€**2**≦.,

MAY 1 1889

way for a woman, are to him incomprehensible, In China when the men are gorged the

In Onina when the men are gorgen the women dime off the scrape; but in the West "at meal-time the men must wait until the women are seated, and then take one after another their places, and the same rule must be

a bare skin as a mark of respect. He is greatly exercised how to describe kissing ; the thing or word does not exist among the Chinese, and ac-cordingly he is driven to describe it. "It is," he says, "a form of court-sy which consists in presenting the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a sound"—argin. "children when

presenting the nps to and sower part of the chin and making a sound"—again, "children when visiting their scalors, apply their mouth to the left or right lips of the elder with a smacking noise." Women as shop attendants, women at

noise." Women as shop assession, it is the bound of the bound of the basses on to "at the basses on to "at

writer's attention, and he passes on to "at homes" and dances. "Besides invitations to dinner there are invitations to a tes gathering, such as are occasionally given by wealthy mer-chants or distinguished officials. When the

time comes, invitations are sent to an equal

number of men and women, and after these are

all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread, and the like are served out as aids to conversation. More particularly are their inventions to skip

and posture, when the hosts decide what man

is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man Then with both arms grasping each other they leave their places in

pairs, and leap and skip, posture and praces for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may

Hints for the House.

Prof. Porter says plants in the house are not

Knives and forks should be carefully washed, polished and dried immediately after using.

Plan how to have a good garden. With a

proper arrangement at least two good crops can

Old table clothe, after they cant be no longer darned and used for table coverings, may be cut into squares, hemmed and used for bread, cake

For chapped hands make camphor ics of one

and one-half ounces of spermaceti tallow, four

teaspoonfulls of oil sweet almonds and three fourths of an cunce of gum camphor pulverized fine. Put on back of stove until dissolved, stirring constantly, using just enough heat to melt the ingredients together.

Many disease germs enter through an open

mouth. The mouth was not made for breathing, but for eating and speaking. The nose was

made for breathing, and air, passing through the long, moist, nasal passage, is purified, and leaves behind dust, disease germs

atr.

ma impurities, while the

injurous, except in sleeping rooms.

be grown on most soil in the garden.

#### TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE THE

# **RESEDA:**

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

CHAPTER XIIII.-Continued.

"No," said "Alan, "I am the only one here who is a cause of useless expenses; but I will. give them up. I enjoy the races and you send me to them twice in the year, that is at an end now, and if necessary I will sell Discul. It. costs more to keep him than it would do to keep Keep Madelinb."

father, who observed his animated manner, but did not catch his words.

but did not cased in words. Bridget repeated them, and the old man look-ed tenderly at his grandson and nurmured, "He is a true Oldcastie!?" "Well, Aunt Hermine," said Alan. "It is quite settled is it not?" We are to transplant little Mingnonette to Oldcastle."

"Let it be as you all wish," answered Her-mine; "It she is to spend her life at Oldcastle. she will not have a great deal of amusement, but at least she will be loved." "I will go with you by and by, sunt," said

Alan, who seemed in remarkably high spirits ; "I will bring Faufare and Rapineau with me, and if the guardian makes any objection, upon my word, I will set them at him."

A somewhat similar scene was at the same time being enacted at the lawyer's house. Mr. Dubouloy had come home with a heavy heart, deeply grieved at the indifference of Maleline's happine Gertin. ess manifested by all the relations of Mr.

Gertin. "Lamentations are useless," said Mrs. Dub-ouly, interrupting her husband; "this is a case of acting instead of grieving. What you tell ma cuts me to the heart, and I will not let Madeline be treated thus; it would be the death of her. We are by no means rich, and we cer-tend there are the term acting that we children here we they will get on, and we have by no means rich, and we cer-tainly have a great many children, but you see they are growing up. With the blessing of God they will get on, and will by-and by be indepen-dent of us. And besides, after all, where there is enough for nine, there is enough for ten. My opinion is that we had better take Madeline, has will be like a doughter to me

she will be like a daughter to us." The lawyer began with some "ifs" and some "buts," which his wife leasily set aside, and he ended by giving her consent to her plan; and indeed, to do him justice, it was his usual habit to wild to the wither site with such habit to yield to the wishes of his wife.

"It might be well," said Mrs. Dubouloy, "to seem to take the children into our counsels, George is eighteen, and he may think that he has a right to a vote in a question of this kind.'

Mr. Dubouloy made no objection and she sent for her boys. They arrived in full force;

is was the last day of the vacation. "My boys," said Mrs. Dubouloy, without further preface, "you are all very fond of little Madeline, are you not?" "Yes," was the unanimous answer. "Well 1 the poor child is left alone and poor, and the is going to be then purp hy a granding.

and she is going to be taken away by a guardian who does not know her or love her, and who looks on her as a burden and a trouble. Just think what is before her ! Well, your father and I, knowing all this, have settled that we will take her to live with us."

'You have done well, mother !" exclaimed the boys, with one voice. "You are good children; I was sure you

would think we had done the right thing. I will go myself and claim Madeline, and if nothing hinders it she will be here this evening as my daughter and your sister."

accordingly at the time which had been appointed for the last meeting of the relations, Hermine Oldcastle and Mrs, Dubouloy met at the gate of the White House, neither for a moment suspecting that their errand was the

is it not, Hermine ?" "Very sad, my dear Pauline, and who knows

what kind of neighbors we shall have here ?" "Oh ! I assure you, that is the smallest of

my anxieties. There are circumstances con-nected with this sale which have shocked the my anxieties, thus which have shocked the upright heart of my husband : the White House will not often see me in future. But, indeed, if these people will only leave me indeed. If want no more from them."

TOU say ?

beth, who had setterwards become more and

1 81.1

beth, who had a terwards become more and more irritable and yexations. When the good prices returned from the gar-den, Madeline was still sewing. "I have good idws for you, my child," said he, "the benants of the White House have granted my request. We will go and Willy with us" (Willy now filled the place of Job, who had lately entered the Seminary,) " and you have full permission to take anything you like out of the cerden."

the garden." an I may have my mignonette plants ?"

said Madelme. "Oertainly; come quickly." "May I go, Elizabeth ?" saked the child,

sently. "Since the Rector wishes it, you may, but bry and not leave your work lying about. One must always clear up after you." , "Go, my little Madeline," said Martha, "I

will put is by." '( Madeline thanked her with a look, and went away with the Bector and Willy, the latter of whom carried a basket and a spade... "At the gate the priest left the little girl, who most dama tha spane and turned into the gar.

went down the avenue and turned into the garden. Her heart was heavy and her face was sor-

rowful as she visited the spot where she had once been at home. She could hardly go on to ner old garden in which still flourished some plants of mignonette not yet smothered by the weeds. She sank on the ground beside them, and burying her face in her hands burst into tears.

"Poor child !" said a gentle voice, and a "Poor child !" said a gentle voice, and a gloved hand was laid on her uncovered neck. She looked up. A young lady of middle height, simply and elegantly dressed, and wear-ing a round hat with a brown veil through which the fair skin and hair were but imper-fectly seen, stood by her side. Madeline, ab-sorbed in her grief, had not seen her come.

"So is is you that were so anxious to take the few plants of mignonette?" said the unknown

lady, "Yes," answered Madeline, sadly; "they "Oh! my poor grandpapa!" she exclaimed,

with a fresh outburst of grief. The stranger, touched by the child's deep and genuine sorrow, went to a little distance to let her weep without constraint, and only returned when she saw that she had become somewhat calmer.

Willy had by this time arrived and begun his

work. "Willy, do you think they will live after being moved ?" asked Madeline, drying her eyes. "Where can I have heard that little voice?"

murmured the lady to herself, putting back her veil to look the better at the child. At this moment, Madeline looked towards

the lady and saw before her a kind face lighted up by the sweetest blue eyes. She started, the mignomette plants fell from her grasp; she joined her little hands and ex-

elaimed : "Oh ! you are Miss Teresa !"

"Oh ! you are Miss J'ereas !" "And you are my pretty Mignonette !" said the lady, throwing her arms around her : " how was it that I did know you at first ?" A very simple chain of circumstances had brought Tere's to Kerprat. Sir John, like many other rich Englishmen, was in the habit of epending a part of the Year in his yacht, and had already visited many of the shores of Europe in this little floating mansion.

This season he was coasting along the north of France; but before he had been many days at sea, an attack of serious illness had compelled him to put up in the nearest port. The doctors who had been summoned had recommended him to remain on shore until the attack was over, and as the inn to which he had, in moment suspecting that their errand was the same. After the customary greetings, Mrs. Duboulcy began a conversation by saying : "It is sad to come back to a friend's house when it has passed into the hands of a stranger, is it not, Hermine ?" had become necessary to look for a house in the neighbourhood. The White House was vacant for the summer, and its new proprietor was de-lighted to meet with so good an oppertunity of letting it. Sir John with his family and servante were accordingly established there, the pretty yacht in the meantime was anchored in a bay beneath Oldcastle, and was visited on

You say ?" "Yes, she will become our eighth child. It would be a great grief to me to know that she was unhappy." "But she has not yet heap given to you ?" "But she has and Mary, who was taller and former days; and Mary, who was taller and and more beautiful but not otherwise altered. She also made acquaintance with Mrs. Fellows, a poor relation of the Burtons and widow of a Protestant clergyman; this lady had become a Catholic and had undertaken Mary's education. Lady Burton was in good humour that day and Mary was glad to see her former companion, ro Mignonette was well received. Mary took her to the yacht, which was riding at anchor in the bay, and the aw everything on board Sir John's summer palace. She opened her eyes in astonishment at the luxury and riches displayed on every side, and Mary laughing said, '' Madeline seems to be Afraid of soiling the carpets." Indeed Madeline walked with careful steps through the cabins, where every inch of space was turned to account and fresh splendours m., s her eyes on every side, It was late when she returned to the Presby tery and she went to sleep wit out shedding one tear at Elizabeth's scoldings, The presence of Teresa in the neighbourhood made a great change for the batter in Madeline's position. The Regtor used his authority, and the result was that she had a free permission to go to the White House at often as she wished. In general she was welcomed there ; Mrs. Fellows grew quite fond 'of little Miss Gertin, as she was generally celled in the neighbourhood, where the name of Lemoyne was almost forgotten But the child's of lef desire in going to the White Hopre was to see Teresa. She was cer-tainly ford of M.cs. Dubouloy and of the Oldas a child, instead of sitting close to her work, which is bad for her health. Come, little one, he added, drawing the piece of work towards. the young English lady, who could spaak of her himself, " put it away, I tell you ; go and run about and play or you will see I shall be quite Madeline reject to the same of the Mac ine taiked of the grandiather whose death she mourned. Teresa seemed to enter into all her feelings ; when Elizabeth's harshness had brought a cloud over the little heart, Teresa's careases would dispel her sadness ; and Madeline became more and more warmly astached to her friend. A sight of her was a consolation, and she could have borne any trouble with patienue beneath the gaze of Turesa's blue eyes. The young lady was aware of Madeline's devotion, and it caused her many anxious thoughts, for she dreaded the effects which might be produced on the child's susceptible nature still un-der the impression of her "ecent sorrow, by a separation which, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, Mignonette never seemed to anticinate. The three months for which Sir John Burton bad taken the White House were almost at an end, and the captain of the yacht was in readi-ness to take advantage of the first fair wind for the return voyage. One morning, when Madeline came radiant and smiling to visit Teresa, she found her in the

"Ory ! oh ! do cry !" said the alarmed Teresa ; "you are in sorrow and I had rather see you give away." "I can't," said Madeline, putting her hand to her throat and falling forward into Teress's

arms. CHAPTER XVI.

GONE.

When she came to herself she was in the When she came to herself she was in the young English' lady's lap and the Rector and Maruba' were standing near her. Her first thoughts turned to the dreaded departure which had almost broken her heart; she clasp-ed her arms around her friend's neck and hid her face on her shoulder as if in fear. "Dear child," said Teresa, kissing her, " don's be afraid; if you wish to come wish me I will take you."

me, I will take you." "Oh! I do wish it! I do wish it!" mar

mured Madeline ; "take me with you, Miss Teress ! "And so you are ready to leave us ?" said the

Rector, and a great sadness came over his venrable face.

"Grandpapa loved you, and I love you. "Grandpapa loved you, and I love you, cried Mignonette, seizing his hand-"but-"" She stopped, for she shrank from blaming another. "I understand," te-plied the Rector; "I understand but too well. Your happiness does not depend only on me or on poor Martha who is here and who loves you well. Do as you wish, Miss Buston "he continued addressing Trees. Miss Burton," he continued. addressing Teresa, "your request is granted and I make over my rights to you. You live in a Protestant country but you are a good Catholic, and my conscience is at rest on that score. Promise me that you will never forsake her."

"Never," said Teress, "and as soon as I reach England I will write to her mother, that she

Logiand 1 will write to her mother, that she may know where to find her." "Very well, I will undertake to obtain from her guardian the permission which I feel sure be will give, and which in his name I grant beforehand. When do you start?"

"This evening" "Martha, go home and get Madeline's things ready. I will take her to bid good-by to our friends." The afternoon was accordingly spent in pre-

parations and farewell visits. The child's departure was not so much regretted as it would otherwise have been, for many of the neighbors know that Historit's harshnesss made her Madeline herself and by many others, and in the evening, when it was time to embark, all her friends assembled on the shore. Beforeshegot into the little boat which was to convey her to the yacht, she was warmly embraced by all present, and every one, from the dignified Hermine Oldcastle who seldom let her feelings

appear, down to old Annan, wept. Alan Oldcastle, George Dubouloy, and the Rector, went up to the height above the shore and climbed to an irregular platform of rock whence they could watch the departing yacht. The night was calm and starlight, the moon was shining in a cloudless sky and case its serene radiance on the face of the waters. They had a perfect view of the graceful vessel whose white sails were spread to catch the gentle breeze, and could clearly see Madeline at the foot of the mainmast, bare headed, kissing her hand to them. At the moment when the yacht had reached the limits of the space illumined by the brilliant moonshine and was about to

pass into comparative obscurity, Alan and George waved their caps for the last time, and the Rector uncovered his white locks and a last blessing on the child of his old friend. The days which followed were and days at

the presbytery; the child was missed, Eliza-beth, although in the bottom of her heart very glad to be rid of her, was ex-tremely disagreeable and sullen; the grief of her brother and sister irritated her. News, however, arrived that week of a nature to dispel all her discontent. Her brother was nominated by the Bishop to one of the most important charges in the diocese. The utmest wishes of the ambitious Elizabeth were fully gratified, but the feelings of the humble priest were of a very different kind. When the open-ed the letters which conveyed the Bishop's com-mand (for he was not this time consulted as to his acceptance of the post,) he was deeply griev-ed and lost no time in expressing his feelings to his sisters.

"And only think that it is impossible for me

to refuse !" he concluded. "Happily !" thought Elizabeth to herself, and with a smile, such as was seldom seen on and with a smile, such as was seldom seen on her pale lips, she said : "Instead of bemoaning yourself in vain, take your newspaper and read it till your breakfast is ready. When are we to move

"But there was a little girl," said her husband; "what has become of her ?" "I only returned to Kerprat the day before yesterday, sir; but a month ago, when I left, the child was living at the Presbytery with our late Rector, and she had been there ever since Mr. Gertin's death."

"Our late Rector, you say ; do you mean Father Larnec ?" "He is now Parish Priest of Poulmor, and no

doubt he took the child there with him."

"Thank you for your information, my good man," said the gentleman, and taking his wife's arm he led her back towards the carriage. "Our child is at Poulmor, then let us go there at once, Louisa ; shall we not ?" said he,

gently. "After I have said a prayer by my father's grave," answered Mrs. Lemoyne, whom our reader has no doubt recognized. "Very well, I will go round by the road and "Very well, I will go round by the road and

wait for you," said Mr. Lemoyne; "I think we have to turn to the right for Poulmor. Yes, that is it." He stood talking to the coachman and she

went to the churchyard. went to the churchyard. The way was familiar to her, and in a few moments she reached the burying-place of her

family. Her eyes suddenly fell on the little crowned cross. She clasped her hands and cried in despair, "My child ! oh, my child !" then fell on her knees, bowed down beneath the burden

of her heavy cross. of her heavy cross. She remained there, her head resting against the wooden railing, mingling her sobs and grosns with the wind which mourned through the branches of the pine-trees. Her heart was broken, and she might have said, "Is there any

sorrow like unto my sorrow ?" The hope which had sustained her during four long years of trial had proved false; her path lay over graves, death had shown no pity to the old man or to the child Her very life better disciplined, size the proverbial pig that the homely figure, like the proverbial pig that will not be led and more like the same animal judiciously driven. A woman's safety lies in shutting eyes and ears to a thousand things that would shake her love for her husband to its foundation stones—the little discourtesies and was shattered, and but for the one strodg bond which still bound her to existence, she would fain have been laid by the side of those she loved so well. foundation stones—the little discourtesies and indifferences, and small offences against taste and feeling, that are a part of every day's disci-pline. She yields herself willingly to this be-

Mr. Lemoyne called her but his voice failed to rouse her faom her torpor, and she did not move. He grew alarmed and came to seek her, and in his turn saw the terrible inscription. "It is too much !" he murmured faintly,

and for some moments he stood motionless, utterly broken down and undone. He was the first to make an effort, and with-

out saying a word he raised his wife from the around and took her arm beneath his own. She let him lead her as he would. When they reached the carriage, both stood still and each looked in the other's face and said,

'Where are we poing ?" Presently the mother spoke again. Her voice

was almost smothered as she said, "Let us go to the Dubouloys and the Oldcastle ; I want to lear about my father and my darling little Madeline.'

And after that ?--- to Poulmor ?" 

"Where shall we go?" Mrs. Lemoyne bowed down her head, and obbed again. "What does it matter?" she sobbed again. answered.

'Our country is a desolate land to us "exclaimed Mr. Lemoine, with much sgibation : "let us leave it, Louisa ; let us return to America. We are free to go where we will. Tell me, will you

go "What does it matter ?"

The words seemed to give a tasit consent and Mr. femoyne did not ask for more. Taking his wife's arm again he said, "It is decided then; let us go, and have done with it all." The two visits were soon paid, and Mr. and Mrs. Lemoyne heard every sad detail that could be given of Mr. Gertin's death, and all that was known of Madeline, from their sad and

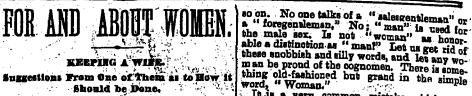
sympathising friends. As they were taking leave of Mrs. Dubouloy, she said, "Our old Rector would like to see you. Won't you go and pay him avisit ""

Mr. Lemoyne looked at his wife and answer-ed, "We want to take advantage of the ship that brought us to France for our return to America, and we must lose no time in gebing to Have. Before we embark we will write to him and thank him for all his kindness to our is the waist and the hips, so common in women child," The firm though and manner in which these escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit

words were spoken let no doubt on the minds of those who heard them as to the accomplishment of going up stairs, which most woman do, bent forward, with the chest contracted, which as well as an indolent, slouchy manner of walking, of the plan.

Disappointed in their fondest hopes, and overwhelmed by a mighty grief, the poor travellers returned to the land of their exile.

Jenness.



Should be Done. 1

It is a very common mistake which men Does any man ever gness, I wonder, how little real significance there may be in the fact that as he reclines in his easy chair of an evening he can glance at his wife whenever he cares to do so over the top of his newspaper ? He sees her pro-file and the outline of her head as the lamplight A Chinese Mandarin's Impressions of the Barbarian West.

reveals it against the shadowy back ground of the room, but he cannot see her thoughts nor know exactly the position that he himself occu-pies in them. One of the things that a woman clings to as long as she lives is her ideal concep-tion of what a man should be. In spite of hercommunicated his impressions of the West to his countrymen deals with great particularity with the position and treatment of women in with the position and treatment of women in Europe. These surprise him beyond measure, Thus the motion of husband and wife walking arm-in-arm in-public places fills him with amusement. "Nobody smiles at it," he says, solf she is continually bringing her husband to self she is continually bringing her husband to the test of comparison with this ideal; not con-trasting him with it to his own derogation, but in the effort to fit him to; the garments of her hero, to clothe him with that hero's attributes and to feel for and in him that love and pride which he hero, month her according "antisement. "Nobody smiles at it," he says, "and even a husband may perform any menial task in his wife's presence, yet no one will laugh at him." Then, again, the notion of men atanding aside to let a woman pass, and the code of politeness which requires men to make way for a woman are to him incomprehensible which the hero would have compelled. woman ventures her whole fortune upon one

card when she gives herself into the hands of a man in that physical, ethical, accial and spiri-tual contract-marriage. A man may find in a pet business project or an engrossing scientific pursuit somewhat that is consolatory after a

domestic disappointment, but a woman has no such alternative. Except her children, if she as such alternative. Except her children, if she as any, nothing can soothe the aching sense of loss that comes no her when she realizes that her dream of love is over, and even children cannot completely fill that dreary void. But the woman's love differs from the man's in degree if not in kind. It is more docile by nature and far better disciplined; less, if I may be pardoned the homely figure, like the proverbial pig that will not be led and more like the same animal

better disciplined; less, if I may be pardoned the homely figure, like the proverbial pig that will not be led and more like the same animal

numbing of the senses, but meanwhile what is the man upon whom her hops rests? Should not he be told something of the struggle by which

she keeps him upon the pedestal where in the

first fresh enthusiasm of her love she placed him?

He would be ashamed to have it said amongst his friends that he was not liberal with her in

the matter of pocket-money, that he subbed her relations, or stinted her in providing the table. He should be just as much ashamed to be told by his own conscience that he had withheld his

interest from her little confidences, or that he had perpetrated any of the trifling offences by which a man brushes the bloom from his wife's

affection. I do men the justice to believe that

they sin ignorantly. They do not guess how chilling are their indifferences, how dishearten-ing their careless criticisms.—Boston Traveller.

To Keep a Trim Figure.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness

and contour of their figure must begin by learn-ing to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest,

the flatting of the back, with the shoulder blades held in their proper places, and the de-

finite curving in the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body on the

hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic English women. Much of

their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures and the fine

poise of their heads. The same aristocratic

carriage is within the reach of any American girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only

the question of a few years of eternal vigilance never relaxing her watchfulness over hereal

and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise, the result being that at the

end of that time it has become a second nature to her and she never afterwards loses it. This

in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well strung, and

"But she has not yet been given to you ?" "No-you ask me as if-

'Why, we want to have her at Oldcastle." "And you have come, as I have, to ask for her?

#### "Exactly so."

"Very well! I really never expected it," said Mrs Duboaloy, with her usual frankness; "but what matter, after all?" she added cheerfully, "it is not a case for mere personal feeling, and whichever of us is unsuccessful need not take it amiss, for anyhow the little one will not be badly off; don't you agree with me ?"

I feel as you do, Pauline,"

And then the two ladies onitered the house, ready to enter on the generous struggle of which Madeline was to be the prize; but, alas I for them both, a thief was in their way.

#### CHAPTER XV.

#### AT THE PRESBYTERY.

" My child," said the Rector of Kerprat b Madeline, who was sewing by Martha's side ; "I don't wish you to work so much. You have given up playing, you must really play and waik about as you used to do."

" Madeline is twelve years old," put in Eliza beth, "it is not fit for her to go about like a

boy." "Elizabeth," said the good pricest, with come firmness, "I thought it was settled that Madeline should be free and should not always have that weary story sound-ed in her cars. She is a child and should play

Madeline raised her pale and little face and looked with timid inquiry at Elizabeth. "I will go when I have finished it," she said.

" Make haste, make haste, then ! I am going to get my breviary which I have left in the arbour, and you must not be sitting there when I come back."

And he went away without heeding Elizabeth,

who was muttering to herself. We need not say that Father Larnec was the thief to whom we alluded in our last chapter. Mr. Gertin had often spoken to him of the anxiety which he felt at the thought that in the event of his death, his grandchild would be left alone and upprotected, and the Rector had

agone and upprocesses, and the Kector had promised that if such a calamity should occur in his lifetime, he would undertake the care of the child until Mrs. Lemoyne's return. He had acted on this promise, and seeing that there was every reason to suppose that Madeline would be as well off at the Preabytery as in Mrs. Dubou-loy's home, where there were already many children, or at Oldcastle, where, if Alan married, A month had now gone by since the day when

he had led little Madeline in her black dress into his house, and had said to his sisters, "I commend her to your affection ; take care of her and love her, as if she were your own child. her and love her, as it she were your own child. Martha had accepted the charge thoroughly, but not so Elizabeth. In the first place, she had not been consulted ; secondly, she was not fond of children and she looked with an evil eye on the affection, or, as she called it, the weak-ness of her brother and sinter of Madeline. Neither the bouching grief nor the sweet disrond of onlidren and she looked with an evil eye on the affection, or, as she called, it, the weak-ness of her brother and sister of Madeline. Neither the bouching, grief nor the sweet dis-turned to look round, she saw her bending position of the little grid availed to disarm her. When the Rector was not present the constantly scolded and harassed, the child and constantly much needless suffering. Madeline, suffer much needless suffering. Madeline, suffer without complaining, for anything, first scene (is the matter, my child. Seering der, and on Chelor was not present when the scene (is the matter, my child. bernhed ther, and on Cherowe occasions, when the heaten, my child." Set of the state of the set of 

midst of preparation for departure. She turned deadly pale. "Are you going away, Miss Teresa?" che asked, with a great

effort. "Yes, dear child, I am sorry to say I am !"

"Going for ever?" "Going for ever?" "Oh! we shall meet again, my dear little Madeline; it is not as bad as it was before, we know where to find each other, and you will write to me often, won't you?" Madeline did not speak, but went and sat

"Next Sunday my successor is to be installed here and I in [my new parish," answered the Rector, taking the cover off his newspaper and unfolding it. "I had hoped to die here, buy man proposes and God disposes."

And after this act of resignation, he began to read his newspaper.

"What news, hrother ?" inquired Elizabeth, who was always curious to hear sverything that was going on.

Nothing, at least nothing particularly inter esting. Some casualties from Saturday's gale, which seems to have been more violent in other places then here. The the the the the store of the the the store of the the store of the store o

roor child !" "What is the matter, brother?" cried the two sisters, alarmed by his ghastly paleness and hastening towards him. "The matter !" he staumered out, taking up

the newspaper which he had thrown down upon the table ; "here ! read 1b, Martha, I cannob the table; "here ! read 1: see." And Martha read.

see." And Martha read. "Amongst the disasters related, as occasioned by the gale of the preceding week, was the wreck of a pleasure vacht belonging to Sir John Burton with the loss of all on board." Details were given.

were given. When Marsha had read the paper she burst into tears; the Rector, without speaking another word, went up to his room. "Let us only hope that his excessive grief won't make him decline the appointment," But the Rector never thought of declining, for to decline would have been to disobey the posi-tive command of his Superior. All that weak to decline would have been to disobey the posi-tive command of his Superior. All that week he offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of little Madeline, whose death was a real sorrow to him, and after having heard further particulars regarding the shipwreak, he caused a little wooden cross with the simple in-cription, "Madeline Lemoyne, died, aged owelve years," to be placed at the foot of his old the find a grave.

triend's grave. The last prayer that he made before he left Kerprat was for the old man and for the child to whom the waves had served as winding sheet, to whom the waves had served as which is sheet, whose body rested baneath the sea which she had loved so well, which had swallowed her up in the fulness of her youth and life. He had the consolation of seeing that his beloved dead the consolution or seeing they his beloved dead would not be forgotten when he should no longer be there. On the arms of the cross raised to Mignonette's memory two wreaths twined, of the ross-coloured heath and the green foliage of the pine showed him that the grave had been visited, and seemed to promise that little Madeline would long have a place in the hearts of her friends at Kerprat.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE CHURCHYARD.

One day, within a week after Father Tarnec' One day, within a week after france: lattice's departure, a carriage drew up at the gate of the White House, and a lady whose countenance betrayed deep and repressed emotion; got out and rang the bell. Her syme looked eagerly forward, as if they would fain pierce the white walls which rose at the end of the little avenue. The lady was presently joined by a gentleman not yet of middle age, but prenaturaly grey ; he seemed, like the lady, eager for admittance, and in a short time a servant appeared. The lady, in a trembling voice, asked for Mr.

Gertin. " Mr. Gerbin is not living here now, ma'am, answered the servant. "Where is he, then !"

the man pointed towards the church, saying, The lady bowed her head and a son was

heard.

(To be Continued.

### [FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

## THE GOOD NEWS FROM OUR ISLE.

Written on the occasion of receiving news of upon sus suvice of desiers and makersjoi frames, who from various motives may encourage us in the selection of uneutable styles of framing. The following suggestions of Good Housekeep-ing are therefore of value : Parnell's victory over the Times in March

last.) FRANCIS D. DALY.

In the every day toil and the struggle for life, Of this land that's so far from our own, We work to provide for lov'd children and will and the back the back and back and will And to make this brave land a new home; And to make this orave isnu a new nome; Yet often the thought that will cheer us the most And that never yet failed to beguile, From trouble and care, 'tis the telegraph post That brings us good news from our Isle.

Oh I weary the way of that long winter day, We have watch'd for and waited this hours Our trust was in Him who will always repay. And in them unto whom He gave power; No wonder we strain and we take from our ga By desisting one day from our toil

To thank the brave hearts far away o'or the main For sending such news from our Isle.

Our friends in this land were friendly and true To the cauze of the land of our race; We ne'er should forget that for Cauada too, In our hearts there should always be place. For bravely she fronted her mother's fierce ire

And pleaded our cause all the while ; The sunrise is coming ; 'tis nigher and nigher, So says the good news from our Isle.

Biggar's Estimate of Beaconsfield, A Tory paper has circularised prominent public men with a view to obtaining their estimate of Lord Beaconsfield's political character and services. Among those to whom it directed its inquiries was Mr. Biggar, whose replies are so accurate and to the point that they should be incorporated in the historical text books of the day as giving an absolutely perfect spitome of the character of the late leader of the Tory party. Here are the five questions, with Mr. Biggar's reply attached

to each: In what position would you place Lord Beaconsfield among Prime Ministers of England since the beginning of the eighteenth centary ?

Very near the bottom.

of ordinary size. In adjusting pictures of an adult of ordinary size. In adjusting pictures of vary-ing width to an average height above the floor it is the centre, rather than the bottom, of the frames which should be considered. What political influence have Lord Beaconsheld's novels exercised, and which is the best of them ?

succeed. Was Lord Beaconsfield consistent and sincere in his political ideas, and for what acts of statesmanship is he most likely to be remembered ?

He had no political convictions, and I cannot call to mind any act of atatesmanship of which he will be remembered.

been likely to take in Irish politics of the

self.

In also who were rich enough to live without labor. It was a mark of distinction, But when it was broadened in its use and applied to every 19 was proquence in its use and applied to every female it lost all of its significance. An adver-tisment long ago appeared in a New York paper asking for a position as "saleswoman." It was refeating to read it, for the want columns are full of such worde as "forelady," "saleslady." To the stupidity of the aristocratic classes.

#### TO THE DEAF:

y person " washlady," etc. aDongal In the old days, a girl was not ashamed to be called a "saleswoman" a "needlewoman," and

Valuable Suggestions for Framing and Hanging Pictures.

A most important rule-one which, though often violated, may be termed established by

general consent of competent judges-is to

frame oil paintings and chromos in gilt, and

engravings or etchings, and other pictures in monochrome, in natural wood. Mats, used with glass, between picture and frame are most

common with monochrome work; often also with water colors, and in their case the molding

as the contact is with the plain tint. The prin

ciple that around a mat the frame should be narrow finds its extreme in the substitution for molding of a narrow binding of cloth or paper,

an arrangement known as passe-partout, mos

an arrangement known as passe-parcous, most appropriate for certificates, testimonials and the like, but suitable also for quiet landscapes in monochrome, such as small etchings. Mats or borders are more often too narrow than too

wide. When too narrow the effect is that

representation of night.

overcrowding ; when too wide, that of subor-dinating the picture to its accessory.

glare from the surface of an oil painting or from

glass. A common error is having the eyelets in the frame too near the middle of the two sides,

at least in beginning, is to have the centre of the picture about in line with the eyes of an adult

" Lady."

is injurious to the heart and lungs,-Mabel

and temperad for the lungs. But when the mouth is left open, dust, dirt and disease rush down into the lungs, and fastening there, de-To frame appropriately the pictures that are to adorn our walls is something of an art, and requires both taste, and judgment. In this velope and destroy the whole system, matter one ought not to be entirely dependent upon the advice of dealers and makers of frames,

take part in it."

and pastry cloths.

Good paste for pies is easily made by mixing a bowl for chopping tray, a quart of pastry flower, a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Chop into it two cups of butter, or one each of land and butter, uztil it is thoroughly mixed, then add a scant cupful of ice water, and continue chopping. When well mixed sprinkle the board with flour, turn the paste on it and roll. Place in a pan on the ice, or in a cold place for an hour before using. It will be lighter, easier handled, and require less flour in the rolling out if made very cold.

The baby's fever and the rash and the bowel trouble (starting in the brain) will be found in the majority of cases due to the suffocation or irritation of the skin by the popular knit wool skirts ; however, soft these may feel to the hand, every fibre of wool is set with tiny hooks, which continually catch and let go of the exquisitely sensitive skin of the sides and back as the baby breathes. It reminds me of Edmonds About's tale of the man who died under the hands of Italian brigands, merely by having hairs pulled from his head one by one, his hands being bound. That is just the helpless condition of a baby.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Many persons are acquainted with the virtues In general, suit the frame to the tone of the picture. Thus a molding initating ivory or unburnished silver may harmonize with snow, and a dark oak or an ebonized frame with the of the hot water bag, but a sand bag is still better. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove ; make a bag about eight inches square of flaunel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bsg with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and If we suppose pictures wisely chosen and framed, there shall remain certain questions as This will preven the said from sliting out and also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing in the oven or on top of the sbove. After once using this you will never again at-tempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick per-son with a bottle or a brick. The said holds the heat for a long time, and the bag can be to their judicious hanging. In choosing places on walls for different pictures, of course the old rule is not to be for-gotten to regard the light and shade in the picture, and put it where the prevaling light from the nearest window will be opposite the tucked up to the back without hurting an indepicted shadows. Care is necessary also some-times to avoid the occurrence of an unpleasant valid.

> All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's FITS. Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

#### How to Make a Poultice.

whereby the surface of the picture when hung tips forward at an ungraceful pitch. Too little inclination is not so had as too much. Another error is hanging pictures too high. A safe guide, There are so many people who cannot make a poultice that Dr. Abernethy's method may be serviceable. Scald a basin, put in coarsely orumbled bread, and pour over it boiling water, When it has soaked up as much water, When it has soaked up as much water as it can take in, drain well, and then will be left only a light pulp. Whether the politice is of bread or linseed, it is better to spread it thin, and to renew it often, the weight being an objection to the patient. A mustard poultice is best with part instead meal and a little vinegar. Oil the outside of the cloth, and it will in a great measure prevent blistering.

Talking is fike playing on the harp ; there. is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music. - Holmes.

If a mannish woman offends our good tasts. and judgement, a womanish man is an insipid embodiment of nothingness, and ought to be treated as a zoological ouriosity.

There is this difference between, happiness and wisdom, he that thinks himself the happless man is really so ; but he that thinks the statest fool Bacon ....

There is something ludicrous and irresistibly comic, says The Boushold, in the way and manner in which the word "lady" has come to be used. "Woman" has almost disappeared, and to call any one of the female sex a "woman"

day ? Whichever he thought would benefit him-

To what do you attribute the political success of Lord Beaconsfield and his ultimate

popularity ?

red the servant. There is he, then " There is he, then " the churchyard." I ady bowed her bead and a son was Lady bowed her bead and bead

I tried to read "Lothair" but could not

is to insuit her. "Lady" is from an old Saxon word, which means a "loaf giver," or one who went about giving bread to the hungry. As only the rich women were able to do thus, the term "lady" What course would Lord Beaconsfield have

was gradually applied to one rich enough to give alms. Still later it was applied to all fe-