THE TRUE WITNESS TAND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

JUNE 27, 1888

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[WRITEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] HOUSEHOLD TALKS. CHILDREN'S POCKET-MONEY.

A Very Real Trouble of Childhood - A School -- What Makes the Difference --Children Not Always Ungrateful and Unreasonable-The Child to be Considered as an Individual -The Wisdom of Accustoming Children to the Proper Use of Money-" Put Yourself in His Place."

A VERY REAL TROUBLE OF CHILDHOOD. Perhaps few things are so keenly felt at the time, and as long and bitterly remembered af. terward, as the trials and discomforts resulting from a very inadequate allowance, or the lack of one altogether, during those early years when the child is so utterly dependent upon the parent for everything, and before he can provide for himself.

The mortifications and annoyances that wait on such a one are so manifold that none but those who have been placed in similar positions can understand them. They are seemingly of a passing nature, and as such win but small attention ; nevertheless in certain temperaments, and under exceptional circumstances, they as-sume a broader meaning and exert a lasting infinence on **character**.

AT SCHOOL.

Chiefly at school, among companions o the same age and sharing the same studies and same age and sharing the same studies and sports, is this terrible want of a little ready cash felt. A subscription is started, it may be, among the pupils, perhaps to aid some charit-able purpose, perhaps for defraying the ex-penses of some trip or entertainment, perhaps for a farewell presentation to some favorite teacher. In all of these cases, it is shameful for the parent if his child has but an empty pocket to put his hand into when his turn comes to put his hand into, when his turn comes round.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

It makes all the difference in the world to a child to be well supplied with spending money. By well supplied is here meant to be in posses sion of enough to meet not only very urgent claims, but to gratify all reasonable desires. Of course, it is necessary that the child should be taught the limitations of the parental purse in this connection. If this is shown in a kindly manner no child of ordinary intelligence and good feeling will abuse the privilege or exceed in expenditure the sum set apart by a judicious parent or guardian for the child's especial use. Indeed, children are very quick to find out for themselves the social position occupied by their parents, and are not slow to estimate its corresponding advantages or disadvantages in a mone-tary point of view, nor will they, as a rule, be found backward in appreciating the generosity which strikes the balance first of all in strict justice, afterwards adding a little over and above in the way of boon or favor. CHILDREN NOT ALWAYS UNGRATEFUL AND UN-

REASONABLE.

Children are not always ungrateful for a little consideration, though they are accounted so. Happily for the world, that day has gone by for ever, when to be a child was to be regarded by one's elders as the most troublesome and un-reasoning of animals. With the liberation of the slave and the emancipation of woman, new feelings have awakened in the heart of humanity towards childhood.

In no way is this better shown than in the more clearly defined duties of the parental re-lation. It is at last recognized that shelter and food and clothing are not all even of the most material needs to which the phrase "support-ing one's family" is intended to apply. No such convenient "bunching up" of social ob-ligations will do in these days in enlightened Bociety. The members of a family have to be considered separately and with proper regard individual aptitudes, proclivities and to abilities.

THE CHILD TO BE CONSIDERED AS AN INDIVI-DUAL.

As soon as possible, a child should be allowed sense of responsibility and of obligation can only come with some control of what has been established as a medium of value and of universal acceptance as representative of human effort in every direction in which it may be applied, namely, money. climbed.

GOOD ADVICE. Where's the man that dares change places With the happiest man you know? Take his chances and his fortune; Bear alike his joys and woes?

Yct the world is full of grumblers, Always growling at their fate-Sullen, surly, discontented, Filled with envy and with hate.

Thinking all the world's against them, All their friends will prove untrue, Never dreaming they can help it, And the way is easy, too,

Now, my poor, unbappy growlers, Half the fault lies in yourself ; Think a little more of others-Lay your own cares on the shelf.

Help make sunshine for your neighbors; Drive the frown from off your brow; Do some act of downright kindness-Hard, at first, I will allow.

Yet 'twill grow to be a pleasure, If repeated o'er and o'er, And 'twill fill your hear's with subshine, Till you feel to growl no more.

If you have your little trials, Bear them bravely as you car, Do not let them spoil your temper-No one loves a surly man.

Other people have their troubles-No one is from sorrow free ; Some have ten-fold more than thou hast, Yet they do not growl at thee.

DOMESTIC READING.

For milk soup boil a cupful of rice and rub it through a sieve; put in a quart of boiling milk, season with salt and white pepper; add the beaten whites of two eggs and a grating of nutmeg.

It is wise to begin house cleaning at the cellar, and to give more thought to the condition of things in that region than to the drapery of the parlor windows or the ruffied pillow shams iu the "spare room,"

If your grey felt hat is simply dirty, brash it with warm water, in which a little ammonia as been added, and then hang in the open air to dry. If this treatment has not the desired

In every room where gas or a lamp is to be lighted should be one of the neat receptacles for burnt ends of matches, made by arochet work suspending a little round tin box or a glass or cup, and often hung on a gas fixture.

Toothache caused by a cold in the facial nerves may often be relieved by wringing a soft towel out of cold water, and sprinkling it with strong vinegar. This should be laid on the face like a poultice, and will often be followed by refreshing sleep.

MAN IS WHAT WOMAN HAS MADE HIM.

(St. Louis Globe.)

Prof. C. V. Riley, formerly State entomolo-gist for Missouri, and now entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, created a sensation at the meeting of the six o'clock club last even-ing. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Pheebo Couzins and Belva Lockwood were among the ladies present. The subject of discussion was sexual equality from a scientific standpoint. Prof. Riley showed how the male, at first insignificant and apparantly a latter creation, had developed and grown to a position of equality by the side of his female partner; bow this had resulted from natural and especially from sexual selection, the female always choosing for her companion the handsomest and strongest ; how the female of some species is 10,000 times larger than the male, and how, in other cases, he is a mere minute parasite, whom she carries about as a part of her baggage; how some female solders are hundreds of times larger than the males, and how my Lady Archnidan kills her myriads of successive husband; beats them and flings their carcasses out into the back yard; how under the influence of preference, the males of mammals and birds have arisen to physical superiority to the females, till the lion is finer and stronger than the honess, the bull larger than the cow, the peacock adorned with a gor-geous tail with which to excite the admiration to take his place as a part of this great thinking, acting entity we call the world. A proper iference is that whatever man is he has been made through millions of years of sexual pre-ference by the female of his own species, and the anthropoid and other species from which he has sprung, and that it would be unfair for him to kick down the ladder by which he has

GODFERY, THE FENIAN.

BY MES. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER V.-Continued.

'She has gone on before me,' said Miss Quinn, with a look of discontent, as the turned up the by-road which led to Lambert's Castle. This was a mere cart-rack running at right angles to the road and leading up and round a hill. It was difficult walking, consisting of loose stones of divers sizes lying in water, although deep drain-cuttings on both sides of the boreen were drain-cuttings on both sides of the boreen were carrying down a noisy brawling couple of streams. Something less than a half mile of the cars-track brought Miss Quin suddeely into view of the farm buildings. The track grew muddier and dirtier at every step. The cows moved up to the ditch side from the pasture field and stared at her. A dog leapt out of the half door in the yard gate and set to bark noisily. It was milking time, and having heard the door open, without more ado every cow put herself in motion and marched up to the yard close behind Miss Quin, one or two uttering a deep low which was promptly answered by their deep low which was promptly answered by their calves penned inside the yard.

calves penned inside the yard. The large door was opened now wide enough to admit Miss Quin, and then shut at once in the faces of the expectant kine. Miss Quin found herself in the presence of Marion Mauleverer and of Mary Ahearne, both of whom kissed her immediately, first on one cheek and then on the other. 'You did not wait for me then, Miss Maul-

ever.' Even Miss Quin could not always man-age to pronounce Marion's patronymic correctwas not often that the name was exly. tended beyond the properly penultimate syl lable. 'No. I will tell you how that was, Honor

Kitty Macan's clock is always a couple of hours all wrong, you know, and if I went to ask Aunt Juliet, she would be sure to want to know everything and perhaps stop me altogether, so I just slipped out after dinner. I could not imagine what hour it was, and so I came on here straight.'

Mary Absarne and Honor Quin had beer schoolfellows of hers at the convent in Barrettstown. They were boarders, she a day-scholar. Marion, although considerably the youngest of the trio-she was little over sixteen, while they were about twenty—had left school at the same time. There was nothing wonderful in this. Miss Mauleverer chassait de racc. Her classfellows acknowledge her superiority in all things; she was as far beyond them as was the pronunciation of her unusal name. Privileges of all kinds were here—she might, and did, read poetry by Father Paul's permission, while Mary girl. Ahearne and Honor Quin could now dare to glance at Byron or 'Lalla Rookh.' They never were late for mass. Miss Mauleverer walked in when she chose. Honor Quin's mother, as soon as it reached her ears that Miss Mauleverer was having private lessons, urged Honor to follow her example, but that young lady had sense enough to be aware that she required no such adventitious accomplishments. She had a for tune, and learning was of no use to her, as she told her mother; it would be a useless expense Honor Quin possessed the best of the six pianos in Barrettstown. She could sing four songs, play six set pieces, had learned French, heraldry, the use of the globes, and many other accom blichments which were already in a fair way to be forgotten, for she despised these as the appanage of dowerless girls. She had three thou-sand pounds, and a deal more to come after, her mother told her often enough, and she in tended to marry a professional man. There was no one in Barrettstown or its environs who was deemed by herself or her parents to parents the equivalent of the fortune which Peter Quia had told Father Faul he could give her, 'money down'-three thousand pounds. The fact was, Peter Quin could give her ten, not three, thous and pounds, 'and never miss it,' but he had no intention whatever of allowing the residents of Barrettstown and North Cork generally to suspect that he had made so much money as that by them. His customers money as that by them. His customers had, however, a shrewd idea that Miss Quin was worth more than the advertised sum-hence Lord Cork's exaggeration. The whole country had been canvassed by the match-makers for a likely suitor for the beiress' hand. Before Lent began half a dozen young farmers, Hary Chapel among them, had sent 'messages,' or rather their respective mothers had sent them before Shrove. in their behalf. The ambassadors had all been received and treated in the most cordial and

nuttered this in the intervals of calling the fowl. Her invitation soon collected the whole feathered tribe of the place. A hen with a family of ducklings came in junder the broken door of the yard. The ducklings, well-grown and greedy, rushed headlong, after the manner of ducks, with outstretched necks straight through everything, and falling as they went, across to where the steaming mess of potatoes across to where the steaming mess of potatoes mixed with pollard and butter-milk was being scattered in ladlefuls. Their disconsolate parent stalked after them. They had taken to parent starked after them. They had taken to the water two or three days before, so the world hardly contained any surprises for her. Chickens of all sizes and sges, from the autumn pullet that had haid her first egg to the wee callow thing hatched yeaterday, majastic old cocks, their fashlers glattening rainbow-haed in the sun, and plump youngsters destined for the pot for not having been born hens, all amfilted and second and should are all souffled and scraped and shoved, one more greedy than another, the game hens taking the greedy than another, the game nens taking the opportunity to deliver pecks and kicks ad *tituum* to their favorite enemies, whom the gratification of a flercer passion for the nonce kept from retaliation. 'What a number there are !' said Marion.

The three girls were standing looking on just where they had come out of the outhouse.

The food is nice and cold, then, to-day for them; you can't go and say. Miss Mary, that I scalded them; and I am tormented trying to boil it, for the pot has got a hole in the bottom you can see daylight through, and the saints knew when I will be able to get that old Jeremy Dudden to come up and solder it. I done it up

Dudden to come up and solder it. I done it up there with a scaped rag, but it nearly put out the fire on me, so it did." There was silence now for a minute, only broken by the multitudinous pecking of the bans, the greedy splatter of the ducks' bills, and the querulous plaints of the turkeys from their prison behind the old coach-house door. The sparrows were all collected in the ivy of the ruin from which Ahearne's farm took its name Lameparrows were all collected in the vy of the run from which Ahearne's farm took its name Lam-bert's Castle, and were watching until their turn should come to eat the 'bread of the children,' while from the pigsty in a far corner loud sounds, and uot of reveiry, proceeded. 'Miss Mary avic, you should order me a naw pot some day you goes down to the town,' con-tinued the abigail. 'This one only holds barely enough votatoes for the nize, an' sure you know

tinued the abigail. 'This one only holds barely enough potatoes for the pigs, an' sure you know they must get enough, the cratures, against we be selling them, or they'll do no good; you may believe me, indeed, but pigs and Christians are much alike in the way of food. Ye must give them all dey want or dey'll do no good. Curse ye! take that for yourself; nothin' will serve yet but get into the dish.' 'Don't kick that drake. Judy.' called Mary

'Don't kick that drake, Judy,' called Mary Abeane, in a peremptory voice. 'Look at that, Hunor,' she added in a low voice. 'Is she not disgusting ? Nothing will improve that

'Don't I know what is good for them? roared Judy, in reply. 'He would ait the whole dish if I would let him.'

if I would let him.' 'Bring out the turkeys' dish now,' ordered her mistress; 'lay it to one side, over there; Miss Mauleverer, move just a little bit; I want to open this door.' Mary Ahearne pushed back the door and released a flock of 'urkeys. They marched out, complaining strewdishly. Instead of making directly for her dish of boiled pota-tere and meal one hon-turkey attacked a small toes and meal, one hen-turkey attacked a small fowl viciously.

'Go away, you wicked beast,' cried Mary Ahearne, running to the rescue. 'Judy, stop ber l They's the wickedest and crulest beasts, Miss

Mary. Lave go, cried the almoner Judy, deal-ing the ageressive turkey a kick that sent it flying into the air. 'I hate turkeys, they's that crule to one another.' 'You should set them an example,' observed

her mistress, somewhat drily. "Where are the piceons? Mat shut them up in there." "Mat is a fool, miss, so he is ! Don't he know Where are the very well the slates is off dat house at the back very well the slates is off dat house at the back, and what had the pigeons to do but go through? Miss Maulever, Miss Quin, 'tis a pity you can-not see the pigeons Harry Capel sent our Miss Ahearne. Nuns they do call them. They're some like magpies, I'm thinkin'. Lard ! 'his a fine thing to be goin' to be married ! The divle a wan at all can I get ! No one will take pity on

me at all.' Judy's coarse voice ran on unceasingly, with a jibing sound under its surface of good tumor. Her young mistress was angry, and as much if not more ashamed than angry. She turned to Miss Mauleverer apologetically and said, 'I have to stay here until my mother comes down stairs and see the fowls fed. She cannot be left to do anything, You won's mind, Miss Maulever, will you? or you, Honor? we will go into the old garden afterwards.' She was evidently perturbed, for she sighed heavily when she had finished subaking, and her head a jibing sound under its surface of good humor. Her young mistress was angry, and as much if when she had finished speaking, and her head

-a front formed of a huge mass of masonry, with a flat parapet on top of the very same style of architecture as Quin's shop in Barrettstown, or the new farmhouse built in he old stable-yard at the back. It was instant and the back.

It was just a wall with as many small square It was just a wall with as many small square windows stuck in it as could be managed, all staring like so many eyes. From the gutter which ran along the moss grown base, to the coping stone on the summit of the wall, not a vestige of ornament was to be described. The entrance. a small mean doorway was at one Vestige of ornament was to be descried. The entrance, a small mean doorway, was at one end, and looked as if it were a mere after-thought. The windows were all gone, not even the woodwork remained, and the great thickness and solidity of the limestone walls was shown at the openings they made. 'Come down to the seat in the hedge,' said Honor Quin. 'We shall not be able to stay long.' She led the way to a banch up a thickness

Honor Quin. 'We shall not be able to stay long.' She led the way to a bench in a thicket. It commanded a beautiful view of the open country and of the old approach to Lambert's Castle-a two mile long drive between what had once been a double avenue of beeches and oaks. Only the stumps remained now, with here and there a young seedling springing up among bem.

It was a beautiful afternoon, still sunlit, and It was a desuftin alternoon, shill sufficiently, and though the day was declining, warm and balmy. Marion forgot her curiosity, and lean-ed back, gazing out over the valley with a dreamy vague enjoyment of the scene. She had picked primroses and periwinkle blos-soms as she came along and had begun to make them into a posy. Her fingers had ceased this employment, and she was too absorbed to notice Honor Ouins meaning tooks at her pay the kind Honor Quin's meaning looks at her, nor the kind of conscious melancholy expressed by Mary

Ahearne's face and attitude. Honor Quig, on the contrary, was absorbed in her desire to fathom the truth of the report that Mary had refused Harry Oapel, and if the report were confirmed to discover the reason for such a step. She shrewdly suspected that Harry Capel was one of her own re-jected swains. She had never been informed of the 'message,' but she had been told by one of the shop girls that Mrs. Capel had been or the shop girls that Mrs. Capel had been singing her son's plaises there on market days for some time after Christmas. She had di-vined the message and its result, but the con-sidered Harry Capel a very suitable match for her friend, and she was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. The servant Judy's impudent innuendoes had not been unnoticed by her. She moved a little round in her seat so as to face Mary Ahearne, and said tentatively in a low voice into which she tried to infuse a tone

of sympathy: "You have been crying to-day, Mary." Miss Mauleverer heard this, descended from cloud-land at once, and turned round so suddenly that she dropped her bouquet. 'What is the matter ?' she said sympatheti-

cally. Mary Ahearne turned her head aside for a be realized. 'Oh. nothing,

few moments before she replied. 'Oh. nothing, nothing of any great importance. You might guess it.

A pause of some minutes ensued, and then she resumed wish a broken voice, 'Harry Capel's old mother was up here yesterday and had as much talk and work. She knew well it was no use, yet she wold try to make me say yes, flat-tering and bothering me. The poor boy was distracted and was drinking, as if that was any thing new—and when she found that would not do, she fell to abuse. What was I looking for —who was I thinking to get? It was not every flat. day I would meet with a Capel. That's not the half of it, and when she was gone, much as she came, it was then the row began in earnest, -mother, and Luke, and all of bem at me.

Mary Ahearne was crying now. Marion was listening in a kind of half credulous wonder, as a child hears a fairy tale. She could not understand it in the least, but did not like to interrupt or to ask questions. Honor Quin was noved to compassion by the distress evinced by her friend.

'I cannot see what is this hurry to get you married,' she observed. 'You are surely time erough.' 'Well, you see-you won't tell ever what I'm

saying to you, will you, Honor, or you, Miss Maulever? The lease has little over a over a year and a half to run, and Luke must marry a fortune to pay the fine. Margaret and I must toth be out of his road before

He bowed, hat in hand, to Miss Mauleverer, who acknowledged his presence by a silent inclination of her head. Honor Quin shook hands with him very formally and with an air of great reserve, for she knew that Luke Ahearne's mother believed her handsome boy to be a match fit for any lady in Ireland, and the way resolved to keep him at a distance

to be a match fit for any lady in Ireland, and she was resolved to keep him at a distance. Luke's mother had indeed cast a fly over the big fish in the interests of her son. It was but a half-hearted venture, shill she thought it no more than her duty to Luke to attempt the heiress of Barrettstown in his behalf. He was herees or Barretustown in his behalf. He was considered a good match, viewed in the light of the customs of the district. The two girls were provided for—Mary the eldest and plainest was to have four hundred pounds fortune; Margaret, the youngest of the family, a handsome well-grown girl of niveteen, who was still in school, was to have three. Constitution the factor the youngest of the family, a handsome well. grown girl of nineteen, who was still in school, was to have three. Consequently the farm of Lambert's Castle on coming into Luke's hands would be unencumbered with the con-ditions of paying off. or rather buying out, his sisters' interests therein. If old Abearne had not saved the amount requisite to prov de the two girls with downes, the farm would have been charged with the burden of their mainten-ance for life, they having an equal interest in the property with their bother, and the cus-tomary mode of procedure to be followed would be that Luke should procure a wife possessed of a fortune, this fortune to be handed over to, and divided between, the two sisters, each of whom would then marry another farmer and buy out his encumbrances in like manner. This, the usual system, would have been quite possible to Luke Ahearne but for the fact that the lease of Lambert's Castle was fast running out, and that Tighe O'Maller might be naturally expised to demand a heavy fine for a renewal. His wife's fortune would po to renew the lease. The cld couple would had have been quite possible to demand a heavy fine for a renewal. His wife's fortune would po to renew the lease. The cld couple would had hmi over the farm and stock, retaining also, in ac-cordance with the custom, one room in the house to renew the lease. The cld couple would hand humi over the farm and stock, retaining also, in ac-cordance with the custom, one room in the house, the use of the kitchen, a ridge of the potato-field, a ridge of the turnip-field, a ridge of the cub-bage and mangold-fields, and the grass and mink of one cow. This system, if sanctioned by cur-tom, was but rarely found to work smoothly or well, the arrangement being one which offered peculiar temptations to fallen human nature in the shape of prople in law. But custom ranks the shape of prople in law. But custom ranks paramount in such societies as that of Barrettstown, where even a new seed potato is, on prin-ciple, refused a trial.

ciple, refused a trial. Customs of all sorts were to these people as law. Luka's father was a most hard-working, honest, industrious man, who grudged no exer-tion, but even he, a descendant of a good old Irish family, would not on any account dig up the bushes for fear of offending the fairies, and bought yellow meal for towls and pigs, even when he could not sell his own barley and oats, because of the tradition that animals would not thrive on food grown on their own ground.

because of the tradition that animals would not thrive on food grown on their own ground. Old Ahearne, quiet and peaceable though he was, had been once summoned to Quarter Ses-sions for assaulting an old woman. He had sions for assaulting an one woman. He had come upon her one day at the running stream that crossed one of his fields. She was nearly blind, and was only groping to find the stopping blind, and was only groping to find the stopping blud, and was only groping to find the stepping stones by which to cross, but the old farmer coming up and observing her, concluded that she was laying pishogues (charms) to break the legs of his cattle when they came to drink, and then and there fell upon her and gave her a beating beating. Luke laughed heartily at his father's super-

stitions, but be had nevertheless his own. He could not bear to meet a red baired woman in the norming, or to see a single mappie, and he frally believed that the wild sounds with which the south west storms heat on the exposed heights of Lambert's Castle, were the cries of drowned sailors' souls, tempest-tossed and driven in explation of unprepared death.

He was in haste to get msrried, for two rea-sons. He wanted to recure the time, and there-by the lease, and he wanted to be his own master, and the master of Lambert's Castle. Therefore it was that he had urged his inter's according of Harry Course, affin Therefore it was that he had urged his sister's acceptance of Harry Capels offer. The sooner the girls were got out of the road ithe better. As for her unwilling-ness and hanoing back, that was all ponsense. A fine young fellow with a comfortable farm, his brothers and sisters all settled in America! Old Capel and his wife were giving up, and going out of the place, out of her road entirely. What could be Mary thinking of? he asked What could be Mary thinking of? he asked himself. He was excessively avgry with her, or rather he would have been had not another act of circumstances combined to put him rather in good-humor.

He had been visiting Waterford lately, and had there discovered what he was in search of, a rich shopkeeper's daughter, whose people he had reason to believe, from the account given by his ambassador, did not disapprove of his suit. This item of intelligence he kept to bimself knowing well that the greatest reticence and caution were necessary. He felt greatly elated at his good fortune, and unconsciously swaggered at his good fortune, and unconsciously swaggered a little in his manner and gait. He had never seen the Waterford damsel, nor was he in any particular hurry to do so, for he was carrying on a flirtation with a pretty little girl whom he had met at a wake. He did not care very much for her, and he had never had the slightest in-tention of marrying her, but she was exceedingly attractive: and all the young follows, even tention of marrying ner, but she was exceedingly attractive; and all the young fellows, even Harry Capel, who was to marry his sister, were running after her. So Luke of course was to the fore with the rest in his attentions to prety Bess' Lion r, and rather took pride in dis-tancing them, his handsome face and figure, together with his expectations, and his fine riding-horse, giving him advantages in the field. He hated Honor Quir, as did for that matter most of the young men of the district. He had no idea that his mother had been so foolish as to make even an approach to matrimonial overtures to the Quins. Luke had opportunities of knowing a great deal more than his mother did about that family and their pretensions, and he would have been furious if he had divined what had really happened.

effect, the hat will have to be dyed.

THE WISDON OF ACCUSTOMING CHILDREN TO THE PROPER USE OF MONEY.

We would therefore urge on all parents a custom which is unfortunately too rare except amongst the very weakby, that of making an allowance, weekly or monthly, and always in rearly money, to every child of the household.

This allowance should always be a sufficient one, proportioned to the necessities of each in-dividual, down to the youngest, as soon as the age of reason has been attained. Although it would be better to make it as a

free gift, such allowance, in the case of parents of straightened means, may be given as a recompanse for some service performed by the child—in fact may be earned instead of given. Even in this case, a child is ordinarily thankful for coming into possession of what renders some coveted enjoyment possible, or lightens some irksome task.

From the moment a child receives an allow ance, no matter how small the amount, and whether it is carned or given, his confidence and alf-respect are increased thereby. So long as it is promptly and cheerfully bestowed it is a very mine of wealth to the recipient. But in order to secure the best results, it must be regular. Five cents a week punctually paid is better for a child than five dollars given in a fitful and irregular manner.

Forethought and self-denial are encouraged by the granting of an allowance, conflicting duties and desires come into play, and judgment is exercised.

"FUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

If parents could once feel the bitte mess of If parents could once teo, the cheerings of spirit arising from the keen sense of dependence on the capice or will of others in these matters, they would be readier to show consideration to their children in this respect. To those familiar with Anstey's clever story, "Vice Versa," such reflection, will come with double It seems impossible for some force. people to throw sheir thoughts and sympathies back into aneir own childhood. It is to be feared chat Bultitude many times multiplied yet exists, and that the salutary lesson to rathen, which that book was designed to im-part, has yet to be learnt by a coming genera-tion—a generation in which the boys who now feel as keenly as Dick the results of paternal close-fistedness—will be the fathers themselves, and dole out the half-guineas or their equiva lents with an equally sparing hand to their hopeful progeny, unless time and experience, prove the Garuda atone by which the sharp test of "Put yourself in his place" may be applied. MARIANA.

ONE CENT INVESTED

in a postal card on which to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you free, particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day, and up. wards. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.

THE OUCKOO'S EGG. The cuckoo, it has been authoritatively ascertained, does not lay her eggs in other birds' nests. She lays them at first in the grass, or on the ground somewhere, and, as they are phenomenally small not bigger than the eggs of her victimised oyster-parents also can leasily carry them in her capations month and deposit them in the selected mests,

HOW TO GET BICH.

Live up to your engagements. Earn money before you spend it. Never play at any game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor. Good character is above all things else. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Keep good company or none. Never be idle. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Do not marry until you are able to support a

wife. Keen yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Ever live (miefortune excepted) within your ncome

When you speak to a person look him in the ace.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would pros Der.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Never speak ill of any one. Be just before you are generous.

Never run into debt, unless you see plainly way to get out again.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Good company and good conversation are the ery sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

In good housekeeping we find the following plain nints as to what to do in cases of certain complaints with which every family is familiar. A severe oold and perhaps an attack of pneumonia may be prevented if premonitory symptoms are headed. A chill sensation along the spinal column, a cold, ciammy feeling across the chest are sure indications that a severe cold is trying to settle in the system. Pour boiling water upon equal parts of catnip, spearmint and sassafras, steep, but do boll the tes. Put the feet in a tub filled with hot water, to which a teaspoonful of mustard has been added, and while soaking the feet drink freely of the tea. Another excellent remedy for a cold is a vapor bath. Tak a pail about half full of hot, but not quite boiling water, which should be placed with a heavy blanket reaching to the floor. When profuse perspiration starts from every pres remove from the chair into a bed that that been! thoroughly aired and warmed. Additional covering must of course, be placed

upen the body to prevent schill.

their overtures had been respectfully declined. Muss Quin was too young yet, her mother could not think of letting her go from her this year yet. Such were the excuses offered. Little by little it came to be known, or rather felt, in the town, that no one was good enough for Miss Quin. Her brother, the young counsellor that was to be, was looking out for a high connection for her in Dublin, and hereafter and for ever she was unanimously proclaimed to be destitute of the faintest trace of good looks. Honor Quin cared little for this. She had a poor opinion of Barretistown, and testified the same is a hundred ways. She had as much money as the choice to ask for, and the matter of clothes, not merely carte blanche, but it was ex-pected of her to spend money lavishly. She was very moderate in the use of these privileges, and for that matter displayed a judgment which was creditable, if somewhat unaccount able, selecting plain cloth dresses in pref.rence to the costly velvet and satins which her mother urged on her. Mrs. Quin wondered at her self-denial, misunderstanding her motive. In her opinion any one who could and might wear ails or satin at others' cost was a fool not to do so. In this, as in other things, however, she gave Honor her way. It was one of Mrs. Quin's favorite beasts that she never 'crossed' Honor since she was born.

'I have my new pigeons to show you,' said Mary, leading the way to one of the outbuild-ings. She took hold of the rusty bolt, and, working it with both hands, got it back, not without difficulty. Then she had to life back the

door, which was broken off the hinges. 'Step in here, Miss Maulever, Honor, come

till I show you the new pigeons.' Mary Aherne's face had brightened a little, and now that she was standing in the shadow of the outhouse, and was not wrinkling up her face to keep the sun out of her eyes, she looked almost pretty. She was pale and freckled, her amost pretty. She was pale and reckled, her forehead was disproportionataly large, and her fentures, especially the mouth, irregular. Still she was fairly well-looking. Her face possessed something over and above the shrewdness which was the leading characteristic of Miss Quin's. The eyes were large and dreamy looking, the expression was pensive and altogether interesting, which last was precisely the quality that Honor Quin's lacked.

'Now,' she said, leading them into a large untidy kind of storehouse full of all sorts of lumber, broken farm-tools, disused harness, etc She looked about for the pigeons, and not seeing them, was just turning out the door calling, Judy Judy I' when a voice hailed her so loudly

as to drown her own. ' Miss Mary, Miss Mary ! I say, bad cess to yourself, and will you plase let out dose turkeys till I get the chickens fed. The old yellow hen will murder them on me. Will you let them out, I say. Chick ! chick ! All three girls stepped from the outhouse into

the yard again, immediately on hearing this appeal. The speaker was a broad shouldered appear. In a spearer was a broad-should red servant girl of about twenty, with bare feet and thick red legs showing under a short black petricoat. Over this she wore a obtion jacket which left her arms bare. She was busy emptying a mess of poultry feed out of a black caldron into the feeding par. She

black caldron into the feeding-pan. She stirred up the mess with a wooden ladle and scattered it round about. While thus engaged her eye fell on the two visitons, whose presence she had not before suspected. "Save you, kindly Miss Maulever. Save you," Miss Quin, she called aloud, with a grin that showed a fine set of teeth and somewhat atoned for a bettle-browed homely face. "Onlock chick; blacker was to the nonliver." bain in the centre of a heap of rubbish showed bain in the centre of a heap of rubbish showed about us, she continued, speaking aloud to her: where a fountain had once been. They, were aelf, but in a lower tone, "but that Maulever" not long min picking (their, way, through, the one is shooting up lik a young tree ! The eyes" pleature ground, and soon found, themelves at dat girl, have ! Lard ! Miss Quin dere beside the front of the runed Lamber's Castle. There, her looks to want all de money she have, "she' was very little indeed that resembled a castle.

We do not mind. What does it matter,

Mary?' returned Miss Maulsverer. 'Throw down some food to this side, Judy, do you hear?' criered Mary Ahearne. 'Give the little turk y some; those old ones are eating it all."

Ay so, Miss Mary. That old yellow hen hate anybody to ait a bit only herself. You should bid me kill her some day that you have some one to dinner you don't like—old Capel, now; I would love to see him picking the bones of the bid her.

of that old her, I would.' Judy turned the great iron pot upside down now and struck the rim smartly spains tha ground so as to shake out the last particle of food to the hungry clients, turning as she did so her greenish-colored eyes with a vicious look

so her greenish-colored eyes with a vicious look in them at the visitors. 'Come and lift the pigs' pot, Judy,' called a voice from within the house. 'Come at once !' Judy vanished promptly, and Mary Ahearne turned round like one who has obtained a long-waited for permission to leave. The others set themselves in motion also, and they picked their way carefully across the farmyard to a door ca way carefully across the farmyard was flanked on the opposite side. The farmyard was flanked on two sides by buildings, stables, cow-houses and other out-offices. The living house had been built by old Ahearne, and was a plastered edifor fronting the farmyard, exactly similar to the bouses in Barrettstown, only much newer. It was not above 25 years built, and was far more ruinous looking than Lambart's Castle itself, one end of which looked into the yard. The plaster was rain-soaked and stained, and the frost had carried away some of

The woodwork was all shrunk and wanted painting; nevertheless the place looked pros perous, and, after a fashion, comfortable.

Come along quick, Honor, "rged Mary. 'Let's get out of the way of the pigs' pot. The smell of it always disgusts me so. Just go in, smell of it always disgusts me so. Just go in, if you please, Miss Maule.er; I must close this door after us, else the hens will set in and lay their eggs abide-they do whenever they get the chance-and then I shall be blamed.'

Marion and Honor obeyed her, and she drew the door to behind her with a look of relief as though she were glad to shut out the sights and sounds of the farmyard. They were now in a wilderness that had once

been the pleasure grounds of a gentleman' iouse, though, save for the trees which remained as landmarks, no one could have thought it had ever been under any kind of cultivation. The walks and alleys had disappeared long ago the box and myrble had grown up into trees, and in the shade of the old laurels and orsamental The three girls made their way through this thicket, which in truth had a very mouldering fungus-like odor, towards an open in the centra. This had been cleared and planted with pota-toes. The blackish mould, which had been only recently dug up, smelled fresh and plansant. A plot of cabbages skirted a dilapidated lavender hedge on which some articles of linen were bleaching. Other plots here and there had been nearly dug over for the spring planting. Blue periwinkle ran through the grass and clustered, about the stoms of the shrubs, and a few old rose bushes were discernible here and there. They walked on, following Mary Abearne's uidance, keeping to the right and towards the old house. They had to make a detour to avoid the ruins of a conservatory, which had been placed in a fine south aspect against the yard wall. It had all fallen in long ago. A metal basin in the centre of a heap of rubbiah showed

ward. 'I don't like him,' answered Mary Absarne,

quite simply.

Marion sighed and looked bewildered. 'If you heard his old father,' pursued Mary, 'the night the two of them came up after the measage was sent before Shrove. I went off, of measage was sent before Shrove. I went off, of course, to my room, but I thought Judy would be listening, so I crept down quietly to the door of the room. There she was, I need not tell you; so out of pure curiosity I listened myself. My dear, you would think it was a sack of potatoes that was in question. They were all sitting 'round the table and disputing. Three hundred pounds was nothing-notin', as old Capel called in-you know how be speaks. He was not going to take any such match for a boy-a fine clever boy like that, who was used to have everything and had his horse kept for him ! to go to every fuceral in the country. Then the fight began. He saked for the boar pig and that half shorthorn my father; thinks so much of ; Mr. Herry-the fine clever boy that he is-sitting by with a surly face on him, and looking as if he with a suriy face on nim, and looking as if he did not care one pin. Oh yes,' went on Mary, and her voice, which had up to this seemed merely melancholy, grew bitter, 'I'll tell you another thing. I did not hear this, of course, they were too 'cute to say this to us. My mo-ther was told that old 'Capel said I was no beauty at all-I was too sallow.' Honor Quin burst out laughing. Poor Mery

Ahearne wiped away a tear and then laughed also, but a little bysterically. Marion looked from one to another with amazement, not upmingled with disgust. Honor Quin's behaviour was nothing out of the common. She knew her of old to be rough and coarse-natured. She had always borne the name of being 'worldly' at school, whereas Mary Ahearne was her exact antithesis.

'That was why they wanted the shorthorn by, Mary,' said Honor Quin as soon as she cow, Mary,' said Honor Quin as soon as she could speak. 'She was to make up for your complexion,' and she went off into another fit of jarring laughter. She will stop where she is, then !' said Mary,

'That would be a very dear price to pay for a vellow skin.'

She felt hurt by the roughness and hardness of her companion, and turned shrinking away with the same look of uncomplaining, almost opeless melancholy. As she did so she met Miss Mauleverer's eves bent on here wonder-

when Marion saw the bears glistening on the eyelashes of the face so close to hers, and the crushed, pained look, she forgot her disgust and tooped a little nearer with an impulse of pity up. and tenderness

'Do not mind i' she said, so low that Honor Quinn could not hear her, and she laid her check for a minute only, against that of Mary Ahearne. She ross suddenly; then she felt too irritated to remain quiet, and went away to a clump all grown over with periwinkle. It ciump all grown over with periwinkle. It was the pedestal on which some heathen divinity had been perched, long ago tumbled over and broken into fragments. While Marion was busy gathering the peri-winkles a noise made itself heard which starfled the others as well as herself. Some one was forcing open the garden door by which they had entered. Then it was fung to noisily. "That is Luke,' said Mary. In a few minutes her brother appeared out of the thicket and approached their seat. As soon as he caught, sight of them he took the pipe out of his month, extinguished it, and put it in his pocket. 'He had a newspaper under one arm, and he' tolded it up soughly and put it in his pocket also.

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He threw himself on the grass now, close by the bench occupied by the visitors and his sister, and, addressing the latter, taked her if she had taken his coursing dog Sheelah out for a run that day as he had desired ber. 'No, not yet, Luke: it is time enough,' she

answered timidly.

Luke rolled over on his elbow. 'When it In the fonce before, you can let it alone now. Is not that too bad, Miss. Quin ?' he asked, turn-ieg to that young lady. 'I bid Mary take out Sheelah for a run, and she forgets all about it and The here untered her for the Congeneration. and I that have entered her for the Coursing, Cuu?

Luke addressed Miss Quin in a tone of rollicking gallantry, meaning to impose on her credulity, and to lead her to suppose that he was offering her attentions of honourable import.

'Indeed.' observed Miss Quin, in rather a chilly tone.

"There's not her equal in the whole of Cork, pursued the youth. 'Miss Mauleverer, did your brother tell you of the trial we had with Sheelah and two of U'Malley's best greyhounds down there in the demeane? Cooper the stableman said he never saw the like of Sheelah. I'd back her against any dog in the county for fifty pounds,' he beasted, raising his voice as if there might be some one lurking about to take him

Honor Quin's face presented such a mixture of disapproval and frozen reserve that the youth was fain to direct his conversation to Miss Mauleverer and his meter, which he did, every now and then looking to see how Miss Quin en-dured the transference of his attentions. He had as high an estimate of this own market value as he high an estimate of the own market-value as she had of hers. Of course the was a prize, an enormous prize, "and he almost acknowledged that she was above his reach." However, who could tell-Luke, whom his mother spoiled frightfully, knew himself to be good-looking-but that she was secretly not indifferent to him: what else brought , her to Lembert's Oastle ? She had been there to see Mary several times since Obristmas, although this was the first time that she had been so fortunate as to find him at d out of the thicket and that the she had been so fortunes as to find him at As soon as he caught there. So he played off all his rusticairs and put to the provide the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put provide the provide the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put provide the provide the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put to the provide the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put the provide the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put the source of the played off all his rusticairs and put the source of the played off all his rusticairs to blink the source of the played off all his rusticairs of the played off all his rusticairs of the played off all his rusticairs and the source of the played off all his rusticairs of the played off all his rusticairs of the played off all his rusticairs of the source of the played off all his rusticairs of the played off all his rusticairs of the played off all his rusticairs of the source of the played off all his rusticairs of the source of the played off all his rusticairs of the source of the so