"UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN." What matter how the winds may blow, Or blow they east or blow they weat; What reek I bow the tide may flow Since ebb or flood alike is best. No summer calm, no winter gale Impedes or drives me from my way : I steadfast toward the Haven sail That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old, When motionless I seemed to lie; The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew net why,
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay;
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret Which thro' these years of doubt I bore; I keep the memory fresh, and yet Would hold God's patient mercy more. What wrecks have passed me in the gale, What ships sunk in the summer day; While I, with furled, or spreading sail, Stood for the Haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow. Since fair or foul alike is best God holds them in His hand, I know. And I may leave to him the rest; Assured that neither calm nor gale Can bring me danger or delay, As I toward the Haven still sail That lies, I know, not far away. -A. D. Randolph.

WHY DO MEN GET DRUNK?

HE QUESTION SATISFACTORILY ANSWERED BY A LADY DOCTOR. THE

Doctor Lucy M. Hall, of Brooklyn, Writes or What Makes the Inebriate?' or, in Rough Saxon, "Why do Men and Women Get Drunk ?"

Twenty years ago, she says, no one asked this question. Now there is hardly anyone who is not asking it.

That every morning a vast army of people should arise in the possession of their sober sense, who before the day is over, will, by their own deliberate act, become stupid, stambling imbeciles, or frenzied dangerous maniacs, has at least presented itself to the charm of manner, but by her lack of beauty she mind of the scientific world as a problem can keep the loveliest of women friends and which requires solution. Following close no jealousy arises, while she is always a upon this has come the other problem, what which requires solution. Following close shall we do with the inchrists?

The Doctor gives the result she has arrived at after the examination and careful accutiny of more than two hundred inebriase women. She shows the great power of hereditary taint, and maintains that care and attention and a gradual upbuilding of the system will ensure a response from the brain forces which will protect the inebriato from lapsing into his besetting vice. Then she makes the important statement :--

There are many of the two hundred unfortunate women above noted who gave no evidence of having lost the nerve and will power which would enable them to control their tendency to include, There were persons who exhibited the peculiar nervous phenomena which mark the initial stage of irresponsibility, as the unstable state of the emotions, the lowered moral sense, the general breaking up of all that which goes to fortify character in the individual.

Doctor Lucy Hall maintains that if a cure Is not wrought before this condition becomes pronounced there is little hope, and it is just at this stage that the heaviest consure is heaped upon the unfortunate wretch, still further degrading him who is already beaten down by

women get drunk?" resolves itself into a physical and pathological study of the most profound and the most perplexing nature. Much has been achieved in the last few years, but the problem is yet but partially solved. All the strength of the victim and those who would rescue him is demanded in this the grandest work, the mightlest movement of our century, the cure or care of the

As there is a precancerous stage of cancer, a pre-phthisisical stage of phthisis, a stage in which the tendency is strongly developed but may be warded off with proper measures, so in inebriety. If the tendency is not too pronounced timely aid will save

In just so far as the inobriate lis irresponsible just to that degree is society responsible for him, and this responsibility can only be discharged by the putting forth of every effort on the part of society to pro-tect and reclaim him.

Dr. Hall shows how poorly and inadequately this duty is being discharged, how stupldly and egregiously the errors which are the result of old and scientific modes of thought are being perpetuated in the accepted methods of dealing with inebriates: Vigorously she remarks :

Every correctionary and penal institution in the land, its cells crowded with inebriate wrecks, or those who have become criminals because they were first drunkards, avery hospital and poor house and insane asylum, all our burdened charities, all the rum-wreck ed homes, the disgraced and ruined families, stand as a bitter reproach to the law and the administration of the law as it affects the

In conclusion the doctor insists that all legislation with regard to the inebriate should be for his protection. He should not be classed as a criminal for insbriety alone. On the other hand, he should be regarded as irrespensible if he fails to control himself. His course of self-destruction should be stopped. Every effort which science can suggest should be put forth for his recovery. He should be shielded and his powers for happiness and usefulness conserved by an absolute yet humane system of control.

CLEVER MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

The wife of a celebrated literary man (eays London contemporary) said the other evening that a talented man should always choose a wife with nothing further than domestic accemplish-ments. "It is a great mistake for brainy peo-ple to marry brains," said she, decisively; "and, happily, few of them do it. Put two geniuses together in matrimony, and you have two cats in a bag—nervous, fretful, irresponsible creatures, with no patience and less common sense, who will be always worry-ing each other and tugging in opposite directions at the matrimonial chair. If they are both talented in the same line, they will wear each other out in the expression of different ideas; but if they have separate abilities, there will be pretty often a jangle about which is the more important. What a clever man wants is a clear headed, sensible wife, who will forget his vagaries in remembering his bril-liancy, and remain a constant shield between his sensitiveness and disagreeable things; some thing, in fact, like one of those cushions that sailors put down the side of the vessel to keep it from jarring too roughly against the dock."

THE GIRL WHO HELPS MOTHER.

is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished work from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong youngigure is a staff upon which the grey baired, white faced mother leans and is rested She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the old, worn out body of mother, lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped her mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

We have a kind father, gentle and loving brothers and sisters, and when we grow older, and leave the paternal roof, we may be fortunate in securing a kind husband or gentle wife and be blessed with dutiful and happy children; but no one will ever avereige towards us the and be blessed with dutiful and happy children; but no one will ever exercise towards us the same kind, patient love, and gentle forbearance as a mother. We should, therefore, share her auxieties, lighten the burden of her cares and antienes, ignored the burden of the cases and attrive to make her declining years happy. It is a debt as well as a duty we owe her, and it is happily in the power of all to pay it. Think of the many days of weary toil and the years of unselfish flove and patient devotion she has given to us, and then let us ask ourselves if we can do too much for "mother."

USEFUL BAKING POWDER FACTS.

The following hints may prevent some house-keeper from being imposed upon:

If, when two samples of baking powder are tested by mixing with cold water, one of them boils up quickly, effervescing like sei flitz powder, and the other rises more slowly, foaming like and the other rises more slowly, to aming like and problems are adding over the too. yeast, and perhaps standing over the top of the glass, it is an evidence of the purity of the former and the adulteration of the latter. The different action of the second is caused by the addition of flour or line, or both. Put a little flour in the other and mix it thoroughly, then stir into the water, and the same result is proinced, the action being more or less slow according to the amount of flour added.

THE PLACE FOR A LADY'S AFFECTION, Somebody asked me the other day who were the happiest women, and I've been thinking it out ever since. The conclusion I have come to is that she is the happiest woman who is not too handsome. I don't mean that she shall be disagreeable looking, and she must have a certain great beauty does not need to anticipate growing old with that horror that comes to her who knows that it means the loss of the greatest at-traction. I have always made a thanksgiving every night that Providence arranged that I should be born south of Mason and Dixon's line, but I now add to my thanks the fact that nature did not make me beautiful.
One can only feel this way after one
has become—how old? The woman without beauty is going to try to be something else, for in the heart of every woman figure without Roman lines and a calliope voice there is a de-sire to be considered the nicest in the world by somebody. And if the woman is worth a penny she prefers that somebody to be a man. othy, I wouldn't trust a woman who told me she didn't care for men's society. There

is something wrong with her. She's absolutely abnormal, and certain to come to a wrong end. Even beating will not take from a right minded woman her inborn liking for mankind in general and man in special. There has never been one of these women who cared only for the society of women who wasn't fretful, tiresome, unhealthy in mind and body, and altogether a burden to the earth. Women should like women, of course, but they should like men better. - New York Star.

The brightest flowers must fade, but young a sense of his own degradation, and the help, encouragement and control withheld which might prove his salvation.

Thus the question: "Why do men and affections of the throat and lungs are relieved." by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

If there is a vicious bull in your herd, take his horns off. It won't hurt you half so much | no attempt to conceal. as he may hurt you if you don't.

When you notice unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrep & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Sta "My wife has Merchant, at Constance, writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever

Sedentary employments are less favorable to health than active ones, but a good posture can do much to help in this matter.

THE PROPER CHANNEL for the escape from the system of impurities which would, if they remained, poison the blood, is through the bowels. When this outlet is obstructed it may be disencumbered with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a edy which regulates the system, invigorates digestion, and is pure and safe as well as effective. It cures all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

The man who erects and maintains watering trough by the roadside for the accommodation of travelers deserves a pension.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Because the air is invisible it is no reason why pure air is not as essential to good health as is wholesome food and drink.

Ill.fitting hoots and shoes cause corns. loway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

For dressing wounds, outs or sores a solu tion of a spoonful of borax to a pint of warm water is cleansing and healing.

M. Sheehan, of Oscoda, Mich., writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil on horses for different diseases and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time, and is the best oil for horses I ever

So called unhealthful occupations can be made less so by properly understanding and practicing the laws of breathing.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Oarter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try

A coat of oil of bay applied to the walls o a room will, it is said, rid it entirely and per manently of files.

FFTS : All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's reat Nerv RATES: All File Scopped free to your Marve C cures. Restorer. No Fits after first day guan, Marve C cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit care. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

To attempt hard work or close study within an hour after eating invites derangements of the digestive organs.

Holloway's Pills.—The Great Need.—The blood is the life, and on its purity our health as wall as our existence depends. These Pills thoroughly cleanse the vital fluid from all contaminations, and by that means strengthen and invigorate the whole system, healthily stimulate allowish organs, repress over-actived action, and invigorate the whole system, neatinity sumulate sluggish organs, repress over-excited action, and secretion establish, order of circulation and secretion throughout every part of the body. The ball-samic nature of Holloway's Pills exercises mar-There is a girl, and I like to think of her and vallous power in giving one to deblitated and talk of her, who comes in late when they have nervous constitutions. These sills dislicate all company, who were a proting dislicate of obstructions both in the howels and elsewhere, company, who were a protify distle air of obstructions both in the bowels and elsewhere, mingled responsibility and askisty with the aird are, on that account, much sought after for youth, whom the others seem to depend on and promoting regularity of action in young females look to for many comforts. She is the girl and delicate persons who are naturally weak, or who helps her mother. In her own house she have from some cause become so,

BY MRS. HARTLEY

OHAPTER XXIL-(Continued.) 'I wonder it did not bite you, Godfrey,' said ertrude. 'Oh, don't let it out again! I am Gertrude,

"Afraid of those things."

"Afraid of rats and mice and spiders, and everything that is smaller than yourself, pibed her brother. "Go and bring me another saucer of bread and milk. No ! never mind; she'll be too startled to eat it now. Here, Fly! I say. Mr. Anadale, come and try for a hare in the ditch below. 'St, dog.'

Gerrude and he raced with the greyhound in the direction indicated, in too great a hurry to notice if their invitation were accepted or

Marion and Chichele had already moved off. and were taking their way leisurely among the apple trees. The garden was wilder than ever, now that the spring had set things growing. It was not neglected, however. The sacristan, who came from Chapel House occasionally to superintend and direct Eddy's operations, confined, it was trae, his exertions to what was absolutely necessary. A large part had been cleared and set with potatoes; it lay all black and fragrant of newly-turned clay; and there were beds of paraley and kitchen herbs. But lilly of the valley was pushing its curled green shoots out of the earth, and violets announced their presence from the shady places. Monthly roses bloomed here and there from amongst the ivy which choked the old plum-trees on the wall. Tail old wallflowers, self-sown, straggled about and scented the air, and the tops of the walls were thickly fringed with all sorts of windsent blossoms.

There was something characteristic of its owners about this semi-desert. Preoccupied as Chichele was, he became aware in some measure of this. It was charming; it was pitiful. The wrong of it forced itself on his English conscience, but the sweet wildness and unusualness took him captive. It was all so Irish, so foreign, so attractive therefore. He forgot his promise to meet his people on the Limerick Road, he forgot everything but the spell that held him, walking under the apple trees that were now loaded with blossom. He bent down one long slender twig, and held a bunch of little white velvet leaves and pink bloom so that Marion could smell it. She took the twig in her fingers and bent over it. As she lifted her face again, drawing a deep breath of enjoyment, her eyes met his. The clear pale red of the blossoms seemed to have passed to her face, and to illumine it with a glow that was almost unearthly in its beauty. Both stood still. Chichele kept his hold of the apple bough, only moving his hand so as to grasp hers with it'

'At last !' he murmured. Marion's color changed, and her eyes drooped under his gaze. She tried to take away her hand. He only tightened his hold. You gave me leave,' he whispered across the little cluster of apple bloscom. 'Marion, you told me to come, and I have come.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE roan was whipped and spurred across the Lambert's Castle by-path, over the track on knockstuart Bog with all its spoogy sinuceities, out again on the Limerick Road, and galloped along it at a breakneck pace, only to reach the pretty castellased gates of Maxwelton in time to pretty castellated gabos of actioning therefrom, meet the O'Malley barouche issuing therefrom, 'Halloo, Chichele!' shouted Tiphe cheerily.

'Halloo, Chichele !' snouved Light You lose your way?'
Everybody's gone. Did you lose your way?'
Chichele calmly. 'It is just No! answered Chichele calmly. as well I am too late. Just look at the state I am in. He turned the horse round, and exhibited his smart cords and gaiters all aplashed and draggled. He had gone through the orier field at rather a headlong rate on taking leave of Marion, and until he had reached the patient Todd with his steed had not stopped to pick his

Lady Fredbury was so disappointed not to see you,' cried Mrs. Courthope; 'and you missed such a pretty girl, her niece Miss Grey-

Mrs. Courthope was extremely angry as well as alarmed at this last, to her conclusive, proof of Chichele's infatuation. She could scarce refrain from uttering her anger. Restrained, however, by the thought of the telegram, she said nothing, and leaned back in the carriage with an air of ennui and fatigue which she made

He made some curt remark, and dropped ally, until at least half a mile separated it from him, and he could see nothing of its oscupants out the tops of Tighe O'Malley's and Mr. Court-hope's hats. He felt inclined to walk the horse juntil they had turned out of sight with the road itself, round the slope of the hill, on the other side of which was Lambert's Castle. He looked at his watch. It was getting near seven. There was time enough; he could be at Barrettstown in time to dress before eight. He rode the horse into a clear pond beside the road let him drink a little and coul his feet, and then pursued his way leisurely. It was still light: the sun was setting in a red and yellow furnace far away across the bog, and curious gold reflections lay on the surface of the pools. The dead tree stems that were standing here and there on its surface held out their shrivelled arms, gray when the light shone on them in the daytime, but now looking black and weird against the sky. Dark chasms opened where the turf had been cut; out of them a pale mi'ky like vapour was rising and stealing softly over the low places. It was a strange and mysterious looking landscape that unfolded itself to Chiche le's eyes : on one side the great black untenant ed bog with here and there a rare particle of verdure, and more often dull gray sedges and dead waterflags than grass, reaching as it were to the very sunset itself, and silent and lonely as a desert, while on the other hand rose the hill slope of Lambert's Castle, with its chequer-like surface

Castle, with its chequer-like surface of fields, some square, some long-shaped, some three-cornered, one or two covered with a sparse vesture of growing corn, most of them as yet black and naked amid their fringes of unkempt, luxuriant hedges. The unwonted solitary scene egan by degrees, as he gazed on it, to oppres him, though not altogether unpleasantly. mists that crept and moved over the dark expanse like living restless things shaped thempanse like living resules things shaped that was but too seldom absent from his thoughts, and in all the rich fires and crimson glories of the sunset Chichele could see but

Marion's long-lashed eyes, when they met his in the Quaker's garden that day.

Sunday evening! I am to make Father Paul bring me with him to Lambert's Castle; until then ! until then !' he said aloud. A sudden thought took him to ride fast on

ward towards the house. But to look at it in passing would be grateful to him. He might even see a light in her window. He let the roan have whip and spurs until he was abreast of the Fir House. Not one gleam of light was there Fir House. Not one gleam of light was there visible. All the windows to be seen above the trees of the garden were dark and silent. A faint bluish thread of smoke curling faint bluish thread of smoke curling upward in the shill twilight air was the only sign of life about the the only sign of life about the place. Chichele signed heavily and pushed on his horse once more, clattered through the town to the admiration of all the inhabitants. who seemed to be on the watch for him. They were just lighting up the shops. Lamps of paraffin with their reflectors threw a queer illumination on the cobblestone footway. Here and there a belated donkey carb stood at a door. The Chapel House and the chapel-this last lighted and open, for confessions were being lighted and open, for contessions were being heard—were soon passel; and once inside the great gate at Barrettstown, Chichele left the grayelled drive, and made straight across the grass for the stables.

His servant was waiting with everything ready across the stables are stables as the stables are stables.

His servant was waiting with everything ready and an expeditious toilet allowed; him to enter the drawing room at a few minutes after eight. Lady Blanche and Tighe alone were down. A log fire burnt cheerfully in the grate. There was only one lamp lit on a little table; the scarlet blossoms of the germiums glowed like a rad aircole around its. Tighe was reading the

tered. She was very pale, and seemed chilly.
'You have not been long dressing, Chichele,'
she said accidly. 'I heard you ride into the

stablevard. Ten or twelve minutes only. What is this Blanche says about your being disappointed about a letter or telegram? Babies all right, I

theless it exclusively occupied her thoughts. What could have happened? she mused: Creswell was not to blame. She was a devoted creature, who had been brought up in the family. Mr. Sheriff! Stay—it was Saturday, and he no doubt was out of town. She had heard that his private address was somewhere in Surbiton. Of course that was it, and until Monday morning she could hope for no reply. She might just as well have written, she thought, and some bitter well have written, she thought, and some bitter reflections upon the whole race of Pursewell Sheriffe crossed her mind.

Sheriffs crossed her mind.

However, she was in the main, if maginative, a practical-minded person, and she speedily reverted to her former position—that which had preceded the despatch of that forenoon. She determined to speak to Chichele that very evening, or the next morning at latest on the way to church. It might be best to wait until the next morning—hight heights counsel' until the next morning—night brings counsel'
—besides, she did not feel equal to an encounter with him immediately.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Affairs at Lambert's Castle were being rapidly advanced now. Luke's wedding day had been fixed, and the bride elect was to pay a visit with all form and ceremony to Lambert Castle and her future family. matter of course a Sunday was the day selected. The Waterford city lady with the great fortune must be shown to the people, and as Sunday obviously afforded the most rational and feasible opportunities for that, Miss Delanty and her father were to attend last mass at Barrettstown charel, and afterwards to spend the day at her future home.

This, ostensibly a friendly visit to make the acquaintance of her prospective relations, was in reality a tour of inspection. The Ahearner knew this well, and the old people were concerned day and night beforehand, contriving and working to make everything appear at its best. They certainly did not do as some neighbours did in similar circumstances, i.e., borrow cows and calves and getse for the day to fill the byres and yard and give a fictitious air of property and wealth to their surroundings. Old Ahearne scorned such dirty tricks; nevertheiss he ordered his wife to buy poultry for the dinner, and not decrease the stockyard, and he white washed the stables and the window-sills, mended the broken windows, and had the yard scraped and sluced with clean water. The half shorthorn cow was combed and rubbed and put in a prominent stell, and Harry Capel, who as a son-in law-elect had a hand in all their arrangements received a good-humored hint that he need not mention that she was to leave the farm with

Margaret. The preparations indoors kept pace with the rest, and were of an extent commensurate with the importance of the festival on behalf of which they were undertaken. A perfect regi-ment of ducks and chickens had been bought and slaugatered, and Peggy Leban from Bar-rettstown was busy all day in one of the lotts plucking their feathers and stuffing the same into a large canvas bag. The kitchen was in possession of Juggy O'Leary, the 'professed cook' of the barony. She was a middle-aged woman, who had, what is by no means uncommon amongst the Irish of her class, a taste for cooking. Her temper, which was abominable and her intemperance, which was notorious. though irregular, precluded her from obtaining steady employment. She had been engaged as assistant to the man cook at Barreststown durought at this moment to have been in her place in Tighe O'Malley's kitchen, but she could not resist the temptation of the 'great performance at Lambert's Castle, and had sent a message to the housekeeper that morning that she was laid up with a cold on her chest, and would not in consequence be able for duty before Monday of Tuesday. Mrs. Ahearne, patient cutwardly, but in her heart rejoicing over the rarrity of such festiva's, was sitting in the kitchen watching the consumption of her beloved butter and cream at the hands of Juzgy O'Leary, Judy the servant-girl attended on both, showing infinitely more respect and obedience to the cook than to her mistress. I'll wonder, grumbled she at last, when I will get time to clean myself to day. There, it is late enough now, and I want to do something for to morrow before it is milking time,"
Well, go then, and be quick. Make no delay,

Judy, said her mistress.

Judy disappeared, and returned with a large hooped bucker, which she proceeded to fill with hot water from the great black pot on the fire. Then she groped behind the dishes on the dresser until she discovered a good-sized lump of washing soda; she dropped is into the steaming bucket, and with it a piece of soap, and in company with this she betook herself to one of

the empty fowl-houses.
'That creature Judy,' fobserved Mrs. Dear ! she thinks as much of that hair of here 'Tis the only good feature she har, God knows, replied the cook, and then she resumed her histories of the doings at Barretsstown

Cartle, Judy waited a while. Her bucket of water was too hot, and she felt too lazy to carry it across the yard to the pump. So she laid it down and ran round to the garden and along by the wall until she reached the window of the eitting room, which looked out in that direction stole cautionsly under the pendent branches o the great yew-tree, opened the wind squeezed herself in as far as she could. the window, and

The room was all in readiness for the next day. Two long tables covered with white cloths held glass and china borrowed from every neigh-bor within reach. Fresh baked bread and cakes were ranged, some of them not long out of the oven pot and still smoking, on the small side

None of these tempted Judy. She had made good use of her opportunities that day, and had conveyed to a safe hiding-place one out of every three eggs that had been laid in the yard, and, with Pegry Lehan's connivance, a good bar of the feathers being plucked in the loft. Peggy Lehan would carry all these pickings and some others of older date down to the town that even ng, and dispose of them as she chose and for her own advantage, for Judy's share of the spoil (some seven or eight shillings worth) would to the amount to more than a few pence, if indeed any transfer of coin took place, general goodwill and friendship being rather the consideration than pecuniary interest.

What the thieving fingers strove now to reach

was a large dish of fresh churned butter, all in pretty little thick prints, which, stamped with a swan, with newly-gathered dock leaves on top of it, lay just out of reach. She strove and strove in vain. At last, in desperate fear of being caught, she plucked a sharp woody branch off the yew-tree, stripped it of its leaves, and with great dextarity speared two pats of butter off the dish. These she wrapped in a cabbage leaf, and hid in her pocket at once. To fling away one yew branch, close to the window sof ly and run back to her bucket in the empty fowl-house, did not take her long. Once there she leosed her thick mane of hair reaching to her kness when it was let down, and in one minute more she was sarnhbine in one minute more she was sorubbing it vigorously in the bucket. The next

roan go. Chichele? He is a nice heast, but, alas! I'm too heavy for him.

Chichele praised the horse a little absently.

Sum, as she dashed at a frantic rate across the put a hand to a thing in her life. It is a good ob for me my mother will live wid us; and they, nodding his head backwards towards the house, 'may say what they like, Mat, I must get had descended into her eyes, and crawling over and leaning on the stepping stones, dipped her head into the bright running stream.

As this moment Mr. and Mrs. Courthope enhanced into the stepping stones, dipped her head into the bright running stream.

You had better,' observed Mat. 'That is the worse of these big fortunes—they always reyard through the door into the garden, and then pell-mell to the clear brook that ran be side the boundary. Here she threw herself flat on the ground, half blinded by the soap which had descended into her eyes, and crawling over and leaning on the stepping stones, dipped her head into the bright running stream.

Over and over again did Judy splash her locks in the brook until every trace of the soap was swept, hissing as it went, away among the cool pebbles and the little waterfalls. Then she gathered it all into her hands and twisted it like a rope, ever so many times, standing all on one

Blanche says about your being disappointed about a letter or telegram? Babies all right, I hope.'

'Mrs. Courthope started violently. In her anger and mortification on not finding the much longed for despatch she had allowed a plaint to escape her, which Blanche had now repeated.

'Penfold writes every day,' she said, with an attempt at a laugh. 'They are all blooming. No; it was something else.'

Dinner was announced, so nothing further was added. They passed into the dining room; then the subject was not alluded to again, but nevertheless it exclusively occupied her thoughts.

She ran her fingers sex who might be about. She ran her fingers shrough it, drawing out the long meshes and taugled stranda—it was drying fast, she obtangled stranda—it was drying last, one posserved with pride—holding them spread out in the warm light. She might soon pruceed to the final stage of the process, that was to say, to rub in one of the two pats of butter which to rub in one of the two pats of butter which she had nade her own for that special purpose. The other pat she would save to retreah its lustre in the morning before going to early Mass with her mistress. When Judy saw that the last drop of moisture had been squeezed from the twist of hair which she was wringing with both hands she commenced to sing, as though a burden had been removed from her mind. She had a nowerful voice though it was though a burden had been removed from her mind. She had a powerful voice, though it was not too pleasant for speaking purposes, and the air soon resounded to a ditty, one of those queer 'Come all you's' which float about the southern counties, and which, like the 'Shan van vocht,' serve for all occasions and urposes

'In the merry month of May, when the lamb kins sport and play,
And the litte birds do sing about the moun-

And thus she did sollilloquise the fountain.

"Oh! ye limpid strames, an' ye fish that's in

That delight to take your innocent divarshin, Have pity on a maid that's entirely dismayed And deluded by love's captivating passion. He's tall as Agamemuon, aye, or any other

Jarman, And his eyes they shine like the stars above us And his lips so nate and swate, faith you'd take it as a trate,
For him to have a kiss whene'er he chooses.

I'd rather bela fly on his lovely lips to lie, wit the perfume of his breathing all around me Than be a monarch's bride all in Orienchal pride, an's rattanue of sarvants to attind on me. Hard fortune to the day Sargent Rooney cam-

the way And dilluded him to cross the salt say ocean; Sure my appetite's astray, all in foreign parts away,

Since Johnny the poor darlin' sought permotion Oh! my petticoats I'll tare, and the cordurays
I'll wear,
That Johnny the poor darlin' left behind him, And I'll wander far and near, up and down and

round about

The whole Uropian world till I find him." Luke meantime, in whose honour these extraordinary labours were undertaken, surveyed them all with scorn, real or simulated, and re-fused to help. His mother asked him to take

nused to help. His mother asked him to take a spade and root away a great patch of nettles and docks just beside the stable door.

'What do I care how it looks!' he replied filially. 'If she doen't like it let her clean it up herself. I see no sense in makin' such a stew for her. The place was good enough for me, so let it do her, he snarled.

His mother paid no attention to this. Luke was proud enough of his inhended and her fortune, as she knew, and so was she and her fortune.

tune, as she knew, and so was she, and more glad than proud, for she knew that Luke would rather have had the little inner of a girl of her acquaintance than the great Miss Delanty and way of Estie, who was an extremely pretty fascinating creature, full of spirits, tastly different from Miss Delanty, but he knew too well his own value to think of compromising his prospects in such a way as that. He must marry money, to secure the lease of Lambert's Castle. Harry Capel was to get some of the best of the stock—so Luke chose to consider that portion given with his sister—that would have to be replaced. Margaret and Mary were taking the ready money as their share. Then the old people were to be thought of. No, he could not marry Essie Rooney-that was a settled thing, and Luke often sighed over it. Now and again when he saw her at mass on Sunday, a wild thought of marrying her and going off to make a living in America would occur to him, but never for long, although he continually threatened his mother to put it into practice, and had actually once written to his cousins in New York, this, however, without making any mention of Essis Rooney.

'Luke ! Luke, man, I say !' said his friend and

confident Mat; 'one would think you were gold' to be hanged, not mar.ied. You have not word to throw to a doz.'

It was three o'clock on Saturday; the linner was over, and Luke and Mat were lying in the straw in the baggerd, smoking.

Luke grunted and moved impatiently.

'You are a fool,' continued Mat good humoredly.

'I know right well 'tis Essie Rooney you're thinkin' on, an' small good that'll do you un'ess,' be added, 'you'd like to face it to America wid her, and lave the fader and moder to go in on Capel's floor.'

"I'm not going to play the fool," mustered Luke; "but I hate the sight of Betty Delanty, so I do."

'She's good-looking enough, for I saw her.

observed Mat; 'an' two thousan' is a load of money, Luke; that's a fortune for quality. Look at Harry Capel, glad to take three hunder and a few beasts wid Margaret. And look at Joe Mulhall—every penny he's getting with Mary Rice is fifty pounds and a feather bed, and they only hold that farm on old Godfrey Maulaverer's pro-mise. Tighe O'Malley bid Marchmount leave s as long as Joe and his father would be alive.' 'Well, they don's require money; so what's the sense of telling me about Mulhall? Sure he has only one eye! He couldn't expect to

'I'm not telling you about Mulhall,' continued the comforter unrebuffed; 'I am only stating that you have no reason to be complaining, seeing that you are getting a fine girl and a great fortune—for it is a great fortune entirely, Father Coursy was astonished, and told your mother he was to be asked to the wedding, for

'Humph !' was Luke's sole comment. Never theless he was comforted and mollified, as Mat. who was a good-hearted fellow, wished him to be. They smoked on in allence for a while, lazily watching the swallows, which had not long come, skimming and dipping above the

'Macfie, that Scotchman that travels with wool, was talking one night below at the hotel,' said Luke, 'and he told us there was no such thing in his country as our way of doing things. The girls all work there, and a girl will go out to service and earn. His father was a small former, never gave his daughters a penny, and they are married. He has a brother a lawyer and another a doctor.

'I don't understand what way they have of so! living by us, Luke, but, take my word for it, there is no use in talking of other country people. They have their ways and we have our ways. I do not like to see a faymale out in the fields, and I put it to you in common sense and reason, if the farmers wives and their daughters did the work here, how would servants get a

"Servants cost a deal of money, grumbled worthy had already marked one addition on

the worst of these big fortunes—they always require to be trated wit' more respect than girls that has nothing but their faces and their two lists. that has nothing out their races and uneir two lists. There, now I I say to you, listen to that devil Judy. Lard! but I do hate that girl.' I thate her too, assented Luke cheerfully; she's that dead ugly and ferbiddin.' Then both lay back in the straw, smoking and listened to the notes—wild and

Then both lay back in the straw, smoking luxuriously, and lutened to the notes—wild and woodland—of the songstress on top of the wall

And if my love should die in the wars, then so And promiscuous I will stand in ostentation

'Sh,' broathed Mat, who seemed unaccountably stirred to added wrath; 'Luke, the turf-heap's just round the wall; lead take two good hard sods—do you slip round back behind and I'll fetch her on the right hand of her ugly bear; drick a the mord—now gre when hon pear me

'And our inimies will quinch and play blazes on the Frinch.' sang the unconscious muse, shaking her hair in

'And will thus confound the--Wow! wc-aw! wow!

CHAPTER XXVII.

'Look at that girl out there on the wall,' said Mrs. Ahearne to the professed cook, 'the conceit of her in that poll of hers; she thinks the best of herself is not in Cork county.'

'Oh, look at her indeed, ma'am!' responded the cook, 'the impidence of her! She has not too bad a voice, neither, she added, as the song tco bad a voice, neither, 'she added, as the song came in at the open door. 'Faith, 'twould make you argry to see her. But, well, as I was tellin' you, ma'am. At the Castle kitchen, the butter that head cook of O'Malley's lady goes through, 'twould frighten you, so it would! Ob, Lard! they eats that venson, an' birds, an' they roarts em wit' lovely butter. and they that—up! the wir lovely butter, and they that—ugh! the very cat would run out of de kitchen from the smell of dem; oh, believe you this, woman dear, quality eats tings you could not believe

'Anyway,' said Mrs. Ahearne, whose eyes and thoughts were intent on Judy's figure on the wall, anyway this time I have made rafe of de butter from her, for the day's churning is

of de butter from her, for the day's churning is all in the room; never took my two eyes off it till I'd the key in my pocket.'

"Servants,' said the professed kitchenwaid in a lofty tones, 'are terrible nowadays, so they are, whippin' and pullin' and stealin' Oh, Lawneys!' she shricked, 'oh, those boys are after knockin' her off the wall! Oh, ma'am! therm's a toss for her—more nower!' welled the there's a toss for her-more power!' yelled the cook, advancing her head to the open window,

But at that instant another voice sounded bove the applause of the cook and the screeches of Judy, whose ears had been boxed so violently by two sods of well saved turf that she had lost her balance and fallen into the yard.

'Luke! Mat!' roared old Ahearne at the

pitch of his voice, 'where are you scheming now? Mat, drive up those cows to the yard at once, and do you, Luke, yoke the beast to the spring-cart and go to the station to meet the Cork train for parcels, and then call to Peter Quin's—see your mother before you go—you bear me? she has messages for you.'

Mat emptied his pipe and put it in his creast pocket, then rose slowly and walked off towards

the pastures. Luke took his way to the stable, and about half an hour later saw the spring cart moving at a lively trot in the direction of Barrettstown,

Contrary to the directions given him by his Contrary to the directions given him by his father, Luke drove into town first, got down at the post-office, and bought a Dublin newspaper, drank half a glass of whiskey offered him by Jim Cadogan, and exchanged some banter with regard to his forthcoming matrimonial prospects. Then he drove up to Quin's shop, which was in all the bustle of Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Oninn. who was standing in the light of

Mrs. Qcinn, who was standing in the light of the shop door, examining the contents of a bag of feathers brought in for exchange, stretched sequaintance than the great Miss Delanty and all her fortune; but Essie Rooney's lather was ont a down-laden hand, and greated Luke with preceding Christmas and had closed on the lease of the farm, and she was no match for a like Yorks Absance. Luke was fond in a was fond in a invited to the dinner next day. Peter was in his rail-d in high deak, talking confidentially with a farmer whose gig was standing outside. This farmer was a friend of his, who was in difficulties and wanted to raise a loan. Quin's name was a very good one on the back of a bill when he chose to put it there, which was rarely. On this occasion he was determined not to do anything of the sort. Grimes might talk as he liked of his narvest—he was too sporting, too fond of races, and cards, and whiskey: the Misses Grimes owed a long bill for dress as it was. Peter was in the act of refusing, in his usual jocular friendly way, giving reasons and arguments cauched in terms of such goodwill and personal interest that no one could e offended with the ceuial, when his eye fell on Luke Ahearne's foolish good looking face at the duor.

'Here's your man, Tim, my boy,' he white pered aside to the would be borrower. Then opening the door of the desk, he jumped down, and with a great demonstration of joyous wel come shook Luke's hand.

"My fine boy, how a every bit of you? Grimes, look at him! There's a credit to Barretstown for you. She had to come all the way from Waterford, Grimer, to get the match of her mon-y! See what it is to be handsome, there, haw! haw!

Grimes entered into this with gusto. He was a dissipated-looking fellow, smartly dressed. Luke rather envied his Dublin-made closhes and knowing rakish air. He now passed his band familiarly under Luke's arm, and drogged him towards the counter in the far corner of the shop. Peter Quin laid his hand on the youth's shoulder, and pushed him in the same direc-

'Luke, my boy! come and have a drink. Clean glasses there, Tom! I'll treat you both, cried the host jovially. Not that top, Tom, that. Go down and serve Mrs. Malone-Pil at tend to this mysel:.' He sent the shopboy away, went round behind

the counter himself, and filled out two brimming glasses, which he laid before them. Now, Luke, my boy ! here's her health in the native. Look at that fellow, Grimes ! Look at him getting a Waterford lady with thousands! Off wit' your glass, man, till I fill in sands!

again for you. Here's to Miss Delanty, and long life to her !' Grimes drank his measure of fiery raw spirit at a gulp. Luke asked for water, and poured his into a glass half filled with not very clear

his into a glass half filled with not very clear water. Peter Quin exchanged a malevolent grin with his friend Grimes.

'Come, now,' said the last named, 'my treat, Peter Quin; another glass round! Ahearne, man, you're not delaying over that drop surely?'

'Let him slone, Tim Grimes,' rebuked the host. 'He's time enough—be's breaking himself in for married life and sobriety, ain's you, Luke? Here's to you, my boy! You deserve every farden an' more, for you have a spirit to

every farden an' more, for you have a spirit t apend in

The jibe in this roused Luke's mulish disposition. He swallowed the contents of his tumble at once, and began to sip the fresh glass of spirit 'Well,' said Grimes. 'I am going to Waterford

well, said Grimes, I am going to waterior.
Fair on Monday with a beast to sell. I have a
cousin in Waterford, Abearne, and if I don't
get asked to Miss Delanby's wedding—I'll—' he
emptied his glass, and then added—have if

Luke, whose head was beginning to be affect ed by his libations, observed the empty glass which indeed was set down with an emphasis that left him no choice, and nodded to the ex pectant landlord, throwing a covereign on the counter as he did so with an ineffable swagger It was oure and unmixed swagger, for he owe Peter Onin nearly seven pounds, and the