्राया है जो को पार्ट के के इसके सामे के सामे के सामे के साम के साम है जो के साम के साम के साम के किया है। जा क

RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

Mrs. Lemoyne did not insist, but raising herin bed, looked about the room apparently it rob of something; then falling back on her low she pointed to the letters of which Migranette had spoken to Terosa, and to a book with fided binding which had fallen on the floor

with raded binding which had taken on the noor in the overthrow of the work basket.

"Read them, dear Miss Teresa," she said with an effort; the girl hesitated; "Oh! do not refuse me," she implored, and the tears came again to her eyes, "my troubles are there, my life is there, it will save me the pain of machine."

Teresa took the letters and the book and promised to read shem when Mrs. Lemoyne was adleep. She gave her the soothing draught, and than she could have hoped saw her patient fall into a quiet sleep. She then put the amp on a table behind the oursain, opened the letters and began to read them.

The first letter was as follows:

"I have received your letter, my dear Louisa. with all its tender reproaches; you are longing for news of me, but I would give ten years of my life to be silent. Oh! my beloved, be brave, and remember that you are all I have on earth. How can I tell you of this fresh blow? My hand trembles and my eyes aredim. Alas! alas! our boy, our little Charles is dead, my brother is dead, I am here alone, alone and broken-hearted! And this has come just when my business was beginning to prosper, when the reward of my banishment seemed to be drawing near, and I could look forward with some certainty to the end of my separation from you, from Madeline, and from my native land; in the midst of my bopes this double grief has come upon me? In one week brother and son were carried off by fever, and I myself laid on a bed of sickness which I am only beginning to leave. John was the first to be struck down. In him I lost an affectionate brother and an intelligent helper; but still my hoy was left to me; but when I saw him also die I was almost overwhelmed by deepair. I languished on for a month, regardless of my own sufferings, and remonth, regardless of my own sufferings, and refusing all remedies; my strong constitution at
last got the better of the malady; I lived to
suffer. But though my bodily strength is beginning to return, my moral power is gone. I
have no energy, no courage—with these two
graves before me, I am utberly broken down
Louisa, if you love me, grant my prayer! Come
to me! When I have you with me! will begin to work, I will make up my mind to live; but without you my days will pass away, I shall not be able to do anything, and before a year is gone I shall be dead. I am asking you to make a great sacrifice. The climate here, though healthy for bhose of mature age, is often fatal to children born in another country, therefore, you will have to part with our little daughter for a while. I cannot advise you to bring her with you. Let us at least preserve one of our children. Your mother cannot surely make her share the unjust aversion she has shown me, you might entrust Madeline to her care till our return. Or, if you prefer it, choose any school you like for her and I will undertake to meet you like for her and I will undertake to meet the expense. In four years we shall be able to return to France. Have you courage to be separated from your child for so long? I know I am asking an immense sacrifice, but think of the void which these two deaths have made in my life, remember how lonely I am, and forgive my selfishness. The ship which is now starting from France next February.

"Five o'clock striking and Unaries is now take! It is really too bad! And mamma used to lament that he was not a lawyer or a doctor or a clerk or, in fact, in some profession. Oh! what it would have been! He would have been the work, and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. Thank and his wife would have been left alone. The sally his only one, and I shall be all to be alone the was not a lawyer or a doctor or a clerk or, in fact, in some profession. Oh! my selfishness. The ship which is now starting will set sail again from France next February. She is the 'Hope of Hayre.' Captain Tressac, who is a friend of mine, has promised to do everything he can for you. Come with him if you come. Kiss our little Madelines the usand times for her poor father; do not let her know that he is taking you away from her. Fare, well I my own dear wife! your how is an angel. well my own dear wife! your boy is an angel in heaven, but his father is a poor, desolate creature almost driven to despair. My fate is in your hands. - CHABLES."

The second letter was shorter; it ran thus:

" MADAM,-Mr. Lemoyne has given me this letter to despatch by the mail, and as his old friend, I take the liberty of myself writing to you and informing you of his condition. He is troken down by sorrow at the death of his brother and of his boy: his very reason has been brother and I assure you have a my house. in danger, and I assure you, upon my honour, that I do not believe it possible for him to live America, where his establishment is situated. I do not know what would have become of him but for the thought of you, madam. The only thing that upholds him is the hope that you will consent to come and join him. Your answer will be, I feel persuaded, life or death to him. I have seen him for a moment and I wished to bring him back to France, but he would not hear of it, and will never return until he has carried out his engagements towards the family which has been ruined by his misfortunes.

which has been ruined by his historiums.

"I shall set sail to-morrow and hope to be at

Hâvre by the end of January, starting again at
the end of February or beginning of March.

When you have come to a decision,
write to me, addressing to the postoffice at Havre, and be assured, madam, that I will do my best to make the long passage, always so trying to a lady, as easy as possible to

"Believe me to remain yours truly, MICHAEL TRESSAC.

When she had read the letters, Teresa opened the manuscript book. It was a journal, such as many of us may have begun to write in early youth, and afterwards prodently burned when life has brought sorrows and dispelled our illusions, and we'no longer care to keep for some fu-ture day an exact record of our past or even of OUR DIESERS.

Teresa's eye ran rapidly over the first part of this journal, which was written with the greatest care and neatness. It was a simple and charming account of the happy life of a young girl. It spoke of winter days spent in town girl. It spoke or winter tays spent in town with their pleasures and gaieties, of summer days in the country or at the sea side full of enjoyment of another kind, but no less innocent and no less keen. The tale was bright as a song and no less keen. The tale was origin as a song and bore no trace of tears. Some little clouds were caused, it seemed, by the peculiar temper of some one who was dear to the writer, but that was all.

The events recorded were not of a very startling character: the visit of a friend some delightful surprise provided by a beloved father, who was constantly mentioned in the journal, the first ball, a boating party, a concert, a village; such were the subjects of the story which evidently came fresh from a heart

full of youth, love, poetry, and mirth. But by and by the style seemed to change, the careless, laughing girl grew dreamy and thoughtful. There were apprehensions and uncertainties in view of an important decision which was to be made, evidently the girl's fate was about to be determined. She became a wife

and then began the second part of the journal, The second part was as full of storms and darkness as the first had been of calmness and The beginning of the life might be compared to some clear stream whose limpid and transparant water flows gently on between the grassy banks reflecting the beauty of the blue sky, and of the trees with their long graceful branches and light trembling foliage; the later course was like that of the torrent fed by the heavy rains of winter or spring, rushing dark and muddy down from the mountains to the valley beneath, and carrying away many an uprooted shrub or sapling, and many a broken flower, and leaving to mark its devastating pass-

age nought but a deep, hare furrow.

This second part of the journal, which was written hastily and triefly, contained few dates, was not, however, without some rays of sunshine.

The first pages indeed breathed nothing but happiness and love. It was like a strain of wild music whose opening chords, by their marvellous sweetness, bore the soul away into a region of superhuman felicity, of unmixed joy; but graver tones soon mingled with the harmony; the music grew heavy and its character; was altered. A storm was coming, the sky was altered. A storm was coming, the sky to justify his aversion.

grew dark, the air became heavy; the storm "What need was there to reproach him so some burst and nothing save mournful wailings harshly now, after three years have gone by, and cries of despair was to be heard; Joy had flown with the little debts he had incurred when a vertisement in another column.

back to heaven, and his brother, Sorrow, had laid hold on the once happy existence. The music ended with a cry of bitter anguish.

Such was the journal of the young wife, but much was there before the last sad cry.

For the better understanding of the story we

will lay before our readers this second ploture, which, with its scanty lights and its thick heavy shadows, is like some audient painting of the death of a saint. All is dark, the painter has shadows, is like some ancient painting of the made insupportant to him? Danking death of a saint. All is dark, the painter has a quiet with me and my children, and they will skilfully cast gloom over his figures, save where see if he leaves home by choice. My poor one ray of heavenly light illuminates and, as it father grouns and often says to me, 'Alas! I were, transfigures the features of the saint. was always affaid that she would not get on the saint. We have some and the saint the saint that the saint that

tered on that life together to which we have looked forward as our greatest happiness. There tered on that life together to which we have looked forward as our greatest happiness. There are no more visits, no more interruptions. On my God! how happy I am! I am so happy that, during my husband's short absence, I must write it down in this book, which has been the confident of my girlish dreams. I think that even my mother, stern as she is and hard to please, now feels that she did well to yield and to let me marry for love. And, indeed, Charles is a most dutiful and charming wind in the state of the costs me more than I can say to leave my old father who is so loving and so kind: but I must do my duty. If my husband yield and to let me marry for love. And, indeed, Charles is a most datiful and charming
son. The sight of my happiness makes my
good old father young again. He loves Charles
almost as much as I love him, and only yesterday, when his heart was touched, he told me
that if he had known him he would not have
that if he had did. He heritated because I hesitated as he did. He hesitated because am so young. Eighteen is early to be a wife, and many wise friends have shaken their heads and said, 'It is very young!" And so it is, for those who marry for the sake of riches or am-

me? Why should we look anxiously into the future? The present is so smiling, so delightful! I desire nothing! I wish for nothing— I am happy, happy, happy !" in the phaeton which has but two places It is very tiresome. Charles told me in a whisper as he started, that some day or other he would drive very badly. He is just as much vexed as I am; but how can he refuse my mother, who has never been contradicted? I have begged him to have patience, and I have put on a look of resignation to show him a good example.

But, alas! as soon as he is out of the patience, and is not a soon as he is out of the patience, and is not a soon as he is out of the patience.

For to me! Charles is growing a fine strong boy; he looks like ten years old, and he is only just seven. My little Madeline is very different, she is such a delicate child and requires the greatest possible care. Her tather is perfectly devoted to her, and his anxieties, for he is often anxious though he does not admit it, are dispelled by her caresses. Charles and John are working hard; but I dread the arrows. that all my beautiful calmness is gone. I have done a little of everything but settled to no-

bition; but for me! am I not quite devoted to my husband? and is not he quite devoted to

thing. I have put flowers into the vases— Charles loves flowers as much as I do; I have read a column or two of the newspaper to papa, who smiled to see how I kept looking at the time-piece, which moved its hands with a most annoying slowness; I have settled Charles's things, for, like all men, he has very little idea things, for, like all men, he has very luttle idea of order; I have done some sewing, I have embroidered a little, I have tried to amuse myself at my pisno, and now I come back to my journal to cheat my impatience. Poor Charles! I am sure he is wearied to death. He will amuse himself by buying eveything he thinks I will like. He is so generous! a little too generous perhaps; but I am here, and it is my business to look after things and see that our supersess. o look after things, and see that our expenses

purse is ever open to us! The only pity is that very little money is entrusted to him! Five o'clock striking and Charles is not back! It is really too bad! And mamma used his only fault, really his only one, and I shall never try to drive him into a more active kind of life. There is quite enough for him to do here. He will take an interest in my father's farming operations, and I will go out to the fields with him when it is fine, so we shall have an object in our long walks.

are not beyond our means. Happily, too, papa's

There is Médor barking ; can some neighbor have been ill advised enough to choose this day for a visit? No, Medor has stopped barkday for a visit? No, Medor has stopped barking and seems delighted. He knows it is his master. It is Charles; he is looking about for me and wondering that I am not in my accustomed place, by the glass door. Shail stay here and make him search for me? No, he would read my journal and lands he

"This is the 15th, I find; I have been married a year to day. Just a year! The cares of life have come upon me early. Where are the blissful dreams of last year? Alas! they are gone! It is not enough to have a husband one loves; life is made up of a great many little things, which must be attended to. We risk our happiness if we are too hard to We risk our happiness it we are too hard to please, or too exacting towards others. I find this to my cost. I am not of an exacting temper, nor is Charles. He is kind, though his impatience often grieves me: but my mother. Oh! I do not understand my mother. I am as submissive and gentle as when I was but a child, and that is not enough for her; not only must her will be always mine, but it must only must her will be always mine, but it must also be imposed upon Charles, and the yoke is becoming more than he can bear. He rises against it, the tyranny provokes him and he gets out of the way as often as he can, although it is by leaving me. To-day again, I have begged him to listen to reason and not to continue a useless struggle; he promised to be patient, and now some fresh annovance has driven him. and now some fresh annoyance has driven him to fury. He has gone without even telling me where, and has left me alone by an empty cradle —empty, but for a little longer. Oh! when the little stranger is there, all my sorrows will be

over! "A child brings life and joy to a house. Everyone will be trying to win a smile from the baby, and blessings will be poured down on its little head. Delightful prospect! I shall never be lonely or forsaken. Peace and harmony will be restored between Charles and my mother, the will become less imparious, and he will be be restored between Charles and my mother, she will become less imperious, and he will be less violent, for my Charles has a good heart. He is distracted with joy at the idea of being a father, and I must say, that but for his quarrels with my mother he would be all that he was in the early days of our wedded life. I don't have what to say between them. don't know what to say between them, but soon there will be another with me, and the grand-mother and father will leave off their dreadful discussions to listen to the babble of the infant. O my God, let it live and become an angel of peace and love to the household !"

"I have found this book by chance. I used once to write in it day by day a record of my life. I have read the journal written when I was a young girl, and during the first months after my marriage, and tears have filled my eyes which are now well used to weep. Mine is a strange fate! I suffer only hrough those I love dearly. I see hatred and opposition springing up around me, while my own heart is full of love and forgiveness. The daily scenes between my mother and my husband are killing me. In their presence I still control myself, but when I am alone with my two babies I can do nothing but weep. Poor little things! they look at me and wonder. Madeline, who can but lisp a few words, but whose intelligence and heart are already awakened, wipes away my tears with a kind of impatience and kisses me until no trace of them was a young girl, and during the first months impatience and kisses me until no trace of them is left. Charles begins to ask a great many questions which are often very hard to answer. He is quite aware of the constant disagreement which exists between his grandmother and his father; indeed, when carried away by anger, both too readily forget the presence of this innocent witness of their quarrels."

youth, and which he had confessed to my father before our marriage? What evil genius induced her to repeat to him, with exaggeration, the accusations made against him by that treacherous friend who knew full well that she was continuous triend who knew full well that she was casting oil upon the fire of our domestic dis-cord? He goes to the cafe, and he plays, and my mother storms? But why is home to be made insupportable to him? Let him but be were, transfigures the features of the saint. Was always affaid that she would not get on The first two pages of the journal furnish this ray of brightness. In those which follow our sales will find the gloom.

"At last we have left town. We have en-

"A separation was threatening—now it is de-

"We are now at Havre. Charles has become a stock-broker, and has invested my fortune as well as his own and his brother's. He is full of hope, and has become affectionate and kind as of old. Every efford I have made for reconciliation with my mother has been in vain, she lation with my mother has deed it vall, its looks on me as an ungrateful and unnatural daughter. But was I to become an unfaithful wife and a bad mother? Was it not my duty to teach my children to love and respect their father? Poor little things, they are a great company of the strong the strong of the generous and too ready to trust others. May God bless their efforts and provide for the welfare of my children !"

"It is all over; we are ruined, nothing is left us, nothing—not even a hope. Charles has had fits of despair which have made me fear that his mind would give way. The thought of the family whose ruin is involved in ours, adds another burden to that which is overpowering him. It has not been his fault, but what matter? The inexorable reality is pefore us. A whole year of terrible anxiety has ended by a catastrophe whose results surpass all our fears. Thy will be done, O my God! Complete resignation is the only stay of my weary heart. Charles is ill, but so calm that I feel more alarmed than by the violent outbursts of his grief; he must be meditating some fresh, some fatal project. Oh! if we had at least been able to save the wreck, the two thousand pounds that be-longed to that poor family, I could courageously enter on the life of self-denial and privation

which is before me, but with this memory how can we be at peace?"

"They are gone! my husband, my boy and my brotner! What I have suffered hitherto was nothing compared to this If only I could have gone with them! but the life of my little girl was at stake. O Blessed Virgin, keep them from all dauger, and pray for them that their hopes may not be disappointed in the distant land to which they are going. Above all, watch over the child who is so early removed

from his mother's loving care !
"My darling Charles! how could I ever make up my mind to part from him? How could I consent to the sacrifice which my husband asked of me, not as a right but as a favour? Alas! it would have been selfish of me to persist in reusing, and I yielded. Since I saw the last of the ship which is bearing them away I have

been but half alive, my heart is torn in two.

"My mother writes to me and says that I have only got what I deserved; that as my husband has squandered my fortune, which came in great measure from her, she cannot assist me, her own affairs being also in a very bad state, thanks to my father's negligence and in-capacity. I will do without her help, but it pains me to receive instead of consolation this cold letter which contains not one

cold letter which contains not one word of sympathy or of affection.

"I am going to Paris. There, unknown among the multitude, I will work for my child beneath the eye of God, Who alone can soften the sorrows of this time of trial, and Who will bless those who receive with submission the purifying sufferings which He lays upon them."

After reading these mournful pages. Teresa After reading these mournful pages, Teresa looked with tearful eyes at Mrs. Lemoyne, who was still asleep. Her very sleep was restless, and the heart breaking realities of her cruel position pursued her even in her dreams. Sighs broke from her lips, her hands were raised in broke from her lips, her hands were raised in supplication, and tears flowed from her closed eyes. From the suffering mother, Teresa turned to the cot where lay the child. Mignonette had thrown saide the coverings and unfastened her cap, and her head with its chestnut curls rested on her rounded arm. The little face was quiet, and the graceful delicate form still. Doubtless one of the angels who watch over little ones was apreading his wings over her, and Louddess one of the angels who watch over little ones was spreading his wings over her, and through them came that mysterious light which sheds over little features an expression of innocence, of calmness, and unspeakable peace, and refreshes the eyes of mothers even when they are weary with weeping.

Think of the approaching separation of these two beings, who were one in heart and soul, Teresa brushed a tear from her cheek and murmured with a sigh, "Poor mother! Poor

CHAPTER V. CONSOLATION.

Teresa spent the next day and several more with Mrs. Lemoyne. She was witness of the conflicts which rent the young wife's heart, between the motives which called her to go forth to the New World, and the maternal love which urged her to stay with her little daughter. Several doctors were consulted, and they un-summously declared that Madeline's delicate constitution could scarcely bear the fatigues of the long jurney and the great change of climate. the long jurney and the great change of climate.
After many anxious uncertainties and much hesitation, she made up her mind that it was her duty to go, wrote to her husband telling him of her decision, and to her father entreasing him to wastle over the child during the four reary of expersion. Targes had required her years of separation. Teresa had promised her, that if the grandparents refused this sacred trust, she herself would take Mignonette with

her to England. The answer was not long delayed. It came from Mr. Gerbin, Mrs. Lemoyne's father. He said that his wife, who was ill, had not been consulted, but he bimselt would go for his grandchild, and that the warmest welcome should be hers. A considerable sum of money accompa-nied this letter.

(To be Continued.)

A BLOOMING FLOWER GARDEN!

Who of our lady readers would not like to have one this coming summer. Surely not one, especially as it can be had without any expense whatever. All lovers of flowers who fail to take advantage of the liberal offer made by S. H. Moore & Co., New York City, in this issue of our paper, will miss a really good thing. This publishing firm is eldestablished and thoroughly reliable—and the offer they make to give away 200 varieties of Chelos Flower Seeds with a three-months' subscription to their charming ladies' paper -The Ladies' World-for the insignificant

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Pulverized soapstone is beneficial to chaied feet. When traveling a good precaution is to

have your written address about you, toserve In case of accident. Those whose dislike to see the arms un-

covered when evening dresses are worn, will Pull open with the fingers and butter. be glad to know that sleeves are again a feature of full dress toilet. English ladies wear broad veils, about a

yard in length. The centre of the veils are of spotted net, and the borders of real lace in beautiful paterns.

Brass and copper articles can be given a coat of lacquer at a foundry, after which no polishing will be needed, but dusting only like any brig-a-brac.

All the girls in Philadelphia's upper tendom are now wearing silk stockings with their monograms worked on the instep, where, with low slippers and dainty raised skirts, they are made to show to advantage. A two-letter monogram costs \$2.

The woman who, six months age, was wild to have a garden, is now crazy to have her husband bury a small pile purchasing a green flower-stand and a lot of Roman hyacinths, to freeze as stiff as the kitchen boiler during the next cold spap.

A reader's position should be such that the light may fall on the page, not on the eyes. Reading by insufficient light, whether natural or artificial, is very damaging to the sight. The best wash for inflamed eyelids is a weak solution of salt and water. Half long sleeves of black or white lace are

trimmed with ribbon epaulettes, bands of velvet laid upon the sleeves diagonally, arrangements which give the effect of inserted puffings of lace, and embroidered flaps with pendent bead fringes.

Not only lamp chimneys but glass dishes will be much toughened by boiling. Place in a kettle, with a folded towel to keep them from contact with it, fill with cold water and heat to bolling, let cool before removing the

FACTORS IN COLDS.

In every case there are two factors, an irritant and a susceptibility of the system, Among the irritants are microscopic germs pharynx, lungs, stomach or bowels.—Youth's Companion.

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

Cocea and chocolate are both delicious and nourishing drinks which the average housekeeper rarely makes well. The trouble in milk taste sickly. Chocolate requires more oare in making, and is rather more expensive than cocos. It is really no trouble to make than cocoa. It is really no trouble to make the latter, as put up by a well-known English firm, and it is an excellent thing for the children's breakfast during the winter. It must also be most highly recommended to nursing mothers, providing additional nutriment for the extra strain on the system. And | put on a cool cake, important to lean and angular girls, it is a great thing for rounding out curves and giv. the apples with sugar, butter and candied ing generous covering of flesh. lemon peel. Brush all over with sweetened

BED AND BOARD.

sensible, as they protect the table-cloth, four cups of sifted flour and two tablespoon-Crocheted mats are the most useful, easily fuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, put washed and durable. Hemstitching on both tart jelly between them. and ice the ton table and bed linen is universal. With the former the housekeeper can choose between plain hematitching, drawn work, and fringed borders. Tray cloths, napkins and square and centerpieces for the table are finished to match the cloth. Some linen sheets are hemstitched at both ends, and the pillow and bolster cases match them. An upper sheet | eggs chopped fine and a glass of wine. Garfor the guest chamber, besides hematitching nish with hard-boiled eggs.
at the end which is to fold over, has open work and fine embroidery extending nearly half a yard from the hem. The shams are done in the same pattern. A bolster sham is less trouble than the embroidered sheet, as a tablespoonful of salt; then beat three eggs, it can be easily removed when the bed is a tablespoonful of dissolved sods and a teaabout to be occupied. When the same pillows are to be used, plain cases are first put on, and the embroidered ones are taken off for the night.

FASHION POINTS.

Pinkand black isstill a favorite and stylish combination.

Good black gimp in wide open patterns renains a favorite trimming for both black and colored silks,

More velvet, both black and colored, has been sold, bought and worn this season than for ten years past.

Woolens for spring and summer are very sleazily woven, with straight threads or else in canvas patterns. The genuine leg-o'-mutton sleeve, full sev-

o new spring gowns. Black butterflies, perched on the extremest tip of the trimming, will be a favorite orna-

ment for spring bonnets. Wide braid of gold or copper divides honors with moire ribbon as the favorite trimming for spring cloth gowns.

The old-fashiened puffed undersleeves of lace or thin muslin have been brought out -r wear with silk and velvet gowns.

loose bunches of heliotrope or a bright jonquil or two are now more chic with walking gowns than the universal violet.

Pearls are quite the rage, and most stylish when worp in perfectly straight rows. Roman pearls are used almost as artistically as the real gem. The fancy for different sides goes even to

the sleeves of ball gowns, many of which now have a puff upon one arm and a flat strap on Many of the new spring woollens show two-

inch blocks of various colors. They will be made up in combination with plain stuff of their dominant shade.

With brown and tan woollen gowns silk sashes of gay Sootch plaids will be worn. Sometimes a panel of the gay stuff will appear in the skirts as well.

If trains are worn they must be soft throughout, simply faced with silk, and quite independent of the foundation skirt, which barey reaches the floor. It is told as a fact that wigs, not frizzettes, nor braids, nor puffs, but actual wigs, are to cover women's heads this summer, and he

suited to the gown they go with. Heavy woollen serge in dark colors will be much used for spring walking suits. Black cord gimp, underlaid with bright cleth, will be the most stylish trimming for it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THIN BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one stock of a gun.
tablespoon of lard and butter mixed, and one A restaurant tableapoon of sait; make into a stiff paste with cold water; beat dough until it blisters roll thin, prick with a fork and bake quickly

BUTTERMILE MUFFINS. -- Beat hard two eggs into a quart of buttermilk and stir in nour to make a thick batter (about one quart), stir in a teaspoonful of salt, add the same of soda; bake in a hot oven in well-greased tins.

CHICKEN POT PIE -Wash and cut chicken and boil for fifteen minutes, then take out and put in a kettle with several slices of salt pork and two or three pints of water, one tablespoon of butter, a sprinkling of pepper and add dumplings. Let cook about an hour.

COLD SLAW.—Shave off a large white head of cabbage and season with the following dressing: Une oup of cream, one and a half teaspoons of mustard, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of butter, one tablespoon of sugar and yolk of one egg beaten light. When boiled, add one cup of strong vinegar, stir well and pour over the cabbage.

CRUMB PUDDING .- One quart of sweet milk, one pint of bread crumos, three quarters of a cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, butter size of an egg, flavor with lemon; bake in a slow oven; when done spread over a layer of jelly, whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, add one cup of powdered augar, pour over the jelly and bake a light brown. Serve cold.

CHICKEN CUTLETS.—Trim the remains of a cold roast of boiled fowl into nice cutlets, Cut pieces of bread of the same size and shape. Fry the bread to a pale brown in good die hung.' butter, and put in the warming oven, with "You are fr door open to keep warm. Dip the cutlets in

CREAM CAKES .- One cup of hot water, onehalf cup of butter; when it boils add one cup flour and cook till thick. Set this aside and let it get cold, then add three well-beaten eggs and a half a teaspoonful of soda. Drop this on a buttered tin, a tablespoon for each cake, 11 inches apart. Cream for filling: Scald one cup of milk, add one egg, two desertspoons cornstarch and one-half cup of sugar; a small teaspoon vanilla.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING .- Boil one quart of milk, keeping out one small cupful; mix taken in without, as in influenza, and certain this with five even tableaponards of Indian poisons which are developed from nutrition meal, stir it into the milk and boil for ten or imperfect assimilation within the body, minutes. Take the kettle from the fire and and which it is the office of the liver to des melt into the much two ounces of butter, atirtroy. Indeed, the effects of the two causes ring it well in. Then stir in one tenganist of ring it well in. Then stir in one teacupful of are essentially the same, for the germs act by brown sugar, one teaspoonful of molasses, generating certain violent poisons, which irritate the mucous membrane of the nostrile, ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful cinnamon, half a teaspoonful cinnamon, half a teaspoonful cinnamon, half a teaspoonful cinnamon, the cinnamon cinn cloves and four eggs beaten very light. Bake two hours.

Ecc Snow .- Put into a saucepan a pint of milk, adding two dessertspoonfuls of orange water and two cunces of sugar and let it boil. Take six eggs, seperate the yolks from the whites, beat the latter to a froth or snow, and put into the boiling milk by spoonfuls; the material used, and it simply makes the stir the whole about with a skimmer. When done take the eggs out and dress them on the dish for serving. Thicken the milk over the

four or five minutes, then stir till cold and

water, and sprinkle with bread crumbs browned in hot water. Bake.

JELLY CAKE. - One cup of butter, two cups Table-mats are again in fashion, and this is of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, tart jelly between them, and ice the top.

BOILED TONGUE.

Take a corned tongue and boil tender: split it, stick in a few cloves, cut one onion, a little thyme; add some browned flour. Have the tongue covered with water, in which mix the seasoning; add three hard-boiled

HOMINY MUFFINS.

Take two cups each of cold boiled hominy and sour milk, two tablespoonsfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of white sugar, and cupfull of flour. Can't bake too quickly.

CHOPPED SCALLOPS.

Chop fine a medium sized onion and fry it with one onnce of butter; while the onion is frying, chop fine one quart of scallops and put them in with the onion, stir until half fried, then turn the juice off; take from the fire, mix the yelk of an egg with it and add a little grated nutmeg, finely chopped paraley, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread th mixture on scallop shells, dust with bread crumbs, put a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut on each, and bake in a hot oven from ten to fifteen minutes.

A RICH BARED APPLE PUDDING.

Stew some apples with sugar to taste, a few currents, some chopped up almonds, a little mixed peel cut fine, and a pinch of eral inches below the elbow, will be a feature ground cinnamon. Make a crust as for an ordinary pudding, grease the pudding basin, and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, line it with some of the paste, put some of the fruit at the bottom, then a layer of paste, then another of fruit, and so on till the basin is full, finishing off with the paste; sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon, and bake it. It will turn out of the basin when baked. A simpler method is to peel and cut the apples, and lay them on the paste with the other togredients and the addition of a little water.

IMMORAL METHODISTS.

ANOTHER UNSAVORY SOANDAL AT TORONTO.

TORONTO, March 21 .- The publicity given to the elopement of Burder Musson with the young girl Milly Spanner, has brought to light another scandal that is sgitating Methodist church circles. Strong efforts have been made to keep the case from reaching the ears of the congregation, but the Sunday school teachers have spread the story pretty well over the church membership, and a writ, it is said, will be issued immediately. It is stated that the parties principally interested are two Sunday school teachers, the young man being well off, and the girl very highly connected in the city. It is understood that the young man has offered to settle the affair by the payment of \$1,200, and negotiations are now pending, but should these fall through a suit for seduction will be tried at the next Civil

Has a finger in the ple-The butcher who loses a digit in the mincing machine.

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning test of probity. Let the iconoclastic work of another, we were undone.—[Philip Henry. go on !

GLEANINGS.

An unavoidable breach of the piece-The A restaurant waiter takes in the measure

of a man from tip to tip.

"In the game of lawn tennis, my dear what is the most difficult thing to acquire Husband-" The lawn."

First Magner—"What is your name, Miss Waltress—"Pearl." Second Masher—"Ah are you a pearl of great price?" Waltress— No; I am the pearl before swine?"

Son and Heir—"Papa, why is our State called a commonwealth?" Cynical Father (with thwarted ambitions)—"Because, my son, the common people seem to have all the wealth.'

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No douht," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him,' "Would you believe," said the thriftless young man to a friend, "that I had a for-

tune in my grasp last evening?" "How so?" asked the friend, "I shook hands with a lady whose fingers were covered with diamonds," Signs of Greatness .- Mrs. Hopeful-" Is my boy improving any?" Professor of Pen-manahip—" He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad no living soul can read it,"

"How levely! The darling! He'll be a great authorsome day." A Ulergyman of Tact.—A clergyman who was called upon to deliver the funeral sermon over a victim of Judge Lynch won the admir-log gratitude of defunct's friends and at the same time built a towering monument to his tact by choosing as his text the words "The

"You are from the country, are you not, air?" said a dandy young bookseller to a door open to keep warm. Dip the cutiess in sir! said a daily young bounded to a melted hutter, mixed with the heaten yolk of an egg; roll in cracker dust, season with salt some trouble. "Yes." "Here's an essay and pepper, and fry for five minutes. Serve on the rearing of calves." "That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present to thy mother."

Agreeably Disappointed.—Miss Clara-"So Mr. Featherly acted as your escort at the Vancouver affair last week I hear, Ethel." Miss Ethel-" Yes, Clara. Did he say that he had a pleasant time ?" Mes Clara—"Oh yes, I heard him say that he had a much pleasanter time than he anticipated."

A SPERCH BY MARK TWAIN.

The following was delivered by Mark Twain at the Correspondents' Club dinner, Washington.—Mr. President, I love the sex, I love all women, irrespective of age or color (laughter). Mean intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to women, sir. She sews on our buttons, mends our clothes, she ropes us in at the church fairs, she confides in us, she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors (laughter). She gives us advice and plenty of it; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes and sometimes all of it (laughter). Wherever you place woman she is an ornament to the place which she occupies, and a treasure to the world. (Here the speaker paused, and looking round upon his auditors inquiringly.) The applause ought to come at this point, (Great laughter). Look at Cleopatra, look at Florence Nightingale, flockat Lucretia Borgia, (Volces—'No, no.') Well, suppose you let Lucretia slide. (Laughter.) Look at mother Eve, (Cries of 'Oh, oh, and laughter.) You need not look at her unless you want to; but Eve was an ornament, sir, particularly sugar and five tablespoonfuls of milk, boil four or five minutes, then stir till cold and put on a cool cake.

BAKED APPLES.—Pare and core and fill Stanton, look at George Francis Train— (great laughter) - and, sir, I say it with bowed head and deep veneration, look at the mother of Washington. She dragged up a boy that could not lie? I repeat, sir, that in whatever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

We can get life and happiness only in Christ, -[MoIntosh. Nobody can live longer in peace than his neighbor pleases.—[Asiatic Proverb.

Great wealth and content seldom live together. -- [Spanish Proverb.

He's a fool that's wiser abroad than at home,—|Russian Proverb.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.—[Sir T. Brown. We cannot worship "the Unknown God";

at least, such worship lacks eyes and light, and is fitter for owls and bats than for man. -{Spurgeon. As the principle of love is the main princi-

ple in the heart of the real Christian, so the labor of love is the main business of the Christian life.—[Jonathan Edwards. Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice; and a smile at a jest which plants a thorn in another's

breant, is to become a principle in the mischief. - Sheridan.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER That slander, like mud, dries and falls off. That he who gathers roses must not fear

That to wait and be patient soothes many DADE.

That all are not princes that ride with the emperor. That correction is good when administered

That it takes a good deal of grace to be able

to bear praise. That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power. That there is no limit to the age at which

a man may make a fool of himself. That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brows of these who

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others .- [Good Housekeeping.

RESPECTABLE VILLAINS.

The Buffalo Union and Times says :-- "One excellent thing about the over-throw of Walter of the London Times is that it will shake public faith in such sanotimonious and irreproachable idols. Here was a man mov-ing in the best society of the first city of Europe, a man whose credit was unimpeach-able in financial, governmental and journalistic circles, whose manners and address were those who of a cultured gentleman, whose intellect was almost reverenced, and whose honor was unquestioned.

Yet this man has been found capable of employing the meanest, lowest, dirtiest and most criminal methods of undermining and ruining a statesman whose political life is a glory to mankind. The knowledge of Mr. Walter's infamy cannot fail to render scound rels of the same calibre more easy of unmask ing. In other words, seeming respectability, benceforth will not be deemed as an infallible