

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

WHITE LIES.

A Glaring Defect in the Training of Children—The Lie Direct and Indirect—The Lie Preposterous—A False Standard of Truth and Untruth Prevalent—The Lie Domestic—The Lie Conventional.

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 greatest 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 punishment for such infractions of the moral, a child of ordinary intelligence will soon learn to believe the best possible of their charge, unconsciously committing an error in judgment by discriminating between a lie told in thoughtlessness, and probably for the sake of effect or simply for "for fun," and one told deliberately, and for the purpose of serving a selfish 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.

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

In other words, "You can wash the Ethiopian 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 defect in training is simply ruinous, and yet how common is it?

Parents and teachers are as a consequence 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 authority, in addressing a class of little girls, and alluding to the common childish vice of telling untruths, said:—"Of course I am not speaking now of what is commonly known as 'white lies,' because they are not told from a desire to do harm to any one, and because no one believes them. For instance, if one little girl were to say to another, 'I have a doll as big as this house,' that could scarcely be counted against her as a willful falsehood, because it was not calculated to injure any one, and because there is no one simple 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 it, alas, often enough the case to warrant the assumption, yet it is one over which 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, outraged 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 them.

I don't think I overstate the matter in saying that the worst wound and one the longest remembered by an honorable spirit is when it is first made ashamed of its misplaced faith in the goodness and truth of humanity.

THE LIE DOMESTIC.

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

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.

But if home itself be but a hollow nest; if the father afford no protection, the mother give no affection, the brothers and sisters no help or kindness, then home itself is a lie, and its very name a profanation.

And, just here, a word to mothers. God, loving mothers all, we feel, 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 moral of its apparel, and the very laundress 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 perennial, and its name is "leigon."

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 gentleman had again the satisfaction of watching them from the post which he deemed so secure from observation, depart as they had come.

MARINA.

SILVER AND GOLD.

Farewell, my little sweetheart, Now fare you well and free; I claim from you no promise, You claim no vows from me.

Upon our heads the reason Too plainly can be seen; I am the winter's bond slave, You are the summer's queen;

You have the rose for token, I have dry leaf and rime; I have the sobbing tear, You have the morning dew.

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.

VEAL CUTLETS.—After the cutlets are trimmed, salt and pepper them and broil them on each side over a brisk fire for five minutes; then place them without delay on a buttered dish by the fire.

SEA FOAM.—A dainty accessory with stewed fruit. Take eight eggs for a family of six, beat the yolks light, and add one large cup of milk and a little salt, beat thoroughly.

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.

POTATO SALAD WITH SOUR CREAM DRESSING.—The best potato salad is made with a French dressing, which contains olive oil as its chief ingredient.

HOW TO TEST CANNED GOODS.—If vegetables 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.

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.

INSERT PESTS.—Borax placed in bedsteads will effectively exclude them. Where a wash is needed, nothing is more sure than household ammonia applied in its pure state.

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GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

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

"Yes, Miss Marion—Miss Mauverver. Is she at home?" "Well then," she replied Kitty with a tone and manner which plainly conveyed "What then?"

He stared at her, dumfounded at this most unexpected attitude. Her wrinkled, crabbled face had assumed an expression of blank inquiry, mingled with wonderment and distrust.

"Frightful old witch!" thought he; then aloud and pleadingly, "could I see her for a moment?"

"Kitty, Kitty Macan!" sounded from an inner room. "Miss Marion?" said Miss D'Arcy's voice.

"Yes, child," snapped the landlady, 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 opportunely displayed.

"Musha, then, your honor!" exclaimed Kitty, with a queer chuckle of her own; "wait a minute, I'll see you in a minute."

He was about to apply the whip lather en route 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.

"I am in a hurry," said she. "Can I see Miss Marion?" Kitty gave him a curious look. "Step in—go in here." A push indicated a door on the opposite side of the hall.

The room in which Chichele found himself, save for a big old-fashioned chair, was a desolate, bare room. A 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.

"I shall lose the train," he groaned. "I cannot go!" He flung himself into the window-seat 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 bugged and clouded like those of a lion in a fever.

Chichele remained still for an instant, scarcely breathing. Then he rushed to the door. "Mauverver!" he cried, "Mauverver, I say!"

He was thinking about this strange proceeding, and trying to revise what it might mean, when Kitty Macan reappeared coming down the stairs with a very important air, and holding something in her apron.

"What are you?" he asked Mr. Mauverver to come here for a moment—go! almost vociferated Chichele.

"No, don't," answered Kitty truculently. "I did, God your way, my dear young gentleman, and don't be coming here again. O Lord! For God's sake don't be coming here. Dis is no house for the likes of you. Oh no! my beautiful young gentleman, no place for you. You has no call with dese Mauververs. Ah, dear God! Run home, my lovely young gentleman. Dis is no place for you. Lord follow you in your way, my dear young man."

He was paying her but scant attention. The paper was untwisted, its solitary page all spread 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 tell you the reason. We must not meet any more."

CHAPTER XXX.

While Chichele's thoughts were engaged in storming the enchanted castle on the farther shore of the Barretstown, 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," said 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 attempting to make an Englishman understand this country? Over and over I have told him that if we built pigsties for these people, they'd lodge in the house and go and live in the pigsty."

"I was thinking how glad he was that his property lay in the South of England, and not in the South of Ireland, and he thought of Tighe's queer ways, his handing out money to the beggars—even their goodwill was found necessary to purchase—his assumption of an Irish brogue, when speaking to any of his tenants or dependants."

It was a good half-dozen false alarms first. This is an Irishman's way of speaking, 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 servants men!—all of us armed! Lethbridge, I believe it is all a hoax!'"

"Look here!" said the sub-inspector. "Have you any idea anybody wants you out of the way—shot, I mean?"

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

"What? that he would get Barretstown? They all know he is a bastard. Oh, come, Lethbridge, that's rubbish!"

"Yes, I know all about that. The fact remains as I tell you. They are ignorant 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 let him up for this, or half of it, remarked the officer."

"Pho! stuff! not at all!" hastily answered Tighe. "If they want my scalp that won't keep it for me. Besides, 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 your own business," said the sub-inspector, "the boy knows nothing of his friends' intentions in his behalf. In fact, that part of the business is mere rumor that has come to me. They all know perfectly well that he has no claims to the estate, but they expect the rky to fall when the Fenians are triumphant, and to be able to do what they choose, and they will expect to put him in Barretstown Castle, and 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 interest, 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 gawker's hut?"

"Well, if you had carried off his precious museum, it would have given the young fool a wholesome fright. Eh? think so?"

"No! Better wait until we get some more in to 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."

"That's your lot, completely, but if you don't 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 sportsman."

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

Tighe answered with a grimace, and leaning 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 a inferentially drawn between his neighbors and those of the country over!

"They're hopeless! Nothing on earth will convince them that this isn't a border county of England, or one of the shires. Courthope in London is one of the nicest, pleasantest fellows you could wish to meet, but to talk into his head that he wanted to understand Ireland—God help him!—and ever since he came over he has been in a state of nervous strain, and the Fenians most likely."

"Regular tourist, eh? poking their noses into everything! Hope he isn't going to write a book, and serve us all up in *saucy-piquante*?"

"Oh, no, he, poor fellow! Last thing he'd ever think of."

There was a pause for a few minutes, then Tighe, who was evidently smarting, resumed: "Englishmen are very irritating out of their own country, most of them when they come here. I would declare nothing will reach them till we treat them like the Danes of old—put a few of their skins to the mast of the Irish mail-bag, by way of warning to the others."

"A note was put into his hands at that instant. 'That Lethbridge again!' he muttered, running his eyes 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 you, if 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 pulled up.

"You are off to-day, Blanche says," he cried. "My dear boy, so sorry to lose you. I really am very glad to see you. If they were all like him one wouldn't want to nail their skins on the packet boxes. Nice, gentlemanly, poor chap!"

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his neck in that collar. "Now, for this 'curly infirm' look in the office."

"He was now rising up as the door of the barracks. An policeman sprang to the horse's head, saluting, as he did so. A great many people went into the house. Jim Cadogan came out of his mother's shop and bowed at O'Malley. 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 it he could glean some information from it."

"The sub-inspector, Lethbridge, who had sent up a special messenger to Barretstown to ask Tighe to come down, as once, was sitting in his private room."

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

Tighe shook the proffered hand rather coldly. He noticed a kind of swolleness about the constabulary officer's manner, and put on his critical snobbing air.

"Morning, Lethbridge! Well, what's up now? Is it breakfast ordered 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 sitting down here? Yes, that's it now; and here you have—no! he lowered his voice so that Tighe could barely catch the words—the report 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 partly 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 the black count overread the rubric and jolly countenance of the squire of Barretstown.

"By Jove!" he said; "a raid on the house! My wife is too delicate to stand that—whew! No time to lose either."

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"That's your lot, completely, but if you don't 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 sportsman."

refused. Lethbridge spoke with the true spirit of Irish Euphuism. "Naturally, Miss D'Arcy and Father Conroy treated the offer as a deliberate insult—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 else?"

"Far be it from me to dictate to O'Malley, but you are two upholders of the English Government in this country. As a content of mine as a mere Englishman would be an assistance. Besides, you have means—he would be to the table where the spy's reports lay—"of in-ming yourselves of what is going on that I do not possess—and would be devilish sorry to use," he added.

"Quite so!" answered the sub-inspector. "I have always found it so with your country people. They don't understand the people here at all; no matter how long—you'll excuse me saying so—an Englishman may live in this country, he never can learn how to deal with these people. The Irish are very curious—they're not a bit like any other people in the world."

"You are a Galway man?" questioned Captain Marchmont in a restrained, curious tone.

"No; Roscommon. My father was a clergyman in Roscommon."

"Humph! What do you mean to do about your mother-in-law?"

"Oh, I can look her up any minute!"

"Throw him into jail! Into a common jail!"

"Yes, of course! And I don't think that O'Malley seems not to like the idea of it, it would be the best thing to do. Keep him safe, you know, out of mischief."

"What? throw him into the company of criminals? That young boy? Oh, stuff! Lethbridge, think what you are about. Give him a friendly warning. He has done some terrible mischief against society as it is. Don't, in mercy, add more to his burden! To imprison him would be to cast a ruinous stigma upon him for his whole life."

"His whole life, not mine. What have I to do with his interests? I am chiefly concerned that he should not shoot O'Malley, or anybody else in his district. These people, Mauverver and his gang, are making war on society."

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

Lethbridge stared at him. Captain Marchmont was putting on his hat, and his grim gray face seemed to grow sterner than ever.

"Lethbridge, you have some experience of these people, and so have I. We are now in nine weeks of the longest day. The nights are too clear and too short, and the people, moreover, are busy all day cutting turf. I don't believe that their warriors have much appetite for nocturnal exercises. It is my opinion that a meeting of a sort will take place before autumn. Indeed, I believe it will go away if possible, or have a strong current of it."

"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 advise you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Tighe O'Malley drove home by no means as quick a rate as he had started. Black care sat on the cushions of the carriage. He was a quondam of no ordinary sort. Threatened and in danger he acknowledged himself to be, but it was not cowardly fear, of the physical sort at least, that filled his mind and beat his brow.

What would Courthope think of this? What would Fredbury laugh? The thought stung him like a cut from a whip-lash. "I'd like to—ugh!" That Lethbridge, that fellow who is at the bottom of it all. These days the whole prospects depend on stirring up disturbances, more he does the better chance of promotion for him. Wanting to put that brut Mauverver in jail—my own kin and him, if he is a bastard—boy—a child! why!

As he pulled his hat well down over his eyes, and turned out of the barracks 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, Andy, Peggy, Judy and Peter, and the rest, touched 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 condign punishment on Lethbridge.

"A tremendous fine levying is what that fellow wants. Why did I miss the chance of it? Hello there!" he shouted to a man who was working in 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.