

do" asked Ormiston, catching his excited friend by the arm.

"Do!" exclaimed Sir Norman, in a high key. "Can't you see that for yourself? And I'm going to have that girl cured of the plague, if there is such a thing as a doctor to be had for there is money in London."

"You had better have her taken to the pest-house at once, then; there are obnoxious and nurses enough there."

"To the pest-house? Why, man, I might as well have her thrown into the plague-pit there, as once she is there, there are properly cared for, and this good fellow will drive her there instantly."

Sir Norman backed this insinuation by putting a broad gold piece into the driver's hand, which instantly produced a magical effect on his rather surly countenance.

"Certainly," he began, springing into his seat with alacrity. "Where shall I drive the young lady to?"

"Follow me," said Sir Norman. "Come along, Ormiston." And seizing his friend by the arm, he hurried along with a velocity rather uncomfortable, considering they both wore cloaks, and the night was excessively wet. The gloomy vehicle and its fainting sultry, followed close behind.

"That do you mean to do with her?" asked Ormiston, as soon as he found breath enough to speak.

"Haven't I told you?" said Sir Norman, impatiently. "Take her home, of course."

"And after that?"

"Go for a doctor."

"Take care of her till she gets well."

"And after that?"

"Why—find out her history, and all about her."

"After that? After that! How do I know what after that?" exclaimed Sir Norman, rather fiercely.

"Ormiston laughed.

"And after that you'll marry her, I suppose?"

"Perhaps I may, if she will have me. And what if I do?"

"Oh, nothing. Only it struck me you may be saying another man's words."

"That's true," said Sir Norman in a subdued tone, "and if such should unhappily be the case, being will remain but to live in hopes that he may be carried off by the plague."

"Pray heaven that we may not be carried off by it ourselves!" said Ormiston, with a slight shudder. "I shall dream of nothing but that horrible plague for a week. If it were not for this pest-ridden city."

"Here we are," said Sir Norman, rather inappreciably, as they entered Piccadilly, and stopped before a large and handsome house, whose gloomy portals were faintly illuminated by a large lamp. "Here, my man, just carry the lady in."

He unlocked the door as he spoke, and led the way across a long hall to a sleeping chamber, elegantly furnished. The man placed the body on the bed and departed, while Sir Norman, seizing a hand-bell, rang a peal that brought a staid-looking housekeeper to the scene directly. Seizing a lady, young and beautiful, in bridal robes, lying apparently dead on her young master's bed at that hour of the night, the discreet matron, over whose virtuous head the great snow-white cap had passed, started back with a slight gasp, and the lady rose.

"My dear Mrs. Preston," began Sir Norman blandly, "this young lady is ill of the plague, and—"

But all further explanation was cut short by a horrified shriek from the room. Down stairs she came, informing the other servants as she went, how, between her screams, and when Sir Norman, in a violent rage, went in search of her five minutes after, he found not only the kitchen, but the whole house deserted.

"Well," said Ormiston, as Sir Norman strode back, looking fiery hot and savagely angry.

"Well, they have all fled, every man and woman of the house," Sir Norman ground out, nothing not quite proper, behind his moustache. "I shall have to go for the doctor myself. Doctor Forbes is a friend of mine, and lives near; and you," looking at him rather doubtfully, "would you mind staying here, lest she should recover consciousness before I return?"

"To tell you the truth," said Ormiston, with charming frankness, "I should. The lady is extremely beautiful, I must own; but she looks uncomfortably corpse-like at this present moment. I do not wish to die of the plague, either, until I see La Masque once more; and so if it is all the same to you, my dear friend, will have the greatest pleasure in stepping round with you to the doctor."

Sir Norman, though he did not much approve of this, could not very well object, and the two sallied forth together, striking off at a bye street, and soon reached the house that they were in search of. Sir Norman knocked loudly at the door, which was opened by the doctor himself. Briefly and rapidly Sir Norman informed how and where his services were required; and the doctor, being always prepared with everything necessary for such purposes, set out with him immediately. Fifteen minutes after leaving his own house, Sir Norman was back there again, and standing in his own chamber. But a simultaneous exclamation of amazement and consternation broke from him and Ormiston, as on entering the room they found the bed empty, and the lady gone.

A dead panic seized them, during which the doctor looked blankly at the bed, and then at each other. The scene, no doubt, would have been ludicrous enough to a third party; but neither of our trio could see anything whatever to laugh at. Ormiston was the first to speak.

"What in Heaven's name has happened?" he wonderingly exclaimed.

"Some one has been here," said Sir Norman, burning very pale, "and carried her off while we were gone."

"Let us search the house," said the doctor; "you should have locked your door, Sir Norman; but it may not be too late yet."

Acting on the hint, Sir Norman seized the lamp, burning on the table, and strode on the search. His two friends followed him, and the highest, the lowest, the loveliest spot. They searched for the lady, and found her not.

No, though there was not the slightest trace of a shadow, neither was there the slightest trace of the beautiful plague-patient. Everything in the house was precisely as it always was, but the silver shining vision was gone.

of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her. Sleeping, I suppose, is out of the question."

"Of course it is! I shall never sleep again till I find her!"

They passed out, and Sir Norman this time took the precaution of turning the key, thereby fulfilling the adage of locking the stable door when the steed is stolen. The night had grown darker and hotter, and as they walked along, the clock of St. Paul's tolled nine.

"And now, where shall we go?" inquired Sir Norman, as they rapidly hurried on.

"I should recommend visiting the house we found her first; if not there, then we can try the pest-house."

Sir Norman shuddered.

"Haven't I told you she should be there! It is the most mysterious thing ever I heard of!"

"What do you think now of La Masque's prediction—dare you doubt still?"

"Ormiston, I don't know what to think. It is the same face I saw, and yet—"

"Well—and yet?"

"I can't tell you—I am fairly bewildered. If we don't find the lady at her own house, I have half a mind to apply to your friend, La Masque, again."

"The wisest thing you could do, my dear fellow. If any one knows your unfortunate beloved's whereabouts, it is La Masque, depend upon it."

That's settled then; and now, don't talk, for conversation at this smart pace I don't admire."

Ormiston, like the amiable, obedient young man that he was, instantly held his tongue, and they strode along as a breathless pace.

There was an unusual concourse of men abroad that night, watching the gloomy face of the sky, and waiting the hour of midnight to kindle the myriad of fires; and as the two tall, dark figures went rapidly by, all supposed to be a case of life or death. In the street a crowd of people gathered, and neither halted till they came once more in sight of the house, whence a short time previously they had carried the death-cold bride. A row of lamps over the door portals shed a yellow, uncertain light around, while the lights of barges and wharves were seen like stars along the river.

"There is the house," cried Ormiston, and both paused to take breath; "and I am about as the last step. I wonder if your pretty mistress would feel grateful, if she knew what I have come through to-night for her sweet sake?"

"There are no lights," said Sir Norman, glancing anxiously up at the darkened front of the house; "even the link before the door is unlit. Surely she cannot be there."

"That remains to be seen, though I'm very doubtful about it myself. Ah! who have we here?"

The door of the house in question opened as he spoke, and a figure—a man's figure, wearing a slouch hat and long, dark cloak, came slowly out. He stopped before the house and looked at it long and earnestly; and by the twinkling light of the lamps, the friends saw much of his face, and knew that he was young and distinguished looking.

"I should not wonder in the least if that were the bridegroom," whispered Ormiston maliciously.

Sir Norman turned pale with jealousy, and laid his hand on his sword, with a quick and natural impulse to make the bride a widow forthwith. But he checked the desire for an instant, as the brigand-like-looking gentleman, after a prolonged stare at the premises, stepped up to the watchman who had given them the information as to where the bride was, and who was still at his post. The friends could not be seen, but they could hear, and they did so very earnestly indeed.

"Can you tell me, my friend," began the cloaked unknown, "what has become of the bride, who is waiting under the porch?"

The watchman held his lamp up to the face of the interlocutor—a handsome face by the way, what could be seen of it—and indulged himself in a long survey.

"Well!" said the gentleman, impatiently, "have you no tongue, fellow? Where are they?"

"I don't know," said the watchman. "I wasn't set here to keep guard over them, was I? It looks like it, though, said the man in parenthesis; "for this makes twice to-night I've been asked questions about it."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, with a slight start. "Who asked you before, pray?"

"Two young gentlemen, I judge, by their dress, and a third, who was scanning out of the house, and they wanted to know who was wrong."

"Well!" said the stranger, breathlessly, "and then, as I couldn't tell them, they went in to see for themselves, and shortly after came out with a body wrapped in a sheet, which they put on a peat-carriage, and had it buried, in spite of my protest, with the plague-pit."

The stranger fairly staggered back, and caught his pillar for support. For nearly ten minutes he stood perfectly motionless, and then, without a word, started up and walked rapidly away.

The friends looked at him curiously till he was out of sight.

"So she is not there," said Ormiston; "and our mysterious friend in the cloak is as much at a loss as we are. Where shall we go now—on to La Masque or the pest-house?"

"To La Masque—I hate the idea of the pest-house."

"She may be there, nevertheless; and under present circumstances, it is the best place for her."

"Don't talk of it!" said Sir Norman, impatiently. "I do not believe she is in the caldron again, I verily believe I shall jump in head foremost."

"And I verily believe we will not find La Masque at home. She wanders through the streets at all hours, but particularly affects the night."

"We shall try, however. Come along!"

The house of the sorceress was but a short distance from that of Sir Norman's plague-stricken lady-love's; and with a pair of seven-league boots, they soon reached it. Like the other, it was all dark and deserted.

"This is the house," said Ormiston, looking at it doubtfully, "but where is La Masque?"

"Here!" said a silvery voice at his elbow; and turning round, they saw a tall, slender figure, cloaked, holed and masked. "Surely you two do not want me again to-night?"

Both gentlemen doffed their plumed hats, and simultaneously bowed.

"Fortune favors us," said Sir Norman.

"Yes, madam, it is even so; once again to-night we would tax your skill."

"What do you wish to know?"

"Madam, we are in the street."

"Sir, I am aware of that. Pray proceed."

"Will you not have the goodness to permit us to enter?" said Sir Norman, inclined to feel offended. "How can you tell us what we wish to know here?"

"That is my secret," said the sweet voice.

"Probably Sir Norman Kingsley wishes to know something of the fair lady I showed him some time ago?"

"Madam, you've guessed it. It is for that purpose I have sought you now."

"Then you have seen her already?"

"I have."

"And love her?"

"With all my heart."

"A rapid fire," said the musical voice, in a tone that had just a touch of sarcasm, "for one who does not want my acquaintance you did not dream two hours ago."

"Madame La Masque," said Sir Norman, flushed and haughty, "love is not a question of time."

"Sir Norman Kingsley," said the lady, somewhat sadly, "I am aware of that. Tell me what you wish to know, and if it be in my power to know it, I will tell you."

"A thousand thanks! Tell me, then, is she whom I seek living or dead?"

"She is alive."

"She has the plague?" said Sir Norman.

"I know it."

"Will she recover?"

(To be continued.)

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THE WANDERERS' POEM.

What song is well sung not of sorrow?
What triumph well won without pain?
What virtue shall be and not borrow
Bright lustre from many a stain?
What birth has there been without travail?
What battle well won without blood?
What good shall earth see without evil
In garnered as chaff with the good?

Lo! the cross set in Rocks by the Roman
And nourished by blood of the lamb,
And watered by tears of the women,
Has flourished, has spread like a palm.
And put forth, in the frosts and far regions
Of snows in the North, and South sands,
Where never the trumpet of legions
Was heard, or reached forth his red hands.

Be thankful; for the price and the payment,
The birth, the privations and scorn,
And the cross, and the putting of raiment,
Are finished. The star brought us morn:
Look onward; stand far and unweary,
Free soiled as a banner unfurled,
Be worthy, O brother, be worthy!
For a God was the price of the world.

CURIOUS THINGS OF LIFE.

An Indian man carried an egg in his pocket until the chicken was hatched.

There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card.

A physician of Missouri announces that he will not take a female patient unless he can order the cat as well as the medicine.

It is said that there are now orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be purchased in the next five years.

Santi, the Italian faster, who claims to possess an elixir which renders food unnecessary, has just finished a fast of thirty days at Barcelona, Spain. He walked, fenced and slept during his foodless month and retained his health and strength.

Joe Patrick, of Delaware, Wis., married his mother-in-law, Mrs. Casperwick, and brought about a very complex state of things. He thus became a stepfather to his former wife; he was formerly the son of the present wife; being the son, he becomes the brother of the old lady's daughter (his former wife), and also a father-in-law to himself.

During the summer following a Japanese wedding in New York a servant in gorgeous livery appeared, carrying a kettle. It had two spouts, and the bride and groom knelt and drank simultaneously, each from a spout. The bride then lifted her veil. Her father thereupon came forward and presented the groom with a gift, and the groom's father did likewise with the bride.

CONFESSION BY TELEPHONE.

Can a priest administer the Sacrament of Penance through the telephone? This question is learnedly treated in the *Etudes Religieuses*, published by the Jesuits in Paris.

Father Berardi, of Faenza, in his *Praxis Confessionarium*, has answered in the affirmative.

Father Eichbach, of the French Seminary at Rome, combats this theory in so far as sins are concerned, though he admits the validity of such a confession for the removal of censures. According to Father Eichbach, designates a person present just as the hoc refers to a thing present in the sacrament of the altar. Then the custom of the Church, which, according to Lugo, is a sure rule to go by, is opposed to confession by telephone; and, lastly, the Council of Trent has declared the Sacrament of Penance to be a tribunal; and how tribunal can be a telephone?

Accordingly, as St. Alphonsus de Liguori says in his "Treatise on Penance," a priest in a far distant twenty paces beyond penitent and priest is necessary for the validity of the absolution.

Father Eichbach's argument has appeared so conclusive to Father Berardi that the latter has signified his retraction of the theory that the Sacrament of Penance can be administered through the telephone.

PRIZE QUESTIONS FOR THE MULTITUDES.

In the logo of the codfish aristocracy a fin line?

Which end of the city street is the block-head?

Why do people complain that it is a cold day when they have been subjected to summary treatment?

When one is covered does he become as timid as a calf?

Is buttermilk the product of the goat?

Does the dying dog fancier always struggle to keep pup?

Did the Iberia go down because deprived of her stern necessity?

Why do they call the Anarchists "the reds," when universal dissatisfaction invariably breeds the blues?

Is the period the lubricate of the punctation family because it is the full stop?

Is the saloon where Old Crow is sold necessarily a crow-bar?

If the crow is a caucus, what kind of a caucus is the caucus?

If Thomas Carlyle was eccentric and Dickens was a crank, what was Lover?

Does crabbed age walk backward?

And when crabbed age and youth try to live together, is their lack of harmony due to an abundance of devilish-crabbed age?

If the moon is responsible for the tide, who keeps track of the sailors' knots?

WHAT BROUGHT JEWS TO EGYPT.

AN INTERESTING TALE DESCRIBED BY AN EMI-NENT EGYPTOLOGIST.

The presence of large numbers of Semites in ancient Egypt has always been a puzzle to historians, and what first led to their migrating from Mesopotamia to the land of the Pharaohs has never hitherto been made clear. Quite recently, however, the British Museum

LOTTERY OF COLONIZATION.

OFFICIAL LIST OF THE WINNING NUMBERS

Following is the official list of the winning numbers in Father Labelle's Lottery of Colonization for the month of November, of which has just taken place in the presence of Rev. Messrs. Bonin and Lapaine.

One real estate, valued at \$5,000—No. 87639.

One real estate, valued at \$2,000—No. 19509.

One real estate, valued at \$1,000—No. 51580.

Real estates, valued at \$500—Nos. 28575; 29718; 37072; 57911.

Real estates, valued at \$300—Nos. 7215; 18634; 24207; 57712; 78465; 81451; 91038; 90142; 97760; 99864.

Drawing-room suites at \$200—2861, 23485; 51345; 59433; 61153; 76212; 79334; 93898; 8479; 25420; 52477; 55580; 64150; 76279; 81414; 86609; 11085; 21137; 32508; 60757; 68909; 77508; 83909; 97930; 10172; 27762; 53741; 61079; 73874; 78178.

DRAWING ROOM SUITES AT \$100—2701; 12469; 28565; 30129; 54972; 63963; 78274; 91457; 5177; 12627; 28155; 39568; 55335; 65154; 80439; 91905; 9465; 13262; 28570; 44582; 66899; 71083; 80949; 92974; 7367; 15245; 31727; 44591; 58219; 72848; 81732; 95545; 7868; 16716; 31839; 46640; 58762; 75392; 82452; 84337; 8464; 18527; 33969; 48430; 63278; 75453; 83691; 98073; 9465; 25586; 38320; 51052; 63377; 76887; 83921; 91968; 10124; 22266; 38758; 52505.

Gold watches at \$50—393; 14477; 26791; 35416; 45882; 57390; 70195; 85269; 462; 14808; 27373; 35592; 46175; 57842; 70396; 85077; 514; 15107; 27935; 36281; 46994; 57846; 70454; 85405; 1014; 15112; 29144; 36574; 47665; 55696; 70970; 86888; 1472; 15526; 29626; 36936; 47264; 59256; 71086; 87280; 1577; 15724; 29868; 35229; 47299; 59475; 71250; 87475; 2294; 16265; 30291; 35888; 47641; 60095; 71297; 87296; 93581; 95800; 9727; 67304; 67441; 67599; 68270; 69765; 11699; 16145; 17124; 17545; 18884; 20989; 21236; 23398; 24743; 23199; 30254; 30296; 36594; 30845; 38380; 39122; 40160; 41083; 41400; 42809; 38892; 46994; 49196; 46494; 41009; 41256; 41549; 41685; 43586; 45894; 50469; 51611; 35599; 32891; 52859; 51099; 55117; 60739; 60829; 60868; 61051; 61089; 61573; 61869; 62852; 62610; 71496; 71914; 73598; 73637; 74374; 76055; 76911; 78285; 77549; 88361; 88886; 91122; 93761; 93909; 99405; 99739; 91462; 91634; 11562; 11833; 12609; 13144; 13193; 13470; 13539; 14577; 14476; 22287; 22367; 23511; 24215; 24305; 24471; 25319; 25476; 26712; 32021; 32252; 32342; 32409; 32467; 32663; 32954; 34195; 35355; 42925; 42965; 43161; 43240; 43566; 44028; 44182; 45183; 45003; 55539; 55515; 55819; 56128; 56562; 56837; 56645; 56789; 57296; 63972; 61189; 64296; 64290; 64691; 64942; 66917; 69345; 69515; 73692; 80099; 80757; 82374; 82581; 82911; 83843; 83948; 84192; 92189; 92575; 92961; 95085; 95257; 95577; 96889; 97297; 99536.

Silver Watches at \$10.—Number 87639 having drawn capital prize \$5,000, all prizes were paid.

Number 87639 having drawn each a \$10 watch.

Number 19509 having drawn second capital prize \$2,000, all prizes were paid.

Number 51580 having drawn each a \$10 watch.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT CHILDREN.

The Esthonian mother attaches a bit of seaweed to the child's neck.

A sufficient preventive for an Irish babe is a belt made of woman's hair.

A small bit of red ribbon at the Roumanian infant requires to secure it from harm.

Garlic, salt, bread and straw are first put in the cradle of a new born child in Holland.

Scotch mothers say if the child takes a spoon in the left hand first, it will always be unlucky.

In some parts of Scotland and Germany, an open bottle with the child will eventually keep off the fairies.

Two babies must not, according to mothers in many lands, be allowed to embrace, as one or both will become mute.

In Lower Brittany some fearful and terrifying object will take the infant's place unless a cloth is thrown over the cradle.

Perhaps the most widespread belief concerning children is that about the empty cradle, which must, on no account, be rocked.

In Germany, as well as in Scotland, some article of the father's wardrobe is thrown over the new born child, so that it will grow strong.

In modern Greece the mother, before putting the child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire, while sloping her favorite song, to ward away the spirits.

In Denmark salt, bread and iron are placed in the cradle, and it is thought necessary in Scotland to put iron in the bed with the mother, that she may be protected also.

The Turks load the child with amulets a soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, well stepped in a jar of hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead.

It is thought unsafe, in Sweden, for any one to pass between the fire and the nursing babe. No water should be brought into the room late in the day, without fire thrown into it.

The Swedish mother puts a book under the head of the new born infant, that it may be able to read, and puts money into the first bath, to guarantee its possession in the future.

In Milan, France, a new born child must not be left in bed with its mother or it will die. If the mother hears it cry, as if it were a deceiver, it has disappeared, and will never be seen again.

Among the peasants, children born at noon are held to be long-lived, but those born at the quarter have less tenure, but reason better. A doctor's hand during the first moon is always precarious.

In Spain, the child is to be kept with a piece of cloth, a handkerchief, or a rag, over its head, and a rag over its face, and the rag over about its neck. A new necktie that has been used in the hospital font is equally efficacious.

In lower Brittany, on the birth of a child, neighboring women at once take it in charge, wash it, trade it, and, with a bit of fat, set it to the mother's breasts. It is then wrapped up in a tight bundle and its lips are sweet with brandy to "make it a full breeder."

MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITIES.

SINGULAR THINGS THAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED BY FIGURES.

The Detroit Free Press says:—A very curious number is 142,857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by seven gives all nine. Multiplied by one it equals 142,857, multiplied by two equals 285,714, multiplied by three equals 428,571, multiplied by four equals 571,428, multiplied by five equals 714,285, multiplied by six equals 857,142, multiplied by seven equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by eight and you have 1,142,856. Take away the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start. Another mathematical wonder is the following:—

It is discovered that the multiplication of 9 8 8 6 5 4 3 2 1 by 45 gives 44, 44, 44, 44, 44. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 by 45, we get a result equally curious—5, 555, 555, 555. If we take 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 as the multiplier, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 51 as the multiplier, 6, 666, 666, 666. Returning to the multiplier, 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1, and taking 51 as the multiplier again, we get 51, 513, 513, 513, which together read 51—the end! Figures which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplier, and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get 27, the half of 54, all 5's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figures 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, and 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 as the multiplier, we get a product of 71, 111, 111, 112, all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72—the multiplier.

WHY CATHOLIC GIRLS MAKE THE BEST WIVES.

The reason why Catholic girls—or rather those who have been trained in the profession of the Holy Roman Catholic Faith—make, as a rule, the best wives are obvious, and cannot have failed to attract the observation of all an prejudiced persons who study the characteristic qualities of women in general.

Primarily, must be considered the early home training and Christian educational influences of the average Catholic girl, which are such as are eminently designed to fit her for development, intellectual, moral and social, into honorable womanhood.

The properly trained Catholic girl always maintains a feminine dignity which cannot be assailed by worldly temptations, lessened by increasing years, nor the varying circumstances incident upon changes of fortune or occasions.

There is a native modesty and refinement of demeanor invariably manifest in a Catholic girl who obeys the teachings of her faith, and the wise counsel of a good religious mother or father.

Persistence, to the credit, rather than disparagement of this girl, it must be admitted that she is by times more prone to bashfulness and timidity when thrown in the society of worldly men, than are most of the forward, experienced female habitués of the fashionable society.

Such embarrassment of manner may be considered by the latter class of people as a marked evidence of a Catholic girl's unfamiliarity with that requisite self-consciousness which must characterize a cultivated society lady of the period; however, the Catholic girl need never fear losing any desirable prospect by reason of her timidity or bashfulness, or of the natural diffidence of trustful young girlhood at which no respectable man or woman can justifiably mock or make thereof a consistent out of ridicule.

The Catholic girl, if she aims for lofty social distinction at all, secures it by her purposeful and proper ladylike actions, by a course of necessary and arduous social relations requiring compromising late hours, or indulgence in the various fashionable dissipations of the period, which prove, in their immoderate indulgence, a fatal moral pitfall for any young woman.

The sensible man of today, no matter what his position, worldly living may be, when selecting a wife does not care to do so from a selfish or artificial point of view, but from a more true and pleasurable in slavish devotion to the silly conceits of fashion, in promoting the artistic and public thoroughfares than in the perpetuation of home comforts or interest in domestic affairs.

Hence, it is, that he can only find his ideal wife in the properly reared Catholic girl who is tender, diffident, pure and peculiar general fitness for the loftiest fulfillment of all that is perfect, good and noble in a wife is fully assured.—N. Y. Union.

A PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The problem of domestic service in America would be solved if the women in America would treat their hired girls in the same manner that men treat their hired help. It very frequently happens that a merchant retains his salesman in his employ for a long term of years.

A banker is not changing his bookkeeper or cashier every three months. The lady of the middle class thinks nothing of entertaining her husband's bookkeeper at dinner and, if the young man is gentle and worthy, she would not seriously object to him as an escort to her daughter to the opera. But she would not think of thus entertaining the young woman who does her housework faithfully, and she would feel outraged beyond measure if her son should pay her social attention.

How wide a social distinction is thus drawn between the hired woman and the hired man?

Is it to be wondered at that the refined and sensitive gentleman, who by birth and the circumstances of life possesses the very accomplishments so desired in a good housekeeper, and whose competent and intelligent services would be the joy of her employer, shrinks from an occupation which bars the doors of society against her and represses every worthy ambition.

CATHOLICS AND BOULANGISM.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE RELATIONS OF FRENCH POLITICS TO THE CHURCH.

Anti-Boulangist Radicals have been endeavoring to make capital out of some letters of a strong Boulangist tinge which appeared lately in the *Monteur de Rome*. The Pope has taken up the General, declared the Radical and other journals of the same creed, and forthwith pointed out to their readers that their was an additional reason for combating Boulangism, and because it was aided by the Clericals, and for combating the Clericals, because they were the friends of Boulangism.

To put an end to these ridiculous interpretations the *Monteur* has thought it advisable to state that its correspondent's views have no value other than that intrinsically their own, and are not prompted by "authority." There is not being any distinctively Catholic party, as such, the Right of the Chamber is credited with representing the opinions of the French Catholics, and to a great extent does represent those opinions. The policy of the Right is accordingly regarded as the policy of the Catholics. The spectacle is now offered us, however, of the policy of the Right of the Chamber being opposed to the opinions of a very large body, if not the majority, of Catholics. This has prompted the cry for the

HINTS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES.

Paintings done on cathedral glass and set in bamboo frames, form charming fire-screens. One screen is of opal glass, the top of the panels is just tinted with delicate blue, and sprays of wild roses and honeysuckles clamber over the softly toned background, whilst poppies and airy dandelion puffs spring up from the foot. A chivalrous screen is ornamented with fillings of Liberty silks, then comes a narrow shelf, then a glass pane, painted with lilac and at the top a second shelf. The new set things for walls are the crossed battle-axes painted with flowers.

Pots and vases bearing designs of ferns look particularly well when painted in shades of green on pale brown ground, or on ground-work of silver gray. A fire screen for summer use decorated with chrysanthemums arranged in a terra cotta pot, is done in pastels. A mandolin pocket is lined with pink and finished with pink ribbons, whilst over the face of it are trailing biskberries.

A high old time—The ancient clock in a church steeple.

The duck of a bonnet often makes a goose of a woman.

"Although unseen, my influence is felt," remarked the lively flea.

PROFIT SHARING.

Among the great profit-sharing establishments in France are the Bon Alarcin, the immense shop in Paris, with a capital stock of nearly \$1,000,000 and about 2,000 employes; the paper mills of M. Laroche-Joubert, with a capital of nearly \$900,000; the Landeries of M. Godard, at Goussier and Laeken, employing 1,100 workmen and providing them with houses; an immense co-operative building; the publishing house of Chaux et Cie, which prints the official railroad time tables of France; the company of the Suez Canal and the Paris and Orleans Railroad, which has paid nearly \$15,000,000 in profits to its 15,000 employes. Up to June, 1885, the sums paid to workmen as shares of profits by these firms with houses, in an immense report favorably of their experiments in sharing profits.

M. Masou, book dealer, shares profits with twenty employes, and lately doubled the share allowed them. M. Mozet, a mason, has forty participants. Dr. Morgantzen, manufacturer of sheets of tin in Zurich, Bavaria, is successful with nineteen. M. Gastez, profit-sharing lithographer of Paris, states that the workmen save one-third of the profits paid them by their more careful use of lithographic stones. On the profit-sharing farm of Herr Bohn, in Brandenburg, Prussia, only one bushel of fodder is needed where three were wastefully used before.

An author in Paris remarked to the messenger who brought him proof sheets to the messenger establishment that the sheets came in the same envelope every time. The reply was, "You see, sir, we have a share in the profits."

AN APPEAL FOR KEHOE.

A petition has been sent to the Governor-General praying for a commutation of sentence in the case of Jack Kehoe, who was found guilty of the murder of M. J. Donnelly. It is alleged that Kehoe is insane and has been in such a state for the greater portion of his life. The details of the case are also given, and concludes by asking the Governor-General to commute the present sentence, and that Kehoe be placed in the Lunatic Asylum where he will no longer be a burden on society.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURT PAGE.

The search was given over at last in despair, and the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Sir Norman and Ormiston stopped in the lower hall and looked at each other in mute amazement.

"What can it all mean?" said Ormiston, appealing more to society at large than to his bewildered companion.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Sir Norman, distractedly; "only I am pretty certain if I don't find her, I shall do something so desperate that the plague will be a trifle compared to it."

"It seems almost impossible that she can have been carried off—does it?"

"If she has," exclaimed Sir Norman, "and I find out the abductor, he won't have a whole bone in his body two minutes after."

"And yet more impossible than she can have one of herself," pursued Ormiston, with the air of one entering upon an abstruse subject, and taking no heed whatever of his companion's marginal notes.

"Cut it out yourself! Is the man crazy?" inquired Sir Norman, with a stare. "Fifteen minutes before we left her dead, or in a dead swoon, which is all the same in Greek, and yet he talks of her getting up and going off herself!"

"In fact, the only way to get at the bottom

of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her. Sleeping, I suppose, is out of the question."

"Of course it is! I shall never sleep again till I find her!"

They passed out, and Sir Norman this time took the precaution of turning the key, thereby fulfilling the adage of locking the stable door when the steed is stolen. The night had grown darker and hotter, and as they walked along, the clock of St. Paul's tolled nine.

"And now, where shall we go?" inquired Sir Norman, as they rapidly hurried on.

"I should recommend visiting the house we found her first; if not