WHERE SHE HAD HIM.

Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but, if they did, the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be.

W.—But still the Bible says that—

H.—Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible. There was Jezebel, she was a woman.

W.—Yes, and there was Ahab; he was a man. And there was—

H.—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says very little about women compared to what it does about men.

W. (musingly)—You might be right after all, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

H. (smiling)—I thought you would come to your senses, May. What is it the book says about men that it does not say about women?

W. (placidly)—It says, "All men are liars."

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.

FASHION POINTS.

Both chenille and big beads are seen in new embroideries, but so judiciously used that the effect is not loud.

New galloons from Paris, showing a mixture of cashmere colors and metal threads, will ornament black toilets as well as dark rich tones.

When vests are worn, those of fancy English flannel, double-breasted, or else with a false piece of white pique in the opening, are long favorites.

The fichu shawls of net, black or white, and lace-edged, worn throughout the summer, are now supplemented with others of China crepe, black, white or colored.

Chantilly lace with leaf edges or Greek squares in open pattern is the favorite now for trimming, and is set in two knife-pleated rows, turning opposite ways, about the necks of many new gowns.

Instead of the silver belt, fashion now demands a girdle of woven silver for beauty's waist, or else a belt of the gown stuff, with an embossed silver buckle, all the way from two to six inches wide.

Scarfs of Chantilly or hand-run Spanish lace long enough to go twice about the throat and then fall to the foot, are just now brought over from England, where for six months they have been the rage.

Word comes from Paris that black ribbon and black lace may be fashionably used with white or all pale colors, and that the cheapest stuffs may be made into elegant costumes by proper and profuse use of them.

Many of the newest autumn woolens show a decided double twill with a deep rice-lined Persian border along one edge. Others show the rich figures all over, and will be used in combination with plain stuff of their ground color.

Vests of silk or velvet embroidered in colored silks either with an all-over design of small rosebuds, carnations and so on, or with a slender vine down each side and along the collar, will be quite the feature of new winter coats and jackets.

New black silks show armure and demassy designs, or else ripped figures of birds, true love knots, and so on, or moire stripes alternating with bird-eye weaving. Some of the moire stripes are brocaded with large flowers, but the plain ones are far and away better style.

Leather, as a trimming, is used either black and shiny or in the natural hue. The black trims navy blue or dark red cloth; the russet black or white. Both sorts are stamped or perforated in patterns, and the belts, cuffs, collars and so on have tiny straps with gold or silver buckles for fastening.

The new striped silks will be made up without drapery, and a stylish corsage can be made by cutting backs and fronts bias, and accurately matching the stripes. Another way is to have only the fronts bias, and without darts, the fullness pleated in a wide crossway belt that is covered with different stuff, as lace or velvet.

Gold and silver embroideries are more elaborate and artistic than ever, and usually show some admixture of steel or copper. They cover the cloth ground entirely, and are used for collars, cuffs, vests, panels, peasant waists, waistbands, and in every other way possible. Black, dull green, bronze, warm gray and Florentine red are the colours oftenest trimmed with them.

A London authority proclaims that the traveling gowns shall be of soft wool, gray or dust color, with straight, untrimmed skirt, with a woolen overcoat in place of the delusive silk cloak, and hat of fine felt, either white, cream or stone color, with only a band of wide ribbon for trimming, and so pliant that it may be folded into a pillow without manifest detriment to its after career.

Turned down collars of lace, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, come more and more to the front, and while many are merely two rows of lace gathered and fastened with profuse loops of ribbon, many more are lengthened to a V, that reaches the waist almost with folds of soft silk or China crepe—or else some combination of ribbon and the lace—and the new satin-edge ribbon is preferred now to the feather at first so long worn.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Learn to govern yourselves and be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and shorten them by a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature whose development we must expect, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort with a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers. Study the character of each, and sympathise with all in their troubles, however small.

Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sunday.

Do not furnish them with much spending money.

NOT MEANT TO BE IMPOLITE.

"Good gracious, Miss Harriet!" exclaimed a young man, slipping hurriedly from the hall into the parlor of a K street residence, "what sort of a man is your father?"

"About like the average, I guess," she replied, coolly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, he just yelled down stairs to me to bring up that poultice for his sore neck or he would knock a piece off my jaw. What do I know about it?"

"Did he see you?" she asked in surprise.

"That accounts for it, then," she said, in a tone of relief. "He heard you moving around and thought it was mother. I thought pa wouldn't be impolite to guests in the house. —Boston Beacon

A WOMAN'S WISH.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the lash of worry,
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing, in it's needless hurry,
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting,
And daisies hiding so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing—
All swords will rust if scabbard kept long.

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running through!

Aye, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

TO PREVENT HAIR TURNING GRAY.

Take the hulls of butternuts, say about four ounces, and infuse in a quart of water for an hour. Then add one-half ounce of copperas. Apply with a soft brush every second or third day. This preparation is harmless, and is far better than those dyes made of nitrate of silver.

TO CURE DANDRUFF.

Dandruff generally comes from an overheated or feverish state of the scalp. The cure is simple. Brush it well every day; apply a mixture of bay rum and brandy: avoid much oiling, and wash quite often with an egg and soft water.

TO MAKE THE HAIR GROW.

Salt and water will not only prevent the hair from falling out, but if applied every day will bring out a fine growth of soft new hair. Should not be made so strong as to leave particles upon the hair when dry.

AN ITCHING SCALP.

One teaspoonful of amonia, one tincture of arnica, and one tablespoonful of soft water. Use this amount for one thorough sponging and rubbing of your head, and brush till dry. If badly diseased use twice a week. Prepare just what you want for one application each time.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CABBAGE RELISH.—Take the stalks of a cabbage, scrape them, leave them in water all night, and on the next day cook them like vegetable marrow, and they will be found very good.

GREEN corn and Lima beans deteriorate more quickly than any other vegetable; they should be spread out singly on the cool cellar floor as soon as they come from the market.

Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without any injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the satin in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

To clean paint that is not varnished put upon a plate some of the best whiting; have ready some clean, warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water, and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will remove any dirt or grease; wash well off and rub dry with soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new.

USEFUL AND UNUSUAL.

In experimenting with seaweed for making gun-cotton a beautiful dye has been discovered.

Flour of sulphur has proved to be an efficient preventive against the ravages of carpet bugs or buffalo moths.

The latest theory about the planet Mars is that it is largely covered with glaciers and with ice generally.

Professor Rogers has invented a solidified gas which can be immediately volatilized for the especial use of balloonists.

Sweet oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water, are efficient means for brightening brass and copper.

The latest lace machines are 200 inches wide instead of 150. The output is 25 per cent. greater and the quality much better than with the old machines.

The most wholesome way to drink milk is to sip it by mouthfuls at short intervals. It is necessary for easy digestion to present it slowly to the gastric mucous surface.

Electrician Edison has scientifically shocked a dog to death. Three thousand volts alternating 500 times per second will kill a man. Salt bandages on the doomed man's wrists will help.

Take a small quantity of 2 per cent. carbolic acid solution, and sprinkle sheets, coverlets, pillows and bolsters on both sides, the edges of bed curtains and the walls next the bed. The face and neck may also be slightly wetted with the solution. Not a single gnat or mosquito will come near.

SHE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED.

"How shall I cook the potatoes for dinner, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Readypen's domestic, appearing at the door of her mistress room while that lady was writing.

"I'm sure I don't know. I never cooked a potato in my life."

"And what about the meat?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just anyway."

"And the salad, ma'am?"

"Any kind will do."

"And what about the dessert?"

"Jane," said Mrs. Readypen, sharply, "you told me when I engaged you that you could cook anything, and if you cannot you'll have to go. I know nothing about cooking myself, as I told you. My time is wholly occupied in writing for household magazines. Now, go away and don't disturb me again; I must finish this article on 'The Ethics of the Home' and think up something on the 'Higher Life of the Kitchen' before noon. Get anything you can for dinner and cook it your own way. I can't be bothered with domestic affairs of any sort."

Miss Helen Gladstone, the clever daughter of the grand old man, is quoted as saying that in her experience the cultivation of the brains of women does not detract in any degree from their fitness for the proper discharge of domestic duties. She even goes so far as to claim that intellectual culture is not inconsistent with a certain partiality for gossip. When she was at Newnham as a student, she says, a resolution was introduced and carried by a large majority that life without gossip was not worth living. But then she distinguishes gossip from scandal. Gossip is merely "personal talk arising from an interest in others;" it is only when such conversation deteriorates into a discussion of the faults and fallings of other people that it becomes scandal.

GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

Marion was just moving to go when a loud proclamation from the nest in the chimney made itself heard, and out flew the hen, her feathers all ruffled, and clucking vigorously.

'There!' said Molly, dropping her bundle, and jumping on top of the bench. 'She do lay a beautiful egg, dat speckle hen do, Miss Mauleverer, miss! I'll make so bold as to offer it to you for your breakfast, miss.'

Marion was about to decline the present which Molly was handing to her. 'The Fir House hens are all laying, Molly, thank you,' she said. But as she spoke, the thought occurred to her that it wou'd please her friend, so she took the egg and put it in her pocket.

'Toney,' she said, 'come for sour milk to-night to Kitty Macan. They are churning at Chapel House, and Rody brings more than we want. Good-bye, Molly!' and followed by the prayers and thanks of the tribe, she once more picked her way through the 'street,' as the space before the cabin door was called, and retook her way along the edge of the bog home. It was more difficult walking than the high road, but the same indefinable instinct now, as when she came out, made her choose it in preference. Her task was done now, and the fit of activity and interest soon died away, and the old sore feeling came back to her instead. She almost forgot Molly and her troubles and her own sympathy with them. Her eyes, in spite of herself, fixed themselves on the hill that hid Lambert's Castle, and at one point of the road, where an open in the trees allowed Barrettstown Castle to be seen, she climbed a hillock of moss and peat, and looked across the intervening extent of park and plantations, to where the gray plastered walls rose above the blackish belts of evergreens. The building had a gloomy deserted look; the windows were all shuttered, the flagstaff bare. A sudden fancy entered her mind to explore the demesne, to go across the river some night after dark and ramble through the woods. There was an easy way of getting in by the broken wall at Chapel House; if not there, she knew the ford at the heronry, or she could cross by the weir. If Godfrey could do it, she could—and she would.

At this juncture a cart made itself heard approaching in the distance, and she swung herself down off the hillock, and picking out a thick tuft of gorse, seated herself behind it to let the travellers go their way without seeing her. The gorse bush was all a yellow blaze. She pulled down one branch to the level of her face, touching it gingerly, and smelt the heavy aromatic incense of its bloom.

Next years, breathed she, when all these flowers are dead and new ones take their place, how will it be with me? Oh, to be dead would be the best, far the best!' She let go the branch, and pressed both hands to her head, moaning almost with mingled pain and anger.

Something startled her; something or somebody was approaching. She leapt to her feet, and turned to face the intruder, to find herself confronted by Mary Cadogan's heavy if amiable face. She carried a book under one arm, and was evidently as much astonished at Miss Mauleverer's appearance as the last-named was at hers.

'How did you come?' asked Marion. 'Were you in the cart?'

'I was,' returned she. 'Took a fancy in my head this morning to come out here to this part of the bog, and to get upon that hill over yonder out of sight of people for I am sick of everybody just to enjoy the air and the country, and the quiet—and myself,' she added with a short laugh.

'Your wish was not a very extravagant one, Mary Cadogan, yet it was denied you, for, you see, you meet me here, and I do not flatter myself that I escape the fate of the rest of your fellow-beings.'

'Well, Miss Mauleverer, I certainly had not you in my mind's eye when I said I was sick of everybody. On the contrary, I was thinking only yesterday that it was full three months since last I saw you, even at mass; and for the rest, if you do not object, there is air enough for two of us and as for the country, it is wide enough to hold us both also.'

'Oh no, I do not object,' Miss Mauleverer replied, but not in the light tone of her companion, at whom she looked curiously, for she thought the gaiety of her manner rather forced. Something grim, almost despairing, betrayed itself below.

'The truth is,' said Mary Cadogan, 'we are creatures of the moment. When I left our place I was in so great a hurry to get away out into the green country as far from everybody as I could, that, would you believe me? I got old Thady Kelly to let me drive with him in his cart. The rusty wheel kept shrieking all the way—I thought it would have sent me mad; but it was quicker than walking, and so I endured it, so eager was I for an hour's solitude and quiet, and yet, can you think that possible? when I came on you sitting here before me—so inconsistent and unstable am I—the first feeling in my mind was gladness—yes, a pleasure.

'Well, thank you for saying so, replied Marion, 'for it is undoubtedly a compliment.

'If you will take it as such,' continued the other in the same tone, but speaking more rapidly; 'but if you knew my mind and the state it is in, you would not be so clear about the compliment. I left home just now to escape other people, and though that is not more than an hour ago, it is more than probable that I am glad to meet you to escape myself.'

'Mary Cadogan,' exclaimed Miss Mauleverer, 'what is the matter with you?'

'Nothing! Oh, nothing is the matter with me? I am no trouble to myself. It is not many people who can say as much.'

The other girl paused for a second thoughtfully. She knew that Mary Cadogan, as well as her mother, was sorely tried by her brother, who had been a medical student, and who was said to have been very dissipated, to be so still—Jim Cadogan, with whom Godfrey seemed to be mysteriously intimate. She only knew him by sight at the church. He went sometimes to mass to meet the people who came from outlying districts. She looked again at Mary Cadogan. Her eyes were swollen, black circles surrounded them, and she had a dazed look, though her face wore its ordinary expression of placidity—dulness, a hasty observer might style it—but she was not dull.

A sudden pity filled Marion.

'It is ——' she stopped, unwilling to seem curious.

'Oh! What can it be but the one thing? It is a curse, oh my God, it is a horible curse! There am I and my mother—an old woman that ought to have peace—for three nights now neither of us have lain down for five minutes, fearing to leave him for fear he would lay hands upon himself. He threatened us he would run out and jump into the river. I thought to-day I would have gone mad, so I got the chapel clerk Condy to come down and stop with him, so as to let me get away out of sight and sound of those horrors, if only for an hour.'

Marion shuddered from head to foot.

'I ought not to have mentioned such things to you,' cried Mary Cadogan bitterly. 'Why should people like you ever hear of the like? You are better not to know even that such things can exist. See, Miss Mauleverer, let us go up there round that hill to the lough. It will be an hour's walk; but that lough is so beautiful. I have not been there since last year, and I hear the flaggers are in bloom.'

'Yes,' assented Marion; and they set out together, right across the bog, preferring the direct way to the cart-track which the turf-cutters had made. They kept to the unfrequented portion of the bog, away from the cuttings, where a few people were working.

'You would want to have webbed feet for walking here,' observed Mary Cadogan. 'I have done wrong, Miss Mauleverer, to bring you this way. Set your feet upon the high places.'

The high places proved, however, to be just great accretions of wet sponge-like moss, which seemed to give the lie direct to the counsel, for water splashed and hissed out of each the moment their feet touched them. Mary Cadogan led the way, walking heavily and in silence and thoughtful. A fly now and again sprang to their ears and buzzed a message of some eternal import, some awful warning, sounded but not spoken and left unfinished always. Once or twice a wild bird rose almost from their very feet, and with a harsh cry flew out of sight, its bright feathers gleaming and shimmering in the distance. A flock of gray geese were wandering far from their abiding place, crying as they went like the very spirit of the wilderness. Save these not a living thing was to be seen, not even an echo disturbed the air.

They rounded the hill at last, and the lough, which was merely a widening of the Barrett-water, not a mile and a half broad, lay before them. A light gray cloud had for a moment veiled the sun, and the water gave back a curious purple reflection broken by masses of reeds and flags. Most of them were last year's, dead and dry, but the flags were an exquisite tender green, and young bulrushes, with soft white feathered tops, were pushing up among the old growth.

'Let us go down to the bank, said Marion. 'I can see yellow and purple iris there near the boat-shed.'

The beach of the lough was strewn with a thick bed of the broken reed stems, the deposit of years and years that had been washed back on shore by floods and winds; under this lay turf covered with all sorts of water plants and mosses. A little ripple stirred the surface of the lough, and broke the reflections, and a damp breath of air came up to them and cooled their faces pleasantly.

'Look at the boat lying on the bank. Whose is that?'

'O'Malley's, I suppose,' answered Mary Cadogan. 'No, it is Brown's from Lees Castle. I know it was borrowed from them one day to go troll for pike. There is nothing but pike in this lake, and they are killing the ducks; they take down the young ones. Mrs. Clifford, who has that little house down at the farthest end, was telling my mother she had lost a whole brood of her ducks this last week; but there are hundreds of wild ducks notwithstanding.'

'I mean to get out the boat,' said Marion walking along to the place where it was lying. The fastening was easily managed. There was only one oar; it was enough to scull with, and a minute or two saw Mary Cadogan sitting in the stern and Miss Mauleverer poling the little skiff out through the reeds into the open. The sun shone out again now brilliantly, and turned the whole lough into a sheet of burnished silver. Silent as it had been while they remained on shore, now that they had encroached upon the watery domain innumerable sounds and tokens of protest made themselves heard. The bald coots chattered and swam in and out fussily among the cover. But the wild ducks lay in the water, among the graceful stems of their reed homes, or crouched on the sandy edges of the shore, drowsy yet watchful. As soon as the sound of the boat, the echo of the voices, reached them, they became alert at once, and now and again there went out from a bird a long quavering cry, that was caught up here and there, and repeated and passed on to the farthest outposts of the lake and swamp; a sort of vibration full of a weird music and melancholy, instinct with sympathy; a note of warning of the danger, that held all the feathered creatures in one bond.

'Listen to that,' said Marion, impressed, standing still. 'Is it not beautiful?' They don's rise, because they see no gun with us, but they are watching us.'

'It is beautiful indeed,' said Mary Cadogan. 'It is so much so that I don't care even to think of the poets' descriptions of lake scenery. Everything they have said is inadequate; nothing satisfies but just one's senses. If it were not that I take pleasure in such scenes and occasions as this, I would kill myself. Human things are too bad, too vile.'

'They are not all that,' said Marion absently. She was wondering to herself if Chichele had seen this lough, if his eyes had rested on this wild lovely scene.

'They are!' asseverated Mary Cadogan. 'All men are bad. Tell me of one in the town who does not drink—you know there is not one.'

'I don't know much about the town,' replied Marion, shocked; 'but Peter Quin, is he not sober?'

'Peter Quin may be an exception, but if he is, it is because he sees his advantage in keeping sober. Everybody else drinks. It is well known that he takes advantage of them when they have taken drink. So, you see, it is only 'cuteness that keeps him from drinking. No, there is not a man in Barrettstown who is different from the others, and it is the same everywhere else. Men are bad, and they can be, they may—it makes no difference to them. It all falls on the women. Look at my mother—see the awful life she had until she buried my father. Then she sent James to college—indeed, poor woman, I think she did that because Peter Quin sent his son George—and then to Dublin, and she paid money over and over for his debts, and once he ran away and enlisted, and she bought him out. He has cost her nine hundred pounds in all. And what has she after it all? There he is now just able for nothing. He will do nothing in the shop. He despises business; he looks down upon it. And he has delirium tremens again.'

'He must be very wicked!' said the listener under her breath.

'No, indeed, he is not wicked,' Mary Cadogan contradicted vehemently, 'on the contrary. I think it is that he is too simple, too easily led. I have a great pity for him, and you see, he is not like those other men. Very little upsets him, very little will make him quite mad. He knows that himself.'

Marion was bewildered. 'Then why does he take even a little?'

'Oh, he can't help it. Men are not like the women; it is no use judging them. I used to think that too, but now I see my mother is right. It is no good to expect anything of a man. They'll do what they like, and it is not to please you that they will give up anything; that is, for women. It is we who have to make sacrifices and to bear everything. Jim, you see, had always my mother's money at his back—so then, of course, he need not care.'

'Still, they are not all alike! I heard Father Conroy say once to some one—the doctor, I think—that Peter Quin said his son never asked him for money, that he did not spend half his allowance in Dublin, and that he never ran into debt.'

'That is very well for Peter Quin; but George Quin does not like to spend any money at all, so he is just to please himself. It is not goodness that makes him take care of his money. Jim says George Quin would take every drink that could be had from the other fellows, and never offer one of them a treat in return. He can drink when he gets it for nothing just as well as anybody else. He is the meanest creature living, George Quin!'

'Mary Cadogan! Father Conroy and Father Collins do not drink, and they are men. Do you say they are too mean or too cunning?'

'Oh, of course not! They are priests. Priests are not to be compared with other men. They are obliged to be good, and,' she added, 'they love the grace of God; and you know it is nonsense to expect men to live as priests live. All men are alike except priests—all bad, all weak. Those who succeed are like George Quin—mean, selfish fellows!' Mary Cadogan wound up doggedly.

Miss Mauleverer felt at once puzzled and disgusted. 'Mary Ahearne spoke almost as you do,' she said.

'Yes,' replied the other, 'but she went into the convent. I could not go into a convent. I could not be a nun. The world interests me though it disgusts me. She took no interest in this world. I love to look at the scene whatever it is that is before me, and forget everything else. If I were a nun that would be a sin. I do not wish to renounce the world, and above all, books. I could give up anything but reading. It was Goethe who thanked God for making the world so beautiful. He need not, I think, for were it not beautiful who could endure it? We should thank Goethe for his books. They are beautiful. And he was not obliged to write them—they are a gift.'

Mary Cadogan's head, although she had more instruction than most of the other inhabitants of Barrettstown, was as young as that of anybody else. They were all melancholy and depressed, like her they led joyless and uninformed lives. Their ignorance was something marvellous. Mary Cadogan in this respect was somewhat better. She read Carlyle, her brother procured her the books from a student of Queen's College; whether she understood them or not is matter of conjecture; but she was proud of her singularity in reading such books. She was good and religious, but she believed rather in evil than in good. Most people were bad according to her. With regard to her employees and the poor people about, she believed them all to be dishonest, and expected nothing else from them. The great thing was to keep temptation out of their way. She locked up everything, and if by chance she omitted this precaution, took any deficit as a matter of course. 'They are all rogues, poor things; the only thing is to treat them as such.' One and all suffered from the same complaint—not one lived his or her life really, or saw it as it was actually. All their heads were in the clouds. They gorged their imagination with poetry, with legends—they saw nothing as it was, but always through some iridescent-tinted medium. So long as they were young, poetry sufficed them, or, as in many cases, the writing of poetry; after five and twenty or thirty—and previous to this age many entered convents and monasteries—whiskey supplied its place. Nevertheless there were some practical-minded people in Barrettstown—Peter Quin was one, Molly Devoy another; there had been others, but they had mostly emigrated: the beggars were all poets or philosophers, generally both. Their waking moments, when not tormented by hunger, were spent in heaven. Every one lived in a dream, whether of the next world or of a revolution. Sometimes they knew it, for most had their moments of awakening, but they were only moments; they found themselves in such a minority and in such chilly solitude that they speedily returned to the conventional order of things. Effort was bootless, useless; submission to everything, to everybody, was the only safe course. Fatalism, in a word, expressed their attitude to life.

Some one who had travelled into this strange inner world of rural Ireland declared that in their religion God and the devil were convertible terms. He was nearer the truth than he knew.

'Is not the beauty of the world a gift?' asked Miss Mauleverer. She was poling the boat through a great bed of bulrushes now. The sharp prow clove its way through the close growth of flexile stems, each bent gracefully before them, and a strange weird sound filled the air as they rose and closed up their ranks again behind the boat. They could see nothing but the sky overhead, and the procession of a multitude of slim green wands rising in due order in their wake.

'A gift!' echoed Mary Cadogan, with a bitter intensity of tone. 'It would not be a world to me without beauty. What else could He do for us? Look at all the other things that God has made that are curses to us and nothing else. This is the only thing that is not harmful.'

But her bitter desponding voice fell on the empty air. It was another, and a different voice that filled Marion's ears. She could hear its well known tones above the plash of the ripples, above the cries of the wild birds. It was not the dazzling sheen of the sun upon the water that seemed for an instant to blind her, that made her let go her oar and press both hands over her eyes. It was that for one instant Chichele's face rose before her, unbidden, unsought; that for once she saw him as his real self. For by dint of trying to build up a picture of his image in her own mind, she had confused and almost destroyed her memory of him, so much so that sometimes she felt herself in doubt that she could recognize him if she were to meet him. No wonder that Mary Cadogan's plaint went unheard; she was in another world far removed from all sordid earthly cares. Her face seemed transfigured as though an inward light shone through it, her eyes gave back the brightness they received, and a gold haze seemed to be reflected from her jet black hair.

The boat at last left the reeds, which rose up behind it, and closed their green ranks again just as though a gate had shut against them. They were out in the open water now, gliding slowly in a burnished glittering sheet of silver.

'This is deep,' said Marion, startled; 'I must scull. Change places with me, but be very careful.'

Mary Cadogan, now silent and more depressed than ever, obeyed her, and they were soon gliding in the current, which became a little swifter now. Ere long the sound of water breaking over stones made itself heard. Marion turned her boat at once, and retraced their way towards the landing-place.

'Miss Mauleverer,' said Mary Cadogan timidly, 'I ask your pardon for what I have said. I know it was wrong, but indeed I feel bitter sometimes. It is a sin to say God created such a thing as a curse.

'Well,' observed Marion, 'as for what you say about curses, you know that Father Conroy is never tired of saying that it is the women who spoil this world, Mary Cadogan. Perhaps, after all, it is the women who spoil the men. It is the women who bring them up, you know.'

'God knows! I cannot tell—I cannot understand it. There is Jim—we did all we could—he might be an army surgeon now, or in any position he liked, but he had no taste for getting on in the world; and, as for drinking, he is no worse than the Capel men, or Luke Ahearne, or the Kellys, or any other of the young men.'

'I know none of them. Please do not speak of them,' said Marion with a shiver. The bitterness of the girl's voice and look recalled to her the visit she had paid to Mary Ahearne at Lambert's Castle, Luke's behavior, and Honor Quin's conversation on the way home. Honor Quin took much the same view of the young men of the district, only in a different standpoint. Marion did not care, personally, though it was unpleasant to hear of such a wretched state of things. She did feel, however, some curiosity as to these beings, and contrasted them in her own mind with an ideal which of late had occupied it only too fully.

Mary Cadogan heaved a deep sigh.

'It is well for you, Miss Mauleverer,' she said. 'You have a nice life. No one interferes with you, and you can do what you like. It is different with us. Honor Quin, too—she can live how she likes. Look at Mary Ahearne—only for God himself and Father Conroy she would have been forced to marry Harry Capel, and she hated him. I don't think she was so fond of convent at all, but it was the only way she could escape marrying; and then Margaret, her sister, she had to take him instead. It is the same with us all, poor or not. We once had a servant, a very pretty nice young girl, only seventeen. Dear! I never was so sorry for any one. One evening we were kept waiting for tea, and at last after calling and calling I went out backwards to the kitchen, and there this girl, Peggy Curtin, with her apron over her head, crying and leaning up against the wall. Her mother was there—had come down for her, if you please, to go off that minute to be married to an old fellow who had a good farm somewhere away out beyond Castle Island. She had never heard his name even; but faith he had seen her at mass, and just sent a message to her father. It was a good match and they lost no time in taking up his offer. Well, Peggy she cried and went on her knees, and my mother did all she could with old Mrs. Curtin, to no purpose. No, she said the men were waiting above in the church, and the priest, and to they pulled poor little Peggy off from us, and she was married the same evening and taken off home to the old man. I never was so disgusted with anything at all as that. Now I am not surprised at anything. Shortly it will be the same thing with myself.'

'What!' exclaimed Miss Mauleverer. She had just lifted the oar out of the water and remained with it poised in her hand.

'Yes; my mother is never done at me. She tells me that she would rather see me dead than to have me an old maid. So I must take some one.'

'Take some one!'

'Yes; I get messages every Shrove this long time back. I don't care to marry a farmer, or I could have married—well, a good ten or twelve times, and that is not boasting. You see,'—Mary Cadogan added this hastily and as if in response to an expression of candid surprise in silence, Marion followed apathetically. Both Miss Mauleverer's face—'she can give me seven hundred pounds.'

'If you don't want to marry, if you think so ill of men, why do you? why need you?

'She is set upon it,' sighed Mary Cadogan 'and, you see, Jim has gone against her, and Robert and Gerald—they are dead—did the same, and my father too. So now I must please her anyhow; but it won't be pleasing to myself.'

Miss Mauleverer turned right round and looked at the girl, as if to see if she could be in her right mind. Mary Cadogan's face gave no sign of her being distraught; it expressed, as usual, hopeless resignation, seeming only rather more overcast and sad than usual. Marion felt profoundly uncomfortable and disgusted. She had dropped from her higher to an under world too suddenly, and the sensation was repugnant to her. Had Mary Cadogan complained or expressed a wish for sympathy it would have been different. But she did not; she simply recited her story in a matter-of-fact uncomplaining way. She probably would have been astonished, if not indeed offended, if she were told that she needed pity. She expected nothing from anybody. She firmly believed that what she said was true—not merely of Barrettstown, but of the world. She was a kind-hearted, unselfish girl, pious and industrious, truthful and honest, so for that matter were most, almost all, of the other women, but their influence, like here, was absolutely negative—nor does it take much thinking to see wherefore; there was more soundness in the poorest, the most helpless Fenian, there was more to be hoped for from him, than from whole communities of such as Mary Cadogan.

They drew the boat up into its place now; and Marion, who felt chilled and saddened by what she had heard, left her companions and took her way home by another road.

CHAPTER XXXV.

June came and went in a yellow blaze of furze blossoms, and July followed—a hot and thirsty July, marked by sultry heat and fierce thunderstorms followed by drenching rain, which the parched fields sucked up eagerly. This swelled out the turnips, if it laid the oats, and weighted the mangolds, if it rotted the hay of the always behindhand farmer. So far well, or fairly well, but after the rain was absorbed by the ground and given back at the sun's mandate, the critical time of the year was yet to come, the days of terror to the country people, days at once hot and chilly, when you never saw the sun, nor felt a drop of wholesome cleansing rain, when the air was hard to breathe as though it were scarce, when you could not see about ten rods off, and all the earth and its growth smelled strong and rank. The old people shook their heads and talked of the cholera time twenty years back. Something was abroad, was in the air, and once the mists cleared off they all knew it. Any one who had a nose could tell it.

The Disease!!

Every potato field said the same in language that there was no mistaking. Three hot foggy days had sufficed to do it. The broad ridges and furrows of the strong farmers, the lazy beds and drills of the cotters, all told the same story. The mists and the thunderstorms had done their work; the blight had fallen on the potatoes. A blackened spotted look about the topmost leaves came first. This, in spite of all, spread quickly to the stalks, and then, day by day increasing in intensity, the unmistakable odour impregnated the air. They could do nothing but calculate how many hundred might escape out of every ton the fields were expected to bear. The beggars lamented the loudest of all; the blight meant Indian meal before it was due—an unappreciated dainty. Everyone was unhappy, everyone was discontented. The farmers' sons attended midnight drill a little more assiduously, and a great many overdue subscriptions were paid up. The fifteenth of August, the red-letter day for potato diggers, justified their worst anticipations. Great damage had been done to the potato crop, nor were other things much better. The barley was a failure, the oats were rusted, the wheat smutted, and 'the rising,' the often-promised 'rising,' seemed to be the only cure for all these evils.

The nights were growing dark again, and meetings in the remote fastnesses of the bog, or in quiet fields on the hillsides, began to be held with a frequency that puzzled the authorities. Informers were busier and better paid than ever; everything worked well together for the prospects of lawyers, the camp followers, who were so soon to reap a golden harvest. Tony Devoy's potatoes were utterly spoilt, and no wonder; they had been planted by him for nine years in succession in the same patch of ground, and by his predecessor in the cabin, he who had reclaimed the little patch from the bog, for fifteen years. Every year they were more or less diseased, and as he shwed the same potatoes always, saving the refuse for seed for the next year, it was hardly to be wondered at. The ground was never rid of the pest. He limited himself to a species of potato much cultivated in the neighbourhood, though admittedly bad. Each of its patrons, if asked why he continued to use it, would have given the same reason that Tony alleged, i.e. that everybody else used it. Tony and the family were eating up the sound portion of the crop as fast as they could. The potato pots were all busy cooking the diseased potatoes for the pigs and poultry as quickly as possible before the tubers should become too bad, and from every cabin door came that smell which seems to epitomise and concentrate in itself all bad smells—the pigs' pot boiling bad potatoes among its other ingredients.

Tony Devoy drilled steadfastly, in fact to such good purpose that a constabulary man, who walked with him along the road one evening, observed that Tony fell into step with him almost automatically, and drew up a report narrating that circumstance. Others were as diligent as he. Godfrey Mauleverer missed not a single meeting. The loss of his papers and memoranda only stimulated him to greater vigour of action. He defied every one, and looked upon O'Malley's flight as a personal complaint. He undertook not only the greater part of the labour of organising the rebellion in Barrettstown and its vincity, but paid visits to far remote portions of the country, collected subscriptions, arranged for distributions of arms, devised hiding-places and disguises for them, and threw all his energies and intelligence into the congenial occupation. He looked the conspirator to perfection when mounted on some farmer's horse—heavy beast in the country was at his disposal. Any traveller meeting Godfrey on some mountain path or lonely road might have fancied himself for the moment in the wilds of Corsica or Calabria. There was nothing native in the beautiful swarthy face with dark melancholy eyes that looked from below the broad-brimmed hat, or the slender shapely figure of the boy. It was not often that this spectacle greeted the eyes of passers-by, for these expeditions were most frequently made at night. Godfrey was rarely seen by the family at Fir House. His habits were, of late, completely nocturnal. Kitty Macan, who chose like his grand-aunt to humour and pet him, left food somewhere within reach. Rody, as of old, ministered to his wants. Whenever an expedition was planned Rody fetched a horse, whether from Capel's, or Ahearne's, or Kelley's, or any other sympathiser who chose to lend one, and concealed the animal in the mill outhouses until the rendezvous had been appointed and the hour named by his young master. Then Godfrey would disappear perhaps for twenty-four hours or longer, Marion and Gertrude alone knowing of his absence. Miss D'Arcy would ask for Godfrey, send Kitty or Gertrude in quest of him, and then forget all about their mission and the object of it. Absorbed and unhappy as Marion was, she knew what was going on. Kitty Macan's mysterious allusions did not escape her. She could not understand what the old woman meant, with her talk about Barrettstown Castle and future grandeur and the Fenians all mixed up together. She knew of Godfrey's nocturnal excursions, and lived in continual fear of his safety. There came a day at last when reports of an imminent rising having reached her ears, she was so filled with terror she could endure no more, and she ran off to Chapel House to Father Paul, to consult with him how Godfrey could be kept from rushing into danger.

Father Paul was in a very perturbed and bewildered state of mind. He was sitting now in one of his uncomfortable horsehair-covered chairs, resting himself after a promenade up and