THE ART OF POPPING. HINTS AS TO HOW ONE SHOULD PROPOSE MARRIAGE.

Nothing is more deplorable than an interval in a proposal of marriage, says a writer in the San Francisco Examiner. The matter should be gone through speedily, once your attack begins. It is an attack, always. No matter how ready hearted Angela may be, there is a little perfunctory heaitancy, only natural to her modesty, and you must not give her the opportunity to turn the current of her woolng. Do not stop to tell her that you only take three glasses of claret with your dinner, or that you don't owe a cent in the world. Information of this sort you should convey to her long before you ask the momentous question; it is revelant, no doubt and may abet your effort greatly, but yet it is prosaic and out of keeping just at the moment of crisis. The more nakedly you confine yourself to declaring your love and asking her hand, the better. Bear in mind always that a proposal partakes of the nature of an onslaught; that no matter how apt and will ing your lady love may be she has still s maidenly sense of preservation, and you must afford her no opportunity of avoidance, but bind her most strengously to the issue. Give

but the slightest pretext for branching off a side issue of convovercy and you will pin her to the peint

At all times a woman's perception of deis kanner it a mun's and is in pendi-so when the haster under consideration concerns ner affections. It is the charity, not the blindness, of women which makes them tolorant of a want of charity in min they love. You cannot coz in Angels, and it is distinctly indiscreet to make the attempt, Do not try to make her believe that you are a better fellow than you are. If she gives her heart, it is not because you are the noblest of men. If we were loved for our deserts only we should all die lorn bachelors; it is in spite of your detects that she loves you, and It would do you no good to trick her if you could. T. Il honeatly that you are but on in-different honest fellow, not more than poscably clever, not too well furnished in wordly gear—say this by way of preface, leaving her no opportunity for other interruption than a formal protest at your self-depreciation -and then-then at her, my merry men ; tell her how you love her, and have no fear of pitching your song too high on this pointswear that you love the street she lives upon. and if you do not you are no true lover.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her house to play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. never said to her mother, "I don't want to," for obsidence was to her a cherished virtue. She arcse in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling papers and crimping pins, or banged over her forchead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang She did not laugh at old un of cripples. She had nor used by words. people nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for the elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than because the counsel from those older than because the counsel from those older than because the country of the counsel from those older than because the country of the cou herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be Dresent. She went to bed in season, and doubtless she said her prayers and slept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of piving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless and keep her and raise up others like her.—Bishop Cosgrove.

FASHION'S LATEST FANGLES.

Flame and firsh co'or are beautifully blended in new shot silks for evening wear. Low throated dresses are now very much in vogue at all the iashionable

Black lace over white lace is very beautiful in effect, especially in the evening with diamond

The fashionable colors for the early fall are

pearl gray, olive and absinthe green, roseda and lucifer red. The prettiest of all hats for a little girl is a

wide brimmed leghorn, trimmed with one long, curling, full ostrich plume. Steels are beginning to disappear from skirbs,

and in place of bustles and steels a loose horse-hair plaiting is worn in the back attached to the waist-band under the skirt. There is no decided change in hair dressing

although there is a standing promise that this will occur in the near future, when the hair will descend to the naps of the neck. Black watered silk skirts, draped with bro

caded gauze, edged with Chantilly lace, and worn with bodices of Chantilly net, make thoroughly oughly elegant toilets for dress occasions this

English house jackets, to be worn over skirt of various kinds, are made of India cashmers of softest texture, and in beautiful dyes of clive, moss green, almond Russian blue, Roman cardi nal and cream white.

One very good black eilk, made in good but unremarkable style, can be made by adding different vests, collars, cuffs, and so on, to appear in at least half a dozen gowns, so successfully, too, as to deceive the wisest.

THROW AWAY THAT GUM.

One of the vulgar customs of the times is gum-chewing. A woman may be ever so pretty, but with a big quid of gam in her blespoon of butter in a pint of hot milk; mouth she is deformed. Regular gumchewers soon develop the masseter muscles unduly enlarge the mouth, and increase the size of the salivary glands. and eventually If in winter set in a warm place, if in sumchange the entire expression of the face. It is a thoughtless, vicious, ugly practice at its best, and parents should see to it that it is not fastened upon the children. A thoughtful, cultivated gentleman the other day remarked, "When I find myself in a street car opposite a gum-chewer I always change my seat when I can.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhea and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighvomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neigh-bor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawderry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was sopped, and I was able to sit up by night, I would not now think of using any...other medicine." Columbus Hop-kins, Hamilton, Ont.

Out of all lives, actual and possible, each one of us appropriates continually into his This is a world of hints only, out of which every soul seizes to itself what it needs.

TRIED AND PROVED.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial, a sure cure, both in my own case and others in the family." Laurutta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

We want no time, but diligence, for great

WOMAN'S FIRST LOVE.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed, Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead, And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which is hard to bear Much given away which it were aweed to keep, God help us all! who need, indeed, his care; And yet I know the shepherd leved his sheep

My little boy begins to babble now Upon my knees his earliest infant prayer; He has his father's eager eyes, I know, And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee.

And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven belp and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

What might have been—ah! what I dare not to think;
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humble for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times, and some too gay and

light: Some griefs gnaw deep; some wees are hard to Who knows the past? and who can judge us

right? Ah! were we judged by what we might have been,

And not by what we are-to apt too fall! My listle child—he sleep; and smiles between These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall

USEFUL RECIPES.

SALT FORK ECRAPS Cut a quarter of a pound of salt pork i half-inch bits, put them over the fice in a frying-pan, and stir them until they are light brown ; then skim them out of the drippinge scason them with salt and serve.

PICKLED CABBAGE.

Shave firm white cabbage, put it into a wooden or earthen vessel, sprinkling through it a handful of salt for each cabbage, and le it stand overnight; the next day drain off al the brine, pressing the cabbage, and put it into earthen jars, with half a cupful of mus-tard seed for each head of cabbage; fill the jars with cold vinegar, cover them, and keep them in a cool, dark place.

POTATO SOUP.

Put into a saucepan two ounces of bacon chopped, six onions peeled and chopped, one saltopoonful of papper, one teaspeonful of salt, and four quarts of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; meantime peel and slice one quart of potatoes, aid them to the firstmentioned ingredients, and boil them for three-quarters of an hour longer, or until the potatoes are boiled to a pulp; season the scup palatably, and serve it hot.

FRIED POTATOES AND ONIONS.

Peel, slice, and fry in two tablespoonfuls of dripping, helf a dezen onions; boil, peel and slice a quart of potato;; or neat with a little butter some cold sliced ones; season them with salt and pepper, pour the opions over them, and serve them hot. Bucon fried and served with this dish is excellent, the bacon drippings serving to fry the onions. Fried ham may be used in the same way.

FRIED OYSTERS.

A good way to prepare oysters for frying is to dust them with flour and pepper, then drop them into an equal mixture of lard and salad oil made smoking hot and serve them cooks roll them in cracker dust or Indian meal and then fry them. A substantial dish may be made of fried oysters by having some mashed potatoes nicely seasoned and placed around the edge of a hot dish in such a way as to form a wall, and then serving the oysters in this dish.

BEEFSTEAK ANE FRIED ONIONS.

Have ready over the fire a frying kettle partly full of fat; peel and slice six white onlone, and throw each one as it is prepared into the hot fat, and fry it golden brown; Great simplicity pravails in the decoration of take up each onion before frying another, dress skirts, both for the house and the prome. putting the fried onlons into a colander set in a plate on the back of the stove ; continue to fry the onions until all are done. Man. time put between the bars of a double cridiron a porter-house steak at least an inch thick, broil it for six minutes on each side, at a hot fire, season it with salt and pepper, lay the fried onions on it, and serve it hot. It is always better to buy a thick steak, even if it is out in two pieces, for separate cooking, than to have the meat in a large thin

> Beiled Lame Chors -Have them fat and tender from the rack of the forequarter, trim the meat off the small end of the bone about an inch, as a handle, broil over a clear fire, season with pepper, salt and butter, and serve, laying them one over the other, with a slice of lemon on the top one.

> FRIED RAW POTATORS -Pare and slice thinly into cold water some medium sized potatoes, drain in a colander and put into a frying pan in which is two tablespoons melted butter; cover closely ten minutes, removing only to ttlr them from the bottom to keep from burning; cook another ten minutes, stirring until lightly browned.

> PANCAKES, -Beat together, until smooth, six eggs and a half pound flour, melt four ounces butter, and add to the batter, with one ounce sugar and half pint milk; beat until smooth; put a tablespoonful at a time into a pan, slightly greased, spreading the batter evenly over the surface by tipping the pan about; fry to a light brown; spread with jelly, roll up, dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

TEA BISCUIT .- Dissolve one rounded tawhen lukewarm stir in one quart of flour. add one beaten egg, a little sait, and a teacup yeast; work the dough until amooth. mer a cool place, to rise. In the morning work softly, and roll out a half inch thick, out into blicuit and set to rise 30 minutes, when they will be ready to bake.

A TERRIBLE TEN YEARS.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four boules of B.B. entirnly quied her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS. Great simplicity prevails in the decoration of dress skirts, both for house and the promenade. Many of the skirts are full and ungored, the bodice fitting like a glove, and pointed front and back. To this smooked or gathered skirt, which is trimmed at the foot with rows of moire, with a Greek finish in soutache, with passementerie, brading, or a bias band of velvet the shade of the dress, Corded silk fabrics made in this style are ladylike, simple, yet very elegant, and are really more attractive in style than the gowns loaded with loopings and folds. India cashmere forms another handsome dress, made in this way and trimmed with narrow rows moire ribbon with a sash to match. It is a commendable costume, suitable for general wear for the entire autumn and winter sea-

performances as a construction of the state performances of the control of a subsection of the control of the

BY MRS. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER XXXV-Continued.

Miss D'Arcy, who had been wheeled to mass in her chair, with Marion and Gertrude—God-frey had refused to accompany them—laid down a gold sovereign each. The Ahearnes down a gold sovereign each. The Ahearne subscribed liberally. Mrs. Ahearne senior gave one pound openly and one secretly, so much did she feel the need of prayers and spiritual aid. She was terribly broken and changed in appearance. Her gray hair had become snow white, and her freekled once rosy face was now drawn and pale. He daughter-in-law gave nothing. She had brought a sovereign with her to church, but Peter Quin's subscription had excited her jealousy and illtemper, and she could not endure to appear on an equality, even in the matter of charity, with her mother-in-law. So she kept her sovereign, and greeted her husband's swaggering con-tribution of five pounds with an almost audible chuckle of derision. The other parish-ioners all laid down their subscriptions, and a goodly sum was made up. Kitty Macan had half a crown for the occasion. Lord Cork, with Peter, Andy, Peggy, Judy, and company, produced coppers, and bemoaned themselves duly. The bulk of the money was got, as a matter of course, in the upper of the church, the sanctuary, where the doctors, for there were two others in outlying districts whose parish church this way and see Dyster Light and church this was, as well as Doctor Daly, eas, together with a couple of Cathile county families from remote distances, the strong farmers, the attorney, and a stray en-gineer, inspector, or some such bird or passag. All had trooped in dutifully. The bishop was semething new to look at, and the sermen, a slightly stilled production, was also new and colerably effective, though the Jounger mem bers of the congregation were much distributions its delivery by the wheeling and conduction of a swallow, which had come in by an open window, and was careering wildly round the church. This might have been were, however, for they all remembered the Sunday in herwest hast year when a wasp stung the curate while he was preaching at last mass, and even Father Paul had to laugh. Then, if it had been a much hotter day, the doors might have been open, and a flock of geese might have come in the way they did once, at the offertory of the mass, and march straight up to the very altar railing. Only that Mrs. Absarne and Mrs. Kelly each got up and spread out her great blue cloak and just headed off the gander, you could not have told what the beasts would do next. The swallow was no matter at all compare:

with such dispensations as those.

After mass was over, to the intense relief of Father Conroy and his curate, both of whom had suffered much more from the heat than did the bishop—for it was a high mass, and the Barrettstown clerk and acolyses were by no means equal to the ceremonies—all the leading parishioners were invited to Chapel House, the money counted, the lists filled up, and each donor for mally presented—a process which entailed kneeling down and kissing his ring—to the poor hungry bishop, who, having 'postific ded,'

was still f-sting.

Then came 'sherry wine' and Mary John ston's damp biscuits, and the ceremony was as

Peter Quin, who had of course been present and who had shown himself very cringing and humble of manner, contrived to walk down the road with some of his neighbors, who moved on in advance, and cleverly placed himself by the bank porch as the manager was drawing near. Flaherty entered into conver-sation with him; while thus engaged the Ahearnes' side car passed with the two women seated on one side, and Luke and his father on the driving side.

Peter took off his hat with a flourish This was the opportunity he had been in wait for.

'Fine respectable old family,' he observed, with a grin to the manager. 'Tis a great pity Luke do not take after his respectable father Ah, sad, sad, so it is, to see youth go wilfully

wrong! Hey?' said the manager. He had some bills of Jemmy Grimes, the horse jobber, with Luke's name on them, and it behaved him to be careful as to the characters of sureties.

Peter Quin had his ear now, and set to work to improve his opportunity. He fixed his little twinkling eyes on his companion; face and made a gesture with one hand, as of drinking, then nodded, and shook his head as if in derp tribulation. 'Oh, sir, terrible, 'tis terrible, to see a decent

father and mother's child goin' on as that young man is! Poor Betty Delanty, 'tis a bad use she put her fine fortune to—the creature! gam'lin' and drinking and bettin' and choppin' with Grimes and this or that one. This is queer old night work they bee carrying on, and Luke, poor fool, deep in it, dosen't know the day he'll be arrested, now, sir. I'm told the Government is going to put out martial law on us. Ah, 'tis a great pity, so it is, a great pity entirely !

'Oh ho!' said the manager, 'if that comes to the agent's ears, I fear 'tis a poor chance that his offer will be accepted for the lease.'
'Ah!' said Peter Quin, narrowly watching

the expression of the manager's face as he poke, they would hardly be so severe on the poor fellow as that—eh, do you think, air?

But the bank manager smelt his dinner at

that moment, and cut short the conversation without ceremony. Peter Quin, whose own dinner was also ready, turned his steps homewards, well content with his achievements so He had only accomplished his work in

part. There remained a great deal to be done. He had before him the congenial task of in-sidiously blackening Luke's character to every one, under guise of pitying his parents to some, or his wife to others, or himself a ain, as the bias of those whom he addressed might sug-

After dinner, late in the afternoon, a small knot of townspeople we e gathered on a sunny dike close by the cemetery wall. It was a favourite resort of some half-dozen of the elder members of that portion of the congregation who were provided with seats. These same seats were a beart-burning to the beggars, who found it an exertion to kneel or stand the whole time during the They comforted themselves with prognosticating purgatory for the possessors of these luxuries. The members of the group were all amoking, and one or two were reading weekly Dublin papers, partly aloud, partly sotto voce. It was a time of great excitement. The talk on fenianism naturally reflected the turn people's minds were taking. As a rule, the clder the men were the more despondent and apathetic were toey. They had seen other and older were they. They had seen other and cold-recording to them at first hand from participants. Their imaginations refused to entertain images of foreign assistance, even though it was a fact that an imperial yacht had visited Kingston that summer, and busy rumour had spread wild and entrancing tales of the old allies once more stretching out a hand to the oppressed nation. But the yacht vanished, much as in the old dive the fleet had done from Bantry Bay. She would ne new ned done from Bantry Say. She would return, it was promised, and in good company. Whatever the truth was, whether, as was said, the imperial visitor had on examination discovered the unsubstantial and shadowy nature of the promised levies, or that he dissolved into laughter at the sight of the pikes and castof cold potatoes, a few people alone knew, and those kept the secret, but the egles and been declined the society of the gaunt wolf-dog and his congeners, and, shaking out her wings in scorn or sorrow, the beautiful vision departed

Peter Quin selected a dry place, spread his red pocket handkerchief, and then sat down on

'Condy,' he said, addressing one near him,

ceived it not nearly so eagerly as it had been

offered.
Peter Quin was no favorite, but he was power. ful and rich, and was rising in the world. Therefore people were beginning to be a little more afraid of him than they were of each other -and of everybody else.

—and of everybody else.

The conversation was resumed then. Even such a comet as the bishop's visit and his charity sermon could not engroes the men's minds for any appreciable time. The burning question was the Fenian rising—the air was thick with mysterious rumors; strangers had passed through the part of the country town recently; every one was excited, anxious, or perturbed. An old farmer with long elf locks of snow hair failing over the collar of his gray frieze cut away coat, sat a little apart from the group, but within earshot. His wrinkled lean face were a mock expression, and the bright spark-like glance of his keen little eyes followed each speaker's countenance in turn. He said little, but kept crooning the 'Shan van

the said little, but kept crooning the 'Shan van vocht' as a sort of running commentary on old Harry Capel's talk.

'The plan is dis, I tell you'—cld Capel was speaking—'they will all rise one given night when the word comes, and in England as here, the barracks will be attacked and surprised, and the stores will be seized in Chester and in Portsmouth and Chatham all at once, and den, just hold dem till de Americans sends help or just hold dem till de Americans sends help or de French. 'Ah!' jibed the old man, 'you do well to say till-till-when chickens got teeth.' He began

to croon: "Sure the French are in the Bay, They'll be here without delay, And the Orange will decay; Tooy'll he here by break of day, Says the Shan van vocht."

Haw! haw! haw!' he laughed scornfully.

'Charlie de Courcy,' cried Capel, 'you have not a bit of spirit of a man in you.' 'Have I not den?' sputtered the singer, falling suddenly into a boiling rage. 'Come down there on that clean high-road, Harry Capel, and oring your bit of stick wit' you. I will show out if I have do old spirit of the De Courcys. A match! a match! shouted everybody.

You're as hot as pepper, De Courcy, said Capel; but I say an maintain you are not sympathisin' with us,'
This was an apology, and De Courcy accepted

it grace ully.
The colaiers are a good half of them sworn in,' went on Capel, 'and sure, that is half the

'Yes, sure!' echoed all the listeners save De Courcy, who was nicknamed the Thrush,

and who sang on " Then what will the yeaman do? Says the Shan van vocht. What should the yeomin do,? But throw off the red and blu, And swear that they'll be true To the Shan you works."

Harry Cap I,' he asked, stopping suddenly, will those addies be inside or out of those garcisons?

Sare, would day be where jwe are? almost should the passa at Lered.

""And what color will they wear? Says the Shall yau vooled

De Courcy sang for all reply:

"" What c for should be seen, Whe a our fathers' home have been, But their carn immortal green! Saje the Shan van vocht." 'Chaille de C ur y,' observed Peter Quin,

raising his hand to command attention, 'your voice is beautiful and your congressioned. But, my good man, Herry Capel is discouraing of and to my min't song comes after war, and not before.' That is your own damaable ignorance. Peter

Quin,' replied the singer equably. 'Did you never hear of "The Minstrel Boy"?-""The Minstrel Boy to the wars is gone."

he quavered. Peter Qain was silenced, but old Capel took up the challenge.
De Courcy, he went to the wars.

"His father's sword he has gid id-i f-rded on," sang the irrepressible Thrush with a tremen-

dons roulade.
'How soon, Capel,' asked Peter Quin, 'do you expect this will be? 'As soon as ever they gives the word. All is

for he had distributed some hundred weight of suspicious pa cels recently. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a rec

cotton handkerchief
'There's a power of—of queer stuff hid in the ruins of Lambert's Castle above,' he observed 'and why they store it there passes me. 'Tis I don's care for womenkind knowing too much.

'Hoy! She knows 'as there?' 'The way of it is this. That servant-girl Judy that was put namy when the your madam came home—Judy she was making up a little hide for herself in the old ruins feathers she had made her own of, near enough for a bed, and eggs, and butter, and a few trifling things like that servants always makes off wit. And what but Betty Delanty tracks her in and ketches her! Betty Delanty vowed her soul she would have in the con stabulary man and charge her for robbery Well, she had to drop that when Judy, my bold Judy, showed the muskets let in below the floors, and the mould to run bullets in, and the powder in the dry holes in the walls. So Judy was let away with her bits of things and depart in peace. And now it is Mat too that is leaving them, and the new wife has brough in all her own servante.'

'She is a great stag,' remarked old Capel bit terly ; 'with all her for une that fine boy is lost

'Ay so! true for you,' responded Quin. girl nearer his own equals would have answered him better. This girl's from town; they are all too fine for us country people. If they have a name of a fortune they have requirements, sir. That takes it all.

She is curst, that woman,' continued Capel, 'curst! My son's wife she never sees her brother. He is not 1 t to speak to one of his wn ; and for the father and mother, 'bis miserable the way they all live together.'

'Common scaudal that is,' assented Peter,
Luke is drinking all before him. He hates her, and yet he sides her against his father and mother. He says 'twas they made the match, and then let them do with what they get. I will end ill, I'm feared.' His cunning little eyes travelled from face to

His cunning little eyes travelled from face to face of the group, watching the effect of his deliberately-chosen words.

Meantime De Courcy while he was singing was watching Peter Quin. 'Say a good thing, Peter, and a good thing will happen. No one here wishes ill to Ahearnes.

Peter Quin did not like the gaze of the Thrush's bright steel-gray eyes. He started, and here we red.

and became red. 'Oh, pho! good jewel! Man, no! not at all? Who would be thinking of such a thing?'
'I do not know,' returned the Thursh,

never relaxing his gaze for an instant, and speaking very deliberately. There is people, Peter Quin, to whom an ill wind blows always good.
'It is well, said some one a dittle outside the circle, for that little girl of Abearns dat went into the convent; she is away now in a Dublin convent. It would kill her the shame of

what is going on.

'Two hundred and fifty she got for her share,'
said another outsider. That was a good deal.'

'Catch the reverend mother be put off with'

Courcy.

'Ay, so,' sgreed Peter Quin, who had recovered himself now. That reverend mother down there below, she is the cleverest lady in all Oork

at it now ! an' the hay she got off it this yearno such other crop in the barony !'
'Peed! she must be a clever lady.'

'Olever's' echoed Quin. I would not care to sell her a horse, still less buy a cow from her. an' de house she keeps! Man, you can see your own features in every board of her floors; everything do shine like new shillings.' Everybody had assumed an edified face, as

became the recital of such Acta Sanctorum. 'There is not a bit of profit in their custom,' pursued Peter Quin. 'If you don't lose, you don't gain. I often tell that Lady Mother if other people in this town paid as low as she do I might shut up my place of business.'
''Tis all for the glory of God;' observed De

Courcy.

'Oh yes l' said Quin; 'but that won't answer wit' Bulfin and Fay in Dublin, where I give my wholesale custom.' 'Priests and nuns,' said one of the outsiders, 'nuns and priests, dey has the best of it for heaven, and dey makes not too bad a hand of it

here. either.' 'Did you hear what Condy the car-driver s the hotel said to Father Collins one day? Well, he was driving Father Collins, and he came on the two nuns that were coming home from the poor school in the town, and raining. 'Condy!" said Father Collins, 'bwas raining. 'Condy!" said Father Collins, 'you should offer the ladies a lift home out of the Condy he forgot where he was, and said rain."

"I will not, I will not, indeed! Bedad! I

am none too fond of priests and nuns coming near my animals.' Peter Quin, who related this anecdote, appeared to relish it hugely.

'Condy put his foot in it, then,' said another townsman. 'He is simple, but Lord Cork did better than that. 'Tis he can give an answer betimes. Did you hear when old Mrs. Folliott, the vector's mise at any d him on the read, and

the rector's wife, stopped him on the road, and asked him was he so foolish as to be making a novena for the indulgence? And with other things, she said she saw written up in a church things, she said she saw written up in a church in Rome, "Fifty thousand years' indulgence for two Hail Mary's."—"Fifty thousand years! roared Lord Oork, "and. ma'am," said he, "wasn't it a great bargain? and no one asku.' you to take it?" sez he, "an' you able to go farther an' do better, maybe," sez he. Mrs. Folliott ran home dyin' with laughin'. She gave up trying for his soul after that.'

Old Capel was the only one who remained unmoved by this anecdote. He thought the conversation trifling and unworthy, and as soon

conversation trifling and unworthy, and as the hilarity had died away, returned to his

fixed id a.
"You's all laughin' and grinnin'; wait and
"You's all laughin' and grinnin'; wait and see if you are ready wan of these dark nights comin.' Why, I hardly take my clothes off at night now, I'm that sure of them calling for me

to go out.' Charlie de Courcy turned round and surveyed the speaker with a grin of derision on his lean countenance. Capel's earnest face and voicseemed to tickle his sense of the ludicrous in a manner that was not to be resist d. He went off in a peal of laughter, then springing to hi-feet with the agility of a goat, notwithstanding his seventy years, he made the company a bow, which included each and all, and without a word took his way down the sloping bank to

the high-road. A sort of wondering silence fell upon the a

semblage for a minute.

'That old fellow is going doling,' explaned Capel, who was De Courcy's senior by a year. 'De Courcy!' he shouted after the old farmer's retreating figure. 'De Courcy! I say, you are a runagade!

The person addressed turned round with a quick light spring. 'Lb!' he shouled back, lifting his stick slantwise above his head. One foot was advanced, clear of the ground. was only waiting for a response to his 'ch!' genuine war-cry, to charge like a thunderbolt. 'On Lord! Gaculated Capel below his breath.

Eh! shouted De Courcy once more. Then his face relapsed into a wide grin that showed a magnificent set of snow-white teeth. He danced the steps of a jig with a perfection of grace and lightness, waved his hand by way of gold humored farewell, and resumed his homeward

way.

* He is a queer old headstrong devil, that!

observed Peter Quin.

'As old as he is, I would not like to meet a crack of that stick of his,' confessed Capel, unless it would be in a very good cause entire ly. What m ggot has he in his head at all these times, that he wou't join us—not even to drink a glass to the cause, he won't. Well, as I was you expect this will be?

'As soon as ever they gives the word. All is ready.'

Peter Q in know more about that than he aid for he had distributed some hundred.

Reflor came up this morning from Co k by the mail. He was in New York, and landed Las. night, and he went off on a car half on hour after he got off the train up into the mountains backwards. This to settle the signals, and the moment the word is given, the lights will be put to the dry wood on every hill from the Reeks of Kerry up to the Down Mountains, and I tell you, this will be maybe ere this day fort night, maybe ere this day week, an'every man should sleep in his boots. This time comething

is to happen.'
Seriousness carried the day, as it always does in this world, and the crows were flying home in a black crowd ere the group, which increased as the day wore on, dissolved.

CHAPTER XXXVI. By a certain Saturday morning more than

fortnight after the prediction of old Copel something had happened indeed. Barrettsbown presented the aspect of an anth-ap into which a walking-stick had been thrust Every one was out in the street, vociferaling and talking at the pitch of their voics. The coming and at the pitch of their voics. The coming and going was increasne, and hard y any business was transacted. The cgglers sat patient beside their loads, waiting for the Waterford and Cork shippers' agents. The Waterford fish-dealer yelled in vain. No one could think of anything but the extraordinary events of the previous night. Luke Ahearne, Jim Cadogan, old Harry Capel, the two Kells, Mat the servant-boy from Lambert's Castle and Fenlon the returned from Lambert's Castle, and Fenlop, the returned American, all had been arrested in the night and seat under escort to the county gaol. post office was open, of course, but two strang people were attending to the shop. The gan women were invisible. Tighe O'Malley had come home suddenly and unexpectedly the previous evening. The housekeeper had receiv ed a telegram only four hours before he arrived Lady Blanche had not accompanied him; she was in the south of France. Then later in the day it was said that Luke Ahearne's wife had left the house and gone home to her father's house in Waterford. Then came the news, and this time no mere report but solid fact, that the old castle near Ahearne's place had been seized by the police, and a quantity of gunpowder, fifty muskets, and other treasonable stores, found therein. They had plenty toldo in Barrettstown that day besides bartering eggs, fowls or butter. People forgot the very existence of their wares altogether. Nothing was bought or sold. Even Peter Quir, who so suit events had put on a face of tremerdous gravity, and melancholy, thought to himself that it was well for business interests that such crises did not occur more frequently. He sold nothing the whole day but whiskey; of this commodity, the whole day but whiskey; of this commodity, however, a considerable quantity was dispensed, whether for real money or 'entered.' Excitement and debate seemed thirst-provoking.

At last there seemed every prospect of a row being organized. It was given out by some mysterious agency that their here and not been sant away, but were confined in the account.

been sent away, but were confined in the strong room of the barracks, and an excited crowd-gathered on the bridge, debating whether to attack the building or not. Some one sent word to Chapel House. Tighe O'Malley, it was afterwards said, who was in the barracks the entire day, watching the market place, had sent a po-liceman round by the back way to warn the what is going on.

'Two hundred and fifty she got for her share,' said another outsider.

'That was a good deal.'

Catch the reverend mother be put of with less. Why should she take in that girl, and rison bown for police reinforcements. Whe maintain and clothe and keep her, well or sick, there he did this or not was never for life for nothing? This was from De satisfactorily known, but Father Conroy and the ourse made their appearance at the end of the street, clad in cassocks and the ourself now. That reverend mother down 'Condy,' he said, addressing one near him, 'would you have a match?'
'Matches enough,' answered Condy, 'but I lorgot to bring my bit of bacca with me, or I lost it in the chapel.'
'Pho, man, pho!' said Peter Quin eagerly.
'Here's bacca, plenty, for you,' and he handed over a black fragment to his neighbor, who re-

shuttered window of the barracks, breathed a sigh of deep thankfulness when he saw the burly figure of the old priest among the people

'Mighty fine!' Lethbridge was saving. 'I tell you eight men is all I have here. I had to send ten as excort with those curs to the county gaol this morning. Might have recollected it was market-day, and that a crowd would be in

wn.'
'There's no fear of them!' snapped Tighe O'Malley, deliberately opening the window and leaning out. Had there been a revolver or musket among the crowd his white shirt-front musket among the crowd his white shirt-front might have proved a morsel not to be resisted.

'Father Conroy has a fine bit of ash stick there, or is it a blackthorn? Pity the head he taps! What a gathering there is just there! Lock at the women getting out of the way with the baskets. I tell you. Lethbridge, it is all nonsense ordering the windows to be bolted. Tush! Tather Paul, what a voice! Lablache was a penny whistle to him.'

penny whistle to him.

Father Paul's great resonant basso rolled in at the window. Go home, Mary Kelly! You women, here, take home these fellows. Kelly! You do you want to be put up beside your sens? Do you see O'Mally, your landlord, up there in the window? Begone, home! Put down that stone, my fine fellow, and have sense at my bidding, or I'll make that mutton skull of yours taste the stick I have here in my hand. Drive me to it, I say, and I will do it. Mary Kelly, let me see you and himself trip it up the Dublin Road this instant. Mrs. Clifford, take home these Cliffords of yours. Weary or y u for bridge? If it wasn't mischief was on foot you'd be far enough, trass ye! Or Lord! you'd be far enough, truss ye! O: Lord! Lord! shis world was a fine place until you put

Lord! shis world was a fine place until you put women into it.'

Tighe O'Malley heard this, and untered an appreciative yell. Thereupon the man whom tather Paul had caught aiming a stone at him burst out laughing also. The nob, facile humored, joined in, some, most indeed, without knowing why, and the dineger was over at once Before long Mrs. Clifford and Mary kelly, Judy Devan, and the other country-women, were on their respective roads home, driving or wheedling their mankind along with them. For all O'Malley's talk Lethbridge was right; it might have been serious. There were only For all O'Malley's talk Lethbridge was right; it might have been serious. There were only eight men in the barrack, and an attack would have been awkward. It was with a feeling of unmixed relief that he watched the subsidence of the excitement, and saw the threatening mob of excited mountaineers scattered by Father Paul's efforts. Tighe lighted a cigar now, and sat in the window-seat smeking a cigar now, and sat in the window-seat smoking it. Lethbridge rather admired his coolness. Old Brown of Lees Castle and Lord Fredbury held their persons in much greater reverence. They remained together until Father Paul and nis curate had retired, one to the Cadogan's shop to condole with the distracted mother and

sister of Jim Cadogan, the other to the convent o hear the nun's confessions. Remain here,' said Lethbridge to Tiche. I can give you something to eat. You are love in the big house, are you not?
'Yes,' said Tighe. 'I'll stop with you for to-day until ovening at least. I got a uligram

to say that my cousin, that young fellow when you recollect with un last May, Andale-he's you recollect with us tast Diay, Anguareness Lord Ansiale since ten days ago—he is coming over. I wander what fancy he has taken. I'd scarcely like to take him out to look for grosse. The fishing is done—and—as for a brush with the rebels, Lord! poor fellow, how sold he'll

He turned to look out again on the marketplace, which now presented its usual appearance. A sudden whim took Tighe. He put on his hat, lighted a fresh cigar, and heedless of Lethbridge's lifted eyebrows, went down and out-into the broad high street. He turned into the post office and demanded change of a sovereign, then proceeded up the street in the direction of Peter Quin's. Every beggar he met he tossed a shilling or a firin to, and if prayers and good wishes availed aught, a halo should have been shining round his stubby black head as he sauntered leisurely into Peter Quin's shop

Quin's shop.

The instant Tighe O'Malley's broad shoulders appeared in the doorway, clattering the tin utansils which hung there as he swung himself the standard of the stand io, Peter Quin dropped from his perch in the high painted desk with the celerity of a spider descending its ladder upon a victim that has

Your honor's welcome, welcome, indeed, indeed! 's said Peter, cringing to the very earth before O'Malley. · How are ye?' said Tighe, speaking in his

proadest brogue with huge heartiness, and hold ing out his hand. Peter Quin wiped his hand ere he took that now off red him. Mrs. Quin's urn came next. She rubbed her hand well on her gingham apron,

and curtaied not ungracefully.
'Deed, sir, it is good for some eyes to see you!' she said, but in her own oul she wished him dead rather than to have seen him by the frequenters of the shop making such friends with erself and her Lusband. Tony Devoy's if vho was under notice to quit, was sitting as of counter, and a cousin of the Cliffords, a could Fenian of old Cromwellian stock, was leaning up against a pile of drapery, listening to every thing, watching everything, and not intended to stir for a fall hour to come. It was in

dangerous. ' How's the family, Quin ?' asked T ghe at the pitch of his voice.

Wall, sir, thank you kindly, very well indeed in the regard of health.

Peter Qu n's little gray eyes had soon dis-ceened that his visitor had not the health of the Quin family exclusively in his mind.

And how is her ladyship? We hope in the best of health and soon coming over to us again.
Oh, well enough! She'll be over as soon as

these poor fools of chaps hereabouts have given up their nonsense. I'm sorry, bedad, I went away at all. Look at those fine men in goal to-day, and all for trash and foliy.'

He was genuine enough now, for he was sorry for the serious turn things had taken. Peter Quin watched him unrelaxingly. 'Yes, continued Teche, led away like children. They will pay for their foily now, poor fellows.

Penal servitude for life is the penalty for what they have done—penal servitude for life, repeated he gloomily.
'O o-oh dear!' sighed Mrs. Quin; 'that is

very hard on young people, sir. Now, a year or so would be enough for all the harm the creatures had in it.' She meant this sincerely, for her thoughts went out to her own son, the promising coun-seller, who was in London this week, enjoying a holiday with his sister, Miss Quin. And a pessing gleam of pity for Luke Ahearne's mother lighted up the mass of selfishness and calculation which formed her nature.

Peter Quin shook his head solemnly and gloomily. He was reflecting, not no comfortably, that a parcel of cartridges were still lying in one of his lefts, forgotten by the people who had transferred the ammunition from his premises to the ruined Lambert's Castle. It was set enough. He eyed O'Malley ncessantly, wait-

ing for a propitious moment.

If I might make so bold as to offer your honor any small refreshment, he said at last.

Thanks! presently, Quin. I have a small matter of business to speak over with you.
Delighted, your honor! Anything I could oblige you in, 'twould be a pleasure. If your honor would just step into my private spart-

ments. A nod and a gesture to his wife conveyed to his astute helpmate two separate intimation one, that no one was to be suffered to disturb their privacy, the other, that refreshments, and of a certain class, were to be sent up.

Mrs. Quin summoned her side de camp, and

in a few minutes a barefooted, rough-headed girl carried in a tray on which was a bottle of champagne, of an expensive brand, a decenter of whiskey, of by no means the same descripor writeey, or by no means the same teacher tion as that sold in the shop, soda water, and Barrettwater, and a box of cigars, together with a plate of biscuits out of their box. Typhe walked up the cocca-fibre-covered stair,

timent which in the position of the control of the