[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

\$ 100

FASHION IN HOUSE-FURNISHING.

The Decorative Craze-Apethensis of the Kitchen-Old-Time, Conventionalism Doll Furniture-A Further Departure.

THE DECORATIVE CRAZE.

The transitions in styles of house furnishings have been many and unique of late years." Some have been good of their kind, and so have survived beyond the brief period accorded them by the favor of fashion; and have served to mark their era in households other than those of the wealthy, giving a subdued tone of bygone elegance to surroundings that tricked forth in all the vagaries of a taste gone mad over the decorative craze might have appeared teo bizarre and garish.

There has been altogether too much of Chinese grotesqueness, of Japanese picturesque flatness in the garniture of our boudoirs and parlors. Too much prominence has been given to the infancy of art as exhibited in these flimsy adornings well enough suited for semi-barbaric interiors, and for the entertainment and pleasure of an easily satisfied native taste, in an Oriental climate, but singularly ill adapted to our country, where the popular taste so seldom remains constant to one thing at a time, and to which through all the whirligings of change, which through an unaccountable persistency—unaccountable only, however, to those who do not know the people—to the idea of

solidity.

An age that conventionalized the sun-flower, that stole from the fringe of the broad disk of Clytic's shade hat and from the iris of the peacock's feather its ideal of color in dress, in a control of the beacock's feather its plain to oversignific the peacock's feather its plain to oversignific its plain. however, shown its claim to originality, if not to consistency.

It is not with the new departure in matters of

tests from long-established models that fault is to be found. It is with the excesses committed by the half-educated in the name of that taste that we have to quarrel.

Yet, Japanese tidies, suggesting nothing so much as ten-chest mats, and offending what the Sear Wildes of the day might consider an unappreciative eye for color and arrangement, in their crude tints and fantastic groupings, are surely neither conducive to comfort nor to enswelly neither conducive to comfort nor to enjoyment by those who have not been taught to admire such things. The same thing may be said of the fans with which it was at one time deemed essential to cover a portion of the wall-paper even of the best of rooms. Of very little beauty and less use were they—they served to would better have been blank, and that would better have been blank without them. Still, employed as certain parts of a whole in an improvement or incorrect, as the case may be, built, every bot and pau, and spoon and lifter in ideal correct or incorrect, as the case may be, they had more or less a sort of sequence-a

chesion, so to speak.

But the nameless abominations that came in the train of this flowering out of the sesthetic cultured which had its expression in the APOTHEOSIS OF THE KITCHEN

and all that that highly useful household domean contained, is exemplified in the gilded rolling pins, suspended from richly deccrated walls, as key-racks, the very dust pans being hung up, be-ribboned and be-bowed in the cheapest and also in the worst possible style.

In fact from the kitchen garden itself and its

ishmael among the floral tribes, the sun flower, to the kitchen proper with its array of homely whensils was a facilis discensus.

Punch's picture of the "gentle youth and maiden fair," of most pronounced sestheticstripe,

who aspired to "live up" to a tea pot, is not without its force in this connection.

Now heartily sick of all would-be artistic Summery are even the prime leaders in such movements themselves, those who are out of the charmed circle, in the outside ring as it were, may easily guess, by the puerile devices which an exhausted and jaded taste puts forth as objects of imitation and of admiration. To such a length has all this gone that

OLD TIME CONVENTIONALISM

comes as a relief with its broad empty spaces

One generous mahogany or walnut centretable, round which a whole family might sit with book or pencil or games on winter even-ings, is worth a dozen ebonized and gilded frauds that fall to pieces if one sits too near them, and always have a chronic rheumatism in some one or other of their broomstick legs. It is by no means an unusual thing to be invited, in fashionably furnished parlors, to sit in chairs so shaky as to cause a quake of dread to come ever the timid visitor lest chair and all should collapse in utter ruin. In bouses built for the accommodation presumably of grown up people DOLL FURNITURE

should be voted out of place. It is terribly awkward to have to flounder about in a room seeking for a safe seat amid a crowd of tiny tables loaded to the edge with all sorts of expensive and breakable articles, and finally to find eneself deposited noises volens in a miniature chair with spindling outstretched arms, tied around with ribbons and seemingly imploring as one to be so unconscionable as to think of atting in them. A chair that tilts back on your first sitting down as if quite overcome by the shock, and then tilts forward again to show it

has somewhat recovered.

A wooden stool, honestly put together, well planted on three good atout legs, is infinitely preferable as a seat to those weak, shaky struc-tures, albeit the latter be decorated with plush bands or draped with panels of embroidered

A FURTHER DEPARTURE.

Seriously, a still further departure from estab-lished models is needed. And as every house differs, or should differ, from its neighbors in its requirements, for houses have certain characteristics of their own, as well as human beings, benides partaking largely of the peculiarity of their inmates. We should treat the houses in which we live

as we would treat people in whose society we were expected to pass much of our time. We watch the natural disposition of a child in order to see what are its traits and to train and edueate it in accordance with these; we yield to the Precconceived ideas and opinions of the frien 1 whom it were sometimes the grossest flattery to call "odd;" we honor the whims of a servant whose fidelity covers a host of minor misdoings; we should also study our dwellings, regarding them as architectural individualizations, and in some measure adapting ourselves to them as we expect that they shall adapt themselves to us. For it is we have needs, they also have requirements, and what they most need is attention.

Overcrowding and over-decoration are the great sins of the day in regard to house-furnish great sins of the day in regard to house-furnishing. If one waits patiently, en first going into
a new home, and instead of ordering vans of
furniture all ready turned out to order from the
factory, guaranteed to fit any room of certain
area and dimensions, if we wisely wait and
patiently hide our time, first placing the dear
dispersables, without which home would not
be home, in the best places, adding the decoratime former. tive touches later and bringing in other things of utility and ornament that shall drop into the places we have found waiting for them, then we shall have a home, which, even it be not fashionable in accordance with the latest mode, shall at least impress every beholder with the idea that the house is a real home to those who who live in it, and that the people themselves have a real love and feeling for their home.

"TOO LATE!" "Good gracious I there—it's a quarter to 12 already—the children will be home from school in fifteen minutes—and there's nothing cooked

yeb and to exclaim an energetic, but improvident housewife whom once we knew, as a warning whistle in a not distant factory gave notice and got a will have a clock that would strike however.

the quarters always at my elbow. I get so taken up by the morning work that I never know till all the morning is gone and the children are in upon me."

children are in upon me.

Every day the lament was the same, every day the dish-washing, and the sweeping and bed-making, and dusting, and general ridding up, stole away the golden moments one by one from the the busy little housekeeper, and every day the hideous shriek of the factory whistle sounded like the knell of doom in her car, as she rushed down into her cellar kitchen, where unlighted stove, unprepared vegetables, unset table waited for her quick touch to transform the whole dreary scene into a feast of welcome inst as her boisterous clamoring brood broke in on her, sure as fate, on the stroke of twelve.

Not that she had the meal ready for them—experienced housewives will be slow to believe that, though dexterous fingers and quick brains can do much but a regular bona-fide meal takes

time to prepare.

The children were so impatient. SHARP-SET APPETITES

find waiting hard work.
"What's for dinner, mamma ?" "Nonsense, children. How an I tell. Wait and see. I think in this warm weather you might take a cold lauch in the middle of the might take a cold failth in the middle of the day, and not wear me out cooking for you."

"Cold lunch is cold comfort," perbly pipes up the young daughter of the household, busily engaged at the cupboard cutting herself a liberal slice of bread, and spreading the jam there-

on with no niggard hand.
"Potatoes agair," wails a nine-year-old disconsolately, as the peculiar earthy whist of that most depressing vegetable loads down the air.

"I'm not going to eat onions any more—at least not on school-days," decisively announces a sturdy urchin just at the age when a penchant for fried onions is likely to be interfered with

by a keen sense of personal dignity.
"Meat!" exclaims another with deep disgust, turning away disheartened from a close inspec-tion of the contents of the pots and pans that sizzle and frizzle away on the stove. "I always manage to have the table set be-fore they come in," explains the little mother,

A GOOD STROKE OF POLICY, do you know. It looks as if one were nearly ready for them. And then, again, it sets them speculating on what they are to have, which keeps off the dreaded question—"How scon?"

Now, model housekeepers would, no doubt, be scandalized at such methods as these. ever, they are not here detailed for the edifica-tion of that class which does away with the necessity for an apology.

And there are many women, yes, and good house mothers, too, in just as bad a plight as our friend. Day in and day out, work up-stairs, work down-stairs, dishwashing at one end of the

on the tip of every tongue almost for such a state of things. Forethought. Get up at an unearthly hour. Let the table be set the night before; also, let the vegetables be prepared, hire built, every pot and pau, and spoon and lifter in place. That is, do one good day's work first.
Then, when all is cleared up, and lamps are
lighted and evening papers are being read, and
books scarcely glanced at through the day are brought out, and the old songs are sung and old friends drop in, why, set to work again, and that very evening, or what remains of the evening, do next morning's work, so as to be able to start at four next morning with a day and a quarter's hard work still shead of one.

One mother said proudly to an acquaintance 'I can't understand how some women have so much trouble in getting along with their domestic affairs. I have been so successful in attaining order in my house that I could rise, at any hour in the night, and go in the dark and find any article in daily use, just where I had placed it."

No quarter-to-twelve dinners in that household, no five-minute pie, no half-burnt corn-starch pudding, no kernelly

HARD-BOILED RICE. no tomate soup boiling at a fast gallop, with the stock left out, none of these shiftless methods found favor with her. Nevertheless, this good manager managed so well as to have all her work done in the morning of her days, and the noon spent in what promises to be a life-long invalidism.

The inference must not be taken from all this

THE QUARTER TO-TWELVE DINNER SYSTEM ould have helped her. Her course was highly commendable, and the other was not. Not its closest adherents claimed that for it. But overzeal may make its mistakes as well as want of zeal, and it is a poor preliminary step towards success in any department to forget that health is an absolute essential to success, and that in order to have and retain health we must guard against its great foe overwork of body or mind.

MARIANA.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

It must not be assumed that because the air exhaled by persons suffering from tuberculosis or other diseases plays no part in infection it is not injurious, since it has been shown by Haller and others that the air expelled from healthy and others that the air expelled from healthy human lungs contains matter that is poisonous.

CAUSES OF DYSERFRIA.—Acute dyspepsis—sometimes imperfectly called "bilious attacks," or "gastric fever"—is often a distressing disorder, but it is soon readily relieved. Indigestion, due to organic disease of the stomach, does not strictly come under the head of dyspepsia. Chronic dyspepsia is a functional, not an organic disease. If the eye could look within the stomach in the latter case it would see no explanation of the trouble, as in the case of organic disease. At least five kinds of fluids co-operate in the digestive process—saliva, gastric juice bile, pancreatic fluid and intestinal secretions. Indigestion, therefore, does not necessarily have its seat in the atomach. Two forms of it are especially recognized—gastric (that of the stomach) and intestinal. Each form has two prominent varieties—one in which the food is all digested while the person which the food is all digested while the person has a great sense of discomfort; the other, in which it is not duly digested, while the person has comparatively little suffering. In the first varithere is an abnormal excitability of the nerves of sensation. This is known as nervous dyspepsia. The more common causes of dyspepsia are excesses in eating, neglect of physical exercise, protracted anxiety, change from an active to a sedentary life, insufficient sleep, luxurious living. No treatment can here be prescribed suited to individual cases. The chief thing is to find out and remove the cause. An over-worked stomach should be relieved by giving it only the work which it can do easily, and by furnishing to it only that which is easily and by furnishing to it only that which is easily digested. Everything should be done to improve the general health. Change of locality and general surroundings is often a help. Dyspepala is rare among the young, there is with them a surplus of vitality. Moreover, their physical activity, out-door habits and absence of care are generally a sufficient section. of care are generally a sufficient safeguard.
Where a child or young person is dyspeptic the cause may be improper eating—someare incessantly at it—or insufficient sleep, or undue sanily at 18—or maintenant steep, or under pressure at school; and an accompanying daily nervous anxiety about lessons. Or the trouble may be due to inherited weakness of digestion, or a weakness resulting from some early disease, In every case the best medical advice should be

YOU CAN'T READ THIS

without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have carried \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

A Connecticut man threw a lot of mud into a neighbor's well and the neighbor sought for and got a warrant charging him with "common corruption." The case didn't hold.

BY MRS. HARTLEY. CHAPTER 2.—Continued.

A carved wooden bird seemed to have perched on the summit of this piece of furniture; its head was turned to one side, and seemed to correspond with a fat little gilt eagle on its emi mence over the carved mirror of the chimney-viece, which reflected everything in the room broader than it was long. Quaint little minia-tures,—a pair of worked silk screens and a clock in Sovres chins, which seemed to have suffered more than one fall in its circumstances, so chipped and maltreated did it look,—furnished the chimney-piece. The pastel portrait was flanked by double rows of old mezzotint engravings of the last century, the glass in the frames of which was cracked and greatly fly-blown. Opposite to these, a large old oil-painting, considerately hung right in the dark between the two windows, showed a perfectly black square surface set in a heavily-moulded yellowrith. At the far end of the room a spindle-legged terminism at the story against the wall: chipped and maltreated did it look,—furnished lagged semicircular table atood against the wall; on this table, which was covered with a white on this table, which was covered with a white cloth, stood an image of Our Lady of Dolours, flanked by two china candlesticks and two Jenny and Jessamy vases full of fresh primpages. Three tosaries—one carved clivewood and with a fine ivory crucifix attached, one of tiny red beads, like currents, and one of huge common black beads—lay before the statue; and in a little glass lamp of antique shape humand with the faintest flokes. burned with the faintest flicker a tiny threadlike flame.

The room had a queer smell as of apples and hay blended. The earthiness that comes up from the boards in a house built upon the ground fleor, -though plenty of sweet fresh air had ingress from the loose fitting casements, -

to weight the atmosphere. The breakfast was soon over. Gertrude bad gone—her long hair flying in the wind, as she lesped her way through the osier bod Godfrey was stroking the bound and evidently medi-tating a move. Marion was busy gathering up the crumbs on a plate. Kitty Macan entered, tray in hand, and began to clear away the breakfast things.
'I heard dere is queer work up at Lambert's

Castle—den—Miss D'Arcy, ma'am.
Miss D'Arcy turned her eyes upon Kitty
with a questioning look.
'I tol' you dat dere was an account of a match'

(a south-country euphuism for an offer of marriage—the same being conveyed by a profession-al matchmaker) 'sent up dere from Capel's before Shraff Tuesday for Mary Ahearne. Oh, go 'long, Fly! you baste!' Kitty Macan waited at this juncture until she

had made a voyage out of the room with a trayful of the breakfast gear. When she returned she took up again the broken thread of her

story.

'Harry Capel's fader and moder were giving him up the place—dey would go to their little farm on the Limerick Road. He have no one else to be in her way, and a fine boy, clever proper man. I could not begin to tell what stock he has. Well—an' now—no! Mary Ahearns she have took something in her head word came down with their girl, Judy; if it is not true I renounce the sin of it, I do.'

Godfrey burst out laughing as the pious tone with which this last was said, and picking up a cap which lay somewhere near, ran out of the room hastily, followed sumultuously by the greybound. He was joined after a minute or two by Marion. She held her plate of crumbs in her hand. In an instant a couple of pigeons were on her shoulder, cooing and flapping as she divided the crumbs between them.

They have four eggs in the nest now; she will begin to sit shortly. I must look to the rate, else they'll nip our prospect of young ones in the bud. Godfrey sauntered up and tried to stroke one of the birds as he spoke.

'I wonder,' began Marion—she stopped—
'tell me—Godfrey! When did you see Harry

Capel ?'
'Why ?' Godfrey darted a suspicious look at

her.
'Nothing—nothing,' she replied. 'I was thinking could Kitty's news be true. I have not seen Mary since Sunday week.'
'Poch ! I imagine so. Why not?' Godfrey curled his handsome mouth into a sneer. 'Come and see the thrush's nest where she has it down and see the thrush's nest where she has it

'I wonder if Father Paul knows it.' said Marion as she laid the plate on the ground The pigeons speedily followed it thither, but Fly with one application of his tongue made an end of its contents, and then dashed after his master. They proceeded leisurely along an alley bordered with fruit trees that had once been espaliers, but had long ago burst their bondage and shot up and across at their own eccentric will. Grass and weeds fringed the walk, but among these also were polyanthus and primroses and brown wall flowers just bursting into bloom. The knots of buds on the apple trees were swelling and white. Here and there pear blossoms were just opening, and gave their first sweet odors to the air. They had soon plossoms

their first sweet odors to the air. They had soon reached the elder bush—one of a thicket of recent growth, and self-planted, no doubt.

"Now," said Godfrey, advancing his head into the branches, "I expected as much after last night's shower. Now, Marion, bet you sixpence you don't find the nest."

He drew back. Marion took his place, and peered anxiously among the boughs of the elder, bare as yet, but with every here and there at the joints little bouquets of a vivid green.

greep.

A moment elapsed—in silence. 'Don's breathe in it!' said Godfrey. 'Why, you goose don't you see that? Run your eye straight along this bough towards the root. Now! 'Oh—yes—five eggs! poor bird! She'll never escape the cat so low down as that?' 'She will. I'll take care of that. I have a blackbird's too—in the stone pine before the hcuse. She has only one egg. I expect these out in a fortnight. I'll put them in the old cage and hang it here just close to the nest, and see if the old ones won't feed them.' Marion did not answer him. She broke off a cluster of buds as she passed a pear tree and fastened them in her dress. Then she pulled up a cabbage by its overgrown head, and turned off into a yard to feed a couple of rabbits which were there. A goat made herself heard from ore of the outbuildings, which were large and ram bling. One of these, built outside close to the weir, had been once on a time a mill. There was a race carried across a projecting elbow of the river bank. A Quaker had long ago in-habited the place. He it was who had laid out and stocked the garden and had worked the mill, but as the corn-lands of Barrettstown and the neighboring country passed into grazing and dairy fields, and the repeal of the Corn Laws allowed the Americans to send flour into Barrettstown, the mill got less and less to do; Barrettstown, the mill got less and less to do; the Quaker miller, without waiting to be starved out, sold his plant and removed himself to a commission business in Liverpool. The garden remained to the tender mercies of Nature. The mill fell into ruin with a celerity not to be matched out of Ireland, and the dwelling house became the abiding place of Marion, Godfrey and Gerbrude Mauleverer, with their maternal grand-auut, Juliet D'Aroy, and her devoted follower, Kitty Macan, as well as certain adherents pertaining to this last.

CHAPTER II.

There is nothing either good or bad But thinking makes it so.

Marion, Godfrey and Gestrude Maulevere were the children of Captain Godfrey Maul-everer, a wild Irish officer, the typical Ribernian everer, a what tries onner, one typical supersian militaire of adventuring disposition and extravagant habit; who had, with characteristic inconsiderateness retired from the world one or more days after the death of a rich and childless uncle had raised him from this state of military vaga-

bandage to riches and rank.

It might be alleged, however, in execuse for this crowning act of the poor Captain's cray folly, that he had no reason whatever in the ordinary course of nature to expect any inheritance from his uncle. Mauleverer of Barretts town was a married man with a thriving family

of five children, three of the five being boys, when Captain Godfrey, some fifteen or more years anterior to his death, had last heard of his kinsman.

Not one of these five children survived their father, and Captain Godfrey Maulaverer's reset being duly reported from a south of England port and confirmed, the next heir, a young man named Tighe O'Malley, the son of the only sister of Maulaverer of Barrettstown, stepped into his uncle's place, and an estate worth nom-

into his uncle's place, and an estate worsh nom-inally seven thousand a year.
Godfrey had been a wanderar since the age of sixteen, when he entered a marching regi-ment as licutement, having purchased the grade with a small inheritance left him by his parents, with a small inheritance left him by his parents, both of whom died young. Nothing was known of him by his relations. They had never heard of his marriage, nor had they even indirect knowledge of the fact that some twelve or more years before his death he had, when quartered in a listle country town in the north of Ireland, induced a beautiful young girl, then a governess in a county family which had entertained the in a county family which had entertained the officers of his regiment, to leave the country with him. Ismay D'Arcy, then barely sevente-n years old, belonged to a good old family, which 'the troubles,' the famine years, and then the Encumbered Estates Act, had all combined to reduce to penury. She was a distant relative of the family in whose employment she was, when Godfrey, Mauleverer, then the beaudeal of the seventeen-year-old girl, found it not difficult to persuade her that it would be a change for the better in her circumfatances to follow the for the better in her circumstances to follow the drum. Her relatives, she said, were unkind, by which she probably meant unsympathetic. Neglectful they certainly proved themselves to be, for they took no trouble whatever to ascertain in the headens. tain if the handsome lieutenant had repaired the wrong he had done the girl. They washed their hands of her and forgot all about her. Years later, some intelligence reached the

head of the house—how, no one was told—that Ismay was dying in Jersey, and that her aunt, Juilet D'Arcy, had been sent for in all haste from her own kabitat in the mountains of Ciare. He put a cheque for twenty pounds in a letter which he sent there and then to Juliet D'Arcy, and hade her ask for more if she found it needed when she reached the poor girl. He was never reminded of this promise. Godfrey was not a man to suffer it, even had there been a necessity, which there was not, for Miss D'Arcy's nied was dying when she arrived, and but a few days afterwards she and the disconsolate busband laid her in her last resting-place in the parish graveyard.

There had been a marriage - a Scotch mar-There had been a marriage—'a Scotch marriage, very irregular'—the distraught Godfrey confessed between his paroxyams of grief, Juliet D'Arcy urging him, half-angry, but deeply pitying. He was always intending to be married in church to his darling Ismay. He would have done this be fore the birth of Marion, the eldest, but he had been ordered to Malta, and to leave her behind. Then is was put off and put off, and cometimes it was Ismay's own fault, for at times sometimes it was Ismay's own fault, for at times she would shrink from the avowal, at others urge it passionately. Then, when at last the boy was born, she thought it would be such a boy was born, she thought to was never done.

'But it was a marriage all the same,' pro-

tested Godfrey, with tearful sincerity. She need not be one bit afraid; they were all right so far as that went, and one day he would run down to Scotland and get her the proofs from the witnesses. He would, indeed, just to please her, some day soon.'

Juliet D'Arcy was as Irish as himself. and every bit as procrastinating and hap-py go-lucky. She knew this ought to be done, but they were living out of Ireland, where alone people knew or cared anything for their affairs. The little white headstone in the graveyard bore the inscription, 'Ismay Maul-everer.' The children had no prospects of any sort. Godfrey could leave them nothing. He had nothing but his captain's pay; his regiment was now in Jersey, and there they remained. So day followed day, and weeks slipped into months peacefully and quietly. She was devoted to the children, and before long she became equally attached to their farcinating handsome father, and thus ended by giving her-self but little trouble about what had been the cross and vexation of her existence. There was no one to ODCE very existence. remind her of it now, and she let it slip out of sight contentedly enough. Nothing stands still in this life, however, and Julies D'Arcy was roughly awakened to a sense of her duty and responsibility once for all, and very

suddenly. She had crossed to Havre to make some purchases, one fine July morning, and at mid-day, as she was on the threshold of a draper's shop, she became aware of three familiar faces, and all speaking at once.
'Miss D'Arcy. I declare! It is herself.

Juliet, my heavens I and can is be yourself,
'Well, well, 'sis most extraordinary, and really agreeable too l'

Juliet recognised three old Clare neighbors and friends who had halted for a rest at Havre on their way for a long continental ramble. She left her shopping at once, only too glad of the encounter, and accompanied her friends—two sisters and their brother—to their hotel, where and their prother—to their notel, where ahe spent the major portion of the day telking over old timer, and exchanging news, or rather receiving it, for she—impelled by some unac-countable fatal impulse of concealment, for yielding to which she afterwards bitterly reproached herself,—gave them no information as to her whereabouts and occupation. They vaguely that she was with her runaway niece, of whose death they had never heard, and that there was a screness connected with the subject which made it rather hard to approach under the circumstances of a casual meeting such as this. So they respected her reticence, and found plenty of interesting matter of con-versation until after dinner was over, when she found she must hasten to the Jersey boat. The centleman of the party, on account of whose ill-health they were travelling, escorted her to the pier. He had been one of Miss D'Arcy's admirers in the old days, for Juliet had been a belle in her time, and this Hyacinth Skerrett had been an old flame. Miss b'Arcy held him tuch; perhaps he did not remember so much. She took his arm silently, for the encounter with her old friends had waked some not altogether happy memories. She felt depressed, and over the property of isolation and come by a melancholy sense of isolation and homesickness. Her companion was silent also. but it was from another cause.

They soon reached the pier. The little steamer was just starting, and they were the last to

'Miss D'Arcy.' he said, clearing his throat with an effort, 'I—I—it was a great pleasure meeting you again in this way—it was indeed. And I've been thinking all day of something I did not like to mention—but I don't doubt you'll say that I am right. Come on quick, they are going to pull away the gangway. Poor Ismay, her father and I were hoys together ! Have you heard of Maulever of Barrettstown—Godfrey's uncle he is, you know?

'Yes! yes!' gasped Juliet.
'Oh, Lord! she's off,' he cried, and sprang past her detaining hand and to the pier, barely in time before the men hauled up the ladder. He turned and leaned over the edge.
What? what is it? cried Miss L'Arcy.

Write to Father Paul Corroy, shouted Mr. Skerrett. 'He is parish priest of Barrettstown. Don't you remember Courcy of Ballinavogue? You do. It's his brother then.' 'He is the parish priest of Barrettstown, you

say, Paul Conroy, screamed Miss D'Arcy in her strongest Clare brogue.

'Yes,' shouted back her friend, making, as he did so, a sign with his hand as if to say 'enough is said.' This was perhaps not unnecessary for Miss D'Arcy was excited enough to

have kept up a conversation all the way to Jersey. Mr. Skerrett took off his hat and waved it: and Juliet, though her limbs were trembling with excitement and her mingled anxiety and

turning his head to watch the steamer as she diminished in the distance.

"Fatoer Paul Cunroy," repeated Juliet aloud.
The importance of Mr. Skerrett's words seemed caught his sleeve as he was leaving the room. to grow and swell every minute as the tossing waks of the stamer stretched longer and longer behind, leaving the possessor of the secret far remote, and carrying with her growing burden of hewilderment and anxiety, in solitary per-

Explanation of the

plexity, out to sea.

"Barrettesum—the parish priest!"—and she
pressed her band tight to her forehead, as though she thought thereby to stamp the re-membrance indelibly on her brain, of the preci-

see it in the papers? when in truth no such an anouncement had ever appeared. Yes, Julies thought now that ahe ought to have forced herself to make that speech, or one something like it. It certainly would have been arainer the grain to utter it, but she told her self that she ought to have faced the matter and

self that she ought to have faced the matter and set Ismay's memory right, she herself being dead and gone, and out of reachied all comment Buts old habit had prevailed and carried the day. For good or evil she had been slient.

'Mauleverer of Berrettstown and Father Paul Conry'—the names ran like chimes in her cars, and set themselves to the clarking of the engine and the throb of the raddles. She had seated herself on a camp stool, and leaving her elbows on her knees, held both her temples with the palms of her hands.

Godfrey might be counted on to know nothing whatever of the portent of Hyasinth

ing whatever of the portent of Hyacinth Skerrett's enigmatical deliverance. He was not the one to read the riddle. Even if she found him at home, for he was to start that evening on a fortnight's yachting trip with a Sir Harry Somebody or other; probably, if wind and weather suited, would have left ere she arrived. And his promised journey to Scotland!
Julies rose now from her camp-stool so suddenly that she upset it, and began to walk up and down the deck in a fever of impatience. She blamed herself for her supineness and recklessness. The whole future of Ismay's children was now depending on a matter which she had allowed to be thrust into the background as of no imto be thrust into the background as of no importance. What if Godfrey had gone by this, taking the secret with him. What due had she to discover when and where the irregular marriage had taken place. Suppose the yacht lost and all lost with him!

She got home at last, how she could not have told. It seemed like an awakening from a hideous nightmare when, on hearing her hand touch the latch of the little garden gate, Captain Mauleverer's tall shape rose in the summer twi-

Mauleverer's tall shape rose in the summer twi-

ight from a little ruse-covered garden seat, where he had been waiting for her.

'At last !' he cried, hastening down the alley, and throwing away his cigar as he came.

'Oh! Godfrey!' she cried, 'come in. I am not able to stand, I am so tired. Come in with me, dear.' The Captain drew her arm into his, and led her into the little sitting-mom. The lamp was lighted. He marked her paleness,

and poured out a glass of wine for her. She put his hand saide.

'I am so frightened,' she began breathlessly, 'and I don't know for what. Who do you think I met in Havre. Hyacinthe Skerret and the two girls, his sisters, going to Hamburg for his gout or theirs, I forget which, but it was he told me. I stopped with them all day, talking over old times with Mary and Charlotte. They're my cousins just twice removed; you remember Mary Skerrett married twice, and the second time it was a cousin of the same name

"Oh dear !" sighed Mira Juliet. She had ex-hausted herself in the family ramifications. That is not what I have to tell you, though Hyacinthe Skerrett came to see me on board, and, indeed, he might not have left his news to the last minute that way. Your Uncle Godfrey Mauleverer of Barretstown-I am to write Father Paul Conroy the parish priest of the place, and a brother of Conroy of Ballinavogue, and indeed there is at least the ringings of a tul of relationship between that Conroy and the D'Arcy':"
'Juliet, my dear,' observed Godfrey, who was

wondering what there was in all this to distress between them. she became aware of three familiar faces, and people, and I have told you that often enough, three well-known voices saluted her cars with an I think. He smoked for a second or two, then accent that roused her consciousness strangely, observing the wild eyes with which the was

detaring at him, he resumed:

'Come, let us have your news.'

'But I have told it to you,' she burst cut. 'Oh, Godfrey! you don't seem as if you cared one pin, sitting there smoking as if it was nothing at all, and for all we know your nucle may be dead and all his children with h.m.'
'What?' said Godfrey, 'have they cholera in Barrettstown? or are you telling me one of

your dreams again?

He removed his cigar from his mouth an fixed his great dark eyes on her with a startled look that contradicted his speech. Juliet began to sob with pure exhaustion and excepera-

tion.

"It was just this way, then. We were the last to get on board, and he had barely a minute; his words were these just as I'm telling you now: "Poor Ismay's father and I were boys together"—or friends—he said one or other. "Mauleverer's uncle at Barrettstown is then he had to run te get on shore, as other. "Manieverer's unce at Darrettssown is
" and then he had to run to get on shore, as
the boat was going, so he shouted to me off the
wharf: "Write to Father Paul Conroy, the
parish priest," and told me be was by way a
connection of my own, and that he would give me news-and there must be something, God-

Godfrey was silent for a moment, "My uncle is not above sixty, I don't fancy," he sold, resuming his cigar, "and he has three sons; one of them must be of age by this; there were two of them at Eaton when last I heard of them. Let me see, when was that? fifty-one, or was it fifty-three, eh?" He ruminated a moment. "Come, Ju. drink your glass of wine, old woman, and go to bed. You are tred and nervous, and you are excited about those children, and have taken some fantique into your head. Come, it is a day-dream this of yours. Here, drink it, I Poor Miss D'Arcy drank the glass of wine

which Godfrey held to her lips. 'But I tell you, Godfrey,' she insisted. 'There is something. There must be. Anyhow,' she said, 'you'll write to Father Paul Conroy, eh? won't you, dear?'
'Tush! yes! I'll see! Have some supper.

bade Amélie have supper for you. I am off. Sir Harry Crawshaw's yacht is to start at the I should be on board now, only I waited to see you. I don't know when we'll get back.'

Miss D'Arcy looked at him and burst into a

fit of weeping.
Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey. Will you ever have have sense? Will you ever think of doing your duty by these poor lambs? What did you promise me long ago, beside their poor dead nother? She tried to rise from he chair but was unable

Godfrey laid his cigar in the ash-tray and walk-Godfrey laid his eight in the ash-tray and walked across the room to her.
'Look here, Juliet,' he said in a low but most
intense tone, 'you are not very complimentary
to me, by Jove! Do you imagine, you old
goose, that if there was the least thing wrong—
the legitimacy of my children ever questionable
—that I should not have set it right long ago, eh?—do you? You have taken some nonsensi

me. The window was open, and the wind, which The window was open, and the wind, which had risen and was blowing from the east, carried in the sound of the incoming tide breaking on the pebbably strand, not thirty yards from where they were. A sharp which was heard. It was the signal from the yacht.

There now, good-bye I you are only delaying

terror were so great that she was murmuring It was the signal from the yacht.

incoherent questions still, replied gracefully Juliet, said Godfrey, they bre looking for with her pocket handkerchief. She gazed back ms. Now there's a good soul?

He soothed and stroked her. She ceased to a boy among them: Must Juliet D'Arcy was walked back along the pier, now and again sob, and an expression of almost resigned des.

Waited her instructions, and asked her to telegraph, and desire her man of busing the pier, so the coased to a boy among them: Must Juliet D'Arcy was walked back along the pier, now and again sob, and an expression of almost resigned des.

pair came into her face. I must ge—I cannot stay.'
Don't,—she had risen from her chair and caught his sleeve as he was leaying the room.
One word! Godfrey, dear, she pleaded, one word. Tell me the name at least of the place you and Immy were married in.'
I must go; they are looking for me,' he cried impatiently; don's you hear the wind rising? We shall not be able to get out if I don't go. Aird's West, the Royal Stag. Aird's West, then, since you must, Ju! It was irregularno elergyman, you know, and that! I'm gone!

membrance indelibly on her brain, of she precious news she had heard, or rather the promise of news. Hyacinth Skerrett poor dear fellow! The door shot almost simultaneously, and how aged he was, shought Juliet had given her a triendly hint, it was plain.

What could have happened? Mauleverer was Godfrey's uncle, little Godfrey's grand-uncle. How glad she was that she had never mentioned poor Ismay; and yet, might it no: have been as well, or better, to have said, just accidentally; 'Poor Mri. Mauleverer is dead. Did you not the garden, and the treeze carried the voices to the garden, and the treeze carried the voices to the garden, and the treeze carried the voices to the garden, and the treeze carried the voices to good-bye!'
The door shot almost simultaneously, and casement, which had been open all day, abut with a sudden clay which a sartled her. Then it flew open again just as suddenly, and she heard the order, 'Give way,' in Godfrey's voice, as the wind carried it to her. The yachtsmen were in waiting on the beach just at the foot of the garden, and the breeze carried the voices to her. Then she could hear the measured beat of the ours, for an instant only, and all was silent again save for the rising storm and tide.

Amdie the bonne came in now with some food

again save for the rising storm and tide.

Amélie the bonne came in now with some food, but failed to induce her mistress to touch it, and finally retired, thinking there had been a scene—nothing uncommon in the household. Madame, being quick and expansive, was given to extremes of word and act, while Monsieur, it indulgest and amiable, was decidedly provoking.

Tired as Miss D'Arcy was, she could not retire to rest until she had taken action in some way upon the information given her by her friend of the afternoon; so she seated herself at her desk, and began a lester to Father Paul

friend of the afternoon; so she seated herself at her desk, and began a leater to Father Paul Courcy of Barrettstown. Exhausted and stupsefied as she was by the excitement she had undergone, she retained grasp sufficient of her intellect to arrange the points of her letter with characteristic diplomacy, and to present them in the proper order to the mind of the person whose interest she desired to gain.

in the proper order to the mind of the person whose interest she desired to gain.

The D'Arcy's were ancient stock. The name of a County Clare D'Arcy, as Alius Juliet was in the habit of saying, carried weight with in the habit of saying, carried weight with every one who knew anything, and a consin, a female P'Arcy, had once married a Chadwick, 'Yes,' mused the letter-writer, 'Marion D'Arcys daughter by that Chadwick man was the mother of Father Paul Conroy. I'll put that first, yes, he will take an interest after that in daing was an obligation just like one of my own. doing me an obligation just like one of our own, thought astute princess of the Clan D'Arcy. Accordingly she began on the first sheet of thin letter paper she could find, but no sconer had abe fixed her eyes on the paper and endeavoured to concentrate her thoughts on wording her ideas, than a burning headache intervened and orced her to resign the task. She recollected also, that there was no post now before room of the following day; so, gladly and reluctantly all at once, she closed her desk and retired to her room—not to bad yet. Tired and in pain as she was, and inviting as her white couch was, Juliet knelt in prayer for a good half-hour be-

The next day, refreshed and more at ease, Miss D'Arcy's industry was rewarded by a very satisfactory result, in the shape of the following letter written in the fine antique Italian hand which yet survives in Ireland, and which a good hour before the mail closed had finished,

good hour before the mail closed had finished, and was reading and re-reading with great pleasure to herself:

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—The matter of this letter must be my apology, feeling as I do that no personal excuse that I could bring forward would suffice for venturing to intride upon you. May I be permitted by way of preamble to recall to you that there exists in a considerable degree a relationship between one. considerable degree a relationship between our-selves? Your maternal grandmother was a full cousin once removed of myself, who have the honour of addressing you. I allure to Miss Marion D'Arcy, who married one James Chadsecond time it was a cousin of the same name as herself; the first was a D'Arcy, not the D'Arcys of the Hill, these are D'Arcy's of Levalle. Matry had no children.'
Godfrey nodded and began to light a fresh cigar.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mirs Juliet. She had ex"Oh dear!" sighed Mirs Juliet. She had exbusiness which I have at heart in writing to you, and which is nothing less than a family concern of the highest importance.

'I will now proceed to lay it before you. My

late niece—God have mercy on her—Ismay D'Arcy, being at that time seventeen years of Surely, being at that time soventeen years of sge, married and ran away with the nephew (Juliet reversed purposely the order of things) and namesake of Mr. Godfrey Mauleverer is your parish. Captain Mauleverer has been on bad terms with his uncle. Indeed there has never been at any time any communication between them. I know that old Godfrey Mauleverer is married and has five children, three of them being sons, but if it had been otherwise, or if these sons were to die before him, my niece's husband is the next-of-kin, th estates being entailed. It is in his interest atd that of his three children that I venture to act upon a suggestion made to me recently by a friend, that I should write to you and ask for information concerning his unknown lamily at

Barrettstown.
'Only that I fear to trespass too long upon your time and patience, I would enter into the circumstances under which the suspension was made, and the reason why it has not eme so anxious to obtain this intelligence. I have been abroad now for nearly nine years; almost all my immediate friends have departed this world; there is no one to whom I could apply in this matter with such confidence and surety as to yourself, who, living upon the spot, can tell me without difficulty or trouble the exact present circumstances of our relative's f.mily. By doing so at your earliest convenience you will confer a great favour upon and earn the lasting gratitude and prayers of —Yours most obediently. † in J. O. JULIET D'ARCY.

'Blessed Virgin Mother,' murmure? Miss
D'Arcy, as she folded up the foregoing, 'protest

and guide me!'
When she had scaled the lett r with the When she had scaled the letter with the 1D'Arcy crest—a griffin's head and one caw—she carried it herself to the post, judiciously reserving it till one minute of collection, in order to baffle the curiosity of the post people, of whom she entertained sup-picions, grounded on her experience of the officials of her native district, as, for that matter, she did of all the world outside the Clan

D'Arcy,
Her letter gone, Miss D'Arcy gave herself up to a state of pious and resigned, as she thought, but in reality extremely fidgety, anxiety. Godfrey sent word by a fish-rman that he would not be back for a good week, which, experience told her, might mean a fortnight. She did not know how long it would take for her letter to go to Barrettstown, Co. Cork ; the people at the post office could have told her at once, but she would die rather than question them. A week passed thus, and she began to despair. The fact was that Father Courcy had despair. gone to Dublin the very morning of the day on which her letter arrived, passing that precious missive on his way. He was a witness in a will case, and ashe intended to return from town next day at latest, he desired his housekeeper not to forward anything to him. He was de-layed in Dublin for nearly a week after his ar-rival there. When he at last got home and read Miss D'Arey's letter he found news indeed to Miss D'Arcy's letter he found news indeed to send her, and of so serious a nature that he thought it best to telegraph it. But he might as well have written. The day before his despatch arrived Miss D'Arcy had been summoned in all haste to Portsmouth. The yacht had put in there in search of medicals aid for Captain Mauleverer, who was ill of a malignant tever. Ten days later she returned to the cottage, bringing with her all that remained of Godfrey scaled up in a leaden coffin. He had always said that, no matter where he died, he wished to be buried beside Lamay. Juliet received her telegram at the hands of the weeping Amélie, and the letter which had followed it by the next post. The telegram smounced the death, more than a fortnight before, of Godfrey Mauleverer of Barrettstown. The letter gave details of his rettatown. The letter gave details of his late illness which was consequent upon the shock received from the death of his son, the last child of five who had been spared to adole scence. Father Paul Conroy added that he waited her instructions, and asked her to