THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS. BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SOIREE - THE IRI H JIG - FILIAL ADMONITIONS VERSUS PARENTAL.

Mrs. Blake's party went off amazing ly well, all things considered. Miles had heard nothing of Tim's practical

oke, so that there was nothing to dis arb the cheerful serenity of his mind. His wife was not so fortunate; ever and anon amid the brilliancy and galety of the scene, came a chilling remem-brance of her brother, and his gentle vife, and their amiable and intelligent family, excluded from this social meet Mamily, excluded from this social meet-ing by a caprice which she could weither understand nor justify. "It's very strange," said she to herself, "very strange, indeed; now they're all very fine here, and very polite, and all that, but I think Tim and Nelly can all that, but I think Tim and Neily Gan conduct themselves well enough, no matter where they are, and I'm sure Edward and John are as well to be seen as any one here. I wonder what's got as any one nere. want to see their own people about them, as they used to do." The first thing that consoled her was the marked tion paid by Zachary Thompson to At first, she thought it Eliza. only common politeness that made him lead her to the piano, and keep turning the leaves of her music. By and bye it struck her that there was something more than politeness in the rapt attention with which he hung over while she sang and played, and the roseate blush on her daughter's cheek made the mother's heart throb with pleasurable emotion. "Now, if that made the mother's matrix was been been as a should turn out to be a match,' said Mrs. Blake to herself, " would't it be a great thing all out!" And she wondered that the thought had never wondered that the thought had hever occurred to her before. She glanced at Miles, where he was playing whist with Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, and Mrs. Green. She saw that he was stealing a look occasionally from under his bent heave of what was going on at the brows at what was going on at the piano, and there was a gratified expression on his face that his wife well nderstood.

"What about the concert?" inquired Mr. Green, the father of our former acquaintance, Silas, now a tall young man of twenty-one. "I thought the man of twenty-one. to have given us young folk ng folk were to lething of that kind."

"And I thought so, too," observed Silas, "but I see the performers are all too much engaged with their separate parts to think of the promised concert." There was a bitterness in his tone which none but Eliza and Zachary thorougly understood. Zachary looked at Eliza, and Eliza blushing still more deeply affected to look for some particular

piece in the book before her. "It's all Henry's fault," said Zach-ary, in the true spirit of mischief, ere he sits moping in that corner, over in his mind his opening charge for to-morrow." Now Zachar knew very well that Henry was doin Now Zachary business on his own account, pleading a most interesting case with Jane Pearfor judge and jury, and he was much amused at the annoyance visible on the face of both when his words drew on them the notice of the company.

"Come along, Henry, and take your flute !" said Zachary, when he had given sufficient time for the enjoyment of his practical jest; "I move that you ad-journ that case till next term. There's judgment pending over somebody," e added in a low voice to Eliza, as he

began to tune his violin. "If I don't pay you off for this !" whispered Henry, as he took his station end of the piano, flute in hand. All right, old fellow ! I give you fall permission ! mind the music nov on't let your eyes go a straying

into that corner; let your fair client judge of your music now instead of your professions. You know

and splendid hangings, and fine pic-tures, and marble-topped tables; and they reflected that all this was theirs. Who may doubt but they were happy. Elated by the joyous inspiration of Elated by the loyous inspiration of the scene, Miles started up from the card-table, resolved to have his share of the fun. Seizing his wife by the hand, he called out: "Eliza, play us hand, he called out: "Eliza, play us up a good Irish jig. It's many a long year since your mother and I focted it together, and, by the powers! we'll have a jig now." before I leave ? I see mother and the

There was a general disposition to laugh. The ladies were seen raising their handkerchiefs to their mouths. Eliza and Henry were utterly con-founded, and looked at each other in mute astonishment. "For any sake, Henry try to get them off the floor," whispered Eliza; "if you don't, we shall be disgraced for ever." aute astonishment.

"Go on, Eliza !" said her father "we're waiting for the music. Now Mary, you were famous for a light foot and a light heart once in your time. Remember 'Auld Lang Syne,' and show our friends here some of your steps. Why don't you go on, girl ? "I don't know what to play, pa."

"Why, what the deuce, Lizzy, can't you play 'Judy Brallaghan ?" No pa. "Well, ' the Fox-hunter's jig,' then,

or 'Off she goes,' or any of them good

jigs ?'', "I don't know any of them, pa, "I don't know any of them, par a never heard of them before. Oh, Henry ! Henry !" aside to her brother, won't you get them to sit down ? See, everybody's laughing at them al-

"Well, I declare this is too bad !" said Miles, while his wife struggled to draw her hand out of his, in order to escape to her seat. " Can none of you play an Irish jig, or a country-dance, or a cotillion? Mister Zachary! you can surely give us something of that kind on the fiddle—I mean the violin !" "Oh! certainly, Mr. Blake, cer-tainly." And Zachary drew his bow with a flourish, and a deprecating glance at Eliza, as much as to say :

you see I can't get out of it." "What will you have, Mr. Blake?" "Oh! anything at all; I'm not particular, so as you give us something that there's good footing in."

"Well, here's the chorus jig for

Whatever reluctance Mrs. Blake might have had to stand up, it seemed to vanish at the first notes of the merry music, and she "footed it," as Miles said, "as if she were only sweet fif-teen." Though heavy of flesh she was light of foot, and catching a portion of her husband's joyous excitement, she seemed to take a real pleasure in proving that Miles's retrospective com pliment was not undeserved, and, more-over, that she was not as yet too old to mingle in the dance where maidens

gaily trip." As for Miles himself, he danced with all his heart and soul, determined to show his American guests how a jig ought to be danced. He had been a famous dancer in his young days, and could still "take a turn at a jig, reel, country-dance, or cotillion-nothing of that sort came wrong to him. As for their new-fangled dances, he'd have nothing to say to them-he left them to the young folks."

Henry and Eliza affected to be very busy looking over some music, but the scarlet hue of Elizi's cheek, and the own on Henry's brow, betrayed the exation which they would fain have concealed. And yet they had no rean to be ashamed, for their father and mother danced as well as any couple who had figured before them. But then they were so keenly alive to "the eccentricities and peculiarities of the and so deeply sensible to Irial misfortune of having "uneducated parents," that they were constantly on be watch for fear of them exposing themselves to the ridicule of those friends and associates whose opinion

quarrel about such a mere trifle. You know too well, my pretty one, how much I do care about some folks ! If you didn't you wouldn't talk so don't know why you feel so sore about your father and mother retaining their old fashioned ways. There's nothing so very ridiculous about them, after all. But come, let us have a waltz, will you,

girls are thinking of going home ?" Eliza placed her hand in his in token of acquiescence. Henry drew Jane Pearson from her seat, nothing loath ; Green obtained the fair hand of Arabella Thomson, while her sister ac epted the earnest invitation of Joe Smith. Mrs. Green took her place at the piano, and the four couples were couples were speedily whirling around the room to the tune of the Duc de Reichstadt's waltz, then new and exceedingly pop-

This was the finale of the evening's amusement. By the the time the last couple had reached their seats, the gentlemen made their appearance from th supper-room, whereupon the ly ladies declared it high time to separate. A few minutes more and brilliant rooms were in the condition of

• Some bar quot hall deserted, Whose sights are fl-d, Whose garlands dead."

and would that we could say happines remained, when the guests had all de-parted." But, alas I such was not the case. Far, far from it. The door was scarcely closed on the last of the com-pany, when Henry opened on his father and mother, asking them what on earth had put it in their heads to expose selves and others in that fashion the Expose ourselves and others! cried both parents in a breath ; " why, what do you mean, sir ?

"I mean just this, that if you have no regard for your own respectability, you ought to have some at least for us. What a precious pair of fools you made of yourselves to night !" "Henry !" said Eliza, in a tone of

reproach Never mind him, Eliza, let him go

on," said her father ; " it's just what we deserve from him-he's only paying his old deht."

There was a withering coldness in Blake's tone, and a sternness in his look, which his children had never heard or seen before, and though Henry was uld fully resolved to brave it out, he co ot help feeling rather uncomfortable. Mrs. Blake took up the matter more warmly than her husband seemed to do.

" Why, then, Henry Blake ! are you taking leave of your senses altogether? If you're not, I'm afraid it's something orse that's the matter with you, for the devil's taking full possession of you. I have my eye on your goings on this ime back, and many a time you brought the blood to my face with your jibes and your scoffs before strangers, but this last is the worst of all. What do you mean by saying that your father nd I made fools of ourselves ?

Eliza made a sign to Henry to keep silent, and undertook to answer for him. "Now, don't be angry, ma, I'm him. sure Henry don't mean to be disre-spectful, but I know he felt annoyed to e folks laughing when you and pa were dancing

" And do you pretend to say that they were laughing at us ?" demanded er father.

"Yes, pa ! I'm quite sure of it ; and it makes Henry and me feel so bad ! Get out, you young prate box ! how I'd dare you talk to us in such a way? have you to know that your mother and I must be treated with more respect by ooth of you, if you want to live in the same house with us ! Remember we're not depending on either of you, though ou treat us as if we were, which God n heaven forbid! Now, just mind what I'm going to tell you both : as them friends of yours have no better laugh at them that manners than to asked or not; but poor Sally wasn't so were doing their best to entertain them, you may tell them from me, that as it was the first, so it'll be the last time

mother. " I suppose that's some more of his impudence

"No, no, mother," said Eliza, eagerly; "he only bid me good night in French. That was all, I assure "'And he couldn't say it in English," observed Miles, the frown still ing on his brow—" oh ! no, he wanted to show off—to taunt us as it were, and make little of us, by speaking to you in a language we don't understand. Just a influing are too interview of the music, and his dancing and his law into the bar-gain, didn't all come out of our hard earning ?---and because we hadn't laid ough already on them, we must out enough already on them, we must be giving a party, to be sure, on their

account-gathering a faction of their friends to laugh at us ! but I'll go bail, they'll never do it again, at least, in ask. our own house ?' "Well, it serves you right, Miles," observed Mrs. Blake : " you were all turning up your noses at the Flanagans, and our old friends, the Reillys and th Sheridans-Irish as they are, it would be long before they'd act so. I think our own notions of politeness are the best alter all, though we don't make such a parade of them. Go to your bed, Eliza! and pray to God to give you grace to obey the fourth com

Eliza said nothing, but there was a smile curling her pretty lip, that, to a close observer, would have a world of kissed her father and meaning. mother and left the room.

For some minutes after her departure, there was not a word spoken; the father and mother stood looking at each other with a sort of vacant stare. At last Mrs. Blake drew a long sigh and spoke. Her words were few and omin-

"It's too late, Miles! too late ! our own hands pulled the rod that'll whip us in our old age! This is only the beginning ofit !"

The father shook his head, but made no answer. Such was the close of that festive evening. Aching hearts and remorseful consciences, and dreary

forebodings of coming evil :

"The dark communing is with God. The warning from on high,"

Leaving the Blakes to rest, if rest they could, after the fatigues of the day, let us return to our good friend, Tim Flana gan. Returning home after his visit to Mrs. Blake, already duly recorded, he begar to entertain his wife with an account of what had passed. Nelly smiled and smiled, but she did not seen Nelly to enjoy the fun as much as Tim had expected.

" Sure enough. Tim. it was a good " but I feel too joke," said she, " but I feel too sorry for poor Mary to laugh at it. And, then, how could you reconcile it wit your conscience, to say that Harry asked you to the party-eh. Tim ?'

" Pooh ! pooh ! woman dear, that was only a white lie; if I never do more harm than that, I hope it'll not keep me ing out of heaven." "I don't know about that, Tim ; it's

not good to tell a lie, either in jest or earnest. But that's true ; did you see

Mrs. Reilly to day ?" Tim answered in the negative.

" Well ! of all the women ever you She aw, she's the most disappointed.

had heard of the great party that was to be at Blake's, and didn't the poor soul go and lay out upwards of \$20.00 for a black silk dress, so as to make a decent appearance before the strangers It never came into her head but that herself and Tom would be at it, and she wanted Tom, right or wrong, to get a new snit; but Tom said his clothes were good enough, and he wouldn't be spending his money foolishly. Still he was quite willing for his mother to get the new silk dress, for, says he, know you want a decent dress at aug rate, mother, even if you doa't go to the party." Somehow, Tom had his the party.' doubts all the time, whether they'd be

to their being asked; and his father

was rather of the same opinion. "Not that I owe them any ill will," said Edward; "but then, it really does seem to me that they are disposed to cut our acquaintance, at least as far as they possibly can, and those who can so easily discard old friends, and even relatives, for some new acquaintances relatives, for some how addition and the source of a such are hardly worth the trouble of con-ciliating. The friendship of such people is but the shadow of a shade." "True for you, Edward," said his father; "I wouldn't be bothered with them and their high notions; they seem to think far more of these Thomsons, and Greens, and all the rest, than they do of us-at least of late years. So, a God is so good as to leave us wholly independent of them, we'll just let them run their rig. Not a one of them we'll

But Mrs. Flansgan could not But Mrs. Flangan could have a with these sentiments. Ever kind, and gentle and forgiving she had so many excases to offer on behalf of the Blakes, and pleaded for them so earnestly, that neither her husband nor her son could hold out against her, especially as John supported the prayer of her petition. Ellie and Susan were delighted at the prospect of having their cousia Eliza a whole evening to play and sing for "Only think, father," said Ellie,

'she has never spent an evening with us since she came home from school. She just called to see us one afternoon, and staid only a little while. Susy and I went to their house the other day, and we wanted her to play something for us, but she said she had some letters to write, and was in a hurry for the

post." "I don't like cousin Lizzy as much as I used to do," cried Susan, who was

sitting on a little bench near the grate, playing with a favorite kitten; "she's not near so kind as she was long ago before she went away to school." Edward smiled sadly as he replied: You must not be too hard on cousin

Lizzy, my dear sister. Before she left home she was a little girl like yourelves-at least not much older than Ellie is now; but years have passed since then, and cousin Lizzy has been Miss Blake, and your romping playmate a young lady. She has been at a fashionable school, you know."

"Well, f'll tel! you what, Edward," said Ellie, in her own decided way; "if that's what people learn in fashionable schools, I never want to go to one. I want to lore every one, and have every

one love me." Her brother drew her to him and Her brother drewaler to him and kissed her fair forehead. "If you can only succeed in that, Ellie, you will be a fortunate girl; to love and to be oved, is the sum of life's happiness. But to return to our subject, father. Vill you go and see my aunt to-morrow

(i) you go and see my anne of all you go and you have a set of the set of willing to lf you wish it."

All right, Edward, all right; we'll divide the task between us. about Mr. Fitzgibbon-won't we ask him?

" Oh, to be sure, father ; I'll see him in the course of the evening." Mr. Fitzgibbon was the successor of

poor Mr. Lanigan in St. Peter's School, the good old man having paid the debt of nature some three or four years before. These matters being all arranged,

Edward took out of his vest pocket a Edward took out of inis vest pocket a tiny parcel, nicely wrapt up in tissue paper. "Come here, girls," said he to Eliza and Susan, "I was forgetting a very important affair. I met a person this forencon who sent a present to two good girls-if I could find them any. where.

"Oh! we're good, Edward; we're ood-give it to me-and me!" cried good-give it to both girls.

"Self-praise is no commendation," replied Edward, with a smile, "but if mother will answer for you, I'll see

ndition that you and Ellie shall use

in your prayers !" "There now, Nelly," said Tim, with

hearts amongst father and mothers!"

'Indeed, and that's true, Edward,

I'd just as soon do it." "No, no, John," replied his brother,

"it will be much better for me to stay,

you and John can come together, father,

you get back."

voice trembled with emotion.

Remember that,

"What have I done that God is so bountiful to me-how can I repay him for all his wonderful goodness to me and mine?" From the depth of his own heart came back the answer: "As you sowed, so you are reaping-as you brought up your children, so you have

But still Tim kept thanking God, and bow he came to be so highly favored.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEFORE THE MAST.

TEACHING THE TRUE VALUE OF FOOL. HARDINESS.

Catholic Columbian The father was speaking impatiently. "There, now you're all right; reach ut with both your hands and place it in

I can't do that, father; if I do, how can I hold on ? I'll fall out of the win

dow." "Fall out? What are you goin' to fall out for? 'Can't you stiddy yourself there for a minute and put that blind on or must I come up and do it for yer? You're a smart boy you are; darent reach that little corner long enough fer to hook on a light thing that yer four-year-old sister could lug; mile

"It isn't because it's heavy, father, but you know as well as 1 do that the minute I reach out I'm sure to lose my balance and fall. If I had a ladder to stand on I could do the job all right, and if you'll let me I'll go to neighbor Hartley's and borrow his light ladder it won't take but a minute," said the

boy pleadingly. "If you ain't got sand enough in yer to put on that blind, come down and I'll do it myself. I never see such a coward in my life, scared to death to do such a little bit of a job like that and tryin' all you can to make yer poor, old father, lame and crippled as he is, to go up and do it fer yer.

The boy, a fine looking lad of seveneen years, flushed as he started from his position in the second story bay window of his father's house, where he had been trying to replace a blind which had been blown off in a high wind the night before. He put one foot upon the window sill in preparation for doing the work as his desired.

In order to do it, it would be necessary for him to stand up on the out-side of the sill and to use both hands. The window was low, and while or dinarily he might stay inside and lean out, yet because the window was low and there was not much against for support, he felt it would be much safer to get outside and put his weight against the house, trusting to his steady head to allow him to do the work without an accident. Now that his father had called him a cow ard, he had determined to hand the blind even if he was killed in the at-

empt. What made the work appear more difficult was that the wind was still blowing strong. It swept down the side of a house spitefully and would make his position, with the blind in make his position, with the Any his hands, still more insecure. Any one who has tried hanging a window blind, even under the most advantageous circumstances will recognize the difficulties of the boy's posi

But the last words of his father had stung him to the quick, for he was not a coward by any means, only just a boy who was in the habit of thinking and weighing carefully every phase of whatever he undertook. It was that was that characteristic, rare enough in boys, which made him so kind and thought ful to his parents, and especially his mother, although his crippled father, with his quick temper and somedemands upon him what unreasonable

tried him hard at times. He stepped out upon the sill and reached down inside to pull the blind out, when he heard a voice below him say: "Step into the room again, Jack; risks

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"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,

and I'm sure your lady-love has no "savage breast,' so, courage ! leav your hopes in the hands of Orpheus ! leave Henry only knit his brows and tried to look stern, but it would not do; there was a smile lurking around his mouth, and sparkling in his dark eyes, for, in his heart, he was not sorry to be recognized in public as the favored suitor of Jane Pearson.

Commenced under such favorable auspices, the concerto could not fail to tisfaction. Eliza's fingers had never flown so lightly or so easily over the polished keys of her piano, Zichary' bow was actually inspired, and Henry' flate gave forth sounds of ravishing 1083. So, at least, thought Jane Pearson, as he shrank back into her corner, and sat with eye and ear intent Pearson, as on the triple performance. Even Silas Green declared it "capital," and com-plimented Henry on his share of the

What !" said Zichary, with a malicious smile on his lip; " does all the praise belong to Henry? now, that is hardly fair-I appeal to the company!" The answer was a general outburst of

applause, during which Eliza made her escape into the back-parlor, where her mother was superintending the arrange ment of the supper-table. Henry im-mediately led Jane to the piano, and placed before her the beautiful song, ' Hear me, Norma !'

By the time the song was finished, Henry was called on to choose a partzionry was called on to choose a part-nor for the first set of quadrilles. Dancing was kept up till a late, or rather an early hour. The young people torgot alike the past and the stature in the intoxicating whirl of the waltz, and the slower, but more grace waltz, and the slower, but more grace ful, movement of the quadrille. Their fathers and mothers kept their places father asked me to play for them I at the card tables, pausing at times to enjoy the sight of their children's cloud-Miles Blake and his wife less mirth. were at the summit of earthly bliss. The dreams of years were at length ful-The dreams of years were at length ful-filled. They looked around on the brilliant assembly sparkling with costly rings, and gold chains, and superb brooches of every shape and size. They saw their children playing a distin-

everything that was guished part in guissed part in everything chat hat sold sell, sold stady our bar of the sold sell of the sold sell sold s

was everything to them. Whether the company did see any thing ludicrous in the jig, as danced by Miles and his wife, it is not for us to

say, but certain it is, that they were a Eliza took out her pocket handkerlittle too warm and too noisy in ex-pressing their approbation. Their applause savored too strongly of that bestowed on honest John Gilpin, when with rapid strides.

Every soul cried out " well done!' As loud as they could bawl.

But Miles and his comely partner were not disposed to examine too closely. They were wall satisfied with them selves, and took it for granted that others were so too. The plaudits greeting them on every side seemed no greeting them on every side seemed no more than their due, so they never dreamed of doubting their sincerity.

"That's not a bad jig, Zuchary !" observed Miles, when he had con-ducted his wife to a seat. "But still ducted his wife to a seat. "But still it's not the thing. The old 'Fox-hun-ter's ' is worth a dozen of it."

ters is worn a dozen of it." Zuchary assented with mock respect, adding with an equivocal smile, "I bow to your superior judgment, Mr. Blake, I confess the jig is a species of composition to which I have ot giver due attention. I may study it more in

future under your auspices." "Stop there, now, Zichary, you've gone far enough with that. You can't come it over me that way. I'm too old a bird, Zachary, to be caught with chaff. But I really feel as if I wanted omething after the hard work I've gone through. Who'll join me in a glass of punch ?"

None of the gentlemen would join him in the punch, but most of them guessed they would try a little brandy and water. Eliza took the opportunity to whisper to Zachary : "I'm not at all obliged to you for helping pa and

couldn't refuse point blank, could I ?" Yes, you could-you might have said you couldn't play a jig ! I'm sure I'll hate the very name of it as long as I live ! I could have played one if I I'm sure had liked, but you saw I didn't, and you might have done as I did; I tell you. Zachary, it wasn't at all kind of you, and it shows that you don't eare much about either Harry or my-self, when you study our feelings so

or conversation. They saw mirrors,

they shall gather together in my house !" of us, overlooked. She swears she'll

chief, and applied it to her eyes, while Harry started to his feet, and com-menced walking up and down the room Blakes, old or young."

And I ll add a word or two to the message," said Mrs. Blake; tell your companions from me-from a slighted and afflicted mother-that it would be well for them, and well for you, if you never danced anything but jigs and reels, and such like old fashioned dances. If that was the case, Eliza, there wouldn't be the curse on dancing that there is now. Our dancing never brought a blush of shame to any one's face, but it isn't so with your waltzes nd some others of your dances, that defy any modest, decent woman to look at without shame. And another thing, if you and your dandy brother there. can dance quadrilles, and mazourkas and waltzes, and all the rest, who paid the piper, I want to know? hadn't been for your father and mother. that you think so little about, you'd neither be able to dance nor play-

remember that, my young dame, you, Master Henry, for all you think yourself such a great man, and look down so scornfully on them who made you what you are. God forgive us for that, anyhow! I'm afraid we'll have it to answer for 1" "Mother," said Henry, stopping

short in his march, and planting himself right in front of his parents, "if either you or my father suppose that I will allow you to treat me as a boy, I beg to assure you that you are much mistaken. It is very strange if I cannot regulate my own conduct without parental ad-monitions-believe me, I am fally com

petent to do so-pardon me if I give you pain, but I would have you under-stand, once for all, that I will allow no one to dictate to me what I am to say or do ! If it does not suit you to have me remain in your house, l can go elsowhere ! Indeed, I would prefer a change of residence on many ccounts and would since have proposed it were not that I feared it might hurt your gs. Good night! Bon soir, ma sœur !" So saying, he left the colings. Good night! room

"What's that he's saying ?" said his

and you never saw a woman in your life so confounded as she was, when she " Oh! well, found herself and Tom, and the whole

"Oh! well, if that's the way, i haven't much to say against them." The parcel was then opened, and was found to contain two miniature pairs of never exchange words with one of th silver beads. The girls clapped their "Poor Sally!" said Tim, with a hearty laugh ; "it was too bad to treat hands for joy, and running up to their brother, threw their arms round his neck and kissed him on either cheek. "Ha! ha!" said Susau, archly; "I know very well who sent the beads—it mer round out and he also." hearty laugh ; "it was too bad to tread any of us so, but a woman of her con

sequence to be slighted by her own consin-why, it was a downright affront to the memory of Father O Flynn, and all the other great people, not to speak of her uncle Phelim, and her great grant father, Terence O'Shaughnessy, her brother, placing her a low seat be-side him—" no matter who the giver is, Susy dear! he gives them on the God be merciful to them all !" added Tim, with a sudden change of manner. 'I shouldn't speak so lightly of the sweet sisters, and don't ever forget him

"I was telling Edward about her disappointment," resumed Mrs. Flanagan, " and he said he'd ask you to have them all here some of these evenings, just to please Sally." "We must give her a chance to show off her mother." said he. "that is, if you and my father have no objection. Poor Mrs. Reilly! we will do what we can to console her; and I think our party will be a more congenial one to her than my annt Blake's.

"God bless 'his kind heart !" said the father, wiping away a tear, which had found its way over his cheek; but t was a tear of joy, not of sorrow. "That's so like him!—indeed, and he must have the party. I'm going to the store now, and I'll speak to him about it. What day would you like to have fore now!' it, Nelly?"

"Oh, any day you like. There's no ceremony about our parties, for we never have any one but our own friends. We can talk it over when you all come home to dinner.'

"Well, but I want to go and ask them all."

"Very well, this is Wednesday-let it be to-morrow evening, then. And, as I can take a hand at any branch of do you hear, Tim," she called after the business. For the future, then, him, as he was going out, "tell Sally Reilly and Jenny Sheridan to come over a while in the forencon, to give me a hand at the cooking."

This new arrangement met with general approbation, and as Tim Flanagan walked back to his store between his When Tim and his sons came home to dinner, there was a good deal of talk about the proposed party, and the question naturally arose as to whether the Blakes were to be invited or not. Edward was, at first, decidedly opposed asked himself over and over again, his judgment, or try to have him take

if that's the way, I say I'll be there and help you in a sec-

He knew that his Uncle Frank, who was at home from a sea voyage, had spoken, and he never questioned anything said by him, for he rarely spoke lightly. Aside from the feeling one had that Captain Frank Blake was a man not to be contradicted, there was always a feeling that he never said was your own self-nobody else !" "What a witch our Susan is!" said anything which needed contradiction. another second Jack had stepped

back into the room. Jack's father opened his mouth to Jack's father opened in Frank, but expostulate with Captain Frank, but before he could say anything the Cap-bed Laughing: "1 know, tain remarked, laughing: "I know, Dick, that it isn't just right for me to nterfere with your discipline, but I Interfere with your discipline, but i know, also, that you were going to do a wrong thing. After I help Jack put that blind where it belongs I'll prove it to you by an incident that came assumed gravity, "you see that's the way Edward's money goes!" and his voice trembled with emotion. "God's blessing be about him, I know it well !" said the fond mother, under my observation some time ago, and which I won't forget as long as I " if every young man of his age was like him, there would be few broken live. You sit right down there and wait until we get through and then "Take care mother," said Edward, gaily; "take care that you don't make Til tell you a story. Don't you get it into your head that Jack's a coward. Just call to mind his work when the ways dangerous, and never more so than when it comes from those whom we love self where little Sammy Rhodes would proud. You know flattery is aland honor. Well, father, are you coming back to the store—if not, John and I will go, for we may be wanted be-be now but for Jack's courage then. I wasn't here to see it, bless the boy, but I know all about it."

In a few moments Captain Frank and Jack were on the ground beside the old man, who was sitting in a it's hardly prudent for all of us to come home together, and leave the store to chair, gazing thoughtfully on the ground. "I didn't mean to call you a home together, and leave the store to strangers, let them be ever so honest." coward, Jack," said he, " but I guess "Well, father," said John, "I'll stay every day till you and Edward I lost my temper. When I was a boy i lost my temper. When 1 was a boy it seems as though boys were different from what they are now-had more sap and ginger in them, somehow or other-had to have, or else there ne back. I can wait very well, and But wasn't any call for them to exist. it does seem as though you might have put that there blind on without gitting yer uncle to help you." "There, there, Dick, what did I tell and it will be time enough for me when

you ?" said Captain Frank. "Just keep still until I spin my yarn, and then you'll take back water. I know I can two sons, there was not a happier, or a more grateful man in the whole city. His heart overflowed with joy, and he Jack do anything of that sort against