### Only a Dog.

Only a dog." You wonder why
I grieve so much to see him die.
Ah, if you knew
How true a friend a dog can be,
And what a friend he was to me
When friends were few!

"Only a dog—a beast," you sneer,
"Not worthy of a sigh or tear."
Speak not to me
Such falsehood of my poor dumb friend,
While I have language to defend
His memory.

Through ups and downs, through thick and thin,
My boon companion he has been
For years and years.
He journeyed with me many miles;
I gave him frowns, I gave him smiles,
And now, sad tears.

Before my children came, his white,
Soft head was pillowed every night
Upon my breast.
So let him lie just one time more
Upon my bosom as before,
And take his rest.

And when a tenderer love awoke,
The first sweet word my baby spoke
Was "M-a-t." Poor Mat!
Could I no other reason tell,
My mother heart would love you well
For only that.

Together boy and dog have laid
Upon my lap; together played
Around my feet,
Till laugh and bark together grew
So much alike, I scarcely knew
Which was most sweet.

Ah! go away and let me cry,
For now you know the reason why
I loved him so.
Leave me alone to close his eyes
That looked so wistful and so wise,
Trying to know.

At garden-gate or open door
You'll run to welcome me no more,
Dear little friend.
You were so good, so kind, so true,
I question, looking down at you,
Is this the end?

Is there for you no "other side?"
No home beyond death's chilly tide
And heavy fog,
Where meekness and fidelity
Will meet reward, although you be
Only a dog?

My dog had love, and faith and joy
As much as has my baby boy—
Intelligence—
Could smell, see, hear and suffer pain.
What makes a soul, if these are vain?
When I go hence,

'Tis my belief my dog will be
Among the first to welcome me.
Believing that
I keep his collar and his bell
And do not say to him, farewell,
But good-bye, Mat,
Dear, faithful Mat.

—PEARL RIVERS.

# PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS,

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

Somebody says, "Thank you," and then we all follow suit. Chandos alone is silent.

"Why will you sing sad songs, Bebe?" exclaims 'Duke, impatiently; and Bebe laughs.

"I suppose because I am such a dismal animal myself," she replies lightly, and, rising, comes over to me.

The moonlight streams across the carpet, rebuking the soft radiance of the lamps. A hush has fallen upon us. Her song's refrain almost repeats itself aloud through the stillness. Two tears fall quietly upon my clasped hands. The love *once* ours——"

Pushing the curtain aside with one hand, Chandos says in a low, determined tone:

"Will you come and see how the garden looks by moonlight?"

He addresses no one, he mentions no name, but his eyes are fixed on Bebe; he has forgotten all, everything, but her. Putting my own thoughts from me, I listen with breathless eagerness for her answer. Well do I know it is the third and last appeal. Should she reject this she will indeed lose forever the heart that truly loves her. At length she speaks.

"Yes, if you wish it," she says, letting the words fall from her lips with singular sweetness.

She joins him, and together they go out on the balcony, down the steps, and so disappear.

"I am so rejoiced!" exclaims Harriet, plaintively, when they are well out of hearing. "Now I do hope they will marry each other, and bring their little comedy to a successful close. I am sure we must all confess it has had a sufficiently long run."

"Yes, I sang it on purpose. I don't mind acknowledging it to you," cries Bebe, hours afterwards, flinging her arms around my neck, and hiding her face out of sight. "And was it not well I did?—was it not well? Oh, Phyllis, though I sang it so bravely, there was a terrible fear at my heart all the time. I wished him to know, yet I dreaded his knowing. Can you understand? I dreaded his guessing my motive too clearly, and yet it was my last chance."

"Dearest, I am so glad."

"Ah! what tortures I have endured this past fortnight? I felt convinced he no longer cared for me, and I know I could not be happy without him. But he does love me—more than ever, he says, and now I shall have him always." She pauses to indulge in a little rapturous sob. "Phyllis, never mistake obstinacy for pride!"

Harriet and I agree in thinking them the most charming of lovers. Indeed, as an engaged pair, they are a pattern to all lovers similarly afflicted. They never glower at us when we enter the room unexpectedly, and they don't blush. They get rid of all inevitable spooning by going for long walks together, where no one can witness or be distressed by their absurd appreciation of each other's society. And they actually refrain from making eyes at each other across the dining-table. When I say that they manage to keep themselves alive to the fact that there are other people in the world beside themselves, I consider I have spoken volumes in their favor and have done them every justice.

When they leave at the end of the week I positively miss them, and wish them back again; but, as the wedding is to take place almost immediately, further delay in the country is impossible.

Marmaduke and I fall once more into our old ways, seeing as little as may be of each other.

Although I will not confess it even to myself, I am sick at heart. With the return of my good health has come back my old horror of loneliness, and the girlish longing for some one to sympathize with me in all the pleasures and troubles of my daily life. Not even the frequent visits of mother and Dora—who with her husband is staying at Summerleas—can make up to me for what I believe I have lost.

When it is too late, I learn how precious a thing I have cast away. By my own capricious folly, and through wilful temper, I have forever alienated 'Duke's affection. Very rarely does he speak to me; still more rarely of his accord does he seek my presence. I no longer afford him any joy. It is only too apparent that he has ceased to care for me.

Full of such thoughts and misgivings, I one day creep upstairs to the little turret chamber, where—while still Phyllis Vernon—I once stood with Marmaduke to gaze down upon the crowded parterre beneath. In another tiny apartment, opening off this is a deeply-cushioned window, in which it is my usual practice to sit and read such works as serve to distract my mind from the vague regrets that now forever haunt it.

I have at length brought myself to feel some interest in the hero of my tale, when approaching voices warn me that foes to my solitude draw near. Not wishing to be disturbed I move still further into my window, and pull the curtains across me, so that no one in the adjoining room could by any chance see me.

I can distinguish George Ashurst's jerky tones, and then Marmaduke's, distinct, though low. There seems to me something argumentative in their discourse, and the footsteps come slowly, as though every now and then they stood to dispute a point.

Suddenly now my own name is mentioned, and putting down my book, I wait to hear what will follow.

Of course I know perfectly well in my own mind that I ought to rise at once and honorably declare myself, but decide equally well in my own mind that I will do no such thing. What can 'Duke be saying about me? As they enter the turret, his words ring out plain and stern.

"I tell you, Ashurst, I can stand the life I am leading no longer. You cannot understand what it is to see the woman you love—to see your wife—treat you as the very commonest stranger. Good feeling alone, I honestly believe, prevents her from showing me absolute hatred."

"Pooh! my dear fellow," says George, "I don't believe a word of it. She is too kind a little soul to hate any one; and you least of all. Of course the whole thing, you know, was unfortunate, you know, and that, but it will all come all right in the end."

"I dare say. When I am in my grave," says Marmaduke, bitterly. "You are a good fellow, George, but you can't know everything, and I am not to be persuaded in this matter. She is right; I should never have insisted on the second marriage; it has only made her life more miserable, and placed a fretting chain around her neck. But, indeed, I meant it for the best."

"What else could you have done, you know?" interposes kindly George.

I have gained my feet, and am standing, trembling with hope and fear, in my hiding-place, my hand grasping the sheltering curtain for protection and support. At this moment I no longer deceive myself; by my passionate eagerness to hear what more 'Duke may say I know that all my heart is his. And he loves me! Oh, the relief—the almost painful rapture—this certainly causes me! Hush! he speaks again.

"I shall torment her no longer with my presence. I have delayed here too long already; but I hoped recovered health, and the old associations, might give her a kindlier feeling toward me. Now I feel convinced she never loved me. Let her live her life in peace. She will grow gay and bright, and like the child Phyllis I first knew when she feels sure she has seen the last of me."

"Well, well, well," says George, "I suppose there is no use in any one's speaking; but to me it is incomprehensible; why she cannot be content and happy in this charming place, with the best fellow in the world for her husband, is more than I can fathom. But it seems to me now, Carrington, really, you know—that *you* very seldom speak to *her*; eh?"

(Good George—dear George.) "Why should I put myself in the way of a cold reply? I detest forcing myself upon any one—and when she is by her own avowal happier when absent from me. Bah! let us forget the subject: to me it is a hateful one."

"Then why on earth, when you knew all this beforehand, did you insist on marrying her again?"

"Because there was nothing else to be done. Better to bear a name distasteful to her than to bear none at all. I did it for her sake."

"Then do you mean me to understand that you yourself had no interest in the matter."

There is a pause—a long one—and my heart actually stops beating; at length:

"Do not think that," says 'Duke, in a low tone. "The love I felt for her on our first wedding-morning is, if possible, deeper and truer now. Though at times my chains gall and almost madden me, yet I would not exchange them for fetters soft as down. At least she is mine, insomuch that no other man can claim her. And I have this poor consolation in my loneliness, that, though she does not love *me*, she at all events cares for no one else."

"Poor little Phyllis!" murmurs George Ashurst, tenderly.

"You are a happy man, George," says 'Duke, adopting a lighter tone. "Do not let my troubles depress you."

"Yes, Dora is a perfect wife," declares my brother-in-law, with honest content. "Good-bye, Carrington; I will come over about that house either to-night or to-morrow morning early."

"Better come to-night and sleep," urges 'Duke, and George, half consenting, goes noiselessly down the stairs.

When he has been gone at least five minutes I steal from my concealment and, entering the turret chamber, walk softly towards Marmaduke, who is standing with his back turned to me, gazing down through the window upon the lawn beneath. His attitude betokens deep thought. I go lightly to his side, and let my eyes follow the direction his have taken.

"Dreaming, 'Duke?" I ask, gayly.

He starts violently as I wake him from his reverie, and betrays astonishment not only at my presence at this moment, but also at my altered demeanor.

"Almost, I think," he says, after a moment's hesitation. It is so long since I have addressed him with anything approaching *bonhomie*.

"How short the evenings are getting!" I go on, peering out into the dusk. "Marmaduke, do you remember the large party you had in these gardens before we were married?"

"Yes."

"And how we two stood just here and looked down upon them?"

"I remember well." He is evidently intensely puzzled by my manner, which is cordial to the last degree.

"How long ago it seems now! does it not?"

"Very long."

I am not progressing; I feel this, and pause for a moment.

"You are dressed for dinner," I remark, presently. "So early?"

"Not so very early; it is half-past six."

"Indeed! how the time has flown! Well, let me add this to your appearance to make you perfect." I detach a little rosebud from the bosom of my dress, and place it with lingering carefulness in his coat. I believe as I do so he imagines I have developed the crowning phase of my malady by going mad. "'Duke," with perfect unconcern, and with my head a little on one side to mark the effect made by my rose—"Duke, don't you think it is time now I should give up my invalid habits, and learn to change my dress every evening, like a civilized being?"

"I think you would be very foolish, Phyllis, to try any changes just yet."

"But don't you think me much better and stronger in every way?"

"Very much better. Your face has gained its old color, and your arms have regained the pretty soft roundness they had when you were—that is—before we were married."

I pull up the loose sleeve of my dress and look with some satisfaction upon the "pretty soft roundness." My old weakness for compliments is strong upon me.

"Why did you not finish your sentence?" I ask, slyly; "you were going to say when I was a *girl*."

"Because you look such a girl still—such a mere child, indeed—that I thought it would sound absurd."

"I am glad of that. I would wish to be young and fresh always."

"There was a time," with a faint smile, "when you longed with equal vigor to be old and worldly-wise."

"Ah, yes! what a goose I was then! But really, though, I am growing horribly fat. My hands, even—see how plump they are."

I lay five slight little fingers in his, confidingly: I can see how he reddens at my touch. He holds them softly, and turns them over to see the pink palm at the other side, and then turns them back again, but he does not speak; very slowly, but with determination, he lets them go.

"No fear of my wedding-ring coming off now," I say, cheerfully, though somewhat disconcerted at the failure of my last ruse; "not even when I wash my hands does it stir. I won't be able to get rid of it in a hurry."

"That seems rather a pity, does it not?" remarks he, bitterly.

"A pity? Why, I would never forgive myself if I lost it."

"Would you have nothing in the past altered, Phyllis?" he asks, suddenly, and curiously, turning for the first time to confront me.

"Some things—yes. But not my wedding-ring, certainly."

"Good little Phyllis," murmurs he, somewhat sadly, "your recoverd health has restored to you your good-nature."

"It was not good-nature," I protest, eagerly, feeling strangely inclined to cry. "I said it because I meant it. But come," hastily, fearing I have said too much, "dinner must be ready; we had better go downstairs."

Marmaduke leaves the window, and moves towards the door, allowing me to follow.

"Have you forgotten your manners?" I cry, playfully. "Will you not conduct me downstairs? Give me your arm, 'Duke."

"Your spirits are very high to-night, are they not?" he says, smiling. "I am glad to see you so like your old self, as now I can with a clear conscience leave home."

"Are you leaving?"

"Yes. You know I promised myself to go abroad in the autumn. I will arrange with Billy or your mother to stay with you while I am away."

"If you are going, well and good," I return, quietly, "but do not arrange matters for me. I will have no one to stay with me in your absence."

"What! not even Billy?"

"Not even Billy," I say firmly.

We get through dinner almost without a comment. My sudden overflow of geniality has entirely forsaken me. I am as mute, as depressed, as in those first days at Hazelton.

Rising from the table as soon as custom will permit me I make my way to the drawing-room, where I sit in moody discontent.

I am wretched—most miserable; doubly so in that I can see no plan of escape from my troubles lying clear before me. I rest my aching head on my hands and try to think; but always his saddened face and averted eyes are to be seen. We are so close, yet so divided. Only a wall or two, a door, a passage, but miles might be said to separate us, so far apart are we in sympathy. At this moment I know he is sitting in the library, silent, companionless.

And then a great desire rises within me. Throwing aside my book, with a nervous determination, I walk down the drawing-room, through the door, across the hall, never pausing until I find myself before the library door.

I knock hurriedly, lest by any chance my ebbing courage should entirely evaporate; and my heart almost dies within me, as the well-known voice calls out, "Come in."

I open, and advance a few steps into the room. A slight fire is burning in the grate—it is the beginning of September, and already the evenings show symptoms of coming cold; Marmaduke is seated at the table, busily engaged, with writing materials all around him.

"What is it, Phyllis?" he asks, expectantly, the pen still in his hand.

"Oh, nothing," I return, awkwardly, failing miserably as I come to the point; "nothing to signify; another time will do. You are busy now. What are you writing, 'Duke?"

"I was drawing out my will," he replies smiling. "I thought it better to do so before leaving home for—for an indefinite time. No one knows what may happen. I am glad you have come in just now, as you may as well hear what I have written and see if you wish anything altered. Now listen."

"I will not!" I cry petulantly. "I hate wills and testaments, and all that kind of thing. I won't listen to a word of it; and—and I hope with all my heart *I* shall die before you."

"My dear Phyllis," then quickly, "you are excited; you have something on your mind. What did you come to me for just now, Phyllis? tell me."

Now or never I am conscious of a chill feeling at my heart, but I close one hand over the other tightly, and, thus supported, go on bravely.

"Yes, I did come to tell you something. That—that I love you. And oh, 'Duke—if you leave me again you will kill me."

Here I burst into a perfect passion of weeping, and cover my face with my hands.

There is not a movement in the room, not a sound, except my heavy bursting sobs. Then some one puts an arm round me, and presses my head down upon his breast. I look up into Marmaduke's face. He is white as death; and, though he is evidently putting a terrible restraint upon himself, I can see that his lips, beneath his fair moustache, are trembling.

"You are tired, Phyllis, over-fatigued," he says, soothingly. "Lie still here and you will be better presently."

"It is not that," I cry passionately, "not that at all. Oh, Marmaduke, hear me now; do not punish me for my past coldness. I love you with all my heart; try to believe me."

"I cannot," he whispers, huskily, "I have been too long living in the other belief. To hope again, only to be cast down, would be my death. I do not dare imagine it possible you love me."

"But I do! I do!" I sob piteously, flinging my arms around his neck. "I always, always liked you better than any one else, but during these past few months I have learned to love you so well that I cannot be happy without you. When I heard you say this evening you intended leaving me again, I thought my heart would have broken."

Turning up my face so tha the full glare of the lamp falls upon it, Marmaduke gazes at me as though he would read the innermost workings of my heart.

"Is this the truth?" he asks. "Are you sure you are not deceiving yourself and me?"

"Must I say it again? Can you not see by me now it is?" I answer, still crying; I am a perfect Niobe by this time, and am dismally conscious that the tip of my nose is degenerating into a warm pink. "I am sure I am unhappy enough for anything."

Not noticing the rather ungracious tendency of this last remark, 'Duke draws me closer to him, and, stooping his head, presses his cheek to my wet one.

"My love! my life!" he whispers, and holds me as though he never again meant to let me go.

We are quite silent for a few minutes—during which a great content, such as I have never before known, creeps into my heart. Then 'Duke, with a long, happy sigh, partly releases me. His eyelashes, I can see, are wet with tears, but there is the very sweetest and tenderest smile upon his lips.

"I have not waited in vain," he says. "At last I can call you mine; at last; and just when I had given up all hope—darling—darling!"

It is half an hour later, and we are now thoroughly comfortable, full of rest and quiet joy.

We are sitting before the library fire, I on a low stool, with my head leaning against 'Duke's knee, he with one hand round my neck, while with the other he every now and then ruffles, or as he fondly believes, smoothes, my "nut-brown locks." For the last three or four minutes no words have been passed between us. I think we are too happy to give way to the mere expression of our feelings.

Suddenly, all in one moment, as it seems to us, without any warning, we hear a loud voice outside the door, a heavy footstep, a rapid turning of the handle, and George Ashurst is in the room.

I make one desperate effort to rise and recover the dignity my attitude has destroyed, but 'Duke, with a strong detaining grasp, prevents me. I get only as far as my knees, and from that position glare at my brother-in-law as though I would willingly devour him.

"I took your offer of a bed, after all," he is beginning, when something in the situation strikes him as odd. He meets my eyes, and breaks down. "Oh, ah! I had no idea—I didn't know, you know." He stops, hopelessly, looking as ludicrously silly and puzzled as even I could wish him.

"Neither did I," declares Marmaduke, with a laugh, "until half an hour ago. But it is all right, Ashurst; we have made it up; and when I do go abroad, I will take my wife with me."

"Didn't I tell you all along how it was!" cries George, enthusiastically (he had not; but by a superhuman effort I refrain from contradicting him). "I declare to you," says he, subsiding into a chair, "I was never so glad of anything in all my life before."

There is a minute's pause. Then 'Duke, turning, lays a light caressing touch upon my shoulder as I kneel beside him. He speaks in a very low tone.

"We are all very glad, I think—and thankful," he says, with the softest, tenderest smile.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing:
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

THE END.

Richard Grant White deplores that the letter "r" is disappearing from the American tongue.

VARIOUS KISSES.

There's a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion,
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move;
There's a traitor's kiss of gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold;
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love;
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever;
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever.

The new Cunard steamer Etruria, 8,000 tons, was launched yesterday at Glasgow.

## ABOUT LAUGHTER.

### Various Kinds of Cachinnations and What They Signify.

"Man," says Greville, "is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not the only one that deserves to be laughed at?" A laugh may convey all manner of sentiments, says the New York *Star*—joy, scorn or anger; it may be the most musical and it may be the most discordant of sounds, the most delightful or the most horrible that can fall upon our ears. Contrast the happy laughter of merry children with the gibbering cry of the maniac or the hoarse laugh of a defiant criminal—the musical ripple of cultivated mirth with the roars of a tipsy crowd at a fair.

A really musical laugh is perhaps rarer than a really musical voice. The giggle, the snigger, the half-choked laugh are common enough; but how seldom do we hear the melodious sound—the laugh in its perfection. It should not be shrill, nor too loud, nor too long. It should not bear any double meaning, any hidden sarcasm in its mirth. It should not be so boisterous as to exhaust the laughter and deafen the listeners.

Peg Woffington is said to have been celebrated for the music of her laughter on the stage—a most difficult accomplishment, for nothing, except, perhaps, a sneeze, is harder to counterfeit than a laugh. There are many varieties of laughs. There is the musical, cultivated and extremely rare one, pleasant to listen to as a chime of bells. There is the glad, if somewhat shrill, merriment of children, the happiness of which condones its noise. There is the loud guffaw of the vulgar, and the laughter which appears likely to tear the laugher in pieces, causing him to wipe his eyes after the explosion is over. There is the laugh of embarrassment, when a shy person, at a loss what to say next, "remarks to he," as Artemus Ward describes it. There is the schoolgirl's giggle; and the schoolboy's snigger, as he reflects on some recently perpetrated, but still recollected piece of mischief. There is the chuckle of the successful man.

All these laughs bear some family resemblance to each other; they all, in their degree, express sensations of pleasure. There are darker descriptions of laughter. There are laughs more cutting than the bitterest speeches, more alarming than the cruelest threats. Satirical laughter is most offensive. A laugh can convey contempt which words would fail to express.

Is any one proof against being annoyed by ridicule? Even a dog is sensible when he is laughed at, and resents the impertinence. Some of the lower animals are indeed quite as sensitive to derision as human beings.

Then there is the laugh of incredulity. When Tom goes to his rich old uncle, full of glowing descriptions of the perfections of the lady to whom he is engaged, or of the appointment which he expects to obtain, does the old gentleman damp his nephew's ardor by a long harangue? No, he only gives a dry laugh, and Tom's hopes of a check fall rapidly.

Too rare laughers are as popular as too ready ones. A teller of good stories never forgives the man who does not laugh at his jokes. Many persons have made their fortunes by laughing at judicious moments; applauding a poor jest, or becoming convulsed with mirth at a dull pun. To be duly appreciative of his patron's wit was an important part of the duty of a hanger-on. With what ready laughter are a schoolmaster's witticisms received by his class!

There is a story of a dramatic author, whose play had been accepted, being requested to make sundry alterations to suit the taste of the actors. Among other changes, the manager suggested that "a laugh" should be introduced at the conclusion of a speech of an out-going performer; "it would give him a better exit." The author pleaded that to admit this alteration would spoil the whole dialogue, but the manager was urgent still. "Think it over and do what you can. B——'s position in the theatre demands it!" When laughs are thus prized it is not wonderful that persons who rarely use their risible muscles are unpopular.

### A Modern Fable.

Somerville *Journal*: A Cholera Microbe while passing along the street met two distant relatives named Imperfect Drainage and Bad Ventilation. "And how are you to-day?" asked the Microbe as he shook hands with the pair. "We are very well and hope we see you quite well," they replied. "I'm just about so so," answered the Microbe; "the sanitary authorities are everywhere harassing me terribly. But how is your interesting family?" "They are very well, indeed," answered Imperfect Drainage; "our eldest children Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria are in business for themselves and are getting along remarkably well." "Ah! that's where they have the advantage of me," sighed the Microbe; "my business is very unsteady and fluctuating. It takes a spurt occasionally and people think I am doing immensely, while in fact you and your interesting family do twice the amount of business. You go on year in and year out steadily and prosperously while I have only an occasional job," and the Microbe dropped a tear and felt so humiliated at his inferiority that he went and hid himself in the softest part of a decayed peach.

Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, asserts that cannibalism took place as surely among some of Sir John Franklin's people as it did among the Greely party. His authority for the charge is the testimony of some Esquimaux whom he met while in the far north.

The progress of invention is well shown in the constantly decreasing price of steel. In 1810 it cost about $200 per ton; to-day the same quality can be bought for $37.

Mr. Harrington, Home Rule member of Parliament for county of Westmeath, has written a letter, in which he says: "From careful personal inquiry I am convinced that Myles Joyce and four others, convicted of complicity in the Maamtrasna murders, were innocent. The local police share this belief." Mr. Harrington claims to be prepared to prove that the evidence which secured a conviction was fabricated with the connivance of the authorities.

The French Academy has elected Alexander Dumas director. He was installed a member of the Academy in February, 1875.