THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

[WAITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

2

A GOUD TIME FOR GIRLS.

Little Women-Shortening of Skirts-The Slavish Following of Fashion-Some Ideal Dresses for Little Girls

-A Practical Result.

LITTLE WOMEN

A philanthropist looking back over the past could not fail to be struck when contemplating the great amelioration that has taken place of late years in the condition of women, with the very marked improvement in the mode of training and general management of those whom I have chosen here to call little women. Little women, Indeed, those girl-babbies

were at a time not so very far distant in the past

Children laugh now at the quaint spectacle of the costume afforded by the Italian chil-dren that, in full bedice and skirts reaching to their heels, attend the plane organ men along our streets, and at the long skirt-ed toddlers with fair braids of hair under an improvised three-cornered handkerchief turban that sturdily plod along beside the newlyarrived German father or mother.

It seems almost incredible to suppose that those very same streets saw the children of English-apeaking parents in costumes almost as ridiculous as those of the immigrant children appear to us.

SHORTENING OF SKIRTS.

But Fashion, although commonly regarded as somewhat of a capricious and somewhat of an arbitrary dame, has often made a stride is for a fish to swim. But for this they need ahead of our boasted civilization, and shown a certain amount of " letting alone." It is that tardy corrector of abuses the right thing great mistake for p. onte to hamper their

off the los .: rabes of baoyhood, never donued them again till pears of womenhood came.

Sixteen at oven sometimes seventeen long years of fr. then from the thraidom of drag-

ging trailin ; direses. At twelve or thirteen or even so late as fourteen, ac proving as the common sense of the mother revailed or not, there began to sunbonnet, and she has I arned to be deceitbe a down, and rendency, so to speak, in the ful and plays all her mad pranks well out of kirts,

Young hay-hood loomed alread, and fachion half-repenting aircasty of the good she had done, wait i impatiently for the figure she feet below. The railing was not a foot wide, was about to spol with corset and bustle and and she triumphantly told us that she had other abonitable contrivances inimical alike walked it while the train was passing under, to health and good looks.

Bat oh- ne ll sool years of freedom that intervened--the covered arms and choulders, the lossenc waie s, the ensy shoe, the plain yet trim a sooi dress, the unbound hair, the carelessnes of ornament, and all the means of life, children have'a hard time of it. The of healthin and impocent enjoyment rendered possible by thus following a natural way of living.

THE SELVISH FOLLOWING OF FASHION

After a , why should fashion be so clavish-

ly adhere to ? All the work of forming and developing a sound b lthy body is lost if, just as the results an reaching their highest point, it is put into cruel clamps and twisted and tortured into a mistaken and foolishly wicked idea of beauty.

Miss Frances Willard, a woman who has done much for women in our day, graphically describes the delightful years of complete

the body of a young growing girl how could this work but disastrously.

HERE AND NOW. I hold that all mankind can be Made happy if they will, That Evil's a monstrosity Which Love and Truth can kill.

That Kindness, as a law of life, Will give cur joys increase; That Death is but a vestibule Between this world and Peace.

Although our lives imperfect be. They can be perfect made, And glorified Humanity In all our works displayed.

A noble thing to nobler leads, The great succeeds the small, To glorious thoughts, and words, and deeds, We each are heirs of all.

All things the good and wise have taught Through ages dark and long— The victories for which they fought— To us by right belong.

We are the beirs of God-like sires-The children of the Sun-Who in our souls retain the fires That once Prometheus won.

From day to day, from year to year, "Tis ours to think and do; To know no creed that teaches fear,

But only seek the true. To be at peace with all mankind,

Do good whene'er we can, And with a common blessing bind The brotherhood of man.

CARBOLL RYAN.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

[From the Woman's Magazine,] It is as natural for . child to be happy as it In this instance and began, like the pedlar We pity the little B , our next door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. The little women "all round about." children with so many foolish restrictions. So that : :o midget of six months, casting and they are scarcely llowed to go near it, least they should clin: and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a ti . for the same reason. They may not skate or vim, or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them all with the excention of litter Bessie, who is the

sight of her parents' eyes. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a handred

Don't fancy your boy is made of glass, Grant him a reasonable request and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and Gadgrinds younges child needs some sort of agreeable occupation and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more prinful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine and that " nothing ever happens," as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

WHAT IT COSTS TO RAISE A BOY FOR TWENTY YEARS.

"My father never did anything for me," recently remarked h young man who a few weeks ago finished his school life and is now seeking a good business opening. Judging by the words and the complaining tone in which they were uttered, the member of the firm who heard them is prone to the belief that the young man's idea describes the delightful years of complete emancipation from any form of bodily re-straint or compression that was hers for years. To a wise and thoughtful mother she ascribes the boor. But-with regret by it said—that state of interval in the problem in the state of in the state of the writer, has never done one mostly actual werk for others in his entire freedom and happiness did not continue. With the eixteenth year came the corsot. On pastimes of the home circle, in reading, hunting, lishing, ball playing, yachting, and other em-ployment not paricularly beneficial to others. Aithough she is too true a daughter to say so, one can see that the common sense of the mother was not strong enough to combat the fathers follow voc tions in which no use can be earl, which was sure to form the staple of conprevailing convectional ides, and bealth and perfect physical development, two very sub-stantial bicesings, were sacrificed for the acquisition of what is popularly known as 'is good figure.'' The coract has spoiled many a figure, but never did, and never could, make a really compilation of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenby years of his life, and here it is: \$100 per year for the first five years, \$750; \$200 per year for the second five years, \$750; \$200 per year for the shird five years, \$1,000; \$300 per year for the next three years, \$900; \$500 per year for the next two years,
\$1,000. Total, \$4,150. This is a moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him. -----

GODFREY, THE FENIAN. BY MES. HARTLEY. CHAPTER XIV .-- Continued.

' I will come and see you, Mr. Ansdale,' said bis reverence, in reply to the look. 'I hope Mrs. Eagan makes you comfortable, and I will settle a day at your own convenience for you to dise with me.'

dine with me. 'I am not staying at the hotel,' observed Mr. Anadale. 'I am at Barrettstown. I am visiting my cousin Lady Blanche.' Father Conroy's countenance expressed such

blank astonishment that out of pure curiosity the young man left him to speak first. 'Good heavens I' he burst out at last. 'Is it

'I shall be only too delighted,' Chickels re-sumed, in his former easy tone, 'to acc pt your invitation.' He had noted the altered expression of his would-be host's face, anddreaded a change of front. 'Any day,' he added, 'will suit me-any hour. I am quite at liberty. We are merely a family party on account of my cousin's mourning. Besides, my visit will not

be a long one. 'I could not'-Father Conroy spoke with

I could not'-Father Conroy spoke with difficulty-'it is very unpleasant to us to come into-to have anything to do with O'Malley. The fact is, there is a family feud between him and my young relatives over yonder. I natur-ally take their part 'Tis a sore subject, sir-'its a very sors subject. 'I have heard something of it,' replied Chichele quickly and very earnestly. 'I assure you I sympathize deeply with you. I do in-deed,' he added, looking frankly into his com-panion's face. 'Of course I am a complete out-sider-a mere connection of O'Malley-and only here for a short time I should greatly like up bere for a short time I should greatly like to see you again-and also to see Miss Mauleverer.' He stopped now. Father Paul was gszing at him halt blankly. Chichele doubted if his attention or thoughts were even following his words.

'I should like to see her again,' he said boidly. 'I hope she will be none the worse of her ad-

You shall see her egain,' replied the old priest heartily; he had come down to earth, and was listening once more. 'You shall-she shall dine with us. Yes, I trust we shall all meet

They had reached the Chapel House by this The green gate of Father Paul's garden sung wide open.

'And you are at Birrettstown, at Barretts-town,' said his reverecce moodily. 'It may be the inger of God,' he added sotto voce ; ' but it must daring little mischi, that ever wore a lis seven years and more now since Tight O'Malley and I had anything to say to each other.'

liere he sighed profoundly, and frowned even deeper than before, then abruptly laid his hand upon the gate. 'Step m, Mr. Ansdale, sir, and accept of

some refreshment from me.' The young man was prepared for this invita-tion, and had decided to refuse it. Chapel House had no special attraction for him. He felt languid and weary now in mind and body. So he raplied :

So ne raphed : "Thank you, it is quite impossible. I am late, I fear, as it is. But,' he added, changing his tone, and looking straight into Father Couroy's

face, 'I shall hear from you, shall I not ?' 'Certainly,' replied his reverence effusively, you shall hear from me to-morrow at latest Good-bye!" He lifted his biretta, which was brown with age and ragged at the corners. Chichele acknowledged the salutation fittingly, and they parted.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Courthope had resigned berself with as good grace as she could muster to the day's pro-gramme as arranged by Lady Blanche. Ever since she had heard that there were three young people of the age and attractions described to foolishly and unnecessarily to Mrs. Marchmont, she had felt some uncavy indefinable sensition, a forsboding she afterwards called it-concern ing her brother. Chichele was to her a most important personage. The only brother among a number of girls, the head of the house of Ansdale since his father's death, the heir to Lord Ansdale's title and estates, he had claims enough to warrant consideration, and she, woman like and sister-like, exaggerated them all.

Lunch was over, the letters all despatched, and a couple of callers engaged Lady Blanche. These were distant cousins of Lord McAnaley, who had come to pay a visit of condolence, and t she would emplo rs. Courthope versation. So she put on a walking-dress, strong boots and gaiters, and with a shepherd's crook or alpenstock in her hand, started out, ostensibly to meet the fishers returning, in reality on

win in it. Sight nor light I never see of a livin' win in it. Sight nor light 1 never see of a livin 'Ine hole just a bit the upper beau. There is the creature, your ladyship, outside me own door, laways a nist there.' barrin' go into dat town on me own bit of busine 'Good evening,' said Mrs. Courthope now. ness, and hinself is the quietest creature of a mankind, has no dalins nor recourse among any body, an' me lady, any wan in this place, from gravely and unwillingly as at first, and they both turned their backs and walked in the con-tell you the self same thing. . . . She stopped here for want of breath. Mrs. Courthope listened to this tirade with a sort of mystified wonder, nodded her head, and

walked off. __'Incomprehensible beivgs !' she murmured That woman has evidently taken some extraordinary idea into her head, whatever it may be; but if she credited me with murderous de-signs upon the interesting inhabitants of the Fir e, she could not have shown less desire to aid or abet me.'

aid or abet me.' She walked quickly until she reached the Chapel House, slackened her pace there, and surveyed without much profit its rather unin-theresting frontage. She decided not to go into the town. On starting out at first she had viguely shought of doing a little amateur prithe result of her vate detective work, but first essay had not encouraged her. It was evident that these people had no proper sense of their position and their duty to their betters. The lodge-woman's manner! showed that-not that she was not civil, but it was not the manner proper to her place.

The poor lodge woman's behaviour was simple and natural in the extreme. She of course knew who lived in the Fir House, and she know equally well the Mauleverera' affairs in all the details of that melancholy and much-regreted history. It was a debateable subject still in the under world of Barrettstown, the great majority believing that the Mauleverer children were the lawful coat the blauleverer children were the fawful owners of the Castle and the estate, she and her hushand among them; but Tighe O'Malley was their employer, and to breathe the name of Mauleverer within earshot of him or 'any of his faction' was more than she would dare to do. Hence the lapwing manœuvres-as Mrs. Court-hope termed them-to the strange lady from the great house. Besides, she suspected that her questioner knew who lived there as well as she herself did, which was indeed, as we know, the literal fact, and she was unable to connect the questions with any matter beyond her own personal range. How could she tell but that the lady would report to his honor anything she might say and get her into trouble! She determined to say nothing, which she did, as we have seeo, after her own fashion.

Mrs. Courthoos crossed the bridge, and walked on and on up the grass grawn cart-track until she came abreast of the Fir House gates. These were closed, but the side door was not. However, she could see nothing through it save a rank growth of evergreens. She did not dare to rank growth of evergreens. She did not dare to pursue her investigations further, much as she would have liked to, and walked on over the planks that crossed the mill-race. Then came a piece of marshy ground. There was nothing in this way over the planks that the a piece of marshy ground. There was nothing on this gave some gray geese. After that the path led into a wood, and the iver narrowed so that the spreading boughs of the lime-trees on both wdes almost met each other across it. Tighe O'Malley had told her that the heronry, which was done to this was a very mostly by which was close to this, was a very pretty bit. Captious humored as she felt herself to be, she agreed with him. The glimpses of bog and blue sky, with the mountains in the distance, which the breaks in the wood allowed to be seen, were very mild and lovely. She accosted boy who was trotting homeward with a bundle of sticks on his back, and asked him if he had

or sticks on his back, and asked him if he had som a gne tleman fishing. 'Yis, ma'am. I did, your ladyship,' he re-plied. 'Tonimy Walsh an' the gentleman are coming down above on this side of the river.' 'Thanks, thank you, my boy,' she answered

very graciously, turning to walk on.

'They are after losing a grand tisn. So they are !' added the boy. His eyes were glowing with excitement, and he seemed bursting with the news. 'Oh, oh, oh ! was all Mrs. Courthope'

answer, accompanied by a valedictory nod a she quickened her pace and away from him. He looked after her with an air of wonder, not unlooked after her with an air of wonder, not un-mixed with disgust, then tightened his hold of the bundle of waste wool and resumed his trot homewards.

homewards. The exact weight of the lost salmon as well as that of the captured grilse, and every detail of the playing and landing, every word that Tommy Walsh said to the gentleman, and that the gentleman said to Tommy Walsh, was vn to the open air clubs on the bridge and kno hotel porch before tre heroes of the sad adven-

tures reached the town on their return. Before very long Mrs. Courthope husband accompanied by the gamekeeper. 'I know all about you,' she cried. 'You have lost a grand fish.'

'The hole just at the upper bend. There is

trary direction. 'Marion ! Marion !' said Gerbrude, 'was

not that a beautiful dress? And was not he nice? 'How dared she speak to us? Gertrude,

what did you mean by answering that man 1 Annt Juliet will be furious. You had no husi-ness to answer them, encouraging them in their impertinence. How dared that woman accest us like common people? Now, listen, if ever you meet her again, don't dare to answer if she speaks to you, and if she bows, you are to take no notics. Gertrude, do you

hear? 'I hear you-sure enough.' 'I will tell Father Paul of her impertinence, and you will see how angry he will be. Do you imagine that she would dare to stop any one else and ask them where they lived and who they were in that manner?'

Oh now ! you need not exaggerate -You 'Not a word-not a single word more. You have disgraced yourself and every one of us. To

you came home with a strange gentleman from Tighe O'Malley's and he was in our garden. Now, Marion, and you know nobody is allowed in. See what Father Paul will say to

'He knows it already-and that has nothing

The knows it already—and that has nothing to do with you.' They set off home now, Marion leading the way quickly, pale and disquiet of look, Gertrude weeping and lagging behind. If Mrs. Courthope had succeeded, which she ackcowledged herself to have done, beyond her wildest expectations, she nevertaeless felt a lightly uncour evention concerning the doub slightly uneasy sensation concerning the close proximity of this remarkable family to Bar rettstown Castle. She wondered if her brother had or had pot seen that very striking looking girl-she could not bring herself to proncure the word 'beautiful' in her own thoughts. He had not answered very can-didly that time yesterday afternoon when the

subject was under discussion. He had such old ways. Perhaps it was all a mistake on her part; she might have imagined something. She was so accustomed to maneuvring, to watchfulness; and she had made mistakes be-fore. At all events, she assured herself that she must take the greatest care not to fidget or the most unholy hour of six this evening, with your neighbour, the famous Father Couroy.' Though he took this tone of persiflage, it was not with too much confidence that he made his

she must take the greatest care not to fidget or fush in in any way-to observe him closely, and above all silently, for the next few days. 'What lovely creatures those girls are ! And so they are the grandchildren of the man whom O'Malley succeeded !' observed Mr. Courthope. 'Not grandchildren- his nephew's cuildren-or said to be. The little girl is lovely, if you will. I never saw such exquisite hair and eyes in my hie-pretty, hall-foreign way of

eyes in my life-pretty, half-foreign way of speaking also ! 'Hum ! The elder is a superb creature, infi-

yesterday; we had a walk and a talk, and really he is quite a good sort. I am to meet the school inspector—he said something about a bishop, but I am not sure that he is to form one of the party. nitely more beautiful. The eyes and brow re-I really am going. I would not miss it for the world.' mind me of Lady Mosstowers.

I prefer the little virl,' said Mrs. CourtLope candidly. 'Her eyes are quite astonishing, that clear golden hazel, and the gold lights in her There was an indication of resolve in these last words which Mrs. Courthope's ear caught. She knew how far she might go, and for a mo-ment debated within herself what course to take. hair are wonderful."

They had reached the demesno gate, and Mr. Courthope asked the lodge woman if Mr. O'Mal-ley had returned yet. She answered no, so they ears, staring intently into his go gling brown eyes as though she hoped to extract counsel from

walked on. • Where is Chichele ?' questioned his wife. 'I don's know anything about him. He left us this meruing, and went off by himself.'

This information furnished Mrs. Courthore with matter for meditation. However, she said nothing. She knew better than to impart her distrusts to her liege, who, tired and hungry, walked beside her in silence. When they came at last to the house she went for a few opened, the tea-table still standing by her chair. Mrs. Courthope debated with herself whether she ought to mention having seen the Maule verers while describing to Lady Blanche the weather and her impressions of the scenery outof-doors. Her first decision was in the negative. However, a moment later she reflected that, if she did not, her husband would be sure to, and, for that reason solely, she thought it

him on the terrace, turned, and diverted his steps towards him with every appearance of assured confidence. It was the chapel clerk, a half-simple soul

It was the chapel clerk, a half-simple soul whom Father Paul maintained, in spite of his absolute inefficiency, and whom he con-sidered to be the most dynifiel bearcr of his letter of invitation to Mr. Anedale. The clerk had seen the young Englishman walking with Father Paul through the vil-lage, and knew his appearance and name as now well as he knew the contents of the envelope, which he handed to him with a pro-found how and flourish of his hat. "Mr. Ansdale- took the letter with an im-patience which he handwer,' he said; 'thank you very much-stay.' He plunged his hand hastily into his pocket, and extracting thence a ger, stopping his mouth, whence began to flow a literally turning and running away. 'You need not wait-thank you - lebell and

'You need not wait—thank you —I shall send the answer by my man,' he cried over his sLoulder.

Once in his room, he sat down at the writingtable and opened the letter. The paper was stamped with the address, 'The Presbytery, Barrettstown,' in colored letters. Its substance

have disgraced yourself and every one of us. To answer that woman was the behaviour of a beggar child—yes—a beggar child of the 'It's all very fine,' and Gertrude began to cry. 'I shall just tell Father Paul that you were at Lamber's Castle to day, and that you came home with a strange gentleman be, my dear sir, most truly yours, 'PAUL CONROY, P.P.'

'To-night at six,' repeated Mr. Ansdale, 'delightful ! it is better than I expected, by

He wrote hastily an acceptance, summoned his valet, and despatched it immediately. Then be went to the morning-room to find his relatives and impart the intelligence to them. Lady Blanche was writing at her table, Mrs. Court-hope reading a novel and playing with her pug. He took his stand half unnoticed on the

hearth-rug. A wood fire was sparkling in the polished brass grate, fine as the morning was, and the pretty little room felt over warm. The heat drew out the scent of the flowers, of which there were a quantity. A great dish of white narcissus stood on a table near. Chichele stoop-ed and inhaled the rich perfume.

'I-er-want your permission to dine out, Blanche,'he said slowly, 'to-night.' 'Yes, dear, of course, why not?' she made answir, scarcely having understood him, and

'Dine out!' cried his sister, 'why? where,

"I have accepted an invitation to dinner at

statement. 'Chichele !' uttered both the ladies simul-

aneously. 'Yus!' he responded very deliberately, 'I

have taken quite a fancy to him. I met him out

She lifted the puz dog into her lapand pinched its

Dear Tippo, good fellow !' she purred caress-ingly. 'Chickele dear, would you hand me my book, that one in the wicker chair, the third

He moved towards the chair indicated, select-ed the book, and handed it to her. She turned its pages over aimlessly for a minute or two, then broke forth, 'Chichele, really, dear, after what you were told about this parish priest the other night, do you think you ought to go to dinner dear ?'

dinner, dear ?' 'Told about him the other night, eh ? What

was I told about him the other hight, en ? What of Barrettstown ? Are you at mortal feud, faction-fighting, eh, with old Father Paul ? Must I take the O'Malley side, and refuse hospitality

Dear boy, what nonsense ! Father Corroy is a most excellent creature. He took the part of

those poor children, those Mauleverers, against

connected with himself-I can't tell how. I am sure-and what has that got to do with your oining with him? Go, certainly. Ida, why should he not amuse himself?

every opport unity which presents itself."

He left the room as he spoke, casting from the door a mocking smile in his sister's direction,

which she encountered with a gaze of petulance

and disapprobation mingled. 'Blanche,' she said, after an interval of moody

silence, 'do you ever see those Mauleverer child

ren, as you call them ? "(No, I should like to, and I should like to do

something for them, poor things ! But you see their attitude is-well-so uncompromising. If

their aunt were only out of the way, I feel sure I could manage Father Conroy and the children

is, what can be done ? They maintain that they

are the legal heirs. They can't prove it-unfor-

tunately for them-fortunately for us. So-there you are ?'

'And so they just go on living in that queer

ivy-grown house on the other side of the river? Do you know then these children, as you call

them, consist of a couple of as handsome young

woman as I ever met in my life? If the boy is to match, the brood is troly unique. I had not time yesterday to tell you as much as I wished.' "Oh! nonsense !-why-well, I have not seen

them for years. I may almost say I have never seen them, for really I had merely a glumpse of

the creatures when I came here after our mar-riage six years ago. They promised to be tall,

recollect, and were extremely dark, almost

Mrs. Courthope smiled at Lady Blarche's ex-

'Six years makes a great deal of difference,

pressed disapproval of swarthy as opposed to

dearest. The young ladies' complexions are now beyond all reproach. The eldest is a great

tall creature, taller by some inches than Augusta Trefusis, and vasily better looking— regal looking, I assure you—I was perfectly estonished. I did not have time to describe

them fully to you; Chichelc, I recollect, in-terrupted us. They were gathering primoses in that clump of trees just above their house. I never was more astonished in life. The tallest,

the grown up girl, was the shyer of the two; the younger chattered quite confidently to Jack - spoke very well indeed. She has a quaint semi-foreign sort of accent, and that and her

brogue are exceedingly pretty. So was she-fine features, magnificent hair and great dark eyes with curling lashes. The elder one stood

quite still and silent, but to all appearance not

the least bit out of countenance. She is, or will be a magnificent creeture, and looks fully eighteen?

¹ Dear me,' sighed Lady Blanche. ¹ I hope they will both enter convents,' she added. after a pause. ¹ In their position good lool:4 are no benefit. Luckily they have Father Conroy. I am told he worships them, and he adopted them all. J don't really see what we can do. Tighe pays all their school fees, al-though they go to Roman Catholic schools, which is wonderful for him—I am much more

Wonder,' began Mrs. Courthope, 'if that 'Wonder,' began Mrs. Courthope, 'if that Father Courcy has not arranged a meeting be-tween Chichele and this girl to night. I have a

presentiment that there is some scheme under-neath this invitation to dinner."

She turned her keen eyes with a signifi-cant look which was utterly wasted on Lady

Blanche. 'Scheme ! Ida !' she repeated indolently.

What can you be thinking of? Quite un-

' Nous verrons, nous verrons,' reiterated Mrs.

ghteen,' 'Dear me,' sighed Lady Blanche. 'I hope

ike mulattoes.'

tair good locks

ighteen.'

All

likely l'

فالابيهانية التقر الإيرادية وكال

their tawny depths.

volume ?'

without raising her eyes from her letter.

Although she is too true a daughter to sav prevailing conventional ides, and health and

never did, and never could, make a really good one.

SOME IDEAL DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Along with the freedom afforded to the lower limbs by the shortening of the skir:e, must be considered also that accorded to the upper part of the body by the adoption of such dressos as the Gabrielle, Mother Hubbard, and what is popularly known as the "baby waist"-modes so simple and productive of so much comfort that even matrons have adopted them, with suitable modflica tions, for bouse-wear.

The Gubrielle, the ideal dress for little girls, approaches the "Princess," following the lines of the figure, but not so closely, as dces that well-known style.

The Mother Huobard, a plain skirt shirred on, a plain yoke, scarcely, in its simplicity, permits of even a loosely tied sach at the

walst. The "baby-waist," blouse-like in cfisct, with yoke, shirred fulness at breast and back, and broad belt, forms an agreeable contrast to the barque and similar close-fitting styles which are so unsuitable to children.

A PRACTICAL RESULT.

Now that the children's forms have been so far rescued from those persistent processes of disfiguroment that have held them in thrall so long, we naturally look for a correspondngly improved mental condition.

And we are not disappointed.

It is true little girls do not now knit their own stockings nor ply the needle in making and mending their own clothing as industriously as once they were taught to do. This may or may not be a mistake in our modern notions of training ; but a great deal of de-ightful loisure is acquired thereby that need not be spent in an unprofitable manner.

Healthful exercise-knitting and sawing are neither-can very well be allowed to fill up those early years. "The mild freshness of merning" rests on them. Let no one strive to brush it off. If the child be healthy and happy, and if driven too hard by work, he can be neither. the mother may be well docile a daughter as was everimade under the

system of restraint, inhibition and coerion.

MARIANA. _____

MADE ON PURPOSE.

We are taught that everything is made to fill some purpose. The reason Burdock Blood Bitters has succeeded in being placed in the front ranks of modern medicine is that it fills so well the purpose for which it was intended—that of ouring discusses of the stomach, liver and blood.

O'd Gent-Confound it, sir, that's my corn yon stepped on. Young tough-Course it is, old ohappie ; you wouldn't be kickin' so if is was anybody else s.

ON AN AVERAGE.

It is said that during the lifetime of the average man he will endure about 500 days sickness. The best way to reduce your average is to use Burdock Blood Bitters whonever the system requires a tonic regulating and cleansing medicine.

"SMELT LIKE A BAR-ROOM."

The young woman who determined to shame The young woman who determined to shame her husband by taking to tippling, says Neal's State Gazette, began operations on Wednesday by setting out an exceedingly vulgar, red-labelled bottle on the back parlor table in the most unostentatious way. About the hour her husband was expected home she took a good gulp of the liquor, and when she heard what she supposed to be his footsteps on the stoop she drank another finger of it, and, putting some more in her hand, rubbed it over her lipa. Then she fled up to her room to wait for him. She was intensely gratified by the consciousness that, as she expressed it, she "smelt like a bar-

To her surprise the door-bell rang, and room.' she went to the head of the stairs and peered over the rail to see who had come in place of her husband. It was her mother, her father and a Cousin or two from the country. The old lady spied her, and there was nothing

to do but come straight down and kiss and be be kissed all around. She was mortified, for her parents are very straight-laced, pious folks, and could not help but smell the gin with which she had perfumed herself so liberally. Worse still, while she was assisting her father to rid himself of the purposed the rest of the party filed seleme. of his overcoat the rest of the party filed solemn. ly into the presence of the red labelled bottle in the back room. Nothing was said about the oler of the bottle, and she was too proud to try to explain what looked so badly for her. She content, as she will in the end find that told her husband, however, and he was so im-the child so raised will be as dutiful and polite as to throw himself on the bed in convulsions of laughter. She was so angry that she threatened to leave him. "You can't," said the monster, "your folks would not receive you. The most they would do would be to put you in

the inebriate asylum."

CERTAIN CURE.

A cure for Cholera Morbus. A positive oure for this dangerous complaint, and for ll acute or chronic forms of bowel complaint incident to summer and fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Stawberry, to be procured from any druggist or medicine dealer.

One of the leading Anarchists in St. Louis is named Griefgrabber. A man with a name like that is quite likely to get what he grabs for when he goes into the anarchy business.

a tour of observation. She made her way down the drive to the entrance gates, and graciously accosted the woman from the lodge who came to open them

for her. 'Nice afternoon,' she said affably, standing still instead of passing through the gate. "Tis lovely, my lady,' replied the lodge

woman What a pretty lodge you have here,' she

said, noting with pleasure that it was situated in a deeply shaded corner of the wood, rather back from the gates, so that consequently the inhabitants had no view whatever of the road outside, and that she could take her observations IDSPPD

"The so, your ladyship,' was the answer, not too cordially given, for the lodge woman thoughs is a grievance that she was obliged to accritice her pig and hers for the sake of such more petti-

How many children have you ? What a nice little boy !'

A white-headed child had jus' ppeared at the

A white headed child had just provide at the door peeping slyly round the just of Deed he's in a great mess, my lady. I had no time this while to clean them at all, wid ex-pectin' the family home to the great house. How

pectra' the tamily home to the areat house. How many have I, is :t, my lady? I have five alive and three more of them in glory.' 'I suppose that means eight,' thought Mrs. Courthope. 'That is a large family,' she said aloud. 'And tell me, have you any neighbors? Who lives in the house by the chapel?' (The will be better Course it was indexhip.

'That will be Father Conroy's your ladyship means. There is no other house between this and Barrettstown."

'No other !' repeated Mrs. Courthope. 'Then what houses are there on the other side of the river ?

There is Quirke's the farmer that has all the grazing land, on the other side. His house is that long thatched cabin as you go down to the first bridge, my lady. I can just point it to you. She passed out as she spoke on to the gravelled circle before the gate, but Mrs. Courthope's even were not following her outstretched arm. She stepped outside after the woman, but she had turned her gaze to the opposite bank, and was

surveying the cluster of buildings there. 'What place is that now?' she questioned

airily. 'Dat, your ladyship-dat's de Fir House, and

de old mill-house it used to be.' 'Fir House, oh, indeed !' Mrs. Courthope put up her gold eye-glass, and surveyed the cdifice in question. 'Oh yes, and—who llves

The lodge woman's face assumed a very curious expression. had her questioner but seen it ; but she was too busy inspecting the roofs and gable-end of the Fir House. A sharp suspicious glance at Mrs. Courthope's countenance proved to her informant that the lady had a hook concealed among her questions, and this was it

"'Deed, my lady, thin, I don't rightly know, but 'tis triends of his reverence Father Conroy below that lives in Chapel House. De very first house it is, your ladyship, on dis side, round de hend. so it is

know !' she repeated to herself. and then this lapwing manœuvre to get me off to Father Conroy !'

not that I have any recourse there, or knows

Who? How do you know that?' he exclaimed.

"Oh. a boy with sticks! If I had not been in a hurry I should have heard a great deal

more. "Walsh,' said Mr. Courthope, " there has been

no onenear us all day !' 'Deed was there, sir—a chap pickin' sticks. He followed us all day, an' I could not get him

to go off.' He did not ask for anything, did he? 'Laws, no, sir ! All he wanted was to see the

sport.' 'After all,' remarked Mr. Courthope, 'he

prohably had nothing better to do.' She took her husband's arm and fell into step with him. Walsh strode on in advance with

the rod and basket. 'Hay !' ejaculated Mrs. Courthope suddenly. What have we here? Jack, look !'

He obeyed, and they saw among the trees closs to the edge of the path two black robed girls standing. One very tall, gracefully-built creature shrunk back a little on meeting the strangers' eyes, the other gazed at them, half shyly, but curious. They had been gathering primroses, and had their hands full. Mrs. Courthope slackened her pace, and

pulled her husband's sleeve to make him do 'What eyes !' she ejaculated below likewisa. her breath-' and the hair "

'Good evening !' she ventured, in her most silky voice, halting just in front of the two in-terasting strangers. 'Beautiful evening, is it nct?

Good ovening !' faintly responded the elder of the two, with a slight inclination forward of her head, after which it seemed to be more loftily carried, if possible, than before.

"You-er-belorg to Barrettstown? Do you live in the neighborhood?" She added the ques-tion a little awkwaroly, for a sudden thought had entered her mind, and was gradually suffus ing her whole consciousnes. These were-must be the Mauleverers. She was startled out of her self-possession, and the grave, reticent bear-ing of the two girls in no way contributed to re-Assure her. 'What a lovely place this is!' she hurried on

to say. 'The river is so beautiful. We have been fishing.' She was actually reddening. 'I hope you have had good sport,' said the

younger girl, sympathizing all of a sudden with the strange woman's embarrassment.

'Oh, yes ! capital-that is-Jack ?'

'Well, it has not been very markable,' said Well, If has not been very initiariable, shou Mr. Courthope, speaking in Gerbrude. 'I managed to get only one, and lost a twelve-pound or fourteen-pound fish inst below here.' 'I know,' said Gertrude impulsively. Her lovely topaz colored eyes lis , ed up and glis Then, meeting his a diring glance, she blushed vividly, and hung 'er head a litple.

The hole just at the upper bend. There is always a fish there.'

'Good evening,' said Mrs. Courthope now. Her husband litted his cap. 'Good evening !' replied toth girls, as grave-ly and unwillingly as at firsh, and they both turned their backs and walked in the contrary direction. In was near eleven o'clock; the sun was high in the heavens, and everything sesmed to be grow-

'Marion ! Marion !' sail Gertrude, 'was not that a beautiful dress? And was not he "'Ob, yes i capital-that is Jack?' 'Ob, yes i capital-that is Jack?' 'Well, it has not been very remarkable,' said Mr. Conrbhope, speaking to Gertrude. 'I man-aged to get only one, and l lost a twelve-pound or fourteen-pound lish just 'solow here,'

Mrs. Courthope laughed internally. ' Doesn't grow !' she repaated to herself. ' How Irish.

to Father Conroy ! 'I know,' she remarked a little sharply; 'bus what is the name of the family ! 'Well, my lady, to tell you the rale trut, there is a great many people lives in that house, or fourteen pound has had been impulsively. Her incor green. He turned round on reaching one ond of the terrace, and caught sight, as he did lovely topaz colored eyes lighted up and glistened. Then, meeting his admiring glance, she blushed vividly, and hung her head a little. Presently the new comer seemed to perceive

as well to mention the matter. 'Do you know,'she began, 'I think I have seen those-er-poor little creatures of whom we were speaking the other evening?' 'Lh, who, dear?' asked Lajy Blanche, who Since you give me leave, why not indeed ?' he replied, with his semi-iropic manner. 'I am studying this charming country, and grasp

was slightly drowsy. 'The Mauleverers, you know.' 'Uh, oh indeed ! You saw them. How did you recognize them ?'

Well, of course, it is a mere surmise, but I was walking up to meet Jack on the other bank, and close to Fir House-er-that old mill building, you know. I came on two young girls. One seemed to be about twelve, the other alder-about nerhans sixteen or so."

'She is nearly seventeen,' observed Lady Blanche, with a half sigh. 'Well ?'

'They were standing quite close to the path, plucking primroses, and 1-er-just said "Good evening.

'You have been speaking to them !' exclaimed Lady Blanche.

'H'm ! well, I just casually addressed them. They barely answered, I confess.'

Lady Blanche smiled a smile that said, Served you right !'

What is the eldest girl like ?'

'Oh, well, striking-looking certainly. Tall, yery slight, but promises to be a fine figure. Very pale oval face. The eyes were fine, parti cularly so. Jack quite raves about her. I prefer the sister my-Oh! Chichele you startled me. I had no idea you were in the room

"I have been in the room for at least six minutes. Ida, who is this person whom you describe in such hyperbolical terms? I really quite on fire to know who she can be. Blanche, tell me, is she coming to dinner to night, eh ?'

'Oh! that's a question indeed.' Lady Blanche jumped up and looked at the juny clock, 'Seven, half-past seven, though. Ida, Chich dear, let's all be off to dress. You can

bear the rest later on.' She hastened away. Mrs. Courthops rose to follow her. Chichele made a pretence of catch-

ing her dress as she pissed. Id, I say! I must know Ida, I shall not sleep al night unless I know.' She eluded his grasp and fled, pretending to

laugh as she went. 'What is up ?' said Tighe O'Malley, who at

that moment entered, and whom she passed. 'Oh ! everybody gone to dress, eh ? Chichele, where did you spend the day? Just as well you did not go fishing as it turned out. I rose one. That's my tale. Courthope, it seems, got a grilse and lost a fish.'

Better luck another time,' replied the youth sympathetically. 'I had a splendid walk, nearly got into a bog hole, and made the acquaintance of some of the aborigines—your parish priest among them."

What I Father Conroy ?'

'Yes, Father Conroy,' repeated Chichele, and he has asked me to dinner-that is to eay,

• You don't mean to say youn got interact ed Tighe, laughing loudly. • Rather 1 why not, pray ? Tighe burst into a fresh fit of laughter, then suddenly pulled out his watch, and went away to dress. Obiohele followed his example.

o dress. Chichele followed his example. Chichele was strolling up and down the ter-

ing and spreading itself in the warmth.

the leaves were larger; every flower was wider spread; the grass seemed a brighter and a richer green. He turned round on reaching one