Farm, Garden and Household.

How They Train Sheep Dogs.

The Rev. C. E. Babb, in one of his letters from California, tells of an old shepherd told him how they train the famous shepherd dogs in southern California. He says you may go over the plains and hills there for miles, and see thousands of sheep, but not a man to watch them. Around each flock or band of say a thousand sheep are half a dozen dogs of a peculiar breed—dogs whose progenitors were imported from the sheep pastures of the old world. These dogs take the entire care of the sheep, drive them out to pasture in the morning, keep them from straying during the day, and bring them home at night. These dogs have inherited a talent for keeping sheep, but the shepherds do not depend wholly on that. They cultivate it in this way—so at least the old shepherd says:

"When a lamb is born it is taken away from the mother sheep before she has seen it, and a puppy put in its place. The sheep suckles the puppy and learns to love it. When puppy grows old enough to eat meat it is fed in the morning and sent out with the sheep. It stays with them because it is accustomed to be with its mother, but it cannot feed with them. As they get full the dog gets hungry. At length impatient to return where it can get another piece of meat, it begins to tease and worry its mother, and finally starts her home; the other sheep follow, and thus the whole flock is brought in. If the dog brings the sheep in too soon, or comes without them, he gets no supper, or is punished in some way. Hence he soon learns when to come, and to see to it that none of his charge are left behind. These animals are trained by taking advantage of their instinct and appetites."

Farm Items.

Alderman Mechi estimates that 1,500 sheep folded on an acre of land for 24 hours, or 100 for 15 days, would manure the soil sufficiently to carry it through a four years' rotation.

A man died recently in England from the bite of a rat, which he encountered while removing some hay from a mow.

Jonathan Talcott, the well-known potato grower of Rome, N. Y., tells the Boston *Cultivator* that repeated experiments have taught him "that early sorts require richer land to give their best yield, as they grow in less time, and consequently must be better fed, or they are of course small, and the crop will not be remunerating."

Apply lard, or any soft grease, to the parts where the hair is thin on cattle, or on any part where the lice are found. One thorough application cures without fail. Never apply mercurial ointments to any animal or person without keeping them from the wet.

Orchard Grass.

Of late years the many articles in the agricultural papers on the merits of orchard grass have brought it into such general notice that enormous quantities of seed have been sold, and the business in it has assumed large proportions. For our part we have never regarded it as a grass of first-rate quality. In orchards it is good in the first place, because it does better in partial shade than any other grass; and in the next place, because the plant growing in tufts, and not creeping, does not form such a hard, tough sod as green grass or others of that character.

It also pushes up very early into growth, and thus affords a pasture before other kinds get green, all of which are advantages. Cattle, of course, go for anything green in early spring, and hence, when this is the only green thing, they seem to be heartily fond of it; but so far as our experience of it goes, they care very little for it when they can get anything else.

Sheltered Manure.

Having been convinced of the increased value of manure kept under shelter, and having adopted this method of keeping it, writes a correspondent, I give my experience. Fearing it would firefang I watered it very liberally. The next year I watered less, and the next year still less, and have not been able to detect any difference. I came to the conclusion that except around the sides of the heap there is no danger of it being too dry, and there some water should be applied. I make it a point to mix the manure from the horse and cow stables, and keep the surface even; the cattle tramp it, lie on it, and it comes up completely rotted and retaining all its good qualities. As it is said the manure heap is the farmer's gold mine, I am trying to act on that theory and make the manure pile both large and strong, preferring to spend money for bran and other food and pass it through stock, rather than buy patent manures.

Pneumonia in Sheep.

Pneumonia may be supposed to exist when the symptoms are, a drooping condition, rapid and labored breathing, watery eyes, and other catarrhal indications, and when on examination after death the lungs are found of a dark color and full of black spots. Treatment as very rarely effective, as the disease has generally progressed too far before it is observed. Two ounces of Epsom salts, with half an ounce of ginger, might be given at the first appearance of the symptoms, and bleeding from the ear might be useful, as well as cool, pure air and careful nursing in a dry, comfortable pen. Prevention is the best resource, and this consists in protection from sudden changes of temperature or cold and damp; good sound food; pure water; a well ventilated and not too warm pen or shed, and a little salt and some linseed cake meal given frequently and regularly.

Profits of Sheep Husbandry.

It certainly is profitable to keep sheep on a farm if rightly managed—even though the price of wool is low. They are scavengers on a farm—death to all weeds and shrubs that are an annoyance to the tidy farmer. Besides, the spring lambs, if a careful selection of breeds is made, will be found profitable to sell, especially the males, in the market. Americans are eating more and more mutton yearly. The object of the shepherd should be to adapt his sheep husbandry to the wants of the market nearest him—grow the kind of wool that sells the best; or if the carcass is more in demand, grow the sheep which make the most and best meat in the shortest time, always taking into account hardiness and easiness of keep.

Flaky Milk.

Flewwellin, Hallock's Mills, N. Y., says: "I would like to learn the cause that produces white flakes or scales (I do not know what else to term them) in some churnings of butter, and how to prevent the formation of the same. These flakes appear in both warm and cool weather."

REPLY.—The white flakes are fragments of curd, and are probably the result of the milk standing too long, or of its becoming curdled by some means. Perhaps there are some remnants of sour milk left upon the milk pails or pans by reason of their being washed in scalding water. This "sets" any sour milk that may be in crevices or angles of the pans or pails, and cold water will not remove it afterward.

Potatoes for Seed.

A writer in the *N. Y. Tribune*, in reference to selecting potatoes for seed, recommends that the seed be selected in the fall, while selection is possible, and that the tubers coming the nearest to the type desired in a potato be chosen. That is he would select a long, rather slender, medium sized potato, smooth, with eyes not deeply sunken, and then if preserved in the cellar, he would cover with sods to prevent sprouting.

To Bleach Cotton.

A very good way to bleach cotton cloth is to soak it in buttermilk for a few days. Another way is to make a good suds, put from one to two tablespoonfuls of turpentine into it before putting the clothes in. Wash as usual, wringing the clothes from the boil, and drying without rinsing. By using one tablespoonful of turpentine in the first suds on washing days it will save half the labor of rubbing, and the clothes will never become yellow, but will remain a pure white.

Mistaken.

Ye say that love is strong as death;
Ye know not what ye speak.
Shall love be as the feeble breath,
The color on the cheek?

Stronger than death or woe or time
Is He who rules above;
And though the storms of ages chime
His own words, "God is love."

Death is the subject slave of love;
For love is God on high;
Stronger than death, love rules above,
Till death himself shall die.

LITTLE TOM-BOY.

You would hardly believe how little she is; so round and small that people, when they pass her, turn around to look twice more, and smile a little; they know by the very look in her roguish eyes that she is the greatest romp in the city, and she knows it too, and doesn't care.

Somebody, her fond mamma, I suppose, being no judge of character, had named her Dora; such a sweet, mild name being plainly thrown away on our little Tom-boy, her big brother shortened it to Dick; she likes it, she says, and feels like kicking anybody who calls her Dora or Sis. Of course, only a Tom-boy would feel like kicking.

She goes to school; she commenced the very day she was six, for her mother declared she couldn't "stand it" all day any longer; since she has been at school she has climbed over the school-house fence twice, quarreled and made up with every boy in the class, quarreled with every girl, and only made up with two, killed a chicken in the next yard with a stone, and committed a multitude of smaller offenses, too numerous to mention.

I'm afraid the teacher likes her, and is loth to punish her; she used to put her on the boys' side; but Dick looked out through her fingers (she pretended to be crying) and laughed with her neighbors, showing her preference so plainly that the teacher determined to punish her some other way after that.

One day, when Dick had been very naughty, she took out her long rattan, and called her up to the desk, fully intending to forgive her on the first application.

But Dick made no professions; out went her little plump hand as bravely as could be; not hesitating a moment.

"Dick," said the teacher (even the teacher called her Dick), "I don't want to whip you."

Dick looked the teacher straight in the eye, and never said a word.

"Do you want me to whip you, Dick?" she said, after waiting a moment.

The little girl shook her head; she had been very brave, and still held her hand straight out, but the teacher's eyes looked so kind, she began to melt; she even felt a tear away in the corner of her eye.

"Tell me you will be good," said the teacher, putting down the rattan, "and I'll forgive you this time."

"I'll try to be dood," said Dick; she said it in a very low voice, for she knew that that tear had slipped out of the corner of her eye, and was creeping down her soft cheek; and she didn't want the boys to know that she was crying.

"Very well," said the teacher; and somehow, whether it was the shining tear creeping down the soft cheek, or the round little hand held out so bravely, or some other reason I do not know of, the teacher never took out her rattan, and said, "Come here!" to naughty Dick again.

One afternoon she played truant. It was a shocking thing for a little girl to do, even if she *was* a little Tom-boy, and she heartily repented of it, and was determined from that day, never, never to do it again.

She had been to her lunch, and was loitering back to school, thinking all the time how hot the school-house would be that day, and how much nicer it would be to stay out of school, and play "Robbers and Police" with Joe Lewis and the washer woman's boy Tim.

Yet she never thought of playing truant, but just walked slow, and chased a hen, and peeped through the bars of Mrs. Hewett's fence, and wondered if there was a bird's nest in the top of the tall tree. By and by she saw Joe Lewis; he was standing in the middle of the street, kicking the dust with his copper-toed shoes.

"Hi, Dick!" he called out.

"Hi!" replied the little Tom-boy.

"You're late," said Joe.

"I ain't," said she, with a little tremor of horror in her voice. To be "late" was a prime offense, in her teacher's eyes.

"You are, though," replied Joe; "so'm I, but I ain't a-going in to get a lickin'. I'm a-going to play hookey; but you daresn't? *you're* too much of a gal!"

"Oh, toward!" said Dick, scornfully, "to stay in the middle of the street!"

"I ain't so much of a coward as you are," said he; "for I darest play hookey, and you daresn't!"

"Pooh!" said foolish Dick, "I ain't afraid."

Just then they saw a lot of men and boys running down a cross street, about a block away.

"Where all zem boys going?" demanded Dick.

Joe deeming peace to be firmly established, now came up on to the sidewalk; Joe was eight and had a very frowsy head. "I'll tell you what I think, Dick," he answered; "I think they're going to a fire; and let us go too. I've never been to a fire in all my life."

"Nor I," said Dick.

So they took hold of hands, and started off down the street at such a pace, that a big boy, sitting down in the shade of a fence at the corner of the street, said, "Phew! race horse!" When they got to the corner of the street, the men and boys were a long way ahead, but they were not to be daunted, and kept on in hot pursuit; away they went, keeping hold of hands, so as to run faster, up one street, down another, and across a third, dodging under the heads of the horses, and running into such dangers as would have made their mothers' hearts turn sick with terror if they could have seen them.

And after all, the crowd melted away, and they couldn't tell where the fire was, or if there had been any; and they were so warm, that they had to sit down on two or three shop-door sills to rest; and to their suprise, found that the shop-keepers didn't like it, and told them to go away, or they "would put a head on them."

"What street is this, Joe?" asked Dick; she began to suspect that she was a long way from her quiet home.

"I don't know," replied Joe, "I'll ask this man."

He did ask him, but the man walked on without answering; then he asked another, and then another, but nobody paid any attention to him, and poor little Joe, thought he *was* a boy, and eight years old, and so very brave about "playing hookey," began to cry.

"Don't!" said Dick, who felt not the least fear, "I'll ask somebody myself."

She walked up to a very tall, very grand lady, and looking up with her bright, brave eyes, she said:

"Would you please be so kind as to tell me what street this is?"

The lady stopped and smiled; somehow the very grand look went out of her face as she bent her head and looked down into the little Tom-boy's face.

"This is Kearney street, dear," she said; "are you here all alone?"

"Oh, no, marm! Joe is here, too; we've both runned away and played hookey."

The lady looked astonished, as well she might, at this frank confession, and began to ask Dick her name, and where she lived; finally she took out her purse and gave her two street-car tickets. "You go down to this next street," she said, "and get into the car, and tell the conductor where you live, and he'll let you out at the nearest street, and then you will be all right; you and the little boy can find your way then, I guess."

"Thank you, marm; I'm very much obliged," answered Dick, politely; whereupon the lady laughed, and patted her cheek, and walked on.

"Come, Joe," said the little girl, "don't cry; babies cry; I've got some car tickets, and we're going home, now."

This news seemed to cheer up poor Joe, for he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket, and took hold of Dick's hand as though he had perfect confidence in her ability to take him home.

All would have gone well, now, and the two runaways might have reached home before dark, but, as they walked along, looking in all the shop windows as they went, they happened to brush up against a tall, well-dressed Chinaman; perhaps he was a rich merchant, for his clothes were very handsome.

Dick did not notice his clothes, however; she only noticed his long queue hanging down behind; the spirit of mischief never failed within her; she caught hold of it, like a little Tom-boy as she was, and gave it a sharp pull.

She did not wait to see what he thought or said, but dashed across the street, through an alley and down another street, before Joe quite realized that she was gone.

He did realize, however, that the Chinaman was very angry, for he caught hold of the collar of his jacket, and gave him a sound drubbing, in spite of his sobbing protestation that it wasn't him.

As soon as he could see for tears, he looked around for Dick, but she was nowhere to be seen, being three or four blocks away by that time; and, as he had the tickets, he couldn't think of anything better to do than to get on the car and go home; which he accordingly did; and his mother, who was just anxious enough to be provoked, gave him another drubbing, by way of mate for the Chinaman's.

At first, Dick went along, singing softly to herself; I think she was rather glad to be rid of Joe and his tears, and felt free and happy without his company.

She found a fine mud puddle, too, and two little boys playing by it, who didn't understand mud-pie making half as well as herself, so she offered to help them; an offer which was gladly accepted.

They were delighted with her, and she with them, and they played very gaily until their mother called them in to supper.

Then Dick began to feel very strange and lonely; she was hungry and tired, and it was dark; she wondered if she would ever find the little home, or ever see her mother, and father, and big brother again. Somehow, the courage dropped in the brave little heart, and as it got darker and darker, she got sadder; at last, she turned her face against a wall, and began to sob bitterly.

Nobody noticed her for a while; but at last a gentleman stopped, and said, "What's the matter my little girl?"

"I want my mother," sobbed the little Tom-boy—Tom-boy no longer!

"Where is your mother, dear?"

"Home!"

"Where is your home?" he asked.

She told him.

"Why!" said he, "I live pretty near there, myself; come with me and I'll take you to your mother."

"Please do!" said Dick, wiping her eyes; "I'll never run away again, if you will."

The gentleman took her hand, and led her along with him.

"So you ran away, did you?" he said.

"Yes," answered Dick, in a very subdued tone, quite unlike herself, "I played hookey with Joe Lewis, and went to a fire."

"My soul!" cried the gentleman, laughing until the tears came into his eyes, "what a little mite you are, to do such dreadful things!"

"I'll never do it again," said Dick, solemnly, "never, never, never!"

When the gentleman rang the bell, Mary came to the door, looking very anxious, although she often told Dick that she was "The torment of her life."

"Have you lost a little girl here?" he asked.

"Indade we have sir," she answered.

"Oh, Mary," cried Dick, "I'll never do it again."

Then Mary screamed for joy; and the pale mother came out, and by and by the father and big brother came in, and such rejoicings were held over the little Tom-boy as never had been heard of before.

Poor Joe almost cried when Dick told him that she didn't get a whipping at all, but sat up until ten o'clock, and had four doughnuts. He wishes he was a girl, and thinks there must be guardian angels always watching little Tom-boys.

A Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the mysterious moon. It was not until 1767 that Boone left his home in North Carolina, to become the first pioneer settler in Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle until 20 years after. Canada belonged to France, and the population did not exceed half a million of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made his name immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined. Washington was a modest Virginia Colonel, and the great events in the history of the two worlds in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle, which within a score of years thereafter, established the great Republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America! Steam engines had not been imagined, railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of men. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century just past has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

About Cloves.

Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or bay. It is a native of the Moluccа or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers, in clusters, to the very edges of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and while they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts—of a round head, which is the four petals, or leaves, or flowers rolled up, including a number of small stalks or filaments, the other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower of the unripe seed-vessel. All these parts may be seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften, and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are in consequence much weakened.

READY FOR IT.—The wife of an officer under General Crook, on a visit to her mother in San Francisco, took with her from Prescott, as nurse for her two babies, a young female Apache of thirteen Arizona summers. Becoming somewhat fatigued by her monotonous duties, the attending Apache one day petulantly exclaimed, "One baby enough; two babies too much!" "Well," ironically replied the indignant grandmother, "which one shall we strangle?" "Florence," answered the young savage, quick as lightning. The captain's wife's two babies have no longer an Apache nurse.

Titles in Great Britain.

Nothing can seem more perplexed and complicated to a foreigner than the arrangements of the English Peerage. For example, most strangers are acquainted with the general principle that a peer can only have a seat in the House of Lords, and cannot have anything to do with the House of Commons. So far everything is clear. But the first time a foreigner listens to a debate in the House of Commons, he hears perhaps the Marquis of Hartington is in fact no marquis at all, but merely Mr. Spencer Campton Cavendish, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, having, according to English usage, the title "by courtesy" of Marquis, a title without any legal effect, and which will not serve as a description of its possessor in any formal document. If the son of the Duke of Devonshire has to be described formally, he is spoken of as "the Hon. Spencer Campton Cavendish, commonly called Marquis of Hartington." He therefore may be elected to sit in the House of Commons, which House in fact swarms with elder and younger sons of the nobility, bearing courtesy titles.

This much, too, one foreigner easily understands; but he suddenly remembers that Lord Palmerston was a member of the House of Commons up to his death, at the age of eighty-one, and he asks in consternation, was his too only a courtesy title, and was Lord Palmerston's father living at the time? It has to be explained to him that Lord Palmerston was a Peer with a genuine title of his own; but then he was only an Irish Peer, not entitled, unless elected a representative Peer, to sit in the House of Lords, and therefore qualified to be chosen a member of the House of Commons. Then perhaps he is puzzled about Lord Russell, who he knows sat in the House of Commons for a long time, and now sits in the House of Lords, and who has not succeeded to any peerage in the meantime, for the head of the house of Bedford is alive and well, and Lord Russell is far out of the way of the succession in any case. But here comes in a new condition of things. The Queen conferred upon Lord John Russell in 1861 a peerage of his own, and he sits in the House of Lords as Earl Russell.

In fact, we have at least five distinct classes of nobles who possess or are courteously gifted with titles. There are peers of England, peers of Ireland, peers of Scotland, peers of the United Kingdom (created since the legislative union of the three countries), and the sons of peers who bear titles of courtesy. The peers of England and those of the United Kingdom sit in the House of Lords by right, and cannot be elected to the House of Commons. The Irish and Scotch peers sit in the House of Lords only when they are elected as representatives of their order there, and when not so elected they may be chosen to sit in the House of Commons if they can render themselves acceptable to a constituency. The bearers of courtesy titles may sit in the House of Commons, but not in the House of Lords.

A Cat Embroglio.

A very serious affair, says the *Pal. Mall Gazette*, has just taken place on Mount Lebanon, caused by some cats. It appears that his Excellency Halet Pasha lately sent a present of cats to the Saltan, and received a snuff-box in return. The Commander-in-Chief thereupon set his officers to catch any long-haired cats they could find in order also to send a similar present to the Sultan. Sufficient cats having been captured, Ressa Bey, the son of his Excellency Izzet Pasha, started for Constantinople with his precious cargo. The snow, however, fell deeply on the mountain, and the wagons conveying the cats could no longer proceed. The cats were then transfeered to mules, but the mules also being unable to get through the snow, the cats were intrusted to six men. At about thirty miles from Beyrout, Ressa Bey and his cats met fifty soldiers under the command of Yusaef ed Agha. The officer saluted Ressa Bey and passed on; but when the cat-bearers were at a distance of 150 yards from the soldiers, the latter turned round and deliberately fired on them. The cats were for the moment in great danger, as one bullet passed through a box in which several of them were contained. Fortunately they all escaped untouched, but one of the men was killed on the spot, one died the next day, and three others were dangerously wounded. About 200 cartridge cases which had been used were picked out of the snow on the following day, and the affair is now under investigation. As the cats were not injured, it is improbable that any serious notice will be taken of the *contretemps*, unless to risk the life of a cat intended for the Sultan is considered as heinous an offense as in the days of Howel the Good, A. D. 938, when by a Welsh law, quoted by Pennant, it was enacted that if any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the Prince's granary he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of its tail.

A Narrow Escape.

An engineer on the Hudson River Railroad told the writer of a narrow escape he experienced only a short time ago. After twenty-four hours' continuous service, he was ordered out with a "through freight" from New York to Albany. He protested against the assignment, as both the fireman and himself had already done double duty, and were in danger of falling asleep. The foreman of the yard, however, had no one else to send, and insisted that the engineer should run the train. So he started. After a run of two hours he yielded to his overpowering exhaustion and—as his fireman had done some moments before—fell asleep! He knew no more until awakened by the conductor, who had come forward to discover what had caused the stoppage of the train, and had found both men curled up and asleep on either side of the cab. The throttle was wide open, the reverse lever was "notched down" well forward, but the steam-gauge registered only eighty pounds pressure—some pounds less than was necessary to haul the heavy train. The engineer was not awakened a minute too soon, for it was then half-past one A. M., and at two o'clock they were due at Poughkeepsie switch to make way for the express which left New York at eleven o'clock and overtook the freight at Poughkeepsie. The blower was put on, and in five minutes the gauge showed a pressure of ninety pounds, and the train covered the eight miles between it and Poughkeepsie in about two-thirds of the time that is usually consumed. Fortunately, the conductor was a staunch friend of the engineer's, and that terribly dangerous nap remained a secret as far as the management was concerned.

Triumph of American Pianos.

George Steck & Co., of New York, Receive the Gold Medal at the Vienna Exposition.

The Imperial Commission at Vienna have decided the question of merit in piano-forte manufacture by awarding the only Gold Medal within their gift to Messrs. George Steck & Co., of N. Y. This is a magnificent testimonial to the wonderful beauties of tone and workmanship in the Steck instruments, and will unquestionably add to their already well-established *prestige*.—*N. Y. Tribune*

The official letter is as follows:

VIENNA, Dec. 13, 1873.

"GEO. STECK, *Esq.*—SIR: I have the pleasure of informing you that I this day received from the Baron Schwarz-Senborn a Gold Medal awarded to you for the Pianos exhibited by you at the Vienna Exposition.

"THOMAS MCELRATH, U. S. Com'n'ner."

A COMPROMISE.—A shiftless fellow had been boarding a long time with his landlady, and had paid nothing, until she finally made out his bill, and handed it to him. "Madam," said he, "I have but one way to pay this bill: I must stay and board it out."

A Master of the Kentucky Grange offers to marry members free of charge, thus dispensing with the services of clerical middle-men.

XLIIId CONGRESS,

SENATE.

The naval appropriation bill, as it goes from the Senate back to the House, increases the appropriation for the equipment of vessels from $1,100,000 to $1,250,000; that for provisions for officers, seamen, and marines is increased from $1,300,000 to $1,352,600; that for repairs and preservation of boilers and machinery is increased from $1,500,000 to $1,865,000. The contingent expenses of the Naval Academy are fixed at $46,600, instead of $30,000. Twenty thousand dollars are appropriated for the contingent expenses of the Marine Corps instead of $15,000.

The bill to provide for the appointment of a commission in regard to the alcoholic liquor traffic was taken up. Mr. Bayard, of Del., opposed the passage of the bill on the ground that the Federal Government would be interfering in matters within the jurisdiction of the States. Mr. Flanagan, of Texas, favored the bill, and spoke of the evil effects of intoxicating liquors. He believed the use of alcoholic liquors was the cause of the split between the North and the South.

Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, presented a petition of workingmen of Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Michigan against any increase in taxation. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, from the Finance Committee, reported favorably on the House bill in relation to import duties on fruit, being the bill to correct an error in the late Tariff bill, which was passed.

Mr. Oglesby, of Illinois, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported favorably on the House bill extending the time for the completion of the Green Bay and Lake Michigan Canal, and it was passed.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, from the Finance Committee, reported a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate what, if any, additional legislation is required to prevent defalcations by officers receiving and disposing of United States revenue stamps and public money.

Petitions were presented from merchants of Chicago asking for an increase in the currency.

Mr. West (Rep., La.) introduced a bill to provide for the settlement of claims of loyal pensions in the late rebellion.

The Centennial question being under discussion, Mr. Sargent said: The city of Philadelphia has appropriated $5,00,000, and the State of Pennsylvania $1,000,000. Private individuals had probably subscribed as much more, and Congress was asked to appropriate $3,000,000. He offered the appropriation. Mr. Morrell, of Vt., said the Centennial should be celebrated and an Exhibition held. He had no doubt it would be held. It would be discreditable to the nation if at 100 years of age it could not afford to have an Exhibition, but it should be national in its character. The discussion was indulged in generally by the members.

The Chaplain of the Senate, in an opening prayer, said: "Oh Lord, our God, we come in this place to deplore before Thee the spirit of lying which is abroad, and we beseech Thee to rebuke the giant demon of slander that stalks forth casting upon all the earth a fearful shadow; paralyze the hand that writes the willful detraction; palsy the tongue that utters wanton calumny; rise in thine might and undermine all confidence in the good and to give a malignant power to all the bad elements for the demoralization and destruction of human society. Let thy flaming spirit take vengeance upon the false accuser and consume the spiteful tongue that has lied. This we ask in the name and for the sake of Him who was truth itself."

Citizens of New York city representing $500,000,000 of capital in a petition to the Senate, asked Congress to put an immediate stop to any further issue of greenbacks by the Secretary of the Treasury, and cause the retirement at once of the legal-tender reserve issued.

The usual fortification bills were reported.

The bill in reference to the centennial exhibition was taken up, the pending question being an amendment by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, making the exhibition national in its character, instead of international. Mr. Edmunds, of Ohio, Stewart of Nevada, spoke in favor of the Philadelphia Centennial, urging that it be made a national and not a local or private affair.

Senator Ramsey, of Minn., submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard to consider and report upon the expediency of improving water routes and railway communications from the Mississippi Valley to the seaboard, and to regulate commerce among the States by changing transportation between the East and West.

The liquor traffic bill was discussed at some length by Messrs. Conkling, Howe, and Carpenter.

The Louisiana question was opened in the Senate by a lengthy discussion and much feeling. Carpenter, of Wis., spoke against the Kellogg government.

The Centennial bill being under discussion, Mr. Frelinghuysen moved to amend a motion to refer so as to instruct the committee to report a bill making an appropriation of a sufficient amount of money, not to exceed $3,000,000, to defray the expenses of the American Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

HOUSE.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill regulating the franking privilege. Mr. J. H. Roberts, of N. Y., moved to lay the bill on the table. Negatived—yeas 118, nays 140. After several attempted amendments the vote was taken on the final passage of the bill and it was rejected. Yeas, 129; nays, 131.

Mr. Tyner, of Indiana, moved to reconsider the vote of the House by which the bill reviving the franking privilege was rejected. He said he would call it up when the members were more generally in their seats, and if not, if the vote was to move to recommit the bill to the Post-Office Committee with instructions to report back the third section only, which relates to the free circulation of weekly newspapers in the counties of their publication, and free exchanges of newspapers between publishers.

Mr. Tyner, of Ind., moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill authorizing weekly newspapers to be sent by mail within the county of their publication and exchanges between publishers to be transmitted in the mails free of postage. The House refused to second the motion by 61 to 95, and the bill was not received.

Mr. Scofield, of Penn., called the attention of the House to the fact that there were among the employees of the House in the folding room eleven wounded soldiers, eight of whom had lost a leg or an arm, the three others had suffered injuries equivalent to law; and he offered a resolution directing the Doorkeeper to retain those men in case of a reduction of the force of employees. He stated that there were now sixty-six employees in the folding room. The House refused by a vote of 68 to 90.

Mr. Schumaker, of N. Y., moved to suspend the rules and pass a bill extending to the unnaturalized enlisted men of the navy and marine corps the same privilege as to obtaining citizenship as unnaturalized enlisted men of the army now have. After some informal discussion the motion was agreed to and the bill passed.

Mr. E. H. Roberts addressed the House in reply to Mr. Dawes's recent speech; he asserted that the condition of the country, as regards the revenues, was improving, and that Congress was doing its duty in enforcing retrenchment.

A bill was passed to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska.

Mr. Potter, of N. Y., presented the memorial of merchants, bankers, officers of banks, insurance companies, and business men in New York city, representing an aggregate capital of over $470,000,000, against any increase of currency by the Government.

Murder Will Out.

The murder of Wm. Lake in 1869 in the town of Granby at that time created great excitement in the southwestern part of Missouri and elsewhere. Mr. Wm. Lake, proprietor of Lake's circus, was at that time exhibiting in Granby. Mr. Killian, the murderer, was at the circus, and when the circus was over upon refusing to pay Mr. Lake's fee for hearing the concert, was put out and his pistol taken by Mr. Lake and his assistants. He seems to have lingered near the door and awaited the appearance of Lake, and when Lake reappeared at the entrance of the tent fired upon him, inflicting a deadly wound in his breast, from which he soon died. Killian, after firing, "broke and ran," in the language of a witness. The Sheriff of the county turned out with forty men on horseback, but failed in securing the murderer. The State offered a large reward.

Mrs. Lake, the wife of the victim of this bloody tragedy, offered also $1,500 for his capture, dead or alive. Long time elapsed before his capture, and knowing ones say that he escaped punishment so long that he had no further apprehension of punishment, and that he captured himself. It is thought that he gave himself up to a certain party and that they divided the rewards. At all events they did have a pretty safe job, for long years have elapsed since the murder, and the criminal is but just now punished. So Jacob Killian has gone scott free for five long years, but he has now been brought to trial.

The trial was attended by a large number of interested spectators. The testimony showed clearly that Killian had murdered Lake. The counsel of the accused fought hard for the prisoner. The case was given to the jury at 10 o'clock at night, and the jury remained out till 2 o'clock next day. The verdict created no little surprise when it was read—only "three years and seven months in the penitentiary." The prisoner, when taken to prison, burst into tears and remarked to the Sheriff, "I would far sooner they had stretched my neck."

A Surprise.

A man in Burlington, Iowa, cast aside the bowl, or bottle, or beaker, or what you will. Money which he would otherwise have spent for the cup which cheers some and inebriates more, he deposited in a bottle. He meant to surprise his wife, but she surprised him, for she traded off his bottle-bank for tinware! It was too much for the reformed gentleman. His appetite for the ardent revived to a most uncontrollable extent. The serpent coiled within bit him again, and when he reforms he intends to use a tin savings bank, such as no peddler would give a penny for.

Sad Suffering.

Among the numerous cases of suffering which have recently been brought to public notice in New York is that of a poor Hungarian woman living in Second avenue. Once—as was gathered from her almost unintelligible English—she had owned some real estate, and being unfamiliar with our language and laws, she had committed her business to the care of a pretended lawyer, who had cheated the poor woman out of the results of her hard earnings. She had been living for weeks past upon fragments of bread obtained from neighbors.

"You look sick," said a visitor, "and have a cough; have you no fire in your room?"

This question seemed to puzzle the poor woman at first. The idea seemed preposterous. She had not had a fire in her room, she said, for eleven weeks. Then holding out her right foot, the answer to the first part of the query was given.

"I have tried," she said, "to borrow two dollars to get a pair of shoes for my feet, but no one would lend or give to me. And," pointing her finger toward her lungs, she added: "the cold of the streets and of the snow comes up here, and I feel sick and faint."

In answer to a further inquiry whether she had had anything to eat or drink that day, she answered in the negative—nothing only a few ends of loaves. When her immediate necessities were relieved, her joy and gratitude seemed boundless.

Saved from Disgrace.

David Van Buskirk, who is now the Master Mechanic of the New York, Boston and Montreal Railway, tells of an interesting incident that occurred while he was an engineer on a Western railroad. He had collided with a passenger train, through mismanagement on the part of the engineer of the passenger train, and one or two coaches were smashed and his own engine was injured to a great extent. He feared the displeasure of his superintendent, and was brooding over his misfortune as he neared the end of his trip, when a singular opportunity to retrieve his reputation presented itself. The "roundhouse" in Winona, Minn., whither he was bound, took fire in the roof, and when Van Buskirk arrived with his engine he found that the efforts which had been exerted towards quenching the flames had been of but little avail, and the fire bade fair to burn down the building and destroy a number of new engines which were nearly ready for service. Without a second thought Van Buskirk ran his engine into the burning house, and, pulling down the escape valve with all his strength, let the steam, at one hundred pounds pressure, escape in a rushing, screaming volume, whose force carried it up to the burning roof. The effect was instantaneous and wonderful, for in less than five minutes the fire was extinguished. Van Buskirk was carried out of his cab in an almost suffocated condition, but he had the satisfaction of gaining not only approval but immediate promotion.

What is Spent for Liquor.

The amount of money spent for liquors throughout the United States during 1870 was $1,487,000,000, which, if increased by $90,000,000, the estimated criminal fruits of liquor drinking would reach the astonishing sum of $1,577,000,000. Even Massachusetts's share of this was directly $27,979,575, though this did not include the worse than useless prohibitory machinery and the expensive and corrupt State Constabulary, which make of the liquor traffic an excuse for existing in default of any other. New Yorkspent $246,617,520. On the other hand the country spent in flour and meal, cotton goods, boots and shoes, clothing, woolen goods, newspapers and job printing $905,000,000. It was estimated that the amount of liquors consumed was sufficient to fill a canal 4 feet deep, 14 feet wide and 80 miles long, and the number who drank the stream dry would, if formed in a procession five abreast, make an army one hundred and thirty miles long.

American Women.

It is a melancholy fact, that American women have degenerated in point of health and physique, until they have become literally a race of invalids. How sad it is to look around us and compare the frail and effeminate looking lady of to-day with the hale, hearty and buxom ladies of days gone by. To all such the late discovery of DR. WALKER, of California, which is known as VINEGAR BITTERS, is a priceless boon indeed. For this class of diseases it is certain and safe, and any lady, old or young, can take it with entire confidence in the result, and thus avoid what to thousands is a stumbling block never overcome, viz.—a consultation with a family physician. 'Tis true there may be cases of years' standing, that will necessitate more powerful treatment, but in common cases out of ten the remedy will reach the disease, and after a little time effect a cure. The number of ladies cured by it are numbered by thousands, and are scattered through every State in the Union.—*Com.*

An ingenious wife in Des Moines cured her husband of snoring thus: She had a gutta-percha tube with two cup-shaped ends, one she puts over his nose and mouth, and the other over his ear. He consumes his own noise, as a stove does its own smoke, and wakes up instanter.

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.*

THE BROWNS AND BLACKS produced by that sterling preparation, CHRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE, cannot be excelled by Nature; its tints challenge comparison with Nature's most favored productions, and defy detection. —*Com.*

"How fortunes are made in Wall st.," is the title of a new book, explaining how any person can make money on stock speculations by investing from $10 to $100. Mailed free to any address by L. W. HAMILTON & Co., Bankers, 48 Broad street, New York.—[Com.

Deafness Caused by Catarrh.

Catarrh not unfrequently produces deafness. Mr. Levi Springer, of Nettie Lake, (P. O.) Williams Co., O., formerly of Durban's Corners, O., has been cured of deafness of fourteen years' standing, by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He was so deaf he could not hear a person talk when seated by his side, and can now hear the church bells ring two miles distant—so he writes.

A MARKED CASE OF DEAFNESS CURED.

DICKERSONVILLE, Niag. Co., N. Y., Feb. 22, 1871.

About one year ago I caught a severe cold in the head, which terminated in a severe form of Catarrh. During the time ulcerations occurred in the nasal passages, and I became wholly deaf in one ear, with partial deafness in the other. The inflammation had involved all the delicate structures of the ears, and I was in immediate danger of permanent deafness. The discharge became profuse and fetid, both into my throat and from my ears. In this condition I called on Dr. Pierce for aid, who prescribed his Golden Medical Discovery and Catarrh Remedy, and under their use have rapidly recovered. My hearing is restored, and my Catarrh is entirely well. JOHN SMITH.

A pair of shoes will cost only 5 cents more with a Silver Tip on than without, and it will add twice the cost of the shoe to their wearing value.—[