Fenlon repeated his injunction as to the bar

rels filled with guns. Godfrey asked him timidly if he might come and take one.

'If you have a way of hiding it at home, yes,'

replied Fenlon yawning, 'why not! only take care no one sees you with it.'

The party dispersed shortly after this. Fen-len emptied the guttering remnant of the home-made tallow candles on to the ground and then stamped out the flame. Godfrey, as he left the yard last of all, saw him enter the dwelling house with the paraffin lamp in one hand and a

bundle of loose sheets of paper under his arm. The sole member of the company who remained

behind was the donkey, now nearly invisible among the clouds of topacco smoke.

Most of the men took a cross toute over the fields. Jim Cadogan and Godfrey held along

together, Godfrey in silence, as excited as at first. He felt the sovereign in his pocket like a

sort of sacred trust. The Commodore walked off fast with a couple of Barrettstown mer. There was little love lost between him and Cado-

gan ; each was furiously jealous of the other, and

several times during the evening's meeting

ex-federal soldier was some ten years older than

Cadogan, which joined to his unquestioned ex-

perience, gave him of course the advantage. Cadogan drew Godfrey's arm within his, and

made him loiter purposely to allow the rest to

'I hate the sight of that fellow,' said he, 'with his brarging and dictating. I never can make out what he and Langan have so much to do together'—Langan was the national school-

master. 'Faith, if Father Paul comes to know where Langan spends his evening he'll be

yourself, if they took you now with treasonable

for ten years' penal servitude at least, and I for

knew him in Dublin. What sort of fellow is

Does he belong to us?'

there had been sparring between them.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

CARE OF INFANTS DURING THE HEATED TERM.

Two Fatal Months - Why are They Fatal - In dolence one of the Vices of the Age-Why do Infants Die in Such Numbers ?-Principal Infantine Disorders Dur-

ing Warm Weather-Concerning the Proper Food for Infants -Sterilised Milk Food.

TWO FATAL MONTHS.

Now that the fervid heats of summer are full upon us, when Juns has gathered up her roses in her leafy robe, and gone, it behooves mothers to see that sultry July and sultrier August do not garner in a more preclous harvest. These months, so fatal to the nursling, are now recognized as such and guarded against in every manner that can be dictated by the promptings of natural affection, nor is the aid of science unsought by parents anxious to protect the helpless lives entrusted to their care. Yet, in spite of tender nurses and ttentive physicians, the statistics of infant mortality makes a fearful showing for these months every year.

And not alone to the early victim, but to

the poor bereft mother is this a time of trouble. Who can estimate, that has not felt It, the unutterable anguish of losing a darling child just as the dawn of intelligence is beginning to lighten in its eyes, and patient affection is rewarded by its first responsive glances. Many a "joyless June" has been spent by mothers in mortal dread of the "worse July" coming, and many as sweet a "wee white rose of all the world" as the one that Gerald Massey has so pathetically sung, and that June in searching through her rose thickets has spared, has wilted under the scorching breath of her successor.

In order, then, to spare lives so precious new to the home circle, and that may be so useful to the world in the future, is it not fitting that every means be thought of beforehand likely to secure the proposed end?

WHY ARE THEY FATAL?

The proper measures to be taken are, fortunately, most simple in their application and easily remembered. They may be said to be familiar to all, and one might suppose from this fact close they would be in universal operation, but the ead truth remains, that in spite of all the advances made by medical science, and in spite of what may be called the strongest passion of which human nature, or, more widely speaking, all animated creation is capable, maternal affection, every year records a heavy death rate

among the infant population.

We can only infer from this one of two things-either culpable negligence on the part of the natural guardians of infancy, or the unfavorableness of existing conditions to

the prolongation of infant life. To believe the first unreservedly would be to malign the purest impulse of our common humanity, and to yield an unqualified assent to the latter would lay us open to the count-less contradictions that would instantly arise

in any candid mind. One of the most unanswerable of these is that as civilization is never stationary in the present day, but ever progressing, and as the in portance of sanitary regulations is corceded on all hands, and as these regulations are often put in operation as soon as formulated, there must be direct amelioration of many things in our surroundings.

INTELLECTUAL INDOLENCE, ONE OF THE VICES OF THE AGE.

The nearest and what seems the most reasonable way of getting at the solution of attention and non-exercise of requisits intelligence, a want which renders futile so much that science has done for us, may often account for the absence of good, practical re-

Intellectual indolence is one of the most prevalent vices of our times, and neutralizes in a great measure whatever of good may be accomplished for mankind by the untiring activity of the master minds of the age.

WHY DO INFANTS DIE IN SUCH NUMBERS?

Yet, it may be urged, even with the very best care both of nurses and physicians, infants die, and in great numbers, every year. Moreover, the mortality is not con-fined to the poorer classes, but extands through all. Indeed, the children of the in spite of the misery and unhealthfulness of their surroundings, often stand a far better chance of recovering from summer complaints than the children of the rich, for one reason, if for no other, that the poor mother nurses are child herself while the rich one too often delegates the task to a hireling.

PRINCIPAL INPANTINE DISEASES DURING WARM WEATHER.

As the principal diseases to which infants are exposed during the warm weather chiefly arise from disturbance of the digestive function, the question of proper food, by which of cearse is meant natural food, becomes one of peramount importance in dealing with this maiter.

CONCERNING THE PROPER FOOD FOR INFANTS. So much has already been said and written on this and kindred subjects, much of which is no doubt familiar enough to those for whee direction it is intended, that a concise rempitulation only of the ordinary precautions in most nurseries may be admissable here.

The food should be natural.

It should be pure. It should be properly administered.

The natural food is, of course, the mother's milk, lacking this, that of the most efficient wet nurse that can be procured.

To be pure, it must be supplied from pure source. A constitutional taint will be more readily transferred through the medium of the milk than in any other way. Therefore a woman that is not healthy ought never to perform that office for her children, and the greatest care must be exercised in the selection of a wet nurse, as in the latter course examination by a medical man can be examination by a medical man can be examination by a medical man can be considered and milk, but I'd bin dead years ago if it warn't fur their wursures."—New York Evening Telecourse examination by a medical man can alone ensure safety.

Next in putritive power to the mother's milk comes that of the cow, and here it is at The first point of departure from what may be considered strictly natural food that the greatest precaution must be taken as to the

mode of administration.

It must be seen to that the animal that yields the milk is in good condition, well housed and well fed.

STERILIZED MILK FOOD.

The well-known fatal facility with which milk absorbs disease germs and is affected by the poisonous exhalations arising from decomposing vegetable or animal mater, and its ready assimilation of s peculiar odors and flavors of other articles when placed in closet or cupboard may warn

ensue to her infant charge if this important

natter is overlooked. The mode of preparation of milk varies according to the condition, healthy or other wise, of the child. In order to prevent milk from souring, also from absorbing germs, it has been recommended by high medical authority to subject milk requiring to be kept for any length of time to the process of sterilization. For travelling purposes and in times of illness, when more than ordinary care has to be taken, milk thus prepared has been found especially valuable.

Not only does the process deprive it of the power of attracting and assimilating germs, but it also enables it to remain sweet for so long a period as eighteen days.

The process of sterilization is described as

only one of prolonged boiling under pres-

In a future article some further points of interest in regard to improved methods of food, clothing and other relative matters will ne touched upon.

be touched upon.

I A Munich physician has invented an apparatus for the sterilising of milk, which bids fair to come into general use, and, as the most satisfactory results have already been obtained with it, it must eventually displace the time-honored practice of simple boiling.

But as most good things carry with them a corresponding disadvantage, it must be owned even by the most ardent advocates of sterilization that what the milk gains in preservative quality by the process, it loses in delicacy of taste and flavor.

THE "MEDICAL RECORD" ON SOXHELT'S AP-PARATUS FOR MILK STERILIZATION. The Medical Record, which gives a resumé

of experiments made with Soxhelt's apparatus, gives the results as obtained by Dr. Caille, and also the conclusions of the latter. One

of these are that:—
"The boiling of milk in the ordinary way
is faulty. All milk for infants' and childrens
use should be boiled in small bottles in a water bath for twenty minutes, when it will keep much longer than if boiled in the ordinary way and the usual length of time.' The placing of milk also in an open dish in an ice box is recommended.

MARIANA,

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure That He will give them back-bright, pure and beautiful-

beautiful—
We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean, though Heaven be fair,
To change the spirits entering there, that they

forget
The eyes upraised and wet, The lips too still for prayer,

The mute despair. He will not take The spirits which He gave, and make The glorified so new That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe

I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most I would grow sad
I just begin to think about that gladness
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathway show.
My lost, my own and I

Mr 10st, my own and I snall have so much to see together by and by, I do believe that just the same sweet face, But glorified, is waiting in the place Where we shall meet, if only I

Am counted worthy in that by-and-by. I do believe that God will give a sweet sur prise To tear stained, saddened eyes,

And that His Heaven will be Most glad, most tided through with joy for you

As we have suffered most. God never made Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade, And placed them side by side— So wrought in one, though separate, mystified-

And meant to break The quivering threads between. When we shall wake,

am quite sure, we will be very glad

That for a little while we were so sad.

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.

HARRY HILL, THE OLD SPORT, RECOMMENDS HOT WATER AS A DRINK.

Harry Hill, the Houston street veteran, who is supposed to know more about old-time habits than an encyclopedia, said to a reporter the other day that it did not matter what a man put nto his wonderful stomach if he only ate and

drank it properly.
"I have been asked a thousand times how I managed to eat and drink all night and turn up as fresh as a rose the next day. I have done it managed to eat and drink an inglet and third as a fresh as a rose the next day. I have done it by taking care of myself, I made a close study of myself and watched my constitution as carefully as if I were an invalid with undertakers waiting for him. For the best part of forty years I have apparently lived very irregularly, but I never drank one-tenth what strangers thought I was taking. When my bar keepeer mixed up drinks for my tal le the stuff set out for me was mighty weak and then half the time when I seemed to be pouring it down I was taking only a nip. That hartistic drinkin' his an 'abit that comes second and third nature if you follers it up long enough. While men all around me was guzzling by the quart I drunk less than any one on 'em." To what do you owe your wonderful

health?',
''Ot water that's been biled. 'Ot water is: wonderful thing fur the stomach. I've heard some of the dudes speak of it as a fashionable craze. It used to be said that the 'abit of drinkin' 'ot water originated in Boston among It used to be said that the 'abit of drinkin' ob water originated in Boston among the old lady cranks who had half killed themselves drinkin' tea. I don't know about that, but I do know fur goin' on twenty years I refreshed myself every morning by drinkin' all the 'ot water I could stand. It makes a new man of an old fellow. All the bad effects that bad liquor gets into the system varied like mist afore the morrage sun. It acts as a tonic braces you me norming sun. It acts as a tonic, braces you up and makes you feel like a new man with yer mortgages paid off. With a good sweet stomach you needn't fear nothin' in the shape of ickness. It's better 'n religion and don't cost

"What about milk? You used to serve it in your saloons as coming direct from your farm. "Yer, the boys brought it from my country place at Flushing regularly every morning by boat. And it's a mighty good drink too. Many a man has lived on milk and been a heap better looking than when he gorged in big dingram.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

Women who go into business from either choice or necessity, should acquire business habits, adopt business methods and possess themselves of all knowledge of details and general information. There should be no sentiment about it they should expect no immunities from disagreeables on the score of being ladies; their prospect of marriage should have no more effect on their work than it has with that of men. Their dress should suit the requirements of the occupation. In no dress does a girl look neater, prettier or more graceful than that adopted for gymnastics or lawn tennis, both of which give fullest play for all movements. How much better would many working girls look and feel and work in such dresses than in the gaudy, tawdry finery so many of them wear? These the nurse to be careful as to its storage, as should have their business just the same as men serious intestinal disorders are almost sure to do

CHAPTER VII.-Continued.

The man addressed as commodore, the same who had been lecturing Godfrey a while before, stood out suddenly from a dark corner. He wore a monstache and goatee, and a hat of a shape much affected then and since by Irish youths of nationalistic tendencies. He spoke with a hidrous New York twans, and used transatlantic idioms of speech, all of which were imitated and handed from one to another about Barrettstown as samples of inestimable humor. Cadogan and Luke Ahearne, and the other young men of their position, did not dis-dain to repeat these gems of speech, mimicked the tones in which they were delivered, copied the Commodore's soft felb hat, and had square toed boots made in the pattern of his. He had been in the Federal army, and held commission, like so many other Irishmen. soldiers of fortune everywhere outside their own country. He had been born and educated in Ireland; the second, the greater mi-fortune if possible of the two, at a time when Catholic education, at first prescribed by the State, gradually falling into the unskilled hands of the Catholics themselves. The Commodore, who was a cousin of Felon's, was educated so as to be fit for nothing. His handwriting was too bad to allow of his going into business, if his gnorance of arithmetic did not of itself suffice to exclude him. It was before the days of Cram and intermediate education schemes, and the poor Commodore fared no bet-ter nor worse than his college—school was not a fine enough term—companions. He landed when about 19 or 20 years of age in New York, fit for nothing too uneducated to be a clerk, unfit to be a tradesman, not strong ecough to dig. After some months knocking about among his compatriots in the slums, he enlisted in company with a large number of Irish of the same condition, and, as soon as the war was over, embraced Fenianism. Though a type of a large class, he was a queer sort of min, genial of manner, fluent and smart, but ignorant and wrong-headed to a degree difficult to comprehend. He felt all the deficiencies of his own nend. He felt all the denciencies of his own training, and ascribed them characteristically to the English Government and the Penal Laws, just as he did his father's loss of his farm, the bank having seized and sold the lease to recoup themselves for money lent on its security. He was not dishonest, nor was he lazy, neither was he a drunkard: he was unpractical and unreasonable, his habits of thought, which were perfectly childish, had been formed on a wrong system. He had a pretty wide acquaintance with the poetry of the national movement, and, like Ahearne and Cadogan, never objected to drink to the toast of 'Ireland a Nation.' How he lived was a mystry. He wrote an immense number of letters and was reported to be war correspondent of some American Irish paper. He drilled the Fenians of the district, and led a strange nocturnal sort of life; in bed all day, whether as eep or reading national literature or whether as seep or reading national literature or corresponding with his friends, many of whom belonged to the gentle sex; up and out all night, and never by any chance seen publicly in company with any person in the town. His neighbour, Cadogan, who had accompanied Godfrey Mauleverer, was a typical character also. His mother, Widow Cadogan, kept the post-office of Barrettstown, and had a small account and new agreemy attached thereto. grocery and news-agency attached thereto, in the business of which her only daughter, a quiet

'Pah-George Quin-the meanest creature that ever stood! I would not-not if all this world and the next depended upon it—be as mean as George Quin. Why, would you believe it?—I don't think he ever pail for a drink for any one in his life. No, hell take all he can get. I've met him out night after night with fellows, and I suppose he had twenty times the money any one of us had—and would he stand a drink? Peter Quin will die rich. girl of twenty two or so, very unlike her brother in all respects, assisted her. Jim had talent; as a boy he was singularly bright, and his mother, who disliked business herself, and of but his son George will be richer than him still—the closest-fisted creature in this world! course wished to advance him in the world, had intended to make a doctor of him, a priest skilled in phrenology having assured her that 'I suppose he will som be a barrister now. 'Not he! has two years more of it yet. He'll set up in Dublin then, and his ugly sister that profession was the one to which the youth was destined by nature. Accordingly, he was sent as soon as, perhaps before, his mother could afford the money, to the diocesan school with him there to get her a professional gentleman for all her money. Well, with all her money and twice as much I would not of the district, and thence to the Catholic University in Dublin. The dissipation of the

those who are acquainted with the rural middle

five out of a roll call of seventy. That is encouraging, ien't it? Why, who do you think is going to stand that? Look at the way the

American money is coming in. Bet your souls, if I were to write an' let them know the way

the drill is shirked here, that would clap a stopper on the subscriptions. Y'ought to be

'shamed o'yourselves.'

'I've been at drill every night I got word.

Tony Devoy had woke up suddenly and caught the last of the returned American's speech.

'Oh yes,' said Jim Cadogan, 'those aren't the men who shirk drill. I'ts you, Capel, and you,

Luke, and the rest of you feather-bed warriors.

'Whisht,' said Ahearne impatiently. 'I'd
like to see any one pay up as regular as we do.'

This was true enough; it was only the week

before that he had, for this laudable purpose, made away with and secretly sold a barrel of

'Money alone won't do, I guess,' observed

is men we want. The time of action is close on,

now. Two weeks after Easter we're bound to

tyrants reel in their—their—their—ahem—saddles.'

It was the second time that a date had been

home in the thatch of his house. He would have walked up to a cannon's mouth, with perfect confidence in himself and the same pike, had

the Commodore or his 'centre' bidden him.

He paid his weekly subscription regularly. Fen-lon and the Commodore took charge of the financial department. Tony paid his sixpence

cheerfully, although the Indian meal was missed

at home. It was his protest against misery and his hard lot, and he made the offering cheer-fully and in good faith. Like the rest, he asked

no questions. In the dark—he gave darkly and was content. The ideal which filled his dreams, his 'principality in the air' was

his 'principality in the air,' was a social revolution which would enable him to eat

it for him, was another vision that haunted

Tony's dreams. He had a promising boy of an

age to go to school, but debarred therefrom by want of clothes. How could a child who was at

that moment clad in one leg of an old corduray

trousers, fastened mysteriously and inefficiently

these comfortable reflections could not keep him

sharp, said Tom, the shop boy. But we ought to have bayonets, Cadogan! The peelers has

always them bayonets-ch, Commodore, are

there none for those new guns?'
'Tisn't the peelers you'll be fighting,' replied

the Commodore evasively. Tom had to be satisfied with this, which was no answer. He had

confidence, however, in the Commodore. He knew him to be an old soldier, and his own

'Then if it's only two weeks off, we must look

awake.

bacon constantly, and beef frequently

Tony Devoy, who remotely guessed the

livid from fatigue and want of sleen.

'And I,' said Quin's shop boy, whose face was

'Take them in hand,' echoed the Commodore.

class can testify.

'I should like to see Dublin,' said Godfrey dreamily.

'Bah! I should like to see London—that's metropolis proved too strong for an illballasted temperament, and Jim returned a hopeless drunkard to the little household in Barrettsthe place! Lord! sure it isn't living we are here—vegetating, rotting imbeciles that all of us are. Look at the money that belongs to us town, to exercise for many a long day the patience of the two forbearing women whose exertions kept it together. Father Paul had used every possible effort with the untertunate—to no avail. His was indeed a typical case, as carried off out of the country and spent out of it. Look at these priests taking sides with our oppressors.'
'Not Father Paul,' returned Godfrey

promptly.
Well, I didn't mean any offence. But you know as well as I do he's against us Fenians. Siding with Protestants. Faith, that's a queer in reply to Cadogan; 'why, how many do you think came to drill the other night? Twenty-five out of a roll call of seventy. That is ensight! The priests ought one and all to have joined us in the beginning. Not that alone, but they have set all the women up against us. My mother and sister are never done whining over me since the Bisho, spoke against the re-

They will come round once we succeed Cadogan, are you going back to Dublin? 'I can't pass. I've given up reading—in fact, I don't mind tell ng you, I pledged the books Ah! where's the good of it? where's the good of anything? Better he born with a millstone round your neck than is oaked down upon by any member of the ascendarcy, and those Trinity College boys. I used to see them at hospital in the mornings. Brown's nephew that was here fishing last year, he's one of them. But just wait! Pack of upstarts! See if we

But just wait: Fack of agents
don't pay them off!'

The chill night air had evidently affected
Checked head—never too strong. 'Look at C.dogan's head—never too strong. 'Look at Folliot below there,—a congregation, of about twenty, and paid eight or nine hundred a year and Father Paul paid nothing—only what he can make out for himself from the people. I'm not saying l'olliot ian't a good fellow, and really good to the poor; but why does he draw all the Commodore, whose eyes were red from the combined effects of whisky and late hours. '1t that money and Father Paul having to live on charity? He would not take pay like Folliot, strike a blow, and make these yer bloodstained I'm sure : but it is an insult to him and us al the same. Not, indeed, that I believe more in one of them than the other.' The young man made haste to add this diclaimer; he would have been very sorry to be less advanced than the Commodore, who had bloodstained tyrants to be connected with the Cromwellian and "98' legends, which formed the chief part of his education, clenched his hand brought home revolutionary ideas from his as if it held the pike which was lying ready at

'If you do not work, Cadogan,' said Godfrey, 'it was your own fault. I hate books and I will not study; but I am not going to blame Father Paul for that—Hillo! what's

this? This was Tony Devoy, fast asleep on the ditch side. He had gone on with the van of the party, but all his companions had one by one taken to the fields, preferring to get home by back ways. So he had sat down to wait for Cadogan rather than pursue his road alone. Isn't that an unconscionable fool, to fall asleep that way? said Cadogan. 'We must not

leave him there.'
Godfrey laid hold of the semi-prestrate form, and gave it a shake. 'Devoy, Devoy! wake up come along; we'll see you home.'

Cadogan assisting him, they roused the sleeper, not without difficulty, and got him on

bacon consumity, and beer frequency—the first-named delicacy being only attain able on Christmas days, the second he had tasted twice in his life, and then at the hands of Mrs. Folliot, the wife of the Protestant rector of the parish. A newspaper every day, and one of his children able to read the formula another vision, that have the 'God bless you,' he muttered, rubbing his eyes. 'I'd have cotched me death surely. Dear, oh dear, and I so close to home, to go fall

asieep dere.

'Molly'll give it to you, Tony,' said Cadogan.
'Hurry along man, now. What made you sit down there at all, and you not knowing who'd find you? Why you might have been robbed round his neck by a bit of string, be sent to school to the nuns? The cause, when success ful, would put everything right; the beef and butter, instead of being sent away over the seas to the great enemy, would be kept at home. Poor gaunt Tony! he was so weary that even these completions could not keep him. easy enough.

'Robbed! Haw, haw. Devoy laughed slowly. 'They'd be clever that would rob me; it would take a fairish at laste to do that.'

How could a fairy do it? saked Godfrey.

'Eb, I dunno; stale me away wid dem, an'
take years of my life. Lard, Mr. Maulever, don't talk of de good people dishour of de night whatever. Whist! look at the dust-cloud whatever. What I look at the dust-cloud coming up. You do'n know but dey's in that I' Godfrey and Jim Cadogan burst out laughing in chorus. 'You may laugh," continue I Devoy; 'it is all very well, but I tell you 'tis thrue, and look there at Dominie Kelly's child thrue, and look there at Dominie Kelly's child the change of the thought of the total control of the c -'twas changed for them so it was. That I know an' I saw, for dey lives de verylhouse next

business was to ebey; but the subject recurred to his mind and annoyed him greatly. In after years he always looked upon this omission as

the cause of the failure of the Fenian rebellion.
It was late now. The programme had been the shovel and just put it on de doug-heap, at twelve o'clock midday, an' shut de house door and not look out at all, but just man of Lady Blanche's. fixed, the new members sworn in, a report had been agreed upon to be sent to the head of the wait, and den de first gust of wind comes by district—not by post, as that was dangerous,— a commercial traveller would take charge of it, the fairshes would take back their own an' leave Kelly's child. and pass it on from hand to hand until its des-tination was reacted. The commercial travel-lers were a pertect godsend, and formed a net-work of useful and trustworthy means of com-munication all over the theatre of the rebellion. 'And did the Kellys do that?' asked God-

frey.
'Faith, sir, did they—no lie at all—got back their own child.' munication all over the theatre of the rebellion. The district 'centre,' when the cabalistic sheet of blue paper reached his hands, read it and sent it to another, and he in turn sent it to a public house in Dublin, whence in course of time it would find its way to the Castle, to perplex and frighten Her Majesty's dignitaries there. 'Now, Devoy! here you are at home,' said

Cadogan. They had stopped before a tiny little brown house, like an exaggerated autheap beside the roadway. It was now dark. The moon had set, but the white dust-laden road was clear enough before them. 'Don't walk on the children, nor waken Molly, I advise you. Look here, Godfrey, let's light a match and hold it at the door. He'll never see his way if you

They accompanied Davoy to his door, which he opened easily enough, and bent himself almost double to pass in. Jim Cadogan stooped, holding the blazing match in his hands, and held it at arm's length so as to illumine, for a passing moment, the interior of the cabin. It was enough to show what there was of Tony's domestic establishment. A tiny heap of ashes at one end marked the fireplace; beside this was stacked a heap of turf; a little old deal table occupied the middle of the uneven clay floor; one three-legged stool and a block of wood composed with this the entire furniture. A confused mass was perceptible in the corner opposite the heap of turf and beside the fire. This was the family sleeping place, a heap of dried heather, some straw, and at the bottom a layer of broken turf mould. Bedclothes there were none; a ccuple of old sacks covered the little children.

'Now Tony! don't step on any of the child-ren,' said Jim Cidogan. 'Good night!' he added, as the match went out, leaving the little cabin in Cimmerian darkness. He rejoined Godfrey, who had remained waiting on the roadway.

'Devoy is a good fellow,' said Cadogan. 'one of the best of them hereabouts. Marchmont offered him twenty pounds to emigrate with not long ago. He wants to route out all these outlying cabins; you see, O'Malley has to pay rates on them, and it's cheaper to pull them down and emigrate she people. That's all they think of. They want the land for feeding cattle for the English market, so they drive out every-They want the land for feeding cattle body. They retused to body. 'What rent does he pay?' They refused to budge.

where Langan spends his evenings held Brown the threatening letter to Lees Cassie.'

'Was it?' said Godfrey astonished; 'I thought it came from sae gardener whom 'Three pounds a year for the cabin and that little garden behind it. Sure, all that bog of Knockstuart could be reclaimed and made into Brown had dismissed.

'Well, that's true enough; but you see Brown would know the gardener's writing, so he got Langan to do it.' land if the people only had their way of it. Look at the miles and miles of it that could give 'And four extra police brought into the place—haven't the people to pay tax for those?' Well, sure isn't it all for the cause? Don't we all have to sacrifice something? Look at a comfortable living to the poor, and nothing on it but snipe and cranes. Aren't the river-side lanes of Barrettstown full of people O'Malley has driven off the land? Never mind, we'll soon see him driven off in his turn fast enough, and everyone will come by his own then.' locuments on you, sure, man, you would be in They had reached the upper bridge now. Godfrey was to cross it and take the right hand

being with you.'
Godfrey only tossed his head.
'Tell me, Cadogan, about young Quin, you turn up the river to the Fir House.

'I must cross too,' said Cadogan, 'I am afraid to go in by the Dublin R ad. I'll go round about backwards by the lowest bridge,

and get over my mother's end wa'l. You can never tell who'll be about the street at night.' They crossed the bridge in silence, and separated as soon as the opposite side was reached; each took his way homeward. Hard ly had they turned when a man's head and shoulders rose over the bank of the river, which was steeper at the bridge than elsewhere, and watched them carefully. He noted God-frey's destination; then, as soon as Jim Cadogan's form had vanished in the dark, he leaped up from his hiding place, and keeping in the shadow of the willows which bordered the roadway, followed him closely. He only wanted to see what route he took homewards.

CHAPTER VIII.

Why have you stolen upon us . . .?
. . We should have met by sea and land Supplying every stage with an augmented greeting.'

'Rough passage, rather,' said a big, heavilybearded man to one of the ship's officers of the Ulster mail-boat, just as the ship began to make the turn at the harbor mouth in order to run in strught to her berth.

It was a wild afternoon in the end of April. An easterly wind was blowing pretty strongly, and drove the waves in tumultuous processions the coast in wild tornadoes, and thundering among the loose stones on the back of the east Spray was flying everywhere; the deck pier. arpaulin.

'Oh! no hing much this,' he replied. Had it much worse the night before ast. Then he moved off to the side to watch the line the steamer was to take.

The big man stuck his hands in the pockets of his furred greatcoat, and walked to the adder, by which he descended to the lower leck where the ladies' cabin was. He entered he saloon and knocked at the door of one of he deck cabin∢. 'My lady will be ready directly, sir,' replied

querulous voice. 'Er-er-Bingham, come here for one second,

murmured the gentleman.
The door of the state cabin opened, and very pale, cross femme de chambre stepped out, giving incress to her master, who stepped in and shut the dor. He sat down on the sofa opposite the one on which his wife was half reclining.

"Blanche, my love! you have been very ill I fear. How pale you are! Are you cold? Have you been properly wrapped up? Are you better?

The object of these tender inquiries, Lady Blanche C'Mrlley, was fully dressed and leaning with closed eyes against the back of the sofa. Her dressing case was open beside her, where the maid, who had been busy putting back all the flacons and other comforts in their places, left it when disturbed by her master. She had been very ill and was deathly pale, with a very drawn look about her eyes and mouth. It was rather a sweet face, if a little sad and discontented of expression. She was a few years older than Tighe O'Mailey, and ill-health made ier seem older than she was.

'Thank you, dear ! Yes, oh yes, I am better We are at the pier now, are we not?'
'Just coming up to it, Blanche!' said Tighe fixing his large round eyes on hers. He took hold of his beard in one hand meditatively. Ill as she was, she divined that something was

coming.
Er-I-er-have been thinking you had better remain in Dublin until mid-day tryin tomorrow. For that matter stay another, a second night at the Bilton.' 'Oh !' she said, without raising her eyes.

'Yes! I shall go on by the morning mail, alonc.' He emphasised the words. 'You see, the country is in a very excited state.' paused a moment and began lifting the crystal flacons in and out of their places in her dressingbag. I should like to see Marchmont and the One would hardly like Courthops and Ida to alight from the train into the middle of an Irish row. One cannot tell what may be on

For a moment a look of alarm and surprise passed over Lady Blanche's face. Then a glance at him having reassured her, she replied simply, having closed her eyes again. 'As you like, dear!' I shall not be sorry to have a quiet days rest in town.
This was the mot d'ordre.

Yes, that is quite right. You are too tired, quite too tired to so on. Oh, Ida! here you are. I hope you have not been ill. Blanche has had such a had journey. On the whole 13 have been thinking she had better rest to-morrow in Dublin, perhaps longer, with you and Courthope, and I'll run on in the morning with the heavy baggage and the servents, and look

to my own.

'Tell us that, Tony,' said Jim Cadogan.
'Dat last child Mary Kelly had, it was Logod at all—cried day and night, and Porgy Feelan de nurse she came and looked at it, an it is such an idiot. Bingham has never been in Treland before—has she?—so Viokers will do all that s needful. As Courthope has not brought

she tol' them some windy day to lay de child on a man, you may want one in dout in to Brown

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man of Lady Blanche's.
Can you do without Vickers? Inquired the person addressed as Ida. She was a fair waman of about thirty-four, thickly veiled and wrapped. of about thirty-lour, sinckly veried and wrapped, but not so much as to hide a very fine show figure. She spoke to Tighn O'Mailey, and then was a shade of ironical meaning to her voice. Lady Blanche's people all liked. Tighe immensements was impossible not to like hims but to like hims. Lady Blanche's people at liked Tighe immensely—it was impossible not to like him-but they had not adopted the son of the R scommon squire quite so completely as he had them. To the most outlying cousinships Tighe claimed the kindred of the noble MacAnelley's.

the kindred of the noble MacAnalley's.

Am I not capable of any service for you?

Tighe rarely spoke seriously to a woman. His
tone was always a medley of gallantry and chaff,
rapidly passing on the smallest procation to
one of tender adoration streaked with sentiment,
eyes, and a reputation for fastness, made him,
according to report, quite irresistible. He was
perpetually in love with some one, and liked
his wife best of all; extravagant in some thing,
in others parsimonious; fond of di-play and
effect, no one could call him consistent, or any,
thing indeed but a charming fellow, which he
undoubtedly was.

ndoubtedly was.
Mr. Courthorpe, a clean-shaved, colourless. Mr. Coursnorpe, a clean-snaved, colorless, looking man, of quiet manner, had made his appearance from the gentleman's cabin, accompanied by a tall, very young man, so muffled up that nothing was to be seen but his usee and Had we not better get on shore? he asked

'They are all getting into the train.'
'Do not hurry, my dear fellow,' answered
Tighe. 'I eug-ged a compartment. Just allow the mob to pass on first.'

They ascended the ladder to the upper deck,

They ascended the ladder to the upper deck. Most of the passengers were on the pier getting themselves stowed in the train which was drawn up alongside the bat. Tighe looked round him, noting familiar features—the gray mass of buildings sloping down to the harbour—the wide arms of the piers stretching out behind—the man-of-war laying, a black shadow in front of all. A few grimy coiliers, a grain in front of all. A few grimy colliers, a grain ship, and half a dozen fishing luggers, formed ship, and hair a dozen using tuggers, formed the role contents of the harbour. The yachtciub wore a deserted aspect. There was no one about on the shere. Everything had a shrivelled, perished look, like the countenances of the denizens of the steamer jetty.

Tighe gave the word to move now, and the party took their places in a reserved compartment, attended to the door by their raletaille

ment, attended to the door oy their idetaille carrying the minor luggage.

'Chichele, dear boy! You have made a bad passage,' exclaimed Mrs. Courthope, addressing herself to the young man who was her brother.

'Do not recall bygone horrors,' he replied. 'I am much more concerned about my "gamp," my new "gamp" that I bought especially for this I rish tour. I believe I have left it on

'No, no! I think I strapped it up, 'said Mr. Courthope.

They were running up to Dublin now at express rate, and a reasonable interval saw the party, with the exception of Lady Blanche, who had resired to bed with a migraine, sitting at dinner.

You know, Courthorpe, that I am going on in the morning alone. Blanche must not move —no, and I have had letters from Marchmont and the er-other people. I had better run on Eh-ah-um! Why, I thought you were

respectively. The state of the

'Sorry to seem inhospitable, my dear boy, but you know assemblages of all kinds are suspect just now. I believe my people are devoted to me. Marchmont, who is a thorough good fellow, has in this very letter expressed his regrets to me that he has been obliged to throw cold water uponestrements. cold water upon-er-some-er-project of a deputation and address. I mean to telegraph first thing in the morning that I should not al low such a thing on any account. Hand me the claret, please.

'You go down early, you say,' observed Chichele. 'Could you recommend me a good place for some line—light line?'
Tighe named a shop hastily, and went on,

Tighe named a shop hastily, and went on, having first replenished his glass.

'Moreover, Brown of Lees Castle is under protection, and so is Fredbury—do you know him, Lord Fredbury? Well, I'm not! At least,' added Tighe modestly, 'not yet; and as we are old friends, I think it would be wiser—er—you understand—not to have any manifestations, which wight he turned to account experience. tions, which might be turned to account against

'Yes,' assented Mr. Courthope, who did not in the least understand how one man's affairs could react upon his neighbors However, London was 12 hours distant, and he made up his mind to be surprised.
'If we don't go down to-morrow, I half think of calling on —, 'naming a Liberal member for Dublin city. 'Have you any idea where he is to be found?'

'I know nothing of Dublin people,' replied the county magistrate grandiosely, 'but the direct tory will tell you in a minute.

Tighe O'Malley had been spending too much money ever since his marriege, and now, driven by nesessity, intended to passome time in Ireland; so it was, that with an army of servants and luggage he took his departure by the morning mail from Kingsbridge the next day. He felt greatly relieved to be alone. He would arrive quietly and drive home with Marchmont in his deg cart. Courthope evidently thought there cught to be a turn out of the tenantry and retainers, peeches, Heaven knows what, an ox roa-ted whole-Tighe breathed a sigh of relief, thinking to himself what a vastly different reception Captain Marchmon't letter foreshadowed.

Tighe O'Malley, in the years that had elapsed

since he had inherited Barrettstown, had not lived exactly the life of a recluse or an ascetic. The disappearance of the Mauleverers' claims to the estate had been followed by a wild burst of joyful celebration on his part. The risk he had joyful celebration on his part. run sweetened the savour of certain ownership and gave a double zest to enjoyment. He had splendid health, loved an out-door life the best of all, though he deliberately chose to play the man of fashion in London, and had a huge and insatiable love of pleasure in every shape and form. He had robust spirits, and was pre-eminently good-natured and obliging. His relative, by adoption, Mr. Courthope, and some others of his stamp, regarded their good-looking connection as a very ignerant half-educated man. Tighe repaid the compliment by holding them prigs. 'Give me life!" he used to say, 'not books;'—he certainly was better company than the member of Parliament. His vivacity was infectious, his easy, simple vanity blunted all shafes of ridicule, and disarmed envy itself. The luxuries and elegance of his new life, although he had now been so long in possession of them, were appreciated as keenly as in the first former of the state of th few years of sweet possession, when he found himself promoted from two hundred a year, very irregularly paid, to a fine landed estate. At no period of his existence had Tighe ever been disperiod of his existence had Tighe ever been uscontented, and even now it came to him—on
certain fine August or. September days, when
out shooting on the moors, if he had got out of
sight of his party—to recall, and not without
feeling, days long gone by, when with a wretched old muzzle loader 'able to shoot round a corner,' and a tatterdemalion side-de-comp, he had
trammed miles and miles on the Rowenmen tramped miles and miles on the Roscommon heaths, banging indiscriminately at everything in feathers that his old red setter put up Tighe was in no way sentimental or poetical, but there sometimes rose before his eyes, smidst the rugged picturesqueness of Highland corry or the billowy leights of Yorkshire moor, a vision of a broad far-reaching expanse of red and purple-shaded bog, broken here and there in the turf-cuttings by glistening patches of water. A damp warm breath, richly scented from the wild bog mytle and meadow-sweet seemed once more to caress his face, and the familiar cry of the green polver or the plaint of the curlew sounded again in his ears. How sweet and wild that all was, and he thought of the pleasure with which he turned out his pockets at night. Their heterogenous contents were a vastly more delightful object of con-