

The Unbidden Guest.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

Within my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All
That was mine own seemed poor and mean
and small.

And I cried out rebelliously for that
I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands,
Were also mine, with rest for burdened
hands;

If love, the love I craved would come and fold
Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and
bless.

And life would run out from this narrowness
Into a fullness new and sweet and wide.

And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

And then one came unto my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love?" I cried,
"Or wealth or fame? I else shall thou be
denied."

She answered, "Nay my child; but I am more,
I have a gift that shall be yours."

"Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or fame or love within my hand I hold
That with my coming cometh all the best."

"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave
her face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes
I saw the look of one both true and wise
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace

I bade her enter. How transfixed
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet
So long had lain unprized! How wide and
sweet
Shone the small paths wherein I had been
led!

Duty grew beautiful; with calm consent
I saw the distant wealth of land and sea.
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.

PHYLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Our engagement having received the openly
expressed though secretly unwilling sanction
of my father, Mr. Carrington comes every
other day to our house, where he of course
meets with overpowering sweetness from
everybody—Dora excepted. Not that she
shows him any demonstrative dislike. If she
happens to be in the room when he arrives
she is as civil as the occasion calls for, but
at the first opportunity she makes her exit,
not to return again during his stay, and if
possible avoids his society altogether. A
heavy sense of injury is upon her, impossible
to lift.

To me she has said little or nothing on the
subject. Once, two days after my engage-
ment was made known, happening to find
herself alone with me, she said, curiously:

"Was it your photograph I saw Mr. Car-
rington kissing that day?"

And when I answered "Yes," rather
shamefacedly, she turned from me with low-
ered lids and a curved smile that suggested
many thoughts. Like most even-tempered
people, Dora, when roused, is singularly ob-
stinate and unforgiving.

At times I am a little unhappy, but very
seldom. On such occasions the horrible
doubt that I am marrying Marmaduke for
his money crushes me. Every now and then
I catch myself reveling in the thought of
what I shall do for Billy and Roly and all of
them when plenty of gold is at my disposal.
I try to think how much I would like
him, how handsome he is, how kind, how
good to me, but always at the end of my
gitations I find my thoughts reverting to
the grand house in which I am to reign as
queen, or to the blue velvet dress I mean
to wear as soon as ever I can afford to buy
it.

I now glory in an engagement-ring that
sparkles fairly and gives me much pleasure.
I have also an enormous locket, on which
the letters P. M. V. are marked out by bril-
liants. This latter contains an exquisitely
painted miniature of my betrothed, and is
given to me by him in a manner that
betokens doubt of its being acceptable.

"I don't suppose you will care for the pic-
ture part of it," he says, with a laugh and a
rather heightened color.

But I do care for it, picture and all, and
tell him so, to his lasting satisfaction,
though it must be confessed I look oftener
at the outside of that locket than at any other
part of it. Thus by degrees I find myself
laden with gifts of all kinds—for the most
part costly; and, as trinkets are scarce with
us and jewels imaginary, it will be under-
stood that each new ornament added to my
store raises me higher in the social scale.

So time speeds and Christmas passes and
gentle spring grows apace.

"Come out," says Billy one morning early
in April, thrusting a disheveled head into
my room; "come out; it is almost warm."
Whereupon I don my hat and sally forth my
Billy in attendance.

Mechanically we make for the small belt
of trees that encircles and bounds our home,
and is by courtesy "our wood." It is my
favorite retreat—the spot most dear to me
at Summerless. Ah! how sweet is every
thing to-day, how fragrant! The primrose
gold in its mossy bed, supported by its my-
riad friends; the pretty purple violet—the
white one prettier still. I sigh and look
about me sadly.

"This is the very last spring I shall ever
spend at home," I say at length, being in
one of my sentimental and regretful moods.

"Yes," returns Billy, "this time next year
I suppose, you will be holding high court at
Strangemore. How funny you will look; you
are so small! Why, you will be an out-and-out
swell then, Phyllis, and can cut the country
if you choose. What are you so doleful
about? Ain't you glad?"

"No, I am not," I reply emphatically; "I
am sorry! I am wretched! Everything will
be so new and big and strange, and—you
will not be there. Oh, Billy!" flinging my
arms around his neck, "I feel that worst of
all. I am too fond of you, and that's a
fact."

"Well, and I am awfully fond of you,
too," says Billy, giving me a bear-like hug
that horribly disarranges my appearance,
but is sweet to me, so much do I adore my
"toy Billee."

We seat ourselves on a grassy knoll and
give ourselves up to gloomy foreboding.

"It is a beastly nuisance, your getting
married at all," says Billy, grumpily. "If

it had been Dora, now, it would have been a
cause for public rejoicing; but you are dif-
ferent. What I am to do without you in
this stupid hole is more than I can tell. I
shall get papa to send me to a boarding-
school when you go." (The Eton plan has
not yet been divulged.) Why on earth did
you take a fancy to that fellow, Phyllis?
Were you not very well as you were?"

"It was he took a fancy to me, if you please
I never thought of such a thing. But there
is little use discussing that now. Marry
him I must before the year is out; and
really, perhaps, after all, I shall be very hap-
py."

"Oh, yes, I dare say, if being happy mean
settling down and having a lot of squalling
brats before you can say Jack Robinson. I
know how it will be," says Billy, moodily;
"you will be an old woman before your
time."

"Indeed I shall not," I cry, with much
indignation, viewing with discomfort the
ruins to which he has reduced my handsome
castle. "I intend to keep young for ever so
long. Why, I am only eighteen now, and I
shan't be old until I am thirty. And
Billy," coaxingly, "you shall see what I
shall do for you when I marry him; I will
send you to Eton. There!"

"Why don't you say you will send me to
the moon?" replies he, with withering con-
tempt.

"But I will really; Marmaduke says I
shall; and you are to spend all your holidays
at Strangemore; and I will keep a gun for
you, and a dog; and may be he will let me
give you a horse."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" says the dear boy,
"Draw a line somewhere. You have said too
much; and I've outgrown my belief in the
'Arabian Nights.' I will be quite content
with the dog and gun."

"Well, you shall see. And Roland shall
have money every now and then to pay his
debts; and Dora shall have as many new
dresses as she can wear; and for Mamma I
will get one of those delightful easy chairs
we saw in the showwindow in Carston, the
one that moves up and down, you know—
and—Oh, Billy! I think it is a glorious
thing to be rich. If I could only do all I
say, I believe I would marry him were he as
ugly as sin."

In the enthusiasm of the moment I spring
to my feet, and as I do so become fatally
aware that not two yards from me stands
Marmaduke, leaning against a tree. There
is a curious, not altogether amiable expres-
sion upon his face, that assures me he has
overheard our conversation. Yet one cannot
accuse him of eavesdropping, as if we had
only taken the trouble to raise our
heads our eyes must inevitably have met
his.

I am palsied with shame and horror; I am
stricken dumb; and Billy, looking lazily up-
wards from where he is stretched full
length upon the sward to discover the cause,
in his turn becomes aware of the enemy's
presence. A moment later he is on his feet,
and has beaten a masterly retreat, leaving
me alone to face the foe.

Mr. Carrington comes slowly forward.
"Yes, I heard every word," he says, calm-
ly, anger and reproach in his eyes.

I make no reply; I feel myself incapable
of speech. Indeed, looking back upon it
now, I think silence was the better part, as,
under the circumstances, I don't quite see
what I could have said.

"So this is the light in which you regard
our marriage?" he goes on bitterly: "as a
means to an end—no more. At the close of six
months I find myself as far from having
gained a place in your affections as when we
first met. I may well despair. Your heart
seems full of thought and love for everyone,
Phyllis, except for the man you have prom-
ised to marry."

"Then give me up," I say, defiantly,
though my false courage sinks as I remem-
ber what a row there will be at home if he
takes me at my word.

"No, I will not give you up. I will mar-
ry you in spite of your coldness. I am more
determined on it now than ever," he makes
answer, almost fiercely.

I feel uneasy, not to say unhappy. I have
heard of men marrying women for spite and
revenge themselves upon them afterwards.
This recollection is not reassuring. I glance
at Marmaduke furtively, and persuade my-
self he is looking downright vindictive.

"Yes," I murmur doubtfully, "and per-
haps, afterwards, when I was your wife, you
would be cruel to me, and—"

"Phyllis," he interrupts me hastily, "what
are you saying? Who has put such a detest-
able idea into your head? I've unkind to you,
or cruel! Child, can you not even imagine
the depth of the love I bear you?"

I know I am going to cry. Already are
my eyes suffusing; my nose develops a tick-
ling sensation. I am indignant with myself
at the bare thought, but nevertheless I feel
assured if I open my mouth it will be to
give utterance to a sob. If I cry before him
now he will think—

"Phyllis, do you really wish to marry me?"
asks Mr. Carrington, suddenly, trying to
read my hot and averted face. "If you re-
pent your promise, say so; it is not yet too
late to withdraw. Better bear pain now
than lasting misery hereafter. Answer me
truly: do you wish to be my wife?"

"I do," I return earnestly. "I shall be
happier with you, who are always kind to
me, than I am at home. It is only at times
I feel regretful. But of course—if you don't
want to marry me—I pause, overcome
by the ignominy of his thought.

Mr. Carrington takes my hand.
"I would give half my possessions to gain
your love," he says, softly; "but, even as
it is, no bribe on earth could induce me to
relinquish you. Don't talk about my giving
you up. That is out of the question. I could
as easily part with my life as with my Phyl-
lis. Perhaps," with a rather sad little
smile, "some time in the future you may
deem me worthy to be placed in the cate-
gory with Billy and Roland and the rest of
them."

A mournful sound breaks from me. I
search my pocket for a handkerchief where-
with to wipe away the solitary tear that
meanders down my cheek. Need I say it is
not there? Mr. Carrington, guessing my
want, produces a very snowy article from
somewhere and hands it to me.

"Do you want one?" he asks, tenderly,
and presently I am dissolved in tears, my
nose buried in my lover's cambric.

"I am sure you must hate me," I whisper
dismally. "I make you unhappy almost
every time we meet. Mr. Carrington, will
you try to forget what I said just now, and
forgive me?"

"How can I forgive you anything when
you call me Mr. Carrington?"

"Marmaduke, then." He presses me clos-
er to him, and I rub my stained and humid
countenance up and down against his coat.
I am altogether penitent.

"After all, Marmaduke, maybe I didn't
say anything so very dreadful, I venture, at
the end of a slight pause. "I was only
thinking, and deciding on what I would
like to give everybody when—when I was
your wife. Was that very bad?"

"No; there was nothing to vex me in all
that; it only showed me what a loving,
generous little heart my pet has. But then,
Phyllis, why did you give me so plainly to
understand you were marrying me only for
the sake of my odious money, by saying—
what you did in your last speech?"

"What did I say?"

"That for the sake of being rich you
would marry me (or any one else, your tone
meant) even were I as ugly as sin."

"If I said that it was an untruth, because
if you were as ugly as Bobby De Vere, for in-
stance, I most certainly would not marry you.
I detest plain people."

"Well, at all events, I think you owe
me some reparation for the pain you have in-
flicted."

"I do, indeed," I admit, eagerly. "Lay
any penance you like upon me, and I will
not shrink from it. I will do whatever you
ask."

"Will you?" quickly. "Then kiss me of
your own accord. I don't believe up to
this, Phyllis, you have ever yet done so of
your own sweet will."

"I will do it now, then," I return, hero-
ically, and straightway, raising myself on
tiptoe, without the smallest pretence at
prudery, I fling myself into his arms and kiss
him with all my heart.

No accomplished coquette seeking after
effect could have achieved a more complete
success by her arts than I have by this sim-
ple act, which is with me an every-day oc-
currence where the boys are concerned. By
it I have obtained a thousand pardons, if
I need be.

He is evidently surprised, and grows a lit-
tle pale, then smiles, and strains me to him
with passionate fervor.

"My darling—my own! Oh, Phyllis! if I
could only make you love me!" he whispers,
longingly.

"Marmaduke," I say, presently, in a rath-
er bashful tone, trifling with the lapel of his
coat.

"Well, my pet?"

"I have something to say to you."
"Have you, darling?"

"I want to tell you that I think I must
be growing fond of you."

"Yes. And do you know why I think
so?"

"No. I cannot imagine how anything so
unlikely and desirable should come to
pass."

"I will tell you. Do you remember how,
long ago, when first you kissed me, I dislik-
ed it so much that it made me cry?"

"Yes."

"Well, now I find I don't mind it one
bit."

Instead of being struck with the good
sense of this discovery, Marmaduke roars
with laughter.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," I say, slightly
offended; "it is a very good sign. I have
read in books how girls shudder and shiver
when kissed by a man they don't like; and,
as I never shudder or shiver when you kiss
me, of course that means that I like you im-
mensely. Don't you see?"

"I do," says Marmaduke, who is still
laughing heartily. "And I also see it is an
excellent reason why I should instantly kiss
you again. Oh, Phyllis! I think if we look-
ed into the family Bible we would discover
we had all mistaken your age, and that you
are only ten instead of eighteen."

"Why?"

"For many reasons. Come; let us walk
on."

As lunch-hour approaches, we retrace our
steps until we reach the principal avenue.
Here Mr. Carrington declines my invitation
to enter the house and partake of such light
refreshments as may be going, and departs
with a promise to take us for a drive the
following day.

Nature tells me the luncheon-hour must
be past, and impelled by hunger, I run
down the gravel sweep at the top of my
speed; but, just as I get to the thick bunch
of laurels that conceals the house from view,
Billy's voice, coming from nowhere in par-
ticular, stops me. Presently from between
the evergreens his head emerges.

"I thought he was with you," he says,
with an air of intense relief. "Well!"

"Well!" I reiterate.

"Why don't you tell me," cries Billy,
angrily, "instead of standing there with
your mouth open? Did he hear what we
said?"

"Yes, every word."

"Oh dear! oh, dear!" with a dismal groan.
"And who is to tell them at home, I would
like to know?"

Whereupon I answer, saucily, I need not
go to Strangemore for that, as I fancy I
have him pretty well under control even as
it is. At this he pinches my ear and pro-
phesies the time will yet come when it will
be his turn to menace me.

Our orchard has not been altogether sacri-
ficed to the inner man; here and there one
comes upon straggling slopes of greenest
grass and long irregular beds of old-fash-
ioned and time-honored flowers—such flowers
as went to deck Ophelia's grave or grew to
grace the bank whereon Titania slept.

High up in the western wall a small green
gate gives entrance to another garden—a
 quaint spot, picturesquely wild, that we
children choose to name Queen Elizabeth's
Retreat. Long lines of elms grow there,
through which some paths are cut—paths
innocent of gravel and green as the grass
that grows on either side. Here, too, are
beds of flowers and rustic benches.

"Come, show me anything as pretty as
this in all Strangemore, I say, with triumph,
as we seat ourselves on an ancient oaken
contrivance that threatens at any moment to
bring the unwary to the ground."

"I wonder if you will ever think anything
at Strangemore as worthy of admiration as
what you have here?" says Marmaduke,
passing his arm lightly around my waist.

"Perhaps. But I know every nook and
cranny of this old place so well and love it
so dearly! I can remember no other home.
We came here, you know, when I was very
young and Billy only a baby."

"But Strangemore will be your home when
you come to live with me. You will try to
like it for my sake, will you not? It is dear-
er to me than either of the other places, al-
though they say Luxton is handsomer. Don't
you think you will be able to love it,
Phyllis?"

"Yes, but not for a long time. I can like
things at once, but it takes me years and
years to love anything."

"Does that speech apply to persons? If
so, I have a pleasant prospect before me.
You have known me but a few months; will
it take you 'years and years' to love me?"

There is lingering hope in his tone, ex-
pectancy in his eyes.

"You? Oh, I don't know. Perhaps so,"
I reply, with unpleasant truthfulness.

Marmaduke removes his arm from around
me and frowns.

"You are candid itself," he says, with a
slight tinge of bitterness. "Certainly I can
never hereafter accuse you having concealed
the true state of your feelings towards me.
Whatever else you may be, you are hon-
est."

"I am," I return reluctantly; "I wish I
were not. I am always saying the wrong
thing, and repenting it afterwards. Papa
says my candor makes me downright vulgar.
Marmaduke, do you think honesty the best
policy?"

I glance up at him with questioning eyes
from under the flapping hat that has braved
so many summers.

"I do," he answers, warmly; "I think
there is nothing on earth so sweet or so rare
as perfect truthfulness. Be open and true
and honest, darling, and like yourself as
long as you can. Every hour you live will
make the *role* more difficult."

"But why? You are older than I am,
Marmaduke; would you tell a lie?"

"No, not a direct lie, perhaps, but I might
pretend to what I did not feel."

"Oh, but that is nothing. I would do
that myself," I exclaim, confidentially.

"Many and many a time I have pretended
not to know where Billy was when I knew
papa was going to box his ears. There is no
great harm in that. And Billy has done it
for me."

"You don't mean to say Mr. Vernon ever
boxed your ears?"

I explode at the tragic meaning of his
tone.

"Often," I say merrily, "shoals of times;
but that is not half so bad as being sent to
bed. However"—reassuringly—"he has not
done it now for ever so long—not since I
have been engaged to you."

"I should hope not, indeed," hotly. "Phyl-
lis, why won't you marry me at once? Sure-
ly you would be happier with me than—
than—living as you now do."

"No, no," edging away from him; "I
would not. I am not a bit unhappy as I
am. You mistake me; and, as I told you
before, he never does it now."

"But it maddens me to think of his ever
having done so. And such pretty little ears
too, so pink and delicate! Of all the un-
naturally black—I beg your pardon, Phyl-
lis; of course it is wrong of me to speak so
of your father."

"Oh, don't mind me," I say, easily. "Now
you are going to be my husband, I do not
care about telling you there is very little
love lost between me and papa."

"Then why not shorten our engagement?
Surely it has now lasted long enough. There
is no reason why you should submit to any
tyranny when you can escape from it. If you
dislike your father's rule, cut it and come to
me; you don't dislike me?"

"No; but I should dislike being married
very much indeed."

"Why?" impatiently.

"I don't know," I return, provokingly;
"but I am sure I should. Better to bear the
ills we have, *et cetera*."

"You are trifling," says he, angrily. "Why
not say at once you detest the idea of having
to spend your life with me? I believe I am
simply wasting my time endeavoring to gain
an affection that will never be mine."

"Then don't waste any more of it," I re-
tort, tapping the ground petulantly with my
foot while fixing my gaze with affected uncon-
cern upon a thick, white cloud that rests far
away in the eternal blue. "I have no wish
to stand in your light. Pray leave me—I
shan't mind it in the least—and don't
throw away any more of your precious mo-
ments."

"Idle advice. I can't leave you now, and
you know it. I must only go on squander-
ing my life, I suppose, until the end. I do
believe the greatest misfortune that ever be-
fell me was my meeting with you."

"Thank you. You are extremely rude and
unkind to me, Marmaduke. If this is your
way of making love, I must say I don't like
it."

"Oh! common humanity would suggest
that speech."

He turns abruptly and walks a few paces
away from me. We are both considerably
out of temper by this time, and I make a
solemn vow to myself not to open my lips
again until he offers an apology for what I
am pleased to term his odious crossness. Two
seconds afterward I break my vow.

"Why on earth could you not have fallen
in love with Dora?" I cry, petulantly, to
the back of his head. "She would do you some-
credit, and she would love you, too. Every one
would envy you if you married Dora. She
never says the wrong thing; and she is el-
gant and very pretty—is she not?"

"Very pretty," replies he, dryly; "almost
lovely, I think, with her fair hair and
beautiful complexion and sweet smile. Yes,
Dora is more than pretty."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Exciting Horse Race.

Denver News.

The wildest horse race ever known to take
place on the Denver track on Sept. 10, 1860.
The horses were Border Ruffian and Rocky
Mountain Chief, the purse \$95,000 in gold.
Ruffian was backed by Tom Hunt, his own-
er, and Jim Harrison, notorious gamblers.
Shortly before, Hunt had murdered a prom-
inent Mormon, and after a brief trial he
was condemned to hang for his crime. The
scaffold was erected on the outskirts of Salt
Lake, near the overland road, and the mur-
derer was to swing amid all the pomp of
legal execution. In the excitement attend-
ing the preparations on the morning of the
expected hanging, Harrison entered Ruf-
fian's stable unobserved and spirited the
racer away. Mounted on another horse
and leading Ruffian, Harrison rode to the
gallows unsuspected, slipped two six shooters
into Hunt's hands, and before the officials
or multitude had recovered from their sur-
prise the outlaws were charging down the
Webber cañon trail at a speed which defied
capture. One of a number of parting rifle
shots killed Harrison's horse, and it became
necessary for Ruffian to carry both men. The
Mormons pursued the desperadoes night
and day, but were powerless to overtake
them, so wonderful was the speed and en-
durance of the stolen bay. Not till 100
miles had been covered did men or beast
eat or rest, and on the morning of the tenth
day they arrived at Denver, 600 miles from
the Mormon capital. The facts once cir-
culated, Ruffian became the hero of the hour.

In the Denver race the Greer boys, who
owned Chief, backed him. Thousands of
men and women flocked to the track. There
was long delay, but at last, amid frenzied
cheers, the horses got a start, Ruffian forging
ahead from the stand. Chief flew the
track, went over a steep embankment, and
before he could recover, the heat was practi-
cally decided in Ruffian's lead. A yell of
disappointment went up from the multitude,
and a rush was made to lynch the man who
started Chief. He succeeded in escaping the
mob unharmed, however. More than
\$100,000 changed hands on the heat.

An even start was obtained in the second
heat, the two horses passing into the quar-
ter-stretch neck and neck. At the half
pole Ruffian, in response to hard whipping,
slowly took the lead. All this time Chief
had been given a free rein, but had been
spared the lash. Charles Hamilton, a desper-
ado, who had all his earthly possessions
staked on Chief, stood at the back-stretch
pole as the horses approached, a navy re-
volver in either hand. "Lay the whip to
that horse or I'll drop you from the saddle,"
he shouted to Eugene Teats, Chief's rider,
sighting both of his weapons. Teats
knew that Hamilton would keep his word
unless the order was obeyed, and although
he was confident that Chief would win the
second heat without urging, he looted no time
to apply the whip. He drew blood at
every stroke, and Chief went under the wire
a winner of the heat by 100 feet in 1:42.

Then commenced a riot and turmoil the
like of which was never before or since
witnessed on a race course. Men pulled
their six shooters and fired madly, indis-
criminately, and gold dust, in the quarrel for
stakes, was scattered recklessly in the sand.
Ruffian was completely broken down after
this heat, and the gamblers, appreciating
that they were beaten, became frantic with
rage. Con Oram and Charles Switz, who
afterward became noted prize fighters, stood
at the door to the stand and held the mob
at bay until the judges had given their de-
cision. Chief was ordered on the track, and,
after making the half mile, was declared the
winner of the race. The judges had to be
escorted from the track to town by an armed
escort composed