Patience.

A maiden with the pensive picture face
Whose reveries are deep with dim despair;
In vain the laughing sunbeams woo thy smile,
Caress thy nut-brown hair.

Too long have shadows held dominion there,
A calm submission wielding to grim Fate;
A heart that cannot pierce the darkened clouds,
A mournful cry, "Too late."

Ah, no, the gold still gleams from 'neath that blue,
"Patience, thy Love will come;" already now
The rolling sun of day in mighty power
Breaks from the green hills' brow.

Gleams forth, and gives thee love's refulgent hope,
Thy winsome smile responsive in a face,
Whose every glance betrays a noble soul,
Touched with beauteous grace.

Patience sublime, thro' wondrous change and chance,
Traversed are oft thy paths in saddened woe;
No! Hope leads Love along the shining way
Beneath the sunset's glow.

A Child's Idea of Night.

What makes it night? I want to go
Way off behind the sky and see,
The world's as round as it can be,
Somebody told me, so I know.

Yon yellow moon, how bright you are!
Have all the stars been put to bed?
And is it true, as nursey said,
That you're the baby stars' mamma?

And are they sometimes naughty, too?
I cried a little bit to-day;
The tears would come—where do they stay,
When people's eyes won't let them through?

The clocks are striking in the town.
Oh, dear! I haven't said my prayers,
The little birds, I think, sing theirs—
I heard them when the sun went down.

Where did it go, and why? Some day
I'll know a great deal more, I guess.
When I'm not so sleepy. Yes,
Mamma, I'm coming right away.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"Then by your own words and actions," he goes on in the same measured fashion, suppressing forcibly the fire and agitation that lie beneath his cold exterior, "I have seen a hundred times how little real affection you entertain for Carrington; therefore you are not bound to him by the ties of love. Will you not consider for your own sake? I offer you my name, my rank, everything I possess. Few men would be tempted to do so much, perhaps."

"Sir," say I, feeling half choked, "believe me, I fully appreciate all the sacrifices you would make for my sake. Pray spare both me and yourself the recital of them."

"Sacrifices?" interrupts he, eagerly: "no, indeed! I never thought of it in that light. I only meant to put the case clearly before you exactly as it is, without any false lights. I tell you that so far from my present proposition to you being a sacrifice on my part, I would gladly go on my knees to you this moment, if by doing so I could gain your consent to my plans. I will take you to any part of the world you may choose to name, at home or abroad. I shall be prouder, more blest than I can say, if you will consent to be my wife."

"Have you quite done?" say I, in a tone treacherously calm. "Have you anything more to say? No? Are you sure? Now listen to me. Even if the circumstances were totally different—if I were free as air—if you were the last man on earth I would not marry you. Whether I do or do not love Marmaduke, is a question I decline to answer to you. At all events, to my own way of thinking, I am his wife now, and shall ever remain so—until death divides us. But as to whether or not I love you, I feel no hesitation about answering that. I look upon you as the lowest, the meanest of men, to come here behind your friend's back to traduce him, and insinuate lies about him, so as to do him injury in the eyes of the woman he loves. I loathe and detest you with all my heart.

I am staring him valiantly in the face as I utter these denunciations. My cheeks are crimson with rage, my eyes are flashing; for the moment all my old strength, and more than my old spirit have returned to me. I have worked myself through the force of my eloquence into such a passion that I literally tremble from head to foot. I feel humbled and insulted in my own eyes. All these months of lonely weariness have failed to bring home to me the fact that I am not a married woman. This man's complete acceptance of it has maddened me.

"Thank you," says he, slowly; "but pray do not stop yet. There must be something more you wish to say. Don't mind me; don't take my feelings into consideration."

"I don't," I reply, viciously stamping my foot. "But as it happens, I have said all I ever wish to say to you. You may take from my lips now the very last words I shall condescend to utter to you. Leave me; I hate and despise you!"

"I will," cries he, furiously, losing sight of all the self-imposed restraint that has bound him during the last fifteen minutes. "But I shall take something else, too. As you decree we shall part here never to meet again; I shall at least kiss you in farewell, for the insolence you have shown me."

His face is full of anger and settled purpose; he is white to the lips; his eyes gleam steadily. There is no sign of wavering or relenting about him.

Oh, how I regret my intemperate speech. An awful fear seizes hold of me. I can almost fancy his committing murder with that look in his eyes. I forget all but a wild desire to escape, and, breaking from him, I rush madly towards the bare, unwalled cliff that overhangs the sea.

But a very little space divides me from the edge, as his hand catches and closes on my arm and drags me roughly backwards.

The sexton, all prying eyes and gaping mouth, shows me, heavily veiled as I am, into the Carrington pew, guessing instinctively, though he has never seen me, that the strange lady of Hazelton has at last given in and confessed a craving for spiritual consolation.

I kneel and pray as in a dream. The voices of the village choir rise up around me, yet scarcely enter my dulled ear. The Litany, with all its grandeur, all its solemn beauty, fails to impress my sickened soul.

I sit alone, apart, my veil drawn down, my hands clasped upon my knees, turning neither to the right nor left, dimly conscious that the sermon I hear so coldly is far beyond the average of those usually served up to the congregations of remote, almost forgotten country towns.

When it is over, and my neighbors have well departed, I move down the aisle, and make my way down again to my hermitage, unmoved, unsoftened, by all I have heard and seen.

After the mockery called lunch is at an end, I go to my chosen sitting-room, and, getting into a window that overlooks a small inlet of the sea, sit down to my incessant musing.

Presently, far off through the house, comes the sound of impatient knocking. I cannot hear distinctly, so thick are the ancient oaken doors that divide me from the hall; but that it is a double knock I feel small doubt.

This thought, so foreign, being forced upon me, after quite six months of perfect isolation, raises a nervousness that is near akin to fear, within my breast. I wait in palpitating expectancy for what is to follow. Perhaps the vicar, emboldened by my appearance in his church, has determined to strike while the iron, in his opinion, must be hot, and has ridden over to try and gain access to the one hardened sinner who disgraces his parish. Many conjectures rush through my mind, but this takes root. It must be so.

Steps in the hall. Is it possible the man has admitted him on his own responsibility against my orders, or has he forced his way, setting his duty before him as an excuse for his impertinence?

Steps up the stairs, along the passage—steps almost at the door.

I spring to my feet, and push back my chair. Who is it? Who is it I hear? I move still further to the window, I clutch the curtains to steady myself, I put both my hands up to my head, to stifle the wild sob that rises in my throat.

Nearer, nearer! I lean against the window-shutters, and am trembling like one in ague from head to foot, as the door opens, and Marmaduke comes in.

Our eyes meet, and then of a sudden a great calm falls upon me!

"She is dead," says he wearily, and flings himself into the chair near which he is standing. He makes no attempt to come nearer to me, to touch me after that first long, eager glance.

As for me, I cannot utter even one poor word. Am I glad? Am I sorry? Am I half mad with joy at the very sight of him? or am I altogether indifferent? I hardly know.

"She is dead." The words keep ringing in my ears. My brain echoes them. "She is dead—dead!"

A clammy moisture, cold and weak, covers my face. My hands fall to my side lifeless.

"Not"—I stammer—"not—you did not——"

"Murder her?" supplies he, with a bitter augh. "No hough I could have done so with a good will, I refrained from that When I reached her she was lying shrouded in her coffin."

"When did she die?" I ask; "and how?"

"In Florence, a fortnight ago, of some malignant fever. I have come here with as little delay as possible to tell you of it."

I glance at him curiously. It is not the old Marmaduke who has come back to me. He is travel-stained, worn, and thin. His voice has lost its old ring, his eye its brightness. There is something dejected in his very attitude.

Such a meeting, after such a parting! I marvel at it inwardly, though conscious I would not have it otherwise.

Alas! how wrongly things have gone with us during our brief married life, from beginning to end! It is indeed true that when the mist and the rain arise to blot our hopes, nor time nor vengeance can suffice to make existence quite the same again?

"How can I tell that she is really dead?" say I, moodily; "you deceived me once. Perhaps some day she will come to life again to defy and torture me."

"I do not think you have any right to speak to me in this way," replies he, quietly. "I may have deceived you passively once in my life by forbearing to mention what would do no good in the telling, and might have caused you grief, or at least, unpleasantness. But to you or any other being I have never lied. I saw the woman dead with my own eyes. I attended her funeral. I did not think proofs necessary; but if you require it I can produce a witness."

He pauses calmly for a reply, being utterly passionless in his manner; but I give him none. I am still wondering at the change in him, the change in myself.

"You will not believe me guilty of falsehood in such a case?" he says. "You surely must see I am speaking the truth."

"I suppose so," I murmur at length. "Poor woman! She did not long outlive her revenge." I sigh heavily, and my head droops. My thin white fingers clasp and unclasp one another aimlessly. My thoughts are so indistinct I can put them into no shape. The light falls upon my bent figure, my slight, shrunken form.

"Phyllis!" cries Marmaduke, springing to his feet with a sudden, sharp change of tone, "how white you are! how emaciated? how altered in every way! Have you been ill? Oh, my darling!"—with a groan—"I have ruined your life, and broken your heart; have I destroyed your health also?"

He makes an impetuous movement towards me, as though he would catch me in his arms.

"Don's do that," I cry, hastily, shrinking further into the recess of the window. "Do not touch me. Remember you are not—my husband."

He stops short, and his eager arms fall empty to his sides. His face grows a shade paler.

"True," he says, in a low voice; "I had forgotten that; you do well to remind me. Fortunately it is a matter that can soon be put right."

"Is it?" I question, coldly. "Can anything that has once gone wrong in this world ever be put right again, I wonder?"

"This can at all events," regarding me closely. "We must be married again here, and without delay. The few who know our wretched story can be our witnesses, and no one beyond need be a bit the wiser.

"You forget that walls have ears, and that one's sin must always find one out."

"There was no premeditated sin in this case, and"—speaking somewhat curtly—"I do not believe we have been found out. On my way through London coming down here, I sounded a few of my acquaintances on the subject, and all seemed ignorant of the real cause of our separation. However, that is an outside question altogether. The principal thing now is to put oneself beyond the reach of scandal When wilt you wish the ceremony, Phyllis? Next week? I fear, this being Friday, it will be impossible to arrange it sooner. You will want some of your friends with you."

He is calm again, but is now watching me narrowly.

"I don't know," I say deliberately, "whether I shall consent to a second marriage. I have grown accustomed to my present life; solitude suits me. Now I am free; then——"

I have scarcely, I think, rightly calculated the full effect of my words. Striding forward, Marmaduke seizes me by both arms, and, turning, forces me to meet his gaze.

"What are you saying?" he cries, fiercely. "What folly is this? Do you know that for all these past months I have been half mad, when thinking of the blight I have brought upon your honor, and are you so insensible to it that you can hesitate about accepting this one only way of redeeming it? Your dislike to me must have grown indeed, if at such a time you can shrink from taking my name."

"You misunderstand me. I only shrink from changing my present calm mode of living."

"Do you know what the world will do, when sooner or later it finds out the truth—as it surely will? Do you know it will cut you, avoid you, wound you in every possible way?"

"Why should I care?" I interrupt, recklessly. "All these months I have done without companionship; there is no reason why in the future I should feel the want of it. Besides, they must see it is through no fault of mine that things have so arranged themselves."

"The world will never be content with the true version of the story. It will not rest without adding to it such false outlines as shall serve to render it more palatable to its scandal-loving ears. You must be indeed ignorant of its ways if you imagine otherwise. It will ask why, when the obstacle was happily removed, I did not then marry you? What answer will you make to that?"

"Who will question me? If I shut myself away from every one, how shall I be affected by the surmises of society?"

"You talk like a foolish child, and like a very selfish one. Am I unworthy of any consideration? How shall I bear to look on while society vilifies you to its heart's content and leaves you without a rag of reputation? You in your present position—a woman without a name—would have as much chance of admission within your own circle as the veriest Pariah that could be produced. I will not listen to your folly. Even if you hate me, I shall insist upon your marrying me."

"How can you insist?" I ask almost angrily. There is a wild, unsettled throbbing of my heart that puzzles me. I scarcely know what it is I would or would not wish. All these past months of bitter, maddening thought and unbroken loneliness have crushed the life within my breast and dulled my intellect. "You have no claim upon me?"

"No," in a changed, softened voice. "I cannot, indeed, insist, but I can plead—not for myself, Phyllis, but for you. I have put the case before you truthfully, and now entreat you to become my wife before the real reason for our separation gets abroad. I offer you my name alone. Once having put you in possession of that, I swear I will rid you of my presence forever if you wish it. Will that content you? Why should the idea be so repugnant to you? unless, indeed——"

Here he pauses. A deep-red, passionate flush suffuses his face. Placing his hands heavily upon my shoulders he once more compels me to meet his eyes.

"Unless, indeed, you wish to hold yourself free for another? If I thought that—if during my absence you had seen any one else, who——"

"Oh, yes!" I interrupt, bitterly; "that is so likely! My married life has been so pleasant—such a prosperous one—that doubtless I am in a hurry to try it again. No; believe me, I have fixed my affections on no one during your absence. You are quite safe there. I am as heart-whole as when you left me. I feel no wild desire to throw myself into the arms of any man."

He draws a long, deep breath.

"I would kill you," he says, slowly, "if for a moment I doubted your truth."

"I am hardly worth the killing," return I, with a little, faint, chill smile, looking upon my wasted hands and fragile figure as it reflects itself in an opposite mirror. "Why do you want me so much? I have always been more of a torment to you than a joy, and now I have lost even those few poor little charms I may once have thought I possessed. Ice itself cannot be colder than the woman you wish for the second time to make your own. Why will you not take the chance of escape I offer?" He makes a movement of impatience. "You are unwise in letting it slip. What can you see in me to love?"

"Just what I always saw in you to love. I cannot change. To me, you are my wife—the most precious thing on earth. I will not give you up."

"And you saw her lying dead?" I say, irrelevantly.

"Yes. Have I not told you so already? Why name her to me?"

"Poor soul! How strange she must have looked," I say, dreamily, "lying there with those restless, burning eyes forever closed—so cold, so white, so still. And you looked down upon her. You were glad to see her there," with a shudder. "You rejoiced that death had stepped in to conquer her and free you of a chain that dragged. It is a dreadful picture."

"A very natural one, I think. Glad? Yes I was glad. I was more than that; I was deeply thankful to see her there, powerless to work her wicked will or pollute the world again. I think—I hope I forgave her; but I was glad to see her dead."

There is a pause. Weary of standing, I sink into a chair. I push back my hair from my forehead, which has begun to throb a good deal, and then let my hands fall listlessly into my lap.

Kneeling down beside me, he takes one of them gently and strokes it. While he does so, I examine him critically. He has grown more like himself by this time, and but for the hollows in his cheeks, and that his moustache is somewhat darker and longer, I see no great alteration. Verily he has emerged from the fight unscathed, and triumphant in comparison with me.

"Tell me your real objection to my proposal," he says, softly.

"Does my disinclination to be married so much surprise you?" I ask, slowly and gravely. "Until I saw you I was a light-hearted child"—I feel that now by force of contrast, though often then I fancied myself ill used; I did not know the meaning of real pain, of bitter enduring shame—that cruelest of all heart-aches. You enlighten me."

"Phyllis—my love—spare me!"

"Here, in this quiet spot, I am at peace. My life is going from me slowly; I have little strength left; do not urge me against my will to enter again into the turmoil and troubles of every day existence."

"Oh, my darling, don't speak so hopelessly. The melancholy of your life has caused you to exaggerate the evils of your state. Change of air and a good doctor will do wonders for you. Only do not waste time. Delay is often fatal. Phyllis, think of your mother. For her sake, promise to marry me again next Monday."

"Very well; you shall have your way," I return, fairly beaten by his vehemence and determination.

"That is wise! that is sensible!" he says, eagerly. "Any other course you adopted could only be suggested by weak and morbid sentiments. Everything later on shall be as you wish. I will go back to London by the night mail to arrange matters. So let me know now any things you may require—what friends as witnesses, for instance."

"Harriet and Bebe, I suppose; and Dora and George Ashurst. That will be sufficient, will it not?"

"Your mother?"

"Mamma? Oh, no! oh, no!" I cry, weeping. "Not mamma. She dressed me for my first wedding; I will not have her now. We would both be thinking of that all the time, and it would break her heart. But go to her, and tell her everything. She may find some consolation in your tidings."

"I will go to her to-morrow," he whispers, soothingly. "Afterwards I may go on to Strangemore. Can I bring you anything from there?"

"Send me Martha. I would like to have her with me again."

"I will. Phyllis, my dear, dear girl, why do you cry so bitterly? Of what are you thinking? Surely you must see that I am only acting for the best. If I consented to what you propose, I would deserve the name of blackguard; no term would be too harsh to apply to me. Sooner or later, darling, you will acknowledge this, and thank me for my firmness."

"I suppose so," making a violent effort to suppress my sobs. "I am only weak and nervous. Your coming was so unexpected; you should have warned me. And I have been so quiet here. Remember you have promised that I shall not be disturbed afterwards. You will still leave me to myself. I am fit for nothing else. Oh, this pain—this faintness! Will you ring the bell and get me a glass of wine?"

He receives me as I totter feebly forward, and lays me on my couch with the utmost tenderness and a good deal of trepidation.

Then he rings the bell, and as the man enters, gives the order for the wine in the old clear quick voice, that seems to me to belong so entirely to Strangemore as to be out of place in this other home.

Not until I am quite recovered, and apparently little the worse for my faintness, does he take his leave. Gently kissing my hands, with the assurance that he will be back again with the riends I have expressed a wish for, on the coming Sabbath, he quits the house as quietly as he entered it.

On the Sunday, about the middle of the day, Harriet and Bebe arrive. Dora and George Ashurst follow hem in time for dinner. I can see they are all more or less shocked at the changes that have taken place in my appearance, though they refrain from saying so.

Bebe lays herself out to amuse and arouse me by retailing to my languid ears all the most secret gossip and raciest pieces of scandal from the London world, bit by bit, as it occurs to her.

Lord Harry has been at P——again, and was well received there in spite of all that has come and gone. Lord Augustus was jilted by Miss Glanville. George Brooks found the air of Monaco didn't agree with him, and was obliged to exchange into another and less desirable regiment, to see what time and India would do for him. The Duke has made a wretched match in the eyes of the world. But she is awfully good to look at, and he appears provoking contented and happy.

"And he really should not do that, you know," says Bebe; "it isn't good form to be in such high spirits with the tide of popular opinion so dead against you. To see them in the theatre is immense fun (I don't believe she ever saw one until she married him and came to town), he sitting beside her and explaining everything, she all big eyes and pleasureable excitement. His delight in her delight is quite pretty."

Lady Blanche Going has had measles, much to her own disgust and Bebe's enjoyment.

"And how is Chandos?" I ask, presently.

"How can I tell you, my dear, when I see so little of him? He has been making a grand tour somewhere, and 'raking up old bones,' we hear; but the 'where' is wrapped in mystery—Jericho, most probably; it would just suit his dismal disposition."

She speaks heartlessly, but her low, broad forehead wrinkles ever such a little.

"I hope, wherever he is, he will come back safely," I say, kindly ignoring her manner. "I liked him so much. To me he never appeared dismal. And your Chips, what of him?"

"Ah! my poor Chips! He sailed for India a month ago. Such a leave-taking as we had! It would have melted an Amazon. I assure you I very nearly wept; and I certainly kissed him. So did Harriet—twice—who was on the spot doing propriety. I thought that was taking an unfair advantage of me. And he is to shoot every tiger in Bengal, and to send me the skins. At long last I shall be embarrassed by my riches."

After dinner, we are all assembled in the drawing-room, we become aware of some noise that strongly resembles a scuffle in the hall. It is followed by the sudden opening of the door, and the apparition of Martha on the threshold, flushed with victory, and with her bonnet artistically awry.

Seeing me lying on the sofa, she loses all presence of mind (of which her stock was always small), and, regardless of beholders, rushes forward, and precipitates herself at my feet.

"Oh, Miss Phyllis! Oh, ma'am!" says she, with a lamentable sniff and a nice forgetfulness of manners, as she takes note of my leanness, "oh, Miss Phyllis! my dear, my dear! How terrible bad you do look, to be shore!"

Here she falls to kissing and to weeping over my hand, finally breaking into loud sobs. The old spinster appellation, suiting as it does my present position so neatly—albeit unmeant by my faithful handmaiden—raises within me a grim sense of amusement. I check, it however, as being unfit for present company.

"Nonsense, Martha," I say, kindly; "don't go on like that. I dare say, now you have come to take care of me, I shall recover my beauty. I shall feel quite insulted if you cry over me any more."

"Martha, come with me," says Bebe, with authority; and Martha being like all good ones of her class, instinctively obedient, rises, and leaves the room close at Miss Beatoun's heels.

"What a dreadful habit those people have got of giving way to their feelings on every possible occasion!" exclaims the usually serene Harriet, wrathfully, as the door closes, coming to my side to shake up my pillows and get rid of her irritation.

(To be continued.)

Snake Stories.

Rheem, who has charge of the reptile specimens in the Smithsonian Institute, contradicts much of the popular belief as to snakes. Some of the most dreaded have no existence. The hoop snake, which takes the end of its tail in its mouth and rolls over and over like a hoop, killing everything it touches with its venom, and the blow snake, the breath of which is deadly, are fictions. As serpents move about they are constantly feeling ahead with the tongue, and the forward thrust and peculiar forked appearance of this organ has given rise to the false idea that with it the stinging is done. It is generally thought that there are a great number of poisonous snakes. In North America there are but three species—the rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the coral. There are about thirty varieties of these species altogether. The copperhead is probably the most dangerous, as it is vicious, and never gives warning of any kind before striking. The rattlesnake, though more poisonous than either of the others, will rattle at the approach of anything, and try to get away unless brought to bay. The coral is much smaller, and is a native of the Southern States. The bite is not necessarily fatal if the proper remedies are used in time, as, on account of its size, the quantity of poison is small. When a reptile strikes he throws his whole body forward, and the fangs penetrate the object against which they come. He does not jump; the hinder part of the body remains in position, and none of our snakes is in the habit of reaching more than half its length.

Amusing Case of Mistaken Identity.

A London cablegram says: Mr. Hawkes, an author well known in Liverpool, bears a striking resemblance to the Duke of Edinburgh, who is now cruising in the Irish channel. Mr. Hawkes a few nights ago entered a theatre at Cork and appeared in a prominent box. The audience believing that they were honored by an unexpected visit from the Duke rose and cheered. Mr. Hawkes, who is a man of inimitable self-possession, at once took in the situation. Instead of retreating, he accepted the greeting and bowed his thanks with all the dignity and grace of royalty. The manager was so amazed at the attempt to personate the Duke that he seized Mr. Hawkes by the collar and forcibly ejected him from the theatre. The following day Mr. Hawkes summoned the manager before a magistrate for assault and battery. Mr. Hawkes swore that he had given no excuse for the violence with which he had been treated. The audience cheered and bowed; that was all. The magistrate fined the manager ten shillings for the assault.

How to Increase an Apple Crop.

It is said a larger crop of apples is raised when a hive of bees is stationed in the orchard. The bees visit every flower, busily flying from one to another, and then passing to an adjoining tree. The pollen on their bodies is rubbed against the pistils of myriads of flowers, which become fertilized in this way. Many of the strange modifications in the form of flowers are due to insects, the transfer of pollen from different varieties resulting in hybrids. Darwin remarks that "all experimenters have been struck with the wonderful vigor, height, size, tenacity of life and hardiness of their hybrid productions." He was the first to show that from a flower fertilized by pollen from a different plant the seedlings were much stronger than from its own pollen. The wind and insects are nature's great agents in performing this act of cross-fertilization.

Latest From Ireland.

The disease in the potato crop in Mayo has begun.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been well received in Ireland.

Inspector Daly, a well-known member of the Dublin police force is dead.

John Cantwell, died recently in the old family residence of Loughcoppal, Killusty, after a short illness, aged 85 years.

Lord Waterford has increased the rents of his Wicklow tenants in some cases from 80 to 100 per cent. over the Government valuation.

An engineer offers to construct a large reservoir above Dublin for £30,000, which will supply the Liffey with 52,000 gallons of water per minute for 100 days.

On Aug. 14th Mr. George Perry, of Formeila, when out grouse shooting, was shot accidentally by his brother's gun in the head. Fatal results are not apprehended.

Rev. James Smith, Roman Catholic priest of the parish of Tavey, Cavan, has been drowned while bathing in the Beagry Lake, almost within sight of his residence.