

OUR IRISH LETTER.

NEWS FROM ALL THE COUNTIES OF IRELAND.

What is Being Done by the People at Home—Various Items From Every Section of the Emerald Isle.

ULSTER.

ANTRIM.

On August 15 the new Catholic church of St. Mary's-on-the-Hill, Carrumoney, four miles from the city of Belfast, was dedicated to the service of the most high by the lord bishop of Down and Connor, the Most Rev. Dr. Henry. In attendance to the lord bishop were granted by the presence of another bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Gaughran, of South Africa, who assisted at both the dedication ceremony and the high mass. The celebrant was Rev. William McCourt, C. C., St. Peter's, Belfast; deacon, Rev. J. McLaughlin, Maynooth; sub-deacon, Rev. J. O'Neill, Maynooth; master of ceremonies, Rev. George McKay, C. C., Whitehouse.

ARMAUGH.

On August 16th there passed away one of Ireland's best priests in the person of the Very Rev. James O'Hara, P. P., V. F., Lurgan. Father O'Hara had been in failing health for some time past. He was engaged for several hours in the confessional on Saturday last, and was preparing to celebrate mass on Sunday morning when he was attacked by a sudden illness.

CAVAN.

The merchants of Belturbet are thinking of declaring war against the Great Northern railway. Letters from England intended for Cavan, Belturbet and Enniskillen are left lying at Dundalk for an hour. The reason of the delay is not very clear. No effort has been made, nor does any seem to be in contemplation, to remedy matters. Several deputations from local traders have waited upon the postmaster general. The Duke of Norfolk was not able to give them any assistance in facilitating the delivery of mails. The merchants of Belturbet are now thinking of withdrawing all possible goods traffic from the Great Northern line in the hope that this extreme step may help to awaken the directors to a proper sense of the grievances under which they labor.

DEIRY.

A mission was opened on Sunday, August 8, in Loop Catholic church, by the Rev. Father Dominica, Rev. Father John the Baptist and Rev. Father Mark, of the Passionist Order. Loop Catholic church is situated in the most picturesque portion of County Deiriy, within three short miles of the ancient town of Moneymore. Quite recently this church underwent considerable improvements, mainly through the exertions of the good pastor of the parish, Rev. Thomas Larkin, P. P., at a cost of several hundred pounds. The interior of the church has been renovated and presents a most pleasing appearance. A tower has been erected, and it is expected that in the near future a bell will be fitted up in it. At 11.30 o'clock mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Mark, C. P., at the conclusion of which the mission, which will last for three weeks, was solemnly opened.

DOWN.

Things are sometimes done very curiously by the ruling fathers of Newtownards. A meeting of the town commissioners was called for last Monday evening for some purpose or other, and all the members, as well as the press, were noticed to attend. Some of the leading spirits had taken it into their heads to either abolish the meeting altogether, or to adjourn it, but those to whom no information of what was going on had been given were naturally indignant that they should have the trouble of walking through the rain to the board room and walking home again. They were Messrs. Kelly, Johnston, McCall, and Copeland. If another member had attended to make a quorum, they would have held a meeting and entered on the minutes a protest against the proceedings.

FERRANAOH.

On Sunday, August 15, was solemnly dedicated to the service of God the magnificent Church of the Immaculate Conception, Newtownbutler, raised at a cost of something like £5,000. High mass coron pontifice was sung by the Rev. Dr. Lennon, Maynooth. The dedication ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Owens, bishop of Clogher, and the sermon preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, bishop of Eltonfert.

TYRONE.

At the usual weekly meeting of the William Orr Branch of the Irish National Foresters, Cookstown, held August 8, Bro. James Mayne, C. R., presiding, the following resolution, proposed by Bro. George Orilly and seconded by Bro. Charles Quinn, was unanimously adopted: "That we hail with satisfaction the unanimous resolution of the annual convention whereby all branches of the order are called upon to kindly commemorate the 50th anniversary, and that this branch take such steps as may be found expedient to comply with the said resolution." It was also decided to summon a special meeting for Sunday, 15th inst., for the further consideration of the subject.

MUNSTER.

CLARE.

An exciting scene was witnessed at Castleconnel regatta on Tuesday, August 19. In the course of a poloing race in which the competitors had to row down the gap of the dam at the world's end to the bell weirs, and ascend the river by the dam, a boat captained by George Bourke, Patrick Bourke and William Tucker, captained by three men were immersed in the water. One of them, Patrick Bourke, was unable to swim, but he succeeded in keeping afloat by holding on to the boat. Their opponents, M. J. Bourke, J. Bourke and T. Bourke, were also in the water, but they were able to swim.

Johnstone, J. Grimes and T. Grimes, who were fortunately close at hand at the time of the occurrence, immediately abandoned the race, and promptly turned their attention to the men in the water, whom they rescued with some difficulty and personal risk.

CORK.

On August 18 there was buried at Glenville, a woman named Mary Hickey, whose authentic age was 106 years. Up till the time of her death on the 16th, she was in possession of her full faculties, while as an evidence of her physical condition, she walked a mile on the day before her demise. Soon returning from this walk she took ill and passed away peacefully the following day.

On Tuesday, August 17, the interesting and solemn ceremony of a religious profession took place in the pretty chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Clonakilly, when Miss Elizabeth Kelleher, daughter of Mr. James Kelleher, of Munsinglass, Macroom, made her solemn vows before his lordship, Dr. Kelly, bishop of Ross. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Stanislaus. The following clergyman were present besides his lordship, who celebrated the mass: Right Rev. Monsignor O'Leary, P. P., V. F., Clonakilly; Very Rev. Canon Murphy, P. P., Macroom; Rev. E. B. O'Connell, C. C., Macroom; Rev. J. Moore, C. C., Macroom; Rev. Hugh Kelleher, uncle of the professed; Rev. T. Shinkwin, C. C., Ballyhenry; Rev. T. O'Hara, C. C., Clonakilly; Rev. P. Hennessy, C. C., Clonakilly; and Rev. M. O'Callaghan, C. C., Clonakilly. The following relatives and friends of the professed were present: Mrs. Kelleher, mother; James Kelleher, P. L. G., and Hugh Kelleher, brothers; Miss Catherine Kelleher, sister; Dr. and Mrs. Kelleher, cousins, Macroom; Mr. and Mrs. Conroy, Carrigaline; Mr. and Mrs. Twomey, Macroom.

On August 20 the funeral of Mrs. P. Tracy, wife of a well-known and respected citizen and aunt of the lord bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, bishop of Cork, started from the North cathedral for internment at St. Joseph's cemetery. The cortege was large, giving abundant evidence of the esteem in which the deceased was held and regret felt at her demise. At the graveside his lordship, the bishop officiated. The chief mourner was Mr. P. Tracy, husband of the deceased, and among those present were: His lordship, the bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Very Rev. Canon Fleming, P. P., St. Finbar's West; Rev. D. McNamara, P. P., Glenties; Rev. E. P. Palmer, P. P., Cahernagh; Rev. E. McGrath, Adm., North Cathedral; Rev. P. Tracy, C. C., North Cathedral; Rev. T. Fleming, C. C., Mayfield; Rev. Wm. Carthy, C. C., Mayfield; Rev. M. O'Flynn, Adm., 88, Peter and Paul's; Rev. P. Sexton, Rev. T. Sexton, Rev. H. Reed, C. C., St. Finbar's; Rev. J. Fahy, C. C., St. Finbar's; Rev. J. Ambrose, chaplain, cork work house; Rev. J. O'Reagan, chaplain, Christian Brothers; Rev. D. Murphy, chaplain, Crosshaven convent; Rev. P. Tracy, Sisters of Mercy; Rev. Father O'Dwyer, O. P.; Rev. Father Dowling, O. P.; Rev. Father Francis, O. S. F. C.; Dr. Cronin, Dr. James Tracy, Messrs. Wm. Tracy, T. Mocker, John Tracy, Robert Tracy, Thomas Attridge, John Sisk, Bryan Hennessy, M. P. Buckley, J. P.; Michael Palmer, Clonakilly; Patrick Power, E. Geary, James O'Toole, D. J. Murphy, P. L. G.; Richard Barriscale, John Reardon, Joseph McCarthy, etc.

KERRY.

The national teachers of Kerry, having formed a branch of the Irish Language association last year, held their general meeting in Killarney last month. The reunion lasted two days and all interested in the preservation of the Irish language attended the public meeting, which was held on August 27. The first day was devoted to routine work and a short excursion, and the second day for public meetings, to which the speakers from the council for the Preservation of the Irish Language, Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, bishop of Kerry, presided. The second night was an Irish night—Irish recitations, songs, speeches, music and dancing (jigs and reels).

LIMERICK.

The young man, Patrick Bourke, who met his death in Dublin on August 13 as the result of the bicycle which he was riding colliding with a car in Harcourt street, was a native of the County Limerick, and there is much sympathy with his relatives, who live in the Pallis district at the melancholy occurrence.

The potato crop in the County Limerick and County Clare has been so severely attacked by blight that it will turn out an entire failure. Already prices are three to four times what they were a year ago.

An election for a harbor commissioner, in the room of the late Mr. William Spillane, D. L., was held on Monday, August 16, in the Chamber of Commerce. The candidates were Messrs. William Halliday (Messrs. Boyd & Co.) and E. B. Gleave. Mr. Halliday received 48 votes and Mr. Gleave 29. Mr. Roche, who presided, accordingly declared Mr. Halliday elected.

TIPPERARY.

The Rev. James Corcoran, of the diocese of Chicago, is at present enjoying a well-earned holiday from his spiritual charge, at the residence of his brother, Mr. Michael Corcoran, Curragh, Templemore. He will have about one month's rest in his old home. He is opposed to Irish emigration, and says there are thousands of unemployed walking around Chicago.

The Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, rector of St. Mary's, Millford, Boston, U. S. A., is at present on a visit at the abbey of St. Francis, Clonmel. This venerable priest is 82 years of age. He was born near Clonmel, and has always taken the greatest interest in his native town. He was a generous subscriber to the building fund of the beautiful Church of St. Francis, Clonmel, and he delights to spend some of his holidays there. He usually comes every second year. Notwithstanding his great age he is wonderfully active, and still continues to discharge the duties of his sacred office in his own parish, where he is beloved and revered.

Mr. Patrick Heany, Main street, Cashel, died on August 7, at the age of 70 years. Deceased was a member of one of the oldest families in Cashel. He was for a number of years Chairman of the Cashel Board of Guardians, and resigned that position when his health began to fail him. He took a prominent part in politics in the early days of the Land League, and was arrested in the eighties as a "suspect," and spent three months in Naas prison, together with more of our fellow-citizens. His funeral took place on Friday at 12 o'clock for the family burial place at Brickwood, and it was one of the largest seen in the neighborhood for some time past. Deceased leaves a widow to mourn his loss.

On Sunday, August 21, the annual convention of the Irish Land and Labor association was held in the Foresters' hall, Tipperary. A public meeting was subsequently held in the square, New Tipperary, and was largely attended. Special trains were run for the occasion by the W. L. & W. Railway company. The Tipperary Life and Drum band played through the town during the day. Mr. J. J. Sheehy, M. P., and Mr. Edward McGillicuddy, Belfast, were warmly received. At 1 o'clock the convention was opened by Mr. K. E. O'Brien, chairman. The following districts were represented: Ballyhenry, Cahernagh, Cahernagh, Killoreen, Dungarvan, Cork, Youghmore, Killoreen, Cahernagh, Murrus, Cappamore, Limerick, Tipperary and Belfast.

WATERFORD.

Rev. R. Fitzgerald, O. S. A. of Dungarvan, has returned from his holidays and will resume his duties at the seminary in a few days. We are glad to perceive that Father Fitzgerald benefited by his well-earned rest.

On Monday, August 16, the schools just completed on the site on John's Hill, generously given by Mr. T. J. Farrell, M. P., were opened by the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehy, in the presence of a large gathering. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. W. Browne, Adm., St. John's, who addressed parents and children on their respective duties. Later on in the day his lordship addressed those present in an appropriate address on the importance of education. The children will be in charge of the mass of St. John, of God, who entertained the children hospitably on the occasion.

LEINSTER.

CARLOW.

Mr. P. A. Mortimer, who has filled the position of station master at Athy for the past five years, is about to be transferred to Limerick Junction. During his stay at Athy Mr. Mortimer earned the reputation of being a courteous public official. His successor has not yet been appointed.

The death of Mr. Thomas Keogh, of Park, which occurred on last Sunday afternoon, August 15, caused sincere regret. Mr. Keogh was a model Catholic, and always contributed most liberally toward every religious object. He was also a devoted Nationalist, and from the initiation of the Land League down to the establishment of the Irish National Federation he gave valuable assistance in the struggle for national rights. He filled the offices of vice-president of the Land and National Leagues. The late Coroner Keogh was a brother of the deceased and another brother was Capt. Miles Keogh, an officer of the United States army. Miles Keogh served under General Custer in the ill-fated Indian expedition in 1876, which ended in the disaster which cost the lives of 600 officers and men, including the gallant Carlisle.

DUBLIN.

We regret to announce the death of Sister Louise Bradfield, which occurred on the feast of the Assumption at St. Vincent's orphanage, North William street, Dublin, where the deceased sister was located for some time past. Sister Bradfield was a native of the south of Ireland.

A meeting was held in the parish church of Howth on Sunday, August 22, to take measures to raise funds for the completion of the new Catholic church. Canon Flanagan, P. P., stated that a sum of £4,000 was required and that amount had been already expended. Mr. Carton, C. C., stated he thought a balance sheet, showing the receipts and expenditures, should have been presented to the parishioners and in view of the sum already received he thought the canon ought to treat the parishioners, and go somewhat into debt, as this balance would be forthcoming. Alderman Kernan and other speakers joined in this view, and pointed out, although there had been many bazars for church purposes recently, they were all successful, and Canon Flanagan was urged to start one. No decision, however, was arrived at on this suggestion, but a resolution was passed pledging the meeting to give every aid to Canon Flanagan in carrying out the works, and a number of subscriptions, including £100 from the canon, were handed in.

KILKENNY.

On Sunday, August 15, after a lengthened illness, Mr. Michael Birch passed away at his residence, Keatingstown. Mr. Birch had attained the ripe old age of 78 years. He was a member of one of the oldest and most respected Kilkenny families, and father of the Rev. John Birch, administrator of Ballyhale. The funeral was attended by a very large number of the most respectable inhabitants of both city and county.

LAST SLAVE DRIVE.

A SCENE IN KANSAS CITY STREETS THAT MADE NORTHERN BLOOD BOIL.

Planters Contempt for Slave Dealers—How the Old Darkies Refused to Accept Their Liberty—Thompson McDaniels the Last of the Slave Drivers.

The last shipment of slaves from Jackson county to a southern market was made from this city in May, 1859. An apparent uneasiness was visible among the owners of slaves when it became a fixed fact that Kansas would become free soil instead of slave. The easy escape of the slaves across the imaginary line between the two States rendered that kind of property very insecure. When once across the line into Kansas they were safe. No fugitive slave law could be enforced there to return slaves to their owners, and the underground railroad made rapid and frequent trips to the north into Canada, where their forced return was beyond all possibility.

This fact induced many to part with their negroes. Their value as a chattel was becoming more and more insecure as population flowed from the North into Kansas. Among the slaveholders were those who had owned slaves all their lives but who never sold one, and would not under any circumstances. They despised and held in the most utter contempt the slave buyer. It was beneath the dignity of many who owned slaves to even recognize the man who speculated in that kind of property. They were placed in the same category almost as the horse thief. Yet there were others who sold them as they would sell any other kind of property no matter whether it pertained to father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister, or sundered any other tie that bound them together. A great many were sold out of the border tier of counties of the State during the years of 1857, 1858 and 1859.

It was a misdemeanor in Missouri to teach a slave to read and write, yet there were those who acquired a knowledge of both reading and writing. They were looked on as dangerous and sold South as soon as the fact became known to the master. It was not often that they found out in advance of their being handcuffed and sent to jail that they had been sold to some southern slave buyer. The constant dread of being sent South made the slave very uneasy, and he watched every opportunity to glide to freedom. When the proclamation of President Lincoln was promulgated there were few slaves to be found in the border counties of Missouri. There were some however who even refused to take advantage of their freedom, but continued to live in the families of their old masters long after the war had ended. They were mostly old men and old women who had spent all their days in slavery, and would have become a public charge under the new condition in which they would be placed by asserting their freedom.

The last shipment of slaves to the South in May, 1859, was made by Thompson McDaniels, who had amassed quite a fortune speculating in negroes. He owned and laid out McDaniels' addition to Kansas City, which contained some forty acres, and cornered at Missouri avenue and Main street, running south in 1858 he erected the "Cotton" hotel that occupied the site of ground upon which the Nelson building now stands. He had purchased nearly 100 likely young negroes, mostly males, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five in different parts of the country, and had congregated them in front of his hotel at the corner of Missouri avenue and Main street, preparatory to putting them on a steambot and shipping them to a southern market. They were handcuffed and in some instances chained together and herded out in the street something after the style of herding a drove of cattle while being driven through the streets of a city. Four or five men, with long blacksnake whips and armed with revolvers, kept constant watch over the line of negroes. The drivers, as the term was used, were coarse and brutal language toward the negroes whenever one happened to commit any infraction of the orders of their master. The negroes were ordered to answer no questions asked of them and to speak to no one without permission.

The novelty of the scene attracted not only those who had never witnessed a revolting sight of the kind before, but those who were hardened to such scenes and looked on as complacently as if it were a drove of cattle being sent to market. Their various marketable qualities were discussed and commented upon, and the price they would bring in a southern market was estimated. It would have been breeding in Missouri very profitable. Those who came from the North and had previously read descriptions of slave auctions, and witnessed the scenes portrayed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," renewed their abhorrence and disgust for an institution that made chattels of human flesh, even though it was black. In the countenance of each slave could plainly be seen that some undercurrent of dread was uppermost in his mind. Most of them knew that their condition in the cotton fields of Louisiana and Mississippi would be far different from that on the farm in Jackson county. In the South they would be subject to greater toil and less care would be taken of their general comfort, while the rations of hocks and hominy would savor less of the good things of their former masters' table.

After being placed on board the boat at the foot of Main street and after it pushed out into the current of the river they were unchained and permitted to scatter around the lower deck. They gave a yell of good-bye to those on shore and took a last and lingering look at the bluffs of the city which perhaps they never saw again. It was a poor speculation for McDaniels. He returned to Kansas City several months afterward bankrupt. His property was sold under the hammer; he left the city and went to Atchison to reside, and died recently at St. Louis, Kan.—Kansas City Star.

NO MORE TORNADES.

Turpin Has Piled Up a Scheme to Annihilate Them.

If we are to believe M. Turpin, and as an inventor no one has a greater reputation, we need in future dread little danger from cyclones, tornados, hurricanes or similar atmospheric disturbances. For years M. Turpin has made this matter a special study with the object of devising some safeguard against these destroyers, and now at last he claims to have attained this desirable end.

To Americans his discovery will prove of special importance, as will be seen from his own words on the subject. "This subject has occupied my attention a long time," he says, "and whenever I read in the American papers about the frightful disasters wrought by cyclones my desire to discover an antidote or safeguard was redoubled. Well, I discovered one day the principle of what I may style the 'paratornado.' I at once submitted it to M. Faye, who is versed in such matters, and he said that it was highly ingenious. So I went ahead, and in due time I constructed the necessary apparatus. Right here let me say that my chief aim was to provide America with some reliable weapon against these frightful scourges. In Europe we occasionally have hurricanes and water-spouts, but they are of trifling moment when compared with the cyclones and the tornados of America. An American town in the path of a tornado is doomed. I have heard of a tornado which killed 750 persons, wounded 2,500 and which at the same time overthrew thousands of houses."

"Now, this inevitable scourge comes at the same annual epochs, and usually at the time of the equinoxes. During certain years, and notably between 1888 and 1889, there have been as many as forty-four tornados. Yet, though their regular appearance has been clearly established, no practical steps have been taken to avoid them. True, weathermen have been appointed in dangerous seasons to signal the approach of cyclones and when they give a warning the people went with their families into subterranean grottoes and thus escaped the fury of the tempest. Their dwellings, however, were wholly destroyed. Now, any one using my system of defense can combat and overcome these enemies. I claim, too, that any town using this system can effectually protect itself against all future cyclones."

"To understand my system we must bear in mind that a cyclone is a formidable wind of surprising swiftness, which is born in the gulf of Mexico and which goes in an absolutely invariable direction from the southwest to the northeast. The route of cyclones has never changed. It is not, however, the cyclone itself which kills people; trees and destroys houses. These disasters are really caused by what may be called the 'ophenomena,' which are produced in the heart of this blast of wind. Such are the waterspouts or tornados that is to say, funnel-shaped masses of water, the giratory movement of which has an unobscured swiftness of 200 meters a second. They are the real danger."

"Well, let us assume that a town or city wishes to protect itself against these cyclones or tornados. What it must do is to build on the side from which cyclones approach, remember they always move in the same direction, a certain number of small metal towers, about forty meters in height and having on top cylinders filled with some extremely explosive material, such as melinite. Each of these cylinders must have six arms, at the ends of which are to be fitted disks similar to those used on railroads. These arms are controlled by bell springs, the resistance of which is superior to all other pressure except the terrible shock produced by tornados."

"When a tornado comes it pushes the arm violently, and they being displaced bring into motion a little chain, the tractive power of which located in the interior of the cylinder shatters a fragment of priming of fulminate, after the fashion of a piece of artillery. The explosive lights and bursts, producing an enormous development of gas, which destroys and dispels everything around it, including the tornado. The waterspout is destroyed and dispersed, at least for the moment. It may form again further off, but at any rate the town will be saved."—New York Herald.

A Wonderful Waterfall. The Olympic Mountains have produced another attraction, the beauty of which is not excelled on the west-side slope. What is said to be a grand waterfall coming from the snow-capped peaks above the clouds over the bluff, falling a perpendicular distance of over 1,000 feet and disappearing in the bosom of a beautiful plain, has just been discovered near Lake Crescent by two ranchmen. Their description of the scene would exceed anything of similar character in the Yellowstone Park.

From the snow on the crests of the Olympics, where white men have never visited, comes a little stream, which rapidly grows in volume until it reaches the edge of a perpendicular cliff overlooking a beautiful plateau of 300 acres a thousand feet below. For centuries the water has poured over the precipice until it has cut a smooth passage, something like a large pipe split in half in the side of the mountain. Here and there it strikes an obstruction, and out of the mountain's side spurts other falls. Standing alongside of the cliff a short distance away the scene is beautiful and looks as though there were half a dozen rivers bursting out of the mountain.

The huge volume of water disappears in a wide-looking cavern, and becomes an underground river. It flows beneath the plateau for a distance of two miles, and then again bursts out of its imprisonment in the shape of an oval bridal veil, and dashes over the rocks and cataracts down to Lake Sutherland and out to sea.

The country is very rough, wild and hard to penetrate. There is an abundance of wild game isolated around the falls. The discoverers of the falls killed nine elk in half an hour and said there were 100 more in sight. —Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

FREAK OF FORTUNES.

Windfalls That Came Unexpectedly to Those Who Needed Them.

While most people find it very hard to acquire even a modest competency, others are more lucky, and to them fortune comes without even the asking. Several such instances have occurred of late years, some of them of an interesting character. It was only a short while since that a poor ragpicker in Birmingham suddenly found himself a man of wealth. By dint of working from dawn till late at night he had been in the habit of making the not very exorbitant income of \$2.50 per week. One morning he heard from a firm of solicitors in London, who requested him to call, when he would learn something to his advantage. He found that a long lost brother, who had made money in Australia, had recently died there, leaving him the sum of \$40,000.

At Tamworth, England, a tobaccoist has unexpectedly found himself heir to a baronetcy. For some time past he has been in receipt of a small sum a week, having served as a sergeant in the Suffolk Regiment, but finding this sum inadequate he took a tobaccoist shop at Tamworth, and was apparently contented with his lot, when he awoke to find himself a baronet of the united kingdom.

A schooner which went ashore off the American coast with 1,200 tons of coal, being abandoned by her owners, was sold for \$70. Some 400 tons of coal had been got out of the hull when suddenly the vessel slid off the rock and sank in deep water, only, however, to float again the next morning and drift with the tide right into port. It seems that sufficient coal had rotted through the holes in her bottom to let the hull come again to the surface with some 300 tons of coal still in it. As the vessel then stood she was worth \$3,000 or more to those who bought it for \$70. A couple of lucky domestic have lately come into possession of a considerable sum of money through the death of their mistress an old lady of eighty-five, who left her entire fortune. The sum to be divided is \$120,000, and it is bequeathed to them in recognition of their long and faithful services, one of them having been twenty-five and the other eighteen years with the lady in question.

The effects produced by suddenly acquired wealth are sometimes startling in the extreme. A suburban farmer, who lately inherited \$20,000 from an elderly aunt, at once began to look about for some outlet for spending the money quickly. At length the craze for building speculation seized him, and he built houses wherever sites were obtainable. He went on in this way for some time, when his mind became unbalanced, and he was found one day walking around his newly built houses firing shots from a navy revolver at imaginary enemies. He was thereupon arrested and placed in an asylum.—Boston Traveler.

Man-Eating Mosquitoes.

Just why the mosquito bites people is not yet known. It is not to furnish it food, for it is an established fact that a mosquito, after gorging himself with human blood, dies within a few hours, whereas mosquitoes that have never tasted blood have been known to live very comfortably even through the entire winter and into the next season. The adult mosquito does not need food. During its larva stage it has stored up enough nourishment to last all its life, and it is a normal state for it to go without food for the rest of its existence. All that it needs is moist air, adult mosquitoes being known to pass the winter in damp cellars, living on nothing but the moisture. The fact that it is estimated that only one out of 10,000 ever tastes human blood also proves that it is not necessary. Why it persists in torturing mankind, therefore, has not yet been found out, and scientists can only swear softly with the rest of mankind and make the general statement that the mosquito is born with a vitiated appetite for human gore, an appetite that causes the death of the individual.—Philadelphia Times.

Frederick the Great's Monument.

The magnificent monument to Frederick the Great which adorns the space between the palace of old Emperor William and the University of Berlin furnishes a striking illustration of the radical difference between a constitutional and a military government. The monument I refer to is one of the grandest equestrian compositions in the world, made by the foremost sculptor of his day, paid for by a grateful population, and commemorating a monarch not only glorious as a soldier but also as the patron of art and letters. This monument, as every American tourist knows, is supposed to bring together all the great men who lived under this king—something after the manner of the Albert Memorial in London.

Amongst the dozen who crowd in effigy about the base of this statue I could discover but two whose profession was not exclusively that of killing their fellow-men. These two were Kant and Lessing, the only names in the whole crowd that would to-day be generally known amongst fairly educated people.—Harper's Weekly.

Two Acres Enough in Belgium.

What many an American farmer fails to do on one hundred acres, the thrifty Hollander in Belgium easily does on two acres; namely, support a large family and lay by something for a rainy day. He does it by making the most of every inch, by heavy manuring, plowing no more than is needed, and sowing his crops with a ditch of running water. The typical two-acre Belgian farm contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley; another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all around on the sloping sides of the ditches, with a row of onions just inside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees around the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce. He keeps pigs and chickens. We refer to this illustrating the possibilities of land production. In Belgium 6,000,000 people, chiefly farmers, live on a piece of land the size of the State of Maryland. They furnish an object lesson on successful intensive farming.—Columbian Rural World.