

The Night-Woods Song.

The cedars sway
And the red leaves dance and whirl and rustle
Away—away!

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"I need not ask anybody; I can see for myself. What do you do all day long but play billiards?"
"I beg your pardon, Miss Beatoun. You estimate my capabilities at a very improper level. I do no end of things besides billiards. I shoot, smoke, eat, and—talk to you."

how shall I know what you are longing for?"
"Can you not guess?"
"I am afraid I cannot. Unless perhaps—but no, of course it would not be that. Indeed I do not know how to reach your thoughts. One must want so many things."

it to her as a settled thing. You understand?"
"I do, and begin to entertain rather an admiration for Dora's astuteness."
"You will forgive me now, Dora?" I say, suddenly leaning over to put my hand on hers.

pouring some nauseous allopathic medicine down the child's throat. Octavia told me herself, with tears in her eyes, the poor little fellow was all but in a fit for two hours afterwards. She is really a shocking old person, and should be suppressed. I do hope Dora will gather together all her pluck and try to be a match for her."

her place, and feel no degradation in so doing. She is flushed and miserable to look at, her large eyes seeming larger and darker than usual through pained excitement. Yet still there is so much mistaken pride impressed upon her features as makes me fear for the part she will take in the interview. If she would but listen to her heart's dictation!