HOUSEHOLD TALKS. SHOW ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A Word With Little Meaning - Amateur vs. Professional-Higher Standard Constantly Demanded - "Conversational French"-How a Gold Medalust Solved the - Problem.

A WORD WITH LITTLE MEANING. As too generally applied, the word "accom-

plishments" is now one of very little meaning. If it ever had any other than the somewhat ambiguous signification it now bears, it must

have been in particularly hot haste to lose it. otherwise we should have been quite unprepared for the indulgent smile of scarcely veiled sarcasm when it is said of some debutante in the social world, or rather in the great system of social worls, that she has acquired "all the accomplishments," or that "she is highly accomplished."

Every one seems to understand perfectly well what is meant by such a statement as that, and though politeness constrains one in most cases to seemingly accept it for its value, its real worth is too well known to be mistaken, and it

is discounted accordingly.

Nor should this be wondered at, for what is the too frequent result of summarizing all those vaunted ac omplishments? A little smattering of languages, a little dabbling in water colors a little strumming on the piano; and all with out discernment or sufficient exactitude or mas tery of detail to stand the crucial test for such knowledg .- the ability to explain and impart it

THE BUSINESS VALUE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS. The world will not pay for what is of no use to it, and certainly inexact knowledge is not likely to be a saleable commodity. At best

the accomplishments of which we have heard so much, in what has been known as the higher education of woman, are but what is considered to serve at the ornamental completion of an unstable ed fice, and as such of but secondary im-portance to the laying of a broad and liberal groundwork on which the future may see batter structures rise. HIGHER STANDARDS CONSTANTLY DEMANDED.

In the meantime popular disfavor is doing its best to we d all walks of life of its pretenders, by forcing noso already high to take a lower station, o. in other words, by insisting on a higher standard. In the tracher's profession this is very appar-

ent, the old system of "keeping up" with the more advanced pupils on the part of the teacher by surreptition, study of the next day's lessons the night balore is now almost a thing upknown.

The preserly certificated teacher must be grades ahe of even of the most advanced pupil, and it is so in every branch of industry a.

We see every day superior people occupying what might well be considered inferior positionto those to y might be expected to occupy, but if the choice is their own there is wisd in it, as a very little experience of the world will

People not altogether sure of themselves nor of the user of any pursuit they purpose to fol-low, least some valuable truths in this way. CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH.

For i tance a student-teacher, just before taking her first situation, a dreary outlook enough, a rough country school in the bick-woods, was counselled by one who, though a stranger, felt compassion for her, having undergone a similar experience, to wait for a while and try to get a situation in the city as teacher

in a school or in a family.
"Why your knowledge of French alone would seeme you that," said her friend. But fortunately the young teacher knew her own deficiencies better than her enthusiastic friend of an hour, and explained that although she knew French well enough, "quite as well as English" for all conversational purposes, yet she could neither write nor read it, and the linguistic acquirement was an "accomplishmerely, and of no value whatever in raising her stetus as teacher.

d more instance may more apply idustrate than could be done by any other means how flimsy a dependence so-called accomplishments are when one is unfortunately forced to rely on them in the struggle to make a liveliho.d. HOW A GOLD MEDALLIST SOLVED THE PROBLEM

A gold medallist of one of the most famous lady's seminaries of learning, found berself on closing her school course, at uinctees, in the uncomfortable position of being unable to contribute to the amily exchequer, on the slight per cent?"
resources of which the expenses of her educa"No, si tion had been for years the heaviest drain.
Her brothers, honest, hard-working mechan-

ics, had cheerfully given of their earnings week after week for her tuition, in the assured hope hat they were providing her with the means of ecuring her future independence.

And what had the poor gul to face the world with? Music, yould and instrumental, she had practised in concert with others, and could not sing or play alone to advantage;—painting, she had executed pictures it was true but the inishing touches had been hestowed by her teachers, she could not usaided have produced even a croditable copy.

And as for minor bracches, so considered at

the great boarding achool from which she had graduated, a therough acquaintance with the English language, and business requirements, notably arithme ic, were utterly neglected.

This being the case, the question of a life-pur-suit became very complicated. Something had to be done-but what to do? While at school her wardrobe, thanks to a

clever and careful mother, had been well sup-plied and attended to. But dothes will wear out and must be renewed. And clothes cost money. She could not very well ask her family to assist her with means, as her education had already proved to be the most unprefitable in vestment in which the household savings could

have been sunk.

The realities of life had awakened her from a reseate dream of the future and its possibilities she had been petted and praised at school as the prize-pubil, looked up to at home as one whose brilliant attainments were sure to bring credit to herself and her family. She herself best knew what those brilliant attainments were, and she was reluctantly forced to acknow-ledge that she could not turn to account a single complishment learnt at such an outlay of

time, pains and money.

Failing to secure a situation as office-assistant or shop girl, to this was she driven at last, the forlorn alternative of "nursing governess" presented itself.

Here of course her chief struggle would be to appear as teacher, while in reality performing the offices of nurse girl. But she was unaccus-tomed to the care of children, as her mother had taken entire charge of her yourger brothers and sisters, so as to leave her more time to at-

The idea of starting anew, as it were, of going the idea of starting thew, as it were, or going to an elementary school and working up through all the grades, finally qualifying as a teacher, was suggested by one who took an interest in her success. But the precious years for study had gone—frittered away on idle so-called acomplishments. Besides, the girl was so severely interested and sold at a trainit that the leady disappointed and sick at spirit that she lacked

the courage to undertake such a task. Of course, domestic usefulness was out of the question. She had been educated far beyond the housekeeping ideas. She did not know how to cook a meal, make a bed, or sweep a room, and was equally ignorant of needlework. What was she to do? With all these defi-ciencies upon her head, facing the great untried world, after all the show of educational advan-tages and training unable to solve the simple problem of how to make a livelihood, and desf aver heine shie to solve it. what other girls in like straits are doing every day, she took the great plunge and got married.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

.....

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles?
The old Greek Isles of the yellowbird's song? Then steer straight on through the watery

Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right, But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight, The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds

sing, And life lies girt with a golden wing. These Fortunate Isles they are not so far; They lie within reach of the lowliest door;

You can see them gleam by the twilight star; You can hear them sing by the moon's white Nay, never look back ! Those levelled grave-

stones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the Fortunate

what are the names of the Fortunate Isles ?

Why, Duty and Love, and a large content. Le! These are the Isles of the watery miles That God let down from the firmament.

So duty and Love and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust.

Daty and Love and a child's sweet smiles,

And these, O friend are the Fortunate Isles.

A MIRROR FOR PROTECTIONISTS. Hon. S. S. Cox, in his speech in the House of Representativer, contrasted the Domocratic programme of tariff reduction with the Republican platform of protection and cheap whiskey. His speech ought to be read by every voter in the land, for it shows up the protectionis e in their true colors.

Here is an extract: A taxpayer inquirer of you : "Have not the American people paid in sixty years over \$20,000,000,000 in the hops of getting goods cheaper by and by, after the infants have attained . sir maturity? What,

my Republican brother, will you now do. The brother answ. ", "Free whiskey."
"Has invention and nothing for us?"
asks the impoverished mechanic, "What do you show us as the result of our Ameri-

can genius for a century in mechanica?"
The answers comes: "We tendor you she worm in the still, the finest invention of the devil. It may take a way your brains and impoverish your families; but protection must stand! We offer you untaxed, cheap free whiskey!"

Another inquirer asks: "Why do you not ake the tax off your coat of 'roversible nap 12"

The answer comes: "Protection first, but always free whickey."

An old lady of West Virginia atks with

anxiety, Why must I pay 60 cents in adwhich I in heav sassafras tea? A'!' ye the protectionist, "is not whick, you ber than tea?"

A series of quintions and massers might be fired off in the following order:

"Are you going to allow the reduction proposed by the Mills bill from 47 per cent,

duty to 40 on a recte?"

"No, but we will repeal the tax on eigarettes for your by, and add free whiskey." "Won't you support that reduction of 10 per cent. on cotton goods?" " No, but I would love to lower the white

key tax."
"Won't you reduce the tax on castor oil below 194 per cent, -- its present rate?" " No. I won't condescend to help anybody

but those who want the cost of whiskey reduced." "Please help us reduce the tax on cheap woolen cloth from 89 per cent. to 40 per

cent., as Mills proposes-will you not?" "No: I do not want to engage in anything else till I have taken the tax of 90 cents a gallon from whiskey."

the duty on wool hats from 53 per cent. Cocan hats, Win't you help us?"

" No, eir; the Republican platform doesn't say waything shout cheap hats. It does advocate telling tox from whiskey, and 1 stand by the clatform. The worsted goods for my family is taxed

68 per cent. Help me pull that down to 40 "No, sir; let your worsted goods go to

grass! Whiskey is more than a dollar a gallon. I want to take the 90 cent gallon tax off of it."

" Now, my friend, the Milis Bill proposes to take eleven and one-half millions tax off of

" No, for it don't propose to obsapen whiskey one cent."

"It makes salt free. Won't you favor that."

"Is salt whiskey? Salt ain t in our platform." "It makes the tip, of which our tin stove vessels, and cans and roofs are made, free;

won't you give us that ?" "Tin is not on the platform; whickey is." "It makes lumber for our homes, to keep

us warm, free; won't you favor that?" " No. I want to legislate to warm the inner man, not the outer one. Give us free whiskey.'

CONSULT YOUR PARENTS, GIRLS. Girls should never forget for one moment that

no being on earth takes so deen and true an interest in their welfare as their father or mother. Their advice springs ever from the very soul of affection, pure as the love of God himself, and their command should be obeyed as the com-mand of God. As sin brings its inevitable punishment even on this earth, so disobe-dience to parents is sure to be followed by sorrow and often shame. A girl may say, in the pride of her budding womanhood, that she is such an age, and can judge for hersolf—she may even be guilty of the irreverence of thinking of her parents as "old-fashioned" or "old fogyish," but at such times she knows not what she is saying. She is blinded and led away by the youthful passion; the parents are guided by the soul-light in which they have enshrined her, and they can see the very breath of evil-the faint approaching mist of misfortune that steals into the clarified spiritual atmosphere with which their love has surrounded her. girls honor and obey their fathers and their mothers, and their days will not only be long but happy, but lead to an eternal happiness As the first glass of whiskey often proves the ruin of the boy, so too the first deli-berate disobedience of the girl to her parents

THE SILVER RULE.

may lead her to ruin and misery.

You know the Golden Rule— Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. Here is a rule which is part of the Golden Rule, but which we will put by itself, because it is of value, and call it the Silver Rule: "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and be silent about their bad qualities Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl be cause he or she found fault with others? I your schoolmates or playmates are unly or stupid or cross, it does not make them any better to talk or think about it. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of their good quality. That is the Silver Rule, says

1.

22

BY MRS. HARTLEY. CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

'You are in a very good position to day, I think,' said Father Paul good naturedly.
'I'ts all very well, Father Paul,' answered the doctor sulkily, 'but I've been passed over and over again, for men who disobeyed the Church or went to the godless colleges. Look at my sacrifices, all gone for nothing. The

rdinal goes and—
'Daly, man!'said his host, interrupting the doctor's recital of his grievances, 'ring for hot water, and let me see you do credit to that

hisky.'
The school book here does not show that your local gentry take much interes, in the

schools.'
They never set foot inside the door. Tighe O'Malley is manager—by way of—I never knew him to enter the place. Certainly, he is better than others. When I was building the new church he gave the site and about twenty pounds worth of wood. That chapel cost twelve thousand pounds, sir; nine thousand came from

America. "True!" said the doctor, 'and it is the people who built that church that are helping to keep the whole of them. The money that comes to this town from America is unaccountable.

'How did they live without it before? inquired the school inspector.
'Things were different. Before the potato disease you could buy twenty four or twenty five pounds of putatoes for a penny. There was more pounds of pictures for a penny. Inera was more land in cultivation. They reared pigs and fowls in a way they can't attempt now. Land is almost all in grazing. There is little or no employment. We have not your industrial resources in the north, Mr. Macaulay. We have nothing but agriculture.

True, but agrarian crime and political agration don't exist in the north. Capital has been deterred from embarking in any enterprise

by this Fenianism.'
'Now, I ask you, sir, who are those capitalists? What is to hinder O'Malley with his five or seven, more or less, thousands a year, all earned by these people, from capitalizing a small part of it and setting going a mill-there's water-power enough and to spare in Barrettswater, and employ these poor people, who, through no fault of their own, are idle!" 'O'Malley would like a manufactory set going, but he would like an English or Scotch-

man to come and do it. He does not want to be better off; he cares for nothing but amusing himself,' said the dispensary doctor. 'You see, he is not too bad at all as landlords go. He has not raised the rents since he succeeded. To be sure a good many of his best tenants are leaseholders, and, indeed, for that matter a round score of leases will be soon falling in.

'If he did not raise the rents he has pretty well cleared out the estate, said Father I'aul; but he will not stop at that. Did you notice the ruin of the old cottages along the road as you come in from the train? Yes. Well, that place was once thick with people before the amine. Heavens! I recalled the famine well. I went out that road one morning early—it had been a bad wet night—I met six dead bodies by that ditch. How many died in the fever or at sea I don't know, but I know this—Tighe O'Mallay's uncle, Mauleverer, shut up the house and went abroad, and left the creatures to rot

He did that, -and then came home and evicted the survivors! You see, the rates were heavy, and for that matter, somer than pay rates, Mauleverer used to—and Tighe O'Mailey does the same—tiffer a man up to ten or twenty pounds to give up possession of his place and either move into the town or go to America with his family. As fast as he or his agent, Marchmont, can get hold of a cabin, "Level it" is the word. The people who have the river this town are letting lodgings in them to the laborers at sixpence and eightpence a week, for room to lie on the floor -the cottages are so scarce outside of Barrette

town. 'Ay!' said the Coctor, 'and fever is never out of that part of the town. The cabins are as wet as mud, built in the old river-awamps.' 'Fever should be prevalent, said the insuector.

Oh, faith, for the matter of that, when you are called to a case, the safest thing to say is, "I think you have typhoid fever." In ninety cases out of a hundred it turns out true, and I may say that all over this country that rule

Have you a landlord?.

No, not at all as they go, returned the doctor. O'Malley nover interferes at all, and if he is asked for anything gives it at once.

no is asked for anything gives it at once."

'Not that we trouble him much or often.' added Father Paul, with considerable bittzeness in his voice. 'He takes seven thousand a year off the county Cork, and barring the labourers employed in the gardens under his Scotch gardnei, and the helpers in the stable under the English stud groom, and the English coachman and the English coachman and the English the English coachman and the English steward, what does he do for Barrettste m any more than he does for Cueheton West, his Limerick estate? Nathing, Mr. Macaulay, nothing; nothing on earth but take the money and enjoy himself!

'Divil blame him!' said the dispensary doctor, who, with the aid of the hot water and sugar, had been doing credit to the whisker. Wouldn't we all enjoy ourselves if we could? Father Paul gave utterance to a huge peal of laughter. He, also, had a strain of Greek in bim. He also was given to despise the small things of life.

things of life.

'Mr. Macauly,' he cried, 'take a glass of claret.
Light another cigar, sir! The doctor has given us a good sound prescription. Your health, Dr.
Daly! Enjoymeat to you, ma!!

'Thank you father! I go wh you. I agree with Lord Cork, the beggar name. "I would not charge," he said, "with the King of Spain once I had my dinner taken—what difference is there between him and me? Hé can't eat two dinners for all he is kick, an'l I don't want two dinners. for all he is kicg, and I don't want two dinners. So what need have I to change?",

"That is Lord Cork all over,' said Father

Paul. 'Poor fellow! it's not twice a week he pets a dinner. He got mine once, though I was going off to a sick call—a hurried case and he knowing all about it, having seen me drive down the Limerick Road, marched up to the house and told Mary Johnston that I had sent him up to bid her give him my dinner. I was gone off to Ciitton's-eight miles away he had his story all pat enough-she be-lieved him, and-Lord Cork made short work

of my dinuer.'
'Unfortunate wretches!' said the inspector. What an existence it is! It makes me melancholy to see the crowds of such creatures in all these southern towns.'

Yes,' added the doctor; 'and the crowds of young ones growing up to the trade.'
'Well, well!' observed the inspector, 'the schools should see to that, but the managers are in fault. Now, at Newstown last summer—I went to Newstown to inspect a National school—I recollect it well—it was a lovely July day-I found the door of the boya school locked, and of all the pandemoniums ever you listened to, it sounded through the windows. At last some of the urchins heard me

and spoke to me through a broken pane of glass.
""Where's the teacher?" I asked. "Place, your honor, he's gone up to the mannger's to belp in with the hay, and we're all locked in till he comes back." 'After this I went to the girls' school. That

was impracticable also, and a tuzz, not exactly that of bees, came to my ears.
"Where is the mistress?" I hailed at last.
"Plase, your honor, she's gone up to the manager's to give a hand with the washing, and

she's locked us in till she comes back."
Ob, scandalous! said Father Paul. 'Very wel', but listen to this?' continued the spector. 'My duty as inspector was to direct inspector. the said manager's attention to this state of things, and request him to see that it did not

occur again.'
And it was the manager who was the cause A man who wears a wig is not without his schoolmaster and his plan when they were about a white frock that had evidently been made for ntroduce the national school system. It's her in the village, and which accentrated her

close on forty years since. There were a number of gentlemen going about the country taking evidence; among others they fell in with an old schoolmaster in my part of Waterford, and they asked his opinion, would the people like a free school or a pay school best.
''On! he said, "they would not like a free school at all. They are too proud, too proud

entirely for that !" Ou ! then we had better arrange to make them pay something," said these commissioners.
"Oh no. then," replied the schoolmaster. "That won't do; they would object to pay

""What does this mean," cried the gentle-men, since you are after telling us they were too proud to send their children to a free school?"

school?"
"That is so, too!" said the school master.
"And what do you mean?" they cried.
"What are we to do?"
"Well!" he made suswer, "I have an idea
of what it is that they would like, and what it
is would suit them—myself, just !"
"Tell us, if you please," said the commissioners, they all being mightily puzzled.
"It is this, then, just—to make a fixed
charge, moderate like, not too moderate; and

charge, moderate like, not too moderate ; and then when the time came to pay, to not ask them to pay / net to press them to pay anything at all—just leave it to them, like !" Father Paul laughed his great deep-chested laugh that made the whole room shake.

You invented that, you villain—you made

that up,' he said, at last.
'I give you my word of honor it is just what happened sir!' replied the doctor.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Godfrey shut the door of the dining room when Chichele had passed out, and then went to the open hall door, and stood silent and shy,

his eyes turned away from the stranger.

A moment or two elapsed. Unichele was searching in the pockets of his overcoat, but at the same time noting his companion, and won-dering how he could best set about overcoming

his styness and reserve. He felt drawn irresistibly towards the handsome, wild boy.

Cooler here, is it not? Chichele, in his resolve to make friends with this mate Antinous, took an easy conversational tone with him, hoping by degrees to break down the barrier be-

tween them.
'Yes,' Godfrey answered, then he turned from the hall door and opened that leading into the sitting-room. It was empty, to his manifest astooishment. 'They are with Miss Johnston,

'Let us smoke a cigar,' said Chichele, who did not understand him; 'we can go into the Godfrey turned again towards the hall door. and they passed out on to the stees just as a couple of people were in the act of ascending These were a loutish-looking young the same.

man of about twenty, accompanied by a blick-a t female figure shrouded in wraps. How do you do, Mr. Mauleverer? she said in a formal voice, passing straight on, upwards and into the hall. Good evening, Miss Quin, Godfrey replied, starting to one side. He nodded to the young

man, who, toking off his hat in response to Godfrey's salutation, followed his ristor. 'Try one of these,' said Chichele, holding out a handsome gold eigar case. Godfrey extracted one cincally eying the case with naive admira-tion all the time. Catchele struck a match and gave it to him, then lighted his own cigar and egan to smoke it hurriedly.

Vho are those people who have just passed Quina, replied Godfrey, laconically. 'Do they belong to the town? farmers or

what? "They belong to the town."

'You have left school, I suppose?'
'Yes, I have left,' replied Godfrey very
s'owly; 'some mouths ago.'

'Were you in England, or in school in this country?' 'At Ossery College—it's about five miles out on the Limerick Road, but I always went across

the bog, that's three, unless it was too wet. It might drown you then.' 'Yes,' assented Chichele, thinking of his own experience of the bog, 'I snould say so. I saw snipe and ducks over there in Knockstuart Bog.'
'Yee, there are plenty there in the winter, and you can get them in flocks along the river at Archer's Ford, some miles higher up, where there is a lough; it is all over sedge and flags— covert, you know. I have seen hundreds. There are too many cranes, though.'
'Cranes?' Do cranes come here?'

'Well, they are herons. They call them 'You have finished your cigar, I see,' said

Chichele, throwing away the end of his own-he heard voices from within, and he felt impelled to move. 'Let us go in: it is chilly. They entered the suturg-room together, where Marion and Gerbrude, Miss Quin and her brother, were now all assembled together. Chichele had eves only for Marion. She was sitting in the window which looked out at the back into Barretistown woods, and did not seem to observe the entry of the two young men. She gave him her hand with a manner which seemed self-possessed and calm, but her eyes fell when they met his. She presented him to her sister Gertrude and to Miss Quin and her brother. Gertrude and to Miss with and her Stouter.

Gertrude shook han is with him willingly, looking at him the while with the frankest admiration. Marion, having accomplished this ceremony, seated therself again in the window. Chichele turned round a horse hair covered chair, and first replacing an horse hair covered chair, and first replacing an antimaccassar covered with pink wool-roses, which had fallen off in the process, sat down

which had fallen on in the process, say down beside her.
Godfrey let himself drop on the sofa beside his sister Gertrude.
'Ab! Godfrey, my freck!' exclaimed she; 'and there now, you are ruining the cushion.
Honor! Honor Quin, just look at the cushion

you worked for Father Paul, your raised work custion. She held up to views square object of red satin with a bunch of thick, soft pansies, each looking as if it were stuffed, and one-half of

which had decidedly suffered by Godfrey's impact, 'Never mind!' observed Miss Quin affably; "it does not matter, Mr. Mauleverer."

'It does not matter?" echoed Gertrude. 'Honor Quin, I am surprised at you. This is the handsomest of all the cushions in the room.

But Father Paul has twice too many cushions,

pursued she.
Chichele looked round the room as she spoke, and burst out laughing. It was the first time he had thought of noticing the surroundings. The room-it was the drawing-room-was large equare apartment with a waxed floor and a square of gaudy carpet in the centre, coloured lithograph of Pius the Ninth l over the manticpiece; below it a French clock in a glass shade marked the hour, perhap at New York, between two huge vases of wax fruit and flowers, each likewise cushiqued and sheltered under glass shades. Bead cushions, velvet cushions, wool cushions, all sorts of cushions and coloured wool things were placed everywhere.

You ought to see Father Collins's room, said Godfroy. 'He has slip as for every day of the week, and two pairs for Sunday. I told him he would want to in a centipede, The next time I go vi there I shall take a pair for myself. Viy does no one work me slippers? Quin, co they work slip-

pers for you?"

'You are not priests,' hereved Gertrude anubbingly. 'Here is the antimacessar I worked him at Easter—and : st look,' she cried dismally, 'some one has a pped tea or some-thing on these nice roses.'

Marion and Miss Quin hughed, the latter very constrainedly, for she had on all her best

clothes. She were a heavy black silk dress, a bright yellow gold chain and locket, and she had retained her black kid gloves. She looked as stiff and immovable as the plaster-of paris Madonna under her glass case on the chiffon nier, but was, as usual, sell-assured. Her hair was dressed in a huge stuffed chignon, which was the admiration and 'avy of the Maul everers. Marion's black tresses were all twisted in a coil on the back of her head; Gerbrude's hair was plaited in a great cable trude wore

rich dark colouring. Her wild tawny eyes glowed with spirit. Chichele watched her with delight. She promised to be beautiful, perhaps more so than her sister. The soft child face had lines that promised a later beauty of no common order. She was evidently completely at home and at her case, but there was plainly one person in the establishment whom she held in awe. A sudden clatter of teathings was heard. Gertrude that instant resumed her seat on the tofa. The door flaw wide open presently, and the housekeeper walked in carrying a large tray. The moment she came fully in view all

retained

retained auns whom Father Paul impartance, a devotee, and a perfect Turk to the servants under her control, but a good creature in the main, and really devoted to Father Conroy and his relatives of the Fir House. 'Good evening,' she replied affably, directing her salutations exclusively to Marion, Gedfrey, and Gertrude. 'Good evening, Miss Quin and Mr. Quin,' she added, addressing the brother and sister in a totally different voice. 'Miss Maulsvere' vill you be pleased to make tea? The mother and sister in the same place and sister in the same place and sister in a totally different voice. 'Miss Maulsvere' vill you be pleased to make tea? The mother and sister in the same place and sister in the same place and sister in a totally different voice. 'Miss Maulsvere' vill you be pleased to make tea? The mother and sister in the same place and sister in the same place

'No, no; let me!' cried Gertrude. 'Miss Johnston, I want to. Marion, I may.'

Suiting the action to the word, the vivacious Gertruce seated beyelf behind a huge Britannia metal teapot, and began to dispense strong tea and cream liberally. A dish of smoking hot tea and cream liberally. A dish of smoking hot cakes made its appearance, marmalade and honey in glass dishes; little pats of butter, with a round-shaped fat swan stamped on each, floated in a glass dish. Candles were light d now, and a great white lamp which smelt strongly. Marion rose from her seat, and lifted a tall vase full of early wallflowers from a corner table. She placed this in the centre of the

ner table. She placed this in the centre of the tea-table upon taking her place.
'I cannot take tea, thank you,' said Chichele, declining a cup offered him by young Quin. He rose from his seat and moved to the music atnot before the piano, with the intention of being able to look at Marion's face as the candle-light illumined it. The same, yet different, he thought. More beautiful, if possible—clear cut as a cameo.

Her eyes looked black as she exchanged glance with Miss Quin. The last-named had evidently directed her attention to himself. Chichele noted a side-long turn of her be-chignoned head. They perhaps felt uncomfortable that he did not join them. He opened the piano audd-nly, and announcing, 'I am going to play you something,' dashed swiftly into a

waltz, whistling an obligato.
Gertrade, who was fond of music and easily moved by it, listened for a while, and at last, moved by it, instelled for a white, and at last, forgetting her tea, she left the table and came and stood by the piano.

'How do you play so beautifully?' she asked him. She leaned her arm on the top of the piano, and by degrees drooped her head on it.

ber eyes alternately watching his and the keys of the picno. Chichele as he played watched the child's face

Chichele as he played watched the child's face with amusement. No kitten could be less self-conscious or wild.

'Gertrude!' cried Godfrey, 'Gertrude, I say, since you undertook to make tea, come and do your duty, Gertrude!'

He rose to help himself, but she darted suddenly back to her seat; a gramble for the teater and in the correct into the control of which the great into

denly back to her sear; a cramble for the teapot ensued, in the course of which the cream jug
was nearly overturned. Marion saved it,
stretching out her rescuing hand quickly and
defily, while Miss Quin was gazing, as if fascinated, at its perilous condition. Godfrey
seized his sister's cake, with the remark that the music would be enough for her He had observed and was displeased by her naive admiration for Chichele. This injustice recalled her to her usual habits of self-assertion, and she re-

sumed her tea with new-found appetite.

The swinging rhythm of the waltz seemed to inspire the whole party. The Quin brother and sister thawed, and began to talk. Marion's face kindled into an expression of bappiness almost-she was listening to him with a delight and won the musician to be perfectly radiant. The lamp ight shone through the little soft curls the clustered on her temples, lighting them almost into gold color. Gettrude, her eyes dilated and glowing, chattered, argued, and disputed. The cups were knocked violently into the saucers: knives and spoons seemed possessed by an un quiet epirit.

"Let us send away the things and dance," or-dered Gertrude, springing up.
"Dance!" echoed Miss Quinn, dismayed.
"What would Father Paul say?"

Gertrude's answer was to ring the bell in a manner that no one save the master of the house ever before attempted. The sacristan made his appearance and was personptorily re-quested to take away the tea. He wanted to go downstairs and send Miss Johnston or a servant, out Gerbrude refused to wait a minute, and helped him so effectively that, at the cost of two cups and a plate, the table was cleared in the

course of a minute or two. Honor Quin ! since you will not dance, you shall play,' she declared. Chichele heard this, and brought his music to

a sudden stop. He jumped up.
'I want to dance. What shall we dance?
Miss Mauleverer, will you dance with me?' She answered yes by a look only. Godfrey and George Quin were carrying the

table to a remote corner.

'That,' said Chichele, indicating the square rarpet, 'ought to go also.'

It was flung aside in a moment. Honor Quin began to play a quadrille, with a touch as hard and measured as a steam-hammer.

What are we to dance—a waltz? 'A waltz—oh no l a quadrille.
'Why not a waltz?' he pleaded. 'This is so

stupid: it is not dancing at all.' But his opinion changed when he saw Ger trade's method of procedure. She danced with Godfrey first, and to his eyes certainly turned half of each figure into something that was much more like a round dance than a square Then she exchanged him for George Quin, who danced as sympathetically as his sister played and whom Gertrude certainly treated with most undisguised contempt. At last, tired of his awkwardness, she desired him to go and turn over the music for Miss Quiu, and called Godfrey back, and he, entering only too willingly into her spirit of mischief, romped through the remainder of the quadrille as graceully as herself. They donced a sixth figure, kind of calop, whose existence was hitherto un-known to Chichele. Gertrude revelled in this, and insisted on dancing it three times over. Her curls floated ; her long plait had become all undone, and her great eyes glowed with wild mischief and enjoyment. At last, exhausted, they stopped. Chichele turned to Marion.

'Sit there,' he said. 'I want to play you some-hing.' He ran his fingers over a prelude to get thing.' He ran his fingers over a prelude to get into the key, and then began Chopin's waltz in A flat. Marion sat down beside the piano, and istened to him entranced, spell-bound.
'You could not dance to that,' said Gertrude,

with a profound sigh, when the pathetic middle motif was over.
Chichele let his hands drop.
'Do you think music is only for dancing?' he

asked.
'Oh no!' she said; 'but when I like it very much I want to dance, or to cry, one or other.'
'This is your sort, I think; but wait. Let us

dance a waltz. Miss Quin can play one, I know. Do, p'ease, Miss Quin, and you will see how little we shall turn round.' But Miss Quin would not. So Chichele struck again into a waltz, alternately whistling | the piaco?"

who had opened the window and was learing out of it, joined her. Finally, even Miss Quand began to dance. Ch.chele sought Marion's eyes, and signed to her to come and take his place as

the piano.

I want to go to the open window, he whisper ed, 'I feel swifting; I shall faint if I do no He left the piano seat. She, without allow

ing the waltz to be interrupted, took his place. None of the dancers noticed the change. None of the dancers noticed one change.

Chichele's nerves were strained and irritated he sat down in the window sast, and opened the sash still wider. The room looked into Barrette. tray. The moment she came fully in view and the guests assembled with one breash said simultaneously. Good evening, Miss Johnston. Miss Johnston, a grim dignified spinster, well over fifty years of age, was Father Paul's housekeeper. She also was in gala attire ; she wore an extremely shiny black silk dress, and a black apron with red braided pockets. She was a priest's nicce herself, and having been left destitute, owing to her relative having died, entered a convent. But her temper, which was remarkable, having been found to be incompatible with a religious profession, the left the convent. Father Conroy charitably appointed her mistress of the National school of Barretts town, which post, although her education was of the most defective kind, she retained to the most defective kind, she retained to the most of the most defective kind, she retained to the most defective kind the

"Let us all run away into the wood," cried Gertrude. 'Out of the way Godfrey! Marica

It was an easy jump from the wall to the ground. She leaped out after Godfrey. 'We will go to the fountain in the wood,' she cried over her shoulder. 'Come all!' and away she Marion and Chichele jumped out almost to

gether, and, without stopping for an instant, stacted in pursuit of Gertrude's flying white figure. Honor Quin and her brother, remained higure. Honor turn and her orother, remained behind, struck dumb, and afraid to follow.

'Don't run,' said Chichele, who kept page with them. 'I know this part of the park; its

foundain is quits close. Have you ever been here before?

Oh, yes! I often come in here to read; it is Oh, yes! I often come in here to read; it is so dark and cool. At least, I did iast sun mer. He and she were together; Gertrude's white frock fitted here and there among the tree stems like some nocturnal moth, then vanished from sight. At last even the sound of her voice. ccased. They were in the thickest part of the wood. Neither spoke, and only fir a bird which now and again chirped drownly from be nest, the silence was almost oppressive. A tipy current of air sweet, they are the silence was almost oppressive. current of air swept down tho nieles of the wood, smoothing out the wrinkles from all the little now leaves, lifting and acattering as it went the perfume cups of the flowers. ] seemed to rise and fall like a pulsebeat as caressed Mariou's flushed cheek. They turned into a thicket of dwarf laurels, above which towered great majestic elms and Scotch firtrees.

towered great majestic elms and Scotch fir-tree. They were near the fountain now; the plashad nickle could be faintly heard.

Neither spoke for a few minutes. The Marion stopped. 'Where can Gertrude and Godfrey be?' she said. Her voice betrayed in exinces, it was trembling. 'We are near the fountain.' She half turned, facing Chuchele, 'We must so back.' We must 20 back.' He also stood for a moment. The trunk of

one of the fir-trees was just behind her, and half, more than half dark as it was, her has appeared to him distinctly and clear against is background. She seemed frightened all s once. 'If you will-immediately,' he replied. The walked rapidly back towards the thick ledge which tormed the boundary of the wood. Then

footsteps coming closer and closer.
'I must speak to you—stay only one mo meat. The others are quite near now. Hear me—I—I—, He took her hand in his. She did not take it away, but he could feel it trem-

Chichele stopped. He thought he could hear

ble. 'I want to see you again.'
She made no reply, but moved as if to ga
He held her hand closer in both of his. ave a right to ask it. Do you say yo will let me come to see you—say I may—u your own house! I must go away soon, and cannot leave unless you—.

Still she did not answer. He bent forward

pearer and nearer still, and looked into her face Say you will let me come, Marion! say you wish to sen me again, he pleaded, stoopict closer and looking into her face.

Some sign of assent he read there, for he lifted her fingers to his lips and kissed them reverently. Then without a word both set of representations as fast we possible for Gestrude and reverently. Then without a word both set of running as fast as possible, for Gertrude at Godfrey crossed the path as expeditiously and

suddenly as two rabbits. 'Gertrude?' cried Marion, wait.' Her void embled—he could hear it.

Make haste! was the fugitive's reply. 'I there now. 'Oh trembled—he could hear it. see the window; they are all there now. 'Oh what will Father Paul say? And he had the

wall mended the other day.'
Godfrey burst out laughing. You never mentioned that until now, and it was you who tumbled down the coping stone, and it was you who invited us all out of the window.'
'I did not. You immped out first of all, and put it into my head.'

They were close to the yard wall now, and Gertrude caught Marion's arm and pulled her to ane side. 'Godfrey, go you and Mr. Chichele back by

the window—say we are in,' she added signifi-cantly 'We will run in this way.'
She unlatched a little half door in the wall as she spoke, and vanished, dragging Marion with her, down a short flight of steps, which led to the kitchen and offices of the house. Godfrey had hardly astonished the inmates of the room by tumbling headlong in at the window at one end of it, when a counter stimulant was applied by the two girls' apparition at the other.

Gertrude made straight for Father Paul.
'Oh, Father Paul,' she began, 'it was so hot here, we ran off to the fountain just, and we thought we should have had time before you 'Dear, oh dear!' grouned his reverence. 'And now, Gertrude, did you break down that wall again? Mr. Macaulay,' he said, without walling for her answer, 'this is Mics Gertrude Manieverer, and Marion, Miss Mauleverer.'

The school inspector bowed to both.
'We want some music,' continued Father 'Are we not to have some music Paul. Honor ?

Honor?'

'Ask Mr. Chichele,' promptly commanded Gerbrude. 'Father Paul, he plays divinely.'

'I heard some very delightful music about an hour ago,' said Mr. Macaulay.

'Yes,' added the doctor solemnly, 'something quite superior.' The last speaker, together with the bank manager, had drunk considerably more than he onebt to have done. Howerth.

more than he ought to have done. However both gentlemen had the grace to know this, and kept extremely quiet. Chichele began a lively medley which caused them the most undisguised delight. He felt that he could go on playing all night. Ger trude sat quiet for a few minutes, then returned

to the piano and resumed her attitude of entrancement, heedless of Honor Quin's rebukeful countenance and edifying pose.

Father Conroy was delighted. He love music, next to cards, as a recreation, and this chele's proficiency would have astonished him but for the fact that he was a cousin of Ladf Blanche. Anything might be expected from people of that rank of life.

'I could listen to that music for ever,' his reversion murmured. His face had arranged at

verence murmured. His face had assumed at air almost of beatitude. 'Is it not delightful Flaherty, man? Good God! can you be going to sleep? Does he not make it next to speak

marion answered "Yes," compassionating Mr or singing the German words, as he went along Flaherty, whose pretent existence was one con Gertrude danged by herself; then Goifiey,

े - चोटी कि राजामा क्रीन केन केन आहें के ना केने होने होने के के

MARIANA.