

hadn't a leg to put on her me. The docthor was purty well I thank you. An' faith there was no fear uv Mr. Lowe aither."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Lowe was at Mount Tempe last night?"

"Faith, then, he was so, Miss; an' 'tis I have raison to remember id."

She turned round and ran into the house, as if she suddenly discovered that Barney was not a safe companion, and that the fate of the clerk's daughter, of Ballyporeen, might be hers if she did not instantly fly from danger. But, so far from having any such amiable intentions, Barney, as he swung his basket on his hip, ejaculated an imprecation of so extraordinary a character that we are not sure whether it would bear repeating—at least in his own words. Miss Lloyd—we hope the reader has recognised Miss Lloyd—pulled up her skirts considerably higher than her ankles as she ran back to the house; and the glimpse thus afforded of the nymph's limbs must have suggested to Barney Brodherick the before-mentioned imprecation. For, looking after the flying fair one, and recollecting the precious time he had lost on her account, Barney prayed that a certain sable gentleman might have "her shin-bone for a flute, playing the 'Rakes of Mallow' for her sowl," into a place where it might dance to the music upon a pavement which must be pretty extensive by this time.

"O Isabella!" Miss Lloyd exclaimed. "O Isabella!" She dropped into an arm-chair and panted for breath.

Isabella ran to the window to try if she could catch a glimpse of the desperado who, she had no doubt, must have attempted to carry off her sister.

"O mamma," she continued, "Mr. Lowe has been at Mount Tempe."

"Well, and what of that?"

"What! Oh, that we must have the party at once, and I am sure he will come."

"No; I tell you he would not unless those people with whom he is staying were asked."

"And what great harm would it be to invite them?"

"Henrietta, you astound me! But there has been enough of that nonsense already. It is out of the question."

"But what I mean is that *they* would not come."

"No matter, it would be talked of. You know the Scotts did not ask ourselves last time; and if they knew we had such acquaintances what would they not say!"

"But why do you think he would not come if they were not asked?"

"Indeed, Henrietta," said her sister—a blooming, blue-eyed girl of twenty summers or thereabout—"it would be positive rudeness after your being there."

"I would not mind the rudeness," rejoined her mother.

"But when he saw you there he must be under the impression that they are recognised by the gentry. Indeed, I don't know how you can disabuse him of this notion—you are for ever thrusting yourself into improper places."

"Oh, I can say it was merely accidental. He knows they are only farmers. And Robert is so intimate with their brother."

"Oh, if there was no one but him I should have no objection. But the sister is out of the question. I really wonder both she and her mother have not called on you. I saw them drive by the day before yesterday. And, indeed, I'd have no objection. Mrs. Barn tells me she's a respectable sort of person; and very good to make presents."

"There is Robert," said Isabella, pointing to the window.

"Oh, we must send for him!" exclaimed Miss Lloyd.

"I wonder is there a meeting of the club to-night?"

"No; it is to be on Thursday," her mother replied.

"They are going to elect Beresford Pender."

"Robert says he'll blackball him," said Isabella.

"I really cannot understand his prejudice against him. He is a young man of excellent principles," replied her mother.

"I hate the sight of him!" exclaimed Isabella. "He is the most insufferably vulgar creature I ever saw."

Mr. Robert Lloyd, in hunting costume, and mounted

upon his well-known grey horse, had ridden quietly past his mother's house without turning his eyes towards it. A servant, however, was sent to the hotel for him; and he soon strolled up to the gravel walk, with his hands in his pockets.

"O Robert," said his eldest sister, "you had Mr. Lowe last night?"

"Ay, faith," he replied.

"Do you think you could get him to stay with you for a few days?"

"He's a d-d-d sight better off where he is. I wish I could exchange places with him."

Miss Lloyd made a gesture expressive of the most ineffable contempt.

"He's to be at Ned Brophy's wedding to-night," Bob observed.

"Oh, and we are asked," exclaimed Miss Lloyd. "Are you going, Robert?"

"Ay, faith. I always go to a tenant's wedding."

"It is what the highest people do," said his mother.

"And don't you think we ought to go?" Miss Lloyd asked.

"If you wish it, I see no objection."

"Will you come, Bell?"

"If I thought there would be any chance of fun, I would. Will there be any fun, Robert?"

"Ay, faith. He has two pipers and three fiddlers."

"And an excellent dinner," said Miss Lloyd. "I saw all the things. They have three legs and two shoulders of mutton, and—"

"Don't mind the bill of fare. But can we make ourselves fit to be seen in so short a time?"

"I'll wear my blue gauze," said Miss Lloyd.

"What! will you go in a low body?"

"Of course I will; and I'll wear my pearls. And, mamma, will you lend me your bracelets?"

"Yes, you may have them; but take care and don't lose them, as you did those trinkets the other day."

"Oh, they were only worth a few shillings."

"Yes, but it would be just as easy to lose them if they were diamonds."

"Oh, you need not fear; I'll take care of them. Come, Isabella. And, mamma, will you tell John to have the car ready?"

And Miss Lloyd hurried to her chamber, on hostile thoughts intent, so far as Mr. Henry Lowe's heart was concerned.

"Now, Robert," said Mrs. Lloyd, on finding herself alone with her son, "did you do anything in that matter yet? You know her fortune is very considerable, and would enable you to put everything to rights. So I beg you will make up your mind this time, and don't act so strangely as you have so often done."

"I'll talk to Jer about it."

"Well, Jer is sensible, and got you out of some awkward scrapes. But this is a different thing altogether. So I request you will act for yourself now. Have you seen her?"

"Ay, faith."

"And how do you like her?"

Mr. Robert Lloyd opened his mouth very wide and yawned. And when his mother looked round to see why he had not replied to her question, the gentleman was leisurely walking out of the room with his hands in his pockets. Whistling was one of the things that Mr. Robert Lloyd did well; and as he sauntered down the gravel walk, his mother could distinctly hear the little air which he had played upon his jew's harp for Mr. Lowe, and of which he had become particularly fond since Richard Kearney's misadventure in the bog.

(To be continued.)

"Unspeakable Jazz" must vanish away
Out into the limbo of yesterday!
Its music and dancing are fierce and free,
Suggestive of vice and vulgarity.
Nothing degrading for ever can last,
Let us revive the sweet grace of the past,
And for the coughs and the colds we endure
Still take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.