

from the top of his barrel into the gutter by a blow from Nell's tough chin; and many a villager of Mary Street was dragged from his midnight orgie, and well-soused in the nearest horse pond, by some of Nell's adherents, in payment for his dastardly calumnies. Nell knew every body, and every body seemed to know her; and yet she had but few intimates, seldom seen in the company of any but Whitret Maobairn, and even then she was always in advance, like the cuckoo and her faithful most-cherished. Yet with all this seeming repugnance, on Nell's part, to associate with her neighbors, in various districts of London, ready to espouse her cause and execute her orders at a moment's warning. Who they were, where they lived, or how she could gather them so soon on certain sudden emergencies, no one could tell; at all events, they were at her elbow when she required their services. Such was Nell Gower; much beloved and trusted by the few whom she admitted to her confidence, but regarded by all others as a gypsy, a fortune-teller and a dangerous woman.

As Houghton opened the copy of the famous oath of supremacy and abjuration, and prepared to read it in Nell's faith, Oliver Goodfellow waddled into the room, wiping the perspiration from his fat, round face with the end of his apron. "How now, Master Houghton?" he ejaculated, "what wouldst thou with the woman?" "Teet her loyally, my fat head, and thine hereafter, mayhap. Away! out with these, and leave me to do my office. But first, good Mistress Witch," he continued, "thou'dst better first renounce the evil one, so thou canst forswear the pope without hindrance and with a clear conscience." "Mind thine own business, Sergeant Houghton," interposed Oliver, pushing him back from before Nell Gower; "the queen's uniform gives thee no right to maltreat the queen's lieges. Let the woman go her way in peace."

"Ho, gramercy, sir, hast thou knowest thou of rights and legges?" replied Houghton, balancing on his heels and grasping at Nell's cloak. "Ellios, there, most learned Master Miller! come hither, and leave thy points and reasonings. Here's a Papist, or a devil, or a something of that kind—help me to arrest her in the queen's name." "What, man?" muttered Miller, a strong, thick-set, clerical-looking man of about fifty years of age, staggering up to Houghton, "dost not know the woman? Gads! that's the spawwife, and as mad as a March hare. Away! let her be!" "Away, thou crazy old baggage, and rid us thy presence instantly!" and he pointed to the door; "out with thee, and begone!" "Thou knowest her, then?" observed Houghton.

"A right well do I," replied Houghton, "a murrain take her the wicked, ill-tempered, old she-witch!" "Ay, faith, she's like her native thistle; she pricks thy finger if thou but touch her. And so thou wouldst test her—ha!—did she crack thy knuckles, that thou feelest them so?" "Ay, marry hath she." "All, sergeant, she hath but given thee a token, in these swollen fingers, to remember her; so put up thy papers, and let's go home. Our stay at the Whitehorse has been somewhat of the longest, and Sir Thomas may expect our presence in German Street. So drive at this once more, Master Oliver, and let's drink the parting stop to—"

CHAPTER VII. It was a beautiful moonlight night in June, and the dew on the flowers before the parlor windows of Brockton Hill, the residence of Sir Geoffrey Wentworth, imparted a delightful and soothing fragrance to the air. The moonbeams, struggling through the dense foliage of the elm and yew-tree, silvered the well-trimmed avenues with checkered streaks. The brook below the garden wound its tortuous course through the alders and dwarf hazel that grow thickly on its banks, and inter-twining their branches, covered it over like an arbor. The lights had been long extinguished in the front rooms of the old mansion, and the dark shadows which the aged trees, planted there some centuries before, threw upon the venerable pile, gave it a look of loneliness and desertion. Not a sound was heard, save the murmur of the little brook below that came ever upon the ear like the hum of a distant wind-mill. Yet under those sombre towers of Brockton, still and lonely as they looked, there were sad hearts and waking eyes.

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE. BETH GREEN'S IDEAS ABOUT THE FISHY TRADE AND SOME OF HIS VARIOUS EXPERIMENTS. (Turf, Field and Farm.) "How did you ever come to devise this scheme?" "I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to hold a pen." "The above remark was addressed to Mr. Beth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors. "When I was quite young," he continued, "I would be on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water into afternoon watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that were warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment." "Were you successful on the part?" "No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent of all spawn."

Review of Books, &c.

THE MANHATTAN.—This magazine grows in beauty and in interest with every succeeding number. The October issue is very handsomely illustrated and the frontispiece is an exquisite little gem entitled "Beautiful Wonder Eyes, Strong Hearted, Glowing October." The opening paper is a descriptive one of "The Valley of the Haakosaok," by Janet E. Barrett-Bates, numerously illustrated by Julia Hawthorne's novel, "Beatrice Ramolphe," is continued, and Richard Henry Stoddard offers six poems from the Spanish of Gustavo Becquer. An entertaining paper is "Washington Through Eye Glasses," a third illustrated article is on "The Irish Parliamentarian Party," by Thomas F. Gill who describes the various members of that party in a remarkably vigorous and entertaining way. The thirty-two well-engraved portraits which accompany the text are valuable in themselves, and are the first complete collection of such portraits which have appeared in this country. "Art and Literature in England" is discussed by W. J. Loftie, and Mrs. Lucy Hooper describes the "Second Hand Shops in Paris." The table of contents is a long one and full of interest. The Manhattan Magazine Co., Temple Court, New York.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—This sterling Catholic periodical for October is at hand and is found to contain several valuable papers. The following are the contents of the number:—1. Protestantism vs the Church; 2. A Ninth Century Antiphon and its Composer; 3. The Wizard of Sainte Marie; 4. Infallibility and Private Judgment; 5. Chastelito; 6. Bancroft's History of the United States—Maryland Toleration; 7. Amintas; 8. When Victoria Passes; 9. The Torpedo Station; 10. New Publications. Price, \$4 per annum; single copies 35 cents, sent free by mail. D. & J. Sadler & Co., 275 Notre Dame street, Montreal, P. Q.

SCIENTIFIC SOPHISM.—By Samuel Wainwright, D.D. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." This rule Dr. Wainwright has followed in presenting a thorough review of the prevailing theories of Natural Science. He has submitted to searching criticism the views of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and others on the subject of Evolution, Transmutation, Spontaneous Generation, etc., and has clearly shown the fallacies involved in their deductions. Although dealing with difficult scientific problems, the book is written in a clear and simple style, attractive to every intelligent mind. It is well calculated to remove skeptical doubts, and to confirm the old belief that "He that built all things is God." Published in Funk & Wagnell's Standard Library, No. 97. Price 25 cents.

DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE.—The October number of this popular monthly is at hand. It contains its usual supply of choice reading for the family circle. Among the principal articles are: "The Effects of the Lost Cause," by Rev. A. J. Ryan; "Quarantine Against Landlordism," by H. J. Desmond; "The Irish in Virginia; Early Printing; The Existence of a Future Life Demonstrated; etc., etc." Published by P. Donahue, Boston, \$2 per year.

THE CATHOLIC FRONTIER.—This magazine is doubly welcomed in all Catholic families. It contains nothing but sound and entertaining literature and much that is instructive. Its September number presents the following table of contents:—The Answer; "The Rose of Lyrwyld; Tim Crane and the Widow; The Banana; After the Battle; Labors of Honor The Old Stone Church; Vice-Versa; Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran; The Unmuzzed Babble; The Lazy Deceiver; several poems etc. Published by J. P. Dunne, 5 Barclay street, New York.

SCOTCH CATHOLIC NEWS.

The members of the Catholic Caledonian Association have made a simple, but very appropriate, alteration as to the date of their annual festival. The "Caledonian" is the only Scotch Catholic semi-religious, semi-social association in the country. It was, therefore, appropriate that at a meeting of the body held on Monday night, the date fixed for this year's annual festival was the 30th of November, the feast day of St. Andrew, the national Saint of Scotland.

Some time ago Lord Herries bestowed a large amount of ground at Dumfries for the erection of a convent. The Dowager Lady Herries resolved to collect the funds necessary for the erection of the establishment, which is now completed. On Saturday the Right Rev. Dr. McLachlan, Bishop of Dumfries, assisted by Dean Turner, blessed the convent and chapel attached to it, and in which Mass was then said for the first time. A select party was present, and took an interested part in the proceedings. Among others were Lord and Lady Herries, the Dowager Lady Herries, and the Hon. Miss Maxwell. The establishment will not be publicly opened till the commencement of next year. The Dowager Lady Herries has for a long time been desirous of seeing a number of the Order of the Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration residing and carrying out their most pious devotion in Scotland; and on this account, Bishop McLachlan wrote to the head house in France asking the Order to accept of the convent, to which the Sisters replied, stating their willingness to do so. It is thus expected that the convent will be occupied, and that the Sisters will be in the full exercise of their duties by, at latest, the month of March next. The people of this country have lately been opening their eyes to the beauties of the Catholic religion, and the introduction of the Order specially formed for the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament must have a salutary effect on even the most anti-Catholic minded of our islanders.

Last week a meeting of the Catholic Association of Scotland was held at Perth, under the presidency of His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow. The meeting was called to act in regard to the vacancy in the archbishopric of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, caused by the death of the late Archbishop Strain. Three candidates were selected, and their names forwarded to Rome. These are, I understand, His Grace Archbishop Eyre, Monsignor Smith, Vicar-General of the Eastern Archdiocese; and the Right Rev. Dr. Bigg, Bishop of Dunkeld. Among the other changes that are likely to take place consequent on the filling up of the vacancy are the following:—His Grace Archbishop Eyre will assume the charge of the vacant archdiocese. Bishop McLachlan, of the Dumfries diocese, who has often officiated for His Grace, would then be appointed to the vacancy thus caused in Glasgow; while Monsignor Smith, it is expected, would be consecrated Bishop, and would as once proceed to take up Bishop McLachlan's former position. Or it may be that Monsignor Smith, consecrated Bishop, would be appointed to the diocese of Dunkeld, the present Bishop of which, the Right Rev. Dr. Bigg, would be selected for Edinburgh, in which he was highly popular among all classes. At present, however, the only thing definite about the arrangements is that Monsignor Smith will be raised to the episcopate. As pointed out in this column previously, the holder of the Archbishopric of St. Andrews and Edinburgh is ex-officio of Scotland.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more liable to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McCall's Compound Saturated Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McCall, chemist, Montreal. 95 ft

OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD. The latest returns from England concerning the mortality returns state that in 1832, 31 persons died 100 years of age and over, 25 men and 6 women. Nine of the men were 104, three 105, two 106, and one 112. The last died at Wickham, County of Norfolk. Among the women twenty-four reached the age of 100, eight 102, five 103, six 104, two 105, fifteen 101, three 106, and three 107 years.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRAVEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle miasmas are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Ossif's Cocoa. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (4 lb and 1 lb) by grocers, labelled—JAMES EPPE & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Eppe's Osmolite Biscuits.