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.

CONNAUGHT.

CONNAUGHT.

Father Dooley of St. Patrick's church, Galway, intends to provide an organ and bell for the church.

Mr. Bodkin, Dangan, Galway, son of B. Bodkin, retired magistrate, has been appointed assistant librarian of Queen's college, Galway.

The death of Mrs Fitzgerald, wife of J. T. Fitzgerald Kinneigh, took place at Kanniegh house, near Waterville. Mrs. Fitzgerald was a daughter of the late Nicholas French, French Lawn, Roscommon, and a grand daughter of the Liberator.

We regret to record the death of Captain Davenport, which took place at Ross Hill, Galway, on May 30 fortified by the sacraments of the church, and attended by Father Craddock in accordance with Captain Davenport's wish the funeral was private. The interment took place immediately after mass on Thursday, in the vault of the old abbey at Ross Hill. He was borne to his last resting place by his tenantry, by whom he was beloved. His charity, his kindness of heart and genial manner endeared him to all who knew him.

Mrs. Spellman, St. Augustine street, Galway, died June 11, deeply and widely regretted.

MAYO.

The Earl of Lucan has posted twenty-two evict on-made-easy notices on the county cort house Castlebar. The tenants under sentence of death live in the district.

When John O'Donnell was liberated from Castlebar jail lately bonfires were ablaze on that evening on both sides of Clew bay, at Murrisk Glushpatrick, and Lecanvy, and at Newport Tiernar, and Muranny. There were a number of bonfires also in the Glenhest district. These fires were in themselves a splendid evidence of the unquenchable spirit of the people of liberty.

Miss B. Murray, Cloonagh, died very suddenly in Church street, Strokestown, June 6. She was a devout member of the Carmelite order and attended a station held in the Catholic church on Monday. After receiving the blessed sacrament she went to visit some acquaintances in Church street, and opposite the door she died.

Catherine Horan of Drumsellagh, Cootehall, aged twenty-two years was found drowned lately in a drain on her uncle's land in Dorrygran. It was noticed that she appeared rather unsettled in her mind for some time previously.

LEINSTER.

CARLOW.

Right Rev. Dr. Foley, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, held ordination services on Whit-Snday, Monday and Tuesday at the collegiate church of St. Patrick, and on Saturday morning at the cathedral, Carlow where fifteen reverend gentlemen were raised to the priesthood and a large congregation witnessed the solemn functions. The various orders, ranging from the holy orders of deaconship and sub-deaconship to the minor orders, were conferred on Whit-Sunday and the two following mornings. His lordship was attended by the Very Rev. John Delaney, vice-president of Carlowcollege.

DUBLIN.

On Sunday, June 11, a grand patriotic demonstration was held in Dublin in honor of the memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which was held in Thomas street otside of the house No. 51, in which he was arrested. On the front of the house a handsome slab of pure white Sicilian marble has been fixed, and it bears an inscription written first in Irish and then in English, as follows: "Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested in this house 21st of May, 1798. Erected by the '98 Centenary Committe, Lord Edward Branch."

KILDARE.

Michael Neill, laborer, took shelter under a tree in Rathconnell from a storm last week, and while there was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

William Simmonds, aged 26 years, of Nerney house, Monasterevan, was killed while cycling last week. He ran into the draw-bridge of the structure over the grand canal in Monasterevan, not minding it was raised.

KILKENNY.

John Dunphy, who was killed on U. S. gunboat Winslow in Cardenas, Cuba, lately, was from Kilkenny.

KINGS.

This county, though somewhat free from the general distress felt in more remote places in Ireland, is still in a bad way in many parishes. When the crops fail, of course the effect is felt all over Ireland, the only difference is in the matter of degree. Suffering and hunger is felt most acutely along the south and west portions of the coast than toward the centre. There is suffering and want all over through British misrule.

LONGFORD.

Peter Donovan, Legan, while speaking with the priest after his daughter's marriage suddenly became ill and died.

Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, left Longford a few days ago for Paris, where at the Irish college, he will ordain many young priests for home and foreign missions.

MEATH.

James Powderly, a ganger on the Midland railway, was killed lately by the wheel of a train striking his head in the Wilkinstown station.

WESTMEATH.

A sad and painful occurrence took place at Carrigan, Legan, on Wednesday. On the morning of that day a young girl, daughter of Peter Donovan, was married to Michael Fennon, Lisnalill. The ceremony was performed by Rev P. Fitzgerald. Afterward the pair and the wedding party proceeded to Mr. Donovan's residence and, as is usual, a large party was entertained, and the event was celebrated with that enjoyment which should become such an important occasion in the lives of the young couple. As evening approached the party strolled about Mr Donovan's place to take the fresh air, but the old man did not. However, he was in perfect health in his residence. When the house was again reached he was found lying dead on the floor, death having supervened from heart disease. The deceased was a large and respectable farmer and owing to the circumstances surrounding his sudden demise, much sympathy was evoked for the family, particularly for the couple who were united that morning.

WEXFORD.

Father Allen, who died recently in Echua, Victoria, Australia, was a native of New Ross. He was aged 78 years.

Died—June 8, at Coolgreany, county Wexford, Frances Mary Byrne, aged 60 years. June 2 at the hospital, Enniscorthy, John Hearn, R. I. C., Camolin, aged 49 years. On May 31 at Coolgarrow, Aldin Hogan member of the Coolgarrow fife and drum band, aged 28 years. June 5 at John street, Wexford, William Keefe, aged 82 years. June 3, at St Catherine's convent, Rathmagranage, Arthurstown, Sister Mary Josephine Morris, eldest daughter of John Morris, Skerries, county Dublin, in the 47th year of her age, and twenty fifth of her religious profession. June 5 at Coole, Arthurstown, Mrs Bridget McGrath, at the residence of her son Michael McGrath, aged 81 years.

WICKLOW.

Died June 11 at Ratheengraney, Sarah Kinney, borne with Christian resignation to the inexpressible grief of her sorrowing family and a large circle of friends.

MUNSTER.

CLARE.

John C. Mahoney, merchant, Kilrush, has been appointed a justice of the peace for the county.

A report reached Kilrush last week of a distressing accident at Cranny, near Kilrush. Michael Ryan, contrary to orders, put a package of gunpowder far on the floor of his house and took a light to see where it was when the powder got ignited and he received shocking injuries from which he is not expected to recover. His wife was also badly burned. The dwelling became enveloped in flames and his six children were with great difficulty rescued by neighbors.

CORK.

Patrick Kelly, shopkeeper, Castletownbere, was drowned while bathing at Droum on June 10.

Thomas O'Gorman Kanturk, while driving toward Boherbee last week found the dead body of John Murphy on the road.

Over a week ago the rumor was spread that the dreaded potato blight had again made its appearance in Skibbereen district and in a few places along the seaboard. The unwelcome visitor has been reported in Driehoa, and in many other early and sunny spots along the seaboard, from Castletown to Mizen.

The annual procession in honor of the feast of Corpus Christi was held June 12 at Middletown, in which 3,000 of the parishioners took part, was due to the exertions of the Very Rev. Canon Hutch. The route chosen for the procession was from the main entrance of the new church of Our Lady of the Rosary, by the west side, and through the picturesque grounds attached where at the north side a beautiful altar of repose decorated with numerous lights and flowers had been erected by the ladies of the altar society.

KERRY

We deeply regret to announce the death of Peter McSweeney, Lauragh, Kenmore, which happened June 11, aged 82. Mr McSweeney was a member of one of the most respectable families in Ireland, and at one time Dirreen, now the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was his ancestral home. Mr. McSweeney was a member of the Kenmare board of guardians and for fifty years represented the Glanmore electoral division.

LIMERICK.

Genuine sorrow was felt throughout the entire of West Limerick at the demise of Daniel Connors, Coolcappa. The deceased had been ailing for a few days, and his demise was entirely unexpected.

Henry Richard Counihan was drowned in the Shannon at Athlunkard lately while bathing.

Died—On May 31, at Cullinagh, Newcastle, West, Hanorah, relist of the late Cornelius O'Donnell, in her 51st year.

ULSTER.

ANTRIM.

On June 11 the new church of St. Vincent de Paul, Ligoniel, was solemnly dedicated in the presence of a very large congregation. The dedication was commenced by Most Rev. Dr. Henry at 11.30 o'clock and the high mass was celebrated.

ARMAGH.

The feast of Corpus Christi is always celebrated with great religious fervor and with the utmost splendor in the Sacred Heart convent, Mount St. Catherine, Armagh, and yesterday's celebration was up to the standard.

CAVAN.

Died June 12, Thomas Hennessy, the result of an accident, second son of Terence Hennessy, Barconnell, Mount Nugent, aged 30 years.

Robert Hamilton died at Dowra on Tuesday, May 31. The deceased was born in 1819. During his lifetime he earned the confidence and respect of rich and poor alike by his upright, straightforward character, and his charity. The deepest sympathy is felt by all classes for Mrs. Hamilton and family in their sad bereavement.

DONEGAL.

The new church of the Holy Cross, Dunfanaghy, was dedicated on June 11.

DOWN.

Three men were terribly injured at Newcastle by the explosion of galganite during blasting operations in connection with the new waterworks extension for Belfast city. One man named Charles had a leg blown off, besides sustaining other shocking injuries, while the other two are likely to lose their eyesight.

Father McEvoy Warrentown, was for fourteen years in Loughbricklandand to testify their esteem for him, the people intend to present him with an address.

MONAGHAN.

On Sunday, June 11, a great public meeting was held in Lisdoonan, Donaghmoyne, under the auspices of the Farney branch Gaelic league. There was a very large audience, composed chiefly of Irish speakers from the surrounding district.

TYRONE.

June 11 a public demonstration of all the '98 clubs of East Tyrone and South Derry under the shadow of the old cross Ardboe. At different points along the route beautiful green arches spanned the road decorated with appropriate mottoes.

A serious fire occurred last week at The Argosy, the beautiful residence of Capt Ralph Bond Skelton, on the river Blackwater four miles from Dungannon. The fire occurred in the new wing, which comprises the library, servants' apartments and kitchens, and resulted in the total destruction of that portion of the mansion. Only the outer walls of the west wing remain standing, and the valuable contents of the library were destroyed with the exception of some furniture.

The Relics of Cavalry.

A French writer locates the relics of the cross and crucifixion, as follows:

The wood of the cross.—The tablet on which is the well known inscription I. N. R. I. (Jesus Nazaremis, Rex Judaeorum—Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews) is preserved in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome.

The Crown of Thorns—It forms part of the treasure of Our Lady of Paris, but is devoid of thorns, which have been granted to a great many churches. This relic with the fragments of the cross, is borne in triumph by twelve canons of curies of Paris in the solemn procession which is held at eight o'clock Good Friday night in Notre Dame. The church of St. Semin, in Toulouse has a fragment of the crown, which was given it by St. Louis through his brother Alphonse, Count of Portiers and Toulouse.

The Nails—One history relates was thrown by St Helena into the Adriatic to calm a storm, the second is in the famous iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings (used by Napoleon I. in his coronation) the third is in the church of Notre Dame in Paris. At Monza near Milan is a nail whose authenticity Benedict XIV. is said to have established.

The Sponge.—Is at Rome, in the basilica of St. John Laterman.

The Lance—The point is at Paris and the rest at Rome.

The Robe—It was given to the church at Treves by St Helena (It is known as the holy coat).

The Tunic—Charlemagne gave it to the Monastery of Argenteuil, near Paris, where his sister was a nun. The church of Argenteuil has a relic this day.

The different pieces of the Winding Sheet.—The largest is at Turin, the church of Cadonia department of Dordogne (France), has the cloth in which the head was wrapped. Rome has the linen with which Veronica wiped Christ's face.

The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is at Rome in the church of St Praxedes since 1223. The other part is at Jerusalem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

LOVELY IRELAND FAR AWAY.

Forever dear to me must be
My little isle beyond the sea,
Her leek-green fields and sunny strand
Her vales and streams by soft winds fann'd.
In evening gleam,
I sit and dream
Of lonely Ireland far away.
Before the wrinkles seared my brow,
One Sabbath eve I made a vow,—
Where'er I wandered over earth,
To love the land that gave me birth.
In evening's gleam
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.
I often watch the ocean wave
Roll free, my Irish coast to lave,
And wish that it might wait me there,—
No other clime is half so fair.
In evening's gleam
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.
Accept, my dear land, thy exile's prayer:
May thy approaching years be fair;
My Freedom, Love and Poesie,
A living wreath entwine for thee.
In evening's gleam
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.

What She Meant.

The young man was evidently honest in his intentions, but three years of constant courting had failed to overcome his excessive bashfulness. They were sitting in chairs at a respectable distance apart. Said the young man, having spent five minutes in search of a subject:

"How do you get along with your cooking?"

"Nicely," replied the young miss, "I'm improving wonderfully. I can make splendid cake now."

"Can you?" said the young man in a pleased manner, "what kind do you like best?"

"I like one made with flour and sugar and citron and raisins and currants, and lots of those things, and beautiful frosting on top," responded the young miss.

"Why, that's wedding cake," exclaimed the young man, nervously.

"I meant wedding," said the young miss shyly.

They were married.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

On a certain occasion Marie Antoinette asked her prime minister whether or not a project which she contemplated could be accomplished, and his reply was, "Madam, if possible, it shall be done."

Of course, the impossible cannot be achieved; but impossibility would not seem to have had any place in the vocabulary of those who have attained the highest distinction. "Experience is the best of teachers," and we learn from the experience of others, if we have as yet not learned from our own experience—that tireless exertion and steadfastness of purpose will remove whatever obstacles bar ones way to the proudest eminence.

Anderson, the popular Danish author was the son of a cobbler, and in his earlier years worked "on the bench," most industriously doing his first literary work on the scraps of paper kept beside him, in the moments when he rested.

Asaces, who founded the Parthian empire, against which the mighty hosts of Rome long contended in vain was a mechanic of obscure origin.

Beranger, the celebrated French poet wandered about Paris, in a state of pitiable destitution until he obtained a situation as pot-boy—that is to carry pots of beer in public houses and restaurants.

Burns was the son of a small farmer and at an early age displayed an appetite for learning, which he had few opportunities for gratifying as is shown in the most brilliant of his poems.

Carrero, beginning life as a drummer boy, and driver of cattle, rose to the presidency of the republic of Guatemala.

Catherine, empress of Russia, in some respects one of the most remarkable of women that ever lived, was a peasant girl of Livonia and a camp follower.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator and "prince of eloquence," was the son of a blacksmith. In his first attempt at public speaking he displayed such a weakness of voice, imperfect articulation, and awkwardness that he withdrew from the speaker's platform amid the hooting and laughter of his hearers.

Giotto, noted as a painter sculptor, architect worker in mosaic and really the founder of modern Italian art, was a sheperd boy whom Crambue discovered drawing sheep on the sand with a pointed stone with an accuracy that indicated a natural artistic ability, and so he took him as a student.

Handel was nearly fifty years of age when he published the first of those musical compositions which have immortalized his name.

Sir Isaac Newton, while attending school, was considered by his teachers but little better than an idiot and Sheridan, the celebrated playwriter was presented by his mother to a tutor as a "blockhead."

The foregoing examples prove conclusively that an humble origin, poverty, natural defects, age, or physical ailments need not prevent the attainment of distinction, and they should be encouraging especially to the young.

A Good Woman.

A good woman! Heaven holds nothing sweeter. Not even the white asphodel that grows on the heavenly hill is purer. To know a good woman in the serenity of her excellence is to stand within the presence of one of God's angels. She is tender, sympathetic, true, infinitely loving and without guile. Her heart is a paradise wherein one hides in the time of trouble, her wisdom is a shield, and her devotion a strong and staunch deliverance. She is never loud nor ribald, nor coarse, as well might a flute become a fog-horn. She is full of merry conceits, yet never boisterous. She is brimming over with joy and mirth, but her laughter never springs from a source that works harm or ills comfort to any one. She is sensitive to the sorrow of others, eager to redress wrong, quick to champion the weak and defend the cruel and oppressed. Children love her, women trust her, and men adore her. Her humanity keeps her near to earth; while her purity draws her ever more toward heaven.

There are a few types of her kind left on the sordid earth, and God be thanked for it. Amid the preponderance of the other sort of womankind, the sweet beneficence of her presence is like the growth of an occasional rose in a plantation of nettles.

There are twenty-seven royal families in Europe, two-thirds of which are of German origin.

Yale's attempt to raise $5,200 for two rapid-fire guns for the auxiliary cruiser of that name is more than successful—over $8,000 having so far been subscribed, and more coming.

Here is a part of a North Dakota little girl's essay on physiology: "The human body is divided into three parts—the head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, which there is five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

What is probably the biggest ditch in the state is now undergoing construction in Henry county, Ohio. In size it is almost a drainage canal, being thirty-three miles long, seven feet deep, and from thirty to forty feet wide at the surface. It will drain 90,000 acres of land, and 2,100 farmers are interested in the movement. The cost will be $55,000.

Like her husband, the general, Mme. Weyler is a native of the Balearic Islands, and as a girl was ravishingly beautiful. Her parents were peasants, and when she married the general, who was then a lieutenant colonel, she could neither read nor write. From the altar she went to a convent, where she remained till her education had been completed.

In Havana there is a device for protecting passengers from the extortion of cabmen, which might profitably be imitated in other countries. The lamp-posts are painted in various colors, red for the central district, blue for the second circle, green for the third, etc., and thus the "fare" knows immediately when he has passed a legal boundary, and pays accordingly.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

[By Rev. Patrick O'Brien, Toledo, O.]

Sweet Erin, loveliest isle of all the seas,
Whose hills are fanned by many an od'rous breeze,
Whose shores are kissed around by by ocean's wave,
A blooming garden, but fair freedom's grave
Land of my birth, I sing a song of thee
Though far away thou art still dear to me,
Dear as when I trod thy carpet green,
And loved to dwell upon each lovely scene
* * * * * * *
The land in happy childhood oft I trod,
Where first I learned to know and love my God,
Where joy or sorrow hath endeared each scene,
That blossoms fresh to-day in memory green
Oh, Erin! of all lands by Heaven blest,
God grant my bones may in thy bosom rest.
Wher'er I roam, though lovely lands I see,
My Irish heart still fondly turns to thee,
Where, 'round thy valleys gentle zephyrs stray,
And sylvan songsters pipe in every spray,
Where crystal streams their winding course pursue,
And daisies deck the meadows winter through,
Where all the seasons wear a template smile,
Throughout the varied year, in that blest isle.
Where all creation's charms may be found,
Of mountain, river, lake and level ground.
There nature wears her choicest, loveliest dress,
And ever smiles in conscious loveliness
Such is the charming isle that gave me birth,
The dearest, sweetest spot on all the earth.
* * * * * * *
Shall we give up our land, our "Island Home"
And strangers, through the world forever roam?
Shall we abandon our beloved isle,
And live and die in lonely sad exile?
Shall we give up the land we've claimed so long
The land of heroes and the "Isle of Song?"
Give up those emerald hills and flowery dells,
Where Nature bright in all her beauty dwells?
No! No! now and forever we shall cling
To the land that blossoms in perpetual spring
To the land for which our sires have fought and bled,
Till the emerald sword was changed to gory red
No! we'll ever defend her with our arms strong,

While Celtic blood shall course our veins along
Though baffled oft, to England ne'er we'll yield,
We'll fight her still upon the bloody field.
This language may appear to some too strong,
(I plead the license granted unto song.)
I revel not in scenes of blood and fire;
But how can I suppress my burning ire—
I, am Hibernian by birth and name,
Who glories in his darling country's fame;
Who loves old Ireland, and her foes despise,
Whose wrongs the scorching tears bring to his eyes.
* * * * * * *
Wher'er a child of Erin can be found,
He's ready for the fray at battle's sound;
A million hands would grasp the trusty gun,
A million hearts would beat as only one.
Oh! for a leader in the battle's fray,
And Ireland's sons would surely gain the day.
If such a man to lead us could be found,
We'll met the Saxon on our native ground,
We'll meet the Saxon on our native yore,
And fight the battle fought and lost before,
We'll meet him with the rifle in our hand,
And drive him from our own dear, native land.
* * * * * * *
Methinks I see the dawn of freedom's day.
My blood grows warm for the coming fray;
Methinks I hear the tramp of armed men
Go marching home to fight the foe again.
Hark! the sound of the war falls on my ear,
I see the bay'net bright and glist'ning spear,
There waves the Green and Gold, and there the Red,
There lie the groaning wounded and the dead.
The smoking cannons roar, and sabres flash,
As the Irish soldiers madly dash,
Hark! now I hear the Celtic battle-cry:
Erin-Go-Bragh! rings out from earth to sky,
I look again! behold the British run—
The Green has conquered and the field is won.

KIT CARSON.

How He Saved the Indian—"Nothing to Speak Of."

Throughout his whole career, he was the steadfast friend of all peaceable, well disposed Indians. I have known him to feed destitute families of such Indians for months, wait personally upon their sick, even when the disease was smallpox. I have known him at the risk of his life, to defend and succor friendly Indians who, because of their friendship for him, were in danger of immediate massacre by members of a hostile tribe. Once in Arizona, I saw him, backed by only my then inexperienced self, ride down upon a whole band of Apaches and rescue a Pah-Ute prisoner whom they had tied to a stake and were about to torture to death.

On riding over the crest of a bluff one morning, we came unexpectedly upon this band and, of course, would have retreated at once had not Carson recognized in the prisoner an old friend.

"It's a desperate venture," he said, "but we will at least try to save that poor fellow. See the reds have discovered us and are running off to get their ponies in order to give chase. Now's our time! Keep close to me."

Carson was riding a powerful stallion, and I had an equally swift horse. Without another word we dashed down the slope at headlong speed, reaching the prisoner's side in less than five seconds. The man, already singing his death song, was bound to the stake simply by rawhide lariats passed around his waist, his legs and arms being left free so as to afford greater sport to his torturers. Without dismounting Carson cut these thongs with a single stroke of his knife then, he on one side and I on the other, we caught the prisoner under the armpits and bore him away between us before the savages had got half way to the grove where their ponies were concealed. Almost in a twinkling, amid a shower of arrows, we had surmounted the hill, and by the time the first pursuing Indian appeared on its crest were half a mile away. Then came the chase. Incumbered as we were, the Apaches gained on us steadily, and by and by the foremost one, evidently the chief, came within long rifle range—a fatal mistake on his part. Never slackening speed, Carson half turned in his saddle, threw up his rifle with one hand, and seemingly without taking aim, brought the warrior to the ground. This somewhat checked the ardor of pursuit, but still the redskins followed us mile after mile, until they and we caught sight of a long emigrant train coming slowly over the eastern plain. Then the whole crew fled precipitately. We gained the train and were safe.

"Wasn't that a close call, Kit," I asked.

"Nothing to speak of," he coolly replied. "With our repeating rifles and four revolvers we could have kept those hounds off all day, and help was sure to come before night, as we're on the main line of emigrant travel."—W. Thomson, in New York Sun.

The Oldest Graduates.

The Boston Journal has been taking note of the oldes living graduates of the New England colleges. Samuel Ward Chandler, of Philadelhpia, and the class of 1822, now nearly 94 years of age, is Harvard's well preserved oldest, he is the father of Francis W. Chandler. Dartmouth's oldest living graduate is Mark Wentworth Fletcher, of Wayne, Ill., class of 1825, who is within a few monthes of being as old as Harvard's oldest. Emilius Kitchell Sayre, of Monticello, Mo., who is in feeble health in his 88th year, is Amherst's oldest. He was in the class of 1828, of which he is the sole survivor. The oldest Williams graduates of the same class of 1828 are Joseph Lyman Partridge, of Brooklyn, 93 years of age, and Rev. Ebenezer Harrison Stratton, of Branchport, N. Y. The oldest for Bowdoin college is Frederirk Waite Burke, of New York city, 91 years old, of the class of 1824. Wesleyan's oldest, and indeed her very first graduate, is Daniel H. Chase, who lives in Middletown. Mellen Fitch, of West Newton and the class of 1826, now 92 years of age, heads the list for the University of Vermont. Lawyer Albert Ware Paine, of Bangor, Me., is the oldest graduate of Colby university at Waterville, Me. Dr. Benjamin D. Silliman, of Brooklyn, holds the seniority for Yale.

Willing to Settle.

An old Swede farmer who lived on the Baltimore and Ohio road a few miles out of town had the misfortune to lose a valuable colt the other day. The animal jumped out of a pasture, ran down upon the railway and was caught in a cut by an express train. The claim agent of the road went out to effect an amicable settlement, if possible, with the old man. "We are very sorry, of course, that this affair happened," said the railway man, "and I hope it will not be necessary for us to go into court." The old farmer looked at him, and shifted about uneasily, but said nothing. "You must remember," continued the claim agent, "that your colt was a trespasser on our property when the accident occurred. We don't want any litigation, however, if we can help it, and we'd like to arrange a settlement with you on a friendly basis." "Vell," slowy said the Swede, "Ay ta you. Ay bin sorry das fool colt runned on de railroad track, but Ay bin poor man. Ay skal give you two tallar!"—Chicago Times-Herad.

Largest Dog in the World.

Nero, a dog owned by Wayne Bailey, of Rutland, is said to be the largest canine in the world. He tipped the scales at 267 pounds, and would undoubtedly have gone ten pounds better a few weeks ago. Nero is a handsome half German and half English mastiff, fawn brindle in color, his huge head being of a trifle darker shade. He is as agile and lively as a cat. He makes a splendid watch-dog, but is a kind and affectionate animal. The animal stands up from the ground thirty-five inches and girts fifty inches. The dog's neck measures thirty inches, and from tip to tip he measures six feet five and one-half inches.—Vermont Phoenix.