## Poetry and the Poor.

"The world is very beautiful!" he said, As yesterday, beside the brimming stream, Glad and alone, I watched the tremulous

Slant thro' the wintry wood, green carpeted With moss and fern and curving bramble spray, And bronze the thousan I russet margin-reeds, And in the sparkling holly glint and play, And kindle all the briers' flaming seeds.

"The world is very horrible!" I sigh, As, in my wonted ways, to-day I thread Chill streets, deformed with dim monotony, Hiding strange mysteries of unknown dread-The reeking court, the breathless fever-den, The haunts where things unholy throng and

brood-Grim crime, the fierce despair of strong-armed Child infamy and shameless womanhood.

And men have looked upon this piteous thing-Blank lives unvisited by beauty's spell-And said : Let be ; it is not meet to bring Dreams of sweet freedom to the prison cell. Bing them no songs of things all bright and

Paint them no visions of the glad and free, Lest with purged sight their miseries they see And, thro' vain longings, pass to blank despair.

Oh, brother, treading ever darkening ways, Oh, sister, whelmed in ever deepening care, Would God we might unfold before your gaze Some vision of the pure and true and fair ! Better to know, tho' sudden things be known, Better to see, tho' tears half owind the sight, Than thraldom to the sense and heart of stone And horrible contentment with the night.

Oh! bring we then all sweet and gracious things To touch the lives that lie so chill and drear, That they may dream of some diviner sphere, Whence each soft ray of love and beauty springs, Each good and perfect gift is from above And there is healing for earth's direct woes; God hath unsealed the springs of light and love

## PHYLLIS.

To make the desert blossom as the rose.

BY THE DUCHESS'

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," " Airy Fairy Lilian," etc, etc.

CHAPTER I.

the top of my healthy lungs; but there is speak of. no reply. "Where can that boy be?"

lustily this time, and with my neck craned that might be blue or gray, according to half-way down the kitchen staircase, but fancy. My feet are small and well shaped, with a like result. There is a sudden and so are my hands: but as for seventeen movement on the upper landing, and Dora, years I have borne an undying hatred appearing above, waves her hand frantically towards gloves, these latter cannot be retowards me to insure attention, while she garded with admiration. My mouth is of murmurs, "Hush! Hush!" with hurried goodly size, and rather determined in emphasis. I look up, and see she is robed expression; while as to my figure, if Roland in her best French muslin, the faint blue | s to be believed, it resembles nothing so and white of which contrasts so favorably much as a fishing rod. But my nose—that with her delicate skin.

ing-room," says my lovely sister, with the able nose in every way, and, being my only slightest possible show of irritation.

"Who?" I ask, in my loudest whisper, justly proud. feeling somewhat interested. "Not-not Mr. Carrington - surely?"

"and, really, Phyllis, I wish you would not Grecian treasure I still remain obscure. If give yourself the habit of ---"

gasp of surprise. "Well, certainly, he has Dora. She is beyond dispute our bright lost no time. Now, Dora, mind you make particular star, and revels in that knowa conquest of him, whatever you do, as, ledge. To be admired is sun and air and being our landlord, he may prove formid- life to Dora, who resembles nothing in the able."

coming toward me from a totally unex- best. In appearance the head of our the property, instead of wasting these last it, if they just put their mind to it." peeted direction.

I mean," I exclaim, eagerly. "Dora and growth, in his nose-which

ask him about the wood?" Billy, gloomily. "From all I hear, he must Billy and I speculated as to whether, were speech. We all feel guiltily conscious that be a regular Tartar. Brewster says he is he suddenly shorn of his probosois, he the hardest landlord in the county, turns would also find himself deprived of his all the tenants out of doors as a moment's strength of mind. He is calm, and decidnotice, and counts every rabbit in the place. edly well-bred, both in manner and expres-I'm certain he is a mean beast, and I hope sion—two charms we do not appreciate, as, Dora won't ask any favor of him."

I shift the conversation.

you been all this time?" "Outside. There's a grand trap at the can wither us beyond recognition. door, and two horses. Brewster says he is I am his particular bete noire; my hoy-

there's one thing I hate it's a miser." I, in the innocence of my heart. "Papa elegant Dora. He detests gushing people, says he cannot be more than eight-and and I, unhappily for myself, am naturally

twenty. Is he dark or fair, Billy?" and equat, and probably he equints," says ing to openly declare my love; and as Billy, viciously. "Any one that could Roland is generally with his regiment, and turn poor old Mother Haggard out of her Dora is a sort of person who would die if ing himself to the knife. The fact that his

equint." "But he was in Italy then: perhaps he our darling mother and Billy. didn't know anything about it," I put | Strict economy prevails among us; more in, as one giving the benefit of a bare doubt. | through necessity, indeed, than from any withering contempt. "He didn't send of eight hundred pounds goes but his orders, I suppose? Oh, no!" Once a short way under any circumfairly started in his Billingsgate strain, it stances, and the hundred pounds a is impossible to say where my brother will year out of this we allow Roland (who is choose to draw a line, but fortunately for slways in a state of insolvency) leaves us lucky thing if I found myself on a pig's ever kept.

all-important expression upon her jovial that costs money would be an unheard strange gentleman is there, and---"

thus encouraged, I give my dress one or low and dejected when, tucked into it on sition can be successfully paraded. "It is anything would be preferable to being an mensely elated, both at the eminence of my two hasty pulls and follow in Dora's foot- Sunday mornings, we are driven by papa that he wishes you to see how unmeaning idler."

from the drawing-room by the very frailest | reasonably be expected to put in an ap- than-than he ought."

on inside.

sees me, and pointing in the direction of country place, and that it is more from a people."

the closet. and not dark at all-quite fair. I asked may be derived from them, that they are him about the wood when I got the chance, kept. We try to believe this—but we don't. very tip of your tongue."

and--" ing himself, stumbles heavily, and creates bosom friend. All is flat, stale and unprofitan appalling row; after which, mindful of able. consequences, he picks himself up silently, and together we turn and flee.

CHAPTER II.

sweet about me. I am neither fair nor length wearied of a foreign sojourn, and is dark, nor tall nor short, nor indeed anything in particular that might distinguish ran report three weeks before my story me from the common herd. This is rather opens, and for once truly. He came, he drags a chair lazily after him, until he gets hard upon me, as all the rest of us can lay claim to beauty in one form or another. Thus, Roland, my eldest brother, is tall, very aristocratic in appearance, and extremely good to look at; Dora, who comes next, is small and exquisitely pretty, in a fresh fairy-like style; while Billy, the youngest born, has one of the handsomest faces imaginable, with liquid brown eyes of a gentle, pleading expression, that smile continually, and utterly belie the character of their owner.

Why I was born at all, or why, my creation being a settled matter, I was not given to the world as a boy, has puzzled and vexed me for many years. I am entirely without any of the little graceful kittenish blandishments of manner that go far to make Dora the charming creature she is I have too much of Billy's recklessness, mixed up with natural carelessness of my own, to make me a success in the family circle. To quote papa in his mildest torm, I am a "sad mistake," and not one easy to be rectified, while mother, who is the gentlest soul alive, reproves and comforts me from "Billy, Billy!" I call eagerly, and at morning until night, without any result to

I am something over five feet two, with "Billy, Billy!" I shout again, more brown hair and a brown skin, and eyes at least is presentable and worthy of a bet-"Hush! There is some one in the draw- ter resting-place; it is indeed a most desireredeeming point, is one of which I am

Nevertheless, as one swallow makes no summer, so one feature will not beau-"Yes," returns Dors, under her breath; tify a plain face; and in spite of my not ornamental, however, I manage to be "What? Already!" I interrupt, with a useful; I am an excellent foil to my sister world so much as an exquisite little Dres-Dora blushes—it is a common trick of den figure, so delicate, so pink and white hers, and she does it very successfully- so yellow haired, and always so bewitchnode, smiles and goes on to victory. The ingly attired. She never gets into a passion, drawing-room door opens and shuts; I can is never unduly excited. She is too pretty hear a subdued murmur of voices; some and too fragile for the idea, else I might be one laughs. It is a man's laugh, and I feel tempted to say that on rare occasions she the growth of curiosity strong within my sulks. Still, she is notably good-tempered, breast. Oh, for some congenial soul to and has a positive talent for evading all unshare my thoughts! Where on earth is pleasant topics that may affect her own

family is tall, lean and unspeakably severe "What's up?" he asks, in his usus! neat | With him a spade is always a spade, and his nay is indeed nay. According to a tra-"Oh, Billy, he is here-Mr. Carrington dition among us, that has grown with our mamma are with him. I wonder will they singularly large and obtrusive-lies all the harshness that characterizes his every "He'd be sure to refuse if they did," says action. Indeed, many a time and oft have on such frequent occasions as when disgrace falls upon one or all of the household, "Did you see him come? Where have the calmness and breeding become so terrible that, without so much as a frown, he

awfully rich, and of course he's a screw. If denish ways jar every hour of the day upon very affectionate. I feel not only a desire "I didn't see him, but I'm sure he's dark to love, but a times an unconquerable longhouse in the frost and snow must have a violently embraced, I am perforce obliged to expend all my superfluous affection upon

"Oh, didn't he?" says Billy, with unholy desire to save. Our annual income Mr. Carrington's character, Martha, our "poor indeed." A new dress is, therefore, back," says papa, still apparently abroad, parlor servant, makes her appearance at a rarity-not perhaps so strange a thing to still desirous of having his ignorance enthis moment and comes up to us with an Dora as it is to me-and any amusement lightened. of luxury. Out-door conveyances we have "Miss Phyllis, your ma wants you in the none, unless one is compelled to mention a house, and was bought no one remembers spoon. "Wants me?" I ask, in astonishment, when and where. It is probably an heirnot being usually regarded as a drawing. loom, and is popularly supposed to have sweetly, coming prettily to the rescue. One be a soldier than anything," I say, with very little risk and with small difficulty I room ornament. "Martha, is my hair cost a fabulous sum in the days of its youth of Dora's favorite roles is to act as peace. effusion. "I cannot imagine any one dis- soon find myself at the top of the tree, and beauty, but it is now ancient and sadly maker on such public occasions as the pres- liking the life; it seems to me such a gay comfortably seated on a thick arm of wood, "Tis lovely!" returns Martha. And, disreputable, and not one of us but feels ent, when the innate goodness of her dispo- one, so good in every respect. And surely plucking my nuts in safety. I feel imto attend the parish church. I even re- are your words, and how vulgar are all hack- I am unraveling a quantity of scarlet which I have carried out my plan. What

noble desire to sustain the respectability "Very nice," I answer with decision, of the family than from any pleasure that Dora, in a rather sharper tone.

and he said we might go there whenever we We see very few neighbors, for the simple chose, and that it would give him great reason that there are very few to see. This oval cheeks growing pink as the heart of a pleasure if we would consider it as our own. limits dinner parties, and saves expense in rose, while her liquid blue eyes changed to There! And it was not he turned out old many ways, but rather throws us younger steel gray. Nancy Haggard; it was the wretch Sim- fry upon our own resources. No outsiders mons, the steward, without any orders; come to disturb our uninteresting calm; and Mr. Carrington has dismissed him, we have no companions, no friends beyond our hearthstone. No alarming incidents stop to the family feud. Here Billy slips off a jam-pot, on which occur to season our deadened existence; he has been standing, with a view to rais. no one ever elopes with the wife of his

It is then with mingled feelings of fear and delight that we hear of Strangemore being put in readiness to receive its master. Mr. Carrington, our new landlord-our old I am 17-not sweet 17; there is nothing one died about five years ago-has at hastening to the land of his fathers. So saw, he ---. No, we have all arranged ages ago -it is Dora who is to conquer.

"He is exceedingly to be liked," says mamma that night at dinner, addressing she never does anything else; and surely papa, and alluding to our landlord, "and so | there is no work so pretty, so becoming to very distinguished looking. I rather think he white fingers, as that in which the swift admired Dora; he never removed his eyes little shuttle is brought to bear. Neverfrom her face the entire time he stayed." theless, though he is beside my sister, I hate him. And mother nods and smiles approvingly at never raise my head without encountering

pleased at Mr. Carrington's rudeness.

in, eagerly. "The very moment I men- slightly molded, and has a very cleantioned the subject, he gave us permission to shaped head. His hands are white and go to Brinsley Wood as often as ever we thin, but large; his feet very passable. choose, and seemed quite pleased at my "Do you know," he is saying to sympaasking him if we might; didn't he, thetic Dora, while I take the above invenmother?"

" Yes, dear." "Could you find no more interesting topic | lived in it until my father died." Phyllis, you cannot put yourself and your seeing new faces n your old home."

selfishness." best gown, and feel rebellious; but, long away from one's native land-away from village, from which he cannot possibly and early training having taught me to the society of one's own countrymen; a return until the shades of evening have subdue my emotions, I accept the snub man feels so dangerously pleased with any well fallen. Our evil genius, too, has for dutifully and relapse into taciturnity.

Mother Haggard after all, papa," puts in a rather up-and-down sort of life, not quite regulating our movements during the hours Billy; "It was Simmons; and he is to be dismissed immediately."

" I am glad of that," says papa, viciously. A more thorough going rascal never disgraced a neighborhood. He will be doing a really sensible thing if he sends that fellow adrift. I am gratified to find Carrington capable of acting with such sound common sense. None of the absurd worn-out prejudices in favor of old servants about him. I have no doubt he will prove an acquisition to the county."

Altogether, it is plainly to be seen, we every one of us intend approving of our new

"Yee, indeed," says mother, "It is quite delightful to think of a young man We are anywhere near. sadly in want of cheerful society. intricacies." him in person, when he suddenly appears, is not; consequently, we all love mother the mother than the interest their mind to it."

> "I think he was right," returns papa, gracefully; "there is nothing like seeing life. When hampered with a wife and children he wilt regret he did not enjoy more of it before tying himself down irretrievably."

An uncomfortable silence follows this we are hampering our father—that but for our unwelcome existence he might at the tion. I am more nettled by their indifferpresent hour be enjoying all the goods and gayeties of life : all, that is, except Billy, who is insensible to inuendoes, and never sees or feels anything that is not put before him in the plainest terms. He cheerfully puts an end now to the awkward silence.

"I can tell you, if you marry Mr. Carrington, you will be on the pig's back," he says, knowingly addressing Dora. Billy is not choice in his expressions. "He has his sensitive nerves. He never tires of con- no end of tin, and the gamest lot of horses "Oh, he is too young to be a miser," say trasting me unfavorably with his gentle in his stables to be seen anywhere. Brewster was telling me about it."

Nobody says anything. "You will be on the pig's back, I can tell you," repeats Billy, with emphasis. Now, this is more than rashness, it is madness, on Billy's part; he is ignorantly offervulgarity has been passed by unnoticed once is no reason why leniency should be shown towards him a second time. Papa looks up blandly.

" May I ask what you mean by being 'on the pig's back?' he asks, with a suspicious

thirst for information. "Oh, it means being in luck, I suppose," returns Billy, only slightly taken aback. " I do not think I should consider it a

"I know what papa means," says Dora,

"Well, what is he like?" he asks in a have been taught that no gentleman could what. You ought to correct yourself, Miss "But I am not an idler," he says: "one

"Yes, you were, though. It was on the

"I was not," reiterates Dora, her pretty me?"

" That's a --" "William, be silent," interrupts papa, with authority, and so for a time puts a

Ah! Love was never without The pang, the agony, the doubt.-Byron. CHAPTER III.

The next day Mr. Carrington calls again -this time ostensibly on business matters -and papa and he discuss turnips and other farm produce in the study, until the interview becomes so extended that it occurs to the rest of us they must faint.

Before leaving, Mr. Carrington finds his way to the drawing-room, where Dora and I are seated alone, he, having greeted us, within a few feet of Dora. Here he seats himself.

Dora is tatting. Dora is always tatting his blue eyes fixed upon me.

"That must have been rather embar- His eyes are very handsome, large and rassing," says papa in his even way; but very dark, and wonderfully kind, eyes that I know by his tone he too is secretly let one see into the true heart beyond, indeed his whole face is full of beauty. He Dora blushes, utters a faint disclaimer, makes no unwise attempt to hide it, and then laughs—herown low cooing laugh, beyond the cultivation of a fair brown pasts. that a such a wonderful piece of per- moustache that does not altogether conceal formance. I have spent hours in my bed- the delicately-formed mouth beneath, the room endeavoring patiently to copy that lips of which are fine and almost sensitive ter lays down the ivory shuttle. He glances laugh of Dora's, with failure as the only enough to be womanish, but for a certain wistfully at me, but I have not yet recevtouch of quiet determination about them "And he is so good-natured!" I break and the lower jaw. He is tall and rather

tory of his charms, "I have quite an affection for this house? I was born here, and

to discuss with him than that?" asked papa "Yes, I knew that," said Dora softly, with contemptuous displeasure. "Was with a liquid glance. "And all yesterday, his first visit a fitting opportunity to after you had left, I kept wondering demand a favor of him? It is a pity, whether you felt it very strange and sad, der through the grounds-thereby betray-

own amusements out of sight, even on an "Did you really bestow a thought upon occasion. There is no vice so detestable as me when I was out of sight?" he said with mild surprise. "Are you in earnest? I think of the two hunters, and of how Do you know, Miss Vernon, I begin to so civilized as might have been, I fear, and he will be absent. it now seems absolutely strange that any one

the while. and Dora instantly blushes her very best tempted our imagination for some time, blush; then becoming charmingly con-

tatting. "That is awfully pretty work you are extreme edge of it and examining it with grave interest. "I like to see women working, when their hands are soft and white. boyish notes join mine, making the woods But this looks a difficult task : it must have taken you a long time to master the

"Oh, no. It is quite simple—just in and

put my mind to it?" asks Mr. Carrington. "at which tree shall we begin?" And then their eyes meet; their heads are close together over the work; they smile answer our expectations. Each one apdroop bashfully.

I am disgusted. Evidently they regard me in the light of a babe or a puppy, so little do they allow my presence to interfere with the ripple of their inane conversa- ously : "It isn't half as good as this one," ence than I care to confess even to myself, his being the master-mind, he carries the and come to the uncharitable conclusion day. that Mr. Carrington is an odious flirt, and my sister Dora a fool.

"When you left this house where did you go then?" asks Dors presently, returning to the charge. "To Strangemore—to my uncle. Then

Ada-that is my sister, Lady Hancock- impatiently, when he had slipped back to telling you all I know acout myself."

friends," murmured Dora innocently. "But soon the spoiler reaches his prey. am afraid you will find us very stupid. quarters, with only country neighbors.

"Judging by what I have already seen," says Mr. Carrington, returning the glance with interest, "I believe I shall feel not new home."

"Why did you leave your regiment?" I break in irrelevantly, tired of being left out voice again, after the longest silence I had and far easier of access. Low, almost to

Billy, gruffly; and, being an English boy, ceaseless monotony was more than I could steal off without a word to Billy and gain abhorrent of irony, he makes a most endure. So when my uncle died and I came the wished-for spot. drawing room at oncet," she says. "The startling vehicle that lies in the coach- unnecessary clatter with his fork and in for the property, five years ago, I cut it, and took to foreign travelling instead."

A quarter of an hour later I rush back member Dora shedding tears now and then neyed expressions. Besides"—running back wool that has been cleverly tangled by fun it will be presently to see Billy looking to Billy, and discover him standing, with as this ordest drew nigh; but that was to Billy's for ar speech—" you should not Cheekie, my fox-terrier, and so between for me everywhere bent head and shoulders, in a tiny closet when the Desmonds or the Cuppaidges had believe all Brewster tells you; he is only a weariness and the fidgets—brought on by I fairly laugh to myself as these ideas that opens off the hall, and is enly divided young man staying with them, who might groom, and probably says a good deal more the execution of a task that is utterly for- flit through my idle brain - more, of partitions. His attitude is crumpled, pearance during the service, and who would "There!" cries Billy, with wrathful have pointed my last remark. Dora looks from any excellence the joke contains but his face betrays the liveliest interest be sure to linger and witness our disgrace- triumph, "you were just going to say up in mild horror, and casts a deprecating when, suddenly raising my head, I see what as he listens assiduously to all that is going ful retreat afterward. "more than his prayers,' and if that isn't a glance at our visitor. Mr. Carrington makes my mischievous smile freeze upon Of course papa has his two hunters. We 'hackneyed expression,' I don't know what's laughs—a short, thoroughly amused laugh. my lip.

stage whisper, straightening himself as he possibly get on without them in a stupid Dora, before you begin correcting other may find something to do in life besides "I was not going to say that," declares Phyllis, do not add to my many vices one of which I am innocent. I cannot accuse myself of having wasted even five minutes since my return home. Do you believe

I hasten to apologize. "Oh, I din not mean it, indeed," I say earnestly; 'I do assure you I do not. Of course you have plenty to do. You must

think me very rude." I am covered with confusion. Had he taken my words in an unfriendly spirit I might have rallied and rather enjoyed my triumph; but his laugh has upset me. I feel odiously, horribly young, both in manner and appearance. Unaccustomed to the society of men, I have not had opportunities of cultivating the well-bred insouciance that distinguishes the woman of the world, and therefore betray hopelessly the shyness that is consuming me. He appears cruelly cognizant of the fact, and is evidently highly delighted with my embar-

"Thank you," he says; "I am glad you exonerate me. I felt sure that you did not wish to crush me utterly. If you entertained a bad opinion of me, Miss Phyllis, it would hurt me more than I can say."

A faint pause, during which I know his eyes are still fixed with open amusement upon my orimeon countenance. I begin to

"Have you seen the garden?" asks Dora musically. "Perhaps to walk through them would give you pleasure, as they cannot fail to recall old days, and the remembrance of a past that has been happy is so sweet." Dora sighs, as though she were in the habit of remembering perpetual happy

"I shall be glad to visit them again," answers Mr. Carrington, rising, as my sisupon my wool relentlessly as he passes through the open window.

CHAPTER IV. .

It is four o'clock. There is a delicious hush all over the house and grounde, a hush that betrays the absence of the male bird from his nest, and bespeaks security. Billy and I, hat in hand, stand upon the doorstep and look with caution round us, preparatory to taking flight to Brinsley Wood Ever since my unlucky confession of having asked Mr. Carrington's permission to waning the pleasure I feel in such wanderings -we Lave found it strangely difficult to

get beyond the precincts of our home. To-day, however, brings us such a chance of freedom as we may not have again, business long mother's last black silk has been her believe it is a foolish thing to stay too long having called our father to an adjoining little stray kind word that may be said to once been kind, having fergotten to suggest him on his return. I have been living to him before starting the advisability of

It is that sweetest month of the twelve, should take the trouble to think about September-a glorious ripe September. me." He says all this in a slow, rather that has never yet appeared so sweet and effective tone, looking pensively at Dora golden-brown as on this afternoon, that brings us so near the close of it. High in Here is an opportunity not to be wasted, the trees hang clusters of filberts, that have and now, with a basket slung between us, fused, lets her glance once more fall on her that links us as we walk, we meditate a

As with light, exultant foetsters we doing," says Mr. Carrington, taking up the hurry onwards, snatches of song fall from my lips - a low, soft contralto voice being my one charm. Now and then Billy's high, ring, until the song comes to sudden grief through lack of memory when gay laughter

changes the echo's tone. At last the wood we want was reached;

"Do you think you could teach me, if I "Now," asks Billy with a sigh of delight, All the trees are laden; they more than

and continue the gaze until Dora's lids pears so much better than the other it is difficult to choose between them. "At this," I say, at length, pointing to

one, richly clothed that stands before us. Not at all," returns Billy, contemptunaming the companion tree to mine; and,

"Very good: don't miss your footing," I say anxiously, as he begins to climb, There are no lower branches, no projections of any kind to assist his ascent; the task is far from easy. "Here, give me a shove," calls out Billy,

married, and I went into the Guards. You mother earth the fourth time, after severely see I am determined to make friends with | barking his shins. I give him a vigorous you," he says pleasantly, "so I begin by push that raises him successfully to an overhanging limb, after which, being merely "I am glad you wish us to be your hand over hand work, he rises rapidly and, Down come the little bumping showers;

You, who have seen so much of the world, lif on my head or arms so much the greater will hardly content yourself in country fun. I dodge; Billy aims; the birds grow nervous at our unrestrained laughter. Al-Another glance from the large childish ready our basket is more than half full, and Billy is almost out of sight among the thick foliage, so high has he mounted.

Slower, and with more uncertain aim come the nuts. I begin to grow restless. It only content, but thoroughly happy in my is not so amusing as it was ten minutes ago, and I loook vaguely around me in search of

newer joys. At no great distance from me I spy anin the cold, and anxious to hear my own other nut-tree, equally laden with treasure the ground, some of the branches grow. Dora sighs gently and goes back to the My eyes fasten upon it; a keen desire to tatting. Mr. Carrington turns quickly to climb and be myself a spoiler seizes upon me. I lay my backet on the ground, and, "I don't suppose you would," responds | "Because I am tired of the life; the thought and action being one with me, I

Being very little inferior to Billy in the art of climbing-long and dearly-bought "I think if I were a man I would rather experience having made me nimble, it is at situation and the successful secrecy with

eign to my tastes-I feel snappish, and perhaps, through real gayety of heart than

(To be Continued.)