RESEDA:

建筑的大学的 "我们,我和自然的发现了我们们的是一位。"

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

OHAPTER VIIL - Continued. And with this recommendation she turned her back on them all.

"So you have brought me Louisa's little girl, at last," she said to Mr. Gertin. "How d'ye do, dear, ohild; her name is Madeline, I think. How like her mother she is! Well, Johnny, have you nothing to say to this presty little girl?"

She drew the little boy to her, and after having put back the long, brown hair which half covered his face, she gently pushed him towards Madeline. The children kissed each other, and followed Mr. Gerbin and Mrs. Dubouloy to the house. They had hardly sat down in the drawing-room, when Mrs. Dubouloy torned to Johnny, who was standing beside her and looking down at Madeline, and bid him call his brothers, for, as she observed, "the child will find it dull."

Johnny went to call them and in about five minutes the room was invaded by a band of boys, all clad in grey trousers and blue blouses, which were fastened round their waists by leathern balts.

"Ah! here is the whole regiment! exclaimed Mr. Gertin, laughing. "How do you do,

There were seven of them counting little Johnny, and they all had the same brilliant complexion, large eyes, and well-formed months; chose, gather them "I will plant some tulips here," said Willy, xen. "Will plant some tulips here," said Willy, who loved flowers of gaudy hue, and had by his

They stood round their mother, who smoothed the hair of one, settled the blouse of another and scolded them all in a friendly manner.

"George," she said to the eldest—a fine, strong boy of fourteen—"take Madeline into the garden and amuse her. You know she is a little girl, and I won't have any fighting in her presence, and you must not frighten her by

rough play."
"Wait a moment, my dear friend," said Mr. Gertin, "wait a moment that I may took at them. Come here, children. How they are growing! Louis is almost as tall as George; and Paul! and Edmund! but Gertin, where on earth has my godson hidden him-

Mrs. Dubouloy, and the boy obeyed, blushing deeply.

*Be off with you all now!" was her next

command.

Why send them away so soon?" 46 Why send them away so soon:
48 Because they would split your head; you are not accustomed to their noise and you have allowed in the beautiful Edmund, not the slightest idea what it is. Edmund, you are not to vide on that Chair. Take them away, George."

George went towards the door, and they presently all departed; jostling and pushing each other as they went. Johnny, who had taken Madeline by the hand, brought up the rear.

Mrs. Dubouloy's large garden and orchard

were, during the holidays, give up to her seven sons, of whom the elders were at school in a large town at some distance. How the flower beds were marked with footsteps! And now the shrubs were broken! George and five brothers ran on to the orchard, Johnny still iseding Madeline, and followed them. When the two reached the orchard they were greeted by jokes and laughter, and some of the boys asked Johnny if that was his little wife. In a fit of awkward shyness, he roughly drew his hand away, and made a dreadful face as Madeline, in order to show that their conjecture was unfounded. The little girl was quite taken

unfounded. The little girl was quite taken aback by his rudeness, and hung down her head sadly.
"Well!" exclaimed George, "since you have given her up, I will have her; and let there be no more said about it. And now, what game shall we play?" shall we play ?"

ball, and all manner of boyish sports successiveby praposed to Madeline.
"Little girls don't play such games," said George, who was by right the chief of the party.

Everyone said something, and leap-frog, foot-

"Let us have races, and give Johnny and Madeline the start." And he placed the runners according to the

And he places the runners according to the strictest laws of justice, then reserving to himself the office of judge, he withdrew to a little distance and clapped his hands three times as a signal for the start. They all set off; George had reached the winning-post and stood ready to act as umpire, when a cry almost arose. He at once ascended a slight eminence which commanded a view of the whole course. Four commanded a view of the whole course. Four little boys were valiantly making their way along the winding alley, but further on, a struggle was taking place. Paul had, perhaps accidentally, pushed Charles as he endeavoured to out run him; Charles had kicked Paul; all had turned around to strike Charles with his fist, and so a fight had begun. The cry had to the trunk of an apple tree and weeping as she watched the quarrel of the two naughty

A few seconds brought George to the scene of action; he parted the combatants, giving each sit is dead, quite dead," hearty blow, and then with avenging tinger pointed to poor Mignonette, who was trembling

with fear.
You must be evel proud of having made this little girl cry l' he said, with a tone of su-periority, which prevented the rectiminations that might have taken place; the conclusion of the battle was postponed, and all gathered round Madeline, who seemed to be overwhelwed with

George gave his brothers a lecture Paul and Charles wiped their eyes with their blouses, the colour of which came off and dyed their cheeks, and peace was made. In order to establish it and peace was made. In other to castall in more firmly the two offenders ran to the end of the orchard for the calf, which, although no longer very young, was quietly allowing its mother to lick it. Madeline watched the boys as ther to lick it. Madeline watched the boys as they roughly dragged it along by its two ears. The cow preserved her composure and gazed upon them with her calm, great eyes while she continued to chew the cud, and remain unmov-ed though her offspring lowed in heart-rending

Paul sprang on the calf's back, and by a very indirect course reached the group of which Ma-deline formed the centre. He then dismounted and politely proposed that she should ride, and postery proposed status and stoods five assuring her that if a horse could not be used, a calf did very well instead. All the brothers seemed of the same opinion and urged her to try. Mignonette gave many reasons for declining, but

they were all conclusively disposed of.
She said, "It will burt the calf."
They said, "Every day it carries one of us and little Johnny into the bargain."

this Johnny into the pargain.
She said she was afraid of slipping off.
They said they would go very slowly and would hold her on.
She said that the cow would be uneasy, and

was, indeed, already looking sad.

They said that the cow did not in the least object, that she was accustomed to see her child take a little exercise, and that, while chewing the cud, she always looked as she did at present.
"Well!" said Mignonette, at last heroically
making up her mind, as she saw that their
hearts were set upon the matter, "I will ride

nearts were set upon the metter, "I will ride the calf, but only just to bring it back to its mother."

George, who had only been waiting for her coment, at once took her in his arms, easted her on the calf's back, and walked beside it, holding her on, Paul and Charles, led the creature by it two ears; and lesk, in any unruly movement, the tail should strike Madeline's face, Henry fastened the cord of bit bot, to it and walked behind. Notwithstanding all these precentions, Madeline the rest of her viait to the orchard on foot. Rash of the boys was the happy possessor of a little square plot of ground; they dry and watered and gathered a harvest of flowers; when it was time for her to leave them George made up a cossepty and presented it to McMadlane, and when the hearts of all who know her. She was full of kinding the McMadlane, and where her took, they dry and watered and gathered a harvest of flowers; when it was time for her be in leave them George made up a cossepty and presented it to McMadlane, and when the hearts of all who know her. She was full of the half, and she need to be in the ground and the called the conductores.

The howe took an affectionate leave of their little conductores.

The howe took an affectionate leave of their little conductores.

The howe took an affectionate leave of their little conductores.

All the conductores is the stable, come with her sand was in the stable. Come if the was in the was into a stable the proposed in the proposed little square plot of conductores.

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The howe took an affectionate leave of their little conductores and little conductores.

The howe took

new little friend, and as she had observed that Charles had not completely forgiven Paul and seemed to meditate revenge, she took him aside and ventured to asy, "You won't beat him again, "Will you, Charles? Promise me you won't."

And her voice was sweet and her mieu so be-seeching, that Charles, who had at first shaken his head in a threatening manner, answered, "He certainly did push me; but I will promise

not to best him."
"Where you not trightened amongst all those young rescals?" asked Mr. Gertin, when they

all the persons who were more or less to take part in her life at Kerprat, and she already felt attracted by the Oldcastle family, by the Rector and his sister Martha, and by George Dubouloy.

CHAPTER IX.

GABDENING. The night of the little flower-beds in Mrs Dubouloy's orchard inspired Mignonette with a passion for gardening, and one fine morning she had the pleasure of becoming the proprietor of a square yard of ground, whose limits Willy obligingly marked out by minute walks, from which she might closely watch the growth of her flowers, inhale their sweet perfume, and if she

master's desire, become gardener for the mome "and some anemonies at the other side,"

added.
"No," said Madeline, decidedly. "I will

"No," said Madeline, decidedly. "I will have mignonette at this side."
"Why so miss? mignonette is not pretty."
"It has a sweet smell," answered the child, "and besides," she continued, laying her little hand on Willy's rough one, as he leaned upon his spade to listen to her, "that is not the only reason why I love it. I had a good friend in Paris Wills as Marginsh friend called Miss. Paris, Willy, an English friend, called Miss Teress, and she gave me the name of Mig-noneste and that is why you often hear grand-papa call me by it."

The expression of Willy's countenance at this

"She gave me a nice plant," continued the climb up to the clims."

it faded and its leaves fell off. I thought it was dead, but I hope not. Do you think it is in a leave which had been planted to form the climb up to the clims."

Her path lay through a little grove of evergrees, but I hope not. Do you think it is in a leave which had been planted to form the climb up to the clims."

I am sure it must be," he said, smoothing the little walk with the back of his spade.
"I have not seen it for a long time," observed

" and I will go and get it; for though

And full of this hope, she ran to the house, hastened up to the loft, and went to the corner in which she had left the little green box which contained her treasure. Alas i instead of the fragrant plant remained nothing but a little dry stalk which broke with the slightest touch This was a great disappointment to Madeline. who had, in her simplicity, looked forward to the resurrection of her cherished plant with the arrival of spring. She took the box and went to her grandfather, the natural confidant of all her troubles. It was Saturday, Mr. Gertin had given himself into the hands of a little hump-backed man, who having received from nature, in compensation for the strength in which he was delicient, an unusual amount of skill, employed that skill in many useful ways, and primarily in exercising the calling of barber. Every Saturday he had the hunour of shaving all the most respectable chins in the parish, and he was not a little proud of the important post be filled.

"What brings you here, little one?" said the grandfather, when he saw the child come with

her box.

"Oh! grandpapa," she answered, putting it down on the chest of drawers, "my mignonette, the mignonette Teresa gave me, is dead."
"So I see, my child. But do you know there is nothing strange in that? A mignonette always dies after it has flowered."

But the property of the flowered."

But, grandpapa, don't you remember the fine gardens of the Luxembourg, where I used often to go with little mother? There were great big trees in them and little plants. In the winter

dead for ever?" "The trees you speak of were not really dead, they only seemed to die, but the mig-nonette is what we call an annual, a plant that only lives one year. But don't grieve for such a little thing. Willy shall sow as much mignonette as you like, and you will have a hundred purst from Madeline's lips; she stood clinging plants instead of only one. Come! will not

plants instead of only one. Come: will not that comfort you?"

"But they won't be Teresa's mignonette," said the child, with a sigh.

"But you see we can't bring it to life again;

And Mr. Gertin. escaping from the barber's bony hands, furned towards the plant. Hanging from the broken stalk was a little branch laden with dry seed vessels.

"Ab! I see there is some seed on it," he

maid; "bring me the plant."
The little hump backed man, who had been

listening to every word, turned round, delicately gathered the seed-vessels and shook into the child's hand a quantity of small grey and reddish grains.

dish grains.

"Take that to Willy," said the grandfather,
"and get him to sow it; and then if it grows
you will have little mignonette plants which
will be the children of the plant your kind friend gave you. Do you understand?"
"Oh! yes, I understand now, dear grandpapa!" cried Madeline, in the greatest delight;
and throwing her arms round his neck, she
kissed his face where the snowy lather was

thickest.
"Oh, what a figure you have made yourself ! he exclaimed, laughing at her, and wiping her lips and cheeks with the napkin which was fastened under his chin. "You can't kiss fastened under his chin, "You can't kiss grandpapa while he is getting shaved! Go and

get your mignonette sown instead."

Madeline hurried back to Willy, who sowed Madeline hurried back to Willy, who sowed the precious seed with some secret wonder that modest mignonette could be preferred to the gaudy flowers he had proposed. Madeline's hopes were not disappointed; the sunshine and the dews of heaven did their part, and a few days later, when all the Dubouloys came with their mother to return her visit, she was able to show them the little leaflets which were just beginning to shower. The hope habayed with show them the little featiets which were just beginning to appear. The boys behaved with a propriety which was somewhat unwonted, but George was the only one who understood the delight with which Madeline hailed the growth of the practicus seed so closely associated with the memory of her friend Toresa. From that day forth Madeline allowed herself to be called the little wife, and why need we blush at the his little wife, and why need we blush at the confession?—secretly and in the depths of her heart she chose him for her husband.

he met her at Oldcastie, and had always some thing new to show her. She visited the pres bytery almost every day, but her visits were short unless Elizabeth happened to be absent Elizabeth was not fond of children in general or of Madeline in particular, and the child was

or of Madeline in particular, and the child was instinctively aware of the fact.

Mrs. Dubouloy was not reglected, although Madeline's visits to her were less frequent after George. Paul. and Charles had refurned to sohool. The younger boys who remained at home, treated her with every little consideration. looking on her merely as a comrade, and little difference sometimes occurred. were again alone together.

"Oh, yes! indeed I was, grandpapa, at first," replide Mignonette; "but really they are not bad, and I should be very foud of them if they would not fight."

The afternoon was concluded by a short visit to a talkative lady, during which Mignonette never stirred from her chair. She had now seen all the params who were more or less to take is the params who were more or less to take is afternoon pap, "may I go down to the sands?" differences sometimes occurred; but if many days passed without a sight of Madeline they used to complain to their mother of her absence, and to dispute among themselves as to which of

afternoon nap, "may I go down to the sands?"
"So you are in the humour for going about again to-day, Mignonette! What in the world makes you want to go to the sands?"

"Oh! grandpapa, don't you love to look at the sea?"

"Yes, certainly; but I think if you went up to the terrace at the end of the garden you could see it very well."

That is not the same, grandpapa. Il see blue and green from the terrace, that is all; but when I am on the sands I see the waves come in, Semetimes they are little and roll quite gently on the sand, and sometimes they are high and white and come racing along. To-day it is very fine, and the sea will be quite blue with little shinging sparkles, and I should so much like to

see Alan pass in his boat."
"Well, get Anna to go with you."

"She is milking the cows."
"Then take Frank, if the cows are come in." "Frank is cruel, grandpaps; he throws stones at all the creatures he meets, and even at the poor people, the bad boy! and," Mignonette added, with some hesitation, "I heard him awearing the other day."
"Indeed! he must have his ears boxed. But

who can go with you, then? Everyone is

busy."
"Let me go by myself." "Then don't be very long away, and do not forget all the things I have forbidden you to do; you know you are not to climb the rocks, nor o go far out on the sands, nor to come back by

"Don't be afraid, grandpapa. I will not for-

Her path lay through a little grove of ever-greens which had been planted to form a screne from the keen sea-breezes, and then went across fields and meadows, most of which belonged to Mr. Gertin. Madeline loved to bear her dress rustle against the tall stalks of the corn and to see its ears waving above her head; and then to it dies in winter, it must get green again in over the grass which felt so soft beneath her spring, like other plants," listen to the hum of the insects when she walked little feet. She did not stop at the windmill, whose sails were whirling round in the sunshine, although she loved the fair-haired children of the miller, nor did she tarry at the open door of Yan the fireman's cabin though his mother, old Kloadan, sat there spinning, and was ever ready to relate some marvellous legend to

the child.

Madeline ran about for some time on the fine white sand, but the gusts of wind caught it and blew it in her face, and she went to seek shelter at the foot of a great rock which seemed in some former period to have fallen from the heights above, forming a kind of grotto. This grotto the child had placed a delft figure of Our Lady clad in a blue, star-spanged robe, such, as you may often see on a cotbage-dresser, sur-rounded with faded nosegays. She had found a little niche for it, and had adorned it with shells and made a fringe of brown and green nes-weeds.

She now sat down on the sand and watched the ebbing tide, then rose and gathered from the rocks two or three handfuls of fresh sea-weed to take the place of that which was whithered, knols down before the image of her whom she called our dear Lady, said a little prayer for her mother, and with a nod, as if taking leave of a friend, left the grotto, from which no glimpse of Alan could be hoped for, and went to stand

on the shore.

Just as she was going to begin her little repast with the view of whiling away the time, a sweet, fresh, childish voice sounded in the air above her She stopped and listened. The strong, clear voice was that of a boy, and the they had no leaves, and in the spring little buds they had no leaves, and in the spring little buds to song one of these melanchely ballads that have been been handed down from generation to generation to generation to generation to generation to generation. Why does not my mignonette come out again, too? Why is it attended to the first verse he was silent. ation. After the Brau verse he was silent. Mignonette wished to see him. She took a little path which led from the sea-shore to the downs above, and there beside the rock, lay a boy about twelve years old. His attitude betrayed extreme weariness, his features were derrayen extreme weariness, his leadures were de-licate, his hair was long, and he had an air of innocence and of refinement. He was clad in tronsers of coarse linen, his feet were bare, his limbs well-formed, and his open shirt showed a white fair skip beneath. A stick and a thread-

bare jacket lay on the ground near him.
"Was it you that I heard singing so well just now, little boy?" asked Madeline, in the lan-

guage of Brittany.
"Yes, miss," he answered, looking towards her with his large eyes which were blue as the ses. You are sad, dear poor boy," she said; "are

you hungry?"
"Very hungry! Master sent me away, and

the bread and jam, which lay there in company with the shells and sea-weed which she had collected.

"God bless you, good young lady!" answered the buy as he took the bread, and eagerly began to eat it, with his beautiful white teeth. Madeline who was, like all children, curious,

madeline who was, the an chicaren, curious, questioned her new acquaintance and soon learned his simple story.

His mother was a poor widow living in that part of Brittany called Cornousilles, and in order not to be a burden to her, he had gone after his first Communion to be a shepherd-boy.

afte- his first Communion to be a shepherd-boy. He had been unhappy in his place, his master was a hard man, and in a moment of anger had sent him away.

"And why did you not go home to your mother?" asked Madeline.

"She asked me to do so, miss; before I left to the said to me. The me dear how if your her, she said to me: 'Job, my dear boy, if you are ill-treated, come back,' but she has not bread enough for two, and she would kill hersalf with work. So I came here, and I have

been offering myself in all the farms I passed and asking the way to the sea."
"Why so, Joh?"
"Because I had never seen the great sea,

though I have a brother serving in one of the king ships.

At this moment the wind wafted a burden of silvery sounds to their sars; the bell of the vil-lage church was ringing the Angelus. Job took off his hat, Madeline made the sign of the cress,

off his hat, Madeline made the sign of the cross, and when the last vibrations of the airy music died away, she asked the boy where he meant to spend the night.

"I will sleep as I always do on a hundle of straw in a barn," he said, "if some farmer will allow me, and the watch-dog is not wicked."

"Come with me, instead," said Madeline.
"Grandpapa is kind to the poor, and Willy, the carter, who is very fond of me, will let you

warned them with dignity, "I will write to George at school.",
And as it was very possible that when the holidays brought him home, George would in such a case, avenge the oppressed in order to please his little wife, the young Dubouloys kept

CHAPTER XI.

QUIET YEARS. Autumn brought Madeline a great joy. Seeing no letter arrive from her mother, she had come to believe that the hopes which had been come to between that the north and she no longer rushed forward with heating heat and outstretch-ed hand to meet the postman when his scarlet-

mother's tender love.

In her letter to her father, Mrs. Lemoyne gave a full description of her joursey; she had arrived in safety, had found her husband aged, worn, an altered, but from the time of her arrival he had been daily improving in health, and his business was prospering. She spoke of her sorrow for her boy, by whose grave she often weed and prayed; of her constant thought of Madeline and her regret at the necessary separation. In short, the news was good, and the hearts of those who loved her were full of

Madeline would not part with her letter, but took it to bed with her, and kissed it as soon as

she awoke in the morning.

"You are happy to know how to read and write," said Job, one day, when she had gone to pay him a visit in the field, and had for the hundredth time unfolded and read the precious

lines.
"Would you like to know as much as I do Job ?" she asked, with perfect simplicity.
"Yes, for then I could sometimes write to my mother; she could get the schoolmaster to read the letter, and to write one to me from

her."
"Yes, indeed, poor Job, you never get any news of her. If grandpaps agrees to it, I will teach you to read; would you like it?"

Job was delighted with the idea, and Mr.
Gertin gave his willing consent.

Madeline was already preparing a long letter for her mother and in it she told her of the plan.

"Grandpapa has a little shepherd-boy, called Job," she wrote; "he has a mother, and I am going to teach him to write, that she may hear

from her son." The lessons were begun and continued; in spring they took place in the fields or on the bank by the wood, and in winter by the kitchen chimney-corner, while the bright wood fire flickered and crackled, and Annan's spinning wheel hummed its monotonous music. The teacher was patient, the scholar intelligent industricus, his progress was rapid, and one day as the Rector passed by he heard a voice singing a hymn to our Lady in French the voice was Job's, his lesson was finished and he was singing for Madeline one of the hymns which she had taught him.

"Do you know that God has given you a very good voice, Job! would you not like to use it in His service?" said the good priest, coming to the gate of the field in which the lesson had on this occassion taken place.

"Oh yes ! he would like to sing in church," answered Madeline for the boy, with a significant smile; "he knows the music for the Mass and Vespers already. Job, sing the O Salutaris for And Job sang the sacred words with so pure

and thrilling a voice and so much expression, that the rector was quite delighted.

"You shall be my scholar, too," he said, "if you will come and see me at the Presbytery. I will teach you plain song, and you shall be a

choir-boy.

The rector went on, leaving the two children full of joy. His promise was soon fulfilled; Job became a choir-boy; he was beautiful on Sundays in his little white surplice, and people came from a distance to hear him sing.

In the heart of this little shepherd, who was thus brought into close relations with the pres-

bytery and the altar, there srose a strange longing, and it was both constant and ardent.

Job, why have you been so grave for this long time, and why do you say your beads instead of

day.
"I should like to be a priest," said Job, earnestly; 'but I am so poor."

Madeline was amused at the little shepherd's dea, and told it to her grandfather, who laughed heartily, and lost ro time in repeating it to

the rector, thinking that he also would be much diverted. "Who knows?" said the good

And thus, surrounded with affection, happy very quagry: Answer sent me away, and did not give me time to eat anything, and I have been walking since morning.

"Here!" said Madeline, taking from her basket to the well-known joys brought by each season in its turn, and neither knowing no desiring to know in that country-life in which she was free as well-known joys brought by each season in its burn, and neither knowing no desiring to know anything beyond her norrow horizon, our little heroine spent her time until she was twelve heroine spent her time until she was twelve years old. The active out-of-door existence in the fields and on the sea-shore, with the sunshine and the fresh air, had strengthened her. She was not tall, nor did she look remarkably strong, but her slight frame was not really delicate. The pure, fresh sea-air had given life and vigour to her lungs, and had been of more lungs than all the remedies preserved by the and vigour to ner lungs, and had been of more use than all the remedies prescribed by the doctors in Paris, who had in her early childhood considered her chest very delicate.

Looking back on the three years which had

passed since Job entered the service of Mr. Gertin, few events had marked Madeline's life, if by an event we mean something that breaks the uniform tenor of our way.

(To be Continued.)

Some Interesting Statistics. Here are some facts about the people who

compose the population of the world.
There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.
The number of men is about equal to the num

ber of women. The average of life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life. To every 100 only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 33,033,033 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3,730 every hour; and 60 every minute of one every executed.

minute, or one every second.

The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life

in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also

The number of men capable of bearing arms s calculated at one-fourth of the population.

TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy. Will send a description of titrere to any person annies to Micholson, 177 McDougal

Righ Hat Philosophy.

Charles Dudley Warner, in an entertaining article in Harper's Magazine for April, points out that the women of Paris have controled the fashions of the civilized world for many years, that they still exercise a remarkable influence on the dress of womankind, and that public events, or reminiscences of public events in the gav republic react on the minds of the feminine world in the devising of novelties for personal adornment. But who else is there that could have devised such an apology for the use of high hats in theatres as does this writer? He says:
"Women have such an exquisite sense of things in the says as they are the says to the says the says that the says the

ed hand to meet the postman when his scarlet-bound cap appeared. After so many disappoint ments her emotion was all the greater when, one day, her grandfather received a letter bearing many foreign stamps, and drew from its envelope an enclosure which he handed to her, and on which, through her tears, she read the words, "For my child."

Mrs. Lemoyne had purposely written in a large hand, and Madeline was able without any difficulty to read her letter, which was tull of a mother's tender love. they object to the men seeing some of the women who are now on the stage."

Why Widows are Wily and Winsome.

It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of acciety, and men flock about them wherever they go. No one has ever denied their fascina-tions, and Wellar's advice to his son, if he wished to avoid matrimony, to "beware of vidders," has been quoted thousands of times. In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a large knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and coquetries are perfected, not in the experi-mental and undeveloped state of the debutantes, and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of the sex. She knows how to give delicious little dinners that make the most hardened bachelor think indugently of the marriage state. She knows that man likes his ease, and does not in-sist on dancing in perpetual attendance on her. she does not insist on a man's talking about balls and theatres and new german figures. She follows rather his lead to his own ground, and listens with subtle flatfory in eyes and face while he descants on his favorite hobby. A young girl is always self-centered, absorbed in her own affairs, her dresses, her parties—it is only grace and art that teach a woman to sink her own and are that teach a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief claims of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known nothing but joy is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the very husks on which no love could feed; but the sympathy of a widow tenderly daintly syncased with a goath widow, tenderly, daintly expressed, with a gentle melancholy that shows that she too has suff-red —it is like the soft shadows in a picture, or the minor chord in a piece of music that sets the pulses throbbing. Having mourned for a man she knows how most effectively to mourn with

Advantage of a Vell.

An old lady, but a portly one, heavily veiled, got in a Superior street car at Cleveland the other day, and sat a huge, well filled basket down. It chanced to intrude on the toes of a superbly-dressed young woman opposite. She abused market baskets roundly, and then abused the people who carried them. Then she allow-ed the opinion to escape that the people who carried baskets had no business to ride on street cars. And then she decried against poor people being allowed to ride on every street car. Some being allowed to ride on every street car. Some cars should be reserved, she said for gentle folks. The girl mortified everybody. The veiled lady said not a word until both motioned the driver, and the car stopped. "Hold on! Take that pail," said the elderly lady. Her tormentor looked a moment in astonishment. "Take that pail, Martha, and carry it home. This baaket is all, I can manage," repeated the elder. "Wby didn't lyou tell me who you were, mother?" asked the crest-fallen girl, as she picked up the basket and went out, while the occupants in the car giggled. car giggled.

Fighting Women.

In warlike times when battle was the business of life, and victory over a fee the highest boner that could be had; when bome in the true sense there was none, and when castles were less shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their age. If they were not so ac-curate in their aim as the archers, of whom it was said that every English bowman "bore under his girdle twenty four Scots," they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges as well as their lords themselves. Womanliness in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the diverted.

"Who knows? Who knows?" said the good priest. "The Spirit of God blows where rie wills."

Nothing more was said of the matter, but from that time the priest lent Job books from his library and Job read them while he kept his sheep; he was still too weak to be employed in working in the fields, and the lessons in plain song were followed by others of a different cook the royal side in the war with the Barons, and thus, surrounded with affection, happy

in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the castle—that was the whole duty of these noble women of a rude but manly age, and to their example, their influence and their shaping power ample, their influence and their shaping power. and held Lincoln Castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first for King John and afterwards for Henry III, till the battle celled Lincoln Fair broke her power. The beautiful Countess of Salisbury, she who was so ardently beloved by the third Edward, was another instance of feminine daring, in her case coupled with the loveliest and most gracious sweetness. Black Agnes was again a heroine, of the virago type, and Queen Phillipps, Queen Margaret and others of the same kind honored their adopted nationality by their courage and devotion. Meaner women were as brave. In a skirmish at Naworth (1570) Leonard Dacres had in his army "many desperate women who there gave the adventure of their lives and fought right the adventure of their lives and fought right stoutly." And at the end of the last century and the beginning of this about half a dozen women on the whole enlisted as privates in the army, and "pulled their pound" as galantly as men. Miss Jennie Cameron, Scotch and Jacobite, was another example of the fighting woman with whom nature had stumbled and spoiled the original design.

" Miss Jenny Cameron, She put her belt and hanger on And away to the young Pretender."

When she rode into the camp of Bonnie Prince Charlie, at the head of her 250 claymores, Prince Charlie, at the head of her 200 taylords, and was "on bay gelding, decked out in green trappings trimmed with gold." Her hair was tied behind in loose buckles and covered by a velvet cap with scarlet feathers. In her hand, in lieu of a whip, she carried a drawn sword, and for her help she was dubbed "Colonel Cameron" by the Prince.

Gossip.

Mary Anderson is said to have a weakness for being photographed. The Queen of Madagascar has given \$100 to

the cause of prohibition.

They say that Miss Mary Anderson between tragedies simply revels in beefsteak amothered in onions. Queen Victoria gets so many requests for her autograph that she is compelled uniformly to

efuse them. Buttons are buttons now. Many of the handsomest ones for the new directoire gowns cost \$20 a dozen.

Senator Blackburn's two daughters make a pretty contrast. Both are tall, slender and graceful, but one is pure blonde and the other The glorified and captivating governess is not wholly a creature of fiction. Mrs. Marshall O.

Roberts was once a governess, so was Mrs. Levi P. Morton. A Boston woman has all the balusters of he big winding staircase covered with red velvet, and the chandelier that swings from the roof quite down to the lower hall encased in the same rich

etuff. In Burmah a woman missionary converted a cobbler.

stalwart native and married him out of hand to insure his holding fast to his new faith. When other women missionaries land there now, eligible heathens at once take to the woods.

Miss Olive Risly Seward, Secretary Seward's shopted daughter, still lives in Washington in the house bought with the profits of the "Tour Around the World," which the sciled from the wind the world, "which the sciled from the still the scile of the still the scile of the still the scile of notes of her adopted father, who, in his will, left her the copyright.

The Princess of Wales, they say, has suddenly The Frincess of water, way say, has suddenly fallen off in her looks to an appalling extent. From being the handomest and most youthful woman of her years in all the kingdom, she is now said to be only a much made up caricature of her younger self.

Charles Egbert Craddock says that when in childhood she sighed over the games in which her lameness forbade her joining, her mother would comfort her by saying: "Never mind, dear, if you can't do what the rest do. You can't do what they cannot—you can see! Percentage of the composition of the cannot would say and what they cannot—you can see! Percentage of the cannot—you can see! can do what they cannot—you can spell Popocatapet." Mrs. Minos Weld, of Boston, widow of a

sometime minister to Russia, is so unflinchingly patriotic that she never fails to give a grand reception in honor of Washington's hirthday.
This year the good old lady was more than disgusted to hear that Harvard took no note whatever of the anniversary.

Here is the latest Monte Carlo story: A betrothed pair, with much love and little money, went thither and played in hope of winning enough to make marriage possible. Instead they lost, and when the last coin was gone went out and died. The girl was buried in what she had hoped would be her bridal dress.

There is an old lady living within forty miles of New York who could give odds to Mrs Perington in the matter of speech and still win in a canter. For instance, she calls a vestibule "Sebastopol," and tells about "the gobblers on the buffat." means the goblets on the buffet. Cincinnati is the Paris of rural Kentucky bridal couples. The papers tell of a pair who went

there lately, bringing a substantial lunch with them, and spent a day in the big station buildof the city, yet went home with the satisfied air that tells of duty well performed. Doubtless they are looked upon by their neighbors as having put on heaps of style. Fives names and one husband seems a little incongruous, yet such has been the portion of one

Congruence, yet such has been such postern of one Englishwoman. She was born Miss Pennant, became the Honorable Miss Pennant when her father was ennobled Lord Penrhyn, and Lady James Hogg by marriage with Sir James Hogg. After that a fortune brought her the title of Lady McGarel-Hogg, and finally she was elevated to the peerage as Lady Magheramorns.

Employ the Children. Give your children something to do. Of

course, it is much easier to do it yourself than to stop and teach the little one to do it, either to stop and teach the little one to do it, either as well or as quickly as you can do it yourself, but that is not the thing. It is not a question of time ease or speed. Children must be busy; their little active brains will scheme for something, and if not directed in the right channel it must be in a had one. They cannot be idle; the little, restless hands must be doing something. The mother who keeps those little hands occupied in her service is using an influence for good in future years. If mothers will study their children's baste and try to cultivate those tastes, give to each child its favourite occupation or some duty it seems especially suited for, the mother will soon find that these half hours of mother will soon find that these half bours of occupation will soon really be of quite an assistance to her. For instance, let the child that has natural love for children help at certain times of the day in amusing the smaller children of the family. Don's make it a drudgery or a sacrefize, but a pleasure; then she will soon grow fond of the responsibility of looking after a baby sister or brother. Let the child that is most fond of flowers arrange a few each day for several rooms; let her see that the dishes are set straight on the dining table, open the blinds and let in the sunlight, and take care of the bird, if there is one, or perform sundry such little service

Encourage the small boys to be useful, Fill your home with such books and tools as well help them to be useful; or, in other words, study the several tastes and wants of your children. Remember your own childish yearnings and gratify theirs, as it is possible, for their pleasure and good.

How to Keep Boys at Home.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures on your walls. Put books and newspictures on your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and encertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. If they shall pass boyhood and enter manhood with refered teacher and poble ambitions depends on fined testes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

Waste in the Kitchen.

The table is the place where most waste can occur, so guard it well and pay strict attention to the second serving of food. The people who prefer an economical table, which in mind means broiled steak and roast beef, are

the most difficult to care for. Study to make the warmed over dishes decidedly more than ordinary hashes. Employ judicious combinations and pleasant seasonings; for instance, use sage with warmed over pork, the province of parsley with poultry, sprig of mint with your mutton or lamb and a little onion to stimulate the beef.

Cucumber catsup, inexpensive if you make it yourself, heightens the flavour of fish. An acid jelley with tame duck, and tomato sauce with warmed over yeal.

For warming over dark meats use brown sauces made from browned bread and from; for white mest use cream sauces, which, of course, can be made from milk. One or two totators left from dinner will make a comfortable dish of Lyonnaise potatoes for breakfast. The two tablespoonfuls of green peas left may

The two tablespoonius of green peas and her best turned into an omelet for another meal. Boiled rice may be made into croquettes. Fish into scallops, outlet or cream fish. Ham into croquettes. Beef into hash, meat balls, ragouts, rissoles or warmed up in its own gravey. Soup meat may be pressed or potted. Game and duck made over into salmis. Chicken and soup meat may be pressed or poster, and duck made over into salmis. Chicken and turkey into salids, croquets, rissoles, boudins and timbale. Pieces of bread, left at the table, may be used for toast, croutons, bread puddings or crumbs for breading. Veal rewarmed makes delicious blanquette on cromesqui.

Many vegetables suffer but little from second warming, and, even if only in small quantity, may be served as a garnish for a little meat dish, thereby rendering it palatable and sightly,—[Table Talk.

gwords and Bullets,

Italy has ordered 250 Krupp guns. The bullet for the English magazine rifle is to be nickle plated. The Turkish naval force is composed of 30,000

eamen and 10,000 marines. German authorities are questioning the utility continuing bayonet exerciese.

The navy of Norway consists of forty-four beamers, four being ironelad monitors. The navy of Denmark consists of thirty-three steam vessels, nine of which are iron-clads. Even the minimum of safety, as far at protection from England's fleet is concerned, cannot be attained before 1898.

Mr. Olarence Knowles and a friend were walking along when they passed a shoemaker's shop, over which was the name. "A. Sherry." "Good name that." said Mr. Knowles, "for a

The state of the s