Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1877.

way thither. Suddenly her ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps; and supposing them Adhemar's, she was just on the point of venturing her indignation when the next moment discovered her mistake. Young Louis de Capron and his mother stood beside her. Relieved at not finding it her formidable cousin, Blanche's countenance and manners expressed more cordiality than she generally accorded this young man, whose persistent attentions worried her. Encouraged by her unusual affability, he ventured for the first time to declare his love, which a feeling of deep pity for the sacrifice he believed she was going to make of herself rendered still more impassioned. He and his mother, said he, had conceived a plan, an honorable plan, for withdrawing Blanche from her impending fate, and, knowing her indifference towards him, he hoped for no other recompense than the satisfaction of having snatched her from misery.

Touched at the evident sincerity of this inexperienced young man's interest in her lot, she gently sought to convince him that such a thought was injurious to herself. She would never dream of breaking this sacred engagement made by her father, but wished every one to consider her the affianced bride of M. de Belcastel. Then thanking Mme. de Capron for her kind intentions, she firmly requested the young man to keep aloof from her presence.

Sighing, he obeyed, with every mark of respectful attachment, and Blanche remained, a prey to her sad reflections upon the miseries of the human race.

She decided at last to rejoin the company. Approaching the drawing-room, her ears were greeted by bursts of laughter. Adhemar alone did not share the universal gaiety. Glancing at him, she noticed his pale dejected air. Their eyes met; she turned away, but not with that expression of displeasure habitual to her countenance the last few days.

Approaching her, Adhemar said gently: "You seem fatigued, mademoiselle. I fear you have taken too long a walk."

"Yes," she replied with equal gentleness; "I believe I have been too far. Are you quite well, monsieur?"

"Perfectly," he answered with heightened color and returning animation.

The conversation then became general, and turned upon different subjects, and no one could have suspected from appearances the sentiments of several who were present.

That evening, on retiring with Elise, Blanche found upon her toilet a letter from St. Clair.

After reading it she cast it aside, exclaiming indignantly: "What an audacious proposition! An elopement! How insolent, and how his vanity has misled him! He has certainly mistaken me this time! See, dear Elise, he flatters himself that I am not utterly indifferent to his attachment! If I had not always been utterly indifferent to him, this letter would be quite sufficient to make me so. How little he knows my heart, as he pretends, or he would also know that I consider misfortune far preferable to disgrace! An elopement! How odius the very thought! I would rather die."

"Proud Blanche!" said her cousin smiling; "some people would say that you were unacquainted with the tender passion."

"No, Elise, I never could understand the feeling that would prompt one to make such a contemptible proposition; and pretending to desire my happiness too! Give me the letter; I am going to answer it, and let this insolent fellow know my opinion of him. I wish both he and his mother were away from here. She is beginning to get a little tired of flattering me as she used to. Elise, flattery is really so disgusting to me that I greatly prefer M. de Belcastel's disagreeable candor to the officious kindness of these interested women. Do you suppose I do not see through it all?"

Next morning neither Capron nor St. Clair appeared at breakfast; urging important business, both families had left the castle, in spite of the Count's remonstrances to the contrary. Mme. de St. Clair, attempting to conceal her chagrin beneath an air of contempt, said that she was obliged to renounce the pleasure of witnessing the happy event so near at hand, but she consoled herself at leaving her friends with the assurance of their unquestionable felicity.

Blanche understood the bitterness of this sarcasm, but showed no sign of resentment; for she was too overjoyed to get rid of her importunate visitors, especially M. de St. Clair. M. and Mme. de Clamart replaced them. Up to the day of the ceremony Blanche had very little conversation with any one except Elise, who spared no effort to teach her resignation; and the scholar had sufficient self-control to show this much at least in her countenance. She became gentle and agreeable to all, and even appeared gay when in company with her father, whilst interiorly her sufferings were inexpressible. Adhemar divined her thoughts and, though not one word revealed this knowledge, every one could read upon his countenance an unmistakable expression of pity and interest.

At an early hour on the appointed Tuesday Blanche was led mechanically to the altar. During the ceremony she seemed scarcely conscious of her existence. Adhemar pronounced his vows in a strong, distinct voice, which she could with difficulty hear they were exchanged by the priest. Scarcely was the ceremony over when, almost fainting, she threw herself into her father's arms. Deeply moved, he strained her to his heart with caresses, and invoked benedictions upon his favorite child. Then resigning her to her husband, he saw them both get into the carriage amidst the cries and tears of all her friends. Blanche thought her heart would break when the door was shut and she found herself alone with him who was to be her guide through life, but in whom she still saw only a formidable master.

She either cast her eyes down or pretended to look out at the window, until at last, glancing at Adhemar, she was struck with his sorrowful countenance. "Oh! how selfish I am," thought she. "Perhaps he has as much cause to feel troubled as myself—even more: he may be attached to some one else, and consequently feel a corresponding repugnance to me."

"How are you now, Blanche?" said he gently. She endeavored to answer, but tears choked her utterance, and the long pent-up flood of grief gave way at last. Adhemar said nothing, but profound sighs escaped his breast. "Try, Blanche," said he at length—"try to forget what has just taken place. Remember only that it gives you a friend who has promised before God to render you happy. I have noticed your repugnance to this union, to which a strong and generous filial devotion alone has induced your consent. Believe me, had it been in my power to release you from what is so extremely disagreeable, I would have done so; as it was not, I will make every effort to expiate this involuntary wrong. All that I can hope for now is not to render you utterly miserable." Blanche recovered her composure as she listened. "Do you deem me unworthy of your pardon, Blanche, because I have fulfilled towards my deceased father the same promise which, in spite of your repugnance, you consider a sacred duty on your part towards your living father?"

Blanche could not help thinking that he was not to blame, but she lacked the courage to say so. "M. de Belcastel," said she, "I am truly horrified on reflecting that, to please my father, I this morning pronounced a vow the accomplishment of which is out of my power. I desire to fulfil my duties faithfully; but if my efforts prove a failure, I hope you will regard them with indulgence, remembering that—" She stopped, for Adhemar, whom she had always believed cold and unfeeling, was affected to tears.

"Blanche," he replied, "how can I ever convince you that I am not the cruel tyrant you insist upon considering me? Never have you allowed me to open my heart to you. All my attempts at an explanation which might even have assisted you in recovering your liberty have been repulsed; and my letters you never deigned to answer."

"Your letters, monsieur! I never received one of them."

"You did not!" said Adhemar, much surprised. "I wrote you three, seeing that the only way left for me to indicate the means of breaking off an engagement for which you evinced such repugnance."

"I never received one. To whom did you give them, monsieur?"

"To Mlle. Martin, your maid."

"Could any one have had the audacity to intercept them? But who? It is impossible. This is very strange. Mlle. Martin is so attached to me."

They determined to investigate the matter at once. The carriage was stopped and a servant sent to request Mlle. Martin's immediate attendance upon her mistress. Slowly descending from one of the carriages in the rear, she advanced with a troubled air.

"Mademoiselle," said Adhemar, "do you not remember that at three different times I gave you a letter for your mistress?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied Mlle. Martin; "you gave me one yesterday evening."

"And what become of them, mademoiselle?" said Blanche with an air of displeasure. "Is it possible that you tampered with them?"

"No, no, my dear mistress; not for a kingdom would I do such a thing," replied Mlle. Martin, shedding tears. "In accordance with your father's instructions, I gave them to him, thinking him the proper person to place them in your hands."

"Very well," said Adhemar kindly, "that was no harm; you can go. Ah! Blanche, I see now how much reason you have had for treating me so coolly. I am no longer astonished at your thinking my conduct unpardonable, when you have been all this time under the impression that I persevered in carrying out my own plans, without the slightest regard to your wishes or the least attempt to restore your liberty."

"Your conduct unpardonable, monsieur! I now see only too well that it is I who have need of your indulgence. If you can suspend your judgment against my father, I am sure he will convince you that his motives were honorable."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear Blanche. A father, moreover, has the right to read the letters addressed to his daughter whilst she is still under his protection. The letters I wrote were assuring you that the promise made my father was binding only in case of your consent. I thought the knowledge of this fact would allow you more freedom of decision."

"My part of the engagement was never conditional; so under no circumstances was I free to withdraw."

"That would have depended somewhat upon my course of action."

"But it is all too late now."

"My dear Blanche, if I have been guilty of an error in linking your lot with mine, I shall do everything in my power to diminish the painful consequence. You shall be just as free as you were at Belcastle. Your cousin Elise, and any other friends you wish, can stay with you whenever you desire them, and my aunt will cease to make my house her home, unless it be agreeable to you. Only make known your wishes, Blanche, and they shall be gratified."

"As to myself, I hardly know what to say or in what light to beg that you will consider me. The ceremony which has just taken place ought to establish our mutual relations; but I appeal to your heart alone, and beg of you to lay aside your prejudices and judge me for yourself. Regard me as an absolute stranger, but one who ardently desires a place in your esteem. Will you do so, Blanche?"

"Yes, and I request the same of you."

After this conversation Adhemar was less embarrassed. He gave Blanche a description of his new residence, spoke of his aunt and her sorrows, her resignation, and the active life she now led. "She will tell you herself," he added, "the source of her resignation and cheerfulness." The conversation gradually turned upon other subjects, and Adhemar was so respectful, so entertaining, that in spite of herself, Blanche was pleased, and began to talk with him quite freely. Could this indeed, she thought, be the formidable Adhemar—this kind, attentive, agreeable man? Even when their opinions were widely different, he expressed his with so much suavity, and argued so gently, that she really began to find his society charming.

As they approached the castle she became pensive, and not without reason. Though assured of her husband's kindness, she was still uncertain of the reception awaiting her from his aunt; and the idea of being installed as mistress of a house where all was strange had certainly nothing reassuring to her agitated feelings. Adhemar interrupted her reverie.

"My dear Blanche," said he "I must prepare you for some established usages at St. ——, which, being different from what you have been accustomed to, may appear very singular. They are the result of my opinions and principles. You would do me a favor by conforming to them for my sake, until you will have learned to appreciate them yourself; but if, after a while, you still condemn them ——"

Here he was interrupted by cries of joy. The villagers of St. —— flocked to meet the carriage, whilst the air resounded with their acclamations. The most elderly asked permission to congratulate the young couple and invoke the blessing of heaven upon them. Delighted at seeing the bride, they wished her to be a witness of the respect and affection they bore her husband. But Adhemar, fearing that these demonstrations were little in accordance with Blanche's feelings, graciously imposed silence, saying that his wife was fatigued, and on that account perhaps it would be better to defer their congratulations to another day.

"Pardon, monsieur," replied an old man; "I did not know that one could manifest too much joy in your presence."

Adhemar blushed and lowered the window, after giving orders to his servant to impose silence upon the villagers, who, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood upon the threshold of their dwellings. They contented themselves with a respectful salutation, but it was almost impossible to restrain the children.

"Is it possible," thought Blanche, "that this can be the man who has been represented as a wilful, capricious tyrant?" Seeing his dejected looks, she said: "M. de Belcastel, I am sorry you silenced your tenants."

"Oh! that makes no difference," said he; "another day will do as well. I was not worried about that at all; I was thinking of you. Henceforth the happiness of these good people will depend almost entirely upon yourself, and I would like you to show some interest in them; you will be amply rewarded for it by that same grateful affection of which they have already given me so many proofs."

Suddenly they came in sight of Blanche's new home, the beautiful castle of St. ——. One might almost have thought it an earthly Paradise, so successful had been the united efforts of nature and art for its adornment. On entering the avenue Adhemar said to his wife: "Let me welcome you, Blanche, to your new home, where my first care shall ever be to consult your happiness. I promise it before Him who reads my heart and knows the sincerity of my vows."

"And my greatest desire," replied Blanche, "is to know the meaning of 'the useful employment of life.'"

"Dear Blanche," said he, "this desire of itself will show you the road to happiness. But here is my aunt, who has come out to receive us."

Blanche looked up and saw advancing towards them a woman of mature years, still pretty, and wearing an expression of gentleness and patience, which was heightened by the dignity of age. "God bless you, my dear niece!" said she, pressing Blanche to her heart with the tenderness of a mother. "May every one here contribute to your happiness." She then cordially embraced her nephew, whilst two charming little girls hung affectionately about his neck. All the servants appeared delighted to see him, and he had a pleasant word for each one. "Can this be the heartless man he has been depicted? And these children, in ecstasies at his return—are they not those of the sister he has been accused of treating so cruelly?" thought Blanche. She began to believe that Adhemar had indeed been slandered.

"Here are my children," said he, presenting them to her; "they have no mother, alas! Blanche, will you love them?"

"Very much," said Blanche, with tears in her eyes; and overcoming her emotion, she devoted herself to the children. She listened to their innocent prattle, she loaded them with caresses, and soon succeeded in gaining their hearts. Adhemar seemed please at her fondness for them. In about an hour a nurse came to take them to bed, and Blanche, left alone with the two persons she most feared, felt timid and embarrassed. Scarcely knowing what to do, she went to the window and looked out upon the beautiful landscape, now gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. Mme. Duval approached her softly, and taking her hand, "Let us not be reserved with each other, my dear," said she. "I know what troubles you. You also have some slight acquaintance with me—enough, at least, to know that I have nothing to do in this world except prepare for the next, and, whilst awaiting my summons, strive to increase the happiness of all around me. I know all your repugnance to coming here, and think it very natural; but try to forget the false reports that have been circulated, and which are truly calculated to destroy the confidence that should reign amongst members of one household. Suspend your judgment until you are sufficiently acquainted with us to judge for yourself. No doubt you will find that we have many faults; but, in spite of this, we still hope to convince you that you have no sincerer, truer friends than ourselves."

Blanche, responding to the friendly pressure of the hand that held her own, gently replied that she would endeavor to forget everything, except the hearty welcome extended her and the testimonies of regard that had greeted her on every side. "And," she added "I beg you also to forget whatever prejudice you may have had against me."

Mme. Duval was about to answer, when a servant entered and whispered a few words to Adhemar. "Blanche," said the latter, slightly embarrassed, "I must now beg your compliance with one of those strange customs I mentioned yesterday."

"Oh! certainly," she replied, taking his arm. Mme. Duval followed. They directed their steps towards the castle chapel, where the domestics were already assembled; flowers, lights, and incense, surrounding the Blessed Virgin's statue, increased the solemnity of the place, and really inspired Blanche with feelings of respect. Adhemar read the prayers in a clear, distinct voice, and all present responded except Blanche. Recollecting with confusion how often she had encouraged St. Clair's irreverence in ridiculing these practices, which now appeared in such a different light, she was ashamed to answer with the others, lest Adhemar who had witnessed her conduct, should consider her a hypocrite.

Immediately after prayers he read aloud a pious meditation, stopping to comment upon and explain any passage that he supposed unintelligible to his servants. Blanche herself had as much need of these explanations as any one present; for since her tenderest infancy—that is, since her mother's death—she had received no religious instruction. The vivid impressions of that early period returned, and her heart was penetrated with mingled feelings of awe and devotion. The reading finished, Adhemar knelt down again, and mediated in silence upon the subject just furnished, all the rest following his example. Then their voices were wafted heavenward in a beautiful hymn to the holy Virgin.

When they had quietely left the chapel Mme. Duval, taking Blanche affectionately by the hand, enquired how she liked their strange customs.

"Some of them very much," she answered.

"And which do you not like?"

"O madam! I do not really dislike any; but these canticles, it appears to me—"

"Will you do me the favor, Blanche, of reading this passage from the Evangelist?" said Adhemar. "I considered these things too sacred to discuss with St. Clair, whose irreverence knew no bounds."

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went forth to the Mount of Olives," she read aloud.

"If we remember," continued Adhemar, "under what circumstances and who it is that sanctioned this act of piety by His example, it will certainly never appear ridiculous."

"No, monsieur," she replied, blushing at the thought of her past conduct. Adhemar soon changed the subject; but when left to herself, Blanche's mind involuntarily reverted to it, and, feeling humbled in comparing her conduct with his she earnestly hoped that the next day would afford her some opportunity of raising herself in his esteem.

Next morning Mlle. Martin, whilst helping her mistress dress, was all eagerness to express her opinion of the new residence and its inmates.

"O madame!" said she, "they are all so kind here! The housekeeper came to me and said that I must try to feel quite as much at home as when at Belcastel, and must never be backward in expressing my wants. Mme. Duval told her to say so. She is devoted to Mme. Duval, to whom she says she is indebted for more than earthly happiness. She also says, madame, that if you treat her as you do me, she will be willing to serve you on bended knee."

Seeing that Blanche was no unwilling listener, Mlle Martin continued:

"M. de Belcastel appears to be the idol of all his people. They would die in his service. It seems, however, that he is very strict in regard to their religious duties; on making an engagement with them he always lays down his exactions on this point. He even sends them away when they fail to comply with these requirements, but not without warning them of their errors, and taking the pains to place them in the way of gaining a livelihood. When a new domestic comes, M. de Belcastel converses with him privately upon the subject, and not only gives him good books to read, but often questions him to see if he does read and understand them. Mme. Duval does the same with the women, saying that proper care and instruction of servants is a duty masters and mistresses owe to God. I was asked if we did that way at Belcastel. I answered that you were the best of mistresses, and always set your people good example. The housekeeper said you looked like an angel."

"My dear demoiselle Martin," said Blanche, "you have done me more than justice; you see there are a great many better mistresses than I."

"O my dear, dear lady" exclaimed Mlle. Martin, "I have always thought that to make you perfection nothing more was needed than better surroundings. When but a little child, petted and spoiled by every one, you always preferred those who told you the truth, sometimes the disagreeable truth. I remember well how you used to run weeping to me, because M. Adhemar, then also a child, would tell Elise that you were proud and overbearing; and when I attempted to console you, you would say: 'No, no, Martin, don't tell me I am good; teach me rather not to be proud and overbearing. Since Adhemar says I am, it must be so.' Ah! madame, you loved Adhemar then better than any one else."

Blanche sighed, and became so pensive that Mlle. Martin was silent. When her maid retired, she walked to the window and looked out; but her thoughts were fixed upon Adhemar, and she could no longer disguise the fact that her feelings toward him were very much changed.

"How I have been mistaken," thought she, "in believing him a selfish egotist! The strongest proof to the contrary is to be found in the unmistakable attachment of Mme. Duval and all his people. And his little nieces—how devoted they are to him and he to them! Noble Adhemar! His heart seems formed for domestic happiness. Yet he has been forced to do violence to his inclinations by marrying one so uncongenial as myself. Notwithstanding all this, how he forgets his own sorrows to solace mine and render me happy! How unselfish, how thoughtful he is of me, how delicate his attentions! I am fully convinced that he has been slandered, and that his conduct is in perfect conformity with his principles. But what must he think of me, educated as I have been? He must certainly regard me as a person utterly incapable of ever sympathizing with his tastes and pursuits, or of adding in the slightest to his happiness. Oh! if I could only convince him of my desire to do better."

A gentle rap at the door interrupted this reverie; it was Mme. Duval, accompanied by the two children. After a tender embrace, Blanche followed them to the chapel, where Adhemar had already taken his place. Resuming her position beside him, as on the previous evening, she seemed to be inspired with his sentiments, and listened attentively to the reading. It treated, however, of so high a degree of Christian perfection that Blanche could but see how far short her own ideas were of the reality. These reflections cast a cloud upon her spirits. When all the assistants had retired, she said to Adhemar that no one could ever attain such purity of heart, and she would almost despair of salvation, did she think it demanded the detachment inculcated in the morning's reading.

"Of ourselves alone," replied Adhemar gently, "we could not. We are not even capable of a single good thought; the Scripture mentions this truth, and my own experience confirms it. The Scripture also says, 'Be ye perfect,' and yet it is not a contradiction; for nothing is impossible with God's assistance, which we must fervently implore if we wish to reach heaven. You do not seem satisfied; but, my dear Blanche, remember that I told you many of our customs and opinions would strike you as very strange, and you promised to remain neutral until you had become sufficiently acquainted with them to give an impartial judgment."

"Oh! certainly; but it is necessary to understand before judging, and I must confess that I do not comprehend the meaning of what you have just read. 'A high degree of Christian virtue'—must we dwell constantly upon religious subjects, renouncing all innocent pleasures, all the ordinary affairs of life?"

"The subject is one which would require so long an explanation that I will not enter upon it this morning, as business requires my attention immediately after breakfast. Consider it well yourself, and when you rejoin me in the parlor let me know the result; then I will give the desired explanation, and I hope you will not be offended at my frankness."

"Oh! I am not at all offended; I only want satisfactory reasons for what you allege."

"Dear Blanche!" said Mme. Duval. "But come, or this queer man will go off without his breakfast."

Leading the way to the dining-room, she requested Blanche to take the head of the table; and seeing that the young girl blushed deeply at complying with this first act of her new duties as mistress of the house, Mme. Duval, to relieve her embarrassment, began an animated conversation. Happening to mention Mme. de St Guillaume, Blanche blushed anew at the recollection of what Adhemar had told Elise, and said:

"I am very anxious to know that lady; perhaps I can learn from her the meaning of Christian perfection."

Adhemar went out immediately after breakfast. Mme. Duval now made the young mistress acquainted with the house, the garden and some of the delightful promenades around. Everything displayed a happy combination of elegance with simplicity and comfort. The house revealed the fact that their servants' convenience had been consulted, as well as that of strangers towards whom it might be necessary to exercise the duties of hospitality. A rustic oratory adorned the garden. Blanche, who had quite a taste for architecture, promised herself the pleasure of decorating it, and perhaps erecting another. The servants and dependants she met in her walks all approached her with the same respectful affection they testified for Mme. Duval, and endeavored to recommend themselves to her favorable attention. Blanche met their advances kindly, and Mme. Duval sought to increase the mutual pleasant impression already made by acquainting her with various little incidents of their history. She also gave an account of Adhemar's effort to rescue his dependants from a life of misery and idleness by encouraging the cultivation of the land and every practicable branch of industry in the village.

"He has still much to do towards the amelioration of their condition," added she; "but what he has accomplished already is really wonderful, considering the little stay he made at home in his father's lifetime."

[To be Continued.]

Renovation, not Prostration.

Did any enfeebled human being ever become strong under the operation of powerful cathartics or salivants? It is sometimes necessary to regulate the bowels, but that cannot be done by active purgation, which exhausts the vital forces and serves no good purpose whatever. The only true way to promote health and vigor, which are essential to regularity of the organic functions, is to invigorate, discipline and purify the system at the same time. The extraordinary efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of debility or irregularity of the organs of digestion, assimilation, secretion and discharge, is universally admitted. Appetite, good digestion, a regular habit of body, active circulation of the blood, and purity of all the animal fluids are induced by this superb tonic and corrective. It has no equal, moreover, as a preventive of chills and fever, and other types of malarial disease. To emigrants and travelers it is particularly serviceable as a medicinal safeguard.

DRESSMAKING.—By a card which we publish on another page it will be seen that Mrs. Jane Bell, the popular dress maker, has opened her establishment at No. 132 Canal street, near Levois & Jamison's. Mrs. Bell (formerly Miss McAuley) is well known to our citizens as one of the most skillful and painstaking of dressmakers, and her rooms, formerly at 161 Canal street, and subsequently at the corner of Jackson and Magazine streets, were always a centre of attraction to those who wished to know what the latest styles were and to secure the fitting and making of dresses, etc., in the most artistic and tasty manner. Mrs. Bell has but recently returned from the North whither she went to find out all that was going on in the fashion world of the great metropolis, and this knowledge she will utilize for the benefit of her many patrons.

JONES & ROCHE, UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.—The many friends of these two well known and popular gentlemen will be pleased to see that they have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting the Undertaking and Embalming business at 250 and 252 Magazine street. Both gentlemen have had years of experience in the business. Mr. Charles C. Jones for the past few years having been the head manager at Mr. Frank Johnson's, and Mr. John G. Roche, whose popularity was proved by his election as Coroner, having grown up in the business. Messrs. Jones & Roche have already a fine stock of coffins of all descriptions, and are ready to hire carriages for funerals, weddings, etc. Their prices are moderate.

A TRAMP'S TERRIBLE RIDE.

Cheyenne Leader.

A tramp, who arrived here a few days ago from the West, gives his experience in deadheading it over the Union Pacific from Cheyenne to Green River, on the Jarret & Palmer train, by climbing upon the roof of a coach. He says that from Cheyenne to Sherman he rather enjoyed the ride, but that between Sherman and Green river his experience was one never to be forgotten. The rapid movement of the train and the rocking of the coach forced him to wind his arms and legs around a stove-pipe and hang on for dear life. His hat flew off early in the ordeal, and after the train left this city he was discovered by the engineer, who began throwing a heavy shower of cinders; but so rapid was the movement of the train that the heaviest ones merely cut through his clothes like bullets, while the lighter sparks passed above him. His coat-tails flapped so hard that he realized he must part with them, but he dared not loosen a hand to tuck them under him, and they were soon torn off to blow away. Although he managed to keep his face behind the pipe all the time, he was frequently struck in the face with flying cinders, so that when he reached Green River his face and neck were badly cut and scratched. So great was the poor tramp's fear of being thrown off and killed that this, added to the terrible strain of hanging to the pipe by main strength for so long a distance, and the intense suffering from the wounds inflicted by the cinders caused his hair to turn gray, and when he climbed down at Green River he looked like a man who had seen fifty instead of twenty-two summers.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

B. & W. CRONER.—Our readers will bear in mind that this popular dry goods firm has removed to the elegant store 142 Canal street (Touro Buildings), where they now have one of the finest stocks of dry goods ever seen in New Orleans. Their prices are very low.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

CATHEDRAL AND CHURCH ORGANS.

Our Organs are UNIVERSALLY CELEBRATED for BEAUTY and PURITY of TONE, combined with GREAT POWER; for PROMPT, RELIABLE and NOISELESS ACTION; for general MUSICAL and MECHANICAL EXCELLENCE, and for "STANDING" WELL in any climate.

Among the many later instruments built by us we desire to call especial attention to the magnificent organ in the Church of St. Mary of the Sacred Heart, at Boston, Mass., finished October 1st, 1877, also to the one in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, at Chicago, Ill., finished November 1st, 1877.

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS except those immediately connected with our establishment, and PAY NO COMMISSIONS to "middle-men." We therefore respectfully request the Clergy to apply directly to us for specifications and prices.

no4 77 1y JOHNSON & SON, Westfield, Mass.

A. GREGORY,

436 ..... Dryades Street 436

Second Door above Terpsichore,

New and Second-hand SEWING MACHINES of all kinds and Butterick's PAPER PATTERNS.

A full line of STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, and the latest 10c and 20c Libraries.

Sign of the "Red Sewing Machine." Sewing Machines of all kinds repaired. se30 6m

STAINED GLASS for CHURCHES, etc.,

Guaranteed equal to imported, and much cheaper. Good Art Glass supplied at the prices charged for the inferior article peculiar to this country.

A. FITZPATRICK & CO.,

STAINED GLASS WORKS,

STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

N. B.—Late of London. Postoffice Box 2,6.

— PRIZES RECEIVED —

London, 1871. Centennial Ex'bition, Philadelphia, 1876

mh11 77 1y

OFFICE OF THE

AMERICAN COTTON TIE CO.,

LIMITED.

47 ..... Carondelet Street 47

NEW ORLEANS.

IMPORTANT SPECIAL NOTICE.

The AMERICAN COTTON TIE COMPANY (LIMITED) having fixed the price of the celebrated

ARROW COTTON TIE

at $2 50 per bundle, less 5½ per cent discount for cash, the General Agents hereby authorize their Sub-Agents in this city (dealers in Bailing Stuffs) to sell to and contract with Factors and Country Merchants, for future delivery on the above-named price and terms, in quantities, from time to time, as may be required, settlements being made on delivery.

The Company having a large stock now on hand, and having contracted for an abundant supply to meet the entire demand for Cotton Ties throughout the Cotton States, the celebrated ARROW TIE will be placed upon the market generally, and sold by their numerous Agents at the price and terms above stated, it being the object and purpose of the Company to merit the continued patronage of the planting community.

R. W. RAYNE & CO.,

au19 77 1y GENERAL AGENTS.

INCENSE FOR DIVINE SERVICE.

Prepared according to the Text of the Scriptures and the rules of Liturgy, and in accordance with the special form adopted by the Very Rev. Abbe Deon, the Diocese of Sens, and E. Laurencel, chemist.

Depot at the Drug Store of

ST. CYR, FOURCADE, 215 Canal,

fe25 77 1y Corner Rampart street.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

MRS. JANE BELL,

(Formerly Miss McAuley).

Of 161 Canal street, and last of the corner of Jackson and Magazine streets, will remove to

132 ..... Canal Street 132

Between St. Charles and Carondelet, near Levois and Jamison's,

and be open for business on the 15th inst.

DRESSMAKING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Her skill is well known. oct4 6m

LADIES' HAIR STORE

AND

Fancy Goods Bazaar.

G. T. SCHILLING,

159 ..... Canal Street 159

MANUFACTURER OF

HUMAN HAIR GOODS

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

IMPORTER OF

PERFUMERIES, JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

of all descriptions.

—— Just received, a new invoice of ——

Celluloid Coral Sets, Combs, Necklaces, Pins, Crosses, etc

Real Ivory and Shell Combs, Sets, etc.

American Ivory Combs,

English Black Garnet Sets and Ornaments.

Fans for the Theatre and Ball,

Steel Sets and Ornaments.

Robare Aureoline or Golden Hair Dye.

Country Orders promptly attended to. de24 76 1y

MITCHELL'S GEOGRAPHY.

A NEW EDITION

OF

MITCHELL'S

GEOGRAPHY,

WITH

NEW MAPS,

NEW DRESS,

NEW TYPE,

AND

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OLD SERIES COMPRISES

Three Books,

COSTING $3 10;

THE NEW SERIES COMPRISES

Two Books,

COSTING ONLY $1 90;

VIZ:

New Primary retails at - - - - $0 60

New Intermediate retails at - - - $1 30

The new books can be used in the same classes with the old Primary and Intermediate; and while they retail at but little over half the cost of the Old Series, their text exually full and reliable. The beauty of the new maps is unsurpassed, and their fullness and accuracy exceed even that of the old series.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

From His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto, Canada.

We hereby approve of Mitchell's Geographies, as revised by M. R. Keegan, Esq., and earnestly recommend their use in our schools.

† JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

Given at St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, April 5, 1872.

From His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, July 11, 1872.

We cheerfully concur in the excellent recommendations already given by many in favor of Mitchell's Geographies, as revised and corrected by Mr. M. R. Keegan, of Chicago.

† JOHN McCLOSKEY,
Archbishop of New York.

From His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, July 22, 1871.

As Mitchell's Geographies are so highly approved of by the most eminent Catholic educators of the country, we recommend their use in all our schools in preference to any other text-books on the subject.

JOHN B. PURCELL,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

From the Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond, Virginia.

RICHMOND, VA., March 16, 1876.

We cheerfully concur in the excellent recommendations already given by many in favor of Mitchell's Geographies, as revised and corrected by M. R. Keegan, of Chicago.

† JAMES GIBBONS,
Bishop of Richmond.

From the Xaverian Brothers.

BALTIMORE, March 18, 1876.

The Xaverian Brothers have been using Mitchell's Geographies since 1854 in their schools. This, I think, is the best recommendation I can give of them.

BROTHER JOSEPH.

They have received similar recommendations from the Jesuits, Christian Brothers, Redemptorists, Franciscans, etc., etc., and are used in the leading institutions of the country.

Hon. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Illinois for over twenty years, says:

Mitchell's Intermediate, in atlas form, is absolutely the best school book of which I have any knowledge, and I consider it, in particular as a positive blessing to our educational institutions.

MITCHELL'S GEOGRAPHY does not consist of the notes or observations of a traveller, which may vary with his knowledge, mental or physical condition, but of the standard accounts of the world and its parts, according to the latest and highest authorities, embracing a thorough system of Geographical science of facts as they exist, for, from the day of their first appearance, they have been year by year altered, corrected and improved, so that for many years they have been acknowledged to be by far the most accurate, full and reliable that could be had; and the new edition is

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT

even on the old one.

For terms of introduction address the publishers.

J. H. BUTLER & CO.,

Philadelphia, Pa

Or,

M. R. KEEGAN,

457 12th street, Chicago, Ills.

e24