Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams. De mawkin' birds hatched an' hab gun fur ter

fly, Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; An' on de young chickens de hawk hab got his Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

Ob, de fat white man am er huggin' o' de He's mos' ter lazy fur ter eat; But de po' nigger's handlin' o' de shovel an' de

Er rakin' up de dust in de heat.

It's er mighty long time 'fore de comin' o' de frost, Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; An' da'll hafter pay dear fur de sweat der nigger's

Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams. De Democrats er bilin' and de 'Publicans is het Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; But da'll cut er sorry figger ef my name ain't in

Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams. Oh, de slick party man am er smilin' wid his

An' he's got er mighty twinkle in his eye, An' he's got a mighty likin' fur de nigger in de

Da's er teedin' him de sweet pertater pie. -Arkansaw Traveller.

PHYLLIS.

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

indignantly. "He never cared for any one doubt we are a tame race. There is not a able to sleep a wink to-night unless you be Sir Mark looks down, and smiles meaningly; I redden with anger.

stand, I am compelled to be your guest until from the balcony outside." one be allowed by the authorities to start. "Oh, Bebe!" I cry, faintly, casting a successful," says Chips, meekly. And then like it better." However, it is the last time you shall be so "It was a horrible face, wicked but hand- Somehow I think no more about it, and, your taking it. If we are going to be so my opponent; I feel myself flung violently annoyed. Perhaps you will bid me good. some. The head was covered with some except that I keep Martha busied in my ultra-fashionable as to encourage a real to one side against a wall, while the ruler

even a half smile upon his lips. He treats keep them at all they should at least be Marmaduke's presence as though he were amiable. I wonder Miss Beatoun lives to quiet but very charming little affair, Then I drink what he has prepared for Leave it, I command you!" utterly unaware of it. Yet still something tell the tale. Pray go on; it is positively remarkable for nothing beyond the fact me, and, in spite of my dislike to it, feel step, or its consequences.

him no ill-will. Indeed, I might almost be never forget it!" said to feel sorrow for him at this present moment. I shall be intensely relieved and about," says 'Duke, seeing I am nearly in glad when he is no longer before me; but tears. he has been kind and pleasant to me, in many ways, during these past two months, Beatoun with a settled conviction that Ashurst. and I forgive him. I put my hand in his sends a cold chill through my veins. and say "good-bye," gently. He holds it tightly for an instant, then drops it

"Good-bye, Carrington," he says, coolly; " I hope when next we meet time will have softened your resentment."

careless, graceful step.

"And I hope," says 'Duke, in a voice clear and quiet, yet full of suppressed pasdistant. I have no desire to renew acquaint- toun's candle that it is an unlikely spot for caylight that might, perhaps, be even I are face; nay, as she comes basely abused the rights of friendship and "Well, if we fail, I shall give orders for within that puts it to shame. hospitality. You have chosen to act the a couple of men to search the shrubberies. part of a secoundrel. Keep to it, therefore, And whatever they find they shall bring and avoid the society of honest men. For straight to Bebe." myself, I shall endeavor to forget I ever knew one so contemptible."

fierce tone. "Don't try me too far, 'Honest men!' Remember one thing, Carrington; you owe me something for my forbearance." Fer a full minute the two men glare at at each other, then the door is flung open, and Mark is gone.

"What did he mean by that?" ask I, he said about forbearance? Tell me, mystery. 'Duke."

Marmaduke's face is white as death. "Nothing," he answers, with an effort.

As we assemble in the hall to bid her good-bye-I, from an oppressive sense of what is demanded by the laws of courtesy, to my disgust, fluds some element of the employed during his absence. the others through the dawdling idleness burlesque about it. The lamps upon the

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Carrington. Thank you so much for all your kindness to me. really don't remember when I have enjoyed myself so well as here at dear old Strangemore with you."

Here she stoops forward, as though she would press her lips to my cheek. Instantly dropping both her hand and my handkerchief, I bend to pick up the latter; when I raise myself again, she has wisely passed

into the carriage. The door is shut, the horses start; I am well rid of another troublesome guest. I draw a deep sign of relief as Sir James, flings up the window, and, with two ideas present themselves before my what appears to me reckless courage, steps mind. One is, that I am better out of it out upon the darksome balcony alone. all than I deserve; the second, that never

It is the night befere Harriet's departure and almost all our guests have vanished. Our two military friends have resumed their examination," says Sir James, gravely. regimental duties a week ago; Sir George Ashurst has gone to London for a little while; Dora has decided on burying herself at Summerless during his absence-I

It is 9 o'clock. Dinner is a thing of the tells me it is not the thing. past. Even the gentlemen, having tired of each other, or the wine, or the politics, nightly revel?" says the plumed figure; was one, she must be in view still." have strolled into the drawing-room, and and then we all know that we are gazing at

standings. Suddenly the door is flung wide, and "Thornton, I protest you are incorri-

our eyes to rivet them upon her. She thought better of you, James, than to aid have reached them since, I think. Now is nervous—half laughing—yet evidently and abet him." scared.

ing her fingers on his arm, "I have seen a are mingling with the laughter I cannot the room. ghost !"

"A what?" says 'Duke. Now don't look so incredulous. I am thoroughly in earnest. I was never in my life Chippendale And the feather out of my with vindictive force against the panes. raws a long breath.

Naturally we all stare at her, and feel enter my bedroom?" interested directly. A real spectre is not a thing of everyday occurrence. I feel something stronger than interest; I am terrified beyond measure, and rising from my seat, I look anxiously at 'Duke.

"I never heard there was a ghost here lively reproach, "have I lived to see you before," I say, reproachfully. "Is the perpetrate a joke?" house haunted? Oh, 'Duke! you never told me of it-and I have gone about it at to remark. all bours, and sometimes even without a light !"

his life.

"Is there a ghost in your family?" I

"No; I am afraid we have nothing belonging to us half so respectable. All the ancestors I ever heard of died most amiably, either on the battle-field, or on the gallows, or in their beds. We cannot lay claim to a single murderer or suicide; there is not even a solitary instance of a what was it? a mermaid? an undiscovered glass of brandy and a bottle of soda." "He has been guilty of none," I cry, duel being fought within these walls. I gender? The plot thickens. I shan't be "Yes, sir." spark of romance about us. Bebe's imagin- me re explicit." ation has run riot."

"Why are you not gone?" I ask, inhos- nantly. "Am I to disbelieve my own sight? nothing but those horrid eyes. You have ing, and thought it a horrible concoction. childish terror? My blood flames into life. pitably; "you promised you would leave I was walking along the corridor off the chosen to turn it all into ridicule; and who I was tired of hearing men praise it as a For the time I am actually mad with paspicture-gallery quite quietly, thinking of ever heard of a ghost appearing amidst drink, so I thought I would try if it was sion, as mad as I imagined her a little while "Grant me a little grace, Mrs. Carring- anything in the world but supernatural shouts of laughter? How dreadfully cold really as good as they said. But it was ago. A cruel, uncontrollable longing to kill ton. Had I had time, I might, indeed, have subjects, when all at once, as I got near it is! Do shut that window and let us go not; it was extremely disagreeable." ordered a special train, but, as matters the window, I saw a face looking in at me back to the drawing-room fire."

I did not anticipate, I would not have to Lord Chandos, who happens to be the we have quitted, by no means wiser than not have anything."

His tone is light and mocking, there is you," says Chips, reprovingly. "If you me to the exclusion of all other matters.

then I dropped my candle and ran down- squeeze out two small tears. It is with amazement I discover I bear stairs, as though I were hunted. Oh, I shall

"Probably some poor tramp prowling "It was nothing living," declares Mise

exclaims 'Duke, almost provoked. "Guoste, mas, being filled with a desire to spend might be a lady; but I ain't quite certain indeed!-I thought you had more sense. this season (which will be our first on that point." Come let us go in a body and exorcise this together) in our own home, settle down for "Oh, Tynon, show her up," I say, hastily thing, whatever it is. I believe an appari. a short time into a lazy Darby-and-Joan feeling dismayed, as I picture to myself a He moves toward the door with his usual tion should be spoken of respectfully in existence. capitals as IT. She may still be on the balcony."

"They will find nothing," says Bebe,

with an obstinacy quite foreign to her. "Why, you are trembling, you little are?"

goose. Perhaps you had better stay here." "What! all alone!" I cry, aghast. "Never, I would be dead by the time you came back. No, I would rather see it out." frightened and tearful. "What was that armed with lights, to investigate this awful So we all march solemnly upstairs,

the first to come up with what may be in | darling? How have you occupied yourself So Mark drops out of our life for the pre- store for us. With an equal horror I shrink all day?" sent. Three days later Lady Blanche Going from being last-fearful of being grabbed

amusement to the men, and even Harriet, affairs of business with which I have been that belongs to a country house—she staircase and along the corridors throw upon my hps. Between me and the dreary are his wife, are you? A child, a mere more living creatures than of human beings ing. Once Mr. Thornton, stalking on in front, gives way to a dismal howl, and, stopping short, throws himself into an attitude of abject fear that causes me to nearly face - a pair of eyes that gleam like living frightened.

not to do it again without reason. Another time either Harriet or Bebe-who are walking close behind me (having ordered imagination. Almost, but not quite; the "Well, Mrs. Carrington, I have come here Lord Chandos to the extreme rear, as a further precaution)—lays her hand lightly my memory comes Bebe's marvellous tale. unpaintable to your dainty ears." on my shoulder, whereupon I shriek aloud

At length we reach the dreaded spot, and Thornton, after a few wnispered words with

"He is a long time absent. To me it again, under any circumstances, shall she seems ages. We three women stand wait. distinctly, and eyes so piercing. Marma-

"He is without doubt making a thorough

We strain our eyes into the night, and even as we do so, something supernaturally imagined a face, my dearest. You have to sustain you by and by." tall-black, gaunt, with a white plume been too much alone all day. There can waving from its haughty head-advances be nothing." suppose to meditate soberly upon the com- slowly towards us, from out the gloom. I feel paralyzed with fright, although instinct | could not be so deceived."

are now indulging in such light converse Mr. Thornton, lengthened by a sweeping. my will, and makes me look out. I do so

I am on the very verge of hysterics; a suppress.

"My new black Cashmere wrap, I pro-

who has emerged from his disguise, and is much sense." vainly trying to reduce his dishevelled locks

to order. "It was so convenient."

"But where is the spectre?" I venture "You must really ask Miss Beatoun," I conclude there is something comical in | valuantly; no one can say I funked it. I my dismay, as Marmaduke and Lord Chan- have done my very best to produce a dos burst out laughing. Thornton fairly respectable bona fide bogy; and if I have roars, while Sir James gets as near an failed, I am not to be blamed. Now I outburst of merriment as he ever did in insist on Miss Beatoun's, producing hers. We cannot possibly go back to the don.estics (who, I feel positive, are cowering upon

> the peril of our lives. Now where is he?" I ring the bell." "It was not a man," says Bebe. "Then where is she?"

"I am not sure it was a woman either," with some hesitation.

"Then you may stay wide awake," "I tell you I saw it," persists Bebe, indig- recorts Miss Beatoun, "as I remember

But for your entrance here just now, which nervous glance behind me, as I edge closer we all troop down again to the cozy room

bye and grant me your forgiveness before I thing dark, and it was only the eyes I room until I hear Marmaduke's step next ghost on the premises, we must only falls crashing into an opposite corner. go. You at least should find it easy to noticed, they were unearthly—so large, and door, I show no further cowardice. The increase our allowance of spirits, and for- "Bah!" she cries through her teeth. pardon, as it was my unfortunate and black, and revengeful; they had murder in general air of diebetief around me quenches tify ourselves to meet it. By the by, have "Can English blood get warm? I did not my fears, and the bidding farewell to the you decided on the sex? Bebe was rather believe it until now. So you love the hand-"Really, Carrington, it is too bad of guests I have got to like so well occupies hazy on that point."

the bride all smiles and brown velvet and the semi-mysterious manner he affects. lace, the bridegroom, perhaps, a trifle pale -and we at home fall once more into our as particularly wants to speak with you." usual ways, and try to forget that Dora "A woman?" I reply, lazily. "What Vernon was ever anything but Lady sort of a woman, Tynon?"

ormolu toy upon the mantle piece has position in society may be. "I think it improbable," says Chips; chimed out a quarter to five; it is almost He obeys my behest with alsority, and sion, "that the day we meet again is far "she would see by the aid of Miss Bea. quite dark, yet there is still a glimmer of in a very few moments "the woman" and more pronounced but for the blazing fire slowly forward, and throws back her veil,

'Duke from the doorway. "You make one to face with Bebe's ghost. hate the outer world."

says he, laughing and advancing. "I shall between us. do no injury to your sanotum. But it is too early to go through the regular business of dressing yet."

" Had you a good day?" as I decline to separate from Marmaduke or have come in to pay you his respects, but such eyes as belong to the South alone; "It is only a stagy way he has of speaking. Worlds would I head the procession and be lady's in pection. Have you been lonely, calm.

> "Very, happily," I say, surrendering one by something uncanny in the background. of my warm hands into his cold ones. And The whole scene is evidently an intense then I proceed to recount all the weighty weakly, and with hesitation.

chills every thought of my heart. It is a head, closely covered with some to make to this speech; every moment dark clothing—the faintest outlines of a renders me more amazed, more thoroughly weep; so I entreat him, in touching accents, coals. As I gaze, horror-stricken, it disappears, so suddenly, so utterly, as almost to more," she goes on in the purest English, make me think it was a mere trick of the but with an unmistakably foreign accent.

on, and so I escape the hypocritical salute and precipitate myself into Marmaduke's it? What have I seen? Oh, I am horribly have admitted to my presence, and am

eagerly towards the window. "Frightened at what?" asks 'Duke, move a step backwards, and casting rantly in the direction I have indicated. "A face," I say nervously. "It was

there only a moment ago. I saw it quite ing in breathless suspense. Bebe titters duke," shrinking closer to him, "do you have to say might furnish too much gossip remember Bebe's story ?"

that stupid tale upset you so? You only rington; you will require all your courage

"There was," I declare, positively. "I " Nonsense, Phyllis! Come with me to

come with me to the other window."

I follow him submissively with the same "Oh, Marmaduke!" she says, with a pinch, administered by Bebe, alone result; and finally we finish our researches little gasp, and going up to him and fasten- restrains me; as it is, the tears of alarm in the bow-window, at the farthest end of

The prospect without is dreary in the extreme. A storm is steadily rising, and ful wife," she says, biting out the words "A ghost—a dewnright, veritable ghost! test!" cries Harriet, pouncing upon Chips the wind is soughing mournfully through with cruel emphasis, and nodding her head and his sweeping-brush. "Well, really the trees. Great sullen drops of rain fall before so frightened. I tell you I saw it best bonnet. Oh, this comes of having one's "Now, confess, you are the most foolish plainly, and quite close. Oh, how I ran!" room off a balcony. Why, you wicked boy, child in the world," says 'Duke, cheer- then, after all. Oh, if Tynon, or Harris, She puts her other hand to her heart, and you have been upsetting all my goods and fully, seeing I am still depressed. "Who or any one, would only come! I calculate would willingly be out such an evennig as my chance of being able to rush past her

> say, reluctantly, "and, besides, I am not with an effort collect myself. "Oh, James!" says his wife, with a fanciful at all. I was a little unlucky, I think; it reminded me of-of-

"A Banshee?" asks 'Duke, laughing. seriously.

"Oh, Marmaduke, I hope no bad fortune says Chips. "I have done my duty is in store for us. I feel a strange foreboding at my heart."

husband. "Phyllis, I am ashamed of you. there too much of the stage about my little The idea of being superstitious in the nine- declaration? Come, then, behold them; teenth century! I shall give you a good but at a distance, carita, at a distance." scolding for this, and at the same time demand, rather sharply, feeling neitled at the lowest stair) empty-handed. Miss unstrung, my dearest; that is all. Come, ous curiosity, I draw near. With one Beatoun, you have brought us all here at sit down here, and try to be sensible, while brown but shapely finger, she traces the

As he speaks he rings it.

again directly. It is very annoying that I know in that one long, awful moment that tramps should be allowed the run of the my eyes have seen the truth. "Ye powers!" cries Chips. "Then place. A stop must be put to it. Half a

> "Don't give me brandy and soda-water," I say with some energy. I do so hate it." "How do you know?"

"But indeed, Marmaduke, I would rather a heavy ruler that lies on a Davenport near,

know he does not repent, either his false "The head vanished while I stared, and speeches my father actually contrives to The world is only three days older, when that during the inevitable breakfast presently somewhat happier in my mind. fury has died out. as I sit alone in my own room reading, The happy pair start for the Continent- Tynon opens the door, and addresses me in

"There's a woman downstairs, ma'am,

"Well, ma'am, a handsome woman as Marmaduke and I, having decided on far as I can judge. A furriner, I would "Bebe, how can you be so sturid?" accepting no invitations until after Christ- say. A woman of a fine presence—as

lady left standing in the hall while Tynon It is the second of December; the little makes up his mind as to what her proper

She is dressed in the deepest black of a good texture; I am in rich brown velvet. She is tall and full-truly, as Tynon had described her, "a woman of fine pre-"Very, indeed, and a pleasant one alto- sence;" I am small and very light. Her Sir James and Thornton take the lead, gether. Jenkius was with me, and would eyes are large, and dark, and burning-

At last I speak.

I am so taken aback I can find no reply "You are Mrs. Carrington of Strange-

eyes still burn and gleam before me, but to to-day to tell you something I fear will be

frightened!" I cling to him and point shut up with, an escaped lunatic. At this thought my blood ourdles in my veins; startled by my manner, and gazing igno. lingering, longing glance at the bellhandle. Watching my every gesture, she immediately divines my intention.

"If you will take my advice," she says, for your servants' hall. No,I am not mad. My darling girl, how can you be so Pouf! what a fool it is, trembling in every absurd," exclaims 'Duke, kindly, "letting limb. Pray restrain yourself, Mrs. Car-

> She is speaking very insolently, and there is a fiendish triumph in her black eyes I can hear a subtle mockery in her tone as she utters my married name.

"Who are ye that come to disturb my the window and look out. If there really business without any further delay," I of a stroke of paralysis. remark, with as much hauteur as Icin brush covered with a black garment, which to please him, standing safely ensconced "you recover. The white mouse has found jury gave a verdict of not guilty. "Good," says she, with a victous smile; Mr. Toomey, solicitor, was concluded. The

riveted upon mine; not for a second does she relax the vigilance of her gaze. "Whe do you think I am?" the asks, slowly.

"I have not the faintest idea," I reply, still haughty, though theroughly upset, and nervous.

"I-am-Marmaduke-Carrington's lawat me between each pause.

I neither stagger nor faint, nor cry out; this? Not even a dog, if he could help it; and gain the door in safety, but am dis-"Sir James," replies Chips, demurely, and certainly a spectre would have far too heartened by her watchfulness. I remember, too, how fatal a thing it is to show "If it was fancy, it was very vivid," I symptoms of terror before a maniac, and

"If you have nothing better to say than such idiotic nonsense," I return, calmly, "I think this interview may as well come "Well, yes, something like that," I admit, to an end." As I utter this speech in fear and trembling, I ence more go slowly in the direction of the bell.

"Oh! must you then see my marriagelines?" says the woman with a sneer, draw-"You feel a good deal of folly," says my ing from her bosom a folded paper. "Is

She spreads open the paper upon the characters, and I read-I read with dull eyes, the terrible words that seal my fate. "Tynon, have the grounds searched No thought of forgery comes to sooth me;

> Mechanically I put out my hand to seize the paper, but she pushed me roughly back. "No, no, ma belle," she laughs coolly;

" not that !" her-to silence forever the bitter mocking "It was the soda you disliked. I will | tones, to shut the vindictive eyes that seem "I hope your next venture will be more put but very little in, and then you will to draw great drops of blood from my heart -takes possession of me. I catch hold of

some husband, do you? That, after all, is "I don't know," I say, shuddering; "I not a husband, see you, but a lover. This is my house, Mees! This is my room!

She laughs long and loudly; but all my

(To be continued.)

Scientific Curiosities. Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid on any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an ectavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue fixes upon me her wonderful eyes, I know, vitriol or carmine will tinge a gallon of "What a cozy little room it is!" says with a sinking of the heart, that I am face water so that in every drop the color may "I am startled and impressed—uncom- room for twenty years, and will at the "Oh, you have come," I cry, well pleased, fortably impressed—as I gaze on the end of that period have lost little of its "Take care," says Sir Mark, in a low, I take Marmaduke's arm and cling to you taken off your shooting things? I cannot see anything distinctly where you now entrance, and we now stand—my strange ered for a single instant, during which it visitor and I-staring at each other in does not lose one-thousandth part of a "I am quite clean, if you mean that," silence, with only the little work-table grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silkworm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drams of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 400 to go anywhere but in the middle. Not for thought he was hardly fit for so dainty a mine, large too, are gray-blue, and soft and in which vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers animalcules of which I feel fascinated, and slightly terrified. many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature, with "Is there anything I can do? I believe a singular prodigality, has supplied many you wished to speak to me!" I venture, of these with organs as complete as those of the whale or the elephant, and their "I do," says my strange visitor, never bodies consist of the same substance, or removing her piercing gaze from my face. ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In on the face of the globe.

How to Write to the Pope.

Several persons tell us that having written to the Pope they receive no reply. As the Holy Father's correspondence is very large, there are secretaries who go through it, classify it and destroy or submit the missives to His Holiness according as they think proper. Mgr. Boocali, the private chamberlain, has charge of this difficult duty. It sometimes happens that a letter to which the writer attaches the greatest importance is in this way thrown into the waste basket. If you want to have a letter to the Pope surely reach its destination inclose it in three envelopes, all three sealed and each one bearing this inscrip-

To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., Prefect of the Congregation of the Holy

Office at the Vatican. (Personal.) The prelate in charge opens the first envelope, then the second, but at the third he is obliged, under penality of excommunication, not to open it and hand it to the Holy Father .- Paris Goulois.

A stroke of lightning has cured Mr. "If you will be so kind as to state your Abraham Cuddleback, of Damascus, Pa.,

He leads me to the window rather against summon to my aid, "I shall feel obliged." trial of Mrs. Gyll for throwing vitriol on

its squeak. Listen, then." She seats her. To test the alacrity of the troops, the Bebe comes hurriedly in—so hurriedly gible," exclaims Marmaduke, when at ingly; "there is no cover until one reaches leans her elbows upon it, and takes her held the review announced for noon yesterthat we all refrain from speech, and raise length he can command his voice; "and I the shrubberies beyond; and no one could face between her hands. Her eyes are still day at 4 o'clock in the morning.