

LOANS TO FARMERS.—During last year there were received under the Landlord and Tenant Acts of 1870-72 79 applications, the sums issued by the Board of Works in that period being £46,285. This, with the amounts advanced in previous years, makes a total of £238,350 advanced to tenants to aid them in purchasing their holdings. The greater aid than in the purchases in aid of which loans were granted were made in the Landed Estates Court.

THE BASKETMAKERS' STRIKE.—The Dublin basket-makers have been some weeks on strike. We have reason to believe that a prolongation of the conflict may possibly have the effect of driving the trade out of Dublin altogether. Already, we believe, Dublin manufacturers are hardly pressed by foreign rivals, and the continuance of the present dispute will only play into the hands of these latter, and bring ruin to both parties to the conflict.—*Freeman*.

Morgan John O'Connell, Esq., died on the 22nd inst., at Longfield, the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Charles Bianconi. Mr. O'Connell was the son of the late John O'Connell, of Greenagh, and nephew of the Liberator. He for many years represented Kerry in the Imperial Parliament, but had during the closing period of his life, taken no part in politics. He inherited much of his uncle's genius, was an eloquent speaker, and a man of the most graceful and polished manners, and generally beloved. Mr. O'Connell was an English barrister, and held up to the period of his death an official position as counsel for one of the English Government departments.

The debate on Mr. Butt's bill for the substitution of county boards in Ireland. In lieu of grand juries, to control the expenditure of local taxation, elicited from the Chief Secretary for Ireland a promise that during the next session he would bring in a bill to amend the existing law so far as the non-representation of the ratepayers is concerned. It was admitted on all sides that under the present system the ratepayers are not sufficiently represented.

At the Coleraine Land Sessions, on the 29th ult., a case of considerable importance was heard, in which the tenant, James Norris, sought £865 under the Ulster custom, for disturbance from a farm containing 88a 3r. 33p. W. G. Lawrence, Esq., Bailiff House, Coleraine, was respondent. The lease fell in, and the landlord had increased the rent to a sum which the tenant said he believed no man could pay and live comfortably. The defence was that the Ulster custom did not exist, the lands being held under lease. The Chairman held that the custom did exist, that the rent demanded was unreasonable, and gave £800 compensation.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DR. McELROY.—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Dr. McElroy, P. P. of Fivemiletown, county Tyrone. This melancholy event took place on Saturday, the deceased gentleman being only in his fortieth year. Dr. McElroy was one of the best known and most distinguished clergymen in the diocese of Clogher. At the Eccumenical Council he was secretary of the Bishop of Clogher, and he then received from the Supreme Pontiff the title of Doctor of Divinity. His numberless good qualities endeared him to high and low, and his death will be lamented through the length and breadth of the diocese of Clogher.—*Freeman*.

On the 20th ult., John Clarke, aged fifty-five years, a herd to Mr. Francis Murphy, J. P., Kilsarn House, Nanan, went to gather in the cows for milking. Knowing there was a bull which had previously exhibited wicked tendencies, he took a pitchfork with him for protection. At nine o'clock, the cows not being yet brought in, a messenger was sent to the herd's house to complain of the delay, on which Clarke's family consisting of his wife and two daughters—went to seek him. In the field where the cattle were, evidence was visible of a fearful struggle. In the centre of the field the herd's tail first drew attention, near which were parts of his coat, and broken traces. The ground was much trampled, and at a little distance portions of the unfortunate man's entrails were found, and a considerable quantity of blood. Further search along the track of the blood resulted in the discovery of the body, fearfully mangled, one arm broken, and hanging literally by skin. Information was sent to the Rev. E. Hornan, who was celebrating Mass at Johnstown Chapel, who came at once, but life was gone long before discovery.

During the hearing of a libel case in the Irish Court of Common Pleas, which was useful only so far as it showed up the heavenly state of affairs which distinguishes Zion church, Rathgar, Dublin, the following little dodge was remarked upon by Sergeant Armstrong:—

In 1870 many clergymen sought to obtain annuities under the Act of Parliament disestablishing the Irish Church. The salary which Burkett (the defendant in the case and the curate of Zion church) had from Mr. Hewitt, the incumbent of Zion church, was £100 a year. Burkett became curate at the end of 69 or beginning of '70. In 1870 Mr. Burkett presented the necessary memorial to the Church commissioners for an annuity, and he represented to them that he had a salary of £150 a year instead of £100—representation to which the Rev. James Hewitt, the incumbent, was privy. It was upon the basis of past remuneration that the future annuities were calculated, and the commissioners would not have jurisdiction to grant to a man who was a salaried curate of £100 a year annuity of £150. At all events, Burkett got £150 a year, and yet up to the 31st December last, when he severed his connection with Zion church, he never received more than £100 from Hewitt.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE CATHOLIC UNION OF IRELAND.—The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, who was recently presented by the Catholic Union of Ireland with an Address of Congratulation on his appointment to the rank of Prince of the Church, has transmitted the following reply to the Earl of Granard, the President of the Union:—"My Dear Lord.—The address of the Catholic Union of Ireland, which as President, you have had the kindness to forward in its name, has given me a heartfelt gratification. When I received an address of the same kind from the Catholic Union of Great Britain, so whom so many are of my own flock, I could more easily recognize a motive for their kindness; but in receiving the address of the Catholic Union of Ireland I cannot but feel that I rather owe to them the expression of my sympathy and gratitude than have any claim to receive such words at their hands. They have, however, told me the motives that have prompted them—as Irishmen, as members of the Catholic Union, as devoted children of Our Holy Father, and as children of the One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church—so to address me; and their address is especially grateful to me as filling up the expressions of affection and confidence from the Catholics of these three kingdoms. I wish I could think that I have any right to accept the many gratifying words of the address. In one point, indeed, I hope I may do so—I mean in claiming to possess a warm sympathy with Ireland and a paternal affection for its children who live upon English soil. When I say that I rather owe a debt of gratitude to you, I mean that the Catholic Church in Ireland—in its long ages of fidelity to the Faith and to Rome, in its unsurpassed sacrifices and sufferings for our Divine Master—has given to the world a resplendent example of the power and victory of faith. The Catholic Church in England at this time derives from your history an abundant force and confidence in these early years of its restoration. "The Church in Ireland, which is reproducing itself throughout the British Empire and throughout the United States, is proving to the world how little it needs the support of civil power and legislation. It stands out also before the Catholic nations of Europe as the herald, it may

be, of their future, with a message full of high confidence in the unimpeachable powers and resources of the Church of God. The Catholic Church in France has long known how to admire and to emulate in this the Church in Ireland, and the Church in Germany is giving also majestic evidence that a Church faithful to the Holy See can never be subdued. In thanking you, therefore, from my heart, for the warm assurance of your affection and confidence, I wish to convey to the Catholic Union of Ireland the gratitude which the Catholics of all nations owe to your country; and I heartily pray that God may bless Ireland and all its children.—I remain, my dear Lord, your faithful servant in Jesus Christ.—HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster."

GREAT BRITAIN.

A WOMAN WALKING A THOUSAND MILES.—Madame Willott, described as the champion female walker of the world, has commenced to walk a thousand miles at the Prince Arthur Running Grounds, Middlesbrough. To complete her undertaking she will require to walk night and day for about six weeks.

It is a fearful thing to dispare the dignity of an official in Scotland. The other day a man was arrested for whistling in the presence of one of them, and now we learn from the Glasgow Citizen that "a young gentleman" of the name of Scott has been convicted of insulting a town councillor by inquiring "who the devil made him a town councillor?" The magistrate imposed a fine of seven shillings and sixpence, or four days' imprisonment.

THE RECENT FAILURES.—On the 26th ult., at the London Bankruptcy Court, a receiver and manager was appointed to the estate of Robert Benson and Company, merchants, of King's Arms Yard, Moor-gate-street. Estimated liabilities £750,000. The failure was announced of Lewis Stewart, Merchant and East India Agent, for £76,500. Assets, £17,000. The failure has been brought about through the stoppage of Messrs. A. Collier and Co.

After hearing the evidence in a case of an assault upon a wife, the stipendiary at the Bilston Police Court, on the 29th ult., in sentencing the husband, a man named Grimley, said that he hoped before long the law would inflict a still greater punishment upon wife-beaters. Grimley was sent to gaol for six months with hard labour, and at the end of that time to find surties for his good behaviour during the next six months.

FRAUDS ON A BUILDING SOCIETY.—At the Longton Police Court on Friday week, John Bech, the treasurer of a building society at Longton, was committed for trial at the assizes on charges of stealing sums to the extent of over £3,000, and of forging documents connected with the society. Palmer, the secretary of the society, is still missing. He has executed a deed assigning property to the trustees worth more than £11,000.

A CHILD KILLED BY ITS FATHER WHILE IN A STATE OF INTOXICATION.—An inquest was held, on the 29th ult., at Norwich, on the child of Robert Cooper, aged 3 years, a labourer. The mother of the child was the principal witness. The jury found that the deceased came to her death from injuries inflicted by her father falling over her accidentally while in a state of intoxication, at the same time accompanying their verdict with a very strong expression of censure on their part as to the father's habits of intoxication.

What a foul, cowardly and insolent calumny! What a "leprous distilment" to pour into the ears of this Mohammedan! Henry the Eighth a noble-looking personage, quoth! He, the flabby, thick-lipped, mist-eyed debauchee, who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust—who turned renegade to his God to spite God's vicegerent—who plundered the monasteries to replenish his coffers and employed the headsman's axe to help him to the gratification of his passions. Faith! We are sick of the subject.—*London Univers.*

Two very conspicuous Catholic gentlemen died in London recently. These were Captain Washington Hibbert, whose wife is one of the famous Tichborne sisters, and one of the most beautiful and brilliant women in London. Her house is the rendezvous of Catholic society. The Captain was a very worthy man and always ready to do a good turn to his neighbors, and to give liberally to the church. The second loss sustained by the Catholic community in England is Lord Lovat, a very excellent gentleman whose name always figured conspicuously in all matters concerning Catholicism. He was a Scottish peer, a man of wealth, and very charitable.

BOILER EXPLOSION ON SHIPBOARD.—Loss of Four Lives.—An inquest was held on the 28th ult., on board the steamer which was towed into Edmondstone-day disabled, with the captain and three others dead, and others of the crew severely scalded. The Mercantile, it appeared from the evidence, fell short of steam when entering the Bay of Biscay, on the passage from Oporto, with a cargo of 300 cattle. The captain and chief mate went to the engine-room to discover the cause. Shortly afterwards a tremendous explosion took place, and the dome of the boiler blew off through the funnel, although, strange to say, the funnel was not injured. Instantly the whole ship was full of steam, and the surviving crew got out boats, thinking she was foundering.

ASSAULT UPON A WIFE.—At Worship Street, London, on the 20th ult., Joseph Ribely, 45, tailor, was charged with having assaulted his wife, Annie Ribely, by kicking her and cutting her head open with a basin. The wife deposed that on Saturday her husband returned home drunk, kicked her and hit her on the head with a basin. She had before prosecuted him and he had been sentenced to a month's imprisonment. He kicked her nearly every night in the week. He did not support her and she had to go out washing. The prisoner denied having kicked his wife, and said the blow with the basin was accidentally inflicted. He accused his wife of causing the boils because he could not support her in luxury, having been out of work for a long time. Mr. Hannay sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

A TALE OF MISERY.—A woman named Eliza Whitehead has died in the Salford Hundred County Prison, where she has been remanded on a charge of attempting to drown herself. After submitting for many years to the unbridled brutality of her husband, and refusing to prosecute him, although he had on one occasion made a determined attempt to cut her throat with a razor, and on another had broken her arm, the unfortunate woman, being driven to despair, deliberately threw herself into the canal at Bradford on the 23rd ult. She was, however, rescued by two workmen, who were passing and taken into custody by the police. At present it is not known what is the immediate cause of her death.

Messrs. BRIGHT AND KENEALY.—The member for Stoke delivered a lecture at Birmingham, on Saturday the 26th ult., on the Tichborne trial. In the course of the proceedings the following letter was read: "London, June 19. Dear Sir,—I thank you for sending me a ticket of admission to your meeting, although I shall not be able to avail myself of it. I had the advantage of listening to Dr. Kenealy for nearly three hours in the House of Commons, and do not suppose I should learn more of his views or experience any change of opinion if I were to attend your meeting. I must ask you, therefore, to excuse me if I do not come down to Birmingham on the 26th or 28th.—I am, yours sincerely, JOHN BRIGHT."

LONDON SHIRTMAKERS' WAGES.—It appears that, according to the census returns of 1871, there are in London 26, 875 shirtmakers and seamstresses. At

a recent meeting in the interest of working women, the Rev. Mr. Headlam, observed that in the East-end shirtmakers and collar-makers were most wretchedly paid, and could scarcely get a living. The chairman then called on shirtmakers present to state the conditions of their work. A woman, about 45, said she went to work at six o'clock in the morning and worked till eight o'clock at night at shirt-making, and that she earned 1s. 3d a day. A shirt-maker—Oh, there are many of us here that have the same story to tell, and a little bit worse, too. The Chairman—And why don't you tell it? The Shirt-maker—Well, we don't like to come forward; we are ashamed. Another middle-aged woman told the meeting that she was a collar-maker. She got 2 1/2d. per dozen for making collars, and was able, by dint of hard work, to make four dozen a day. At that rate she earned 10d. a day.

STORY OF A DIAMOND RING.—A singular story is related of the recovery of a diamond ring which was missed several weeks ago by a lady residing in the neighbourhood of Morningside, Scotland. For some time no trace of the thief could be got, but the detectives came to hear that a young woman residing in Greenside had come into the possession of a handsome diamond ring. Two of the detectives met the young girl in the street, and presenting her with a purse asked if she had lost such an article. Reaching forth her hand to look at the purse, the detectives observed that she had a diamond ring on her finger. They challenged her as to how she came in possession of it, and she said she got it from her sweetheart, John Ross. The ring turned out to be the one the officers were in search of, and Ross was taken into custody. It appears he had been employed cleaning windows at the house from which the theft was committed. Prisoner was remanded.

ALLEGED EXTENSIVE FORGERIES BY AN ARMY CAPTAIN.—On Monday afternoon, 23rd ult., at the Plymouth Police-court, a fine, tall, gentlemanly man, thirty-eight years of age, was charged with committing forgeries to the extent of £2,000. The prisoner is named Andrew Muir, lately retired from the regular army on half-pay. Last May he presented to Messrs. Brown, Johnson, and Son, army agents, Sackville-street, London, a promissory note for £1,500 and a bill of exchange for £5,000. They purported to be drawn by James Macdonald, china merchant; James McCum, and Andrew Muir, prisoner's father, in prisoner's favour. The note and bill were accepted by Messrs. Brown and Johnson and cashed, but subsequently were found to be forgeries. The prisoner, who has been running about over the country eluding the detectives, was at length captured at Plymouth to-day, living in apartments in Plymouth. When arrested he said the charge was true, adding—"I don't know how I came to do it." He was remanded to London.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE UPON AN IRISHMAN.—On Wednesday, 30th ult., at Leigh, in Lancashire, three young men, named Thomas Dickinson, James Pownall, and Thomas Pownall were charged, the two former with inflicting grievous bodily harm upon John Horan, an Irish farm labourer, and the latter with aiding and abetting. The prosecutor said on the 19th ult., he was employed at John Allen's farmyard, where a thrashing machine was at work. The three prisoners came up, remarking that he could not make bands. James Pownall struck him in the face with his fist, and afterwards some one pulled him down from behind, and two of the prisoners kicked him upon the head. The lower jaw was broken in two places, and a number of his teeth were knocked out. When going away Dickinson turned round and said—"Come back and kill the Irish." The attack took place in the presence of fourteen or fifteen people, none of whom went to the rescue. The defence was that there was a row between the English and the Irish, and that Horan was the first to strike the prisoner Dickinson. The bench committed the prisoners for trial, admitting them to bail.

THE SEYID OF ZANZIBAR AND THE PARSON.—The Seyid of Zanzibar—it appears he has no claim to be called sultan after all—is in the habit of entertaining his suite with moral reflections at the close of each day's visit to our sights, somewhat in the manner of the good Caliph Haroun al-Raschid, when he was wont to ramble *incognito* about the byways of Baghdad. He was shown over the Woolwich gun factories on Tuesday, and was so much affected by what he saw that he could not postpone the utterance of his sentiments till the customary twilight hour. At an 8-inch howitzer of modern construction he halted for some time, and being informed of the range and capabilities of the various guns around him, he exclaimed, "God preserve us from them," a remark which seemed to afford his attendants much amusement. Presently he added, holding up his hands, "From your hearts you English don't want to use these things, but you will use them for the defence of the weak and oppressed." The Seyid is a sad wag—or a sad fool. We prefer to give him the benefit of the choice, and to look upon him as a master of keen Oriental irony. But this is not the first hit in this peculiar department of lingual power the turbaned stranger has made. He declared the Duke of Cambridge "every inch a soldier"—shades of Marlborough and Wellington, do you hearken?—and paused in admiration before the censured portrait of King Henry the Eighth. "Who is that noble looking personage?" he asked. "That," said Dr. Badger, the parson who is engaged as bear-leader, or rather as corncob to this East African elephant, "that is the monarch who broke the idols in England." This was intended to imply that Catholic England worshipped idols, and that Henry the Eighth was a sainted reformer.

UNITED STATES.

The population of Ogdensburg, N. Y., is 10,385 an increase of 309 over 1870.

The population of Rhode Island is 258,000, a gain over 41,000 in the last five years.

Two dogs, valued at \$500 each, have arrived at Newport for James Gordon Bennett.

Last year the prohibitionists of New York State polled 11,768 votes, and the indications are that they will do much better this year.

Of the 255,000 headstones to mark the resting-places of Union soldiers in national cemeteries, 195,000 are for graves of the unknown.

Steps are taking to establish a weekly journal in Washington, to be managed exclusively by coloured men and devoted to the interests of the coloured people.

In Orange county, Va., a few days ago, two negro men and a negro woman while cutting and raking wheat were overcome by the intensity of the heat, and died instantly in the field.

A WIFE BEATEN TO DEATH.—New York, July 20.—Elizabeth Bennett, died in Brooklyn yesterday, from the effects of a terrible beating she received from her husband on Sunday.

In order to avoid confusion, growing out of the similarity of colour existing between the two and the five-cent United States postage stamps, the former will hereafter be printed in vermilion.

A man in Cohoes, New York, hasn't spoken to his wife for twelve years, though living with her all that time and possessing the power of speech. The couple very appropriately reside on Harmony street.

The Conewago swamp containing some 25,000 acres of wet farming land, in Chatauga and Cattaraugus counties, New York, is about to be reclaimed by drainage. It is estimated that by this means over \$1,000,000 worth of land will be got under cultivation.

The New York ladies must be stage-truck. Fifty-three have made application to one theatre alone (Daly's Fifth Avenue) for places in the company next season, and of these eighteen offer to pay for the privilege.

Two of the largest manufacturing firms in Pittsburgh have purchased one of the largest gas wells in Butler County, Pa., and propose to demonstrate the practicability of bringing the gas to that city without the loss of inflammable power. The distance is about eighteen miles.

GOOD NEWS FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—Sawards Coal Journal of the 7th inst., says: "We are enabled to announce the full resumption of mining in the Lehigh district, anticipated in these columns last week; at Summit Hill, Nesquehoning, Hazleton, Honey Brook, etc., the machinery is once more in motion, and dealers can now have a full supply of this description of coal. In the Schuylkill and Wilkesbarre district work is regularly going on, and so soon as the effect of the national holiday is overcome, there will be a full tide of Anthracite flowing to the markets.

Wife-beating is one of the social aberrations of St. Louis, where it is rapidly assuming the dimensions of a popular pastime. The *Globe-Democrat* complacently mentions the fact that three of its citizens, on an average, make a daily deposit at the Police Court as the price of this very characteristic St. Louis entertainment.

California is entering into competition with Connecticut in the divorce market. An oppressed fair one in San Francisco has been legally absolved from all allegiance to her lord and master on the ground that his refusal to join the teetotal society caused her "great mental anguish," and further, that he was "guilty of extreme cruelty towards her by calling her names."

WAGES AND LABOR.—AN ILLUSTRATION.—The *New York Journal of Commerce*, discussing the folly of the eight-hour labor movement, says: "How much this attempt to alter the natural laws of production and consumption has to do with the present paralysis of industry cannot be determined perhaps, with the degree of certainty, felt by a Wolverhampton coal and iron master, who, at a recent meeting of the Iron Trade Consultation Board, said that all the difficulties now surrounding the iron trade arose out of the eight hours' working time in the collieries. But he had a solid argument with which to support his proposition, for he said that his firm was compelled to employ nearly 700 colliers to do the work before done by 500. The difficulty consists in converting the equivalent of 500 suits of clothing, pounds of meat, and quarts of beer, without additional labor, into 700 suits, pounds, quarts, and articles of necessity or luxury for a miner's household. Meanwhile, the general wealth an ability to pay wages is daily diminishing by the amount these idlers consume and do not restore by labor. It is estimated that the amount lost to the Pennsylvania coal region by the recent strike was equal to \$1,000,000. Who is going to lose this great sum finally? Those who pay wages cannot escape a share of the loss, but the bulk of it must fall on those who live by wages.

THE CROPS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The July returns to the Department of Agriculture show that the acreage in corn is about eight per cent. greater than last year. New England has reduced her acreage about one and a half per cent., and the Pacific States about one per cent. All the great corn growing regions have increased their acreage, the Middle States two per cent.; the South Atlantic States three per cent.; the Gulf States ten per cent.; the inland Southern States twelve per cent.; and the States west of Ohio seven per cent.; the States west of the Mississippi fourteen per cent. The condition of the crop is below the average in the New England, Middle and South Atlantic States, the minimum condition, 82, being in Rhode Island, Florida and Alabama are also below the average, but the other Gulf States and the inland Southern States are above, the maximum, 112, being in Mississippi. All the other States, except Missouri, 103, are below the average, the minimum condition, 82, being in Wisconsin.

A raid was made on the illicit distillers in southwest Virginia several weeks ago, and a number of them captured. One offender, with a romantic turn of mind, had discovered a commodious cave through which meandered a crystal stream of water. Above it was a large hollow tree, with a number of large limbs reaching out from the parent stem. This enterprising manufacturer of the ardent spirits had managed to convert this hollow tree into a chimney through which the smoke from the distillery passed in indistinct clouds, being diffused in unnoticed quantities to the limbs and out into the air. He had all the paraphernalia of a first class distillery, and was quickly squeezing the juice from cereals, secluded and apart from the vulgar, prying, meddling outside world, when officious myrridons of the law interfered with his pastime.

American farmers are now learning to plant trees, not only to temper the extremes of heat and cold and serve for wind-bells, as on the Western prairies, but as a marketable commodity. The favorite trees for planting seem to be the ash, black walnut, elm, sugar maple, and cottonwood. Ten acres of ash, two years old, are worth \$6,000, or \$50 an acre, while the trimmings pay for planting and cultivation. Ten acres of black ash planted for hoop-poles, four feet apart, will net \$5,500 in seven years. An acre of honey-loosest fifteen years old is worth \$1,000. Elm can be made equally profitable. It is to be borne in mind, also, that our pine forests are being rapidly exhausted. They are vigorously trying to renew themselves, but the varial axeman is a mortal foe, and he is mowing down the heaviest woods of Maine, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, and Minnesota. As this source of supply fails some other must be opened, and it looks as if much of the building and furniture lumber of the next century would come from our artificial forests.

In the woods near Williamsburg, Americans from the Southern States are busy getting out knees for ships, all with the natural bend. These are secured only by a most laborious process. First they select a sound hemlock tree, and if they have any doubt of its soundness they try it with the augur near the ground. They next ascertain if the tree has a sufficiently large root running out at nearly right angles with the body of the tree (which most hemlock trees have). They then cut off all the roots close round the bottom of the tree, except the root which they wish to save, and that they cut off four or five feet from the bottom of the tree. They now bring down the tree and cut the body off about six feet up the trunk. They then square off the two sides and the back of the knee, and thus they have a naturally bent knee strong enough, one would suppose, to resist any amount of force. The getting of them out and every thing connected with them is very heavy work, but they are active stout fellows who have it in hand, and they get them much faster than any one would suppose. Taking these heavy timbers from Cartwright to the Southern States is quite an undertaking.

How TO BATTLE RATS AND MICE.—A French paper says that petroleum destroys all insects and banishes rats and mice. Water slightly impregnated with petroleum applied to plants infested with insects will, it is said, destroy the latter at once.

A Dubuque boy was rather troubled for fear that he would not know his father when they both reached heaven, but his mother eased him by remarking: "All you have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose on him."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Millionaires are called "rich men" in New York, and none others may expect this felicitous title. A half millionaire is said to be "well off and independent." A \$250,000 man is "very comfortable." Place the figures at \$100,000 and the owner is a "small man;" under \$50,000 he is "poor," while a \$25,000 man is such a poor devil as to be unworthy of mention.

The old generation of Galloway lairds were a primitive and hospitable race, but their *conviviality* sometimes led to awkward occurrences. In former days, when roads were bad, and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him on a horseback. On crossing the river Urr, at a ford at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed till her husband reached his door, when, of course, there was an immediate search made. The party who were despatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words: "No mither drap; neither het nor cauld."

A Leeds theatrical celebrity has a reputation for economy and shrewdness, which every Yorkshireman gleefully appreciates. His house being infested with rats, a certain rat-catcher was sent for, who, having done his business, sought his employer to make known that fact and claim the recompense, for which a hard bargain had, as usual, been driven. He had a bag over his shoulders containing the result of his labour. The celebrity chanced to be in the drawing room, where, hearing his voice, the sturdy rat-catcher sought him and his pay.—"You've left no rats behind?" sternly asked the employer, slowly taking out his purse. "No, sir," answered the rat-catcher, surly, for he did not consider the pay liberal, or even fair, and was, consequently, not too amically inclined. "And what are you going to do with all these rats in your bag?" "Well, aw mun mak' a livin', thim knows your law, son aw sells 'em," replied the man, modestly. "Sell them?" echoed the other quickly, the light of a brilliantly new idea irradiating his countenance. "Sell my rats! What right have you to sell my property, sir? I agreed to catch my rats; I did not say you were to have my rats when they were caught. Now, look here, my man. I'll pay you at once; but, how much are you going to allow me for my rats?" The rat-catcher's patience was exhausted; he strode from the room the door towards Mr. —; and, in abrupt reply to that administrator's anxious inquiry, he suddenly threw the bag upon the carpeted floor, and, exclaiming upon the lower end of it, with one violent stroke scattered the rats pell-mell over the other half of his employer's feet, crying, in the midst of the squeaking, scrambling, and scrambling of the frightened animals which ensued, "Nah then, tak' thim owd rats and twist them round the neck!"

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—Thalberg, while on his travels, stopped at a temperance hotel, and on ordering some champagne, was greatly astonished to see the eyes of the waiter open with wonder. "I want some champagne, please," mildly reiterated the great instrumentalist. "Champagne are you asking for?" stammered forth the waiter. "Certainly." "Then you can't have it." "And why?" inquired Thalberg, in increased astonishment. "Be lieve me, sir, including whiskey-punch, is not to be had in this hotel." For a few moments the thirsty musician looked against. "What can I have then?" "Water, tea and coffee." "Go and send me the proprietor," said Thalberg; "I will speak with him." "You may speak till the day of doom, but you'll find it no use," was the waiter's obstinate as he quitted the room. In a few moments the landlord entered the apartment. His lips were closely set together, and a frown was on his brow. He was evidently astonished that a foreigner should persist in his wish to contravene the rules of the establishment. Meanwhile Thalberg had occupied himself in opening a piano that stood in the room. It was not the newest style, but was tolerably in tone. As the proprietor of the temperance hotel entered he began to play. First the frown gradually vanished from the brows of the landlord, and then his lips unrolled and finally relaxed into a smile. When the artist had concluded he waited for a word to be spoken. Without turning round Thalberg thought, "The man is obstinate; I must try some other plan." He accordingly began to play Liszt's *Grandes Etudes*. He was half finished he heard the rattling of bottles and glasses on the table, and at once wheeled round. The waiter had re-entered the apartment with bottles of champagne. "I thought it was not allowed?" queried Thalberg. "Oh," was the reply, "the master will give you a dozen if you like it." He says a man who can knock music out of a piano like you do, may have champagne every night of the doxose."

A WHISTLING NEBESAK.—Once upon a time a young man made his appearance in a Western editorial room, whistling a lively air. The Western editor said to him, "Now, my young friend, you can do better than that, you know. Let yourself out a little, and don't be bashful. We have nothing in the world to do but to listen to you. Give us something from the Bohemian Girl." He was a bright young man, and he let himself out accordingly. Then the Western editor led him gently on to another experiment, and then another, and then another, like the man in the fable whose story was without end, and the bright young man never filtered. It was getting rather late in the day, and the Western editor began to get nervous. He said to himself, however, "I have set out to show this young man that he is a bore, and I shall persevere." And he added encouragingly, "Give us something regarding the Old Folks at Home." Much practice had by this time enabled the bright young man versatile, and he wheeled without a brake in his whistle, rendering the facts regarding the Swanee River with exceeding excellence. "Now, then," said the Western editor, again glancing at the unfinished manuscript, then rising and walking the floor briskly, "suppose you give us the fine extract from Norma." "I see," and he picked up a chair and bringing it nervously down upon the floor, shattered every piece of timber in it. "I see you are gaining every moment, my friend. I think in the season you will be the champion whistler of the continent. Now give us 'Old Hundred,' by way of variety." The bright young man again turned the current of his music without an accident, and the grand old piece was entered upon. The Western editor resumed his walk, tearing his hair and occasionally biting some new lead pencils in two; but he preserved his temper. "Ah," he said finally, picking up his table and inventing it on the floor, then butting his head against the wall for a few moments, and turning a somersault from pure nervousness, though still preserving his temper, "most extraordinary whistler, never heard anything like it. Suppose now you give us the occurrences relating to 'Molly Darling.'" The bright young man entered upon the piece with alacrity. "Keep it up!" said the Western editor, casting a despairing look at his manuscript; "keep it up, my dear young friend. Don't mind my absence. Practice, practice—that leads to perfection. I have to go now, but on with the music. By-by. He took his coat from the hook and went out pausing on the door step to remark bitterly, "And this is satire. It would have done with a book canvasser or an insurance agent. It would have answered the purpose I am quite sure, with satan himself. But not with the whistler—not with the great American whistler." In the editorial room meanwhile, the whistling went on; but finally the musician paused, looked around with a triumphant smile, and said hoarsely, "And this is satire. Yes, I believe that's what they call it, I expect I can whistle in peace next time."