

Yesternight.

Long I loved, in silence nursing
All the sweetness, all the smart;
Secretly the tale rehearsing
Yet untold—tho' when my heart
First went forth unto the maiden
All the world was winter-white,
And the summer air was laden
With rich fragrance yesternight.

When My Ship Comes In.

Summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm or shine,
For far away, o'er the sunny sea,
Sails a treasure vessel, and all is mine.
I see the ripples that fall away
As she cleaves the azure waves before,
And nearer, nearer, day by day,
Draws the happy hour when she comes to shore.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"I don't remember anything about it; but
mamma says it died a natural death after
one season. Then she married Colonel
Going."
"Why does Colonel Going remain away
so long?"
"Ah! why, indeed, my dear? that is a
thing nobody knows. There was no divorce,
no formal separation, no estrangement of any
kind; he merely put the seas between
them, and is evidently determined on keeping
them there. To me and my cousins of
my own age, the colonel is something of a
myth; but mamma knew him well about
six years ago, and says he was a very fasci-
nating man, and upright, but rather stern."

to thank Sir Mark for it. So ended our
acquaintance."
"Oh, now I have the secret; now I under-
stand why Blanche detests you so,"
exclaims Bebe, clapping her hands merrily.
"So he lost his heart to you, did he? And
madame heard all about it, and was rightly
furious? Oh, how she must have ground
her pretty white teeth in impotent rage on
discovering how she was outdone by a sim-
ple village maiden! I vow it is a tale that
Offenbach's music might adore!"
"How absurd you are, Bebe! How you
jump to conclusions! I assure you Sir
Mark left our neighborhood as heart-whole
as when he came to it."

make one lose faith in coiffeurs. And why
do you not oftener wear blue?"
There is not the faintest shadow of dis-
respect in his tone; he speaks as though
merely seeking information; and, though
the flattery is openly apparent, it is not of
a sort calculated to offend. Still, I feel
irritated and impatient.
"Fancy any one appearing perpetually
robed in the same hue!" I say, snubbingly;
"like the 'woman in white,' or the 'dark
girl dressed in blue!'"
"You remind me of Buchanan's words,"
goes on Sir Mark, not taking the slightest
notice of my tone. "Do you remember
them?"
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my
shoe;
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little
drops of dew.

CHAPTER XXV.
Drip, drip, drip. Patter, patter, patter.
How it does rain, to be sure! If it con-
tinues pouring at this present rate there
will be but very little rain left in the clouds
in half an hour.
"Just 12 o'clock," says Mr. Thornton,
with a moody sigh, as he pulls out his
watch for the twentieth time. "We are
regularly done for if it keeps on five
minutes longer, as rain at 12 means rain
all day."
"More superstition," replies Miss Bea-
toun, rising to flatten her pretty nose
against the window-pane, in the vain hope
of catching a glimpse of the blue sky.
It is the next day; and, as we have arranged
to visit a skating-rink in a town some few
miles from us, the rain is a disappointment—
especially to me, as I have never seen a
rink.
"I hardly think that you will see one
to-day," says Sir Mark, turning to me with
a smile.
"Seems so odd you never having seen
one, dear Mrs. Carrington," says Blanche
Going, sweetly, "so universal as they now
are. When in Paris, and passing through
London, I wonder you had not the curiosity
to go and spend a few hours at one. Mar-
maduke, how very neglectful of you not to
get Mrs. Carrington into Prince's!"
"Prince's is no longer the fashion,"
replies Marmaduke, curtly. He is sitting
rather apart from the rest of us, and is
looking gloomy and ill-tempered. He and
I have exchanged no words since our last
skirmish—have not even gone through the
form of wishing each other a good-day.
"Is it getting worse and worse," declares
Chips, from his standing-point at the win-
dow, where he has joined Miss Beatoun.
"It is always darkest before dawn," says
that young lady, with dauntless courage.
"So they say," murmurs Lord Chandos,
catching her eye.
"Poor Thornton!" says Sir Mark, with
deep sympathy; "I don't wonder at your
depression—such a chance thrown away;
and you always look so nice on wheels.
Our friend Thornton, Mrs. Carrington, is
impressed with the belief, and very justly
so, that he is an unusually fascinating
skater."
"Quite so," returns Chips, ironically.
"I wonder what you would all do if
you hadn't me to laugh at? You ought to
love me, I come in so handy at times and
give you so many opportunities of showing
off the brilliancy of your wit."
"Be grows sarcastic," murmurs Sir
Mark. "This weather, instead of damping
him, as it would more frivolous mortals,
has the effect of developing his hidden
powers."
"Let us forget the weather," says Bebe,
brightly, turning from the contemplation
of it to sink into a seat by the fire, "and
then perhaps it will clear. After making
up our minds to go to Westminster and
visit a rink, and dine at a hotel and drive
home again in the dark and have a general
spree, I confess, the not being able to do
anything has rather put me out."
We are all assembled in the library, it
being the least doleful room in the house
on a wet day.
"By the bye, Thornton, you used to be a
great man on the turf," presently says
Sir Mark, addressing Chips, apropos of
something that has gone before. Chips,
who is lounging in a chair beside Miss Bea-
toun, his whole round boyish face one cheru-
bic smile, looks up inquiringly. "Masters
told me you were quite an authority."
"Oh, not at all," returns Mr. Thornton,
modestly; "I don't pretend to anything.
I flatter myself I know a likely animal when
I see it—nothing more."
"I always thought you intended making
your fortune in that line," continues Sir
Mark, lazily. "The last time I met you,
in the spring, you were radiant in the
possession of so many more hundreds than
you ever hoped to obtain."
"Oh, Mr. Thornton, is it possible you go
in for betting?" murmurs Bebe, with a
glance enchantingly reproachful. "I had
pined you on such a high pinnacle in my
estimation, and now what am I to think? I
feel so disappointed."
"Don't," entreats Chips, sentimentally.
"If you begin to think badly of me, I shall
do something desperate. Besides, I really
only put on a mere trifle now and then;
nothing at all to signify; wouldn't ruin a
man if he were at it forever. You should
see how some fellows bet. Don't you
know—?"
"Did you do well last Ascot?" asks
Chandos, in a tone that is meant to be
genial.
"Well, no; not quite so well as I might
wish," with a faint blush. "Fact is, I
rather over did it—risked my little all upon
the die—and lost."
"Showing how natural talent has no
chance against the whims of fickle fortune.
Even the very knowing ones, you see, Mrs.
Carrington, have to knock under some-
times," says Sir Mark.
"How was it?" I ask Chips, with a smile.
"O! it was a beastly shame," responds
that young man. "The horse would have
won in a walk if he had got fair play. It
was the most outrageous transaction alto-
gether. If the rider had gone straight,
there was not an animal in the running
could have beaten him. It was the clearest
case of pulling you ever saw."
Lady Blanche laughs softly.
"I never knew an unsuccessful bettor
who didn't say that," she says. "I was
waiting to hear you. Each man believes
the horse he fancies would have won only
for something. They would die rather
than confess themselves ignorant."
"But I always thought everything was
fair and above board on a race-course,"
observes Harriet.
Thornton roars.
"Lady Handcock, you are the most
charitable woman alive," he cries, gayly;
"but I fear in this instance your faith in
the goodness of humanity goes too far. I
met Hamilton the other day, and he told
me a capital story apropos of racing hon-
or. You know Hamilton, Chandos?"
"Yes, I think so—middle-sized man,
with fair hair?"
"What a vivid description!" murmurs
Miss Beatoun, demurely. "One so seldom
sees a middle-sized man, with a fair beard!"
Chandos glanced at her quickly, rather
amused, I think, by her impertinence; but
her eyes are innocently fixed on Thornton,
who is evidently full of his story.
"Go on, Thornton," says Sir Mark,
blandly; "we are all miserable till we
learn what befell your friend Hamilton."
"It was at Fairy House races, last year,"
begins Chips, nothing daunted. " Hamil-

ton was over in Dublin at the time, and
went down there to back a horse he knew
something about. A rather safe thing it
was, if rightly done by; and, knowing the
jockey, who was a devoted adherent of his
own, he went up to him on the course, to
know if he might put his money on with
any chance of success. 'Wait awhile
Misther H.,' says his ingenious friend, turn-
ing a straw in his mouth with much delib-
eration, 'an' I'll tell ye. Come to me again
in ten minutes.' Accordingly, in ten min-
utes Hamilton, seeing him in the paddock,
dressed and mounted, went to him again.
'Well?' said he. 'Wait yet another little
bit, Misther H.,' says this imperturbable
gentleman; 'the instructions ain't final.
Meet me in five minutes at the post,' indi-
cating a certain spot. So Hamilton met
him there, and for the third time he asked
him impatiently if he meant winning. 'I
do, Misther H.,' says he, in a mysterious
whisper, 'if the reins break!'"
We all laugh heartily, and Bebe, while
declaring the story delicious, vows she has
lost faith in mankind for evermore.
"I have not," stoutly maintains Harriet.
"Of course, there must be exceptions, but
I believe there is a great deal of goodness
among us all in spite of popular opinion.
Why do you look so supercilious, Marma-
duke? Don't you agree with me?"
"No, I do not," replies 'Duke, promptly.
"I think there is very little real goodness
going. Taking the general mass, I believe
them to be all alike bad. Of course, there
is a great deal in training, and some appear
better than others, simply because they are
afraid of being found out. That is the
principal sin in this life. I don't deny
that here and there one finds two or three
whose nature is tinged with the divine;
these reach nearer the heavens, and are the
exceptions that prove my rule."
"My dear 'Duke, how shockingly unchar-
itable!" says his sister, slowly; while I,
gazing on my husband with open-eyed
amazement, wonder vaguely if last night's
disturbance has occasioned this outbreak.
"Is it uncharitable always to speak the
truth," says 'Duke, with a faint sneer.
"You asked me my opinion, and I gave it.
Are you acquainted with any beautiful
characters, Harry? I confess I know none.
Selfishness is our predominant quality;
and many of the so-called religious ones
among us are those most deeply impreg-
nated with this vice. They follow their
religion through fear, not love, because they
dread consequences, and object to being
uncomfortable hereafter, so do what their
hearts loathe through mere selfish terror."
"I had no idea that you could be so elo-
quent," laughs Lady Blanche, mockingly,
from her low seat. "Pray, go on, Marma-
duke; I could listen to you forever. You
are positively refreshing after so much
amiability."

(To be continued.)

THOSE DEAD FISH.

What an American Authority has to Say
About Them.

An American newspaper, professing to
know all about it, says that the despatch
recently sent from Ottawa stating that
"the dead fish now floating in Lake
Ontario are young shad hatched at Beth
Green's fish breeding establishment near
Rochester," is all a mistake. The paper
says: "Mr. Green has not hatched any
shad at his breeding establishment in
Caledonia, not far from Rochester. He
hatches nothing there but whitefish,
salmon and brook trout. The shad which
he hatched at Castleton, near Catskill
Landing, were all turned into the Hudson
River. The only shad hatched by the New
York Fish Commission beside these were
80,000 at Cold Springs, Long Island, which
were turned into the Smithton River. The
Canadian Fisheries Department is, no
doubt, mistaken about the fish. We
should not be surprised if they were fresh
water herring, which are indigenous to the
great lakes, and somewhat resemble young
shad. Two years ago vessels coming into
New York told of sailing through miles
and miles of dead fish. Some sailors called
them salmon, some shad and some trout.
Finally, a couple of skippers had sense
enough to bring a few of them ashore, and
they were found to be tilapia. It was
estimated then that a mass of dead fish
was floating at sea about 20 miles long and
15 miles wide. No reason was ever found
for this great mortality. No reason was
explained, and equally unexplainable is
this phenomenon on Lake Ontario."

Wiggins' Dark Moon Theory.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer,
sits down emphatically on Wiggins' "new
moon" absurdity. He says "it is a mis-
take to notice seriously the preposterous
notions of such paradoxists as Wiggins,
Hampton, Grimmer, Parallax, et hoc genus
omne. Where they are in earnest, argu-
ment with them is like argument with a
5-year-old child; where they only pretend
to believe the nonsensical notions they
advance they will pretend as readily that
they can see no force in argument for their
edification. To say the truth, such men do
very little harm. Those alone are dis-
turbed by them who were idiotic to begin
with; and it is rather useful than other-
wise to get these sifted out in some such
way, so that they may be recognized for
what they are."

Jumped Down her Throat.

A bad cat caught a mouse upon a lawn,
and let it go again in her cruel way, in
order to play with it; when the mouse,
inspired by despair, and seeing only one
hole possibly to escape into, namely, the
round, red throat of the cat, very visible
through her open mouth, took a bold spring
into her jaws, just escaping between her
teeth, and struggled and stuffed himself
into her throat, with the result that the
cat was suffocated.

The most influential man in Dodge City,
Ks., is said to be Batt Matterson, who has
killed thirty-two persons, according to
common fame, and is spoken of as a "so-
cialable, good fellow, when he isn't crossed."
A car loaded with marble on the Hous-
ton R. R. broke down near Wall village,
Mass., yesterday morning, wrecking the
whole train. Brakesman Jones was killed,
and an unknown man, who was stealing a
ride, had his leg cut off.
Mrs. George Stone, an insane inmate of
the Poorhouse at Scanton, Pa., saturated
her clothing with kerosene on Tuesday
night and applied a match. She was
burned to death.