WHITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

BOTTLE FED BABIES.

A Picture For a Dining Room-Beer Bottle vs. Milk Botile-Baby's Morning-Drive-Baby's Cunning Trick The Bottle Broken.

A PICTURE FOR A DINING ROOM

In a conspicuous corner of a certain dicingroom which I have seen hangs a framed engraving-German in name and treatmentrepresenting a cottage interior, the sad humility of the inmates and surroundings scarcely needing an interpreter to spell out for us the signs of the too evident cause of so much poverty and attendant misery.

But the artist seems to have thought other. wise, and places somewhat apart from the family group of the fair-haired elder sister with a little girl the one next herself in age on her knee, and the youngest, a bare-footed toddler, by her side, the figure of the house-father himself, a rugged speaking figure, standing on the broken floor of his ruined home, and in the scant light falling from its one curtained window, holding in his hand a bottle which he regards with a look of horror and loathing, and seems about to smash it on the hearth-stone near him.

unlit by any ray of hope, is on her countenance-the children cower, oven in their sister's comforting arm. Comfort she has for them, but who is to comfort her-who to save him ?

The mother has gone cut of the home. That is to be seen at a glance. Clinging arms, and supplicating tears and tender appeal are nowhere in the picture. The daughter sits in her place, drawing closely the frightened, shrinking children; too frightened, poor things, even to have a glance for the ducks that waddle in and out at the low

Yet there is a dawn-breaking somawhere on their future, though the daughter sees it not The mother sleeps—the father is awakened. The pale moon has gone down; but the strong sun has arisen, and out of the scene temptation and struggle that the artist has so well depicted we feel sure that the victory will be with the right, and that a better home-life is coming for those children

The taste which placed such an olequent temperance sermon as the picture just before the eyes of people, sitting to table, might be questioned by bon-vivants, who hate to have the enjoyment of their favorite "liquid refreshments" thus interfered with; but if, in any case, it acted as a deterrent to harmful Indulgen a, it was surely "the right thing in the right place," and the purpose of the artist was served.

BUER BOTTLE VS. MILK BOTTLE.

But I started out with the Intention of speaking of a different sort of bottle from the Teutonic beer bottle-to wit, a baby's milk bottle.

Such an innocent-looking arrangement, the glass fla.k with its flattened sides and long coils of white rubber tubing. The bottle is just as bright as nurse's hands can make it, or if baby's mother is "fidgety" she has attended to that part herself. Every particle of the milk the bottle held before has been removed, it has been scalded, and rinsed, and aired, and polished. It is a very nice bottle of Its kind , too, thick glass, well shaped, bears a fancy name blown in on the upper side, the latest thing in that line. The tubing is new-baby's mother attends to that tooshe buys it in lengths at the druggists and changes it every day with her own hands, burning the old ends of rubber, so that in no amount of haste can a careless nurse surreptitiously substitute one of these to save herself the trouble of looking for a new one.

BABY'S MORNING DRIVE.

And then when baby, sweet and fresh as a rose from his morning bath, is laid among his downy pillows, robed in all his fleecy belongings of lace and softest wool embroideries. how regally indifferent he is to the caresses lavished upon him and to the luxury of his little equipage, until he catches a glimpse of his cherished bottle, anugly nestled in beside him. Mother and nurse understand that look and make little pretences and delays to call it out with effect.

How canning and self-satisfied he looks when he has closed in the ivery button-feeder of his bottle, and drawing a deep sigh of relief prepares to forget the bitter experiences of the bath and the lengthened torture of dressing by dropping into a dozy sleep, as he is trundled off in his carriage to spend the hot forencon in the coolness and stade of park or square, lulled by the dreamy whispering of the winds among the tree-tops and the drowsy splashing of the fountains.

BABY'S CUNNING TRICK. When, at length, the little wheels come to a stand-still after long lines of dusty streets

have been traversed, in a lovely ferny spot under tall trees, and nurse, drawing out hook and thread, commences to disentangle her roll of crochet-work and chat with her girlacquaintances, who nod to her from the benches, baby makes a sudden lurch forward to recover the botton which has just dropped from his lips. He succeeds in capturing it in quite a clever manner, and puts it back in position with a settled gravity that disturbs the equanimity even of the practised nursegirls, and the peal of laughter that goes up aronses all the other baby charges, who, almost to a unit, repeat the same manguivre, to the admiration of their delighted audience. THE BOTTLE BROKEN.

Long ago the milk in baby's bottle had disappeared almost to the last drop, yet still baby goes threw the semblance of nussing. The bottle just on starting had slipped from its place under the white ruilled pillow, then over the pinked edge of the cashmere carriage rug and lay on top of the rug in the full glare of a hot July sun, and shook up and down as the little carriage jolted along over uneven wooden sidewalks or rattled over juggled povements. What wonder if the milk in the bottle and the milk in buby's stomach soured simultaneously? And what wonder if some dector, going on his busy round, and noticing with quick professional glance used to read the signs of pain, baby's contracted brows and restless movements, lifts up the offending bottle, coated inside with curds and with a few thin drops of whey settled as a residuum. and eyeing it as savagely and gloomily as the

to save the lives of those bottle-fed babies,' A SAD LOSS.

MARIANA,

house-father in the picture, pitches it with

its sour and clogged inches of tubing into the

road, anathemising, as he drives off, his own folly and that of his medical brethren for

striving in the face of such negligence at home

Loss of appetite and the attendant low spirits, duliness and debility, are of very friquent occurrence. Regulate the bowels an ! improve circulation and digestion by uing Bardock Blood Bitters whenever these symptoms are present

MY IRISH QUEEN.

They talk of the splendor of Yankee maids, In the ball-room their graceful glide; Right well are the words of the noble blades Who would cling to the Yankee side. But tender to me what my soul loves best, For I follow the fadeless green, Like sunlight and shadow, while I am blest

Luxurant tresses that court the breeze. And those eyes with their Spanish fire; Bright intellect roaming in perfect case O'er the land of the mind's desire. They are hers; she is lady of native art,
Like the sun is her smile, I ween,
What light is to day, to this hopeful heart
Is my beautiful Irish Queen.

With my beautiful Irish Queen.

When even all mirth takes its destined place, She is merry for genuine joy; When grief brings a tear to some kind one's

face. Her sorrow hath no alloy. She is true to her land, she is Nature's child, She would die for the deathless green; In sunlight and shadow, in calm or wild.

MAURICE C. DINEEN. Fort Covington, N.Y.

She's my beautiful Irish Queen.

WHITE HANDS.

I promised to tell you about the care of the

hands. Always remember that what is known as a "dead white" hand is undesirable, nothing as a that indicates ill health is beautiful. The hand should be white, with a flush of pink, showing through, especially at the finger tips. It should His eldest daughter, a woman hefore her be firm and well shaped and should be able to time, looks straight before her, resignation, grasp a friend's hand with a strong, cordial be firm and well shaped and should be able to pressure; above all, it should never have an air of helple-sness. After the finger tips have been held in hot water for a short time the nailshould be carefully trimmed with a pair of sharply-pointed scis-ors kept for the purpose. In shape the unil should resemble the half moon; the pointed style is bad form.

Tight sleeves, tight gloves and even tight corrects will make the hands red. Sometimes a close-fitting bracelet will have the same effect. One of the simplest and best methods of making the hands white is to moisten them well at night with glycerine or va-e ne and draw on a pair of cloves. This must be fone for many a night, and to stop, even for all tile while, may counteract the good effect of weks of care. Soft undressed kid gloves a best, and they may be purchased cheaply if o. chooses an unfashionble color. They must wat least two sizes too large, or they will do exactly what you are try-ing to prevent, cause the blood to rush to the hands. Why do I prefer vascline " liecause, my dear kitty, some skins are so sensitive that glycerine actually makes them brown and sometimes causes a painful cruption. If, however, glycerine has non tried with good re-sults, I prefer it to anything else, for, like the dear little girl in the nursery rhyme, "when it

is good it is very, very good."

I have been told of another quick method of whitening the hands, but I will not vouch for it. It is this: - Rub the hands well at night with almond oil, and then cover them over with as much fine chalk as they will take. In three days they will be white, it is claimed -Tea Table Talk.

IN DISPENSABLE.

"Il ... used D., Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remdies fail. I would not be without it in by house." Mrs T. Bail, Weigman, Out.

FASHION NOTES.

A loose loop of silver wire is quite the prettiest

of the new key rings. The most serviceable jeweled novelty is a silver parasol handle that opens at the top to

disclose a tan. The last sweet thing in perfumery is "Oso-weet," and the smell of it about one-half the

size of Jockey Club. Ecru guipure lace, with the pattern delicately outlined with gold, is used in Paris to trim

white cloth, Benealine or carpeline. The bonnets of silver braid are supposed to be worn out of compliment to the Prince-s of Wales

in this, the season of her silver wedding, One of the newest vests is of shirred tucks made by taking a length and a half of stuff, and after tucking with strong threads drawing them up to the proper shortness.

Mummy clott, made up mummy fashion, with banda of red or yellow and loopings and dragings that more than suggest cerements, is the latest effort of a daring London dressmaker.

A lace pin that was otherwise a cameo rosebud of the loveliest pink and white, would tempt any female human creature with a fine feeling for ornaments into coveting her neigh oor's goods.

The empire flower, set for wear at the swellest feativities, consists of a directory wreash, shoulder knot and bouquet, all of the same blo-soms and in tones that echo the hues of the costume.

BE PREPARED.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery and colic come anddenly in the night and the most speedy and promot means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is change of voice, accent, and manner irritated the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies him intensely. What was the meaning of it all? It never fails to cure or relieve. It never fails to oure or relieve.

ENCAVATE BABYLON.

Daniel Z. Noorian, of Newark, N. J., will be the important man in a party that is going to dig up the ruins of ancient Babylon next winter It will be the first party of Americans that ever set out to explore thoroughly one of the buried cities of old. He expects that the work will take four or five years, and much both in time and success will depend on the disposition of the Turkish government. Permission to put the pick and spade in the soil that covers Babylon has to be obtained first at Constanting le. All of the party, with the exception of Mr. Neorian, started for the orient on the steamer Fulda on June 23 Mr. Noorian will sail in the middle of August, and will join the party at Al-xand retta, where the journey in horseback will commence. The party that has already sailed consisted of Dr. John B. Peters, professor of consisted of Dr. John B. Peters, professor of Hebrew in the University of Pennsylvania, in charge; Dr. Harper, instructor of Assyrian at Yale College; J. D. Price, of the class of '88, Columbia College; J. H. Haynes, photographer, and H. P. Field, architect. They wi'l meet at Aleppo, four days' ride from Alexandretta, about October 1. All will then proceed on horseback through the mountains for six weeks with a carayan. A large for six weeks with a caravan. A large quantity of provisions will be taken along and each member of the party will be armed Arabs will be employed at 10 and 20 cents per day to do the excavating, and several hundred will be put to work. Picks, shovels and wheel-barrows are to be taken along. The territory between the Tigris and the Euphrates in Messopotamia abounds in buried cities, most of which are of biblical interest. Nearly one hundred have been discovered. Explorations will be made by the present party in entirely new places, and some important discoveries in archeological interest are looked for.

A registered letter came to Saccarappa Mc., the other day, directed to Joseph Lan dry. A ... there are three owners of that name in Saccarappa, each of whom was sure the letter was for him. The contest waxed warm and an interpretor was called in, before whom the respective reasons of the claimant were argued. Finally the letter was opened and found to contain -nothing but a small bill, which none of the three wanted,

They who at the outset count up too strict. ly the difficulties and accidents of an undertaking, or yield to fear too easily, will never ... accomplish anything great.

CHAPTER XII.-Continued. Then he abandoned thinking or definite mental action of any kind, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the lovely morning, and the land-scaps, which, although it was the fifth time that be had seen it during the past few days, seemed to present something fresh and strange. The buds were larger. The green trees seemed more opaque. It was not so easy to see the distant mountains through the branches of the eless and

BY MBS. HARTLEY.

beeches. There were more narcissus in blossom under the chestnuts, and the primares lighted up the recesses of the shrubbery with masses of blossom that grow paler and whiter in measure with the darkness of their surroundings. The dew glistened on the grass. The dark foliage of laurustinus and the cherry laure's shone in the sun, and the blackbirds and thrushes darted here and there on the mown selvages of the of the drives, picking up such reptiles as had

forgotten themselves over night.
'The early bird,' murmured Chichele Ansdale, as he noted a thrush gulp his trouvaille, and then pauce for a moment in the thoughtful manner peculiar to the species—'and the—the punc-tual worm. He can't possibly sing after that A moment or two brought them out of the gateway. He turned sideways on his seat so as

to look across the river. The great ivy-grown gate entrance seemed all shut up; the little sunk side door could not be seen. A whole crowd of susrrows were flying in and out of the ivy, chattering furiously. The garden wall had a fine crop of wail-flowers, and as they got turther away the tops of the fruit-trees, all covered with pink blossom, became visible, and the back windows of the upper rooms. There were no blinds or curtains to them, so he had all the view that was attainable. He fancied he could distinguish

what in the middle pane of one window.

'Who lives there?' he said suddenly, half in

with free there: he said studently, that in spite of himself, to the groom beside him.

'Mauleverers, sir.'

'Maulever, ch!' Then, after a pause, 'Is there a road by which one could go round about, say from the town over in that direction, and return to this point by the river—so?" de scribing a wide curve with his left arm which

was near the river. Yes, sir. You could cross the bridge and follow on the Limerick Read as far as you liked, and then cut across the fields to your right. The Limerick Road is high, and you can easy make your way to the river; you'll see it all the way. It is very dirty walking up there. You get on the low ground towards the bog.'

Hila! ob cryed Chichele, with a glance in the direction of his strong boots, expressive of self-gratmation. They were passing the Chapel House now

an extremely ugly, square shaped house, bald and bare as a barn, and stucceed all over, with a garden in front, which was all fresh-dug black swam: Untidy straggling hedges and ditches earth and not too neytly-kept grass, straggling drides the fields; last year's bracken still lingdown to the edge of the road. The chapel was a very large cut-stone editice, which looked very imposing against a background of the elms and sycamores, in whose branches a legion of crows hal made a colony. The graveyard lay on the side marest the town. Rank overgrown grass and weeds clustered round the headstones and crosses. A broad path led down the slope to the gate, and it showed distinct signs of preference by the chapel goers, as compared with the great gates

which stood hospitality open in the centre.

'Let me down at the bridge, Tighe, will you?'
said Mr. Ansdale, 'I want to cross over to the
Limerick Road.'

'Eh? I thought you were coming with us, observed Tighe, breaking off in a desertation to Mr. Courthope on the ineradicable affection and esteem of the Irish to: their landlords. He had repertedly called his attention to the respectful manner in which every one whom they had met since leaving the river gate had touched his

Mr. Anadale did not reply, and Tighe O'Malley resumed his discourse. As they passed Quin's shops the owner, warned of the advent of the dog- art by a long gr at the shop door, stepped on the side-path, and made an elaborate bow

Do you see that ?' said O'Malley exultingly. after replying with a but 'Morra! Quin, morra!' 'Now I hardly buy a thing from that man-nothing worth talking of, and ye you see how civil and re-pactful, quite cordial, his manners are. Then he put his right hand in his pocket to extract sixpences and coins for the beggars on the bridge, who, seeing him approach, were slaking out their rags to the best advantage, and putting on all their professionals airs and graces. Lord Cork began to cough with a violence that memaced the window-glass in his neighbourhood, and Andy Lehan stopped on ac ount of a wake at which he had assisted the previous night, and from the festivities of which he had by no means recovered, to assume an expression of face that only the Kuight of the Rueful Countenance could have rivalled. It was all acted. They were humbugging Tighe O'Malley and he was humbugging them. Both particular transfer.

ties knew it.

Lord Cork and his peers wanted the money, and know that O'Malley wanted to give it to them, that he was afraid of them, and stood in need of their good will. Courthope's instinct need of their good with Continuous institute scented something false, something forced, in the entire scene. Disgust superseded pity in his mind, as he noted Lord Cork's broad shoulders, and the activity of Andy, Peggy, Jimmy and the rest. Tighe' beggars' but not O'Malley's attitude.

The beggars advanced in a squad to meet the dog-cart; Poggy, heads in hand, well to the fore. Tighe was prepared for this manouvre, and launched his shower of so all silver. She caught one sixpence, and placed her flat red foot with great dexterity on another, contriving to keep it there until her worthy shouse, whose short sight prevented his catching the flying coins, was on all fours groping for the one or two pieces out of the shower of money which found their way to the ground. A indicious kick guided his attention aright, and Tight O'Mall sy obtained a good twelvepence worth of benisons from the worthy couple. Lord Cork's surly maledictions-he had got nothing-pos sibly counterbalanced the effect of them.

Crichele Ausdale, on his side, surveyed the scene with more interest than disgust. He had been in Naples during the winter, and the dress and manuers of these villagers rather recalled the scenes of the Chiaia. The men were wonderfully like, the same abandonment—pictures que, but not decent—of dress, the wild eyes, slouching attitudes, and melancholy faces.

'Where on earth do these people come from?
Are they hereditary beggars?' questioned Mr.

Courbhops.
'My dear fellow, I found them all here when I came. These are, as you see, old people; I could not pretend to trace their genesis. Mr. Courthope remarked to himself that there were a very large number of young beg-

gars mingled with the same patriarchs, and as he looked he became aware of a formidable battalion of half-naked children swarming acrosthe bridge from the lanes on the Limerick side.
'Have you no schools? It is eleven o'clock.'
'Oh, my dear Courthope, you are not in a

Church of England village now. You can go and see the schools if you want, but the people will be better pleased if you don's. I never interfere. Since that National school was opened I never set foot in it, although I am suppos ed to be manager-I leave it all to Father Paul. I gave them the ground to build on, just as I gave ground for their new chapel and their

our sing - ground.'
I say, Tighe,' said Chichele, 'will these aborigines devour me if I get down here? I confess they look dangerous.' 'Stuff!' returned Tighe, a little sharply. 'The

most harmless, amiable—

'Ta, ta, old man!' observed his guest, with a nod, as he jumped lightly to the ground.

The dog-care drove off, and Chichele took his way norms the river, carefully avoiding the way across the fiver, carefully avoiding that neighborhood of the groups of beggars who weatensting their eyes on the movelty of a weal-dressed prosperous-looking stranger. They did not ask for aims. Some little children held out glad to leave the squalor of the river-side cabins for the broad fresh campaign that opened wide Before long he had reached the osier field

that separated the Mauleverers' dwelling from the high-road. He recognized the house at once; the old lichen-grown garden wall that topped the ditch tank, with its flourishing crop of wall flowers, was lower on this side, and over the top of it was to be seen a great mass of blossoming fruit trees. Chichele thraw nway his cigur and slackened his pace. When he arrived at a gap in too ditch bank that bordered on the road he halted and scrutin-ized the stepping stones and the broken paling in the swamp. A sudden impulse seized him to follow this queer risky pathway through the osiers as far as the garden door in the wall. The door looked as if it were ajar. How deligious to have a ramble under the apple trees The smell of them must be perfect; he drew a long breath, endeavoring to trace their sweet influence in the air about him, but he could find nothing but the dank marshy odour of the willow swamp. The catkins were all cut. It was the year for cutting the osiers, and a pale red-dish glow covered all the lattice of rods. "Dars I or no?" questioned he, balancing

himself as if to spring to the second stone, but at that moment, fortunately for his dignity, his eye perceived a countryman approaching down the road. He was still some distance off. Chichele stood for a moment, then calmly regained the roadway—footpath there were none — and strolled onward as if such a wild idea had never entered his head. The countryman, a good looking young fellow, roughly but decently clad, civilly stepped outside him as he passed, raising his last as he did so with a civil 'Fine day, and a half nod that conveyed 'Sir,' although he did not say it.

'Very,' returned Chichele, and then—he could not belp it—'who lives in that house?'

indicating the only one in view. 'Mauleverers, sir.'
'Oh thank you. It is a curious-looking old

place. Er-who are the people? It is not a common name, is it ? 'A common name wouldn's answer them, was the reply in a curious tone, accompanied by

a sharp, distrustful look. Ah, really !' returned Chichele, who was anything but obtuse. 'Thanks; levely day,' and he strolled on unconcernedly. He was rather pleased than otherwise with the answer, rather pleased than otherwise with the answer, and yet for the life of him he could not have told why. He walked very slowly; nevertheless it was not long before the elms and chestnuts shut out all view of the house, and boggy fields, with the white wraith of last year's grasses yet standing tehind the new growth, succeeded to the new interesting areases of the last interesting areases. the more interesting expanse of pollard willows waving their catkins above the black pools of the

The ered by their sides, half choked by the hash lifice, growth of the brambles and wild rose bushes. Every ditch was full of fresh rain water. Turn which way he would, the sound of murmuring streams reached his ears. Deep cuttings at both sides carried off the water, which ran in channels under the road, and then through straggling down-sloping ditches across the bog to the river

bed.
'I wonder where that road leads to,' mused Chichele, stopping at the side road which led upwards round the hill to Ahearne's farm and the ruined Lambert's Castle.

'It looks as if it might have been somebody's

gate entrance once, added he, noting the solitary stone pier fallen and overthrown in the 'I shall follow this track and see it I do not discover some interesting ruin or other. The cart-track gave evidence of being freshly used. Fragments of straw and nay hung in the hedges, and through the haz-land thorn bushes he could see ploughed felds on both sides. a way from the high-road, turned. Almost that moment a voice fell on his ears, and at the same time he saw, mounted on top of a wail of loose stones, a girl who seemed to be in a state of

great excitement. She was calling loudly.

'Dou't, oh please don't! if he knocks you down you'll be hurt. It is dangerous, so it is indeed. O-o-o-oh!' she wailed. There was real terror in her voice. Chichele leaped through the hedge in a moment, and, unobserved by the occupant of the dike wall, reached it at a run and jumped up beside her just in time to witness

encient, who was chained by one leg to a stake driven in the ground, was making fierce charges us no less a person than-Chichele almost doubted his eyes—the vision, he had seen on the river-pank the day before, Miss Mauleverer

therself, none other.

Ooh! wasled the girl on the top of the wall again. 'He's breaking lose. The stake is pulling out of the ground. Miss Mauleverer, ou'll be killed.'

It was exactly as she said. The ram, whose short temper had been irritated by Miss Maul-everer purposely placing herself within reach of his horns and then drawing back just in time to avoid receiving their impact, had beme perfectly informted at this tantalizing, and the stake was giving way under his vigorous ups and jerks. Chichele leaped into the field netantly, and rushed across at the very moment that the stake yielded, which it did so suddenly that the bru'e lost his equilibrium and staggered o one side, mies ng m cons quence an obnerwise well-aimed butt at his tormentor. She too startled, lost her balance and fell. Chichele had the chain in one minute, and by main force held the animal back while she arrambled up the dike. He stuck the spike back in the hole, and with a stone from the wall hammered it down. Then he jumped right over the wall, not too mon, for his captive was evidently about to

transfer his attentions to hun.
'Oh, oh!' mouned Mary Ahearne, the girl who had been on the dike. She was now stand-ing in the field at the other side, and was deadly pale, and trembling as she cried, 'Miss Mauleverer, you had liked to be killed. That beast nearly killed a man where he came from Oh, are louly for you we were lost.'

Miss Muleverer descended from her alti-ture silently. She now turned towards her rescuer, and made as if to utter some formula of thanks, but her nerves failed her. She stood still trembling from head to foot for a moment, and then sank on her knees half unconscious and wholly powerless. Mary Absorns re-covered herself instantly and she and Chichele sprang at once to her as istance.

Are we near a house 2 he asked, addressing

and looking at Mary Abearne for the first time.
If she could have a glass of water. 'I don't want any,' Marion aid with a strong ort. 'Thank you—thank you!' She jamped eilort.

up and started back from him with one and the ame motion. The color came back to her cheeks 'Not at all,' he replied gravely, lifting his hat and moving back a little. 'I am glad to have been of any service.' He turned then to Mary Ahearne, and noticing that she had nothing on her head, concluded therefrom that she

vas at home or near home. 'That is evidently a danger out animal. Were you crossing the field? How .id you happen to cet over safe? 'Ho isn't dangerous,' she replied, fixing her

eyes on the ground, and esping them there, that is, if you don't go near him.' She looked reproachfully at her company n as she said this.

Oh I understand, then mat you did, said
Chichele, addressing Marion 'You defict him.'

'I did not defy him,' she did. 'I only tried.' Then she broke off, and tuned as if to walk away. Her companion pur herself in motion Chichele, as if automatically, followed

their example.
'What did you try to do?' he asked of Marion, but in reality questioning the other girl. Marion left her to answer, which she did is if under compulation.

convulsed, noted this.
'Only you came up she'd have been killed,'

'To run by him from one side to the other and back again,' said M rry Ahearne simply, and heaving a deep sig. Marion darted a look of half angry, wholly contemptuous, at the speaker.
Chichele, silent as the rave, but inwardly

Limerick R ad, and, moved more sestuatically than benevolently by the appeal in their almost young man noticed that they were full of tears. Invariably beautiful eyes, he tossed them a handful of coppers and strode away quickly, like a servant, he had just decided, only that her face was refined and sweet-looking, but she was no longer uninteresting. He glanced from her to the alim graceful back of his 'salvage,' as he internally styled her. She was in front of them. Internally asyled her. She was in front of them, holding herself very erect, and looking neither to the right nor left. They came to a gap in the hedge, the same through which he had entered. She turned round and addressing her friend said, "I think I shall go home now, Mary."

'Come up to the house, Miss Mauleverer do! and sit down for a while. I'm really obliged to you are a read Mary. Abselves, the same through a so in the same through a said to be seen the same through a said to be seen the same through a said to be seen through the same through a said to be seen through a said to be seen through the same through the same through which he had entered.

you, sir,' said Mary Abearne, turning again to the stranger, 'I am, indeed! What would we all de, only for you?' She began to cry in earnest now.

earnest now.
'Don't cry,' said Miss Mauleverer, 'Mary.
What is the use? I am all safe, and it won't
happen again, I promise you.' She went close
to the sympathetic Mary, and whispered some.

Good-bye for to day, she said then. 'I must go home.' Then she turned to the young man, and said, evidently with an effort, for she inwardly was very much ashamed of herself, 'I am very much obliged to you, and I am sorry for having been so foolish. I never thought any one would see me, and I just did it to tease her, indicating her companion. You have aved my life perhaps.'
There was not much gratitude in her voice or

mauner, and her face flushed as she spoke, till her clear olive skin was all suffused.

'That was quite an accident, I assure you,' he id. 'I heard cries for help, and as any one would do under similar circumstances, ran to see what was the matter. If, he added a little maliciously and laughing, 'you wish to repent the amusement, I would recommend you to make arrangements befor-hand.
'I am greatly obliged to you,' she returned

quite gravely, and ignoring his irony. Then she bowed slightly to him in a marked manner, sprang over the low dike, and out on to the boreen, where the hazels and hawthorns soon hid ner from sight. Chichele started; so sudden and unexpected had this movement been that he was taken completely unawarss. Since the previous day he had thought literally of nothing but his chance of again seeing her, and had resolved all manner of possible or impossible contingencies in his own mind wild stratagems for making her acquaint-auce—chance encounters, and opportunities skillfully improved. And here the most un-looked for, the most improbable and palpably heaven-sent accident had brought him to the actual realisation of his wildest dream. He had spoken to ner, he had touched her hand, he had saved her from being burt, saved her life, per haps—only a few minutes ago, and here she was gone. The sound of her feet on the stony roadway had actually died away in the distance. The tree stems and bushes had hidden her from his view long ago. A few minutes and the whole thing would be at an end—would be no more than something that had happened week, last year. A wild impulse seized him to brush Mary Ahearne out of his path, she was standing still in the same apot, crying and saying something which fell unheard and unheeded on his ears.—leap through the hedge, and fly down the hilly lane after his escaping prize. A look at his companion ferbade this. He checked himself with a strong effort, and

turned to her.
That was Miss — - ?' questioningly.

'Alias Mauleverer; yes, str.'
'Is she going home? Where does she live?'
'Just about half a mile from the town on thi side. You keep the road by the bog-side, and is takes you to a field of rallies, and it's house by the river where the Ousker's old mill is. Fir House they call it now. Oh, sir! it was God sent you out this way to-day.

'On, don't think anything about it, I beg of you, and don's consider the animal yonder to blame either. Good day! It is really nothing worth mentioning.' He raised his hat, and t her astonishment, instead of returning to the boreen, turned right round and crossed the field.

"I do hope that young person will take her-self off home," thought he, 'to the house she came out of. That cart-track winds so. I imagine it to be on the other side of the slope. The high road lies below on my right somewhere, and if I mistake not a very watery bog intervenes between me and it.' He stood for an instant as if ucupant of the dike-wall, reached it at a run to take account of where he was, is diumped up beside her just in time to witness a very extraordinary spectacle.

A ram, a big curly-horned wicked-looking the westward,

So he muttered to himself as he pushed his way through a blackthorn hedge. A couple of nesting birds flew with a wild squeal before his rude a sault of the bush that hid their domicile. A magpie rose from beside some sheep, and flapped with a malignant-sounding cackle till she rose in mid-air at last and made for a copse far up the hill-side. He was out of sight of the young person now, so be changed his measured gait to a rapid strice, which, by the time he had crossed another field became a more rapid run. The dead weeds, loaded with moisture. replashed and stained his leggings. His boots were loaded with stiff clay that in its turn formed a foundation for box stuff. Even his face was splashed, for in his mad headlong

exter he never stopped to look waere he se his fort, still downward he held his way. · I must-I will overtake her,' he murmured.

CHAPTER XIII. Mr. Courthope to ked all around about him deliberately while the dog-cart atopped to let

Chichele Ansdale get down.
'O'Malley.' he said, after a disgusted survey of the ragged cringing mob behind them, what is the meaning of allowing this? You have workhouses; why don's the police arrest these prople for begging, and take them before

the magistrate? begging, and take them before the magistrate? Take them up for begging, is it? exploded Tighe with a loud laugh. Man! they'd have to roof the seland in. It's the only recognized profession in Ireland. Go into the Four Courts in Dublin and look at them there. Deuce a bit of difference between them and these beggars, only they are a deal more mischievous. From the highest to the lowest are no for some one else if not tor ourselves? 'It's a for some one else if not tor ourselves? 'It's a out fine day," rays the Englishman; "let's go out and kill something." Says the Irishman, "It's a fine day; let's go out and beg for a place." The moment you have a visible means of earning your living, that moment you cease to be repectable. Take to the road, that's understood, you're somebody then.

Courthope, who was literal of thought and speech, looked at his host's face, as if to make sure that he was not being mystified. His ex-periance of O'Malley had inclined him to the opinion that that versatile person had always, when talking, one foot on sea and one on land. i.e., that he was always thinking more of the effect to be produced on the listener's mind than careful to present him with bare facts. he said nothing, and for a few minutes there

was silence.

I want to take you over as much of the property as possible before trying the river, and Tighe after a pause. 'I dareasy it would not interest Chichele—he'll amuse himself rambling about, but you, who are thirsting and hunger-ing after righteousness in the way of understanding Ireland-have a chance now-before

you attack the sulmon.'
'I'm all attention,' said Courthops in a not

very sanguine tone.
'Look to the right here,' said Tighe, pulling up the horse, There is the reclaimed ground!

Now my plan is this. Two hundred and fifty acres of that land has been made recently. give a man two or four, perhaps five, acres of this swamp rent free—maind you, absolutely, rent free for a couple of years. He builds a house—you see the kind of cabin it is. The neighbours collect and dig scraws—big square sods of bether and bog stuff. Mud walls are run win a couple of hours. up in a couple of hours. I never refuse a bit of timber for the roof, the scraws are laid on over the rafters, and there you have a house! A gallon of whiskey is his entire outlay!

All I can say is, I would not suffer such a thing on my estate, would not allow a fowl-house to be built in such a way! Where did these wretches come from in the beginning, asked Mr. Courthope. The cabins look old.

their hands as he descended the slope of the continued Mary Abearne. She looked for the built in such a way that in a year's time they billion such a way that in a years time they look all alike. They have not a particle of tate. The low Irish are quite destitute of all notion of beauty—have not the runotest particle of artistic sentiment. Those cabins are exactly of artistic sentiment. Those cabins are exactly the same as they were perhaps six hundred years ago. They never want to impreve themselves. Now, observe this land we are pussing here; that was all swamp. My method of reclamation was this. That piece, see, from this mudiwall down to the ploughed faid which we'll come to research is now. see, from this muc. wall down to the ploughed field, which we'll come to presently, is now remted at five hundred a year. I marked it all out in atripes, and gave a stripe to every one who chose to ack for it—reut free—do you see, rent free, for a couple of years. They were only too glad to get it. Then I gave them wood for their house.

You did not build the houses? It is not the

'Not at all ! no one ever does that here. I gave them, as I was saying, wood for their houses; a party of fellows would collect together, cut scraws, that is to say, a great iquare piece two feet long, two broad, off the surface of the bog; then the sticks laid across and the across on ton the houses and attentions. surface of the bog; then the sticks laid across and the scraws on top, the boulders and stones collected off the hard ground a little higher up, laid on top to keep down the scraws. Why! I have seen a house like that, pointing to a cabin, it he roof of which was spronting green like a meadow, 'built in a couple of hours. Then they drained and limed and fenced the ground. The first year it would grow a crop of potatoes, the tirst year it would grow a crop of potatoes, the second year maybe rye grass, and then, of course, the rent began.'

I daremy! but tell me this. How does the tenant support himself? He spends a couple of years reclaiming this ground; what feed, and clothes him in the meantime?

Oh lyou know the women and children do the great part of the work. The men go to England for six, sometimes ten months in the year, and a few drills of potatoes feed them. And as fast as they have the land fit to bear-created—they are put ou', and you let it to somebody else.

'Pooh, Curthope! They are begging for allouents of the bog and swamp every day on these terms.'

'What rent do you get for those farms made

from this reclaimed ground?'

'It varies! I get two pounds ten for some you see this land is close to the town; it runfrom five shillings up to three pounds an acre. Too high, I should say ; I would not pay the half of it.'

'You say these farms are over-rented, Courthope."
Yes; I can only get thirty shillings an acre and fifteen shillings for far better land.

Tight smiled broadly in the enquiring face of his friend.

'You English will insist on comparing Ireland to other countries. I tell you, Courthope, once more, that you must accept facts as they are, and not seek to explain them by comparison with foreign countries. Suppose you had a form to let, and that Smith Hered you fifteen shillings an acre for it, and a lump sum in hand may be, equal to the fee simple, and that imme diately after, or simultaneously with bis off r. Brown offered thirty shillings an acre, and the aforesaid lump sum, or as much again, for the same farm, and that Robinson bid over him me which of them you would give the farm to.'

Courthops looked at him for a minute. Surely that is a preposterous or an extreme

*Of course it is only an illustration of the principle on which dealings in lind are con ducted here. They don't as a rule bid an advance of one hundred per cent, over each other, but they bid against each other heavily. Take for instance the Redhill farm, above there on the slope; it is fifty Irish acres, and the rent is two pounds five per acre. It is good land, and the hense is what they call a good one. The lease of that farm will be out in a year, and the tenant wants it renewed, offering eight hundred

And of course getting it at a reduced rate?'
No such thing! A shopkeeper from Durbantown will give a thousand, and it is a queer thing to me if I don't have twelve hundred offered yet for a new lease.

Did you improve the land? Have you supplied manure, or built the house? Never laid out a copper on the place in my life, nor my predecessor either. They will give any money for land in this country; they don't care to invest in anything else. They get only one and a half per cent. in the bank. It's a chance but that cattle-feeding will pay bet-

They first of all agree to pay a rent which is exorbitant.'
But,' interrupted Tighe, 'which they fix

themselves. 'Yes,' accepted the other, resuming; 'and then compete with each other in adding as much as fifty per cent to this rent, and throwing away their capital altogether.'

'Just so; you have it in a nutshell now,' and Tighe fixed his strong white teeth in a fresh

cizar, smiling once more as he did so, but this time in a slightly diff-rent manner. They drove along in a lence for a while. Mr.

Courthops's face expressed bewilderment and disenst. · flow in the world can these people live in such claces! exclaimed he. Look at that cabin! The manure heap before the door, the

couse surr sunded by a lake of filth, ugh !' house surr unded by a lake of filth, ugh!'

'They have neither taste, sentiment, nor
postry in their composition,' observed
O'Malley. 'Oh, I can tell you, I know them
all to the bone, and a more hard-headed, grasping lot dou't exist. A marriage is just a hard
and fast borgain. Now, to give you an example
that farm of mine—above on the back of the bill about five miles from this—Lambert's Castle. The man who has that, Ahearne, has three children; his eldest boy gets the farm. He has but one boy, and the two girls will be married off to a brace of fellows who each want four hundred and is willing to take a wife along with it. There is not a vestige of romance in the business. A professional matchmaker in the town, knowing that young Luke has made it up with a girl in Waterford and must clear the house of his sisters before he can morry, sends, as the phrase goes, an account of a match from Tom or Jack anybody-Capel. I believe the bride's name is-and having agreed as to the figure of the girl's 'ot, the thing is done

in a trice.'
'What do you mean by saying that the sou gets the farm?"
'His father gives it up to him when he mar-

ries, teserving a share of the house and the produce—ridge of potatoes, another of turnips, the grass of a cow. It's a most curious custom, but, like the rest of their customs, works very well. The girls get their share. The son buys out his sister's intereet; the girls marry, and their fortunes buy out their sisters in law, and so

'I heard from what you say that the capital is never put in the land, and from the state of the land and poor character of the stock I consider the farming is of a bad and backward sort. O'Malley! look at the water lying in the ridges there, and the forn and sedge growing in these pastures! Surely you don't call that properly-kep5 ground ?"

'No, I don't; but so long as they pay I have no reason to complain. I may mention this, that in no country in the world is farming less understood than it is here. The farmors are the

most ignorant class in the country.'

Have you not the national schools?' 'Yes, but they are Government schools, and, of course, unpopular. Everything the Government meddles with here is somehow a failu You English cannot understand the Iron, that's all that's about it. There's Thady with the fishing gear beyond. Now, we'll fish down the river and towards the Lamerick Road

Courthope acquiesced, feeling that he had not been much solightened as to the customs which O'Mal ey had described. He could see that they were wrong-headed, and from his point of view senseless; but O'Malley's attitude was puzzling, he condemned them and approved them as it were in the same breath. Courthops began to think that the landlord and the tenants were (qually ignorant and preverse.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marion's nerves, notwithstanding her assump-The cabins are not old. You see, they are tion of indifference, had been severely shaken.