Country Life.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Make up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more or less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
Thy window vines, which clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian-pipe?

Happy the man who tills the field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—O can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
That has outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago,
Who the first farmers were to know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall;
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten by the plough.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"I think you must be raving," says Duke, his own vehemence quieted by mine. "A letter—yet stay," a look of intelligence coming into his face; and, going over to a drawer he rummages there for a moment, and at length produces the very three-cornered note that has caused me so many jealous pangs. "Is this the note you mean?"

"Yes, it is," coming eagerly forward.

"I now recollect finding this in my room, when I returned from shooting yesterday. She asks me to do a commission for her, which, as it happens, quite slipped my memory until now. Take it and read it, and see how just were your suspicions."

As I put out my hand, I know that I am acting meanly, but still I do take it, and, opening it, find my three closely-written pages have dwindled down to half a one. Five or six lines, carelessly scrawled, are before me.

"Are you satisfied?" asks 'Duke, who, hal fsitting on the table with folded arms, is watching me attentively.

"Yes," in a low voice; "I was wrong. This is not the note I saw with her. I now understand she must have meant *that* one for—for somebody else, and, knowing I saw it, sent this to you to blind me."

"*More* suspicions, Phyllis? As to what other charges you have brought against me, I can only swear that when I told you a year ago you were the only woman I had ever really loved, I spoke the truth."

"From all you have said to me to-night, I can scarcely imagine you would now repeat those words," I say, in trembling tones.

"Yes, I would. If I live to be an old man, I shall never love again as I have loved, and *do* love, you."

"Yet you are always meeting Blanche; you are always with her. Only this very morning I found you both together in the corridor in earnest conversation."

"It was quite by accident we met; I had no idea she was there."

"She was speaking to you of me?"

"She said something about your manner towards Gore the night previous. It was something very kind I remember, but it angered me to think any one had noticed you, though in my heart I knew it must be so. It was too palpable. She meant nothing hurtful."

"The wretch! 'Duke, listen to me and believe me. If I had not felt positive that note," moving a little nearer and laying my fingers upon it, "was the one I saw with her, I never would have acted towards Mark Gore as I did last night. But I felt wounded and cut to the heart, and tried to torture you as I was being tortured. It was foolish, wicked of me, I know, but it made no one so miserable as myself.'

"But then—the rink." He speaks very quietly now, but he has come off the table, and is standing before me, one hand resting on it very close to mine, but not touching. I am gazing earnestly into his face with large, wistful eyes.

"It was the same longing for revenge made me go there—nothing else. I had tried to make up with you by asking you to take me to the rink in the evening, but you would not meet my advances, and answered me very cruelly." My lips tremble. "Your words restored all my anger. I was determined to show you I could go there without your permission. Sir Mark was on the spot, and asked me to go with him; it was all the same to me whom I went with, so long as I could defy you, and I agreed to accompany him—not, as you thought, because I wished to be with him, but only to vex you. I thought of no one but you. It would not trouble me if I never saw Mark Gore again. You believe me, 'Duke? I never told you a wilful lie, did I?" Two heavy tears, long gathering, roll down my cheeks.

"Never," replies he, hoarsely.

Silence follows his last word. We stand very near, yet separate, gazing into each other's eyes. Presently, impulsively, his and moves, and closes firmly upon mine For an instant longer we gaze, and then I am in his arms, crying as if my heart would break.

"You don't care for her; *say* you don't care for her," I sob, entreatingly.

"Phyllis, how can you ask me? To care for that worldly-wise woman, when I have *you* to love, my own darling, my angel!"

This is comforting; it almost sounds as though he were calling her bad names, and I sob on contentedly from the shelter of his arms.

"And you will never speak to her again, will you, *dear* 'Duke?"

"Oh, my pet! You forget she is a guest in the house. How can I avoid speaking and being civil to her?"

"Of course I don't mean *that*. But you will have no *tete-a-tetes*, and you won't be so attentive to her, and you will be very glad when she goes away?"

"I will, indeed, be most sincerely delighted, if her staying causes you one moment's unhappiness. She speaks of leaving next week; let us be polite to her for these few remaining days—poor Blanche!—and then we will forget she ever lived."

"Yes," I acquiesce, and then there is a pause in the conversation. Is he not going to touch on the other cause of war? For a little time I am filled with wonderment; then I say, shyly, "You do not ask me about Mark Gore?"

"No," replies he, hastily, "nor will I. I understand everything; I believe all you said. A misconception arose between us; now it is at rest forever, let us refer to it no more. Now that it is at an end, I feel rather flattered at your being so jealous; it tells me you must be getting to care for me a little."

"Oh, *caring* is a poor thing. I think now I love you better than any one in the world, except——"

"Billy, and Roly, and mamma," he mimics me, laughing though he bites his lips, "the old story."

"Wrong; I was going to say mother only. Somehow, Billy and Roly of late do not seem so dear as you." I stroke his face patronizingly.

Only mother!" he says, with a gay laugh (how many weeks have passed since last I heard that laugh!) "why, that is much better. Billy always appeared the most formidable rival. I am progressing in your good books. In time I may even be able to vanquish mother."

"I am so glad I made that onslaught on your door a little while ago," declare I, merrily, "and I think you were very undecided about letting me in. How good it is to be *quite* friends again! and we have not been that for a long time. Oh, is not jealousy a horrible pain?"

And to be wroth with those we love
Doth work like madness on the brain,

quotes 'Duke softly.

"It all began by Mark Gore telling me you were once engaged to Blanch Going."

"What a lie!" cries 'Duke, so eagerly that I cannot choose but believe him. "How often am I to tell you I never loved any one but you?"

"That is another thing. Men always imagine when they form a new attachment that the old one contained no real love. What I should like to know is, how many you asked to marry you." My words are uttered jestingly, yet his face changes, very slightly, ever so little, yet it certainly changes. Only a little pallor, a little faint contraction—nothing more. It is gone almost as soon as it is there.

"I never asked Blanche, at all events," he laughs, lightly. And not until many days has come and gone do I remember his singular hesitation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Two days have passed—two days that have brought back to me all the light and life and gladness of my girlhood. Never since my marriage have I been so happy as now.

Marmaduke and I are the best of friends, there is not so much as a shadow of a cloud between us, and I have convinced myself that, as I was the most foolish girl in the world, so I am now the luckiest, and that 'Duke is the dearest old boy to be found anywhere. If I still feel guilty of having no passionate attachment for my husband, I console myself with the thought that I am probably incapable of a grand passion, and that happily I shall get through life all the more comfortably in consequence.

Harriet and Bebe notice the new relations existing between me and my husband with undisguised pleasure, but wisely make no comment. Sir James sees it too, and once, in passing me, smiles, and pats me approvingly on the shoulder. Dora and George Ashurst are too much taken up with each other and their approaching nuptials to notice anything but their own tastes and predilections. But Blanche Going sees it with an evil sneer.

It is 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Outside, the world is looking cold and uninviting; inside all is warmth and apparent contentment.

Some of us are in the billiard-room, knocking about the balls, but doing more talk than honest work. I for my part am starting for a brisk run to the gardens, with a view of bringing Cummins to order.

Cummins is an ancient Scotchman, old, crusty, and valuable, who has lived as head gardener at Strangemore for more years than he can remember, and who has grown sour in the Carrington service. Having made himself more than usually obnoxious to-day, and declined to part with some treasured article of his rearing for any one's benefit, the cook has tearfully appealed to me, and I have promised to exert myself and coax my own gardener into giving me some of my own property. Throwing round me, therfore, a cozy shawl, fur-lined, and covering my head with the warmest velvet hat I own, I sally forth, bent on conquest.

The air is keen and frost-bitten. As I hurry along one of the smaller paths, hedged in on either side by giant evergreens, with my chin well buried in my fur, I come suddenly upon Sir Mark Gore, leisurely strolling, and smoking a cigar.

Ever since my explanation with Marmaduke I have carefully avoided Sir Mark. Not once has he had an opportunity of speaking with me alone. Not once have I suffered him to draw me into personal conversation. Consequently, I am doubly put out and annoyed by this rencontre—conscience telling me he cares more for me than is at all to be desired.

Seeing me, he flings the cigar over the hedge amd comes more quickly forward.

"Oh, don't do that," I say, as unconcernedly as I well can; "you have recklessly wasted a good cigar. I am in a desperate hurry, and cannot stay to interfere with your smoking."

"It is the simplest thing in the world to light another," replied he, coolly. "But what a day for you to be out! I heard you say at lunch you meant going, but felt positive this bitter wind would daunt you. May I accompany you in your desperate hurry? Is it an errand of mercy—a case of life or death?"

His easy manner reassures me.

"I am going to entreat Cummins," I say, laughing. "Don't you pity me? Cannot you understand what a difficult task I have laid out for myself? No, I think you had better not come. I shall be able to use more persuasive arts if left to deal with him alone."

"I would back you to win were he the King of the Cannibal Islands himself. If I must not witness your triumph, may I at least be your escort to it?"

I can see he is obstinately bent on being my companion, and grow once more disquieted.

"Ye-es, if you wish it," I say with obvious unwillingness; but it is such a little way now it scarcely seems worth your while."

"I think it very well worth my while and accept your *gracious* permission," with a quiet stress on the adjective, and a determination not to notice my evident objection to his company. So there is no help for it, and we walk on side by side in silence.

Presently, in a low voice, he says suddenly and without preface:

"Why do you avoid me, Mrs. Carrington? What have I done to be tabooed as I have been for the last two days? Have I offended you in any way?"

"Offended me?" I stammer (when people are unexpectedly asked an obnoxious question, what would they do if they could not repeat the questioner's words?). "Of course you have not offended me. How could you? What can have put such a ridiculous idea into your head?"

"Your own conduct. Do you think I have not seen, and felt your changed manner?" He is speaking almost in an undertone. "Were I your greatest enemy, you could not treat me with more distant coolness. You scarcely deign to speak to me; your eyes carefully avoid mine; you hardly answer when I address you. Surely you must have a motive for all this."

"In the first place, I do not acknowledge your 'this.' You only imagine my manner changed. I certainly have no motive for being rude to you."

"Then I think you have treated me very cruelly—very capriciously, considering all things."

The last words are barely distinct; he is evidently using great self-control; but in my present nervous state, all sounds are very clear to me.

"What things, Sir Mark?" I demand, with an irrepressible touch of hauteur. He is looking steadily at me—so steadily that in spite of myself, to my mortification and disgust, I feel I am blushing furiously. Still I hold my ground; I absolutely decline to let my eyes fall before his.

"I suppose," says Sir Mark, very quietly still, "when a woman has led a man on to love her until he is mad enough to lose his head, and imagined he has awakened in her mind some faint interest in himself, she is not to be held responsible for any mischief that may come of it. I say I suppose not. But it is, perhaps, a little hard on the man."

"I do not understand you," I say, with as much calmness as I can summon, though, in truth, I am horribly frightened, and can feel my heart beating heavily against my side.

"Do you not?" exclaims he with a rapid vehement change of tone. "Then I shall explain. I am not so blind but I can see now all that has been happening here during the past month. Were you jealous of Marmaduke? Did you imagine he could love another, when you were ever before him? Did you seek to revenge yourself upon him by turning your sweet looks and sweeter words upon me, by showering upon me all the childish, maddening graces of which you are capable, until you stole the very heart out of my body?"

"Oh, don't!" I cry, tremulously, recoiling from him, a look of horrified amazement on my face. "You do not know what you are saying. It is terrible. I will not listen to you."

"Yes you will," fiercely. "Does it hurt you to hear me? Does it distress you to know that I love you? I, who have never loved any one—that I love you with a passion that no words could describe? You have ruined my life, and now that you have attained your object, have satisfied yourself of Marmaduke's affection, you throw me, your victim, aside as something old, worn out, worthless, careless of the agony you have inflicted. It is cold, cruel, innocent children like you, who do all the real mischief in this life. Do you remember those words of Moore's? they haunt me every time I see you:

Too bright and fair
To let wild passions write
One wrong wish there.

I believe you are incapable of loving, though so loveable in yourself."

"You have said enough; is it manly of you to compel me to hear such words? Surely you must have exhausted all your bitterness by this."

"'Reproach is infinite and knows no end.' Yet of what use to reproach you? You have a heart that cannot be touched. Possibly you do not even feel regret for what you have done."

"Sir Mark, I entreat—I desire you to cease."

"You shall be obeyed; for I have finished. There is nothing more to be said. I was determined you should at least hear, and know what you have done. Now you can go home happy in the thought that you have added one more fool to your list. Yes, I will cease. Have you anything to say?"

"Only this; I desire you will leave my house without delay."

My lips are white and trembling, but it is anger, not nervousness, that affects me now.

"This moment, if you wish it," with a short laugh.

"No; I will have no comments made. You can easily make a reasonable excuse out of your letters to-morrow morning. After all you have said, I hope I shall never see your face again."

"You never shall, if it depends on me."

"I regret that I ever——"

"Oh, pray leave all the rest unsaid, Mrs. Carrington," he interrupts, bitterly. "I can fancy it. You regret, of course, you ever admitted such a fallen character within your doors; I have insulted and wounded you in every possible way. So be it. You say so, therefore it must be true. At the same time I would have you remember, what is also true, that I would die to save you from any grief or harm. If," sinking his voice, and speaking in a slow, peculiar tone, "if you are ever in deep trouble, and I can help you, think of me."

I am impressed without knowing why. It is as though some one had laid a curse upon me. I grow as white as death, and my breath comes from me in short, quick gasps. At this moment, a deadly fear of something intangible, far off, of something lying in the mystic future, passes over me like a cold wind.

Sir Mark, raising his hat, draws near. He takes my chilled, gloveless hand.

"May I?" he asks, humbly, and with the natural grace that belongs to him. "It is a farewell."

Oppressed with my nameless terror, I cannot reply. I scarcely hear him. Stooping, he lays his lips lightly on my hand.

The touch recalls me. With a shudder I snatch away my fingers, and drawing back, sweep past him in eager haste to rid myself of him and the evil fears to which his words have given rise.

I hurry on with parted lips and trembling pulses, anxious to escape. Crossing the rustic bridge that spans a small stream at the end of a pathway, I glance instinctively backwards. He is still standing motionless on the exact spot where we parted, his arms folded, his head bare, his eyes fixed upon my retreating form. Again I shudder and hasten out of sight.

I have said, "I will never see his face again."

To carry out this design I determine on suffering from headache for once in my life, and by this means absent myself from dinner. Armed with this resolution, I go swiftly to my room as the early night closes in, having lingered in the gardens as long as prudence would permit.

Throwing myself upon a sofa, I summoned the faithful Martha, and declare myself unwell. They hardly constitute a lie, these words of mine, as my temples, through excitement and uneasiness, are throbbing painfully. I feel feverish, and miserably restless, though my foolish superstition of a few hours since has resolved itself into thin air and vanished. Still, how can I draw breath freely while "*that man*" continues to haunt the house?

"Dear, dear me, m'm," says Martha, coming to the front, as usual, with mournful vehemence, and an unlimited supply of remedies. "You do look bad, to be sure. You really should get advice, m'm. There is young Dr. Manley in the village, as is that clever, I do hear, as he can cure anything; and you are getting them headaches dreadful frequent. Only two days since I used a whole bottle of odycollun upon your pore forehead. But vinegar is an elegant thing, and much stronger than the ody. Shall I try it, m'm?"

"No thank you, Martha," I say, feeling hysterical; "I prefer the 'Ody;'" whereupon Jean Maria Farina is produced, and I am gently bathed for five minutes.

Marmaduke comes softly in.

"A headache, darling," he says, with tender commiseration; "that is too bad. Martha give me the bottle. I will see to your mistress.

"The delicatest touch possible, if you please, sir," says Martha, warningly, who doesn't believe in men, as she leaves the room. She is dreadfully old-maidish, this favorite attendant of mine, but she adores me, and with me to be loved is a necessity.

I have made up my mind to say nothing to 'Duke on the subject of Sir Mark until the latter is well out of the house. So for the present I permit my husband to think my slight indisposition about the worst of its kind ever known.

"What can have given it to you?" he says, damping my hot brow with more than a woman's, gentleness. "I told you, Phyllis, it was very foolish of you to venture out of doors to-day; I hope you have not got a chill."

"I don't think so. I put on very warm things. But, Marmaduke, I would like not to go down to dinner. Do you think my staying away would appear odd?"

"Certainly not, pet. I will explain to every one. Bed is the best place for you. Promise me you will go to sleep as soon as you can."

"As soon as ever I can. Oh, 'Duke, there is a quarter-past chiming, and you not dressed yet. Hurry; it will be dreadful if neither of us can show at the proper moment."

"I won't be an instant," says 'Duke, and scrambles through the performance with marvellous rapidity, getting down to the drawing-room before the second gong sounds.

I have accomplished my purpose, and will probably, nay, certainly, not be called upon to see the dreaded features of Sir Mark again. Early to-morrow morning, I trust, he will be beyond recall. It never occurs to me to think what hours the trains leave Carston, which is our nearest railway station. To-morrow, too, I shall explain everything to 'Duke; to conceal the real facts of the case from him, even for so short a time, grieves me sorely.

I begin presently to fancy what they may be saying and doing down in the dining-room; and, so fancying, it suddenly comes to me that I am healthy and decidedly hungry. When going in for a violent headache, I certainly had not counted upon this, and laugh to myself at the trap of my own making, into which I have fallen. Ill or not ill, however, dinner I must and will have.

I ring the bell and summon Martha.

"Well, m'm, are you anything better?" asks that damsel, stealing in on tiptoe, and speaking in a stage whisper.

"I am," I respond, briskly, sitting up; "and oh, Martha, it is odd, is it not, but I do feel so awfully hungry."

"No, do you really, m'm?" exclaims Martha, delighted; "that's a rare good sign. I don't hold with no appetite, myself. Lie down again, m'm, quiet-like, and I'll bring you up a tray as 'l tempt you in two minutes. A little bit of fowl, now, and a slice of 'am, will be the lightest for you; and will you take Moselle, m'm, or Champagne?"

"Moselle," I reply, feeling something of the pleasureable excitement of long ago, when Billy used to smuggle eatables into my chamber of punishment; "and Martha, if there is any orange pudding, or iced pudding, you know, you might——"

"I'll bring it, m'm," says Martha. And presently I am doing full justice to as dainty a little dinner as Martha's love could procure.

I sleep well, but permit myself to be persuaded into staying in my room for breakfast. After that meal downstairs, Marmaduke comes tramping up to see how I am. It is 11 o'clock; surely Sir Mark can have made his excuses and taken his departure by this time.

"Is he gone?" I ask, in a hollow whisper, as 'Duke enters my room.

"Who?"

"Mark Gore.'

"No, not yet. Did you *know* he was going?" looking much surprised, and seating himself on the edge of the bed.

"I did. I *desired* him to go. Shut the door close; and I will tell you all about it. But, first, 'Duke, before I say one word, make me a vow you will not be angry with him or take any notice of what he has done."

"What has he done?" demands 'Duke, growing a trifle paler.

"No harm to any one. Make me your vow first."

"I vow, then," says he, impatiently. And I forthwith repeat to him word for word all that passed between Sir Mark and me, in the evergreen walk.

"The scoundrel!" says 'Duke, when I have finished.

"Yes, just so," say I. "I really think he must have gone mad. However, there was no excuse for it, so I simply ordered him out of the house. He looked dreadfully unhappy. After all, perhaps he could not help it."

'Duke laughs in spite of his anger, which is extreme.

"Of all the conceited little women!" he says. "What gave you the headache last night? Was it his conduct?"

"Well, I think it was founded on a determination not to see him again. But I was afraid to tell you anything then, lest you might refuse to sit at the table with him, or be uncivil, or have a row in any way. You will remember your promise, 'Duke, and let him go quietly away. An explanation would do no good. Once he is gone, will not signify."

"He used to be such a good fellow," says 'Duke, in a puzzled, provoked tone.

"Well, he is anything but that now," reply I, with decision. "If you go away now, 'Duke, I think I will get up. I dare say he will be on his way to London by the time I am dressed."

I get through my toilet with a good deal of deliberation. I am in no great hurry to find myself downstairs; I am determined to afford him every chance of getting clear of the premises before I make my appearance.

When dressed to Martha's satisfaction, I go cautiously through the house, and, contrary to my usual custom, make straight for Marmaduke's study. Opening the door without knocking, I find myself face to face with Marmaduke and Sir Mark Gore.

I feel petrified and somewhat guilty. Of what use my condemning myself to solitary confinement for so many hours, if the close of them only brings me in contact with what I have so striven to avoid?

Marmaduke's blue eyes are flashing, and his lips are white and compressed. Sir Mark, always dark and supercilious, is looking much the same as usual, except for a certain bitter expression that adorns the corners of his mouth. Both men regard me fixedly as I enter, but with what different feelings!

Marmaduke holds out his hand to me, and the flash dies in his eyes. Sir Mark's lips form the one word "false."

"No, I am not false," I protest, vehemently, putting my hand through Marmaduke's arm, and glancing at my opponent defiantly from my shelter; "'Duke is my husband; why should I hide anything from him? I told you I would conceal nothing."

"What charming wifely conduct!" says Sir Mark, with a sneer; "not only do you confide to him all your own little affairs, but you are ready also to forgive him any peccadilloes of which he has been guilty."

I feel 'Duke quiver with rage, but laying a warning pressure on his arm, I succeed in restraining him.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY.

"With All His Faults We Love Him Still."

What an honest animal a boy is, anyhow, says the Burlington *Hawkeye*. What mean things he can do; what cruel tricks he can play on a fellow; how generous are his impulses; how brave and manly the better side of his nature; how much of his badness is pure thoughtlessness, the heedlessness of a young colt; under his noisy, rough, boisterous, turbulent surface what a sensitive, shrinking heart there is, proud, ambitious, timid, foolishly ashamed to show its better impulses, fearful that you may discover its ambitious dreams; he loves a boy who can make the longest jump and run the swiftest, and he hates with equal fury a sneak and a bully; he will throw off his coat and jump into a fight and take a "licking" any time for a friend, and will walk around two blocks out of his way rather than meet a girl to whom he will be expected to speak; as different when you get him alone from what he is in a crowd, that you think he may be two entirely different boys. A strange, honest, capricious, tender-hearted, tyrannical, loving, cruel, thoughtless, dreaming, shouting, complex animal, this boy of ours. Often badly taught, worse trained, half-disciplined, whipped and petted, scolded and caressed, he tries our patience, destroys our quiet, wastes our money, wrings our hearts, neglects us, loves us, understands us better many times than we understand him, and we chide him to his face and praise him to our hearts; we follow him, humor him, pray for him, and love him, love him, love him—God bless the boy, how we do love him!

Substitutes for Human Milk

One of the most notable discussions on the substitutes for the human milk in children's diet is that which took place at the forty-fourth meeting of German naturalists and physicians, at Salzburg, says the Boston *Globe*. A commission had been previously appointed to prepare papers, the discussion being directed to two points, viz., first, the substitution of natural, unadulterated animal (cow's) milk for the human milk, and its production; second, the substitution of artificial foods, with or without milk, for the natural milk—their nature and value. After earnest discussion for two days, the conclusion reached in regard to artificial foods was expressed in a unanimous resolution, "That these preparations can in no way be substituted for mothers' milk, and, as exclusive foods during the first year, are to be entirely and completely rejected." Cow's milk was declared to be the only substitute for human milk, and every effort should be made to insure its purity and goodness.

One of Gov. Cleveland's sisters has been a missionary in Ceylon for thirty years.

THE shipment of buffalo bones from the plains to Eastern phosphate factories has largely increased lately, because of the reduction in freight rates. Thousands of buffalo skeletons are gathered from the valley of the Arkansas. A single Philadelphia manufacturer has received during the summer more than 200 car loads, paying $25 a ton, delivered. The horns are used for umbrella tips or to decorate fans. A portion of the head is in demand by chemists for glue, and the shoulder blades and neck bones are fashioned into handsome and artistic buttons.