

of Japan, through its resident diplomatic representative in the United States, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, any sum not exceeding six thousand dollars, which may be found to be due to the government of Japan by that of the United States, on account of rents for lands or buildings occupied for hospital purposes, jail, and court-house, in the United States in Japan.

Sec. 2. That the Secretary of State, through the minister resident at Japan, be, and he is hereby, authorized to rent, furnish and keep suitable buildings, with grounds appurtenant, in Jeddo, or such other place as he may designate, for a court-house and jail, at an annual cost not exceeding five thousand dollars; provided, That the period for which said buildings shall be rented shall be for two years, with renewals for two years as the Secretary of State shall determine.

Sec. 3. That a further sum, not to exceed two thousand five hundred dollars, be, and the same is hereby, also appropriated, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purchase of a suitable law-library for the use of said legation in Japan, the selection of said library to be made by the Secretary of State. Approved, March 3, 1873.

(General Nature—No. 76.) AN ACT authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish a duplicate certificate of discharge where the same has been lost.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever satisfactory proof shall be furnished to the War Department that any non-commissioned officer or private soldier who served in the army of the United States in the late war against the rebellion has lost his certificate of discharge, to be indelibly marked, so that it may be known as a duplicate; provided, Such certificate shall not be accepted as a voucher for the payment of any claim against the United States for pay, bounty or other allowance, or as evidence in any other case.

Sec. 2. That the army regulations now in force are hereby modified in accordance with the provisions of this act. Approved, March 3, 1873.

(General Nature—No. 74.) AN ACT to restore Absalom Kirby as second assistant engineer in the navy.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, authorized by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to restore Absalom Kirby to his original position on the active list as a second assistant engineer in the navy of the United States. Approved, March 3, 1873.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—"William, stop that noise, I say! Won't you stop? stop I tell you, or I'll slap your mouth."

William bawls a little louder. "William, I tell you, ain't you going to stop? stop, I say! If you don't stop I'll whup you, sure."

William goes up a fifth and beats time with his heels. "I never saw such a child! He's got temper enough for a whole town; I'm sure he did not get it from me. Why don't you be still? Whist, whist. Come, come, he still won't you? Stop, stop, I say! Don't you see this stick? See here, now!" ("at the air with a stick.")

William, more furious, kicks very manfully at his mother—grows redder in the face, lets out the last note, and begins to reel and shake and twist in a most spiteful manner. "Come, William, come dear—that's a darling—naughty William! Come, that's a good boy; don't cry, p-o-o-r fellow; sant ab-oose you sall eh? Ma's little man want a piece sooga? Ma's little boy got cramp? P-o-o-r little sick boy!" &c. William wipes up and minds, and eats his sugar and stops.

AFTER SCENE.—The minister present, and a very nice talk is going on upon the necessity of governing children. "Too true," says mamma, "some people give up to their children, and it ruins them—every child should be governed, but then ti won't do to carry it too far; it will break a child's spirit. One ought to mix kindness and firmness together in managing children."

"I think so," said the preacher; "firmness first and then kindness." "Yes, sir, that's my practice exactly."—H. W. Beecher.

A somewhat illiterate gentleman has named his dog "Michael Angelo," on the supposition that M. A. was one of the old mastiffs.

CINCINNATI DOG.

Says the correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial: "here is a remarkable dog belonging to one of the steam fire engine companies in this city. The engine house is on Capitol Hill, and the Company is noted for being one of the promptest, quickest and most effective in the country. The members are sober, peaceable, and very attentive to their duties. The engine is as clean and shiny as a new watch, and a cleaner lot of horses, harness and general equipments were never seen. The engine company is also celebrated for their dog. He is of the Newfoundland breed, large and heavy built. His coat is full and shaggy and of a very dark brown. The face of the dog is amiable as Venus, his jaws are large and powerful, and his teeth sharp and long. Whenever an alarm of fire is sounded, the dog listens attentively for a moment until the number of bells indicate the locality; he rushes, barking furiously, to the stable of the horses, which is the basement of the engine-house, and by the time he gets there the horses are out, he takes his position at their head and runs to the fire. The fire has been lighted in the meantime, and in less than three minutes the engine is rushing through the streets as if hell had broken loose. What is wonderful about the dog is that the instant that the driver mounts his seat and takes the reins in his hands the dog starts off at a fearful pace in the direction of the fire, barking loudly and keeping time with the bell of the engine, giving a bark for every stroke of the bell. How the dog knows where the fire is has been for months a mystery to me. The horses are close behind him, and seem to follow him. He turns corners, avoids the tracks of street cars, and leads the way, indeed, to the scene of the fire. Can it be possible that the dog knows the system of alarms in this city?"

ROOM UP STAIRS.—A young man thought of studying law, but he would first go and ask the advice of Daniel Webster about it. "They tell me, sir," said the young man, "that the profession is full, and that there are more lawyers now than are needed. Do you think there is any room for me?" "There is always room up stairs," was Webster's reply. Room enough up stairs! That is true, for the number of first class workmen is small and the demand is large. First-class firmers, mechanics, physicians, lawyers and ministers always find plenty of room, plenty of work, and good pay. What ever your calling may be, if it be an honest one, be determined to go into the upper story of it.

A MELANCHOLY MIXTURE.—Census takers and gatherers of statistics have some queer experiences. One of them, calling at a house in the Fourth Ward, asked for the master of the house, and was introduced to a gentleman with the map of Ireland legibly printed on his countenance, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Will you be kind enough to tell me your nationality, sir?" "Me nationality? That's that?" "Where were you born? What countryman are you?" "Ah, now, ye be's wan av thim chaps as goes round wid a book for the names of the byes as votes." "Not exactly; but I am collecting information, and would like to know your nationality." "Collecting information? begorra, thin perhaps ye'd betellin' me what countryman I am yerself, for I can't make it out at all. Me father was a naturalized Irishman. Me mother was an English woman. I was born in a Dutch ship, under the French flag, in Turkish wathers." "The collector of information?" "passed."

A German in Buffalo fell into a beer vat, the other day, and was drowned. He drank as hard as he could to save himself, and would have succeeded, had not a floating cork choked him.

HUMOROUS.

If a Bedouin should lose his teeth, would he talk gum Arabic?

A Western jury rendered a verdict of "death by hanging round a rum shop."

American belles ought to make good housewives, because they put up with little or no waist.

Tell me to forgive me, for O, I am so happy, was the telegram an Indianapolis girl sent to her father, to apprise him of her elopement with a telegraph operator.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It is lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes it is extremely lucky—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A parson, reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emerald Islander, "Is this a brother or a sister?" "Neither," replied I at, "only a cousin."

"Enjoy it! I guess I did immensely, till I looked at the lady in the front seat, and all at once I was unhappy; for, would you believe it, my back hair wasn't up high enough."

It will be a surprise to many to know that Washington Irving was a confessed orchard thief. Once, when picking up an apple under a tree in his own orchard, he was accosted by an urchin of the neighborhood, who, not recognizing him as the proprietor, offered to show him a tree where he could "get some better apples than these. But," said the boy, "we must take care the old man doesn't see us." "I went with him," said Irving, "and we stole a dozen of my own apples."

Not over fifty miles east of Auburn, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, there lives a man whose sense of hearing is not very acute, as will appear from the following: He was hunting for game about a mile distant from his residence, when a grouse flew up and lit on a tree on the hillside; and the same moment a traveler approached and inquired the distance to the next station.

Deaf man (pointing). "He flew right up there."

Traveler.—"How far is it to the next station?"

Deaf man.—"He lit right up there."

Traveler.—"You must be a d—d fool."

Deaf man.—"Yes, there is a great many around this time of the year."

Jinks had been indulging too frequently in ardent spirits. At a street corner his hat dropped into the gutter. Says Jinks: "I know—if I pick you up I'll fall—If I fall you won't p—hic—me—hic—up—Good night!" And he walked off with a smile of satisfaction, describing innumerable zig-zags as he went, leaving his hat in the gutter.

Modesty and merit are a handsome couple.

Many children, many cares; no children, no felicity.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.

Without good-nature, man is only a better sort of vermin.

Wise men have but few confidants; and cunning men, none.

Talmage says that when Christians lie they lie like—the devil.

Be rigid to yourself and gentle to others. So said Confucius.

To love is to place our happiness in the happiness of another.

A failure in a good cause is better than a triumph in a bad one.

The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men.—Percles.

Men deride the self-conceit of power, but cringe to its injustice.

It thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.—Confucius.

The literature of nations begins with fables and ends with romances.

HOW IT WAS PUT UP ON A MONK.

The delight of the Papal party is to lead the Italian Government into trouble, and to represent its actions to the people as a model of tyranny, improvidence, and absurdity. It must be acknowledged that the latter lays itself open but too readily to such insinuations and blunders, even than seems natural, from its over-anxious desire to avoid new complications. Thus, a few days ago a venerable monk of the famous Church of Ara Cell was discovered to be in possession of ingeniously contrived plates, by means of which an immense number of twenty-five franc notes had been forged, and, for years been successfully circulated in all parts of Italy. The police did not wish to arrest the friar, but the authorities were goaded on by an unlucky man of virtue who had made the discovery, and was determined to reap the reward of unmasking such villainy. When the monk was at last brought up to headquarters, he boldly claimed to have received the plates, which were found on his person, from the sexton of his church. Again opportunity was offered him to escape but he seemed to be as much fool as knave, and remained in prison while his cell was searched.

There, among other things most unlikely to be met with in convents, a number of photographs of obscene character, and of letters from well-known persons of ill-repute, were found; the former, upon being interrogated, he declared to have taken from young persons under his care for the sake of public morality, but for the letters he could not account. The church party are, of course, fierce in their indignation at this plot of the Government to bring an excellent man of well proved piety and stainless reputation into sore trouble, while the police, having obtained possession of the dangerous plates, would be delighted to get rid of the hardly less dangerous monk. Nor is the matter likely to end there. New troubles will arise from it in Parliament, where the Ministers are sure to be questioned on the subject, and the want of vigilance in allowing so great an amount of counterfeit money to be manufactured, and to be put in circulation during so many years, will be made the subject of a violent attack, in which the Papists will join with zest and great eagerness.

ANOTHER MAN NEEDED.

Old farmer Pettingill went into his house one day and caught John, the hired man, hugging Mrs. P. The farmer said nothing, and went out into the field.

After dinner he wanted John for something, but John was not to be found.

He went, at last, into John's room, where the latter was on his knees packing his trunk.

"What's the matter, John?" said P.

"O, nothing," replied John.

"What are you packing your trunk for?"

"I'm going away."

"Going away! What are you going away for?"

"O you know," answered John.

"No I don't know," rejoined P.

"Come, give me the reason of your sudden desire to go away?"

"Well," meekly answered John, "you know what you caught me doing this forenoon?"

"O pshaw!" laughed Pettingill; "do not be so foolish. If you and me can't hug the old woman enough, I'll hire another man."

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Young ladies should be careful about who they kiss—particularly in the dark.

A Vallejo young lady, about to go off in the cars, stepped into the dark sitting room to kiss her friend Sarah good-by. Owing to the darkness she didn't see Sarah but caromed on a Chinaman, and didn't find out the mistake until John began yelling:

"Whateer for you so chokee me! Hi yah! No squeeze so mucchee!"

One yell, a flopping of feminine garments, a slammed door, and the girl was gone.

SCENE IN A COURT.

Boy, witness in a case of assault on Mr. Brown.

Judge, with indignity.—"Young man, do you know this Brown?"

Boy, looking roguishly at his Honor and shaking his head.—"No yer don't, Judge."

Judge, indignantly.—"What do you mean by that, sir? Answer my question; do you know this Brown?"

Boy, with a peculiar wink.—"No yer don't, Judge."

Judge, in a rage.—"Answer me, you young villain, or I will commit you for contempt of court. Do you know this Brown?"

Boy, applying his thumb to the end of his nose, and wriggling mysteriously his elongated fingers.—"Yer can't come it, Judge. I know what yer want; you want me to ask yer what Brown, and then yer goin' to say Brown Stout—No yer don't, Judge."

HOW THEY TRADE IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

At Point Creek, Jackson county, a trader had bought sheep of a resident. Resident had one more to sell, when the following conversation ensued:

Trader.—"I'll give you two dollars for that sheep."

Resident.—"It's worth five dollars."

T.—"It aint worth two dollars."

R.—"It's worth five dollars."

T.—"It aint."

R (drawing a large navy).—"What's that there sheep worth?"

T.—"Under the circumstances, I think it's worth nigh unto six dollars."

They traded forthwith.—Lebanon (Ky.) Standard.

A New Orleans paper tel's us of

a printer who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, during work hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He thus kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account, and found that he had on deposit \$521 86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill health.

Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards, and were discharged. The water drinker then bought out the printing office, went on enlarging the business and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money, was worth \$100,000. The story, whether new or old, teaches a lesson which every boy and young man should lay to heart.

Thirty years ago a young man entered the city of New York in an almost penniless condition and without a single acquaintance in the great wilderness of houses. To-day his name is known wherever humanity breathes. It is spoken in every city, and is as familiar to the workers in the mines as to his brother in the mills, and wherever language is known and ideas expressed the name of this penniless, unknown and uncouth lad of thirty years ago, is uttered. It was John Smith.

A Haverhill clergyman married a couple the other day. The groom was a tall stripping whose weight with all his wedding fixtures on was ninety-seven pounds, while that of the buxom bride was two hundred and ten. They both declared that they had loved through thick and thin. When the minister looked at the scrip he received for the job he thought it was pretty thin.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. Pleading one day before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say: "My lord, I can illustrate the point in my own person: I myself have too little manors." The Judge immediately interposed, with his usual bland smile, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

The test of a man's honesty is in the sacrifice he will make to preserve it.