

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

An Off-Mixing Quality—Ropes Made of Women's Hair—A Steam Servant Girl—Cracks in Pretty Lips—Varieties.

The Quarrel.

When I loved you, did you say? Answer me a question, May: Since the time I knew you first, As your best and at your worst (For you're not an angel quite), Was there ever any night, Any hour of any day, Any time, grave or gay, When I did not love you, pray?

Oh! you cannot tell, you say! Well, another question, May: Was there ever any hour, Any single moment small, Since my soul owned the power Of your beauty in its flower, When you cared for me at all?

Ah, you cared—yes, I know— For some things I could bestow: Every queen finds it sweet, Once kneeling at her feet, Slaves that have their being still But to do her royal will; And beyond the sense of power, And the flattered girlish pride, Was there ever one short hour, When you cared for me, beside?

No reply? Well a-day! Silence is assent, they say: And I have no need in sooth Of a word, to learn the truth. Once I thought—absurd as thought! That a woman could be bought; No, indeed, with common self— So you need not flash your eyes In such passionate surprise!

Doubtless you appraise yourself, As the manner is with queens, Far beyond my humble means. Still the gold of a true heart Has its value, little as it seems; You may prize it more, some day, When we two are far apart.

So, farewell. All this will seem Like the shadow of a dream. Or a pretty bubble blown For your pastime, by-and-by Some new lover will atone For its breaking—but not I. I shall go my ways alone; And because we meet no more, As we two have met before, Possibly you may be afraid, Just for once, a tender word.

No! You turn your head away— You are crying, May—why, May! What was that I heard you say? Are you a being so for me? Did I send a needless smart To your sweetest little heart— Do you love me, really? O, my darling! O, my May! Life and love are crowned to-day!

—M. J. Bradley in The Eye.

Ropes Made of Women's Hair.

Speaking before a meeting of the Methodist ministers yesterday, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It was of enormous size, and the timbers for the temple from their mountain homes were hauled up to the temple and put in place by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An old man went forth calling for the long hair of the women of the province, and two ropes were made from these ropes—17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around and 2,000 feet long.—Minnesota Journal.

A Steam Servant Girl.

Mrs. W. A. Cochrane, of Shelbyville, Ind., has placed her name on the roll with the great inventors of the world, the result of her genius being a practical dish-washing machine. She began experimenting ten years ago. Her husband left her financially unable for a number of years to complete her undertaking. By the aid of friends, however, she finally succeeded, and has a machine designed to do the work now done by the thousands of girls and women the land over. The machine is wonderful and intricate. It is made in different sizes, for families and hotel purposes. It also made both for hand and steam power, and is capable of washing, scalding, rinsing, and drying from five to twenty dozen dishes of all shapes and sizes in two minutes, the number of courses depending on the size of the machine. Mrs. Cochrane has recently disposed of her invention to an Illinois manufacturing firm for a large sum, and will receive a good royalty on all machines sold.—Iz.

An Off-Mixing Quality.

Were I to select the one good quality which is most indispensable to me in an intimate friend, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a recent article, I would without hesitation give sincerity. No matter if she be bright, refined, amiable and witty, full of affection and affection, yet an insouciant wall stands between my heart and hers if she be not sincere in small matters and in great. "Come and see me soon," I said to a friend one day, who stepped off a car as I stepped on. "Yes, to-morrow or next day," she replied. In consequence I stayed indoors during both days, mistaking a drive and a luncheon which I declined because I felt that my share in the engagement necessitated my remaining at home during the specified 48 hours. She did not come, nor did she send an apology. She had spoken from the lips only, and she had supposed my invitation was a purely polite one, which would be satisfied with a speedy promise and tardy fulfillment. A sense of honor in these small matters permits no carelessness of invitation or reply. If I say to a friend in passing, "Come around and see me to-morrow," it is my duty to remain at home during that day, or to send word it obliged to go out. We have the right to say those things on impulse, and then to waive the responsibility they incur. It is signs of moral worthlessness and irresponsibility. I once knew a gentleman who was prone to make cordial promises to people in whom he really felt no interest. In a public conveyance one Saturday morning he encountered an acquaintance from a neighboring city, who was journeying to another State in company with his wife. Now, my friend had but slight acquaintance with the couple, and really felt no reciprocal regard for them, but with an airy air he smiled, and said, "I wish you were not obliged to hasten on your way."

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

Transmitting Light by Wire—Daguerrotypes—The Height of Waves.

THE HEIGHT OF WAVES.

It is stated by the Scientific American that carefully repeated experiments made by an English navigator at Santander, on the north coast of Spain, showing the crest of the sea wave in a prolonged and heavy gale of wind to be forty-two feet high; and allowing the same for the depth between the waves, would make the height eighty-four feet from crest to base. The length from crest to crest was found to be three hundred and eighty-six feet. Other estimates of the waves in the South Atlantic during great storms give a height of fifty feet for the crests and four hundred feet for length.

TRANSMITTING LIGHT BY WIRE.

A Frenchman, M. Courtonne, announces that he will shortly make public a discovery he has made which will enable people to use their eyes in the same way that the telephone adds to the ordinary power of the ear—that is, as the telephone enables us to hear sounds from a long distance, the telephone will enable us to see far off objects. M. Courtonne maintains that his invention will permit of the transmission on a wire of luminous vibrations, through any kind of obstacle, for thousands of miles. The user of the telephoto, it is assumed, can see whatever is visible from the instrument at the other end of the wire as easily as if he were on the spot.

DAGUERROTYPES.

Daguerrotypes were costly things at first. In England, where the process had been patented by an enterprising person who stole it from France, the charge was 2 1/2 guineas (\$12 60) for a daguerrotype only 3 1/4 by 4 1/4 in., and 4 guineas (20.16) for one twice that big. In this country the price for the two sizes were at first \$5 and \$10, but eventually, when other processes invaded the field, daguerrotypes came down to 20 and 30 cents, at which time they surely could have been produced in them. The daguerrotypes had to be carefully protected from the atmosphere, and even then they were popularly believed to fade out ere long. It is, however, almost impossible to make a daguerrotype which will not last out. It would become covered with a film of tartrian that would render the picture quite invisible, but that could be, by chemical means, so cleaned off that the picture would stand out as clearly as when first made. This has happened in pictures that had vanished from eight fifteen years before they were put in his hands for treatment. Imperfect and limited in its uses as the daguerrotype was, it was the parent of the almost divine art of photography and the countless variations upon and applications of it known to-day, and high among the deathless names upon fame's roll of the immortal, deserves to stand that of Louis Jacques Marie Daguerre.

AN UNWILLING "HERO."

A Duck Hunter Swept Through the Whirlpool Rapids and Taken out Alive.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., October 9.—A distressing accident occurred here yesterday morning, which will in all probability add another to the long list of the treacherous Niagara's victims. Joseph Percy and Frank Barnett started out early in the morning duck shooting on the river. Several birds had been shot, and they were about to start for home, when Percy detected a large duck a few feet from the shore, and instantly raised his gun and fired. The duck was lost to sight for a moment, when it reappeared, and started floating down the river. Percy called for his dog, but the animal had evidently gone. Determined, however, not to lose the bird, Percy jumped to a small boat and was soon whirling around in the whirlpool, calling lustily for help. His cries were heard by some men at Powell's restaurant, who hurried down to the water's edge, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in rescuing Percy from his perilous position. He had been thrown out of his boat, and when discovered was hanging on a large piece of timber. His right arm is broken near the elbow, while his head is crushed severely. Dr. Talbot is attending the unfortunate man, and although he is in a most precarious condition it is possible he may pull through.

Catholics as Oath-Takers.

In these days of reckless perjury, when the obligation of an oath rests so lightly on the conscience of many, it is refreshing to read in the Chicago Tribune the following little incident: Steve Brodie, of popular fame, claimed to have gone over the Niagara Falls on the morning of the 7th, and was arrested, in consequence, on a charge of attempting suicide. The magistrates expressed his disbelief in the feat of Brodie, and offered to let him go if he said he did not jump. The Tribune continues as follows: "Well then," said Brodie, "I did not go over, and I am off." The magistrate said that was not enough and wrote out an affidavit declaring that Brodie did not go over the falls, and asked him to sign it. Brodie refused, saying he was a Catholic and could not perjure himself. The magistrate then went on with the prosecution. This little incident reveals the mighty power for good, which the Church is silently exerting on the conscience of her sons. "I am a Catholic, therefore I cannot perjure myself," is a saying worthy of remembrance. A religion such as this makes responsible citizens and upright business men.

Moral Training.

With all our many appliances for spreading knowledge and disciplining the mind, and our rightful interest in the work, there are few who would not agree that important as it is, the building up of moral character outweighs it in its serious results upon the welfare of the community. A poor education is a thing greatly to be regretted, but a poor character is far more lamentable. That a workman should be unable to read and write in a land like ours is truly deplorable, but that he should be an idler, a drunkard, or a cheat is much worse. Who would not prefer to employ the youth who, with the mere rudiments of learning, was trustworthy, rather than the one who, with talents and education, was lacking in integrity? And what community would not be more happy and prosperous, if the citizens were honorable, law-abiding, and conscientious, than if, without these qualities, they were adepts in all the scholasticisms of the age? Of course a good education and a good character need not, and ought not, to be separated. Happily they are the united possession of large numbers of our favored citizens in this land of opportunity. But it is readily taken for granted that the former will insure the latter, and this is not the case. There

are too many sorrowful instances of well-educated men and women falling into vicious habits and criminal practices to allow us to cherish any such delusions. Yet, although character-making is thus the most important and that any community can have in view, it is by no means recognized as such, or provided for as it deserves. If intellectual exercises fail to instill it, as they certainly do, it becomes a vital question what means to use to train up the good and conscientious men and women of which our country has such a sore need. How shall we teach the young the lessons of sobriety and honesty, truth and purity, industry and economy, brotherly love and mutual good-will, as successfully and as thoroughly as we now do those of language and of thought? Such questions frequently rise up in the mind of every conscientious teacher, and regret is felt that a complete answer is not forthcoming.—Ez.

MEMORIES.

To-night the dreams of long ago Come rushing back again, And they fill my heart with a longing That is near akin to pain; For the faces of loved ones passed away, Who were dearer far than life, I seem to see them all once more, Far away from this mortal strife.

The throbbings of this lonely heart I try in vain to still, When I think of the friends who have passed away. While my eyes with sad tears fill, For the days of childhood pure and bright, Had cast a shadow of worldly care, To dim the heart's bright glow.

On the banks of old Trout River Where the elm shaded grove, And the Balm of Gilead waved aloft With the deep grass waving low, Stands an unpretentious mansion, With the ivy climbing o'er it, While beds of pansies and bright flowers In great profusion bore.

We all dwell here together, From the dawn of childhood's hours— Two brothers and three loving sisters, In sunshine and in showers, Whose hearts were light and joyous, Before parting's gloom was known, O, the pain of separation, Had entered the dear old home.

But alas! the golden chain of love Could not long unbroken last; Two dearly-loved ones wandered far From the home of the happy past. One sister dear has forsaken all The joys that earth could give, And her pure young heart she gave to God, In a convent home to live.

Another dear one has left us all And gone to the golden West, In search of pleasures she could not find With the one she heart loved best. So in silent retrospection, I sit while memories come, Dreaming of days forever flown; Of friends, and love, and home.

MARGUERITE.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly opened box; "they are the genuine article, and come all the way from the Mediterranean."

"Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will go a great deal farther."

"What school do medicine boys blong to, doctah?" "I don't blong to no school, sah, I's graduated."

Doctor—"I see little Will has fully recovered. Mother—"Oh yes, doctor, little Bill was cured by your big Bill."

Clerk (calling boy)—"Cash?" Countryman—"Great turps, can't you give me time to get my p checkbook out? I don't want no credit. I don't! I'm going to pay you cash soon as I can get it!"

TOO MUCH TO ASK.

Lady—"Do you guarantee this dog to be sound and good?" Dealer—"Yes, mum."

"Young?" "Yes, mum."

"Highly accomplished?" "Yes, mum; he can do everything but talk."

"Will you also guarantee that he will remain in fashion until my recaptions are over?" "How long do they last?" "Through this month."

MORE CORRUPTION.

Mr. Hayshead (who went to the inauguration)—"I tell you what, Maier, I've been thinkin' a good deal lately, and the more I think on it the more I'm sure that this ere Government is gettin' to be a sink of corruption—nothin' but pools and trusts and conspiracies to rob the people."

Maier—"La me! The high officials ain't in it, are they?" "I'm 'fraid they are, Maier. You know they've got a weather bureau down to Washington with wires runnin' all over the country to manage the weather by electricity or something. Well, Maier, I couldn't swear to it, but hang me if I don't believe that Weather Director General Greeley was in some sort of a pool with the umbrella dealers."

A GIRL SHOULD LEARN.

To sew, To cook, To mend, To be gentle, To value time, To be neat, To keep a secret, To be self-reliant, To avoid idleness, To mind the baby, To darn stockings, To respect old age, To make good bread, To dress neatly, To control her temper, To be above gossiping, To make a home happy, To take care of the sick, To humor a cross old man, To marry a man for his worth, To be a helpmate to a husband, To be plenty of advice, To see a mouse without screaming, To read some books besides novels, To be light-hearted and feet footed, To wear shoes that won't cramp the feet, To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

CANADIANS IN CAVALIER COUNTY, DAKOTA. The thriving town of Langdon, county seat of Cavalier County, Dakota, is surrounded by thousands of acres of choice government land. Country settled chiefly from Ontario. Secure a farm from the government land. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn. ORA.

CONGRATULATE THE DEAR ONE.

Parson (to candidate for office)—"Have you been christened, my boy?" "Yes, sir," said the candidate, "but I don't want to be christened in three places on my left arm."—London Punch.

Domestic Reading.

There is one good rule which will keep us safely wherever we go and whatever we do, and that is always to be kind to everybody.—Father Faber.

The Elix with all its waters could not furnish tears enough to weep over the miseries of the distracted Reformation.—Melancthon, Epist. lib. 2. spa. 202.

The Blessed Sacrament is the Presence which makes a Catholic church different from every other place in the world; which makes it, as no other place can be, holy.—[Card. Newman.]

Our Heavenly Father gives us twenty trials in a day; and the more trials we are patient and kind enough to give other people the more trials He will mercifully give to us.—[Father Faber.]

There is no remedy more powerful in penetrating all the power of the soul and all the parts of the body, for curing, purifying and renewing all than frequent Communion.—[St. Cyril.]

Who can tell the effects on a pure soul of one single Communion? God only knows the eternal consequences of an invitation refused. He only likewise knows the eternal consequences of its acceptance.—[Abbe de Brantot.]

Prayer is the beginning, the middle and the end of all good; prayer illumines the soul and enables it to discern good from evil. All those who would be saved if they rightly use their reason, will, before all things, blessed turn themselves unto prayer.—Hesychius Egiptius, O. S. F.

The Church of Christ makes religion consist in God's unchanging Revelation; in differentism makes it consist in man's ever-changing opinion. The Church of Christ stands on a basis in one definite creed; in differentism stands on a basis in many opinions. As there are men who hold different opinions, which system has the stronger claim to be judged true?—Rev. John M. Loughlin.

HIT OR MISS.

What miss is that whose company no one wants? Misfortune.

What miss is that whose days are all unucky? Mis-ance and Mis-hap.

What miss is that of very just temper? Mis-give and Mis-trust.

What miss is that of a great and quarrelsome understanding? Mis-undertaking.

What miss is a very bad mistake-maker? Mis-chance.

What miss is very disobedient and disorderly? Mis-rule.

What miss can never find a thing when they want it? Mis-lay and Mis-place.

What miss is that of a great heart? Mis-present, Mis-inform and Mis-report.

What miss is awkward and rude? Mis-behave.

What miss plays more tricks than a man kept? Mis-child.

What two misses should travelers avoid? Mis-guides and Mis-lead.

What miss never studied an arithmetic? Mis-reckon.

What miss is very extravagant? Mis-spend.

What miss will ruin a man? Mis-management.

What miss should never attempt to translate? Mis-interpret.

What miss should never repeat anything she reads or hears? Mis-quote.

Irish Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

BRINE-CASER—Sept. 16, at the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar, Dublin, John P. Byrne, of Grosvenor road, to Mary, only daughter of the late Edward Caser, of Castlewood avenue, Rathmore.

DEWART-ENNIS—Sept. 5, at St. Patrick's Church, Rathangan, Patrick Dempsey, of Killybegh, to Mary Ennis, second daughter of Mr. Bryan Ennis, Gidensown, Keshangan.
DOYLE-BRENNAN—Sept. 3, at St. John's Church, Clontarf, Thomas, youngest son of the late Laurence Doyle, Gorey, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Matthew Brennan, 48 Lower Baginbun street, Dublin.
HAMILTON—Sept. 15, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Williams, only son of W. Claud Hamilton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Maggie, daughter of Charles Hayes, Rockwood, Cork.
KENNY-KENNEDY—Sept. 11, at the Catholic Church, Ennis, Matthew, fourth son of Joseph Kenny, Co. Carlow, to Mary, third daughter of the late Matthew Kennedy, Ennis.
MORAN-GALLAGHER—At the Catholic Church, Clane, Patrick, son of the late C. Moran, Clonsilla, to Bridget, daughter of the late John Gallagher, Staplestown, county Kildare.
MCCLELLAN-DWYER—Sept. 5, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Bray, Willam McClellan, of Grosvenor Cottages, Bray, to Johanna, fourth daughter of the late William Dwyer, of Piercetown, Cashel, county Tipperary.
NOLAN-MOYLAN—Sept. 9, at the Catholic Church, Canby, Kilkenny, James Nolan, Killybegh, Kilkenny, to Anne Mary, only daughter of James Moylan, of Jenkinstown, Killybegh.
REARDON-O'NEILL—Sept. 9, at the Church of St. Andrew, Westland row, Dublin, Mr. John Francis Reardon, of Greely, county Wick, to Jane Mary, widow of the late Thomas O'Neill, Cashel, county Carlow.
RYAN-WALSH—Sept. 11, at Cappamore Church, Cappamore, David, second son of the late John Ryan, Esq., of Coole House, Thurles, to Kate, only daughter of James Walsh, Esq., of Dubna House, Cappamore, county Limerick.
WATSON-MAGUIRE—Sept. 11, at the Catholic Church, Mullingar, by the Rev. E. O'Reilly, P. C., Francis Watson, second son of Thomas F. Watson, Hill street, Mullingar, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Maguire, of Glenties, county Leitrim, and niece of the Very Rev. Dr. Maguire, P. P., V. G., Monaghan.
DIED.
BERRY—At his residence, 3 Temple Bar, John Berry, member of the Cork City Association, 84 Temple Bar, Dublin, aged 69 years.
CARROLL—Sept. 16, at her residence, 100 North King street, Dublin, after a long and painful illness, Kathleen Carroll.
COUGHLIN—Sept. 16, at the residence of her nephew, Dr. Burgess, 5 Usher's Island, Alicia Couglin, aged 60 years.
CONWAY—Sept. 16, after a short illness, Mary Louise, the beloved wife of M. Conway, Queen's st., Tralee.
CONWAY—Sept. 18, 1889, at her residence, Mrs. Elizabeth Conway, relict of the late Michael Conway, Lucan, aged 92 years.
DANCY—At the Hospice, Harold's Cross, Dublin, Mary Kathleen, eldest surviving daughter of the late Mr. Darcy, aged 21 years.
DOYLE—Sept. 9, at his residence, Kilmurry, county Wicklow, Simon Doyle, after a long illness, aged 52 years.
DWEEN—Aug. 18 on his voyage from China to New York, Captain John Dween, of the bark Actison, and of 8 Murgrave terrace, Kingstown, county Dublin.
DILLON—At the Incurable Hospital, Dublin, Mary Eliza Dillon, daughter of the late Luke Dillon of Dublin, at an advanced age.
DRAY—Sept. 15, at Aghish, co. Cork, Michael Dray, aged 67 years.
DUNN—Sept. 17, at St. Patrick's Hospital, Wellington road, Cork, Thomas Dundon, co. Wick.
FARRALL—Sept. 20, at his parents' residence, 8 Courcy place, off Ballyhough road, Dublin James, youngest son of Thomas and Teresa Farrall.
GHOSHAN—Sept. 19, Jane Ghoshan, aged 29 years, eldest daughter of Christopher Ghoshan, of Newbridge, co. Kildare.
GRAY—Sept. 10, at her residence, Sligohead cottages, Drogheda, a lady residing at a private house, Miss Maria Gray, wife of William Gray, aged 49 years.
HENRY—Sept. 17, at the residence of his son-in-law, Sunnyside, Sutton, Thomas Henry, of Kibiana terrace, North Circular road, Dublin, in his 80th year.
HENRY—Sept. 10, at 77 Mount Vernon, Kings County, county Dublin, Mrs. John Henry, aged 63 years.
HAYDEN—At 125 James street, Dublin, Maria, relict of the late Peter Hayden.
KELLY—Sept. 20, at his residence, 10 East James street, Dublin, Christopher Kelly, of the co. Meath.
KENNEDY—Sept. 14, at his residence, George's Quay, Mrs. Frederick Kennedy, relict of the late Frederick Kennedy, 23 Quaker road, Cork, Denis, third son of Denis Kennedy, late of Dublin, aged 63 years.
KENNEDY—Sept. 14, at his residence, Johnstown Bridge, Ennis, co. Kildare, Thomas Kelly, aged 76 years.
KENNY—Sept. 16, at 7 Connaught street, Phibberough, Dublin, Kate, wife of Hugh Kenny, aged 28 years.
KAVANAGH—Sept. 9, at her residence, Rosaline, co. Wicklow, of inflammation of the lungs, Catherine, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Kavanagh, aged 26 years.
KIRWAN—Sept. 17, at Bridge street, Wexford, Laurence Kirwan, Jr., aged 36 years.
LAWLESS—Sept. 18, at her residence, Delagany Hill, Delagany, Sarah Lawless, relict of the late James Lawless, aged 89 years.
LAWLER—At his residence 26 North Great George's street, Dublin, James Lawler, late of Bray.
MURPHY—Sept. 16, at Trelon, co. Cork, Jeremiah Murphy, aged 68 years.
MEERAN—September 18, at her residence, 6 Halston street, Dublin, Frances, wife of Patrick Meeran.
MAHER—September 15, at her residence, Drogheda street, Balbriggan, Mrs. Mary Ann Maher, aged 84 years.
MCCORMICK—At his residence, Main street, Navan, suddenly, Thomas McCormick.
MCGOVERN—Sept. 14, John McGovern, son of Michael McGovern, Galangoin, co. Conon, examiner in her majesty's customs, London, brother to Rev. Michael McGovern, O. C., Glenties.
MOLLOY—Sept. 10, after a short illness, of dysentery, after leaving New Orleans, Mr. Molloy, husband of Mrs. Ann Molloy, late of Kingstown, county Dublin.
MONULTY—Sept. 17, at her residence, 8 Hugh street, Enniskillen, Ellen, wife of Edward McNulty, Enniskillen, and mother of Rev. James McNulty, O. C., Ballyshannon, aged 54 years.
O'NEIL—Sept. 15, at the residence of her son, M. O'Neil, merchant, High street, Kilkenny, Margaret, relict of the late James O'Neil, Warren, Ballymacoods, county Cork.
O'NEIL—September 18, Annie, child of R. V. O'Brien, 109 Amiens street, Dublin, in the eleventh year of her age.
ROONEY—Sept. 14, at 27 Deans street, Dublin, Augustine John, youngest son of Michael and Margaret Rooney, aged 3 months.
SHEEHAN—Sept. 15, at her residence, Ballymanane, Gorey, co. Wexford, Mary, wife of Thomas Sheehan, aged 77 years.
TERNAN—Sept. 17, at 28 Upper St. Bernard's street, Dublin, John Ternan, eldest son of Patrick Ternan, of F. Green, Ellis, Drogheda.