VICAR-GENERAL ROONEY.

A good old man, with a quiet face, and a quiet heart 'neach his priestly gown; Wherever he is, it's a better place,

For his brow would rather smile than frown.

The world is full of the rush and rost Of men on the nineteenth century plan; It reass the heart when it's tired and sore To win a smile from a good old man.

As soon as you look at his good old face. As soon as the light of his smile is seen, You know that he came from a famous place.
Where the shamrocks bloom and the grass

He peacefully works at his task alone; He follows the work that his Lord began; By the little children he's loved and known, As a heart of gold and a good old man.

-THE KHAN.

RESEDA:

Or Sorrows and Joys.

CHAPTER I. MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Mother, won't you take me to the Luxem bourg Gardens to-day? look how full the atreet is of sunshine!

And to give further effect to her petition, little Madeline climbed on a chair, and putting her arms coaxingly round Mrs. Lemoyne's neck, kissed her forebead over and over again. The young mother, who was writing, turned her sad face to the child, but soon brightened into a smile at the eight of the little suppliant. Made-line watched the effect of her sudden careas; her mother's smile seemed to assure her that her request was granted; she spranz from the chair and went to get a little brown hat from a nail where it was banging be-

ind the door.

"You are in too great a burry. Madeline,"

You are in too great a burry. Madeline," said Mrs. Lemoyne, who was still writing, "1 am not going out till I have finished this letter; I want to put it in the post"

Madeline stood on her tip-toes and was by his means able to look at the half-written

What a long letter !" she exclaimed, "it is done, isn't it, little mammy?"

"Yes, nearly, my child; but if you want it

to be done very soon, don't talk to me. What have you done with your doli?"
"She is in bed, mother, fast asleep."
"Wake her, then."

"She is timed, mother, and she looks so pretty in her little cradle !" So you don't want to play with her, but you see if you leave her in bed you can't bring her

out to walk. "Oh! I never thought of that, mother; I will take her up and dress her while you are finishing your letter."

Madeline took the little cradle up on her knee,

gently opened its closed curtains, smlled at her doll, whose eyes were wide open, notwithstanding her sleep, took her and began to dress her, whispering meanwhile many pretty words, be-stowing many caresses, and in fact acting to perfection the part of a young mother with a little infant.

Mrs. Lemoyne's pen glided rapidly over her paper, and while the two principal characters of our story are thus sugaged, we may take the opportunity of sketching their portraits.

Mrs. Lemoyne is a small, pale, dark woman, with a face to which it is difficult to assign any particular age. If we look closely at her we see that she is still young, but the freshuess of youth is gone and care has aged her before her time. The general expression of her countenance is sad. Her beautiful black eyes are full o deep melancholy and her delicately formed mouth rarely smiles.

In Paris the occupants of the same house are often strangers to each other. They are neigh boars without being acquainted, each family living to itself. Mrs. Lemoyne was, accordingly, completely unknown to most of her fellow-lodgers, the children only had observed her and had given her amongst themselves the name of the Sad Lidy. the Sad Lady.

Madeline is seven years old ; she is a delicate, fragile-looking little creature. Her small neck rises like the graceful stalk of a flower from her low, rounded shoulders. Her features are not the simlight and chestnut in the shade; her eyes are soft and black; her mouth seems formed are soft and black; her mouth seems to med or smiles and kisses. It is pleasnt to look at her little face, which is pal a, but with a clear and healthy paleness; one feels that the sweet eyes could never assume an evil expression, or the pretty little mouth say a hard word. Madeline's movements are slow rather than quick; she walks gently, she seats herself gracefully, resting here and thereas a bird does on the branches of the tree it has cheep for its home. Here the tree it has chosen for its home. Her countenance is always sweet, but constantly changing. Sometimes the expression is one beautiful earnestness, sometimes of perfect joy. sometimes of charming melancholy. Get her to tell you about the death of her builfineh, or the wonderful things she has seen in the toy shop, or the child that was in a passion, and you will be able to observe the marvellous and rapid changes that comeover the little face. Whence come the melancholy and the depth of come the melancholy and the depth of feeling anddenly portrayed upon those delicated by formed features? We know not, but God has endowed the little one with sensibility beyond her years. In children of her age the soul often seem to slumber while the physical life is being developed; but Madeline's soul is awake and active, the flower has opened and is already giving forth a certain sweetness.

The spartment occupied by Mrs. Lemoyne was in the fourth story of a house in Post Street. Order and exenisite elegatiness were its only ornament and gave it the air of a large cell.

The nature of the work by which Mrs. Lemoyne supported berself and her child might be learned from the things which lay on a table be tween the window and the wall. Pieces of muslin of every shade, half-made flowers, taste-fully arranged wreaths and bouquets, gave this orner of the room a charm to be appreciated by feminine eyes. Mrs. Lemoyne was a maker of artificial flowers, and as she had proved herself most skilful and tasteful in the work, she

Your own pretty babes are beautifully dress. of artificial flowers, and as she had proved her-self most skilful and tasteful in the work, she

the promised walk. Mrs. Lemoyne and Madeline went quickly down Ulm Street and Sa. Ursula's Place where the turmoil of the great sity is so faint that the inhabitant of some country-town might almost fancy himself at home, but for the mighty domes and spires which arise at no great distance on either side. Mrs Lemovee made a short delay at the Post Office close to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and then

they both continued their walk.

In the next street through which they went, Madeline began to find much to interest her. Omnibuses, cabs and carriages of many kinds were going their different ways, and there were many passers by. When they reached the Gardent, Mrs. Lemoyne began to walk more slowly: it was Thursday, the general holiday in French schools, but there were not many children to be seen. The infact members of the richer classes in Paris are not wont to disport themselves in the splendid avenues of the lax embourg; they are rather to be found rolling their hoops and playing with their balls in the poor in a city; a thousand times were than that themselves in the splendid avenues of the lux embourg; they are rather to be found rolling their hcops and playing with their balls in the Gardans of the Tuileries. By and-by, however, Madeline and her mother passed a few groups of little ones and the child warched their grace ful movements with delight, She did not how ever for a moment wish to j in them; noisy games had no charm for her, a loud, rough voice would make her tremble and grow pale; her eyes would fill with tears and she would fly like a frightened dove from any scene of approximation.

childish game. Mrs. Lemovne willingly and kindly answered her endless questions and listened to the simple sayings which sometimes revealed sense and discomment in advance of

her years. her years.

They went to the little pond and walked round it several times, Madeline loved the water and the swans, and if her mother had permitted her, she would gladly have spent the whole afternoon gazing on the rippling surface, or washing the beautiful graceful creatures with orange bills which would sometimes be induced to come when she called them. But Thursday afternoon was devoted to fresh air and exercise, and Mrs. Lemoyne did not think it well to let Madeline stand still for long at a time.

were comparatively described. She all that the line used to stroll about there for hours, breathing the litac perfumed air, and sometimes paying a visit to Maindron's beautiful statue, which Madeline, child as she was, already loved with an instinctive affection; and when they reached their home the mother's face was

Five minutes later they were seated on a bench near the statue of the patron saint of Paris; it

ther?"
"It is certainly pleasanter to look at the sky and the trees than at houses," answered the

are so nice, and they sing so gaily. Do you know, I should like to be a bird, if birds had souls. Look how tame that little fe'low is! Birdie! btrdie! Ah! there he has flown away just because I spoke to him, but the Saint let him come and perch on her arm. St. Geneviève is beautiful, mother, what lovely hair she had, it comes down quite to her kness. But do you know I like the other St. Geneviève in the church even better? the little girl who is kneeling down and stopping a horrid man with a funny dress who was called ——. You told me his name the other day, but I have forgot-. You told ten it."
" Attils."

with the crown on her head and a book in her

band."
"Poor woman! poor queen!" raurmured
Mrs Lemoyne, looking to the left, where stood
a statue to which Madeline's small finger

her face with eager, earnest eyes

Mrs Lemoyne knew that it would be difficult to refuse such a request, for when once Made-line's interest was excited in any subject, she could not rest without obtaining information, Therefore, beginning with the well-known for-mula, "There was once upon a time," she told the story in language suited to the tender years

who had listened with the deepest attention.
"Alas! my child, it is quite, quite true."

marrie figure whose name she had just learned fr m h r mother. At this moment, a young woman, comfortably

Victor's mother heard the little girl's sweet

not there yesterday, perhaps, ma'am?"
"No," answered Mrs. Lemoyne. "I could not

manage to take her."
"Mother," said Madeline, when Victor and his mother had gone on, "Mrs. Lasserre won to pleased at my being away, when these ladies are coming. I am first monitress this week." "Would you like me to take you?" asked Mr Lemoyne, smiling spite of nerself at the gravity with which Madeline spoke of her important office.

The mother looked at her watch and said, 'Come then; 'and they retraced their steps until they reached a house in front of which floated a faded tricolour flag. Mrs. Lemoyne took off Madeline's hat, kussed her cheek which was rosy with exercise, and stood watching her, until she had passed through the open door.

CHAPTER II. MIGNNOETTB.

of 'hose sanctuaries for the little ones called I.fact schoo's? Women of the world have mothers' bearts beating in their breasts, and

their little white feet never touch the hard stones on the road until their wings have grown strong. But here, the little one shut up all day in a small room, without air and sunshine, fades before the very eyes of the mother who is wurk-ing to buy him food, and cannot take him out. Or else, he rolls about in the mire of the street; rude, bad words fall upon his innocent ear, he is beaten by the atronger, he is made the plaything of the idle, and by and by he will re-pay what has been done to him and will surprise society by his precocious perversity. The f rmer child will suffer physically from his perpetual confinement, and it may be even that some unhappy day when his mother has been compelled to go out and has left him alone, he will, by some set of impredence and ignorance, risk his life. The other little one may perhaps be run over by some passing vehicle, or else be

of the poor little ones in the country, for they,

feeling sick at heart; see the miserable and for-saken condition of these poor little beings, whose training and education is, nevertheless, matter of the greatest social importance.

a frightened dove from any scene of angry quarrelling.

"Oh! the wicked, naughty boys!" she would say clinging to her mother's neck, "they are fighting and saying bad words to each other."

Nothing could allay her distress on every consider, when such scenes took, place in her presence, and accordingly a walk with her dell in her arms, by her mother's side, pleased her worn out by suffering, and overburdened with

days of earliest infancy are past, is perpetually in motion, interrupting her work, disturbing and annoying her, and causing her unceasing anxiety. And we are here supposing the mother to be as most mothers are, a devoted, patient, Ohristian woman; but there are exceptions, especially in our great populous cities, where faith is often lost, and where pleasure and amusement offer constant temptations. To leave to a woman of violent temper and irregular habits, the child that is a hindrance to her is, if you will, inhuman. Sometimes she caresses it, and at other times she treats it harshly and roughly; one day she is severe and almost cruel, and another, when she is wearied of its cries, she Lemoyne did not think it well to let Madeline stand still for long at a time.

Moreover, her own preference was for the least frequented parts of the gardens. She used to consider it a special benefit when the shady winding walks of "Little Provence," which is it were a garden within the great gardens, were comparatively deserted. She and Madeline used to stroll about there for hours, breath.

In spends hour after hour in the care of a line used to stroll about there for hours, breath. woman, and insensibly, in the midst of its play, it learns. Its memory is furnished by degrees and without any effort with many pleasant, good and useful things. It hears about God, and learns to love Him, and the good teachers often talk to the little ones about their mother, whose name never fails to touch a chord in the infant

Habits of obedience, truthfulness, and cleanliness are formed, and sentiments of piety, uprightness, and self-respect are infused. The child is taught to love and respect all that is good, so that in later days it may hate all that is evil.

And when evening brings the eager mother who has been able to do her daily work in peace, what caresses are exchanged ! what kisses are was Madeline's favourite resting place. The calm lake lay before them, on the right was the avenue which passes in front of the palace, and it is as gay and as full of movement as a street.

"I should like to live in a beautiful garden like this," said Madeline, "would not you, mostly marked by a survous. These whom the restrict of the palace and its little lessons of piety, and the fair-haired like this," said Madeline, "would not you, mostly marked to meet again! the return home is full of joy, the child who is the object of general attention, sings its hymns, and repeats its little lessons of piety, and the fair-haired like this," said Madeline, "would not you, mostly marked to meet again! The return home is full beautiful place of the palace, and it is little lessons of piety, and the fair-haired like this," said Madeline, "would not you, mostly marked to make a recaised ! How happy are mother and palace, and it is as gay and as full of movement as a street.

"I should like to live in a beautiful garden its little lessons of piety, and the fair-haired its little lessons of piety and piety a still, listened to by everyone. Those who would have been wearied out by its noise and importunities deem nothing so sweet as the warbling of the bird come back to its nest.

This care and protection of infancy is a work of the highest moral value, and if there should be any who meet this assertion with a smile of incredulity, or who fail to understand why such importance should be given to children scarcely yet able to speak, we would ask: Is it reasonable to expect that the sapling which has grown up without support or care, and therefore, become crooked and ill-formed, can, when a tree, be easily trained to straightness and symmetry; or that the fruit which has been early attacked by some gnawing worm, will ripen into wholesome sweetness? Can we hope that the child
who is early initiated into evil, and given a degree of liberty, which is sure to be misused, will
be an industrious, docile youth, and an upright
well-disposed man? No, it is impossible, and, as little children form the germ of future so-ciety, it is only prudent to take care of them, to cast good seed into the fresh soil, and thus to prepare men ever loyal to the call of duty, men of solid principles, and of strong purpose for good. Such is the grand idea, which has led to a work which looks extremely small, the edu-

cation of infants from the very cradle.

When Madeline entered the great schoolroom the proceedings had already begun. She tool her place, having made her best courtesy to the ladies who were seated a little behind the mis

"What a charming child !" said the younger of these ladies, leaning towards her neighbour, a handsome woman whose haughty expression formed a strong contrast with the gentle air of

the speaker.

"Charming, she may be, but she is not pretty," said the handsome lady. "I think all these French children are ugly, vulgar, poorlooking creatures. Which of these little girls is to be compared to Mary?" and she turned her eyes towards a child who was standing beside a gentleman with a long, grave face. "It would be hardly fair to draw a compari-son between these children and Mary, for these

children are poor," replied Miss Teresa, gently
"The mistress is waiting to begin, till you
have done speaking," said the geutleman, in a

low voice.

"I am serry. Sir John," said the haughty dame, 'but if I have consented to visit this Institution to oblige Terese, I do not intend—"

"Mamma," interrupted the little girl, im-

the room which the children perform, sirging as they go, with their hands on each others' shoulders. We could never weary of looking at the fair and brown little heads and the bright, clear eyes.
The monitors have solemn countenances.

When at rest, they play and rule alternately.

Then all march towards the steps, little boys and girls holding hands, and all seat themselves in due order. It may be, indeed, that a hand in due order. It may be, indeed, such a hand is stretched out to strike a little blow, or that a hat it. I had a friend who was generally kiss is given, or that some little head droops to in his reckonings with me, and now we never apeak as we pass by.

Possibly,

effect of the picture.

The babes give a certain attention to the lessons, and a score of little voices often join in

answering a question,
Only listen to them, as they say they love Jesus, because He is good! The Holy Name provounced by these innocent lips is sweet as music. Such scenes are full of interest, and the young girl who bore the name of Teress, looked on and listened in delight, and admired the talent displayed by the mistress in the fulfil ment of her lowly duties.

For a whole hour she kept her little audience hanging on her lips; she changed the audience hanging on her lips; she changed the subject of instruction skilfully before they were wearied, varied lessons with play, taught them, without tring them, moulding with practised and skilful hand the young hearts and opening minds, and implanting many a germ of useful knowledge and of good feeling. Never did she seem to forget the tender years of her little flock, and he well knowledge has to have to great in words suited to she well knew how to speak in words suited to their comprehension. She was more like a mother than a schoolmistress, and all the little ones repeid her devotion by tokens of affection and by simple caresses, the youngest among them even instinctiveby calling her by the name

of mother.

Lady Buston grew tired, looked at her watch over and over again, and the moment the lesson was finished, asked Teresa if she had not seen

But again little Mary interposed ber authority and declared that she wanted to stay.

The little discussion reached the ears of the

mistress, and coming to the visitors she said with a smile, "Pray wait a little longer, it is now a quarter to four."

"Do make them play,' exclaimed Mary, eagerly; "pray do!" The mistress gave a sign of assent, and then returning to her place, said, "You have been very good, my dear children, you deserve a re-

You may choose any game you like." "Flowers ! teacher, flowers !" cried twenty itstle voices at once.

"Very well, she answered, and she called six of the children, three little boys and three little girls, and clapping her hands, began the song:

Long life to the flowers, the beautiful flowers. The fl wers so sweet and so bright, Let us sing, let us dance, the flowers have

come, The children are full of delight ! We thank Thee, our Father, who dwellest

above, For making us glad with the flowers we Then each of the flowers in turn took up the song. The last of all was the lowly mignonette, and its words were:

"I am the little mignonette No blossoms bright I bear. But God has giv'n to me instead, A gift of sweetness rare." ing from his eyes. The soft, subtle, internal fast, as that Mount Horonton Land.

Midebline saug these simple words in a voice signt of those eyes penetrating into every nock the highest mountain by 3,766 feet.



so sweet and clear and full of feeling that all of the Abbes being; despair began to creep on who heard were charmed. Teresa drew her to her side and slipped a little bag of sugar-plums into her pocket, then kissed her, and with her once remember anything more; but he heard it musical voice joined in the couplets sung by the other children :

THE POST OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE

"Come mignonette, sweet mignonette And join us in our play!

Sweet mignonette we love you well, Come share our gambols gay !"

After the dancing, prayers were said, and as soon as they were finished, the visitors cot up and went away, thanking the mistress and returning the bows and courtesys of the little ones. As Sir John and Teresa passed in front of the little girls they took special leave of Madeliue, saying: "Goodbye little Migno-nette." The other children turned to Madeline and repeated the name with smiles and laughter as they ran into the playground. Madeline stop-ped their mouths with her sugar-plums, and by the time her mother came to take her home the nacket had been finished.

"Oh, dear mother!" said the child, clir give to Mrs. Lemoyne's arms, "how glad I am that I came! There was a pretty lady here who kissed me and gave me sugar plums, and called me Mignonette. And then there was a little girl too. But where are you going, mother?"
"I have to go to Saint Sulpice Terrace, and I waited for you, for I thought you would like to come with me; would you not?"

Nothing could have pleased Madeline better, and she went with her mother to a shop where the latter bought some materials for her flowers As they were returning home, one of the milliners who employed Mrs. Lemoyne met them and stopped them. The conversation which followed did not interest Madeline, and she went a few steps further on, attracted by a sight which had special charms for her.

It was the day of the flower-market on the Square of Saint Sulpice, and beneath the eyes of Massillon, whose seated marble figure is not far from the fountain, was spread the fragran merchandise. No passer-by could fail to look at the beautiful display of flowers and plants, and our little heroine stood entranced before them. All at once she heard ber name pronounced quite near her, and locked up to see who called. Her eyes met those of the young English lady who had been at the infant school. "Oh! John, I was sure it must be our little Mignonette," she said, putting her delicate hand under the child's chin, "what are you doing here. little one !"

"You like flowers, then?"
"You like flowers, then?"
"Oh! very, very much!"
(To be Continued.)

DOMESTIC PETS AND SKIN DIS EASES.

man. Dr. M'C. D. traces the development of the disease known as Porriage Favosa in the human being to mice suffering from the disease; cats which eat the mice catch the disease and have been known to communicate it to the children who handle them; fowls have also been known to suffer from it. The danger of allowing children to handle domestic pets which are suffering from skin diseases is probably overlooked, and deserves to be made known more wikely than it is at present. Scaratina among horses prevailed in Tartary in 1770 attacking man, horses and cattle. The disease showed itself in acute form in the healthiest subject of all ages and sex.

patiently, shaking back her 1015 source.

"You must be quiet."

At this strange speech, Lady Burton kissed the child and called her, "My pretty dear;" then turning towards the mistress she listened in an absent manner to the lesson which was beginning.

Yet the first visit to an Infant school is hardly likely to be considered dult. The movement is constant and the change of scene perpetual. Nothing can be more graceful than the petual. Nothing can be more graceful than the instructions about the control of the to notice it. I raised her five, but she was obstinate. I offered her \$20 and she kicked, and the effects of that kick are still visible on my off-side eyebrow. Candidly I don't believe a spirited mare is open to a bribe of filthy lucre -a whip is more powerful.

"Short reckonings make long friends." Do they? Well, that depends which way you lok at it. I had a friend who was generally short

"The early bird gets the worm." Possibly, and it is no doubt a dead snap for the bird, but where does the worm come in? He must have been out earlier than the bird and seemingly didn't profit by early rising.

"A barking dog never bites," Don't you believe it. I was fooled on that assertion once when I went around to see my best girl, and having faith in the adage I rut trust in the old man's dog and the dog put his teeth in me. He bit me where I had no ambition to be bitten.

"Don't cast your pearls before swine." I never did. I have never seen anybody do so, and I am of opinion that the pigs themselves would prefer raw potatoes or chunks of coal to pearls or any other gems.

"It is better to give than to receive," If this applies to advice, thrashings and counter-fest coin I can understand it, but not otherwise. "Never put off till to morrow what you can do to-day." Surely this is wrong. I think a day's postponement is advisable in such cases as nursing a baby, and going to jail.

"Economy is wealth." Excuse me, but it isn't anything of the kind. I have a large stock of economy on hand which I am willing to exchange at sight for a quantity of wealth. "Walls have cars." Its a libel, They

haven't "A soft answer turneth away wrath" Not necessarily. When I have been asked for the arrears in my board bill I have invariably answered softly, so that the other boarders wouldn't bear, but the landlady's wrath didn't seem to

diminish much. THE DEVIL IN EVENING DRESS.

The Rev. W. A. Petre, preaching in the

Oathedral of Armidale, Australia, on "The Devil in Evening Dress," said the subject was suggested by a striking and apparently true account of an apparition seen by a French Abbé in Paris, who one night, led blind-folded, into a spacious and brilliantly lighted room, heard a sound of strange moaning and wailing, and cn uncovering his eyes saw twelve men of seeming-ly great culture and refinement prostrating themselves on the floor, and with awful invoca tions imploring the spirit of evil to appear amongst them. The Abbe soon became conscione of a thirteenth presence in the room, before whom the rest prostrated themselves in a wild ecstacy of adoration. This thirteenth person was a young man about 29 years of age, of ex-traordinary grace and beauty. He was, like the rest, attired in evening dress; his golden harr hung over his brow; his cheeks were finehed. as with wine or pleasure, and out of the depths of the clear bright blue eyes looked utter des-pair. The high-bred and sensitive face, express-ed haughtiness, boldness and the keenest intallectual vigor, and over all played a smile which but aided to the intensity of the sadness gleamonce remember anything more; but he heard it again, and it seemed to bring an idea of great suffering and great peace. The name was "Christ." Slowly the Abbé raised his almost paralysed hands, and feebly made the sign of the Cross. The vision vanished—the men ador-ing ceased their clamour, and lay huddled up ogether, and the Abbé was taken home by his

EAT ALL YOU CAN.

IT IS THE BEST WAY TO KEEP IN GOOD MEALTH. (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

adapted to the requirements of the nervous in-dividual, as nutritious juices to a great extent go into the brine.

The flesh of wild birds is more tender and

more easily digested than that of domestic ones.

This is accounted for by the greater amount of exercise they take, thereby renewing their flesh more rapidly and making it younger than that of birds which lead a more quiet life. This is a suggestion that might be of benefit to women of sedentary habits, who are desirous of prolonging an appearance of youth. Fish of all kinds is a good food for the nervously inclined. Raw egg, contrary to general opinion, are not as digestible as those that have been cooked.

A notion has been prevalent that many persons injure their digestion by eating too much. The fact is that most people don't eat enough. There are more people killed every year by insufficiency of nourishment than by overloading their stomachs. Many of those who do eat a remaind from disease. sufficient quantity are prevented from disease by digesting enough for the economy of their systems. The very first thing for anyone to do who has exhausted himself by mental work or who has exhausted himself by mential work or who has been born weak and irritable, is to furnish his brain with sufficient nourishment to either repair the damage it has sustained, or to build it into a strong healthy condition. People in this condition usually suffer from nervous dyspepsia, their stomachs are unable to perform the lator of assimilation. Owing to the deficient nerve power of the individual the food lies in the stomach, unasted upon by the DOMESTICE

EASES.

Dr. W. B., of New York city, reports a case of ringworm on the cheek of a child, probably produced by contact with a pet kitten which was diseased. Two similar cases are reproted quantity is unsufficient to have any power. Food instead of helping to renew the body and the nervous system with rest, undergoes fertigate. the nervous system with rest, undergoes fer-mentation and the body and brain it may nouris' may starve. The person is in a worse tate than if the food had not been taken, for

however, for those with weak digestive or gaus or whose rerves are in a highly sensitive state, to get it from the animal kingdom than compel their enfeebled stomachs, intestines and pan-creas to create it out of these articles. Good bread, sweet butter and meat are the best foods for the nerves.

lings from sleep, and sensations of falling, can often be cured by limiting themselves to a diet of milk aloue for a time. An adult should take a pint for a meal, and take four meals daily. People with weakened nerves require, usually a larger quantity of a larger quantity of water than those whose It aids in the

food and amount to a row of pins. The fancy that nothing but vegetables should be eaten is apt to overtake everyons somewhere in life. It is due to some disorganization, and usually passes away with the disturbance that created

knew were sure to get what Byron hated—dumpy women? How is it—That all the chatty, cheerful, pretty girls you ever knew were sure to marry the ugliest fellows or the greatest muffs of their squaintance? How is it—That I can never cough or yawn in the church, without half a dozen following my example? How is it —That mountain lauds should be considered That mountain lands should be considered cold, seeing that in general they are clad with furse? How is it—That some ladies in the drawing-room can never find anything more refined to talk about than their servants in the kitchen? How is it—That because I happen to have any description I should be conbe hale and hearty-looking, I should be con-gratulated by all my friends on being in the en-joyment of rude health? How is it—That people who "would scorn to rob you of a tarthing."
think nothing of depriving you of an un breila
or a book? How is it—That certain authors,
who never used an impious expression in their
lives, should yet invariably be reorgaized under
the title of profane writers? How is it—That any person can possibly be so stupid as no to see the point of each of these jokes?

Tea or coffee stains will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail, while boiling water is poured upon them.
Vegetables with a strong flavour, such as onions regetables wish a strong havour, such as onions and turnips, will be much improved by putting them to boil in cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth.

To make silk which has been "tumbled" and wrinkled appear nearly like new spunge it on the surface of the wrong side with a weak solution. Strong black tea. sold is a good bling to

In boiling meats take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soap. In reacting meat pour the grease out of the pan or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be ex-cellent for use in cooking. But if it stays till the meat is done it will be nearly always sure to have a burned, unpleasant flavour.

A crank is a man with a bad turn of mind. "Teeth pulled while you wait," is the an-

The Rothschilds are forming a company to

clover seed in September and October last against 1 967,684 pounds in the same time in 1887. Exports of timothy seed in the two periods were relatively 1,633,847 pounds and 331.814 pounds. According to Gaskell's Atlas, Mount Her-

A physician, writing on the food necessary to

give strength and sustenance, says, that if a person uses up his brain faster than he makes it, he soon becomes nervous and irritable. If he does not assimilate food enough to supply its demands his mind is sure to become weak. The healthiest and strongest individuals even, should eat a far greater proportion of meat than of vegetable food. Beef should be taken as the staudard meat. It answers every purpose of the system. Veal and pork are not as easily digested. Pork, so far as its composition goes, is an excellent food for nervous persons, but is not readily digested. Yet, in the army, we used to think nothing better for the wounded men than bacon. As a rule, salt ment is not

the fermentation generates acids and gas.

Nervous individuals may derive all the fat
they need from sugar and starch. It is better,

People troubled with insemnia, nervous start-

brans and nerves are strong. It aids in the digration of the food by making it soluble, and seems to have a direct tonic effect.

With proper eating and drinking, we should have fewer broken down nervous wrecks, and far more vigorous intellects. The pr sent human species cannot elimitate flesh from its

TOW IS IT

That when I tell a person I am exceedingly That when I tell a prizon I am exceedingly obliged to him, he should immediatly exclaim, "No, no, not at all?" How is it—that my aristocratic cousin invariably sees something so attractive in an opposite direction when we mest in places of public fashionable resort How is it—That all the tall splendid fellows you ever heav were sure to get what Evern hated—

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

tion. Strong black tea, cold, is a good thing to olean black silk,

nonucement made by a dentist.

work the great ruby mines in Barmah. The States exported 11,051,011 pounds of

onles, in New Guines, is the highest mountain in the world. Its height is given as \$2,764 tert. The same authority gives Mount Everest 29,002 fast, so that Mount Horonics Isade the world as

DOMESTIC READING.

It is an effect of God's mercy not to deliver us wholly from temptations and imperiec-

Some people enjoy being unhappy. They ake pleasure in contemplating injustice done themselves,

"There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth," says a great writer,

A remarkable, buttime and feroible sentence in Pope Leo's latest Encyclical is that in which he says: "It is a common complaint that the age is sterile of brave men." Let us have mere Christian heroes

Belgium has a very effective method of been tried in this country. The individual who is arrested while drunk is compelled to sweep the public streets for two hours after be gets sober.

The darker the night, the more brilliantly do the stars shine. So the heavenly promises of our holy Faith never appear more consoling to the heart, than in the nigh and dark. ness of earthly trials and miseries.—Rev. F. X. Weninger.

The Continental journals are recalling the words of Napoleon I., who said, after an interview with his prisoner, Pope Pius VII. :-"I have encountered a man more powerful than myself—he reigns over mind, I over matter; he takes the soul and flings me the body." Our Lord knew how cold our hearts habitu-

ally are, and therefore, instead of telling us to draw nigh unto His warmth, that of it we may partake, He in the Holy Eucharist put the whole fire, glowing with love and hollness, into our very bosome, that it may heat us through and through.

For what is time ? The abadewon the dial, the striking of the clock—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter, months, years, centurier. These are but arbitrary and outward signs,—the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul .- Hyperion,

General Sheridan was what may be termed a genuine pratical Catholic. He did not wait for a deathbed repentance. On the contrary, when in the best of health he always attended Mass regularly and partook of the sacraments of the Church. On being asked once by a brother officer why he was so devoted a Catholic he promptly answered, "Because a soldier should always be prepared to die."

"I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to religion that some men have so associated it with unnatural gloom that it became unamiable in the eyes of men, especially of youth. Religion is bright and beautiful, and sanctifies our legitimate recreation, as well as the performance of our most serious acts. I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral straight jacket and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No, enjoy life whilst you remain within the demain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angela of conecience and religion stand and say: 'Thus far and no farther.' 'Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

Atheism is a disgrace of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.-[Plato.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION I



Louisiana State Lottery Company. Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educa-tional and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present state Constitution. In 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MASMOTH DRAWINGS take Its MAWMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi Annualty (Jone and December), and its GRANO SINGLE SUMBER DEAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS

For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes, Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrange ments for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in per son manage and control the Drawings themselves, an that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness an in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisis 12 Nat'l Bk PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National Bank: A. BALDWIN Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank. CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay a Prizes dra-n in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may presented at our counters.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, April 16, 1889. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each Halves \$10; Quarters \$5 Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.	
1 PRIZE OF \$300,000 (B	ደጽ ሰብ በብናቆ
	100,000
L PK(&& UF OU U(I) 18	50,000
	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	
25 PHIZES OF 1.000 are.	25,000
	26,000
	80,000
	80,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIMES.	
100 Prizes of \$500 are	
100 Prizes of Si O are	#800,000
100 Prizes of 200 are	30,000
	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES	
999 Prizes of \$100 are	8 99,900
999 Prizes of 100 are	ag cor

FOR OTUS RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mall delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

8,134 Prizes amounting to\$1,064,800 NOTE.—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal Prizes.

Send FOSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, of New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed M. A. DAUPHIR New Orleans, La.,

or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D.C. Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK.

REWEMBER that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEKB BY FOUR RA*IONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courte; therefore, beware all imitations or anonymous achemies.

Over Dealth at is the price of the smallest pay.

O the tion of a Ticket period by BY 55 in any
Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less had
whole.

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY O

less and and that of the child less pale.
On the day of which we are now speaking the

On the day of which we are now speaking the walk was not so long. Mrs. Lemoyne had some work which was urgent, so they did not go as far as "Little Provence," and by Madeline's desire, they went back to the lake, but the swans were no longer to be seen. "Let us go and rest ourselves for a little by St. Geneviève, mother," said Madeline.

mother, with a sigh.

"Oh! yes, when I come here, I feel something that does me good," said Madeline, lay ing her hand upon her breast. "I seem to grow big, as big as you. And there are such pretty things in this garden, the birds

"Attila," repeated Madeline, in her sweet childish voice, and the dreadful name grew musical on her lips; "Attila, I will remember. Isn't St. Geneviève pretty? The one in the church, I mean, not this one. This one looks grand, grander even than that beautiful lady with the second and and and here in her

You say that sidly, mother." "She was very unbappy!"
"Do tell me the story," said the child, coming very close to her mother and looking up in

of her listener.
"Is it a real, true story?" asked Madeline,

"And what was the other name of this poor Queen Mary, her surname. mother?" "She was Mary Stuart." "Mary Stuart! I will never forget it, mother, for you know I love Mary Stuart very And she kissed her little band gracefully to the

but plainly cl d, came by, leading a weakly child of about four years old.
"Oh! mother, there is Victor, one of my little friends at the Infant school," said Madeline. "How do you do, Victor?"

voice, and turning towards her asked, "Are you not going to the a Infant school to day?"
"No, it is a holiday"
"Yes, but yesterday the mistress told the children to come. Some atrange ladies are coming to visit the school. Your little girl was

"Yes, little mammy, if it is not too late."

Have you, my gentle readers, ever visited one

was never without employment.

The letter and the doll's toilette came, as affection. They know nothing of cold, of humidithave been expected, to a conclusion at the game time, and nothing further interfered with birds, reared in a cage gilt by a mothers' hand;

or one poor needs ones in the country, for they, at least, breaths the pure, fresh air, and are removed from the contagion of evil example.

Surely there is no woman who can, without

in her same, by her mother's side, pleased her | worn out by suffering, and overburdened with for more than any party of pleasure or any work, a line creature, who, when the quies