

LATEST IRISH NOTES.

A large woollen factory will shortly be established in Dublin, employing two thousand hands.

House rent in and near Dublin is so exorbitant that it is proposed to form a House League and try to find a Griffiths to value.

A magistrate in Loughrea, Co. Galway, was fired at four times the other evening, while driving home. He escaped uninjured, although two of the bullets went through his hat.

The loyal inhabitants of Altnaveigh, about one mile and a half from Dublin, celebrated the 1st of July by the customary rejoicings. During the proceedings pistol shots were fired, and a man was shot, the ball entering the lower part of the spine.

A desperate faction fight took place lately at the fair of Feakle, County Clare, between the Riordans and McMabons. When the police had captured some of the Riordans the McMabons drove the constabulary into the barrack and set the Riordans free.

When so much talk is going on about distraints for rent in Ireland, it is an agreeable novelty to hear that last week a sheriff's officer seized the Guildhall of Lichfield, when the Town Council was in session, in order to compel payment of £3,500 due to the sewerage contractors. The Council paid up the money.

The Boyd murder case was the cause celebre at the Dublin law courts last week. The prisoner Phelan was unanimously acquitted, evidence to convict him being entirely wanting. The unfortunate man had been detained ten months in prison. There does not always seem to be wisdom in the multitude of Crown counsellors in Ireland.

The other morning the house of a farmer named O'Keefe, near Millstreet, was entered by an armed party of men, who fired eight shots which lodged in the wall. O'Keefe and his son attacked the intruders with pikes and obliged them to retreat. Three arrests have been made. The outrage is attributed to the fact that O'Keefe paid his rent.

The following notice was found posted on the wall of Skibbereen one morning lately, and was subsequently torn down by the police: "Patriot Camp.—Boycotting Notice.—Men of Skibbereen.—You are called upon to boycott Charles McCarthy, butcher, and to protect your cause from paid spies and informers. Any person dealing with him will be visited by Rory."

A civil bill officer left Drogheda, Louth, on a hackney car to serve writs in the village of Baltray. He had scarcely made his appearance when he was surrounded by a number of women, who threw dirt and mud at him, and called him uncomplimentary epithets. The carman turned the horse's head towards Drogheda, and made off, leaving the writ-server to return as best he might. To escape from his tormentors he took shelter in a house, and so eluded them.

Says the Freeman: "We deeply regret to announce the death of John Reilly, barrister-at-law, who died at Kingstown yesterday in the 74th year of his age. John Reilly was, we believe, the very last of the 'Old Guard,' the last survivor of the personal staff of O'Connell—of the band of true and faithful men who stood by their glorious chief in victory and in trial, who adored their great leader, who were by him so warmly loved and cherished. He seconded the Liberator's nomination for the City of Dublin. As a member of the Corporation he supported him in the great debate of 1843; he served with him through the whole repeal campaign."

A FRIGHTFUL LEAP.

Terrible Wind Up to a Spree.

William Gavin, 28 years of age and an employee at Fox's file works, on Ida Hill, Troy, N.Y., had a narrow escape from instant death on Tuesday morning. He had been on a spree during last week, and went to work on Tuesday, not having fully recovered from it. While standing on Congress street, near the works, with some of the other employees, looking at the struggles of a horse which had backed a kindling-wood wagon over a declivity at that place, Gavin was seized with a sort of delirium, and without a word, and almost unobserved by his companions, vaulted over a high and close board fence that separates Congress street from the Poestenskill Creek, and when his feet touched the brink of the cliff, scarcely a yard distant from the fence, had plunged headforemost from the dizzy height down to the rocky and almost waterless bed of the cascade, fully 125 feet below. His companions rushed through the gate of the file works and down the steep path at that point, expecting to find his mangled and lifeless remains, and approaching the spot where he lay, they lifted the body from the water and to their astonishment the man evinced that death was not his portion by inquiring how he came down and what was the matter. They conveyed him to the street, and, believing that he must have sustained serious injury somewhere, he was taken to the Marshall infirmary, where it was found he had a ghastly wound on the back of his head, a severe cut on the bridge of his nose and another on his lip, besides scratches and bruises all over his body. It was not ascertained whether internal injuries had been sustained or not, but it is feared that there have, as a fall of this nature would be a marvellous one if injuries other than external were not produced. It is supposed that the water into which the body fell and lay for a few moments tended to revive him and produce consciousness when he was picked up.

As to that very delicate question where duty to our neighbor begins and ends, President Gardner, of the Lime Kiln Club, takes this safe position: "Our duty begins when we let his chickens scratch up our garden, his children ride our gate, and his dog chase our cat without complaint. Our duty ends when we have lent him our hoe, shovel, spade, ice-tongs, axe, sugar tea, coffee, milk and butter, and he has forgotten that he owes us anything beyond a request that we will come over and turn grindstone for him to sharpen a crowbar."

The baby elephant born in Philadelphia on March 15th, 1880, weighed 13 pounds at birth, and within the year gained 700 pounds on an exclusively milk diet. It now weighs not far from 1,000 pounds.

TOSSED BY A BULL.

A Nice Question for a Jury to Decide.

"Let the dead past bury its dead" is a saying that might be commended to the defendant in the case of Banks vs. Rolfe, recently tried in England before Mr. Justice Bowen. Mr. Rolfe owned a bull, and that bull attacked two women and tossed them into a ditch. The husband of one of these matrons all forlorn brought an action against the owner of the bull with the crumpled—or horn,—and it became necessary for him to show that Mr. Rolfe knew his bull to be savage, since a bull is allowed to take one horn even as every dog may have one bite. Mr. Rolfe adduced evidence to show that his bull's favorite grazing ground was a cricket field, and that the mild and kindly animal rather enjoyed being hit with the ball than otherwise. *Per contra*, it was sworn that, on being informed of the creature's exploit, Mr. Rolfe had exclaimed, "That's my old bull again!" leaving it to be inferred that that was not the first occasion on which the bull had distinguished himself. In this view the Court coincided so far as to decline taking the case out of the hands of the jury, which, it may be said, was rather hard on Mr. Rolfe, since if he had omitted the "again" his remark might have been regarded as simply one of unseemly pride in the bull's performance. The jury finally accepted Mr. Rolfe's declaration that he had not used any such words and was innocent of any knowledge of the animal's previous misbehavior, but as he cannot plead a similar excuse next time, and as scarlet umbrellas are all the rage with our English sisters, it might be well for him to sacrifice the noble animal on the altar of prudence, and if his flesh proves unusually tough dispose of it as prime Canadian beef.

Rev. Dr. Potts in Ireland.

The following extract from the Belfast News-Letter will be read with interest by many in this city, and in every part of this country, especially in those localities in which Dr. Potts has resided. It is evident he has taken his countrymen by storm. Our Belfast contemporary says: "At the recent conference in Cork the most impressive and memorable of the public religious services were those conducted by two distinguished visitors—Rev. Dr. Potts, Metropolitan Methodist Church, Canada, and Rev. Dr. Reed, senior Corresponding Mission Secretary, Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S.A. Dr. Potts is a Fermanagh man, and possesses in a rare degree the fervid eloquence, independent thought, and manly rhetoric characteristic of the most gifted and godly among Irish Methodist preachers. His fame drew to his audience on last Sabbath morning, in the French Church, Cork, a large number of ministers, including Rev. Professor Appelbe, LL.D., B.D.; Rev. Dr. McKay, Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, and Rev. James Donnelly, Secretary of the Conference. The sermon, which was able and accurate in its exegesis, was accompanied with much divine power, and deeply impressed all who heard it."

Telephoning 350 Miles.

Buffalo has had the honor of telephone communication with the Bell Exchange, at Paterson, N. J. The distance between the two cities is 350 miles. Although the results of the test were not wholly satisfactory, enough has been accomplished to show the value of recent discoveries, and to insure the possibility of long-distance telephoning. Listeners in the Buffalo Exchange could distinctly hear, and songs sung at Paterson were recognized at the other end of the line, but the words could not be distinguished amid the heavy sputtering and snapping noises of the wire, caused by the heavy battery and by "induction" from the Western Union wires running near the telephone wire. To the latter cause, probably, is due the greatest trouble. Telephone men feel confident that, if a wire can be obtained remote from the wires devoted to telegraph business, conversation can be easily carried on under the new method. As it was, the result of the experiments are considered of great practical value.

All Over the Province.

A company is being organized to work a stone quarry at Thunder Cape, Thunder Bay, for the Chicago market.

Mr. H. J. Middaugh, Mayor of Durham, recently captured a fine trout weighing 4½ pounds, and measuring 18 inches in length.

Robert Parker, a Guelph boy, 10 years of age, while walking on the iron railing of the Eramosa bridge, fell a distance of 30 feet to the river and escaped with only a broken wrist.

A Mitchell clergyman recently stated that some Stratford men could drink 60 glasses of lager and go home sober. There is rivalry between Mitchell and Stratford, and that clergyman will regret his statement if some member of his congregation endeavors to emulate the Stratford imbibers.

After taking a bath on Sunday a number of Port Dalhousie small boys, feeling cold, built a fire on the edge of a hay field to temper the chilling breeze. Thirty men fought the flames thus started for hours, but the field of hay and the meadow were both destroyed, and Mr. Bethel, the owner, loses by the occurrence about \$100 worth of fodder. The boys got more heat than they anticipated.

Two juvenile murderers have lately been arrested, one at Carlisle, the other at Marlborough. The former was a nurse girl of 15, who the Monday after one of the children of the family had been drowned in a bog smothered the six months' infant in a well and put a stone on its head. She admitted her guilt. The other was an 11-year-old boy, who, because his 8-year-old sister offended him, took up a loaded gun and shot her dead.

Miss Elizabeth Fleming, whose death is recorded in the Scotch newspapers, was in former days an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. Her sister Marjorie was one of Sir Walter's pets up to the time of her early death.

The body of Lady Blanche Murphy has been brought from America and interred in the chapel adjoining Exton House, Rutland, by the side of her mother, the Countess of Gainsborough.

Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., is the latest titled insolvent. No accounts were filed no assets were returned and the insolvent vanished.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Men's and Women's Views of Babies.

WHY WOMEN FADE.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate. Babies.)

With one-half of the adult population babies have, of course, always been recognized as an integral part of the social structure. To the feminine mind, when not too confined by selfish vanities or embittered by prolonged disappointment, the baby is apt to appear one of the most considerable interests of life. The mother, the nurse and the sympathetic aunt appear to find an inexhaustible charm in all the events of babyhood. There is a tender beauty in its fragile form, a delightful surprisingness and mystery in all its small ways, which goes straight to the kindly heart of the sex. Yet, while one sex has thus set up the baby as an object of special regard under form of baby-worship, the other and harder sex has coldly held itself aloof from what it has chosen to consider these frivolities. Not only to the crusty bachelor uncle, even to the father himself, the arrival of a baby has commonly presented itself in anything but the light of a joyful occurrence. When congratulated by his friends on the event, he has, perhaps, bitten his lip as there have arisen before his mind images of a home rendered noisy and chaotic by the invasion of doctor, nurses, etc., of a wife continually preoccupied, of new doctors' bills, and so on. If given to philosophize, he might be tempted to ask what purpose is served in the economy of things by the helpless infantile condition making such large demands on the time and energy of others. When the voice of his wife woos him to join the feminine company of baby-worshippers he proves as hard as flint. He says that he can see nothing in this early and vegetative period of human existence to attract him, that all babies are alike, and so on—utterances which are, of course, shocking heresies from the mother's point of view. In short, to the male sex as a whole, the baby during the first six months of its life is apt to appear, if not something positively wrong in the arrangement of things, at least something quite unimportant, which calls for no notice and is put out of sight as far as possible.—From "Babies and Science" in the Cornhill Magazine.

Why Women Fade.

An eminent physician and profound scholar once said that the "beauty of women was like the blossom of the morning glory, charming for a day only." We have spent some time in the loyal labor of attempting to prove our friend wrong, but his criticism finds ready endorsement in the faces around us. "A woman should reach her prime between forty and fifty," says an author of note, but alas, too many have sunken cheeks, shallow complexions, and tired, fretful faces, at that age.

There are many causes which lie at the root of this evil, for evil it is, when the God-given sweetness and freshness leave a young daughter's face, and hard lines make her appear older than the grandmother of the house.

One cause is fretting or over-anxiety. Women, as a rule, dwell too much on little things; they magnify trouble, anticipate its coming and weary themselves over trifles. Only a short time since we saw a most estimable lady rendered miserable for days because a carpet-fitter had neglected to finish his work neatly. Another was so anxious about some cake she was making for a church fair that her nerves were quite out of tune and her temper ruffled.

One good woman, the mother of a family, said once in the hearing of the writer, that "she kept awake all night worried because she had sealed a bottle of some fancy pickles and neglected to put in a certain kind of spice."

Think of it. In a world full of important work, in a life crowded with grand possibilities, a woman making herself miserable over a jar of pickles.

If the master of the house is late and the dinner spoiled, the mistress grieves over the matter with a face expressive of deep grief. What does it matter? True, a good dinner, well served, is a desirable thing, but delay from unavoidable causes should never cause the wife to meet her husband with a frown.

When the delay is unnecessary and oft-repeated, the comfort of the entire family is disturbed and rebuke is desirable. If a remonstrance must be made, let it be done in a lady-like, quiet manner, for men well know that servants will not tolerate irregularities in their field of labor, and no true gentleman would willingly annoy his wife. Our earnest advice to women, young and old, is "Don't fret." Life is too important, sacred and grand to waste in useless repinings. No man can understand the numerous worries and cares of a house-mother, and consequently it is useless to expect it. He may be kind, indulgent, and even anxious to aid you, but your small cares in the course of a day (unless you belong to the exceptional class and employ a retinue of servants) would fill a volume. He is neither cruel nor indifferent when you tell him that the kitchen range has smoked all day, but the smoke has not touched his eyes, and his temper is not disturbed by repeated attempts to prepare food under such circumstances. Never wrinkle your pretty brow over it, or sink down in despair, for you well know that any great trouble would find you a marvel of strength. Fretting has ruined more faces than sickness and suffering.

Another cause of early vanishing beauty is the want of fresh air. Not an occasional walk or drive, not a round of calls or a little shopping, but regular doses of good, fresh air. Make it a religious duty to see something new every day, something which will compel you to walk, and at the same time divert you, leading you to forget the unfinished garment on your sewing machine, or the impertinence of your maid-of-all-work. Do not allow yourself any liberty in this matter, nor accept any excuse whatever. It is right, proper, essential to good health, spirits and an equable temper, therefore go. Do not say "I will finish this needle-work" or "change this room," but put health before all else, and resolutely go out into the air. A weak excuse which

we frequently hear is, "Oh, I cannot stop to dress." Make it a rule to have always ready a simple dress easily arranged; don this, and enjoy the morning air.

"Morning air," exclaims a busy matron, with visions of unmade beds and carpets unswep.

"Yes," we repeat, half an hour then will tone you up for the day. If need be, take the children, and your walk will be doubly enjoyable as you listen to their artless prattle. A famous botanist dated his love of plants to the early morning walks taken with his mother. She knew something about their habits and names, just enough to inspire him with a determination to know more. Not long since, a young mother said, "When you proposed 'the constitutional' for me, I thought it a luxury I could not afford. I had been taught in my old New England home that every good housekeeper always finished her domestic duties before going out. I resolved to try your method; not, however, until health and strength were failing, and the care of two children made me nervous and fanciful. Now for more than a year I have thrown open my windows, exposed bedding and room to a current of pure air, and then put on over my morning dress a little suit of waterproof; for each child I made a simple ulster, which covered the plain or soiled dress underneath. Thus arrayed we went out for an hour, no more and no less. The good has been beyond estimate; even my husband rejoices in my common-sense ideas and increased strength."

"Suppose some one should call, and afterward represent you as an untidy housekeeper?"

"I am wiser now, I know very well that the untidy women are those who leave things entirely undone, or badly done, not those who consider health first and take the remainder of their day for things of less moment. Hundreds of people make up their beds without airing them at all, or only for a few moments; any good physician will tell you that is untidy."

Our friend is fresh and blooming once more; she has exchanged a treadmill existence for one of variety, and the fret and worry which was creeping into her face has passed away.

The more duties a woman has to perform the more need has she for uniform good temper, and strong, healthy nerves. These she can never have if her days and nights are spent within four walls, with little to cheer and much to wear out the vital forces.

When to rest, how to rest, and where to rest, each must determine for themselves, but all know that nature rebels unless true and complete rest is taken during some portion of each day. When this is done and women learn that fussiness is a deadly foe to rest, and that fretfulness is a deadly foe to beauty, our women will not fade in their youth or look careworn and anxious, as hundreds now do. These considerations do not disagree with the statement that "too many women are overworked." This painful fact is ever present, and yet large numbers needlessly overwork themselves. As a coarse but worthy old woman once said, "Some housekeepers are so pizen nice they neither take any comfort themselves nor let any one else."

Gastronomic Notes.

It is definitely settled that fish is no richer in phosphorus, and therefore is of no greater value as brain food than meat. Salmon contains the most nutriment, and Spanish mackerel, whitefish herring, and shad rank next.

Small pieces of ice are very refreshing now and then for strong, healthy persons; also a drink of water mixed with vinegar and molasses is thirst quenching for work people, or a slice of lemon dipped into white sugar. Cool the blood without disturbing the digestion and distending the intestines, and you will get through the day.

It is a very customary thing to eat ices after dinner. Those whose digestion is not strong should never touch ices, and should avoid them most determinedly. However hot the weather may be, a too sudden cooling process injures a weak digestion and creates a peculiar feeling of weight in the region of the stomach. Ices do not encourage the flow of the gastric juice, but discourage it, and where this flow is already weak it must not be diminished.

Cold boiled potatoes relish, some times, as no other cooking will make them, and lately we fell upon a salad of cold potatoes that was beautiful as well as good. The potatoes were sliced with a few bits of tender, red beet, mingled as much for the color as taste, dressed with sweet oil that was really sweet, vinegar that was sour, and garnished with most excellent crisp lettuce. An onion, chopped, may be added with advantage, but those outside matters do not and are not intended to cover the homely virtues of the cold potato.

TO MAKE RHUBARB WINE.—Take the freshly gathered stalks of rhubarb, peel off the skin, cut them into pieces and mash them fine in a tub. Leave them 12 hours in a warm place to ferment; then drain off the juice through a strainer of double flannel, press the rest of it from the pulp through a flannel bag, and let the liquor stand until the scum rises; skim this off and put the clear juice into a clean cask, adding a pound and a half of white sugar for each gallon. Let it ferment in the cask for a week in a moderately cool place, then rack it off into a clean cask or into bottles for use. It will be ripe in two or three weeks. By age this becomes very strong wine.

Dress Notes.

Dust cloaks should not be trimmed with lace.

Dead white for dresses is called snow-drop white.

Dresses are worn very much shorter than they were.

A white lace dress is worn over a petticoat of colored satin.

Wild roses and brown leaves on pale blue muslin have a fine effect.

A dress of cigar shade of velvet is trimmed with almond colored satin, with cigar colored leaves. The hat, a cigar chip, has brown leaves and a great almond colored feather.

A Berlin despatch says that Baron von Geyso, a young officer of much promise, was shot dead in a duel with a brother officer. Two students of Gottingen fought a duel with pistols on Thursday, and one was mortally wounded.

THE MURDER MURDER.

The investigation at East Saginaw—New version of the tragedy—The Alleged Murderer Defends his Brother in the Fight.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., July 28.—The court opened at 9 a. m., the Hon. D. W. C. Gage, presiding. The prosecution is to be conducted by Mr. Durand, of East Saginaw, Mr. Maomilian representing the Ontario Government, and the prisoner is defended by Messrs. T. B. Tarsney and W. G. Gage, also of East Saginaw, who are fighting the case inch by inch. All the witnesses for the extradition have been examined, and a strong case made out. The excitement here over the matter is most intense, and there is a large number from the surrounding country and city present. At 4 o'clock the case was adjourned until to-morrow at 1.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER.

A Globe reporter called on Mr. D. Spence, of the Immigration Department, Toronto, at his office yesterday morning and interviewed him relative to the Pangman murder, interest in which has revived since the arrest of McCormack in Michigan last week.

"Yes," said Mr. Spence, in answer to a query, "I was in the neighborhood when the murder was committed, and, being a Government official, I spent several days in making the most minute inquiries about the terrible affair; but," he broke off, "I'd better tell you all about the people."

"Very well," assented the reporter.

"Now, I'm a Presbyterian," continued Mr. Spence, "but I would not like to be the same as the Presbyterians in that township eleven years ago. Why, a Roman Catholic dare not be seen in the township. The other inhabitants, who were all bigoted Orangemen, would not allow a Roman Catholic to locate in the neighborhood. I believe they were so bigoted that they would have set fire to his premises and, if necessary, had recourse to more foul means to drive him out. But to return. It appears that McCormack had purchased a farm on the line between Mulcrur Township and the adjoining one, and had located there for years before the fact that he was a Catholic was discovered. He was a very industrious man, and had made large clearances on his place, and was in a prosperous condition at the date of the tragedy. Mr. Pangman's farm adjoined his, and on the day of the logging he McCormack, with his brother, a handsome young man who had just arrived from his father's place, some fifty miles farther up the country, attended. In the evening several of the young men commenced jumping in front of the house. McCormack's brother, who was an athletic youth, had no trouble in beating the others, who became indignant and disputed the distance of McCormack's jump. Hot words which ensued resulted in a fight between Pangman's eldest son and young McCormack. McCormack was having the best of it, when his opponent's brother rushed in and was about to strike him when he called for help. The by-standers, who were all on Pangman's side, were about to pounce on young McCormack, when his elder brother, who had been a silent witness of the affair thus far, seeing that the youth was going to get a rough handling, seized a sleigh-stake and, standing in front of his brother, shouted: 'The first man that lays a hand on him I'll knock to the earth.' Nothing daunted, Pangman's brother rushed in, and, true to the warning threat, the sleigh-stake descended with terrific force on his head. Others followed and were 'laid out' in a similar manner by the now furious McCormack, who, like a stag at bay, was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Andrew McDonald, a burly north-of-Ireland man, who had also been a witness of the fight, took the situation in at a glance, and catching up a short rail, rushed at McCormack, who turned and fled. McDonald pursued him for a few rods, but as he had noticed that Pangman had not risen after he had received the blow, he gave up the chase and returned to the wounded man."

"It is alleged that Pangman's brother was only interfering to make peace," interposed the reporter.

"Well," continued Mr. Spence, with increasing interest, "I heard that, too, and I made particular inquiries about that point, and I am honestly convinced Pangman meant to assault McCormack. When I asked Andrew McDonald the question if Pangman was interfering in the interest of peace, he shook his head and said sadly, 'No, no.'"

"How did McCormack escape from the neighborhood?"

"His wife moved down into a swamp where there was a log hut, and it was at first supposed that her husband was living in the vicinity, and if ever a swamp was scoured that one was, but it turned out to be a dodge to throw the authorities off the track, for McCormack had fled the country."

Presentation to a Cardinal.

The presentation to Cardinal Newman of his portrait, subscribed for by the members of his congregation at Edgbaston, produced as much excitement there as the same ceremony in Cardinal Manning's case in London. His Eminence is portrayed by M. Oules, the artist to whom the work was confided, in the collar and dress of the oratory, with the Cardinal's red zucchetto on the crown of the head. A somewhat similar one has also been painted for Oriel College, Oxford, by the same artist. As the presentation was being made and the picture hung beside that of the Pope the Cardinal looked exceedingly well, and his voice was clear and distinct in spite of the emotion with which he spoke at times. He wore the dress a Cardinal usually wears in private—a black cassock edged with red, a red sash, a red berretta, and pastoral cross and chain. Old friends from Oxford were struck with the great change in his countenance. The sharp lines of the features, the thinness and pallor have passed away, and given place to that expression of calm and peace which the old painters bestowed upon saints and martyrs.

Nine years before he died when verging upon 70, Sydney Smith said one of the evils of old age was thinking every little illness the beginning of the end. When a man expects to be arrested every knock at the door is an alarm.