

TASTE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Taste is one thing. Display is another. It is not pleasant to right thinking people to have a man continually telling his neighbors how rich and lucky he is, either by his way of dressing his horse, or himself, or his family. The need of greater simplicity is apparent in many of the belongings of the nouveau riche, not of necessity, in the way of smaller expenditure, but through harmonizing the unrelated and discordant elements of his decorations. Those people who put everything that they possess on show in their parlors succeed in making those apartments look like shops, and the eye tires with the jumble of objects and confusion of lines. There should be respectful spaces of comparative bareness or of subdued shadow in every room that is much occupied, for it is better that there should be too little decoration than too much. One would not wish to see his wife always attired in her most expensive and uncomfortable costume, and wearing all her jewels at once, yet there is a similar impression of unrelieved display in not a few domestic interiors. It is wiser for the householder to entrust a professional decorator with the task of beautifying his home than for him to undertake that work himself when he has not the aptitude or training for it. Speaking to this point, Edmund Russell, the artist and lecturer, says:

"Don't emblazon your front door with armorial knights and rampant lions, because they don't belong or grow here. Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow shall read 'John Smith, my property.' It's all right to make things of use in some such way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the object, not the front. The lady who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his chin does a useless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assort too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronzes or something that will relate to the picture on the wall and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread."

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**SENSIBLE LADIES WILL BE HAPPY THOUGH THEY ARE UNMARRIED.**

If it is possible to be happy though married, almost as much might be said on the possibility of single blessedness. People may admire the marriage state and yet have their own good reasons for not entering it. Under the dying pillow of Washington Irving there were found a lock of hair and a miniature.

Who will say that a man or woman ought to marry because of such trifles, and think of all that might have been? Some have never found their other selves, or circumstances prevented the junction of these. And which is more honorable, a life of loneliness or a loveless marriage? There are others who have laid down their hopes of wedded bliss for the sake of accomplishing some good work, or for the sake of a father, mother, or sister or brother. In such cases celibacy is an honorable, and may be a praiseworthy, state.

As there are 500,000 more women than men in England, it is obviously impossible that every woman should have a husband. Are all the women who cannot get married superfluous? Certainly not. There are plenty of superfluous women, and of superfluous men also. But you will not always find them among the unmarried. There are superfluous women who give themselves to idle pleasure and morbid fancy, and despite the activities of the age into which they are born; who are so lacking in principle that they will accept any man in marriage—an outcast, an imbecile or a rascal—if his obligations are satisfactory; or who, anchored in the haven of a husband's love, and surrounded by the evidence of his practical thoughtfulness, become steeped in selfishness and make their whole life a hot pursuit of folly and fashion, interested only in the whim of the hour.

Let the estimate of woman be changed so that she may be valued for what she is in herself. If she be worthless as woman, she will be worthless as wife and mother. Let her training be such that, whether married or single, she shall have character, ability to stand alone, with value in herself. Then she will enrich society, and whether wife, mother or celibate, she will, in no true sense of the word, ever become a superfluous woman.

Many a girl looks on marriage as a vocation, who has never thought of the duties it involves; and I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a home happy is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband. If some of their married sisters make old maids the subject of ridicule, these "unappreciated blessings" may wonder—is it not better to be laughed at for not being married than never to be able to laugh because you are married? An Irish magistrate on one occasion asked a prisoner before him if he were married. "No," "Then," replied the magistrate, "it's a fine thing for your wife."

The lives of many unmarried people are unhappy because they have failed to find an object in life, but when they are more fortunate their love and power may be drawn out quite as much as those of the married by interesting work. They are married to some art or utility, or instead of loving one they love all. When this last is the case they go down into the haunts of evil, seek out the wretched, and spare neither themselves nor their money in their praiseworthy enthusiasm for humanity. Employment is a "perennial fire-proof job" that will always make people happy, though single. From the "Five Talents of Woman."

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GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

"A mass lasts how long? An hour and a half—two hours? Is this a saint's day or not? What has possessed her to go to church on a week day?" He groaned with impatience, and stamped heavily on the gravel walk. "That is the plague where they let loose the ferret that day—that mad day." He was looking at a wild part of the garden now, recalling one by one the incidents of his visit in the spring. "There is the ditch where Gertrude and Godfrey saw the hare. Poor Godfrey! poor boy! How I pity him!"

"I'll be able to chase her soon—over his lot! That is the old tree, they say, branch," he cried as her face seemed to rise before him, once more framed among the blossoms. "Oh, Marion! Marion! I have come to-day to keep my word. Where are you? where are you?"

He paced to and fro in a fever of irritation. The sun scorched the back of his neck and dazzled his eyes. The sky burned blue and yellow with heat, and the wind off Non brought one cloud of mist, and the bronze and gold of the leaves took metallic reflections as the faint breeze moved them.

"Oh heaven! this delay is maddening!" The idea occurred to him then of opening the door and looking to see if she were coming. He turned round impatiently, almost angrily—to find himself face to face with Marion.

She had entered the garden unheeded, while his back was turned to the door which led down into the outer swamps.

She stood as though petrified. Every vestige of color faded from her face. Her eyes seemed to darken, and her little body fell to the ground.

Although at every moment up till now her image seemed before him, although his very features had been almost stunned at her respect, she started up one moment gazing at each other. Marion's heart seemed to have ceased to beat altogether. She felt as if turning into stone. Chichele's temples throbbed as if they would burst for a moment only. Then with a deep breath of relief he seized both her hands, gripping them as he almost stifled at her respect.

She did not attempt to release them, standing passive and silent, hardly realizing yet what had happened.

"I said I would come back; you see, I have come," he said. "Why did you not write and let me know? Why did you not send me a word even? How cruel you have been to me! Why do you not speak to me now? Come away down here!"

Holding her by one wrist still, he drew her away down the walk into the thicket of laurels at the end of the garden.

Now, why don't you speak to me? He stopped. There was a deep shade all round them, cast by the laurel trees, and now that the sun was not any longer in his eyes, he could see how pale her face was, how thin—could note the size and brilliancy of the beautiful eyes that were turned on him now with a look of unspoken sadness and terror in them.

"I—must not! I broke from her lips. 'Must not!' he echoed. 'Must not!' Who says so? Marion, don't say such things to me! I have come to take you away—yes! He let go her wrist now, and placed both hands on her shoulders. 'Look at me! I tell you to look at me!'

She looked at him, trembling from head to foot. Every doubt, every resolve melted like snow before the sun in the light that beat upon her from his honest eyes.

"I'll take you away with me, clear out of this—to the other side of the world if you like—you shall choose. We shall be married by Father Conroy. We will take Godfrey and Gertrude and go away for ever."

Her color rose now. Bright crimson suffused cheek and brow and neck, the faded away, leaving an ivory whiteness in its stead. Her lips quivered; and from her eyes, glowing and dilated an instant before, two great tears rolled up and overflowing, ran down her cheeks.

"You can't do that, Chichele! That can never be! I do know—I know everything, everything," he murmured, stooping and whispering in her ear. "I know everything, Marion, he repeated, turning his head so as to look into her eyes, in which the tears were glistening still.

The flickering shadows of the leaves ran lightly as though in their places. The blue light looked down on them both, and with one long slender finger she touched her lips and showed Chichele a smile upon them.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

About three o'clock of the same day that witnessed Lord Anselme's reappearance in Barretstown, Godfrey not having appeared to breakfast yet, Kitty Macan prepared a tray and carried some food up to his room. Receiving no answer when she tapped at the door, she entered without delay. The blinds were up, the shutters open; the sun poured in a motley of light of golden light. One window which looked out on the front of the house was open, and the twitter of the swallows made itself heard against the drowsy mutter of the weir. Kitty Macan pushed the door with one elbow so as to close it and advanced to the window to look out. There she found a fly was sitting motionless beside the bed, his muzzle resting on it and his eyes fixed on his sleeping master's face.

"God bless us!" she ejaculated suddenly. Godfrey was lying stretched to the full length of his long limbs, and fully dressed. He was lying on his back, and so pale, so worn was his face that it was no wonder that Kitty Macan thought rather of some one lying dead than only sleeping. He scarcely seemed to breathe. His jet-black hair was all tumbled, and partly covered his forehead, which showed an ivory whiteness below it. The dark semi-circles which were traced round either eye by his long eyelashes looked blue on the olive paleness of his smooth flesh. His eyes were closed, his mouth was shut.

den start, a faint flush of color spreading itself in her cheeks. Children, what is it? Marion! Godfrey, my darling, who has annoyed you?"

Marion, who this time had greeted Godfrey's burst of petulance with a smile only, held up a warning finger, and made haste to the old wardrobe.

"Don't mind him, Aunt Juliet," she said. "It is Gertrude—she has annoyed him. Never mind—it is all over now." She stroked Juliet D'Arcy's white handkerchief.

"Gertrude indeed?" growled Godfrey, fixing a thunderous look on her; "I have something to say to you, I can tell you."

"Aunt Juliet, give me your tea," said Marion. Miss D'Arcy, trembling from head to foot, and looking from one face to another as if in search of something.

Marion's whole countenance was transformed. A bright rose tint suffused her cheeks, and her eyes shone with an unworldly lustre. Even her hair looked different. She had turned it back of her brows, and a hundred little black feathers—like those which she had used on the street—were stuck to her hair with every breath. She moved more quickly and lightly than before. She took up the tea-pot and began to pour the tea into her aunt's own cup. This was an endorsement which Juliet never allowed. The moment she saw what Marion was doing she gave her a tap on the arm, which signified that she was to cease at once from her busy work, the old woman about fulfilling her usual duties.

"Give Godfrey some chicken," she said to Gertrude, anxious as usual for him, and not seeing that he was already eating the said chicken with feverish appetite.

Marion stopped him, again holding up a warning finger and pointing to Juliet. He was a little angry for an instant or two, casting a look of anger and impatience upon them, rose and left the room.

"What is this for?" pouted Gertrude, ready to cry. "Marion, why may we not see him? Why do you laugh?"

Godfrey went up silently to his room, took his little knapsack from a drawer, slung it over his shoulder, examined his revolver, and put it in his breast pocket. Then he descended the stairs slowly, and passed on the way the kitchen door. Of his hat he preferred this to the window. He entered the mill from the front gate, added a mile and a half of riding, and in a few minutes was speeding fast on his way to a secret meeting nearly eight miles away.

Godfrey had been of late in a state almost approaching mania. His mind was almost unbalanced, and he had thrown himself with all the energy of his wild and undisciplined nature was crawling into disquiet. His lieutenants and adjutants, Coogan, Ahern, Fenlon, and the Kellys, were all in prison. The battle seemed over and done without a blow having been struck, and the patriots and ignoramus folly of every sort seemed to be in the air. The movement was a high clear voice. "It has existed for some time, but I knew nothing of it until to-night, an hour ago. Never dreamed that the men intended to kill you—for my profit, as they fancied. I told them I would warn you, O'Malley. You may expect them here now at any moment."

"Why have you come to denounce them—your own lieutenants and adjutants? It is not you, O'Malley," pursued Godfrey, taking no notice of this, "you are warned now, at the peril of my own life—it is the least I can do since it seems you are marked out. You will hear no more of me!"

"O'Malley, who had seated himself at a table by the wall, groaned bitterly. Tigue jumped up, stretching out his hand. "Bear me. You have been deeply wronged. My poor fellow, don't go! D'n't run into the jaws of the lion! The park is full of police, the house is also; the military are under arms in Malloy and Limerick. We know all; we were ready for the day. In God's name, give up this folly, and let me do something for you in preparation for the past! Let me try to make some of you—four—for—"

"O'Malley was deeply touched. The spectacle of a desperate old young creature risking so much to do an act of what was certainly unmerited generosity, was more than he could endure unmeditatedly.

"Godfrey," cried Chichele, hurriedly leaving the window and coming forward, "speak to me! I beg! Don't risk going out! I have a right to ask you—"

But Godfrey rushed at him with a fierce exclamation, striking out blindly before him. Lethbridge ran in between them, and received Godfrey's blow on his forehead. He spoke a few words to his men and tried to catch the man of his assailant, but he was too quick for them all. He snatched the lamp, hurled it against the wall, plunging them all into darkness, with the other hand unfastened the door, and before they could reach or stop him was again on the horse's back, and re-riding wildly toward the gate, and by the drive this time across the open ground.

At Lethbridge's shout the men, who had not gone far, all poured in.

"After him! catch him!" he cried.

"No!" thundered Tigue, and stamping his foot. "Let him alone! Let him go! Bring lights here quick! If you had not interfered I might have done something with him. He'll go home until morning. I'll see some one to meet him at the station. I know exactly what he'll do. Fasten up all here, and clear out of this again. If those rascals come we may as well be ready for them." Lethbridge went off with his men, and O'Malley set to tramp up and down the floor, musing and muttering to himself.

"What a fine fellow he is, Chichele!" he cried after a time. "What a thorough Maulverer! He looked, poor boy! Poor abused creature, his hand against every one, every one's hand against him!"

the crupper, as he passed, and a deep-mouthed yell of disappointment and bewilderment followed him. He was out of reach almost before he had realized the sense and import of his words, galloping along the greenward beside the high-road.

"The mercenary odious brutes! Mad as God! How they have been! They'll murder O'Malley, I think, to put me in his place—me!" A burst of maniacal laughter finished the sentence. "I'll warn him, warn him—then fly the country for ever, and enlist. I'll go abroad to Spain or Germany—a soldier is always welcome—and enlist."

He urged the horse at full speed, and was soon standing at the entrance gate of Barretstown. A policeman was in the lodge, and opened the gate at once on hearing the impatient summons. "Follow me to the house!" shouted Godfrey, starting off up the avenue.

The gray sinuous drive, just discernible in the darkness, wound before him between the dark sides of the trees. The storm was tossing their thick-limbed branches, shaking continuously as it to them the way through them. Boughs were snapped and flung higher and higher in its course, and the leaves went down before its fierce onslaught like ripe corn before the scythe.

Not a light was to be seen in the whole house front. Godfrey dismounted, and fastened the horse to a balcony on the terrace. His approach had been heard, however, for a window near far from the door opened, and an authoritative voice shouted out loudly in order to be heard above the storm.

"Hallo! who is it? Who is there?" The wind carried the words far afield. Godfrey could but just hear them as if from a distance.

"Come down at once!" he shouted back, throwing up both arms excitedly. "There is no time to lose. They are on the road."

The rattle of the chains and bolts made itself heard almost immediately. The door was opened, and Godfrey leaped across the threshold to find himself in an almost blinding glare of light, while the barking of dogs and the loud-voiced adjurations of O'Malley, the confused ejaculations of other persons present, helped to make him feel his head as if he was in the centre of the great round hall, the centre of all their eyes. Not for long! He passed his hand once across his forehead, and with a strong effort addressed himself directly to Tighe O'Malley.

"My business is with you and no one else—but I don't object to your remaining." He added this on catching sight of Lethbridge, who was watching him closely and intently. Lethbridge suspected a trap on the part of Godfrey, and would not have been surprised had he suddenly shot or stabbed O'Malley. He watched his eyes and hands with persistent closeness.

"There's not a minute to be lost," cried Godfrey, excitedly. "Make haste!"

Tighe O'Malley, who had stirred, notwithstanding his close watch, raised his hand, and with a look dismissed the bystanders. Chichele, whom Godfrey had not seen, sprang into a window embrasure, and let the servants and policemen file by him towards a door which led to the interior of the house.

Tighe O'Malley pointed to a chair. "Will you sit down, Maulverer?" he said. Godfrey took notice of him, and remained standing still, full in the light of the lamp, which Tighe had carried with him from the smoking-room on hearing the alarm. He was waiting for the servants to pass out before he spoke.

"There is a plot to assassinate you to-night," he broke out as soon as the last one had gone out. "I have known of it for some time, but I knew nothing of it until to-night, an hour ago. Never dreamed that the men intended to kill you—for my profit, as they fancied. I told them I would warn you, O'Malley. You may expect them here now at any moment."

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was terribly tired and exhausted, nor without getting very wet.

"How am I to get back?" he thought; "and I must cross it again, once I get the money from Aunt Juliet. Then up to Kelly's—Pat Kelly will give me a horse as far as Limerick. I'll get as far as that easily enough."

It was not yet early enough. He reached the gates of the Quaker's house. The sitting-room window still showed a light. He opened the hall door without being heard, and stepped into the room where Juliet D'Arcy was sitting. She was preparing to go to bed; her old watch with a diamond cypher on its back lay on her table, where she had laid it down after winding it. She started at him, instinctively knowing that there was something wrong.

"Aunt Juliet," he began without delay, "I want money from you—all that you have in the house." He nodded at her cupboard where the keepers' stores. The keys were hanging in the door.

"Money! this hour of the night! Money! Oh! I must go away to-night, Aunt Juliet, he cried. 'I cannot wait.'"

She stared at him mutely.

A violent gust shook the window at that moment. The noise of the river increased; wild voices seemed to call out of the darkness, and the great pine-tree swayed and strained as the breeze caught its topheavy head. From the woods on the other side of the river came a wild sound as though of a gigantic Arabian harp fitfully stirred.

Juliet D'Arcy started violently. Some unwanted feeling, some old memory stirred within her. Her cheeks flushed and paled, and she trembled from head to foot.

"Godfrey! Oh, Godfrey! I beseech you!" she cried. "Give me the money, Aunt Juliet, give me the money, and let me go. I am never coming back. I must go. I have to go!"

"Godfrey! Oh, Godfrey!" wailed Juliet. She stood up. Her eyes were dilated and fixed. She was slinking in every limb. Once again the assessment sheet as the storm lashed it. The river without hissed and boiled like some angry thing.

"Give it to me," cried he. "I must—I must go!" He had opened the press door beside her, and was scattering its contents right and left. "Don't be angry!" he sobbed. "I cannot help it. I must go!"

"Oh, Godfrey! the children! don't go, Godfrey! She caught him by the sleeve and held it. Juliet D'Arcy was in Barretstown no more. She was in the cottage near the rocks of St. Helier's, and it was not Godfrey, but his father, who was standing before her. It was not the storm hurrying Barretstown woods, but the thunderous intermittent sound of the surf that came through the window and filled her with a cold shiver. She was standing by her bed. Her face was as white as paper.

"Let me go! I must go!" they'd be watching for me," cried Godfrey. "Oh, let me go!"

He dragged himself loose from her hold, dashed through the door, and out into the darkness.

Juliet D'Arcy fell back, gasping for breath, in her chair. "Have it! She cried aloud. After that, she had no more words. She lay last! Aird's West—Aird's West! It shall not escape me again. Immy, my poor girl, at last!"

Tears of joy were running down her flushed cheeks. She took her pen—laid on the little table beside her—and wrote down the name clearly enough, for all her trembling, in several places on a sheet of paper.

"I will write a letter to Father Paul," she said aloud in a feverish voice that echoed strangely in the now silent room. "Kitty shall take it at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Before mass, even before the first mass, we'll set this right. Immy, poor Immy, forgive me!"

She began her letter, but before she had written more than a few lines, the pen fell on the paper. Her fingers had lost their power. She tried to go on, ineffectually. It was as though she had signed her own manumission. The scarlet flush faded from her cheeks. The quivering of her poor tired old limbs ceased at last, and with a deep long sigh, as it were of relief and perhaps thankfulness, Miss D'Arcy fell back in her chair.

The old servant woman found her between six and seven o'clock the next morning dead and cold long since, but looking so peaceful, her face wearing such a placid, almost happy expression, that she thought at first that she must be only asleep. Then the aspect of the room the press where Miss D'Arcy had kept all her letters, and the contents strewn over the floor, on the chair under the window, and caught Kitty Macan's eye, and thought of robbery, perhaps murder, flashed upon her mind. Quick as thought she unlocked the door, and taking the key with her rushed out and down the river-bank until she came abreast with Chapel House. Here she found the door open, and the door was ajar. She soon attracted the notice of the clerical man, who came just about to unlock the gate for the people to come in to seven o'clock mass, and dashing down the keys he ran across the road and down to the river's edge.

"The mistress is dead!" shrieked Kitty O'Malley. "I am just after finding her in a chair. Lord! I auid and tell her reverence to come and see."