

He Knows What's Best.

Wouldst thou be a happy liver?
Let the past be past forever!
Fret not when prigs and pedants bore you;
Enjoy the good that's set before you;
But chiefly hate no man; the rest
Leave thou to God, who knows what's best.
[GORTHE.]

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Yes I think so," with an amused smile, and puts his arm round me and kisses me very gently. "And now we are going to be happy ever after," he says, laughing a little.

All through breakfast I am in a haze—a dream. I cut what they put upon my plate, but I cannot eat. I listen to Marmaduke's few words as he makes the customary speech, and cannot realize that my engagement is over, that what we have been preparing for these nine months past is at last a settled fact.

I listen to Sir Mark's clever, airy little oration that makes everybody laugh especially Miss De Vere, and wonder to myself that I too can laugh.

Billy—who has managed to get close up to me—keeps on helping me indefinitely to champagne, under the mistaken impression he is doing me a last service. I catch mamma's sad eyes fixed upon me from the opposite side, and then I know that I am going to cry again, and, rising from the table, get away in safety to my own room, whither I am followed by her, and we say our few final, farewell words in private.

Three hours later I have embraced mother for the last time, and am speeding away from home and friends and childhood to know not what.

CHAPTER XVII.

We have been married nearly three months, and are going on very comfortably. As yet no cross or angry words have arisen between us; all as smooth as unruffled waters. Though Marmaduke is, if anything, fonder of me than at first, he is perhaps a shade less slavishly attentive. For example, he can now enjoy his *Times* at breakfast and read it straight through without raising his eyes between every paragraph, to make sure that I am still behind the teapot and have not vanished into mid air, or to ask me tenderly if I would wish to do this or care to go there.

He has also learned—which is more satisfactory still—that it is possible to know enjoyment even when I am out of sight.

Two months of delicious thoughtless idleness we spend in Spain and Switzerland, and then—we pine for home. This latter secretly, and with a sworn determination that each will be the last to confess it.

One calm, glorious evening, however, after dinner, as I stand at the window of our hotel, gazing over the Lake of Geneva, something within me compels the following speech:

"How beautiful Strangemore must be looking now!"

I feel slightly doubtful of the wisdom of my words when they were uttered, and would have recalled them; but the encouraging amiability with which Marmaduke receives my remark speedily reassures me.

"Yes," he says, with energy, "it never looks as well as just at this time of year."

"So I should think."

A long pause.

"English scenery is always at its best in the autumn. After all, there is no place like England—I mean, of course, for a continuance. Don't you agree with me, darling?"

"I do indeed. Dear Briersley Wood! How fond Billy and I were of it. You remember the clump of nut-trees, 'Duke'?"

"Is it likely I should forget it?" sentimentally. "For my own part, I think the wood on the other side of Strangemore handsomer than Briersley; but of course it was too far away from Summerleas for you to know it well."

Another pause, longer than the last, and more eloquent.

"How I should like to see it—now!" I murmur, with faint emphasis and a heroically suppressed sigh.

"Would you really?" rising eagerly, and coming into the embrasure of the window. "Would you like to get back, darling? Not yet for a little while, of course," with quick correction, "but later on, when—"

"I would like to start at once," I cry, frankly, flinging hesitation to the winds; "as soon as possible. I am longing to see every one; and you know 'Duke,' sweetly, 'I have yet to make a near acquaintance with our home.'"

I smile up to him, and am satisfied my words have caused nothing but the extreme content.

"Very good. It is easily arranged; and next year we can come and get through what we now leave undone. They must be wanting us at home, I fancy; there are the birds and everything," concludes Marmaduke, in a reflective tone, which is the nearest approach to a return of reason he had yet shown.

We spend a fortnight in London on our way back, when I am presented to some of my husband's relations. His sister, Lady Handcock, I do not see, as she has been in Canada for the last two years, with Sir James, and, though now travelling homewards, and expected every day, does not arrive during our stay in the Great Babylon.

Cousins and aunts and friends, however, are numerous, and for the most part so kind that restraint vanishes, and I tell myself people-in-law are not so formidable as I have been led to believe. One thorn, however, remains among my roses and pricks me gently.

Lady Blanche Going—with whom we stay a week—of all the cousins interests me most; though it must be confessed the interest is of a disagreeable nature. She has a charming house in Park Lane, and the softest, most fascinating manners; she is in every point such as a well-bred woman ought

to be, yet with her alone I am not happy. For the most part looking barely twenty-five, there are times—odd moments when the invariable smile is off her face—when I could fancy her at least seven years older. Now and then, too, a suspicious gleam—too warm, as coming from a decorous matron—falls from her sleepy, almond-shaped eyes upon some favorite among the "strongest" set, and I cannot forgive her in that she makes me appear the most unsophisticated childish bride that ever left a nursery. So that I am glad when we leave her and move further south to our beautiful home.

Oh, the delight, the rapture, of the first meeting, when the first day after our return, I drive over to Summerleas! The darling mother's tearful welcome, the "boy Billee's" more boisterous one. Even Dora, for a moment or two forgets her elegance and her wrongs, and gives me a hearty embrace. And how well I am looking, and how happy! And how pretty my dress is, and how becoming! And how they have all missed me! And just fancy! Roland is really engaged to the "old boy's" daughter, after all; and the colonel himself writes about it, as though quite pleased, in spite of her having such a good fortune. Though, indeed, why should he not? for where could he find any one handsomer, or dearer, or more charming, than our Roly? and so on.

All too swift in its happiness flies the day, and Marmaduke comes to reclaim me. Yet the strange scenes of rest and completeness that fills me, in the presence of the old beloved, distresses me. Why can I not feel for Marmaduke that romantic, all-sufficing devotion of which I have read? I certainly like him immensely. He is everything of the dearest and best, and kind almost to a fault; therefore I ought to adore him; but somehow I cannot quite make up my mind to it. One should love a husband better than all the rest of the world put together; so I have heard, so I believe; but do I?

I lay little plans; I map out little scenes, to try how far my affection for my husband will go.

For instance, I picture to myself Billy or he condemned to start in the morning for Australia, never to return; or one or other must go, and the decision rests with me. Which shall I let go, which shall I keep? I send Marmaduke, and feel a deep pang at my heart; I send Billy—the pang becomes keenest torture.

Again, supposing both to be sentenced to death, and supposing also that it is in my power to save one of them; which would I rescue? Marmaduke of course! I haul him triumphantly from his gloomy cell; but as I do so my Billy's beautiful eyes, filled with mute despair, shine upon me from out the semi-darkness, and I cease to drag Marmaduke; I cannot leave my brother.

When this last picture first presents itself to my vivid imagination I am in bed, and the idea overcomes me to such a degree that I find myself presently in floods of tears, unable altogether to suppress my sobs.

In a minute or two Marmaduke wakes and turns uneasily.

"What is the matter, Phyllis," he asks, anxiously. "Is anything wrong with you, my darling?"

"No, no, nothing," I answer, hastily, and bury my nose in the pillow.

"But you are crying," he remonstrates, reaching out a kindly hand in the darkness that is meant for my face, but alights unexpectedly on the back of my head.

"Tell me what is troubling you, my pet."

"Nothing at all," I say again: "I was only thinking." Here I stifle a foolish sigh born by my still more foolish tears.

"Thinking of what?"

"Of Billy," I reply, reluctantly. And then though he says nothing, and though I cannot see his face, I know my husband is offended.

He goes back to his original position, and is soon again asleep, while I lie awake for half an hour longer, worrying my brain with trying to discover what there can be to vex Marmaduke in my weeping over Billy.

Still I am happy, utterly so, as one must be who is without care or sorrow, whose lightest wish meets instant fulfillment, and less and less frequently am I haunted by the vague fear of ingratitude—by the thought of how poor a return I make for all the good showered upon me, as I see how sufficient I am for my husband's happiness; while only on rare occasions does he betray his passionate longing for a more perfect hold upon my heart by the suppressed but evident jealousy with which he regards my love for my family.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Whom would you like to invite here for the shooting?" asks Marmaduke, at breakfast, to my consternation. "I suppose we had better fill the house?"

"Oh, 'Duke,' I cry, in terror, "must you do that? And I must entertain them all?"

"I suppose so," replies he, laughing; "though I suppose if you let them alone they will entertain themselves. If you get a good many men and women together they generally contrive to work out their own amusement."

"I have seen so few people in my life," I say, desperately, "and none of them grand people. That is, lords, I mean, and that. I shall be frightened out of my life."

"My acquaintance with lords is not so extensive as you seem to imagine. I know a few other people. We will limit the lords if you wish it."

"Baronets and very rich people are just as bad."

"Nonsense, darling! I will be here to help you if they grow very dangerous, and get altogether beyond control."

"Oh, that is all very well," I say, feeling inclined to cry, "but you will be outshooting all day, and I will be left at home to speak to them. I don't mind the men so much, but the women will be dreadful."

This last sentence appears to afford Marmaduke the liveliest amusement. He laughs until I begin to feel really hurt at his want of sympathy.

"You don't care for me," I cry with petulant reproach, "or you would not try to make me so unhappy."

"My darling child, how can you say so? Unhappy! because a few people are kind enough to come and pay you a visit. You say I do not care for you because I ask you

to be civil to two or three women!" Here he laughs again a little, though evidently against his will. "Oh, Phyllis! if you are going to cry I will not say another word about it. Come, look up, my pet, and I promise to forgive our friends this autumn at least. We will spend it by ourselves; though I must confess—regrettably—it seems to me a sin to leave all those birds in peace. Now, are you satisfied?"

But I am not; I am only ashamed of myself. Is this childish fear of strangers the proper spirit of a grown-up married woman to betray? I dry my eyes and make a secret determination to go through with it, no matter what it costs me.

"No, no," I say, heroically; "let them come. It is very stupid of me to feel nervous about it. I dare say I shall like them all immensely when they are once here; and—and—perhaps they will like me."

"Small doubt of that," says my husband, heartily. "I only hope the men won't get beyond the liking. Phyllis, you are a darling, and when they leave you you shall tell me how tremendously you enjoyed it all."

I am not sufficient hypocrite to coincide with this hopeful idea. I kill a sigh before I next speak.

"Duke," I say, with faltering tongue, "must I sit at the head of the table?"

"Of course," again visibly amused. "Surely you would not like to sit at the bottom?"

"No," with deep dejection; "one is as bad as the other. In either place I shall be horribly conspicuous." Then, after a brief hesitation, and with a decided tendency to fawn upon him, "Marmaduke, we shall have all things hauled round; won't we, now? I shall never have anything to carve, shall I?"

"Never," replies Duke; "you shall give us dinner in any earthly style you choose, always provided you let us have a good one. There!"

"And Parsons will see to that," I say, partially, consoled, drawing my breath more lightly.

"Now, whom shall we ask?" says Duke, seating himself, and drawing out a pencil and pocket-book with an air of business, while I look over his shoulder. "Harriet is staying with old Sir William at present, but next week she will be free. She will come, and James. I am so anxious that you should meet each other."

"Oh, Marmaduke, what shall I do if your sister does not like me? It would make me so miserable if she disapproved of me in any way."

"Your modesty, my dear, is quite refreshing in this brazen age. Of course, if Harriet expresses disapprobation of my choice I shall sue for a divorce."

I pinch his ear, and perch myself comfortably on the arm of his chair.

"Is she anything like you?"

"You can hardly find a greater contrast, I should say, in every way. She is extremely fair—quite a blonde—not much taller than you are, and rather fat. She has a considerable amount of spirit, and keeps Sir James in great order; while I am a dejected being, tyrannized over by the veriest little shrewd that ever breathed."

"I like that. But from what you say she must be a terrible person."

"Then my description belies her. Harriet is very charming and a general favorite. As for Sir James he simply adores her. I dare say she will bring Bebe with her."

"Who is Bebe?"

"Bebe Beatoun? Oh, Handcock's niece, and Harriet's most cherished." Fortunately, her mother is at present in Italy, so she can't come, which is lucky for us all, as she is a *dame terrible*. Then we must ask Blanche Going."

"Oh, must you ask her?" I exclaim, discontentedly. "I don't think I quite like her; she is so supercilious, and seems to consider me so—so young."

"Is that a fault? I never met any one with such a veneration for age as you have. I tell you, Phyllis, there is nothing so desirable as youth. Be glad of it while you have it; it never lasts. I dare say Blanche herself would not mind taking a little of it off your hands, if—she only could."

"I don't think so; she rather gave me the impression that she looked down upon me, as though I were foolish and not worth much consideration."

"Don't be uncharitable, Phyllis; she could not think anything so absurd. Besides, she told me herself one day she liked you immensely—hoped you and she would be tremendous friends and so on. Blanche is too good-natured to treat any one as you say."

"Perhaps so. But, really now, Marmaduke—seriously, I mean—would you not wish me to be older? Say twenty-five or so, with a little more knowledge of everything, you know? And, in fact, I mean would it not be better if I were more a woman of the world?"

"Oh, horror of horrors!" cries Duke, raising his hands in affected terror. "How can you suggest anything so cruel! If I were married to a fashionable woman I would either cut and run, or commit suicide in six months."

"Then you really think me—"

"A veritable little goose. No, no!—perfection I mean," seeing me pout. Then suddenly putting his arms round me and drawing me down to him, he whispers, with deep feeling, "Phyllis, my darling, darling child, don't you know it? Must I tell it you over and over again? Cannot you see every hour of your life how fondly I love you, just for what you are? And you, Phyllis, tell me—do you—"

He stops abruptly and regards me with a curious earnestness for a minute, then, laughing rather constrainedly, puts me gently back from him and goes on; "What other guests shall we name? Mark Gore; would you care for him?"

"Yes; I like what I saw of him. And Dora, Marmaduke."

"Dora, of course. And some one to meet her, I suppose? Whom shall we say? I think George Ashurst is an eligible who would just suit her. He is not exactly brilliant, but he is thoroughly good-hearted, and a baronet, with unlimited coin."

"I don't think Dora would like him if he is stupid," I say, doubtfully.

"Oh, he is not a fool, if you mean that; and he has as many golden charms as would make a duller man clever."

"Ah! who is mercenary now?" I say, lifting a finger of conviction.

"Am I? You see what comes of marrying a man of the world. Now, had you seen as much life as I have you might be equally unpleasant."

"But I don't think you unpleasant, 'Duke.'"

"Don't you? There is a consolation to be found in that. And now whom would you like to invite, darling?"

"I would like Billy," I say, disconsolately; "but he never is in the way when wanted, like other boys. And Roly is in Ireland, by special desire, of course. And I would like mother, only—"

"Perhaps you would like the whole family?" says my husband, mildly.

"Yes, I would," I return, with alacrity; "everybody—I was going to say 'man jack of them,' but, thinking this—though purest English to Billy's ears—may be considered vulgar by mere outsiders, check myself in time, and substitute the words 'every one of them,' rather tamely. "All, that is, except papa; I doubt he would be amiable for two hours together. But where is the use of wishing for what I cannot have?"

"We could get Billy for a week, I dare say, later on," says Marmaduke, kindly, "while the rest are here, if only to keep you from despair. Is there any one else?"

"No; papa looked upon friends as nightmares, so we have none. Besides, I shall have quite enough to do making myself agreeable to those you have named. I only hope they will not worry me into an early grave."

"Well, then, I suppose, with two or three spare men, this list will do?"

"Don't you think you are asking a great many?"

"No; very few, it seems to me; at least barely enough to make the house warm. Here is a tip for you, Phyllis; when making up your mind to invite people to stay with you, always ask a good many together, as the more there are the easier it will be to amuse them, and much trouble is taken off the shoulders of the poor little hostess. Bebe you will like, she is so gay and bright; every one is fond of her."

"How old is she?"

"Very young—not more than nineteen or twenty, and she looks almost as young as you. She will suit you, and help you to do the honors. The only thing that can be said against Bebe is, she is such an incorrigible little flirt. Do not learn that accomplishment from her."

"How shall I be help to it, if you throw me in the way of it? I think you are acting foolishly," with a wise shake of my head. "What if one of these 'spare men' should chance to fall in love with me?"

"That would be a mere bagatelle to your falling in love with one of the 'spare men.'"

"I see nothing to prevent that either."

"Don't you?" Then, half earnestly taking my face between his hands, "You would not do that, Phyllis, would you?"

"No, I think not," I say, lightly, letting him have his kiss without rebuke; "I feel no desire to be a flirt. It must be an awful thing, as it seems to me, to have two or three men in love with you at the same time. I find one bad enough—maliciously—and that is what it comes to, is it not?"

"I suppose so, if one is a successful coquette."

"Well," I say, springing to my feet, "I only hope Dora will get a good husband out of this turmoil, if only to recompense me for the misery I am going to endure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Remarkable Impostor.

N. Y. Times.

Cases oftentimes occur which show that the gullibility of the public is far greater than intelligent persons can readily conceive, but no one within the recollection of any "oldest inhabitant" can have surpassed the woman Furneaux, who has been passing herself off in England as Lord Arthur Pelham-Clinton and various other persons, and entitled to vast possessions. In 1874 she met Benjamin Fowell, and on various pretences extracted much money from him. Not long after he succeeded to a colliery property, and she visited him there, his wife attending her as a lady of rank. Besides money, she got his uncle's gold watch, a chaise and saddle horse, and ultimately he sold an estate far beneath its value, to make advances to her. At length the worm turned. Fowell became exasperated, and wrote her a threatening letter, for which he was promptly sent to prison for fifteen months, and has only just been liberated. While Fowell was in prison she visited the gaol chaplain, who was so profoundly impressed by her statements that in his sermon next Sunday he remarked "that there was one present who had written a foul and calumnious letter to a lady, for which he was suffering twelve months, and expressed a hope that Heaven would soften the offender's heart." Another of her victims not only parted with the whole of his own money, but borrowed \$6,000 from friends for her, while six others have put off their creditors until the Crown should restore Lord Arthur Pelham-Clinton's estates. It will be remembered that a scamp operated here under the same name a few months ago. Lord Arthur Pelham-Clinton was a younger son of that Duke of Newcastle who accompanied the Prince of Wales to this country. He was a worthless fellow and became involved in disgraceful associations, which threatened his being placed in the criminal dock. All of a sudden, while the charge was impending, it was announced that he had suddenly died. A great many persons not by any means of a gullible sort thought his demise too opportune to be true, and are of opinion to this hour that some of the family to prevent a great scandal, more or less connived at the deception. Just after the funeral there appeared in a London paper an advertisement: "They all looked very jolly yesterday in their mourning coaches," which some interpreted as a private communication from a "pal" of the pseudo-buried nobleman to him. These are the circumstances which, no doubt, suggested to the ingenious Miss Furneaux the part she had taken. For cold blooded audacity and "braggon impudence" Becky Sharp could not have surpassed her.

Giovanni Lanza, Italian statesman, is dead.

THE GREAT WEST.

A Land of Booms—Big Farms and Magnificent Distances.

MANITOBA AND THE NORTHWEST.

West Lynne is moving for incorporation. Cow thieves are operating around Portage la Prairie.

The Great Need of Manitoba and the North-West at present is churches.

Sewell is asking for a post office. It already has a telegraph office.

NEW POST OFFICE.—The settlers of Oak River are to have a post office established, to be known as Viola Vale.

A WANT.—The vast amount of business done in freight at Brandon makes a port of entry there an urgent necessity.

Hotel accommodation is represented as being unequal to the demand for it by travelers, especially at Winnipeg.

Notice is given that an application will be made to the Legislature of Manitoba at its present session for a charter incorporating the city of Brandon.

A Paper Mill is Rapid City's latest project. It is intended at first to make only building paper, but wrapping and printing paper will also be made when the enterprise has been fairly started.

RAILWAY TRANSFER.—The Souris and Rocky Mountain Railway Company have transferred their charter to the Grand Trunk and Midland Railway Companies. Arrangements are now being made for the early commencement of construction and a portion of the road will undoubtedly be in operation by next autumn.

Around Nelsonville speculation is wild. It is quite common for a settler to sell his farm at from \$5,000 to \$10,000—\$25 cash, balance in twenty to thirty days. The calculation of the purchaser is that within the time specified he may dispose of the land at an advance; if not, he only loses his \$25.

Notice is given that the Government land agents at the following agencies will offer for sale the odd-numbered sections of Dominion lands remaining undisposed of in their respective districts on and after the dates mentioned at the price of \$2.50 per acre, cash, viz: Winnipeg, 15th March, 1882; Gladstone, Little Saskatchewan and Birtle 1st April, 1882.

The C. P. R. Authorities have sunk their well near the tank at the Winnipeg workshops some thirty feet deeper. A stratum of rock has been penetrated, and Mr. Paterson, who looks after the water supply states that a fine overflowing spring has been reached that gives an abundance of water. He adds that he believes that there are three strata underlying the city that yield good water, but varying somewhat in quality and quantity. At 50 feet spring water is struck strongly impregnated with the essence of some mineral substance, but without the overflowing propensity. At 60 feet an overflowing spring is reached, and with less mineral properties. After 90 feet a fine overflowing stream is reached free from mineral entirely, and adapted for either drinking or washing purposes, the water being much softer. These repeated experiments fully establish the fact of good water underlying our fertile prairies at different strata, and that wells on the artesian principle will speedily overcome what was at one time thought to be a most serious drawback to the country.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Navigation has been resumed on the Fraser River.

The Electric light has reached Burrard Inlet, the extensive Moodyville saw-mills being now satisfactorily illuminated by the Brush system.

COAL FIGURES.—The following are the returns of the total output, exportation and home consumption of the several collieries in Nanaimo district. The total output for the year 1881 amounted to 228,357 tons, the exportation for the past year was 198,323 tons, and for consumption within the Province, 40,191 tons. On January 1st, 1881, the collieries had 10,476 tons on hand, and December 31st of the same year there were 9,318 tons on hand.

Burrard Inlet trade is growing. During last year, 36 ships, lumber laden, cleared for places beyond seas, as follows: For Sydney, 8; for Melbourne, 7; for Shanghai, 6; for Valparaiso, 4; for Iquique, 3; for Adelaide, 2; for London, 1; for Cape Town, 1; for Port Natal, 1; for Yokohama, 1. The aggregate tonnage of these vessels was 29,261 tons. Their aggregate cargoes consisted of 18,937,800 feet of rough lumber; 2,428,207 feet dressed lumber; 117 spars; 170,425 fence pickets; 1,062,250 laths; 590,000 shingles; 300 cases salmon; 24 half barrels oolachans; 10 bbls. fish oil. These figures do not include any of the domestic trade, which would probably double the shipping. They simply cover the foreign trade of the port for the year 1881.

Reverence in France and in England.

The preservation of historical monument is among the things which are better managed in France than on this side of the "silva verstrack." In England scarcely a week passes away without our being called upon to mourn over the loss of some curious house which is connected with one of the famous names in the world's history. One week it is the cottage in which "Handibras" Butler was born that is swept away by an unsympathetic owner; the next sees the venerable mansion which Gilbert White occupied changed into a dwelling of the present age; then comes an announcement of the destruction of the suburban retreat in which Samuel Rogers penned his laborious couplets. If we cross into France we find that either through the action of the State or the local authorities such relics of the past are religiously preserved. In the back street of Orleans are several ancient mansions which its municipality has secured for the pleasure of posterity. The last which has passed into public hands is known as the home of Agnes Sorel, and for its acquisition that body has paid more than 12,000 francs.

The secret of the snake charmers of India is said to be sewing up the mouths of their snakes.