

Tramore, where they seem to manufacture ozone and health for everybody, and spent the day there most enjoyably, nearly six hours' car drive only costing us about two shillings and threepence each—the advantage of travelling in parties.

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ANOTHER drive the next day, and in the afternoon train to Dublin—amid regrets, deep and loud, no less our own than other people's—through the bogs of Kilkenny, reaching the city of the Liffey, which has a remarkable odour of Lambeth about it, by six o'clock.

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AND here is where the second complaint I made comes in. Instead of taking the advice of our worthy hostess at Waterford, in respect to an hotel in Dublin, we in a weak moment yielded to the suggestion of a fellow-passenger, and made for Russell's Temperance Hotel, St. Stephen's Green.

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I DON'T wish to be hard, and I have no desire to be personal, but I cannot help remarking that we paid quite twenty-five per cent. more for twenty-five per cent. inferior accommodation at this place than we did at the Imperial at Waterford. It was at Russell's that we were charged four shillings and sixpence for three cups of tea. We looked in at the hotel on the Wednesday afternoon, about half-past four, for a cup of tea, and being a Temperance Hotel, made sure that such a beverage would be forthcoming quickly, and at a reasonable rate. At the end of sixteen minutes the tea made its appearance, followed by the charge alluded to above. I need hardly say that we expressed ourselves pretty strongly on the matter; in fact, the leader of the "party" (a tall, dark, thin gentleman, who has something to do with some newspaper or other in London) waxed considerably eloquent, and with some force gave his opinion on the unhandsome charge. Three shillings was thereupon deducted, and we all took the opportunity of getting out of that hotel as speedily as possible.

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OF course, I ought in common fairness to say that, when appealed to respecting the exorbitant price, we were met with the remark that "odd cups of tea, after breakfast hour, were always charged by Mr. Russell in that establishment at one shilling and sixpence each;" but as I am in the habit of having no less than *two* "odd" cups of tea per day after breakfast, and always mean to have two "odd" cups of tea per day after breakfast whenever I am travelling, I shall, for the future, take care to only patronise those hotels

where my not very unusual request will be cheerfully and reasonably acceded to.

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To all ladies travelling in Ireland I would advise emphatically this—Always make a point of asking *beforehand* the cost of anything you partake of or purchase; it is troublesome, I know, but you will feel the financial advantage of it.

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I LANDED in England on the eighth day, and my little trip has, judging from the re-invigoration I have received, been a good investment.

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ONE thing, however, I feel as though I were almost a week behindhand with current events, and must, therefore, try in my next to repair the omission. I ought also to state that Mr. Editor has discovered and duly informed me that another journal's short gossip paragraphs are signed "Miranda," so to prevent any suspicion of plagiarism of *nom de plume*, be it known that henceforth these columns of Women and their Work will be written over the signature of

LUCINDA.

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.—When husband and wife are true-hearted, there is no greater aid to happiness than a few deprivations and hardships in the commencement of their married life. It is a great thing for each to realise that he or she is sacrificing something for the other. The wife came with empty hands to a husband who had no rich gifts to bestow; but while she is struggling and saving, and he is toiling and denying himself, the consciousness of doing it for the other's sake confers a happiness nothing can equal. It will be in more prosperous days alone, perhaps, that both will realise the pleasures of the poverty they endured in youth. In that grand new house there is nothing lacking that taste can devise or wealth procure. Yet amidst the splendours and delights, the hearts of both—the wife's oftenest, without doubt—will turn with wistful affection to the little home of old times, poverty stricken and inconvenient as it was. The hardships and discomforts endured within its walls have passed away like mist before the sunshine, and memory only recalls the delights of contriving, managing and arranging. The fun enjoyed over amateur attempts at carpentering, and surprises in cookery. The brief, sweet holidays stolen from weeks of toil, saved for so anxiously and looked for so eagerly. These and a hundred other simple joys are the pleasures of poverty, in fact, undreamt of by the rich and worldly.

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