Farm, Garden and Household.

Medical Advice.

To Stop the Flow of Blood.—An exchange says there is no better use of fine cut tobacco than to bind it upon a fresh wound, and nothing will stop the flow of blood quicker.

Green Salve.—One-quarter pound lard; one ounce rosin; one ounce beeswax; one drachm verdigris; melt and stir well. This is one of the best salves known for old sores, ulcers, cancers, scrofulous sores, cuts and wounds.

Arnica Liniment.—Two ounces alcohol; one drachm tincture arnica. Unequaled for pains in the feet and limbs from walking; for all fresh or recent sprains, bruises or contused wounds, and for rheumatism of the joints and gouty pains.

Bitters.—Take boneset, wild cherry bark and poplar bark; make an infusion by adding a quart of warm water; let it cool, and drink when thirsty. This is a certain cure for fever and ague. The writer received it from an Indian, and found it to be the master of ague.

Ether.—From various American and English data concerning anæsthetics, it seems that ether is regarded as far safer than chloroform. It is stated, as the result of experiment and the comparison of facts, that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether.

Toothache.—Nearly everybody has a cure for the toothache. Try this recipe: Take equal parts of pulverized alum and salt. Saturate a piece of cotton with hartshorn, cover with the mixture, and put in the tooth. Sometimes hartshorn alone will give relief.

Rheumatism Remedy.—One Samuel Deaton, Christianburg, Ohio, who had the rheumatism nineteen years, says the following is what cured him: "One quart rye whisky, one ounce wild cherry bark (root), one ounce prickly ash root, one ounce yellow dock root, one ounce spikenard root, one ounce gentian root, one ounce gum myrrh. If one bottle don't cure you, try another. Take three drinks a day. Two bottles cured me."

Cost of Homesteads:

As frequent inquiries are made of the price of securing a homestead upon the public lands under the Homestead act, we give the following figures as to what it costs a poor man to get a farm in Kansas:

For a grant of 160 acres, valued at $1.25 per acre, $14 (fees when entry is made;) $4 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 80 acres, valued at $1.25 per acre, $7 (fees when entry is made;) $2 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 40 acres, valued at $1.25 per acre, $6 (fee when entry is made;) $1 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 80 acres, valued at $2.50 per acre, $13 (fees when entry is made;) $4 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 50 acres, valued at $2.50 per acre, $8 (fees when entry is made;) $2 (fees on issue of certificate.)

To sum up, 160 acres cost $18; 80 acres, $9; 40 acres, $7. The $2.50 lands is that included within the limits of the railway grants, and only open to soldiers under the Homestead act. A soldier must settle on his claim until the time of settlement added to his term of service in the army makes up five years, which is the length of settlement required from settlers who have not served in army or navy.

Save the Sheep.

Please tell your readers who keep sheep, to provide themselves with a common nursing bottle, and when a lamb is dropped, whose dam does not afford milk enough for it, to feed it twice a day with cow's milk, warm from the cow, in addition to what the dam affords, and next fall they will have more and better lambs. Don't bother with a tea-spoon unless you want to fret and say wicked words. I see by your morning paper that sheep are suffering in some localities from sretches. Remedy—sure and simple: Steep thoroughwort very strong, sweeten with molasses, fill a quart bottle with it as warm as the patient can bear it, stand astride of its neck, put the left hand under the jaw, holding up the head, and turn it down into the throat, and if take as soon as the disease shows itself, the cure has been sure and sudden in every case for thirty years, in my experience. If delayed too long, inflammation takes place, and although you may get an operation of the bowels, it often does no good. Don't wait a minute, but run for the herb, which is probably wrapped close in an old newspaper and plainly labelled. Steep strong, administer at once, and the thing is done.—*Kennebec Journal.*

What Ashes and Plaster Did.

The *Rural Home*, of Rochester, gives this bit of history:—During the year 1857 a man named Arthur Dugan went to the town of Palermo, N.Y., and bought sixty acres of dry sandy land, with here and there a little tendency to gravel. He paid $1,800 for it. He knew nothing about farming, being a machinist by trade. After paying for his land he had $200 left. He found his land was worn out. He began by buying ashes and plaster; would draw potatoes fourteen miles to Oswego, and load his team back with manure from the livery stables. His crops increased. His ashes were spread correspondingly thick. He raised principally potatoes and wheat. Now 2,000 bushels of ashes a year is about what he buys. His potatoes, for several years past, have averaged 250 bushels an acre; his winter wheat thirty bushels or over; and he has saved, from his farm alone, till he now holds $12,000 in bank stock, and would not sell his farm for $100 an acre. In 1869 he sold in potatoes and wheat over $2,400 worth. He is also known as the best farmer in the county.

Coal Ashes About Plum Trees.

M. H. Wooden, of Madison, Ind., says: "I had a very pretty plum tree in my yard last summer. It had but a few plums on it. It looked healthy, but the fruit fell off until only seven very imperfect plums remained. That fall I dug about the tree, cut away the grass, and spread coal ashes from the grates and stoves around it for two or three feet, and about two or three inches deep, and tramped the ashes lightly down. The following spring the tree leaved out nicely, was full of plums, and nearly all remained on until ripe—so full were the branches that I had to tie them up to support the weight. The fruit was quite perfect in size and shape, and I am sure the manner of treatment was the cause of the improvement. I think many fruit trees could be thus improved, both in the quality and quantity of fruit they would produce."

Treatment of Typhoid Fever.

If the body can be sustained till the fever has gone its course, health will result. Milk, of all things, seems best adapted for this purpose; for it is digestible, is relished by fever patients, contains all the requisite material for the nourishment of the entire body, the nervous system especially, which in fever is always greatly affected. Furthermore, is fever there is great thirst, and patients ardently long for that which will cool the parched mouth. Thus, by interdicting the use of water *in toto* throughout the fever, nourishment can always be given in the shape of cold new milk. Cold beef tea is by no means to be despised; but it is much less relished and not unfrequently loathed when the fever is intense, while milk is then taken with much gusto.

Rye Bread.

In two quarts of flour stir half a coffee cupful of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, and enough warm water to moisten the flour, making a thick batter. Let it rise over night; in the morning stir it again; then put into pans without kneading, making it quite soft. Let it rise till very light, then bake an hour in a moderately heated oven. This bread makes a pleasant change from wheat; and when the slices are toasted and spread with butter they are really as delicious as healthful.

How Patrick proposes to get over his single blessedness—By proposing to Bridge-it.

Good Night.

Out of the shadows now I cry "Good night,"
To those who knew me when the world was bright,
When life was gladsome and my heart was light.

O friends, the darkness shuts me from you all;
It rises round me like an iron wall,
Albeit I hear afar kind voices call.

The night has come—a night that brings no rest,
With thronging phantoms of the past possess'd
A night that weighs alike on brain and breast.

O dim eyes blinded with excess of pain,
O feet that stumble though the ways be plain,
O aching heart and weary, restless brain!

If only slumber sought you from the night,
Sleep that were broken by no morning's light,
Sleep that no dream nor sudden noise could fright,

I would not sorrow, though the sun were set,
But O to cease from anguish and regret,
To fold the weary hands and straight forget!

But though the day be gone, I may not sleep,
Beside dead happiness my watch I keep,
Nor may I even linger here to weep.

But forth into the shadow I must go,
I see no star above my pathway glow,
And whither it may tend I do not know.

Will ever morning chase away the night?
I see no dawn—blank darkness walls my sight—
I have outlived my happiness. Good night.

AUNT SUE'S PANIC.

The most beautiful spot in England is Clovelly, in North Devon, made familiar to every reader by Kingsley's "Westward Ho." The view afforded from the village is not extensive, but it includes almost every element of natural beauty. On the west, the sea, down to which its single street descends so steeply that no wheeled conveyance, nor horses' hoofs, may traverse it; and a small but strongly built harbor, where the fishing-boats toss and tumble, or lie stranded on their sides, according as the tide is in or out. On the north and east, "wood overhanging wood, like cloud on cloud," and crowding to the cliff-tops, against whose bases the Atlantic wave forever beats and foams. Nothing but these objects—which for beauty, indeed, are all-sufficient—are to be seen by those who sojourn in Clovelly—these and a little strip of sky. The houses are too near their opposite neighbors to admit of more extensive vision. A noble park, however, stretches to southward; and beyond it, headland after headland, till the last of England's soil yields to the sea, and the knowledge of their proximity seems to fill up the measure of delight to those who gaze and gloat upon the present treasures. It is fair here, surpassing fair, but would be fair there also. There is no apprehension of overstepping the barrier of home beauties, and coming upon anything barren.

The houses in the little town are themselves most picturesque and pleasant—to the eye at least; and each of them, if not from porch or window, still from some crack or cranny familiar to its inmates, commands the fields in which all tenants of the place are laborers—the ocean. Whatever little coigne and vantage-ground of space there is beyond what is occupied by their dwellings and the narrow street, is filled with flowers; but in the centre of the village, at the beginnig of the winding steps that leads down to the harbor, there is a vacant spot, in which is placed a long low seat, where all that have toiled up the steps may stop and rest; and where in the calm eves, when toil is done, men come and sit, while the moon mounts the sky, and pours her splendor over wood and wave.

The village dwellings are of the humblest kind; and even the little inn which lords it over them, as being twice the size of any of its neighbors, is such as the fashionable or even commercial traveler may deem but a sorry resting-place; to others, however, of a more imaginative type, it will afford a richer accommodation than many a so-called "hotel." Its little rooms are furnished with rare china and curious ornaments, "picked up" by the Clovelly men, (who are all sailors), in many a distant land; and its fare, if plain, is of the best—the thickest cream, the freshest eggs, fish straight from the net, and such a store of jams, home-made, as makes the mouth water with the remembrance of them.

And yet in this earthly paradise the trail of the serpent is over all, in a certain "ancient fish-like smell" which pervades the whole lovely scene, and distracts one's thoughts from its marvelous beauty. The ocean breeze itself, as it comes up the woody cleft, is often tainted by it, and by the time it reaches one, speaks of the finny denizens of the pathless deep rather than of its cavernous cells. When there is no breeze, and the noonday sun beats down on the quaint village—which, notwithstanding its narrowness and the shades of the environing woods, it does with pitiless force—the case is greatly worse. The unhappy visitor likens himself to one in a hot-bed, and a hot-bed of no very savory materials.

"Good Heavens!" said I to my nephew Frank Hotham, the artist, as we sat together at the window of the little inn, during such a noonday as I have described, glutting the eye with a noble feast, but much at the expense of our olfactory organs—"Good Heavens! suppose any epidemic was to break out in this Eden here, not a soul would escape it!"

It was said without reflection, for Frank had his young wife and only child with him; whereas I, an old maid with no "ties," had but my own safety to look to; and directly I had uttered the remark, I regretted it.

"By Jove!" said he, with sudden nervousness, "I never thought of that, Aunt Sue; and there's not a doctor within five miles, I am told. Not that a doctor would avail one much, shut up in this cloven ravine without a breath of air. And there's small-pox about, too—isn't there?"

I hastened to say that I had never heard as much, as indeed I had not. If Frank had done so, the news had probably "gone in at one ear and out at the other," with him, as most things did which were not connected with his "art," as he called it. He was a really excellent landscape painter, but his devotion to his profession was a very serious nuisance to those who had to listen to his dissertations upon it. It was necessary not only to admire what he admired, but for the same identical reasons; and it was even still more obligatory to despise what he despised. If lawyers talked of law, authors of literature, or soldiers of war, in the same vague yet dogmatic style in which some painters speak of painting, conversation would become impossible. Frank seldom escaped from his "shop," and he compelled you to take his goods whether you would or not; but when he did escape, he was charming. Lucy and he were the handsomest young couple I have ever seen, and were devoted to one another, and to Baba. Baba was their little boy, just four years old, and their idol. I think they would have allowed, too, that he had a third worshiperin AuntSue. He always accompanied us in our excursions, and made the very prettiest figure conceivable in the "foreground" for his father's pictures. At home, too, on a wet day, he was quite a little treasure in his way; for he would sit or stand as still as a mouse, while he was being "worked in" on the canvas. A lay-figure such as painters use costs thirty pounds, which was beyond Frank's slender purse, so that he was always to get a sitter—a post which was no sinecure to him who filled it. Even Aunt Sue was pressed into the service occasionally, and then it was: "Steady, steady—Don't blink your eyes so much.—The right arm a little straighter—Bend more to the right—Throw a little pleasanter expression into the mouth, if you please—Thank you."

My brother, the rector, was a welcome guest with his artist son, but always averred that this was on account of his own venerable appearance. "You can't get a lay-figure, my boy, so you must put up with a clerical one." They had both a very pleasant wit; though, since Lucy and I were sometimes unable to "see the joke," we were wont to describe it as too subtle. Our very dullness, however, was the occasion of mirth with us; and when we laughed, that set Baba off, so that I don't think there was a merrier party in North Devon that summer than we four. It was all the sadder for me when the blow suddenly fell upon us, of which I alone was conscious, but which threatened to cloud all this brightness in the shadow of death.

The day, as I have said, was hot and steamy; but in the evening the air became delightful, and we all went down as usual to enjoy it upon the breakwater of the little harbor. Even then there was not a breath of wind, and though the tide was up, not a single one of all the fishing-vessels had yet returned. We saw the straggling fleet making their way home, indeed, but a long distance off, and they seemed to get no nearer; the broad blue sea was flecked with their white sails, as the sky is sometimes dotted by lines of wild geese clanging to their homes, only in this case there was no noise. The flowing wave sighed faintly as it reached the stone beneath us, like some exhausted swimmer who gains the shore with his last grasp. The tiny flag upon the roof-top above us could not flap, but hung heavily upon its staff. There were no other persons about the harbor but ourselves, but the witchery of the scene stilled our talk, and little Baba's prattle was the only sound that broke the silence of sea or shore. After a while it became the child's bedtime, and Lucy rose to accompany him to the inn. As I expressed my intention of remaining, Frank kindly offered to stay with me; but I knew how great were the attractions for him of seeing Baba in his bath and at his prayers, so I would not permit him to do so. "Clovelly is a very queer place," said I, "and its sailors are very enterprising; but I don't think that anybody—even in Clovelly—will think of running away with your Aunt Sue." And so I was left alone.

In that still summer night, with the quiet stars shining above me, and below me—for the great deep was like a mirror—an old woman like myself, you may say, reader, might have occupied her thoughts to better purpose; but instead of reflecting upon the transitoriness of life, and my latter days, I confess they were principally fixed on a certain picnic that was to take place upon the morrow. I had bespoken some cold meat and potted trout; but I was bent, if possible, on securing some fruit, principally on the child's account, and as a surprise.

Well, I had settled in my own mind about the fruit, and also which cushion of the sofa in our little sitting room would best suit to prop dear Lucy's back in the somewhat jolting carriage which we had engaged for the morrow, and was slowly toiling up the steps to the inn, when this occurred. Half-way up the steps, there is an ancient archway occupied as a dwelling-house; here I stopped to gather breath for the remainder of the ascent. It was almost dark by this time, and standing in the shadow of the arch, I was quite invisible to any passer-by who should not absolutely touch me. I had scarcely reached this resting place when my ear was struck by the faint and suppressed sobs of a woman. She was evidently in some room on the other side of the wall against which I leaned, and but for it I could have touched her with my hand.

"Dead, dead, dead!" she moaned. "Oh, what shall we do without our bread winner?"

I was about to knock at the cottage door, to see if I could be of any sort of comfort to this poor bereaved creature, when I heard the step of a man coming down the hill, so unsteady that I could not but conclude that he was in liquor. Such an occurrence is not an unexampled one in a fishing village, but I have a particular horror of a drunken person, and therefore shrank quickly back into my corner. The man came on, and stopped at the very door at which I had been about to knock.

"In tears! Why, what's the matter, lass?" I heard him say.

"Matter enough, man," returned she, in heart-rending tones. "Our Polly's dead!" And once more she burst into sobs.

"Dead?" repeated he, in a dull, dazed way, as though he could not picture to himself the dread reality. "Don't say she's dead!"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud, man. Yes, she is dead, and dead of——" And here she appeared to whisper something in his ear.

"Great Heaven!" What was it that the poor woman had died of, that those two should be so secret about it? A terrible conviction flashed upon me that the hideous disease of which Frank and I had spoken that very morning had actually broken out, in the place of all others where we had most cause to fear it.

"You will not breathe a word about it, Alec," continued the sobbing voice. "It is bad enough as it is; but if it comes to be known how she came by her end, it will be even worse."

For an instant it struck me that the poor creature whose death they were discussing had been put out of the world by foul play, and such is the selfishness of human nature (though, to do me justice, the thankfulness would not have been on my own account,) that I should have been almost thankful for such a solution of the affair. The next few words, however, convinced me of my mistake.

"Can I see her?" inquired the man, gravely, his fuddled brains appearing to have become cleared a little by the greatness of his loss. "If I had thought her to have been so bad, I would not have gone up-street to the alehouse."

"You couldn't have saved her, Alec; naught could have saved her, and naught but harm could come now of going to look at her. The only thing to be done is to keep all quiet. She is a heavy loss to us and the bairns; but we shall be well nigh ruined if the inn folks should be frightened away from us."

The inn folks! Here was a family who evidently derived their living from the customers at the inn. The man perhaps had a boat for hire; the woman doubtless took in the washing of the visitors—our washing amongst others! Whether it was small-pox or scarlet fever, we were equally doomed if any article was used from that cottage; and I silently resolved that it should not be used. The things from the wash, the landlady informed me, would be sent home towards the end of the week; and in the meantime I would devise some excuse for leaving Clovelly without, if possible, giving any shock to poor Lucy.

"But how are we to help the inn folks and every one else from knowing it?" urged the man. "We must get the certificate——"

"Whist! Come in. I've a plan to manage that." Then the door closed behind him, and I heard the steps of both of them ascending some rickety stairs to the upper floor.

Though almost breathless with terror, I contrived to staggor away from the hateful house, the very touch of which seemed to be contagious, and reached the bench of which I have spoken, at the top of the steps, and there I sat down to think the matter out.

The atmosphere was as heavy as wool, and dry as Gideon's fleece. How the morrow's sun would scorch up that narrow street, and fructify the seeds of disease and death! The least itching in my limbs or features seemed to be the precursor of small-pox, and every flush the herald of scarlet fever. I saw Lucy's frightened looks when the news should first be told her of the enemy that had made its appearance amongst us, and her hopeless face as she bent over her dying boy. Of course it was wrong and wicked in me, and showed a great want of faith; but, at all events, my fears were not for myself. I thought of the delicate mother and her frail child, and of dear, handsome Frank smitten down in his youth and happiness.

Of course we could not leave the village that night, but I resolved to hasten our departure for the projected picnic as much as possible, and that, once away, we should never return to Clovelly. I would tell Frank what had happened at the place it had been agreed on that we should dine, and then he would break the news to his wife, and we would take up our quarters elsewhere—in some town that had a resident doctor—and await our fate. If the disease was in the air, as the papers said, we should probably carry it with us; but at all events we should be in a better position to combat it than where we were at present. To be in Clovelly, as it seemed to us, was to lie down in our coffins at once; and indeed there was not much more room to turn round in it. My morbid fancy pictured a sad procession winding up that very street, carrying on their shoulders a dreadful something with a white pall upon it, and which contained our little Baba.

When I reached the inn I found, to my great relief, that all our party had retired to rest; for, indeed, to have to converse cheerily with any of my dear ones with such a burden on my mind would have been a terrible ordeal; but the good landlady was up and about, and as brisk as usual.

"I'm afraid, ma'am, you won't get your clothes from the laundresses quite so soon as I had expected," were her first words, "for her sister, who helps her with the washing, has fallen ill. All the small things shall, however, be sent without fail, she says."

My heart seemed to stop beating, yet I somehow contrived to say that there was no hurry about the things. If so much as a collar or a pair of cuffs had come, I would have burnt them with my own hands. I occupied myself at once with packing up not only my own clothes, but all of Lucy's that I could lay hands on, in order that they might be ready to send after us, and then retired to bed—not to rest, but to think and fear.

In the morning, Frank got up betimes, as was his custom, to go down to bathe. As he ran whistling down the stairs, I thought with a shudder how he would have to pass the infected house, and perhaps bring back with him the very peril from which I would have preserved him; until I dared not speak. I knew his nervous organization, and that he would not be able to keep the dreadful secret from Lucy for a single hour. At breakfast, all save myself were in the highest spirits, looking forward to their day of pleasure, and even planning others to be enjoyed "while this beautiful warm weather lasted."

It seemed to me as though the poor deluded creatures were dancing upon the brink of their own graves.

At last I got them off, and we walked together to the top of the hill, which was the nearest spot to which a carriage could be brought, and began our journey. Every mile which we put between ourselves and the village took a load from my heart, and yet they rallied me upon my silence. I did my best to seem like myself, but the effort was beyond my power. Every ring of Baba's laughter went through me like a knell, and I feared to speak, lest I should utterly break down and burst into tears.

At our first halting-place, however, the long-looked-for opportunity offered itself of conferring with Frank alone, and I told him the wretched story.

To my intense horror, when I had quite done, his only reply was a roar of laughter. At first, I thought his fears for Lucy and the child had driven him out of his senses.

"Be a man," said I, "and help me to do the best we can."

"But, my dear Aunt Sue, it's all a mistake," cried he; "I heard all the story of Polly's death this morning, and what she died of. *Polly's a cow;* and the foolish woman it belonged to thought it had died of the *cattle plague.* Her husband was too drunk last night to find that this was not the case; but this morning he has been making merry with his wife's mistake."

"But, Frank, she said that it was their bread-winner!"

"So it was, in a sense, because they supply the milk to our inn; and if the creature had really had the disease, of course all their other cows would have had to be destroyed. As to the sick washerwoman, who does not happen to live in the village at all, I was told, at the little post-office this morning, among other local intelligence, that she has got hay-fever. That's not a fever to be afraid off."

I burst into tears, threw myself into Frank's arms, and fainted away.

When I came to myself, Lucy was wetting my forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and Baba fanning me assiduously with the "Guide-book to North Devon," while my nephew was regarding their united efforts with a face in which concern struggled with a very strong sense of the ridiculous.

"Frank," whispered I, imploringly, "don't tell them that I packed up your things, or anything about it."

And he never did.

"It was the heat that had overcome me," he said; only half a dozen times during the day the rogue would inquire—"How's Polly?—I mean Aunt Sue."

Except for that, I never enjoyed a picnic more.

Sergeant Bates Again.

Sergeant Bater is preparing a grand sensation for the world.

While in Chicago recently he announced his programme. The plan is nearly arranged, and he leaves for London in about ten days to carry it into effect. It is briefly as follows:

America, England, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Sweden and Italy will each furnish one ex-soldier of their respective armies to make a grand peace march through the countries named. Each soldier will be mounted on a black horse, bearing the flag of his country, while leading the battalion will be one on a white horse, who will carry a white banner, labeled, "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

This cavalcade, which will be led by Sergeant Bates, will start from Amsterdam, and will visit in turn Hamburg, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Florence, Geneva, Paris, London and some other places in Europe. They will then embark at Liverpool for the United States, and after visiting Washington, will commence a march to the West, passing through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to Chicago. The march will probably not begin until next spring, though the London parties desire to start at once. Sergeant Bates expects to reach Chicago in about five months from the time his flags are unfurled at Amsterdam.

Absurd and silly as this contemplated pilgrimage may seem, it might yet strongly arouse the people, and the march of the fourteen may yet be as famous as the 600 who roused Paris to frenzy as they tramped through France to the sound of the Marseillaise.—*Exchange.*

Good Hints for Everybody.

The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance; appearances are deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriors; rogues, usually dress well. The rich are plain; trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned, but make him pay quickly if there be any virtue in the law. Whenever you meet a man fond of argument, you will meet one profoundly ignorant of the operations of the human heart.

Mind your own affairs. Let all the errors you see in other management suggest correctness in your own.

The Cleansing of Wounds.

The attention of the Clinical Society of London has been drawn to Dr. Callender's method of dressing wounds, as practiced by him in the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in that city. He says that by the use of camel-hair brushes, the cleansing of a wound is not a painful process; and a further recommendation is, that the employment of sponges and other materials, commonly used for cleansing wounds, and which some surgeons believe to be a frequent cause of the passage of infectious material from one patient to another, is thus done away with.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Mr. Wright, of Iowa, introduced a bill in relation to salaries and the civil service. It provides for a reduction, from and after the first day of next October, of 10 per cent. in the compensation of officers and employees of the Senate, except clerks of committees, which it proposes to cut down 30 per cent.

The bill to increase the pay department of the army, fixing the number of paymasters at fifty, with the rank, pay and emoluments of majors of cavalry, passed by a vote of 21 to 18. Should the bill become a law, six new appointments in the paymaster's department will be made.

The credentials of Wm. B. Washburn, successor to Mr. Sumner, were laid before the Senate, and Mr. Washburn took the oath of office as Senator of the United States.

The House bill appropriating $90,000 for the relief of persons suffering by the overflow of the Mississippi river was reported and passed.

Mr. Chandler, of Mich., reported with amendments the bill to define a gross of matches, to provide for uniform packages and for other purposes. Placed on the calendar. It requires that all friction matches manufactured in the United States shall be put up in packages, each containing either fifty or one hundred matches, or some multiple of one hundred, and that each package shall be distinctly marked with the number contained therein; also, that each gross shall contain 14,400 matches.

Mr. Ramsey, of Minn., called up the Senate bill to revive and continue certain grants of land heretofore made to the Territory and State of Minnesota to aid in the construction of the several lines of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company. Passed—yeas, 28, nays, 12.

Mr. Stewart, of Nev., introduced a bill to secure legislative control of the District of Columbia and provide for the government thereof.

The House having returned the bill appropriating $90,000 for the relief of persons suffering by the overflow of the Mississippi river, on motion of Mr. Pease, of Mississippi, the vote by which the bill was passed was reconsidered, and that gentleman offered an amendment appropriating $250,000 instead of $90,000. Referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

Mr. Boutwell, of Mass, submitted an amendment to the Civil Rights bill, providing that its provisions shall apply to schools and public institutions of learning or benevolence authorized by law and endowed by the United States, or hereafter endowed by any State or the United States.

Mr. Pratt, of Indiana, from the Committee on Pensions, reported back the bill amendatory to the Act granting pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the War of 1812, and to restore to the pension rolls those persons whose names were stricken therefrom in consequence of their disloyalty to the Government. Placed on the calendar.

HOUSE.

Mr. Negley, of Penn., asked leave to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to prepare and report a bill to amend the act of the 6th of June, 1872, relative to soldiers' and sailors' homesteads, so as to allow honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphan children to acquire homesteads on the public lands, without being required to commence settlement and improvement.

The amendment to the appropriation bill striking out the paragraph requiring the department clerks to work seven hours a day instead of six was struck out. A number of amendments were made to the bill and it passed.

Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, introduced a bill to amend the act for the redemption of the three per cent. temporary loan certificates and for an increase of national bank notes. Referred to the Committee on Banking.

Mr. Eames, of R. I., introduced a bill to amend the National currency acts, and to establish free banking. Referred to the Banking Committee.

Mr. O'Neil, of Pa., presented a petition for the equalization of bounties so as to entitle privates in the Marine Corps to the benefits of the bounty laws.

The House took up the Senate amendments to the House bill relative to the Louisville and Portland Canal. The debate, which lasted over three hours, was closed by Mr. Wheeler, of N. Y., who offered an amendment to the effect that no money should be paid out under it unless the State of Kentucky should cede to the United States jurisdiction over the canal, with all its property and appurtenances, and should relinquish to the United States the right to assess it so long as the United States shall remain the owner, and should pay to the United States all taxes assessed and collected on the canal from the passage of the act until such cession. The amendment was rejected—73 to 143—and the bill was then passed without a division.

Mr. Hazleton, of Wis., from the Election Committee, made a report on the Utah contested election; that Mr. Cannon, the sitting member, is entitled to the seat, and that Mr. Maxwell, the contestant, is not. He gave notice that he would call it up for action hereafter, and he gave notice that he would then offer a resolution reciting that Mr. Cannon, the sitting member, is openly living with a woman as his wife, under the pretended sanction of a system of polygamy, to the great scandal and disgrace of the people and Government of the United States; and providing for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the matter, and to recommend such action as shall seem meet and proper.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., introduced a bill providing for free banking and the issue of national bank notes of the denomination of $10 per inhabitant, according to the census of 1870. Also authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to withdraw legal tenders to the amount of twenty-five per cent. of the additional issue of national bank notes so soon as the legal tender circulation is reduced to $356,000,000, such retired legal tenders to be held as a reserve, to be used in case of emergency.

Mr. Mellish, of N. Y., introduced a bill to regulate the payment of customs duties, and to secure a par in value of gold, United States Treasury notes, and national bank notes.

Mr. McKee, of Miss., from the Committee on Territories, asked and obtained leave for that committee to report for action a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State.

Mr. Southard, of Ohio, moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution directing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report what legislation is necessary to secure a fair and equitable apportionment of the whole existing volume of national bank circulation among the several States and Territories, according to the wealth, population, and business interests. Agreed to. The preamble to the resolution recites that there is an excess of circulation in the Eastern States of $70,620,046, and in the Middle States of $9,416,503, and a deficiency in the District of Columbia and the Southern and Southwestern States of $51,088,903, in the Western States of $21,423,881, and in the Pacific States and Territories of $7,625,586.

Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill to provide for a more equitable distribution of national bank currency. The motion was seconded in the midst of much confusion—93 to 54.

Spring Maladies.

In the olden time, as some of our readers may remember, the opinion generally prevailed, that as the thermometer rose above the degree marked temperate and lighter clothing became comfortable, something must be done to purify the blood. But, unfortunately, the means then resorted to do not command the admiration of a modern hygienist. They were bleeding and salts, calomel and jalap, and pills innumerable. There was, however, a basic truth in the idea that the more sedentary and in-door habits of the cold season and the still worse habit of extra hydro-carbonaceous feeding—butter, sugar, lard, pork, gravy, etc.—occasioned obstructions of the excretory organs, the liver, skin, kidneys, bowels and lungs, rendering special attention to the general depurating function expedient. But, thanks to the health educators of the race, the people are rapidly learning better preventives of disease, and better remedies than poisonous drugs. Few persons seem to be aware that the whole range of maladies which are more prevalent in early spring are attributable to personal habits; and very few physicians ever intimate, if they are aware, that what the people eat and drink during the winter is the most efficient cause of what they suffer in summer. The preventive measures, therefore, may be all summed up in the words, wholesome regimen.

But when the spring maladies appear, whether in the shape of humors, boils, catarrh, influenza, epizooty, pneumonia, rheumatism, erysipelas, sick-headache, etc., "Do thyself no harm." Take no drug stuff. Lose no blood. Submit to no blistering. Neither vomit nor purge. Sweat not. Swallow no hard cider. Do not even bother with herb tea. But bathe daily, diet abstemiously, exercise moderately, prefer vegetable food, drink only water, eschew seasonings, give nature a chance. These terrible ailments, for which so many are drugged to death every spring of every year, are manifestations of a remedial process—an effort of the vital organism to rid itself of noxious matters. Do not thwart this process, nor arrest it, nor suppress it, nor cure it. But favor it in all possible ways, that purification may be complete and restoration to health perfect.—*Science of Health.*

Parlor Matches.—A Great Barrington (Mass.) merchant found a box of parlor matches on the store floor the other morning, which had been knocked off the shelf by a rat or mouse over night. On opening the box the discovery was made that by the concussion every match in the box had been lighted, and the wood of which they were made was charred and turned brown. It was a narrow escape, and if a fire had taken place, its results would have been a perpetual mystery.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A man named Nelson and his wife were arrested at Windsor, Ontario, on a charge of being concerned in the murder of Corkindale, a resident of Strathroy, whose mutilated body was found in the River Sydney about ten days ago. Twelve persons are in custody charged with complicity in this crime, and still another is wanted.....A three-story frame dwelling at 138 Stockton street, Brooklyn, fell in, burying nine workmen in its ruins, and killing the master mason and plumber, who were at work in it.....A letter from a planter in Carroll Parish, La., says that from the overflow there will be twenty-seven plantations in this parish that will make no cotton at all, eleven that may make a half crop, and twenty-nine that are good for a full crop.....Dutch Heinrich engaged a cabin passage on the steamer Hammonia, which sailed for Hamburg, and he paid $100 additional for the use of an extra room. When he arrived on the wharf, however, the company's agents would not allow him to go on board, because the passengers had learned who he was, and pretested against his going on the same vessel with them. His money was returned. He is broken down in health, and was going to Germany to die.....Boston has subscribed $15,000 to the Louisiana relief fund.....It is rumored that the Spanish Carlists have released all their prisoners of war.....During a gale a small boat was seen going down in Lake Ontario. When four miles below Conscon, Ont., the boat capsized and a man was seen clinging to the bottom, but he soon disappeared. The skiff floated ashore.....Three million reals, intended for the Carlists, have been seized in Santander.....Alexander Ellis, colored, has recovered $100 from the Narragansett Steamship Company for refusing him a seat at dinner in the dinning room of the steamer Providence. At a previous trial the plaintiff was awarded $400, but the verdict was set aside on a question of law.....Mr. Milbach, a commercial traveler, en route from Goliad to Boeville, Texas, in an ambulance, accompanied by a negro driver, was attacked by three bandits. One tied Milbach while the others were searching for money and valuables. Milbach succeeded in getting one arm loose, and, drawing a pistol concealed under his coat, killed two of the highwaymen, but was himself killed by the third. The negro managed to escape with the money and valuables, amounting to several thousand dollars.

Prof. Forster of Berlin announces the discovery of a planet by Palisa, in right ascension 15 hours 20 minutes, declination 17 degrees 45 minutes, tenth magnitude.....Although Congress passed a bill for the relief of the sufferers by the overflow on the lower Mississippi, it has been found that no supplies can be spared from the various military stations in that region. Therefore, the Secretary of War directed the Commissary of Subsistence to purchase 500,000 rations of meat, flour, beans, and rice; and, to carry the law into effect, asks an appropriation of $90,000. The estimate is based on an issue to 20,000 persons for twenty-five days.....The Suez Canal troubles have been settled. M. de Lesseps has accepted the tonnage rates prescribed by the International Commission.....A man named McGraw, living three miles west of Lansing, Mich., left his family—consisting of five motherless children, the oldest nine years—asleep in bed, to go on an errand to a neighbor's. When he returned, about 11 P. M., he found his house burned down, with everything it contained, except children, bureau and cat. All the children would have perished if they had not been awakened by the cat pawing their faces and screeching as only an excited cat can.....A terrible accident took place at Hong Kong to the mail steamer Wan Loong. The vessel carried a cargo, but accounts vary as to the exact number of persons on board. It is generally believed, however, that there were between 200 and 300. She got clear of her moorings all right, but in taking a turn to come under the stern of a small German yacht lying near, she gave a roll inward in the circle she was describing. On her upper decks were a large number of Chinese, and at the sway they all ran to the other side, a movement which at once brought the vessel over. The dead weight at the low side kept her from righting herself again, and her slanting attitude prevented these on the top from getting to the high side. So the vessel went right over and at once sank. Just before she went down, a wild cry arose from those on board. Over 100 lives were lost.

Hugh McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, approves of President Grant's financial veto in a communication to the London *Times*.....Mayor Hunter, of Brooklyn, is determined to hold the Inspector of Buildings responsible for the loss of life caused by the falling of the building in Stockton street.....The bill to incorporate Speer's New York City Rapid Transit Company was passed by the N. Y. State Senate by a vote of 17 to 4.....The dividends payable in Boston in May amount to a little over three and a half million dollars.....A boiler at Jessup's saw mill, near Richmond, Ind., exploded, killing John Alexander and injuring four other employees.....A man named Mitchell, a grinder in the Thayer Scythe Works, in West Winsted, was instantly killed by the bursting of a grindstone.....Jesse Pomeroy, the boy with the white eye, and the supposed murderer of the boy Horace H. Millin, was arraigned in the Boston Municipal Court, and fully committed without bail.....William Brunt and his two sons, aged twelve and nine, while fishing on the lake, a few miles from Halifax, N. S., fell through the ice and were drowned.

Glad Tidings for the Slaves of King Alcohol.

How many a manly form is palsied; how many a noble mind is destroyed; how many a priceless soul lost through the curse of strong drink! To the despairing victims of the Satanic tyrant, Alcohol, whose shattered nerves, and trembling limbs, and racking headaches, seem to find no relief except in the renewed use of the fatal poison which brings them every day nearer to their miserable end, we announce glad tidings of great joy! Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters contain not a single drop of alcohol in any form, but are a sovereign remedy for the ills of drunkenness. They restore tone and strength to the system, and entirely eradicate the pernicious appetite for liquor. Try a few bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and you will never crave strong spirits again, but find your health repaired, your mind restored, and be once more a man in the best sense. Health is cheap when Vinegar Bitters are $1 a bottle.—*Com.*

"For the Blood is the Life."

See Deuteronomy Chap. xii, verse 23. The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile festering poisons all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. H