Youths' Department.

Discard These Words.

An excellent clipping for the scrap-book of young writers, and possibly old ones also, is the following list of words which the late William Cullen Bryant forbade to be used in his paper, the New York Evening Post. While some of the expressions may at present satisfy all the demands of propriety, the greater number are objectionable, and their use should be avoided. The list, modified somewhat by other influential journalists, is as follows:—

"Above or over, for more than all; anent; artiste, for artist; aspirant; auditorium; authoress; beat, for defeat; balance, for remainder; banquet, for dinner or supper; bogus; caption, for the heading of an article; casket, for coffin; casualty, for accident; claimed, for asserted; collided; commence, for begin; compete; congressman; cortege, for procession; couple, for two; darky, for negro; day before yesterday, for the day before yesterday; debut; decease, as a verb; democracy, applied to a political party; donate; editorial; else's; employe; endorse, for approve; en route; esq.; graduate, for graduated; historic or classic, for historical; Hon.; House, for House of Representatives; humbug; in this connection; in our midst; item, for particle; extract, for paragraph; is being done, and all passives of this kind; jeopardise; jubilant, for rejoicing; lady, for wife or woman; last, for latest; lengthy, for long; leniency, for lenity; loafer; located; loan, for lend; Mrs. President, Mrs. Governor, Mrs. General, and all similar titles; occur, for take place; official, for officer; ovation; over his signature; parties, for persons; partially, for partly; past two weeks, for last two weeks; and all similar expressions relating to a definite time; poetess; portion, for part; post-graduate; posted, for informed; progress, for advance; quite, prefixed to good, large, etc.; raid, for attack; realized, for obtained; reliable, for trustworthy; rendition, for performance; repudiate, for reject or disown; residence, for house; retire, as an active verb and for going to bed; Rev., for the Rev.; role, for part; roughs; rowdies; Sabbath, for Sunday; sanctuary, for church; standpoint, for point of view; sensation, for noteworthy event; start, in the sense of setting out; state, for say; such a fine house, for so fine a house; taboo; talented; tapis; the deceased; vicinity, for neighborhood; war, for dispute or quarrel."

Some Useful Hints.

Having been asked by friends frequently for advice for their boys in handling guns, I send you a digest of same. Perhaps, as the shooting season will now be on soon, you might think them worth publication:

1. Empty or loaded, never point a gun toward yourself or any other person.

2. When afield, carry your gun at the half cock. If in cover, let your hand shield the hammers from whipping twigs.

3. When riding from one shooting ground to another, or whenever you have your gun in any conveyance, remove the cartridges, all a breech loader, it being so easy to replace them. If a muzzle loader, remove the caps, leave off the nipples, and place a wad on nipple, letting down the hammers on wads—simply removing caps sometimes leaves a little fulminate on the nipple and a blow on the hammer when down discharges it.

4. Never draw a gun toward you by the barrels.

5. More care is necessary in the use of a gun in a boat than elsewhere; the limited space, confined action, and uncertain motion making it dangerous at the best. If possible no more than two persons should occupy a boat. Hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating.

6. Always clean your gun thoroughly as soon as you return from a day's sport no matter how tired you feel; the consequence of its always being ready for service is ample return for the few minutes' irksome labor.—*Forest and Stream.*

Fighting a Swordfish.

A huge swordfish and three fishermen had a terrible encounter outside the Golden Gate, opposite Point Reyes, says the San Francisco Chronicle, during which Frane Pino, one of the fishermen, was severely wounded. The crew consisted of Frane Pino, Pietro Moltini, and Joseph Gorpinani, which latter gives the following description of the encounter and the manner in which Pino received his wound:

"We left North Beach at 3 a.m. and pulled our boat around to the Point Reyes fishing grounds, and were engaged in hauling the nets about 300 yards from shore. There was quite a heavy swell, although the sea was not what might be called rough. Suddenly there appeared about twenty-five yards from the port bow the huge black dorsal fin of a swordfish. It remained in sight between the crests of two waves only an instant, reappearing again, coming directly toward the boat. I warned my companions, and arming myself with a large boat hood, awaited the onslaught. The black fin next appeared near the bow of the boat, where I was standing, and, aiming a blow at the fish, I sunk the point of the hook to the hilt in its back. The monster lashed about with its tail, churning the water in its agony into a foam, its head and long sword appearing above a wave, while its large, round eyes were ablaze with fury. It made a ferocious dash at the boat, nearly upsetting it. Meanwhile Mottini had secured an old harpoon, and, standing amidships, awaited another attack. We had not long to wait. Suddenly the boat was struck fairly on the bow and was raised out of the water sliding down the fish's back as the shining monster rose like a shot from the water, nearly upsetting us. For fully five minutes the fish circled about the boat, which Pino was trying his utmost to pull into shore. The fish gathered itself for another attack, and as it passed the side of the boat Mottini sank his harpoon fully ten inches into its back. The fish swam a short distance away and sank beneath the surface, its course being marked by a streak of blood as it flowed from the two wounds. While we were waiting for another opportunity to jab the monster Mottini noticed his head appear above water on the port side of the boat. This time it dived again and struck the boat a terrific blow just at the water line, its long tusk or sword penetrating the planks as though they were of paper. Pino was heard to scream as though he had been shot. I turned to learn the cause of his cries, when I noticed that the sword had passed through the fleshy part of Pino's leg, tearing the flesh and crunching the word of the boat as it passed out. Water began to rush into the boat through the hole, and the horror of sinking was added to the dangers from the monster. I stuffed some old sacks into the hole as quickly as possible and bandaged Pino's leg, which was bleeding profusely. Mottino took the oars and pulled with might and main until we reached shallow water, when we pulled to the Black Point Cove, where we removed our wounded companion to his hut and summoned medical aid."

Pino's wound is dangerous; the arteries are severed and it would be almost a miracle if his leg should be saved.

AN IRISH SAINT.

The Cathedral at Mechlen Dedicated to an Irish Saint.

The Belgian Catholic Congress opened on September 4th, under the presidency of Mr. Jacobs, Belgian Minister of State, at Malines. Malines, or Mechlen, as the Flemish call it, is a very picturesque Begian city, fourteen miles from Antwerp. Unlike many cities on the continent, its streets are broad, and it boasts of a fine public square and market place, and has many magnificent buildings. Among the magnificent places of interest to the traveler, are the Arsenal, the City House and the Asylum for 800 elderly women of good character, and who have seen better days. The Cathedral of St. Rumold is a building of massive Gothic style of architecture. Mechlen was an Irishman, born in the eigiith century, and afterwards Bishop of Dublin. Zeal for spreading the Gospel induced him to travel into Lower Germany to preach faith to the inhabitants who were still in the darkness of idolatry. He, as our own National Apostle, before entering on his work, first journeyed to Rome to receive his first commission from the Head of the Church, and after receiving the apostolic blessing, turned towards Belgium and converted to the faith the natives around Mechlen. During a few days' retreat, which he was in the habit of making, he was slain on the 24th June, 755, by two sons of a native prince. Bribal, one of whom he had reproved for his iniquity. The Catholics of Mechlen was fain to receive the precious relics, and like many saints on the continent bears the name of an Irish saint. He is one of our Irish saints of whom Lecky, in his History of the 18th century, [illegible] is forced to say: "Ireland bore a great and noble part in the conversion of Europe to Christianity. . . . The new Christian life of Ireland soon beat too strongly to brook confinement within the bounds of Ireland itself. St. Patrick, the first missionary of the island, had not been half a century dead when Irish Christianity flung itself with a fervor zeal into the battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world. This is true to the present day. Irish missionaries labored among the Picts of the Highlands and among the Frisians in the Netherlands of the Northern Seas. An Irish missionary, Columban, founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines. The Canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary, before whom the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of Lake Constance. For a time it seemed as if the older Keltic race, that Roman and German had swept before them, had turned to the moral conquest of their conqerors as if Keltic Christianity was to mould the destinies of the Churches of the West." The name and fame of Irishmen, therefore, are not unknown in the province of Brabant. The churches in Malines contain some of the greatest masterpieces of the immortal Rubens and his pupil, Van Dyck.

A Common Error.

In certain circles it is taken for granted that the Catholic Church is opposed to science, but a slight knowledge of history will recall such eminent names as Fallopius, Eustacchius, Vesalius and Malpighi in the domain of physiology; Buffon and Cuvier as zoologists; Jussieu the botanist; Galvani, Volta, Ampere and Gramme in electricity and measure; Fresnel in light; Lavoisier and Chevreul in chemistry; Descartes in philosophy; Torricelli, Galileo, Mariotte and Regnault in physics; Bishop Steno as geologist, botanist, and anatomist; Clavius, Mayer, De Vico, and Grimaldi; Copernicus, the monk of Thorn, who dedicated his book to Pope Paul III.; Gassendi, the Padre Piazzi, Theatine monk, who discovered the first of the asteroids on the first day of the present century; Secchi, and Father Perry, greatest of travelling astronomers of immortal fame and all Catholics. All were men of science, every one of whom died members of the Catholic Church. In navigation we might mention Hardley, the inventor of the quadrant; Vasco da Gama, and the great Columbus, who did so much for geography and travel. Leonardo da Vinci, painter, pioner, geologist and designer of the trussed bridge. These and ten times more would still be a fraction of the names enrolled on the long list of Catholic scientists. The Catholic Church is ever encouraging her children to take their place as discoverers and collectors of knowledge, but she forbids them to use fact in defence of fancy opposed to her teaching. She cautions them that human reason is fallible and prone to mistakes, and that in all things they should strive to so use their discoveries that there will not be even an apparent contradiction between them and those truths the promulgation and protection of which have been entrusted to her by her founder the Redeemer.

Rain Making.

The Government experiments in the art of rain-making seem to be successful to a considerable extent in Texas, says an American paper. It has been demonstrated for a certainty that the clouds can actually be tapped by the firing of mortars charged with dynamite bombs, and that even in the most arid regions the same result may be attained by discharging bombs from balloons. The only question now is whether the fertilizing and sanitary results will be worth the expenditure that such an aid to nature entails. So far the impression is adverse. From all these tests this much is very evident—that we are now entering upon a new field of investigation, the heavens, and that we will before many years have passed over our heads have as completely mastered its forces as we have those of the earth itself.

QUERIES.

Oh, tell me are the skies as blue
In Ireland as of yore?
Do valleys wear that verdant hue
They once so proudly wore?
Do zephyrs o'er her meadows sigh?
Can pilgrims' eyes see still
The fern leaves on the mountain high,
And heather on the hill?
Do rivers run
Through forests dun,
Or by each castle hold,
With pattering feet,
And cadence sweet,
As in the days of old?

Tell me if yet round towers stand
In silence, to proclaim
The glory of an ancient land—
The splendor of her fame?
Can men still see the rath so green,
The abbey, lorn and lone,
The holy well, in glen serene,
And quaint Druidic stone?—
The castle-caves
Where ivy leaves
Sob—crooning in the blast,
O'er bright hopes fled,
Brave chieftains dead,
And relics of the past?

Oh, tell me are the maids as fair
As in the long ago,
With laughing eyes, and raven hair,
To set one's heart aglow?
Say, have they still the modest grace,
And blushes like the dawn?
The beauty of the classic face?
The meekness of the fawn?
Or are they true,
Dear land, to you,
As they who scorned the frown
And ruthless swords
Of Saxon hordes,
By Limerick's leaguered town?

Oh, tell me if the grand old names
Have magic power still?
To kindle Freedom's sacred flames,
Like Baal-fires on the hill?
The saintly Laurence, brave Red Hugh,
O'Neill, of famed Tyrone,
And Sarsfield bold, and Emmet the
Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone,
And all who died
In manly pride,
On scaffold, or in fray,
To save the isle
From Saxon wile,
Or shatter Saxon sway?

Oh, tell me if the night be done,
And daylight's on the strand?
And if a summer's lustrous sun
Shines on a risen land
Have voices from each hill and glen
Taught men to do and dare—
The path to tread—the goal to win—
The glorious crown to wear?
If so—may soon
A cloudless noon
Our aspirations hail,
And men acclaim,
In Freedom's name,
The triumph of the Gael!

—*Eva [illegible]*

Golden Gems.

Our thoughts are our friends or our enemies, according as they are good or evil.

It is more carelessness about the truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.

A rich man cannot enjoy a sound mind or a sound body, without exercise and abstinence; and yet these are truly the worst ingredients of poverty.

In our ministry to men, we must imitate the angels: they do not neglect any means to procure their salvation, but the result, good or bad, causes them to lose nothing of their blessed and eternal peace.

To make our work or act sublime we must make it real. It is a system that counts not the single word or unsupported action. Use what language you will, you can never be anything but what you are.

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truth of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it wheresoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.

If the globe were one mass of the purest gold, if the stars were so many jewels of the finest order, if the moon were a diamond, and the sun a ruby, they are less than nothing when compared with the infinite value of one soul.

If I had an insupportable burden—if for my cause I were bent upon sacrificing every earthly hopes as a peace offering toward heaven—I would make the wide world my cell, and good deeds to mankind my prayer. Many penitent men have done this and found peace in it.

The grave buries every error; covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. Who can look upon the last resting place even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

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Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Teacher: "Name some of the most important things existing today which were unknown one hundred years ago." Tommy: "You and me."

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—:o:—

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THE HOLY COAT.

Was It Woven by Our Lady? A Probable Theory.

The Very Rev. George Canon Hobson, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Exeter, writes:—"I have read all the very interesting matter about the Holy Coat at Treves contained in five numbers of the Catholic Times. I have been somewhat forcibly struck with an omission I observed in those numbers, and which I have equally observed in the other Catholic papers.

"I do not know whether it has been deliberately done or not, but the English Catholic papers have failed to bring out, if they have not entirely ignored, this fact—granted the Robe, now being exhibited at Treves, is actually the seamless garment of Our Blessed Lord for which the soldiers cast lots—then it is probably a garment woven by the hands of Our Blessed Lady for her Divine Son in His Childhood, and which grew with his growth.

"Maldonatus, commenting on v. 35 of St. Mathew, c. 27, says: '*Vulgaris est opinio, probabilitate non carens, tunicam illam inconsutilem a Matre Christo adhuc puero factam fuisse*'—'There is a common belief, which is not altogether improbable, that this seamless garment was made by Our Lord's mother for Him whilst He was a child.' Therefore, of course, it must have grown with His growth. And this is just what Cornelius a Lapide explicitly states in his commentary on the same passage. He writes: "*Euthymius* says there is an old standing belief (which he himself accepts) that this seamless garment was made and woven by the Blessed Virgin for Our Lord whilst He was a child. Consequently, it would seem that the garment grew with Our Lord's growth, as the garments of the Hebrews grew during their 40 years sojourn in the desert. This seamless garment is now religiously preserved and visited at Treves.

"To insist on this most interesting tradition may, perhaps, somewhat sharpen the shafts of some infidel writers, but consistent Protestants, if such there be (with the Book of Deuteronomy in their hands), should not object to it.

"I will only add that, as I knelt before that holy garment at Treves and pictured to myself Our Blessed Lady making it with her pure, virginal hands, St. Joseph often taken it into his holy hands, and Our Blessed Lord wearing it and staining it with Precious Blood, I realised the mystery of the Incarnation in a manner in which it has never before presented itself to my mind."

Dr. T. A. Slocum's
ONYX ENNOBLED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OILS. It has been Compounded [illegible] for use by all druggists. [illegible]

The Papal Throne.

"The Roman Pontiff, [illegible] nevertheless as coming [illegible] authority that a certain [illegible] probably Austria, whose foreign policy is not favorably regarded by the Vatican, upon which it has [illegible] considerable influence, has already prescribed itself, in Conclave, in a manifestation to the Pontifical Chair, in favor of that of Cardinal Lavigerie or some other French prelate. This power has commissioned a Cardinal devoted to her interests, to inform her what are the claims of electing a successor to Pope. The majority of the Cardinals have declared they will not depart from the old tradition of electing an Italian. The foreign Cardinals, with few exceptions, have agreed on two essential points, viz., the Conclave and an Italian Pope.

Certain Roman journals have circulated rumors that a very lively contest took place, around Leo XIII., between the friends of Cardinal Lavigerie, who desired seeing him come to Rome at the head of the Workingmen's Pilgrimage, and the other Cardinals, who desired that the Pope should instead Monsignor Lavigerie to absent himself from Rome on this occasion. Concerning these statements we are authorized to contradict them by good authority from the Vatican. Cardinal Lavigerie never intended accompanying the Workingmen's Pilgrimage, whose Grand Protector, Cardinal Langenieux, is already in Rome.

"Malaria"

Literally, means bad air. Poisonous germs arising from low, marshy land, or from decaying vegetable matter, are breathed into the lungs, taken up by the blood, and unless the vital fluid is purified by the use of a good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, the unfortunate victim is soon overpowered. Even in the more advanced cases, where the terrible fever prevails, this successful medicine has effected remarkable cures. Those who are exposed to malarial or other poisons should keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Overwork.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their mental work well into the night, who during an evening follow attentively the programme of a theatre or concert, or who devote evenings to the proceedings of societies or clubs, are awakened in the morning or in the night with headache. He is particular to say that he does not refer to that headache which our Teutonic brethren designate *Kater-jammer*, that follows certain convivial indulgences. This headache afflicts many persons who are quite well otherwise, and is due in part to the previous excessive work of the brain, whereby an abnormal flow of blood to that organ is caused, and in part to other causes—for example, too great heat of rooms, contamination of the air with carbonic acid, exhalations from human bodies and tobacco smoke. For a long while the doctor was himself a sufferer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself from it by simple means. When he is obliged to continue his brain-work into the evening, or to be out late at night in rooms not well ventilated, instead of going directly to bed, he takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking this tramp, he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed, he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortening of the hours of sleep, he awakes with no trace of headache.

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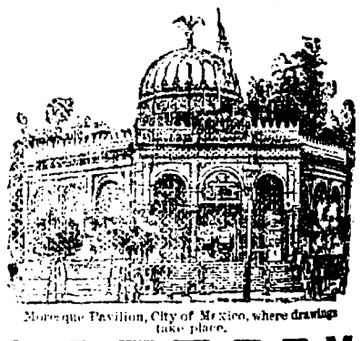

Moresque Pavilion, City of Mexico, where drawings take place.

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20 Prizes of	200	are	10,000
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