

### The Love of an Honest Man.

There's many a thing that the maidens wish  
As they journey along in life,  
As they take their part in the busy world,  
And share in its cares and strife;  
Perhaps they wish for a cosy house,  
With furniture spick and span;  
But to crown the whole they care the most  
For the love of an honest man.

Yes, pretty maiden, where'er you are,  
In palace or humble cot,  
Whether your life is fair and bright,  
Or trial and toil your lot,  
Whether your name is Flo-a-May,  
Or homely Mary Ann,  
You will be in luck if you win that love—  
The love of an honest man.

• a maiden may prize her diamond set,  
Or dresses of latest style;  
Or inhabit a house of costly build,  
With carpets of velvet pile;  
But the greatest blessing to woman's life—  
Let her gain it while now she can—  
From her golden locks, to her silver hairs,  
Is the love of an honest man.

### PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"Ah! Love was never yet without  
The pang, the agony, the doubt."  
—BYRON.

#### CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, I had just brought up Billy some dinner, and when I heard you'd run under the bed and tripped over the carpet, and fell splash into the gravy. But it is nothing," I wind up, airily.

"Nothing! I wish it was less. Go wash yourself, you dirty child." Then, resuming the ferocious aspect, and with uplifted cane, he advances on Billy.

"William"—imitating papa's voice to a nicety—"I have not yet done with you. What, sir, did you mean by exposing your sensitive sister to the criticisms of a crowded table? If your own gentlemanly instincts are not sufficiently developed to enable you to understand how unpardonable are personal remarks, let this castigation, that a sense of duty compels me to bestow, be the canis of teaching you."

Billy grins, and for the third time commences his dinner, while Roland leans against the window-shutter and contemplates him with lazy curiosity.

"Billy," he asks, presently, "is nutton when the fat has grown white and the gravy is in tiny lumps—a good thing?"

"No it ain't," returns Billy, grumpily, and with rather more than his usual vulgarity.

"I ask merely for information," says Roly. "It certainly looks odd."

"It's healthy," says Billy. "If the governor goes in for any more of this kind of thing I'll cut and run; that's what I'll do."

"Why didn't you have some dumplings?" Roland goes on, smoothly. "The whipped cream with it was capital."

"Dumplings?" says Billy, regarding me fixedly; "dumpling! Phyllis, was there dumplings?"

"There was," I reply, "and whipped cream."

"Yes," I answered, faintly. "Oh, Phyllis!" says Billy, in the liveliest tone of reproach. The flicker of an amused smile shoots across Roland's face.

"Phyllis, why did you not bring him some?" he asks, in a tone that reflects Billy's.

"How could I?" I exclaim, indignantly. "I could not carry more than one plate, and even as it was the gravy was running all about. I was afraid every minute I would be caught. Besides—"

"Miss Phyllis, Miss Phyllis," comes a sepulchral whisper at the door, accompanied by a faint knock. In the whisper I recognize James. Having taken a precautionary peep through the keyhole, I open the door, and on the threshold discover our faithful friend, with a large plate of apples and cream in his hand, and a considerable air of mystery about him.

"Miss Phyllis," he says, in a fine undertone, "cook sent this here to Master Billy; and the mistress says you are to come down at once, as the master has been asking where you all are."

"I am coming," I return; "and tell cook we are awfully obliged to her." Whereupon, having deposited the dainties before Billy, I charge down-stairs and into the library; and, having seized hold of the first book I can see, I collect myself and enter the drawing-room with a sedate air.

"Where have you been?" demands papa, twisting his head round until I wonder his neck doesn't crack.

"In the library, choosing a book."

"What book?"

"I glance at the volume I carry, and, to my unmitigated horror, find it a treatise on surgery."

"It is by Dr. Batly," I murmur, vaguely.

"Come here and let me see it." Trembling I advance and surrender my book.

"Is this a proper subject for a young woman to study?" exclaims papa, in high disgust, when he had read through the headings of the chapters. "What an abominable girl you are! Go over there and sit down, and keep yourself out of mischief for the remainder of the evening, if you can."

"Would you like Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'?" asks Dora, sweetly, raising her white lids for a moment to hold out to me an elegant little edition in green-and-gold.

"No, thank you," I answer, curtly, and, subsiding into my chair, sulk comfortably until bed-hour.

#### CHAPTER X.

The next day Dora is still low—very low indeed—and sighs heavily at intervals. We might, however, in spite of this, have managed to knock some enjoyment out of our lives, but, unfortunately, whatever communication she has made to papa on the subject of Mr. Carrington's treachery has had the effect of rendering him almost unbearable.

At breakfast the playfulness of his remarks can only be equalled by the sweetness of his expression; and by lunch-hour he is so much worse that (as far as least as I'm concerned) the food before me is as dust and ashes. I think Roland rather enjoys the murkiness of our atmosphere than otherwise, and takes a small but evident pleasure in winking at me as he presses the vinegar and pepper upon our already highly-seasoned tather.

The latter, knowing my nomadic tendencies, is successful in bringing to light during the day a dozen unhemmed cambric handkerchiefs, and before going for his customary afternoon ride leaves strict injunctions behind him that by my fingers they are to be begun and ended before his return. About four o'clock, therefore, behold me sitting in state in the drawing-room, in company with mamma and Dora, hard at work at my enforced task.

The conversation is limited; it dwindles, indeed, until it gets so sparse that at length we are ashamed of it and relapse into silence. Dora broods with tender melancholy on her woes; mother thinks of us; while I, were I to give a voice to my thoughts, would demand of mother the name of the evil genius that possessed her when she walked to the altar with papa.

The needle runs into my finger; it does so pretty regularly after every fifth stitch, but this time it has got under the nail, and causes me for the moment keen anguish. I groan, and mutter something under my breath; and mother says, "Phyllis, darling, be careful," in a dreamy tone. Surely we are more than ordinarily dull.

Suddenly there comes a rattle of horses' hoofs upon the gravel outside. We raise our heads simultaneously and question each other by our looks. A little later, and Mr. Carrington's voice striking on our ears sets speculation at rest. Mamma glances furtively at Dora, and Dora breathes a faint sigh and blushes pale pink, while suffering an aggrieved expression to characterize her face.

A horrible thought comes into my head. Suppose—course it is impossible—but suppose Mr. Carrington were to come in now, and in the course of conversation mention my photograph: what will not mother and Dora think? What is to prevent their drawing a conclusion about what happened yesterday? Although I do not in the least believe it, my picture Mr. Carrington was seen embracing still the very idea that it might be, and that he might at any time turn me cold. Something must be done, and that quickly. Without further hesitation I rise from my seat, put down my work, and make for the door. No one attempts to detain me, and in an instant I am in the hall, face to face with our visitor.

I lay my hand upon the front of his coat, and whisper hurriedly:

"Do not say a word about my picture, not a word. Do you understand?" I have raised my face very close to his in my anxiety, and shake him slightly to emphasize my words.

"I do," replies he, placing his hand over mine as it lies almost unconsciously upon his breast. "Of course I will not. But—why—"

"Nothing," I say; "at least only a fancy. Go now. I will tell you some other time."

"Phyllis, will you meet me at the oak-tree to-morrow evening at five—at four?" he asks, eagerly, detaining me as I seek to escape; and I say, "Yes," with impatient haste, and, tearing my hand out of his, turn my back upon him and gladly disappear.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"At last! How late you are! I thought you were never coming," is Mr. Carrington's somewhat impatient greeting next evening, as he advances to meet me from under the old oak-tree. My cheeks are flushed with the rapidity of my walk; my breath rushes from me in short quick little gasps.

"I was so busy I could not come a moment sooner. I would not be here at all but that I promised, and was afraid you would think me out of my senses yesterday," I say, laughing and panting.

"I certainly thought you rather tragical, and have been puzzling my brain ever since to discover the cause. Now, tell it to me."

"If I do you will think me horribly conceited." I hesitate and blush; uneasily. For the first time it occurs to me that I have a very uncomfortable story to relate.

"I will not," says Mr. Carrington, amiably.

"Well, then, the fact is, down at the river-trout, the day before yesterday, somebody saw you kissing a picture in a locket, and I feared if you mentioned having my portrait they might—they take up such ridiculous fancies at home—they might think it was mine."

"Is it possible they would imagine anything so unlikely?"

"Of course"—with eager haste—"I know it was not, but they might choose to think differently; and, besides, something has whispered to me two or three times since that perhaps I was wrong in giving my photograph to you at all. Was I?"

"That is a hard question to ask me, Phyllis, who am so happy in the possession of it. I certainly do not think you were."

"Then you would see no harm in my giving my picture to anyone?"

"Of course I do not say it would be right of you to go about giving it to every man you meet."

"No?" Then why should I give it to you in particular? After all, I believe I was wrong."

"Oh, that is quite another thing altogether," says Mr. Carrington, biting his lip. "You have known me a long time; I may almost be considered an old friend. And, besides, you can be quite sure that I will prize it as it deserves."

"That is saying very little," I return, gloomily. His reasoning seems to me poor and unsatisfactory. I begin to wish my wretched likeness back again in my untidy drawer.

"But why are you so sure it was not your picture I was caught admiring the other day?" asks Mr. Carrington, presently, with an ill-suppressed smile.

"Nonsense!" I reply angrily. (I hate being laughed at). "For what possible reason would you put my face into your locket? I know you would not think me vain when I began, but I am not—and I am very sorry I took the trouble to explain it to you at all."

"Forgive me, Phyllis. I did not mean to offend you, and I do not think you vain. I was merely imagining what a fatuous fool I must have looked when discovered in the act you describe. But have you no curiosity to learn who it really was I was so publicly embracing?"

"I know," I return, with a nod; "it was that little girl you told me of some time since—the village maiden, you remember, whose face was so dear to you. Am I not right?"

"Quite right. What a capital guess you made."

"May I see her?" I ask, coaxingly. "Do let me get just one little peep at her. I am sure she is lovely, from what you say; and I do so like pretty people!"

"You would only be disappointed, and then you would say so, and I could not bear to hear one disparaging word said of my beauty."

"I will not be disappointed. Of course—you have had so much experience to guide you—your taste must be better than mine. Please let me see her."

"You promise faithfully not to scorn the face I will show you? You will say no slighting word?"

"I will not indeed. How could you think I would be so rude?"

"Very good." He raises his watch-chain and detaches from it a plain gold locket. I draw near and gaze at it eagerly. What will she be like, this rival of Dora's?"

"Now, remember," he says again, while a look of intense amusement crosses his face, "you have promised to admire."

"Yes, yes," I answer, impatiently; and as he deliberately opens the trinket I lean forward and stare into the large grey blue eyes of Phyllis Marian Vernon.

Slowly I raise my head and look at my companion. He appears grave now, and rather anxious. I know I am as white as death.

"So you have put me into the locket too," I say, in a low tone. "Why?"

"Do not use the word 'too,' Phyllis. You have no rival: I keep no woman's face near me except yours."

"Then it was an untruth you told me about that girl?"

"No, it was not. Will you not try to understand? You are that little girl; it was your face I kissed the other day down by the river. There is no face in the world I hold so dear as yours."

"Then you had no right to kiss it," I break out, indignantly, my surprise and bewilderment making me vehement. "I did not give you my picture to put in your locket and treat in that way. How dare you carry me all over the place with you—making things so unpleasant everywhere? And, besides, you are talking very falsely: it is impossible that any one could think me beautiful."

"I do," says he, gently. "I cannot help it. You know we all judge differently. And as to my kissing it, surely that was no great harm. It became mine, you know, when you gave it to me; and for me to kiss it now and then cannot injure you or it." He gazes down tenderly upon the face lying in his hand. "The Phyllis here does not look as if she could be unkind or unjust," he says, softly.

I am impressed by the mildness of his reproach. Insensibly I go closer to him, and regard with mingled feelings the innocent cause of all the disturbance.

"It certainly looks wonderfully well," I say, with reluctance. "It never appeared to me so—ah—passable before. It must be the gold frame. Somehow—I never thought so until to-day—but now it seems much too pretty for me."

"Remember your promise," says Mr. Carrington, demurely, "to admire and say no disparaging word."

"You laid a trap for me," I reply, smiling in spite of myself, and hard set to prevent the smile turning into a merry laugh as I review the situation.

I lean my back against the old tree, and, clasping my hands loosely before me, begin to piece past events. I had not gone far in my meditations when I became aware that Mr. Carrington has closed the locket, has turned, and is steadfastly regarding me. My hat lies on the ground beside me; the wanton wind has blown a few stray tresses of my hair across my forehead. Involuntarily I raise my head until our eyes meet. Something new, indefinite, in his eyes makes my heart beat with a sudden fear that yet is nameless.

"Phyllis," whispers he, hurriedly, impulsively, "will you marry me?"

A long, long pause.

I am still alive, then! the skies have not fallen!

"What!" cry I, when I recover breath, moving back a step or two, and staring at him with the most open and undisguised amazement. "Can I have heard aright? Is it indeed he I am asking to marry me? And if so—if my senses have not deceived me—who is it to tell Dora? This thought surmounts all others."

"I want you to say you will marry me," repeats he, rather disconcerted by the emphatic astonishment of my look and tone. As I make no reply this time, he is emboldened, and, advancing takes both my hands.

"Why do you look so surprised?" he says. "Why will you not answer me? Surely for weeks you must have seen I would some time ask you this question. Then why not to-day? If I waited for years I could not love you more utterly, more madly, if you like, than now. And you, Phyllis—say you will be my wife."

"I cannot indeed," I reply, earnestly; "it is out of the question. I never knew you—you cared for me in this way—I always thought—that is, we all thought—you—"

"Yes,"

"We were all quite sure—I mean none of us imagined you were in love with me."

"With whom then?—with Dora."

"Well"—nervously—"I am sure mamma and papa thought so, and so did I."

"What an absurd mistake! Ten thousand Doras would not make one Phyllis. Do you know, ever since that first day I saw you in this wood I loved you? Do you remember it?"

"Yes," I say, blushing furiously. "I was hanging from the nut-tree and nearly went mad with shame and rage when I found I could not escape. It puzzles me to think what you could have seen to admire about me that day, unless my boots."

I laugh rather hysterically.

"Nevertheless I did love you then, and have gone on nursing the feeling ever since, until I could keep it to myself no longer. But you are silent, Phyllis. Why do you not speak? I will not remember what you said just now; I will not take a refusal from you. Darling, darling, surely you love me, if only a little?"

"No, I do not love you," I answer, with downcast lids and flanking cheeks.

Silence falls upon my cruel words. His hand clasp loosens, but still he does not let me altogether go; and, glancing up timidly,

I see a face like and yet unlike the face I know—a face that is still and white, with lips that tremble slightly beneath the heavy fair moustache. A world of disappointed anguish darkens his blue eyes.

Seeing all this, and knowing himself its cause, my heart is touched and a keen pang darts through my breast. I press his hands with reassuring force as I go on hastily:

"But I like you, you will understand. I may not love you, but I like you very much indeed—better than any other man I ever met, except Roland and Billy, and he is only a boy." This is not a very clear or logical speech, but it does just as well; it brings the blood back to his face, and a smile to his lips, the light and fire to his eyes.

"Are you sure of that?" he asks, eagerly.

"Are you certain, Phyllis?"

"Quite sure. But then I have never seen any man except Mr. Mangan, you know, and the curate, and Boby de Vere, and—and one or two others."

"And these one or two others"—jealously—"have I nothing to fear from them? Have you given them none of your thoughts?"

"Not one," return I, smiling up at him. The smile does more than I intend.

"Then you will marry me, Phyllis?" cries he, with renewed hope. "If you like me as you say, I will make you love me when you are once my own. No man could love as I do without creating some answering affection. Phyllis," he goes on passionately; "look at me and say you believe all this. Oh, my life, my darling, how I have longed for you! How I have watched the hours that would bring me to your side! How I have hated the evenings that parted you from me! Say one little kind word to me and make me happy."

His tone is so full of hope and joy that almost I feel myself drifting with the current of his passion. But Dora's face rising before me checks the coming words. I draw back.

"Phyllis, put me out of pain," he says, entreatingly. I begin to find the situation trying, being a mere novice in the art of receiving and refusing proposals with propriety.

"I—I don't think I want to get married yet," I say, at length, with nervous gentleness. I am very fearful of hurting him again. "At home when I ask to go anywhere, they tell me I am still a child, and you are much older than me. I don't mean that you are old," I add anxiously, "only a good deal older than I am: and perhaps when it was too late you would repent the step you had taken and wish you had chosen a wife older and wiser."

I stop, amazed at my own eloquence and rather proud of myself. Never before have I made so long and so connected a speech. Really the "older and wiser" could scarcely have done better. The marrying in haste and repenting at leisure allusion appears to be very neat, and ought to be effective.

All is going on very well indeed, and I feel I could continue with dignity to the end, but that just at this moment I become conscious I am going to sneeze. Oh, horrible, unromantic thought! Will nothing put it back for ten minutes—for even five? I feel myself turning crimson, and certain admonitory twitchings in my nose warn me that the catastrophe is close at hand.

"Of course," says Mr. Carrington, in a low tone, "I know you are very young"—(it is coming)—"only seventeen. And, and"—(surely coming)—"I suppose twenty-eight appears quite old to you." (In another instant I shall be disgraced for ever.) "I look even older than I am. But good gracious, Phyllis, is anything the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," I murmur, with a last frantic effort at pride and dignity, "only a—a—snee—eeze—atchu—atchu—atchu!"

There is a most awful pause, and then Mr. Carrington, after a vain endeavor to suppress it, bursts into an unrestrained fit of laughter, in which without hesitation I join him. Indeed, now the crisis is over and my difficult and new-born dignity is a thing of the past, I feel much more comfortable and pleasanter in every way.

"But Phyllis, all this time you are keeping me in suspense," says Mr. Carrington, presently, in an anxious tone; "and I will not leave you again without a decided answer. The uncertainty kills me. Darling, I feel glad and thankful when I remember how happy I can make your life, if you will only let me. You shall never have a wish ungratified that is in my power to grant. Strangeness shall be yours, and you shall make what alterations you choose. You shall have your own rooms, and furnish them as your own taste directs. You shall reign there as the very sweetest queen that ever came within its walls."

He has passed his arm lightly round my waist, and is keenly noting the effect of his words.

"I remember the other day you told me how you longed to visit foreign lands. I will take you abroad, and you shall stay there as long as you wish—until you have seen everything your fancy has pictured to you. You will like all this, Phyllis; it pleases you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Irish Lawlessness.

London Times.

The newest form of lawlessness, the holding of Land-league hunts for the purpose of destroying the coverts and preserves of the landlords and overriding their proprietary rights, is giving considerable trouble to the authorities, and is likely to lead to violent collisions if it be not repressed. A number of farmers' hunts as they are called, were organized for recently, but in every case where the authorities were informed of the design they took measures to frustrate it by sending a large body of military and police to each place where "the meet" was to take place. This course, however, weakens the strength of the executive by drawing away the forces from patrol and other duties, which it is necessary to have more efficiently done. Whenever the authorities interfere with them the intended "hunts" are abandoned. In *The Gazette* are proclamations prohibiting some of those announced, and reports have been received to the effect that they have been prevented. Some of them appear to have been planned for the mere purpose of keeping the authorities usefully employed. A large force of police and military left Shillelagh, County Wicklow, in two divisions for the purpose of impeding a hunt announced to come off at Cookkenny. The hunt did not take place.

#### VARIOUS TOPICS.

##### On Interesting Subjects.

A RECENT steamer took twenty-seven missionaries to Japan.

THE esthete wears knee-breeches because he don't like pants, and so do his—

A PAWTUCKET hen picked the \$700 diamond out of a pin. It was found safely hidden in her crop, and she did not survive the discovery.

IN an affray at Fort Wayne between gamblers, Jeff Morris crushed the skull of Harry Maxwell. Friends of the latter made an attempt to shoot Morris on the way to the jail.

A COLORED boy in a New Jersey mill who was caught in a revolving shaft and flung against a post ten feet away, said he "never felt so awfully ashamed" in the whole course of his life.

ALL the seats are already taken for the first two performances of Wagner's "Parsifal," which is to be produced at Munich in July. Wagner has sold the opera score to the firm of Schott of Mayence for \$18,500.

THE St. Petersburg police have issued an order forbidding the appearance of any actors or dancers on the stage of the theatres of the capital whose dresses have not previously been rendered incombustible by means of chlorate of lime. The same rule has been in force in Berlin for five years.

BECKWITH, the supposed cannibal, who recently murdered Vandercook at Ansterlitz, N. Y., spent Tuesday night at Westfield, Mass., where he told an acquaintance he had been hiding in a charcoal camp. Rewards of \$750 has been offered for his capture.

SOME mercant adjusted a double-barreled shot-gun at the residence of Dr. A. J. Erwin, at Mansfield, O., in such a manner as to discharge when the gate was swung. The doctor returned after midnight on Friday and received nearly two hundred shot in his clothing, but was not fatally wounded.

IN Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, a highly respected young man named Lee spent Friday hunting. He met two lady acquaintances in a grove of trees, and at once fired at them, inflicting slight wounds. On being pursued he killed himself with his shot-gun, literally blowing his head to pieces. There is no explanation of the affair.

A GREAT religious gathering known as Magh Mela is now being held at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna at Allahabad, in India. It is particularly crowded this year, owing to its being what is called Khumb, or Twelfth year. The number of visitors is estimated at from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000. Some fear is entertained of an outbreak of some pestilence among this vast multitude.

AN Italian has invented a process for solidifying wine. From a small quantity of this extract may be obtained a bottle of generous wine of good taste and beautiful color. The object is to victual ships and supply armies. A chemist in Marseilles has found a chemical combination by which he can solidify and even crystallize brandy. The brandy in its new form looks like alum. It entirely loses its smell. The facility with which it can be transported is of course the main recommendation of the new invention.

A boy died in Philadelphia of hydrophobia. In one of his struggles a bit of froth from his lips flew into his father's eye. The man had a nervous temperament, and he imagined he had become inoculated with the disease. He felt all the symptoms, gave the peculiar coughs resembling barks, and writhed in agony. A physician assured him that hydrophobia could not possibly have developed in a few hours, nor from such a cause, but that made no difference. Powerful doses of calomel were required to quiet him, and he was left almost lifeless by the violence of the attack.

##### An African Prince.

The son of an African prince found himself at the close of the war an emancipated slave in the South. He went to work as a teamster and bought a mule. He was possessed of native shrewdness and knew how to make money; "saved a mule," among other things—a practice unheard of—and he introduced other economies; he also paid extra wages for extra work. He learned to read and acquired a varied and curious education. He has no faith in the education of the negroes. "Their education is here," he said to the author of the article, "Studies in the South," in the Atlantic Monthly, and pointing to the fields. "Not many of our race can work and read too. Newspapers make us meddle with other people's business and let go of our own." He owned Plutarch and Montaigne in French, Bacon, Pope's Homer, Shakspeare, Rollin's Ancient History, Cary's Dante, and something of Carlyle and Wordsworth. He had read Plato, but thought Plato talked too much. "If he had a big thing to talk about he talked all the time, and if it was a little thing he talked just the same." Socrates he liked; thought him a sensible man; would have liked to talk with him. Socrates and Abraham Lincoln would have liked each other, and Carlyle. "Those three men," he said, "if they could be together would have more fun than ever was in the world at one time; they could tell so many stories." The writer asked if they would not want Bacon with them, to which he replied, "Bacon is very sober, but sometimes it is no great thing he has to tell us." This negro believes in blood, and prided himself on his descent. Besides the books above mentioned, he had forty volumes of African travel.

##### A Twenty-One-Inch Hawser.

London Post.

A rope of extra-large size has recently been made for a firm in New Zealand, where it is to be used in hauling up ships when they run aground on the soft, mud bottom there, which they occasionally do. This rope is a twenty-one-inch white manila hawser, 120 fathoms long and composed of nine strands of 316 yarns to the strand. Another rope of the same purpose is a fifteen-inch hawser of the same material and length, and composed of nine strands with 164 yarns to the strand. When it is remembered that twelve-inch ropes are the largest ordinarily made, the magnitude of those just described becomes apparent. The two ropes were manufactured by Messrs. Frost Brothers, of Shadwell.