A GLARING DEFECT IN THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN-INDIRECT LYING.

From the earliest dawn of reason in the mind, a carefully nurtured child is taught to regard the telling of an untruth as the very gravest offence against itself and others of which it is possible to be guilty.

Yet while parent and teacher are positive on this point, and also on exacting punish ment for such infractions of the moral, a child of ordinary intelligence will soon learn that those natural guardians in their desire to believe the best possible of their charge, unconsciously commit an error in judgment by discriminating between a lie told in thought lessness, and probably for the sake of effect or simply for "for fun," and one told delierately, and for the purpose of serving a self.h or malignant end.

A child may not be so ready to discern the fault in reasoning, but he will certainly notice the distinction, and not be slow to profit by

It is the same to him as if the parent or tutor had said to him : "You may not eat black currents, but you may take your fill of the white ones."

In other words, "You can wash the Ethicpian white." In still plainer language, We shall be very severe, indeed, upon direct lying; but you shall find us inclined to be indulgent when a lie is told indirectly. Such a defeat in training is simply ruinous, and yet how common is it?

Parents and teachers are as a conscience to the child while yet he is incapable of judging for himself, and their influence is therefore limitless.

THE LIE PREPOSTEROUS

One episode of my early school-life has been with me through many years. A visitor, one entitled from his position to speak with to drink; if it remains a clear bright rose authority, in addressing a class of little girle, color for an hour or two hours, the water is and alluding to the common childish vice of telling untruthe, said:—"Of course I am not speaking now of what is commonly known as desire to do harm to any one, and because no ne believes them place them without delay on a one believes them. For instance, if one little buttered dish by the fire. While the cutlets one believes them. For instance, if one little girl were to say to another, 'I have a doll as counted against her us a wilful falsehood, flour, seasoning with a very little nutmeg and because it was not calculated to lojure any salt and pepper; then mix carefully with one, and because there is no one simple two cups of milk and pour over the cutlets. enough to believe it."

A FALSE STANDARD OF TRUTH AND UNTRUTH PREVALENT.

Such an instance as the above shows that the conviction is widespread that falsehood and its hateful associate incredulity take early root in the infant mind.

Such is, alas, often enough the case to war-Such is, alas, often enough the case to war-rant the assumption, yet it is one over which stove to stiffen. Beat whites very light, stir

we may well grow indignant. Imagine the pure mind of a child accustomed to accept every thing on trust, believing in those set over it as in the fact of its own existence. Why, it is insulted, out-

raged by the very idea of falsehood. And to think that it must be the innocence of childhood that must first be sacrificed; that the hands that are guiltless yet of wrong must be the ones to pass on the base coin of a spurious standard of truth, or their very companions shall have liberty to scoff at

I don't think I overstate the matter in saying that the worst wound and one the longest remembered by an honorable spirit is a high meat rack, to the dripping pan con-when it is first made sahamed of its of humanity.

THE LIE DOMESTIC.

That child is happy indeed in his home who learns the first lessons of dissimulation

There is nothing like a solid grounding in the principles of right living, right thinking and true speaking so calculated to choke out the thick crop of wrong doings that have falsehood as their root.

the father afford no protection, the mother give no affection, the brothers and sisters no help or kindlinger, then home itself is a lie, and its very name a profanation.

And, just here, a word to mothers. Good, loving mothers all, we feel, who read On, watchful and tender mother, you love the little child who is put into your hands to guide and guard. You are very careful that nothing shall enter its body but what shall be wholesome and nourishing. You are anxious, not only over its physical health, but over the fashioning of its apparel, and the very laundrying of its laces, but are you quite as solicitous about its steadfast adherence to its truth? The white mind of your child must be preserved from the muddy taint of unworthy associations. Teach him to love truth, and he will love and bless you all his life, and no scoffing nor sneers of the world outside will ever shake his trust in you or what you have taught.

THE LIE CONVENTIONAL.

This species of lie is percanial, and its

name is "legion." It is the outgrowth of an overstrained politeness, but what would the world of so-

ciety do without it. Conventional lies are unfortunately plentiful as blackberries. They grow on every

If those alone who have been untouched by them were allowed to speak of them, they would have few voices raised in their condem-Those who chaie most under their tyranny.

are most likely from their natural sensitiveness to shrink from appearing boorish or rude ly indifferent to the feelings of others.

So a subterfuge is adopted, and certainly the "not at home to callera" is as well understood in its social import to the servant who receives and delivers the message as to the guest who is spared the pain of perceiving that her visit at such a time is an unwelcome intrusion.

But sometimes unlooked for disclosures take place, which would be ludicrous if they were not so very unpleasant.

Sometimes the message is bungled sadly in the delivery, making the recipient feel decidedly awkward.

Sometimes, on the contrary, the astuteness of the servant is a match for the unessy suspicions of the visitor, and the ill-timed curiosity of the one honored by the call.

undesired company with the words, "Mr. man had a window like a loop-hole oontrived in the outside wall of the house, as to give him a good view of itate in mentioning the obvious conclusion in the persons who were coming to see him. this case of men who pun.

One day he remained at the window a moment too long, and his visitors had a full view of him as they came up to the house. His man, however, met them at the door with the assurance that " the master was not at home. But we saw him just now at the window, cried an astonished member of the party. Then it must have been his ghost," said the man, as he shut the door, and the old gentle-man had again the satisfaction of watching them from the post which he deemed so secure from observation, depart as they had come.

MARIANA:

SILVER AND GOLD. Farewell, my little sweetheart, Now fare you well and free; I claim from you no promise, You claim no your se promise,
You claim no yows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,

And you've too much of gold! A puzzle, this, to worldlings, Whose love to lucre flies, Who think that gold to silver Should count as mutual prize.

But I'm not avaricious, And you're not sorgid souled; I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold !

Upon our heads the reason Too plainly can be seen; I am the winter's bond slave, You are the summer's queen ; Too few the years you number, Too many, I am told; I have too much of silver,

You have the rose for token, I have the rose for toxen,
I have the sobbing verper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger, And you grew never old— Would that I had less of silver,

And you've too much of gold.

But you no less of gold. -EDITH THOMAS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A SIMPLE TEST FOR DRINKING WATER A few cents' worth of saturated solution of permanganate of potash, which may be procured at any drug shop, will be enough to test drinking water. Drop one drop of his co-lution into a tumbler of drinking water. If the water changes to a dirty brown it is unfit

comparatively safe. VEAL CUTLETS .- After the cutlets are trimmed, salt and pepper them and broil while lies, because they are not told from a them on each side over a brisk fire for five are broiling prepare the sauce for them. big as this house, that could scarcely be Mix three eggs with two tablespoonfuls of Put the dish in the even until the cutlets are well browned; then serve,

SEA FOAM. -A duinty accessory with stew ed fruit. Take eight eggs for a family of six, beat the yolks light, and, add one large cup of milk and a little sait, beat thoroughly. tanapuonful of butter. When hot pour in the in a little salt, and pile it up on the yolks. Piace it in the oven a few minutes, when taken out cut in diamond shape with a sharp knife; lift each one separately with an eggturner.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING .- Make a tin batter with a quart of milk and a pint of flour. Stir the milk gradually into the flour; add six eggs, breaking them in one by one, and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the batter long and thoroughly and pour it into a greased driping pan three-quarters of an hour before the roast of beef with which it is to be served is done. Remove the beef, which should be on misplaced faith in the goodness and truth ping from the meat while it is cooking, When the most is done the pudding be ready; break it into squares and lay them on the platter around the beef.

POTATO SALAD WITH SOUR CREAM DRESS-NG.—The best potato salad is made with a French dressing, which contains olive oil as its chief ingredient. Sour cream, however, is a good substitute for cil in vegetable salads, when good oil cannot be obtained, as is often the case in country districts remote But if home itself be but a hollow nest; if from towns. Take one cup of rich sour but from towns. Take one cup of rich sour cream, mix with it one tablespoonful of lemonjuice and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a pinch of cayenne, a tablespoonful of sait and a pinch of sugar. Cut in cube small boiled potatoes, season them while warm with a little sait and pepper and set them on the ice to become thoroughly chilled. When cold add a tablespoonful of grated onion to every pint of cold potato. Mix with the sour oream dressing, add two tablespoonfuls of God's cake, go ! honey ; my dear, go, dis minute mixed chives if you have them and serve ice cold.

How to Test Cannud Goods .- If vegttables and fruits are put in glass it is easy to see whether they are working, but in the case of the canned goods of the shops, it is more difficult to distinguish the good from the bad. A few rules given by a physician for testing canned goods may prove valuable to many.
Examine every cap of the tin cars to see that there are not two holes coldered instead of one. If a second hole be found in the can it means that the contents have begun to spoil and the can has been punctured, the gas

let out and the can cealed up again. Secondly, examine the head of the can to see if a line of testa is seen around the solder, to his neighbour, 'Lask you, is there any use as at the side of the can. If this line is not attempting to make an Englishman understand seen reject the can. It has been sealed up this country? Over and over I have told him with a poisonous amalgam made of muriate of zinc instead of ordinary solder and resin. Thirdly, press the bottom of the can to see pigsty. Birtie de Vere gave a kitchen-range to one of his farmers' wives, and found she put if it can be pressed up like the bottom of a sewing machine oiler: if so, the contents

contain decomposing gases. Fourthly, reject every can that shows any rust on the inside of the cap or on the inside of the can around the cap.

If these precautions are heeded and canned

goods are used soon as they are opened, there comparatively little danger.

INSECT PESTS.—Borax placed in bedsteads vill effectually exclude bugs. Where a wash is needed, nothing is more sure than household amonia applied in its pure state. It is more cleanly than pure kerosene, and leaves no unpleasant odor.

THE USES OF GROCERY PAPER.—The COATRE THE USES OF GROCERY PAPER.—The coarse-brown grocery paper is a great absorber of grease. Keep it in sheets, one above the other, with a board on top. This paper will absorb the grease inside and outside of iron kettles, frying pans and other ut-nsils, by making a loose wad and wiping out the grease. In this way much slopping of water, much waste of soap, and terribly dirty disheloths and towels will be avoided. Brown paper laid over and under a grease spot on a garment, and then osity of the one honored by the call.

A laughable instance of the latter occurs to me. An old gentleman, very rich and very ecceptric, living in strict retirement, had a trusty man-servant, who used always to meet the paper it can be burned or strained through the soap grease, if it is full of fat and underly desired company with the words "Mr.

no soot or other particles on it.

在"我就是这样,我们就不管的。"

BY MRS. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER XXIX - Continued.

Chichele repeated the words. 'Miss Marion?' questioned Kitty by way of reply, staring at him as if she did not think he knew what he was saying.

'Yes, Miss Marion-Miss Mauleverer. Is she "Well then I she is," replied Kitty, with a tone and manner which plainly conveyed "What then," what if she is?"

then,? what if she is?'
He stared at her, dumbfounded at this most unexpected attitude. Her wrinkled, crabbed face had assumed an expression of blank inquiry, mingled with wonderment and distrust.
'Frightful old witch i' thought he; then aloud and pleadingly, 'could I see her for a moment.'

moment? moment?"
'Kitty, Kitty Macan!' sounded from an inner room. It was Miss D'Arcy's voice.
'Yera, child!' snapped the janitress, proceeding to move the door forward, 'how do I—

ah, go home! but the word died on her lips at the sight of a coin which the visitor most oppor-

tune'y displayed.
'Musha, then, your honor!' exclaimed Kitty, with a queer change of tone and manner; 'wait a bit, honey jewel, till I see what herself la wantin'.' She darted into the aitting room and shut the door. Chichele stamped with impatience, and took out his watch staring at the dial without steing it. He could hear the pony fidgeting about on the wet gravel behind the laurel-trees. A crow flew overhead with a loud croak. The house cat appeared at the end of the passage, and seeing the stranger, stood still and stared, and then withdrew dis-

creetly. It seemed an eternity.
He was about to apply the whip handle ence more to the door panel, when the sitting room door opened, and Kitty Macan appeared once more. Holding one hand discreetly before her mouth, she approached him again.

mouth, she approached him again.
'I am in an awful burry, I say. Can I see
Miss Marion?' Kitty gave him a curious look.
'Step in—go in dere.' A push indicated a
door on the opposite side of the hall. He opened this and entered, while Kitty Macan, holding semething clutched tight in her hand, ascended the stairs,
The room in which Chichele found himself

save for a big old painted press, was destitute of furniture of any description. A ruinous ald bath-chair was laid away against the wall. A saddle that had evidently not been used for a long time was lying on the hearth-stone. The low window sill was deep enough for a seat, and he let himself drop into it, straining his ears for a sound. He could hear the creaking, deliberate tick of the big old clock in the passage. He fancied that he could hear between the ticks Miss D'Arcy's Laboured breathing from the other room. The faintest sound seemed loud and startling; the ticking of the clock, preter-

naturally slow, grew more distinct every moment. He jumped up at last. 'I shall lose the train,' he groaned. 'I can-not go!' He flung himself into the windowseat again, feeling almost faint with anxiety

and suspense. At that instant the door opened, but it was not the old woman; it was Godfrey who stood there before his astonished eyes, Godfrey with his hair all tossed, his cheeks burning crimson, and his eyes haggard and clouded like those of one in a lever. He had no waistcoat on, and his shirt was open at the throat. He had advanced almost into the room when his eyes fell on Chichele, who, astonished beyond measure, was almost in the act of speaking. Godfrey leaped like some guilty creature, then in the same instant backed out and clapped to the door without a word.

Chichele remained swift for an instant, scarce ly breathing. Then he rushed to the door.
'Mauleverer I' he cried, 'Mauleverer, I say but the wind carried his voice away down the empty passages. Not one word came back in

reply. Godfrey had vanished utterly. He was thinking about this strange proceed ing, and trying to realise what it might mean, when Kitty Macan reappeared coming down the stairs with a very important air, and holding something in her apron.

'Dere!' she said, presenting him with a twisted bit of paper; 'dere now, my dear young gentleman, and don't be coming here again. O Lord! For God's sake don't be coming Dis is no house for the likes of you. Oh no my beautiful young gentleman, no place for You has no call with dese Mauleverers.

out before his astonished eyes
'I cannot come down—I must not. Do not come here any more. Do not write, or ask to see me. I cannot iell you the reason. We must not meet any more. M. M.'
'Die is no place for de likes of you, sir, I say.' Kitty's eyes were fixed on his with a threatening defiant look, and as she sp ke she

'What does this mean?' questioned Chichele. 'What are you?-go and ask Mr. Mauleverre to come here for a moment—go l' almost voci-ferated Chichele.

No, den!' answered Kitty truculently. will not and he would not come if I did. Go your way, my dear young gentleman, dis is no house for you or de likes of you What has you to do wit' de Mauleverers? On! for now!'
Chichele obeyed her like one in a dream

holding Marion's note elenched in his finger he descended the steps, pushed his way through the laurels, and was gone immediately from her vision.

CHAPTER XXX.

While Chichele's thoughts were engaged in storming the enchanted castle on the farther shore of the Barretswater, Tighe O'Malley, his guest Courthope, and Lord Fredbury, were in the library holding an animated discourse

together.

You, of course, have custom on your side, eaid Courthope. 'I grant all that, but I must say I cannot see any chance of improvement so

long as these customs obtain here.'

'Now, Fredbury,' exclaimed Tighe, appealing to his neighbour, 'I ask you, is there any use that if we built pigsties for these people, they'd let lodgings in the house and go and live in the the turkey to hatch in the over. As for duiries, it's all stuff. Some of the people keep the milk in the same room as they sleep in—I might say nearly all the small people do. If I built dairies they would continue to do so. They don't know of any better or more civilised way of living, and they don't want to be different from their fathers and mothers before them or their

neighbours round about them.'
Tighe spoke almost angrily. He had ob-Tighe spoke almost angrily. He had observed Courthope's disapproval of many things said by himself in elucidation of the Irish problem, and put this down to Saxon incapacity. He had latterly begun to suspect something more than congenital stupidity on his quest's part. 'Just like them,' said Tighe to himself angrily. 'Want all the world shaped to their pattern. No wonder this country is in the state it is, when it is governed by the like of Jack Courthope, turning up their noses at everything, and expecting us to be English and Irish at the

'There is certainly need of example,' observed Courthope drily.

Lord Fredbury glanced at him. He too resented being lectured; but as well as an Irish landlord, he was an English landowner, which Tighe O'Malley was not...
Land of your own, eh?

Er, yes-place in Cornwall, returned the M.P.

He was thinking how glad he was that his property lay in the South of England, and the south of Ireland, and he thought of Tighe's queer ways, his handing out money to the beggars—even their goodwill he found it necessary to purchase—his assumption of an Irith

Tighe. Frightful job when a youngster runs

brogue when speaking to any of his tenauts or dependants. In his way, O' his ley appeared to be quite as much afraid of them as they were of

people until they make their minds to be imthat is done for them. My Berkshire tenants are never done crying out to me to improve their houses—improve their land. I lend them steam ploughs, often send them presents of stock, of manure. Here they seem to be afraid equally of your friendship and your

ascribe the unaccountable abstitude of the Irish to the advice of their clergy, Tighe would have corroborated him heartily and instantly. Seeing, however, that an individual opinion was expected from him, he became timid, as usual. Tiphe would face a battery of artillery, and never healtate as to consequences, but he was a Celt to the backbone, and the habit of pleasing people was ingramed in him. His besitation was plainly manifested.

'I—er—I—I must say I think they have an extraordinary hold on the people, but they dis-

countenance Fenianism—oh, most certainly !'
That's no answer at all !' said Courthope bluntly. He felt angry, remembering how Tighe had sweggered to him about having given Tighe had swaggered to him about having given wood for the roof of the new chapel, and a site in the demeane. If he disapproved of the priests why did he do that? It was like buying the goodwill of the beggars, He got up and walked over to the window. 'I don't care how soon I go home,' he murmured to himself; 'and I never will set foot in this open Pandora's here of accountry while I am alive. Never felt box of a country while I am alive. Never felt well since I came, either; some of the evils have got in my shoulder-blade. He twiated himself rather victously. Either the priests support the people, or they don't,' he added, turning round.

"They may not support them in Fenianism," said Lord Fredbury, "but it's my opinion that they don't care to see the people improving 'In that the priests might very well reply,' Tighe said, 'that spiritual not temporal maters are their care. They leave temporal affairs

Courthone said pothing. He was trying to recollect something said to him a few days before which contradicted this last statement of lighe's. He could recall only the impression left by the words, not the words themselves, so be

'Where do you draw the boundary line? That's the question. If these people,'—Lord Fredbury raised his voice—'choose to bid up the rents of their own farms, the against the other, are we to refuse their money? I candidly confess I have often refused a tenant's

Tighe looked admiringly at the speaker; he himself could not boast of such a sucreme height of self-sacrifice as that. Courthope's face expressed interested attention-inwardly be was thinking to himself that a more naive admission

not the best judges of their own interests.'
'How could they be?' Tighe exploded. Most ignorant people in the world! You c uld not get them to breed decent animals, no matter what rounds you went to. They know nothing on earth of anything-least of all of farming—and won't learn.'
'Won't learn?' echoed Courthope.

'Hah!' said Lord Fredbury, 'there's where their priests come in. They disapprove of the

them? No-except some primary schools, and these seminaries for the education of young priests and laymen. We can't interfere, and don't, in

'It is incomprehensible—utterly!' 'Well,' said Lord Fredbury, 'I was lately in Cumberland, and was crossing from—I forget the places. A man—very shrewd, well-informed fellow—sitting beside me on the coach told me be did business in Ireland every year, had spent you. You has no call with dese Mauleverers. Ah, dear God! Run home, my lovely young gentleman! De blessin' of the Lord follow you is my prayers dis night—run!

He was paying her but scant attention. The paper was untwisted, its solibary page all spread but selected his allowed by the page.

The proper was untwisted, its solibary page all spread but he began. I field him I had been burn and brought up in Ireland, and very rarely left it. and that I did not understand it at all, and the page was untwisted by the page was a selected to the page.

Courthops offered no remark to this. He felt it was hopeless to pursue the subject further He felt angry as well as despondent, half thinking that both were mystifying him, yet unwilting to doubt their bona fides. So after a minute or two he left the room to get ready some mat

ters for the post-bag.

Tighe and Lord Fredbury, as soon as the door had closed On the bewildered Courthope, did not exchange a grin like the augurs of old, though there was to the full as much of an understanding between them. Tighe threw a glance of pity and deprecation after the retreating figure of the member of Parliament, and then looked at Lord Fredbury with a semi-

convince them that this isn't a border county of England, or one of the shires. Courthops in London is one of the nice t, pleasantest fellows you could wish to meet, but he took it into his head that he wanted to understand Ireland—

the tentence most cloquently.

Regular tourist, ch? poking their neses into everything! Hope he isn't going to write a book, and serve us all up in sauce piquante'

There was a pause for a few minutes, then Tighe, who was evidently marting, resumed: Englishmen are very irritating out of their own country, most all of them when they come here. I vow and declare nothing will teach them till we treat them like the Danes of old—

you, if not, you can have the gig. I'll run down to the barracks in a trice.'

The dog-cart was at the door, and in a minute Tighe was driving rapidly in the direction of the barracks. Just as he turned out of the gates he met Chichele riding hard. He half

' You are off to-day, Blanche says," be cried. 'You are cit to-day, Blanche says, he cried,
'My dear boy, so serry to lose you! I really
am sorry he's going,' he thought to himself. 'If
they were all like him one wouldn't want to
nail their skins on the packet boats. Nice,
gentlemanly, poor chap!' At this moment the ony was turned round and made to draw up to the side of the dog cart. Chickele was

eorry I am to go.' There was something in the tone of this that struck Tighe—he could not tell how or why.

started and plunged. 'If not now, whenever you care to-delighted

to see you—roomal ways ready—Blanche only too pleased to see you. Tighe had to bawl this last, for the pony saw the gate open, and seemed anxious to relieve the gate-woman of the trouble

his neck in that collar. Now for this truly in fernal Jack in office.

It was now raining up as the door of the bar racks. "A policeman sprang to the horse's head, saluting as he did so. "A great many people went into their houses. Jim Cadogan came out of his mother's shop and scowled at O'Malley. It was about they and he had just risen.

ley. It was about twelve, and he had just risen, but not yet made his toilette. He leaned against the door jamb and watched Tighe's dog cart as if he could glean some information from it.

The sub-inspector, Lesthbridge, who had sent up a special measurger; to Barretristown to ask Tighe to come down at once, was sitting in his private room.

Good morning! he said, rising and holding out his hand.

out his hand.

Tighe shook the proffered hand rather coldly.

The noticed a kind of swollenness about the Quite so? answered the sub-inspector.

officer, a little nettled. 'Would you mind sit-ting down here? Yes, that's is now; and here you have—— he lowered his voice so that Tighe could barely catch the words—'the re-port of the man who was out with the boys last night. Read that for yourself,'
O'Malley took the report with the air of a

martyr performing his duty for duty's sake and with great condescension to unworthy trifles, and began to read it part'y to himself, partly mumbling it audibly.

Lethbridge watched his face. He was thoroughly irritated by O'Malley's attitude, but

bided his time. Presently he saw a black cowl overspread the rubicund jolly countenance of the squire of Barrettstown,
"By Jove!" he said; 'a raid on the house! My wife is too delicate to stand that-whew! No

time to lose either.' 'It won't be to-night, so you need not hurry. I expect a good half-dozen false alarms first This is an important step you see, and might

lead to a proclamation of martial law.

Tighe did not reply. After a few minutes he said, 'The daring of this? The barracks within signal almost—visitors in the house, too—three men-half a dozen servant men [!-all of us armed! Lethbridge, I believe it is all a hoax ! Look here! said the sub-inspector. Have you any idea that anybody wants you out of the way—shot, I mean? Eh? Has any one in this place any motive in especial for attacking you—trying to kill you—eh?'
'No, certainly not!'

'Ha, well ! you have not read the list of names in that report. Have you observed in whose hands the Fenian prayer-book and memorandum popers were found last night?"

'Godfray Mauleverer! By Jove! that's a young beginner! I say, this is very unpleasant!"

I must tell you, 'said Lethbridge, 'that it is matter of public belief here in the town that i you were—out of the way, you know—Godfrey Manleverer would take everything.'

What? that he would get Barreststown! They all know he is a bastard. Oh, come, Lethbridge, that's rubbish? 'Yes, I know all about that. The fact re-"Yes, I know all about thus. In a fact remains as I tell you. They are igucrant enough for anything, and it is an additional element of danger for you."

'Whew!' whistled Tighe, getting up and

smoking very hard, 'whew !'

There was a considerable pause. Of course we could lock him up for this, or

half of 1t,' remarked the officer.

Pho! stuff! not at all!' hastily answered Tighe. If they want my scalp that won't keep it for me. Beeides, you know, I don't want the poor young fool harmed. I must really see about the whole business—have neglected it too long altogether. Marchmont was right enough

I must get them out of this place altogether.'

'Mind you, O'Malley," said the sub-inspector,

'the boy king we nothing of his friends' intentions
in his behalf. In fact, that part of the business
is more rumor that has come to me. They all know perfectly well that he has no claims to the estate, but they expect the sky to fall when the Fenians are triumphant, and to be able to do what they choose, and they will choose to put him in Barrettstown Castle, and think they will be able to the sky t think they will. You are a mere detail to be shelved by the way.

'Just so! And any zealous friend of his may

pick me off at any minute—in his interests, if not in those of the cause. Pleasant look-out! Tell me, did your fellows carry off all his papers

after they tracked him to the gauser's hut?'

'Oh, no! disturbed nothing! Killets copied everything of any importance.'

'Well, if you had carried off his precious museum, it would have given the young fool a

wholesome fright. Eh? think so? 'No! Betwr wait until we get some more into our hands. You see, I get more "information" than I want, but that list of names in a known handwriting is worth all the talk put together. Toat's your look out completely; but if we dont interfere just now, as you advise, my house is to be attacked, and I am to be shot, with a view to clearing the road to my estate for this young sporteman.'

'Have a guald—get five or six constables
I've advised you often enough.'

Tighe answered with a grimace, and leaving against the mantelpiece, kicked the fender with his boot heel. A guard! after all his boasting to Courthope of the happy relations between his people and himself, and the complimentary comparisons to be inferentially drawn between his neighbors' affairs and those of Barrettstown It was intolerable! Brown of Lees Castle, parvenu, who had came into the country only a few years, had four policemen and a barrack on his ground, but that Tighe O'Malley, of Bar his ground, but that Tighe O'Malley, of Barretistown, one of the stock county set, should
be reduced to any such position! It was a
stinging thought! He exploded at last—'I
won't bother with a guard. No, I could not
stand it, Letibridge! I shall run up to Dubi'm, and see Miniver' (the duke who was bee
vicercy). 'There are a great many considerations I cannot allow this plot to corrector bed tions. I connot allow this plot to come to a head. You ee, family considerations and that sort of thing are involved. It would never do to have that poor boy publicly disgraced and exposed especially as you tell me he is left in the dark as to this design on my life. No! no! Better to leave, to go away until the autumn. I must remove Lady Blanche at once. If you'll telegraph to me as soon as they settle the date of the attack I'll come back to receive them.

I'll go up this very day and see the Duke.' 'His Excellency won't be able to do more for you than I suggest, observed the sub-inspector, 'This is an exceptional, quite exceptional

Lethbridge was well accustomed to these exceptional cases, which were indeed the rule, according to his experience. He said no more, and Tighe O'Malley mounted his dog-cart and returned at full speed whence he had come. He had not been long out of the town when his agent, Captain Marchmont, entered the barracks in quest of the sub-inspector.

case,' returned Tighe loftily.

'O'Malley has just gone,' said this last. 'I fancied, perhaps, that you heard he was here, and wanted to see him.'
'I do not,' answered the agent. 'Why do you not parauade him to have a guard? There has been work carried on above our place that

makes one feel uneasy for him.'
Lethbridge shrugred his shoulders. I have been trying to impress him with not only the fact that he is in general danger and has been for some time, but that he is actually a marked man. Only since last night to be sure, but—look at this.

Captain Marchmont read the papers handed Captain Marchmont tead the papers nanged to him and laid them down with a grave face. 'That unhappy boy mixed up in this! It is really too bad, and now, I suppose, the case is hopeless. I don't like interfering, but I begged O'Malley over and over to do something for

those poor people.'
But he did! He offered to educate the boy. I really shink he did all in his power.'

Well I as I was the person employed to communicate his offer to Father Conroy, and through him to the Mauleverers aunt and guardian. I ought to know exactly how matters stand. Our friend offered to educate the boy.

refused !! Lieshbridge spoke with the true spirit refused !! Liethbridge spoke with the true spirit of Irish Evangelicalism.

Naturally, Miss D'Aroy and Father Conroy treased the offer as a deliberate instilt—just as in their place I should have done,' remarked Captain Marchmont.

Lethbridge stared. 'Why, you don't mean that O'Malley ought to have done anything clear?

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Far be it from me to dictate to O'Malley. 'Far be it from me to dictate to O'Mailey.
O'Malley and you are two upholders of the English Government in this country—a comment of mine as a mere Englishman would be an impertinence. Besides, you have means—he nodded to the table where the spy's reports lay—'of informing yourselves of what is going on that I do not possess—and would be deviliah sorry to

He noticed a kind of awollenness about the constabulary officer's manner, and put on his critical anobbing air.

'Morning, Lethbridge! Well, what's up now? Is it a haystack overheated again, or have you another "rising" coming off the very night Lady Blanche has people coming to dinner?"

'Something nearer home still,' answered the officer, a little nettled. 'Would you mind sitofficer, a little nettled. 'Would you mind sitofficer.

Marchmont in a restrained, carious tone.

Marchmont in a restrained, carious tone.

No; Roscommon.

My father was a clergy.

'No; Koscommon, may have was a ciergy.
man in Roscommon,'
'Humph! What do you mean to do about
young Mauleverer?'
'Oh, I can lock him up any minute!'

Throw him into jail! into a common jail!

Yes, of course! and I really think that
O'Malley seems not to like the idea; it would
be the best thing to do, Keep him safe, you know, out or mischier.

'What? throw him into the company of criminals? That young boy? ob, stuff! Leth-

criminals? That young coy? oh, stuft! Leth-bridge, think what you are about. Give him a friendly warning. He has one terrible griev-ance against society as it is. Don't, in mercy, add more to his burden! To imprison him would be to cast a ruincus stigma upon him for his whole life.

'That's his look-out, not mine. What have I to do with his interests? I am chiefly concerned that he does not shoot O'Malley, or any. body else in my district. These people, Mau-leverer and his gang, are making war on

'May be so! may be so! I sometimes ask May be so! may be so: 1 sometimes ask myself, as a member of that august body, what we do for them. However, leave that.'

Lethbridge stared at him. Captain March. mone was putting on his has to go, and his grim gray face seemed to be sterner than ever.

'Lethbridge, you have rome experience of these
per ple, and so have I. We are now within nine
weeks of the longest day. The nights are too
clear and too shore, and the people, moreover,
are busy all day cutting turf. I don't believe
that their warriors have town to be seen as are tusy all day cutting turf. I don't believe that their warriors have much appetite for nocturnal exercises. It is my opinion that nothing of any sort will take place before late autumu. Induce O'Malley to go away if possible, or to have a strong guard."

'He won't do that, but I think he is well enough inclined to go away. He is going up to town to day to see the Duke of Miniver.'

'Ah! well, let's hope that between them they may settle something of advantage to all concerned. Good day! Let that boy alone, I adcerned.

cerned. Good day! Let that boy alone, I advise you. Captain Marchmont pulled his old white hat tightly down on his head, and made his way to

tlie street.

'Abominable system! he ruminated as he went. 'Degrading and degraded! Heaven send that I may be able to settle my children in the world somewhere out of this plague-ridden country l'

CHAPTER XXXI. Tighe O'Malley drove home by no means at as quick a rate as he had started. Black care sat on the cuchions beside him. He was in a quandary of no ordinary sert. Threatened and in danger he acknowledged himself to be, but it

was not cowardly fear, of the physical sort at least, that filled his micd and bent his brow.

'What will Courthope think of this? Won't Fredbury laugh? The thought stung him like a cut from a whip-lash. 'I'd like to—ugh! That Lethbridge—I believe that fellow is at the bottom of it all. These cads? their whole prospects depend on stirring up disturbness. spects depend on stirring up disturbances—more he does the better chance of promotion for him. Wanting to put that beat Mauleverer in jail—my own kith and kin, if he is a bastard—a

boy-a child! why! He pulled his hat well down over his eyes, and turned out of the barrack door and down the street. Friendly were the faces turned towards him, though he never gave one of them a farthing—scorning to buy civility and goodwill like O'Malley and his peers. Lord Cork, Anty, Peggy, Judy and Peter, and the rest, touched their five levels and the rest. their forelocks and bobbed to him as to 'a good man and fair-dealing gentleman, that had no

two ways about him.'
By this time Tighe was in such a towering passion that he pulled up the horse violently as if he were about to turn round and execute con-

dign punishment on Lethbridge.

A tremendous fine leating is what that fellow wants. Why did I miss the chance of it? Hello there! he shouted to a man who was working a grass cutter on the terrace. 'Has Lord Fredbury gone yet?' 'Yes, sir, went out the Dublin gate a while

ago there."

Tighe swept up to the steps, leapt down, throwing the reins to the groom with a 'Wait' and ran in quickly. He made straight for the morning room. Lady Blanche and the Courthopes were there.

'Ah!' he said. 'I mustrum up to town to night

and try and see the Dake or at least De Burgho. There are some quar complications on fost according to our friend Lethbridge.'
'Oh oh!' attered Courthope, sitting bolt up in his chair.

'Fredbury's not long gone, is he!' questioned

Tighe, so rapidly that ('our hop, could not speak. 'I hurried home thinking to catch him, I shall drive straight after him. 'His men have gone with him ; you will be

'Phoo!' snorted Tighe. 'I'll never take a guard as long as l'm alive. I'll have no protection. Stuff! Blanche, will you just give my man directions? I must go to these Sessions, and am late chough. Bye bye everybody !'
'That's first rate,' said Tighe to Limself;
'and by the time this is over, I shall just have leisure to say good-bye and cut my lucky without having to explain everything to Jack Courshope, Eeq., M.P. It is he and the likes of him have this country in the s ato it is in. If they'd the trial country in one s ato it is in. It was, a let it alone it would do very well. I'll be in town to-night, see what's-his name first thing in the morning, and telegraph to Blanche to come on at once to-morrow, They'll think I heard something in Dublin—got a tip from the Government!

He was so delighted with his own masterly finesse that hilarious good-humor took the place of the morning's resentment, and those cases which remained to be disposed of when he reached the court house were dealt with by him with a casuistical leniency that roused the ire of his brother magistrates, the laughter of the attorneys, and the gratitude and contempt of the delinquents.

Something more than twenty-four hours later Tighe was seeing the Courthopes off to Lordon by one of those Irish mail beats which he had so recently purposed to decorate in parbarous wise with the skin of an English tourist. He had forgotten all about that now, and was in had forgotten all about that now, and was in great good-humor with himself and sterybody it else. The Duke had not seen him, nor the secretary De Burgho neither. Both were tired of giving interviews to alarmed, or would-be alarmist, country squires. The Fenian army was a mere skeleton, the eternally promised 'rising' an ignis fatuus, evanescent and fleeting as the phanom ship of the Flying Du'chman. The permanent officials who jerk the wires, that move the purposts called Viceroy and Co, were just making up their minds that they were tired of the game, that the bubble they had so elaborately blown must be pricked, that their friends and relations the lawyers, that hungry pack ever yelping at the Castle gates, must be let have their innings. Bo everybody wore his gravest face; the Dublin paving-stones talked High Treason, or Treason Felony, and one might have thought from the bearing and conversation of the official class, whose interests as a Protestant. His offer was compled with versation of the official class, whose interests that, to my mind, prohibitory restriction. Were deeply involved in making the most of Quite right too—perfectly right! The idiots the situation, that the Queen's cross news in

THE THREE TWINDESS: ASVED ON O HONO COHERONS COHER THREE TRIBEST AND COME COHERONS C GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

him. Extraordinary country, extraordinary people, and abominable saytem!

'It's rubbish to talk of improving these proved. Lord Fredbury was the speaker. They recent everything and distrust everything

enmity.

Do you ascribe this to the action of the priests?

I should be sorry to make that statement,' replied Lord Fredbury after a pause.'

Courthope looked at O'Malley expectantly. Had Lord Fredbury replied that he did not ascribe the unaccountable attitude of the Irish

remained silent.

offer, and given the preference to a man who bid less, because I thought the one was simply wasting his capital, and would never give the land its due in the way of stock and manure,

of selfishness he had hardly heard. After a pause be spoke. 'You evidently admit that the tenants are

'They will not. There are schools provided by the Government for them, all to no purpose.' Do the pricets then provide schools in lieu of

these matters. They will not be helped by us, and they don't help themselves.'

never expected to.'

apologetic air.
'They're hopeless! Nothing on earth will

God help him !--and ever since he came over here with na---' An ex; r-saive shrug finished

'Oh, not he, poor fellow ! last thing he'd ever think of.

them till we trent them like the Danes of oldnail a few of their skins to the mast of the Irish
mail-bath, by way of warning to the others?

A note was put into his hands at that instant.

'That Lethbridge again!' he muttered, running
his eye over it. 'We ought to be on our way
to Sessions. I fear I must go and see Lethbridge first. Will you go on? I'll follow as
soon as I can. The dog-cart will come back for

pulled up.

holding out his hand to Tighe.
Good-bye, old fellow! You can't fancy how

'Come back, then! Get done the work and come back. I hope it's nothing bothering. You're looking vexed.'
Chichele shook bis head. He was very pale, and his eyes had a worn anxious look, The pony