#### NOB THE TRUE WITNESS.]

### HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

A Ride on a Street-Car-Cutching the Wrong Car-Waiting for the Next One —Along the Track—Getting Off.

CATCHING THE WRONG CAR.

"There goes our car !" "The blue car ?"

"No, the red one."

"What a worry. It is a closed one

COURS. " I like the open ones; but one can't wait half an hour till another comes along,' No. I should think not. We must run for it as it is."

After a breathless race of half a block or so, we succeed in capturing our car, only to find when snugly sealed and just at the critical moment of depositing the fare that we are on the wrong car after all, as this one turns down a distant street "miles and miles" away from our destination.

The guard is politely tolerant of our mis-take, the driver expostulative, and things come to a standstill again, our whole party, consisting of three or four uncomfortable indisembark, feeling considerably cheapened in their own estimation as to their martness.

WAITING FOR THE NEXT ONE.

Strolling laieurely along the busy street, alternately looking in the shop windows, and scanning the distance for the familiar "whitetop," one of our party catches sight of the talismanic word "coffee" inscribed in one of the windows storessid, and suddenly remembers that unless the present opportunity is embraced of replacing the household supply of that article, the breakfast table next morn ing will be without its most pleasantly suggestive aroma.

"I'll just step in here, while we're waiting, and get some coffee."

The clerk is nothing if not agreeable, promises to have the package ready before car goes past, the big brown beans are ground meanwhile informing his wondering lady of the bonds of discipline and having altc-customer which of the twenty-five cent gether too much of their own way. fancy articles lying about in rich profusion she may become the fortunate possessor of in the firm's calebrated tess.

Meanwhile the shopping epidemic has spread, and the light weight of the party disappears into a bustle factory to enquire the price of a corset on exhibition big enough to fit Barnum's giantess.

But our friend of the tea-store has his honor at stake in seeing that his customer does not miss her car, so the party of which these are the stragglers get their car, this time the right one, and open-seated too.

ALONG THE TRACK. Now for real comfort-now for real pleasure-for are we not going home-going home and taking with us what will make those at home glad.

Toys and candies for the toddlers, books and flowers, and music and a few other trifles for the older ones. The half-acknowledged longings for years have been satisfied in a few simple purchases that may be carried in one's lap without discommoding one in the least.

How freshly the trees smell after that light sun-shower an hour or so ago ! The coolness and quiet of morning seems almost yet to be on everything as we speed along.

The stately residence in the midst of apa cious grounds, the protty cottage homes with their flower plots and shade-trees and grassy lawns—we knew them all by heart long ago and we welcome and recognize each as the face of an old friend that we are glad to look on again.

Now the air is growing fresher and cooler, yet we are getting out almost in the green fields at last. But even yet shaded side-

Still we fly along-passengers enter and et in our round again, own happy thoughts.

So long as we are home before the night comes down, all is well. And one thing you

may be sure of, GETTING OFF.

With so many pleasant sights to see, and with the dear home meeting in prospect, we do not criticise our fellow-passengers too severely. I really can't for the life of me remember how the young lady on the front seat had her hair done up, or whether the jersey she wore was plain or braided. I don't suppose it matters much anyway, for a street car is scarcely a place to study style, even were one so disposed, and-

"\_\_\_ Avenue," calls out the watchful guard. We make a dive for our precious bundles,

gather them and our ourselves up, and thank you, dear reader, for your company on our street car ride.

## BACK TO SCHOOL.

Now that the summer holidays are over and gone, and the children, the little ones at least, are at school again, it may not be an altogether profittess mental exercise for parents to consider seriously a few matters that are almost certain to claim attention from them at this season.

First of all there is the undeniable fact that It is with a feeling of relief and satisfaction that even the tenderest of mothers closes the front door behind her after she has despatched her little band to the toils and triumphs of which the school-room is the

Back of this lies another truth of too often

little realized significance.
While the child dances off to school full of eager anticipation, and undaunted by the prospect of confinement and study, refreshed and invigorated by the wild liberty so lately enjoyed, the mother owns reluctantly to a sense of exhaustlon, now that the strain of two long months is removed and halis the return of the opening school term which shall remove her young charge or charges from her care for some four or five hours at least of a busy day. "Did you know that school opens on the-th?" enquires an anxlous elder sister, mother and sister both to a helpless orphan brood, and whose responsibilities have placed her while yet in malden-

hood among the matrons. "Yes, indeed. I was not likely to forget it. Does it not seem a blessed relief to get the children off to school again?" This time it is the mother of five as rosy, romping youngsters as ever were at once the pride and the despair of a maternal heart, that speaks "Well, you see Mrs. B—— the case is different with you. Your children are obliged to do what you tell them, while I have very little authority over mine. I often think if mother could see how they run about and what company they are sure to get in if I leave them to themselves for ever so short a time, it would make her feel so sad. I am so thankful when the holidays are nearly over that they have all escaped without broken bones and without any other serious accident, that, I assure you, I do not mind to much the fitting out for school, the order ing and planning of the school suits, but rather rejoice that we have the boys and girls to fill them."..

that you admired so much last Tuesday, and we shall both puzzle it out and out one the CODERTY, THE same as it for your Maud."

And the energetic mother of five, ashamed of the tears that will come into her honest grey eyes, comes abruptly to a halt before a meat and vegetable "market" and enquires with some acerbity in her tones the price the best pickling pears, and also rates the goodhumored shopman soundly for having omitted sending her Friday's fish until some of his other customers had had the refusal of it and it was too stale for use.

TOO LONG VACATIONS.

The school closing looked forward so eagerly to last June and longed for so ardently by the younger students was succeeded by a brief

season of unencumbered galety. Home and the resources it offered were soon exhausted by the more reckless. To this succeeded the wild liberty of the streets in the majority of cases. Needless to say the influences were not improving, as such outside influences seldom are. Beside the great danger of accidents, resulting from their own carelessness and from the negligence of others, kept their relatives in constant terror. Every year a number of the deaths from drowning occurring during the period covered by the summer holidays, are of pupils from theseveral schools, and very seldom indeed a large public school re-opens for the full term with its usual complement of scholars, in some cases, not a few startling vacancies are to be

If the parents are in the habit of taking the usual summer outing, now so almost universally looked upon as the correct thing to do both for houlth and enjoyment, not to speak of appearances, of course the little people of the family are greatly benefitted thereby.

The ennul and the vicious tendencies sure to be festered by idleness and negligence can have no better antidote than fresh sir, healthful exercise, and plenty of it.

If the summer trip is of short duration the boys are thrown back again on the streets for amusement and pastime, and not un-frequently get into serious trouble both at and neatly parcelled in paper, the tea clerk home and abroad from too great a locsening

Girls, too, especially those of a restless temperament, who can only be held in check and should she decide on investing twenty dollars | control by the strict regulations of school-life, with no love for study, rather with a strong dislike to reading, and with a determined antipathy to making themselves useful at home, not only find holiday time a time of misery, but often do contrive to make it such or the quieter members of the household.

Parents often complain that the vacations are too long; but how can the grisvance be remedied ?

The nervous strain on teachers is so great that it must be released for a lengthened period. The health of children demands that there should be rest and variety in their

But the wearing strain of managing yourg, restlese and thoughtless creatures presses very heavily upon the parents in comequence. DEFECTS OF THE FARMING-OUT SYSTEM.

Some parents and guardians have striven, usually with signal success, an far as lifting a heavy burthen and responsibility from their shoulders, to solve the difficulty of tiding over the summer holidays in the best man-ner, by a sort of "farming out" system.

If the country consin was not ferthcoming with his big hay cart and big patient plodding plough team, an acquaintance might be struck up on the market or elsewhere with some good natured farmer, who might be induced by skilful management to load up with young ones of the family on his homeward trip and to consent to let them over run his farm, his crops, his horses, and sverything that is his.

But some day the farmer tires of all this, discovers that it doesn't pay, loads up again and deposits his precious freight on the paterstreet and mountain background shut in the nal door-step, pockets his own injured feelings and a goodly roll of bills, and departs to be seen no more till summer holidays come

> parents are looking ruefully on their hopeful offspring so unceremoniously returned upon their hands, they find that the grand plan has not been so very good after all.

> Not only has suit after suit of good clothes been destrived beyond possibility of repair, but countenances have been coarsened, manners grossly neglected, and the rudest ideas of etiquetto prevail at the dinner table.

It is deplorable to see how easily, in the case of children, the careful training of years in the amenities and decencies of life may be lost by a few weeks association with people to whom such observances mean nothing but the emptiest affectation.

## IN THE OLDEN TIME AND NOW.

If the word of the school-boys and schoolgirls of other and earlier days be taken as to the conveniences and advantages enjoyed in the former times, their successors in the school-room have much to be thankful for, in better methods of teaching, better teachers, better buildings and grounds, not to speak of improved sanitary arrangements; for it is a well-known fact that "sanitation" was to all intents and purposes a dead letter then.

It might serve as an eye-opener to some of our young people now attending school if they could see the school-houses of long ago, and compare the lofty-celled and noble spartments in which they receive instruction with the low, narrow and dark rooms in which those who went before them were trained.

It might also have the effect of making them grateful for the diligent pains taken by parents and teachers in their behalf could they but know by actual experience of the methods pursued and axioms taught and practiced by parents and teachers in the long

# A MOTHER'S VALUE.

MARIANA.

AND THE REMORSE THAT IS SURE TO COME TO A WAYWABD SON.

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was the yearning cry repeated. "If I could only see my mother!" The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a freeh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasut to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he did not seem to mind boolly discomfort. His eyes were far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry: " If I could only see my mothwhen you come to die you will remember this.' Oh, if I could only see my mother!" He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him. Boys, be good to your mother.

The street railway companies do not furnish "Poor ohild. You are doing your best much entertainment en their lines, but the line over the pattern of Edith's sacque no question that they draw the orowd. much entertalement on their lines, but there's English parson's son, and knew well that no Eng-no question that they draw the orowd.

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BY MRS. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER XXVI .- (Continued.)

He was an agreeable sort of man, and possess ed an accomplishment or two which served him in good stead in North Cork. He could play the banjo and the piano both with a whistled obligate. Lady Blanche had a poor opinion of him, though he industriously collected all the interesting items of news in the neighbour-bood for her. He was just a thought too subservient of manner; she often comparations him in her own mind to one of the professional poor in the town—the same anxiety to please. the same inveterate habit of presenting the agreeable angle of things. She looked at him now over the top of her fan, and recognised this idiosyncrasy in full play. The sub-inspector

idiosyncrasy in full play. The sub-inspector with his Irish facility had diagnosed Courthops precisely, and, laying it on thick, was dilating on the 'state of the country.'

'I say,' began Chichele, 'do you really think this is a crisis? What interests are they that are involved? Surely these ignorant unarmed prople don't dream of upsetting the Government! Are they all mad?'

ment! Are they all mad?' 'My dear sir, it is a question I should not like to answer. The Irish'—the speaker was Irish himself—'are fanciful enough, mad enough for auything. This much I can say, no one's life is

safe just now.' Do you mean that a rising is imminent?

'Agaiu ?' The sub-inspector had predicted so many risings that he did not like to make a definite assertion, so he contented himself with saying that raids for arms were being made on gentle men's houses, and, in most cases with success, that large importations of weapons of warfare had come to his knowledge recently. Peter Quin had conveyed to him intelligence of some barrels of rifles which, labell d American flour, had been sent to a general shot keeper in a mountain village. Chichele intened with a feeling half of amuse ment, half of surprise. It was difficult to reconcile these al : m-laden tales with the sight of the people whom he had lett an honr ago. As for the drill party, he thought of the Jew's harper and burst out laughing, they were not to be taken seriously. A band of poachers was infinitely more important, taken all round.

'Do you know of the drilling at night, and-' he suddenly bethought himself of Godfrey and stopped—when you succeed in catching the fellows engaged in it how are they punished?" 'If there was martial law,' repeated the sub-

inspector, and I wish there were, we could make shart work of the fellows. As it is, they are locked up, and at the assizes will no doubt get twenty years penal servitude, or life sentences. Chicaele shuddered.

'It depends very much on what we know against them.' continued the sub-inspector. 'To my mind they ought to be led out and shot in batches at once. Much in rea merciful way of treating them!' Captaia Marchmont, to whom all this was no naws, had drawn a little aside with Tighe O'Mall-y, and was giving him an account of the

approaching wedding at Lambert's Castle. The Ahearnes are marrying the son to a girl from Waterford; she is said to have fifteen huzdred. Weil! put it at a thousand,—and the daughter is to be married to Harry Capel of Larkabill. They are giving her three hundred or two-fifty, and the eldest girl is to enter the convent, and get a dowry, I suppose, of equal

amount. 'By Jove!' ejaculated Tighe, 'and the place all in dilapication. I say, Courthops, just listen to this, will you? You saw the farmhouse at Lambert's Castle-the miserable little shanty, you called it. Well! imagine the man who holds that place from me on a lease which expires next year giving his daughter five hundred

\*Five hundred between them, corrected Capt. Marchment. 'One is to marry a young farmer who has a sister and a father and mother to support. The slaters have a lien on the farm-practically all the children share equally, daugh ers and sone slike. This can only be paid off by his finding a wife with a dowry enough to discharge these claims. This accomplished, hus-bands are soon forthcoming on the same terms, most likely, for the sisters

'And what becomes of the father and mother !' They give up the farm to the young couple, retaining a room, a cow, a plot of potatoes, and divars other little matters. B

divers other little matters, and ——

'And all quarrel ever after,' supplied O'Malley with a grin. 'I say, Marchmont!' he added,
'You know I never thought much of Ahearne as a tenant. That lease is expiring row, and don's think I shall accept him as a tenant.'
'He is prepared to pay a fine,' observed the

ngent. 'Of course there are plenty of people in want of farms; there always are. Mrs. Cadogan at the post office would gladly offer a price for a lease. She would not like to bid against Ahearne, to whom I promised the renewal. 'You did I' exclaimed Tighe.

'Yes, a year or two ago. He came to me at the office wish his rent, and I promised him the renewal, telling bim, of course, that he must expect to pay a fine.

Did you name the amount of the fine?' questioned Tighe O'Malley.

'I told him he need not expect to get it for

'You did? Eh, well I can tell you I think
Lambert's Castle worth more than that.'

'Worth?' echoed Captain Marchmot.

Why, look at Ahearne giving his daughters fortunes, and the son marrying a large fortune. Oh yes! they can afford more than that. They have some of the best land on the estate. 'And some of the worst; and they have im-proved the land, added the agent, who now began to watch O'Malley's face, seeking therein for a sign which he expected to find, to wit, an indication of an offer made by some one else behind Ahearne's back.' Captain Marchmont knew Tighe's insatiable need of money, and indeed so did other people, in Barrettstown as well as beyond it. Quin the shopkeeper, a Gombeen man, had an appetite for laud as keen as that of Tighe O'Malley for pleasure. Marchmont had been favored with many and diverse hints from him of late concerning the Ahearnes and their affairs. To all these he had turned a deaf ear; but on that very day as he was coming home by the Limerick Road he had met Quin and his wife on their way to Lambert's Castle, and Quin had asked a 'few words speech' with him. Captain Marchmont recollected with discount the principle service. lected with disgust the cringing servils manner of the Gombeen man, standing hat in hand beside his horse.

Whatever the Ahearnes offer for the place I will give above them,' he had said. 'I have a fancy for that farm of land,' were the old wretch's words.

He made him no answer beyond a curt nod. The agent wondered to himself now, as he looked at Tighe's face, if Quin, who no doubt was aware that there was a promise him as agent and the Ahearnes, had gone straight to Tighe O'Malley. This last, however, would have let out the fact; he was impolitic and indecrees to a degree, and knew this of himself well enough, although he called his own failings by very different Captain Marchmont felt convinced names. Captain Marchmont felt convinced that Abearne's chance of the lease was a grieving cry: "It was a by, a bible in his er!" An old sailor sat by, a bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was anxious to see his mother, whom he had a strong feeling of respect, to carry away any false it as. Ahearne had held wilfully left. "Oh! that's the reason," he oried in anguish. I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me? 'My son, was running out, it was not to Ahearne's interest to offer bemptations to outsiders. Tighe O'Malley was doing no more than any poor one indeed. His promise counted for interest to offer temptations to outsiders.
Tighe O'Malley was doing no more than any
one else in his position. The farm had increased
in value sints his predecessor in the estate
had hased it to Luke Ahearne, Land
everywhere had gone up. Three pounds an
acre, good and bad, was, the rent of acre, good and bad, was the rent of Lambert's Captle. Captain Marchmont was an

blast rent, even minus the heavy fine exacted for the privilege of paying the same rent. Of late years, though, he had ceased to draw comparisons, even in his own mind. His wife often told him that he was becoming Irish, to which he invariably replied that he was trying to do so. O'Malley was embrassed for money; and Quin, partly urged by a desire to hold land, and in part, the agent suspected, moved by sheer malignity, might be looked upon as the future holder of Lambert's Castle.

Do these people know the penalty of—eh—their extraordinary doings, recellion, and the rest of it? Chichele spoke, addressing the police officer.

'Oh yes! no doubt of it!' replied this last. There was a general move now. It was time to reign for the night. All the guests, even the diarchments, were to sleep in the house. It was not safe to drive home even with a police

What do they mean? What is the reason they rebel? saked Chichele.
'Original sinfulness,' replied Tighe with a conviction, almost if he believed what he was

CHAPTER XXVII.

Long before Judy, who indeed made a long pause on the way back, had returned from con-veying the young English gentleman by the short cut through the beg, a good number of the guests had departed. The Cadogans, mother and daughter—Jim had vanished an hour before led the van with Peter Quin and his wife. Father Paul followed with Gertrude, who clung to his arm, for although she laughed at Kitty Macan's stories in the daylight, she was genumacan's spories in the daying, she was genu-inely afraid of the 'good people,' they affected her after dark. Miss Johnston joined the townspeople, who walked on in a body a little in advance of Father Paul and his party. This was done purposely to show the r respect to him and sense of their own inferiority, and it was to bridge over this gulf that the pri-st's housekeeper condescendingly attached herself to the Cadogans. Honor Quin, who had her purpose to serve, lingered behind, and by degrees contrived to place herself beside Marien and to induce the latter to slack her pace.

Marion scarcely answered the remarks which Miss Quin chose to offer, which were at first commonplace enough. She was walking in a kind of dream; Chichele was beside her in spirit; she felt his hand bold here; his voice was in her ears. The same sweet income of the young grass in the meadows was still present as when she was with him in the garden walk. The tribute of the spring was in all the air; from the hedges at either side of the roadway came the sweet promise of the hawthen buds; the pale austere primrotes that shrunk away among the brown fronds of last year's lady-fern, loosed a timid fragrant mess go on the night air; the little rivuest seemed to carry it, as it ran babbling and muttering from stone to stone in the deep gully beside the path. She could scarcely believe that he was gone; his very voice was ringing in her ears still; his foot scemed to tread the ground in ucison wi h hers.

Honor Quin ceased talking, and walked along sullenly close behind Marion, broading how best to make the attack which she meditated. She cherished at that moment the most withering contempt for her, and every now and again she laughed silently to herself, into with the keenest enjoyment, at the prospect of Miss Mauleverer's approaching awakening to a sense of the realities of life as Honor Quin saw them. That elegant 50 ing gentleman of hers, what a chance she had of him! A shadow picture of what the divined must be passing through her com panion's mind had presented steelt to Honor Quin's imagination, a limited though vivid one and she laughed with such scornful goodwill that she forgot the need for caution and allowed a chuckle to escape her.

Marion turned round. Miss Quin was stoop ing low, pretending that her shoe hurt her.
'What?' asked Miss Mauleverer, star 'What?' asked Miss Maul-verer, startled down to earth again. 'Did you say suything?
'No,' returned the other, '12 was nothing. These shoes of mine-weary on them-are naw. They were drawing near to the osier field now Kitty Macan was waiting at the gap for her mistress. A far-off glimmer of a lanthorn be-tokened her presence. Honor Quin determined

to make her move at once.
What an elegant-looking young gentleman that was Father Conroy brought up.'
Marion's ear caught the ironical tone at once.

Her heart began to beat quicker.

'Very different to Allstone, who comes for the fishing every summer. He is a plain business man in London, though!' continued Henor Quin with a vitriolic distinctness.

Allstone was a London tailor, who rented the

fishing in the summer season.
That young gentleman is go when his uncle dies—you have heard dat, Miss—a long pause—'Maulever.' Honor Quin was so preoccupied that she lapsed into the vernacular of North Cork. She waited a minute to take breath, then changing her tone to a higher but even more significant one, There is nothing but weddings going these times. I suppose Hallow-even won's see a girl left in the place but Mary Cadogan and myself.'
She had sont her weapon home, rude and

clumsy as it was. Marion's heart seemed to stand still, then to throb violently. She felt her face glow and tingle with anger and indig-nation. Kitty Macan's lanthorn performed an eccentric dance in the air before her eyes. How she kept her feet she knew not, for her head reeled, but she commanded herself by a strong effort, and offered not a single comment to Honor Quin's audacious insolence. She walked on steadily and quietly; her hands were clenched, and the lips close passed Miss Quin, though triumphant, was in the alarmed, and when they reached the beacon Kitty was holding out, she stepped aside as though to keep out of Miss Mauleverer's way. She might have saved herself the trouble, for no notice whatever was taken of her. Gertrude took leave of Father Paul, and started across the field leaping from stone to stone in the dark with perfect confidence. Marion stroked his sleeve by way of adieu, and without addressing a word or look to Honor Quin, followed her sister somewhat more sedately. Kitty, bringing up the rear with the lanthorn, shambled after them, looking in the darkness like a great awkward glowworm, blind and boggled with its

own brilliancy. Quickly as Gerbrude had sped her way over the swampy ground, Marion overtook, distanced, and passed before her into the

garden.
'I am not coming to prayers to-night. I am going to my room. Gertrude, tell Aunt Ju for me, 'she said, as she ran and vanished in the gloom of the garden. Gertrude, afraid to walk alone among the trees, stood at the door until Kitty arrived. This she did present ly; the candle in the lanthorn was burned out and dying, with hardly a flicker of its light remaining. Kitty was excessively cross at having garden. maining. Kitty was excessively cross at having maining. Kitty was excessively cross at having been kept waiting so long at the gap, and scolded vigorously all the time. She was consumed with curiosity to hear everything about the festivities, and making sure that Marion had hastened on to see her aunt, and give her an account of the evening, and that she was losing all the important details, she scurried over the garden, trampling even across the complete of schheese, followed closely by her own bed of cabbages, followed closely by Gertrude, who, as she ran, kept throwing ner cons glances over her shoulder and amongst the

Kitty Macan was disappointed. Marion was not to be seen, but Gertrude gave a brilliant account of everything—chronicled all the guess, or, at all events, all their names—she knew no

And, Aunt Ju, that English gentleman, Mr. Ansdale, ah! you know—that handsome, beautiful young man, Mr. Ansdale, who came to see you he was there."

you he was there.

Aliss D'Arcy was sitting bolt upright in her chair listening with the keenest interest. 'He was there! Gertrude, you mistake surely!'

Julet's black eyes were wide open with astonishment. 'Gertrude, you are dreaming, child!

Mr. Anedale, Tighe O'Maley's guest! Lady

Mr. Anedale, Tighe O'Malley's guest! Lady Blanche's cousin at Ahearne's! This was true enough. Bitter tongued and Blanche's cousin at Ahearne's! This was true enough. Bitter tongued and purverse as Jim Cadogan undinttedly was, he was like the rest, more generous toan just. 'An' now,' pursued Tony, 'I'll ged six mouths' notice to quit, myself an' my long tamily—oh, wirra! wirra! Tony took oh! it was really delightful. Easte Rooney was the girl, and she danced a jig on a door with a policeman. Jury Foote played splendid—

There is more of us that way, I'm thicking,

They dear may and the

ly. Aunt Ju, it was perfectly beautiful. I said the farmer who had spoken before,

must learn to cance a jig!'
'Oh, gracious!' exclaimed Kitty Macan and do you tell me dat Essie Rooney went dere, and she Luke's old sweetheart and all— and she marrit to-day at the ten o'clock mass with Tom Moriarity? Well now! you would tink she'd have more pride dan go to Luke's party, unless maybe she did it to show how little she cared about him. Dat will be it—she had always a great spirit, dat little girl.'

'And do you say that Mr. Ansdale was there?

What brought him there? repeated Miss Juliet. Que fait-it dans cette galère? Hand me the pok. Kitty ! we must have prayers at once. Begin now, kneel down, Gertrude. In the name Upatairs in the silence and darkness of her

own room, like some wounded creature that has retired to suffer unseen, Marion sobbed and cried with a bitterness that was new to her. Honor Quin's detestable speech had worked like an evil charm upon her. The old wound gaped again and stung with a new pang. Honor Quin's voice, the tone and sneer with which it was loaded had been worse than the mode. Maxion there ed had been worse than the words. Marion knew but too well what the wicked malignant creature meant. She was taunting her with her unfortunate position, jibing and making a mock of her, and she was powerless, helpless to defend herself. What answer had she to make? 'And as it was with Honor Quin, so it would be with the world, and Marion, between her sobs; there was no hope, no way out of it. And—and, Chichele —ahe said his name as he had bade her—'he too would know it, he too would abandon and scorn her.' She threw herself in a passion of grief and anger, face downward, on a couch, and the gray light of the May dawn saw her there, exhausted and worn, and filled with the dlackest despair.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

If Judy's loud-mouthed warning had startled the drilling-party, its effect upon another not-

turnal gathering in the vincility had not been a whit less marked.

Sitting huddled together in a ditch were a party of ten men. Jim Cadegan, Tom the shop-boy from Quin's, Tony Devoy the labourer, and a few more, represented Barret: stown and its immediate environs, and prominent among these was Codfrey, though not, at the precise moment. was Godfrey, though not at the precise moment that Judy's exclamation rent the welkin. had just then stepped out of the hiding-place occupied by the council, to deliver some message to the American soldier Fenlon, who was drilling the men on the plateau of the mound. was at that very moment that Chichele had recognised the lad's slender silhouette sgainst

the sky. Every one effaced himself as speedily as might be, but before Chichele and his guide could have proceeded much more than twenty yards downhill, Jim Cadogan, who was lying face down under a heather knoll, became aware of some

one pushing his souldier gently.

'Mr. Cadogan, Mr. Cadogan, sir! It is only
the gentleman from Tighe O'Malley's dat Judy from above dere is showing down to de road

Dey's gone.'
The speaker, needless to relate, was the musi cian. His rad hair was standing all on end, and his eyes glowed in the dark like those of some wild animal.

'You young devil!' was Jim Cardogan's

prompt response, as he sat up and looked around him. Why didn't you see them coming, and tell us? What sort of a sentinel are you? Let me hear one more word; of that Jew's harp of yours, and I'll fling you and it into the river b gether. Begone this minute! Whit! whit whew-we-we!' he whistled in imitation of a cur lew. Hardly had the sound ceased when the farze thickets and the bushes seemed to move and the dispersed conclave ressembled as quickly and quietly as it had scattered.

The deliberations of the council were resume at the very point at which they had been inter-rupted; the members were indeed well accustomed to these irregularities of procedure.

'The way of it is this,' said a farmer, who seemed to take up the lapsed thread of an argument at the point where it had dropped; it is not Marchmont's doing. He's English, the creature, and no bad fellow.

But I tell you he is, burst in Tony Devoy, who had been for some time trying in vain to get a hearing, and had now seized his opportunity, 'Listen to this all of ye! Marchmont "How are you thinking to bring up all those children in dis town—to be beggars like these creatures on de bridge wall, or half starved like yourself and Molly!"—"God is good," said the "Look here, Devoy," said he, "O'Malley will give you ten pounds to go out of dis dogbole of give you ten pounds to go out of dis dogbole of a place, and that English gentleman "—I forget what he called him—" will give you five pounds, for I have spoken to him about you, and I my-self will give you five more if you will leave and go to Canada with all dose fine children, and give dem," see he, "a chanch to live." Now? Tony Davoy was easierly watching the receivion his recital met with. He had not made u, his mind how to deal with the offer, which was in truth a piece of gannino benevolence on the part of the agent. And was afraid to decide wit out saking the approval of the neighbours. Tony felt in his own soul, which was kindly enough that Marshmont's offer was well intentioned but with the moral cowardice bred of the hide-ous social system under which he lived, he did not dare to any yes or no without first seeking a sufficient body of sympathisers to back him up

in one or the other course.

It was too dark to see the faces of the council. but he strained his ears to catch the first comment. It came after a pause, and from one of his best patrons and friends.

its best patrons and friends,
'Twenty pounds!' ejaculated Cardogan.
'Well!' cried Mat, 'and what did you say?'
'Say! echoed Tony, who was still feeling
its way. 'I swore my toul if he did not leave

his way. 'I swore my soul if he did not leave my place, I'd take my hand to him. Mally, the fool she is, began to cry and run after him, and told him not to mind me; dat I didn's mean what I sed. Ho! ho! Tony laughed so loudly at this silly idea of hiswife's that his next-door neighbor shoved him roughly by way of warning.
'Ay!'sneared Cadogan; 'I know the whole

thing, bays The Ecglish visitor is a member of Paliament, and Tighe O'Malley was shamed by what remarks he passed on the cabins on the estate. Tom Mooney, that helps in the stables, heard the English grooms grinning and jouring over everything, and goin over all they heard said upstairs, and O'Malley persuading them all it was the people had no taste—"He wouldn't interfere; if he built a dairy, they'd keep the

pig in it." 'Did he ever go the length of try-ing, I wonder?'
'Ay, ay! we have no taste,' sneered Mat also, only more bitterly than Cadogan. 'The roof is fis to come down at our place over here. Would Luke or his father renew it to have him raise the rent on us when the lease falls in? He'd like them to repair the place—we all know that.

'An' if Tighe an' the rest of them made up twenty pounds for Tony Devoy to get him out of the cabin, they were working their own point in that too. I heard Peter Quin say Tighe was starving to get rid of paying rates on all the cabins. Old Mauleverer did the same thing— cleared all he could after the famine to save paying rates. He used to pay ten and twenry pounds to a man to go out of the place.' This

was from Tom the shopboy.

Ay, so! but Marchmont was given five pounds for nothing—for charity, and the strange gentleman too ! 'Charity l' snarled Cadogan, 'charity indeed!

Every one has their own point to work when they give charity, and you need think nothing else-to save their own souls if it's the next world they are thinking of, or make off som-thing for themselves if it is this. Charity—pah, that's played out! 'Played out or not, observed Tony stolidly,

'could I live, only the neighbors are good? Deed, Mr. Osdogan, you don't hold your hand neither when you see a creature but up wid hunger.' Tony had now made up his mind to refure the agent's offer.
This was true enough. Bitter tongued and

it is

said the larmer who had spoken before. Sone one is offering behind me for my place. It paying swo-fifteen an acre, good and bad, for it but if Tighe O'Malley can get three pound at acre I'm done.'

'Who is it will give three pound an acre in

your farm? asked a voice in the darkness.
'I don's know—may be plenty, may be no one!
was the sullen reply. 'I'll have a life for the
place if I have to leave it.' A fearful curse, a
malignant of sound as meaning, followed the
As if he had worked himself up to a pitch of
form the speaker turned pay to the Commend. fury, the speaker turned next to the Commodon Fenlon and shook him. 'What are you doing for us, taking our money, and drilling and marching and wasting our time! En? you Yankee humbug! Am I to be ruined and lost before the eyes of the world? Ain's I willing o fight? Eh? eh'

Fenlon resigned himself passively in the gram of this irate martyr. fury, the speaker turned next to the Commodo

f this irate martyr.

The country ought to rise for your behalf Daly. I allow you have attended drill; but what keeps everything back is this apat Luke Ahearne never comes now at all. Hi marrying a fortune, has all he wants, and so the

rest may go to ruin. Take care it does not come back to him!

'Begob!' said Mat the faithful, 'bis easy to you to talk that hasn't your old father and mother depending out of you, and sisters to ge settled out either. I see Luke doin' nothing only the heathe can and 'bis well anguell' anguel.

settled out either. I see Luke doin' nothing only the best he can, and 'tis well enough know only the best he can, and 'tis well enough know 'tis not himself he is plasin'.

'I grant you all that,' replied the Commodor questly. 'But I left a good way of living in America and came over here to free this comparty. What do I find? Only self-secking and selfishness. Not a farmer hardly supporting the selfishness. Not a farmer hardly supporting the cause—everything left to boys and these laboring men like Devoy here. It is heartbreaking to me. I don't say they are cowards, but they are spiritless, crouching and slavering before agents and landlords instead of rising like free men for their rights. You never will see—

'Will I shoot O'Malley, eh? burst in Tony Devoy, jumping to his feet under the influence of the words which his excitement would not allow him to listen longer to. 'Never say it twice. Fenlon! I'll rid the lend to the second to the second to the control of the words which his excitement would not allow him to listen longer to. 'Never say it

allow him to listen longer to. 'Never say it twice, Fenlon! I'll rid the land of him and word!'
Stop, Tony, sit down, you fool, you !'ordered

Cadogan. 'If the rest had your spirit, man,' resumed the Commodore, 'we'd have seized Limerick by this overcome the soldiers, and got their name.' 'Arms!' said a voice from some distance, 'O'Malley has a lot of splendid guns. Why not

go for them some night before——.'

'Yes, and frighten him—if it was nothing else,' said Mat bitterly. He was thinking districted Luke, of his chagrin and disappointments. He held Tighe O'Malley accountable for tall, and longed to take some reference or after nonand longed to take some revenge or other upon him,

Fenlon thought for a few minutes, then spoke Fenlon thought for a few minutes, then spoke. We will do what we said about Lees Castle-attack it early in the right, and as soon as the constabulary have all gone off there, or the bulk of them, pay a call on Barrettstown, fall in mathe back of the house; there is a fine cover of evergreens just below the drawing rooms. 'I don't care to go frighten those ladies,' said some one.

some one,
'No, begeb' said Tony heartly; he had greated the Commodore's plan with a whoold gratification, but he was most chivalrous to the sex, and the mention of the ladies cooled hims

once.

'We are not going to hurt the women,' observed Faulon. 'We will take the gum. If the men resist us they'll take the corsequence, You have orders now,' he added changing his tone sharply. Will it be to-morrow-night, Commoder.

'Who is asking? Eh? I don't know the voice' was the reply of the leader.
'Mr. Mauleverer!' answered a couple of room together.
I beg your pardon. No, not to morrow night

I am going to Cork to-morrow to meet the steamer from—from Bristol, he added, after hesitating pause. 'I'll send you word—the me change of the moon at the latest.' 'Godfrey !' whispered Jim Cadogan, 'Below we go I have just one word to say to you. Make me no answer. Don't pretend you heard me What is that young gentleman from O'Mailen

doing walking with your sister? They we seen in the garden of the Castle. What bron him up here at all! If he is seen with you as your people you'll be suspected! Not a wa! now. You are warned, that's all,' Some resutling near hand startled them con and checked the explosion that rose to Godfen lips. It proved to be nothing, but while the were still holding their breaths listening with auxiety, the warning cry of a night owl sounded. Whist! cried Tom the shappoy. There

whistles sounding over by the boreen. Whis! whist! L'eslers !' ca'led the musician, who had also his warning to heart. 'Peelers coming up ha He struck his head over the did. the town!

and caught Cadogan's collar.
'Join on to the people goin' home from habert's Castle,' ordered Fenlon, who had day peared into and now reappeared out of the darkness suddenly. 'The last of them are ing down the boreen. Now, boys, disperie the minute; this way, after me.'

He imitated the cry of a bird in answer, is loud enough for the nearest sentinel to hear all.

pass on the signal, then took to his heels il advance of his regiment, and reached the carrack in time to fall in with the loiterers of the Castle Lambert party, with whom they juice themselves, and passed the patrol without the carract of the patrol without the carract of th question. All save one.

Godfrey remained behind lying quietly in the dry ditch until the rustle and tramping had died away and not a sound broke the stillness of the air Then he jumped up, and turning his face round towards the town set of midly across the bog. Even in the dark he knew the ground. His practised feet found the right tufts of sedge, knew where the atones were, even when nearly covered with the black big water. By many a treacherous pit, through many a slumy morass, Godfrey's humor conducted him until he reached a sloping part of the ground,
where he stood for a moment irresolute. He
took off his cap, and let the pure cool air play
on his feverish face, and lift the crisp wet cath of his hair. The moon had set, and the star shone clear overhead. Not a light betrayed the existence of Barrettstown, which lay near enough now. The woods of the demeans forced a black silent mass beyond it. Even the revellers were sleeping; not a dog's bark broke the stillness not as much as the chirp of some dreaming wi bird broke the nocturnal silence of the bog.

bird broke the nocturnal silence of the bog. Godfrey knew exactly the path to take, is the high-road lay straight below him now. He had only to cross it, and the gap and the ois field led him straight into the Quaker's hous. But he also knew of another path leading to place of infinitely greater attractions to his For nearly a quarter of an hour he stood ban headed under the stars, deliberating, musing them he turned his back towards home, as truck straight into the opposite direction. He left the law ground and crossed the hill desire the stars of the control of the control of the control of the control of the law ground and crossed the hill desired to the control of the I struck straight into the opposite direction. If left the low ground, and crossed the hill, is scended the other side, and following a stroyist in the heather, found himself ere long inform of a ruined abandoned cabin. Half the rother fallen in, and only one wall was intact; the was no difficulty of ingress. Goffreg step over a heap of stones, and struck a match egain a dry portion of the wall. Then he lighted candle, which he dress from a hiding plant. struck straight into the opposite direction. a dry portion of the wall. Then he lighted candle, which he drew from a hidist has familiar to himself, then say cown on slow semi-couch formed of heather branches. Also a minute or two he stratched out his long limb tossed back his hat, and folded both arms behind head.

At that noment a creeping silent figure glisup to the wall of the runed cabin, and creeping on fours drew near, noiselessly, breathless to the broken wall. It was the same man what followed Fenion and his regiment and Council of Ten to the boreen, but who is hidden among the bushes, and returned to Godfrey Mauleverer across the bug home. Go frey had given him a long tramp, but he now to have his reward.

After a rest of not more than a quarter of After a rest of not more than a quaterol hour, the apy, lying on one ground united, the boy sit up, and moved a soon in the headed the heather to d. the pun in all This contained attempt, papers to concusted and a built bag. He we ched every moves jealously; noted the manner in which it wrapped, the order of its co come, as the