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"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY."

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NO. 22.

THE TRUNDLE-HEAD.

As I ruminated through the garret,
Lying on the floor,
And musing on the future,
Which was to be my lot,
I saw in the far distance
A vision of a better world,
Where all the world was one,
And all the world was good.

And I drew it from the clouds,
Where it had been so long,
And I saw it in the light,
As if it were a dream,
And I saw it in the light,
As if it were a dream,
And I saw it in the light,
As if it were a dream.

As I thought, I saw a vision,
Of a world where all was one,
And all the world was good,
And I saw it in the light,
As if it were a dream,
And I saw it in the light,
As if it were a dream.

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awakes with a gasp and a shiver,
And rising unsteadily to his feet,
He looks at the clock,
And sees that it is half past four,
And he looks at the door,
And sees that it is open.

"She looks at him a moment. Is this
the man she has loved so madly? Oh,
what are the bitter years of waiting
and weeping to the terrible sufferings of
this one dark moment?"

"Louis, do you know me?" stealing
him with her little hands.
"Why, hullo! Barb! Glee-see-yer, Barb.
Give's (hie) kiss!"

He recoils toward her, but she pushes
him back and looks him full in the face.
"Louis, if nothing else will bring you
to your senses, let me tell you that this
house is burning to the ground, and unless
you exercise some will-power and follow
me, there will be nothing but a heap of
ashes left of us by morning."

A little sobered now by her earnest
words, he straightens himself up, and
puts her one side, with a drunken leer
as he crosses the door.

"So much the better, my dear. We
will perish in the flames together; so
romantic, you know! You are not
aware that I am something of a fire-
worshiper? And he swings the key before
her startled eyes—the key has locked
them for life."

"Louis—Louis, you surely will not
keep us to our death? Give me the
key!"

With a half sob she springs toward
him, but he recoils her with out-
stretched arms, and draws her to his
breast.

"Couldn't give you that, sweetheart—
I'll do anything else though, because
I love you—do you try!"

His hot breath sweeps her cheeks as
he bends over her.

"For shame, Louis!" she cries, strug-
gling to free herself from his cruel
grasp; but realizing how vain her ef-
forts are, she grows quiet, and her face
rests as white and still as death on his
shoulder.

There is a pause, in which a cloud of
smoke pours in at the window. She
looks up into the gleaming eyes above
her, but makes no outcry. There is a
slight movement of his lips as though
he would press them to her own, and
his head droops over her. But suddenly
he opens his arms and she is at liberty.

"Your pure lips shall not be con-
taminated, Barbara; I am a drunken
wretch."

He unlocks the door and throws it
open. A tongue of flame leaps from
under the chamber, and a volume of smoke
pours up the stairway. The halls are
full of it. Already Barbara's breath
comes gaspingly. North catches a
blanket from the bed.

"Are you afraid of me, Barbara?"
"Not now," she whispers.

"I'll save you, little Barb," he says,
wrapping her in the blanket. "Put
your arms about my neck. Hold fast,
now, and cover your face and mouth
from the smoke."

He lifts her easily in his arms, and as
the smoke holds back an instant he
springs for the stairway. A few mo-
ments more and they are out in the cool
fresh air and away from the crowd.

A slender young comes to Barbara's
side and kisses her rapturously.
"Oh, my sister! Thank God, you are
safe!"

"Then he turns quickly to her com-
panion, but the eager light fades from
his face, as he recognizes his sister's
faithless lover of three years before.

"Mr. North! We are greatly obliged to
you." This coldly and proudly.
"You are mistaken, Clara. It is I
who owe my life to your sister." Then
he looks at Barbara. "I must see you.
Do not refuse me. Tell me when and
where."

"I shall be at my old home after to-
morrow. Stay, after to-night, for it is
morning now, and I will see you Tuesday
evening at my home in M—"

"Thank you, I will come."
He flashes a little beneath the gaze of
her clear eyes, and after offering to
assist her further, which offer Clara de-
clines haughtily, he bows and walks
away with the fiftal light falling over
the gleaming chestnut hair and elegant
figure.

CHAPTER III.
Another September evening, but in-
tensely warm for the season. The chirp
of the crickets comes up from the yard,
the leaves are motionless on the
branches, and the moon hangs like a
ball of fire in the sky. The air is odor-
ous and heavy with lingering summer.

In the two figures on the veranda we
recognize Louis North and Barbara
Vangh.

There is something indescribably at-
tractive and fascinating about her to-
night. Her robes of muslin are very
becoming. Her face shines out whitely
from its frame of dusky braids. One
or two sweet peas drop from the brown
of her hair, and another cluster is thrust
into her belt. North devours every
little detail of her dress with his greedy
eyes.

"Barbara," he is saying, "I owe you
an apology for the condition in
which you found me on the night of
the fire."

The same familiar voice, and he takes
her face between his warm, strong hands
in the old fashion. He realizes now that
his power over her is gone, because she
does not flush and tremble, and drop her
eyes with that shy, unconscious smile as
of yore.

"You may repent this, Barbara,"
dropping her face with a gesture of
despair.

She turns to him and says quietly:
"Louis North, no man can deceive me
twice. As for your condition Thursday
night, you owe an apology to yourself
rather than to me. I may cherish some
little regard for the man I once knew,
but it is not love. I think of him as of
one dead. You have no place in my re-
gard, and remember, when I say 'good-
bye' this time, it is without a shadow of
pain or regret."

"And this is my answer?"
"It is!"

Another moment and she is alone.
While she lingers there in the shadows,
a sound of voices falls on her ear, and
presently she recognizes her brother
Clara's accents as he says:

"You'll find her on the front veranda,
Grant. I am going up the road. Good
night."

"Good night," this last in a pleas-
ant, manly voice, and Barbara turns to
respond to his greeting.

A man some five years the senior of
North. A plain rugged face that has
not North's sleek curls or flowing chest-
nut beard to beautify it, but a face that
one would instinctively turn to for help
and guidance.

"Are you, Barbara, or only serious?"
he asked, noting her pale face.

"A little serious, I think, but I shall
be better now that you are here, for you
always put me in a good humor."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Bar-
bara," he says, with a sudden earnest-
ness, as he lays his hand over the slender
one that rests on the veranda railing.

Her heart beats a trifle faster, and a
faint smile breaks over the white of
her cheek, beneath his kind, strong eyes.

"I care more for you than you think,"
he continues. "I love and respect you
more than any other woman living. I
have seen so many since my mother died
who so completely realize my idea of
true womanhood as you. I am aware
that you might make a more brilliant
match, but consider that I have a right
to hear my fate from your lips."

He smiles a little, but sobers almost
instantly, for he is deeply in earnest, and
his face grows pale while he awaits her
answer.

"I can have but one answer," bending
his head slightly before him, and hold-
ing out both hands. "I believe in you—
I can trust you."

His warm, steady hands close firmly
over hers, and he bends to kiss the
curving mouth, gravely, tenderly, and
respectfully.

It is so unlike North's fierce wooing.
Barbara breathes a sigh of infinite
rest and peace, and turns into a new
path with a sense of security and of
great peace.

Foreign.
ROCHESTER continues ill.

In China wives are a legal tender for
debts.

The Japanese Empire consumes very
little fish.

LOUIS NAPOLEON suffered terrible
bodily tortures.

NAPOLEON IV. has returned to his
studies at Woolwich.

PRINCE ALBERT of Prussia is to be
married on the 15th of April.

CAPT. HALL's skeleton has been sent
from the Arctic regions to England.

CHINESE oranges are cheap, but deli-
cious as a decayed apple rolled in the
sand.

STATISTICAL returns show that there are
in France at the present time 1,969,787
widows.

THE NEW SENATE.

The Upper House of the Forty-third Con-
gress—A New Deal All Around.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
We publish this morning, for the in-
formation of our readers, an entirely new
and interesting list of the next Senate,
to which the elections are now complete,
with the exception of Massachusetts,
which will fill the seat that Mr. Henry
Wilson will be required to resign before
he can be sworn in as Vice-President.

The seats claimed by Mr. Spencer and
Mr. Pinchback will be contested—the
former by a Senator to be elected by the
reunited Legislature of Alabama, and
the latter by Gov. Warmoth or some
other aspirant to be chosen by the
Warmoth Legislature of Louisiana. The
full Senate consists of 74 members, of
whom 19 are Democrats, 4 Liberal Rep-
ublicans, and 51 Administration Republi-
cans. The column next to the names
of the States indicates the year in which
the gentlemen respectively entered the
Senate; but in some cases the service
has not been continuous—for example,
Mr. McCree, of Kentucky, who suc-
ceeded the late James Guthrie in 1868,
was succeeded by Mr. Stevenson in 1871,
and now returns to the seat to be vacated
by Mr. McClure in continuous ser-
vice. Mr. Cameron, who entered in
1845, retired in 1849, re-entered in 1857,
retired in 1861 to become Secretary of
War, was afterward Minister to Russia,
and finally returned to the Senate in
1867; his aggregate Senatorial period is
therefore only 20 years. Mr. Hamlin,
who entered in 1848, resigned Jan. 7,
1857, was inaugurated Governor of Maine
the same day, was re-elected to the Sen-
ate Jan. 16, and resigned the office Feb.
20, 1860. He was elected Vice-Presi-
dent, and did not return to the Senate
till 1869; his aggregate service is there-
fore three months less than 19 years.

Chandler, Anthony, Howe and
John Sherman each have 18 years, rank-
ing next after Mr. Hamlin.

States. Birth. Term. Names. Politics.

Alabama..... 1827 1877 C. Goldthwaite, Dem.
1868 1869 G. B. Spencer, Rep.
Arkansas..... 1827 1877 Powell Clayton, Rep.
California..... 1827 1877 J. P. Jones, Rep.
1868 1869 J. P. Jones, Rep.
Connecticut..... 1827 1877 J. P. Jones, Rep.
1868 1869 J. P. Jones, Rep.
Delaware..... 1827 1877 J. P. Jones, Rep.
1868 1869 J. P. Jones, Rep.
Florida..... 1827 1877 J. P. Jones, Rep.
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Georgia..... 1827 1877 J. P. Jones, Rep.
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1868 1869 J. P. Jones, Rep.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Combinations Against Farmers.

In a paper on combinations for con-
trolling prices, which was read by Mr.
T. D. Curtis, of the Utica Herald, be-
fore the New York Dairyman's Associa-
tion, he says: Agriculture is kept wait-
ing by it, like a beggar at the back door,
while commerce, manufactures, and all
the royal interests of the capitalists and
speculators are admitted in front, and
receive obsequious attention. The pro-
ducing classes—among whom the farmers
are foremost—pay, directly and indi-
rectly, all the taxes and receive the least
consideration. Still for this the farmers
are themselves largely to blame. They
have not pushed their claims, but have
plodded on patiently at home, and ac-
cepted whatever was offered them. They
have not seen through all the tricks of
the non-producing classes, and now they
are wondering "if farming pays?" It
does pay, but not in proportion to other
callings, many of which are paid too
well, and at the farmer's expense.

Farming is robbed by high rates of in-
terest, extortionate rates of freight,
enormous profits on tools, machinery,
and manufactures, by commissions, and
in a thousand and one other ways,
through the tricks of agents and im-
porters. While it gives employment to
fully one-half our entire industrial popu-
lation, it fixes neither the prices of
what it sells nor buys. Tradesmen,
mechanics, and speculators fix those
prices. Is it any wonder that the farmer
does not get the best of the bargain
under such a system? Supply and de-
mand regulate prices of farm products
to some extent, but the prices of farm
tools, manufactures, mining and the like
are regulated by combinations, directly
and indirectly.

How I Make Soft Soap.

I keep my ashes dry, and when put in
the hopper preparatory to making soap,
I have from a half to one peck of un-
slacked lime put in with the ashes.
Before putting the grease in, I swing
the kettle off the fire and let it hang a
few moments. If there is any potash in
it, I take a shovel and take it out, for
it makes good soap. I pack the ashes well,
adding water enough to dampen them.

Then I put three or four buckets of
water on each day for two or three days,
until I think it sufficiently soaked. And
lastly, I pour on boiling water to run
the lye off. As soon as I have enough
kettle over the fire, and I put my
fast as it will boil, still adding more lye
as it boils down. In this way I continue
for a whole day. By evening it will
probably be sufficiently strong to eat a
feather in passing it three times across
the liquid. I now put my grease in (all
I think it will eat) still boiling as fast
as I can without its running over. If it
eats the grease all up I add more. I
now leave my kettle to hang over the
fire all night. In the morning, if there
is any scraps of grease that are not
two, and if they do not dissolve I take
them out. Then I take out a few
spoonfuls of the soap, and set it away a
little while to cool. When cold, if there
is no lye under it, and it appears free
from grease, I set my kettle off, and
hang another one to boil more lye.

Managing in this way, I generally can
make from sixteen to eighteen gallons of
nice white soap in two days, and often
in one day and a night.—Cor. Cincin-
nati Gazette.

Tendency to Monopoly.

Thus, Meehan, in the Philadelphia
Press, expresses the belief that the
steam-plow cannot be made profitable
on small farms, but that, as steam can
do the work cheaper than horses, the
tendency will be to tempt capitalists to
work the land more than they do, and
thus bring about larger farms, and more
stupendous enterprises in the business
than we find now. If this be true, we
may have great monopolists in the agri-
cultural as in the mercantile world. In
England, the tendency has been toward
large farms, and farming pays in that
country. In France, the farms are small
and unprofitable. The prospect of co-
operation affords the most convenient
solution of this problem which occurs to
us, and it is not wholly unreasonable to
suppose that, as machinery becomes
necessary and expensive, farmers will
combine, and succeed in joint-stock con-
cerns where they fail singly.

Preserving Potatoes.

A correspondent of the Scientific
American says that he has tried the fol-
lowing method of keeping potatoes for
years with complete success, though in
some instances the tubers were diseased
when taken out of the ground: "Dust
over the floor of the bin with lime, and
about six inches deep of potatoes, and
dust with the lime as before. Put in
six or seven inches of potatoes, and lime
again; repeat the operation until all are
stored away. One bushel of lime will do
for forty bushels of potatoes, though
more will not hurt them—the lime rather
improving the flavor than otherwise."

Household Notes.

To Make Sausage.—Take ten pounds of
meat, add four and a half ounces salt,
one ounce pepper, three-quarters of an
ounce sage.

Scotch Cake.—Take one pound of fine
flour, a half pound of fresh butter, a
half pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar;
mix well in a paste, roll out an inch
thick in a square shape, pinch the edges
so as to form small points; ornament
with currants and orange chips; bake in
a quick oven. When of a pale lemon color
it is done.

Deviled Turkey.—Take the legs of a
turkey or large fowl, cut it all over to
the bone, pepper and salt it well; then
take mixed mustard, mix it with one-
third its quantity of flour, and plaster
the legs over with the mixture as thick
as it will stick, also stuffing the gashes
in the legs with it; when this is done
put it on a gridiron over a clear fire;
serve hot.

Dedicate Cake.—Take one pound of
one of sugar, three-quarters of a
pound of butter, one glass of wine,
one of brandy, the whites of sixteen
eggs. This makes a delightful cake,
well named.

The Greeley Monument—Address of the Committee.

To the People of the United States:
The committee to raise a fund to commem-
orate the virtues of the late Horace Greeley
by a statue and a monument in Greenwood,
has been fully organized by the appointment
of the Hon. William W. Allen, of Westchester
county, as Chairman; the Hon. Andrew H.
Green, Comptroller of the city of New York,
Treasurer; and Edmund C. Steadman, Esq.,
of New York, Secretary.

The members of the committee, as far as ap-
pointed, are at work in earnest, and with a sure
prospect of success. But they are conscious
that it does not belong to them, nor to any
limited number of men, to render adequate
honor to one whose just fame belongs to the
entire people. Horace Greeley was pre-emi-
nently a man of the people; he rose from
among their ranks by industry, frugality, and a
life of blameless purity; his example, no less
than his written words, will find forever a
precious legacy to the masses of the work-
ing-men, who are actuated by the same pure
ambition as that which raised him from poverty
and obscurity to the honorable and conspicuous
position in which for many years he led the
public opinion of the country. There is noth-
ing in his character or career which mars the
force of his beneficent influence. No young
man can ponder the story of his life without
profit. He is one of the few public men
of our age who may be safely held up to the imi-
tation of the young. It is therefore to the
people at large that the committee confidently
appeal. It is their privilege and duty to honor
worthily the man who best represented the
brain and conscience of the masses.

This is in no sense a partisan enterprise.
The committee is composed of members of all
parties, equally proud to do honor to one
whose labors in life were passed in devotion to
the general welfare.

All who believe with us that Mr. Greeley's
great efforts in behalf of freedom, of enlight-
enment, of economy, and of progress have not
been without result, are cordially
invited to share in this tribute to his memory.
The rich cannot better show their appreciation
of the lessons of industry and order which he
taught, and the poor, in giving what slight
aid they can afford, will honor their own
character and aspirations. It is not doubted that
every citizen in the country will be willing to
forward the work, either by an editorial in-
terference, or by receiving and forwarding such sums
as may be raised in his locality. There is not a
village in the land but contains some man who
has profited by Mr. Greeley's teachings. We
hope there is not one where an effort will not
be made to contribute to this expression of the
national gratitude.

A memorial volume will be kept containing
the name and residence of every contributor,
and upon the completion of the work will be
deposited in the Historical Society for preserva-
tion.

WILLIAM W. ALLEN, Chairman.

ANDREW H. GREEN, Treasurer.

EDMUND C. STEADMAN, Secretary.

JOHN O. WILSON, John E. Williams, Augustus
Schell, John O. Williams, Samuel J. Tilden,
Shall O. Roberts, Frank Leslie, William O'Brien,
James H. Smith, New York Herald, Irving Chamber-
lain, New York Tribune, William Cullen Bryant, New
York Evening Post, James Brooks, New York Express,
New York Journal, New York Staats Zeitung, David
McClure, New York Journal of Commerce, William
Reid, New York Tribune, Hugh J. Hastings, New
York Commercial Advertiser, J. M. Bundy, New York
Evening Mail, George P. T. Rogers, New York
Evening Post, William Cullen Bryant, New York
Tribune, James H. Smith, New York Herald, Irving
Chamberlain, New York Journal, New York Staats
Zeitung, David McClure, New York Journal of Com-
merce, William Reid, New York Tribune, Hugh J.
Hastings, New York Commercial Advertiser, J. M.
Bundy, New York Evening Mail, George P. T. Rogers,
New York Evening Post, William Cullen Bryant, New
York Tribune, James H. Smith, New York Herald

[illegible]

FEB. 5.—At Springfield, Mass.—The
chusetts Insurance building, valued at \$
was burned, and the office of the *Exp*
seriously damaged....Lafayette, Ind.—

5,000, Judge Poland for the course Hal attempted to pursue. The cross-examination did not destroy the force of testimony in any material point. Judge

clause of section 184 of the act to revise, consolidate and amend the statute relating to the Postoffice department.

Sec. 3. That any person who shall take any postal card or packet out of any postoffice or

to one-half less in Dooney's than in our
Yeast or Baking Powders. It is put up full
weight.— [Com.]

Soldiers enlisted between May 4th and August 6th, 1861, for three years, and never received bounty, can now obtain it; also those who failed to apply for the additional bounty. Address, with stamp, B. F. BROWN & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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