

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

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

"There goes our car!" "The blue car." "No, the red one."

"What a worry. It is a closed one of course."

"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 seated 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 mistake, the driver expostulates, and things come to a standstill again, our whole party, consisting of three or four uncomfortable individuals disembark, feeling considerably cheapened in their own estimation as to their smartness.

Waiting for the next one. Strolling leisurely along the busy street, alternately looking in the shop windows, and scanning the distance for the familiar "whit-top," one of our party catches sight of the tall, thin man in a top hat, and suddenly remembers that unless a present opportunity is seized of replacing the household supply of that article, the breakfast table next morning 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 and neatly parcelled in paper, the tea clerk meanwhile informing his wondering lady customer which of the twenty-five cent fancy articles lying about in rich profusion she may become the fortunate possessor of should she decide on investing twenty dollars in the firm's celebrated teas.

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

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.

Now for real comfort—now for real pleasure—for we are 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 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 spacious grounds, the pretty 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 sidewalk and mountain background shut in the woods.

Still we fly along—passengers enter and depart—we don't mind them much, lost in our 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,

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, 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 profane 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 tolls and triumphs of which the school-room is the scene.

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 exhaustion, now that the strain of two long months is removed, and while still 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 this?" enquires an anxious older sister, mother and sister both to a helpless orphan brood, and whose responsibilities have placed her while yet in maidenhood among the matrons.

"Yes, indeed. I was not likely to forget it. Do I 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 at least some broken bones and without any other serious accident, that I assure you, I do not mind so much the fitting out of school, the ordering and planning of the school-days, but rather rejoice that we have the boys and girls to fill them."

"Poor child. You are doing your best. I'll bring over the pattern of Edith's sequae

that you admired so much last Tuesday, and we shall both puzzle it out and cut one the same as it is 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 good-humored 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 unremembered idleness.

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 due to pupils from these several 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 seen.

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 health and enjoyment, not to speak of appearance, of course the little people of the family are greatly benefitted thereby.

The ennu and the vicious tendencies are to be fostered by idleness and negligence can have no better antidote than fresh air, 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 unfrequently get into serious trouble both at home and abroad from too great a loosening of the bonds of discipline and having altogether too much of their own way.

Girls, too, especially those of a restless temperament, who can only be held in check and 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 idleness, but often do contrived to make it such for the quieter members of the household.

Parents often complain that the vacations are too long; but how can the grievance 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 lives.

But the wearing strain of managing young, restless and thoughtless creatures presses very heavily upon the parents in consequence.

DEFECTS OF THE FARMING-OUT SYSTEM. Some parents and guardians have striven, usually with signal success, as far as lifting a heavy burden and responsibility from their shoulders, to solve the difficulty of finding during the summer holidays in the best manner, by a sort of "farming out" system.

If the country cottage was not forthcoming with his big country 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 everything 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 paternal door-step, pockets his own injured feelings and a goodly roll of bills, and departs to be seen no more till summer holidays come round again.

As soon as he has departed, and while the parents are looking ruefully on their hopeful offspring so unceremoniously returned upon their hands, they find that the grand plan has not only been very good after all.

Not only has suit after suit of good clothes been destroyed beyond possibility of repair, but countenances have been coarsened, manners grossly neglected, and the rudest ideas of etiquette 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 simplest affectations.

IN THE OLDEN TIME AND NOW. If the word of the school-boys and school-girls 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-ceiled and noble apartments 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 ago.

MARIANA. A MOTHER'S VALUE. AND THE REMORSE THAT IS SURE TO COME TO A WAYWARD 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 fresh 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 fainting. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he did not seem to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes were far away, and even and anon broke forth that grieving cry: "If I could only see my mother!" 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 willingly left. "Oh! that's the reason," he cried 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, when you come to die you will remember me.' 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 much entertainment for their lines, but there's no question that they draw the crowd.

GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HARTLEY. CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

He was an agreeable sort of man, and possessed a good deal of the same old-fashioned good sense in North Cork. He could play the banjo and the piano both with a whistled obligato. Lady Blanche had a poor opinion of him, though he industriously collected all the interesting items of news in the neighbourhood for her. He was just a thought too subservient of manner, she often complained. He was not one of the professional poor in the town—the same anxiety to please, the same invariable habit of presenting the agreeable angle of things. She looked at him now over the top of her fan, and recognized this idiosyncrasy in full play. The sub-inspector with his Irish facility had diagnosed Conroy's precisely, said, 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 unarméd people don't dream of upsetting the Government! Are they all mad?"

"My dear sir, it is a question I should not like to answer. The Irish—the speaker was likely to be sudden in his own mad enough for anything. 'This much I can say, no one's life is safe just now.'"

"Do you mean that a rising is imminent?"

"Again?"

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 risks for arms were being made on gentlemen's houses, and, in most cases, with success. But 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, labelled American flour, had been sent to a general store-keeper in a mountain village. Chichele felt that a calling halt might be made at any moment. It was difficult to reconcile these all-maden tales with the sight of the people whom he had left an hour 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 poschers was infinitely more important, taken all round.

"Do you know," he said, "I have heard—and he suddenly turned to himself of Godfrey and stopped—when you succeed in catching the fellows—enacted in it how are they punished?"

"If there was martial law," repeated the sub-inspector, "and I wish there were, we could make short work of the fellows. As it is, they are locked up, and at the assizes will do six to twenty years penal servitude, or life sentence."

"Chichele shuddered. 'It depends very much on what we know against them,' continued the sub-inspector. 'To my mind they ought to be shot and shot in batches at once. Much more merciful way of treating them!'

Capitain Marchmont, to whom all this was no news, but a little aside with Tighe O'Malley, 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 hundred. Well! I put it at a thousand,—and the daughter is to be married to Harry Capel of Lissibilly. They are giving her three hundred pounds, and the other girl, who is to be married, and get a dowry, I suppose, of equal amount."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Tighe, "and the place all in dilapidation. I say, Conroy, 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 pounds!"

"Five hundred between them," corrected Cap. Marchmont. "One is to marry a young farmer who has a sister and a father and mother to support. The sisters have a lien on the farm—practically all the children share equally, daughters and sons alike. This can only be paid off by his finding a wife with money enough to buy some of the best land on the estate. This is a very good thing, and 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 divers other little matters, and—"

"And all quarrel ever after," supplied O'Malley with a grin. "Say, Marchmont, he added, 'You know I have thought much of Ahearnes as a tenant. That lease is expiring now, and I don't think I shall accept him as a tenant.'"

"He is prepared to pay a fine," observed the agent. "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, of course, to go against Ahearnes, when she admitted the renewal."

"You did?" exclaimed Tighe.

"Yes, a year or two ago. He came to me at the office with his rent, and I promised him the renewal, telling him, 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 I need not expect to get it for less than seven-fifty."

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

"Worth?" echoed Cap. Marchmont.

"Why, look at Ahearnes giving his daughters fortunes, and the son marrying a large fortune. Oh yes! they can afford more than that. There have some of the best land on the estate. And some of the worst; and they have improved 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 Ahearnes' back." Cap. Marchmont knew Tighe's insatiable need of money, and indeed so did other people in the neighbourhood. O'Malley and Tighe, the man who kept the shop, a Gomben man, had an appetite for land 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" he had met Tighe O'Malley and Tighe on their way to Lambert's Castle, and Quin had asked a few words' worth with him. Cap. Marchmont recollected with disgust the original servile manner of the Gomben man, standing by hand 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 between him as agent and the Ahearnes, had gone straight to Tighe and told him the fact; he was impulsive and indiscreet to a degree, and knew this of himself well enough, although he called his own failings by very different names. Cap. Marchmont felt convinced that Ahearnes' choice of the lease was a poor one indeed. His promise counted for nothing, as he had allowed old Ahearnes, whom he had a strong feeling of respect, to carry away any strange lease. Ahearnes had held Lambert's Castle for thirty years, and had built the house and out-houses. They were badly and cheaply built, of course, and were now in a state of disrepair, in fact, and in a state of dilapidation. Naturally, seeing that the lease was running out, it was not to Ahearnes' 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 since his predecessor in the estate had leased it to Luke Ahearnes. Land everywhere had gone up. Three pounds an acre, good land, was now the price. Cap. Marchmont was an Englishman's son, and knew well that no English farmer could consider the land worth half

as much, 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, so which he invariably replied that he was trying to do so. O'Malley was asked for money; and Quin, plainly urged by desire to hold land, and to take 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—their extraordinary doings, rebellion, and the rest of it?" Chichele spoke, addressing the police officer.

"You need no doubt of it!" replied this last. "There was a general move now. It was time to retire for the night. All the guests, even the Marchmonts, were to sleep in the house. It was not safe to drive home even with a police escort."

"What do they mean? What is the reason they rebel against Chichele?"

"The signal sinfulness," replied Tighe with a conviction, almost if he believed what he was saying.

CHAPTER XXVII. Long before Judy, who indeed made a long pause on the way back, had returned from conveying the young English gentleman by the short cut through the bog, 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 Chichele although she laughed at Kitty Macan's stories in the daylight, she was genuinely afraid of the "good people," they affected her after dark. Miss Johnston joined the townpeople, who walked on in a body a little in advance of Father Paul and his party. This was done purposely to show the respect due to him and sense of their own inferiority, and to show the bridge over this gulf that the priest'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 Marion and to induce the latter to leave her pace.

Marion scarcely answered the remarks which Miss Quin chose to offer, which were at first unimportant enough. She was walking in a kind of dream; Chichele was beside her in spirit; she felt his hand hold hers; his voice was in her ears. The same sweet increase 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 its vigor from the hedges as the primrose of the hedge-side; the pale austerine primroses that shrank away among the brown fronds of last year's lady fern, loosed a timid fragrance across the night air; the little rivulet 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 she was still in the bog, and that she was still in the night; she felt that she was in the garden walk.

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