

next day, by Father Doyle, Eileen and Dermot were made husband and wife. And a pretty bride also made that fair young girl. Her yellow-brown hair reflected every ray of light. Her grey eyes looked like wells of love, as she glanced trustfully at her stalwart bridegroom. Her hand lay restfully on his arm as she left the church with her young husband, and her foot tripped lightly past the old grey wall bounding the Squire's demesne on her way home.

"An' now of the groom's people at the weddin' at all, at all! It's a shame, anyway," so commented one of the neighbors, but was quickly silenced by another.

"Then I don't wonder at it: Terence not dead mo' six weeks not could in his grave--and Dermot making a weddin' for himself. He must be a bould, impudent boy."

"But, sure, Terence Donohoe wished it to be--and why should they wait at all?"

"Thady says his father never gave Dermot lave at all. An' she without a halfpenny in her pocket? I wonder at him. That I do."

"But if Eileen Bawn takes him niver a haporth but herself she's worth havin'."

So concluded the young men, while the elders mourned over the want of dowry, for Dermot Donohoe's sake. He did not think of it, as together they mounted the steep path leading to the Hill Farm. Not for one moment did he believe that his doors would be really shut against his bride. When Thady knew her to be his brother's wife, he would surely forgive and forget all. So reasoned Dermot, and with light hearts, they went to bid farewell to Eileen's parents in the cottage on the hill.

"Thady says he won't let her in, so Grace whispered, breathlessly, as she ran down from the farm. He can't privint you livin' at the farm, but she he won't have."

Dermot's face grew white with passion as he listened, but he curbed his anger with an effort.

"Stay here, mavourneen," he directed his wife; "I'll just go and see that all is ready for you."

Then, seizing his hat, he strode away.

Thady met him at the door, but Dermot pushed past him into the big kitchen, in which his mother sat knitting.

"Mother!" he said and the poor young fellow's tones were tremulous and husky. "Mother!" am I not to bring Eileen home?"

The old woman looked over to her eldest son for direction, but he frowned gloomily, and made her a sign to say nothing.

"Mother! in my father's name I ask admittance for my wife."

Stolidly and silently the dame plied her fingers and knitting needles.

"Don't name him to us, Dermot Donohoe," interposed Thady, violently. "He died wif his unspeaken curse on the marriage, and his honie shall be clear o' the girl."

Fortunately, Dermot had left the wedding festivities before the whiskey had begun to circulate freely, and so was able to keep his temper.

"Well, the shop is mine, anyway, and you can't privint us livin' there, an' we will--right fornenst your nose, ye lyin' villain."

Upstairs he went, and, bit by bit, he brought down all he had prepared for his bride's home-coming. There were the chairs, the table, the plate-rack, the clothes press, and the heavily-carved bedstead. Then, thrusting them into his empty workshop, he turned the key and went back to the cottage.

"We'll stay wif the ould folk a day or so," he said to Eileen, as he re-entered the porch; "things are not quite straight at the homestead."

So, the next day, with laborious pains and patience, he set to work to fit up the wooden shed as a home for his young wife. Against the rough boards he nailed old engravings, and one grand chrono which the clergyman of the parish had given him. At one end he placed the bed-frame, and divided it from the "living place" by an untidy mowen curtain. All his old bits of wood and shavings he heaped beneath and about his carpenter's bench. A couple of un-sawn logs acted as extra seats, while the little round table stood proudly in the centre.

"It's a poor place, but my heart is full o' love for yez, Eileen, and when I come back from Killaburka wif a few more handy things it will be quite convenient."

So said Dermot, as he buttoned on his coat, took up his blackthorn stick, and prepared to walk into the neighboring village.

As he went striding down the rough mountain road, Eileen looked after him proudly and lovingly. The firm, manly step, the joyous pose of the curly head, the swing of the prickly thorn, the cheery whistle.

Aye! look your fill, Eileen. 'Tis the last time you will see your lover and husband walk proudly with a fearless step and an open face.

(To be concluded.)

Domestic Department.

The Abuse of Tea.

Tea and coffee, like other stimulants, offer the opportunities for abuse an opportunity quite often availed of. Their devotees drink, for the mere love of them, more than they ought: the scholar deprives himself of needed sleep by their use; the daily toiler finds a temporary surcease of sorrow in the frequent cup. While there are undoubtedly many who over-indulge in coffee, there are probably few in comparison with the victims of the tea habit. It is an every day experience in the out-patient departments of the large hospitals for sufferers to apply for the relief of symptoms reasonably attributable to the abuse of tea. It is the same old story with the washer woman, the kitchen girl, or the poor mother of a large family: a lack of appetite, a distress after eating, a series of headaches, occasional attacks of dizziness. "I has no mind for the vittles, and I has the pain in the stomach, and so I just takes a cup of tea now and then." There is no day in the year when at every dispensary and out-patient room in the large cities some woman (for this is essentially a feminine dissipation) does not present herself with a statement of this sort. The victim's account is an "old true tale." Either from excess of tea, or for some other reason, she loses her appetite, and gradually comes to loathe food. In this extremity she seeks solace in the cup, and thus increases the condition she is already bewailing. When this sort of thing has reached a certain point, she applies for medical aid, and it is needless to say, usually scorns the suggestion to go without tea. It has been suggested that the dyspepsia in these cases attributed to tea may rather be due to insufficient food. It is very doubtful, however, if, in the cases referred to, the food is insufficient. No doubt, there are those who suffer from lack of suitable food, and who, if they use tea, lose more than they gain by it, but such are not found among the tea-drinkers of the hospitals, except as they willfully forsake good food for tea. It is to be borne in mind that the people of whom these are representative get from tea all the harm there is in it, since, in one of the slang phrases of the day, they "work it for all it is worth." Not only do they get all the theme and most of the volatile oil, but their method of preparing it extracts all the tannin possible. The Chinese, who are the ideal tea-drinkers, pour boiling water on the leaves at the very moment of use; but it is the practice of the poorer classes to keep a "pot of tea" steeping on the stove all day long, to be drunk from at intervals. It is probable that much of the dyspepsia and constipation to which this class of tea drinkers is subject, is due to this continual use of an astringent decoction. It is not to be inferred, however, that the abuse of tea is confined to the poorer classes. It is true that its relative cheapness invites them more especially to this form of indulgence. But it is within the experience of every physician to be often called upon to treat patients suffering from the evils already described, who lack the excuse of poor food and a hard life to plead for over-indulgence. Probably every one numbers among his friends women who are actual slaves of the tea-habit, and who would find tea as hard to forsake as men find tobacco. It is not unlikely that the functional disorder often spoken of as the "tobacco heart," due to nervous derangement, and accompanied by palpitation and pain in the cardiac region, is more often due to tea than tobacco. In fact, the disorders induced by excessive tea drinking have been grouped as a special disease, to which has been given the name of theism, from the (tea). This includes a train of symptoms, usually progressive, many of which have been already referred to: loss of appetite, pain after meals, headache, constipation, palpitation, cardiac distress, hysterical manifestations, dizziness, pueria. Whether we are justified in thus setting off these symptoms as a disease, is open to doubt; but the fact that it has been done emphasizes the importance of tea, in comparison with the rest of the group, in reference to the mischief that will follow the abuse of it. It is needless to say that the main factor in the treatment of this condition is abstinence from the plant that causes it. - *Popular Science News.*

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