

Months passed, and Willie Merrick still lay in jail awaiting his trial. At the assizes, there was not a shadow of proof against him, and one of the gamekeepers on an adjoining estate confessed that it was he fired the shot which wounded the agent; so Merrick was acquitted; and a few kind-hearted people subscribed enough money to pay his passage to America.

"You'll come out to me, Oona darling, won't you?" he said, holding his promised wife in his arms as he said good-bye. "You aren't ashamed of me, are you?"

"No, Willie; but I'll not follow you to America," Oona said sadly. "I'm going a longer journey. O Willie, Willie, my heart is broken. You'll never look on the face of Oona O'Connor again! Good-bye, and may Heaven forever bless you!"

Willie was pushed into the train which was to take him to Cork, and Oona fell fainting into her father's arms.

Three months after, there was a quiet funeral in the old graveyard of Cloonabeg, an old man and an old woman the only mourners.

Oona Connor was dead, and her last wish had been to sleep beside her brothers and sisters in the little country graveyard she had played in as a child. There she sleeps, with no cross at her head or stone at her feet; but her grave is well known, and the memory of the events which caused her death green. No one in the west of Ireland has forgotten the Cloonabeg eviction.

**ODD PLEAS.**—Brougham, defending a rogue charged with stealing a pair of boots, unable to gainsay his client's guilt, demurred to his conviction because the articles appropriated were half-boots, and half-boots were no more boots than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. The objection was overruled by Lord Estgrove, who, with befitting solemnity, said: "I am of opinion that boot is a nomen-generale comprehending a half-boot; the distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot; the moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half moon." Had Brougham proved the boots to be old ones, his man would probably have come off as triumphantly as a tramp tried at Warwick for stealing four live fowls. The fowls had been "lifted" in Staffordshire; still the indictment was declared good, it being held that a man committed felony in every county through which he carried stolen property; but when it came out in evidence that the fowls were dead when the thief was taken, he was at once set free, on the ground that he could not be charged with stealing four live fowls in Warwickshire.—*All the Year Round.*

Principles strengthen because they enlighten; when principle is wanting, what remains to support the will?

## COMMON-SENSE VENTILATION.

The best practical statement I have met about ventilation was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: "Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it." All mechanical appliances for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided.

It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, allowing the upper and warmer portions to descend and take its place.

An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one-half or two-thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease; and large though this seems from its daily draft on the wood-pile or coal-bin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills and with the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably result from living in unventilated apartments.—*Col. G. E. Waring, Jr., in the October Atlantic.*

## ANSWERING LETTERS.

A great many people in this country are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In European countries it is regarded as the height of ill-breeding to allow a letter which needs a reply to go unanswered, and so it ought to be considered here. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress on their children. They should be taught to consider it as rude not to reply to a letter which needs attention as to hand a fork with the prong end. The busiest people are generally those who are the most exact in this respect. The late Duke of Wellington, who, it will be admitted, had a good deal on his hands at different times of his life, replied to every letter, no matter how humble a source. Once a clergyman, who lived in a distant part of the kingdom, wrote his Grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a shadow of claim, to beg for a subscription to rebuild a church. By return of mail came back a letter from the Duke to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an autograph for £5, and put the Duke down for that amount among the subscribers.