WHITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

STATELY AUGUST.

Barn Month—Gule of August—Feast of Lamimas-Scarcity of Name-Days-A Celebrated Picture-Verandah and Balcony-A Word Concerning Summer Dick

BARN-MONTH.

Waving a long good-bye to warm July, choosing for thyrsus a branch of the budding apple-tree, rosy with blooms, let us turn to hail sultry August, the month which witmeases the perfection of all that has been only romised by its predecessors, which holds in lap the ripened flowers and fruits of the

Perfection, peace and plenty. Ceres corncrowned come to visit earth again. Astres, "the righteons virgin," according to Spen-

with balanced scales. As might have been supposed the olden posts were not silent concerning the passage of the sun through the zodiscal sign of

Virgo. But with the poets we shall not at present meddle, as the quaint old Saxon name barn. moneth for barn-month, the month in which the barns were filled, is full of homely meaning, and as such more welcome than labored strophe or strain of salutation.

It matters but little to us now that Its present well-sounding name is of ancient Roman origin—the name of Rome's most splendid sovereign, Augustus, a stately name, well-chosen to replace the plain Sextilis, or sixth, when it took its station as the eighth instead of the sixth month in the calendar.

GULE OF AUGUST. The origin of the term, "the gule of August," applied to the first day of August, has given rise among scholars to numerous and fanciful reasons for its being so named. The most reasonable of these seems to be that tracing it back to the Egyptian Gule or

Gula, as the mouth was called in the Egyptian year. PEAST OF LAMMAS.

Another bone of contention amongst archeologists seems to have been the accounting for the first day of August having been named Lammas.

Some say that it was so called from ceremonies attendant on the sheep-shearing, which took place about this time.

Others, with good show of authority, derive it from the Saxon Hlaf-mas, Hlaf meaning loaf or bread, and that the day came to be so called from the bread baked at that time being made from the new wheat.

It seems thus to have taken rank as a feast of the first fruits of the corn season.

SCAROITY OF NAME-DAYS. Although not so rich in names renowned in church bistory, yet August has a day conse-crate to the Gaelic saint, Roche, to whom the plague-stricken of his own and other countries applied in times of pestilence-the world-famous Lawrence, in whose honor Spanish Philip, the second of the name, built the Escurial-and Augustine from far

A CELEBRATED PICTURE.

Lastly midway in the month comes the Assumption, the subject of Murillo's farfamed picture, of the artistic merits of which George Eliot speaks so sloquently in "Daniel | dry, cool place. with whom Mirah took refuge, she refers to on the walls, as being sufficient to redeem it is consumed will do the same for the feather plainness of a room holding such "giorious" it've musquito. company" as she calls the roaring hosts at- | To renovate velvet, free from dust by laytendant on the apotheosis.

VERANDAH AND BALCONY.

Strange to say, although August is justly looked upon as the hottest of the months, it is now alone that we may look for tranquil afternoons and cool evenings. On the eleventh of this month the dog days

end, and people who are what might be called superstitiously afraid of being bitten need not quicken their stops at every unmuzzled dogs. The rainfall and cessation of extreme heat at least towards night which come generally at this season are very grateful.

One may open the blinds without being blinded by the glare or choked by dust, and veranda and balcony are filled with the inmates of the house, who, having no active duties to call them out into the busy broiling stroets during the day, have chosen, wisely, let us suppose, to sit in the shade-darkened rooms and tan themselves, and sip cooling glasses of lemonade between naps and yawns till the awest cooling breeze of evening woos the idlers forth, and steamer, chair and hammock are called into requisition; for although a great part of the day may have been passed in a state of enforced inertia, no one would dream of calling that rest.

Then too, on an August night what a grand sight is the harvest moon full and round facing her path of splendor upward through the star-filled heavens. So think the ethereal minded of the party, but there are not wanting gastronomes who disturb such reveries with unconscious solilequies concerning the on-coming of the oyster season, while the cereful housewife, mindful even in such bliss. ful moments of the paramount duties of providing, proceeds straightway, mentally course, to count the probable cost of tomorrow's marketing with a cautious reference

to purchasing ability of ready cash in hand.

As we are on the subject of epicurean speculations, it may be as well to remark that the embargo put by all mensible minded people on eating heavy food during the summer months should not be lifted during the treacherous security which the occurrence of a few cool days during the heated term is apt to cause.

Strong meats seem out of place on the table when vegetables and fruits may be had so cheaply, so freshly now; while the coarser animal food may be had, at high prices, of course, all the year round.

Rich gravics and soups seem also out of order on the bill of fare at this time. Let those be shunned for some time yet, at least ; or let people who will so indulge in such gross luxuries not be surprised if they find them agree as little with their digestive powers as with those of their weaker neighbors.

MARIANNA. He had his hat off and was walking along the street in a wilted condition, when a padestrain halted him, extended his hand for

shake, and asked : "Have I made a mistak "How?" "Are you doing this to advertise a hair restorative, or because of the heat? "The heat, of course." "Then shake again.
I have always contended that it took more nerve for a baldheaded man to uncover on the street than to face a loaded cannon. You are a hero, sir-s man of nerve. Shake

He who sows brambles must look well to his shoes,-[Italian Proverb.

BABBIE THE WEAVER. BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Beneath the rainy caves, at night, The patient weaver sits alone

She hears the gosty winds in flight, The torrent's suiten monotone She heeds them not—she sits and weaves Her stint beneath the rainy eaves.

She bends above the clanking loom. And into her web of sober gray She weaves the twilight's purple gloom, Shot thro' the gleams of dying day; Two shuttles—one of ebon hue, One silver-draw the long threads thro'.

She hears the wintry winds in flight,
The wild rain throbbing on the roof,
While ever the flying shuttles smite Strange colors thro' her ashen woof-Ghostly purple, and gold and red,
The colors of her dreams long dead.

Above her checkered web she bends, Singing at her ceaseless toil
Some song of love that never ends. Nor time can weary, nor death can spoil And thread by thread, as the long night goes Slowly the mystic pattern grows.

By-and-by will break the dawn-Saith she—out o' the night of tears, And the last fair thread be drawn Thro' the finished web of years; Then these tired hands shall rest Folded on a peaceful breast.

CHIEFLY FOR THE KITCHEN.

The flesh of fresh fish should be firm, the gills should be light red and the scales sil-

Young veal may be told by the bone in the cutlet. If it is very small the veal is not good.

Hang up everything that will hang in the kitchen. It will save time when you go to sweep it. It is false economy to buy stale anything

the freshest is none too good, especially at this season of the year. Buy perfectly fresh fruit and vegetables

free from sprouts and only in quantities that admit of immediate use. Rub your lamp chimneys after washing

with dry salt and you will be surprised at the new brilllance of your lights. To clean ornaments of alabaster dissolve borax in boiling water and apply with a cloth

or soit brush, riuse carefully and dry in the

sun. No kitchen should be without scales to test the integrity of things purchased by weight, and to measure the quantitles of various recipes.

Keep large squares of thick pasteboard hung conveniently to slip under pots, kettles, stow dishes and spiders, whenever you set them down.

Good articles always command a fair price, excepting at the close of the market, when a dealer will sell at a reduction rather than risk the keeping.

To raise the pile of plush or velvet dampen on the wrong side with clean cold water, then hold tight across the face of a hot iron and rub up the crushed spot with a clean stiff brush.

Green corn and Lima beans deteriorate more quickly than any other vegetables, they | desolation all your days.' should be spread out singly on the cool cellar floor as quickly as possible after they came from the market.

To keep green vegetables for a day or two. aprinkle with water and place them on a cellar floor. Fruit should not be kept in the cellar, but put out singly and stood in a dark,

Deronda," wherein, describing the simple furniture of the modest home of the family from a hot shovel will go far to banish files from a room, while a bit of camphor gum, a copy of this matchless work of art hanging the size of a walnut, held over a lamp till

ing face down and whipping smartly; then brush with a camel's hair brush : damp on the wrong side with borax water, and hang pile inward in the sunshine to dry, taking care that there is no fold or wrinkle on the line.

One of the nicest contrivances for keeping knives, forks and tablespoons in is a pocket tacked on the pantry door. Make this of enamel cloth, and line with red canton flannel, stitching small divisions to fit each article. The canton flannel will absorb all the moisture that may be left on these articles.

Poultry should have a smooth, clean look ing skin, both on the body and feet. If young, the lower part of the breast-bone will be partilage. Try this carefully, as some of our dealers are so unfortunate as to break the ends of the breasts, which, to an untrained marketer, give them the feeling of cartilage.

MAKE YOUR DAUGHTERS INDEPEN-DENT.

Would it not be wiser far to induce young girls in thousands of happy prosperous homes to make ample provision for any and all emergen cies that the future may have in store for them Could a better use be found for some of the years that intervene between the time a girl eaves school and the time she may reasonably hope to marry? The field for woman's work as been opened up of late years in so many different directions that a vocation can easily be found, outside the profession of teaching, that will be quite as congenial to refined tastes, and considerably more lucrative. Bookkeeping, typewriting, telegraphy, stenography, engrav-ing, dentistry, medicine, nursing, and a dozen other occupations might be mentioned. Then, too, industrial schools might be established where the daughters of wealthy parents could be trained in the practical details of any particular industry for which they displayed a special aptitude. If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of merchants and shopkeepers to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so.

TEACH THE BOYS.

To be obedient. To have patience. To be temperate in all things. Never to chew, smoke, or drink or use pro

fane language. To keep themselves neat and clean. To shun evil company and rough wave. To take off their hats when they onter the

couse. To be useful in the house as well as out of

Always be employed in some useful way. To be polite at all times and have a kind word for everybody.

To keep early hours and always be punctual and industrious. To get their lessons and obey the rules of school.

To avoid the centracting of loose habits, and strive to be manly always. To be kind and courteous to each other in the school and on the street.

Never refuse to receive an apology. You may not revive friendship; but courtesy will re-quire, when an apology is offered, that you ac-

Do not give all your pleasant words and smiles to strangers. The kindest words and the sweetest amiles should be reserved for home,

Home should be our heaven,

waitwed in the harridgud ofte, and either children not a whit more cared for bore them company. Mrs. Ahearne held down her head and picked her way among the much heaps. These did not trouble her much, but she did not like to be seen by the inmates of the cabins. There were very few of them, however. Most of the women were in the market-place; the men were at work or lounging on the bridges or in the main street. Bad as this street was, it was by no means the worst. At right angles from it ran several narrow squalid lanes of ruinous cabins, dark, sunken, or tumble-down of aspect. At the turn of one of these the guide

paused.

"Tis the third house, Mrs. Ahearne, ma'am.
You will excuse me going farther. I have a young child sick below, and I must go to him." 'I thank you, Mrs. Smith, my good woman, thank you kindly,' said Mrs. Ahearne, turning towards her guide, and as she did so inclining herself a little. The other made a suitable acknowledgment, equally graceful and well-bred

n its way, and they parted.

Her one moment the farmer's wife stood still and surveyed with a look of mingled disgust and fear the truly horrible spectacle that lay before her now. At the top of the lane, which sloped upwards somewhat from the street, was the one slaughter-house of Berrettstown, and the gutter, or rather the track worn by the feet of the inhabitants down the centre of the passage, which was not his feet wide, was the receptacle of the waste offait and blood from the shambles. They had been slaughtering on the day before, and the usual slaughtering on the day before, and the usual loathsome evidences strewed the ground everywhere, bits of offal grawed by dogs and pigs, and a hideous red stream, partly dried and filling the air with its revolting odour, marked the line of descent all the way. The place was never cleaned, and every week there was a fresh supply from the slaughter-house of the same fever-breeding material. Every the same fever-breeding material. Fever shung in every sodden, reeking wall, and made its permanent abiding place in the rotten thatch, which in many places was sinking

between the rafters, in others had in parts gone altogether. It had rained in the night, and the eun-heat was now drawing up an unpleasant dank steam. Mrs. Ahearne made the sign of the cross to ward off sickness, for, like every one else, she knew that fever was in one of every three cabins in the place—but she was not afraid of that. Nor indeed was else solely occupied with thoughts of the unhappy woman whom she had come to see. A boding anxiety that had been growing and strengthening for years, until Heron Farm, that they had gone to America on purpose to earn money to keep them on the place.

The roll the regard that they intended to come back with their carriags and live at the Heron Farm, that they had gone to America on purpose to earn money to keep them on the place. come an imminent terror, possessed her mind, and every repulsive feature of the place she stood

served but to intensify it.

'Oh, my God!' she kept repeating, 'mercy! If I were to be put in this place!' As she passed an open cabin—there was no door, and a fume of turf-smoke was coming out -a gaunt balf-naked creature with wild eves came forward, holding cut a yellow skinny hand, and leaning out pleaded, 'The price of a bit of bread, and God keep you from want and

Mrs Ahearne said 'Amen' with genuine fervour, and put a few coppers in the hand : it retreated once more behind the smoke, into which some blessings speedily mingled them-

She was at the third house now. fused sound of voices came out. She listened for a minute before she stooped to enter, and recognised the grayers for the dying. The wretched dwelling, more like the lair of au animal than the abiding-place of human beings, could only be entered by a sort of hole not above three feet high, and once inside she had to step cautiously, for the place was almost full of kneeling and crouching figures, and the sudden change from light to darkness made her un-

Peggy Feelan, who was evidently presiding, and was 'giving out' the prayers, stopped as soon as she recognised the visitor, dismissed her congregation with a wave of her hand, and

advanced to do the honours.

'Mrs. Ahearne, I am proud to see you. Mrs.
Talbot is very wishful that you would call to

Mrs Abearne paid no attention whatever Peggy Feelan's words, but advanced to the ride of the dying woman, whose bed was placed so that a faint ray of light fell on her face from an unglazed window at the back. It was like a wax mask—so pallid, so transparent was the skin that, as she lay with her eyes closed, Mrs. Ahearne asked herself if she were not too late after all, and glanced questioningly to Peggy

It is only a little slight sketch of sleep toat

is on her, ma'am,' observed Pegzy Feelan with her professional air. If the outside of the house was wretched, the interior for naked misery far outfid it. The bed on which Mary Talbot lay was a make-shift contrivance of sticks and boards, tied here and there with ropes. The covering baffled all attempt at description. Furniture there was none. Some cracked and broken delf utensils were placed in chinks of the ruinous wall, on which some one had long ago fastened pictures cut out of weekly newspapers, now all blackened by the turf smoke. Fire there was none. A creepy stool, half a firkin and a kish, or wicker-basket, was all that was visible; but

round the wall was a sort of continuous litter of straw, crumbled turf, and heather boughs, and it was plain that Mery was hy no means the only inhabitant of the place. When Mrs. Alearne saw this last evidence of misery and all that it implied, and thought of the beggars on the bridge, she clasped her hands under her cleak and wrung them with anguish, while drops of cold perspiration gathered on her forehead.

'Sit down, ma'am,' said Peggy Feelan, advancing the half firkin to the bedside. 'She'li rouse out of dat now immediately, you'll see,

ma'am.'
The dying woman had been a youthful friend and companion of Mrs. Ahearne's. Their parents had been neighbors; they had both married farmers, and settled in the vicinity of Barrettstown on the Mauleverer estate. The Tallots' farm was a poor one, and they had no lease—only a promise from Godfrey Mauleverer that he resid not disturbly them so lorge at they had the would not disturb them so long as they paid the rent punctually. Low as the rent was, the only son had to go to America to earn it. Once there he sent for his two sisters, as soon as he could pay their passage, half out of a desire for company, half because he knew it would be a change for the better in their circumstances. The American fever, as the old people of the Southern Province not inaptly called it, was raging at the time. There was no political movement in the air to absorb the adolescent energies of the boys and girls. The Young Ireland rebellion, if that effervescence deserve the name, never very deep-rooted or more than partial in its influence, had passed by in a rainbow-hued mist of poetical effusion. America was on every lip. The letters from the emigrants were a hebdomadal stimulus, and all that Helen Talbot could do or say was bootless to keep her children beside her. They all meant to reurn; they wrote faithfully and sent home money. One, a beautiful girl, married an officer of the United States army, and until the death of Godfrey Mauleverer all went well with the Talbota. But a new king prose with Tighe O'Malley

Talbon's farm occupied a piece of fenny ground by the river side at one end of his park, and Tighe, a man of taste, held that it smolled the landscape at that point. He was at the time busy making all sorts of improvements in view of his marriage to

of his family for a hundred and seventy years never reached O'Malley's ears even. He rode round the park with his agent, gave his directions, and went off on the wings of love to London to resume his courting. There was no lease, merely a verbal promise, in no way binding upon Tighe. The agent, a straight forward Englishman, went to the Talbots and told them what was to be done. It was almost his first experience of the kind, and it was remarkable enough to make a lasting im-

He told Talbot, in pursuance of Tighe's inatructions, that he was to go, and to the out-burst of despair with which this intelligence was greeted, thought it only his duty to tell the and spreaded, shought to the his day to the his old couple that they had been and were paying a most preposterous rent for their sixty acres of the worst land on the estate—thirty shillings for swamp and two pounds ten and three pounds an acre for the bighest-lying portion of the ground. He told them that no Englishman in his senses would give ten shillings an acre for the bast of the

acre for the best of ts.

'What's that got to do with me?' made answer Talbot, staring at him doggedly. 'Was I ever behind with the rent?' My good man, 1 wish half the tenants paid

as regularly as you do; but it is to your own advantage to give up the place. You are robbing yourself and robbing your children in America, paying such a rent. 'I ask no better than to pay it and to keep the place that was my father's and my grano-

know no other place, and if I leave it I will die, Stuff, Talbot, stuff? Mrs. Talbot, you are a sensible woman. Advise your good man

father's before me. It is where I was born. I

here. Mrs. Talbot proved her senselessness by sinking on her knees at his feet, and imploring him in a voice broken by sobs to intercede for them, not to drive them from their home. Where could they go to in their old age?

With an Englishman's horror of a scene Capt. Marchmont left almost instantly. He was sorry for the evident distress caused to the poor fools, but O'Malley must be obeyed. So the notice was served. Talbot came to his office and offer-ed to pay any amount of rent they might ask. His children would send it to him from America. He take a good that they intended to come back with their rannings and live at the

purpose to ear money to keep them on the place.

The evident amority of Talbot touched Captain Marshmont, and he wrote to O'Malley.

The answer was that Talbot was to be offered one hundred pounds to go out quietly. Go he must. The house was to be pulled down, and the place was to be ploughed over, drained, terraced, and planted, as he had arranged, without further delay. Tighe was liberal, and desired him in addition to give Talbot his own

valuation for the crops.

Talbot refused the hundred pounds and kept his word. He died broken-hearted, at a friend's farmhouse, who had offered him shelter during his last illness. The con in America died, and one of the cirls—Mary Talbot always maintained of grief—and she was left alone in the world to end her days in the poor quarter of Barrettstown, and among the beggars. The people to whom she used to give alms now shared their dole with their once patroness. Always proud in her own way, al-though she was a quiet, pious woman, Helen Talbor sank into a kind of resentful apathy. For two years after she was forced to leave her farmhouse the usver crossed the door of the wretched place where she now lay dying, not even to go to Mass. She remained alone, though in a crowd, irolated as a prisoner in his dungeon. She would not solicit alms or aid from any one; she was asha ed to make known iwretched p sition. All her own relatives were dead or gone to America with the rest; now, at last, her release from her sorrow

and degradation was at hand. Mrs. Ahearna had say still watching her for some ten minutes, when a tremer passed over the dying woman's face. Her eyes opened, and after a vacant look for a moment she recognized

hor visitor.
 'Margaret Ahearna,' she said, 'that is you. I am obliged to you for coming to see me, and God bless you for your kind heart to gend me tea and the things you did.'
Don't speak of it, Helen Talbot; I blame myself that I did so little for you.'

"Thave but little time, Margaret, very little time, now, and thank God for it! I can say I go with joy to my own people. I sent for you to forgive me for causing scandal. Yes, I turned my back on God Himself for bringing me into this shameful place, herding me with the beggars. For more than two years ! never went to mass, never bent my knee to a priest. I was ashamed to go out, I was ashamed to let the people see me. I hid myself as if I had done a wrong thing. Only that I felt death drawing near to me and warning me. I could be

in my sive yes. I ask pardon.'
'Oh, Helen Talbot!' sobbed Mrs. Abearne. She had fallen on her knees beside the bed, and laid her hand on the transparent wax like one that lay on the cover. But her grief was not for the departing one: it was for herself. The

same fate might be her own. If Luke did not make a good match where would the money come from to renew the lease and 'fortune' the girls, and if the lease were taken from them, what was there before her but the same fate? Where could they get another form? The idea of Helen Talbot's sufferings was oppressive; she who used to give to beggars reduced to their lovel now, she who used to be called ma'am, and handed chairs by the shopkeepers in the town, who had her own seat in the chapel, instead of having to herd standing among the poor women in the side aisle, to die now a beggar! Mrs. Ahearns well understood how and why she absented herself from mass and never went out. She would have done the

same in her case.
'Tighe U'Malley drove me from my house, began the dring woman once more. 'They tell me he has alleys and walks, that the trees are growing where my house was -where I lived and reared my children. He has no child, and a stranger will enjoy what he has plauted. He broke my husband's heart and my children's —just for a fancy, to please his lady wife—and be brought me here—here! Oh, my God! To die alcne-among strangers!'

Peggy Feelan, who had never ceased to watch her, drawnear and lifted the wasted figure up a little, for she was gasping for breath. Some a little, for she was graping for breath. Some occult sign from her reassembled the dispersed assistants. Some one lighted candles, and all knelt down silently with their eyes fixed upon the nurse, waiting the signal to recommence the prayers. Most of them were crying, for she was a gentle, inoffensive being, and many of them had known her in better days—Andy and his wife especially, for they remembered many a good skinful of relatices and membered many a good skinful of potatoes and sour milk in old times at the Heron Farm. Lord Cork, who had come with the rest from the bridge, cried also. It shook his opinions him uncomfortable to find that, in spite of all the rules and ordering of his scheme of existence, here was a pious, charitable woman dying in want and misery. It upset his very

oundations.
Mrs. Talbot, ma'am l' said Peggy Feelan,
'you know Fader Paul bid you to forgive Tighe O'Mulley, and leave him an' the likes of dem to

'I forgive htm. she said. of Then at a sign from the nurse, the voices to all recommenced the Dc Profundis, Mrs.

ren and the same animals. And when Mrs. Ahearne reached the bridge she was once more,

Anearne reached the bridge she was once more, to outward appearance, calm and collected.

She had been something over an hour away, and she went straight into Mrs. Cadogan's shop. She was a friend of hers, although she did not deal with her. Mrs. Cadogan was busy handing out the weekly purchases of tea and sugar, and taking money, or ergs, or butter, or feathers in return therefore from her country

clients.

'Good morning. Mrs. Abearne! How are you to-day, and all your family?' she said immediately that she saw the farmer's wife at the door. 'There is your tobacco now,' she went on, speaking to a handsome constabulary man, who came in with great strides, and reached his long arm over the shoulder of the woman whose eggs she was counting. The money lay in the palm of his hand. Mrs. Cadogan took it, placed the bit of tobacco in its place, the policeman

nodded, and was gone with another stride.
'Sig down, Mrs. Clifford,' said Mrs. Cadogan --- Oh I that Tom Mahon-fine boy. That is the sort of customer I like on a busy day. Mary, dear, come here and see to Mrs. Clifford. Six dozen of eggs, and she wants ten, and sugar, and flour, and meal, and starch. Now. Mrs. Ahearne, I am very glad to see yourself, indeed

I am. 'I thank you kindly,' replied her friend, and lowering her voice,—'one word just.' Mrs. Cadogan led the way to a back room off the shop. Lounging over the turf fire was a strongly built young man of about twenty-seven. He was reading a paper and smoking at his ease. He rose when they came in, and at a look from his mother disappeared.
'I won't keep you, Mrs. Cadogan. You are

busy, I know—but——,
Mrs. Ahearne paused, sighed deeply, untied her bounet strings, and passed both over her cheeks upwards and across her forehead. It was an eloquent gesture, and Mrs. Cadegan uc-

derstood it instantly.
'Dear me, Mrs. Ahearne! God help us!
Would you be in trouble about anything?' She sat down and turned a sympathetic kind-ly face towards her visitor. She was about the same age, taller, stouter, and heavier looking. Her face was of a uniform pale yellow colour, her eyes were dull, but very direct and expressive. Honesty, kindliness, and patience were the leading characteristics of Widow

Cadogan's homely countenance.

'Luke wrote there a while ago to America,
Mrs. Cadogan?' began Mrs. Ahearne in a very
low voice. 'To his cousins?'

low voice. 'To his cousins?'
The post-mistress answered with a nod, and
through her mind a host of there can rapidly through her mind a host of circumstances connected with the Ahearne family at Lambert's Castle—the lesse running out, the fine, the girl's marriage not coming off. "Would Luke be running away from them?" she asked herself. 'God help them?' The expectant, half-vacant look died off her face, and gave place to one of keen sympathy. She guessed the meaning of her visitor.

The answer is about due now? she said.
Mrs. Ahearne nodded, her eyes fixed with a

sharp look on those of the post-mistrees.

'To-morrow morning or ro-might the mail from New York is due. Will I——?'

'Don't give him that letter, Mary Cadogan. For God's sake in heaven, con't you give him the letter! These straps of girls, they are pulling every one they have out there after them. They are like all the rest. They hate to stop till they have all belonging to them out in it as well as themselves. They will think nothing of sending him the passage ticket; and they will do it, I know. Keep it-agrah! keep it for

Mrs. Cadogan said not a word; she shut her mouth tight, and put up one hand, then rose from her chair.

'God reward you, Mary Cadegan! You've taken a great weight off my mind.'
'Sh !' was Mrs. Cadoran's acknowledgement.
'How did you know he wrote to them?' sho

sked presently.

'Oh! then a while ago. A talk come up one day about that Essie Rooney—weary on her!
She put her comether on that poor soft child of the put her comether on that poor soft child of the put her comether on the poor soft child of the put her comether and the poor soft child of the put her comether and the poor soft child of the put her comether and the pu mine, and whenever we said against such a thing, he said he'd write that moment to Judy and Kitty Ahearne, his cousins in New York. and quit all and go out there. I need not tell you that would be just destruction, for Luke could have his pick of a match in the country. So now, you know my mind.'

Ler! tell her!' entrented one bystander. 'Go on!' ordered another imperiously. 'Borry a spectacles, woman dear,' sneered a third. 'Be-

Mrs. Cadogan nodded, and considered for : minute. That letter may come at any minute now, or be here now for that matter-a mail is iv. It might be here to day, to right, or not till to morrow. You did not speak too soon, Mrs. Ahearne. I will send you word by rome one to morrow, either at one mass or the other, if not later, to call down to see me some day in the week; you will know then what that is for. We will just send them back the passage

She opened the door leading from her little sitting-room into the shep. Mrs. Thearne left without another word, and turned her steps towards Quin's shop, and the postmistress went

back to her counter.

Peggy Lehan, when she saw Mrs. Absorbe get off her car and follow the mossenger down to the river-side cabins, had been greatly tempted to step after her to see what could be taking them there. She knew, however, that Mrs. Talbot was dying, and that Peggy Feelan was in attendance, so postponed her visit till late in the day. She could not have afforded to go, for Saturday was her 'best earning day.' pence from people, some for their soul's sake some for value received; and then she had chances as well-bundles of hay that could be snapped, eggs that might be slyly filehed, or an odd chicken from an unguarded creel. Besides, handkerchiefs were liable to be let fall, money, or pipes, or screws of snuff or to bacco to be dropped. It was a day of unbounded promise, and Peggy, like the rest, was awake and enterprising.

She was thinking that it must be time for her

to go to the chapel to keep her engagement to Miss Mary Abearne, when she spied a gossip of her own coming up—a little old woman, not one of the begging order, though her dress was not a white better than Peggy's own.

'God save you kindly, Mrs. Kelly, ma'am! beautiful day, thank God, ma'am, bailed Peggy,

who, to judge by her conversation, was as in-terested in the weather as though she had a tillage farm.
And you too, save you, honest woman. I am

goin' up just to de post office to see if dere is no letter from Amerikay; it is cur'ous dat my girl dere not write—yes, bedad! And were you not at Con's wake? Well, now! 'I did not go, Mrs. Kelly, ma'am. It is so far to walk; it's not much of a wake neyther; dem people is so near, nothin' but bacon and tay. I don't think much of a wake of bacon—and dere you see Andy, de creature he's not so

and the sign of the company of the contract of

she gave a shilling to Feggy Leelan, and, stepping quickly through the kneeling audience, passed out. She drew a deep gaving sigh when she got out, releived and thankful to be once again in the open air and out of the sight of the awful scene within.

'Oh, Mary Mother!' she murmered in anguish, 'if ever I come to such a death as that! Oh, God forbid it, in mercy forbid it!'

She hurried on down the lane, not stopping now to pick her steps among the filth and garbage. When the corner was reached, she halted and smoothed her hair stealthily, and wiped her face, and dusted the front of her dress, although when she knelt down she had carefully turned it up. Then she slipped round the corner. There was no one in the street, to her comfort, but the same dirty children and the same animals. And when Mrs. Abserver weeked the hidden she are compared to the same animals. And when Mrs. Abserver weeked the hidden she was come work.

'Indeed yes, Mrs. Kelly, ma'am—yes indeed; but you know yourself it was always giv' up to Mary Shanahan to be an elegant dancer an'

Mary Shanshan to be an elegant dancer an' reader—oh, elegant!'

'A-a-a-h, yes,' sighed Mrs. Kelly renior, still discontented; but you see she has no children. I wonder when Mary Cadegan will begin to give out de leters.' She changed her tone of voice along with her subject, locking once more towards the post office, a little low-sized shop lying in the hollow of the main street. There was a considerable group hanging about the deor. Half a dezen countrywomen, whose habitual 'stand' was at the post-effice, had get cut of their donkey carts and were sorting their goods for the key carts and were sorting their goods for the day; the hoods of the blue cloaks were thrown day; the hoods of the blue cloaks were thrown back, and the clean, fresh-starched white caps shone in the sunlight as they moved to and fro. A couple of constabulary lounged against the wall or exchanged items of news with the market-people. One of the blue-cloaked ones took a bashet covered with a snowy cloth out of her cart, hooked her arm through the handle and swinn it well up on her hip; then she put one floot on the threshold of the post-office door, called out some question

her hip; then she put one flot on the threshold of the post-office door, called out some question, the reply to which might be inferred from the shake of her cap with which the received it; then she withdrew from the doorway and took herself off up the main street.

'Dat's Hannah Fagan,' observed Mrs. Kelly. 'She's off now wid her butter to Fader Paul's. She can't make chuff butter. Mrs. Shanly too—she thinks no butter fit to eat but what Mrs. Fagan bring her. She is a eat but what Mrs. Fagan bring her. She is a very clean woman and very particular-Handah

Fagan. This all nonsense, just ! said Peggy Lehan, pulling out a great black old resary; 'all luck, so it is, wit' de butter. I don't give in to such notions. Dat Hannah Fagan is a mane creature, wouldn't give von so much as the potate water. Ah! when we comes to talk of de next world, Mrs. Kelly, it is not butter will do you any good dere! No! Dere now, she is begun to give out de letters; see, dere is some comin' out wit' dem in dere hands.'

out wit' dem in dere hands.'

'Ged bless you, Peggy," said Mrs. Kelly. 'I
will go and see if dere is one for me—an', Pergy,
would you be after waiting just here for me it I
I get one, to read it for me? My eyes, you know, are very bad with me lately.'

'Lard! yes, ma'am,' replied Peggy instantly,

to whom the excuse of bad eyes was a familiar one; 'delighted to oblige,' Mrs. Kelly moved off rapidly, and in a few minutes the watchful Peggy saw her reappear with a excited face at the door. She came

back running as fast as she could through the mob, and calling aloud, 'Peggy! Peggy Lehan!'

Lehan! Peggy Lehan! echoed half a dozen friendly voices. Peggy, here is birs. Kelly got a letter from America. Oh, Peggy Lehan! read the letter she has got from America.

Peggy started forward at once, and with an air of immense importance took the letter—a dirty envelope with the familiar effigy of Abe ont on sideways in already half opened, so it did not take long for her to extract the contents—about a page and a half of scrawl. Frowning portentously, and turning her back to the sun, Peggy muttered at it, the owner of the letter standing at her slow solbing noiselessly, and watching her face and the letter alternately, pressed cless up to Peggy, who read out the address without a fulter. She knew it by heart slready—so far as that went she did those of the entire Barrettstown contingent in the United States - Post office, Bromsville, Tennessee County, Massachusette.'

'Ay, uy,' responded the bystanders encouragingly. Every one on the bridge had gathered about her, Lord Cork, with his mouth gaping

open, topping all the neads.

'My dear mother, this is all to tell you here the reader came to a dead stop and paused blankly. She was cudgelling her memory to remember what the expected news was likely to be. Two facts were present in her mind, ote that Mrs. Kelly's daughter had been some time married, the other that when last heard from she was not in good health. This helped but little. Totally non-clussed, she stared with all eyes at the writing. The owner of the letter looked almost distraught. 'Ah! Peggy, tell her! entreated one bystander. 'Go gob!' said Peggy, stung to desperation, and seeing her reputation as a render trembling a the balance, 'she's ded!'

Mary Kelly threw up her arms with a wail of despair that rang from one bridge to the other. 'Give me the letter!' she criesi soutching ! back from the reader. 'Oh G d! my little girl is dead out in Amerikay. Oh, what will I do? Where is Tom? Where is her fader? She turned right found and claust at a ron started off up the main errort supported by Peggy, who tooked much more puzzled than grieved. She ran first of all into the post-office, and addressing. Mary Categor cried, 'Oh, Mary I gat was a black logs-r you gave me dis day. My little girl is dead in Amerikay, an' she not all out a year mair ed. Oh! ve! vo!

what will become or me and her fader! 'I am sorry for your trouble, Mary Kelly, very sorry I am, eaid the postmistress, coming forward from her desk. 'Jim,' she called, forward from her desk. 'Jim,' she bring Mrs. Kelly a glass of whisky kere.

The glass of whisky despatched, the bereft mother set off once more up the street to tell Clifford the baker and a few others of her friends what had happened to her, wailing and crying and clapping her hands together, receiving in each instance lavish sympathy and its invariable concomitant—a class of raw

spirits.
'I knew something was to happen her,'
moaned Mary Kelly, 'that she was never to see
de country-side of Cork no more, for
don' you remember de day she went away she
went into all de back haggards down dere by de ribber, and looked at dem, an' dun' you see. Mrs. Lehan, dat girl she knew den she would

see dem no more. Oh, vo! vo! Oh, vo!'
At this point she had reached Quin's shop and dashed into it headlong, her cap hanging by one string down her back, and her white curls all flying round her face,—'Oh, Mrs. Quin, ma'am I God save you, Mrs. Quin. Oh, Mrs. Quin, my little girl is dead in Amerikay—it

dend!'

'Oh dear! oh dear! I am sorry for your trouble, I am indeed,' said Mrs. Quip, advancing from behind her counter, across which she was talking to Mrs. Ahearne. 'And when did you get this bad news, Mrs. Kelly?'

'Oh! de letter, de black letter it is to me; sure it came den just now, and Peggy Lehan she read it to me below on the bridge. Oh, my

little girl, my girl!'
Give me the letter!' said Mrs. Quin sharply.
She had observed Peggy Lehan slip out of the