

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

**COLLECTING ACCOUNTS.**—The following notice to subscribers appears in the 'Chicago Pilot' of the 7th Dec. which we have no doubt will enable the proprietors to dispense with the services of civil bill officers:—"Subscribers and patrons of the 'Pilot' are hereby notified, that our duly authorised agent will call on them sometime during the coming week, for the purpose of collecting the amount that may be due to us on account of subscription, &c. We really trust that every one will be prepared to 'balance books,' and not subject us to the unnecessary trouble of calling again. If we are obliged to do so, the expense attending it will nearly consume the amount of the subscription. We would also remind our friends that, if they are obliged to be absent from home, the sum due to us is so very small, they can leave it at the house, or if more convenient call at the office and leave it there, but in any case comply with our request, and in that way save us the necessity of calling twice.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
'I'll pay before I go to bed,  
The debt I owe the printer.'

"There's many a man we know full well  
That never such a tale can tell,  
But he we know will go to—, well  
The place where there's no winter.

"We should be sorry, very sorry, to think that any of our patrons were so 'dead' to our interests, or so blind to their own, as to come under the above condemnation. Still more would we grieve if the fate above depicted is in store to anyone who is indebted to us. If it is, that if you had 'paid the printer,' you would not have gone to—well, come down to the office and we will tell you the rest."

**THE SANITARY CONDITION OF WATER.**—There is no more prolific source of disease than bad water; but to distinguish whether the fluid is unfit for consumption or not is somewhat difficult. Water from a certain river, spring, or well, may be repulsive to the senses, and yet harmless to the stomach, in comparison to other water which has a much more attractive appearance. Perhaps the best mode of determining the question is to examine the condition of the organisms dwelling in the proposed source to be utilized. If, for example, an industrial establishment or a collection of dwellings empties refuse into the stream, and as a result fish disappear or are found dead upon the surface, it is certain that the water is strongly and injuriously affected. The gradual infection may be noted by the fish first rising to the top, apparently ill at ease, and subsequently dying. In vitiated water molluscs also perish, and their bodies decompose rapidly. In the air they seem to dry up and retain life, though torpid for some time, becoming revived by return to water. Cressets cannot live in corrupt water, and their existence is a sign of purity in the water, while algae, deprived of their green color, indicate absolute corruption. M. Gerardin, in reference to this subject, in a recent note to the French Academy, states the best method of measuring the degree of purity, or infection in the water is by determining the amount of oxygen in a given quantity. Water containing a large percentage of the gas is pure and good; when little of the latter is present the water is decidedly deleterious to health.—'Scientific American.'

**THE NEED OF CATHOLIC PAPERS.**—Is there a Catholic parent who is not daily exposed to such questions from his child at these: "Father, the 'Herald' says Pope Pius is an expelled Freemason. The 'Times' says that Irish and German Catholics are ignorant, and slaves to the priesthood, who in turn support corrupt politicians. The 'Nation' says that Cardinal Cullen taught, in a paper edited by him in Rome, that the earth stands. The 'Tribune's' correspondent makes fun of the Irish Bishops who reply to Tyndall and Huxley. The 'Evening Post' intimates that priests are, or have been, no better than they ought to be; some other papers say the same of the Sisters. Are these statements true, and if they are not, what am I to say to the boys on the street who repeat them to me." We fear that the Catholic parent who does not take a Catholic paper, will a hundred times a week find himself unable to answer such questions and reproaches as these addressed to him by his children and acquaintances.—'Catholic Review.'

**EDITING A NEWSPAPER.**—The following old but good article conveys a good idea of the pleasures and ease attending the editing of a newspaper. "Editing a paper is a very pleasant thing. If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it. If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it. If we publish telegraphic reports, folks say they are nothing but lies; if we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect. If we have in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattle-heads; if we omit jokes, they say we are old fossils. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving them original selections; if we publish original selections, folks say we are too lazy for not giving them what they have not read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say we are a great hog. If we speak well of an act, folks say that we dare not do otherwise; if we censure, they call us a traitor. If we stay in our office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money."

**AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—Some workmen, while engaged in laying water pipes in Cividale, Italy, recently encountered a large flat stone. On raising this, a bed of mason work was revealed, in which was placed a stone sarcophagus covered with a marble lid. Within the receptacle were the remains of a human skeleton, some portions of which were yet perfect. Beside the body lay a sword, lance, helmet spears, a gold clasp and ring, a piece of very beautiful tissue, and a flask of water, which was still remarkably clean. The removal of clay from the bottom of the grave brought out the letters GISVL—

from which archaeologists have decided that the remains are those of Gisulf, Duke of the Lombard Marches of Friuli, who fell in battle in 611, while repelling an invasion of the Avars.

**THE LOST MURILLO.**—Mention has been made in the journals of the strange disappearance of the famous picture of the Spanish painter, the "Saint Anthony of Padua," stolen from the Cathedral of Seville in spite of the double row of railings set up to protect it from the too zealous admiration of the faithful. The 'Francais' publishes some curious details about the *chef d'œuvre*. "Saint Anthony was one day reading the Holy Scriptures on his knees in his Franciscan cell, when his faith was staggered by a passage of which he could not seize the hidden meaning. He implored the child-God to come down in person and explain it, and the Saviour, yielding to his ardent prayer, deigned to descend, surrounded by a splendid halo and a legion of angels into the humble abode of the anchorite. Such is the subject of Murillo's picture. Nothing can be finer than the suppliant expression of the saint, or more touching than the divine love which beams from his eyes: nothing more noble than the countenance of the child Jesus, who, while preserving his delicate features, bears in his aspect a majesty which is not of this world. Theophile Gautier, in his work, "Tra los Montes," says, in speaking of this picture, "Never was the magic of painting carried further."

**HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD.**—"Perpetual motion" has been discovered by an old negro in Kentucky who has fallen a victim to his own invention. It appears from the account given by the 'Franklin Patriot' (Kentucky) that the old negro some little time ago constructed a waggon so arranged that it runs by itself by virtue of the fact that the weight of gravitation is thrown forward of the centre of motion, and the machine is consequently compelled to run. It was his intention to exhibit his waggon at the fair at Franklin on the 9th ult., so that its value might be tested in the presence of the thousands of people there assembled, and on Wednesday, the 2nd ult., he mounted the machine, adjusted the bands, tipped the balance-weight over the centre of motion, gave the driving-wheel a shove, and started for Franklin to report to Mr. John B. Montague, secretary of the association, and have the machine regularly entered on the books. The waggon went humming along the smooth sandy road at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour; close behind it at a rattling pace came an ordinary vehicle containing coroner Hartfield and a jury who, anticipating some fatal accident, took the precaution to follow the waggon. This anticipation was unfortunately realised, for, in making a turn just near a noted point called "Red Pond," at the forks of the Cross Plains and Springfield roads, the starboard front wheel "collided" with a heavy-set post oak sapling, and the rebound was so powerful that the old negro was thrown forward over the dash-board and was at the same time struck by the flange of the driving-wheel and precipitated with such violence against the fence panel on the opposite side of the road that he was killed instantaneously. The machine, after the accident, struck out with freedom, but near the residence of a Captain Lea its progress was arrested by a large log, which tilted the balance-weight back of the centre of motion, and when overtaken by the coroner and his party the wild waggon was standing quietly at rest. Since the death of the luckless old negro no one has dared to mount the waggon, but it was exhibited at the fair, and a general impression prevailed that it was a wonderful machine, destined to play an important part in the history of locomotion.—'Pall Mall Gazette.'

**WOLFE TONE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS WIFE.**—I would not have deserted my principles for the whole patronage of the Government if it were consolidated into one office and offered me as a reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife, to whose patient suffering under adversity—for we had often been reduced, and were now well accustomed to difficulties—I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary; and, especially if they have children, they are ready to make all sacrifices for their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views; on every occasion of my life I consulted her; we had no secrets one from the other; and I unvaryingly found her to think and act with energy and courage, combined with the greatest prudence and discretion. If I ever succeed in life, or arrive at anything like station or eminence, I shall consider it as due to her counsel and example.

**UNDER THE ROSE.**—There has arisen pretty much controversy about the common expression "under the rose," and two different origins have been assigned. Some persons assert that it ought to be spelled "under the rows, for that in former days almost all towns were built with the second story projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza, or row, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester, and some old English towns; and that, whilst the elders of the family were sitting at the windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them, "under the rows." The other is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of Silence; and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table, when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was, according to others, which gave rise to the phrase "under the rose."

**MINERAL WEALTH OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IN THE YEAR 1873.**—From the "Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom," just issued, we are favored by Mr. Richard Meade, assistant-keeper of mining records, with the following summary of the quantities and values of coal, salt and metals smelted from minerals raised from our mines in 1873:—Coal amounted to 127,016,747 tons; value, £47,601,280. Pig-iron, 6,566,451 tons; value, £18,057,739. Lead, 54,235 tons; value, £1,263,375. Silver obtained from lead, 524,307 ounces; value, £131,077. Tin, 9,972 tons; value, £1,329,766. Copper, 5,240 tons; value, £502,822. Zinc, 4,471 tons; value, £120,099. Other metals value, £5,000. While the quantities of salt was 1,785,000 tons; value, £892,500; and earthy minerals, including clays, value, £1,681,894. The aggregate value of the foregoing being £71,615,492.