RESEDA:

Or. Sorrows and Joys

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

Mrs. Lemoyne was deeply touched by this token of affection, the first which she had received since her separation from her parents, and it served to lessen the sorrow which she felt at the prospect of Teresa's departure. The business which had summoned Sir John to Paris was finished, and he and his family were to re-

turn to England early in December.

The parting with Teresa cost Madeline many tears, and she took more tender care than ever of the Mignonette plant, often speaking to it of her absent friend, in the pretty way that little children are wont to talk to birds and flowers.

The month of December passed saily enough Mrs. Lemoyne was full of care and anxiety, she did not hear again from her home in Brittany, and time was going on. She was also suffering from neuralgic headaches, and early in January became so poorly that she was obliged to stay in bed. Mignonette did not go to the Infant-school, but remained with her mother, who wished to enjoy her presence as much as possible during the few remaining weeks. But before ong she observed that the confinement seemed to be telling u oon the little one's health, and as was fine see allowed her one day to go and get a breath of fresh air in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, to which they were now very near, Mrs. Lemoyne having changed her abode some time previously, in order to be in Teresa's more immediate neighborhood.

Madeline having listened attentively to all her mother's advice, went to the Gardens. She thought that a solitary walk was rather dull, and presently went to look through the railing which closed the avenue of plane trees on one James de Brosse's pretty fountain, and on its urn, on the green chain which bung between the trees, and on the leaf-strewn turf, hopped about a number of little sparrows looking for the crumbs of bread and morsels of cake which they were accustomed to receive from the children and others who frequented the garden.

The little girl was not the only one who found amusement in watch ng the birds. An old gentleman was also standing and looking at them, and from time to time diverted himself by frightening them for a moment away by shak-ing the stick he held in his hand. Presently the stick slipped from his feeble grasp, and rolld within the railing.

Before he had time to stoop and take hold of

Mignonette had put in her arm and recover "Thank you," said the old gentleman, with smile. "You are very kind, my child; what

" Mignonette," answered Madeline, gravely. "It is a pretty name and suits you well, and an uncommon one too; are you alone here

The old gentleman looked so good and spoke so kindly, that Madeline felt at once at her ease with him, and told him that her mother was afraid she would be ill and had sent her out to walk by herself. "But I don't like it," she added, sadly, "and I am afraid to go

she added, sadly, "and I am afraid to go further, for fear of losing myself."
"Well, my dear, you will come and take a walk with me?" said the old gentleman; "I go slowly, but you can run on and play, and then come back to me."

Madeline gladly agreed; she went round the garden with her aged guide, who was much amused by her prattle. He accompanied her home and said that he would wait for her every day nutil mother was herself able to go out, if she would come and walk with him. Madeline answered simply that she would be very glad to go, and they parted. She eagerly told her mother of her walk with the nice old gentleman, who had such a beautiful white hair and said that he had a grandchild just about her age. Mrs. Lemoyne did not think it well to object to a repetition of the walk, but charged her little girl never to stay out too long, and never on any account to leave the Gardens. Moreover, she had taken the precaution of specially recommending her little daughter to one of the caretakers of the Gardens. This official was well known to a very respectable woman, who lived in the same house as Mrs. Lamovne and had been employed by her since her illness, and that very evening she was able to assure Mrs. Lemoyne, on the caretaker's authority, that Madeline's new friend was a most excellent man and had been spending some

The old gentleman had made acquaint ance with another old with another old gentleman was also in the habit of frequenting the Gardens; Madeline generally found the two sitting and talking together on one of the benches near the entrance. as she came towards him, she thought that her friend looked very sad, and he kissed her without even making his usual inquiries for her 'Are you ill, sir?" she asked. anxiously.

"No, my dear, but I am sad; I have lost my grand-shild."
"Oh! I am very sorry; was she stolen from

you?" said Madeline, quite alarmed.
"I don't know, but I can't find her."
"Take my advice and apply to the police,"

said the other gentleman; "some day or other you will be sure to hear of her."
"I have applied to the police, already," said Madeline's friend, "and it is because they have completely failed in gaining any information that I am so unhappy. How could I lose that

unlucky letter?" What was the name of your little grandchild?" asked Mignonette.
"Madeline, my dear; Madeline Lemoyne."

"Then her name was just the same as mine!"
"What do you mean? the same as yours!"

"Yes, I had a good friend who called me Mignonette, but my real, true name is Madeline

The old gentleman took both her hands in his. and with evident emotion, said, "Tell me, dear child, where is your papa? do you know?" "He is far, far away."
"Not in Paris, then?"

"No, he went away with my little brother Charles. And now Charles is dead, and mother is very often crying for him."

is very often crying for him."
"But it is herself, it must be!" exclaimed the old man, pushing back Madeline's hat to see her face better. "Where were my eyes! see her face better. "Where were my eyes!
My child," he added, "take me home with you

at once; I must see your mother."

He rose from his seat and begged the other old gentleman to wait for him, then set off walking so quickly that Madeline was obliged to run in order to keep up with him. In a few minutes they had reached the house. When they had gone up-stairs Madeline opened the by way of announcement said, here is the old gentleman!"

Mrs. Lemoyne raised herself in her bed, and looked at the visitor, then stretched out her

arms to him.
"At last!" she said.
"My child!" cried Mr. Gertin, for he it was;

"my poor, dear child!" Madeline, standing at the foot of the bed. looked with the greatest surprise at the old gentleman who embraced her mother tendorly. "Come here, Madeline," said Mrs. Lemoyne; and taking her hand she added. "dear father

grandfather. The old gentleman took Madeline's head between his hands and kissed her affectionately.
"So you are my grandpapa?" she said, joy-

bless your grandchild. Madeline, kiss your

fully.

"Yes, my darling, you are the little girl I have been looking for and feared I should never see again."

"Why did you not write to me?" saked Mrs.

Because I had lost the letter in which you

gave me your address; it came when I was in great trouble!" and the old man bowed his head in silence. "What is it, father?" said Mrs. Lemoyne.

My mother "

Alas! my bild, your mother could not bleat to my journey. When I left home, she but neither tears or kisses had broken the deep, calm slumber of the child. Again there was silence. Although Mrs Ger.

tin had not perfectly performed a mother's part, and although her irritable disposition had often been a cause of deep sorrow to those whose happiness ought to have been her great object in life, the tidings of her death could not but be

life, the tidings of her death could not but be very heavy on her daughter.

"Did she forgive me, father?" she asked at last in a smothered voice.

"Forgive you! My child, she asked your pardon. Death is a great counsellor. As long as there was any hope of her recovery, she refused to undertake the care of our grandchild. To spars her feelings, I did not tell her that for once in my life I would have my way, and that your child should be brought up under my own eyes. The day before her death she called me to her side. All the sad prejudices were gone

der reproach; "I ought to have guessed it, and not let you wear yourself out so. Perhaps the little one will w ken now."

Mrs. Lemoyne raised Madeline in her arms and laid her on the bed. When the coverings touched her little face, she moved and murmured "Mother," but she did not wake.

The young woman put on her bonnet and shawl and turning round knelt down beside the bed. With hands clasped and head bowed down she remained silent and motionless, feasting her syes on the child.

The mother of the point of the property of

to her side. All the sad prejudies were gone and she only grieved that you were not there. I have only messages of blessing for you. Unfortunately your last letter came in the midst of all this sorrow and I delayed writing in re-ply; afterwards, when I had made up my mind to come to you at once, I could nowhere find it. Nevertheless I started and did everything could think of to find you. I have now been month in Paris, trying one way after another and only taking a little respite in the afternoon, for, accustemed as I am to an out-of-door life, I need something more than the air of the streets. To-day I learned that all m, inquiries through the Central Police Office had been in vain, and I was inclined to go back in the hope that you might again have written to Kerprat when Providence made me aware of the real

name of my little Mignonette." After much conversation, plans were settled. It was decided that Mr. Gertin should remain in Paris until it was time for his daughter to go to Havre, that he should accompany her there and see her on board, and then return with the child to his home in Brittany.

CHAPTER VI.

PARTING. "Waiter, is there not a lady here who came from Paris three days ago?" asked a listle cabir poy one evening in the month of March, of s waiter at the Marine Hotel, at Havre. "You mean Mrs. Lemoyne, I suppose; you want to speak to her, my boy?"

"Well, go up to the second floor, and on your left you will see number 36; that is her room, knock at the door." The boy thanked him and found his way ac-

cording to the directions given. In answer to his knock at the door a woman's roice said, "Come in" Mrs. Lemoyne was sitting by the fireside, and

her eyes were fixed upon Mignonette, who was playing and chattering to ber grandfather. There was only one bed in the room and several trunks stood in a corner.

eral trunks stood in a corner.

When Mrs. Lemoyne saw the cabin boy she shuddered and turned pale.

"Madam," said the little fellow, doffing his cap respectfully, "the wind has changed and the Captain bid me tell you that we are to set sail to-morrow at break of day."

"Very well, my boy," said Mr. Gertin, speaking instead of his daughter, who was sick at heart at the tidings, expected though

at heart at the tidings, expected though they were. "Thank Captain Tressac, and tell him that we shall be ready."

The boy left the room and no sound was beard but the measured ticking of the clock. Mrs. Lemoyne had ocvered her face with her hands, and tears were flowing down her slender fingers. Mr. Gertin looked at the glowing embers in sad meditation. Mignonette had stop ped playing and sat motionless on her stool watching her mother's tears, while an expression of deep distress overspread her little face. She had given up asking questions, and trying to comfort her mother, for her questions remain unanswered and her caresses only served to prolong the outburste of grief which she could not understand.

Ten o'clock presently struck. "Ten o'clock already!" said Mrs. Lemoyne, suddenly sitting upright in her arm-chair, "it is time for you to upright in her arm-chair, go to bed, father;" and as the old man did not move, she presently added, "pray do go, yeu will have to be up very early to-morrow morn-ing and you must not make yourself ill."

This last reason bad weight with Mr. Gertin: he rose and after silently kissing the mother and the child, went to his room.

Mrs. Lemoyne then called her little Madeline

and took her on her lap, and after many loving caresses had been exchanged, she began to tell her a story, a confused, dim sort of story in which one thing alone was clear; that a mother was once obliged to leave her darling child, and take a long voyage alone, and that the good little girl wisely made up her mind to the seweeks at the Cornellie Hosel.

So Madeline went daily to the Gardens, daily met the kind old gentleman and took a little walk with him.

Paration. By and by, her mother came back, and found her grown much bigger and as loving as ever, and they were both happy for ever

after.
"Would you be as wise as that little girl, if we had to be parted from each other for a while, Madeline?" asked Mrs. Lemoyne when she had finished the tale.

Mignonette raised her dark eyes to her mother's lace, clasped her arms tightly roundher neck and answered unhesitatingly, "No! I would rather die like brother Charles than see you go away. Oh! mother, that little girl did not love her mother as I love you. Do not cry," she added, wiping away with the corner of her pinalore the tease which again rolled down her mother's which again rolled down ber mother's a, "tell me another story; that is a horспевки, rid one, for it has made you cry."

But alas! the story was too true, Mrs. Le-

moyne had hoped to make her child at least suspect that a parting was near. Up to this day she had as much as possible kept all the agony to herself, but it seemed as if she could not go without knowing the effect which her sudden departure would have on the little one. And Madeline was so delicate and so full of feeling that the result of the shock might be With children the first moment very serious. With children the first moment of a grief is the worst; when that is once over they resign themselves and in general they

forget. Mrs. Lemovae had therefore resolved to endure the sorrow of seeing Madeline's grief, and herself to cause her tears to flow while she was bere and could kiss them away.

She changed the subject and spoke much to She changed the subject and spoke much to Madeline of her father, who was so lonely and so sad without Charles, and awakened her tender sympathy for him. To go and comfort him seemed the most natural thing in the world to the child who had no idea of the long distance between France and America. But when at last she understood that her mother was going to undertake the long journey without her, her grief was unmeasured. After weeping and sobbing came the most tender supplications, and it would have been hard to imagine that such eloquent words, such persuasive reasons, and such loving reproaches could come from the heart of a child only seven years old. The mother's part was a hard one, her heart was breaking beneath this storm of affection and misery. She stood arm, for she could not yield, but she softened her decision by the promise to return. She told the child how happy she would be living with her grandfather who was so foud of her and so kind; she spoke of the country and of all the

delights it offers to children.

Mignonette shook her head sadly and murmured amidst her sobs, "But you will not be

there, mother !" She only grew a little calmer when her mother repeated over and over again her promise to raturn. Mrs. Lemoyne then poured into her little daughter's heart many a wise and loving counsel suited to her tender years and prepared her for her rest. The pretty hair was for the last time arranged by the loving hair was for the last time arranged by the loving mather's hands, and when she was quite ready for bed, she wrapped her little feet in her mother's dress, and laying her head on her shoulder, said, "Let me stay a little on your lap, mother, for I won's go to sleep. I will go to the ship with you. If I do go to sleep and you put me in bed, promise to wake me."

Mrs. Lemoyne answered by a kiss, and they talked for some time, but soon the child's words grew incoherent, her hands became still, and she no lenger looked up in her mother's face; she was saleep. Mrs. Lemoyne rose as if to lay

she was saleep. Mrs. Lemoyne rose as if so lay her in her bed, but presently sat down again and held her sleeping in her arms till morning. The first light of dawn found her in the same position. Her lips were often pressed against

calm slumber of the child.

Just as the clocks of the town were striking

four, one of the chember maids en ered the room by one door, and Mr. Gertin by the other. The old gentleman was in his dressing gown "You have not been in bed," he said, in a tone of tender represent; "I ought to have guessed it, and not less your way way.

ing her eyes on the child.

Ten minutes later two sailors came and took the trunk which Mr. Gertin pointed out to them, and then the old man came near to his

daughter.
"Captain Tressac is waiting for you," he

said softly. She rose up pale as death, folded the sleeping child in her aams, kissed the little face over and over again, then kissed her father and took a few tottering steps towards the door; but again she turned back, fell on her kness, and joining her hands in dispair, exclaimed many sobs: "Oh! how can I leave her? My God! I cannot doit!"

Tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of the old man, and tears dimmed the eyes of a brown, weather beaten seamen who stood in the open doorway. Mr.Gerbin raised the poor nother with gentle force, and the seamen came to her side; she looked at him

with her startled eyes.

"I must go, then," she said; "go and leave
her! Have pity on me, Captain! give me a
few minutes more."

"The wind will not wait for anyone, madam," said the Captain, sadly; "I cannot bell you how much I would give to go without you."

"She will wake," said Mr. Gertin; "have courage my daughter."

Mrs. Lemoyne dragged herself to the bed. imprinted one burning kiss on her child's brow, then took the Captain's arm, and went forth. Soon a ship in full sail was leaving the port of Havre. The wind was fair, but no joyful song was heard as she went forth. No shout of fare well rose from the ship or from the shore. For everyons saw upon the deck a woman clad in mourning, looking towards the town and weeping. The dispair portrayed on that pale face was so deep that the strong rough men who stood around grew sad. And the women on the quay, who themselves had known grief, said one to another, "A poor mother, no doubt !

CHAPTER VII. KERPRAT.

Kerprat is a pretty village enough, though it has no sore of right of the title of town bestowed on it by some of its most ambittous inhabitants. To give a brief description of it: there is, in the first place, a church, an old Gothic building, externally of gloomy aspect, base and poor within, which has seen generation after generation pass beneath its arches, while the blue sky and golden stars of its chancel roof have been dimmed by the dust of ages; then there is the presbytery, whose barred windows look on one side to the sea, and on the other to the burying ground; and then a collection of thatched cottages and of houses which have risen up here and there, without order or symmetry, or any rule save the will of the builder The authorities of Kerprab would indeed have taken it ill if any adventurous proprieto had sought to build on the little common, where the dogs, the poultry, and the pigs wandered freely; but they cared not if the houses turned their backs on one and another, and followed no definite line, and the consequence of this was,

that there were no streets. From the pedestal of the great stone crucifix which stands amid the lowly wooden crosses and the grass-grown graves in the cemetery, you could see the whole village lying straight before you, and beyond it a large bay and a magnifi-cent extent of open see, on your right hand a grove of fine trees overshadowing an old tur retted manor-house with an ivy-grown porch built some hundred paces back from the cliff which here rises from the beach; on your left, a less ancient but larger and brighter-looking house, surrounded by gardens, with its avenue passing so near the church that in the evening the shadow of the steeple falls upon the en-

trance gate. This pretty and modern abode is known by the name of the White House, and we will here make our visit and present its mistress to our gentle reader. Do you see that slight, graceful-looking little girl standing in the doorway? Work that is usually done by boys, but one of Kiss your hand to her, for she is the lady of the the proprietors says: 'We find he girls more Hyacinths, orchids and heath, all as natural Hyacinths, orchids and heath, all as natural departments. Hyacinths, orchids and heath, all as natural hyacinths, and heath, al house, and, moreover, is an old, and we hope, a dear acquaintance. She is Madeline, little Madeline, or Mignonette, if you prefer the name. Her little face is hid by the broad brim of her straw bat, but now she raises her head. How bright are her eyes, how smiling her lips, and how rosy her cheeks! A month has passed over her great grief: a month har gone by since the morning when she wakened and her mother's sweet, sad face was gone. Has she forgotten her mother already? you ask. Ub, no! do not imagine such a thing for a mement! Every day comes over that smiling face a machinery." the melancholy expression which for a time was always there. The eyelids droop, the sweet little mouth becomes contracted, and the hands clasp one another. The grandfather, on these occasions, is ready with the question, you ill. little one?"

The name of Madeline is almost forgotten by him, he always says, "little one," or "Mig-

nonétte. And Madeline, who with a woman's courage, for fear of saddening him, represses the tears that are about to break forth, always an-'No, grandpapa; but I am thinking of BYST9W8

At this moment she is going to visit the dif-ferent living creatures whom she loves and has taken under her care. She half-opens a stable door and caresses a lamb which comes bounddoor and caresses a family which comes bound-ing towards her, and then pats the heifer with her little hand. In the middle of the farmyard stands, like an ancient tower, the pigeon-house; its roof is covered with grey pigeons, and they are waiting for their daily meal. Madeline calls them, takes a handful of corn from her apron whose two corners are fastened to her waistband so that it forms an ample bag; she throws the corn on the ground before her, the living roof of the tower rises into the air, and the pigeons come and feed at her feet. Sometimes she stoops down, takes one in her hand, strokes and kisses it, then sets it free and takes another. Soon her apron empty and the store of corn has vanished. The pigeous disperse, she watches them in their flight knowing that evening will bring them back to their tower, and when they have all dis-

appeared she goes into the house.

Mr. Gertin is at the door, with a straw hat on his head and his stick in his hand.

The horses are starting," he says; "will you come, Mignonette?"
Madeline follows him to the stable-yard Two horses are harnessed to the up turned plough. Guillo, the young farm-labourer, is just about to crack his whip and make them set off. When he sees Madeline running towards him, he stops, stoops down and takes her in his arms, and seats her on one of the horses-she graps its long rough mane with her two hands, and thus proceeds to the field, where work is go-ing on. Mr. Gertin has a great many labourers on his farm, and himself overlooks them. Ma-deline accompanies him at a distance; she is sometimes before and sometimes behind him. sometimes at his right and sometimes at his left. When a flower attracts her, she plucks it; when she finds a very shady pleasant place she sits down; when she meets a brook she turns aside to gaze on the beautiful reflections in the water or to plunge her little hands into it. Her eyes follow the birds in their rapid

flight, the insects that dance around her when when she is sitting down, and the horses that slowly trace the long furrow. Sometimes she recalls the songs and hymns learned at the In-The shepherd boys who are keeping their flocks in the reighbouring fields are silent to listen to the sweet little voice which mingles with the warbling of the goldfinches, and you may see them standing still on the bank, among the sufts of furze or between the trunks of the oak trees. As Madeline passes by she will pay.

quite well and calls them by their names, and they have given her many pretty things, such as a wicker care, a basket woven of rushes from the marsh, a bunch of wild primroses, a nest full of blue eggs, and an alder flute.

(To be Continued.)

ABOUT FOR AND

Employment for Women-Practice of Medicine-Ideas for Girls-Doing Men's Work -A New Fad-Household Hints-A Few Cond Receipts-Fashions.

A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of weddings. A young woman in her late twenties, who makes a success of the profession, is installed in or near the house of he bride prospective some little time before the ceremony. She selects the trousseau, advises what is latest and finest in underwear, buys the material, designs and makes, or superintends the making of the gowns. She is au fait in stockings, boots, laces, and handkerchiefs. She sees to the millinery and the jackets and wraps. She gowns the bride's mother and the younger sisters, if any. She dictates to the bridesmaids, and is the fairy godmother, who thinks of every thing and lets the engaged couple enjoy them selves with unanxious mind. One family who have found her valuable, recommends her to another, and she has obtained quite a clientage. -Philadelphia Times.

The right of women to practice medicine in Canada has been established by the successful application to Miss. Mitchel, a graduate of Queen University. Kingston, for a license, The Provincial Medical Board at Quebec re-

ceived the application. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is always saying

ensible things, and the following suggestion to teachers is worthy very general attention : "Let our young girls be encouraged to acquaint themselves with the great questions that engage the attention of our government, and especially with those that are discussed in congress, legislatures and by the leading papers of the time, Let them know what are the social and educational movements of the day, and what is their bearing on the future of the nation Talk with them about the sectional wrongs that should be righted, the great reforms that are battling with injustice, the needed legislation that is pending and slowly progressing. These matters can be made as intresting to them as Greek literature or Roman history, as fascinating as the everlasting novel. Brief political monographs, terse, clear and compact, are pre-pared by specialists and college professors, for the instruction of our young legal voters. Let them enter into the studies of their sisters, who will find some knowledge of the great problems with which a nation wrestles, as powerful a tonic mentally as are physicially the out-door games they share with their brothers."—
Journal of Education.

Dabblers in the industrial arts will be intersted in a new fad. It is a kind of mosaic work called by the Italian name scapliola. It is easily made and is ornamental and useful. The cement is colored with oxides and made to re-present marbles. In making designs, the patterns are of any form desired so long as they it together, and are either tin or sheet-iron In these shallow boxes cement is poured, and the little stones of a great variety of colors and sizes are set in this cement to form a solid surface. When dry, these are removed from the boxes and set in a bed of a different color, and when the cement is hardened the whole surface is evened and polished by holystoning and with sand. Beautiful effects may tained and they can be utilized as panels, tables,

mantles or for hearths or vestibules.

There are probably a thousand women work ing in the iron mills in Pittsburg, making bolts, nuts, hinges and barbed wires. Three years ago, owing to a difficulty with the men working in working to sufficiency what all men working in the bolt mills, the proprietors decided to try women, and since that time they have been employed very generally in all the iron works. Women are also employed in Pratt & Letchworth's malleable iron works at Black Rock. N. Y. Four years ago the proprietors engaged two young women to do office work. That they employ ten women in that department to day s proof of the success of this movement. firm employ in all about 150 women in the different departments. The work there is all attentive to business and faithful; they are nearly all under 20 years ot age, and it is our experience that girls of 14 know more than boys of the same class at 18. When they get through their work they wash every suscicion of dirt from faces and hands, change sheir shoes and gowns and smooth their hair. Then they don comfortable and becoming wraps and hars and sally forth. No one, from their appearance, could guess that they had not been handling ribbons and laces all day over a dry goods counter instead of operating oily and face-blacking

A FEW GOOD RECEIPTS.

Directions for making the renowned southern eaten biscuit: The best flour must be used; tutter and milk are preferred to lard and water, though the last mentioned will answer. One quart of flour, one tablespoonful lard (or butter) one half teaspoonful salt. Mix all together with sweet milk or cold water, to as stiff a dough as can be handled, then beat, beat, beat, till the dough pops and blisters, and becomes soft and pliable. Roll out half an inch thick, cut and prick with a fork, and bake in a moderately hot

The secret of the success in the thorough beat ing, which should be done on a marble slab or stone, with a rolling pin, wooden mallet, or a new hammer kept for the purpose. These biscutts are very nice for travellers as they will keep a week. A little more butter or lard added to this recipe and rolled quite thin after the beating, out square and baked in a hot oven, will make crisp and delicious crackers. Bake the same without pricking, and they will make

Beaten tea cakes: One quart of flour, on tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg well beaten. Mix all together to a stiff dough using any flavor desired, and beat as above directed, roll thin and cut into little cakes. - [Margaret A. Oldham in Dress.

Codfish balls: Equal quantities of boiled codfish minced fine and mashed potatoes beaten together with one or two or more eggs, according to quantity made, and a little butter. Fry in a kettle of hot lard.

Codfish puffs: Make up codfish and potatoes the same as for the balls, rlace in buttered gem pans, butter the tops and bake in a hot oven. Graham bread pudding. Two cupfuls gra ham bread in gem crumbs, three cupfuls swee milk, one tea-cupful sugar, one beaten egg, grated rind and juice of a lamon. Bake 20 minutes in a quick oven. An agreeable varia tion of this may be made by substituting sliced apple for the lemon.

Hash puffs: Form mashed potatoes into paste with one or two eggs, roll out with a little flour, and out saucer shape. Lay upon these cold minced meat, well seasoned, fold like a turnover, and bake five minutes in a hot oven. Lobster soup: Into one quart of milk and one pint of water drop the finely chopped mean

of a large lobster. Season with butter, salt and or a large touseer. Season with a tablespoonful of flour. Boil ten minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS,

Mover stand still in cold weather, especially after having taking a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

A fruit now found in the market is the bitter acid grape fruit. It is excellent for people of bilious habit, and many people learn to like it after eating it a few times. In eating it every bilious habit, and many people learn to like it when the fungus was too near closing to allow after eating it a few times. In eating it every gargling, he blew the dry sulphur through a particle of the skin should be removed from the quill into the throat, and, after the fungus had sections of the pulp, as the inner white skin is shrunk to allow of it, then he resumed the

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pockets on the outside panel for holding cabinet and larger phonographs. The panel may be covered with diagonal cloth, Roman satin or plush, and the pockets to correspond, or of rather broad ribbon velvet, drawn tightly to form a pocket for the photographs.

In cooking catmeal or cracked wheat, if the meal is put into a double boiler and salt added to the water in the outer receptacle, the food will be much improved in teste, the reson being undoubtedly because the meal is better cooked by this process. As salted water does not boil at so low a temperature as unsalted, therefore, the meal is subjected to a greater heat and is proportionately better cooked and much im-proved thereby.

The white worm, which sometimes makes the earth in a plant jar look as if it is alive, can be driven out by stopping the hole in the bottom of the jar, then cover the earth with water in which you have dissolved a little lime. Let this stand for several hours and it is not likely that you will be troubled with the worms any

None of the household arts are more ideal than these which relate to table papery. Fortunately fashion sometimes condescends to the idea, and at present it prescribes minute atten-tion to the table liner. There is a tendency now towards decoration that offers a wide field for the amateur embroiderer, and next to an alter cloth or a baby's frock, perhaps, there is no work that better becomes a woman's leisure hours. The present mode of evering tables with colored cloths stimulates the embroiderer, by allowing her work to tell so finely,

THE FASHIONS.

The shortest veil now admissible completely In Paris Japanese crape is the favorite nev

stuff for tea gowns. The palest, most delicious tones of all colors are now much used.

Soil twilled serge, soft and fine, will be long favorits for the spring gowns.

The dress collar now plays high, the waist-coat low, in fashion's winter game. Double-brested vests of manilea linen are

among the threats of next summer. The bandsome new spring mufflers are in combinations of black and steel gray.

Camel's hair serge braided in self-tones is a favorite stuff for youthful tailor gowns. A new feature of dressy short wraps is the full velves eleeves gathered to a full deep cuff For an all-around servicable full-dress gown nothing approaches a good black real lace

A foreign fancy of the minute is to turn under the band of the long glove, leaving the fingers bare.

The new color, "burnt rose," has more than family likeness to the old fashioned "ashesof-roses. Palamas now come in woolen zephyr spun

ilk, and a flannel fine and soft enough for my lady or her baby. The deep borders of the winter reappear in spring goods, and are supplemented by woven

corner peices as well. Very pronounced plaids in all fashionable colors will be much used for the costume of girls and very young women.

Metal and fancy buttons are only suited to woolen gowns, silk-especially black silk-requires a crocehet or jet fastening. The shape of foundation shirts is unchanged but the single steel is put much lower, and the

pad at the top is very small. The combination of soft gray and shell pink will be almost as much in favor for spring toilets as it has been for winter ones. The soft "art" brocades are much used for

swells tea gowns. In copper shades they have usually a very full vest and a front of soft pink crape. The empire has conquered everything. patterns, small, firm and close set, appear in all stuffs from white embroidered mull to black

Chantilly lace. Paris has begun to wear wool for its under cloibes, and chooses the finest cashmere in the most delicate shades and made up as daintly as

either silk or linen. Hyacinths, orchids and heath, all as natural

Home and dinner gowne red bengaline combined with red crepon have full skirts, round shirred waists, and are often finished with a puff and frill pink crepon about the neck. Double breasted vests, with lapels and out-tons so exaggerated as to claim kin with the

empire and directoire gowns of young women, are the delight of some Fitth avenue swells. Colored English crapes, the same as the black wrinkled mourningfabrics, are much worn for ball

gowns, of which they form the skirt and sleeves with a low waist of velvet or satin. Parisians of the great world now wear the crest embroidered on the cuffs and collars of their gowns, but have quiet banished it from the handkerchief corners, where it was for so long

supreme. Young girls in Paris are wearing diamond this winter, a thing heretofore unheared of The stones, however, are small and fine, and set in line as dewdrops upon thread of gold to

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S THIRTEEN DAUGHTERS.

Sir Charles Russell, who has been brought prominently before the public in connection with the struggle for Home Rule for Ireland, is a remarkable man in more respects than one He is about fifty years of age. He stands 5 feet 11 inches high, and is built like an athlete. His complexion is florid, and his hair is dark bis profession with distinction in Ireland and England for a quarter of a century. He was knighted when he was made Attorney General of England, and no man ever left the office with

higher reputation. His domestic life is one that any man might envy. He lives in a princely mansion at No. 22 Harley street, in the fashionable West End. Nearly all the property in that vicinity is owned by the Duke of Beautort. His family worship in the beautiful Catholic Church in Ogle street, near by. They are the admiration of the congregation, and no wonder they should be. It is a sight to observe the handsome lawyer and his graceful wife with their thirteen precty daughters as they enter church.

Yes, thirteen splendid girls, who raise one above the other like the steps of a stairway. There is no boy in the household. It takes three pews to accommodate the family, and They say in this country that thirteen is an unlucky number, but in the part of Country Waxford from which the Russells hail no family is considered complete till it numbers twenty-one. By that time there may be several sons.

A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA. The following extract from a South African

paper is republished by request:—We can vouch for the efficiency of the following remedy for diphtheria: A few years ago, when this dreaded disease was raging in England, a very simple and rapid remedy for it was discovered by the celebrated Dr. Field. He put a tea-spoonful of flour of sulphur into a wine glass of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting the gargle out, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, to which he had bear at 11.2 in extreme cases, to which swallowing of it. In extreme cases, to which he had been called just in the nick of time, osk trees. As Madeline passes by she will pay very hitter and quite unwholesome.

Bittle visit, to each a she knows most of them. A novelty in acroens are those with flare and direction.

MONTH OF THE HOLY FACE

[Translated from the Annals by Rev. E. Didier, and read in March at the third Friday meeting of the Confraternity in St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore.]

DEAR ASSOCIATES—It is a sweet consolation for us to be able to offer to work with the consolation.

DEAR ASSOCIATES—It is a sweet consolation for us to be able to offer to your piety a new and fresh gift from the Heart of Jesus—the month of the Holy Face. Already for a long time this favor has been sought for with earnest-ness by a large number of souls devoted to reparation. To-day there is no more hesitation or delay; the time is at hand. For some years the question has been asked with much anxiety. Whither are we tending? Henceforth, we will no longer ask ourselves that question. Each one, in his inmost soul and conscience, sees the abyss wide open, and society at large precipione, in his immost soul and conscience, sees the abyse wide open, and society at large precipitating itself therein with a giddy and frightful rapidity. It is a terrible sight and destruction, The justice of God is about to exercise its power. See the reason why Jesus, the supreme Mediator, by the voice of his Pontiffs, urges, Mediator, by the voice of his Fouling, urges, prays, conjures, "the charity of Christ presses us," See why the good Master, after having inspired us with the thought of asking of our dear associates, each Friday of the year, the devotion of the Way of the Cross as a reparation for the wants of the Church and of society, makes of us to day a new request, "a month of the Holy Face.

Here two questions present themselves; 1.
What time of the year is most suitable for the month of the Holy Face? 2. What acts of devotion are most proper? First, our Saviour, by the voice of the Church, His well-beloved spouse, seems to have answered the first question. A month of the Holy Face ought to be, above all things, a month of penance, a month of reparation, a month of more intimate union with Jesus, our Reedemer. But, dear associates, the month of April seems naturally designed because, different from other months of the year, it seems to expect something special from the piety of the faithful, and chiefly because it the piety of the fatthful, and chiefly because it is most frequently during this month that the Holy Church proposes for our adoration the Holy Face, disfigured by the humiliations of His Passion, glerious in the triumphs of His Resurrection. We invite you, therefore, dear associates, to unite with us during this month, and a participate with heart and soul in the and to participate, with heart and soul, in the pious exercise, which will take place each day pious exercise, which will take place each day at 5 o'clock in the Oratory. Secondly. But what acts of devotion will be most suitable for the month? "The Month of the Holy Face," prepared long since and with great care by one of our dear conferres, shows you the way. You will there find for each day a short meditation, which will fill you with devotion toward the Holy Face, will make known to you its advantages, and will inspire you with practical resolutions in regard to making reparation. There is also added a Mass in honor practical resolutions in regard to making reparation. There is also added a Mass in honor of the Holy Face, Acts of Reparation, and various other prayers of M. Dupont and Sister St. Pierre, which each one may recite according to his attraction. To work, then, dear associates, to work; the time is pressing, labors hasten. To a society which is weakening, which is crumbling, and which is hastening to its run, let us offer the plank of salvation, the sovereign Mediator; and to the divine justice. sovereign Mediator; and to the divine justice, which is ready to strike, let us oppose the sorto repeat during the month: "Look, O Lord, upon the Face of Thy Christ, and show us mercy.'

C. BALZEAU, Director. Tours, February 4.

THE HOLY FACE WORTHILY HONORED IN A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

It is question of a community of Bourges what it does, may serve for an example to others:
"I don't wish to forget the name of Rov.
Father B M. a Franciscan. I had promised myself to try and make him a promoter of our myself to try and make dim a promoter of our confraternity, but the few hours he passed in Tours in your society have made of him an apostle of the Holy Face. He is entirely devoted to the interests of the work, and he loves the Oratory of M. Dupont with all his heart. From the 17th to the 21st of November the Rev. Father gave a little retreat to our scholars; and all his love for the august Face of Jesus was growed in the heavet of these door children. and all his love for one abgust face of Jesus was spread in the hearts of those dear children, and it has completly renewed them in their devotion to the Holy Face. Since their retreat they have chosen a day of reparation each week, and it is really consoling to see them praying, their arms extended before the holy image, in

order by atone for poor sinners.

"As for us, Rev. Father, reparation is going on every day, being made by a professed Sister and a novice. Each evening I have the privilege, as zelator, of notifying the two adorers of the morrow; in this way there is no danger of forgetting. In the morning, on awaking, the two chosen must direct their intention for the special duty of reparation. Each offers up during the day whatever of sacrifices, morbifica-tions, etc., the rule may permit; that is the secret, known to God alone. But what every one knows is that, in the morning for the Sister in the evening for the novice, each must go and make acts of reparation before the holy image, and recite the litanics and other prayers. It is seldom that, in entering the chapel, some one of the community is not found before the Holy Face, toward which we all are filled with devo-tion and confidence. From our Rev. Mother General down to the youngest postulant the question is who shall do the most; and truly our Saviour is very good to us for having inspired our Mother, Saint Roch, to come to an understanding with the good Father Janvier in establishing in our chapel a confraternity which brings us so many spiritual favors."

ST. JOSEPH AND THE HOLY FACE.

It would be superfluous to ask what is the

relation between the reputed father of Jesus and the Holy Face. After Mary, was he not the first apostle of reparation? Did he not belold the first after her, the adorable face of the Infant Jesus? Did he not, with Mary, love and admire. His smile, wipe away His tears? Was he not for almost thirty years an adoring angel of the Holy Face at Bethlehem, in Egypt, at Nazareth? Which was, think you, the happiest day in the life of St. Joseph? Was it, perhaps, the day of his espousals to the Blessed Virgin? the day when the angel from heaven came to dispel the cloud and snatch from the loving heart of Joseph the cruel doubt which was making him a martyr? or was it the day when he saw the images of Egypt falling down at the feet of the Infant God? To find that fortunate day, to salute that blessed hour, we must go to the crib of Betblebem. It is at midnight; allence reigns around Joseph and his holy spouse; ence reigns around Joseph and his holy spouse; poverty, neglect, suffering are their portion; and yet the heavens how down, the moment is solemn, the earth waits for its Saviour the clouds are about to rain down the Just One. He appears, all on a sudden, in the arms of Mary, smiles on her, and gives her a look of tender ness and love. Joseph remains prostrate on the ground; he adores, he blesses, he is transported with joy, with gratitude and love. But Jesus has turned also His loving countenance toward him, and Joseph has felt penetrating his soul the ray of light which calls him to contemplate the sweet visage of the word made fiesh. He dares then raise his eyes toward Jesus, look upon his divine face, answer to His filial love. He approaches on his knees, and Mary places Jesus in his arms, and Joseph presses Him to his heart, and, encouraged by his God, he smiles upon Him, loads Him with caresses, and always kneeling, with religious respect, he gives a holy kiss of paternal tenderness to able face of the Saviour Jesus is all to Joseph, and Joseph is all to Jesus. What a delicious hour, what a heavenly moment for the saintly patriarch!

PRITY VEXATIONS.

THEY SHOULD BE MINDED AS LITTLE AS THE

CHANGEFUL SKY.

1t is of the utmost advantage, for our own pesce, that we should learn, as much as possible, to regard the little vexations which we may, or rather must, often meet from the crossing and jarring of interests opposite to our own, with parring of inveresus opposite to our own, with the same patience with which we have the occas-sional fogs of the changeful sky. The caprices of men are as little at our disposel as the varie-ties of the seasons. It is a folly very similar to expecting in wirter all the flowers and sunshine of spring, and of lamenting that the anow and sleet, which have fallen everywhere else, should have fallen on our little garden.

Said to a great action of the or anything