#### 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 house, 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 december. 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 tints. There should be restful spaces of comparative bareness or of subduing 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 jawels at once, yet there is a similar impression of unrelieved display in not a few domestic interiors. It is wiser for the house. holder to entrust a professional decorator with the task of beautifying his house than for him to undertake that work himself when he has not the aptitude or training for it. Speaking to tris point, Elmund Russel, the artist and lecturer, says:

"Din't emblazin your front door with armo.ed knights and rampant lions, because they don't belong or grow here. Don't put your laitials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read 'John Smith book at a pillow sham will read 'John Smith, my property.' It's all right to make things of use in some such a 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 china does a useless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert 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 bronze or something that will make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread.'

#### THE LATEST IN STYLES.

The most elegant winter wraps are long cloaks of the new cloths, matelasse, plush or

Some of the latest dress goods shown are damasks, matelasses, finely-powdered royale, and brocades in great variety.

Flat fronts in plaits from belt to foet, or long draperies nearly covering the lower

skirt, are seen on the new dresses. Cord passementeries are the fashionable trimmings. They have knotted cords in

loops for epaulets and for dankling fringes. A pretty hat for autumn wear is of shirred poppy colored tulie. It may be worn with a

coatume of cigar-brown cheviot with good effect. For evening dresses and mantles there are tiny dotted royale grounds with stripes like

soutache work on reseda pomme, tilleni, rouge, and light brown grounds. Dresses made in strictly Empire style have the skirts becomingly draped by catching up the front breadths slightly on each side just

below the walst and gathering them to the belt. The Empire designs are prim and formal with straight lines, fluted Greek columns, stripes of branching feathers, and medallions brocaded in light colors to stand out on dark grounds of peon de Suede, an undressed silk

closely twilled, but without the glowing luster of satin. A very pretty autumn gown is of smooth-faced hunting-green cloth and has a green sash of rich, soft gros grain that is tied in loops and ends that fall nearly to the skirt's edge. The full, long draperies are drawn high up on the sides very far back, and on the edge is set a broad band of the heavy cutwork that is imported for such purposes,

#### gathered to a deep cuff, which, like the col lar, is covered with gold cut-work. MISCEELLANEOUS HINTS.

The sleeves are tucked and rather full, being

Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and

A paste of whiting and benzine will remov spots from marble. A salt ham should be soaked over night in

plenty of soft water previous to boiling. Fruit stains on white goods can be removed by pouring boiling water directly over the spots.

A creaking hinge can be cured by the use of a black lead pencil of the softest number, the point rubbed into all the crevices of the

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, make an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at night after you

have finished using it. All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the

grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water. We have removed the very worst ink stains them with skim-milk, and when they are almost effaced, washing them with a cloth wrung out in boiling water without soap. Then cover the place with a dry cloth, and let it remain so for

## NOBBY FALL STYLES.

Hata will be worn upon the head, as here-

a day.

Shoes will come down to a fine point, so as to serve as tooth-picks and paper-cutters when disabled.

Gloves will conceal a full hand, as usual. The fashionable colors are spades, hearts, clubs and diamonds. Jewelry, as a rule, will be plated. Only

hotel-clerks, plumbers, drummers and editors can afford the real article.

Collars and ouffs, a la Chinese, are warranted to tear at the first washing, Collars will be higher than last sesson, and are meant to serve as ear-caps. Cuffs will con-tinue to be used as memorandum books.

Neck-gear will, as always, cause the tor ture of dudes and dukes. The fashionable colors are mahogany-brown, pickle-green, caterpillar-yellow, probosois-red and widow-black. Styles and shapes according to Eng-

Suits for men will be dear, according to the generosity of the tailors. Discount allowed for payment within six months. For women, prices will range from a thousand to

a million dollars. Velvets and plushes trimmed with diamonds are the correct

and geometrical figures. Flannel shirts are worn only by miners, reporters and bunco-

Fall dress shirts come puffed and frilled and have a generally haunted look. Stockings for men be darned! For women, they vary according to the neatness of the ankle; they are clocked and of course watched. Further than this, only the ballet girl

know the woes of hose. Pockets are made deep, but are worn sarcastically empty. They are depths that need no fathoming.

A FARMER'S REVIEW OF RELIGION. This argufyin' useless points

As where Cain got his wife, Was Jonah swallered by the whale?
Is death the end of life? Is jest the devil's Eden plan That caught us long ago.
God has His "shall not" on some things,

The devil, "you shall know." Now, where Cain got his wife 's no odds; But will the de'il get me ! Not what I swoller, nor the whale, Will change eternitee.

An' if I live so I can die In peace when death shall call. I'll die so that I'll live with joy,

If dyin' don't end all. Now, I don't argue how the moon Makes taters run to tops; I plant 'em when the sign is right, An' allus raise good crops. I take the farmin' rules that's plain

An' reap jest what I sow;

I do the same with Gospel truth, An' puzzlin' pints can go. -[Omaha World.

PLEASANT WORDS FOR SINGLE WOMEN.

SENSIBLE LADIES WILL DE HAPPY THOUGH THEY ARE UNMARRIED,

If it is possible to be happy though mar ried, 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 look of hair and a miniature.

Who will say that a man or woman ought to marrywho tressures up such memoriale, relate to the picture on the wall and not and thinks of all that might have been? Sume have never found their other selves. or circumstances prevented the junction of these selver. And which is more nonorable, 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 praise-

worthy, state. At 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 despise 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 octogenarian, an imbecile or a rake- if his establishment be satisfactory; who, anchored in the haven of a husband's love, and surrounded by the evidence of his practical thoughtuiness, 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 as 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 the murmured, stooping and whitpering in her stand alone, with value in herself. Then she ear. 'I know everything, Marion,' he rewill enrich society, and whether wife, mother peated, turning his head so as to look into her or celibate, she will, in no true sense of the

word, ever become a superfluous woman." Many a girl looks on marriage as a voction, 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 'unappropriated blessings' may well ask:—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, 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 enthusiam for humanity. Employment is a " perennial fire-proof joy" that will always make people happy, though single, -From the "Five Talents of Woman.

## WOMAN'S WEIGHT AND HEIGHT.

For a woman of 5 feet 5 inches, 138 pounds is the weight, and if she be well formed she can stand another ten pounds without greatly showing it. When her arms are extended she should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger just 5 feet 5 inches, exactly her own height. The length of her hand should be just one-tenth of that and her feet just a seventh, and the dismeter of her chest a fifth. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just what she measures from the thighs to the top of the head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and heel. The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as the distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and there should be the same distance between the chin and armpits. A woman of this height should measure 24 inches about the waist and 34 inches about the bust, If measured from under the arms, and 43 inches if over them. The upper arm should meassure 13 inches and the wrist 6. The calf of the leg should measure I41 inches, the thigh 25 and the ankle S. Inere is another system of measurements which says that the distance twice around the thumb should go once around the wrist; twice around the wrist once around the throat; twice around the throat once around the waist, and so on ; but the first is the measure used by sculptors, who have gained them by measurements of the Greek statues .- [Rochester Educational Gazette.

Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care:—Pour boiling water on chloride of line, in the perpertion of one gallon to a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it up. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white wine vinegar, and Shirts show amazing effects in gridirons boil the table linen.

# GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HABTLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.-Continued.

'A mass lasts how long? An hour and a half—nwo 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 upon the gravel walk. 'That is the place 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 Gdfrey! poor boy! How I pity him? Shall able to change-soften-even-his lot? There is the old tree, the very branch,' he cried as her face seemed to rise before his, once more framed among the blossoms. 'Oh, Marion ! Marion ! I have come to-day to keep my word. Where are you?' He paced to and fro in a fever of irritation. The sun accorded the back of his neck and the last his neck and the

dazz'ed his eyes. The sky burned bluer and bluer as the mists all dried off. Not one cloud was visible, and the bronz; and gold of the leaves took metallic reflections as the faint bre-ze moved them.

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

She had entered the garden unheard, while

his back was turned to the duor which led down into the oxier swamps.

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

Although at every moment up till now her image seemed before him, although his very eyes were strained from mentally tracing her features, he also was almost stunned at heres.

pected yet startling appearance.

They stood for one mement 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 reilef he seized both her hands, gripping them hard by the wrists.
'At last! at last! he said passionately, almost

inaudibly.

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 to me? You got my letters! 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 bere.

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 and turned so that they faced each other. There was a deep shade all round them, cast by the laurel trees, and that the sun was not any lorger 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 unspeakable sadness and terror to

'I-I must not !' broke from her line. '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 wrists now, and placed both hands on her shoulders. 'Look at me! I tell you to look at me!

She had to obey him, trembling from head to fuot. 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.

and go away for ever.

Her color rose now. Bright crimson suffused cheek and brow and neck, then faded away, leaving an ivory whiteness in its stead. Her lies quivered; and from her eyes, glowing and dilated an instant before, two great tears rolled up and overflowing, ran down her cheeks. 'You cannot, Chichele! That can never be!

You do not know—'
'I do know—I know everything, everything,'

eyes, in which the tears were glistening still. The flickering shadows of the leaves ran light as thoughts over her pale face. From a hundred yelet holes in the foliage the blue sky looked down on them both, and with one long slender linger the sun touched her lips and showed Chichele a smile upon them.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

About three o'clock of the same day that witnessed Lord Anedale's reappearance in Bar-rettstown, 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 mote-laden flood 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 une ellow so as to close it, and adapted the twitter of the weir. vanced to the bedside with her tray. The grey-hound 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 l' she ejaculated suddenly.

Godfrey was lying stretched to the full length of his long limbs, and fully dreased. He was lying on his back, and so pale, so worn was his face, that it was no wonder Kitly Macan was reminded rather of some one lying dead than only aleeping. He scarcely seemed to breathe. His jet-black hair was all tossed, 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 clive paleness of his smooth

lmost childish cheek.

Kitty shook her head, noting the travel stained clothes, which he had doubtless been too tired to take off on his return.

'Eh ! but ye are the wild creature, Godfrey Manlever—they may well say it in the town—wild as a hawk. God help ye, child, and send ye sense and your own again !'
She stood for a moment looking at his sleep-

ing figure, half admiring the beauty that was patent even to her untrained eyes, half pitying the forlorn ill-guided lad. 'I'll not wake him,' she muttered presently. 'He can get a bit whenever he likes to wake up himself.' She laid down the tray, and went

away in search of a warm rug, which she spread gently over the recumbent figure, and then taking up the tray again returned to the nether regions whence she had come.

It was nearly seven when Godfrey appeared in his grand-aunt's sitting-room. Marion and

Gertrude were there, this last in a state of wild excitement.
'Godfrey! oh, Godfrey!' she cried the mo-

ment he entered. 'I thought you were never coming down. What do you think is the news? Chichele has come back—Chichele—do you hear. that? He said he would. I always told you; and Marion would never listen to me. Now, who was right? And his uncle is dead, and he is a lord, and he has all his uncle's money, and the land and the houses. Tommy Burke the constabulary man heard it all from his valet. They are stopping down there in the police barrack for the day, but they are to go home to the castle this evening for dinner. I met Chichele to day on the road as I came from school, and he ran to meet me, and said he was so glad, and that he had brought me a present from London; but I am not to get it until tomorrow.'

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 petulence with a smile only, held up a warning finger, and made haste to the old wo man's side to calm her.

The mercenary odious brutes I mad, oh God I how mad I've been! They'd murder

Don't mind him, Aunt Juliet.' she said. 'It is Gertrude-she has annoyed him. Never mind

D'Arcy's white bandeaux.

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

'Aunt Ju, give us our tea,' said Marion. Miss D'Arcy was trembling from head to foot, and looking from one face to another as if in search of something.

search of something.

Marion's whole countenance was transformed. A bright rose tint suffused her cheeks, and her eyes shown with an unwonted lustre. Even her eyes shown with an unwanted lustre. Even her hair looked different. She had turned it back off her brows, and a hundred little black feather-like curls had pushed themselves out, and seemed to palpitate with every breath. She moved more quickly and lightly than before. She took up the teap stand began to pour the tea into her aunt's own cup. This was an encroachment 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, and, caimed once more, the old

woman set about fulfilling her usual duties.
'Give Godfrey some chicken,' she said to Gertrude, anxious as usual for him, and not sseing that he was already eating the said chicken with

speaking in a low voice so that Miss D'Aroy could not hear her, 'what have you against Crichele. What has set you against him? Oh,

I do like him so nau-h! 'You are not to apoak to him. If ever he comes here again I shall throw him into the river. What'-Godfrey nearly choked with anger—'what do you mean, you and Marion?
You don't know how to conduct yourselves. I am not going to have my sister's name a byword in Qua's shop. Marion! you are to have nothing to do with him or any one from the Castle. His visits, his thrusting himself upon us, is an insult, and dangerous too. Do you hear me,

both? he questioned imperiously.

Marion stopped him, again holding up a warn ing finger and pointing to Juliet. He as a salently for an instant or two, casting a look of anger and impatience upon them, rose and left

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 knapeack from a drawer, slung it over his shoulder, examined his revolver, and put it in his breast pocket. Then he descended the stairs noiselessly, and passed out of the ball door. Of late he had preferred this to the window. He entered the mill from the front gate, saddled and led out Harry Cap l's ridingnoise, and in a tow minutes was speeding fact in his way to a secret me, the greatly eight miles

Godiney had been of late in a state almost approaching d speration. The movement into which he had thrown himself with all the energies of his wild and undesciplined nature was crumbling into dissolution. His lieutenants and coadjutore, Cutogan, Ahearne, Fenion, and the Kullys, were all in prism. The battle seemed over and done without a blow having been struck, and the paltriness and ignorant folly of everything seemed revealed to him in all their equalid nakedness, and at once revolved and oppressed him. He set his teeth to keep down the passion that shook him, the impotent rage of contempt that was working in him. He had tent out orders—having stepped into Fenlou's place as chief of the district on the arrest of the lust named—to have all the men available col-lected as soon as it should be dark, on a dry plateau in the Knockstuart Box, intending to march them on the barracks in Barrettstown. Having taken the barracks they would pass on the word to Linerick, and the south and west generally, and hold the place until reinforce-ments should come up.

As he rode he was preparing his address to

the men. He meant to head them in an attack on Barrett-bown police barracks or face death—anything—before moraing, but this shameful

inaction must cease, and at once.

The sultry day had been followed by a breeze at sundown, which was now rapidly rising to a storm. Black thick clouds obscured the sky, and rapidly darkened the lingering remains of the twilight. Great drops of rain were carried on the wind, which soughed and whistled eerily as it swept over the bog reaches. A livid gray streak marked the lough in the distance. Now and again a mysterious cry, as of a bird, sound-

Godfrey's humor suited with the weird desolation of the scene. His practised tye re-cognized all the landmarks; his ear told him the difference between the real bird cry and its imitation, and more than once he polled up his horse and sent a curlew whistle shrilling down the dark wastes in response to wild challenges that were meant for his ear, not

a bird's. He turned off the road presently on to a cart track used by the turf-cutture, and before long was riding on a large turf-bank covered with stacked piles of turf ready to be drawn home. From every heap of sods came a signal or a counter signal. Dark figures appeared siggly, and then vanished to respipear in twos and thresa.' A lanthorn flashed out with electric suddenness. Godfrey pressed on his horse tuwards this beacon, and on reaching it found himself the centre of a crowd.

To call the roll was the first proceeding. Out of a list numbering over three hundred men's names not fifty were present. Not fifty! His head swam. He had never expected so igno-minious a failure as this. Even with this num-ber he would not if not. He would lead them to Barrettstown. Active must be taken. The supreme hour had come.

In a few fiery sentences he exhorted them. castigated the laggards, and declared his de-termination to strike a blow that night that would make itself felt, that all Ireland would respond to. They cheered him and applauded. but there was evidently some counter-feeling in their minds. One man, a mountaineer, ad vanced to the horse's side. 'Master Godfrey's he said, laying his band on the young speaker' sleeve, 'avic, you are young to be running your head in the hangman's knot like this. Leave it to your elders, achora (dear one of my heart). and ride home.'

'Ride home!' said another, proceeding actually to turn the horse's head. 'We'll go widoub you, avic machree. You have the spirit of the Maulevers; we know it. We'll not let harm come near you, sir Shut your eyes and your ears this night, and you'll wake to-morrow in your own place, sir, in Barrettstown Castle, and bloody Tighe O'Malley, the interloper,

and bloody ligue o maney, the interpol, hanging on the door post.

'Aye, sye!' shouted the rest in a fieroe unison.
'We'll se to him, damn him!' they all cried in chous. 'Mr. Goffrey, you will be Mauleverer of Barrettstown, which is your due, before vou are a whole day older.

"We'll march on Barrettstown sure enough, but we'll take the Castle first-he is there tonight as if to dare us-and hang the damned interleper. You'll come to your own again. Godfrey's head was reeling; he nearly fell. The rough voices sounded in his ears like the rushing of some mighty flood. Were they also making, insulting him? Surely they knew All the blood in his body was tingling in his checks now. Did these men think he played a sordid, selfish part, that he only used them, willing tools, for his own ends?

He uttered a cry, inarticulate, choked, with

had turned the horse while they were gazing at him.

never see me again! Ugh! you brutes! you

den start, a faint flush of color spreading itself the crupper, as he passed, and a deep-mouthod disappointment and bewilderment followed nim. He was out of reach almost before they had realised the sense and import of his

God I how mad I've been! They'd murder O'Malley, thinking 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 walcome—and enlist.'

always welcome—and enlist.'

He urged the horse at full speed, and was soon standing at the entrance gate of Barretts-town. A policeman was in the lodge, and opened the gate at once on hearing the imperious 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 aisles of the trees. The storm was tossing their thick-leaved branches, shricking ominously as it tore its way through them. Boughs were snapped and flung hisher and thibber in its course, and the leaves went down before its fierce onslaught like ripe corn before the

Not a light was to be seen in the whole house front. Godfrey dismounted, and fastened the horse to a balustrade on the terrace. His approach had been heard, however, for a window non 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 leaps across the threshold to find himself in an almost blinding glare of light, while the barking of dogs and the loud-voiced will be the barking of dogs and the loud-voiced the loud-voiced that the lo

adjurations of O'Malley, the confused ejaculations of other persons present, helped to dazzle and confuse him, standing as he was in the centre of the great round hall, the cynosure 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 C'Malley.
My business is with you and no one else-

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 abot or stabbed O'Malley. He watched him are and hands with paraitant closeness.

his eyes and hands with persistent closeness.
'There's not a minute to be lost,' cried Godfrey, excitedly. 'Make haste l'
Tighe O'Malley, who was stirred, notwithstanding his efforts to appear calm, raised his hand, and wish a look dismised the bystanders. Chicnele, whom Godfrey had not seen, sprang into a window embrature, 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 not sit down, Mauleverer?' he said. Godfrey took no 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 and the hall door had closed. He spoke in a high clear voice. 'It has existed for some time, but I knew nothing of it until to night, an hour sgo. I 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 came to denounce them-you one of their leaders?' Lethbridge burst out. 'O'Malley,' pursued Godfrey, taking no notice of this, 'you are warded now, at the peril of my own life- it is the least I can do since it seem you are marked out. You will hear no more of

O'Malley, who had seated himself at a table by the wall, groaned bitterly.
Godfrey turned to go. Tighe jumped up,

O'Malley was deeply touched. The spectacle her of t e desperate lost young creature risking so much to do an act of what was certainly un merited generosity, was more than he could endure unmoved.

' Godfrey !' cried Chichele, harriedly leaving the window and coming forward, 'step with us, I beg! Den't risk going out! I have a right to ask you-I--

But Godfrey rushed at him with a fierce execration, striking out blindly before him. Leth-bridge ran in between them, and received Godfrey's elerched hand full on his mouth. He shouted for his men and tried to earch hold 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 caresing wildly towards the gate, not by the drive thi time, across the open ground.

At Lethbridge's shout the men, who had not gore far, all poured in.
'After him! catch him!' he cried.

'No!' thundered Tighe anguly, 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 send some one to meet him at the station. 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 (if with his men, and O'Malley set to tramp up and down the flor, musing and mub-

traing to himself.

'What a fine fellow he is, Chichele !' he cried after a time. 'What a thorough Mauleverer he locked, poor boy! Poer hunsed creature, his hand against every one, every one's hand against

Chichele was sitting crosswise in a chair, his elbows leaning on the back of i, and his face buried in his hands. Godfrey's sudden attack upon him had stunned him, and he was wonderng what the cause of it could possibly be.

'Tighe,' he said, after a long silence, 'is he in danger of his life. Would the Fenians kill in danger of his life. Would the Fenians kill him for warning you in this way?'

'Not they—never—never! Who would hurt him?' groaned O'Malley. 'What a generous act! and daring too. Oh, I ought to have done something long ago—I ought never to have left that creature there!'

Chichele, who had asked and obtained an appointment with Eather Canada and appointment with Eather Canada and act and a second a second and a second a second a second and a second a secon

pointment with Father Conroy at ten o'clock the next morning, thought to himself that he had a solution of the difficulty. Nevertheless had a solution of the unitedity. Nevertubles, he felt readless and uneasy. He wanted to follow Godfrey to the mill-house, to go out into the park and look for him. Tighe and Lethbridge peremptorily forbade him to stir,

The storm was wilder than ever, and great scattered drops of rain beat on Godfrey's face as he galloped across the open ground. He would save a few minutes by taking that route. He broke through the plantations of young firs, brushed under the great cherry-laurels, scaring birds roughly. The whirling leaves and the rain together nearly blinded him. Before long a wire fence stopped him very effectively. He He uttered a cry, inarticulate, choked, with the place of the place of the cry offectively. He is a wire fence stopped him very effectively. on the horse's back, and turning him round gave him a blow on the quarter, and sent him adrift in the demesne. There was no fear of his

'I'll ride to him now and warn him. You'll. A few minutes afterwards he was at the weir.

was terribly tired and exhausted, nor wi hour getting very wet.
'How am I to get back !' he thought; 'and I

'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 eleven when he reached the gates of the Quaker's house. The sitting room window still rhowed a light. He opened the hall door without being heard, and stepped into the room where Juliet D'Aroy was sitting. She was preparing to go to bed; her old watch withs diamond cypheronits back lay on her little table, where she had laid it down after winding it. She stared at him, instinctively knowing that there was something wrong.

'Aunt Juliet, he began without delay, 'I 'Aunt Julie', he began without delay, 'I

want money from you—all that you have in the bouse. He nodded at her cupboard where she kept her stores. The keys were hanging in the r still.

She stared at him mutely.

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, whit voices seemed to can out or the darkness, and the great pine-tree swayed and strained as the blast caught its topheavy head. From the woods on the other side of the river came a weird sound as though of a gigantic Edian

back. I must go. I have to go!'
Godfrey! oh, Godfrey! wailed Juliet. She
stood up. Her syes were dilated and fixed she
was shaking in every limb. Once again the
casement shook as the storm lashed it. The
river without hissed and boiled like some angry

'Don't be angry !' he soboed. 'I cannot held it. I must go.'

'Oh, Godfrey! the children! don't go, Godfrey dear!' She caught his sleeve and held it.
Juliet D'Arcy was in Barrettstown no more.
She was in the cottage near the rocks of St. She was in the counage near one rocks of St. Helier's, and it was not Godfrey, but his father, who was standing before her. It was not the storm harrying Barrettatown woods, but the thunderous intermittent sound

'Let me go! I must go! They'll 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 derk

Juliet D'Arcy fell back, gasping for breath, in her chair. 'I have it!' she cried aloud. 'After all those years—at last. Thank God, at

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. Be-fore mass, even before the first mass, we will set this right. Ismay, poor Ismay, forgive

she had signed her own manumission. The scarlet flush faded from her cheeks. The qui verings of her poor tired old limbs ceased at last, and with a deep long sigh, as it were of re-lief and perhaps thankfulness, Miss D'Arcy [c] back in her chair.

Quick as ti ought locked the door, and taking the ley with rushed out and down the river-ba k until at came abreast with Chapel House. Here by dint of waving her apron and shoating, she soon attracted the notice of the clerk. He was just about to unlock the gate for the people to come in to seven o'clerk mass, and flinging down the large her an accept the said days by the keys he ran across the read and down tot

She waved her arms and gesticulated like on distraught. Her grief for her old mistress had by this time asserted itself over the surprise and

the chapel door.

'Eh, what? Miss D'Arcy found dead in he chair this marning? Peace woman!' he should to Kitty, whose figure that moment caught

a dead mass."

Then, picking up his soutane with bot hands, he set his legs in motion, and ran dow the road to the upper bridge, crossed the rive and in a wonderfully little time was at the F

the people.
'Where are the children?' was his first we on reaching the house.
'Miss Marion in dere,' said Kitty, pointing

Miss D'Arcy's room, the oder child is putt on her clethes. Fader, dere is writin, dere de table; you should see to it. He was in the room now, standing close where Marion knelt, sobbing beside the che where Miss D'Arcy's corpse still remained. I

Juliet's dying hands had let fall the pen. had not more than understood its purport, wh he uttered a loud cry, and gathered up t papers hastily in his hand.

to morrow.

me. Kitty, you will have to see tu-'I know, your reverence; I have seal Miss Johnston and Peggy Feelan and M Cadogan. Day's all coming immediately, a we'll lay out the room—and, on Lord! but out Kitty, 'to say she died without her clera 'Nota word of that,' growled Father Pamenacing her with uplifted forefinger. She is

saint in beaven this minute.'

Kitty Macan received this rebuke with a de

oor still.
'Money! this hour of the night! money!
Ohild, what do you say to me?'
'I must go away to night, Aunt Ju,' he
cried. 'I cannot wait.'

harp fitfully s'irred.

Juliet D'Arcy started violently. Some unwonted feeling, some old memory stirred within her. Her cheeks flushed and paled, and she

trembled from head to foot.

'Godfrey! oh, Godfrey! don't go! she entreasted pitifully. 'Godfrey! I beseech you!'

'Give me the money, Aunt Ju! give me the money, and let me go. I am never coming back. I must go. I have to go!'

'Godfrey! oh, Gudfrey!' wailed ballet. Gl

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.

of the surf that came through the window and filled her sars. Ceptain Mauleverer was stand-

last! Aird's West-Aird's West! It shall not escape me again. Ismay, my poor grl, at last Tears of joy were running down her flushed cheeks. She took her pen—it lay 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, and

me!'
She began her letter, but before she had written more than half of it, the pen fell on the paper; her fingers had lost their power. She tried to go on, ineffectually. It was as though

Godfrey turned to go. Tighe jumped up, stretching out his hand.

'One moment, Mauleverer!' he pleaded.
'Hear me. You have been deeply wronged.
My poorfellow, don't go! D n't run into the jaws of the lion! The park is tull of police, the house is also; the military are under arms in Mallow and Limetick. We knew all; we were ready for them. In God's name, give up this folly, and let me do something for you in reparation for the past! Let me try to make amends to you—for—for—'

O'Malley was deeply touched. The spectacle in the pressure of the chairs upset and thought as the pressure of the chairs upset and thought of robbery, perhaps murder, flashed into the mind. Onick as thought as the pressure of the chairs upset and thought as the mind. Onick as the pressure of the mind.

river's edge.

'The mistress is dead?' shrieked Kitty
'Run!' I am just after flading her in a chair
Oh Lord! run and tell his reverence to come once!

be was crying heartly.

The sacristi-n crossed him elf first, and then ran as fast as he could up the garden to the door of Chapel House. But he had not reached the foot of the steps when Father Conroy, clad in cossack and biretta, showed his burly form

eye; 'I will be with you now Warn Fath Collins,' he said, addressing the sacristal 'send word to the convent, and get all ready f a dead mass.

House. Kitty Macan was waiting for him Her twassistants Rody and Judy had run off to tow to bring things rendered accessary by the sales of the same things. event in the household, and above all to acqui

laid one hand on the virl's head soothing leaned over her kneeling figure, and looked the half-finished letter to himself, blotted whe

'God has spoken at last. God has done the he said, with a great sob in his voice. 'Mariot he said, 'where is Godfrey?'

'Oh, who can tell? who can tell, indeed?'s replied with a despairing burst. 'He went o last night at seven. He may not return un

"Listen to me now,' said Father Paul, putt his hand on her shoulder. I am going away it may be some days, this very morning by up mail train from Cork. Marion, Faster lins will see to all that is necessary. I shall back for the funeral. But you will hear fr

The me see you dare touch it, hissed Godfrey. His face was livid with passion, and his black brows bent in a fury of wrath upon her. 'Don't speak of him to me.'

'What! what!' cried Miss D'Arcy with sud.

The again! Ugh! you brutes! you fact was at the wair. The rainfall in the mountains was beginning to alayes!'

The rainfall in the mountains was beginning to curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the fact that her beloved mistress had depute the priestly assistance, ever afterwards ne was at the wair.

The rainfall in the mountains was beginning to curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely, and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and disturbed as she had been by the curticely and curticely and the curticely and curticely a