THE FAMOUS BELLS OF LIMERICK.

They are said to have been cast by an Italian for a convent close by his home, in the sunny land of his birth. In the wars between the Italians and Spaniards, the bell founder had the misfortune to lose his sons, who joined the army of Italy, and, having no other children, enjoyed, as the solace of his woes, the sweet tones of the bells. During a prolonged absence from his native village, the convent had been plundered and despoiled of its bells. This severed the tie which bound the old man to his home beneath the Appennines. He resolved to search the wide world over in hopes of hearing their sound once again. Let the graceful lines of Dennis Florence McCarthy tell what chanced:

A bark bound for Erin lay waiting; he enter'd
like one in a dream,
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon
to the Shannon's broad stream.

* * * * *

Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly
but swiftly away,
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green sloping
headland and bay,
'Twixt Craloe's blue hills and green woods, and
the soft sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spread out on
the broad banks below.

Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners
look o'er the town,
The old man sees naught but St. Mary's square
towers, with the battlements brown;
He listens—as yet all is silent, but now with a
sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower
through the clear, sunny skies.

One note is enough; his eyes moisten, his heart
long so wither'd, outswells:
He has found them—the sons of his labor—his
musical, magical bells.
At each stroke all the bright past returneth,
around him the sweet Arno shines;
His children, his darling Francesca, his purple
clad trellis of vines.

Leaning forward he listens, he gazes, he hears in
that wonderful strain
The long silent voices that murmur, "Oh, leave
us not, father, again."
'Tis grante!, he smiles, his eye closes, the breath
from his white lips hath fled,
The father hath gone to his children, the old
campenero is dead.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

A Batch of Useful Receipes.

COFFEE acts upon the brain as a stimulant, inciting it to increased activity and producing sleeplessness; hence it is of great value as an antidote to narcotic poison. Coffee, unlike tea, does not increase the vaporizing action of the skin, but decreases it, and therefore dries the skin. It increases the action of the heart and the fullness of the pulse, and excites the mucous membranes. It is more fitted than tea for the poor and feeble. It is also more fitted for breakfast, inasmuch as the skin is active and the heart's action feeble; whilst in good health and with sufficient food it is not needful after dinner; but if drank should be taken soon after the meal. There is probably not the same degree of reaction after drinking strong coffee as follows strong tea, and none of these effects may be marked if the infusion be very weak.

CHICKEN SALAD.—The meat of a cold boiled chicken, three-fourths of the amount of meat of chopped celery, two hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, one tablespoonful of melted butter or salad oil, or mixed if you prefer, one tablespoonful of white sugar, and one-half cup of nice vinegar. Shred the meat well, not chop it, cut the celery in small pieces, mix them well, and then prepare the dressing. Rub the yolks smoothly, add the seasoning, then the oil, beating hard and putting in but a little at a time. Then add the raw egg beaten to a froth, and pour in the vinegar slowly, beating well as you do it. Pour this over the meat and celery, tossing lightly so that it will become saturated, turn into a salad dish and set in a cool place. When ready to serve garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in rings, and sprays of bleached celery. If you do not have celery, crisp white cabbage is a nice substitute, using celery salt or celery vinegar.

TURKISH SOUP.—This soup owes its introduction into this country to Miss Dod. In one of her cooking lectures she took a quart of second stock, the broth which comes of the second boiling for about five hours, of soup joints, and removed the grease from the surface with a piece of paper. She next took half a teacupful of raw rice, and after washing it in cold water placed it in a saucepan, pouring over it the second stock, and allowed this to boil for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the soup is passed through a coarse wire sieve, and then returned to the saucepan, being stirred well ts prevent lumps. The yolks of two eggs are next placed in a bowl, to which are added two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, with a little pepper and salt, and this is well mixed together—not beaten. To this a spoonful of the stock and rice is added, so as to prevent curdling, and it is then poured into the saucepan. The whole is placed on the fire for a few minutes, but not allowed to boil, after which it is ready for serving.

COLORING BUTTER.—Notwithstanding all that is said and written against the practice of coloring butter, there are very few who prefer it white. With the greatest care my winter butter will be light-colored, and I use carrots to give it a golden tint, though, of course it will not be gilt-edged. I scrape or grate a carrot press out the juice and turn it over the salt before it is worked into the butter. If one wishes to use annatto I think the easiest way is as follows: Tie the annatto in a thin cloth and dampen; have ready a quantity of salt (the quantity must depend on the quality of butter made, but enough must be prepared to last some little time), squeeze the softened annatto over it in drops, dampen and squeeze again. The salt should be mixed and more color added until it is sufficient to make the butter as nearly as possible the desired color.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Drain the liquor from the oysters. Then take one cup of the liquor, one cup of milk, three eggs, a little salt and flour enough to make a thin batter. Mix all together and stir the oysters in the batter. Have hot in a frying pan lard about the same quantity as for doughnuts. Drop the oyster batter in, a spoonful in a place, and when cooked to a light brown take them from the fat and lay them upon a platter covered with a napkin to absorb the fat from them. Serve while hot.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Three fourths of a cup of butter or meat drippings, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, three-fourth of a cup of hot water, in which dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hazelnut, one tablespoonful of salt one tablespoonful of ginger, one dessert spoonful of soda mixed in the cup of molasses. Mix the ingredients and add flour sufficient to make a soft dough. Roll out and cut in square cakes or cards and with the back of a knife mark it in strips across the top of the oaf.

MARBLE CAKE.—Dark kind; yolks of four eggs, one cup of brown sugar, one half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of cream tartar, two teaspoons of cloves, two teaspoons of cinnamon, two teaspoons of allspice, two teaspoons of nutmeg. Light kind; whites of four eggs, one cup of white sugar, one-half cuy of butter, one-third cup of sour cream, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream tartar, two teaspoons of extract of lemon.

CORN BREAD.—We had a splendid loaf of corn bread for dinner yesterday, and when I asked my hostess how it was made she replied: "Easy as possible. I take three cupfuls of sweet milk and one of sour; three of meal and one of flour. The rule is, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sweet milk, three cupfuls of corn meal, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a buttered basin, steam three hours and bake one hour in a moderate oven."

SOUP POWDER.—Two ounces of parsley, two ounces of summer savory, two ounces of sweet majorum, and two ounces of thyme, one ounce of lemon peel, one ounce of sweet basil, dry, pound and sift, and keep tightly corked in a can or bottle. Add these flavors to your soup not so as to be strong, but quite delicate. The excellence of French soups is the combination of flavor, all so delicate that no one is allowed to predominate.

CREAM PIE CRUST.—Can pie-crust be made without lard? A correspondent says, this is my way: Take thick cream, chop in quickly with a knife, or edge of a spoon, in an earthen bowl, flour till thick enough to roll, without sticking to the board. Do not touch it with the hands any more than you would lard crust. Roll thin—make as any pie. Bake a little more carefully, as it burns easier than lard crust. A teacupful of cream will make crust enough for three small pies.

HULLED CORN.—The white, yellow or sweet corn may be used. Soak the corn over night in warm water, and in the morning put it in an iron kettle with water enough to cover it. To each quart of corn put in a generous teaspoonful of soda or saleratus, and boil until the hulls come off readily; then wash in several clean waters, and after it is thoroughly washed put it on to boil again in clean water. Boil until tender and then salt it. Turn into a sieve and drain thoroughly.

SOFT CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one-third cup of butter, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder.

SOME BIG FIGURES.

A Thing or Two Showing What A Billion Is.

(From the London Times.)

To the Editor of the *Times*:—It would be interesting to know how many of your readers have brought fully home to their inner consciousness the real significance of that little word "billion" which we have seen of late so gibly used in your columns. There are, doubtless, many thousands who can not appreciate its true worth even when reduced to fragments for more easy assimilation. Its arithmetical symbol is simple and without much pretension; there are no large figures—just a modest 1 followed by a dozen ciphers and that is all.

Let us briefly take a glance at it as a measure of time, distance, and weight. As a measure of time I would take one second as the unit, and carry myself in thought through the lapse of ages back to the first day of the year 1 of our era, remembering that in all those years, we have 365 days, and in every day just 86,400 seconds of time. Hence, in returning in thought back again to this year of grace 1880, one might have supposed that a billion of seconds had long since elapsed; but this, is not so. We have not even passed 1-16th of that number in all these long eventful years, for it takes just 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes and 5 seconds to constitute a billion of seconds of time.

It is no easy matter to bring under the cognizance of the human eye a billion objects of any kind. Let us try in imagination to arrange this number for inspection, and for this purpose I would select a sovereign as a familiar object. Let us put one on the ground and pile on it as many as will reach 20 feet in height; then let us place numbers of similar columns in close contact, forming a straight line, and making a sort of wall 20 feet high, showing only the thin edges of the coin. Imagine two such walls running parallel to each other, and forming, as it were, a long street. We must then keep on extending these walls for miles—nay, hundreds of miles, and still we will be far short of the required number. And it is not until we have extended our imaginary street to a distance of 2,386½ miles that we shall have presented for inspection our one billion of coins.

Or in lieu of this arrangement we may place them flat upon the ground, forming one continuous line like a golden chain, with every link in close contact. But to do this we must pass over land and sea, mountain and valley, desert and plain, crossing the equator, and returning around the southern hemisphere through the trackless ocean, retrace our way again across the equator, then still on and on until we again arrive at our starting point; and when we have thus passed a golden chain around the huge bulk of the earth, we shall be but at the beginning of our task. We must drag this imaginary chain no less than 763 times round the globe. If we can further imagine these rows of links laid closely side by side and every one in contact with its neighbor, we shall have formed a golden band around the globe just 52 feet 6 inches wide, and this will represent our 1,000,000,000,000 of coin. Such a chain, if laid in a straight line, would reach a fraction over 18,328,445 miles, the weight of which, if estimated at ¼ oz. each sovereign, would be 6,975,447 tons, and would require for their transport no less than 2,325 ships, each with a full cargo of 3,000 tons. Even then there would be a residue of 447 tons, representing 64,081,920 sovereigns.

For a measure of height let us take a much smaller unit as our measuring rod. The thin sheets of paper on which these lines are printed, if laid out flat and firmly pressed together as in a well bound book, would represent a measure of about 1-333 of an inch in thickness. Let us see how high a dense pile formed by a billion of these thin paper leaves would reach. We must, in imagination pile them vertically upward, by degrees reaching to the height of our tallest spires; and passing these, the pile must still go higher, topping the Alps and the Andes and the highest peaks of the Himalayas, and shooting up from thence through the fleecy clouds, pass beyond the confines of our attenuated atmosphere and leap up into the blue ether with which the universe is filled, standing proudly up far beyond the reach of all terrestrial things; still pile on your thousands and millions of thin leaves, for we are only beginning to rear the mighty mass. Add millions on millions of sheets and thousands of miles on these, and still the number will lack its due amount. Let us pause to look at the neat ploughed edges of the book before us. See how closely lie those thin flakes of paper, how many there are in the mere width of a span, and then turn our eyes in imagination upwards to our mighty column of accumulated sheets. It now contains its appointed number, and our 1,000,000,000,000 sheets of the *Times* superimposed upon each other and pressed into a compact mass has reached an altitude of 47,348 miles.

Those who have taken the trouble to follow me thus far will, I think agree with me that 1,000,000,000,000 is a fearful thing, and that few can appreciate its real value. As for quadrillions and trillions, they are simply words, mere words, wholly incapable af adequately impressing themselves on the human intellect.

I remain, your obedient servant,
HENRY BESSEMER.

A MEAN STRIKE.

An utterly indefensible printers' strike occurred in St. Paul, Minn., a few days ago. Early in the afternoon an intimation reached the publishers of *The Pioneer Press* that a petition was circulating among the compositors in the news room, asking an increase of pay. An hour later this was followed by the announcement that the men had left their cases and refused to work. An invitation by the foreman to resume work resulted in forty men marching out of the news room, leaving but five at the cases. After this peremptory action, the petition referred to, which in itself was temperate and respectful, found its way to the office of the business manager, who had had no previous official notice of the trouble or its cause. Somewhat later in the afternoon a committee of the strikers condescended to seek a conference with the business manager, and requested an answer to the petition presented under such extraordinary circumstances. In this and subsequent conferences with the strikers the proprietors found themselves face to face with two difficulties. The demand for increase of pay was complicated by the peremptory action of the compositors in stopping work before their request could be considered—before it had even reached the proprietors. The main question was disposed of by an agreement to give a final answer to the demand for increased pay on the next day but one. The other was met by requiring the men to return to work, and work until the question of pay was decided, or forfeit their positions. After consultation the men refused to do this, and their positions were temporarily filled.

THE SMALL BOY NOT "A SLUMMIX."

(Detroit Free Press.)

It is often charged by writers that the small boy is a "slummix." That is to say, he goes sloshing around with his thoughts at the North Pole and his eye on the south, and that it is all the same to him whether he runs over a street-car or knocks down a lamp-post. Such attacks on the small boy arise from pure jealousy. One of them, and one who may have been attacked by jealous historians and small-minded poets, was waiting on a Woodward avenue corner yesterday, when afar up the street he espied a load of hay. The farmer on the load was smoking. The small boy had been sent on an errand and told to hurry up or he'd get his jacket nicely dusted, but he no sooner saw the hay and the smoke than he jumped over a fence and lay flat on his stomach. In a few minutes along came the load. The horses were on the walk and the driver on the puff. He had just got down to where the tobacco tasted good, and was making the most of it. As the load was passing the boy drew in his breath and shouted, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice. The effect on that farmer was wonderful. He threw the pipe clear to the curbstone, rolled off his load to the pavement, jumped up, and had begun unharnessing his horses when a pedestrian demanded the cause of his excitement.

"Some one hollered fire and I thought it was the hay," he explained.

He waiked all around the load, sniffed at it, and when certain that there was no fire, he shook his fist at every house in the neighborhood and climbed back to his seat and drove on.

If that boy had been a slummix he wouldn't have seen the hay. If he had been careless he wouldn't have put the hay and pipe together. If he had been a moke he wouldn't have reasoned:

"One load of hay, plus one pipe, equals two yells which lifted that fellow clear out of his boots."

DIDN'T BELIEVE IN 'EM.

"You've got a telephone here, haven't you?" asked a citizen, as he yesterday entered an office on Griswold street in a seeming great hurry.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I never believed in 'em to any great extent, but I want to order some coal from a yard up the river."

The owner of the office proceeded to "call," and when he got the coal dealers he said:

"Mr. Blank is here and he wants to know if you have any soft coal?"

"Yes—500 tons," was the answer.

"Well, he wants you to send him up a ton."

"We'll see him blowed first! He has owed us a bill for over two years!"

"Yum!" muttered the man as he stepped back.

"Did they say they'd send it?" asked the other.

"N—o, not exactly."

"What did they say?"

"I—I didn't catch it very well. Let me repeat." Picking up the trumpet again he stood with it to his ear and asked:

"Did you say you'd send it?"

"Not by a blamed sight!" came the response.

"Well?" asked the man as a painful pause ensued.

"Well," replied the operator, "this line isn't working very well this morning, and you'd better go to the office four doors below. The dealers seem to hear me well enough, but I don't get hold of their answer plainly. The other instrument is probably working all right."

"But I shan't bother any one else," growled the man. "As I said before, I never did believe in 'em to any great extent, and now I've lost what little faith I had. Much obliged—good day."

If his ear had been at the trumpet his faith would have been as big as a mountain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAIDENS AND SPINSTERS.

The Cycle of a Woman's Life From Seventeen to Fifty.

[From London Mayfair.]

A spinster's life begins at the age of seventeen and ends at the age of fifty. When she reaches the age of fifty she either becomes an old woman or begins life afresh, starting this time at about five-and-twenty. There are, of course, exceptions. Some girls begin life very much earlier than seventeen. I knew a young lady of six who killed her grandma by her precocity. Her grandma had asked her to come and see her, and for her reception had prepared a feast of seed-cake and mild negus, and also purchased a book of fairy stories. The child ate the cake, but objected to the wine, and after glancing with great contempt at the book of fairy stories, threw it on the floor, saying that she preferred real tales—things she could improve her mind on. "What will this world come to;" shrieked the old lady; "improve her mind at six! Why, at sixteen I did not know whether I had a mind or not!" The shock was too much; the old lady took to her bed and never recovered.

But most girls begin to live at 17; and from 17 to 50 every year is like a figure in an auctioneer's catalogue which is meant to indicate a fresh "lot." Of course, there are depths of thought, melancholy idealisms, delicious hopes, yearning aspirations, profound accesses of pietism, dark emotions of envy, sickening spasms of jealousy- all making eras for themselves, and sometimes contriving wild departures, which cannot be sounded, nor, indeed, even adverted to, in a comprehensive summary of thirty-three years of existence. Yet the spinster's life may be gathered from hints, which may be shrewd enough to go deep without being voluminous.

At 17, then: she thinks often of love; delights in love songs; fills Moore's poems with pencil marks; thinks Byron's face beautiful; eats little in company. At 18: still thinks a great deal of love; would care nothing for poverty provided she had a sweetheart who adored her; indeed, would rather be poor than rich, were she united to the ideal whom she has not yet met. Still reads a great deal of poetry and novels which deal largely with love and the death of the heroines; passionately fond of children. At 19: a little more critical; finds some of the poetry that pleased her last year a little weak; looks about her for steadier authors than her old favorites; dances every dance in a ball and is not quite so particular as to the men who are introduced to her. At 20: is not sure whether, after all, it would not be best to be an old man's darling. Nevertheless she flirts more uniformly; all the shyness is gone, and she enjoys her food whether people are looking at her or not. At 21: her belief in old men is strong; she has lost her prejudices in favor of poverty and cottages, yet she would not insist upon money were her ideal to present himself. At 22: thinks her younger sister rather forward in her manners, particularly with young men; sometimes suggests to mamma that the invitations which include the younger sister are merely acts of politeness which people don't want to be literally interpreted. At 23: is annoyed if anyone says in her presence that the pallor of half the girls one meets comes from tight-lacing. At 24: laces deliberately for a waist, and does not much mind if it is known; finds the company of old men always more agreeable than that of young men, and is flattered if boys pay her attention. At 25: is found behind bazaar stalls; imitates the style of the fashionable beauty; frequently alters the character of her coiffure, and uses a great many different kinds of stuff for her hair. At 26: declares she hates the idea of marriage; wonders how girls can voluntarily enter a state of bondage; marks all passages in novels in which men are called tyrants, and ceases to notice other people's babies. At 27: falls in love; about four months of quiet anguish and despair; sits late into the night alone in her bedroom; is jilted; writes twenty letters in all conceivable styles, from the passionately scornful to the mild, scrificial, forgiving, heart-breaking style—none of which are posted; destroys the ball-room programme on which he has written his name. At 28: nose red, even in spring; shoulders a shade thin; resolves to dress her hair lower, as the hair pins are making her bald; also parts her hair on one side. At 29: declines to take part in a tableau vivant, and thinks that sort of entertainment rather immodest; begins to write prose—short tales, essays and sketches on character—and believes that if she could only find patience she could write a novel. At 30: writes a novel, in which she introduces the one love of her life; finds a publisher who will publish it at her own risk; accepts his offer; she is sure he will read it; does not stop the footman at table from filling her wine glass. At 31: increasing size of waist; is mistaken for mamma's youngest sister; reads the *Quarterly Review*, and can converse on woman suffrage. At 32: is wearing three false teeth. At 33: finds girls much more forward than they used to be; also that the style of dancing grows objectionable; is usually taken down to supper by married men. At 34: is told that her sister's music-master has called her Bella. In consequence, retraces two years of her life, studies the corsetmakers' advertisements, and chooses bright colors. At 35: powders boldly; parts her hair down the middle, gives up earrings and keeps the window blinds down to save the furniture. At 36: can converse on the educational question and waltzes whenever she can get a chance. At 37: is grave when the subject of age is discussed, and asks if she does not look quite 30? At 38: hears of the elopement of a friend's husband with an actress, and is more than ever thankful that she is unmarried; takes an interest in church matters, and learning that the curate is laid up calls and sends repeatedly. At 39: regularly drinks a glass of hot Scotch whiskey and water before going to bed; admits that she likes her comforts, and playfully owns that she is quite an old woman. At 40: likes scandal; reads the reports of the law courts; subscribes again to a lending library, and finds that she grows drowsy after a late dinner. At 41: keeps a lapdog, two cats, a parrot and three canaries; takes much interest in her health, tries a great many advertised medicines, and "indulges in constitutionals." At 42: is nervous at night, particularly when the wind is high; keeps a man-servant, who must be middle-aged, highly respectable, and one who is used to attending on single ladies preferred; loses a favorite cat, and has it carefully buried in the garden. At 43: attends early celebrations, and helps to decorate the church at Easter and Christmas and the harvest festival. At 44: grows a little frivolous; chooses gay caps; reads exciting novels. At 45: feels the cold, also feels lonely; advertises for a lady to share her home; quarrels with lady over the servants, and vows she will never live again with a companion; her parrot dies; her doctor proposes to her; she declines him in a mild letter, and says they will always be dear friends. At 47: takes two glasses of hot whiskey before retiring at night; writes poetry and sends it to the local press. At 48: is robbed by her man-servant; finds a cap that becomes her, and makes up her mind to wear nothing else; notices her hair has grown gray over the ears. At 49: grows bad-tempered, and is greatly troubled with servants; another animal dies and is carefully buried. At 50: makes her will, and leaves all her property to her doctor.

A LONG PRAYER.

How a Session of the Virginia Convention of 1860 Was Opened.

(From the Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.

We find the following in a Kentucky paper without credit and do not know where it originated. As Gov. Letcher is given as authority for the facts stated, we presume there is foundation for the anecdote, which will be read with interest by everybody who remembers Mr. Southall:

"Gov. Letcher the other day gave an anecdote on the convention of 1860 that must go into print. When Mr. Janney, the president of the convention, was absent, Mr. Valentine Southall, of Albemarle, was always put in the chair. He was indigestively thin and irritable, Janney had been indisposed for a week and the Charlottesville dyspeptic presided. During this time there was an 'opening the session with prayer.' Several delegates complained of the omission. Southall said sharply that it was not his duty to hunt up preachers; that was the business of the sergeant-at-arms. This officer was Nat. Thomson, of Hanover, a character. Nat. defended himself by alleging that Mr. Janney always attended to getting the parsons, but if Mr. Southall thought that the sergeant always ought to have a preacher on hand, he would to get one. That evening Nat. strelled down Main street in search of a certain 'parsing,' an old acquaintance of Nat. The preacher was off duty and was 'serving tables' by some seculiar pursuit in Richmond. He was of the hard shell persuasion. Nat. found him and told him of the need of 'a man like him' to lead in prayer at the convention next day. The minister was tickled at the request but hinted that his Sunday suit was rather rusty. Nat, consented to loan him the proper garments. The hard shell was at Nat's room the next morning, and was duly arrayed in clerical cloths. The two started for the capitol. Nat, remarked, on the route, that the convention had been without any worship for a week, and it was expected that the lost devotions should be made up that morning. The hard shell brother, even in his shortest invocations, never could reach amen under a half hour, and this suggestion of the sergeant fell in with the inclination of of the windy and, as he loved to call himself 'wrestling Jacob.' Mr. Southall's gravel tapped to order exactly at 11. As soon as the parson had struck the regular note, and was beginning to wed his senses with 'eer,' Nat, quietly slipped from the hall, locked the door, and went down to the Zetelle's for a lunch. he spent an hour at the restaurant, and slowly returning to the capitol, and finding the hard-shell in full swing, he went down to Rockett's and dined with Dick Haskins, sauntered back about 2 o'clock, and still had a quarter of an hour to sun himself on the capitol steps before the swelling tones of the parson began to taper to the lower key of the conclusion. Nat, unbolted the doors as the prayer ended. It had lasted three hours and a quarter. The convention was far from a devotional frame of mind when the regular business began. Mr. Southall never insisted upon that sergeant-at-arms furnishing ministers any more."

ENDLESS RAILS.

The idea of making a train lay down and take up its own rails as it moves along is not a new one, but an interesting realization of it is now to be witnessed (as we learn from *La Nature*) in the Jardin des Tuileries, Paris. The system is that of Clement Ader. The rails on either side of the carriages consist of a series of jointed pieces of rail with flat supporting pieces; they enclose the system of wheels, passing down over the front and up over the end wheels, and all the wheels have two flanges to prevent any derailment. In front the chains of rail are guided by two distributing wheels, which are governed by the traction, so that, on pulling obliquely, right or left, the endless way automatically follows the same direction. At the end of the train, again, are two taking-up wheels, provided with a differential motion to meet the difficulty of going in curves, which involves an extending of the rail on one side and contraction of that on the other, so that, whenever the curve (to six or seven metres' radius) the way is regularly put down, and lifted. From the mechanical point of view, one is struck with the smallness of the force required to move a train thus arranged In the Jardin des Tuileries the train consists of three carriages, capable of containing in all 30 children, and often full. These are drawn by two goats, which work thus for seven hours. The total load is about 1,000 kilogrammes. To draw a like weight in three carriages on ordinary roads would require a dozen goats, four for each vehicle (this is the number harnessed to the small carriages for children in the Champs Elysees). The economy of carriage, then, is incontestable. The normal speed is four to six kilometres per hour. The system is, of course, not designed for passenger traffic but for goods, and in many places with bad roads or none might be very serviceable.

THE RIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

Another Interview with Bill Donnelly.

A report from Lucan on Saturday says:—In an interview with Bill Donnelly to-day our reporter ascertained his views on the interview. The sick man was found in bed at Mr. W. H. Pratt's house, but he was able to sit up and talk, which he did very freely. "In the first place," he said, "I wish to deny the statement that I got up a petition to the Bishop for the removal of Father Connolly. I have hitherto refrained from dragging the name of the bishop or the priest into this affair, but in justice to myself and to them I must do so. After the vigilance committee had searched on my father's premises for Thompson's cow, I wrote a letter to Bishop Walsh, acquainting him with the state of things in the township. I told him of the formation of the Committee, that I understood Father Connolly was at the head of it, and that I was satisfied there were some men on the Committee who wished to end our family; also that I was not aware that the Catholic Church allowed a sworn party to exist in its midst, and that if he wished to enquire about our character, he could refer to Patrick Nangle, Stephen McCormick, Dennis D'Arcy, Michael Crunnican, J.P., James Keefe and Robert Keefe, men of undoubted respectability, and who declined to become members of the Committee. I also told the Bishop that Father Connolly was present at two or three law-suits against our family, and that I didn't think it a fit place for a clergyman to be. I went so far as to ask him, in the name of God, to do something towards breaking up the organization, or it would end in murder. I never got up a petition for the removal of Father Connelly, and defy anyone to say anything to the contrary. I have no hard feelings against the priest, although at one time I had a misunderstanding with him, which I offered to carry before the Bishop for settlement, saying that if I found I was in the wrong I would lower myself lower than the worm that crawled. The Bishop never answered my letter. He handed it over to Father Connolly, and that was the last I heard of it. It just took five lives to convince them that my prophecy would prove true. There is another fact that the papers do not seem to have got hold of yet, and that is that nine years ago my father's barn and contents were entirely destroyed by fire. Also in February, 1878, my house in Osborne was broken into by masked men, who, having tied me to the bed, stole $132 from a trunk. So you will see that the Donnellys did not commit all the depredations in the country. It is told by a man who was a member of the Committee that he had to use physical force at one of their meetings to defeat a motion to lynch my brother Tom. The meeting was very stormy and almost came to a fight, but by taking off his coat and holding back two or three of the more violent ones the man managed to restore order and get a majority against the motion. He afterwards left the Committee." Going back to the interview, Bill Donnelly said: "He says our family would not join the Committee. Why, father told me one day he was going to become a member. I advised him to the contrary, as there were three or four men in the Committee who would not scruple at doing anything to injure him. How easy would it have been for them to steal something and hide it on my father's place, where the whole Committee could find it and then send the old man to the penitentiary for robbery. Those are the words that kept him from joining."

HORRIBLE CRIME.

A Man Forces His Mistress to Drink Herself to Death—A Woman Charged as an Accessory to the Crime.

A cable dispatch from London says: The trial of Lewis Payne for the murder of Miss McLean, by administering large quantities of spirits, which took place to-day at the Central criminal Court, concluded with a verdict of guilty of manslaughter. Payne had seduced Miss McLean, and for some time had lived with her as her paramour, but either becoming infatuated with a woman named Fannie Matthews, who is under indictment as accessory to the crime, or wishing to possess himself of some property belonging to his mistress, he concocted a plan with the woman Matthews to murder Miss McLean by inducing her to begin a debauch, which they kept up without intermission, continually forcing the unfortunate woman to swallow large quantities of brandy until she died of "alcoholization." The case for the Crown was conducted by the Attorney-General, and Payne was defended by Mr. Edward Clarke. Owing to certain mitigating circumstances, Payne was saved from hanging, but sentenced to penal servitude for life. Before the sentence he made a long and rambling statement protesting his innocence. The trial of Miss Matthews will immediately follow.

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia" which was on view last year at the Paris Exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only 5 centimetres long by 3½ centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, 30 verses occupying a space of somewhat less than 8 square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue on the work. In 1873 a fresh attempt was made to "set up" the "Commedia," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the work occupied no less than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fraticelli, the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Guiseppe Geche. The eyesight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, from whose article this notice is extracted, states that he is unable to form judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the best magnifying glass he was unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been christened "Lo Dantino," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies of it are to be struck off, and shortly be put upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up.

—The pronunciation of Cabul is Cawbyl. The first syllable accented.—*Ex.* For nine long dreary months, in perfect good faith and with a trust and confidence that has never for a moment flagged or wavered, we have in season and out of season been pronouncing that word Cabul with the accent on the last syllable. If every Afghan should come into our office and should Cawbyl in our ears, and every killed Afghan were to come in with his head under his arm and the lips of that head were to gasp Cawbyl, we would stick to Ca-bul to the bitter end. All Aryan words in Asia, with significant suffixes, of which Cabul is one and bul the suffix, are accented on the last syllable. Go to! Ca-bul!—*Waco (Tex.) Examiner.*

—An incident, which would be absolutely incredible were not its truth amply vouched for, recently occurred in Marseilles. A man hanged himself at the door of his house with a girdle of wool. A neighbor having given the alarm, a number of persons rushed up, but they never thought of cutting the man down, and calmly watched him as he writhed in the death agony, which was very long. An officer of customs, who reached the spot a quarter of an hour after the crowd had begun to collect, released the victim, but he had ceased to breathe.

BRITISH FEDERATION.

Mr. Brassey's Book on England's Colonial Empire—the Necessity of a Maritime Confederation to Secure British Pre-eminence.

(New York Herald.)

Some few weeks ago there were presented in these columns, in condensed form, the outline of a plan which had for some time been engaging the attention and occupying the thoughts of some of those advanced thinkers who were concerned not only for the wellfare, but for the preservation intact of the widely extended Empire of Great Britian. The question it will now be seen, is commanding widespread and serious attention. It has long been apparent that certain rapid changes were necessary in the relations which bind the colonies to the mother country, if these colonies were to be of any permanent advantage to the mother country, or rather if they were not, one after the other, when the age of mature and lusty manhood was reached, to claim independence and follow the example of the United States of America. From the circumstances in which the people of the British Isles find themselves there is always what may be regarded as a surplus population. Connected with this is the constant twofold necessity of finding markets in which to dispose of the home manufactured goods and in which also to purchase food for the home population. The British Islands contain more people than they can feed without importation, and they manufacture more goods than they can find a market for without exportation. In such circumstances emigration is a constant and abiding necessity. In sixty-two years, from 1815 to 1877, the total number of emigrants who left the United Kingdom was 8,424,942. Of these over five millions have settled in the United States. Only a little over two millions have permanently settled in the British possessions. In 1877 the total value of imported food, such as foreign stock (live and dead), corn, flour and grain of all kinds, butter, cheese and eggs amounted to £96,879,737, or $484,398,485.

FEEDING POWER OF THE COLONIES.

It is also calculated that in the Colonial Empire alone, not to speak of India, there is rich food producing territory of over seven million of square miles, with a population of about one inhabitant to the mile. From these and other figures equally suggestive and instructive, together with certain revealed tendencies of the times, the question has been put:—"How can Great Britain best conserve her own interests and at the same time advance the welfare of her colonies?" Or, to put the matter otherwise and perhaps more concisely:—In Great Britain there is a large surplus population, with an immense demand for foreign grown; in the colonies there is a large undeveloped, food producing area, with an immense demand for foreign labor. How can these conditions be so combined as to be naturally satisfying? In the article above referred to, it was stated that of all the views advanced, that which implied a federation of the whole Empire, home and colonial, was the most sensible and the most likely ultimately to prevail. Since the question was discussed in the *Herald* it has attained a wider publicity and has been commanding more serious attention.

BRASSEY'S "COLONIAL EMPIRE"

Toward the close of January—the 20th—Mr. T. Brassey, M. P., delivered a lecture before the Chamber of Commerce of Bradford on the "Colonial Empire" of Great Britain, a lecture in which, dealing with some fresh facts, he reiterates the sentiments and conclusions formerly expressed in the *Herald*. Mr. Brassey's first object is to bring out the portance of the colonial trade. The figures are significant and instructive. While British exports to foreign countries had risen from £141,900,000 in 1869 to £195,700,000 in 1872 and had fallen again in 1878 to £126,911,000, the colonial trade had steadily grown in the same interval from £48,000,000 to £66,237,000, or from 25.3 per cent. to 34.4 per cent. of the total commerce of the country. It further appears that the Australian colonies consume, in proportion to their population, a larger quantity of British manufactures than the British people themselves. The British people are never indifferent when their pockets are concerned. It is wonderful, therefore, that Mr. Brassey, who is an Englishman of the English, and one of the best informed men in Parliament, by actual experience, regarding the condition and prospects of the various British colonies, should be proud of those various children of the mother country, and should at the same time reveal some anxiety as to the continued friendly and intimate relations of both. Mr. Brassey sees the danger which threatens the more distant colonies in the event of the mother country becoming involved in a great war. Quoting from an address which he heard delivered by Mr. Strangway, late Premier of South Australia, he said: "If called upon by England to join her in a general advance of the whole Empire, the question which the colonies wished first to have answered was whether England was prepared to give those colonies a voice in the question of peace or war. The answer of the question was this. If England became involved in a great war it would have one of two effects—it would bind England and her colonies into one vast Empire such as the world had never seen, or it would entirely separate her from those colonies."

A MARITIME CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Brassey quotes from the late Earl Russell and from Lord Beaconsfield to prove that under the present management the colonies would be helpless in time of war, and that the relations are the reverse of satisfactory. What he wishes to see established, and what evidently the wisest and most far-seeing of the colonial statesmen wish to see, is a grand maritime confederacy, in which the colonies as well as the mother country will be fairly represented. The colonies, at present, are liberal in the provision they have made for local-self-defence. Not to speak of the militia, which in all the colonies is strong and well organized, care has been taken in many places to provide local navies. Sydney owns a turret ship, Melbourne has a small navy, Adelaide is making arrangements to build an iron-clad, and it has lately been proposed by each of the governments of Victoria and New South Wales to expend £300,000, besides an additional annual outlay of £73,000 for ships, guns and torpedoes. The fisheries of the Dominion give, it is estimated, employment to 1,000 ships and 17,000 smacks, which are manned by 7,000 sailors and 26,000 fishermen—the nucleus of a great navy. It is desired that all their sources of strength be utilized, that the colonies be not left to isolated action, and, therefore, to the distracting influences of divided counsels of rivalry and jealousy, but that the formidable combination should be organized and controlled under the supremacy of the mother country. Difference of opinion prevails as to the quotas to be furnished by the different members of the proposed maritime confederation and as to the relative expenses. These are questions, however, which, it is felt, would not be difficult of solution if the project were fairly under way. Mr. Brassey lays great stress upon the value of coaling stations, in this age of steam, and shows that their coaling stations are absolutely unprotected; dwells with equal emphasis on this question of dock accommodation and points out that, with the exception of Malta, Hong Kong and some points in Australia, there is no accommodation for large iron-clads away from England. Mr. Brassey also argues that the commerce of the country should be made as far as possible self-defending, meaning that the large ships of the great commercial lines should be so constructed that they could be made available for purposes both offensive and defensive. In view of the fact that the annual value of the commerce of the country exceeds £600,000,000 sterling, which, with the value of the shipping added, would make a total of £650,000,000 at stake, Mr. Brassey makes a vigorous concluding appeal for the immediate initiation of this maritime confederacy, by making adequate provision for the defence of their coaling stations, which would cost not more than one million sterling.

A PRESSING QUESTION.

Mr. Brassey, it will be observed, looks at the question of the interrelation