose slowly to his feet, felt his rists, as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons and, without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber that stood near by.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to the husband with a scared look.

"Pshaw! don't trouble yourself about the drunken brute," answered the settler lightly; but, as he turned away and stepped into the yard, he muttered: "Like it! Well not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes he would not remember; but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstances."

The summer passed; they saw the drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall the settler, one day, while returning from hunting on the hills and passing through a dense piece of timber, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes, but which quickly disappeared when he advanced toward where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Rufus Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian whom he had knocked down and bound the previous summer. The knowledge was not in any way comforting; hence he did not tell his wife of the discovery. It would alarm her, without, perhaps, any good result. He merely told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and she and the child must stay within or close to the house when he was absent.

Several days afterward, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and knowing that they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail and as he arrived in sight they fairly lifted it, going on in a straight line down the river.

The chase had led him several miles and when at last he got in his shot that finished Bruin's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Swinging his game to a sapling, out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get the old gray mare and return and fetch it that night. Taking a short cut, he approached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few rods of the building and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he passed through the wood.

Thus it was that when within but a very short distance from home he heard a wild, piercing shriek. He could guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves.

Uttering a loud shout, that his presence might the sooner be made known, Branson sprang forward with the leaps of a wounded buck, a great fear at his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife. It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliffs of which I had spoken stood the mother, her face white as the dead, her arms outstretched, and her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous height up which the form of an Indian warrior was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and then Rufus Branson saw that the bundle borne in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, little Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father for a moment actually quailed and cowered under what his quick sense told him was the deadly peril of the little one.

But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance the fell purpose that actuated the abduction

"God and me!" Branson muttered as he raised his rifle, glanced through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot.

He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph he passed upward.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot.

Where had that man came from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach.

But there was no time for explanation. The stranger, a man rather below than above the ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by the close fitting buckskin garments, stepped forward a few paces, and grimly planting his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the agonized mother muttered an inaudible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click of the hammer as it was drawn back told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he rested a moment.

The opportunity was seized by the unknown.

Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child in front of him as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot. For one second, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became as immovable as though held with a vise. With clasped hands and straining eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon whose skill so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out, the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clear they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly for an instant, and then pitch forward upon the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where the child lay, and in a few moments the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," said the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said, and was gone.

Reading for the Million.

Brain Power.

The fact that Mechella, the criminal who was executed in Hudson City, N. J., recently, was the possessor of an extraordinary heavy and well-developed brain has puzzled the experts, and seems likely to lead to an interesting inquiry. The claim was made for this prisoner that his actions showed him to be a man of deficient intelligence, and that owing to his partially idiotic condition he was not morally responsible for his acts, and should not be hung. The New Jersey Court of Pardons would not, however, entertain this appeal. A post mortem examination showed Mechella's brain to weigh 51 grains and 1 scruple; a weight which has been only exceeded in one instance. Daniel Webster's brain—the heaviest of any recorded—although there have very possibly been heavier ones—weighed but two or three scruples more than that of the Finish murderer. Furthermore, as far as present knowledge of the subject extends, the shrewdest anatomist, with it alone before him, and lacking all particulars of the person who had once carried it about him, would have pronounced it, without hesitation, the brain of a man of compelling intellect. So much for cornered wisdom! This case shows, once more, how easily the most earnest theories relating to the connection of mind and matter may be overturned. It must be said that there is little ignorance among students on this subject. There is such an evident mystery about the matter that it would be very surprising to learn that there has been a radical misconception of the nature of the brain function, or even to know that the brain is a mere receiver, instead of being as now supposed, the originator of nervous force. The Mechella case would appear to offer one more proof that intellectual power by no means depends on the size of the brain. Instances have heretofore been adduced to show this, but the latest evidence is always the best. Very recently a measurement of Prof. Aggassiz's brain showed that while the organ was large and healthy, it did not approach the huge brains of which special account has been kept. Mechella's brain was many grains heavier that than of one of the brighest geniuses of our times.

THE ADVERTISER who says he dosen't see the use of a standing advertisement—snaps his fingers and says he wouldn't give *that* for one—prefers to speak to the people through the newspapers once in a while in a news-like way, to just keep them in mind of him—this man don't consider. He contradicts his own opinion the very first time he goes from home. In a strange place, the newspaper is his directory. If he wants to buy a carpet, or a cook stove, or a book, or a dress, or get a suit of clothes, or have his watch fixed, or his hair cut, or a pair of boots, or a box of cigars—he looks for an advertisement. Finding one that looks fair and business-like, he don't ask questions, but goes and buys. This man has friends who like what he's bought, and the next time they go to that place they are likely to seek out that merchant. In this way many an one has become famous in his line of business. A single sale of this sort has been the means of making many a man's fortune.

Speech of Hon. Charles Albright, Delivered in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Speaker, as early as the 4th of December of this session I introduced a bill, No. 42, providing for the free transmission through the mails of newspapers in the counties where the same are published, and also for the free exchange of papers and periodicals between publishers. It is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the publishers of newspapers and periodicals may send to each other from their respective offices of publication, free of postage, one copy of each publication; and may also send to each actual subscriber, inclosed in their publications, bills and receipts for the same, free of postage. The publishers of weekly newspapers may send to each actual subscriber within the county where their papers are printed and published one copy thereof free of postage.

SEC. 2. That all laws and parts of laws inconsistent with the provisions of the foregoing section be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

I did this in deference to a general public sentiment in its behalf, and because the people never favored the legislation which compelled them to pay postage on their home papers. The people are the losers by the present law much more than the publishers of newspapers. Since the introduction of bill No. 42 I have received numerous letters from different parts of the country urging the speedy passage of the same. It was referred to the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads, and that committee, before the holiday recess, reported the bill now under consideration, and which in its third section imbodies the principles of the bill which I had the honor to introduce.

I propose at this point briefly to refer to the history of legislation upon this subject, to show that the newspaper was always under the friendly tutelage of Congress. The twenty-first section of the act of February 20, 1792, provides:

That every printer of newspapers may send one paper to each and every other printer of newspapers within the United States, free of postage, under such regulations as the Postmaster General may prescribe.

Section 21 of the act of May 8, 1794, re-enacted the same.

Section 4 of the act of March 4, 1845, is as follows:

That all newspapers of no greater size or superficies than nineteen hundred square inches may be transmitted through the mail by the editors or publishers thereof to all subscribers or other persons within thirty miles of the city or town or other place in which the paper is or may be printed, free of any charge for postage whatever.

This is the first law that allowed subscribers (within thirty miles of the place where the paper was published) to receive it postage free. It embraced daily papers, and was not confined to county lines. This law continued in force six years—as to daily papers, to March 3, 1851.

Section 35 of the act of March 3, 1863, after regulating the postage on newspapers, periodicals, &c., provides as follows:

But the publishers of weekly newspapers may send to each actual subscriber within the county where their papers are printed and published one copy thereof free of postage.

This law confines its privileges to weekly papers, and makes the county line, instead of thirty miles, the limit. Section 3 of the act of July 27, 1868, modifies section 35 of the act of March 3, 1863, as follows:

But nothing in this act shall be so construed as to require carriers to distribute said papers unless postage is paid upon them at a rate of five cents per quarter, &c.

The act of January 31, 1873, swept out of existence all franking laws and privileges, and went further than many of the enemies of the franking privilege desired. The people now demand a restoration of this privilege, and I am gratified to know that in all the speeches which have been made upon the bill under consideration no voice has been raised against this provision. The Postmaster-General concedes the fact that he never desired the adverse legislation on newspapers, and does not now object to its restoration. The honorable Speaker of the House, [Mr. Blaine,] in a letter dated December 17, 1873, says:

If I would vote for any possible exception to the rule of uniform and universal payment of postage it would be in favor of newspaper exchanges and the free circulation of county papers within their own bailiwicks.

It is not necessary here to speak of the power of the press and the influence it exerts in the education of the masses either for the right or wrong. If it is true that the press is corrupt and unreliable, public men have had much to do in giving it its present status; but certain it is that you will not elevate and improve it by hostile and unfriendly legislation.

I take it for granted then that so much of this bill as relates to newspapers will become a law. We see that these concessions to the cause of popular education have existed for many years and have met the prompt approval of some of the wisest statesmen with which our country has been blessed. In view of this fact, Mr. Speaker, I am led to the conclusion that these excellent provisions must have been inadvertently swept away by the besom of economy that was set in operation by the popular call for reformation in the extravagant practices which had of late years grown out of the injudicious use of the franking privilege. They met this fate from the fact that newspapers were transmitted in company with matter which had fallen into disgrace by obtruding itself into the mail-bags and showing a pass instead of paying fare; like the tame goose in the fable, they had their necks wrung for having been found in bad company.

Mr. Speaker, the other question is, whether the things named in the first section of the bill under discussion shall be allowed to pass through the mail without charge, or whether the people shall have them; because it seems to me that unless provision is made to send them out they had better not be procured. If the only idea upon this subject is saving money, then the best road to travel in is to take a cross and near cut and dispense altogether with the printing and publishing of the things named in the section to which I have referred. If we print and procure them, then the means ought to be provided for their distribution; otherwise they become waste material. The repeal of the franking privilege puts this whole matter in an anomalous position, as I shall endeavor to show in the course of my remarks.

Mr. Speaker, if I understand the policy of the Government with regard to the management of the Post-Office Department, it has been more with the object of accommodating the people in the speedy, safe, and certain transmission of mail matter than with a view of raising revenue, and hence efforts have never been specially made for having the Post-Office Department make money, because it has at all times been in the power of the Government to make large revenues out of the Post-Office Indeed the machinery of this Department is peculiarly fitted and adopted to this purpose, but the history of the Post-Office Department shows that a constant and steady reduction and equalization of the rates of postage has been going on. Within my recollection letter postage has been reduced from twenty-five cents to three cents. This has been done because the Post-Office Department stands before the world as a benefactor and educator, by bringing intelligence to almost every door at a rate much cheaper than individual or corporate influence could accomplish it, while the benefits it dispenses inure alike to the rich and poor, yet particularly is it the friend of the poor, because the concessions in the way of cheap postage and of affording mail facilities in remote and sparsely settled portions of the country are directly in the interests of the hardy and enterprising pioneer; and the same may be said with regard to the free-delivery system in the large cities. The free-delivery system brings the post-office to every fireside in the cities at an extra cost now of about $2,000,000 per annum.

It is not a question of so much importance, then, whether the revenues of the Post-Office Department pay the expenses of the Post-Office Department, as it is whether the revenues of the Government generally pay the expenses of the Government. How any money is made for the Government by the Executive Departments thereof using postal stamps in their official correspondence instead of an autograph frank is not readily comprehended, or how the use of stamps checks abuse. When the franking privilege existed all matter sent through the mail by the Departments of the Government went free. The use of stamps makes the cost to the Government no less. In all the discussion upon this subject I have failed to discover where the saving of money comes in; nor have I been able to find where the Postmaster General has elucidated the matter, except upon the principle that it pays to rob Peter to pay Paul. The Executive Departments of the Government still frank, but under another name—a stamp instead of an autograph. The stamping business costs thousands of dollars more annually than the autographing did, but Uncle Sam foots the bill as before for carrying the mail. There may be great wisdom in all this, but the progress of the masses has been too slow to comprehend it, and hence they can but look on the car as it passes by, and wonder.

In this light, then, can it be fairly and truly said that anything has been gained by the abolition of the franking privilege? I hear gentlemen say that the franking privilege was a good thing, but that its abuses broke it down. I admit this; but tell me what good thing you could have if the abuse of it was a conclusive argument for its abolition and removal? This bill is an attempt at a partial restoration of the franking privilege, with the abuses cut off. Franking, as exercised by Congress, was instrumental in the dissemination of intelligence among the people. It is suggested by some that everybody was not supplied with the same document, and that therefore the system worked unequally and unjustly, and should not be even partially restored. Well, sir, if there is any force in this argument, it might apply to the abolition of Congress itself. Because everybody cannot be elected to Congress at the same time, nobody ought to be, and therefore there should be no Congress.

I think every member on this floor experiences this truth, that it is a little easier to supply a constituent with a public document than to procure a seat in this House. You provide for the printing of the *Congressional Record*; you donate to each member twenty-five copies or more; you do it out of the people's money. Now, it it is understood that each member will distribute these among such persons as he sees fit, and where he thinks they will do the most good. If the argument of the gentlemen on the other side of this question is worth anything, there ought to be enough *Records* provided to furnish one to each constituent, or none. This statement shows the absurdity of the argument. It is to be presumed that a member of Congress ought to have some little sense and discretion in the distribution of such documents as he may be intrusted with.

The truth is, that all persons connected with the Government are endowed with the privilege of franking except Senators and members of the House of Representatives in Congress, and their Secretary and clerks; that is, they are supplied with frank-stamps at the expense of the Government. The stamping army now consists of forty thousand men and women, to say nothing of boys and girls, and I suppose it is growing daily. All, or nearly all, Government officials are mustered on the stamp-rolls except Congressmen. Official stamps are authorized, because public servants ought not to be called upon or excepted to pay postage upon correspondence relating to public business, and because it is safe to trust everybody in the public service except Senators and members of the House of Representatives. The Petroleum V. Nasbys, postmasters at confederate cross-roads, can be safely intrusted with the necessary stamps for their official correspondence, even if they should perchance occasionally write letters to their friends, the Deacon Pograms.

If Congressmen have constituents—and it is to be presumed that most of us have—a few to whom we must write and send public documents occasionally, we may safely be entrusted with the privilege, if we buy the necessary stamps, for sending them through the mail. If the American Congress cannot respect itself, the people will not, much.

Mr. Speaker, if I may be permitted to say it, I think there is very little strength in the statement that public documents ought not to be distributed gratuitously unless enough are provided to send one to each tax-payer or voter, but that they ought only to be sold. It was well said by the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] that there can be no law, however just, that will work perfect equity in all respects.

I will illustrate what I mean. Take the Agricultural Report. Several of these sent to a few practical and intelligent men in a township, who generally make such use of them as will bless and benefit their entire community, will do fully as much as if every man in the township had one, and in that way useful knowledge is disseminated, the nation profited, and the material interests of the country advanced. The same is true with many other documents, and particularly with packages of seeds, cuttings, roots, and scions. To supply every voter with each article would bankrupt the nation worse than the war.

If this whole business is to be regulated upon the princple of money saving only, stop the printing of documents. Stop sending out packages of seeds, &c. You cannot send a quart of wheat to every farmer; and if you cannot, then, according to the argument of the apostle of the grangers, you ought to send to nobody. This point can never be reached unless you can turn back the finger of progress on the dial-plate of time. The argument closes in upon you. You must follow it up by doing away with the Department of Agriculture, of Signal Service, and other departments of useful and scientific information. Thereby you can make the greatest saving, and blind but stupid equity can be measured out to everybody, and nobody will be benefited, but everybody injured.

Some statements have been made with regard to the expense of printing and binding of congressional documents during this debate which are wide of the mark. To correct these, I propose to read the following extract from a letter from Hon. A. M. Clapp, Congressional Printer, under date of December 27, 1873:

Appropriation for the printing and binding for the Government for several years has been about $2,000,000 per annum. During the last year, ending September 30, the amount expended for printing and binding for Congress was $874,998.27.

For all the Executive Departments, including the judiciary and the Government Printing Office, was $1,210,239.77.

It is but truth to state that the printing and binding for the executive and judicial departments include all blanks, blank-books, &c., required for the business of the Government here and elsewhere throughout the country.

The Department of Agriculture also is supplied with all its printing and binding from this office.

It is apparent from the records of this office that the greater part of the $2,000,000 appropriated for the public printing and binding is absorbed by the Executive Departments of the Government, instead of being, as is stated in the paragraph quoted above, "expended for public documents which have gone through the mails free."

From a careful examination and analysis of the books of this office, it appears that of the $874,998.27 expended in 1873 for all the printing and binding for Congress, the amount absolutely used for the printing and binding of extra numbers of documents "which have gone through the mails free" is $518,394.12, which, instead of being the greater part of the $2,000,000 appropriated and expended for the public printing and binding, is really only one-fourth of the entire amount. Of the above amount, $153,751.84 have been expended for the census of 1870.

Now, sir, while I have no anxiety or desire for a restoration of the franking privilege for myself, so far as it relates to my little correspondence, I do think that if we authorize the printing of public documents and the maintaining of the Department of Agriculture and other valuable and important Bureaus of the Government to furnish such information for the people at great expense, we ought to provide some means whereby we can send out the documents and the seeds, information, &c., from the Departments so that they may do the good we expect from them. Believing that this will be right and that the people will justify it, I shall vote for the pending bill. If it is considered unwise to provide the money to send out these documents, then we had better retrace our steps.

The appropriations for the Department of Agriculture last year were $127,550, and I believe the people have more than realized this amount out of the knowledge they acquired from this source. I believe in wise, liberal, and judicious legislation; and I believe this bill points in that direction, and I shall vote for it. I have no objection to putting the daily papers on the free list.

The Girls.

SOME ADVICE BY A WOMAN.

AN OLD LADY'S ADVICE.—"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you are, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house at least four times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take care to surprise her, so that you can see her in morning dress, and observe her occupation when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you could plainly hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it."—*Waverly.*

Profound, truly; particularly the declaration that the old lady is older than her son, or she couldn't be his mother. Good advice it may be; but, girls, how are you to become enlightened

CONCERNING JOHN?

or are you to take it for granted that he is all right? Perhaps you consider it a matter of minor importance that you should know about him beforehand. Seeing him three or four times before breakfast will not help you, should you attempt to investigate. How can you find out his disposition and habits? How are you to know whether he intends to support you, or has planned for you to gain a livelihood for both? Perhaps he can almost take care of himself, and you may help a little.

It is generally understood that each takes the other for better or worse; surely neither should look for or expect perfection. Even were it possible to obtain, who, in their sober senses, on mature consideration, would for a moment wish it? Who could abide

A PERPETUAL REPROACH?

who would not willingly—nay, gladly—see such treasure take to itself wings and fly away—to Heaven?

Now, so long as Susan cannot follow John to his haunts, in order to gain information in regard to his habits, mode of life and various other little items; cannot tell whether the gallant and affectionate lover will wear the bonds matrimonial right royally; does not know whether the fret and worry of every-day life will develop nobler traits and loftier aims, or if, on the contrary, that shall prove but dross that she counted gold,—why should John's mamma be so anxious for him to go early in the morning in order to play the spy on Susan's movements? Why should he not take his chances as well as she?

Now, girls, my advice is: Should any such person show himself, on any such errand, at your kitchen-door, at the break of day, and find you the very quintessence of neatness, your face covered with smiles, and hands with biscuit dough, all things favorable, and should he, his visage aglow with satisfaction, signify that "Barkis is willin'," —or, in other words, ask you to marry him,—turn your back to him at once with

A DECIDED NO.

He will make a selfish, indolent, parsimonious husband, who will, in all probability, be asking, three months after you are married, if not sooner: "What in the world has become of that pound of sugar I brought home a month and a half ago?" or, "What did you do with that quarter of a dollar I gave you last week?"

He will oversee the kitchen work, have his fingers in every pie, and weary you with his everlasting talk of wastefulness and extravagance. In fact, such men as John make the very worst kind of husbands; they

TAKE TO MEANNESS NATURALLY.

Many of both sexes are deceived, it is true; nor can it, taking human nature into account, be otherwise. The result is, some go through life with bowed heads, and hearts full of bitterness; while others, if possible, profit by the divorce laws, and others still elope forthwith, *a la* free love; and thus it will be so long as the world stands. A sorry state of affairs, I admit, but who is to be censured?

The old Serpent, or Eve? Not Adam, of course, because "The woman gave unto me, and I did eat."

Answer the question as you may, the facts are the same, and, if either sex is to be deceived, disappointed and duped, I prefer it should be the rougher one. They easily throw it off; they go out into the air and sunlight (and God's blessed sunlight causes many a burden to be more lightly borne); they mingle with their fellows; business matters divert their attention, and they are usually not so crushed (there are exceptions, it is true) that they cannot enjoy their cigar, the club-room or saloon, or, it is just possible, the society of some interesting lady friend, to whom they look unutterable things, or at least those not lawful to be uttered under the circumstances, and sigh as they think of "what might have been."

But, girls, if you marry one who proves indifferent to you, whose habits are bad, and whose soul is small, and you find yourselves neglected and uncared for,

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Why, wait upon John, care for the children, and through a monotonous routine of duties with a heart full of pain and every nerve unstrung (and how these little daily duties sting and irritate when the soul is crying out for rest!), when one would fain bury her face in her hands, and think, and weep, until at least comparative quiet comes; until she can look upward with the eye of faith, and feel that "Jesus knows it all."

Do not be in haste to marry, nor fancy it is the main road to happiness. There are but too many pitfalls in the way, that are not discovered until it is too late to retrace one's steps.

THERE ARE MEN WITH NOBLE SOULS,

who live pure, unselfish lives, and who will shield their loved ones in their strong arms, and hold them in the innermost recesses of their hearts; who disdain not to show their appreciation of little kindnesses, and in whose presence there is no restraint.

Little golden heads are pressed to the cheek of such a man; tiny, dimpled hands stroke his hair; even baby crows a welcome. The wife does not look askance to see if husband is in good humor; too well she knows his untiring love. The day's golden hours are when husband and father has come.

Upon such men, be they peer or peasant, Nature has set her seal of royalty; but such a one never in his life played the part of spy or evesdropper.

Beware, girls, of these Johns, and never marry for a home. Be independent;

CHOOSE SOME VOCATION;

be workers—self supporting. Pay no attention to all this talk about being good housekeepers, nor be afraid to say that you do not understand it, if such is the case. Walk in the plain path of duty if it be directly through the valley of Humiliation; do not shrink; light will come by and by—a change for the better; or, mayhap, the work considered a burden may anon prove a source of delight.

If housework be the duty nearest to you, do it by all means; but if you are permitted a choice, and talents and inclination lead you into an entirely different path, do not hesitate, nor bury your gifts in a napkin, in order to fit yourselves for the possible contingency of being elected housewives for John. Make the most of yourselves; do right in the sight of God; be fully pursuaded in your own minds; and each of you is

A POWER IN YOURSELF.

You are now bearing many self imposed burdens, which help to defeat your plans for usefulness. Remove from your heads some of the numberless superfluities that have long wearied them; be content to wear shoes with but a reasonable amount of heel; if you wish to walk on stilts, do not in any way have them attached to your ordinary dress; and, above all things, abolish—or, if that be impossible, at least loosen—the corset, so that you can breathe freely; do this and you can think and work with ease,—rise higher and higher in the vocation you have chosen, and never fear but the place you seek will be yours when you are prepared for it.

God made you girls to be

FREE AND HAPPY,

aye, as free as the fresh, wild wind, that wanders where it will,—now through the deep, dark forest, where grow the ferns and lily-bells, and anon over the fields of bright-blossoming clover, blessing and cheering all in its way,—a type of full unfettered joyousness.

Do not be tempted to marry a John, who will deprive you of this freedom,—one who will wish you to sink your individuality into his own narrow-mindedness. Remember, a life of cheerful, self-reliant effort is far better than to be an unappreciated, neglected wife, and, if it be your lot to mate with one of the nobler type of men, you are the better fitted, by previous years of self-sustained endeavor, to stand by his side in life's conflict.—*Mrs. O. E. Snyder, in Chicago Tribune.*

Failures in Business.

The man who has never failed in business cannot possibly know whether he is honest or not, cannot possibly know whether he has any "grit" in him, or is worth a button. It is the man who fails, and then rises, who is really great in his way.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder and grocer; but as often as he failed he "tried and tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone, and then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in times to come.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the orator of his age and nation.

The founder of the Herald kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglass made dinner tables, bed steads and bureaus for many long years before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century.

Gen. Grant failed at everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches; a dozen years ago he "brought up" on top of a wood pile, teaming it to town for forty dollars a month, and yet he is one of the great soldiers of the age, and is now the honored head of a great nation.

The lesson for every young man is this: As long as you have health and power to do, go ahead; if you fail at one thing, try another, and a third—a dozen even. Look at the spider: nineteen times it tried to throw its web to a place of attachment, and on the twentieth it succeeded. The young man who has the "gift of continuance" is the one whose foot will some day stand on high ground, and will be able to breast the angry waters of human engagement.—Journal of Health.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

Adam was the first trader. He sold us all for an apple.

The New York *Arcadian* is about to give up the ghost.

There are several very angry people in the State of Massachusetts.

Disreli is getting his new broom ready for a clean Conservative sweep.

The Third National Prison Reform Congress will meet at St. Louis, May 13.

Love me, love my dog. The Virginia Legislature has refused to impose a dog tax.

The Ohio saloon keepers are crying out with one voice—Di-o Lewis. But Lewis won't di-o.

A South Carolina legislator has introduced "a bill to rejuice the bounding debt of the Stait."

Lucifer matches were taxed last year $1,500,000. The report does not give the tax on matrimonial matches.

The New York *Graphic* wants the Centennial celebration in that city by having a grand explosion of the Hell Gate rocks.

Mark Twain's jumping frog may take a back seat. At Waupun, Wis., seven young females recently had a jumping match.

And now a ring among the claimants for the Geneva award has been discovered, and a Congressional investigation is threatened.

College commencements are not very far off, and poor but brilliant students are making wages writing theses for the rich but stupid.

Departed greatness. A bill is before Congress to change the name of the propeller Wm. M. Tweed, of Buffalo, to one less notorious.

The late conference of the four Latin money nations at Paris resulted in defering the proposed introduction of a single gold standard.

The attendance on the Methodist Sunday schools throughout the world is set down at more than three millions. A pretty large army.

Tupper is said to bear his pension and the comments it has called forth with remarkable equanimity. But then his philosophy is proverbial.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is making arrangements to build car shops, a round-house, and other buildings at Vincennes, Indiana.

In the matter of self-interest and self-development alone, it is of the utmost importance to the South to take part unreservedly in the Centennial.

Everything has its compensations. In consequence of the financial hard winter, hundreds of marriages throughout the country have been postponed.

The New York Legislature is striving to secure pure liquor for citizens of the Empire State, and for their visitors. It will not succeed. Rotgut will triumph.

They are stirring up the corruptionists in the Minnesota Legislature, and hard stories are told of prominent men in and from that State.

Texas cattle drivers are busy gathering herds for an early drive. Cattle are in better condition than ever before at this season of the year.

Wonder if Nellie Grant knows what her young man's name is. The newspapers get it Sartoris, Sartorious, Saetoris and Saetoeiores.

A New Orleans editor acknowledges a visit from the editor of the Louisiana *Sugar Bowl.* He doesn't state who furnished the other ingredients.

Many people, particularly young females, are becoming deranged in different parts of the country from the effects of religious excitement, consequent on the prevalent revivals.

"Wor-uk'" exclaimed a North Carolinian who was offered a job; "do you s'pose I'd wor-uk, mister, when coon tracks are as thick as grass blades?" This is what keeps the South poor.

The President of Cornell University states that as a rule young women at that institution average ten per cent. better on their papers than the young men, and seem to be quite as healthy.

The latest horse disease is gradually dying out. The remedies used are washings and introductions of tar smoke, together with constant examinations of the stables and daily whitewashing.

Much excitement prevails in one of the interior counties of Missouri, on account of the hideous cries of some wild animal which is said to be roaming the woods. Maybe it's the spirit of the lost cause.

Many of the North Carolina planters are said to have become demoralized, and now accept positions on railroads or in stores at from $40 to $50 per month, giving up their former occupations.

Of the first issue of the new postal cards, printed by the German government for letter communication with the United States, the steamers that left Hamburg and Bremen last month carried seven thousand.

Quite a formidable array of petitions are before Congress praying for an amendment to the Constitution, providing for the election of United States Senators by the people.

One of the bitterest ingredients in the Simmons pill, over which Boston is making so many wry faces just now, is the mortifying fact that the new collector isn't a "Harvard man."

Iowa raised more wheat in 1873 than any other State in the Union. She did the same thing 1872. The figures are 34,000,000 bushels in 1873, and 32,000,000 bushels in 1872.

Pease, the new Senator from Mississippi, has distinguished himself early, by offering a bill requiring the government to endow a female university and six normal schools in Mississippi!

These monarchs are not *all* useless. King Oscar, of Sweden, is the inventor of a fire escape apparatus. It was lately tried in Stockholm and proved a valuable invention.

It is reported that Jeff Davis has gone to Europe. The cause of his foreign trip was his quarrel with Foote. A Washington correspondent says: "It is reported that Jeff. said either he or Foote had to leave this continent." Foote was obstinate, so Jeff. went. This country has no further use for him, and his flight to Europe will cause no regrets.