RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows and Joys

CHAPTER XI.-Continued. The chief events were her mother's letters which used to come at certain regular times, so that in spring she would say: "Grandpapa, there are leaves on the hawthorn tree in the garden; I have counted ten, so we shall soon have a letter from mother;" and late in summer: "Grandpapa, all the buckwheat is in flower, we shall have a letter, for you know last year there was buckwheat in the little field and we were looking at it in flower, all white, when the postman came." And her calendar was never at fault.

Once or twice in the year the grandfather used The chief events were her mother's letters

Once or twice in the year the grandfather used become sad, anxious, and arritable, no one knew why; on these unlucky days he refused everything that Maleline asked of him, he talked of letting his house and the land which he was farming he scolded Appen for her mand the ed of letting his house and the land which ne was farming, he scolded Annan for her want of sconcory, and he gave less to the poor. This state of things would last for about a week, and then he was once more the most indulgent of grandpapas, the eatiest of masters, and the most humane and generous of men.

Such were the principal joys and troubles of

the year, but these joys were expected, and these broubles foreseen. Under the head of the unforeseen we have to record:

Black face, the old mare, which Madeline was

allowed to ride when she wished to visit the Oldcastles, had become blind.
Willy had married the eldest daughter of

George Dubouloy had gained the first prize at

Alan had shot a blackbird which was almost white, had stuffed it, and presented it to Madeline.
Johnny had had the measles and Madeline

had caught than from him.

Barbara had wept when she heard that she as ill and could not come to the Manor-

ouse. And that week Elizabeth had given her jam. Paul had broken his leg and become a little

Job was gardener at the presbytery and chief singer in the church, and it was supposed that he would soon put on the cassock of a clerk. He knew Latin as well as his mother tongue, and he spant his spare time in the church or walking about with his book, not in visiting the neigh-But all those minor events faded before that great event, which, while it belongs to child-

hood, is among the most important of life.
"When shall Madeline make her first Commumion?" said the Rector to Mr. Gertin one

day.
"When you will," replied the latter; and the time fixed by the priest had now come. Made-line had attended the cate chism all through the year, and the preparatory Retreat was about to begin.

CHAPTER XII,

It was spring; for in the country the great featival of childhood is generally celebrated at that delightful season. The hardships of winter are over for the poor, and nature, in which they live, has again put on its evernal youth.

The daw was sparkling on the grass by the road side, when the summoning bell was heard, and the little band of children in wooden shoes gathered in the churchyard, where Madeline and Johnny, accompanied by Mrs. Dubouloy, had already arrived. Kindly greetings were interchanged; the children had attended catech ism together for a whole year, and there was not one poor little ragged boy or girl amongst them whom Madeline did not know by name.

The children took their places in the church

where two or three old women were still praying.

After the first moment of confusion all remain quiet, waiting for the arrival of the Rector; they had not long to wait, for he appeared almost immediately, and after a short prayer to which every one responded he sat down amongst them, like a father in the midst of his children, and began the instruction.

Have you ever attended one of these familiar

conferences; Have you ever chanced to find your way into some poor country church at the time of catechism? Have you seen the white clad priest in the midst of the childred to whom he imparts the marvellous lessons of the Gospel? If you have, you will understand the arduous nature of the task performed by the humble minister of a sublime religion, when he undertakes to teach the law of God to these lettle ones Carechism, indeed, gives the measure of his patience and his devotion. To make these untaught and often very backward minds understand, to touch these ignorant hearts, to reveal to these little creatures, who have bitherto only followed their own instincts, the fact that they have a soul, and to nourish that soul with the great truths of religion, is a mission whose difficulty might deter anyons but a priest. The Rector of Kerpras conscientiously fulfilled this mission, and he was possessed of all the capacity necessary for its perfect accomplishment; his language was simple and clear, so that all could understand it, his patience was inexhaustible, and, like his Divine Master, he had a great love for little children.
When they lett the church, Mrs. Dubouloy

still remained among the children, who naturally gathered round Johnny and Madeline. sat down in shady spots in the churchyard; hymns were sung, beads were told, and little oner talked together in low tones. There were indeed some deserters from the company, for the wildest among the boys went into a neighboring lane to have a game, and some little girls belonging to the village went home to help their mothers or take care of the babies, but the greater number of the children remained.

When Madeline was again with her grandfather that evening he observed that she seemed very thoughtful and dull, although she was not tired. He took her on his knee and tenderly questioned her, but she made no sus wer. At that very moment indeed Alan Old-castle's horn was heard in the distance; he played remarkably well, and Mr. Garbin knew that it was one of Madeline's greatest pleasures to listen to him. But on this occasion she appeared to be almost insensible, and Alan's music

ed to be simost insensible, and Alan's music did not produce its wonted effect,
"You are sad to-night, my little Miguonette, 's said Mr. Gertin, after a while; "why is it?"
"Why?" said Madelius. "Because be-

And suddenly changing her tone, she put her And sudenty changing her tone, and put her finger to her nose, in a little threatening manner, shook her head slowly, and drawing back so as to look her grandfather full in the face, said, in a tone of gentle reproach, "Grandpapa, you have not made your Easter."

Mr. Gertin was thoroughly taken by surprise.

and he burst out laughing, but Madeline grew graver and graver. The old man wished to get to the bottom of

the strange accusation, and repressed his laugh in order to hear the whole truth from Madeline. She simply told him everything.

The little girl who occupied the place next her at catechism was the daughter of the village grocer, who was the chief gossip of Kerprat, and could, if she had been asked, have told how could, if she had been asked, have told how many eggs had been laid by her neighbors hens. But this woman unfortunately did not confine herself to the temporal affairs of her neighbors, she further proceeded to scrutinize the moral character and private life of those among whom she lived. Some of her cutting apecches had come to the Recorder's ears, and he at once closed his door against her. She had lamented his blindness, and continued to occupy herself his blindness, and continued to occurry herself about things which in no way concerned her, with a zeal which she hoped would be deemed a proof of piety. People of this kind are a very accurage to our villages, and the worst of the matter is that they wear a mask of devotion.

The gossin's daughter, brought up in an at mosphere of ill-natured curiosity and open slander, profited by the evil lessons of her mother, and was already dreaded in the village,

She was jealous of Madeline, jealous of her dreas, jealous of her influence over the village

She was jestous of her influence over the village children, who repaid her kindness by their affection, and ever since circumstances brought them into contact she had been wishing for some opportunity of mortifying her. On the first day of the Retreat, the Rector, in one of his instruczons, had dwelt on the Commandments of the

Church, which had not been fully explained at the last catechism lesson. He exhorted those ance. "Uh! lazy grandpaps !" said Mignonette; "I had not yet made his appearable to the anniversary oblides who were about to keep the anniversary and the said Mignonette; "I have been fully explained at the last catechism and the said between the said be of their first Communion, to the constant prac-tice of their religious duties; he spoke of the danger of bad example, and advised them never to be like some Christians who give up their religiou and are ashamed to practice it. At this period of the instruction, the little

At this period of the instruction, the little caughter of the grocer cast a maicious glance, like that of her mother, at Madeline, who sat next her on her right, and turning to her neighbor on the left said, in a voice which was not extremely low: "Like Mr. Gertin, who never goes to hie Easter duties."

Madeline heard the words, and her little soul, which was opening gladly to religious infinences, and on which grace was descending like the dew, was full of surprise and sorrow. Then she remembered that she had never seen her grandfather approach that Holy Table, whence

grandfather approach that Holy Table, whence she had been as yet excluded by her tender age.
She had indeed seen Mr. Oldeastle and Alan
And she touched his hands, and kissed his kneel there side by side, and the sight of the old face, at a loss to understand this terrible stillman and the young man tegether had deeply conched ber.

blameless alike in his public and his provide his provide and yet, like many other men who have deep religious feeling, he acted almost as if he were without it. Human respect had begun the mischief and custom had continued it. The reader who has not forgotten Mrs. Lemoyne's reader who has not forgotten Mrs. Casting term. reader who has not forgotten Mrs. Lemoyne significant per was far from amiable. With a perversity which would have seemed strange, but that, also it is by no means rare, she combined faults which made those around her miserable, with an appearance of great piety. When her husband saw her on her return from church, the band saw her on her return from church, hasband saw her on her return from church, harsh, unjust, and jealous, he would murmur and unfairly lay the blame on the practices of devotion which ought to have produced a very different result, so that religion had to answer

different result, so that religion had to answer for the contradictory temper of the wife.

And then, old age came upon him, his hair had grown white, and there was no sign of awakening from this dangerous indifference. The Rector of Kerprat was waiting for some favourable opportunity, for he knew by experience that one rash or ill judged step might mar all prospects of success, but he grieved and prayed in secret for his old friend, who seemed to be drawing near eternity without a care.

Madeline's simple reproach had touched a chord which had many a year been silent, and when she asked the question, "Why?" the old man felt troubied in his heart and sent her off to bed in order to avoid further inquires. On the succeeding days he consented to accompany her to the exercises of the Retreat, and on se veral occasions he went to the evening instruc-tion. He let himself be led by Mideline's little hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRST COMMUNION.

Nine o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Gertin Nine o'clock in the morning, and his. Germa and Alan are walking in the pleasure-ground. The old gentleman looks very hundsome, and Alan is quite magnificent. He has laid saide his faded velvet waistcoat, his leather breeches and his battered cap, perhaps he is more at eases in them than in his Sunday vest; his coat seems to be a little tight, but he looks like a gentleman, and his smart little hat atts well on his short curly hair.

Annan, whose wrinkled face is sheltered be neath a grand cap, comes up to them and says, in a grave voice, "She is ready." in a grave voice, "She is ready."
"At last !" exclaims Mr. Gertin; "are you

They proceed to the drawing-room, Annan loading the way, opening the door and entering

with them.
Willy in his Sunday attire stands at the halfopen door, lost in a deep ecstasy. A chair has been placed in the middle of the room, and on it sits Madeline, clothed in white, wrapped in a long net veil, and pale with repressed emotion.
The Oldcastle ladies are near her; one arranges the folds of her veil, another smoothes the braids of her chestnut hair. On this solemn oraces of ner cuestions nair. On this solemn accasion Mr. Gertin had not trusted the matter of her dress to Annan's doubtful taste; he had begged Hermine Oldcastle to take charge of it, and the good lady had been much gratified by

the request.

When Mr. Gerbin's eyes rested on his grand-daughter, on whom he had the evening before invoked every blessing Heaven could bestow, a sudden change came over his smiling counten-ance and he stood still; Madeline rose quickly, ran to him and threw her arms about his nack, then bid a friendly good morning to Alan, who, for this once, treated her as a grown up lady and did not, according to his usual custom, ven ture to kiss her.

When the church bell sounded all went to the When the church bell sounded all went to the church, which was already so full that the women could not find room to kneel down, and remained standing with their resaries in their hands. Madeline was placed just apposite to the seat occupied by her grandfather, so that when she raised her eyes they fell upon the beloved face which was encouled by an expression of singular devotion. From time to time the old man's selemn glance. From time to time the old man's solemn glance met the pure and fervent gaze of the child, and a ray of tender love seemed to pass between. The sight of her grandfather was the only interruption to the little one's prayers, she loved him more than anything on earth except her mother. And now she became more and more absorbed in devotion. Who can say what she asked of God in her simple prayers for "grand-papa?" At last the solemn moment came. Job, with a voice like that of an angel, sang the bymn, and all the men joined in the chorus so heartily, that the music almost seemed to shake the arches of the ancient church. Mr. Gertin never book his eyes off his grandchild. When he gazed upon her, after her Communion, kneeling there before him with folded hands and head nowed down, while the tears flowed softly from her closed eyes, he nid his face in his two hands for his own eyes were full of great tears.

When Mass was over there was a dinner at the White House, and after Vespers the com-pany assembled for a little repast at the Pres-bytery, and the Oldcastles went half a mile out of their way to accompany Madeline, to her home. At last Mr. Gertin and Madeline were nome. At last par, Geruin and Madeline were left alone; but it was getting late, and the child was fired and let Annan put her to bed. When Mr. Gertin came to bid her good night, she sat up and beckened to him to come quite near.

"Grandpapa," she said, in her most caressing tone, "since God always grants the prayers of children on the day of their First Communion,

you will do the same, won't you?"
"Yes, yes, my child; ask anything you like from me." "Annan, don't listen," said Mignonette ; and putting her two arms round her grandfather's neck, she drew his face close to hers and whispered her request which was ended by a

will," exclaimed the old man, with much feeling, and he left her.

After an hour—an hour spent alone in pacing After an hour—an hour spent alone in pacing up and down his room, he went back to Madeline's. She was sleeping peacefully. He went gently to the bed and kissed her, and looking at a crucifix which hung on the wall just where the white curtains met, he said in a low voice, "My God, Thou wilt forgive me, because of the little angel Thou hast sent to me to cherish, who has in Thy great mercy, hear the means to who has in Thy great mercy, been the means to

call me back to Thee. can me once to thee.

"Where is master going so late?" asked
Annan of Willy, as she saw him go along the

Willy did not answer at once; he was following Mr. Gertin with his eyes.

"Master has just gone into the Presbytery through the little garden gate," he said

presently.
On the morrow Madeline got up early. She had not forgotten that an excursion had been the state of had not forgotten that an excitaion had been planned the evening before. About a league out at sea there is a picturesque and rocky island, and here in ancient times the people of Kerprat built a little chapel dedicated to the patron Saint of their parish, There could not have been a more fitting object for an expedition the day after a First Communion and Alan and Alan

ance.
"Uh! lazy grandpapa!" said Mignonette; "I
will go and tell him that he will be left behind!"

hind I"

And she went up to her grandfather's room, pened the door genely and looked in. Mr. Gertin was in bed and seemed to be seleep, she went on tiptoe to his bed.

"Grandpapa" waken I Alan is waiting for us. They are going to start."

But the old man did not move.

Then the child bent over him, and smiling at what she was going to do, placed her small

what she was going to do, placed her small finger on one of his eyes and raised the half-closed lid. The stiffened eyelid did not fall back over the dull eye, and the old man showed

no sign of awakening.
"Oh! grandpaps, don't look so at me!" cried
Madeline, in sudden terror; "dear grandpaps,
wake! your hands are cold, your face is cold; grandpapa, you are ill; speak to me!"

And she touched his hands, and kissed his

ness.

Just at this moment, Anuan, who had heard We must confess that on this occasion the collid's exclamations, hastened to the room, cosmp was not unfounded. Mr. Gertin was blameless alike in his public and his private life, and yet, like many other men who have deep eyes. Mr. Gertin had been struck with

CHAPTERXIV.

HOMELESS. A month later the great drawing-room of the White House was the scene of a meeting of men; some of them were lawyers, and others the relations and the creditors of the deceased gentleman. This was their final meeting. the short time which had passed since the death of Mr. Gertin, the mortaged lands had been sold and the servants dismissed, and, as the sale had taken place at a very unfavourable moment, it bappened, as it often happens when people leave their affairs in a complicated state, that the property, which had been merely encumbered

property, which had been herely encumbered, was almost entirely sacrificed.

When the strangers were gone, there remained in the drawing room the new proprietor of the White House, the relatives, Mr. Dubouloy, and Madeline who sat, pale, with swellen eyes, dressed in mourning, between Herminia and Bridget Oldcastle. Hitherto, she had resolutely refused to large her granulfather's house. lutely refused to leave her grandfather's house she seemed to meet him everywhere and her poor bleeding heart dwelt on the memories of

"The only thing we have now to do, gentle men, is to decide about this child," said one of the men coldly.
"What is to become of her?"

"What is to become of her?"

"You are her guardian and her nearest relation," replied another.

"Of course I am," said the first speaker, "but that does not throw any light on the question, as far as I can see; my uncle has shown little foresight, I cannot understand how any one could be so imprudent. Stratened as his circumstances were, he was foolish enough to spend twelve pounds on sending a little beggar who had been in his service, to the Seminary. It is past all belief."

"Mr. Gertin was a most generous man." re-joined Mr. Dubouloy; "his only mistake was, that he did not during his lifetime sell his property and free himself of the debts which past all belief.'

have now eaten up almost everything."

"Let us keep to the point, gentlemen, if yo please," said the new proprietor, with a bland smile. I have advertised the house as I am not coming to live in it till Michaelmas, and there may be some chance of letting 12."

That means that the little girl must go," re "That means that the little girl must go," replied his neighbour. "She shall go; but, he
continued, looking at his watch, "it is ten
o'clock and breakfast is waiting. And besides,
I told Father Larnes that the child should not
be disposed of in his absence. By and-by, before
you leave Kerprat, we will come to some decision on the matter."
Therefore, the sentlemen went their different.

Thereupon the gentlemen went their different ways, and as Marcha Larnec appeared at this moment, the ladies of Oldcastle kissed Madeline moment, the ladies of Oldcastle kissed Madeline and went home. These good ladies had taken care that Madeline should never be left alone. They looked very sad when they entered the great parlor in which their father, sisters and nephew were assembled, and in answer to the questions which were asked regarding Madeline, they said that her fate was to be decided in the atternoon. They note with heartfalt indigneatternoon. They poke with heartfelt indigna-tion of the cruel indifference with which the question was treated by Mr. Gertin's family.
"Poor child!" said Bridget, "I can't bear to think of her going away with that man, who speaks to her so harshly, and takes her quite against his will. She is so sweet and gentle and loving. My goodness! How nnhappy she

l ad iliw Alan had been silently cleaning his gun in a corner of the room, but he new turned to-wards his aunts and said, "It must not be! Aunt Hermine, cannot you find any way of pre-

venting it?" "We have no right over the child, my dear

boy."
But if this horrid stranger who is her relation, is taking charge of her so unwillingly "Oh certainly," said Bridget, "he would desire nothing better than to leave her to

others. Then let her come to Oldcastle 1" exclaimed Alan.
The other sisters looked at Hermine.

"What do you say to the idea, father?" she asked.
"Let her come," answered the old man,
"Her grandfather was my friend, and children

rier grandiather was my friend, and children are the joy of a house."

Hermine was silent, not indeed that she failed to share the generous desire which had been expressed; she heaitated slowly because of the atraitened fortunes of the Oldcastle family.
"Have you considered that she would be an other to support, sisters?" shesaid after a while.

Such a serious matter cannot be hastily decided; before making any engagement we must be sure that we are able to keep it."
"We will reduce our expenses," said all the

spinsters, heroically. (To be Continued.)

Cigarette Smoking,

We clip the following editorial on the evil effects of the cigarette from the April number

of "Frear's Bazaar":
The alarming extent of the habit of cigarette The alarming extent of the habit of cigarette; smoking among growing boys can easily be inferred from the faut that hardly a day passes without the appearance in the papers of an account of some boy or young man having been striken with heart disease, paralysis, Idicey or kindred disease from incesseant cigarette amoking. These warnings, however, go unheeded, and the vice continues to find daily victims. It is safe to say that there is not one out of ten It is safe to say that there is not one out of ten boys of the school age, who does not smoke cigarettes, and the quality is only governed by the amount of spending money the boy has. The cheapness of this doctored apology for a good smoke makes it more dangerous. Good, trustful mother, you do not watch your boy close enough. But your boy dreen't smoke ! of course he says he doesn't. A boy is by nature evasive, and whete a matter of smoking is concerned he will provaricate as readily and easily as a lightning rod peddler. How will you detect him? My good woman what have you It is safe to say that there is not one out of ten as a lightning rod peddler. How will you de-beet him? My good woman what have you got a nose for? The maledorous eigerette de-clares itself as conspicuously and as unmis-takably as the pungent and penetrating armos of the polecat. A boy may eat a pound of candy, it can not effectually eradicate the flavor of a cigarette. We repeat, watch your boys closely. Laws against the sale of tobacco-to minors cannot prevent him from obtaining cigarettes. If you detect the tell-tale odor about him, corner him and make him own up. Break him off the habit. If advice will not do it try a trunk strap.

TO THE DEAF.

it try a trunk strap.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the tion the day after a First Communion and Alan head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, had promised to take the party in his boat.

When Madeline was dressed, she went down who applies to Michelson, 17, McDougai rairs. The Dubouloys and Alan had come Street, New York.

My Right,

Yes. God has made me a woman, And I am content to be Just what he meant, not reaching out For other things, since He .
Who knows me best and loves me most has ordered this for me.

A woman, to live my life out In quiet womanly ways, Hearing the far off battle,

Seeing, as through a gaze,
The crowding, struggling world of men fight
through their busy days, am not strong or valiant,

I would not join the fight.
No jostle with crowds in the highways To sully my garments white : But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim my right. The right of a rose to bloom.

In its own sweet, separate way, With none to question the perfumed pink, And none to utter a nay
If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even s rose-tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow, To grow as the Lord shall please, By never a sturday oak rebuked, Denied nor sun nor breeze, For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the atronger trees.

The right to a life of my own-Not merely a casual bit Of the life of somebody else, flung out That, taking hold of it, I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral

The right to gather and glean What food I need and can From the garnered store of knowledge, Which man has heaped for man, Taking with free hands freely, and after an ordered plan.

The right oh, best and sweetest— To stand all undismayed Whenever sorrow want or sin Call for a woman's aid, With none to cavil or question, by never a look gainsaid.

I do not ask for a ballot; Though very life were at stake, I would beg for the nobler justice, That men for manhood's sake Should give Jungrudgingly, or withhold till I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot Both seek the self-same goal, The weakest soldier's name is writ On the great army-roll, And God, who made man's body strong, made, too, the woman's soul

The Difference Dress Made in a Young Girl's Feelings.

Minnie was 16, writes a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. She wore girlish frocks reaching down to her ankles only, but to make up for the juvenile shortage of the skirts the bodices came always up to her chin and had sleeves to her wrists. Her hair hung in a braid, and she had the aspect of an immature maiden. Her manners were correspondingly free and innocent. She had a rather pondingly free and innocent. She had a rather sudacious cousin, Jack, who took all manner of liberties with her, within the bounds of purity. They were off-hand, familiar and affectionate towards each other. One day Jack called at the house On departing, he took Minnie up in his arms, carried her down to the front hall-way and kessed her good afternoon. There were several witnesses, and none of us thought snything of the little event. Nor did the girl. She had her arm around Jack's neck, while he carried her, for fear of falling, and with no show of either liking or disliking the mutual hug. of either liking or disliking the mutual hug. She neither dodged nor invited his kiss, but accepted it as heedlessly as though it had been given by me. Well, that same evening Jack and Minnie went with older members of the family to a bill. Minnie, for the first time in her life, wore the long skirts of an adult. Beside, her hair was done up in an imposing coiffure, her or liness, and her fair, taper arms were bare to the tops of her dimpled shoulders. I was with her in the parlor when Jack came. He was astonished by the transformation. He had left her a child in the atternoon. He hound her a young woman in the evening. Now, mark how maladroit a man is, and how, by ingulse, a woman bette free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline there to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline the property done. rious a man is, and now, by impulse, a woman lives up to her clothes. It is this point that I wish to impress on Bro. Howelle, of Harper's Magazine, and Bro. Abbott, of the Christian Union. Jack didn't realize that the change of raiment demanded a simultaneous and equally radical change in manners. He grabbed Minnie in his arms, gave her a hug and kissed her. But did she artlessly and coolly submit again? Not much. She drew herself away with dignity. Her face flushed genuinely, and she looked like a Queen sentencing a traitor to the block.

"If you ever do such a thing as that again," she said, "I shall forbid you the house." in his arms, gave her a hug and kissed her. But

see said, "I shall foroit you use house."

"But—but—now—" Jack began to protest;

"you needn't be so humptious, Minnie, just because you have—well—" and his eyes dropped from the fresh disclosure of shoulders to the new concealment of ankles—" just because you have the inchessed to the new bronglethers."

atraightened up through your clothea."

"That's just it, Jack," and Minnie sighed with regret at the necessary assumption of decorum; "and if you try to hug me, I'll scream for mamma." Then she naively added: "But I suppose I'll be wearing the old frocks once in a while here at home.

Clever Irishwomen.

The "Madge" of "Girl's Gossip," in Mr.
Labouchere's London Truth, is Mrs. F. J.
Humphreys, a middle-aged Irishwoman, who
also writes much for various other papers
Mrs. Emily Crawford, the Paris journalist, is
an Irishwoman, who remembers, as a child, being carried about on O'Connell's aboulders. She
has a strong, handsome face, blue eyes, full of
merriment and expression, heavy black lashes
and very abundant white hair, which she wears
with extreme simplicity. She is a brilliant wowith extreme simplicity. She is a brilliant wo-man and an interesting talker, full of wit and anecdote, never at a loss for a word, and with-

She has extraordinary health and strength. and a beautiful unconsciouaness of herself that is extremely taking. In a saloon, if there are beautiful women, and olever women, the states-men and the wits generally gravitate in her di rection. She is so amusing, so natural; a quick-witted Celt by birth, a Parisian by education, and a good woman from principle—surely this

is a happy combination.

Mrs. J. H. Riddel, one of the most charming of living novelists, is a native of Carrickfergus. Her father was High Sheriff of the County Antrim, and soon after his death she went to Antrim, and soon after his death she went to London to have a struggle for fame. The battle was boldly fought, but success crowned her efforts. She now lives in a charmingly quaint cottage in Upper Hallitord, not far from the Thames, where she passes her leisure in cultivating her garden and raising quantities of fowls.

Woman's Rights.

Kansas seems to be the Eden of the advocates of woman's rights. The election returns of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, show that Mrs. Minnie D. Morgan has been elected Mayor, and that the next City Council will be composed entirely of women. There are high old times ahead for the people of Cottonwood.

> Useful Recipes for the Household, BROILED SHAD WITH BUTTER SAUCE.

Have a shad split down the back, cut out the backbone, remove the intestines, wash and dry the fish, and put it over the first to broil on a buttered gridiron; while the fish is being broil to the prepare a butter sauce according to the fellows—Arkansaw Traveller.

directions given below. When the shad is broiled pour a little of the sauce on a hot dish, lay the shad on it, season it with salt and pepper, and send it to the table with the rest of the sauce in a sauce-boat.

Butter Sauce.—Stir together over the fire a beaspoonful each of butter and flour until they are smoothly blended; then gradually add a pint of boiling water, a level teaspoonful of sait and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper; stir the sauce until it boils, draw it to the side of the fire and stir into it two tablespoonsfuls of butter cut in small pieces; when the butter is smoothly mixed with the sauce, serve it.

ROAST CYSTERS.

To make a real roast of ovaters is very troublesome. The oysters must be laid upon hot coals, after the shells are washed, and allowed to remain until they open, when they are extracted with a measure of success which depends on the definess of the manipulator, and served with detress of the manipulator, and served with melted butter, pepper, and salt. An easier way is to arrange them in a large pan, set it over a very hot fire, and turn another pand over it until the oysters open. There is less exposure to intense heat in following this method rather than the first. The third and easiest way is to arrange the deep shells of oysters in a pan, and set them in a very hot oven until they are hot enough to instantly melt a bit of butter; butter is then put into each shell, together with are not enough to instantly melt a bit of butter; butter is then put into each shell, together with an oyster and a dust of pepper, and she pan is replaced in the hot oven until the edges of the oysters curl; the shells containing them are then quickly transferred to a hot dish, and they are served at once. Oysters seldom need to be salted; they are best when cooked quickly. FISH CHOWDER.

Slice a quarter of a pound of pickled pork and fry it in a pot. Out five pounds of fresh codfish or haddock in slices an inch thick and free them from skin and bone. Cut two onions in thin slices, after peeling them, and put them to fry with the pork as soon as it exides sufficient fat to keep them from burning. Peel and slice four more onions, and keep them to use later. Peel and slice ten potatoes in pieces a quarter of an inch thick. Use also a pound of sea biscuit. As soon as the pork and onions are brown take them from the pot with the fat in which they were fried, leaving about four table-spoonful, of the fat on the bottom of the pot; put into the pot a layer of fish, next a layer of potatoes, then a layer of the fried and raw onions, and season at this layer with a quarter of a saltspoonful of ground pepper and a level teaspoonful of salt. Repeat the layers of fish, potatoes and onions until one-half the ingra-dients have been used; then one half the pork and biscuit, pouring half the drippings from the pork on the biscuit. Put the remainder of the fish, potatoes and onions in the pot in layers, add pepper and salt as before, and place on the top the rest of the biscuit, pork and drippings. Pour over all these incredients cold water and the top the rest of the biscuit. enough to reach three inches above the top layer, and place the pot over the fire where the chowder will boil gently for an hour; if it should burn it would be spoiled. At the end of an hour add half a pint of cream, if the chowder is for family use, or a pint of Madeira wine, if it is for a gentleman's party. The chowder is served in a tureen and soup plates, and eaten with dry sea-biscuits.

Household Hints.

To clean straw matting, wash with a cloth dipped in clean salt and water, then wipe dry at once. This prevents it from turning yellow. The clothes-line ought never to be tied around iron rails. as is the general custom, for they soon rust and fray it. Wooden pins are better.

If the face seems constantly dry, rub it with a trific of clive oil every night for a time; if too oily, put a little borax in the water used for bathing.

water and a aponge; then dry them with old linen, and rub them clean, polish them with a nowspaper. A room crowded to discomfort with furniture and ornaments, no matter how costly, is never restful and home like, and always suggest the

To clean windows, wash them first with tepid

museum or the shop. It is an essential to health that the air of the kitchen, should be as pure as that of the parlor, because food prepared in the foul air partakes of

foulness to a great extent. If your black cashmere is much soiled, have it washed. It will come out new. Care must, through a long and useful life was an honor however be taken to have it properly done.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's 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.

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. "ADVICE TO ALL," BY JAS. T. NOONAN.

Thou brilliant boy, that looks so spry, And dream of paths of glory high, I beg of you, attention true To one short maxium give-Your company be sure to choose, For fear that in the race you'll lose Your manhood by the tempter's snare; Let this demand your earnest care.

Thou joyous maid to you is said Words that the hearts of saints have swaved Avoid the proud and the loud In demonstration vain;
Associate with modest minds, For those the bond of friendship binds; While like thy comrades wilt thou be. And by its fruit is known the tree.

Thou husband fond, the morning dawned While comrades generous likewise fawned On others too, as well as you, Beware of "Clubs" and "Wine"; Thy home demands thy presence there, Thy wife and children all thy care; Be not afraid to give the "no," When duty calls to friend or foe.

Thou wife so kind keep up thy mind With pleasant speech and thou shalt find It well repays those anxious days, To watch thy temper close; Obedience is a holy law Toat fills offenders deep with awe, And home to man is heaven below, So guard it well and keep it so.

Thou aged man, if thou would fan The flame of duty while you can, Give good advice and give it twice To those who lack in vim; Watch carefully your younger friends, And see that home influence tends To elevate, example show, To path to tread, the road to go.

Thou tottering dame, dear is thy name When filled with virtue, void of shame, Make smooth the way, for well you may, For younger lives to walk;
Oh! show them what it is to live
A life of virtue, and to give
Example to the world so vain,
And lead them back to God again.

Brockville, Ont., April 14th, 1889.

The ambition of youth looks forward to the triumphs of age, while stated age turns back a wistful eye along the rosy plain of youth.

It is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task should be to hard to master.

Not only should careless statements regarding our neighbors be ignored, but facts themselves should bootten subdued in the intavest of right thinking and fairness to our

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COERCION CONDEMNED.

The Voice of Ireland's Prelates Raised in Behalf of their People.

The Bishops of Ireland in their Lenten Past. orals speak out boldly in arraigning the tyran-nical, brutal and evime-provoking government

of Ireland by Mr. Balfour. A SYSTEM OF TERBORISM.

A SYSTEM OF TERBORISM.

The Bishop of Elphin, Dr. Gillooly, after congratulating the people of his Diocese on the absence of crime in it, says: "Whilst paying this well-deserved tribute to the just and peaceful conduct of our people, we cannot be silent on the system of violence and terrorism pursued in many cases most wantonly, by the present government, and of which the chief effect is to excite in all classes not only contempt but hatred for the law and for the offices and administrators of the law. As ministers of religion, it is our sacred duty to uphold respect for law and authority, without which society cannot subsistent and it is therefore with deepest regret we see a policy of violence and exasperation pursued when every effort should be made by evenbanded, just and generous legislation to atone for past misgovernment, and to lay the foundation of lasting peace and prosperity in our harassed and persecuted country. Let us hope and respective the said such prosperity in our harassed and presecuted country. past misgovernment, and to say one foundation of lasting peace and prosperity in our harassed and persecuted country. Let us hope and pray that the English people will soon apply an effectual remedy to this odious, discreditable system of misgovernment."

A POLICY OF EXASPERATION.

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The Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. C'Donnel, says:

"At the beginning of the autumn session last
year, I asked the county member of parliament
to bring the sad failure of the potato crop in
large districts of Donegal under the notice of
the present administration, suggesting at the
same time that the development of the rail ways,
harbors and fisheries, in regard to some of which
legislation had been promised for this year,
would be the proper remedy if undertaken with
out delay. Our member moved in the matter
at once, but so far, instead of remedial legislatiou, we have had at work a policy of cruel exasperation leading up unfortunately in one mstance to the commission of a most deplorable
crime at the hands of a frenzied people. One
obvious lesson is suggested in connection with
this terrible deed of sin and shame. It is this
no matter what the provocation may be, our
people from their duty to God, to their Chresh this terrible deed of sin and shame. It is thin no matter what the provocation may be, our people from their duty to God, to their Church, to their country, to their fellow men, and to themselves, should keep free from the shadow of crims, great and small. Thanks to the indulgence of the shopkeepers the starvation that would otherwise have ensued has been warded off. Lat us all join in earnest prayer to Gal. would otherwise have ensued has been warded off. Let us all join in earnest prayer to God that the evils from which our country suffers so bitterly may now at length bave an end, and that Ireland, free to mould her own laws, may be that Ireland. enter a new career fraught with blessings to every one of her inhabitants."

A CHANGE IS INDISPENSASLE.

The Bishop of Waterford, Dr. Power, says: We have arrived at a state of things in our country's history that was never reached before. We have arrived at a time when some funda-mental change is indispensable. Coercion in the mental change is indispensable. Coercion in the most active and degrading form is applied remurselessly in order to crush the spirit of our high-minded, generous, faithful people. No worse form of coercion could be applied as present, for the spirit of the age and the circumstances of the times would not admit the application of belder and stronger measures. Besides this open attempt to allence the untrasted cation of botter and stronger measures. Be-sides this open attempt to silence the protests of our people and to deprive them of the ser-vices of their representatives in Parliament an-other and more deadly effort has been made to damage the characters of the leaders of our peo-ple and of those who show sympathy withour cause. When these methods fail, as fail they will, better prospects will begin to dawn."

Death of Sister Hickey.

(Kingston Freeman, April 17.) On Monday morning Sister Hickey departed On Monday morning Siever Lickey departed this life at the Hotel Dieu. The deceased lady was the only daughter of the late Mr. Edward Hickey, and sister of our eterprising citizen, Dr. Hickey, of this city, and Mr. James Hickey, of New York. She was in her 57th year and entered on her novitiate for the order of St. Tanash in 1850 when hat 66them years of are Joseph in 1850, when but fifteen years of age, making her religious profession and vows on May 18th, 1852. Sister Hickey was deservedly loved and respected by all who knew her, and and an ornament to womanhood, to Catholicity, and to the Holy Order of which she was a devoted and faithful servant. For nearly four long weary years she has been a confined invalid.

Since October 14th, 1885, she has been confirmed to the Convent Infirmary, bravely battling to the Convent Infirmary, prayery carring against that most insidious and relemilers of all diseases, cancer. During all this time of patient waiting for her release, this holy woman tried, so far as in mortals lie, to tread in the footsteps of her Sacred Master, and bear uncon plainingly, unflinchingly and cheerfully, the awful enfer-ings at times entailed on her by her pitiless foe. No one, in fact, will ever know what her tor-ments have been, for with a fortitude worthy of a martyr she endeavoured at all times to con-ceal her anguish from her sorrowing and synpathetic Sisters in religion, saying, "that the greater her pains herd and the more silently she bore them, so much the more bountfully would a merciful God reward her hereafter." When in health Sister Hickey was always a wonderfully active worker, and numerous are the beautiful pieces of drapery, embroidery and other useful work she has left behind her as a record of her skilful hands and busy industry.

Ilp to very lately she continued her labors in
the infirmary, for such hands as hers are only to be kept in idleness by being rendered useless by helplessness, or being stilled in death. "Twere vain to regret the death of Sister Hickey, but rather, those who love her dearly and unselfishly should thank God for breathing upon that pure and sinless soul, and relieving it from

that pure and sinless soul, and relieving it from its earthly prison, that for so long a time was indeed a prison of enguish.

The remains were taken from the Hotel Dieu to the Cathedralfat 8:30 this morning, where so solemn requiem mass was sung by Rev. Father Kelly, assisted by Rev. Fr. Caroy, as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Quinn as sub-deacon. His Lord-win the Rishon and cleary were present in the and Rev. Fr. Quinn as sub-deacon. His Lord-ship the Bishop and clergy were present in the sanctuary. After the mass the remains were taken to [St. Mary's Cemetery, followed by a large number of citizens. His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston officiated at the Libers. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Jas. Browne, R. Gardiner, T. Farrell, P. Walsh, M. Dolan and B. J. Leahy. Requiescat in paor.

Holloway's Pills .- Indigentica .- How much thought has been bestowed, and what voluminous treatises have been written upon this universal and distressing disease, which is with certainty and safety dispelled without fear of relapse by a course or this purifying, soothing and tonic medicine! It acts directly on the stomach, liver and bowelsthen indirectly, though no less effectively, on the brain, nerves, vessels, and glands, intro-ducing such order throughout the entire ays tem that harmony dwells between each organ and its functions. Dyspepsia need no longer be the bugbear of the public, since Holloway's Pills are fully competent to subdue the most chronic and distressing cases of imporid digestion, and to restore the miserable sufferer to health, strength and cheerfulness.

It you would avoid the auploious of your neighbors never carry your molasses in a

demijohn. The wisest fish long escapes the most dan-gerous hooks and is finally caught with a bent-up-pin.

The most wonderful work of God is man,

but brand him with slander and God will disown His work.

A fair reputation is a plant delicate in its nature, by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a, night like the gourd of the arronhet. but like the gourd it may perish in a night, -[J. Taylor.