THE LEPER SETTLEMENT AT MOLO-

FATHER CONBARLY DESCRIBES THE ASYLUM OF THE AFFLICTED.

Through the kindness of Archbishop Gross, the Catholic Centifiel, is able to present to its readers the subjoined eletter from Father Contracts.

"Most Rev. Archershop:—I have just got the welcome Sentinel; in which I see that some Eastern paper has reported that I am dying with leprosy! but, thank God I am not there yet, sithough one day the prophecy may be fulfilled. I will give you now some particulars about the portion of Molokai we occupy and its inhabitants. As I stated in my first letter. I landed here also I?. Really the climitie is not very warms the heat II am told, is such greater has the fall. The atmospher is quite damp and is very bad on those who have weak lungs. A mumber of the supericulty fatal for that class of people. I have a fear that my old complaint, of which I would come back on me. Father Damien last year had a priest with him three months, but he had to leave on account of asthma; he is now in the Branch Hospital, near Honolulu, where the lepers are received before being sent here. I visited him at my arrival. Asbhma does not would him so much now, but leprosy has developed upon him. "MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP :- I have just got

veloped upon him.
"The portion of Molokai which we occupy is very low and is only three miles long, and be-tween half to three quarters of a mile wide; on one side the boundless ocean and on the other very high cliffs (at least 1,000 feet high) whose very high cliffs (at least 1,000 feet high) whose tops are most of the time covered with clouds. It is a natural place of seclusion with very little chance of escaping. I hope that asthma will not force me out of the leper settlement.

In the meantime I am liable to take leprosy, but I am in the hands of God, happen what may! I stay with the heroic Facher Damien, who sometimes brings me things, saying, "Keep this for yourself, no leper had his hands on it," forgetting that he himself is a leper.

Leprosy does not affect its victims all in the same way. Some have horrible faces, either eaten up in a cancerous manner or almost

eaten up in a cancerous manner or almost double in size, covered with boils and swellings. Some are in such condition that I do not know how they can live. In many cases the lips and nose are gone, the eyes sore and the hands and feet rotten. In fact the whole of their body is feet rotten. In fact the whole of their body is rotting away. With all that they do not complain, although they sometimes suffer agony. I have seen a poor boy, who, having his lips and nose gone and the whole of his body in a horrible condition, was taken down with a fit of suffocation. He dragged himself out of a miserable room to get more fresh air, and then with a mangled reget more fresh air, and then with a mangled hand he struck himself in the side of the lungs, as to punish them for relinsing him their use.
In that state 1 administered to him Extreme In that state 1 administered to him Extreme Unction, Father Damien standing also near by and exhorting him. I had to make the Unction as near of the senses as possible, his tips, ears, nose, hands and feet being gone or very sore. Poor fellow! he died one hour after, when Fahir and I were accompanying two other boys and are right to accompanying two other boys. and one girl to the grave. One day last week we had eleven deaths. Fortunately the grave-yard is only a few yards from our house, and is adjoining the church. Since I came we had ninety deaths,
"Most Rev. Archbishop, it is quite sad*o

see young boys with mangled hands washing their own clothes or trying to handle a needle to mend them. Sometimes I hear them say in a very thoughtful manner, seeing so many dying, (remark that some of them are mere children, only seven or eight years old): 'If we stay here we will all die, this land is not good; were we back home we wouldn't die.' Not thinking, poor little fellows, that they are here to die, and most of them in the near future. They will never see again their parents, brothers, sisters, no one dear to them. By Divine Providence we have been chosen to replace their beloved kindred on earth, till the day of their reunion in heaven!

"Many of our boys wear clothes made out of the material so generously donated by the good people of Oregon and sent by your Grace. For the present, the leper boys are pretty well supplied and in return every day they recite the beads for their benefactors. Neither Father Damien nor myself forget them at Holy Mass. In a special manner, being myself an Oregonian, I recommend daily your Grace and all those I have known during my fourteen years' The lumber for the Sisters' house and hos-

came to pay a visit to the lepers.
"It was a great event for the leper settle

ment, as it happens now only once a year that visitors come to Molokai. The Board of west, as to happens now only once a year that visitors come to Molokai. The Board of Health, which is doing all that is in its power to alleviate the sufferings of our doomed people, is fully convinced that the next great thing to be done for the unfortunates of Moloki in the provide convents. Moloka, is to provide them with competent and devo. d nurses both male and female. This seems to be the conviction of all prominen men in Honolulu. But the question arises where to get them. Sandwich Islands were once claimed by our Protestant brethaen as a Protestant country where the Catholic religion had no right. But notice the change. To-day it is to that Catholic Church that men of all Christian denominations have to turn to find nurses for the poor Hawaiian lepers. I was telling one of the members of the committee that we need competent and devoted nurses, not only as nurses, but as an example to the wretched unfortunates, but where can we find them? Question of religion apart, they can be found only amongst the Catholics; no other will go and stay among the

lepers.
"I am glad to be able to say that the Sisters
"V are ready to of St. Francis, of Syracuse, N.Y., are ready to cast their lot of life among the lepers, to soften their pains and alleviate their sufferings, for

cure there is none.

"I am also informed that proposals have to an eminent physician to come here to try his science on our poor wretched taken to secure the services of a religious Order of Hospital Brothers. When that is done, then this settlement will be a very good place for the poor lepers, and great praise will be due to the Hawaiian Government for having done all that skill and devotion could possibly do for the relief of so many unfortunate beings, cut off from all communications with the rest of

" Hoping to hear soon from your Grace, and recommending myself to your and others' prayers, I remain sincerely and affectionately

L. L. CONBARDY."

THE DENUNCIATION OF SWEARING The London Daily Telegraph says:-The

practical objection to swearing is its coarseness, its ugliness, its tendency to disfigure speech, and to make social intercourse bruval, for cate and dogs and wild beasts substantially swear when they growl and sparl and spit lingual fire at one another. To swear is in most instances a sign of stupidity and poverty of speech. a sign of stupidity and poverty of spectra. There are many records of wise men who have used bad language, but every fool can swear. Not only grown men, but raw lads and mere boys revel with almost absolute impunity in the foulest and coarest language. But for the sake of strict impartiality, this much justice must be done to the English rough—that he is, as a rule, not so horribly blasphemous in his speech as the American or the Frenchman, the Spaniard or the Italian. Stupidity and fifth are the staple of the ribaldry of the English blackguard, whereas the Transatlantic loafer and hoodlum exhausts his in genuity in devising new, and complicated for mulæ of irreverence, while the lower classes among the Latin, races habitually draw their oaths from the more awful mysteries of religion From that reproach the Angle-Saxon communi ties are generally free but they are terribly prone to take their Maker's name in vain, and to yell in and out of season terms of vulgar and idiotic profanity and obscenity.

Losfing is like music without sound.

11 64

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET. Wait not till the little hands are at res

Bre you fill them full of flowers; Wait not for the crowning subcrose To make sweet the last sad hours; But while in the busy household band Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Weit not till the little hearts are still For the loving look and phrase;

For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault.
The good deed kindly praise.
The wordly on would speak deside the bier fails wester far on the living ear it.
Oh, fill young lives with weetness?
As, what are kisses on cold tlay lipe
As what are kisses on cold tlay lipe
Affor the rosy mouth we prais.
When our west one first to her mother's arms.
Eor-love's tenderest carety.
Let never a worldly batble keep
Your heart from the love such care world with a weetness.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys, Give thanks for the fairy girls; With a dower of wealth like this at home Would you rifle the earth for pearls? Wait not for death to gem Love's crown, But daily shower life's blessing down, And fill young hearts with sweetness

Remember the homes where the light has fled, Where the rose has faded away; And the love that glows in youthful hearts, Oh, cherish it while you may! And make your home a garden of flowers, Where joy shall bloom through childhood's

And fill young hearts with sweetness.

THE BAKING POWDER DISCUSSION. OFFICIAL TESTS TO DETERMINE THE BEST-WHY THEY ARE SUPERIOR LEAVENING AGENTS-

THE USE OF CARBONATE OF AMMONIA.

The official analyses by Prof. W. G. Tucker, of New York State, have offered some of the most valuable evidence yet produced relative to the actual character of the food and drugs in every day use. Some time since Professor ucker was directed to analyze the various brands of baking powder and report which was the purest and best. He procured samples from the grocers in Albany, and after a series of exhaustive tests reported that the Royal was the purest and best of all examined. The accuracy of the published report being questioned by a local manufacturer, a reporter of the Albany Journal obtained an interview with the Professor, which is reported as follows in the

'Doctor," said the reporter, "it appears that one of our local baking powder manufacturers at-tempts to discredit the report some time ago publibedin the Journal with reference to baking spowders, for which the analytical examinations were made by yourself and Prof. Mason. Were your analyses and opinion printed correctly

"They were," replied Prof. Tucker, "literally,"
You say, Doctor, that the Royal baking powder

powder is superior to any other baking powder which you examined?"

which you examined?"
"That is my report."
"Wherein, Doctor, consists this superiority
which you find in the Royal over other brands?"
"As stated in my report, in the great purity of its ingredients, in the unquestioned propriety and wholes meness of those ingredients, in the

biscuits and cakes ?"

That would require a long answer, something in the nature of a lecture. Briefly, how-ever, the advantage of the Royal baking powder over the advantage of the Royal Daking powder loaves stood on the end.

over yeast consists in the quicker work it accomplishes, in the preservation of most of the best
There were only two bedrooms in the houseelements of the flour, which are destroyed in the
production of the carbonic acid gas by the use
over the yard; hers, a little narrow apartment, of yeast, and in the absolute certainty of sweet, light and digestible food. Over other methods for quick raising, the merits of a pure baking powder are great. It is always ready for use, the acid and alkali are combined in exact proportions to produce definite results, or to render the largest amount of leavening gas and leave nothing more than a neutral residuum, which is pital has arrived; work is to commence soon.

nothing more than a neutral residuum, which is

Last Sunday a committee appointed by the not the result where cream of tartar and soda Last Sunday a committee appointed by the Legislature of the kingdom and other gentlemen are bought separately and mixed in the kitchen, yet for the day, nor had the window been She felt relieved in a measure when she had for it will always occur where this is done that opened. Judy rebelled ever since Mary's reone or the other of these substances will predomitum from school at the extra work of accending inate, making the food yellow, heavy, bitter and unwholesome. Besides, the cream of tar-tar which can be procured by the house-keeper tar which can be procured by the house-keeper turned a somersault in its frame, the screws is mostly adulterated, adding to the uncertainty being loose, and presented its wooden back to of the result or the unwholesomeness of the food. All these difficulties are avoided in the glasses were sinful, and causes of sin

> nectssary preserving agent in order to give present strength, or else have their efficiency largely destroyed by the addition of large quantities of flour to prevent premature decom-position. The method by which both these qualities are retained in the highest degrae produces the perfect article, and this I believe is fully accomplished in the Royal baking pow-

der." Doctor, what about ammonia in baking Carbonate of ammonia is sometimes used in

the higher classes of baking powder.'
"Is it injurious or objectionable?" "Nonsense! Quite the contrary. It is a very volatile agent. Heat entirely evolves it into gas, leaving no residuum. Were it used in sufficient quantity to do the entire work of aeration, I am inclined to believe it would be the acme of leavening agents. Some of the high-est authorities, as Hassall, recommend its exclusive use for this purpose in preference to yeast or other kinds of leaven. It is universally admitted to be a wholesome and valuable agent, and no chemist of reputation will class it other. wise. I have become indignant when I have read tnesslly charges that have frequently been made through ignorance or otherwise against it."
"Then those manufacturers who advertise

that their powder does not contain it "—
"Confess that their powder lacks a most useful, wholesome and excellent ingredient."

"But they say its origin is filthy."
"Its origin and method of preparation are no more filthy than are origin and preparations of bread. All this talk about ammonia in baking powder and its filthy origin is the veriest rub-bish. A man disgraces himself when he lends himself to any such statements. It is particularly unfair for baking powder manufacturers to seek to pervert the truth, or prejudice the ignorant or unwary by statements that it is either harmfula or dirty. Ammonia exists in the very air we breath, and is largely present in nature as a wholesome substance.

YOUTH THAT BIDS DEFIANCE TO

AGE. There are some people who turn grey but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage, These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no svil in them to turn upon others. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old.

Some men find fault because they are never lucky enough to find anything else.

Why is a mirror like a great thinker? Because it is a refigoror.

GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MES. HARTLEY

CHAPTER XX.

Mary Ahearne felt instinctively, as she approached the Chapel House in company with Honor Quin, that she had carried her point, and Honor your, mat she had carried her point, and that the dreaded marriage was a thing of the past. Her pale face lighted up into something like cheerfulness, as she let the swing-door of the church close behind her, shutting out the garish sunlight and the noise of the carts along the stony road. She went straight up to the foot of the alter, where in all the gargeons the foot of the altar, where in all the gorgeous refulgence of the stained glass windows the tiny live spark of the sanctuary lamp seemed reduced live spark of the sanctuary lamp seemed reduced to the merest pin-head of light. She kright at the communion rail, and prayed with the lifer vor of one who has but a plank between him and drowning. After a few minutes she room and approached the confessional in which Father has now encoded. Pagor Lahan was as Paul was now engaged. Peggy Lehan was at her post, waiting for her, saying her rolary on her greasy socient beads—the grave of its brass crucifix was almost obliterated by hard

Honor Quin was making her confession, having taken a vacant turn while Mary was praying. Peggy Lehan took her twopence, and walked off making reverences innumerable as he went to the pictures of the Stations of the Oross and the images as she passed them, and crossing herself lavishly with her well-worn

Mary knelt down to wait for Honor, who with characteristic selfishness had taken her turn, and clasped her fingers tightly. "She might have waited," she thought to herself with some bitterness, 'when she knew I was so anxious." Then she rebuked herself for an impatient thought and the self-transparent herself and the self-transparent herself to self-transparent. thought and tried to say a prayer, but the effort to command herself was beyond her power. Honor Quin, who had indeed been moved by her desire to get home again as fast as possible so strongly as to exclude all thought of anybody else, received but short shrift from Father Paul and Mary was speedily kneeling on the little hard board at his elbow.

Both murmured the prescribed preamble as fast as possible. Before she had finished, kindhearted Father Paul, who knew and felt for her

disquietude, began.

The confession did not take long. Every vein in Mary Ahearne's body was throbbing.

When it was with the sense of relief and joy. When it was done, he said, speaking in quite a different tone:

Mary child! this is your last confession to

me. You will be with the convent chaplain henceforward. Well, child! it is a solemn and serious undertaking. May God bless you in it,

sinner—in her prayers.

Her companien had long gone home when
Mary Ahearne left the chapel, nor did she follow her to her house or make any delay or stay upon the road home. Her mother was in the yard when Mary arrived. Luke and the servant boy were taking the borse out of the ehafts. Biddy was carrying the parcels into the kitchen. It was five o'clock, and the the kitchen. It was five o'clock, and the denizens of the yard had had their supper; the hens were gravely thing off to their abidingplaces, the geese were all crouched in a corner which the slanting rays of the sun still reached, and the ducks were taking a final splash in the pool by the manure-beap. The yard and wholes meness of those ingredients, in the exact proportion of the same, and the chemical accuracy and skill with which they have been combined. As I said before, it is, I believe, a baking powder 'unequaled for purity, strength and wholesomeness.''

Doctor, the Journal's lady readers would like you to inform them what are the peculiar virtues of a good baking powder over other and more old-fashioned methods of raising bread, biscuits and cakes?"

and the ducks were taking a hual splach in the pool by the manure-bead. The yard dog advanced fawning to meet her as she stepped through the wicket-door of the stable entrance. Her mother was saying something to Luke, who was laughing. Mary could see that she was in good humor, as she passed without a word into the kitchen, which had all been fresh scrubbed and smelled strongly of krown soap. A huge jug of fresh gathered cow slips stood in the window. The supper was biscuits and cakes?"

cow slips stood in the window. The supper was gesting ready; a potato pot was subbling on the fire, and a dish of eggs was in readiness on the dresser, where a couple of great newly-baked loaves stood on the end. looked into the garden of the old castle. There was besides a sort of attic, reached by a ladder, in which Biddy, close to the eye and ear of her mistress, was installed. Luke and the servant man shared a loft over the stables.

It was a naked queer kind of bedroom, and

though it was eminently untidy, had a bleak uninhabited look, as if no one lived in it. The to her room, and never made the bed save under compulsion. A little square looking-glas had use of a pure, properly-made baking powder,"

A tattered old newspaper took the place of a toilet-cover on the table. Two broken chairs and a table with a basen and a tin water-can completed the furniture of the room. There was no press, no drawers. Some strength with power to retain it indefinitely. Baking powders generally are robbed of the necessary preserving agent in order to give

It was plainly to be seen that its owner no real inhabitant of the place, merely a bird of

passage.
On the chimney piece was a statue of the Madonna, with candlestick; and vases at either side. Beyond this there was not an attempt even of the humblest kind at decoration, not flower, though the garden held a spring crop of blossome. And it was not that Mary Ahearne did not love flowers; it was her secret wish on entering the convent to be given the charge of the greenhouse, where the nuns grew the flowers for the altar. But she did not attempt to grow flowers, or to decorate the farmhouse in any way. This was because the shared the same feeling of unrest and insecurity that hindered her father from impating the Scotch farmer's pretty garden and tidy approach. Old Ateanne never drove past McNeil's farm without stopping to admire the roses and the creepers trained on the house front, and the pretty bright flower beds in the grass before it, yet he never dared to imitate McNeil's example. Some one would be attracted by it, and bid over his head for the

lease of the farm, as had been the case with the

Scotchman. In the convent Mary had obtained

a prize for neatness and order, but very little of

either was visible in her room.
Libble wonder, taking into account the manner of her bringing up; but the feeling for better things was in her nature, though deprived of an outlet, save in the religious life which she had chosen. As with her, so it was with others, boys as well as girls; the esthetic sentiment was stifled, almost destroyed, by the victous system under which they lived. Who knows but that, as in some places, rivers run underbut that, as in some places, rivers run under-ground and hide themselves, to emerge later in broad, glistening floods, the graces and decencies of life, now penal and only kept alive by stealth. as it were, behind the walls and in the seclusion of the cloister, may reappear and flourish, as did other goodly things in bygone days. There was a little pile of religious tooks in

one corner. She placed her prayer-book on the top of these, took the little case containing her resary out of her pocket, and put it there too. Then she took off her hat and jacket and laid them away in her trunk. Then she smoothed her thick hair without going near the little mirror, and was just turning to leave the room when she met her mother coming in at the door. She looked very pale and tired, and seemed to move very heavily.

'I was just coming down to see to the milk-

ing, the girl began hurriedly.
'Never mind it,' said her mother, for a wonder not crossly, nor this time looking away from her. 'You need not do it any more now, I saw Father Paul and'—she stooped for a second—:I You need not do it any more now. I saw

Father Paul and —sue successive in to what he says.!

There was silence now for a minute or two, and Mary Ahearne breathed a mute prayer of Mrs. Ahearne stood resting one gratitude. Mrs. Ahearne stood resting one telegrical hinker? hand on the footboard of the bed. She looked despain at Mary with an expression, partly sorrowful page of

So, on Monday week, I'll have Margaret "So, on Monday week, I'll have Margaret home here, and if you like to go so soon, I'll leave you at the convent in her place. Of course your father will have to settle about the money with them, or Father Paul will do it, maybe. You have your own way, anyhow. Mary, she continued, 'you can't say we have not indulged you. It is very few parents would disappoint themselves for you as we have done. I counted this long time on seeing you well settled at Capel's, and it is so near me and all.'
'St. Cecilie's is not so far, mother. It is full

as near as Capel's.

'Ah! it is not that way I mean; but if you would be sick or wanting anything I could come at you. Tis terrible to say I should go to a house, and my own child he sick there, and I not be able to see her.' What would make me be sick; and sure if you could come to me or not, it would not be

different.

Ah! there it is It is all as the to you.

Those num have changed your nature to me, and if I was lying aud like to die lad you to be just to say at one hour's drive from me, you, would not come to me sitter. ... Wisha! wisha! What it is to rear children! And once more the poor overwrought womanibegan.

once more successful to cry bitterly.

'I could pray for you, mother. Could I be doing better than to pray for you!'

A sound from below startled them at that instant. There!' cried Mrs. Antanne, wiping her eyes. 'It is your father's step. wiping her eyes. 'It is your father's step.
Mary, come down. The supper was ready when I came up.'

CHAPPERIXXI.

Ever since the morning on which she ad heard of Chichele's invitation to Father Conroy's din ner, Mrs. Courthope had been disquist and anxious on his behalf. She knew him too well to ask leading questions if she were not ordinarily too civil to resort to that domestic rack. She wanted to talk to Tighe O'Malley, but did not like to make that overlure, feeling that she had nothing more definite than her own nervous suspicions to communicate. It was no use worrying Lady Blanche. She could never be got to see anything; she had no sympathy, no imagination. All the MacAnalleys were alike deficient in that direction. They were

just alittle wanting in those qualities of which she was conscious of possessing rather a redun-dancy; and as for her husband, she knew bet-ter than to try and enlist him on her side. The more she thought over these matters the less she liked the aspect of affairs. She retired one morning to her room, and seating herself at writing-table which was placed in a window, began to review her own suspicion and her grounds for them. He had met that girl : of that she was certain—in fact she knew it—but of how the introduction had been effected. serious undertaking.

and direct you always!'

She could not answer him for sobbing, so he bade her go and pray, and to remember him—a linner—in her prayers.

or who was responsible for 10, 810 was much bade never heard a word of the story of the rescue, and it was impossible that she should. Miss Mauleverer had forbidden Mary Ahearne to speak of it, dreading less her Aunt Juliet might be into med of her heedless prank, and be needlessly alarmed, or forbid her going out alone. Father Coursy had kept silent for the same

reason; and, besides, he was not in possession of the details—Chichele, in any case, would have been the last to talk—and so the chief actors having tacitly agreed to forget the incident, it could scarcely come to the ears of one isolated as Mrs. Courthope was.

If I had not seen that girl,' she mused, 'I should have been consumed with anxiety as to

what she could be like. Now, having seen her, my curiosity as to her personal appearance being fully satisfied, I am rather the worse off." Then she recalled the looks of the girl, and confessed unwillingly, and with a growing anger and irritation, to her beauty. How in the world could he have come to know them?for she was o mpelled to acknowledge that it was impossible that he could have made acquaintance with them as one might with a milkmaid or a farm-servant on the country roads. It must have been the old aunt—some scheming, intriguing ancient, no doubt. that again was impossible—utterly. She was bedridden, or nearly so, according to Mrs. Marchmont It could only have been the priest. He had attempted other things in their behalf; she recollected what Tighe had told them. No doubt about it now—it was a legislated what here was the reconstant of the words to here. Jesuitical plot. She repeated the words to herself with exultation as if they contained everything. They knew Chichele was an only son, the heir to an estate, and in all human probability to a title also; for his uncle, Lord Ansdale, was now close on seventy, and in all likelihood

would never marry. The priest knew all this, expogitated this, according to herself, lucid explanat on of aff are. The obvious course was to get Chichele away It was perfectly plain to her from his preceepped manner and divers other signs, most significant when read by the light of her experience, that he was in mischief, in love—entaceled, if you will. She shuddered at the thought. His character was so well known to her, his strong will and persistency—all the Ansdales had that—constancy was the family foible—his rom inticisin—he detested commonplace women. He must be got away-she

summed up everything in that.
'Creswell!' she said suddenly to her own on a dress. 'Creswell, how is your headache?' Better? Oh, that is good! Do the telegrams go from the railway station or from the pust-office

in the village?'

'Both, m'm,' repli d the abigail; 'but I know Mr. O'Malley and Lady Blanche send any message they are par icular about to the railway. I'm cold letters am't safe in these country post-offices. They opens 'em when they

have nothing else to do.'

'Oh!' oried Mrs. Courthope, thinking of what Tighe had told her on the day she arrived.
'I can't say it for certain of this one, but I

know at Ranforth the postmistress put a kettle on to boil regular when the mails was coming in and she read the London papers, too—used to take 'em out of their covers and slip them back again. It got found out, though ; she wasn't careful, and she put the wrong papers in. They made complaints, and of course it all came out

'Creswell, I wish you to go over to the railway and send a telegram for me. Be very particular. You could drive over with the boy, who goes at twelve. Do you think you could get him to take you? It would do your head good.

'Oh, yes, m'm, I think so!'
'Well, inquire, and let me know. You may go now, Creswell, for I must speak to Ladv Blanche and try to go myself if you cannot get over with the tax-cart. The maid left the room, and Mrs. Courthope

wrote a long letter to the family lawyer in London. He was thoroughly to be trusted, and it fortunately happened that there was some legal business of considerable importance in which her brother was concerned going on at the mo-ment. It could be risked, she thought, as she took a telegraph form out of the despatch-box on her writing table. She had no time to lose; it was twenty minutes past eleven.

4. I la Courthope, Barreststown, Co. Cork, t
Pursewell Sheriff, Furnival Inn, London.'

That part of it was quickly done. The rest

was the crux. It must be strongly worded it would be useless. After some deliberation she wrote the following message: 'Confidential and urgent. Please recall my brother Chichele to London. Allege business. He is in danger

here. Letter will explain.'
'I don't believe I could have done it better,' she said; 'and just twenty words, She read and counted it, feeling quite pleased. 'And now for the letter. He will think the Fenians, are threatening Chichele,' she said meditatively.
The letter was a great deal longer, though by

no means more explicit than the telegram. As the went on, Mrs. Courthope grew more cau-tions. She named nobody, and contented here

"explanation by letter and the telegram simul-taneously next morning. He had been out of town when the first arrived. He obeyed the telegram at once, first carefully locking up the despatch received from Mrs. Courthope. One page out of the four convinced him of the nature

partty angry and a little contemptuous. Then of the communication; and bestowing a heartof the communication; and destowing a neari-felt malediction rupon the sex in general, and Mrs. Courbhope in matricular, he finns it into the same receptable her telegram, to bear the latter company, and he in readiness if they ever should be required.

Oreswell returned with her bonnet on, an-nouncing that the boy had consented to take her. She took the telegram from her mistress, listering extentical visc all the injunctions as to

listening attentively to all the injunctious as to care and secreey with which the charge was ac-

companied, and departed.

The tax-cart drove off by the back road. Mrs.

Courthops watched its progress through the
trees with some alight feeling of uneasiness now

trees with some slight feeling of uneasiness now that she had accomplished her task.

It will be all right, I hope, 'she said to herself. We are all going to spend the afternoon as Maxwellton Lodge, I believe. He will be safely disposed of for to-day, and to morrow tif Mr. Sheriff is prompts till see him by this on the road to London. I don't believe I could undergo this state of affans for another week.'

She locked the writing case, and hastened down to the morning-room. Chichele was there talking to Lady Blanche.

'They are not in the least common people,' he was saying, 'quite the contrary; and the little girl is exquisitely beautiful—a wild uncontrant of child, but not in any degree vulgar or coarse.'

vulgar or coarse.'
Of whom are you speaking, Chichele?' ques tioned Mrs. Courthops with sudden anxiety.

"Those Mauleverer children,' replied Lady
Blanche. 'I am sure it is so. They do great
credit to that poor unfortunate old relative of theirs. I wish we could do anything, but it is so hard, and they rejectall overtures that are directly made to them. Ida, you know Chichele has picked up an acquaintance with them, and

has picked up an acquantance with them, and is raving to me about their beauty and grace, and what not.

The last part of Lady Blanche's speech was meant by her to be semi-ironical in sound, but there was nevertheless an undercurrent of real feeling below her words.

Mrs. Courthope's face became a little pale. She turned her back to her brother and Lady Blanche and semant for moment has with a

Blanche, and seemed for a moment busy with a glass full of flowers on the mantel-piece. She glass full of flowers on the manter-piece. She was on the point of bursting out with some contemptuous reminder of the fact that they were illegitimate, that their proper place was to be servants, that it was grotesque nonsense to speak of them in such terms as Chichele and Lady Blanche had used, as if they were people who were fit to be mentioned in society. Half a dozen bitternesse mysed to her ready to require dozen bitternesses rushed to her ready tongue. but the recollection of the telegram, that happy thought of hets, checked her. It would be of very little use indeed to say anything which might irritate Chichele. The telegram was in all like-lihood half way to Mr. Sheriff by this. That was a bright inspiration of hers! By this time next day—there was no night mail unfortunately—he would be on his way to London. That simply ended everything.

'Has he really?' she replied to Lady Blanche. 'Chichele, I had no idea that you were so susceptible. These are wonderful rustics, these persons you speak of, dear.'

'They are not rustics,' said Chichele, almost angrily. 'Nothing near it!' His face wore almost a scowl, and his cheeks were red. 'Perhaps not,' returned she carelessly. 'I saw them, you know.' She moved indolently towards the table loaded with newspapers and

books, which was beside Lady Blanche's chair, and took up a periodical. 'We are going to Maxwellton for the afternoon, Chichele. I know you would like to see them; Lady Fredbury asks so

often for you.
'Yes. How do we go? It is only ten miles off. 'Let me see-there are five of us. Well, the

carriage can do that at a pinch.'
'Oh, Blanche! I will ride over; you know I detest being carted. Let me have the roan, Tighe's roan, if he does not want to ride.'

'To be sure! Ring and desire them to send word to the stables.' Mrs. Courthope was discontented at this arrangement. She had wished not to lose sight of him until the reply telegram from London should have done its work. Just then, however, lunch was announced, and she had no time to

Tighe O'Malley and Mr. Courthope came in got her handkerchief and wiped them away will through a window and took their places.

'We are all bound for Maxwellton, are we Juliet D'Arcy's keen eyes softened and gre

not? asked O'Malley.
'Are you going to ride? asked Chichele eagerly. 'If not, can I take your ruan. I rather

fancy riding over. CHAPTER XXII.

At about twelve o'clock one fine day, shortly after Father Paul's dinner, Julieb D'Arcy was sitting by herself in the window of the Quaker's house. Marion was at the convent, reading Italian. Gertrude had been there since ten o'clock, and was not to be home until three, Kitty Macan was busy in the lower part of the house with her aide-de-camp, a barefooted pagan from Barrettstown, whom she ordered about like a dog, and treated with scorn and confempt.

Miss D'Arcy was reading a book of devotion, "The Foot of the Cross." It was one of her good days; her head felt clearer than usual. Kitty Macan always knew when the mistress could be safely left, and had not been into the

sitting room since breakfast.

It was a beautiful spring day; the sun shone 'Creswell!' she said suddenly to her own straight into the room, and lighted up the pormeid, who was closing in the window sewing lace train of Godfrey Mauleverer on the wall opposite to where she was sitting. The scarlet uniform cloak glowed; the wild dark eyes had almost the look of life again. Juliet, whenever she saw the sunlight on that face, asked herself if she were thinking as she looked at it of his children, Marion and Godfrey, who were so like him, or only the painted memory of her dead

nephew. "She read on quietly. The sun illumized her gold spectacies, and she frowned her thick eyebrows-black yet, although her hair was white -in order to see the printed words before her She loved the sunlight for its own sake; the warm glow called up many memories to her.

It was as still as the grave; not an echo fron the wood could reach the house, and but for the endless singing of the birds, one might have thought oneself clean out of the world. The silence was broken, however, at last. A sound of footsteps made Miss D'Arcy raise her head. This was something quite unusual. They were beavy measured sleps, not like those of th children, who were heard and then seen all but simultaneously. She could not see the visitors nor could she get out of her chair, so was forced to wait patiently until the bell had made itself

heard in the kitchen. The hall door opened, voices were heard, the door shut again, and then Ki-ty Macan entered, and said in a loud and most formal

'Miss Johnston and Mrs. Ahearne sends their duty to you, Miss D'Arcy, ma'am, and wishes to see you for a minute.'
'Certainly, Kitty. You can show them in

now.'
Kitty opened the door, and gave admittance to the visitors. Miss Johnston wore her Sunday dress and bonnet, and had on gloves, and Mrs. Ahearne wore her black velvet bonnet and carried a large basket. This she laid down in a corner. Miss Johnston shook hands with Mis D'Arcy, waiting for the old lady to extend her hand first. Mrs. Ahearne curtsied. 'Sit down. Kitty, chairs?' commanded Juliet.

'Sit down. Kitty, chairs?' commanded Juliet.
'I hope I see you well, ma'am,' said Mrs.
Ahearne, taking a chair with great diffidence.
'I had intended to send you word, Miss
D'Arcy, last night by Miss Marion, only I did
not get a chance to apeak with her,' said Miss
Johnston by way of proem, 'that Mrs. Ahearne
desired to pay her respects to you, and to inform you of some matters.

You have always been so kind, Miss D'Arcy. madam'—Mrs. Ahearne took up the discourse, at this point with a readiness that savored of pre-arrangement; and Miss Maulever was at our house the other day, and I just took the

she went on, Mrs. Courthope grew more cause the went on, Mrs. Courthope grew more cause the self with throwing out a number of mysterious hints.

The family lawyer, Pursewell Sheriff, got this sexplanation by letter, and the telegram simulations where the sexplanation by letter, and the telegram simulations are sexplanation. The family lawyer is a sexplanation by letter, and the telegram simulations are sexplanation by letter, and the telegram simulations are sexplanation.

The state of the s

Margaret, she is to be settled soon too—Harry Capel of the Larkhill Farm. It was to have been Mary, but you see, Mary she is set on the convent, and herself and Kather Paul they have talked me over. It is God's will, and doubt. Mrs. Abearne finished her set specch with a profound sigh, and drew her handker chief out of her pocket.

'Certainly, certainly,' said Miss Juliet. 'Miss Johnston, will you please ring the bell? Great changes, Mrs. Ahearne, great changes in your family, and all for the better, I hope sincerely!' God send it so, Miss D'Arcy,' replied the farmer's wife piously.

Miss D'Arcy was pleased beyond measure with the visit. It was intended as an act of respect and homage to herself, an acknowledginest, in short, of her successinty. She became chief the meant in the profession of the succession.

Kitty Macan dispensed wine and seed at

ment, in suore, or necessary, some occame quite bright and elaced.

Kitty Macan dispensed wine and seed cake, the last extremely mouldy, owing to long prethe last extremely modely, owing to long pre-servation. I warrying some one from the town of Waterford, I understand, said Miss

D'Aroy. The Delanty, and if Yes, ma'am; she is a Miss Delanty, and if is altogether a most autisable match, save in the regard of age. The young lady is a year or two older than Luke. She has two thousand pounds, and she is related to the Bishop of the standard of the standar pounds, and she is related to the Bishop of Waterford. She is a first consin, twice removed, of the bishop, on his father's side. It is all very well,' continued Mrs. Ahearne, who had related this much with evident pride, 'I have not a word to say against the girl; but town-reared guls that have never lived on a farm, they are not good for farmers, and if there is the name of a great fortune, well then again, they require to be treated with represent there is the name of a great fortune, well then again, they require to be treated with respect accordingly, as Father Conroy said.

Luke is already locking out for a covered car for her, and he talks of selling the old car, or changing it for a new second hand one.

Dear me! the fortune will not last long, Mrs. Ahearne. And what settlement have you come to for yourselves? Will you give him up everything?

everything? Oh yes! we will give him up the farm, and you see, the lease is nearly out. Marchmont wants a fine for renewsl. Luke can renew for himself now, and his fader and I we will just keep one room and the use of kitchen, and the grass and keep kitchen, and the krass and keep of a cow, and two ridges of all potators and cabbages and turnips. So long as I am there to keep an eye to things, sighed the prospective mother-in-law, 'it don't matter so much, you see. ma'am. '

see, ma'am.

Miss D'Arcy nodded. 'I hope, Mrs. Abearne,
that you will all agree happily among yourselves. A son-in-law in the house with you, or a daughter-in-law, it is not so easy to manage Look at these Farrells of the Greenhaws. They married their daughter to a man who had little money, and brought him home, and there, you can see it, they are in the cours every quarter sessions, suing each other for maintenance of assault, one thing or other, and all living in the same bouse.'

Dispeace in a house and family is horrid, observed Miss Johnston didactically.

Mrs. Ahearne looked at the last speaker. The expression of her face reflected her thoughts, which were, What does an old maid like yo know about it?"

"My son Luke is a very good well-reared boy, though I say it, Miss Johnston, and could be depended upon to know his duty to his par-

Miss Johnston's face assumed a grin of de Miss Joinston's ince assumed a grin of derision on hearing this.

'You are quite right, Mrs. Ahearne, spoke Miss D'Arcy; 'and that seems to me to be a most sensible arrangement, and you living with them will be able to look after things and to supplement the deficiencies of the young and to supplement the deficiencies of the young woman. Quite so, a most commendable arrange

ment! Miss D'Arcy leant back in her chair and folded her hands with the air and dignity of i

judge.
'Ah!' sighed Mrs. Ahearne, 'tis all in God' An : signed rars. Anearne, the all in God-hands, ma'am. This only those, I say, that hav reared a family and have had the care as trouble—the comfort, too, not to wrong God providence—of children, that can feel what iti when they grow up and must go out in the world. Her eyes filled with tenrs, and she for

dim. Had not she also reared a family, and he the care and trouble and the comfort too, of the children? Her heart was moved part will sympathy for Mrs. Ahearne, but in her mind eye she saw most distinctly the Mauleverers.
The world is hard. But you are not particular with your children; Margaret is marrying ne

'I don't complain, ma'am, I am thankful ut vou must feel al You should think of old Judy, Mrs Ahearne, said Miss Johnston, somewhat cyncally, that has all her children in America Sure, they might as well be dead, only the send her money.'
'Yes, truth!' replied Mrs. Ahearne. 'Th

at home

tell me if you are troubled, look round you as you are sure to find some one work off the yourself, and be thankful for that.

'Take another class of wine, Mrs. Ahearn said Miss D'Arcy, who was midded now to wit up and close the meeting. 'It will do you go I am greatly pleased to hear your good new for it is good news to hear of your respectal family being all well settled in life. They credit to their father and mother,' she add

credit to their father and mother,' she added turning to Miss Johnston.

'Oh, certainly, Miss D'Arcy!' assented the priest's housekeeper. 'Good, pious, religious family—no better. And Mary entering St Cecilia's as choir-sister.'

The fact was that Mrs. Ahearne was in he own soul full of delight and pride at the impressions changes in her family. Luke's mate

pending changes in her family. Luke's mate was the envy of all the other mothers of mar risgeable sons for twenty miles round, and stands it; and although she would have preferred. the married state to the religious profession her eldest daughter, it was an honor to family to number a choir-nun-not a lay sis -among its members. Margaret, who was eighteen, was perhaps hurdly 'noished' as music and 'the branches,' but Harry Carof Larkhill, though not steady, was very desirable match, as to age, ico

sake she deliberately took a desponding, lo spirited view of affairs—The slightest exhibit tion on her part would have been tantamount inviting the evil eye. Miss D'Arcy had a pratty shrewd idea of exact state of affairs, but she was beginning grow weary. She was easily tired, and her a tention began to flag. Miss Johnston, whenew her ways, signed to Mrs. Ahearne the

and means. Notwithstanding all this, for luc

she must make haste and conclude. Mi D'Arcy's delicacy was well known to th worthy woman. She rose from her chair and fidgeted nervou

with her hands.
"If I might make so bold, ma'am, seeing t Mary and Miss Maulever have been comes at school, to ask if you would permit young gentry to come up Sunday night is Mary's last night at home, and Luk young lady and her people are cominover from Waterford, and the Capelawould be a great compliment to us, M. D'Arcy, ma'am. Father Conroy is coming, a Father Collins and Miss Johnston, and would be honored by Miss Mauleverer and

Godfrey. 'I thank you, Mrs. Ahearne.' Miss D'A made a great effort of will, and forced herself listen to the end. 'I thank you for—for—yo attention and respect. Father Conroy, added, after a pause, 'will let you know, sank back quite exhausted in her chair, here closed, and she seemed as if falling asleep. Miss Johnston laid her hand panion's shoulder, and they left the room

Kitty Macan was in the hall, waiting to them, and, not missing her opportunities, had heard every word.

Mrs. Ahearne spoke, handing Kitty

Thank you, Mrs. Abearne, said Mrs. D'Arcy sincerely enough. 'You are exceeding-ly kind.'

'Deed they are no good at all,' cried Mrs. Her ladyship—Miss D'Arcy seems pot instruction, in the ladyship of the la