

irritated nerves, and suggested a strange dream about the bag of self-raising flour, which lay dimly before her on the lid of the chest below the window. The soft cool silence of the kitchen was delicious, and as Mrs. O'F. lay opening and shutting her eyes, lo! the window-sash raised up softly and slowly—so slowly, that by the time it was wide open, she had closed her eyes and drowsed off again. Then a soft muffled sound partially awoke her, and opening one eye she saw what made the other fly open on short notice—to wit—the flour bag slowly raising itself up off the chest lid up onto the window ledge, and finally glide slowly but surely out of the open window. In her half somnolent state Mrs. O'Flannigan laughed aloud and muttered as she turned over and went to sleep. "Faix then, and its mesilf will be afther makin' Misthress McMahan laugh to-morrow marnin', whin oi tell her about me quare ould dhrame. Silf-raisin' flour indade!" Exactly three hours after this Mr. O'F. had rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and entered the kitchen with the intention of lighting the fire. His movements awoke his wife, who exclaimed: "Och, Dinnis! sure an' I'm just afther dhramin' the quarest ould dhrame about that bag av silf-raisin' flour over there."

"Over where, Mrs. O'Flannigan?" said he, curtly, looking round the kitchen.

"On the chest be the window," said she, sitting up and pointing to the chest, whereon, however, no longer rested the flour. "Howly mother av Moses!" she exclaimed, and with the wail of a Banshee she leapt onto the floor, and strode to the open window and looked out. On the window sill, under it, and down the garden walk to the gate was a milkyway of flour, the contemplation of which plunged Mrs. O'F. into profound meditation. "The thafe av the wurruld," she muttered, as half dressed she followed with her eye the track of the flour clear up to the door of her friend, Mrs. McMahon, "an' mesilf to think it was a dhrame! Silf-raisin' flour indade!"

That afternoon, Mrs. O'Flannigan and four of her neighbors, the champion gossips of the village, walked into Mrs. McMahon's kitchen, each leisurely knitting a stocking the while. Mrs. McMahon said she had a bad headache, and was a-feared she would have to go to bed. Mrs. O'F. offered to make her a cup of tea, but Mrs. McMahon couldn't look at tea. "What have yez got in the big crock all kivered up so nicely?" asked one of the gossips. The crock was close to the stove covered up by a clean towel. "Nothing at all at all, Misthress O'Whist, only a bit av saft soap mesilf ud be afther tryin' to make."

"D'ye moind now! sure an' the loikes av Misthress McMahon oi never saw fur thrift," said another gossip, with effusion.

"Wad yez moind mesilf havin' a luck at the soap whin its a-makin'?" said Misthress O'Flannigan, reaching over to the crock.

"Don't sthir the towel for the life of yez! sure yez'll spile all me good saft soap," screamed Mrs. McMahon, nervously.

"Its beggin' yer pardin I'll be afther," she continued, "but I must be lyin' down fur me headache."

"Do, ma'am, an' sure we'll moind the house fur yez, and kape the hins out," said Mrs. O'F., winking to the gossips.

"Musha, luck at the towel! sure the saft soap is risin' like dough," cried Misthress O'Hara.

"The saints presave us! its up out av the crock intoirely; its risin', Misthress McMahon—is it quicksilver

or the devil that's in the soap," screamed Mrs. O'Flannigan.

"Maybe, Mrs. McMahon, its the way the cat wint to shlahe on tap av the soap; sure its like a cat's back whin she'll be a stretchin' hersilf afther a nap," said another, gravely.

"Be jabbers, thin! maybe its the grate say sarpint she's afther kiverin' up in the crock," cried Mrs. O'Hara, winding up her stocking in mock alarm.



"Me opinon, Mrs. McMahon, is that you're afther settin' a foine batch av me silf-raisin' flour ye shtole this marnin'," said Mrs. O'F., sternly, "an' now, if yez plase, ye'll just carry over that crock wid the bread in it to me own kitchen where it belongs, an' thin yez'll cum straight back fur the resht av the flour, or get sint down fur turty days."

Mrs. McMahon quietly lifted the crock and walked over the street to Mrs. O'F.'s house, followed by the gossips and their urchins jeering and hooting—"Say, how are yez off fur silf-raisin' flour?" And that's the true inwardness of the feud between the O'Flannigans and the McMahons.



THE PRAYER QUESTION.

[Home of a certain able editor where articles are often left about in manuscript so that the children can see them. Enter bright little son, who petitions his ma for some favor.]

MA—"Oh, I don't know, dear; you had better ask papa."

BRIGHT LITTLE SON—"No; it wouldn't be any use; he might think it was the same as a prayer, and of course Pa wouldn't answer a prayer, 'cause he says God doesn't."