

SCANDAL AT CORRAGHWEE

By Nina Gordon

Until the breath of scandal blew upon them the Misses Nolan lived a busy and important life in their three-cornered shop at the top of the hill.

The shop stood on a point of land where four roads met, a lonely triangular house like a slice of white cake dominating the one long street of Corraghwee. Whether you came into the town from the mountain district of Carboy or the lake-side village of Killdoone, you had to pass the Misses Nolan's shop. The window on the Carboy side was filled with such unrelated objects as spinningtops and Epsom-salt, calico and currant cakes, soap, black coils of tobacco, and school copy-books. But the window on the Killdoone side was wholly given up to the display of sweet stuff, and here both the lake children and mountain children lingered on their way to the Convent School.

The "Miss Nolangs" were awe-inspiring women. Miss Anne wore her thin grey hair piled up in a bun on the top of her head, and Miss Christine wore her thick red hair puffed out into hundreds of little curls like sausage rolls. They dressed alike in tight-fitting black silk frocks with hard, deep white collars. But it was not only the discomfort of this masculine neckwear that caused them to carry their heads high. There was a gulf fixed between them and the humble peasant people they served. They were the daughters of Timothy Nolan, Esquire, late builder and auctioneer in the county town of Kilkellan; a man who consorted with the clergy and professional classes upon their own level, a raconteur and a wit of no mean reputation. If he died penniless and in the extremities of delirium tremens, that did not matter. He died a gentleman. And the money which the Misses Nolan had inherited from their mother—a Dublin solicitor's daughter—paid for the attendance of no less than thirty priests at his distinguished funeral.

It is no wonder that customers stood humbly in the three-cornered shop. When the doorbell tinkled, the Misses Nolan came together from their inner sanctuary; Miss Anne with her pale, dignified face, Miss Christine with her red hair and equally imposing countenance. With slow, stately steps they came, inclining their whole bodies a little in greeting; it was impossible for them to bow their heads because of their collars. In measured tones they would inquire your needs. No wonder that children whispered in reply, or that the young and frivolous country girls who came to Corraghwee on market days giggled for a while in sheer terror before they could make reply at all.

But it must not be supposed that the Misses Nolan were proud or aloof. With their older customers they would stand and chat for an hour at a time. Their interest in the lives of their neighbors was so great that they would discuss those lives with anybody down to the smallest detail. They knew to a halfpenny what Larkin, the publican, put into the travelling bank every Thursday afternoon; that Mary Cassidy had been to a consumptive hospital for six months, and not to a situation in England, as everyone had been led to suppose; that the sudden death of young Nat Connolly was really a case of suicide brought about by the bitter tongue of his mother-in-law, and that the doctor at the dispensary was hard put to it to "keep up style" because his parents were nothing more than poor fisherfolk on one of the islands off the coast.

Because of all this knowledge, and the power it gave them, because of their fine Dublin accents, their prosperity, their friendship with the parish priest, who, on more than one occasion, had actually taken tea with them, the Misses Nolan were the most highly-respected residents of Corraghwee until the bitter weapon of scandal which they had wielded so skillfully against others, turned its sharpness upon themselves.

One Saturday the youngest Miss Nolan disappeared. For three days Corraghwee waited humbly for an explanation from Miss Anne, but no explanation came. Then tongues were loosened. The mildly unspoken became the horribly mysterious.

Miss Christine's last public act, it was remembered, was to visit the chemist's shop at the far end of the town. That was after confession on Saturday evening. If she had gone to confession it was evident she had intended to go to mass the following morning. What had happened between Saturday evening and Sunday morning? She had visited the chemist. What sinister purchase had she made? The chemist was a dry, sour little man from the North of Ireland. He could not easily be led into light conversation. It was well known he disapproved of the sisters because of the Epsom-salt and soap which they sold in direct disregard of his own rights over these commodities. The dark rumors growing round the Misses Nolan began to envelop the chemist also. On the fourth day after the disappearance of Miss Christine eighty reputable citizens visited his shop. Never before, in the history of the town, had there been a greater demand for cough lozenges and simple ointments; but no information was passed over the counter with the penny and two-penny packets. In the late evening the sergeant of the Civic Guards brought a razor blade and, clearing his throat uneasily, put an unofficial direct question. Miss Christine Nolan had bought a shampoo powder on the previous Saturday night. It was an ordinary dry shampoo of the kind she purchased regularly at intervals of three months. Corraghwee took this unsatisfactory piece of news and chewed it over, then abandoned the chemist and focused all its interest once more on Miss Anne and the shop. The doorbell tinkled interminably. Inferminably Miss Anne bowed her way into the shop—alone.

It was noticed that the marked ad-

tance in her trade appeared to embarrass Miss Anne rather than please her. It was noticed that she showed no inclination to chat with her customers at this time in her usual friendly way. Tit-bits of gossip were offered to her like flies to a salmon, but she ignored them all. Elaborately casual references were made to the absent sister. Miss Anne ignored these also.

On Thursday, market-day, a determined effort was made by a posse of visiting matrons to clear the mystery. Primed by three glasses of porter, Mrs. Cassidy, from distant Carboy, went into the shop and asked boldly to see Miss Christine.

"I walked the twelve miles into Corraghwee this day," she explained, "to see herself over a small order of wool I'm after spinning from my own sheep beyond."

"You can leave the wool with me," said Miss Anne, shortly.

"But she told me to see no one only herself," persisted Mrs. Cassidy.

"Miss Christine is unable to see anyone to-day, Mr. Cassidy." Miss Anne's enunciation was so stilted with conscious refinement and superiority that Mrs. Cassidy wilted and retired.

"It isn't a ha'porth a good," she told the group waiting at the cross-roads. "Not a word of any kind will she speak about poor Miss Christine. She just put up her head at me like a gander that would be annoyed and put on a grand voice and as good as told me to mind my own business."

Mrs. Delia Hanrahan, the wife of a "strong farmer" on the Killdoone side, gathered her shawl tightly around her. "It is a sin, so it is," she said. "God knows what might be after happening to poor Miss Christine and that old hag of a man making a hidden mystery of it. I'm going straight over to the shop, and not one bit of me will come out of it till I have the rights and the wrongs of it."

When the bell tinkled Miss Anne came with the light of battle in her eye. Mrs. Hanrahan asked for two currant cakes, a twist of tobacco, and a packet of bootlaces. While these were being got together she made polite conversation. Miss Anne answered briefly. When the parcel was tied up and handed to her, Mrs. Hanrahan said, "I was sorry to hear the bad news about Miss Christine."

"You will hear more than is good for you toting at the cross-roads," said Miss Anne, acidly.

Mrs. Hanrahan disregarded the insult. "Indeed, then, I'd be glad to know there's no truth in it." Curiosity overcame Miss Anne. "No truth in what?"

"It is how they were saying Miss Christine is lying sick in her bed and not able to stir these five days."

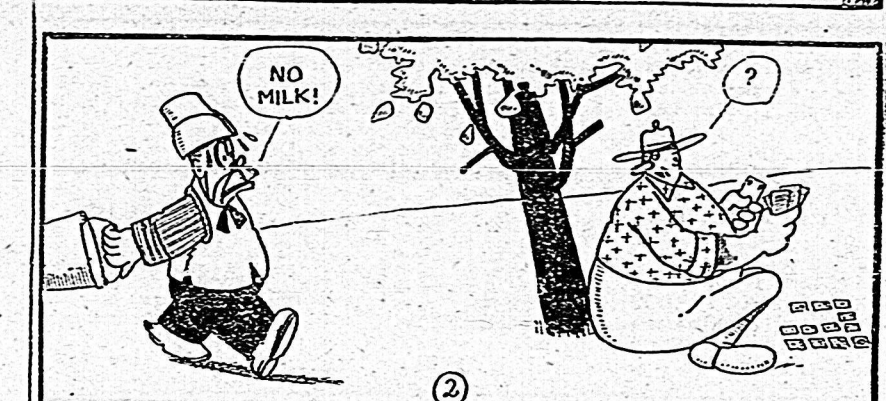
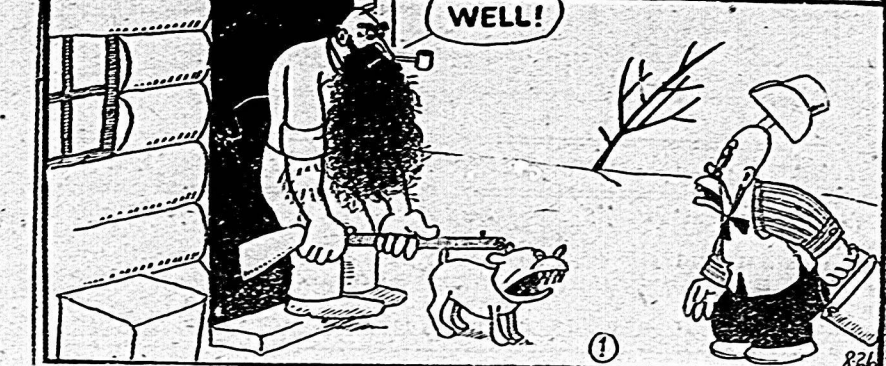
"Miss Christine is perfectly well." "Thanks be to God," said Mrs. Hanrahan. "I knew well there wouldn't be a word of truth in it. How could she be sick, says I, and no doctor called or no priest or a thing."

"Exactly," said Miss Anne. "But it is a queer and lonely thing not to see her in the shop all the same. Maybe it is busy she is within the house?"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Hanrahan," said Miss Anne, and turning her back she walked into the room behind the shop and slammed the door.

On Sunday, at High Mass, Father Duffy preached a sermon against the sin of scandal-mongering.

"ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES"



Discouraging.

"Oh, it is a wicked, wicked town," groaned Miss Anne.

"It may be so," said Father Duffy, "but it is for you to put a stop now to the cause of the wagging tongues. Let them all know what is after happening to Miss Christine—'tis some simple explanation I've no doubt—and all will be well again."

"Oh, it's a simple explanation, Father—there is not one word of harm in it. But I'd rather not satisfy these low people by telling them a thing."

"It is not what you'd rather, Miss Anne. In this case it must be what I command you to do."

Bursting into tears, Miss Anne begged to be excused and left the room. A few minutes later the door reopened and Miss Christine walked into the room. She looked pale and subdued and wore a silk shawl drawn tightly round her head. Miss Anne followed with eyes downcast.

Father Duffy did not show any surprise. "That's a nice fright you are after giving us," he said. "If you felt ill, Miss Christine, you had a right to call myself or the doctor—but to go disappearing out of a place like this without a word was sheer folly. I am angry with you, and that's a fact."

"Father," said Miss Christine, in a soft, sad voice, "hold your anger until you hear me out. I am the victim of a strange misfortune. On Saturday week I lost my hair, and the truth is I had not the courage to appear before the townspeople without it."

"Well, of all the yarns!" said Father Duffy, started at last from his air of calm. "Where did you lose it, Miss Christine?"

"Father," said Miss Christine, drawing herself up with all the dignity of a tragedy queen, "it is a sad story of human weakness from start to finish. The sin an dthe blame are mine. Five years ago I began to go grey. God forgive me, but I rebelled against His holy decree and bought a bottle of dye. My punishment came swiftly."

She paused, dramatically. Every shred of my hair was taken from me; wither it did and rot from off my head. I was in Dublin at that time, and I went to a hairdresser in Stephen's Green—some foreigner he was—but he was very clever. He made up a wig for me far more beautiful than the hair I had lost. Oh, Father, it was that wig you used to see on my head, and I letting on it was my own natural hair."

She covered her face with her hands and stood silent.

"I don't. Don't ask me." Tears filled Miss Christine's eyes.

"Can't you think of the blessed example of the saints? Look at the holy nuns who sacrifice their beauty and their hair to God every day of the year. Look at St. Denis—not only his hair did he lose but his whole head and went on the same as ever with his good works carrying his head under his arm."

"Ah, Father," said Miss Christine, "I would rather appear before the mocking eyes of Corraghwee without my head than without my hair, and that's the truth. St. Denis had the easier job."

They were silent for a while until Miss Anne began to weep again under the strain. Then Father Duffy got up to take his leave.

"Well, you have my sympathy, so you have," he assured them. Again he took snuff and fell into thought. "Was it the little barber's just there off Grafton Street?" he asked suddenly.

Miss Christine said it was. "I know him well, Andrew they call him. Any time I am up in Dublin it is there I go for a shave."

"Well now isn't that wonderful?" Miss Christine seemed greatly cheered by this coincidence. "Father," she said, tremulously, "it would be a great thing if you were to go to Dublin soon."

"I am going. To-morrow I am going to the Eucharistic Congress."

"I am a good natured man, so I am," said the priest, and God knows there's many a thing I have done in me time to help anyone out of trouble; but to go wandering to the pumps and vantage like that!" He shook his head, but it was a weak and indecisive shake.

On the following Sunday Miss Christine appeared at High Mass. There was no apparent change in her; her hair was piled up and fluffed out as usual under her flowery hat, and she carried herself with pride. And again Father Duffy preached against the deadly sin of scandal-mongering.

But Corraghwee burned with a raging and unsatisfied curiosity. The simple story of Miss Christine's misfortune with the horse's rejected with scorn. Tongues waxed louder and louder until the reputations of the Misses Nolan lay torn into a hundred sordid shreds. Custom fell off; the ill became empty.

One morning, when Miss Christine came to take down the shutters, she found the name of the toffee traveller scrawled all over them in white chalk. "Soon after, driven by the scorpion tongue of their neighbors, the Misses Nolan moved their business to a small back street in Dublin. But they are not doing well. At times of greatest poverty and depression Miss Anne goes over the details of their downfall, tracing all their misfortunes to her sister's vanity. Miss Christine listens with patience. She is thin with lack of proper food and air, wrinkled with worry, and her bright red hair sits strangely above her sad and ageing face.—John O'London's Weekly.

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A distinctive model for the miss of 11, 13, 15 and 17 years, that will give her smart sophistication.

It merely presents a bolero through the attached circular cut applied bands.

The circular skirt with its smartly fitted hip yoke is emphasized by cleverly shaped applied bands, that give it lots of snap.

Rust-red woolen with white pique finishing the neck and sleeves made the original.

Style No. 2885 takes but 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 65-inch contrasting for the 15-year size.

Lightweight tweed mixture, wool jersey rayon novelties, flat crepe and wool challis prints are ideal for immediate and spring wear.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Pansies Economy Corner

Pansies are always smiling. They are to the garden what children are to the home—full of liveliness, and abounding in a spontaneous joy which is unquenchable. Rains may fall, and skies be at times gray, but the pansies smile on and blossom only the brighter for a friendly shower. Perhaps it is this which imparts so great a sense of sunshine and cheerfulness to this charming group. Even the fish swimming upon the curved porcelain of the Oriental bowl, and the dragon coiling around the Chinese vase add their quota to the impression of gaiety. Clear sunlight throws up the intricate pattern of the Persian mat on which they stand; and the quaintly shaped bell with its luminous reflection stands out definitely in outline. Oriental in character. Indeed, the group mingles the charms of East and West; so strongly Eastern are the dragon vase and the porcelain bowl, the decorative, yet simple tree pattern upon the curtain in the background, the Burmese bell, and the finely woven mat. And again entirely Western, with the freshness of a summer breeze, sweetly redolent of English gardens, those many hued pansies; their lovely velvet petals purple and bronze, crimson and gold, and creamy white. Just as natural clustered here as if they were in their own flower bed; they seem to be whispering secrets or, filled with curiosity, to lean over the edge of the bowl for a glimpse of fish or dragon.

Florida Fruit Basket Salad Use a Florida orange of 36 size, cut it into the shape of a basket with handle attached, scoop out all of the orange meat, cut orange and grape fruit meat, together with pineapple into cubes, add a few well-sliced bananas, mix together throughly, place in the basket, decorate with red and green maraschino cherries, cut in halves, place on a bed of lettuce leaves on a dessert plate and serve with French dressing.

Sweet Sandwiches for Afternoon Teas Make Sandwiches—White, graham or whole wheat bread may be used. Filling—Three-quarters cup dates, 1/2 lemon, 1/2 cup nut meats. Wash dates and remove stones. Steam them over hot water or in a double boiler until they are soft, and then wash them thoroughly. Squeeze the juice from the lemon, grate the yellow part of the rind, and mix with the juice, and add both to the dates. Then add the nut meats chopped very fine. Cut thin slices of bread, spread each slice with butter and the corresponding slice with the date filling. Place the two together, trim the crusts if desired.

Luncheon Dish Cut up left-over cooked chicken. If you have any clear broth on hand, add to chicken and a little water, if not enough soup. You would want at least 2 cups of gravy. Cook together with salt and pepper, dash of paprika and 1 teaspoon catchup for 15 minutes. Thicken with a little flour. Serve hot on generous slices of white bread. You'd be surprised how filling it is.

Surely the craftsman, who with his deft hand and sensitive eye for beauty, adorned bowl or vase, who shaped and hammered the curiously handled bell, would, with the Oriental's deep love for blossoms rejoice to see his bowl filled with these smiling, radiant English flowers; making a happy occasion when East and West meet.

Home Hints When dining out, either at a restaurant or as a guest, remember the interesting spots on the menu and duplicate them at home. You will be surprised how the family appetite responds to new ideas in food and new ways of serving it.

Home Hints Little gold safety pins, less than a half inch long, may be used to pin shields into a dress. This is easier than sewing and easier to remove for washing. Pin them to the seams.

Methodical Cleaning If there is one time more than another when dresses should take a trip to the cleaners it certainly is just before starting a season with a freshly lined coat. It is surprising how quickly the lining of a coat gets soiled just through contact with even soiled dress, and once the lining of a coat is soiled, even clean dresses will become dingy from it.

One woman who takes very good care of her clothes keeps a little cleaning fluid in the house for extra cleaning of collars and cuffs, gumpes, vests, and sleeveless blouses. These smaller pieces she cleans herself. Then when a new coat or freshly lined coat is to be brought into service, all the dresses to be worn under it are rounded up and given their annual, semi-annual, or perhaps quarterly trip to the cleaners.

It is cheaper, she considers, to have the cleaning of all dresses done at this particular time than to pay for cleaning a whole coat just because one or two soiled dresses were worn with it. As in a race, the coat and dresses all start off together.

Wind Resistance Cut When Top of Car Is Up The way to lower wind resistance in an open car is to put both the top and the windshield up, not down, according to tests of the Bureau of Standards. This discovery, made some months ago, has gained much attention now as a result of the extreme importance placed upon streamlining in automobile design.

In the course of a wind resistance test, the aerodynamics division of the bureau studied the relative degree of resistance on the part of the same open car with the top and windshield up and then down, and with the same number of passengers in the car upon each occasion. Velocity of the wind was similar and other conditions were equal.

MUTT AND JEFF By BUD FISHER

