

RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

Second Part.

CHAPTER XV. Continued. "Who knew what her answer might now be?" said Madeline to herself, as she watched him and listened to him.

A great part of Monday was spent by Madeline in waiting about; she wandered through the forsaken White House, and went down to the abbey, looked again at the rock in whose hollow she had made a shrine for Our Lady, where she had prayed her childish prayers, and had first heard the thrilling voice of the fair-haired boy, then a poor wretched man, and visited Annan who was now living in a cabin so near the sea that the sound of the waves formed an accompaniment to the hum of the spinning-wheel.

On Tuesday morning, the sorrow of her friends, both old and young, Madeline left Kerprat. George, Paul, and Henry were to return to Paris in a few days, on the expiration of their several vacations. Their farewell was therefore more cheerful than that of her other friends, inasmuch as they hoped before long to see her again.

Extract from Mignonette's first letter to Teresa. So passed my three days at Kerprat, dear Teresa. We took the train at Rennes, and after a journey of nine hours reached Paris.

Paris, 10th November. So passed my three days at Kerprat, dear Teresa. We took the train at Rennes, and after a journey of nine hours reached Paris.

I rather dread a visit from some of my Kerprat friends: I do not know that he is sure to behave well; Paul who is at St. Cyr, is seldom allowed out; but Henry may come, and he is as full of mischief as ever.

In spite of the fog, Mrs. Fellowes kindly consented to come with me to Mr. Duchoens as I owed him a visit of thanks. He was out, but Mrs. Duchoens, who is a gentle, charming person, received me most warmly. After we had left her, we lost our way a great many times. We were in the part of Paris which I used to know, but it is so long ago! However, I think I could find the house where you used to live, and my mother's lodging, and the infant school, and the alley of plane trees.

Accordingly, with the double object of withstanding the melancholy caused by your absence, and of occupying for some hours in the day from Jacques' conversation and the making of great, I am about to devote myself to intellectual pursuits which are almost new to me.

Good-bye, dearest Teresa; give my respectful compliments to Lady Burton and remember me to Mary; and for yourself, believe that your Mignonette cannot live without you.

Alan manages a boat perfectly, he can ride any horse, and can swim a dog, moreover he is much lighter in figure than he used to be, but I can hardly fancy him in a dress coat, and taking part in a country dance. I cannot but fear that he may be taking a false step.

Mrs. Fellowes has made arrangements for the course of lessons I mentioned, she has put down my name as Miss Gerling, hoping that it may pass for an English one.

Yesterday I saw an old acquaintance; as it was Sunday we went to St. Sulpice and the afternoon. Versper was just over, and a procession in honor of Our Lady was about to take place. We remained standing to see it pass. I was struck by the appearance of one of the clergy; he was tall and thin, with fair hair and a pale face; I felt as if I had seen him before.

I have attended the first of Madame Villeblanche's classes. Mrs. Fellowes has a fancy that I should pass for her countrywoman, and accordingly I am supposed to be thoroughly English, and English which is kept up by the name which my hostess has bestowed on me.

Good-bye, my dearest Teresa; let me hear from you often, and do not delay your journey a day longer than is necessary; your Mignonette is longing to see you.

P.S.—I have seen Madame Villeblanche again; she is charming, I am delighted with her, and I mean to be her most industrious pupil.

I thank you most truly, dear Teresa, for all you have done. The interest of the family of Her Majesty's Consul at New York may be of great value, and I trust our perseverance may at last be rewarded by tidings of my parents.

which as far as I can see, my dear George, may completely change the state of affairs affecting Alan's heart.

"As I told you, I took care to get an invitation sent to the Oldcastle through the charming wife of my chief, and then I went to shake Alan up. The visit paid to Oldcastle by Mr. and Mrs. Vanlorien seems to me to mean something. It is plain that they do not wish to keep up any estrangement. I at last succeeded in persuading Alan to accept the invitation, but it was no easy matter.

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JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

-AT THE TIME OF THE-

CRUCIFIXION.

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception and beauty of execution.

Every day we become more and more intimate. I have known her now for six weeks, and strange to say I feel as if I had known her all my life.

YOUR MIGNONETTE. (To be Continued.)

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

An Air-Ship.

Mr. P. P. Bailey, of Montgomery, Ala., has just completed an air ship which he declares will navigate the air with perfect safety.

The New Explosive.

Petragit is the name of a newly invented gunpowder explosive, which is said to be three times as powerful as nitro-glycerine.

Two Old Trees.

The following items appeared recently in Popular Science News.

The old oak tree at Waltham, which so excited an authority as Professor Alexander Agassiz said was 700 years of age, has been cut down.

The Electric Arc.

Professor Etisha Gray remarks that electrical science has made a greater advance in the last twenty years than in all the 6,000 years preceding.

Making Bricks by Machinery.

Some may smile at the idea of making bricks by machinery, but it is believed that brick making by hand will soon become a thing of the past.

Bishop Vaughan on Mixed Marriages.

He was afraid that many of these were people who had contracted mixed marriages, as a Catholic wife being united to a non-Catholic husband, or a Catholic husband to a non-Catholic wife.

beets he loved; behind him were the scenes of conflict, of disaster, and of triumph through which he had led them all those years; before him, visible to no eye but his, was the land of milk and honey which should command their united destiny.

Irish Nature.

Ireland is a land of mists and mystic shadows; of cloud-wraiths on the purple mountains; of weird allusions in the lonely hills and firths of deepest gloom alternating with gorgeous sunset splendors.

Servants Who are in Demand.

The fame of Irish Catholic servant girls for honesty and virtue was well described by Archbishop MacBride when he called them "the glory of our race in America."

A Tory Cry of Distress.

There is a strong effort being made in England to induce the Liberal-Unionists to drop their separate organization and form with the Tories a body under one name and control.

The reconstruction of the Liberal party on the old basis, it is asserted is now hopeless. Even if Mr. Gladstone should die, or, as Mr. Dicoy sarcastically expresses it, "be translated to those assemer spheres which, in the opinion of his admirers, he so eminently calculated to adorn."

The prospect is, according to this observer, that if the Liberal-Unionist members of Parliament present themselves under their present party banner as candidates at the next election they will be defeated.

A Beautiful Tribute to Gladstone.

As a general rule the clergy of the Anglican Church are not in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's views on Irish Home Rule, but there are, however, several notable exceptions, and among them is Rev. W. Tackwell, Vicar of Stockwell, Rugby, who recently made a speech at a monster Home Rule gathering in Buckinghamshire, in which occurs the following beautiful tribute to the "Grand Old Man."

WELCOME IN HIS OLD AGE TO LORENZE SIEBERT.

Lorenze Siebert at 813 Summit st. is one of the two persons who drew one-twentieth of the ticket No. 10,420 in the March drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery.

The geologist's character of the rock on which drunkards' slipp is said to be quartz.