The Sultan of the East.

The Sultan of the East. There was a Sultan of the East. There was a Sultan of the East Who used to ride a stubborn beast; A marvel of the donkey-kind, That much perplexed his owner's mind. By turns he moved a rod ahead, Then backed a rod or so instead. And thus the day would pass around, The sultan guining little ground, The sultan guining little ground, The servants on before would stray And pitch their tents beside the way. And pass the time as best they might Until their master heve in sight. The Sultan many methods tried; He clicked and coaxed and spurs applied, And stripped a dozen trees, at least. Of branches, to persuade the beast. But all his efforts went for naught; No reformation could be wrought, At length, before the palace gate He called the wise men of the state. And bade them now their skill display By finding where the trouble lay. With solemn looks and thoughts profound. The beast was measured ofer with care : They proved him by the plumb and square, The compass to his ribs applied, And every joint by rule was tried ; But nothing could the doctors find To prove he differed from his kind. Said they : "Your Highness it appears? The beast is sound from hoof to cars; No outward blemishes we see To limit action fair and free. In view of this the fact is plain The mischief lies within the brain. Now, we suggest to stop his tricks, A sail upon his back you fix, Of goodly size, to catch the breeze And urge him forward where you please." The Sultan well their wisdom praised. Two mats upon the beast were raised,

The Sultan well their wisdom praised. Two masts upon the beast were raised, And, schooner-rigged from head to tail. With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail. In proper shape equipped was he, As though designed to sail the sea !

And when the Sultan next bestrode The beast upon a lengthy road. With favoring winds that whistled strong And swiftly urged the craft along; The people cleared the track with speed; And old and young alike agreed A stranger sight could not be found. From side to side the province round.

-PALMER COX, St. Nicholas for July. ----

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Eawn," "The Taly, "Any Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII,-CONTINUED.

I get through my toilet with a good deal of deliberation. 1 am in no great hurry to tind myself down-stairs; I am determined to afford him every chance of getting clear of the premises before I make my appear-

ance. When dressed to Martha's satisfaction, I go cautiously through the house, and, con-trary to my usual custom, make straight for Marmaduke's study. Opening the door without knocking, 1 find myself face to face with Marmaduke and Sir Mark Gore.

I feel petrified, and somewhat guilty. Of what use my condemning myself to solitary confinement for so many hours, if the close of them only brings me in contact with what I have so striven to avoid?

Marmaduke's blue eyes are flashing, and his lips are white and compressed. Sir Mark, always dark and supercilious, is looking much the same as usual, except for a certain bitter expression that adorns the corners of his mouth. Both men regard me fixedly as I enter, but with what different feelings !

Marmaduke holds out his hand to me, and the flash dies in his eyes. Sir Mark's lips form the one word "false."

'No, I am not false," I protest, vehemently, putting my hand through Marmaduke's arm, and glancing at my opponent defiantly from my shelter : "'Duke is my husband ; why should I hide anything from him ? I told you I would conceal noth-

'What charming wifely conduct !" says Sir Mark, with a sneer; "not only do you confide to him all your own little affairs, but you are ready also at a moment's notice to forgive him any peccadilloes of which he has been guilty." I feel 'Duke quiver with rage, but laying

a warning pressure on his arm, I succeed in restraining him.

"He has been guilty of none," I cry, indignantly. "He never cared for any one but me, as you well know."

"Don't try me too far. fierce tone. Honest men !' Remember one thing, Carrington : you owe me something for my forbearance For a full minute the two men glare at

each other, then the door is flung open, and Mark is gone.

"What did he mean by that?" ask I, frightened and tearful. "What was that said about forbearance? Tell me, 'Duke.' Marmaduke's face is white as death.

"Nothing," he answers, with an effort. "It is only a stagy way he has of speaking. Let us forget him.

So Mark Gore drops out of our life for the present. Three days later Lady Blanche Going also takes her departure. As we assemble in the hall to bid her good-bye-I, from an oppressive sense of what is demanded by the laws of courtesy, the others through the dawdling idleness that belongs to a country house-she sweeps

up to me, and, with an unusually bewitching smile, says sweetly: "Good-byc, dear Mrs. Carrington, Thank you so much for all your kindness to me. I really don't remember when I have enjoyed myself so well as here at dear

old Strangemore with you." Here she stoops forward, as though she would press her lips to my cheek. Instan-taneously dropping both her hand and my handkerchief, I bend to pick up the latter when I raise myself again, she has wisely passed on, and so I escape the hypocritical salute.

Marmaduke puts her, maids, traps, and all, into the carriage. The door is shut, the horses start ; I am well rid of another troublesome guest. I draw a deep sigh of relief as two ideas present themselves before my mind. One is, that I am better out of it all than I deserve ; the second, that never again, under any circumstances, shall she etter my doers,

It is the night before Harriet's departure, and almost all our guests have vanished. Our two military friends have resumed

their regimental duties a week ago; Sir George Ashurst has gone to London for a

while; Dora has decided on burying her-

self at Summerleas during his absence-I suppose to meditate soberly upon the com-

ing event. It is nine o'clock. Dinner is a thing of the

past. Even the gentlemen, having tired of

each other, or the wine, or the politics, have

strolled into the drawing-room, and are now indulging in such light converse as they

deem suitable to our feeble understand

Suddenly the door is flung wide, and Bebe

comes hurridly in-so hurridly that we all

refrain from speech, and raise our eyes to

rivet them upon her. She is nervous-half laughing-yet evidently scared.

"Oh, Marmaduke !" she says, with a little gasp, and going up to him and fasten-

ing her fingers on his arm, "I have seen a

"A ghost-a downright, veritable ghost !

Now, don't look so incredulous; I am

thoroughly in earnest. I was never in my

life before so frightened. I tell you I saw

it plainly, and quite close. Oh, how I

She puts her other hand to her heart, and

draws a long breath. Naturally we all stare at her, and feel in-

terested directly. A real spectre is not a

thing of every-day occurrence. I feel some-thing stronger than interest; I am terrified

beyond measure, and rising from my scat, I look anxiously at 'Duke.

fore," I say, reproachfully. "Is the house haunted? Oh, 'Duke ! you never told me

of it-and I have gone about it all hours,

I conclude there is something comical in

my dismay, as Marmaduke and Lord Chan-

dos burst out laughing, Thornton fairly

roars, while Sir James gets as near an out

burst of merriment as he ever did in his

and sometimes even without a light !

"I never heard there was a ghost here be-

"A what?" says 'Duke.

ings.

ghost !"

ran

life

"I think it improbable," says Chips; "she would see by the aid of Miss Beatoun's candle that it is an unlikely spot for silver spoons

'Well, if we fail, I shall give orders for a couple of men to search the shrubberies, whatever they find they shall bring and straight to Bebe.

"They will find nothing," says Bebe, with an obstinacy quite foreign to her. I take Marmaduke's arm and cling to

him. He looks down at me amused. "Why, you are trembling, you little goose. Perhaps you had better stay goose.

here. "What ! all alone!" I cry, aghast. "Never! I would be dead by the time you came back. No, I would rather see it out."

So we all march solemnly up-stairs, armed with lights, to investigate this awful mys-

tery. Sir James and Thornton take the lead, as I decline to separate from Marmaduke or to go anywhere but in the middle. Not for worlds would I head the procession and be the first to come up with what may be in store for us. With an equal horror I shrink from being last—fearful of being grabbed by something uncanny in the background.

The whole scene is evidently an intense amusement to the men, and even Harriet, to my disgust, finds some element of the burlesque about it. The lamps upon the staircase and along the corridors throw shadows everywhere, and are not reassur-ing. Once Mr. Thornton, stalking on in front, gives way to a dismal howl, and, stopping short, throws himself into an attitude of abject fear, that causes me to nearly weep ; so I entreat him, in touching accents, not to do it again without rearon.

Another time, either Harriet or Bebewho are walking close behind me (having ordered Lord Chandos to the extreme rear. as a further precaution)-lays her hand lightly on my shoulder, whereupon I shriek aloud and precipitate myself into Marmaduke's arms.

At length we reached the dreaded spot, and Thornton, after a tew whispered words with Sir James, flings up the window, and with what appears to me reckless courage, steps out upon the darksome balciny alone.

He is a long time obsent. To me it seems We three women stand waiting in ages. breathless suspense. Bebe titters ner-

vously. "He is without doubt making a thorough examination," says Sir James gravely.

We strain our eyes into the night, and even as we do so, something supernaturally tall-black, gaunt, with a white plume waving from its haughty head-advances slowly towards us, from out the gloom. I feel paralyzed with fright, although instinct tells me it is not the thing.

"Who are ye, that come to disturb my nightly revel?" says the plumed figure; and then we all know we are gazing at Mr. Thornton, lengthened by a sweeping-brush covered with a black garment, which he

holds high above his head. "Thornton, I protest you are incorrigible, exclaims Marmaduke, when at length he can command his voice; "and I thought better of you, James, than to aid and abet him.

I am on the very verge of hysterics; a pinch, administered by Bebe, alone restrainng me ; as it is, the tears of alarm are mingl-

ng me ; as it is, the tears of a farm are mingl-ing with the laughter I cannot surpress. "My new black Cashmere wrap, I pro-test " cries Harriet, pounching upon Chips and his sweeping-brush. "Well, really Chippendale— And the feather out of my best bonnet. Oh, this comes of having one's near off a balow. Why, you wick all hav room off a balcony. Why, you wicked boy, you have been upscting all my goods and chattels. Who gave you permission sir, to enter my bedroom ?"

"Sir James !" replies Chips, demurely, who has emerged from his disguise, and is vainly trying to reduce his disheveled locks to order. "It was so convenient."

"Oh, James !" says his wife, with a lively reproach, "have I lived to see you perpetrate a joke ?" "But where is the spectre ?" I venture to

remark. "You must really ask M'ss Beatoun,"

mas, being filled with a desire to spend this season (which will be our first together) in our own home, settle down for a short time into a lazy Darby-and-Joan existence.

It is the 2nd of December; the little ormolu toy upon the mantel piecehas chimed out a quarter to five; it is almost quiet dark, yet there is still a glimmer of daylight that might, perhaps, be even more pronounced but for the blazing fire within that puts it to shame.

"What a cozy little room it is !" says 'Duke, from the doorway. "You make one hate the outer world."

"Oh, you have come," I cry, well pleas-ed, "and in time for tea. That is right. Have you taken off your shooting-things? I cannot see anything distinctly where you now are."

"I am quite clean, if you mean that," says he, laughing and advancing. "I shall do no injury to your sanctum. But it is too early to go through the regular business of dressing yet."

" Had you a good day ?"

"Very good indeed, and a pleasant one altogether. Jenkins was with me, and would have come in to pay you his respects, but thought he was hardly fit for so dainty a lady's inspection. Have you been lonely, darling? How have you occupied yourself all day?"

"Very happily," I say, surrendering one of my warm hands into his cold ones. And then I proceed to recount all the weighty affairs of business with which I have been employed during his absence.

But even as I speak the words freeze upon my lips. Between me and the dreary landscape outside rises something that chills

every thought of my heart. It is a head, closely covered with some dark clothing—the faintest outlines of a face -a pair of eyes that gleam like living coals.

As I gaze, horror-stricken, it disappears. so suddenly, so utterly, as to almost make me think it was a mere trick of the imagination. Almost, but not quite ; the eyes still burn and gleam before me, and to my mem-

ory comes Bebe's marvellous tale. "'Duke, 'Duke,'' I cry, rising, "what is that ? What have I seen ? Oh ! I am horribly frightened !' I cling to him, and point eagerly towards the window. "Frightened at what ?" asks 'Duke,

startled by my manner, and gazing ignorant-ly in the direction I have indicated.

"A face," I say, nervously. "It was there only a moment ago. I saw it quite distinctly, and eyes so piercing. Marma-duke," shrinking closer to him, " do yon remember Bebe's story ?"

"My darling gir', how can you be so absurd," exclaims Duke, kindly, "letting that stupid tale upset you so? You only imagined a face, my dearest. You have been too much alone all day. There can be noth-

ing." "There was," I declare, positively. "I

could not be so deceived." "Nonsense, Phyllis ! Come with me to the window and look out. If there really was anyone, she must be in view still

He leads me to the window rather against my will, and makes me look out. I do so to please him, standing safely ensconced behind his arm.

"The lawn is bare," he says, convincing-ly; "there is no cover until one reaches the shrubberies beyond ; and no one could have reached them since, I think. Now come with me to the other window."

I follow him submissively with the same result; and finally we finish our researches in the bow-window, at the farthest end of the room

The prospect without is dreary in the extreme. A storm is steadily rising, and the wind is soughing mournfully through the trees. Great sullen drops of rain fall with

"Now, confess, you are the most foolish child in the world," says 'Duke, chcerfully, seeing I am still depressed. "Who would willingly be out such an evening as this Not even a dog, if he could help it ; and certainly a spectre would have far too much sense.

"If it was fancy, it was very vivid," I say, reluctantly, "and, besides, I am not fanciful at all. I was a little un'ucky, I think ; it reminded me of-of-

CURRENCY.

And now the harvest apple lieth in wait for its victim.

Head-line for the report of club banquet A stuffed club.

The front door mat is always ready to scrape a new acquaintance.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

The right thing to do now and always is to keep out of debt. And don't you forget it. Doctors and mackerel have, this in common: they are seldom caught out of their own schools.

Is it a runaway match in the insect or animal world when you see one antelope with another?

There will be enough cider in this dear old country next fall to make every r.an, woman and child see stars.

We learn from an exchange that a Welshman's oath is "Y'mw lgng wggll." This is too awfully awfully awful, and it looks like a fishworm.

ANOTHER STRAIN .- "Mean!" she cried. "My husband is the meanest wretch in the world. He won't give me the least excuse for complaining!"

Electricity and pneumatic tubes are taking the place of cash-boys in various cities. They don't talk back nor hide under the counters to escape calls.

Massachusetts silver mines have dropped in price from \$100,000 to \$450, and if poor folk don't take advantage of the crisis they must hereafter hold their jaw about the hard times.

Some one is strewing poisoned meat around Constantinople and laying out the dogs by the thousand, and the Turks want to lay their hands on the Yankee who is up to the business.

A wife, having lost her husband, was in-consolable for his death. "Leave me to my griet," she cried sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

A family which dosen't know enough to go to church at the proper hour, without hearing the clang of the bell, wouldn't meet a bank note unless the cashier came and blew a horn in front of the house.

There was a young girl had two beaux The best looking one was named Meaux ;

But toward the cleaux Of his call he would deaux

And make a great noise with his neaux.

Montreal butchers are retailing beef steak at twenty-five cents per pound, and when a woman gets up and pounds a rag on a board before breakfast, her poor neighboxs are made to sigh and wonder how it feels to be rich.

Some day when you say that you have & seen the time when potatoes were \$10 a barrel the youngsters at your knee will wonder what the old man wants to tell such yarns for. This is the way history is doubted.

A soft hammer turneth away noise. Old lady-"Oh, carpenter-yet-while you were at dinner I-ah!-tied some rags round the head of your hammer, as I found the noise of it this morning disturbed me very much. You will find it much pleasanter now."

Nervousness is not always a disadvantage. The discharge of a rock blast near his house so startled a resident of Montana Territory that he bounded from his seat, and a moment later a hundred-pound fragment of the rock descended through the roof and knocked the chair into splinters.

The fact that a quart of pins, hair pins, and needles was lately found in a mouse nest at Newton Lower Falls, in pulling down the piazza of an old hotel, may not be a fact of importance in itself. Nevertheless, a partial solution of the puzzle of generations as to what becomes of the pins, is turnished by this Massachusetts mouse.

#++ +· · · · · · · · · · · · · Land in the North-West.

If holders of land in Manitoba and the Far West think they are going to attract British capital, to any important extent, without a fight for it, they are mistaken. There are abundant indications in this market already that a systematic attack is about to be made on the new field for capital and settlement under the British flag of America. The provincial papers throughout the United Kingdom are at this moment being flooded with correspondence and re-ports, representing the authenticated statements of actual settlers, as to the fertility of the soil of the British North West as exaggerated and untrustworthy. We have received numerous letters on the subject, from intending investors and settlers in every part of the country, and breathing a feeling of distrust and suspicion engendered by these msidious statements,. It would be well for public bodies in the Far West, to collect and publish exact information as to clinate, products, demands for labor, wages paid, and prices, in their respective districts. Any facts of this description forwarded to us for publication, we shall be pleased to print, for the information of intending investors and settlers. above is from the Canadian and The Manitoba Times, published in London, Eng., and may represent the true state of affairs from one point of view. But we doubt very much that the feeling referred to has any considerable hold on the public mind. This we do know that British capital is seeking investment almost daily in this province, and though privileged croakers have done, and are still doing, the unsavory work of decrying the country and its resources, there is little cause to fear that the reports of disappointed ones--ones disappointed because they came here expecting more than any same man would look for this side of paradise-will have any material influence on the minds of the intelligent masses of the old countries. If "the authenticated statements of actual settlers" are not to be accepted in preference to the correspondence and reports raked up by the press of jealous pro-vinces it is of little use attempting to inform intending investors, and they must needs see for themselves. In that case Manitoba has nothing to fear. -Brandon Sun.

Sir Mark looks down, and smiles mean-

"Why are you not gone?" I ask. inhos-pitably; "you premised you would leave early this morning." "Grant me a little grace, Mrs. Carring-

ton. Had 1 had time, I might, indeed, have ordered a special train, but, as matters stand, I am compelled to be your guest until one be allowed by the authorities to start. But for your entrance here just now, which I did not anticipate, I would not have troubled you by my presence again. However, it is the last time you shall be so annoyed. Perhaps you will bid me good-bye, and grant me your forgiveness be-fore I go. You at least should find it easy to pardon, as it was my unfortunate and undue admiration for yourself caused me to

err," His tone is light and mocking, there is He treats even a half smile upon his hps. He treats Marmaduke's presence as though he were utterly unaware of it. Yet still something beneath his sneering manner makes me know he does not repent either his false step, or its consequences. It is with amazement I discover 1 bear

him no ill-will. Indeed, I might almost be said to feel sorry for him at this present moment. I shall be intensely relieved and glad when he is no longer before me ; but he has been kind and pleasant to me, in many ways, during these past two months, and I forgive him. I put my hand in his and say "good-bye," gently. He holds it tightly for an instant, then drops it. "Good-bye, Carrington,"he says, coolly : "I hope when next we meet time will have

softened your resentment.

He moves towards the door with his usual careless graceful step.

carcless graceful step. "And I hope," says 'Duke, in a voice clear and quiet, yet full of suppressed passion, "that the day we meet again is far distant. I have no desire to renew acquaintance in the future with a man who has so basely abused the rights of friendship and hospitality. You have chosen to act the part of a scoundrel. Keep to it, therefore, and avoid the society of honest men. For myself, I shall endeavor to forget I ever knew any one so contempt-ible."

"Take care," says Sir Mark, in a low, cony.'

there a ghost in your family ?" I de mand, rather sharply, feeling nettled at their heartless mirth.

" No ; I am afraid we have nothing belonging to us half so respectable. All the ancestors I ever heard of died most amiably, either on the battle-field, or on the grllows. or in their beds. We cannot lay claim to a single murder or suicide ; there is not even a solitary instance of a duel being fought within these walls. I doubt we are a tame race. There is not a spark of romance about us. Bebc's imagination has run riot

"I tell you 1 saw it," persists Bebe, in-dignant'y. "Am I to disbelieve my own sight? I was walking along the corridor off the picture-gallery quite quictly, think-ing of anything in the world but supernatural subjects, when all at once, as I got

near the window, I saw a face looking in at me from the balcony outside." "Oh, Bebe !" I cry, faintly, easting a nervous glance behind me, as 1 edge closer to Lord Chandos, who happens to be the one nearest me

"It was a horrible face, wicked, but handsome. The head was covered with something dark, and it was only the eyes 1 noticed, they were unrarthly-so large, and black, and revengeful ; they had mur-der in them." Bebe stops, shuddering. "Really, Carrington, it is too bad of you,"

says Chips, reprovingly. "If you keep them at all they should at least be ami-1 wonder Miss Beatoun lives to tell able. the tale. Pray go on ; it is positively en-thralling. Did the eyes spit fire ?"

"The head vanished while I stared, and then I dropped my candle and ran down-stairs, as though I were haunted. Oh, I shall never forget it !" " Probably scare more trans semiliar

"Probably some poor tramp prowling about," says 'Duke, seeing 1 am nearly in tears

"It was nothing living," declares Miss Beatoun, with a settled conviction that sends a cold chill through my veins.

"Bebe, how can you be so stupid ?" exclaims 'Duke, almost provoked. Ghosts. indeed !-- I thought you had more sense. Come, let us go in a body and exorcise this thing, whatever it is. I believe an appari-tion should be spoken of respectfully in capitals as IT. She may still be on the bal-

"You must really ask M'ss Beatoun," says Chips. "I have done my dutyvaliant-ly; no one can say I funked it. I have done my very best to produce a respectable bona fide bogy; and if I have failed, I am not to be blamed. Now I insist on Miss Beatoun's producing hers. We cannot possibly go back to the domestics (who, I feel positive, are cowering upon the lowest stair) empty-handed. Miss Beatoun, you have brought us all here at the peril of our lives. Now where is he ?"

"It was not a man," says Bebe. "Then where is she?" "I am not sure it was a woman cither," with some hesitation.

"Ye powers !" cries Chips. "Then what was it ? a mermaid ? an undiscovered gender ? The plot thickens. I shan't be able to sleep a wink to night unless you be more explicit."

"Then you may stay wide awake," re torts Miss Beatoun, "as I remember noth-ing but those horrid cycs. You have chosen to turn it all into ridicule; and who ever heard of a ghost appearing amidst shouts of laughter? How dreadfully cold it is ! Do shut that window and let us go back to the drawing-room fire.'

"I hope your next venture will be more successful," says Chips, meekly. And then we all troop down again to the cozy room we have quitted, by no means wiser than when we started.

Somehow I think no more about it, and, except that I keep Martha busied in my room until I hear Marmaduke's step next show no further cowardice. The door, 1 general air of disbelief around quenches my fears, and the bidding farewell to the guests I have got to like as well occupies me to the exclusion of all other matters.

Then follows Dora's wedding, a very putet but very charming little affair, remarkable for nothing beyond the fact that during the inevitable breakfast speeches my tather actually contrives to squeeze out two small tears.

The happy pair start for the Continent-the bride all smiles and brown velvet and lace, the bridegroom, perhaps, a trifle pale-and we at home fall once more into our usual ways, and try to forget that Dora Vernon was ever anything but Lady Ashurst.

Marmaduke and I, having decided on accepting no invitations until after Christ-

"A Banshee?" asks 'Duke laughing. "Well, yes, something like that," I ad-mit, seriously. "Oh, Marmaduke, I hope no bad fortune is in store for us. I feel a strange foreboding at my heart."

"You feel a good deal of folly," says my husband. "Phyllis, I an ashamed of you. The idea of being superstitious is the nine-teenth century ! I shall give you a good scolding for this, and at the same time some brandy-and-water. Your nerves are un-strung, my dearest ; that is all. Come, sit down here, and try to be sensible, while I ring the bell."

As he speaks he rings it.

" Tynon, have thegrounds searched again directly. It is very annoying that tramps should be allowed the run of the place. A stop must be put to it. Half a glass of brandy and a bottle of soda.'

Yes, sir."

" Don't give me brandy and soda-water,' I say, with some energy. "I do so hate it.

" How do you know ?"

"Eccause I tasted yours the other even-ing, and thought it a horrible concoction. I was tired of hearing men praise it as a drink, so thought I would try if it was really as good as they said. But it was not ; it

"It was the soda you disliked. I will nut very little in, and then you will like it better.

" But indeed, Marmaduke, I would rath-

er not have anything." **But indeed, Phyllis, I must insist on your taking it. If we are going to be so ultra-fashionable as to encourage a real ghost on the premises, we must only increase our allowance of spirits, and fortify our-selves to meet it. By thebye, have you de-cided on the sex? Bebe was rather hazy on that weit? that point.

don't know," I say, shuddering 'I wish you would not jest about it." Then I drink what he has prepared for

me, and, in spite of my dislike to it, feel presently somewhat happier in my mind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

----It is conquer or die with the good doctor; but the patient is expected to do the dying.

The first regular train on the Manitoba South-Western left Winnipeg yesterday. It will return to-day with the first car-load of grain brought by rail from Southern Manitoba.

YP'