A LOVER'S FANCIES.

TWO TRAINS.

I.

Throw open wide the throttle valve,
Your train seems but to stand;
Go swifter, swarthy engineer,
Down to the Southern land.

The fairest girl abideth there
That Nature ever planned;
You cannot go too fast for me
Down to the Southern land.

II.

I held her to my heart awhile,
I pressed her dainty hand,
Then turned my moistened eyes again
Back to the Northern land.

How slowly does the glass of time
Pour out its grosser sand!
Oh, engineer, too fast you go,
Back to the Northern land!

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

CHAPTER XX. CONTINUED.

Lady Blanche, reclining in a low *fauteuil*, is conversing earnestly with Sir Mark Gore, who stands beside her. Seeing me, she smiles softly at him and motions him to a chair near her. As I move past her trailing skirts a sudden thought of Mons. Rimmel comes to me—the delicatest, faintest, perfume reaches me. She runs the fingers of one white hand caressingly across her white arm; her every movement is an essence—a grace.

Dora, in her favorite white muslin and sweet demure smile is holding Mr. Powell and Sir George Ashurst in thrall. She is bestowing the greater part of her attention upon the former, to the disgust and bewilderment of honest George, who looks with moody dislike upon his rival. Both men are intent upon taking her down to dinner. There is little need for you to torture yourself with jealous fears, Sir George. When the time comes it is without doubt upon your arm she will lay that little white pink-tinged hand.

Bebe is sitting upon a sofa, with the infatuated Chips beside her; and is no longer pale: two crimson spots adorn her cheeks and add brilliancy to her eyes. As I watch her wonderingly she slowly raises her head, and, meeting my gaze, bestows upon me a glance so full of the liveliest reproach, not unmixed with indignation, that I am filled with consternation. What *have* I done to deserve so withering a look?

"I would give something to know of whom you are thinking just now," says a voice at my elbow. "Not of *me*, I trust?"

I turn to find Sir Mark is regarding me earnestly. Instinctively I glance at the vacant chair beside Lady Blanche, and in doing so encounter her dark eyes bent on mine. Verily, I am not in good odor with my guests to-night.

All through dinner I try to attract Bebe's attention, but cannot. I address her, only to receive the coldest of replies. Even afterwards, when we get back once more to the drawing-room, I cannot manage an explanation, as she escapes to her own room, and does not again appear until the gentlemen have joined us.

Neither she nor Lord Chandos exchange one word with each other throughout the entire evening. With a sort of feverish gayety she chatters to young Thornton, to Captain Jenkins, to any one who may chance to be near her, as though she fears some silence.

Nevertheless the minutes drag. It is the stupidest night we have known, and I begin to wish I had learned whist or chess or something of that sort. I am out of spirits, and though innocent of what it may be, feel myself guilty of some hideous blunder.

Presently the dreaded quiet falls. The whist-players are happy, the rest of us are not. Sir Mark, with grave politeness, comes to the rescue.

"Perhaps Mr. Thornton will kindly favor us with a song?" he says, without a smile.

And Mr. Thornton, with a face even more than usually benign, willingly consents, and gives us, "What will you do, love, when I am going?"—*a propos* of his approaching departure for India—with much sentimental fervor, and many tender glances directed openly at Miss Beatoun.

"Thank you," murmurs that young lady, when the doleful ditty is finished, having listened to it all through with an air of saddened admiration impossible to describe, and unmistakably flattering. "I know no song that touches me so deeply as that."

"I know you are laughing at me," says Chips, frankly, seating himself again beside her, and sinking his voice to a whisper that he fondly but erroneously believes to be inaudible: "but I don't care. I would rather have you to make fun of me than any other girl to love me!"

Could infatuation further go?

"Perhaps one might find it possible to do both," insinuates Miss Beatoun, wickedly; but, this piece of flagrant hypocrisy proving too much even for her, she raises her fan to a level with her lips and subsides with an irrepressible smile behind it, while poor little Chips murmurs:

"Oh, come, now. That is more than any fellow would believe, you know," and grins a pleased and radiant grin.

Bebe, being asked to sing, refuses, gently but firmly; and when I have delighted my audience with one or two old English ballads, we give in, and think with animation of our beds.

In the corridor above I seize hold of Bebe.

"What has vexed you?" I ask, anxiously. "Why are you not friends with me? You *must* come to my room before you go to bed. Promise."

"Very good. I will come," quietly disengaging my hand. Then, before closing the door, "Indeed, Phyllis, I think you might have told me," she says, in a tone of deep reproach.

So that is it! But surely she must have seen his coming so unexpectedly was a great surprise. And is there a romance connected with her and Lord Chandos?

I confess to an overpowering feeling of curiosity. I dismiss my maid with more haste than usual, and, sitting in my dressing-gown and slippers, long for Bebe's coming. I am convinced I shall not sleep one wink if she fails to keep this appointment.

I am not doomed to a sleepless night however, as presently she comes in—all her beautiful hair loose about her shoulders.

"Now, Bebe," I exclaim, jumping up to give her a good shake, "how could you be so cross all about nothing? I did not know myself he was coming so soon. You made me miserable the entire evening, and spoiled everything."

"But you knew he was coming some time; why did you not say so?"

"I forgot all about him. I knew no reason why I should attach importance to his presence here. I don't know now, either. I was quite ignorant of your previous acquaintance with him. Probably had he waited in London until next week, as he originally intended, it might have occurred to me to mention his coming, and so I would have spared myself all the cruelty and neglect and wicked looks so lavishly bestowed upon me this evening."

"You have yet to learn," says Miss Beatoun, who *is*, I think, a little ashamed of her pettishness, "that of all things I most detest being taken by surprise. It puts me out dreadfully; I don't recover myself for ever so long, and to see Lord Chandos here, of all people, when I believed him safe Italy, took away my breath. Phyllis, I don't know how it is, but I feel I must tell you all about it."

"Yes, do. I am so anxious to hear, Yet I half guess he is, or was, a lover of yours. Is it not so? And something has gone wrong?"

"Very much wrong, indeed," with a rather bitter laugh. "It will be a slight comedown to my pride to tell you this story; but I can trust you, can I not? I am not fond of women friends as a rule—indeed, Harriet is my only one—but you, Phyllis, have exercised upon me some charm, I do believe, as when I am near you I forget to be reserved."

"That is because you know how well I like you."

"Is it? Perhaps so. Well, about Lord Chandos. My story is a short one, you will say, and to the point. I met him first two years ago. He fell in love with me, and last year asked me to marry him. That is all; but you will understand by it how little ambitious I was of meeting him again."

"And you——"

"Refused him, dear. How could I do otherwise? He was only Captain Everett then, without a prospect on earth: and I am no heiress. It would have meant poverty—scarcely even what is called 'genteel poverty'—had I consented to be his wife; and"—with a quick shudder of disgust—"I would rather be dead, I think, than endure such a life as that."

"Did you love him, Bebe?"

"I liked him well enough to marry him, certainly," she admits, slowly, "had circumstances been different."

We are silent for a little time; then Bebe says, in a low tone:

"He was so good about it, and I deserved so little mercy at his hands. I don't deny I had flirted with him horribly, with cruel heartlessness, considering I knew all along when it came to the final move, I would say 'No.' I liked him so well that I could not make up my mind to be brave in time and let him go, never counting the pain I would afterwards have to inflict—and bear."

Her voice sinks to a whisper. Without turning my head I lay my hand on hers.

"It all happened one morning," she goes on, presently, making a faint pause between each silence, "quite early. There was nothing poetic or sentimental about it in the way of conservatories or flowers or music. He had come to pay me his usual visit. It was July, and mamma and I were leaving town the next day. We were not to see each other again for a long time. Perhaps that hastened it. It was a wet day, I remember—I can hear the sad drip, drip of the raindrops now—and we felt silent and depressed. Somehow then—I hardly know how—it was said—and over."

"How sad it was!" I murmur, stroking the hand I hold with quiet sympathy. "And then——"

"Then I let him see how utterly false and worthless was the woman he loved. I let him know that even if I adored him his want of money would be an insurmountable barrier between us. I think I *told* him so. I am not quite sure of that. I do not recollect distinctly one word I said that day. I only know that he went away impressed with the belief that I was a mere contemptible money-worshipper."

"Did he say anything—reproachful, mean?"

"That was the hardest part of it. He would not reproach me. Had he been bitter or hard or cold I could have borne it better; but he was silent on the head of his wrongs. He only sat there, looking distinctly miserable, without an unkind word on his lips."

"What! Did he say nothing?"

"Very little. Unless to tell me I had treated him disgracefully, I don't know that there was anything *to be* said. He declared that he had expected just such an answer: that he felt he had no right to hope for a happier one. He did not blame me—of course I was acting wisely—and so on. He never once asked me to reconsider my words. Then he got up and said he must bid me a long farewell. He knew a man who would gladly exchange with him and give him a chance of seeing a little Indian life: he was tired of England. You can imagine the kind of thing."

"Poor fellow! How did he look?"

"He was very white, and his lips were tightly compressed. And I think there were—*tears* in his eyes. Oh, Phyllis!" cries Bebe passionately, rising to push her chair back sharply, and beginning to pace the room. "when I saw the tears in his eyes I almost gave in. *Almost*, mark you, not quite. I am too well trained for that."

"I think I would have relented."

"I am sure you would; but your education has been so different. Upon this earth," says Bebe, slowly, "there's nothing so mean or so despicable as a woman born and bred as I am. Taught from our cradles to look on money and money's worth as the principal good to be obtained in life: with the watchwords, 'an excellent match,' 'a rich marriage,' 'an eligible *parti*,' drummed into our ears from the time we put on sashes and short frocks. There is something desperately unwholesome about the whole thing."

"Did you never see him since?" ask I, deeply impressed by her manner and the love-affair generally.

"Never until to-night. You may fancy what a shock it was."

"And he didn't even *kiss* you before going away, as he thought, forever?" I exclaim, unwisely.

"Kiss me," severely. "How do you mean, Phyllis? Of course he did not kiss me: why should he?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it would have been unusual," I return, overwhelmed with confusion. "Only it seemed to me—I mean it is so *good* to be kissed by one we love."

"Is it?" coldly. "I am not fond of kissing."

I hasten to change the subject. "When he was gone how wretched you must have felt!"

"I suppose I did. But I shed no tears; I was too unhappy, I think, for mere crying. However,"—with sudden recklessness—"it is all over now, and we have lived through it. Let us forget it. A month after the scene I have just described, the old lord and his sons were drowned, and Travers Everett came in for everything. You see what I lost by being mercenary."

"I wonder, when he became so rich, he did not come back directly, and ask you all over again."

"He knew rather better than that, I take it," says Bebe, with a slight accession of *hauteur*; and for the second time I feel ashamed of myself and my ignoble sentiments. "He went abroad and staid there until now. He don't look as though he had pined over-much, does he?" with a laugh. "A broken heart is the most curable thing I know. I thought I had never seen him look so well."

"A man cannot pine forever," I say, in defense of the absent. Then, rather nervously, "I wonder when you will marry now, Bebe?"

"Never, most probably," kneeling down on the hearth-rug. "You see I threw away my good luck. Fortune will scarcely be so complaisant a second time," says Bebe, with a gay laugh, laying her head down upon my lap; and then in another moment I become aware that she is sobbing passionately.

The tears rise thickly to my eyes, yet I find no words to comfort her. I keep silence and suffer my fingers to wander caressingly through her dark tresses as they lie scattered across my knees. Perhaps the greatest eloquence would not have been so acceptable as that silent touch.

In a short time the storm passes, and Bebe, raising her face, covers it with her hands.

"I have *not* been crying?" she says, with willful vehemence; "you must think I have. If you do, I will never be your friend again. How dare you say I shed tears for any man?"

"I did not say it, Bebe. I will never say it," I return, earnestly.

She puts her bare arms around my neck and lays her head upon my shoulder in such a position that I cannot see her face, and so remains, staring thoughtfully into the fire.

"I know you will be very angry with me, I say, presently, "but I must say it. Perhaps you will marry him some time."

"No, never, never. Do not think it. refused him when he was poor; I would not accept him now he is rich. How could you ever imagine it? Even were he to ask me again (which, believe me, is the most unlikely thing that could happen), I would give him the same answer. He may think me heartless; he shall not think me so mean a thing as that."

"If he loves you he will think no bad of you."

"You do well to say 'if.' I don't suppose he does love me now. He did once. Her arms tighten round me, although I think for the moment she has forgotten me and everything and is looking back upon the past. After a little while she says, again, "Yes, he did love me once."

"And does still. I am sure of it. His whole face changed when he saw you this evening. I remarked it, though I am not generally famous for keen observation. It is impossible he can have forgotten you, Bebe."

"Of course. There are so few pretty people in the world," with a smile. The change you saw in him to-night, Phyllis, was probably surprise, or perhaps disgust, at finding himself so unexpectedly thrown again into my society. He did not once address me during the evening."

"How could he, when you devoted yourself in such a provokingly open manner to that ridiculous boy, and afterwards allowed Captain Jenkins to monopolize you exclusively? I wish, Bebe, you would not."

"Indeed I shall," says Miss Beatoun, petulantly. "I thall flirt as hard as ever I can with every one I meet. He shall not think I am dying of chagrin and disappointment."

"And will you not even speak to Lord Chandos?"

"Not if I can help it. So you need not say another word. If you do, I will report you to Marmaduke as a dangerous little matchmaker, and perhaps marry Captain Jenkins. I have really met more disagreeable men. And as for Chips, says Bebe, who has seemingly recovered all her wonted gayety, "that boy is the most amusing thing I know. He is perfectly adorable. And so handsome as he is too! It is quite a pleasure alone to sit and look at him."

"Are you going away now?" seeing her rise.

"Yes; it is all hours, or rather, small hours, and Marmaduke will be here in a moment to scold me for keeping you from your beauty-sleep. Good-night, dearest, and forget what a goose I made of myself. Promise me."

"I cannot promise to forget what I never thought," I reply, giving her a good hug, and so we part for some hours.

Still, I do not go to bed. Her story has affected me deeply, and sets me pondering. I have seen so little real *bona fide* sentiment in my home-life that probably it interests me in a greater degree than it would most girls of my own age differently reared. I sit before my fire, my hands clasped round my knees, for half an hour, cogitating as to way and means of reuniting my friend to her beloved—for that Lord Chandos has ceased to regard her with feelings of ardent affection is a thing I neither can nor will believe.

I am still vaguely planning, when Marmaduke, coming in, orders me off to my slumbers, declaring my roses will degenerate into lilies if I persist in keeping such dissipated hours.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Billy is coming to-day," is the first thought that occurs to me, as I spring from my bed on the morning of the nineteenth and run to the window. It is a glorious day outside, sunny and warm and bright, full of that air of subdued summer that always belongs to September. The flowers below are waving gently in the soft breeze; the trees have a musical rustle they surely lacked on yesterday; the very birds in the air and among the branches are crying, "Coming, coming, coming!"

Soon I shall see him; soon I shall welcome him to my own home. Alas, alas! that so many hours must pass before he can enter my expectant arms! That detestable "Bradshaw" has decreed that no train but the half past five shall bring him.

Bebe, who is immensely amused at my impatience, declares herself prepared to fall in love with Billy on the spot, the very moment she sees him.

"I am passionately attached to boys," she says, meeting me in the corridor about half-past three (am in such a rambling, unsettled, condition as compels me to walk from pillar to post all day); "I like their society—witness my devotion to Chips—and they like mine. But for all that, I shall be nowhere with your Billy; you have another guest in your house who will take his heart by storm."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Lady Blanche Going. I never yet saw the boy who could resist her. Is not that odd? Is she not the last person one would select as a favorite with youth?"

"I hope he will *not* like her," I cry, impulsively; then, feeling myself, without cause, ungracious, "that is—of course I do not mean that—only——"

"Oh, yes, you do," says Miss Beatoun, coolly; "you would be very sorry if Billy were to waste his affection on her. So would I. You detest her; so do I. Why mince matters? But for all that your boy will be her sworn slave, or I am much mistaken. If only to spite *you*, she will make him her friend."

"But why? What have I ever done to her?"

"Nothing; only it is intolerable somebody should admire you so much."

And with a mischievous glance, Miss Beatoun disappears round the corner.

"Marmaduke," say I, seizing my husband by the arm as the dog-cart comes round to the door for final orders, preparatory to starting for the station (it is now almost five o'clock), "is William going for Billy? I wish *I* could go. You don't think he will expect——" I hesitate.

Marmaduke reads my face attentively for a minute, then ponders a little.

"You think he may be disappointed if welcomed only by a groom!" he says, with a smile. "Take that little pucker off your forehead, Phyllis: I will bring your Billy to you myself," and mounting the dog-cart, drives off to the station without another word.

As I have already said, it is now five o'clock. It will take him just half an hour to reach Carston and meet the train. Ten minutes at least must be wasted finding Billy, getting his traps together, and settling things generally; then half an hour more to drive home; so that altogether one hour and ten minutes go by before I can hope to see them. This appears an interminable age; all the day has not seened so long as this last hour and ten minutes.

At a quarter to six I run up-stairs and get myself dressed for dinner—although we do not dine until half-past seven—hurrying through my toilet with the most exaggerated haste, as if fearing they may arrive before is is finished; and I would not miss being the first to greet my boy for all the world contains.

When I once more reach the drawing-room it still wants five minutes to the promised time. Lady Blanche Going and one or two of the men are lounging here. She raises her head as I enter, and scans me languidly.

"Do we dine earlier than usual, to-night, Mrs. Carrington?" she asks, with curiosity.

"No; not earlier than usual. It was a mere whim of mine getting my dressing over so soon."

"Oh, I quite forgot your brother was coming," she says, with a faint smile, bending over her work again. She looks as though she were pitying my youthful enthusiasm. I make no reply. Taking up a book, I seat myself near a front window, as far as possible from the other occupants of the room, and pretend to read.

A quarter past six. Surely they ought to be here by this. Twenty-five minutes past six! I rise, regardless of comment, and gaze up the avenue.

Oh, if anything should have prevented his coming! Are not masters always tyrants? But even in such a case ought not Marmaduke to be back by this to tell me of it?

Or, yet more sickening thought, *can* any accident have happened to the train, and is Marmaduke afraid to bring me home the evil tidings?

I am just picturing to myself Billy's chestnut locks bedabbled with his gore, when something smites upon mine ear. Surely it is the sound of wheels. I flatten my nose against the window-panes and strain my eyes into the gathering twilight.

Yes, fast as the good horse can bring them they come. A moment later, and the dog-cart in full swing rounds the corner, while in it, coated to the chin, and in full possession of the reins, sets my brother, with Marmaduke—quite a secondary person—smiling beside him.

I utter an exclamation, and, flinging my book from me—blind to the smiles my guests cannot restrain—I rush headlong from the room, and in another instant have Billy folded in my arms. Surely a year has gone by since last I saw him.

"Oh, Billy, Billy!" I cry, clinging to him the tears in my eyes, while glad smiles fight for mastery upon my lips. "Is it really you? It seems years and years since last we were together. Oh how tall you have grown, and how good-looking!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is reported that the Turks are greatly dissatisfied with the new constitution. They have telegraphed to the Earl of Kimberley, the British Colonial Secretary, stating that they will not participate in the new Legislative Council.

Reports state that the Queen of Holland will give her sister, the Princess Helen, for a marriage present a splendid sleigh in the form of a swan, and painted in the style of Watteau. It is lined with quilted blue satin.

Feeding Poultry; Raising Chicks.

BY D. Z. EVANS, JR.

One of the secrets of successful poultry raising in the art of feeding properly, not merely at regular intervals, but on the most suitable food, and keeping the chicks growing as rapidly as possible from the very start. It is very poor economy to stint the poultry, especially young growing stock, for, when once stunted, it takes a long while to recover, if it does occur at all. For the first twenty-four hours after the chicks emerge from the shell, they should remain under the hen unmolested, both to dry and gain strength and hardiness. They do not require any food, as the store nature provides will last over this time. As the chicks hatch sometimes irregularly, the older ones can be cared for in the house until the others are ready to be taken away, when the hen and her brood can be removed to a roomy coop, with a tight-board bottom and a rain-proof roof. They should be fed five times daily, but only just what they will eat up clean. The first food should consist of stale bread *moistened* in water or in fresh milk—the milk is decidedly preferable. Do not *wet* the food, as very moist or sloppy food will cause sickness and a high rate of mortality among young, tender birds. Keep the water (for drinking) away from them until they are six to eight weeks old, but if milk can be spared give them occasional drinks of it. The too lavish use of corn meal has caused more death among young chicks than has cholera among grown fowls. Until the chicks are half-grown, corn meal should be put sparingly fed, but after that time, when judiciously used, is one of the very best and cheapest foods for fowls and chicks. Nine-tenths of the young turkies and guinea-fowls, which die when in the "downy" state, get their death blow from corn meal, as it is a very common practice (because it is so "handy," and suits lazy people so well) to merely moisten, with cold water, some raw corn meal and then feed it in that way. Young chicks relish occasional feeds of cracked wheat and wheat screenings. while rice, well boiled, is not only greedily eaten by the chicks, but is one of the very best things that can be given. It frequently happens that damaged lots of rice, or low grades of it, can be bought, at low figures, in the cities. As it increases so much in bulk in cooking, it is not an expensive food for young chicks, even at the regular retail price, though it would not, ordinarily, pay to feed it to full-grown fowls very liberally or very frequently. In the absence of worms, bugs, etc., during early spring, cheap parts of fresh beef can be well boiled and shreded up for the little chicks, but care must be taken not to feed more frequently than once in two days, and only then in moderation. This feeding on meat shreds is very beneficial to young turkey and guinea chicks when they are "shooting" their first quill feathers, as then they require extra nourishment to repair the drain on immature and weakly bodies.—*American Agriculturist.*

A TOWN OVERWHELMED.

Sleeping Families Caught by an Avalanche—Lives and Property Destroyed.

The recent snow slide at Genoa occurred at half past 5 a.m., and made a terrible noise. The Long building, which stood nearest the mountain, was occupied by Indians. driven from their wigwams by the severity of the storm. As near as can be ascertained, but seven were in the house at the time of the catastrophe. No trace of the building can be recognized, and as yet no search has been made for its occupants. Next came the residence and barn of Minerod Bowers, which was completely crushed to pieces and carried into the adjoining lot of D. W. Virgin. Minerod and wife were found still in their bed, and almost on top of the snow and debris, both dead. Two German relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Bowers had arrived the evening previous from the East, and were sleeping in the house that night. One of them escaped unhurt, and the other who dug his way out from beneath the trunk of a tree, had a broken shoulder and some other injuries.

The residences of D. W. Virgin, W. D. Gray, and H. Boerlin were on the next street below that of Bowers. Boerlin's house was completely demolished. The occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Boerlin, their two children, and Mr. Chisholm and wife. All were buried in the ruins but Mr. Boerlin, and Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm made their escape unhurt. After considerable search Mrs. Boerlin was found some distance from the original locality of the bed, nearly suffocated and still holding the dead body of the little girl, Polina, in her arms. The boy was found in still another part of the wreck, alive and unhurt.

The slide came down the gorge immediately south of Genoa Canon, and swept everything before it as far as Main street. No obstacle seemed to check this moving mountain of snow until it spread out and lost its force on the nearly level piece of land on which Genoa is built, fully a quarter of a mile from the base of the mountain.

At this time it is impossible to estimate the loss of property. Everything is chaos. Broken lumber, splinters of furniture, pine and fruit trees, hay, clothing, kitchen ware, and bedding are distributed through a body of snow and ice from ten to fifty feet in depth and several acres in extent.

Rats and Mice.

If a share of the pains taken to catch rats and mice after they are in a house or apartment were employed in keeping them out, it would save much trouble. Even an old house, where there are many cracks and crevices, may soon be made vermin proof. Scraps of sheet tin of the thinnest kind may be had of the tinsmith; this may be cut up with a strong pair of sheers, and so fitted as to close up the entrance holes. Holes may be punched in the tin with a common awl, or a nail filed to a point, through which to put tacks to hold the tin in place. Some holes and cracks may be more easily closed by means of plaster of Paris. A sufficient quantity of this is mixed with water, to be about as thick as mortar; then, before it hardens, fill with it the holes and passages of the creatures; in a few minutes it will be solid. When all such entrances have been stopped the animals must either come in by the doors, or gnaw a new opening, an operation in which they may be detected.