BANG BANG BANG SANGRA KATAWA KATAWA SANGRA KATAWA KATAWA

A SIMPLE PEASANT BALLAD ON THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

#### HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Great Leaders, William E. Gladstone and Charles S. Paruell, as also to the Rank and File of the Irish and English People the Whole World Over.

(Words and music by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore.)

Every man to his post at the shrill trumpet With his hand on his sword let each true man be There's no power on the earth that can stand in Of the proud Irish lads when they enter the

II.

With a cause that in just and a heart that is brave, Is there one son of Erin who would be a slave If there is let him die—he's a stain on the land! For we'll have none but freemen with strong heart and band. m.

fray.

See the rivers of blood that for England we've shed, Fighting battles for her in the coat that is red If she'll not do us justice let none stand be-And we'll march to our graves in the coat that is green.

But if England will come with her heart in her your own land If you swear that our union you'll never oppose We drink of the shamreck that clings to the

We will give you 'Home Rule' with its pleasures and cares; Go and make your own laws for your local af-But the crown of Great Britain shall reign over You must stand by forever in its rise or its fall.

"Then what more do you ask, will you answer And for evermore banish that frown from your Tis the voice of all England your rights to restore And from Ireland's old hears to remove every sore.

Let these words once be heard in the isle ever green, And a million of healths will be drank to the Queen. If our rights we can have without striking a blo₩ Then we'll stand by Britannia—our breasts to

her foe. May the Lord in His mercy these bidings soon send, Then the whole heart of Erin with England's

will blend, We will bury our sword—there'll be joy in the And forever and ever united we'll stand.

New York, March, 1889.

# RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

CHAPTER VII. - Continued,

Many hours pass away; when the call to dinner is heard the old man and the child meet and walk home together. The table is laid in the hall and they dine together, waited on by Annan, a hard-looking, tender-hearted, and devoted woman who has handed on to Madeline all the love she bore to her mother. Such is Mignonette's present life and to have

her days been spent ever since she came to Kerprat, and Mr. Gertin who brought her from Havrs sickly and sad, rejoices to see the bloom of health upon her face.

The grandfather had a fresh project in view

on the day of which we are speaking.
"Little one," said he at dessert, looking at Madeline's shoes on which the fresh-ploughed earth had left its traces, "you must get those cleaned. To day we are going to pay visits. All the neighbours are complaining that they never see you except in church."

Must I charge my frock, grandcapa?" asked Mignonette. Yes-no-that is to say, do just as you like.

"Oh! sir," said Annan, in consternation, "this frock is quite dirty." Very well, let her have another, but she

must not be long.'
When Madeline returned to her grandfather she was dressed with a good deal of care but in doubtful taste. The unskilled hand of Aunan and her love for bright colours were but too evident; however she had done her best, and was perfectly convinced that she had performed the part of a ladies' maid in a most satisfactory manner.
The old gentleman and the child walked along

the avenue of poplar trees.
"Where are we going?" asked Madeline.

"To the most distant place first, to Old Old Castle was the name of the ancient

manor-house among the fir-trees.

After half an hour's walk they reached the court-yard; it was very large and had once been paved, but was now filled with farm implements, animals of all sorts, and a manure

heap.
"This is like the farm yard, grandpapa," observed Madeline.
"Mr. Oldcastle has a great deal of land, my child. We are going in; speak very nicely to his daughters, they are very fond of your poor

And baving given Madeline this advice, he went into a great dark kitchen with a high cut-

stone chimpey.

A little barelegged servant-maid told him in

answer to his inquiry whether the ladies and gentlemen were at home, that Mr. ()ldcastle and the ladies were in the dining-room, but Mr. Alan had gone out fishing at cock-crow. Mr. Gertin faccordingly crossed a corridor, opened a door, and holding Madeline by the hand entered a great room, in which everything, from the oak wainsect to the persons who were as-sembled, had a most ancient aspect. A massive aquare table with carved legs stood in the middle of the room, and beside it sat a man whom death must have forgotten, for he had cartainly outstepped the ordinary bounds of human life. His countenance bespoke a certain animation, and he seemed to enjoy the use of his limbs, but his head bent down so that the chin touched his breast, and the skin of his face was wrinkled and yellow. Around the table were five thin, sallowed women three of tables. were five thin, sallow old women, three of whom were engaged in work.
One of the two who were unimplied seemed.

judging by her white hair, to be the eldest of the sisters; she sat bolt upright on her straight. backed chair, and took the principal part in the conversation; the other gently rubbed the back of her left hand with her right and then the back of her right hand with her left. Although back of her right hand with her left. Although a family likeness reigned throughout this group, the poor creature was even plainer than the other four women, and the expression of her countenance conveyed the idea of imbedility.

As the visitors entered the room, all the As the visitors entered the room, all the fingers ceased working; the ladies bowed and

OF TEMPTHER IN LAND

eyes met the vacant stare which was accompanied by the continual winking of the cyclids, she started back involuntarily.
"Come here, my dear," said the eldest of the

ladies. "Barbara, will you move a little and let her pass." Madeline at once went to the lady who had called her. Miss Hermine took her on her lap and the others drew their chairs near her.
"My goodness! She is very like her," exclaimed Miss Hermine.

aimed Miss Hermine.
"Poor little Louisa!" murmured her sisters as they looked at the child of her whom they had danced in their arms when she was a baby and their hair was black and their eyes were

Madeline did not quite understand what they

were saying, and her eyes wandered to and fro through the apartment.
"What are you looking for, dear child?" saked the lady on her right hand.
"I—I beg your pardon. I thought there were some little pirls at Old Castle who mead to be some little girls at Old Castle who used to be

very fond of mother."
"Mr. Oldcastle's daughters, you mean l"
"Yes."

"We are Mr. Oldcastla's daughters." Madeline hung down her head and blushed in confusion at her remark.

"We are very old, certainly," said Miss Her-mine, "but you will come and see us sometimes,

won't you my dear?"

"Yes, often," answered Mignonette, and her manner was so charming that all the sisters, excepting the idiot, rose and kissed her.

"My grandson will be very sorry not to have been at home," said the old gentleman to Mr.

Gertin, "but you know, young men must a!ways be out and about."
"This is Madeline's visit," said Mr. Gertin, smiling, "and it was not meant for Mr. Alan,

who must now be quite a young man ' "I wish he would come in, ho vever," said Miss Hermine, "he is so fond of children." Alan, being the last scion of the honorable hand,
And will say "My brave boys you shall have house of Oldcastle, was an important personage in his own family. His aunts loved him as a son, and thanks to him, they did not regret the maiden state which was the consequence of their

want of fortune and of beauty.
Hardly had Miss Hermine's wish been uttered, when the door opened, and two besutiful sporting dogs rushed into the room, followed by a tall young man, laden with gun, game-bag, and fishing gear.

It was Alan. He was just eighteen, but his height, his dark complexion and his moustache made him look like four-and-twenty. This last heir of an ancient race might have been handsome if he had led a different kind of life, but there is no doubt that excessive bodily fatigue ages a man. Lean and muscular, with deep set eyes and prominent cheek-bones, with a skin tanned by the sea-air and the sun, and an active rather than graceful gait, he might have been chosen as a type of the ountry gentleman in the spring time of youth. He took a strange-looking cap from his curling chestnut hair, and without turther salutation went and laid aside his gun, his game-bag, and his fishing gear in a corner of the room, and then, coming back to the table, sat down by his grandfather.

" Have you had good fishing, Alan?" asked Mr. Gertin.

"No, sir, my ground-lines took nothing last night, and the trout would not bite this morning. Fresh-water fishing is weary work. As soon as the boat is mended, the river won't see much more of me. But I have not been losing my time; while I was fishing the dogs started a hare, and as I always have my gun with me, I killed it.'

"Alan, you have not spoken to Mr. Gertin's grand-daughter," said Miss Hermine.
"Oh! how d'ye do little oun?" said Alan, twisting his moustache. "Could I have a bit

to eat. aunt ?' "Bridget," said Hermine, speaking to one of her sistere, "give the poor boy some dinner, he is starving I am sure; you won't mind, Mr.

Certainly not," said the old gentleman. Bridget had already risen from her chair; she went to a cupboard, took out a cold chicken, a venison patty, and some bread and butter. Another of the sisters, after laying the cloth, went and fetched a pitcher of foaming cider, and

Alan began his meal. Conversation went on, and by degrees became more animated; the two old men and the four sisters all taking Dart in it, they spoke of various things, past and preser. Alan, Madeline, and the poor idiot Barbara were completely silent; Barbara, according to her usual habit stroked her hands, Alan ate and drank like a

famished creature, and Madeline watched him Very toon nothing was left of the chicken vave the hones, and it was evident that the young man's teeth were as good as they were beautiful. If Madeline had not been watching him with both her eyes, she would have been inclined to ask, "What has become of the

chicken ?" The patty came next, and the young man made a breach in it which shook it to its very foun lations. No one could have been more conscientiously attentive to his dinner, or less distracted by anything that was going on around him. Once, however, he chanced to turn his eyes to Madeline; he saw her sitting with clasp-ed hands, and fixed gaze, while her chin moved ed name, and fixed gaze, while her entil moved as if she were chewing something. By dint of looking at him, she had involuntarily begun to imitate him, as children sometimes do, but

whe was chewing mere emptyness.

"Will you have some, little one?" asked
Alan, kindly, with his hand upon the dish.

"No, thank you," said Madeline, looking the

other way.
When Alan had finished his luncheon, he leant corelessly back in his chair, and calling his two dogs, began, much to the child's delight, to throw them the bones of the chicken one by one; the dog that was cleverest in catching

As soon as all was devoured, Alan rose, informed his grandfather and aunts that he was going to ride over to carpenter's to see if his boat was ready, and then left the room, atterded

by his dogs.

"How is Diaul going on?" inquired Mr. Gerbin, who took a neighborly interest in all the Oldcastle affairs.

"He is very unruly and thoroughly deserves

bis name," answered Miss Hermice, with a sigh "Alan is quite determined to keep him and determined to keep him and declares that he is now half trained."

now hall trained."
"He is a good horseman," remarked Mr.
Oldosetle, with a little pride; "he takes after
me. And really the animal is becoming tractable, when Alan is on his back he is like a lamb; the only difficulty is to mount bir. But come to the window and you will see how they get

As the old man spoke he got up, went to the window with a firm step and opened it. Madeline was already there, she was curious to see what would become of his head when he walked, and bappily had not the pair of seeing it fall off by the way as she had feared it might do.

Alan aron came out of the stable leading a

very beautiful horse, with a skin like satan and a flery eye. This was a present which his aunts had given him on the eighteenth anniversary of his birth. Their own lives was full of privation, but they wished to give their nephew something that would please him. The savings of six years, and the secret sale of some old jewels, had enabled them to present him with the thing he desired more than any other earthly possession, a thoroughbred horse.

Alan, after leading the beautiful creature to

and fro for a few minutes, talking to him and petting him, stopped and prepared to mount him. Disoul aprang away and began to kick and caper madly. The struggle between the horse and his master lasted for some moments. Also never loosed his grasp of the bridle, and held the fiery steed wit out apparent effort. Presently he seized an opportunity when the horse was for an instant quiet, and without touching the

atirrup, sprang to the saddle.
"Well done, Alan !" exclaimed the grandfather his dim eyes brightening with joy.
Once mounted, Alan was the master, and he rode Diaoul back and forward at a foot's pace

by his two dogs, barking in unison, one at each side of the horse.

Mr. Gerein now took his leave; the five staters came to the door with Madeline, they had all already taken a great fancy to her, and she on her side was delighted with them, with the exception of poor Raphara. The old gentless the exception of poor Raphara. the exception of poor Barbara. The old gentleman and his grandchild walked on rather slowman and his grandchild walked on rather alowly, and almost before they were out of sight of
the manor they heard the galloping of a horse
behind them, and presently Alan, Diaoul, Fanfare and Rapinsan rushed un like a whirlwind.

"Already!" exclaimed Mr. Gortin.

"Yes," said Alan, reining in his horse; "and
if the child were not timid, I could spare her
little legs the rest of the way."

"Would you like it?" said the grandfather,
who thought it was a joke,
Madeline was in vain endeavouring to im-

Madeline was in vain endeavouring to imagine what the young man meant, and did not

at once answer.
"Silence gives consent" said Alan, and bending down, he grasped her by her belt, raised her from the ground and placeed her on the saddle

before him.
"Good-bye, till we meet again!" he called out to Mr. Gertin, who steed in amazement

near the railing.

Alan set off with the little girl, who was too much frightened to speak or to cry; but her terror was of short duration. Feeling herself ficulty supported by Alan's left arm which was round her waiet, she ventured to open her eyes, and found that it was delightful to go as fast as the wind. In five minutes more the pleasure came to an end, and Alan confided her to the arms of Annan, to whom he had snouted as he went up the avenue leading to the White House.

After a short time the grandfather arrived, quite out of breath, rejoiced to see that the fears suggested by his opinion of Discul had not been realized. "Ah!" said he laughing, "so you let

realized. "Ah!" said ne maganas, a young man run away with you!"
"Grandpapa," answered Madeline, "he did not ask me if I would go with him, and now I am glad of it. Do you know," she added, smoothing the folds of her frock, which had have tumbled by her short ride, "I think I shall like Mr. Alan very much; but oh! how he eats!"
'He is eighteen, little one, and at eighteen

one has a famous appetite; but are you not tired? I think, p-rhaps, we had better put off the rest of our visits till to-merrow." But Madeline was by no means of this opinion, and they proceeded to the presbytery.

#### CHAPTER VIII. PATING VISITS.

Mr. Gertin did not raise the knocker of the door ; it was destined only for strangers ; friends and the poor were always free to enter. He led Madeline into a little court; a dog was lying in the sunshine beside the well, he rose up for a moment, then, wagging his tail in welcome, lay down again, having recognized a friend of his master's. Mr. Gartin and Mignenette went straight into a well arranged kitchen, in which every cupboard door, every pot and pan shone bright as a mirror. Two women, who were hardly of middle age, sat at the window sewing they iose when they saw Mr. Gertin, and one of them, who was short, plump and rosy, after greeting him with a smile, ran to Madeline and cissed her on each cheek; the other courtesion formally to the old gentleman, and with an air of patronage rather than kindness put her hand under the child's chin. Elizabo**ny** beth beth Larnec was much younger than her brother, the Rector of Kerprat, and much older than her sister Martha; she was the ruling pirit of this little home, and beneath the starch ed circle of her rlain muslin cap was a face of lived hue, whose habitual expression was one of harshness and of pride.

My grand-daughter's second visit is to suid the old gentleman; "is Larnec at vou. home ?"

"The Rector has just come in, sir," said Elizabeth; "pray go into the parlour." Martha had kept one of Migaonetto's hands in here, and was speaking to her in a low veice.

"I should like it very much," said the child, aloud. "Where are you going to take her, Martha? asked Elizabeth, seeing them turn towards a door at the far end of the kitchen,
"To the garden, Elizabeth; the little one will

make friends with the Rector, and then she can stay there and play."
"Oh! if Larnec is in his garden I will go und

join him there!" exclaimed Mr. Gertin; "don't trouble yourself, Elizabeth."

And passing by the elder sister, he followed Martha and Madeline. The Rector, with his breviary in his hand, was pacing a broad walk bounded by a wall on which the fruit-trees were now in blossom. He was a little old man, with white hair and rosy cheeks, his mien was centle and humble, and his countenance beamed with that peace which is the portion of those who are consecrated to God, and who faithfully follow their vocation. Such was the Rector of Kerprat But three defects, or we should say weaknesses, could be observed in him; his sermons were perhaps rather too long, he took an immense quantity of snuff, and he submitted too panently to the imperious will of his sister Elirabeth. These imperfections, however, were easily excused for the sake of his picty, his charity, and his boundless kindness. Beneath the simplicity of his appearance was hidden according to the opinion of his brethren in the priesthood, immense learning; and he had more than once, without Elizabeth's knowledge, refused a position higher in the eyes of the world, but less congenial to him, than the mod est and unknown sphere which he occupied.

When he saw his visitors, he shut his book and came towards them with a smile. The sight of Mignonette made him forget his snuffbox; it was his custom to offer his friends a pinch even before he spoke to them; he kissed

her in a fatherly manner on her forehead, and held her little hands in his.

"God has given us back our child," he said to Mr. Gertin; "I could fancy it was her mother again before she could make her first Communication."

ion."
The old gentleman made a sign of assent, and then, by a motion of the hand, begged Martha to take the child, who had suddenly grown sad,

away.
"She is like my poor daughter," he said when Martha and Madeline had gone a few steps away; "like in her expression and the sensitiveness of her nature, even mere than in fea-ture. She has a great deal of feeling, and I speak to her as little as possible of our absent

one."
"Have you heard from her?" inquired the

priest.
"No, but I am not surprised. I stayed a fortnight at Harve, and I have been home a fortnight, that makes a month, and there has not been time for a letter. The dear little thing is grieved, for she does not understand how great the distance is. I scarcely hope to hear oill the end of the summer."

The two old men continued their conversation for some time and then went into the house; here they found Madeline finishing a great slice of bread and jam given by Martha, with whom she was chasting, and apparently perfectly at home. As the little green door of the presbytery was shut behind them, the child said to her grandfather, taking his band: "Grandpapa, I like the Rector and Martha very much, but not the other; she looks wicked,"
"Ah! if she only looked it, little one i" he

answered. After leaving the presbytery, Mr. Gertin and his grand-daughter crossed the little village-common, and directed their steps towards a fine

house which stood between a court yard and a garden. A gilt, oval escutcheon placed above the archway informed the public that this was the abode of a lawyer. In the courtyard a tall atout woman of about forty was speaking in animated tones to half-a-dozen country-men who were listening respectfully. A little boy, ap-parently about Madeline's age, but a whole head taller, plucked her gown in vain to obtain a bearing.
"Good mcrning, Mrs. Dubouloy," said Mr

As the visitors entered the room, all the fingers ceased working; the ladies bowed and the old gentleman shock hands with the other ld gentleman who had been born after he was a gain, Alan," said Mr. Gertin.

"I shall be there before you, sir," he replied and when he is absent I do the best I can to represent the sain to rerown man. Madeline changed to find herself "though I am going a good way round." place him. These poor people know nothing the side of the idiot sister, and when her And he darked off at full speed, accompanied of the law they do all manner of illegal actions

Figure 111

without the slightest suspicion, and then they

without an algues what I tell them.

"I say it again," she added, turning to the peasants who tood around her, "if you follow. the advice of your country attorneys you will make all sorts of stupid mistakes. But my husband will be back to-morrow, and you can come if you choose; the best thing you can do for the present is just to go home."
(To be Continued.)

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The women of Detroit will vote at the spring elections of school inspectors.

It is alleged that Mrs. Mary A. Livermore spends all her lessure hours in making tatting and crazy patchwork.

Mary Anderson acknowledges that she likes to see pictures of herself in as many attitudes and dresses as possible. Female physicians are allowed to practice in Turkestan, but there is so little demand for

their services that they pay patients to employ A lady, who was greatly annoyed by the lequacity of her servants, being asked why she did not try dumb waiters, replied, I have tried them but they don't answer."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will in May resume housekeep ng within a block of her old houns. Mrs Beecher is in her 76th year, but is hale and strong and full of energy. It is said that during the past few months

two hundred and thirteen clubs of women have been organized in the United States for the purpose of studying political economy. Sorosis, the famous women's club of New York, is now old enough to vote It celebrated its twenty first birthday on Monday night, and the occasion was made a "gorgeously festive

one.' The girl who possesses an heirloom in the shape of an old buckle which has done duty on the costume of some venerable ancestor is indeed lucky. The fashion for wearing these is now at lucky.

its height. The New York Herald is poking what it is p'eased to call fun at President Harrison be-cause he kissed his wife in public. The hein-ousness of kissing would appear if Gen. Harri-son kissed some other man's wife in private.

Some of the "cures" at an European resort are mineral water cure, grape cure, whey curcold water cure, massage cure, pine—needle bath, Russian, Roman, Irish, pind, steam and electric baths. All ills are mot by "cures."

#### Remarkable Women.

There are 275 "lady clergymen" in the United

The diverced wife of Signor Nicolini, Maria Anato, is dead.

Pasti can carry on conversations in five differ ent languages, Ellen Terry does not wear Mrs. Siddons shoe

when she plays "Lady Macbeth." The Empress of Brazil is embroidering in silk and gold a flag which will be sent to the sacred

sanctuary at Louides.

The climax of a Hebrew wedding is the breaking of a wine-glass, which the bride-groom crushes under his feet. New England etetistics show that seven out

of every ten women who become widows under 25 re-marry within two years. The portrait of Ellen Terry in her beetle-wing robes is to be painted by Sargent, Mr. Irving is

said to have given him the commission. At the Turin beauty show the first prize was taken by a Viennese, second by an Italian, the third by a Parisienne, and the fourth by a "lady

of Lyons. Mme. Adelma Patti has received \$3,500 every time she has sung at the Albert Hall in London, this season. She responded to three encores in one concert.

A young lady of 15 years is shortly to make her debut in London, whose talent has in playing with extraordinary dexterity on the single atring of a violin.

The cotton palace exhibition at New Orleans is not to be a women's fair, but there will be a woman's department in which representative work of women will be fitly displayed.

A saleswoman in one of the drapery stores in Kimbarly, South Africa, invested £200 in some gold mines recently—her savings during ten years—and she is to day worth £10,000 they being sold out.

### Fashion Points.

Lavender gloves for men are utterly passes.

Toned white is now the thing. A silver polar bear, upon a small glass iceberg, is the latest ornament for the deak. The very handsomest of new hair ornaments

is a diamond rubin perched on a pearl spray. Pink wash dresses will be much trimmed with white embroidery. So will those of gray and A feature of the new wide-brimmed straw

hats is that the crown is usually of one straw. the brim of another. Real orange flowers for bridal wear are now arranged in bands to cross the head with an aigrette of buds at the side.

A big new silver bottle for toiles water has chasing of roses and violets over the cutside, and a silver rose leaf for stopper. A new freak of the fair is to carry a Japanese hand warmer of dark silver with a carbon pen-

cil mside in place of a muff. Marguerite gauntlets, the deep close almost elbow cuffs, may be either of velvet or of stuff to match the dress trimming.

With white muslin any color may be worn but yellow, old rose, tan and green will be most used for sashes and knots this summer.

Spring overcoats are of faced cloth in light shades, and have the fly fronts lined throughout with silk a little darker than their own hue.

Waists of blue, rose or cream silk, made very full, with pleated falling collars, are very stylish for wear with black lace or net skirts. The most fanciful of new ewel cases is heartshaped, with golden clasps, and a cover of em-bossed leather studded here and there with

Thrifty souls may be happy yet, remarks the New York Commercial Advertiser. The dress auto of last year is entirely correct for this pring.

Fat men will be sad over the news that col-

lars grow higher and higher, and that the twice-around the is de riqueur if you pretend at all to style. In summer combination costumes the plain stuff usually makes a foundation skirt with the figured in a full one very slightly draped at one

Very pale buff, deep yellow and about half of the twenty greens are the stylish colors for ging-hams. Black shades of wide, rich ribbon will be worn with them. Plain basques or round waison have directoire

side above it.

revers of embroidery set up on their fronts or else deep Vandyke collar with two points before and three behind. The newest new fashion of putting the flowers on ball gowns under the lace or illusion skirt adds greatly to the beauty of both the garments and the blossoms.

Round wreaths of small velves roses are worn far back on the head with evening or ball toilets. A bouquet or buckle of the same flowers should blossom on the left shoulder. The new "apron lawn" with woven border of

insertion and cords will be more than a boon to mothers of many small girls as well as to other busy women with a fine feeling for clothes. It is declared upon authority that the shapes of both felt and silk hats will be greatly changed this season. In felt, crowns will be smaller, and often square, with broader brims turning up at the sides. Brown will be the

and the second

leading color, and bands and bindings will be about two shades lighter or darker than the hat they adorn.

#### Useful Receipes for the Household. HARD CLAM SOUP.

To make two quarts of soup proceed as fol-low: Wash the shells of twenty-five large or over the fire until the shells open; take them from the fire, remove them from the shells, atraining all the liquor they yield, cut the soft parts away from the hard, and keep hot in sufficent hot water to cover them; chop the hard parts and return them to the fire in hot water enough to cover them, boiling them slowly until quite tender. Then add to them the soft parts and all the liquor, together with enough milk to make two quarts of soup; season it palatably with sait and pepper, smoothe mix with it sufficient gracker duct (i. e., crackers pulverized and sifted to a fine powder, to make the soup as thick as cream : about three tablespoonfuls will be enough for each quart. Serve hot.

TAMARIND SHAD. Clean and wash the fish without splitting it, cut it in inch thick slices across the fish, begin ning at the head : rub the slices with salt, and et them stand over night; the next day slices of the fish in a deep ar in layers with half a pint of tamarinds and quarter of a pint of fresh red garden pepper; cover with strong vinegar, and let the jar remain in a cool place, hermetically scaled, for a week. Then dry the the fish on a clean towel, and fry the alices brown in olive oil or butter; serve it hot.

FRIED FISH. After the fish is cleaned and washed cut it in pieces two or three inches square, roll it in flour or Indian meal seasoned with salt and pepper, and then fry it in hot fat enough to keep it from browning; salt pork put into the pan with the fish yield a good fat for frying; when a frying kettle is used it should contain fat enough to submerse the fish, which should be breaded, and the fat should be smoking hot before putting in the fish; when the fish is done dish it without any fat about it unless pork has been fried with it, when the pork is served with it; otherwise lay it on a napkin, or garnish it with parsley, lemon, or pickles.

DAKED FISH. After the fish is scaled, drawn and washed, stuff it with mashed potatoes highly seasoned; or with bread sosked soft in cold water and then fried for five minutes with one tablespoonful of chopped onion, two of butter, and a rather high seasoning of salt, pepper, and any powdered sweet herb except sage; sew up the fish after stuffing it; put it into a baking pan, dredge it with dry flour, put a little butter, or salt pork, into the psn, and place the fish in a moderate oven; stuffed fish requires about fifteen minutes to a pound to bake, and should be frequently basted with the drippings in the pan; when it is done take it up on a bot platter remove the strings used in sewing it after stuffing, and serve it with a gravy made by mixing the drippings in the baking pan with a table-speenful of flour and about a pint of water, and boiling them for two or three minutes.

### New Shades.

The "Domestic Monthly " gives the follow ing list of the principal colors of the season and

their description:
Empire Green, Dull yellowish green.
Reed—Shade lighter than empire. Dragon-A bluish green. Esterhazy-A foliage green. Caumbre—Faint tone of green. Lime or linden—The inner side of the lime eaf shade.

Garzon-Turf green. Roseau—Grayish reed green.
Reseda—Mignonette.
Vert de gris—Dark green.
Florentine—Dark bronza green.
Snowball—Whitish green.
Willow Shada of a villow tree. Willow-Shade of a willow tree leaf. Nile-Pale green for evening wear. Lincoln and Robin Hood-positive green. Yew-A deep green. Coartreuse-Yellow green. Water cress-A clear faint green. Ivy-Pistac'e-Marjolaine. Canard—Ducks wing shade. Vandyko—is reddish terra cotta. Bois de rose—rosewood shades. Fraucillon—Dark old rose. Auroro—Deep pink. Beige rose—Dull fawn rad. Sappho-Light resewood shade. Scabieuse—Purplish red. Vernis—Golden red. Etrusque -Brownish red. Vernou-deep rich shade of red. Azalea—Evening shades of pink. Bucst rose—Bright ashes of roses tint. Shell gray—A pinkish gray. Steam—Light though dull gray. Granite—Blue gray. Oxide—Dull silver gray.

Columbe—Dove gray. Heron—Whitish gray. The list describes 14 brown shades, with all of which we are quite familiar, and eight blue shades, including the new peacock, which is a grayish blue. On the French color cards there are eight ahades of gray. eight of blue, sixteen of green, twelve of red, seven of brown, five of pink, six of yellow, four peach shades, four of white, three prune tints and a new yellow white. Many lovely tints are produced from these. Yellow will be a favorite color during the summer.

# Odd Bits About Jews.

Scotland reckons only 1,500 Jews; Ireland only 1,000. In France there are 70,000 Jews, of whom

40,000 are in Paris. In the British colonies there are something less than 20,000 Jews. The total number of Jews throughout the

world is between eight and ten million. Jews are found in large numbers along the northern coasts of Africa, as well as in Abys-

In America there are 500,000 Jews, and Jews are dwelling in Mexico and in almost every State of South America. There are supposed to be from 40,000 to 50,000

Jews in Persia, 10,000 to 15,000 in the Khanatos and a like number in India. About forty thousand Jews were transferred upon the annexation of the provinces of the German Empire, among whose 50,000,000 of inhabitants 650,000 belong to this remarkable race. In the United Kingdom there are about one

hundred thousand Jews, of whom seven-tenths are in London, the greater part of the remainder being in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Birmingham.

## Prayer for Ircland.

"O I most sacred and most loving Heart of Jesus, to which the Irish nation is most solemn-Jesus, to which the Irish nation is most solemnly dedicated, preserve our nation in faith, in purity, and in charity. Through all its trials, sorrows, its persecutions in the past, it remained faithful to the teaching of its great apostle, St. Patrick. May the former glory of its apostolic faith again appear. May it become again the seat of learning and religion. May the rising generation see its rights restored. May the zeal of its holy priesthood increase. May the purity of its daughters preserve its May the purity of its daughters preserve its stainless character. May the honor of its sons remain unsullied. May the evils of intemperance cease. May the spirit of infidelity and rationalism never reach its shores. May its attachment to the See of Peter, and its obedience to ecclesiastical superiors never suffer diminution. May sancity be its atmosphere, and may it daily render greater glory and honor to the Most Sacred Heart, to which every true Irish heart is, and ever will be, most devotedly attached.

He-"I wonder if you object to dancing on religious grounds?" She-"No, only on waxed floors.

There are timid tourists who will not go up the Nile, fearing a cataract in the eye.

### A CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN JAPAN

#### Bullt by Freemasons.

We extract the following charming episode We extract the following enarming episode from the Semaine Religiouse, of Lucon, France. It is taken from a letter written by the Right Rev. Dr. Cousin, of the Foreign Missions, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Japan:

"Just cutside the harber of Narasaki, about the from the city, there is a small island."

"Just outside the harbor of Nazaeski, about nine miles from the city, there is a small island whose circumference is only about three miles. All the necessary buildings, ateam engines, etc., for the development of a large coal-mine are erected there, because the entrence to the mine is on the island, and shafts and galleties have been made in all directions, extending mine is on the island, and shafts and gallerier have been made in all directions, extending quiet far under the sea. The island is, as it were, suspended in the air for its rests on fiver six tiers of galleries, spreading in all directions, hence it is gradually sinking, and the inhaltant say it has such ten test in twenty year. Several houses, which formely stood above high-water mark, had to be moved farther back, for the sea was slowly encroaching on them. bigh-water mark, and to be moved farther back, for the sea was slowly encroaching on them.

All the strings are dried up,—fresh water has to be brought daily to the island, and is sold in the market; the trees have also dried for want of water. And yet there are prople who continue to live there. There is even quite a large villege at the other extremity of the island, of which about one half the inhabitants are Catherine. lies. About ten years ago these good people had transformed a house into a little chapel, and when the missionary came to visit them the Holy Sacrifice was offered and the Sacrement

adminsterated there. administerated there.

"But a day came at last when they saw that the earth was giving away under the house, and that it was about to fall, so they took it down. But how were they to erect another one? The Christians were not numerous, and they were poor. Grouni would have to be bought in sale poor. Ground would have to be more locality, the chapel, would have to be more solidly built; at the lowest calculation the expense would be at least 3,000 francs (about \$600), and from whence was this amount to

The Christians agreed to procure the land and give a part of the work. The good missionary who had charge of the station, not know. in where to find the necessary means, recomended the urgent need to the Sacred Heart of Jesus (the little chapel was dedicated to the Sacred Heart) and the Father proceeded to by the matter before the mining engineer, who the matter before the mining engineer, who directed the work at the coal-mine. He was an English Protestant gentleman who was employed by the Japanese Company, who own the mine. He did not appear astonished at the good Father's visit, and immediately handed him 100 france as his contribution.

him 100 france as his contribution.

"This is a very generous gift" said the missionary, 'novertheless' it will not go very far. You have friends and countrymen in Nagasaki, Might I call on them for contribution? "Are you acquainted with any of them? Have you been introduced?" inquired the

engineer.

engineer.

"'No, I do not know any one.'

"Then it would be useless; you would not be well received.'

"However, while speaking, the good Englishman took a sheet of paper and began writing an appeal for subcriptions for the erection of the Cabbella ghapel of Takadima accompany. the Catholic chapel of Takadjima, accompany ing it with a list of names, and then courteous ly handing it to the Father, said to him: 'Take this from me to these various addresses, and I trust you will succeed. "The missionary took the list very gratefully,

and spent the following days in calling on the engineer's friends. Ho was kirdly received everywhere—not one refused to subscribe. He collected enough to build his chapel. His heart was filled with joy. But the best part of the affair was, that the engineer, who was at the head of the Freemasons of Nagasaki, had simply given the good Father a list of the members of his Lodge. The Freemasons of Nagasaki erect. ed a chapel to the Sacred Heart. May the Sacred Heart enlighten and reward them. "You can imagine with what consolation I blessed this little chapel elected under such

singular auspices. The cermony took place on april 12, 1888. We never had such a festival. Ten missionaries, eight deacons and all the Seminarians were present. Nothing was wast ing. We had a procession, a Pontifical High Mass, a sermon by the pastor, another by the Bishop, and finally a nice dinner The Christians of the village had undertaken to provide dinner for the Seminarians, and the good people spent the preceding night in fishing. Their efforts were rewarded with an abundant catch of fish, so that we young Siminarians enjoyed a

bountiful meal I forgot to mention that the Japaneze min ing company were extremely kind to us on the occasion. They own a steamboat which plies between the island and the city. For that day between the island and the city. For that day they gave a free passage going and coming to the Fathers and Seminarians. Our party amounted to sixty persons. The Japanese director of the mine was present at the ceremony, and, although he is a pagan, he behaved with great decorum. Our good people were proud and overjoyed. Eighteen years ago they were hunted like wild beasts and thrown into prison on the slightest suspicion of Catholicity, and on that day we had Japanese guards to maintain order during the ceremony of dedica-tion. Truly our good Lord has ways of recom-pensing, sooner or later, those who suffer for

### St. Brigid of Ireland.

Although nearly every vestige of this saint is gone, she still lives as their patroness in the nearts of the Iri-h people. Her mother was very lovely, and the captive, taken in war, of a powerful chieftain. His wife, being jestous of her, turned her away before the birth of Brigid. But two disciples of St. Patrick took pity on trem, and baptized the mother and child. Brigid grow up with such beauty of mind and person that she became famous, and her father desired that she became famous, and her father desired to have her, and to marry her to a chief. But Brigin devotif herself to God's service, especially to the instruction of women. She received the veil at the hands of St. Patrick. She went to Kildare, "the cell or place of the oak," and not only thought, but performed miracles. Her fame drew about her many a woman who lived in hath and from this arose, the first religious in buts, and from this arose the first religious community of women in Ireland. The convent and city of Kildare were afterwards both flournshing and famous. Here was preserved unextinguished, and for many centuries, the sacred lamp which burned before her altar— "The bright lamp that Shone on Kildare's holy fane. And burned through long ages of darkness and storm!

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## Parnell and Figott.

Charles Stewart Parnell is one of the most charitable men in existence. Basely as Pigott acted, the Irish leader has nothing but pity and practical sympathy for the children of the per-jured suicide. We learn by cable that Pigott's four children are not forgotten, now that their unhappy father is gone penniless out of the world. Mr. Parnell remembered them, even before that pistol shot was heard in Madrid. before that pistol shot was heard in Madrid, "I may have to prosecute Pigott for perjury, said Mr. Parnell, "but if I do, I shall feel bound to take care of his children." It was a chivalrous as well as a generous impulse. Mr. Labouchere thinks the Times ought to look after these orphans. "Their father," he writes in the Pall Mall Gazette, "was a clever man, and his cared and grant and Mr. dontor told ma this and end were sad. My doctor told me this morning that it was all due to a place in his head, which ought to contain something moral head, which ought to contain something moral his nead, which ought to contain something moral, being a cayley. Anyhow, I am sorry for his children, and if you start a subscription I will send you fifty pounds." It will be seen by the whove that the friends of Irish freedom are patriots of the right stuff.

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