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he preceived a few faint rays of light. Remembering the directions of La Masque, and teeling intensely curious, he cautiously knelt down, and examined the loose flagstones with a face of intense horror, and then she changed both her fainting, and in that state she was found and carried to the plague-pit." until he found one he could raise; he pushed it partily aside, and, lying flat on the stones, with his face to the aperture, Sir Norman beheld a most wonderful sight.

CHAPTER VI.

LA MASQUE.

"Love is like a dizziness," says the old song.

Love is something else—it is the most selfish
feeling in existence. Of course, I don't allude to the fraternal or the friendly, or any other such nonsensical old-fashioned trash that artless people will believe in, but to the real genuine article that Adam felt for Eve when he first saw her, and which all who read this-above the innocent and unsusceptible age of twelve-bave experienced. And the fancy and the reality are so much alike, that they amount to about the same thing. The former, perhaps, may be a little short-lived; but it is just as disagreeable a sensation while it lasts as its more endur-ing sister. Love is said to be blind, and it also has a very injurious effect on the eyesight of its victims an effect that neither spectacles nor oculists can aid in the slightest degree, making them see, whether sleeping or waking, but one object and that alone.

I don't know whether these were Mr. Malcolm

or Ormiston's thoughts, as he leaved against the doorway, and folded his arms across his chest to await the shining of his day star. In fact, I am pretty sure they were not; young gentlemen, as a general thing, not being any more given to profound moralizing in the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty, Charles II, than they are at the present day; but I do know that no sconer was his bosom friend and crony, Sur Norman Kingulay out of sight, than he for-Sir Norman Kingsley, out of sight, than he forgot him as teetotally as if he had never known that distinguished individual. His many and deep afflictions, his love, his anguish, and his provecations; his beautiful, tantalizing, and mysterious lady-love; his errand and its probable consequences, all were forgotten; and Ormiston thought of nothing or nobody in the world but himself and La Masque!

La Masque! La Masque! That was the theme on which his thoughts rang, with wild variations of alternate hope and fear, like every variations of afternate hope and fear, like every other lover since the world began, and love was first an institution. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," truly, truly it an odd and wondrous thing. And you and I may thank our stars, dear readers, that we are a great deal too sensible to wear our hearts on our sleeves for such a blood thirsty downto realist. sleeves for such a blood thirsty daw to peck at. Ormiston's flame was longer lived than Sir Norman's; he had been in love a whole month, and ten to him -would she ever love him? feverishly asked Passion; and Common Sense (or what ly asked Passion; and Common Souse for the little of that useful commodity he had left) and was eccentric swered—probably because and was eccentric—possibly she would disclose it for the same reason; that he had only to try and make her listen; and as to her loving buto, why Common Sense owned he had her there.
I can't say whether the adage "Faint heart

Masque, and try his fare once again; and see like; and her he would, it he had to stay there as a sort of discovered ornamental prop to the house for a week. He all alive." knew he might as well look for a needle in a haystack as his whimsical beloved through the naystack as his whimshal beloved through the streets of London—d smal and dark now as the streets of Luxor and Tadmor in Egypt; and he wisely reso wild to spire himself and his Spanish leathern boots the trial of a one-handed game of "hide-and-go-seek." Wisdom, like virtue, is its own reward; and scarcely had he come to this lendable conduction, when he the feeble of the street of the second street. laudable conclusion, when, by the feeble glimmer of the house lamps, he saw a figure that made his heart bound, flitting through the night gloom toward him. He would have known that figure on the sands of Sahara, in an Indian juogle, or an American forest—a tall, slight, supple figure, bending and springing like a bow of steel, queenly and regal as a young coppress.

It was draped in a long cloak reaching to the ground, in color as black as the night, and clasped by a jewel whose glittering flash he saw even there; a velvet hood of the same color covered the stately head; and the mask—the tiresome, inevitable mask—covered the beautiful—he was positive it was beautiful—face. He had seen her a score of times in that very dress, flitting like a dark graceful ghost through the city streets, and the sight sent his heart plung-ing against his side like an inward sledge-hammer. Would one pulse in her heart stir ever so faintly at sight of him? Just as he asked himself the question, and was stepping forward to meet her, feeling very like the country swain in love-"hos and dry like, with a pain in his side like"—he suddedly stopp d. Another figure came forth from the shadow of an opposite house, and softly pronounced ber name. It was a short figure—a woman's figure He could not see the face, and that was an immense relief to him, and prevented his having jealousy added to his other poins and tribulations. La Masque paused as well as he, and her solv voice softly asked: "Who calls?"

"It is I, madame-Prudeace." "Ah! I am glad to meet you. I have been searching the city through for you. Where have you been?"

"Madame, I was so frightened that I don't know where I fled to, and I could scarcely make up my mind to come back at all. I did feel draadfully sorry for her, poor thing! but you know, Madame Masque, I could do nothing for her, and I should not have come back, only I

was afraid of you."
"You did wrong, Prudence," said La Masque, sternly, or at least as sternly as so sweet a voice could speak; "you did very wrong to leave her in such a way. You should have come to me at once, and told me all."

"But, madame, I was so frightened!"
"Bah! You are nothing but a coward, Come
to this doorway and tell me all about it." nto this doorway and tell me all about it.

Ormiston drew back as the twain approached,
and entered the deep portals of La Masque's
own doorway. He could see them both by the
aforesaid faint lamplight, and he noticed that La Marque's companion was a wrinkled old woman that would not brought the peace of mind of the most jealous trouble the peace of mind of the most jealous lover in Christendom. Perhaps it was not just the thing to hover aloof and listen; but he sould not for the life of him help it; and stand and listen he accordingly did. Who knew but this nocturnal conversation might throw some light of the deal matters he was anytime to see

this nocturnal conversation might throw some light on the dark mystery he was anxious to see through, and could his ears have run into needle points to hear the better, he would have had the operation then and there performed. There was a moment's silence after the two entered the portal, during which ha Masque stood, tall, dark and commanding, motionless as a marble column; and the little withered old specimen of humanity before her stood gazing up at her with humanity before her stood gazing up at her with something between fear and fascination. "Do you know what has become of your arge, Prudence?" asked the low, vibrating

voice of La Masque, at last.

"How could I, madame? You know I fled from the house, and I dared not go back. Per-

haps she is there still."
"Perhaps she is not? Do you suppose that sharp shrick of yours was unheard? No; she was found; and what do you suppase has be-

The old woman looked up, and seemed to read in the dark, stern figure, and the deep solemn voice, the fatal truth. She wrung her

hands with a sort of cry.

"Oh! I know, I know; they have put her in
the dead-cart, and buried her in the plaguet. O my dear, sweet young mistress."
"If you had stayed by your dear, sweet young

nistress, instead of running screaming away as you did, it might not have happened." said La Masque, in a tone between derision and contempt. "Madame," sobbed the old woman, who was

crying "she was dying of the plague, and how could I help it? They would have buried her in spite of me."
"She was not dead; there was your mistake.
She was as much alive as you or I at this mo-

ment." Madame, I left her dead!" said the old wo-

man positively.

Prude noe, you did no such thing; you lett

- Will strain with the strain

and carried to the plague-pit."

The old woman stood silent for a moment, with a face of intense horror, and then she chasped both hands with a wild cry.

"O my God! And they buried her alive—buried her alive—in that dreadful plague-pit!"

La Masque, leaning against a pillar, stood unmoved; and her voice, when she spoke, was as coldly sweet as modern ice cream.

'Not exactly. She was not buried at all, as I happen to know. But when did you discover that she had the plague, and how could she possibly have caught it?"

"That I do not know, madam. She seemed

well enough all day, though not in such high spirits as a bride should be. Toward evening she complained of a headache and a feeling of faintness; but I thought nothing of it, and helped her to dress for the bridal. Before it was over, the headache and faintness grew worse and I gave her wine, and still suspected noth ing. The last time I came in, she had grown so much worse that, notwithstanding her wedding much worse that, notw! is anding her wedding dress, she had laid down on her bed, locking for all the world like a ghost, and told me she had the most dreadful burning pain in her chest. Then, madame, the horrid truth struck me—I tore down her dress, and there, sure enough, was the awful mark of the distemper. 'You have the plague!' I shricked; and then I field down stairs and out of the house, like one crazy. O madame, madame! I shall never forget it—it was terrible! I shall never forget it! Poor, poor child; and the count does not know

La Maeque laughed-a sweet, clear, deriding laugh. "So the count does not know it, Prudence?

Poor man! he will be in despair when he finds is out, won't he? Such an ardent and devoted over as he was you know!"

Prudence looked up a little puzzled.

"Yes, madam, I think so. He seem d vary fond of her; a great deal tonder than she ever was of him. The fact is, madam," said Prudence, lowering her voice to a confidential stage whisper, "she never seemed fond of him at all, whisper, "she never seemed fond of him at all, and wouldn't have been married, I think, if she could have helped it." "Could have helped it? What do you mean,

Prudence? Nobody made her, did they?"
Prudence fidgeted, and looked rather uneasy. 'Why, madam, she was not exactly forced. perhaps; but you know-you know you told

"Well?" said La Masque, coldly.
"To do what I could," cried Prudence, in a sort of desperation; "and I d d it, madam, and harassed her about it night and day. And then the count was there, too, coaxing and entrating; and he was hardsome and had such ways with him that no woman could resist, much less had it badly, and was now at the very crists one so little used to gentlemen as Leoline. And of a malady. Why did she conceal he so, Madam Musque, we kept at her till we got face—would she ever disclose it—would she list her to consent to it at last; but in her secret heart, I know she did not want to be marriedat least to the count," said Prudence, on serious

after-thought. "Well, well; that has nothing to do with it. The question is, where is she to be found?"
"Found!" echoed Prudence; "has she then

beep lost?" "Of course she has, you old simpleton! How or course she has, you old simpleton! How never won a fair lady! was extant in his time; but the spirit of it certainly was, and Ormisten determined to prove it. He wanted to see La Masque, and try his five an and try his five an artist of the plague-nix in how hiddly released to the plague-pit in her bridal robes, jewels and lice; and, when about to be thrown in, was discovered, like Moses in the bulrushes, to be

Mell," whiscored Prudence, breathlessly. "Well, O most courageous of guardians ! was carried to a certain house, and left to her own devices, while her gallant rescuer went for a doctor; and when they returned she was miss-

ing. Our pretty Leoline seems to have a strong fancy for getting lost."

There was a pause, during which Prudence looked as her with a face full of mingled fear and curiosity. At last:
"Madam, how do you know all this? Were

you there?"

"No Not I, indeed! What would take me there?"

"Then how do you bappen to know everything

about is ?" La Masque laughed.
"A little bird told me, Prudence! Have you returned to resume your old duties?"
"Madam, I dare not go into that house again.
I am afraid of taking the plague."

"Prudence, you are a perfect idiot ! Are you not liable to take the plague in the remotest quarter of this plague-infested city? And even if you do take it, what odds? You have only a few years to live, at the most, and what matter

"What matter?" repeated Prudence, in a high key of indignant amazement. "It may make no matter to you, Madam Masque, but it makes a great deal to me, I can tell you; and into that infected house I'll not put one foot."

"Just as you please, only in that case there is no use for further talk, so allow me to bid you

good night!"
"But, madam, what of Leoline? Do stop one moment and tell me of her."
"What have I to tell? I have told you all I know. If you want to find her, you must rearch in the city or in the past-house!"

shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.
"O, my poor darling! so good and so beautiful. Heaven might surely have spared her!
Are you going to do nothing further about it?"
What can I do? I have searched for her and have not found her, and what else re-

mains?"
"Madam, you know everything-surely, surely you know where my poor little nursing is, among the rest."

Again La Masque laughed—another of her

Again La Masque laugheu—an inner of her low, sweet, derisive laughs.

"No such thing, Prudence. If I did, I should have her here in a twinkling, depend upon it. However, it all comes to the same thing in the end. She is probably dead by this time, and would have to be buried in the plague pit, any-

how. If you have nothing further to say, Prudence, you had better bid me good night, and let me go." "Good night, midsm!" said Prudence, with

a cort of groan, as she wrapped her closk closely around her and started to go. La Masque stood for a moment looking after her, and then placed a key in the lock of the door. But there is many a slip—she was not fated to enter as soon as she thought; for just at that moment a new step sounded beside her, a new voice pronounced her name, and looking around, she beheld Ormiston. With what feelings that young person had listened to the neat and appropriate dialogue I have just the learner of immortalizing, may be to to the neat and appropriate dialogue I have Justi had the pleasure of immortalizing, may be—to use a phrase you may have heard before once or twice—better imagined than described. He knew very well who Leoline was, and how she had been saved from the plague pt; but where in the world had La Masque found it out. Lost in a mane of worlder, and inclined to doubt the in a maze of wonder, and inclined to doubt the evidence of his own ears, he had should perfectly still, until his lady-love had so coully dismissed her company, and then arousing himself just in time, he had come forward and accosted her. La Masque turned round, regarding him in silence for a moment, and when she spoke, her voice had an accent of mingled surprise and dis-

pleasure.

"You, Mr. Ormiston! How many more times am I to have the pleasure of seeing you again

"Pardon, madame; it is the last time. But you must hear me now."
"Must I? Very well, then; if I must, you

"Must I? Very well, then; if I must, you had better begin at once, for the night air is said to be unhealthy, and as good people are scare, I want to take care of myself."

"In that case, perhaps, you had better let me enter, too, I hate to walk on the street, for every wall has ears."

"I am aware of that. When I was talking to my old friend, Prudence, two minutes ago, I saw a tall shape that I have reason to know, since it haunts me, like my own shadow, stand-

since it haunts me, like my own shadow, standing there and paying deep attention. I hope you found our conversation improving, Mr. ou found our conversation improving, Mr. priniston!"

"Madame!" began Ormiston, turning orimon.

"Modame!" began Ormiston, turning orimon.

"To be Continued.)

Steal a goose and give the giblets in alms.

Worth \$100, that's skill. The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents and sell it for \$10, that's business. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for \$10, but prefers to pay \$100 for one because it is more stylish, that's foolishness. The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels three or four tons of earth fer \$1, that's labor.—National View. you found Ormiston!" son.

Steal a goose and give the giblets in alms.



President Cleveland's Prize for the three best bables at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart. Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-ied bables. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., 51.00.

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FULL BLOODED NEGRO PRIEST. JACK THE RIPPER'S PAL. A Colored Catholic Congress will meet at Washington January 1. This is something

colored people attached to their church,

There are believed to be about two hua-

dred thousand colored Catholics in the

United States, In Texas Louisians,

Missiesippi, Florida, South Carolina, Ken-

tucky, Missouri and Maryland there are large

numbers, and among them some of the best

and most influential families of the race. The

third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in

1886, gave great impetus to the missionary

work among the colored people of the country by passing a decree that special efforts should

negroes of the United States, and ordered that a collection be taken up an-

nually in all the churches of the coun-

try for that purpose. It further implored

young men etudying for the priesthood to give themselves to the work. As a result, many institutions have been established all

over the country. For a long time the idea

prevailed that the negro was not wanted in

the priesthood, but now that there is one full

blooded negro print, the Roy. Augustus Tolton, many negroes have entered thoseminaries

of the States and Europe, and will in time

It may be news to many readers that there

are two publications for colored Catholic

renders in the United States. Schools,

courches, etc., for their use exist in B-lti-

more, New York, Richmond, Washington, Keswick, Louisville, St. Louis, Quincy, St.

Paul and other places; and two orders of

nuns in the United States are composed on

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG TO WERER.

For many years your Planos have been my

choice for the concert room and my own

house, where one of your splendid instru-

ments now stands. I have praised and re-

commended them to all my friends. Your

For these lovely instruments, apply to the

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DOL-LARDS

Catherwood. It is based on the career of

Adam Dollard, "the Canadian Leonidae."

Francis Parkman, the historian, in his introduction to Mrs. Catherwood's story, says:—"Adam Dollard was no

sented by the writer, though it is true that

as regards position, his past career, and,

above all, his love affairs, romance supplies some information which history denies ne."

For the very similitude of her story, it is a

pity that the author is not more in sympathy

with that which was at once the inspiration

and the sustenance of Dollard's heroism, the

Catholic faith. By a strange coinci-dence, we find in the Ave Maria of November 3rd the true story of

the Dollards, put together from authentic

contemporary records by Anna T. Sadlier. In

1660, the cruel and powerful Irequois Indians

had planned a campaign of extermination

against the white settlers of Montreal, Three

Rivers and Quebec. Adam Dollard, the

young commander of the garrison of Montreal,

discovered it. He knew the handful of colonists could not stand an encount-

er with the wily and numerous Iro-

quois. He drew about him a band of seventeen young white men and four Algon-

quin Indians. They made their wille, bade a last farewell to home and friends, piously

prepared for death, received communion as

Viaticum in the Church of Notre Dame, and

then swore, in presence of the Blessed Sacra-

ment, to go forth and meet the savages and

fight until death, neither giving nor accept-

ing quarter, for the honor of God, the good

of religion, and the safety of the colony. For ten days they held a fort on the shores of

the Ottawa against 500 Iroquois. Dol-

lard was finally killed and with him all but

five Frenchmen and four of his Indian allies.

who were subsequently tortured to death by

the Ircquois. But New France, warned and

given time to put herself in a state of defense,

was saved. The oldest of these heroes was but 31. Most of them were about the age of

their commander Dollard, 25. Their namos stand in the ancient parish registry of Notre Dame de Montreal. The truth about them

shines of its own brightness, and can gain

nothing from the locomotive reflector of

Is there anything more annoying than hav-

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper

be convinced.

less a hero than he is repre-

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

pianos grow better every year.

Yours truly.

N. Y. Piano Co., 228 St. James street.

take their places at the ultur.

tirely of colored women.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

be made to educate and conver-

MINNEAPOLIS' SOILED DOVES MAY NOW BE IS DANGER, new under the sun. There are enough colored MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 30 .- Is this the members of the Catholic Church to make a prank of a practical joker, or is it the raving of a crank, or is it the threat of a desperade? Congress a desirable thing in the eyes of the leaders of "the faithful." The historic event These are three problems which the police indicated was proposed by Mr. Daniel A. Rudd, have to solve prior to Dec. 8. The following of Cincinnatti, Ohio, editor of a Catholic is a verbatim copy of a letter received by the paper for colored readers, and owned and controlled by a member of the Roman Church. chief of police this morning. It was written on a footscap sheet, which nearly furnishes Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Archat least reasonable indications that it was bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and other prelates, not written in the West Hotel, as claimed therein. Toe hand is bold and round, algave the arrangements for the Congress earnest encouragement, and the Catholic press generthough the composition is for from classical. ally favors the assembling together of leading

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 28, 1888. Chief of Police, Minneapolie-Gentlemen You had better close up the select houses on First street before December 8, or you will have a reign of terror and blood equal to the Whitechap I of London, Eng. 1 am a "pal" of Jack McCardy, alias "Jack the Ripper," of London. I have been in Minneapolis just three days, and at the present time and at the West Hotel writing this. Time just 3 20 p.m. on Wednesday. As soon as I popular isnguage only as to its vocabulary; finish this I so to St. Paul and make some arrangements, and then, on Dec. 8, I return to Minneapolis. Then beware, before blood shall truge the father of waters, as it has the Thames of England. Until then by bye, and be sure you do so I direct, for the dawning of the morrow is not more sure than the death of 15 unfortunates by my hand. So, farewell Yours truly,

"alias" Kolie Stab, late of London, England. [E rate sout of nude women with a knife through her heart and bowels out open.] A last rample of what my work will

WILLIAM HALLEN.

meadames of First street, but while they all something of the kind, yet most of them professed to thick it to be the work of a prac-

Much distress and clokness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the eauso. Give it a trial and be convinced.

GIVE THE ROYS A CHANCE.

tical joker.

Friction in the family is a prollic excommunicator of boys, says the Shorthorn G-zette. A boy of good disposition three of hearing quarreling, disputing and scolding among the family, and he is likely to neck a new home. A termer fold his seventeen year old son in the spring that if he worked good that acasen he should have a quarter of an sure of a good crop the boy gave it extra ployment and sympathy shut against him as he were to plant in potatoes as his own. To be toes were rold the father kept the money. The most striking features of the November That boy ran away and made a miserable Century is the first instalment of "Teo wreck of his life Many fathers gave the Romance of Dellard," by Mary Hartwel children an animal or something class, and children an animal or something clas, and when sold they have no thought of turning the price over to the rightful owner. A bright lad said sorrowfully : "That colt is mice until sold, and then father takes the money; but he won't do so always." These and similar transactions are what drive boys away. Boys will continue to leave until the fathers become educated as to their proper way to manage them.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Parents of themselves are not able always to train the minds or hearts of their children. The next world is better than this and the eternal life infinitely preferable to the present. We owe all respect and honor to the Priests of God, who are our superiors, and

aurpass us in dignity. Virtue traverses a steep and rugged path. If not supported at every moment she will surely succumb.

Our faith should be so firm that no misfortune could make us say or do anything contrary to it. No virtue is more necessary to us, par-

ticularly at the beginning of our attempts to lead a good life, then an numble simplicity, and an unassuming oarnestness.

Fine clother, grand houses, fastidiousness in eating and drinking, idleness, excessive sleep-these are what enervate the soul and develop lanciviousness.

FOR ANY CASE OF NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESS-

NESS, weak stomach, indigestion. dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

BIDDING FOR THE SPINSTERS. SALISBURY TALKS ON FEMALES VOTING, AND

MAKES ANOTHER STAB AT GLADSTONE. LONDON, Nov. 30.—In his speech at Edinburgh yesterday Lord Salisbury declared himself in favor of woman suffrage, and said he hoped the day was not far distant when women would be allowed to vote. Referring to the arrears of rent question, Lord Salisbury contended that there could not be a greater mistake than to compare the question of the Scotch crofters with that of the Irish tenants. The latter, he said, received assistance and priviing your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and

leges which were unknown in any other country.
LONDON, Nov. 30.—Lord Salisbury in a speech at Edinburgh to day, referring to the treatment of Irish political prisoners, held that such treatment ought to deter others from folnd by writing a poem on it make it worth \$5,000, that's genius. Mr. Vanderbilb can write fewer words on a similar sheet and make it worth \$5,000,000, that's capital. The United lowing beer example, and that so long as such offenders were dangerous to the community they must be treated as other offenders. He States Government can take an ounce of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle" and "twenty dollars," that's money. The merchant can take material worth \$50 and make it into a watch warned the Unionists to watch Mr. Gladstone, when the Onionste to watch Mr. Glactone, who, he said, was showing an increasing tendency to accept the extremist views of the separatists. There was growing in Mr. Gladstone's mind a distinct idea of the entire separation of Ireland. He (Lord Salisbury) trusted that Scotch Liberals would cease to attach worth \$100, that's skill. The merchant can take much importance to mere party names. The great question of upholding the Empire and providing employment for its teeming millions ought to be considered supreme from a patriotic

WOMAN'S WORK IN CORSICA.

She takes protty nearly the heaviest share of the day's labor, and though sometimes allowed a voice in family matters, is never permitted to show an independent will or wish before strangers. Only too often however she is a mere cipher in family conclaves, obeys her lord and master's beheats, but does not originate a single idea. Out of doors the men go forth to work solemnly, gun in hand, while the women walk behind carrying the heavy tools or cumbersome wood fagots. If the happy couple have to climb a steep and stony path, and they happen to pessess only one horse, it is the man who bestrides the wiry limbed beast, while the wife may consider herself lucky is she be permitted to catch hold of the attrup leather or the horae's tail.

Much has been said and written about the stern and unreasoning jealousy of the Corsicans for their women. As a rule, they are not given to frivolity, but after careful observation we feel inclined to modify our opinions of the high instinct of the race in this connection. True, a woman is sacred; there is, however, very little sentiment in this feeling. She is sacred because she is man's chattel, and therefore any insult offered to her is an attack on man's honor. Here the 'green eyed monster" is a slave and not a master. Still, life outside the larger coast towns may be considered pure enough .- " G. C. R." in Home Journatl

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

HOW THE TEUTONIC AND ROMAN ELEMENTS ARE COMBINED.

English is Germanic, although its vocabulary is loaded with many words of Letin origin. The French language was introduced into England by the Norman conquerors in the eleventh century. From the two languages which were found in the presence of one another, the Angle-Saxon and the French, it has usually been said that a fixed language was formed-the English. This assertion is very inexact, from a morphological point of view. French, after the conquest, bocame the language of the court and of justice, while it entered into the the 43,000 words in the English language as they occur in the dictionary, more than 29,000 are of Roman origin, while only 13,000 or 14,000 are of Germanic origin or Auglo-Saxon,

WHERE WOMEN ARE INVISIBLE.

One cannot live long in India, or at least in the Bengal presidency, without being struck by the fact that one never sees any native women above the rank of the laboring class. It omphasizes in a ourlous way the difference between eastern and western customs. You see handsome carriages driving in the parks, and you instinctively expect to see ladies in The letter was shown to some of the them; but the occupants are invariably men -almost invariably fat men-sleek rotundity feared that some insane man inight attempt being looked on favorably as a visibe sign of wealth and dignity. You are invited to a magnificent fete at the house of a native gentlemar, where you are recoived by the heat and his some and uncles and his male kinsmer of all degrees; but there is absolutely no sign of the existence of any women. Nor must you commit so grave a breach of decorum as to allude to a man's wife or daughters. He ignores them, and expects you to have the courtesy to do the same. - Cornhill Magazine.

A CONVICT'S PROPER SENTENCE.

A convict should be sent to prison and hard abor not for a definite arbitrary term, but until he is so changed in his habits that he is fit to take his place in the world again. If that were done, and toclety understood it, a released man would not find the doors of omthose age and the father kept the money tifficate of integrity, ladustry and intelligence. If ho is so dehased as not to be able to be changed in his habits and practices by any discipline, however long continued, then the prison is the place for him for life. We shall do little to reduce the number of the criminal class till we come to this conclusion,-Charles Dudley Warner in The Forum.

HOUSEWIFELY HINTS.

Red crochet mats look pretty on tea tables over a white table cloth. The favorite designs for crazy patchwork

continue to be fans and cobwebs.

A neat design for a splasher back of a wash stand is of swans swimming among water

lillics. An old nurse says that rain water if heated very hot is very soothing to weak and fired eyes. White lace spreads over allk or silesia of

some delicate shade, with pillow shams to match, are revived.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

Always come home good-tempered, leaving business cares behind, and do not vent an-noyances met with at the office on your wife and family.

Make yourself agreeable to your wife and friends and do not sit glum all the evening, looking uttorly bored. Be lenient to your wife's faults and do not expect perfection until you have first become

perfect vourself. Be punctual at meals. Remember that a cook cannot keep dinner waiting without its

being spoiled. Do not expect each servant to have two pairs of hands. Do not expect your wife to keep accounts unless you take the trouble to keep your own

correctly. Dress as well and as neatly as your means will allow, and be careful not to get your best trousers wet, as baggy knees are a thing

no woman can respect. Be as kind and attentive to your wite as you were before your marriage, and remem-ber she has got no pipe to go to for comfort. When your liver is out of order, remember food cannot be palatable; therefore do not grumble and turn over on your plate what

your wife has provided for you, as if it were not fit for a dog to eat. If you have a wife who does keep her house in order, is not constantly at war with her servants, is not extravagant, has meals regularly and well served, and does her kest to please, let her see you appreciate her; other wise she will cease to try and make your home comfortable, and in due course your troubles at home will be infinitely worse than

REIGN OF THE PETTICOATS. Titled Foreigner—I have called, sir, to obtain your permission to address your

daughter. American Pa-Eh! Have you spoken with

my daughter on the subject?
"Certainly not."

any you may have at the office.

"Nor her mother"

Well, I would advise you to see one or both of them first. If I should put in my car in a case like this I wouldn't have a hair left."—Now 1. Orleans Times Democrat.

A GREAT DISCOVERER.

Nikolaus Copernicus was born in Thorn, Poland, February 19, 1742. He was brought up by his uncle, the Bishon of Ermeland. After studying medicine at the University of Uracow he went to Italy, studied astronomy at Rome, where he became famous. When 30 years old he went to Frauenbury, in Prusola, where he prosecuted his astronomical studies with renowed vigor. He soon saw that the way of explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies then taught in the schools was all wrong; that the sun does not move around the earth, as other astronomers believed, but that the sun was the centre around which the earth and other planets revolved. Hie wrote a book about this, but he did not publish it for many years for fear of being persecuted. It is said that the first copy of shis book was put into his hands the very day he died, May 24, 1243. by lew people then believed what he wrote, but now he is honoured the world over as one of the greatest men who ever lived, and the principle he taught is called the Copernican system.

READY WIT.

Parliamentary elections usually afford a good field for the exercise of wit. While a noble ford was conducting his canvass, he met a bully who declared fiercely that he would "sooner vote for the devil than for him."
"I've not the slightest doubt, my friend," said the candidate quietly, "but in the event of your friend not coming, may I count on your vote?"

Here is another of the same kind: At an open political meeting a man cried, "Hurrah for Jackson!" to which a bystander retorted, "Hurrah for a jeckass!" "All right, my man," exclaimed the first speaker, "you can hurrah for your favorite candidate, and I'll do the same for mine."

An enviable quickness of repartee was shown by a French actor when the head of a goese was thrown upon the stage. Advancing to the footlights he said: "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, I shall be glad to restore it at the conclusion of the piece." Deservedly severe, also, was the reply of Descartes to a nobleman, who, seeing that he was enjoying the pleasure of the table, remarked, "I see, sir, that philosophere can sometimes indulge in good cheer." "Why not?" asked Descartes, "Do you really imagine that Providence intended the good things of this earth only for the foolish and ignorant?"

The tourist, who said to an idla Skyeman, "Why do you lie there all day with your hands in your pockets?" "Cause I haven't been far enough South to learn to put them in other people's."

Ready wit cannot be said to be natural to youth, for the answers given by precoclous school boys are not witty, being usually the outcome of misunderstanding or of "cheek." There are exceptions, however, to this rule. A teacher asked his class what was meant by "divers diseases," and was rather surprised when one of the bays answered, "Water in the head." A little dot of a girl inquired of her mother the meaning of "transatlantic," and was told "acresa" the Atlantic." "Does 'trans' always mean 'cross,' mamma," the then asked. "Yes," replied the mother. "but don't bother me any more." "Then I guess 'transparent' means a cross," parent was the conclusion the unconscious young humorist came to as she relapsed into silence.

TRIAL OF A CHICAGO ANARCHIST.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Bombs and dynamite were pleutiful in Judge Collins court where the trial of Hrenck was resumed this morning. Officer Muchoski testified that after the arrest of the alleged conspirators, Hronek's wife was brought to jail and accompanied witness to a house on 18th street which she ontered, returning in a few minutes with a market backet full of dynamite sticks and bombs. The backet was produced in court and a sensation was created when thirtyfour sticks of dynamite and an assortment of bombs, including gas pipe, tin hox and other varieties were taken from it, and arranged on the table. Inspector Bonfield testified to the discovery of a plot through Jadge Grinnell and Justice Fisher, and Chleboun, the informer, also produced bombs found in Hronek's house.

ABUSING HORSES.

It seems to be natural for some men to be always thumping and abusing the horses which they handle. In fact such work is practiced by some to such an extent that their horses think there is comathing wrong it they are not slashed or jorked around all the time, and scarcely know what to do with themselves when they are placed in the hands of men who know how to manage horses that have been properly trained without abusing them. To say the least these abusive methods are shameful and needless, and are only practiced by those who know but little or nothing about horsemanship. The idea prevails among this ignorant class of men that without this rough treatment they could not manage their horses. This is one of the greatest errors that men who handle horses can fall into. If a horse has any habits that make bim unpleasant to handle, they should be thoroughly broken up at once, after which there will be no cause for further trouble. An hour's work well directed will remedy the worst fault in the training of almost any horse, and it is better to take the time should it require a whole day to break up habits that are annoying than tolet them run along during the whole life of the animal. Whenever you see a man who is continually fighting his team you can set him down as a fool or a tyrant. If he is the first, he hasn't sense enough to know how to treat his horses. If he is the second, ha is abusive because he has the power to show his evil disposition and the poor brutes cannot resist him.—National Stockman and Farmer.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE. A Berlin correspondent of Science News

announces an interesting discovery in a new fever-oure called phenacetin or phenic acid, which is said to be far superior to its immediate predecessors, antipyrin and antifebrin. It is prepared from petroleum and appears in the form of a gray red finely crystallized mass, while its lack of taste and smell makes it a pleasant medicirie. Professors Von Famberger in Vienna first put it to practical use, and with excellent success. In doses of one-tenth to one-fifth of a gram for children and one-half to one gram for adults. it quickly reduces the temp arature and effects the cure of the patient. The chief value of this over other similar medicines is its harmless effect upon the system. It is found effective also in cases of rheumatism and infiammation of the joints, as well as in headache and neuralgia.

Natural enough—Gibbs—Have you finished Penman's new novel? Grimsby—Yes, I have. Gibbs—How did you like it? Grimsby-Very well, all but the melancholy ending. Gibbs.—My. dear fellow, what else could you expect? This it November, and the last leaf is always melancholy.