

"Why, then, do you be crying for them if they are so happy in such a beautiful place?"

"I don't know, pet; I feel lonesome after them, and yet I know they are with God."

"Our Father Who art in Heaven." Oh, how good God is mamma, and how grand heaven is, when it is the kingdom of God's glory and of His angels and saints."

While this conversation was going on between Bessy and her mamma, and while Kate and Willy held an equally interesting conversation at the other side—a conversation which seemed to please them both very much, for they often smiled, and looked at each other and then at the book, for I am sure there was something very interesting in that book. We will take a look into the kitchen to see what Frank was about.

A farmer of the wealthier class must have a large establishment of servants in order to cultivate his farms and to collect in his crops. Besides the regular staff he generally hires additional hands, while cutting and saving his corn and hay, and digging his potatoes. Mr. O'Donnell had not all his potatoes dug as yet, and therefore was not able to dispense with his additional hands. When Frank went into the kitchen, most of the servants were collected around a large table playing cards. A few were sitting at the fire enjoying a comfortable shanachus with the housemaids.

"Arrah, sthoph, James Cormack, and don't be going on with your pallavering," said a roguish, funny-eyed damsel to a good-looking young fellow, that seemed to be making love to her by the process of teasing her as much as possible.

"Sarra a haporth I'm doin' to you, Mary: you are only drammin', achorra."

"Well, sthoph now, and let me doze away: you know how early I was up to-day, or faix if you don't, maybe it's the misthress I will be calling down."

"You'd like it, indeed, Mary," said the other, with a most provoking look. Mary threw her arm carelessly over the back of the chair and leant her head upon it, and closed her two roguish eyes as if to sleep. James had a feather, with which he tickled her face and nose, which, of course, set her sneezing. James turned towards the table and asked, "how is the play going, boys?"

"Och! only middling," said a fellow, who had just turned his hat inside out to bring him luck. "Divil a haporth we are getting: Bill is winning all before him: some of the colleens must have sthuck a comb or needle in his clothes."

"I have the five," said another fellow, hitting a thump upon the table: "that's our game."

"Ye needn't laugh so," said Mary to the company at the fire, who were enjoying her bewilderment.

"Faith it is pleasant," said Shemus-a-Clough. "Begor, Mary, if you were to see the purty faces you were makin' you'd laugh yourself—turning up your nose this way, just like the hounds when they'd get the scent."

Shemus cocked up his big nose, and made some ludicrous faces for Mary's special enlightenment. Mary didn't seem to know well whether she were better laugh or cry at Shemus' rude comparison: however, she compromised the thing by moving up from the fire and placing her apron to her face.

"Ye think I didn't know who did it. That I may never sin, but if I were shure it was you that did it, James Cormack, I never would speak another word to you."

"Mary, alanna," said James, "don't blame me, now: that's a good girl: shure I was looking at the card players."

"Git out: maybe I didn't see you," said Mary: giving him a slight kick with her little foot.

"Och, murther, Mary," said he rubbing his leg, though the kick would not hurt Uncle Toby's fly. "sarra a one but you blackened my leg. If you do be as crass as that when you are married, God help

the man that gets you. Och, I am sure when you have a couple of childers, there will be no sthanding you."

"There is more of it," said Mary: though from the little laugh she gave, and the slight red that gleamed on her cheek, it was evident she was well pleased.

"Whisper, Mary," said James, after a pause.

Mary held down her little head towards him, and James whispered something into her ear, and in doing so, her face came so near his, that he could not resist the temptation of trying a kiss. Whether it was the kiss or the whisper, I can't say, but Mary blushed up and struck him a slap on the cheek that might frighten a fly, and then bounced away, vowing that "nobody could live near the schemer, at all at all."

James rubbed his face, exclaiming, "See now a body's thanks for telling a purty little girl the truth: and as for the kiss, upon my souckens, if we were in the dark, it is dozens of them she'd give me."

"Sorra a one at all, though: and I hope you will never have the impudence to try another: shure it was only my hand you kissed."

"Oh, never mind, I'll do better the next time."

"Arrah, maybe you'd thry: I'd advise you to look to your ears, then, James, and not be trying your comelther upon me. Shure maybe I didn't see you wid somebody at Mrs. Butler's last Sunday: take that, now, James."

"Phew! Upon my veracity, Mary, I am afered you are getting in a little fit of jellessy: shure, sorra one was wid me but my own first cousin."

"Ha, ha, James: maybe I didn't know who was in it: if you think it shutable to be in consate wid Miss O'Brien, that's nothing to me," and Mary looked as if it were everything in life to her.

"Oh, wurrah, do hear that: there's no coming up to yez for girls: what differs there be betune the hearts an' tongues of some people, and the way they speaks behind others' backs: shure you know that Miss O'Brien is going to be married, and I was only wishing her joy. Faix I know a nice, plump little girl, wid two roguish eyes like two shinin' stars, that's not a hundred miles from me this minute, I'd rather than Miss O'Brien, or any other miss any day ov my life."

He looked at Mary with a soft, smiling kind of look that told as plainly as words—it's your own darling self I mean. Mary blushed again, and found something astray with her apron-string.

"Faith its pleasant," said Shemus-a-Clough: "ye are like two that wud be courting, going on wid ye'r droll ways: ay, my purty little Colleen, it's thure for me."

This address of Shemus' created a roar of laughter.

"What will they do, Shemus?" said one of the party.

"Faix, they knows themself: my purty Colleen here, with her roguish eyes: aye, alanna, may be ye won't do it."

While these amatory scenes were going on near the fire, the players were not idle either, for they enlivened their games with snatches, songs, and stories: their leading spirit was Shaun the Rover.

"Mind your play there, and hould your whist, Shaun, will ye, bad's grant from you, why didn't you stick your king in there," said one of his partners, towards the end of the game.

"Whist," said another, "here is Masther Frank coming."

(To be continued.)

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE—once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/6, post free, from Baxter's Pharmacy, Theatre Buildings, Timaru.

Consulting Rooms:
Opp. Masonic Hotel,
Napier



Visits
Hastings Tuesdays
At Union Bank Chambers