

serve you," replied Mrs. O'Mahony; "and, naturally, I'd rather help you than a stranger."

"Indeed, I have reason to know that, ma'am," said the post-mistress; "for what would I have done but for you poor, Colonel was always a good friend, Nelly; you shouldn't forget that, though he is in trouble."

"Dear knows, ma'am," replied Mrs. Lator, "whether that's true or not, Mr. Pincher's a very decent man in his way, and very civil to me; but I'd be glad to see you, you know, the likes of him to the O'Mahonys or Blakes."

"Well, indeed, I thought so, Nelly," rejoined Mrs. O'Mahony; "although I was beginning to think for you now, but never mind that. What's the news?" and she passed her hand behind Mrs. Lator and took up the letter, spoon and all.

"There are so many letters, that it's almost impossible to make out what they write without tearing the paper or breaking the seal. Just let me see what I can do for you, ma'am." "What's the news?" asked the Colonel, that I'm come to you."

"Well, ma'am, I declare," said Mrs. Lator, in great tribulation, "I haven't the least recollection whatsoever of any others having come and it was just to see what I ought to do with this letter, that I was wanting to find out who wrote it, and what it was about. You know that it's against all regulations to read any letter that comes by post. We are sworn on the book against it, and I'm sure never did before, nor would I could do anything with it on the poor Colonel's account without sending it back again to the dead-letter office."

"Well, Nelly, I'm sure you certainly did come," said Mrs. Lator, "and showed that part of Pennant's letter which related to them."

"Mrs. Lator saw that she stood on dangerous ground."

"Well, ma'am, all I can say is, that if it did come, which I can't remember, it must be sent, where, of course, it ought to be sent to the castle, where it was directed to—and I have nothing more to do in the matter."

"But you know well enough, my dear, that the Colonel does not live there now, and that Pincher has no right to get his correspondence."

"What could I do, ma'am?" cried Nelly, quite off her guard; "when he demanded them? I'm sure I couldn't be expected to refuse to send letters to the place where they were directed, and as a great man against me, that may be in my hand."

Mrs. O'Mahony seized on the admission. Well my dear, when I say now, as I know where to send it to better than anyone else, and she transferred the letter to her pocket.

"Ma'am—well, ma'am," said Nelly; "but save us; here's Pincher himself coming for the letters, as he always does after church, and if he asks for this one, what will I do?"

"Not give it, my dear," said Mrs. Lator; "but I'll give it to you, if he sees you here?"

"He shan't, my dear," said Mrs. O'Mahony, "and she took up a position where she could not be disconcerted from the door, and the Colonel, at this time, a slowly appointed carriage drew up close by, and Pincher presented himself at the window.

"Any letters for the castle to-day?"

"None, your honor."

"Sure of that."

"Certain, your honor. I hope the mistress and the young man will be well, sir."

"Very well, thank you. No letter those days for Colonel Blake?"

"No, none, your honor."

"Because it may be some time as you did the other, you know; I'll send them myself."

"Yes, your honor."

"I'll do what I can as to that affair you wrote to me about; the Judge and 'Member' have top interest now, you know, and it can be done, they'll do it."

"Long life to your honor!" cried Mrs. Lator, evidently anxious to terminate the conversation.

"Whatever Mrs. O'Mahony might have thought regarding the post-mistress' duplicity, she did not allude to the subject when they were again alone.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

ASH WEDNESDAY.—February 26th will be the first day of the Holy Season of Lent.

DEATHS OF THE PONTIFICAL.—On the 28th there died 120 cardinals. The deaths of bishops vary every year from 48 to 52.

SUCCESSFUL FAIR.—The fair for St. Rose's Church, Meriden, Conn., which has recently closed, cleared the splendid sum of \$6000.

AN IMMENSE CHIME OF BELLS.—The Church of the Visitation of the B. V. M., Ottumwa, Iowa, of which Rev. John Krokkel is pastor, is to have a set of chime bells, the largest of which will weigh 3,600 pounds.

ARCHBISHOP PERCHE.—His Grace the Most Rev. N. J. Perche, Archbishop of New Orleans, has sailed for Europe. He is accompanied by the Very Rev. P. F. Allan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, New Orleans.

THE POSTICAL JUBILEE.—The expected Jubilee which it is customary for every occupant of the Chair of Peter to proclaim soon after his elevation, will be ordered by the Holy Father; it is thought in Rome, for the first anniversary of his exaltation.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—The 26th annual meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Halifax, N. S., was held on the 26th ult., in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral.

IN BALTIMORE, Md., the Pius IX. Memorial Church is progressing. It will cost \$200,000. In Joliet, Ill., in Mechanicsburg, Ohio, Chesterton, Md., and La Crescent, Minn., handsome churches are under way.

TEACHING SISTERS WANTED.—Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, has been appealed to by the former Venezuelan Consul at Baltimore to ascertain whether any Sisters of Charity can be found in his country who are willing to go to Venezuela as religious teachers.

DEATH OF A JESUIT BISHOP.—News has been received from China of the death of Mgr. Languillat, S. J. Vicar-Apostolic of Kiang-Nan. The deceased prelate was consecrated Bishop of Scargopolis, p. i., in 1857, and nominated Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Pa-tchey, and in 1864 was transferred to Kiang-Nan.

Catholic churches are being built in the following named places:—Medford, Mass., Rev. Father Brennan, pastor; Wallingford, Conn.; Paterson, N. J., for the Franciscans; Hartford, Conn., cost \$25,000. A convent in Jersey City, cost \$40,000, blessed, and a church in Hoboken, recently dedicated, cost \$150,000, and another in Jamesburg, N. J.

A college for the Christian Brothers is being built in St. Louis, Mo., cost \$200,000, and a convent and church in Philadelphia, cost \$110,000; a church in Pittsburg, Pa.; cost \$8,000, and a school-house attached. Also churches in Pawtucket, R. I.; in Lancaster, Pa.; a German Catholic hospital in Eaton, Ohio, and a church in Laramie City, W. Y. T.

The Bishop of Brooklyn has made the following changes of clergymen.—Rev. John Hogan from St. Paul's to St. Anthony's, Greenpoint; Rev. William M. Giles from St. Patrick's to St. Paul's; Rev. M. J. Goodwin from St. Vincent de Paul's to St. Patrick's. The new Cathedral Chapel is attended from Jay Street Cathedral.

A NEW PAPA NUNCIO.—It is reported by cable that Mgr. Roncetti is likely to be sent to Paris as Nuncio Mgr. Roncetti was the bearer of the scarlet beretta to His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey. Says the New York Catholic Review: "His promotion to the important post of Nuncio at Paris will be a recognition of great services to the Church in the two Americas, in Ireland and in Rome, which are a guarantee that his future labors will find him similarly successful."

THE MIRACLE AT LA SALETTE. London, February 3.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says:—"The Bishop of Grenoble denies that the Pope has condemned the miracle at La Salette as an imposture. On the contrary, he has authorized the crowning of the Virgin's statue there, as approved by the Congregation of Rites."

ROME, February 3.—The Osservatore Romano says that the Pope has not yet pronounced judgment respecting the miracle of La Salette.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE A WORD OF IT. [New York Sun.] A report was current in Paris some days ago of the attempted poisoning of the Pope by the Jesuits. The report was telegraphed by the Papal Nuncio in Paris to Cardinal Nina, and numerous inquiries were made of the Pope's physician on the subject. On His Holiness being informed of the story, he is said to have called his private chamberlain and said: "Thank the visitors, announce also to the antechamber that I am feeling well, and that the poisoning is only for the present a pious desire." According to the Pall Mall Gazette, the report seems, however to have made an extraordinary impression at the Vatican, and the food introduced and cooked is examined with scrupulous rigor. Speaking quietly of the matter, the Pope observed: "The Jesuits are too wise. Were they to attempt and succeed, they know that the crime must be traced home to them, and that my successor would pay my debts to them."

The Jesuits have, meanwhile, presented their ultimatum to the Pope, demanding to be reinstated in their old position, and to have their share in the government of the Church, pointing out the benefits to accrue from their support, and the damage they are still capable of doing. "The Pope yields not an iota. He says: "Let friars act the friar, and not meddle with mundane affairs."

AN IMPORTANT ISSUE IN NEW BRUNSWICK. [St. John's Freeman.] Some of the newspapers say that it matters little whether a Catholic be appointed to the seat now vacant in the Legislative Council, and others say that the best men should be selected for all public positions without regard to their religion or nationality, and some say that no one should be appointed, but the Council should be abolished as soon as possible. It is of much importance that the Catholics, who are nearly two-fifths of the population, should be admitted to a fair share in the legislation of the Province, and the administration of its affairs, and this they can not feel while they have only one representative in the Legislative Council composed of some twenty members. They would not feel satisfied even with two or three representatives, but the appointment of one now would at least evince a disposition to "show them fair play." The principle that the best men should be selected for such positions, irrespective of their creed or nationality, would be unexceptionable if, in the application of it, Catholics or others were not treated unfairly; but somehow or other it almost invariably happens that those who profess to act on this principle can not find a Catholic good enough to fill any important vacancy, or, at all events, can not see in a Catholic such eminent qualifications as reader it a duty to appoint him.

Song of the baker—"I knead thee every hour." The first note of the song is dough.

IRISH NEWS.

THE HOME RULE MEMBERS.—It is understood that a meeting of Home Rule members will be held in Dublin on the 5th February, in accordance with a requisition.—Freeman.

The O'Donoghue has once more used the Kerry Farmers' Club—the only public body in Ireland, probably, he could use—to promote his rehabilitations as a champion of popular rights.

Mr. Thomas E. O'Brien, of the firm of Messrs. John Quinn & Co., Limerick, and who filled the office of high sheriff of that city in 1877, has been appointed to the magistracy of the borough of Limerick.

HUNTING.—While the Roscommon stag hounds were hunting in the neighborhood of Boyle, the stag took to the ice on Cartown Lake. The ice gave way, and 16 of the splendid hounds were drowned.

The Athenian says:—"Mr. Fitzpatrick is writing a biography of the late Charles Lever. It will contain certain chapters of 'Harry Lorrequer' which went astray in manuscript, which had to be re-written from memory, and which were not recovered till long after the appearance of the novel."

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., AND THE IRISH IN CREWE.—We are informed that the Crewe Home Rule Association are about to present Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., with a silver trowel and an address when he visits Crewe, on February 12, to lay the foundation stone of the new Catholic schools.

A verdict of manslaughter has been returned by a coroner's jury at Castlemaize, Kerry, against a woman named McKenna for going away with her husband, a hawker, and leaving her children several days without food, the result being that the youngest one, seven months old, died of starvation. The jury, for some reason, exonerated the husband.

THE LEAGUE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.—The annual general meeting of the League of St. Sebastian was held at Willis's Rooms. Sir George Bowyer, M.P., presided, and there were present, Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., Mr. Lewis, M.P., General Patterson, Mgr. Patterson, a number of the clergy, and many ex-Pontifical Zouaves. The chairman stated that the League had not given up the hope that they would see the temporal power of the Pope restored, and the report of the committee was adopted.

VALUE OF LAND IN COUNTY DUBLIN.—The interest in the lease of the land of Killislagan, near Ashbourne, containing 52 Irish acres, held for an unexpired term of 87 years from last September at the yearly rent of £110, was submitted to public competition at 98 North Brunswick street, and after brisk bidding was knocked down to Mr. Kehoe, of Wynastown, county Dublin, for the sum of £850 and auction fees. Mr. Clarke, of Drogheda, conducted the case, and Messrs. Fay, McGough and Fowler had the carriage of proceedings.—Freeman.

The undertaking started some years since in Cork with the primary object of affording decent dwellings at a moderate rate to the working classes continues to be attended with success. The annual meeting of the Cork Improved Dwellings Company was held last week in Cork, and on that occasion the chairman, Alderman Daly, stated that the concern had been a financial success, and that, out of a property valued at £18,000, the arrears of rent have not amounted to £2—a fact which he justly considered to be highly creditable to the tenants.

ULSTER HOME GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the council of the Ulster Home Government Association was held recently in St. Mary's Hall, the principal business being to make arrangements for holding the annual conference of the members. It was resolved to hold the conference early in February. A letter was read from Mr. Parnell, M.P., who understood to attend on the occasion. We understand that several other members of Parliament will also be present. The conference will be followed by a public meeting in the evening.—Ulster Examiner.

A meeting of county electors was held in Cork, under the auspices of the local Farmers' Club, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the seat in Parliament vacated by the death of Mr. McCarthy Downing. Only two candidates put in an appearance—Colonel Colthurst and Mr. D. P. McCarthy—and after some discussion the former gentleman was unanimously chosen. Mr. McCarthy retiring in his favor. A better result might have been expected. Up to the time we write Colonel Colthurst continues in sole possession of the field. The Nation does not approve of the candidate.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN'S BRAKE.—IT gives me pleasure to supplement some remarks which I recently made in this column on railway brakes by stating that Mr. Sullivan, M.P., the inventor of the new brake, has received a communication from Messrs. Hanscoms and Rapier, the largest railway plant manufacturing firm in England, who have made the hon. and learned gentleman an offer to go into the invention, and that the board of directors of the Midland Railway, after preliminary inspection by the experts, are having some of their waggon fittings for actual trial on the road with Mr. Sullivan's brake.—London Correspondent of Freeman.

A very forcible appeal for pecuniary aid for the Holy Father has been made to his people by the Bishop of Kerry. The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy points out that the Pope cannot perform his many and varied duties without incurring considerable expense; that since the overthrow of the temporal power his Holiness has had no other resources than the alms of the faithful; that he has the same right to his support as every other minister of Christ; and finally, that if he has a claim on any of his spiritual subjects he has many claims on Irish Catholics, who have received so many proofs of the affection entertained for them by the successors of St. Peter. Of the result of such an appeal there can be no doubt. The demands made upon the Catholic people of Ireland are just now especially heavy; but foremost amongst those to be promptly satisfied is, and has always been, that put forward on behalf of the Holy See.

AN ANECDOTE OF MACMAHON. At a ball at the Elysee Marshal de MacMahon noticed a young lieutenant, who had just graduated at St. Cyr, leaning pensively and timidly against a door. He went up to him and asked: "Do you not dance?" "Indeed I do not. I have no luck. I asked a lady to dance with me, and she refused point blank." "Point her out to me." When the marshal saw who she was, he said: "See here, young man, you must look around and find out people's standing if you don't want to stumble. You must not, unless you are acquainted with them, ask wives of marshals to dance with you. The lady asked is Mme. de MacMahon. She never dances, but for this once I am going to ask her to dance with you." The marshal went up to her, related this incident, and the next quadrille she danced with the young lieutenant, he blushing like a bride.

"Thus do we burn the midnight oil," said the facetious editor as he consigned old Mumblepeg's manuscript to the stove.

Miscellaneous Items.

The Chinese Embassy in Paris has seven-eaten attacks.

On Oct. 31 there were 194, 179 efficient members of the British volunteer corps.

It is proposed that the Chaplain-General of the British Navy shall in future be a Bishop.

Japan is now manufacturing boots for sale in the United States from leather brought from American ports.

This winter there have been, for the first time in thirty-five years, fourteen consecutive days of skating in Regent's Park, London.

The Swiss Government has suppressed the French Refugee Communist organ, Avant Garde, as too obstructively sticking up for king killing.

Turkoman horses are said to be unsurpassable for endurance, and thus, although not handsome, are coming into high favor for military purposes. They are mainly of Arabian blood.

Two women are training in San Francisco for a prize fight. They will wear thin gloves, in order not to violate California law, but otherwise the usual rules of the ring will be observed.

A petition has been presented in the Alabama Legislature, signed by hundreds of Presbyterians, praying for a law prohibiting the running of railroad trains on Sunday.

The Melbourne Exposition is to be open October 1st and close March 31st, 1880. It is expected to do great things for Australian trade. January and February are very hot months in Australia.

A bride in DeLoit, Iowa, shot herself on the morning after the wedding, on learning that her husband had another wife; but the wound was not serious, and on recovering she took a less tragic course of prosecuting him for bigamy.

Fossilized remains of what is reported as a gigantic pre-historic man have been found in a cave recently opened in a mine near Eureka, Nev. The lower limbs, head and neck are said to be clearly defined and natural.

There are parts of California where the beasts of the forest exist in their primitive glory. Panthers and lions recently made a descent from their mountain home upon some fine and costly Angora goats belonging to a farmer of Carpenaria, and left only six out of twenty-two.

A Nevada paper tells of a Chinese cook who was reprimanded by his mistress for not having cleaned the fish well that he had served up at dinner. The next time there was fish in the house she went into the kitchen and saw John carefully washing the fish with a fine piece of brown soap.

Two little children went to church alone in Westfield, Mass. They became tired during the long sermon, and the older one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led his sister up in front of the preacher and said: "Please, sir, may we go home?" He said "Yes," and they soberly walked out.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been gazetted a Rear Admiral, and ere long his flag will be flying at the head of the largest ship in the British navy. He has been a good deal about and has seen service in the Mediterranean, Australia, and Canada. He is looked on as a smart officer, though much of a martinet, like his grandfather, the Duke of Kent.

Bankruptcy is dangerous in Dallas County, Iowa. Dr. Slocum failed in business, and although his creditors were not heavy losers they dragged him out of bed at night, threw him nearly naked into a wagon, and started with him toward the woods. It is supposed that they intended to tar and feather him, but his friends rescued him before he had been hurt.

Since their accession to the throne King Humbert and Queen Margareta have never once presented themselves at a gala night at the Roman Theatre, the King being unwilling to become a mark for a bullet of lead. Garibaldi wrote a letter a few weeks since to Alberto Merio in which he says: "In modern days justice has its seat in a leaden bullet well directed."

Mount Etna, in Sicily, has varied its traditional habit of throwing up lava of late by discharging immense quantities of mud. The pieces would often drop upon each other and form columns of ten or more feet high, which would finally fall and become amalgamated with the rest. Much water, of a salt taste, is mingled with the earthy discharges, and contains also a mixture of petroleum and sulphur.

A Convict's Life in a Siberian Quick-Silver Mine. Before I had been there six months my beautiful amber locks were as white as possible, when they were not smothered in the dirt of the mine. In another six months every hair on my body was gone, and I showed symptoms of salivation. There was no escape from the mine; the prisoners worked on there hopelessly entombed till they died. Five years was considered a long life there; some did not live more than two years. It was my duty during fourteen hours to work with pick and shovel, at the extraction of the ore, and then carry it in baskets up long ladders to a platform, where it was broken into small fragments sorted and sifted by women who lived the same painful life as the men. After my day's work was over, having no books to read, I was glad to take myself to my bed almost as soon as I had finished my evening meal. My bed was hewn in a rock; it resembled a sepulchre. I had no bed clothes; I laid down in my working clothes, saturated as they were with the quicksilver. No changes of clothing were allowed. In this way I spent about three years and a half. Some of my companions died from the dreadful sore they got from the quicksilver touching the skin, torn as it was with sharp rocks in the mine. At last, on Sunday, I felt more than ordinarily ill, and was lying in my dismal hole reflecting on the happy days of my youth, and the apparent impossibility of escape from my wretched condition, when I heard the tramp of men, and was pulled out of my bed. Sunday was no holiday in the mines, but my illness was my excuse this day for rest. I was put in a truck, and was hauled up to the air, together with the minerals that I had collected. For about six months I was scarcely able to move with rheumatism and neuralgia. There were upward of 200 women, some ladies of distinction, in the mines where I was. These worked twelve or fourteen hours at breaking and sifting the ore. These wretched females were generally dead in a year, but their places were always recruited by fresh arrivals from Russia. The mine was a living charnel-house, the habitation of gnomes, who went about their work with a savage despair. Some chopped off their own hands and feet, thinking that if mutilated they would be saved from this fearful labour; but it merely hastened their end and intensified their sufferings.

The Shrewd Lawyers. Of 450 lawyers in Glasgow not one held stock in the City of Glasgow Bank, and only one or two of the 270 public accountants in the city lost money by the failure.

Anecdotes and Wit.

Why is a beggar like a barrister? Because he pleads for his daily bread.

When does a shepherd double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

Why is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

I say, Jack, which would you rather that a lion tore you to pieces or a tiger? "Why, you goose, of course I'd rather a lion tore a tiger in pieces."

Well, said an impudent fellow to Talleyrand, as he came out of the council chamber one day, "what has passed in council to-day?" "Four hours," replied the Prince gravely.

A stinging husband threw all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always "gives them their own way." "Poor things," was her prompt reply, "it's all I have to give them!"

Mamma, say, is it not polite to ask for a cigar? "No," said a little boy, "it's not polite, it does not look well in little boys to do so." "But," said the urchin, "she didn't say I must not eat a piece if you gave it to me."

Well, yes, I was thinking of joining a volunteer corps myself, but it seems to me there is such a lot of fools among 'em. Volunteer.—An' you have no desire to increase the number. I shouldn't in your place.—John.

Charles Lavender.—Now, my dear Jane, how do you think these spectacles become me? They are my own invention. Affectionate Wife.—Oh, any invention that hides so much of your face must be very becoming to you.

I must get married," said a bachelor to a married friend "for I never can find a button on a clean shirt." "Take care," said the Benedict, with a sigh, "or you may chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button."

Young Lady (just commencing lessons in painting).—Look here, ma; see my painting. Can you tell what it is? "Ma (after looking at it some time).—Well, it's either a cow or a roscud—I am sure I can't tell exactly which of the two."

Chinese Salutations. The salutations of the Chinese, like everything else pertaining to this queer people, are peculiar. The salutation between two Chinamen of the better class when they meet consists of each clasping his own hands, instead of each other's and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?" is "Have you eaten rice?" It is taken for granted that if you have eaten rice you are well. Etiquette also requires that in conversation each shall compliment the other and everything belonging to him, to the lowest point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:—"What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Wang."

"Where is your magnificent place?" "My contemptible hut is on Dupont street."

"How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five."

"What is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

Go West. [Free Press.] Among the communications to the Lime Kiln Club was one from a colored man in Chattanooga asking the club to aid him in securing material to practice the art of white-washing and stove blacking, he having had much sickness in his family, and being obliged to part with his implements in trade.

"I can't understand this system of living, now," said the president, as he filed the letter on the book behind him. "Why don't you eat a tart? Why am it that delicate people who live from hand to mouth in town or city, roast 'dar backs in summer, an' freeze 'dar hoofs in winter, when dey can skip into the kentry, take a farm, an' lib like nabobs ob de valley; why a poor 'n' will lib up-stairs or down cellar, an' not see a sweet cake once a year, when de fertile valleys ob de West am fairly aching to be ripped up with a plow, an' a mournful conundrum dat I can't guess. De secretary will write to dis man dat he'd better walk out an' take a farm, an' have some style about him."

His Coal Stove. [From the Detroit Free Press.] Coming down on the car the other morning they got to talking about their coal stoves, and one man said:

"Well, I don't want to brag, but I think I've got the best stove. So far this winter I haven't burnt but three tons of coal, and the stove has kept three rooms warm."

"You must have a poor stove," remarked the second. "I haven't burnt but two tons of coal yet, and my stove heats parlor, dining room, two bedrooms and a hall."

"Well, when you come to stoves," quietly remarked the third, "I claim to have the best coal stove in Detroit. I have burnt but a ton and a half of coal, so far, and we have to keep all the dampers shut and a back door open all the time."

Some men looked out of the window and some down at the straw, and no one seemed to doubt any of the assertions. At length a heavy sigh from heard from the rear end of the car, and a clerical looking man arose and said:

"Gentlemen, there goes a fire alarm. It strikes the box in front of my house. I have no doubt that my residence is at this moment in flames and the lives of my family in peril. It is all owing to my coal stove. I set up the stove last November and put in one peck of coal. Every room has been so hot ever since that the base-boards have warped off, and we finally had to move down into the basement. This morning the water in all the pipes in the house was boiling, the shingles on the roof were hot, and I just hired four men to form a snow bank around the stove. 'Too late—alas! too late! That stove has accomplished its fiendish purpose, and I no longer have a home. It may not, however, be too late to save the baby. Good bye, gentlemen!'"

He opened the door and got off the car, and not a passenger spoke again for four blocks.

Mrs. Lyon Hunter: "How do you do, Mr. Brown? Let me present you to the Duchess of Stilton. Your Grace, permit me to present to you, Mr. Brown, the distinguished scholar, Her Grace (affably): "Charmed to make your acquaintance.—Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown (with effusion): "Your Grace is really too kind. "This is the sixth time I've enjoyed the distinction of being presented to your Grace within the last twelve months; but it's a distinction I value so highly, that without trespassing too much on your Grace's indulgence, I hope I may be occasionally permitted to enjoy it again." (Bows and absquitates)

Scientific Notes.

The petrified body of a man is creating a sensation at Kauffman County, Texas.

A thirty-two hundred pound snow plow has been turned out at a St. Albans, Vt., factory.

A tray full of quicklime placed in damp closets, etc., will prevent mildew. The lime should be frequently renewed.

The mining regions of Southern Arizona alone, it is thought, might supply the world with precious metals, if they were fully developed.

A French physician says drinking boiled water only will prevent yellow fever. It is a fact that those who, at the recent Centennial, rejected cold water and drank tea, coffee, etc., escaped the fever that attacked so many of the visitors.

Stephens, the Fenian. [New York Herald, Monday.] The arrival in this city of James Stephens, the ex-Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, was the subject of much comment yesterday among Irish nationalists. "What has he come for?" "What will he do?" "What will he amount to?" were the all absorbing questions. As a rule similar answers were given to all three by those who are interested in the matter, but some shades of difference existed, especially in reference to the amount of influence that the new advent would exercise on Irish politics.

"He will have no perceptible influence on the current of affairs." Another: "I am afraid he will do some mischief; old sores will be reopened and discussions will be created." Several of those who knew him well when he was all powerful in Fenianism, and who are actively engaged in the movements at present existing, remarked, "His period of usefulness is at an end."

WHAT STEPHENS' BESTER THINGS. A Herald reporter talked yesterday with several prominent citizens who have given in their adhesion to the "New Department," and obtained from them some interesting statements in regard to the significance of Mr. Stephens' visit, as well as expressions of their opinion as to its probable effects. Among these gentlemen was Mr. John A. Breslin, who was the principal agent in the rescue of Stephens from Richmond Prison, Dublin, in 1865, and who is now one of the trustees of the "National" or "skimming fund, and an advocate of the "New Department." Mr. Breslin said:—"Well, you know Stephens has always refused to adopt the only course through which he could become useful. He demands to be everything or nothing. He had supreme power in the old time when he was at the head of Fenianism. That was a failure, and he was the greatest failure that was connected with it. But he showed abilities, and I think his devotion to the cause of Irish independence is unquestionable. He cannot, however, materially disturb the party. If he does anything it will, I fear, be mischief for his day is over."

SORRY FOR HIS SAKE. "I am sorry he has come out," said Mr. T. C. Luby, one of the exiles and a trustee of the national fund. "He can do no good; he will probably do harm; but in the end I think he will quietly die out of notice, and will exercise no more power or influence here than if he stayed in Paris. He says he represents the Irish branch of the organization, and I have no doubt that he thinks this is true. But it is not. He is deceived by some persons over in Ireland. As far as my information about matters in Ireland goes, I believe that he has no connection with the main and recognized body of Nationalists there; but has got into the hands of some few rag end of malcontents. I will myself take no part in any demonstration against him, and I hope none will be made; neither will I have any connection with him, as far as I can now see."

LET HIM GO GOOD IF HE CAN. "He has no connection with the true organization at home, and I do not know whom they are that he claims to represent," said General T. F. Bourke. "We are in communication with the true body and we know he has no connection or power with it. He was one of the ablest of the Irish organizers, but his day of usefulness is past. He can never again take a place at the head of a movement."

"How does the mass of people regard him?" "They would not accept his leadership, even if they other leaders would."

"Would any of the leaders accept him?" "I would not have him as my leader, and none of those with whom I work would do so, I think."

"Would you be willing to accept him as a colleague?" "No. If he can increase one of the organizations here, let him do so in his own way, as long as he does not injure the body at home."

"What effect will he have on your policy?" "He cannot disturb the set policy of the national party. The only thing he can do is