

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"DOINGS AND DEALINGS."*

Many of our readers who will remember with pleasure former volumes of Irish studies by Miss Barlow will welcome her last collection of stories. Of these last, the most distinctive are "A Short Loan," "Namesakes," and "By the Whitethorn Bush." They are written from a close acquaintance with the Irish peasantry, and with a winsome appreciation of the dialect.

"A Short Loan" tells how Jimmy Ryark won a prize of ten pounds at the Intermediate Examinations, which came unexpectedly to him, because he was persuaded he "was after making a woeful botch of the whole affair." A forecast of the various good turns that he would be able to do "themselves at home" had a very large share in kindling his glow of gladness. When he had settled a long-standing account at Finegan's shop, had lent Aunt Margaret a couple of pounds, had given his sisters some finery and a sugary treat, there remained but two pounds for his long cherished scheme of paying the fees to enable him to attend some evening classes. He next visits old Grannie, whose poor Dinny "got his death last Spring, who when he was took ne'er a respectable stitch he owned. For this many a night he does be comin' to me in me dreams with the ould flitters of clothes hanging on and off him, and he looking at me that sorrowful; troth now, the holes in his brogues is a show—he might as well be bare-foot all out."

"Sure, Granny, darlint, why need you be distressin' yourself about the matter," said Jimmy, "With the help of God, he's wantin' for nothing in the place where he's gone now."

"Whether, now, is it a bo n haythen yourself is Jimmy Ryark, to be asking what better, supposin' his brother Jack wa's wearing a good suit of clothes for him," say at Mass on Michaelmas Day, the way poor Dinny'd get the benefit of them, wherever he is? Poor Dinny, now, how at all's the crathur to come by all he's wanting away there?"

Poor Jimmy, with the couple of precious pounds in his pocket, and his generous impulses, could not forbear to comfort the old woman; and though it seemed to him but a "quare foolish old notion," he gave them to her to buy the suit for Jack to wear at Mass, for "poor Dinny to get the benefit of them."

"Namesakes" tells of two old women, who being turned out of their cottage, made their home in a barn, and helped themselves at night to the cabbages in the field beyond. This was very well, so long as their little stock of money lasted. When the cabbages came to an end, "Sure the bacon does be grand by itself!" But when the money came to the end, there was neither bacon nor cabbage. It was then that Anne unknown to

Delia hit upon the plan of becoming the "name-sake" of one or two charitable ladies in the neighbourhood. "Mrs. Carroll herself, that is; a very charitable lady to the poor—so I says to her, 'Sure now, milady, meaning no offence, the name's the very same as your ladyship's own.' The full of a little can of skim milk and a sixpinny along with it I do be getting there every week; and 'Good morning, Anne Carroll,' it is, whenever she sees me."

The same tactics were employed with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "Glory be to goodness, it's no need this old roof has to be patched with shillings, but mighty handy they come in for tay and such, and many a one she's paid out to me in the opinion I'm Norah O'Shaughnessy over and above the sixpinnies I do be getting for calling meself Anne Carroll."

Delia, when she heard this, said, "Of all the liars!" and refused to partake of the illgotten goods.

"Call your liars about yourself, me good woman," said Anne, firing up, "and you'll find plenty to call." But when poor old Anne was smitten with mortal illness, Delia, in her extremity, becomes Margaret Moore, and with a half-crown thus obtained brings home bacon and tay to her dying old friend.

Old Anne rejects the bacon, but "illegant the tay was anyway," she said, remorsefully, fearing she had been ungrateful.

Delia set about making more tay with reckless profusion, for she said to herself, with sinking heart, that Anne "wasn't apt to be drinking tay any great while longer in this world, the crathur!" She was right in her prediction. H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

April 4th.—National Union of Trained Nurses (London Branch), Fourth lecture on "The Nursing of Venereal Disease," by Miss Stirling. 1, Wimpole Street, W. 3.15 p.m.

April 7th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Lecture: "Operations and Post-operative Nursing," by Dr. William Taylor, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 7.30 p.m.

April 8th.—National Union of Trained Nurses: Inaugural Meeting Liverpool Branch, Central Hall, Renshaw Street; the Lady Mayoress to preside. Speakers: Miss A. C. Gibson and Miss Pye. 3 p.m.

April 8th.—National Union Trained Nurses: Lecture, "Nursing Ethics," by Miss Callaghan, Matron, Taunton and Somerset Hospital, St. James' Church House, Canon St., Taunton. 3 p.m.

April 11th to 30th.—Children's Welfare Exhibition, Olympia: The National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland (Nursing Section), in Woman's Kingdom.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Wherever there is the greatest need of me there is my home, and Paradise can offer no greater blessing."—Richard C. Cabot.

* By Jane Barlow. Hutchinson, London.

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