

THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

SHE could not easily have been a prettier girl than she was; but she might, very easily, have been a happier-looking one. There was such utter desolation and discontent on her face, and it was such a very young face, that its misery seemed unnatural. And it was not only her face; but her very figure and posture, told of low spirits and inward rebellion.

She sat upon the hearth-rug, her hand clasping her knee, school-girl fashion, her pretty forehead wrinkled and frowning at space. Few girls of seventeen have borne as sharp an ache in their hearts, as it was her lot to bear at this moment; but few girls have lived the life Philippa Fairfax had. Life had begun for her at a time when most children are in the nursery, and it had been a life full of hard, and often bitter, experiences. And here was an experience more bitter than the rest—more stinging—more conclusive to that stubborn ache, and worse, still more humiliating

"I have had a good many things to believe in my time," she said alone to the empty room "And I have taught myself to believe them; but somehow I never thought I should have to believe *this*. And yet," she added, with sudden sharpness, "why didn't I think so! What reason had I to have faith in him—or any one like him? What real honest good was there about him, that I should trust him? There wasn't any!" passionately. "I never respected him, when I loved him most. I don't see what I loved him for. There must be something wrong in *me*, too, or I could never have loved him at all. He never loved *me*. I am a weak, shallow, little fool, a weak, shallow, sentimental little fool!"

She shook her small, clenched hand, fiercely—at her own weakness, and shallowness, and sentiment, it may be supposed, as there was nothing else to shake it at.

"I hate and despise myself," she cried. "I hate and *despise* myself!" And then her childish tempest ended on a rush of tears. "Ah!" she said, her voice dying down into a whisper, almost as if she was pitying herself. "How unhappy I am!"

She had hidden her face in her hands, and her tears were dropping fast. But suddenly, there

came to her ear, the sound of a latch-key, turned in the front door, and then some one entered in a hurry, and ran up the staircase, and into the room, almost before she had time to spring to her feet, and pretend to be looking at something on the mantel-piece.

"Phil, my dear," said the new comer. "You will have to go down and see that diabolical scoundrel, Hibbert. I have just given him the slip. I am afraid he saw me. Tell him I am in Paris—anything will do. Nobody manages those unmitigated ruffians better than you do, my dear."

He passed through the room, into the adjoining sleeping apartment, giving the girl the gayest and most delightful nod possible. Men are not usually graceful with a creditor at their heels; but the time never was, and never had been, when that adorable rascal, Philip Fairfax, was unamiable or ungraceful.

The daughter, in obedience to her father's command, went down stairs, and, after an angry altercation, on the part of the creditor, finally succeeded in getting rid of him. Poor girl! it was not the first time, nor the last, that she had to play this part.

When she returned, her father, sitting on the most comfortable chair in the apartment, greeted her with a smile.

"Thanks, my dear," he said amiably. "Now, will you be so good as to bring me my dressing gown and slippers?"

Phil brought them without a word—a handsome dressing gown and an equally handsome pair of slippers, both of which articles she had purchased herself, furnishing the sum which paid for them out of her own poor little annuity. She had worn many a shabby bonnet for the sake of this lovable incubus of hers, but luxuries were so very becoming, and so absolutely necessary to him, that it was impossible to begrudge any sacrifice made to obtain them.

Her father drew a cigar out of an embroidered case, and lighting it, gave himself up to the enjoyment of it. His posture was languid grace itself. The small, long-fingered hand, holding the weed, was simply an incomparable hand. The high-bred face, with its large, tranquil blue eyes, was simply incomparable also. He looked

like a man who had never done a wrong, or felt a pang, in his life. It is quite certain that he had never felt a pang.

"It has been very fortunate for me, that I found you at home, Phil," he remarked.

"I suppose it was," said Phil, dryly.

The conciseness of the reply, and something in the tone of it, attracted Philip Fairfax's attention. His smile died away, and he looked tenderly disturbed—so tenderly disturbed that it would have been hard to believe that he was not the most affectionate and unselfish of fathers.

"My dear child, you are out of sorts," he said. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," Phil answered, coloring up to the roots of her hair.

"Nothing," he repeated, forgetting his little breath of disturbance immediately; and, egotist as he was, coming back to himself. "Ah! very well. By the bye, what is there for dinner?"

"You will have to go to the restaurant," said Phil. "There is nothing to-day."

"Ah! I shall have to go to the restaurant. And you?"

"I shall do very well. There is enough for me. There is a bit of that cold grouse, and I can have coffee—and besides, I am not hungry."

"But that won't do. If there is not enough for me, there is not enough for you. I must send you something—though, to be sure, I am terribly out of funds"—drawing out a limp purse. "You must have something, you know."

He was so earnestly impulsive about it, that Phil forgot to be gloomy. She was so fond of him, and his charms, that his irresponsible amiable readiness always took her by storm. She stepped forward, and taking the purse from him, closed it, and slipped the band over it with an imperious little snap.

"If you send me anything, I will do as I did the last time," she said. "I won't touch it, and I will save it for your supper, and sit up until you come home to eat it. I am not hungry—in the least. And see how strong I am. I am not like you. You coughed all last night, Governor, darling."

This odd sounding title was one she had given him long ago, in her childhood—almost in her babyhood. Nobody knew how she had lighted upon it. Her pretty, girlish mother had laughed at it, and encouraged her fancy for it. Phil was only a fantastic episode to her, sometimes amusing, often troublesome; a puppet to be dressed and played with when there was money in the house, to be neglected and kept behind the scenes when funds were low. Certainly she was not regarded as a responsibility. Nobody

controlled her, in fact nobody troubled themselves about her, as a rule, though the fortunate accident of her beauty won some attention for her upon occasions. The men who came to the house to play games of chance, and talk nonsense to Philip Fairfax's foolish, exquisitely pretty little wife, alternately laughed at and teased the child. They were boisterously jocose over her precocity, and boisterously fond of drawing her out. As to Lillias Fairfax herself, without being a fortunate woman, she was still far from being an unhappy one. At sixteen, she had run away from a select sea-side "seminary for young ladies," to marry a man who was a selfish idler, a gambler, a rascal; and to the end of her brief life (she had died at twenty-two of consumption) she had never been disenchanted. She had adored Philip Fairfax with unquestioning simplicity. She had lived with him in a debtor's prison, and begged money to obtain his release; she had used all her pretty powers with the ill-natured ones, she had coaxed, and cried, and smiled. There had never been an hour, even at the darkest, when she would have left this lonesome scamp for any easier life—even for the careless joy of her girlhood. She had been pathetically faithful and loving, and at last she had died with her head upon his arm, and her worn little hand on his breast.

"I've never been sorry I ran away with you, Phil," she had said. "You have always been good to me. I would rather die here than at Cousin Emily's—though she was good enough." And Philippa, who had been sitting, round-eyed, and not greatly disturbed, on the foot of the bed, always remembered how her mother looked, when, a few minutes later, she nestled closer to the supporting arm and died with a smile on her lips.

There was something else which the girl remembered too, and this something else was the cough with which the last illness had begun—the tiresome, hacking little cough. She remembered its sound so well, that when she first heard it one night in her father's room, it chilled her very heart. She had grown accustomed to the knowledge that he was not strong. His physical beauty was of a dangerous, perishable order. More than once, she had seen an ominous flush on his delicate, feminine face, an ominous tremor in his fine, fair hands.

"You were coughing all last night, Governor, darling," she said, and she said it with an anxious pang.

He smiled the faintest of smiles, and one holding a strong but unconscious expression of trouble.

"Did I?" he said. "Yes, really, I think I

did. The fact is, I think, I caught a trifle of cold, when I crossed the channel, on my way to meet Harker, and—and I don't seem to get rid of it. But there is no need for anxiety, of course." And yet his rapid glance at Phil seemed to ask a question secretly. "Nothing to be anxious about—is there?" he added.

"I hope not," Phil answered. "But I wish you would stay at home, at night, during this damp weather."

By this time he was regarding her with actual restlessness.

"My dear child," he broke forth. "You speak, as if you were not sure, and that is absurd. I could not stay at home, you know. How could I? And then what possible reason could there be—Faith! Phil, my dear," breaking off, and rising with a short, light laugh, "you almost make me uncomfortable. Cons— That sort of thing is a special horror of mine. Your mother, you know—Poor Lillias! Poor girl!"

To Phil it seemed as if he was seized with a sudden, momentary fear, and did not like to give the matter even a passing thought. Was he afraid? She knew that death and pain always unnerved him—did he feel terror at the mere fancy of their possible approach? She could not help wondering, and feeling uncomfortable herself. And then she wished to reassure him.

"The medicine *you* want, Governor," she said, "is money."

"It is medicine a good many of us want," he put in.

"Yes, but you want it more than the rest of us. If you had money, and rest, and luxury, and—well, the rest of it, you would be well enough—I think."

"I am sure," he answered, "I should like to try it, Phil." And he half sighed, half smiled again.

Phil nodded.

"So should I." But her sigh was not half a one. "If old Miss Emily Roscoe had left me her money," she said, after a pause, "how nice it would have been."

"Ah! if," said Fairfax. "But she never forgave your mother, and so Wilfred Carnegie got it."

"And we have only one poor straw left to cling to." Phil proceeded: "If old Mrs. Oswald would die—but she won't."

"I am afraid not," said Fairfax, with perfect composure and earnestness.

"Phil, is not that the door bell? You had better go, perhaps."

CHAPTER II.

PHIL went out obediently. But it was not another creditor. In a short time, she came

back with a companion—a young man who followed her, as if he was quite at home—a young man who had a picturesque, dark, aquiline-featured face, and who was so evidently dressed up to, and moulded upon the Philip Fairfax model, that his likeness to him was a kind of marvel, though the two had no other form of resemblance than the same order of tall, willowy, graceful figure.

"It is nobody but Ernest," said Philippa, and marched back to her old place, with a darkened face.

Ernest laid aside his hat, and took a seat. He had a cigar in his hand, but he did not lay that aside. Her father's friends rarely stood on ceremony with Phil—particularly, such friends as Ernest.

"I have some news for you," was the newcomer's first remark.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," questioned Fairfax.

"Bad," was the answer. "Mrs. Dorothy Oswald has announced her intention of leaving her possessions to Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil turned round with flashing eyes and clenched hand.

"It's a shame!" she cried. "It's a burning shame!"

The young man smiled at her, as if he had been used to smiling at her all her life.

"Yes, it's a shame," he said. "But I am not Mrs. Dorothy Oswald, after all. I am not going to leave my money to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil shrugged her shoulders, and turned her back upon him. She was not prone to ceremony either.

"When did you hear it?" Fairfax asked.

"Only this morning. There seems—" sardonically, "to be a sort of fascination about this Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. I rather fancy he is what one might call a 'nice' young man. Old ladies invariably become enamored of him, and I have even heard of young ladies who were not utterly free from the same amiable weakness. Mrs. Oswald met him by accident—had never given him a thought before—only knew him as a thirty-second cousin to whom Miss Roscoe had left money—but she had not known him six months, before she began to meditate upon the discreetness of leaving him her fortune, instead of building lunatic asylums with it, or letting it drift into the hands of disreputable relatives. She says he will use it to some good purpose, and she can trust him with it. Being the young man he is, it appears he did not want it, and requested, as a special favor, that she would give it to somebody else. But she prudently resisted his importunities, and sent for her lawyer, and made it over to him, with all due form and

ceremony; and there the matter stands. They are such friends, I hear, that he has consented to take up his abode in her household, since he has no family of his own."

"He lives with her?" interposed Phil.

"So report says. What a delightful thing it must be to stand in the shoes of Mr. Wilfred Carnegie!"

Fairfax shrugged his shoulders.

"Our straw has floated past us on the current, you see," he said to Phil. "And it was the last straw, too."

But he was not very much disturbed, disastrous as the affair might seem. It was not his habit to allow anything to shake his composure to any very great extent. It must be confessed that he had not relied much on Mrs. Dorothy Oswald. His wife's relations did not regard him with unqualified admiration. Some of them even went so far as to apply certain hard names to him.

But Philippa's mood was not a resigned one by any means. She was more intense and less tranquil. She had never seen Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, but her feeling for him had always been one of dislike, and now it amounted almost to detestation.

While her father and his companion talked, she remained silent. She would have been glad to have been able to shut her ears to the sound of the young man's sweet, rapid tones. There had been a time when she had been well content to listen, but that day was over. If she disliked Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, whom she had never seen, she despised Mr. Ernest Duval, whom she had seen too often for her own peace of mind, and her contempt was not as unreasonable as her dislike.

"You were at the Farquhars, last night," her father was saying.

"Yes," was the answer.

"And Miss Farquhar—?"

Duval waved his hand a little emphatically. "Isobel?" he said. "Oh! yes, of course. Well, matters are very much as usual."

"But the climax will come," returned Fairfax. Duval smiled a peculiar, quiet, irritating smile.

"I think so. Isobel is the girl who believes."

"Ah!" said Fairfax. "You are a fortunate fellow."

He left the room, shortly afterwards. He had an unpleasant letter to write, and wanted to have it off his hands.

"When I have finished it, we will go out, together," he said to Ernest.

After the door closed behind him, there was a silence. Philippa leaned against the back of her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her

face dark and scornful. Her moods were never well regulated, and just now she was full of intense wrath and contempt. She looked at her companion, from under her dropped lashes, and her glance was in a small way quite withering.

"You say Miss Farquhar is the girl who believes," she said. "Does she believe *you*?"

"She has led me to infer," he answered, "that such is the extent of her weakness. At any rate, she believes in me a shade more than you do."

"It would be very easy," broke forth the impetuous little Tartar; "it would be very easy for her to believe in you a *thousand*—a *million* times more than I do."

"Ah!" said Ernest, "that means you do not believe in me at all—which is cruel."

"You never had yourself any beliefs," hotly answered the girl. "You were never innocent enough to have them. And it is you who do all the harm. It is only such people as you that are safe."

His soft, well-sounding voice broke in upon her, as he rose carelessly from his chair.

"Have I ever done *you* any harm?" he asked her, looking down into her poor, little, passionate face.

He used the last fragments of his power over her so well, and he was so near to her, that she trembled, and sudden, emotional tears rushed to her eyes. It was a final throe; but she beat it back, notwithstanding.

"Yes," she said. "I thought I had learned to despise you as much as I could; but you have taught me to despise you more."

"My dear Phil"—he began, with almost insolent serenity.

She drew back from him, with a half-shudder, and her tears ran over.

"I am thinking of Isobel Farquhar," she cried. "She is a girl, too, and—and I despise you more for her sake."

Singularly enough, he had the grace, to color, faintly.

"You think that, in marrying her, I am not making a love match."

"Love?" exclaimed Phil. "It is not you who should even speak of it! You do not know what it means."

"Perhaps I have my own translation of it," he answered. "I think I must have. For my way—I have been more deeply in love with you, than with any other woman."

The tears were dried that instant. Phil regarded him with eyes steady and bitter. She was not a sentimental little fool, though she had called herself one.

"Have you outlived it?" she asked. "I hope

you have. Don't you know better than to talk than kind of nonsense to me—*now*."

He was so far a selfish, utterly unprincipled scamp, that her very spirit piqued him into being more daring.

"No, I do not," he said to her. "And it's so, because I have not outlived it even, though I am going to marry Isobel Farquhar."

He bent forward, as if he would have touched her caressingly, but on this he ventured too much. Phil stopped him, with a voice clear and ringing, notwithstanding its low, tense pitch.

"If you so much as touch my hand," she said, "I will call my father. I have done with you forever and ever."

"Forever and ever?" he echoed.

"Forever and ever."

"Amen," he said, shrugging his shoulders, and went back to his chair.

He had not counted upon this, somehow. In one respect he had not spoken falsely. As far as it was possible for him to love a woman, he had loved Phil. Her unusual type of beauty, her pure and high spirit, even the very impetuosity of her temper, had held attractions for him. If he could have afforded to indulge in luxurious whims, he could have made up his mind to marry her, and there was no other woman whom he had ever so far honored. As it was, he had exerted himself to his utmost to win her heart, without deciding what to do with it after it was won. And having won it, he rather regretted the necessity of sacrificing it to Isobel Farquhar. Phil had been a figure in his everyday life for years. As a spoiled scapegrace lad, he had been a disciple of her fathers, and he had matured into something very much worse, under the same praiseworthy tuition. He had squandered his small patrimony, and earned an unenviable reputation, and at last had turned to the final resort of making a good marriage. Then he had met Isobel Farquhar, who was a Scotch heiress, without unpleasant parental incumbrances, and who had beauty and generous faith enough to have touched a better man's heart. And the end of it was, that he was to marry Isobel Farquhar; and Phil, with her hot temper, and dash, and lovable oddities, was to be sacrificed.

He tried to feel as sardonic as usual, but the pretty, scornful face, resting against the chair back, disturbed and annoyed him. It was so evident, that she had "done with him" in very truth. Miss Farquhar had eyes like wild hyacinths, and the "fair" hair of most fair Scotch women; Phil's eyes were the tawny brown, that one sometimes sees with dense, black lashes and hair—a tint far more tawny than

brown, they were such eyes as one may well remember a lifetime, after having seen them.

Phil was not the typical woman of any country, she had an obstinate, rare type of her own. As she sat in the old creaking chair, it became a kind of shabby throne. Her exquisite little chin was thrown up, her eyes looked as black as their lashes, her cheeks were warm with color. Notwithstanding his selfish worldliness, the man who had given her up, found her beautiful, tantalizing, vexatious.

But he knew better than to speak to her again. During the few minutes which elapsed before Fairfax returned to the room, each remained silent.

When both the men were ready to go out, Ernest gave Phil a farewell glance—a stealthily questioning one. He rather hoped that she would have the grace to relent.

"Good-bye," he said.

She did not flinch, however. She raised her eyes to his without even a momentary hesitation.

"Good-bye," she answered.

She knew that it was a sort of absolute farewell, but she did not hold out her hand, though he made a slight gesture as if he would have extended his.

"Good-bye," she repeated, coolly. So he was obliged to turn on his heel, biting his lip, and follow her father out of the room. And that was the last of him.

CHAPTER III.

THREE months later, there came, a fine morning, upon which father and daughter sat at breakfast together, in a mood not altogether untinged with excitement. Philip Fairfax appeared to his greatest advantage. Phil's wretched little savings had once more enabled him to make an elaborate and truly artistic toilet. Upon this occasion, in fact, he wore a "wedding garment." He was prepared to share in the festivities attendant upon the marriage of his friend, Mr. Ernest Duval. All at once, however, a sharp, unpleasant cough interrupted him.

Phil glanced at him anxiously. The ominous flush was on his cheeks; his eyes were too exquisitely bright and clear; his hands too frail, and fair, and tremulous.

"You are not well, Governor," said Phil; "Your cough is troubling you again."

"It always troubles me of late," he said. "It is odd how it sticks to me—even though it is such a trifling affair."

"I have been thinking," he said, shortly afterwards, and he smiled more sweetly than ever, as he said it. "I have been thinking that

it is a pity we do not know Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil's heart gave a sudden, hard beat; but her face told no tales.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why:" lightly. "Well, my dear, because—of course you have lived long enough to be conscious of the fact, even without my reminding you of it—because you are such a very pretty and interesting young person."

She did not smile back at him. She was almost sternly grave as she met his eyes, and said:

"You have seen Miss Farquhar. Am I handsomer than Miss Farquhar?"

"You are ten times—twenty times handsomer," he replied, with a certain tinge of seriousness. "And yet Miss Farquhar is a handsome woman. She is handsome as fifty other women are. You are—yourself."

Philippa finished her breakfast in silence, and Fairfax had time enough to half forget what they had spoken of, but after they had risen from the table, and he was making preparations to leave the house, she returned to the subject, unexpectedly.

"He must have a great deal of money," she said; and then, seeing that her father did not quite understand her meaning, she added: "I mean Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Fairfax shrugged his shoulders.

"The Roscoe money was a pleasant little matter in itself," he remarked. "And then comes this Oswald affair—and he had money of his own."

"It is a shame," said Phil, just as she had said it before.

"Suppose," said Fairfax, "that you go and tell him so, and persuade him to relinquish his right to half of it, at least. As I have said, you are the sort of young person to succeed."

He spoke lightly still, but the next instant he gave her a rapid side-glance. She was twisting her fingers together nervously, and looking down.

He put out his hand and patted her shoulder, laughing.

"Think over it," he said. "I must go. Good morning, my dear."

When he had gone, Phil did not move for some minutes. A dark flush had risen to her cheek, and her eyes were at their blackest.

"I have heard of people being tempted to do such things," she said, at length. "Am I being tempted? Is this a real temptation? Or am I only so far hardened that I do not much care?"

After a while, she went into her own room, and began to dress to go out. She was going to see Isobel Farquhar's marriage, too; but this was her own secret. Her father had been

invited because the family knew nothing of him, but that he was a friend of Duval's, and a wonder of thorough-breeding and good taste. "A Bucleuex—Fairfax, I have no doubt, my dear," Isobel's guardian had said. "Really a charming fellow." But of Phil they had not even heard, and so if she would see her false lover play his part, Phil must creep into a dark corner of the old church of St. Androsius, and watch from afar off.

And this was what she intended to do. She had a bitter wish to see the worst, and suffer as much as she could. It would be the sooner over, she told herself. She wanted to despise him to the utmost.

She found her dark corner in the crowded church—a shadowy nook not far from the entrance, where she could see without being observed. And there she seated herself and waited. But it was not necessary to wait long. A merry clangor of bells rang out from the tower, and an expectant rustle made itself observable among the audience. "They are coming," Phil heard people saying, and drew back into the shadow.

It was a little hard to see them all pass her, on the stream of sunlight the open door let in. The glow of color and flash of jewels dazzled her eyes. And there was her father, with a majestic, slow-moving matron, in purple, on his arm! And there was Miss Farquhar with her guardian! And Miss Farquhar was so fair and winning a creature, and looked so innocently happy, and girlishly pink and white under her lace veil, that Phil felt more bitter than ever, and clenched her small, gloved hand.

"It will be worse for her than it was for me," she said, inwardly. "She does not know the world at all. And he has injured her beyond reparation—he has married her." She sat and watched until the end—until the ceremony was over, and everybody had passed her again, and the carriages had rolled away, and even until the lookers-on had dispersed. Then she came out of her pen, and went into the churchyard. It was empty, save for a dirty old sexton, who was digging a grave, and grumbling to himself the while.

Phil drew off her glove, and held her hand in the sunlight. There was a little amethyst ring on her smallest finger—it was a ring Duval had given her, when she was a child of eight years old, and she had worn it faithfully until she heard the whole truth about Isobel Farquhar. She pulled it off now, and held it for a few seconds, and then flung it far from her among the graves. It fell at some distance and rolled

away, until it stopped against the mound of fresh earth, and the sexton's next spadeful was thrown upon it, and hid it from sight.

"They will bury it, to-morrow," said Phil, an obstinate lump rising in her throat. "I wish they could bury all the rest with it."

And then she turned away and went home.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING her absence, some one had been up-stairs, and laid a letter upon the table; and this letter was the first thing she saw, when she entered the room. She walked over to it idly, and looked at the envelope. It was directed to her, but in a hand she was not familiar with.

She tore it open, full of curiosity, and turned to the signature.

"Believe me, my dear Philippa," she read; "Yours most sincerely, Dorothy Oswald."

Something—almost like a chill, fell upon her. Why had Mrs. Dorothy Oswald written to her—of all people in the world?

She did not stop to take off her hat. She carried the letter to the fire, and stood there to read it; and when she had finished reading it, she let the hand that held it fall at her side.

"I wish it hadn't come," she said. "I wish she had never heard of me."

For Mrs. Dorothy Oswald had written, asking her to come to Brackencleugh, and give her an opportunity of learning to know her young kinswoman.

"I am fond of young people," she wrote. "and blame myself for knowing so little of you. My young kinsman, Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, is with me now, and makes the old place so much brighter by his presence in it, that I find myself anxious for more youth still."

It was late when Fairfax came in, that night; but Phil had not gone to bed. She was waiting for him; and Mrs. Dorothy Oswald's letter lay upon the table.

If he had looked his best in the morning, Fairfax looked his worst now. He was haggard and worn, his eyes were hollow, his skin quite deathly in its waxen pallor.

"I am very tired, Phil," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "Fearfully tired!"

Then he saw the letter. "Is it a dun?" he said. "Who is it?"

Phil picked it up, and opened it for him.

"It is not a dun, Governor," she said. "It is an invitation from Brackencleugh—from Mrs. Dorothy Oswald."

He started, and held out his hand for it, quite eagerly.

"From Mrs. Dorothy Oswald," he repeated, after her.

Phil watched him, rather curiously, as he read the letter, and was plainly excited, and his face flushed. When he had finished, he looked up, with a smile.

"You are very lucky," he said.

"Lucky!" Phil answered, somewhat constrainedly. "Why?"

"For a variety of reasons," he replied. "You are young—you are handsome—you are invited to Brackencleugh—you are to share its hospitalities with Mr. Wilfred Carnegie."

Phil colored hotly. She had not expected he would say quite as much as this.

"I do not think I shall go," she faltered. "I don't want to go. I would rather stay here."

He shrugged his shoulders, impatiently.

"That is foolish," he said. "And you are not often foolish."

"You think I ought to go?"

The fit of coughing, which attacked him just at that moment, prevented his answering her at once; but when he could speak, his reply was a very decided one.

"You *must* go," he said. "The last straw has been whirled towards you again on the current, and it must not pass you this time."

But Phil scarcely heard him. She was looking at the white handkerchief, he had held to his lips, the moment before.

"Governor!" she cried, with sharp dread in her voice: "What is that stain upon your handkerchief?"

He was leaning back in his chair, breathless, and shaken with his unavoidable exertion; but he managed to give her one of the smiles he was always so ready with.

"It is blood, my dear," he said. "Only a little—but blood, nevertheless. And it is not the first time, either."

The girl burst into tears, and flung herself down upon her knees, beside him.

"And you want me to go away and leave you," she exclaimed. "Oh, Governor, darling, it isn't fair?"

His answer struck her to the heart.

"You must go for my sake as well as your own, Phil. I am beginning to find out that my day is over."

She looked up at him, in sudden horror.

"Over!" she said. "Over! You mean to say—"

"I mean to say that I must give up," he returned. "I mean that I—that I think—that I know I am a dying man," and he turned paler as he said it.

"My strength has failed me," he went on, after a pause. "I have been obliged to give up play of late, because my hand is unsteady, and my nerves are unstrung. I am becoming weak and useless. I can do nothing. Yes! I have given up. Duval's wedding has been my last festivity, Phil, my dear."

He laid his hand upon her hair. She had hidden her face upon her arm, which rested on his knee, and she was weeping passionately.

"If I was a rich man," he continued, "as rich as Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, I might afford to be an invalid. I might linger on to the end, in a comfortable, luxurious way; but, as it is—Don't cry, Phil, my dear."

But she did cry—piteously—tempestuously—despairingly. She cried until she was worn out, and then she lifted up her pretty, impassioned, tear-stained face.

"If you will go to bed, I will write to Mrs. Dorothy Oswald. As long as I am at Brackencleugh, I shall need no money, and—and I am going to Brackencleugh."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. DOROTHY OSWALD looked up at her young kinswoman, with the least possible shade of anxiety in her scrutiny.

"You are not a Roscoe, Philippa," she said. "Are you like your father?"

Phil, still in her travelling wraps, was seated in a large carved chair, opposite to her relative, and she saw the anxious expression, and rather resented it.

"No," she answered. "Governor—my father, is the handsomest man I ever saw—and I have seen a great many men."

"Have you?" said Mrs. Dorothy, gravely. "Yes, I remember hearing it said that you must have seen a great deal of life for one so young."

Phil laughed bitterly. She wondered who had said so, and if Mr. Wilfred Carnegie had heard it, too, and if he did not consider it rather an unenviable sort of reputation, for a girl of nineteen to have.

Mrs. Dorothy's next glance had sympathetic tenderness in it—almost pity.

"If you have rested sufficiently, I will take you to your room myself," she said. "You must be very tired."

Phil rose and followed her. She was tired,—almost too tired to observe her surroundings. Brackencleugh impressed her with a sense of antiquity and vastness. It was quite a journey from one end of a room to the other; the ceilings seemed at an enormous height from the floor; and there was nothing modern anywhere.

VOL. LXXII.—9.

There were cabinets and chairs and mantel-pieces of black oak, grotesque in carving; there were dingy pictures and massive doors, tall Indian jars and innumerable old weapons and pieces of armor.

Mrs. Dorothy led the way up the staircase, in silence. Then she passed down a long corridor, and opened a door at the end of it.

"This is your room," she said. "I chose it because you can look down from your window upon the Loch. Wilfred is so fond of the Loch, and I am so fond of it myself, that I could not help fancying that you would like it, too."

When she was alone, Phil went to the window. The Loch was so near, that she was sure she could have flung a pebble into it, from where she stood. Hills covered with heather rose up beyond it, and there seemed to be bracken and rowan trees everywhere. A misty rain was falling, and a light gray vapor trailed itself over land and water; but even in this discouraging mood, outer Brackencleugh pleased her. She had never been in Scotland before, and had spent the greater part of her life in cities. She was accustomed to smoke, and noise, and dinginess of all complexions; and the solitariness, and silence, were a new experience for her. She could imagine, as she leaned upon the broad sill, and felt the fresh cool air on her face, that there was no London, or Paris, or Vienna, in the world. It was not easy to realize any phase of existence, so utterly beyond the influence of solitary stillness.

Everything was so quiet, that a certain faint, weird sound, which floated to her from somewhere indefinite, a short time afterwards, quite startled her. She was not prepared for sound of any kind, and felt impatient at being disturbed. She listened for an instant, and then, when she heard it repeated, recognized its nature, and shrugged her shoulders.

"It is some one touching a violin," she said. "And I should think it could be nobody but Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. Is he a violin playing man, I wonder?"

Thus she was brought back to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, and earthly things. She closed the window, and reminded herself that she must dress for dinner.

"It's a bit queer, by the way," she said to herself, as she turned to the toilet table; "it's a bit queer, that I have never formed even an atom of an idea of him. But if he's a violin-playing man, I shall be sure not to like him at all—at least, if he is the kind of man who is usually an amateur. I always detested amateurs of any kind—particularly musical ones. They

always bore you so. They are constantly hopping on one leg—and they never do anything but hop; and they are so absurdly satisfied that their hopping is better than ordinary people's respectable, sober walking."

It was rather a gloomy and severe view of the matter, but her mood was a misanthropic one. She hardly vouchsafed herself a glance, as she made her toilet. The result was a mere matter of chance, and was only happy because it was impossible to destroy the effect of youth, and bloom, and unusual beauty. But with all her scorn for amateurs, it was not long before she found herself stopping, with a ribbon in her hand, to listen again. The sweet, weird tone stole up to her again, less faintly and more continuously. There was no more light touching of the strings. The performer had begun to play in earnest, and as she heard, it gradually broke in upon Phil's mind, that whoever he might be, he was very much in earnest indeed, and knew what he was doing. He was playing softly, almost dreamily, and he was at some distance, but he was playing as no ordinary amateur plays—as if every note was a thought, and he was moved by a kind of rapt tenderness. It made Philippa open her eyes in wonder.

"Oh!" she said, "that is altogether a different matter. Nobody suspected him of that."

She began to be curious at once, and even hastened to finish dressing.

"I should like to see his face, when he is playing like that," she thought. "One would be sure to understand him a little."

It is not improbable that she had some vague hope of seeing it, when she went down stairs, though certainly she had no definite idea of how such an end was to be accomplished. Chance favored her, however. Reaching the foot of the stairs, she found that the sounds came from the room she had, not long before, left to go to her own, and a few steps took her to its threshold.

She stood at the open door, and looked in.

What she saw was a handsome, charming, young fellow, with an air of such freshness, and youth, and grace, as was sheerly wonderful. In fact, it was almost impossible to find fault with him, he had so much of physical beauty and rare attractiveness. His figure was light and lithe, his dark eyes were almost womanish in their softness, the brightness of his face made Phil feel as if her own nineteen years had suddenly become ninety.

It was not many moments before he saw her, and then he looked brighter than ever. He laid down his violin, and came towards her, putting up his hand to push aside the few stray locks, which had fallen forward, carelessly, upon his forehead—a gesture Phil afterwards observed as being a habit with him, and, as he advanced, the girl looked at him, feeling oddly uneasy, and beginning to think that she had made a mistake.

"It is not—" she hesitated. "It is not Mr. Wilfred Carnegie?"

He laughed a gay, happy-sounding laugh.

"Yes, it is," he said. "It is Wilfred Carnegie. And why not, Cousin Philippa?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A D A S T R A .

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I forevermore aspire,
To be lifted higher, higher,
From the groveling and the groping,
From the fears that quell all hoping,
From the sicknesses of souls
Which this atmosphere controls;
From the ashes on the fruits of our desire!

I forevermore aspire,
With a strong intense desire
To reach up and grasp the beauty
Of the starry realms above:
To embrace some perfect duty
Which may harmonize with love.
For a spark of heavenly flame
Which may burn around my name,
And may take away all grossness,
And all sense or need of shame.

I forevermore aspire,
Like the upward reaching fire,
To leave the sodden mould below,
And, like the trees and flowers, to grow.
With my face for aye uplifted,
And my feet no longer drifted,
Like hulks upon a dark and lonely sea.
I aspire, mighty Father-God, to Thee.

I forevermore aspire,
Heavenly Father, higher, higher,
Till my soul may rest forever,
Where Thy fair and lovely river
Ever flows, ever flows,
In a calm and sweet repose;
And where bright and blooming flowers
Deck the fragrant, restful bowers;
And where love, sweet love,
Finds its perfect home above.

THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT was the beginning, and it was such a fanciful, artless sort of beginning, that it was impossible that anything ceremonious should follow. Phil laughed a little herself, as she crossed the threshold, and went to seat herself on the chair he placed for her. Her companion did not sit down. He remained standing near the mantel, and looked down at her, with an admiration so evident, that, in another man, it would have been trying. In him, however, it was altogether a different matter.

"Do you know," he said, "that I was half afraid you would not come?"

"If it had not been for Governor, I should not have come," she answered.

"Governor?" he repeated, questioningly.

"I mean my father," she explained. "I forgot you would not understand. And you don't understand even now," she added, quickly. "You think it sounds like slang, but it is not slang, at all. I began to call him 'Governor,' when I was a little child—too young to know that it was odd—and somehow I have learned to like the name, because I have used it so long, that it seems like an old friend."

"You are very fond of your father," he remarked.

She answered him with quite a proud little air. She was glad he had asked her. It is not unlikely that she had her own vague doubts of certain things, she was always so sensitively eager to defend her father against any breath of doubt in others.

"I am more than fond of him," she said. "Fond is not the kind of word to use. Nobody could help being 'fond' of him—even people who saw him very seldom."

"Cousin Dorothy," Wilfred was beginning, when Phil turned upon him quite sharply.

"What could *she* say to you about him?" she said. She does not know him, at all."

"She knows something of him," he returned.

"And she has heard that he is a wonderfully handsome man, and—well, very different from ordinary men."

Phil's face softened. She was rather suspicious of Mrs. Dorothy Oswald, even more suspicious than she had been of Wilfred Carnegie. She had the natural feminine feeling, that she would rather do battle with a man than with a woman.

"I am glad she told you that," she said. "I was—at least—we have been very unfortunate," straightening her pretty figure. "And there are people, who, perhaps, misunderstand him."

Boyish and unworldly as he was, Wilfred Carnegie did not misunderstand. He had heard more of Philip Fairfax than Mrs. Oswald had told him; and the look in the girl's bright, disturbed eyes moved him. He drew a great many rapid conclusions. If she had ever had a suspicion of the man's selfish weakness, she had never acknowledged its existence to herself. She had borne deprivation and humiliation, and had blamed herself for being stung by them. Certainly, she had never blamed Philip Fairfax. Her affection had been as blind and faithful as her mother's.

So, being the best of chivalrous young fellows, his heart was more deeply warmed and touched, by his recognition of this fact, than by anything else.

By the time Mrs. Oswald appeared, they had made rapid progress towards actual friendliness, and Phil was beginning to look pleased. Unconsciously, she had been led into making a good many revelations concerning her past, and to these revelations Wilfred Carnegie had listened, with the deepest of interest. He had discovered, too, that this pretty girl, who had seen so much of a queer and questionable side of the world, had not been spoiled by her experience. Hers was not the nature to be easily contaminated. She was impetuous and transparent—too impetuous to be anything but transparent. In fact, she only puzzled him once, and this was, when she spoke, in the course of conversation, of Mr. Ernest Duval.

"Ernest was with us, then," she remarked, and suddenly stopped, as if intending to check herself.

"Ernest?" her listener repeated, and immediately wished that he had not spoken.

Phil's manner changed at once. Her reply sounded almost hard in its coldness.

"He was a friend of my father," she said. "We have known him a long time."

She recovered her complaisance shortly, however, and was very bright and amusing. She charmed even Mrs. Dorothy Oswald, who, being a discreet woman, had naturally trembled for the daughter of that family bugbear, Philip Fairfax. When chance gave Mrs. Dorothy the opportunity, she laid her hand upon Wilfred Carnegie's shoulder, smiling placidly.

"She is a nice, natural little thing," she said. "Rash and impulsive on occasion, one can easily fancy, but lovable and so pretty—so pretty!"

"Pretty!" echoed Wilfred, looking at Phil, who was at the other end of the room. "She is youth, and bloom, and beauty, and—and the rest of it embodied. I can assure you, Cousin Dorothy, I can feel already that I am falling in love—yes, in love with her," laughing in his brightest way.

The day closed pleasantly enough for Phil. It would not be hard to stay here at least, and Wilfred Carnegie had utterly disarmed her. He had even made her forget things, the remembrance of which would have rendered her miserable. At nineteen it is not difficult to lose sight of one's troubles for a while. Phil forgot almost everything, this evening, but that Brackencleugh was more than she had expected to find it, and that these people seemed actually fond of her.

"If I had been born here how happy I should have been," she said to herself, as she went to her room. "If I had only been born here, and it was ours—Governor's and mine."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTERWARDS, it seemed to her, that she lived for weeks, in a comfortable kind of dream. Stately as the house was, and little as she was used to stateliness, it was not long before she felt more at home than she had ever done in her life before.

"I really cannot remember," said Wilfred Carnegie, looking at her reflectively, one day, "what we did when you were not with us. It must have been deplorably dull, whether we were conscious of the fact, or not."

Perhaps, upon the whole, it was Wilfred Carnegie who made the place seem so home-like. It was one of his peculiarities to fit into places himself. Here, it really seemed to Phil, he must have spent all his life. Secretly, she was of the opinion, that Brackencleugh would have been

dull without him. He seemed to drive the shadows out of the house, and counteract the rather silencing influence of its size and grandeur. He filled the rooms he frequented, with pleasant litter and pleasant sound. His ringing laugh was to be heard everywhere. His music was upon this table, and upon that, his violin invaded the most imposing apartment.

The friendship, which was gradually established between Phil and himself, was a very youthful sort of feeling. There was no ceremony about its expression. "He is such a boy!" said Phil, tolerantly, from the heights of her maturity. But she liked him very much, and her liking grew day by day. They took long stretches of walks together, they climbed the hill sides, and exulted in being blown about by the spring breezes; they found picturesque woods in almost inaccessible places, and took possession of them, as two romantic children might have done. Wilfred's boat, upon the Loch, was brought into active service, and Phil took lessons in rowing, and steering, and the rest of it. She learned to ride, and grew fresh, and strong, and rosy. Of course she had her dark days, in which her London letters troubled her, and a certain stinging sense of humiliation took possession of her.

"Ah!" he said, once. "You have had a letter. I see—you are in such a bad temper."

It was a thoughtless speech, and exasperating enough to Philippa, who saw the truth it contained. She reddened.

"Yes," she said, "that is true. I am in a bad temper; but you have no right to tell me so—for you are the only person who is to blame."

"If?" he exclaimed. "Pray, what have I done? Where is the fairness in that?"

"There is no fairness in it," answered Phil—"it isn't fair, at all—it is very unfair." And she turned away, and left him amazed, and was so haughty, and incomprehensible, and unlike herself, for a day or so, that she almost drove him wild, and, several times, wounded him far more deeply than she fancied.

But they made friends again, as they always did; and, in fact, Phil's advances towards reconciliation were of so charming a nature, that Wilfred's heart was stirred quite in a novel way.

"I think I must have a vixenish sort of temper," she said, among other things. "I really believe I have—and I have a great many things to try me. I have had things to try me, all my life. When I am cross, don't notice me. I don't deserve to be noticed, and it only makes me worse. I never liked any one as much—I mean I never had a friend like you, before, Wil, and I cannot afford to lose you."

"Oh!" said Wil, with a trifle of impatient appeal in his voice, "why couldn't you leave it as it was? It would have been so delightful, for a fellow to think you liked him better than other people—even if it was only in a friendly way."

They were on the top of their favorite hill, Phil sitting upon a mossy rock fragment, and Wilfred stretched upon the thick grass, at her feet: so, when he looked up, he had a full view of her face, saw, at once, the change that fell upon it, the shadow of unrest and pain, that crept into her eyes, as she looked far out upon the Loch, below.

"I never have liked any one so much, in a friendly way," she said. "That was what I meant."

He watched her, for a moment, and then his own eyes fell, and wandered towards the expanse of blue, beneath.

"Then," he said, "I ought to be a very grateful fellow, Phil." And yet, while he meant what he said, he was suddenly conscious of feeling vaguely disappointed. Shortly, Phil spoke again.

"Let us make a kind of agreement," she said. "Let us agree never to quarrel—really. When I am cross, you will promise not to condescend to notice me, and I will promise to come and ask you to shake hands, the very minute I begin to feel as if I could listen to reason."

The whimsicality of the idea struck him pleasantly.

"What a fantastic little soul you are!" he said, laughing. "How could any one help being fond of you?"

"They could help it very easily," she answered. "I am not fond of myself, and I know myself very much better than you know me. Will you promise?"

"Yes, I will."

"And in real, honest earnest, too?"

"In the best of honest earnest."

"Then we will shake hands now, if you please," and she held hers out to him.

He took it, and held it delightedly, touched by her frank air.

"It is a very pretty hand," he said, not flip-pantly, but with quite a tender deference. "I will kiss it, Cousin Philippa, because I am in such very good earnest, indeed."

And kiss it he did, and I think she liked him the better for it, because it was so kindly and chivalrously done.

She had had reason enough for her mental irritation. It was rather hard, when she had so nearly forgotten her troubles, to be rasped afresh.

She had almost begun to believe that there had been no humiliating past, and the future was to be all Brackencleugh, when her father's letter came, and this was how his letter terminated:

"How is it, my dear, that you so rarely mention Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. This is hardly fair, Phil. You give me glorious descriptions of Mrs. Oswald, and of Brackencleugh, and of the Loch, and the heather, and the rowan trees, and a variety of other charming things. Why not a glowing description of Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, who should be the most interesting object of all? A man who is as lucky as Mr. Wilfred Carnegie must necessarily be interesting. Let me hear if this is not so. I, myself, am deeply interested in this fortunate individual."

When Phil's answer arrived, Fairfax smiled over it. He had sufficient experience to find it very suggestive.

"I don't say anything about Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, because I have nothing particular to say," she wrote. "He is very good-natured, and very kind to me. I suppose he is, what you might call, a genius. He plays the violin beautifully, and paints lovely, bright, little pictures; and he sings well, and talks well; in fact, he does a number of things well. Most people admire him. We are good enough friends, though sometimes we quarrel. I think I like him as well as I like Mrs. Oswald."

Reading this last sentence, Philip Fairfax's smile became a laugh.

"I think I like him as well as I like Mrs. Oswald," he repeated. "My charming Phil! How exquisitely young you are—even for your years! I wonder what Mrs. Dorothy Oswald thinks?"

Mrs. Dorothy Oswald thought a great many things. She was a gentle woman, who was prone to quiet reflection at all times. She was becoming very fond of Phil, and she began to suspect that her nephew was also. Her interest deepened, as she gradually learned something definite of Phil's past. It was natural that she should learn something definite by degrees, silent as Phil had chosen to be at first. She was too young not to be talkative, occasionally, and Wilfred was never tired of drawing her out. There were occasions, however, when she suddenly checked herself, in the middle of a story.

"The rest is stupid," she said, impatiently, the first time she was guilty of the inconsistency. "It is all stupid, in fact. I don't know why I began."

The truth was, she had unwittingly been betrayed into beginning a little anecdote, which would have led her into saying what might, she

thought, lead her hearers to misunderstand Mr. Philip Fairfax.

"Ah!" said Wilfred, to Mrs. Dorothy, afterwards, "I am out of patience with that fellow. I lose my temper whenever I hear his name mentioned. He is a dishonorable scamp—and yet, see how fond she is of him."

"Philip Fairfax?" said Mrs. Dorothy, quietly.

"Yes," he answered, pushing his hair back from his knotted forehead, and beginning to walk up and down the room impatiently. "I had heard enough of him before, but when she begins to talk, I hear more. Because she is only a girl, she tells more than she is conscious of. Do you know what he is—this same Philip Fairfax?"

"A gentleman of leisure," said Mrs. Dorothy, in serene irony.

"Yes, a gentleman of leisure—a fellow who lives by his wits—a professed gambler. He goes to Vienna, you see, and to Baden, and to Paris; he goes here, and there, and everywhere; and he takes this 'Ernest,' (a rascal, like himself, this 'Ernest'), and drags his daughter about with him. Figure to yourself how she has lived, Cousin Dorothy! a beautiful, young creature—nothing but a child—no woman with her—no girl friends—dingy lodgings and questionable hotels—and this 'Ernest' making himself entirely at home, at all times. A desirable acquaintance, Monsieur Ernest, for a pretty, defenceless girl," vehemently.

"You like 'this Ernest' less than all the rest," remarked Mrs. Dorothy.

"Yes, less than the rest," with still more vehemence. "You see it is plain that he is a consummate scoundrel, and an abominable puppy, and—and—" But there he stopped and wheeled round, and met Mrs. Dorothy's eye, with a naive air of recognition; and, finally, he broke into a gay, good-humored laugh. "Well," he said, "and why not? You mean that I am jealous. And why should I not be jealous? Who wouldn't be? I *am* jealous, perhaps. A man is often jealous very early—even before he is anything else." And he laughed again, and looked a little conscious, but not at all ashamed of himself.

"I don't blame you for being jealous," said Mrs. Dorothy. "And I should not blame you for being 'anything else,' as you put it. It would only be natural."

"Yes, it would," he said. "It would only be natural. She is a lovable little thing, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is lovable."

"And, if a man wants beauty," with an air of reflection, "where do you see more of it? Look at her eyes—you must have noticed her eyes, Cousin Dorothy—though I am not quite certain

about the color of them. Take the whole of her proud little face—the fire, and the tint, and the—well, the rest of it. Some day, I intend to paint a picture of her. It would be only natural that a man should soon learn to be fond of her. That is why I have such a particular objection to this ubiquitous Ernest. I *have* an objection to him—a rooted objection. I should like—" with charming frankness—"I should like, if possible, to thrash him. I feel as if he had done me an injury."

CHAPTER VIII.

CERTAINLY, Wilfred Carnegie found no future reason for entertaining a better opinion of Philip Fairfax; and, in the course of time, he had the best of reasons for entertaining a worse one. Her father's letters still continued to have a bad effect upon Phil. On certain occasions, Wilfred fancied she had been crying over them.

She had been at Brackencleugh three months, when an epistle arrived, which seemed to disturb her more than any previous one. Wilfred was in the room, when she received it, and, as soon as she had glanced at the first page, she left her seat, and went up stairs, and the glimpse Wilfred caught of her face, as the door closed, did not add to his mental tranquility.

The fact of the matter was, that, at length, one of Mr. Fairfax's creditors had managed to outdo the rest, in vigilance; and the result was, that that ingenuous gentleman was arrested for debt.

He was not much disturbed, however. He treated the matter with his usual whimsical grace, in writing of it, and did not seem at all depressed.

"The truth is, my dear," he said, airily, "I naturally feel that our condition is not, by any means, hopeless, so long as we have friends, like these people at Brackencleugh. One instinctively turns to such estimable and delightfully lucky persons. But, at the same time, I would advise discretion, since indiscretion might be fatal to our future interests. If you feel that you have the kind of influence, which it would be safe to use in the present emergency—use it, but by no means use it rashly. And I would advise that, if you decide to apply to either of our friends, apply to Mrs. Dorothy. Young men—such young men as Mr. Wilfred Carnegie—are apt to be fastidious."

Phil read this affectionately fastidious appeal to the end, and then crushed it in her hand. almost tragically, her cheeks burning with hot blushes.

"I did not think," she said, "I did not think

it could have come to this. I did not think he would have done it."

She burst into tears, as she spoke—angry tears—tears of indignation and shame. For the first time in her life, she experienced a definite feeling of rebellion against her father. If she had rebelled before, it had only been the ghost of a rebellion, crushed back into the secret places of her heart. But now, the force of the feeling, roused within her, almost frightened her.

"He expects me to ask them for money," she said, again. "And he takes it for granted that—that I have the right to do it—coolly."

That she need only ask for anything she required, or fancied she required, she knew; but the knowledge only added to her bitterness of spirit. Often, during the past three months, she had found herself blushing at certain of her recollections. What was she, after all, but a kind of traitor to these two generous, affectionate natures? She had come to them, at the very beginning, with a plot against their happiness in her heart—a plot, too wild and chimerically bad to succeed, in her girlish, innocent hands, but still, a plot. The night she had told her father that she would accept Mrs. Dorothy's invitation to Brackencleugh, she had done so, because she had suddenly seized upon the desperate, romantic fancy of revenging herself on Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, after the manner of divers heroines, of certain three-volumed novels she had read. And it had been her father, who had suggested the plan—absurd and youthful as it was. It was by no means absurd, however, in Philip Fairfax's hands. In his eyes, Wilfred Carnegie was simply a promising investment, and the whole affair was a most admirable business venture, merely requiring tact. Here, on one hand, was Phil—or rather, here he was himself, since Phil was a subservient element—something must be done for Phil, or rather, for the element represented by her; and here, on the other hand, was a young man, who had been lucky enough, and clever enough, to win what might have been their own, but for his most undesirable existence. Why, then, should not this individual be made useful, under these adverse circumstances? It was natural that he should wish to marry somebody; and why not Phil? Apart from paternal partiality, Mr. Fairfax was complacently conscious of the fact, that Phil was a decidedly attractive young person. She was well born, and reasonably well educated; she was pretty; she was ingenuous; she was unselfish. Nine men out of ten would fall in love with her, promptly, and it was impossible that the tenth should do otherwise than admire

her. "I admire her myself," said Mr. Fairfax, with praiseworthy frankness. "And Ernest, who was far too thoroughly a man of the world, to be susceptible—Ernest would not have been unlikely to act like a madman, at one period of his existence, if I had allowed him." Then, why should not Mr. Wilfred, who could afford to marry a portionless beauty, without acting like a madman, why should not this Mr. Wilfred marry her? And why should not Philippa accept the invitation to Brackencleugh, and thus gain the opportunity to present her charms for inspection?

Thus simple was Mr. Fairfax's mode of reasoning. But Phil arrived at her conclusion in a different, and less practical manner—a manner, perhaps, not uninfluenced by the laudable teaching of the three-volumed fictions, before mentioned. It is not impossible that she had argued, after the manner of heroines, in the excitement of the moment. Poor, passionate, misguided, little soul! The grumbling sexton's clods had buried more than the little ring that morning, or it seemed to her that such was the case. She was miserable, and sore-hearted, and it was quite natural that she should feel cynical and reckless, since she was of too high a spirit to be crushed. She was full of scorn for her false lover, full of scorn for herself, full of scorn for the whole world. The love she had read about, and thought of in secret, the love she knew she had surely seen in one man's eyes, the love poets rhymed and prose writers raved about, was a cheat and a sham—a mockery to be bought and sold. There was nothing left. And then had come this sudden fear for her father. *He* loved her at least, and if she was to lose him too—! And it was in her power to make him happier, perhaps, to save him altogether. If Mr. Wilfred Carnegie fancied, in the future, that he had loved her, and was willing to make her his wife—why not? There was no such thing as real love—it could only be a fancy. It could not hurt him much to be deceived into imagining that he had won her heart. Yes, she would sacrifice herself for Governor.

So she had come to Brackencleugh, and once there, somehow or other the fresh, sweet air cooled and cleared her excited young brain, and brought her to her senses, before she was aware of it. And when she saw Wilfred himself, and learned to like him, the foolish, feverish fancies evaporated, like mist before the sun. She began to enjoy her life girlishly. She forgot to be tragic or sentimental. She would have been happier than ever, if Governor had been well and comfortable.

"It makes me despise myself," she said, crushing the letter in her hands, "but that is not the

worst. I have despised myself before. It makes me despise him!" And that was the worst. Of late her faith in him had been shaken more than once. Her intercourse with people ruled by a stricter code of honor than the one to which she had been accustomed, had rendered her sensitive. Still she had tried hard to excuse him. To-day she could excuse him no longer.

"It is the cruelest thing he could have done! Ah! Governor," mournfully, "how could you?"

She was in a bitter strait, indeed. Nothing but money would be of any use; and how could she ask for money?

"I cannot," she said. "I will not!" and then she cried again.

Both Mrs. Dorothy and Wilfred saw the traces of her tears, when she came down stairs again. The latter, towards evening, went to Mrs. Dorothy in great disquiet of mind.

"I cannot stand this, you know," he said. "She is evidently in trouble. Would it be safe for a fellow to throw himself upon her mercy, and ask her if there is nothing he can do?"

Mrs. Dorothy looked grave.

"If I felt sure of her, I would speak myself," she said, "but I am not sure. I have gradually discovered that she shrinks from speaking of her father before me. She is beginning to doubt him herself, and instinct has taught her that I have doubted him from the first. It is unfortunate, but natural. No—" speculatively: then added,

"I will leave her to you, Wilfred. You are young enough to have a chance of success. Not that she is not fond of me, too."

"Do you really think," said Wilfred, somewhat slowly, "that she is at all fond of me?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dorothy, without hesitation. "She is very fond of you—in an unsentimental way."

Wilfred made a rueful grimace.

"Oh!" he said, "in an unsentimental way."

"Certainly," Mrs. Dorothy remarked. "She is not a sentimental girl."

"No," the young man agreed, "she is not."

When he returned to the room, in which he had left Phil, he found her standing at a window, watching the rain. He joined her, feeling dubious and hesitant, but when he saw her face, he received a shock which acted as an impetus upon him. The tears he had seen standing in her eyes at dinner, had fallen, and her cheeks were wet with them. Being the tender-hearted, impressionable, young fellow he was, the sight moved him beyond power of self control. He bent forward, and took possession of her hand.

"My dear Phil," he said, "this is not fair!"

"Not fair!" she echoed, with a listless, help-

less, little effort at a smile. "I don't know why it isn't. It is fair enough to be miserable, when you have something to be miserable about. You see I don't say I am not miserable, and I don't say I am not crying. I *am* miserable—and it has made me cry; but why that is not fair I cannot comprehend."

"If I had a trouble—" Wilfred began.

"I am not you," she announced, with rather unnecessary exactness of statement. "I wish I were—then everything would be easy enough."

She drew her hand from his, and turned to the window, with a movement almost impatient.

Wilfred was slightly discouraged.

"I was going to say," he proceeded, "that if I had a trouble, I should not try to hide it, from the persons most interested in me."

"You would, if it was such a trouble as mine," she answered, in sudden heat. "You would if—if it was a sort of disgrace."

"Disgrace!" he echoed, firing himself at the mere sound of the word. "What has disgrace to do with you, or you with disgrace! You must not speak of disgrace, Philippa, and conceal the rest. That is a word that gives me the right to ask questions of you."

Her cheek warmed a little. She could not help liking his grandly protecting air. She was not used to protection, and he spoke as if he felt a sense of proprietorship in her—as if what touched her must also touch him.

He looked quite heroic in his chivalrous excitement. He was flushed and eager. Phil was dimly conscious of admiring him in a new way. She invariably succumbed to him.

"Perhaps I ought not to have said disgrace," she faltered.

"I hope not," he returned. "But since you did say it, I must ask you to tell me why. Who has a better right to ask your confidence than I have, Philippa?"

"As to that," she answered, bitterly, "there is no one on earth, who has the right to ask it at all. I do not belong to anybody, and nobody cares. Why should they? It is not as if I had been like other girls."

"Does that mean that I have no right, and that you cannot trust me?" he asked.

"It does not mean that I cannot trust you," she said.

"Then if you can trust me, I shall assume the right. Don't be hard on me, when I am so much in earnest, Phil," going back to his old boyish mode of appeal. "You cannot say I do not care. If you will only tell me what your trouble is, you must know that you may order me about to an unlimited extent. Don't be hard on a fellow, Phil."

Notwithstanding her misery, she laughed.

"Hard on you," she said. "Who is hard on you, you foolish boy. If I am hard on you, I am hard on Cousin Dorothy, too. I have not told her."

For an instant he paused, regarding her with a look, which startled and confused her. It seemed as if he was asking himself a mental question, and perhaps asking her one too.

"That is a different side of the matter," he said, at last. "I will answer you in your own words. I am not Cousin Dorothy. If I were, everything would be easy enough."

She laughed again, but it was very uneasily this time. She began to be more wretched than before. With her father's letter fresh in her memory, she was not in the mood to listen patiently to speeches so significant. She shrank from them, with a feeling of humiliation.

"If you will give me time to think," she stammered, in her anxiety to change the subject. "I may come to you for help. If I ask any one for help, I will promise that it shall be you—even rather than Cousin Dorothy."

He could advance no further than this. She began to be hard to manage. He had made a blunder of which he was not conscious. She cut short his first effort to speak.

"Let us go into the other room," she said. "I do not want to talk. Come and play for me."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Dorothy came to Wilfred, with an open letter in her hand.

"Here is a whimsical coincidence," she said. "This, letter from my friend Mr. Farquhar, who is in Edinburgh, has given me all the information we need concerning Mr. Fairfax, who is in London. It is the key to Philippa's unhappy mind. You may read it." And she gave it to him.

It was indeed a coincidence, fanciful enough. For writing to his old friend, Mrs. Oswald, Mr. Farquhar had accidentally mentioned certain unpleasant rumors he had heard, in connection with Mr. Philip Fairfax.

"You remember how we first met him," he said. "Duval had had some slight acquaintance with him, and introduced him. He is a charming fellow, but as of course, you know, a disreputable scamp. It was not long before we began to make discoveries, and since then of course we have seen nothing of him. It appears astonishing that he should have eluded his creditors so long. I hear that he has a daughter. I wonder what the poor girl will do, during his detention. Ernest mentions having seen her, and from his chance

remarks I imagine that she has inherited a dangerous gift of good looks and high spirit. Poor girl, indeed!"

"Well," said Mrs. Dorothy, when Wilfred looked up, "What is to be done?"

He did not answer her question.

"Who is Duval," he asked.

"Duval is the man who married Isabel Farquhar," was the answer.

"And 'Ernest' is Duval again?"

A troubled light was kindled in Mrs. Dorothy's eyes.

"Yes."

Wilfred began to show symptoms of excitement.

"Then," with a hot flush of anger and vehement disgust, "here is the ubiquitous Ernest again. The gambling puppy, who lounged about the country with Fairfax, is the man who has married Miss Farquhar, and tells her friends that he knew him slightly. Why! the deuce take him! he spent years with him, and was actually his accomplice in all his rascalities!"

"That must be true," Mrs. Oswald answered, "but until this moment the idea of such a possibility never once occurred to me—perhaps because I have never seen the man, and have only heard his name once before."

"It is a nice affair for the Farquhars," said Wilfred, "and it is a nice affair for us. It is specially pleasant to reflect that Mr. Ernest Duval was Philippa's most intimate acquaintance. I detest the fellow! I loathe his very name!"

He almost lost sight of Philip Fairfax, in his perturbation of spirit. He could only think of the man who had spent years in the most familiar intercourse with Philippa herself. It was impossible that he should not have loved her, if love were possible for such men, Wilfred thought. And was it likely that the fancy should have been all on one side?

"There is only one way in which we can relieve her," Mrs. Dorothy said. "We must pay the money."

"Yes," he answered, rousing himself reluctantly, "the money must be paid of course."

His disgust was so evident that Mrs. Dorothy smiled.

"Surely you are not beginning to distrust Philippa," she said. "How absurd!"

"Philippa!" exclaimed Wilfred. "No, no! That would be absurd, as you say. Why should I distrust her?" And immediately began to wonder if, under his restless feeling of jealous discomfort, there had, after all, lurked the unrecognized ghost of a misapprehension. Mrs. Dorothy, however, was troubled with no such fancies. She returned to business, like a sensible woman.

"The matter must be settled finally," she said, "if we are to purchase peace for Philippa."

"Yes," answered Wilfred, rather gloomily. "I must go to London and have an interview with the fellow myself. He will make as much out of us as possible, of course, but we must submit to his trickery for Phil's sake."

They talked the affair over, and decided upon the course to pursue, before they parted. Wilfred was to go to London, as he had proposed, and obtain an interview with Philip Fairfax, with the object of gaining information as to the extent of his liabilities. Said liabilities were to be discharged, and certain small sums placed at his disposal, on condition that Phil was not informed of the transaction.

"A romantic state of affairs enough," said Wilfred, shrugging his shoulders. "He will laugh at us in his sleeve—but it is for her sake, as I said."

The next morning, to Philippa's surprise, and perhaps somewhat to her relief, Wilfred left Brackencleugh. When he announced his intention of going, they were at breakfast, and Phil looked up at him, and then down at her plate, and colored slightly. It seemed strange that he should go so soon after their conversation. It was not like him to have forgotten so early his own importunities and her promise. But curious as she felt, she made no remark, and managed to avoid being alone with him, during the hours intervening between the meal and his departure.

Mrs. Dorothy was in the room when he bade Phil good bye.

"I will be home by the end of the week, if I am not unexpectedly detained," he said.

Phil watched his departure from one of the windows, and when the carriage was out of sight, turned to Mrs. Dorothy, with a diplomatic little pretense of a yawn.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" she remarked.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dorothy. "He did not discover the necessity of the journey until yesterday."

Phil made no reply. She began to wonder why he had not mentioned it before, if he had known yesterday. It was the first time she had known him to show reticence upon a subject, since their acquaintance had begun.

She spent the morning in writing to her father, and when she had completed her letter, she saw that it was written in a new tone. Heretofore, she had written girlish, affectionate epistles, full of tender protestations and anxiety for the recipient's health and comfort. There were no protestations in this one, and no terms of endearment.

"It sounds like a woman's letter," she said, after she had read it over, "I never wrote one like it before." And she sealed it with a regretful sigh.

The day following Wilfred Carnegie's arrival in London, Mr. Fairfax amazed his landlady by returning to his deserted apartments, with the manner of a gentleman who had merely vacated them for the purpose of paying a friend a brief visit. On the evening of the same day, Wilfred himself appeared.

Mr. Philip Fairfax arose from his easy chair, in all the becoming comfort of tasteful dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, and welcomed his guest with an air that was grace and high-bred ease itself. Wilfred had not expected to see such refined physical beauty, such readiness of apropros speech. And then the man was plainly ill—far more frail than even Phil's anxiousness had led him to suppose. The hand he extended had a painful beauty and transparency. Wilfred softened as he touched it, and began to feel ashamed of himself.

"Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," said Fairfax, "and to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie I am indebted for my release."

Wilfred bowed, and took the chair a gesture had assigned to him.

"It would be impossible for me to express my sense of obligation as I should wish," said Fairfax. "I feel, however, that you will understand what I wish to say—but cannot." From that moment, Wilfred understood Phil's innocent admiration and affection. On his own part he began to find his errand an ungracious one. How was he to explain that he had come merely as a matter of business—that knowing Mr. Philip Fairfax to be a polished knave, nothing but his regard and pity for Philippa would have induced him to seek him, or stretch out a helping hand—that it was Philippa, and Philippa alone, whom he considered, and for whose sake he did this thing. It was difficult to be even decently practical and business like.

"I come partially on Mrs. Oswald's behalf," he said.

"Partially?"

"Partially upon my own!" said Wilfred, coloring a little, and feeling as if he was revealing himself in a manner he had not intended. "Perhaps," he added, in a momentary impulse of annoyance, "perhaps it would be more honest to admit, that, while Miss Fairfax is quite ignorant of my purpose in coming here, Mrs. Oswald and myself have been led to decide upon acting as we do, solely in consideration for her feelings."

Having spoken thus candidly, he was conscious that the rest would be easier. Fairfax smiled faintly, and bent his head.

"Solely on Philippa's account?" he observed. "Then I must also thank Philippa."

"Pardon me," said Wilfred, impatient again, "but our purpose is to spare Miss Fairfax as much as possible, and you must excuse us for making it a condition that she is told nothing."

"A condition?" in a delicate tone of suggestion Wilfred hesitated no longer, but plunged into the matter at once. He was anxious to get it over; and he had surmounted his first stumbling block, with such unexpected ease, aided by his temporary warmth, that he was prepared for smaller difficulties, if they should arise.

"It was not through Miss Fairfax we heard the story of your embarrassments," he explained. "Mrs. Oswald gained her information through the merest chance, and gaining it at the time she did, it was a solution to Mrs. Fairfax's evident depression of spirits. We have become much attached to Miss Fairfax," conscious vexatiously of self-revelation as before, and conscious, too, of a certain repressed smile on the fair, handsome face on the other side of the fire. "We have begun to regard her as one of ourselves—we should be more than reluctant to part with her, and we are specially reluctant to remain inactive, when it would be possible to relieve her from a weight of anxiety, by any effort or sacrifice on our part. She has been unhappy, and unlike herself, and discovering the cause of her unhappiness, we desire to remove it. I came here for the purpose of learning what your liabilities are, and, if possible, of discharging them; and thus setting Miss Fairfax at rest. I have expressed myself as frankly as possible, and trust you will be equally frank."

For the first time in his life, perhaps, Philip Fairfax was found unprepared. He was astounded, and it was his very knowledge of the world, which lay at the root of his astonishment. He had hoped to make use of these people, but such lavishness as this took him at a disadvantage.

"I find it difficult to assure myself that you are entirely serious," he almost stammered. "This—such a course is certainly very unusual and—generous."

"We are quite aware that it is unusual," said Wilfred. "We even know that it appears somewhat romantic, as a plan; but we have determined that ordinary obstacles shall not stand in our way."

From first to last, he was conscious that his

older companion was weighing him serenely in a balance of his own, and the consciousness was not an agreeable one. Every glance towards him, every smile, held a secret meaning. The annoying suspicion that he was being forced to speak more plainly than he had intended, continually haunted him.—Choose his words as he might, the man seemed to be weighing each one as he uttered it, and translating it with secret enjoyment. Certainly, Mr. Wilfred Carnegie was no match for Mr. Philip Fairfax. He was not cool enough, there was too much youthful fire and impetuosity in his nature, and he was too much interested in Philippa.

Before the interview was at an end, any doubts Fairfax might have had previously were banished. He was blissfully at ease. If Philippa was not in love with this young man, at least this young man was most chivalrously disposed towards Philippa; and certainly he was the sort of a young fellow to win upon any girl. He had beauty, wealth, and a decided personal charm, and it was evident that he was susceptible, and full of youthful sentiment. Mr. Fairfax smiled inwardly, at the idea of Phil's being able to resist such a heroic air, and such attraction. This was a prince after Phil's own heart. They would marry each other, these two young people, and would be very happy, for they would have plenty of money, which was all Mr. Philip Fairfax thought was requisite to make people happy. When Carnegie concluded his business, Wilfred rose to go. Mr. Fairfax referred again to Philippa.

"There was no message from Philippa," he said.

"None—naturally enough. You remember that Miss Fairfax knew nothing of the object of my journey."

"Your delicacy is as unusual as your generosity," said Fairfax. "For my part, I confess, your caution against my mentioning, to Philippa, the obligation you have placed me under, was quite necessary. You feel sure that—"

"We feel sure that it will be better to keep the secret to ourselves—to let it remain a secret," interposed Wilfred, growing impatient, as usual, under the subtly suggested question in the man's tone. "Philippa—Miss Fairfax—will be happier, if she hears nothing of the affair. Explain it as best you can. You might intimate that it was some old acquaintance—that fellow Duval, for instance."

A curious expression crossed Fairfax's face, at this unconscious revelation of the fact, that his visitor had not only heard of Duval, but had

heard of him in a manner which had caused him to remember him. The mere idea, suggested such lack of discretion on Phil's part, that her father felt constrained to invent a diplomatic lie promptly.

"Duval?" he remarked. "Ah! you mean the Duval, who married Miss Farquhar. Duval won't do, however. I must try some more plausible explanation. Our acquaintance with Duval was

not of a sufficiently intimate character to render him at all a likely individual."

Almost immediately he observed that he had overreached himself, and anathematized his folly. Wilfred bowed cockily.

"Then I have misunderstood Miss Fairfax," he said. "But of course it is a small matter Good evening."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TROUBLES OF AGE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

Yrs! I am pretty old—just eighty-three,
I think, or four,
But, I have packed my traps to leave, when Death
Knocks at my door;
For life, you know, when you grow very old,
Becomes a bore.

It seems that I am punished every day
For all my sins,—
Suarler is cross, and often snaps at me
And bites my shins,
While Rover runs between my legs, and knocks
Me off my pins.

Ah! once I loved to watch the merry sports
Of boisterous boys;
I seemed once more to feel my youth again
With all its joys;
But now boys are a nuisance—for they make
Such horrid noise.

Once I delighted in my rod, or gun
And blooded dogs;
I wandered often over rugged hills
And marshy bogs,
And heard the sweet notes of the nightingale
And of the frogs.

Now, aching pains in every weary limb,
My bones harass;
I can no longer climb a hill, or wade

A deep morass,
And I should die if I would wander now
In the wet grass.

I love within the limpid spring to watch
The spotted trout,
As they play hide and seek along the bank,
And dart about,—
But then they always steal my bait, before
I pull them out.

And all the books that I once loved to read,
Have got so tame,
And do not seem to me as if they were
At all the same;
But maybe it is my poor aged head
That is to blame.

I always fall asleep when I would read,
So—'tis no use!
My brain, which once was bright, it seems, has grown
Dull and obtuse;
Yes! I have made the circle, and returned
To Mother Goose.

All the sweet pleasures of my youthful days,
Like dreams have fled;
My boon companions, maidens whom I loved,—
They all are dead;
And I feel weary now—I'll sip my tea,
And then—to bed.

ONLY A WOMAN.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

ONLY a woman, with lines of care,
Marking her face, once girlish and fair;
While the patient look in the tired eyes,
Shows how bravely the spirit tries:
Meekly, to bear the burden of life;
Calmly, to walk 'mid its pain and strife.

A faded woman—but the sad, pale face
Beareth yet, a lingering trace
Of the winning beauty, once its own,
Ere youth and happiness had flown;
Ere Time had touched her brow so fair,
Or sorrow left its footprints there.

The flowers that life's spring-time gave,
Are buried in their early grave:
And rude awakenings she has known;
For, cherish'd hopes fore'er have flown
Adown the yawning gulf of Time,
All blasted in their early prime.

Faded and old—yet, a woman still,
With a woman's place on earth to fill;
Then give her a smile, a word of cheer
To brighten her path, so lonely and drear:
For age and sorrow come to *all*,
Tho' no *great* shadow o'er us fall.

THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN his visitor had left him, Mr. Fairfax returned to his chair, shrugging his shoulders.

"Plainly, it is through Phil he has heard of Duval," he said. "My dear Phil," apostrophizing that young person in the spirit, "You are a beautiful little fool."

And then, with his promise to Wilfred Carnegie still echoing in the room, he sat down, with exquisite composure, to write a letter to the girl, detailing the whole transaction. He was disturbed by no conscientious scruples.

"I was quite touched," he wrote, pathetically. "The young man displayed a delicate chivalrousness one does not often see in this common-place age. I am not a sentimental person myself, but I must say I have, for once, been roused to earnest admiration for Mr. Wilfred Carnegie. Your influence over these people, my dear Philippa, is boundless, simply boundless. You are actually like the heroine of a romance. You may do anything with them you like. Certainly, your position is a most enviable one. Make the most of it."

This letter reached Brackencleugh before Wilfred himself, who was detained by business. Phil read it, in an absolute transport of shame and bitterness of spirit. From the moment that she had finished it, her old delusions vanished. Her uneasy suspicions were realities. Her childish dream was over. She saw her blindly beloved idol as he was. He was under obligations to these people, such as might have bowed him to the earth: and yet he could betray them, and lie to them, and plot against them, with a serene face. He had lied to them about Duval, he had lied to them about his promise, he would have lied to them about anything else.

"How am I to bear it," she cried. "How am I to remain silent, and never let them know that I am grateful, and love them?"

She could scarcely wait until Wilfred's return. She could not bear the burden of such a secret. The very night after she received his letter, she wrote to her father.

"I will promise not to tell them, that I heard

the truth from you," she said, "but I will *not* promise not to tell them, that I have heard it."

And reading her words, Fairfax shrugged his shoulders, as he had done before.

"My dear Philippa," he observed, succinctly, "You are a beautiful little fool."

At the beginning of the next week, Wilfred came home. He came home in the evening, and dinner had been kept waiting for him. As Philippa rose to greet him, the bright eagerness of her welcome surprised him. Her little hand grasped his warmly, she blushed like a rose, and her eyes appealed to him to believe in the sincerity of her pleasure.

"I—we have missed you, every day," she said.

"Every hour, we might say," added Mrs. Dorothy, looking at him, with affectionate delight and admiration.

And now Philippa spoke up, bravely.

"Cousin Dorothy and—Wil," she said, "I think—I am sure I ought to tell you that—that I have guessed."

"Guessed?" exclaimed Wil. "Guessed?" and blushed crimson.

Mrs. Dorothy's confusion was quite as transparent.

"Guessed, my dear?" she faltered.

"If we had more friends, I might not have guessed so soon," said Phil, in tears. "But as it is, how could I help being sure, that no one else loved me well enough, to be so good and generous. When you went away, Wil, I wondered why it was, but as soon as I read my father's letter, telling me that somebody had helped him out of all his dreadful trouble, I knew who that somebody must be. And though, in your kind thought for me, you wished to let me remain ignorant of the great debt I owe you, I cannot help but be glad that I do know all about it, because—because I want to thank you a thousand times, with all my heart and soul, and because it makes me love you—both of you, Cousin Dorothy and Wil—more than ever."

Her cheeks were wet, but her eyes were full of innocent joy and gratefulness.

She knelt by Mrs. Dorothy, and kissed her hands, that lay in her lap, again and again. Then she rose and went to Wilfred, holding out both hands.

"Please to shake hands with me," she said, and when he did so, her smile was so sweet and bright, that he went farther, and kissed them, as he had done the day they sat together upon the hillside.

CHAPTER XI.

PHILIPPA found life pleasanter than ever after this. She had no need for anxiety, since her father was at ease. Indeed, that gentleman's next letter was a surprise to her; it was so tactful, so affectionate, so touchingly ingenuous. His health was improving rapidly; he was not without money; he was beginning to enjoy existence again.

As the weather became warmer, Phil and Wilfred spent the greater part of their time out of doors. They followed the impulse of every whim that seized them. The big rooms echoed with their laughter; they were childishly happy, and full of their enjoyment of the flying spring.

Perhaps, they were beginning to enjoy something else more thoroughly; Wilfred was sure that he was. Philippa was not very definite in her views upon the subject. Her heart burned within her, as she reminded herself, that the man who married her, would, unconsciously, marry Mr. Philip Fairfax. As to Wilfred Carnegie—well, of course, she was specially firm concerning Wilfred Carnegie. He, at least, should never be wronged and saddled with an irksome and humiliating encumbrance. But, notwithstanding her private resolutions, there were times when she felt that she melted ignominiously; times when Wilfred was, more than usually, bright and lovable, as when certain Fates worked with him. Times when they had wandered up the hillside, to that favorite nook of theirs, when Wilfred stretched himself upon the grass to be charming, when sun and wind, blue sky and blue water, seemed to combine, to entrap her into being subdued and overruled.

It was after such a day as this, that the aspect of affairs changed for them. On reaching the house, after a morning spent on the hills, she noticed, as she passed through the entrance door, a traveling carriage driving away, and heard voices in one of the parlors. When she was ready to descend, she met a servant upon the stairs, and the girl spoke, surprisedly:

"Mrs. Oswald did not know you had come, too, Miss," she said. "The family from Strathdu have arrived."

"A whole family?" said Philippa, shrugging her shoulders.

"Mr. Farquhar, Miss, and his married daughter, and— There's the gentleman, now, Miss," in a hurried whisper, and with a glance downward.

Philippa, standing at the head of the stairs, cast her eyes carelessly below, and the next instant drew herself up, haughtily, coloring scarlet. A man, crossing the hall, had stopped, and stood looking up at her, smiling, with an air of amusement.

"Ah, Philippa!" he said. "Is it possible? How do you do?"

There was no alternative but to descend, and return his greeting as coolly as he had offered it. Mr. Ernest Duval had the best of the game for once, and the servant, who had hurried away, had her eyes wide open, Philippa knew. She came down, and gave him the tips of her fingers.

"I am very well," she said, icily.

She set him at defiance, with her very touch. The frigid contempt in her face and voice, would have confused a better man. He only laughed, lightly.

"What a delightful surprise it is!" he said. "I thought I had lost sight of you forever, Phil, my dear."

"Is it a delightful surprise?" said Philippa, looking at him, with coldly opened eyes.

"More than delightful," he answered. "Isobel will be charmed."

"Is Mrs. Duval with Cousin Dorothy?" Phil asked.

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Farquhar is one of Mrs. Oswald's oldest friends. He never fails to visit Brackencleugh in the summer."

"Suppose, then," said Philippa, "that we join them. It is hardly necessary that we should remain here."

She turned away, and walked towards the door of the parlor. As she reached it, the handle was turned, and some one opened it.

It was Wilfred Carnegie, and from the look of non-recognition on Wilfred Carnegie's face, Phil gathered at once, that he had not been presented to her companion. She stopped, and spoke coldly, scarcely glancing at one man or the other.

"This is Mr. Duval," she said; "Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," and passed on, leaving them together.

The room was bright and warm with sunshine; the windows were thrown open, and there was a scent of flowers, and a sound as of the joyous twittering of birds outside; but Philippa felt strangely cold and miserable as she advanced. The beautiful blonde woman, talking to Mrs.

Dorothy, turned to look at her, and she saw again the face she had seen under the lace veil, on Isobel Farquhar's wedding day, and recognized, in an instant, that it was a face changed forever. Mrs. Dorothy paused, and spoke with a smile.

"Here is Philippa," she said. "We were just speaking of you. Mrs. Duval has heard of you before."

If she had felt cold on entering, Phil felt cold no longer. Isobel Duval did not offer her hand; did not smile, merely bent her head, and gave her a steady, peculiar glance. It was such a look, half suspicious, half indignant, as made Phil's cheeks burn.

At that moment, Wilfred and Ernest Duval advanced together, and the conversation became general.

CHAPTER XII.

"They will spoil everything," Philippa had said, and surely enough life became a different matter after the arrival of the visitors. There were no more idle mornings spent in the sunniest room: Phil at the piano, Wil standing by, with his violin, and Mrs. Dorothy seated near to listen. There was no more reading aloud, and talking gay careless nonsense; there were no more rambles, and solitary driftings, here and there, on the loch. Once or twice Wil had made an effort to wander off with Philippa; but they never reached the water side before they encountered Duval, who gracefully intimated his intention of joining them. It was useless to endeavor to elude him, he was always sauntering in some inconvenient place, and always advanced smiling, secure, and just in time.

He affected an intimacy with Phil, that galled and angered Wilfred.

"You have known Miss Fairfax for some time, I presume," remarked Wil, rather savagely, on one occasion.

"Miss Fairfax?" coolly. "Ah! Philippa, you mean. Well, the fact is, that I have known Philippa so many years, that I hardly recognize her, when I hear her spoken of as Miss Fairfax. Under other circumstances, I should scarcely venture to address her, as familiarly as I am in the habit of doing."

"So I fancied," returned Wil, succinctly. "But Fairfax told me—or at least I understood him to tell me, that you had merely been a slight acquaintance—that you had barely known each other."

Ernest laughed in his face.

"Fairfax?" he repeated. "My dear fellow, Fairfax is the most consummate liar that ever breathed. He will stand at nothing to accomplish

an end. When he told you that, he was thinking of Philippa."

Generous as he was, Wilfred found it a difficult matter to hold his own, against such well sown seed as this. Phil herself felt that she constantly appeared to a disadvantage. She was surrounded by pitfalls on every side. That Wilfred was miserable she could see, that Mrs. Duval distrusted her she was fully conscious.

Mrs. Dorothy, meantime, discovered, before her guests had been with her long, that Mrs. Duval was, by no means, happy. She had heard of Isobel Farquhar as a bright, warm-hearted girl; she found her a stately, reticent woman. She had heard that her marriage had been a love-match; she saw soon enough that if it had been a love-match, it was one no longer. The husband and wife had plainly nothing in common. Isobel treated her husband with grave, frigid deference; Duval was simply cool, and complacently polite. That he was happy enough was evident, but it was not so with Isobel. She was scarcely more than a girl in years, and she had a bitter burden to bear. She could not always control herself wholly, as an older woman might have done.

"Isobel is not well this morning," Mr. Farquhar said to her, one day after breakfast. "These nervous headaches of hers are becoming incessant. She suffers terribly at times."

"I must go to her room and see her, if she is well enough to receive visitors," said Mrs. Dorothy.

"I wish you would," returned Mr. Farquhar, hurriedly. "It will do her good."

When Mrs. Oswald entered the room up stairs, the face Isobel Duval turned towards the door, startled and alarmed her. The wrapper she wore was not whiter; there were purplish hollows about her eyes; and she had evidently been weeping.

"I am very sorry you are so ill, my dear child," said Mrs. Dorothy. "I am very sorry." The poor wife burst into a passion of tears.

"You are sorry for me?" she cried. "Sorry for me? Don't be sorry for me, because I am in pain, Mrs. Oswald; be sorry for me, because my life is wrecked, and I have thrown away love, and youth, and hope, forever."

It was the uncontrollable outcry of an utter despair. She had given her all for nothing, and had discovered her terrible mistake, too late.

"He did not love me, Mrs. Oswald," she went on, carried away out of all reticence. "I was nothing to him from the first. I think he has always despised me. If he has not told me so, it is only because he is so wholly indifferent. He is dishonest, and dishonored; he is false, and

cruel; he is selfish, and despicable—and yet he is the man I loved, and he is my husband."

Mrs. Dorothy listened with a sad heart. Of late, in spite of herself, she could not help conjecturing, as to what Phil's relations with the man had been, and, as she heard Isobel Duval speak, she was haunted with a memory of Phil's manner towards him. If he had done her no wrong in the past, she, surely, would not show her dislike so continually. It was as if she had taken her stand against him, as if she defied, and yet, even while she defied, feared him a little.

She thought of this, as she caressed and comforted Isobel, and before she left her, she began to feel fresh dread.

"His friends," Isobel exclaimed, bitterly, in the course of the conversation; "his friends are professional gamblers, who are the worst of their class. Philip Fairfax is the oldest of them, and you know what such an intimacy means."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dorothy, with a sigh; "I know. Poor Philippa."

Mrs. Duval's expression suddenly changed.

"Poor Philippa!" she said. "You think Philippa is to be pitied, also." It struck Mrs. Dorothy that the speaker's tone was cold, and her manner constrained. "Am I mistaken," added Mrs. Duval, "in fancying that Mr. Carnegie is very much attracted by her?"

"Wilfred!" said Mrs. Dorothy, with a kindly warmth. "No, you are not mistaken."

"And you would not be averse to such a marriage," said Mrs. Duval, amazed.

"My dear!" Mrs. Dorothy ejaculated, surprised at her evidently unintentional vehemence. "Surely, Philippa is not to be condemned for Philip Fairfax's iniquities."

There was so plain a touch of pained feeling in her tone, that Isobel checked herself in momentary embarrassment.

"Forgive me!" she said. "I do not mean to be illiberal. I have been made so unhappy myself, that, perhaps, I am a little morbid. She should not bear her father's burdens, it is true."

No more was said, but the conversation left an unpleasant impression on Mrs. Dorothy. Going down stairs, she found Phil alone in the morning room, standing at the window, and looking out with a strange air of melancholy and depression.

"You do not look as if you were in good spirits, my dear child," she said.

"I am not in very good spirits," was the answer; "but—but no one is to blame but myself."

She spoke with a rather proud and reserved little air. Nothing would have induced her to tell Mrs. Dorothy that she was unhappy, because

she felt that she was regarded with distrust. It was not Mrs. Duval's coldness which hurt her most deeply. She could have borne that, even while she was stung by it. The fact was, that she was beginning to feel that, though he was too generous to wholly distrust her, Wilfred was rendered restless and uneasy, by what he could not fail to see. Duval's easy familiarity angered him, but Mrs. Duval's constraint cut him to the quick.

To do him justice, he had tried, often enough, to drop back into his old, familiar intercourse with Phil; but he had always failed. When nothing else stood between them, Duval appeared upon the field, and they were interrupted.

It was with these feelings in her heart, that she had answered.

"I can blame no one but myself." And she would say nothing more, which increased, though she would hardly admit it, the unpleasant impression made on Mrs. Dorothy by Mrs. Duval's manner.

CHAPTER XIII.

CIRCUMSTANCES soon occurred to increase these half-acknowledged suspicions.

"Duval seems to stand on rather familiar terms with that pretty girl of Fairfax's," said Mr. Farquhar, one day, to Mrs. Dorothy.

"With Philippa? Well, I have heard she was very young, when he went first to her father's house. Was it not so? She could scarcely have been called more than a baby."

"Did you ever hear—did you ever gather from any chance speech of hers," said Mr. Farquhar, suddenly facing Mrs. Dorothy, "that there had been a sort of love affair between them?"

"A love affair! Not exactly a love affair—no! At least, whatever I may have fancied, I cannot think so now. Philippa's manner towards him, is scarcely the manner of a girl who has—"

"But," Mr. Farquhar interposed, "it has struck me that it is. It is her manner, in fact, which has convinced me of the truth of the story."

"The story!" There was anxiety in Mrs. Dorothy's face, as she spoke. "Was there a story?"

"Yes, there was a story," with an air of disgust. "Duval was the father's constant companion, and was thrown with the girl, upon all occasions. It is said, she was passionately in love with him, and he was as much attached to her as was consistent with his nature. Mark you, I do not say that I heard anything decidedly to her discredit. It was Duval who was to blame; he was trifling with her."

"Does Isobel know anything of this?" asked Mrs. Dorothy, for she knew Mr. Farquhar was aware of Mrs. Duval's confession to her.

"I am not sure—though since we have been here, I have fancied so. In fact, I have been rather puzzled," knitting his brows slightly. "It is not like Isobel to be moved by any emotion so petty as jealousy—it would be sheerly impossible for her to be prejudiced by such a story—and yet—and yet I have observed, from the first, that her demeanor towards the girl is far from cordial."

"I have been surprised by the same thing myself," said Mrs. Dorothy.

Mr. Farquhar hesitated a moment or so, and then spoke again, as if with some reluctance. "Is it possible," he said, slowly, "that she has heard something we have not—that there is even a less pleasant—?" But there he checked himself. "No, forgive me!" he added, "I should not have allowed myself to do the child such injustice. She is only a child, after all, and it is really a terrible thing that it should seem so natural to think ill of her, because she is Philip Fairfax's daughter."

"It is a terrible thing, indeed, for Philippa," said Mrs. Dorothy. "And yet one can see how impossible it would be to accuse Isobel of a petty jealousy. We must remember, however," somewhat proudly, "that if Isobel has heard a more unpleasant side of the story, it is more than probable that she has heard it from her husband."

"Pah!" said Mr. Farquhar. "We should scarcely rely upon her husband."

The time came when Wilfred could bear this state of suspense no longer. It was like being on the rack.

"We were happy enough before these people came," he said to Mrs. Dorothy, one day, "and now see how we are drifting apart. I seem to have lost all hold upon Philippa. She is a different creature. She acts as if she did not trust me—as if she was angry—as if she had resented something I had said, or done."

"Shall I tell you what I am going to do?" he said, after a moment's pause. "I can't stand this state of things any longer. For I shall ask her to marry me. You know how desperately I love her, Cousin Dorothy; and *she* ought to know it, too, by this time. Sometimes I think she does, and sometimes I think she does not, believe it."

"You will give me your blessing, I know, Cousin Dorothy," he said, after a moment, and he rose to leave the room. "You will hope for a 'yes' for me, instead of a 'no,' won't you? I intend to ask her, the first minute that fellow Duval leaves us alone."

Meantime, Philippa, exasperated, beyond all measure, by Duval's conduct towards her, had decided to take a bold step. On her way to the library, with a book, that day, she met Duval, and stopped in the hall.

"I am going to replace this book," she said, "and I shall be glad if you will follow me into the library. I have something I wish to say to you."

"You do me great honor," he answered. "I am at your service."

She vouchsafed no reply, but went on before him. To tell the truth, he was somewhat surprised, and wondered what was coming. When they entered the room, he closed the door, and offered her a chair.

"Pray take this seat," he said.

"I do not wish to sit down," she answered.

"What I have to say, I can say here."

Even in the soft, dim gray of the twilight, he could see that the blood rose to her cheeks, and that her eyes flashed.

"I brought you here," she said, "to ask you how you dare—how you *dare* to treat me—to speak to me—to look at me, as you are in the habit of doing?"

"How I dare!" he exclaimed, and he broke into a light laugh. "My dear Philippa, you surely forget yourself. Why should I *not* dare?"

"You should *not* dare, because it is intolerable presumption," she cried. "You should *not* dare, because you should assume a virtue, if you do not possess it. You should wear an appearance of honor and truth, even if you are as false and dishonorable as you are wicked. You have tried to make people believe that, at some time, I have given you the right to address me, as if there was some secret between us. Is there any secret between us? Was there ever one, even at the worst? I say, the worst, because, the time when I trusted you, was the most humiliating part of my life. It is the only part of my life, of which I am ashamed, and upon which I look back to blush. No crime I could commit, would not be punished by the shameful recollection, that I once almost believed in *you*—that I was once weak enough, to fancy that I cared for *you*. Your familiarity is an insult to me. I would rather, that you should lift your hand and strike me in the face, than force me to speak to you, as if I was something to you—as if I had belonged to you, and you did not forget it. When I saw you last, I told you that I had done with you, forever and ever. How dare you approach me, except as a stranger? There is no stranger in the world—no man or woman, whom I have never seen, who is not nearer to me than you."

"Pah!" he said; "this is nonsense."

In spite of his insolence, he was stung.

"You are a coward!" she exclaimed. "You presume, because you think I am helpless. But I am not helpless. I am not helpless, because I am not so much afraid of you as you fancy. Do you think that I shall fear to speak openly, if you drive me to it? It will not be a pleasant thing," curling her lip, "to have to say to these people, who love me: 'Once, I was so vain and silly, as to be glad, that this man professed to admire me, and now, he presumes upon my folly;' but, I will say it, if you do not alter your manner towards me."

"Why have you not said it before?" he demanded, insolently. She knew what his taunt implied, but she answered him, with ready wit.

"I have not said it before, because, as I told you, it is so bitter a humiliation to me, and I have shrunk from so far degrading myself in their eyes. But better that, than that they should, for a moment, fancy, that a single tie links me to you. That would be a degradation I could not bear, and will not."

"And this was what you wished to say to me?"

"I *wished* to say nothing to you. This was what you yourself compelled me to say. I meant to warn you, and I do warn you. Approach me familiarly again—say one significant word to me—give me one meaning look, and I will appeal to Mrs. Oswald."

"And suppose," he suggested, "suppose we add, 'And to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie.'"

She faltered a second—scarcely more—and then answered him bravely, with a pride, which might have touched Wilfred's heart, if he had seen it.

"And to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie!" she said. "He is a gentleman, and will protect me." Now, you may go; I have nothing more to say."

"Thanks for your urbanity and candor," he retorted, and sauntered out with his hands in his pockets.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN he was gone, she sat down, at the window, trembling with excitement. She could not return to the drawing-room just yet. She remained there until the moon rose. Her tears flowed fast.

"Nobody will miss me," she said. "They are happy enough together without me—but they would have missed me once," suddenly becoming inconsistently aggrieved. "There was a time when they would have missed me."

It might have been in answer to her speech,

that she heard, the next moment, the sound of some one coming lightly up the stairs. She knew it was Wilfred. It was a habit of his to take two or three steps at a time. Directly he opened the door, and her heart quickened; but she did not turn round.

"Phil," he said; "Are you here?"

"Yes," she answered, from the depths of her chair. "I am here, by the window."

He came forward, hurriedly, with more of his old warmth, and boyishness of manner, than she had seen for many a day.

"This is better than I expected," he said. "I have been looking everywhere for you. May I sit down, too?"

"Yes," she answered, speaking almost softly.

This was all he needed—this suggestion of softness in her tone and manner. He was in a hopeful frame of mind. Since his resolution of the morning, his spirits had risen. He had been full of tender and buoyant fancies. He had blamed himself for remaining silent so long, and allowing circumstances to get the better of him. Perhaps, if he had spoken before, they might both have been spared all that had passed.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," he said, "because I was determined to find you, and say what I have to say. I cannot bear uncertainty any longer. Why should I wait, and choose words, when I am so much in earnest? I came here—Don't turn your face away, Phil—I came here to ask you to be my wife." And he knelt upon one knee, like a young hero of romance, and took her hand, though with an air rather impetuously tender than heroic.

"There is no need that I should say I love you," he went on. "You know that, without being told. I think you have known it, even when you have been coldest to me. You have been cold to me of late, Phil, and it is because I cannot bear your coldness, that I say all this, in this headlong fashion. I cannot say it well—I love you too deeply. Something has come between us, since these people were here. We have not been as happy as we were. Don't let them estrange us from each other, Phil. Give yourself to me, and then they will understand, that we have the right to be left to ourselves, and allowed to be happy, in our own way."

This was so unexpected a turn for affairs to have taken, that Philippa lost her self-possession entirely.

"I don't—" she faltered—"I don't know how to answer you. I don't know what—to say."

"If you can say three words—if you can say to me 'I love you,' I do not ask you to say anything more," he answered. "That is all I want, Phil."

She could not resist the temptation to ask him one question.

"Do you mean to say that—that you do not doubt—that you are not afraid to trust me, without an explanation," she demanded. "You have not been blind, or you would not have been as unhappy as you say you have been. You must have asked yourself questions—why don't you ask questions of me. Perhaps—" somewhat bitterly, "perhaps you would not want me for your wife, if you knew all."

"Phil, my dear," he said, gravely, "if you will say those three words, they will be enough for me. Will you say them?"

She brushed her tears from her eyes, with her free hand, and answered him, blushing, and yet persistent, and proud.

"You are generous," she said. "And you love me, but you are not wise. Because you are generous, and good, you are taking me on trust, and—and I do not choose that you should do it. You shall not do it. I will tell you what you ought to know, without being asked. You have seen me under suspicious circumstances lately, and every suspicious circumstance has been brought about by Mr. Ernest Duval. He has tried to give you the impression that there was an understanding between us, and he had almost succeeded, because once, it is true, that we were better friends than we are now. Once, once, when I was very young and ignorant, I thought—I thought I loved him, and that he loved me. He is a bad man, and a coward, and I found him out; and he has not forgiven me. Then if you despised me as much as I despise myself, Wil—you would not hold my hand."

"Despise you? I adore you!" he cried, with all the delightfully dramatic fervor of a quarter of a century. "My dearest Phil, have you no answer for me?"

The one she gave him was very pretty, and gracious, notwithstanding the utter failure of her attempt to preserve her dignity.

"If you want me, in spite of everything," she said, "and will persist in wanting me, I will be your wife. I—There is no one else who loves me so well." And unsatisfactory as this final clause might have appeared to an ordinary lover, it was, by no means, unsatisfactory to Wilfred.

He scarcely knew how the next half hour passed. It was a kind of rapturous dream. There is not the slightest doubt that he talked a great deal of eloquent nonsense. He did not care whether it was nonsense or not. It was enough for him, that Phil listened, and blushed. As to her, it seemed as if her troubles were really over, and she need have no care for the

morrow. Even if she had not loved him, she must have done so now, and the truth was that she had learned to love him, with the whole strength of her girl's heart. In taking her by surprise, however, Wilfred had done well. If he had given her time to think, poor, conscientious little thing, ten chances to one, she would have persuaded herself that she must refuse him, and make herself miserable.

When they returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Dorothy looked up at them, with an anxious air; but after her first glance, she looked anxious no longer. She read Wilfred's success in his radiant face. It is more than probable that Duval understood also. He looked on with a bitter sneer, and was even more cynical in his remarks than usual. His game was ended. He wondered if Phil had told her story, as she had threatened to tell it. Certainly, Wilfred's manner bespoke no great favor towards himself; and yet he scarcely believed the girl would dare so much, with all her courage and spirit. Bah! she would tell no more than she could help!

When the ladies had retired, Wilfred poured out his heart to Mrs. Dorothy.

"Cousin Dorothy," he said; "to-night, I am the happiest fellow in Scotland—in Great Britain—in the world. She has promised to be my wife." Then he told all.

The next day, when Mrs. Dorothy met Ernest Duval, she found it difficult to comport herself towards him, with her usual dignity. Her mind was made up, upon one point, however. It was impossible that she should receive such a guest again.

Not long after breakfast, Isobel Duval, standing at a window, saw a boat pushed out from the loch side, and recognized, in the two figures it contained, Philippa and Wilfred Carnegie. She watched them, with a stern face, as they crossed to the opposite side. She believed that a cruel and false wrong was being done, and with her own wrongs always present before her, she could keep silent no longer.

Mrs. Dorothy, coming up behind her, only saw the boat and its contents—Phil sitting at the prow, in her light dress; and Wilfred, bending to his oars.

"They have run away, together," she said, smiling. "They find life a pleasant thing, this morning. They are young enough to fancy it will be summer always."

She stopped, and glanced at her companion, who was quite pale, and looked startled.

"You don't mean—" said Mrs. Duval; "you don't mean that she has accepted him? Has it gone so far as that?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Dorothy, in gentle amazement, "why should it not have gone so far as that? They are young, and love each other; and why should they not be happy? You speak as if—"

"I speak as if I knew there had been wrong done," interrupted Isobel. "I speak, because I know the truth. I speak, because I have suffered myself. I did not want to speak; but now, I must."

"My dear!" Mrs. Dorothy exclaimed; "surely—surely, you misunderstand—"

"No!" said Isobel, sternly; "I do not misunderstand. I understand too well."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean?" cried Mrs. Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed.

"I mean that I cannot see an honest man deceived and betrayed," was the stern reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

In still, deep purple seas of shade,
It stands—the homestead brown and low;
The woodbine hangs its clouds of leaves,
About the quaint, and massy eaves;
And, as the seasons come and go—
The grey roof shines with saintly grace,
Of winter's lustrous, stainless snow:
Or when spring sets the trees afoam,
With blossomed sweets upon it blow;
Such perfumed gusts of rosy flakes,
That all the dull old shingles glow.

From out the memory-haunted past,
Sweet visions round this old house rise:
The long hushed voices wake again—
I gaze into the soft blue eyes—
Of one, whose angel life began
On earth, but its pure loveliness,
Is perfected in Paradise.

Ah, me! how dark—*how dark* she left
The world to us, who still must wait;
How softly did the angels call—
How noiseless swung the pearly gate.
Upon the house, a shadow fell;
It rests there still—and must always,
Dear Marietta, it is well

With thou, who dwell'st in endless day,
But ah! how dark for us—who wait.

Another gentle face I see,
Dear grandma's, with the silver hair,
Above the forehead, calm and fair;
More beautiful than youth's may be.
Just at the flowery edge of May,
There fell a day of bitter pain;
Outside, the sunshine's golden robes,
Were fringed with silver of the rain;
The woods were green—the robins sang—
Sweet spring-time smiled o'er all the land;
Dear grandma lay at perfect rest,
Some blossoms in her lily hand.

Ah, well, she gathers fadeless flowers,
On shores of Paradise to-day.
Oh, in this sad, cold, world of ours,
How could we wish, or bid her stay.
And yet, old house, "with so much gone,"
"Of life, and love, we still live on,"
And sacred, are your ancient walls,
For ever they will hold for me,
The fairest things that memory
Has stored in her enchanted halls.

REGRETS.

BY MARY GILMER FOOTE.

LITTLE did I dream at parting, as he kissed my brow and cheek,
As he clasped me close in silence, for adieus he could not speak:
That no more his arms would fold me, or his face, so frank and fair,
Smiling down on me, so sadly, from beneath his chestnut hair,
Would so soon within the shadows of the cypress-tree be laid;
Else the words of eager yearning on my lips had not been stayed;
Nor my love been left unspoken, lest my smothered tears should start—
Nor repentance now embitter all the vintage of my heart!
Oh! those words of eager yearning, could I only then have seen
How the dark and dismal shadows from the church-yard crept between
Us, who lingered, loth at parting—now this ceaseless vain regret

In my bosom could not rankle, or my sun at noon be set. ☐
I have acted well the Stoic, but I now would give my all,
Could I, only for a moment, be permitted to recall
Just that bitter, bitter parting—such a love I could reveal,
As would make the heart I wounded, by my seeming coldness, heal!

Yes, to save a moment's weeping, I have turned all time to tears;
Changed my noontime into midnight, where no star of hope appears;
Where sweet flowers of recollection should spring up, and bud and blow,
Evermore the turbid waters of regret will ebb and flow!
But, alas! alas! this wringing out a life in drops of woe,
While the soul itself seems bursting at each agonizing throes!
Not in vain will come these birth-pangs, if thereafter we shall find
They have brought forth fruits more tender for the dear ones left behind.

THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 261.

CHAPTER XV.

AND on the hill side, Phil and her lover sat together, talking, dreaming blissful nonsense, and making the most of the sunshine, and summer breeze, and fragrant air. It was Wilfred, who talked the most, however. Philippa's part was to listen, and try to realize that all this was not a dream.

"Suppose I was to wake up, in the sitting-room, in London," she said, at one time. "Suppose I was to wake up to the dingy dinners; the hair cloth chairs, and the striped carpet, and the fragrance of Mrs. Trimbleton's dinner in the air."

"You shall never awaken to that again," said Wil.

But Phil laughed, nervously.

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't feel sure—I am almost afraid that I shall."

Not many minutes after, Wilfred glanced upward, and saw that her eyes were wet; and then she laughed the same little nervous laugh again.

"Are you very fond of me," she asked him—"very—very fond of me? Is—is—there anything you could not forgive me, if I confessed it to you, and told you that I was sorry with all my heart?"

"Forgive you?" said Wil, rapturously. "There is nothing you could have done, for which you need even *ask* forgiveness!"

"Don't be too sure," she said, turning her face away, and speaking with some tremor in her voice. "Don't trust me too much, I am not worthy of it."

But he did not believe her, of course. He thought her disquiet only arose from the sweet humbleness of an affectionate nature. He looked up at her with adoring eyes, and wondered if the gods had ever so favored a man before.

He could hardly make up his mind to leave the place at all; he would have been glad to have stayed there forever. And Phil shared his reluctance, though, perhaps, from a different reason.

"I wish we need not go," she said, when they rose. "I wish we might stay always. Trouble cannot reach us here. One feels as if one had nothing to do with the world and living."

(330)

Wil stood quite near her, with his hand upon her shoulder.

"Yes," he answered, "but, after all, it is a pleasant enough world, Phil, and life is bright enough—or it seems so to me, this morning."

"I am glad of that," she said, softly.

And then he kissed her cheek, and they went down the hill together, hand in hand, like two children.

It was not as bright in the house as it was out of doors. A little chill fell upon them both, as they entered the hall—Wilfred shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the atmosphere of a cathedral," he said. "Let us find Cousin Dorothy and the sun."

But, though they found Cousin Dorothy, she was not alone. Isobel Duval was with her, and Philippa was struck with sudden misgiving, so soon as she saw them. It was not like Mrs. Dorothy to look pale and disquieted, and upon this occasion she was both. There was pain in her face, and anxiety; and even her voice seemed to have altered its tone, when she spoke. Phil felt her heart sink.

"Ah!" she said to herself, "it is as I knew it would be. We have come back to the world, and it is as hard as ever. Are we going to waken up indeed?"

Wilfred was a little out of patience with the constraint he noticed. It jarred upon his mood. All his gaiety did not bring the color back to Mrs. Dorothy's cheek. Luncheon was a dull affair. The cloud had gradually overshadowed Phil also, and she looked unlike herself, and ill at ease. As soon as luncheon was over, she disappeared. Left to himself, Wil sauntered into an adjoining parlor, and took refuge in his violin. It was his panacea for all ills. If he had lost his friends, his fortune, his hopes, he would have found some degree of comfort in this frail shell of an instrument; temporarily thrown upon his own resources, he consoled himself with it. Phil heard him in her room, up stairs, and smiled somewhat sadly.

"He wants me to come down," she said, "but I cannot go just yet. I don't want to try him

with my humors any more, and I am not in a comfortable frame of mind, at present."

Some one else heard him also. This was Isobel Duval, and, having listened for a short time, she left her seat, and spoke to Mrs. Dorothy.

"I am going to him now," she said. "He is alone."

"Yes," Mrs. Dorothy answered, "he is alone. Philippa has gone to her room. If she was with him, we should hear them talking."

Wil stopped in the midst of a minor chord, when he heard Isobel's footsteps. He hoped that it was Phil, and recognized Mrs. Duval with some surprise, and perhaps, also, with some impatience. She had never impressed him very favorably. He had thought her too cold to be exactly womanly, and had found even her beauty a chilling and unresponsive affair.

"I heard you playing," she said, "and followed the sound of your violin."

"You are fond of music?" he said, placing a chair for her. "Pray sit down."

But she refused the chair, with a gesture, and then he began to see that she also was pale, and that there was, in her fair face, a strange resoluteness—as if she had made, and was carrying out, a painful and desperate resolve.

"I am fond of music," she said, "but it is not because I am fond of it that I came here. I have something—painful—to say to you."

Wil dropped his violin from his shoulder in amazement.

"I am very sorry," he said, hesitantly, and in manifest embarrassment. "I really trust most sincerely—" and there stopped.

"What I have to say," she began again, "is as painful to me as it can be to you. It is a miserable, humiliating business, from beginning to end," with a scornful quiver of her lip. "I have come to you, Mr. Carnegie, to tell you—to speak to you of Philippa Fairfax. Judge for yourself, if my task is a pleasant one."

"It is not a pleasant one," he answered, rather hotly, "if what you have to say is derogatory to Miss Fairfax. Miss Fairfax is my betrothed wife, and her honor is dearer to me than my own."

"Wait a moment," said Isobel. "Forgive me, for saying that I think I have the right to demand of you, as a gentleman, that you should hear me through. In accusing Miss Fairfax, Mr. Carnegie, I am forced to tell a story of my own. Think, for one moment, of the many things you must have noticed, since my arrival at Brackencleugh, and then judge again, for yourself, whether my story can be a pleasant one, and whether I must not have a powerful motive for speaking of it, when I might remain silent."

VOL. LXXII.—23.

Wil bowed. He understood what she meant, and delicacy held him silent. But he was burning with impatience, and bewilderment, and anger.

"If I was not an unhappy woman, Mr. Carnegie," said Isobel Duval, "I should not be so bitterly in earnest. If I had not suffered wrong, and falseness, and humiliation myself, I should not be so resolute in my determination to rescue you from it. My own wretchedness is my impetus; and when I have finished, I think you will not ask me to apologize. You will not refuse to listen to me?"

"No," said Wil; "I cannot do that. A man of honor cannot refuse to hear a woman, who has made a speech she needs to defend. Excuse me for saying this. Perhaps I am a rather hot-headed fellow. If I do you an injustice, I ask forgiveness. It is not easy to be just, where the woman one loves is concerned. And, perhaps, I ought to tell you—and ask your forgiveness again—that I am listening to your defence, and not to an accusation of Philippa."

"I understand that," said Isobel Duval, proudly. "I understood that it would be so, before I came, and I am prepared to abide by the consequences of my course. Otherwise, I should not be here."

Wilfred bowed again.

"I will be as brief as possible," she went on. "In sparing you many words, I spare myself also. The man I married does not appear in an amiable light, in the story I have to tell you. If he had never existed, it is possible, that Philippa Fairfax would be a better and more honest woman than she is. You know that he was her love; you know why she is not his wife to-day. There was only one obstacle in her path. He was fond of her, I think. If she had been Isobel Farquhar, and I, Philippa Fairfax, she would have been a happier woman than I have been; at least, she would have been spared the humiliation of knowing that she had never possessed his heart for an hour. He loved her, and she loved him—and he married *me*. You know that much, Mr. Carnegie, and it has not made you doubt her."

"Madame," said Wilfred, tempestuously: "must I doubt her, because she was a child, and innocent, and Mr. Ernest Duval was a scoundrel?" Isobel smiled sadly.

"She did not love him, as she loves you," she said. "Her love for him was only a fleeting fancy. It is easier for you to believe that, than for me to believe it, Mr. Carnegie. I am the woman who married her lover, you remember, and I married him, because I loved him as she

did. But it was not of that, I came to speak. That is an old story to you. That would be easily forgiven. The rest cannot be. I am going to explain to you, why I have not regarded Miss Fairfax with favor from the first. Not long before I came here, my husband told me that I might expect to meet her here."

"Duval told you?" Wilfred exclaimed.

She looked at his bewildered face, with deep pain in her eyes. She even laid her hand upon the piano, to steady herself, as she spoke.

"If I could spare you, I would," she said, "but I cannot. I must tell you the shameful truth as it stands, and leave the rest to you. My husband told me that I should find her here, and told me that her father had sent her."

"Why should he send her?" Wil demanded, with a desperate effort at calmness. "There is no reason—" And then he broke down. "It is a lie," he cried, savagely. "It is a lie of Duval's."

She answered him, with the little air of chill contempt, with which she always referred to her husband.

"No, it is not a lie," she said. "It is not a lie this time—because he had no purpose to serve. If he had had a purpose to serve, by speaking falsely, he would have spoken falsely. He is more honest than you fancy—he never lies, unless he has an end to reach. The reason for which Philip Fairfax sent his daughter here, was one good enough in his eyes. He is a man of the world, and a diplomatist. He is a poor man, and a gentleman of leisure. Do you know what that means? He is a man who needs money, and who has wit enough to scheme for it. He sent the girl here because you were Mrs. Oswald's guest also. He sent her to please *you*—to fascinate *you*—if such a thing was possible, to marry *you*. And she has done her work well."

It seemed to Wilfred that every word and glance of Phil's came back to him, at that moment; every caprice; every petulance; every evidence of coldness, or reluctance to be won. A hundred things he had forgotten rose to taunt and shake him. He felt that the blood died out of his face, but he braced himself, with something like stubborn fierceness.

"I do not believe it," he said. "It is a lie of Duval's. I love her, and I will not believe a word."

"There was a letter," said Isobel, steadily persistent. "A letter Philip Fairfax had written himself. He was in pecuniary difficulties, and wanted money, and when he wrote to ask for it, he spoke of the prospects that lay before him, in the event of his daughter's success. He said

that his chances were those of a beautiful, attractive, young creature, with wit enough to understand her position, and spirit enough to hold to her purpose."

"To *her* purpose," cried Wil. "It was no purpose of hers—even if the rest is true. And I will not— How can I believe that it is, unless she should tell me so, with her own lips."

"She will hardly do that," said Isobel. "But I have the right to ask you to do the poor justice of speaking openly to her. It will be justice to her also. If there is a shadow of a chance that I have done wrong, no words of mine would ever express my contrition. It is not *me* you doubt, is it, Mr. Carnegie?"

"No, no," said Wil; "a thousand times, no. It is not you I doubt, at least. But it is Phil I believe—against all the world—against all proof, but the proof of her own words."

Large tears stood in Isobel Duval's eyes, and fell upon her cheeks. Her own lost faith and love seemed to confront her, once again.

"If I had not wrecked my own life," she said; "if I had not staked all and lost—if I had not learned from such a bitter experience, what a mercenary marriage is—the hopeless pangs and suffering it brings upon the man or woman, who has been deceived into it—I should not have had the courage to speak. I am a young woman, Mr. Carnegie, and my life is over. I do not hope; I do not believe; I do not love. Sometimes, I am afraid to think—I grow so hard and scornful of trust. There have been hours when I have scarcely believed in my God—because He has let me suffer so—because He seems to have marked me with such promise, and crushed me with such dull, bitter despair. I think I came to Brackencleugh, more because I wished to make one effort to save you, than for any other reason. I did not know you, but I knew that you were in danger, and I felt that I must stretch out my hand. If we had more than one life, we might afford to throw one away—but there is only one for us on earth; and try, as we may, to think otherwise, it seems a long one, while we are living. One might afford an unhappy episode, but not an unhappy life—not hopelessness, and unbelief, and broken faith, until the unknown end."

Was this the face of a woman, who entered to deceive him? Wil regarded her in passionate misery. She was cold and immovable no longer. Her voice trembled. She held out one hand in an appeal, almost wild. Her tears fell hot and fast.

"I tell you that I wish to God that it was a lie," she cried. "I tell you that if it was, and

you should prove to me that it was, I should be glad, even for the pain of knowing that I have erred so terribly. Better that I should have unconsciously sinned, than that she should bear this stain upon her womanhood, and you the misery of knowing it."

Then it was—just at this moment—as they faced one another, that each of them heard light feet upon the stairs, the rustle of a dress, the low sound of a girl's voice humming a bar of a song. Wil turned white as death. It was Phil, and Phil had overcome her ghost of depression, and was happy again, and was coming towards them, singing.

"Listen," he said. "She is here now, and she will come into this room. I love her with all my soul—I will believe her against Heaven itself. If she says to me that this is a lie, nothing will move me. If she says to me that it is true, my life is ended."

"Must I remain here?" asked Isobel. "It shall rest with you. What I have said, I abide by. I will stay, or go. Speak quickly. Must I stay?"

"No," he cried, wild with pain. "If it is true, no one shall see her shame, but the man who loves and can only pity her."

Without a word, Isobel turned away, and left him.

CHAPTER XVI.

To the last day of her life, Phil will not forget the face her lover confronted her with, when she crossed the threshold. The shadow of a smile upon its pallor, cut her to the heart. She gave a little cry, and stood still.

"Phil, my dear," he said. "Come here."

Her little cry broke into words.

"What is it?" she said. "What have I done? What have they been saying to you?"

He came to her, and took both her hands, and led her to a seat, making her sit down.

"Darling," he said. "My dear, pretty Phil, I do not believe a word of it. I know it is a lie. It is only, that, for your own sake, I wish you to tell me that it is one, with your own lips. It is that scoundrel again, Phil, though he did not think that his lies would come back to me, and that I would thrust them down his false, cowardly throat, as I will. But they have come back to me—and a woman, who is good and true, believes them, and thought that you were playing me false, my darling, and that it was her duty to warn me against you. Don't tremble so, sweet love—I tell you I do not believe them, and never will. How could I? They say that you do not love me, Phil—that you came here with a purpose

—that if I had not been a rich man, you would never have promised to be my wife. They try to persuade me that you are as treacherous and mercenary, as I know you to be unselfish and true. Tell me that is a lie, Phil—only say so, and let me face them with your words."

He stood before her chair, with both hands upon her shoulders, so that her face was turned upward to him. She was shaking from head to foot: her eyes were wide and piteous. She could not utter a word. It had all come back to her—all—all—. She had thought it a thing of the past; it had seemed so far away, that it had lost all its reality; and now here it was again, in a shape so terrible, that it crushed her to the earth. She could not deny the accusation, and yet it was false. The one grain of truth overwhelmed her. Because, in one hour of weakness, she had been tempted, she must suffer, as if she had sinned to the uttermost.

"Philippa," Wilfred said. "Speak to me."

She tried to free herself from his grasp, and get up. No words of hers could ever clear her in his eyes, if she confessed the truth, and she would not tell him a lie—she could not.

"Who said this to you?" she asked. "Who was it?"

"What is that to us?" he answered. "It is not true!"

She burst into wild tears, holding out her trembling hands.

"Oh! Wil," she said, "forgive me—forgive me."

For the first time, he faltered. He drew back in amazement, to look at her.

"Forgive you?" he repeated. "What is there to forgive? Phil—"

"Oh!" she cried, despairingly. "I cannot bear it. Don't love me so, Wil—I don't deserve it. It—it is true, and it is not true. Oh! help me to tell you—help me."

He fell back another step, looking at her still, but with a kind of horror in his face.

"One moment," he said. "What is true? Is it true, or are you talking wildly? Is it true that you came here, with such a purpose in your mind—you, Philippa? Is it true that your father sent you, as a speculation, and that, knowing that, you came willingly? Is that true? If it is—if it is—let the rest go."

She was blind with her tears. A sense of terrible helplessness and desolation had come upon her. If he would only look at her, as he had looked at her on the hill side—if he would only speak tenderly—if he would only take her in his arms, and bear with her, while she tried to tell him all her pitiful weakness. But he

made no other movement towards her. He waited in unspeakable dread and terror.

"You will kill me," she said, "if you look at me so. You will kill me."

"Is it true?" he asked her. "Is it true, Philippa?"

"Yes," she burst forth, hopelessly. "It is true, and yet it is false. It is a lie, and yet—you do not believe me—you will not listen!"

She could almost have shrieked aloud, in her excitement and pain. For a moment, it seemed as if he could not speak—a curious change fell upon him—in an instant, he was an altered man.

"No," he said. "I do not believe you. If that is true, I believe nothing."

He dropped into a chair by the piano, and his face fell upon his arm. She felt that he had turned away from her, and that she had lost him forever and ever.

"You are as cruel as death," she said. "And I have no help. We were so happy, only a few hours ago—and now—" She actually stamped her foot, and wrung her hands. "It is you who have done me a wrong," she said. "It is I who should blame you."

"Is it?" he said, and laughed a miserable, sardonic laugh.

It was harder to bear than all the rest. It was humiliation to try to speak farther; but she felt that she could bear anything, rather than leave him in such a mind.

"Will you listen to me?" she said. "Will you let me defend myself?"

Because he had loved her so truly, and with such whole-souled fervor; because she had seemed so sweet an ideal to him; because his dreams of her had been so fair and tender, he was not as lenient with her as he would have been with another woman.

"No," he answered her, rising as if to leave her where she stood. "There is nothing more to say—since you have said so much. You have no defence to make—none. You have been acting lies so long, that," with something almost like a sob, "that I could not believe you. Every smile you have given me, every sweet look I have seen on your face, has been the means to an end. I wish you had not smiled so often, Phil—and looked so sweet. The very things for which I loved you, have been the worst. Your girlishness and candor were the most treacherous of them all. You played your part well. There were tears in your eyes, last night and this morning. Can you cry at will—and blush, and look innocent to order? Did you try all those pretty acts on Duval in his day? Perhaps, he is not such a bad fellow, after all; perhaps, you fooled

him, too; perhaps, what you say of him, is false as the rest. Why not? If you lie to one man, you will lie to another—and of him—or for him, if need be. My God! do you think it possible that I could trust you again?"

She shook with excitement still, but her tears had dried themselves. Her eyes were fixed upon him; she held fast to the back of a chair with one hand.

"Go on," she said, breathlessly. "Don't stop, because you pity me—if you *do* pity me. Say all that you have to say. It will make the end easier for me. When you have finished, we can bid each other good-bye."

"Yes," he said. "And last night—last night—"

"Last night was last night," she answered. "To-day is to-day."

"I have nothing more to say," he said. "I have finished now."

He could scarcely trust himself to speak. He felt strangely weak. He would have left her; but she stopped him.

"It is good-bye forever," she said. "We shall never see each other again—and—"

He turned back, and caught her hands, almost cracking them, in the fierceness of his grasp.

"I say good-bye to the innocent girl I loved," he said, "to the Philippa Fairfax, who never existed—to the life we were to have spent together. I say it to what I have lost—to what I thought I had won. Good-bye to it all—good-bye, indeed."

And then he flung her hands from him, and went out, and shut the door behind him, and she was alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHE put her hand to her side, and held it there. A sharp, physical pain had seized upon her, but she scarcely recognized that it was physical.

"Now," she said, in a hard, dry voice, "now I must go back to London."

This was the first thought, which occurred to her. She was so far stunned, that she could only think, in a blind, dull way. It was all over, here at least. She must go away. It was disgrace and exposure, which had come upon her. She had been exposed, as she had heard of common adventuresses being! They thought she was like such women—they believed that she had lied and tricked them, and that she would lie and trick them again, if she was allowed to stay. Even Wilfred, even Wilfred, who loved—no, who *had* loved her!

She began to sob, like a child who has been hurt—sharp, quivering sobs.

"I must go back to London," she said. "I must go, to-day. I must go up stairs, and begin to get ready now."

With this purpose in her mind, she left the room. She had not many things to pack up, but she began to put them into her trunk at once. Her hands trembled, as she did it, and she felt driven and hurried. It really seemed to her that she was in a hurry, and must go away as soon as possible. She wondered how long it would be before Mrs. Dorothy would come—if she would come at all—what she would say when she did come—how she would look—whether she would be angry, or cold, or disdainful.

When she had laid away the last of her possessions, she sat down and waited. It was upon the top of her trunk she sat, and she was sitting there, numb and helpless, when she heard Mrs. Dorothy's knock upon the door.

"Come in," she said, and Mrs. Dorothy entered.

Mrs. Dorothy gave a hurried glance around the room. She saw that every stray article had disappeared. And there was the box, and Phil, pale, and trembling, and looking more than ordinarily girlish, as she sat upon it. Wounded and heart-sore as she was, the good gentlewoman was touched by the sight.

"Philippa," she faltered, "what have you been doing?"

"I have been getting ready to go away," was Phil's answer.

They looked at each other, for a moment, and then Phil answered the question in the sad eyes.

"I must go," she said, with one of the childish sobs. "I must go, you know. There—there is no one here who can want me now. It is all true—what Wilfred has told you—though I am not so bad as you think."

Mrs. Dorothy's eyes were moist also. Her kindly voice shook with emotion.

"Philippa," she said, "I cannot believe that you could wrong us so."

"I have not wronged you," said Phil. "I tell you I have been truer than you think."

"And yet you came here, with a purpose—and you bore it in mind, even when my poor boy loved you so."

"No—no!" Phil cried. "Oh, you must believe me—you must."

She crossed the room, and stood before Mrs. Dorothy. She held out her hands—sobbing passionately.

"You must believe me," she said. "I shall die, if you do not. I could not tell him, because he would not listen, and I could not speak to him as I can to you. He said I had told lies from the

first, but I did not. If I was weak and false, when I came, you made me ashamed of my falsehood, and taught me to wish to be true. And it was not a lie, to say that I loved you—it was the truth—for I did love you, and I do, and I shall love you always. And Wilfred—it was only last night, that we were so near to each other, and so happy. And he believes even that was a lie, and a pretence, but—but it was not. If all else was false, that was true—the truest truth of all."

Before she had finished, she was down on her knees, holding fast to Mrs. Dorothy's dress, and hiding her face in it. The pity and relenting in the kind eyes, had told her that she would not be repulsed.

"But you see that I must go away," she went on. "You see that nothing I could say, would ever bring his faith back. He could never trust me again, never—never."

"Phil, my dear," said Mrs. Dorothy, "how has it been possible? Nay, I cannot believe yet that such a thing was possible for you."

"Don't ask me any questions," said Phil. "I cannot answer them—that is the worst of all. Only believe that I am not so base, and treacherous, as you thought at first. I am going away forever, and we shall never see each other again. Try and think as well of me as you can."

This was all she would say. Deep as her wrong was, she shrank from telling the whole truth. During the whole of her interview with her old friend, she studiously avoided all mention of her father's name. But Mrs. Dorothy was not dull or blind. Even when Wilfred had been pouring out his miserable, incoherent story, she had begun to conjecture, in the midst of her grief. Hers was the cooler head of the two, she was not so wholly swayed by passion, that she had no room for thought. And her first, clear thought, had been a mental query, as to whether, notwithstanding appearances, such a plot as this could have been the plot of a girl of nineteen—and such a girl as Philippa? Bright, and daring as she was, the child could scarcely have played a part so well. She would have been apt to overplay it, at the best. She would have been more coquettish, less fitful; there would have been more womanly airs and graces, less fanciful girlishness, and fewer idle whims. But she had let Wilfred end his ravings. She knew that he was not in the mood to listen, even had she been in the mood to speak. And just yet she was not. But there had been an older brain than Phil's at work—an older and more worldly one. Of that she had felt convinced. Still she felt that Phil had adopted the only course left to her.

"You see, I must go away," she said, feverishly and helplessly, over and over again.

And Mrs. Dorothy's answer was: "Yes. I think you must."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND before the day closed, she was gone. There were no farewells to be said. Mr. Farquhar and Duval were absent, and Wil was locked up his room—lying upon a sofa, looking out of the window, with burning eyes. The hill, they had climbed together, rose up against the blue sky, to mock him. From where he lay, he could see the very spot, upon which they had stood, when he kissed her, and told her that the world seemed bright to him. More than once he closed his eyes, to shut out the sight, but they always opened again with greater misery. He heard the carriage roll round; and stop before the hall door: he heard the servants bringing the one small trunk down stairs; he heard Philippa follow it alone; and then there was a murmur of voices—one of them Mrs. Dorothy's; and then the carriage door closed, with a snap, and the wheels moved on—down the avenue, until their sound was lost.

He turned over upon his cushion, and lay face downwards.

"She has gone," he said. "This is the end of the last chapter. Phil, you have ruined my life for me."

Philippa was rolling rapidly over the road, in the well-cushioned carriage. She leaned against the window, and looked out. Her eyes were hot and dry, she had no tears to shed. She looked back at the house, and the hills, and loch, as long as she could see them. She was never to see them again, and she wanted to remember, to the last days of her life, just how they looked, in this miserable hour. Brackencleugh had never been lovelier. The sunlight lay mellow upon the gray, ivy-colored walls; the trees, in the long avenue, were golden with it; the hills stood out, purple and clear. Philippa waved her hand to the place, as if to a living thing.

"Good-bye," she said. "Good-bye—good-bye. If you can understand, and remember: and you look as if you could—please don't quite forget me."

And then she was at the sleepy, little station, and, in a very few moments more, seated in a carriage, with a couple of newspaper-reading merchants, and a languid tourist, who stared at her, and then composed himself, and shut his eyes, resignedly. Whenever, during the remainder of his journey, he opened them, he stared at her again. The fact was, he wondered

what could have happened to her, to give her that odd, strained expression, and her cheeks that hectic blaze of color. It was an unusual thing to see a pretty girl, who did not read, who did not eat bon-bons, who neither lunched, nor dined, nor supped, who only sat still, looking out at the flying landscape, without seeming to see it, her little hands clasped helplessly upon her lap.

But though she did nothing, and saw nothing, Phil did not find the journey a long one. She had too many thoughts to occupy her. She could not have freed herself from them, if she had tried, and she did not try. She went over the same weary round again, and again, always ending at the same point, always beginning at the same place. She did not feel tired, she would not have cared how long her journey had been. She was not going to reach happiness at the end of it. What did it matter?

At last, however, came London, and the roar of the streets, and the rattle of vehicles, and the stir and bustle that, for a few moments, stupefied her. After the quiet of the last few months, the roar seemed louder than ever.

Being accustomed to the sound, Mr. Philip Fairfax was not disturbed by it—scarcely heard it, in fact. He lay upon the sofa, in his second floor parlor, this evening, feeling rather out of spirits. His thoughts also were unpleasant ones. He was thinking of Philippa, and was somewhat dissatisfied. Since the letter, in which she had expressed herself, with so much fire and bitterness, he had marked a great change in her tone. She was not a child any longer, she was not effusive, she had marked out a course for herself, and was following it. As to Mr. Wilfred Carnegie, she avoided all mention of his name. On that point, she was plainly more obstinate than he had ever found her. It almost seemed possible, that she would fling fortune away, from mere girlish pride and scruple. He was telling himself this, when the cab drove up to the door. There was a ring, which Mrs. Trimbleton answered; there was that excellent woman's exclamation of bewilderment; there was the sound of the clear, young voice replying: "Yes, Mrs. Trimbleton—and I hope you are well;" and then the sound of the cabman, bringing in the box. Philip Fairfax left his sofa, and made a step towards the door, when he heard feet upon the stairs.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, in sharp impatience; "it is not—" And then the door opened, and Phil stood before him.

"Philippa!" he cried.

She looked up at him, in a curious, steady

way, with bright eyes, whose expression was strangely changed from their old tender softness.

"Yes, papa," she said; "it is Philippa. Won't you shake hands with me?"

He saw that something was terribly wrong with her—that she had changed even more than he had fancied. She did not call him by the old, foolish, affectionate name; she did not lift up her face to be kissed; she held out her gloved hand, steadily.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" she repeated.

He made a struggle to recover himself, and managed it very well.

"My dear Phil," he said. "How you have annoyed me." And then he bent, and kissed her. "What has happened?" he asked. "Surely something has happened, or I should have known something of your intention of returning."

Freed from his light embrace, she began to draw off her gloves, and remove her wrappings. She folded the gloves neatly, and laid them on the table, with a precision, which, he could not help seeing, was the result of some repressed feeling.

"A great many things have happened," she said. "I have been found out, and sent away," raising her dark eyes to his; "or, perhaps, I should say, that I came away, because I knew they had found me out, and there was no use in staying."

He could only echo her words.

"You have been found out, and sent away? Found out?"

"Yes—that is it. Mr. Wilfred Carnegie had asked me to marry him, and—and there was somebody who knew the truth—what was the truth at first—and they warned him against me,

and told him the whole story, and—well, that was the end of it."

"What did they tell him?" he demanded, a cold dew breaking out upon his forehead.

"They told him," still looking at him, and smoothing out the gloves: "they told him that I was an adventuress—that you had sent me to Brackenleugh, because you thought he would fall in love with me, and marry me, and you wanted his money; they told him that I went there, with that purpose in my mind, and no other; they told him that I had deceived him, and told him lies—that I had accepted him, because I had intended to do so from the first, if I could accomplish my end; they told him that I was bad, and false, and bold—that I did not love him, and that if he married me, he would be throwing his life away. That was all—and I think it was Mrs. Duval who said it."

There was a chair near Fairfax, and he dropped into it, catching his breath.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "My dear Phil, this is terrible."

"Yes," said Phil; "you won't get any money. It is like losing a—a game at cards, isn't it? I have not been any use to you, after all. I—I am idle capital." And she stood there, and smoothed the gloves, with a trembling hand—a wild, dreadful smile on her lips.

Almost the next moment, she laid the gloves down, and turned away.

"I must go into my room," she said.

But before she reached the door, she staggered, and caught at the wall.

Fairfax sprang to her assistance, but she shrank from him.

"No," she said; "thank you. I will go alone."

And she went alone, and shut herself in.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHY AND WHEN.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

HEART, why art thou throbbing
So quick and so fast?
Know you not love dreams,
For you are past?

Lips, why art thou longing
For love's tender kiss?
Unto others is given,
Perfection of bliss.

Eyes, why art thou watching
Through gathering tears?
Love is for woman,
In earlier years.

Voice, who art thou calling
The unknown? In vain,

Echo will only
Reecho the strain.

Ah, me! much I wonder
How old I must be;
To cease longing and hoping,
That love is for me.

When will heart hunger
Crave only a stone?
When will the home loving
Be happy alone?

When the heart ceases its beating;
Methinks, even then—
At love's tender bidding,
It would throb once again.

THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 337.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAIRFAX did not see her again, until the next morning. Then she appeared at breakfast, and took her old seat, at the head of the table. But the meal was a different one from those they had been wont to share together in the past. This was a new Philippa, who poured out the tea, and handed him the toast. She was no longer a loving enthusiast; she looked at him with clear, far-sighted eyes, whose steady brightness disturbed his equanimity.

"You have changed greatly, Phil," he said to her. "Brackenleugh has had a singular effect upon you."

"Yes," she answered, briefly, "I think I am changed."

But if she was not very responsive, she was, at least, very attentive to his little wants. She remembered all the trifling tasks she had been in the habit of performing. She brought his hat and gloves, and brushed his coat, when he was going out; but she scarcely returned his kiss; and after the front door closed upon him, he was unpleasantly haunted by the remembrance of his last view of her—a slight, erect figure, standing at the head of the dark, narrow stairs, a pale face, whose shadowy eyes looked down upon him, with a cold air of ungirlish sternness and silent reproach.

It was hard enough for Phil to turn back to the empty room. The whole world seemed empty, and only three days ago, it had been so full. But hard as it was to-day, it became harder to face, on the many dull, desolate days that followed. Sometimes she could not bear it, and was obliged to put on her hat, and go out into the streets, to get rid of it. She got into the habit of wandering about a good deal, in an aimless fashion, trying to become interested in the outside world, staring at shop windows, without comprehending what they contained, endeavoring to find mute companionship in the people who elbowed her as they passed. But on one such excursion as this, she was so suddenly stricken with a new sense of her utter loneliness among the busy throng, that she was overwhelmed.

(406)

She burst into tears, behind the shelter of her veil, and hurried home, feeling almost frightened. She was so utterly alone among these hurrying thousands, she had no claim upon any one, she might have dropped dead in the wide, noisy street, and the tramp would not have cared for her—no one would have known who she was—the idle crowd, that stood and stared at her white face, would have forgotten it in a moment, and scarcely have remembered that they had been passing when a human heart had ceased to beat.

That day, when she came home, she found Mrs. Dorothy's letter waiting for her, and when she had read it, she laid her cheek against it, on the table, and cried afresh.

"Wilfred has left me," it said. "He could not rest. He said to me, the night before he went, that the place was full of frosts, and it was driving him mad. He has been very wretched and ill. He is totally unlike himself. Some day, Philippa, I feel sure that you will see him again. I think he will come to you, in spite of himself; though, when I tried to speak of you to him, he would only smile piteously, and shake his head. He loved you very truly, Phil, my dear, and, notwithstanding his misery, I can see that he loves you very truly still."

"But he will never forgive me," wept Phil; "or if he forgave me, he could never forget. There is no help for me. Oh, Wil—Wil! we have lost each other!"

Kindly, heart-warming letters came to her from Mrs. Dorothy, at intervals, but none of them told her that Wilfred had returned, or had spoken of returning. He was in Berlin; he was in Vienna; he had gone to Stockholm; he was on his way to Constantinople; and a dozen other places. "I never know where my letters will find him," Mrs. Dorothy said. "And he does not give me any very clear idea of what he is doing."

In fact, he was doing nothing, but wandering, aimlessly, here and there, and everywhere. Remaining in one place for a day, or a week, or a month, and then, suddenly leaving it when the caprice seized him. He was intolerably ennuied, and constantly intolerably irritated and rest-

less. And this was such a new experience for him, that it was wearing him out, and working him harm, both mental and physical. He had lived in the sun, heretofore, and had felt no chill of adversity. His own temperament had been a sunny one, and now it seemed wholly altered. He was becoming morbid, nervous, petulant and fanciful. He had given up his first struggle to conquer his unhappy passion. He had found it unconquerable; it grew with his wretchedness, instead of waning. He could think of nothing but Philippa and Brackenleugh. He fell into moods of desolate brooding. He lived the old, bright scenes over again. He was stretched upon the heather, fanned by the soft, west wind. Phil sat near him, flushed, and radiant, beautiful, and to be believed in. He heard her laugh, or he saw her turn her face away, with the tears in her eyes. A thousand times she said again to him, "Do you love me very much—very, very much? Is there anything you could not forgive me, if I confessed it to you, and told you that I was sorry, with all my heart?" And then came the memory of how he had kissed her cheek, and they had gone down the hillside, back to the world, and sorrow, hand in hand, like a couple of children. She said that she was glad that the world seemed bright to him that morning; and yet, she had brought upon him the first, bitter grief he had ever known.

When Phil lay awake, in her little room in London, Wilfred tossed upon his pillow in some Continental city. And each of the young hearts cried out in vain to the other. "He could never forgive me," said Phil. "She never loved me," groaned the poor fellow. It was scarcely harder for one than for the other; but if there was any difference in the weight of the burden to be borne, the extra heaviness was on Philippa's side. There was poverty for her, and dull care, and a growing anxiousness, which stood apart from all else. Philip Fairfax was failing fast. There were days when he lay, helplessly, upon the sofa, from morning until night. He was so frail, that his cough shook him from head to foot, in spite of his efforts to hold his own. And truly, he made effort enough. He would not give up. When he was well enough to be up, he insisted on keeping up the pretence of being in perfect health. He went out, and dined with his friends, and played, and tried to live his accustomed life. And then he came home at night, hollow-eyed, and haggard, or excited and flushed with fever, frightening Phil into heartache, and secret tears. But, at last, he grew restless. He was tired of London: he was tired of England. It was be-

Vol. LXXII.—28.

ginning to be damp, and chilly, and the fogs increased his cough. They must go away. What did Phil say to going away—to France or Germany?

Phil answered him, wearily. She did not care; she had nothing to say. If the change would do him good, she was ready to accompany him.

Well, he thought it would do him good. At any rate, it would do him no harm, and he wanted a little excitement. So she might make her little preparations, and they would go.

Philippa was used to these sudden journeys, and her preparations were small enough. She packed her modest trunk, and wrote to Mrs. Dorothy, and the next day, was on her way to Vienna, where it had been determined, at the last moment, that they should go.

The change was not a very great one for her. Vienna wore as homelike an aspect for her as London. It was only a change from one shabby, genteel lodgings, to another. She was utterly alone, and was left to amuse herself in her own way. She arranged her own wardrobe, and her father's. She tried to read. She stood at the window, and looked out. She took solitary walks, as she had done in London. The window was, perhaps, her greatest consolation. She sat upon the floor, with her hands upon the sill, for hours sometimes; and thought of the very things Wilfred Carnegie brooded upon. The students, on the second floor of the house across the way, found her out, and began to watch for her. One, who was sentimental, watched her constantly, and wrote a mystical little poem about the sadness of her eyes. "Ah!" he said, "there is a sorrow—a sorrow." His comrade, who was of a sanguine and ardent nature, fell desperately in love with her, and neglected his books altogether. He curled his little, blonde moustache, and anointed himself. He bought transcendent neckties, and poured out the vials of his wrath upon his laundress, when she failed to bestow resplendent gloss upon his linen. Phil saw neither of them, or, if she saw them, did not know one from the other. There was only one man on earth, whose existence was a matter of interest and importance to the universe and that man was Wilfred Carnegie, who was going through life with savage sombrero pulled down over his eyes, and with the air of a bandit, because he had been defrauded and deceived.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE day, the sentimental student, looking across the street, saw his pretty girl at the window, with a letter in her hand. She was

reading it, with some evidence of mental disturbance, and before she had turned the first page, he saw her stop suddenly, with a start, and put her hand to her heart, in an unconscious gesture, which was full of significance.

"She has a lover, perhaps," sighed the watcher; "and the letter comes from him."

But he was mistaken. The letter was merely one of Mrs. Dorothy Oswald's. The sentence, which had caused Philippa's start, was the following one:

"If Wilfred is not in Vienna now, he will be there soon. He knows nothing of your having left London, and in his last letter, he mentioned his intention of joining some people he knows—some people who are in Vienna."

To Phil it seemed almost dreadful that he should be so near her. She felt that she could not bear to see him. She entertained no such hope as Mrs. Dorothy evidently cherished. He would never forgive her, and since she was sure of this, it was better that they should remain apart.

"I will not go out at all, in the day-time," she said. "If I have any shopping to do, I will do it when there can be no chance of his recognizing me, even if we should meet."

And so it happened that her admirer, across the way, saw her pass in and out no more, for several days. She remained at home, abiding by her resolution to run no risk.

But one evening, her father came in with some news. He seemed a little excited, and was in the best of high spirits.

"You remember Bayham, Phil, he said.

"Yes," Phil answered, smiling slightly.

It would not have been easy for her to forget Bayham. The Bayhams were the only human beings, with whom she had ever held anything like intimate companionship, in her childish days. Bayham himself—Barney Bayham, as his friends called him—was a rollicking artist, with a homely, rollicking, good-natured wife, and six homely, rollicking, good-natured daughters, girls who had been amiable enough to admire Phil desperately, and to vie with each other, in adoring and making much of her. Fanny, and 'Gena, and Lottie, and Kitty, and Jenny, and Anne, had formed themselves into a kind of court around the pretty child, Philip Fairfax brought among them, and Phil had enjoyed their simple homage wondrously. They were not a refined or brilliant family. The women were ill-dressed and loud-voiced, and voluble; and Barney Bayham's "pot-boilers" scarcely brought them bread and butter, and often did not pay their debts; but they were honest, and warm-hearted,

and Phil's soul had often yearned for their queer fireside, in her lonely days. Ah, yes! she remembered the Bayhams.

"I met Barney Bayham, to-day," said her father. "They have been here for some time, it appears. I went home with him to see Mrs. Bayham and the girls, and when I told them you were with me, they were delighted. They all talked at once. To-morrow, they will be here, in a body, to call upon you."

Phil was glad to hear it. At least, there would be somebody to care for her a little. They would take possession of her, and make her life somewhat more bearable. When, as her father had prophesied, they came, in a body, to call, the next morning, she received them gratefully. They filled her room to overflowing, and talked until she was bewildered; but they were bashful, and affectionate, and their pleasure at seeing her again, was manifest in every word and tone.

"Your papa told us you had been to Scotland, visiting Mrs. Oswald," said Mrs. Bayham. "We have all been envying you. We like Scotland. We all went to the Highlands, last year. Barnes took us with him, when he went to paint his big picture for the 'Cadamy—the one he didn't get hung. The Scotch people are very nice, though they do say they are stingy. Kitty has a Scotch beau, and he isn't stingy—is he, Kitty?"

"No, that he isn't," said Kitty, laughing as heartily as the rest did. "The rest of them is jealous of me, Phil, because I get such fine bouquets."

"If I was you, Kitty, I wouldn't invite Phil to my party," said 'Gena. "She is prettier than she ever was, and he will be sure to fall in love with her, and leave you in the lurch."

"Then let him," said Kitty, with the best of good humor. "If he is going to fall in love with a handsomer girl, he had better do it now. And I'm sure I'd rather it would be Phil than any one else. You must be sure to come to the party, Phil. If we had known you were here, you would have been invited before anyone else."

And then it was explained that in the week following, Kitty's birthday occurred, and she was going to celebrate it with suitable rejoicings. "Never mind how old I am," she said to Philippa. She was the oldest of the seven, in fact, and her numerous flirtations with the callow ones, who were numbered among her father's friends and patrons, were her best joke. She pretended to neither youth nor beauty, and was so bright, and light of heart, and quick of tongue, that she had quite a circle of youthful satellites who revolved around her, and told her their love

troubles, and poured forth their complaints. "They are all in love with Kitty," says Barnes Bayham, delightedly. "And no wonder! She is a good listener, and doesn't want them to be sentimental, unless when they are talking about another girl. There are very few well-meaning spooney youngsters, who would not be glad of such a friend as Kitty."

The whole family had set their hearts upon seeing Phil at the birthday party, but Kitty was more eager than any of them.

"I won't hear of your staying away," she said. "This is to be my last birthday party. I can't afford to grow any older. You must come, Phil."

So Phil, at length, consented, though not without some inward misgiving as to the reliance to be placed upon her wardrobe.

"Never mind about dress," said Mrs. Bayham. "Bless you! the girls are going to wear their old, white muslins, that's been washed twenty times, and they do them up themselves, too. They've had their wear out of them white muslins, I can tell you."

Phil had no white muslin, but she had something rather better. It was a dress pattern of white tarlatan, her father had once bought for her, in a generous mood, when she had not needed it at all. When the Bayhams were gone, she went to her trunk, and brought it forth in its paper wrapping, from the bottom. Nobody but the Bayhams could have induced her to forsake her solitude for an evening, but the Bayhams managed to warm her, as it were. She even felt a little interest in her toilet, though, perhaps, not so much because she cared herself, as because she knew that, if she looked her prettiest, the girls would be delighted. She unfolded her dress, and shook out a yard or so, to look at.

"There is plenty of it," she said, with a little approving nod, "and I know how to make it."

She wasted no time, but began at once, and before the day ended, was actually somewhat excited over her work. When the week had rolled around, and the night of Kitty's party came, she had evolved, from her twenty-five yards of material, a wonderfully pretty and elaborate piece of attire, which she donned with some satisfaction. She was almost ashamed of the pleasure she felt, on seeing her old self look back from the glass, and yet it was a natural enough youthful emotion.

The Bayhams received her with manifestations of enthusiasm. She made the old muslins appear dubious; but little recked they. Their admiration knew no bounds. They carried her into the sitting room, where Mr Bayham was completing

his toilet, standing before the cracked pier glass, with a cup of hot water on the hob. Barney approved of her as warmly as his family.

Phil stood up before them all, and laughed, and blushed. Indeed, it was no wonder they thought her pretty. There were little loops and knots of black velvet, here and there, among her diaphanous white folds; there was a rose on her breast, and one in her sash; and the little scarlet wing of some tiny tropical bird was in her dark hair.

"Ah!" said Barnes Bayham, stepping back to look at her, his shaving brush in his hand, "that's something like, girls. Nothing but white, and a bit of black, and a touch of scarlet. No mixing of colors. Look at that red rose on her black velvet, and"—with a gallant wave of the shaving brush—"those on her cheeks."

"And I have got a bouquet of roses, up-stairs. I will give you," said Kitty. "It is the very thing for you; it was sent to me, to-day."

"But," said Phil, rather dismayed by such lavish generosity, "what will the gentleman, who sent it, think?"

"He will think I have better taste than he gave me credit for. Besides, I told him I had promised little Johnny Ruthven, that I would carry his flowers to-night."

So in spite of herself, and it must be confessed, rather reluctantly, Phil found herself carrying the roses in question. Notwithstanding Kitty's candor and eloquence, she could not help wondering what the giver would think, when he found himself confronted by his in her hand.

She forgot her scruples, however, in the bustle and excitement that followed. The small house was crowded, the parlors were filled, and the overflowing guests—the younger portion, at least—found seats in the hall, and on the stairs, and seemed to enjoy themselves beyond measure. Every one appeared to enjoy themselves, in fact. Phil heard more laughter and racy speeches, and saw more innocently energetic flirtation, than she would have been likely to observe in a dozen more select entertainments. Mrs. Bayham and the girls dispensed ices and light refreshments, and Barnes did not scorn to assist. Phil slipped into the back room, and begged to be allowed to help, and being good naturedly permitted to do so, enjoyed herself more than ever. When the supper was ready, she packed up her roses, and ran back into the hall. She wanted to see if the people would enjoy the banquet, as much as they had enjoyed the dancing, and flirting and sitting in convenient corners. Since she had left the room, several late guests had arrived. She saw one or two, as she made her way through

the crowd. She intended to go into the front room and join Kitty, who was holding her court there, and making jokes among half a dozen of her satellites.

She got no farther than the parlor door, however. There she stopped, checked by what caught her eye, the moment she set foot upon the threshold.

She held fast to her roses, turning deadly pale and deadly sick. The satellites were laughing uproariously, and the sound of their laughter seemed to deafen her. She wanted to turn and go away, but she could not. She might have been spell-bound. Some one was standing near Kitty, laughing with the rest, and in a moment, as if the spell had fallen upon him, too, he turned towards her quickly.

"Who—who is that?" she heard him exclaim. "The girl in white and black—with the roses?"

But she knew he had no need to ask, for it was Wilfred Carnegie, who was looking at her.

She did not know how she got away. She knew she made a desperate effort, and that almost immediately she was at the door of the supper room, catching at 'Gena's arm.

"Take me somewhere," she panted, "'Gena, take me away from here—up stairs—anywhere. I think I am—going to be ill."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed 'Gena. "Where's ma? It has been too warm for you. You are going to faint, Phil."

"No!" said Phil, "no—only take me away somewhere."

There was a small side-room near, into which 'Gena piloted her. Philippa sat down, trembling, and drank the glass of water they gave her. Mrs. Bayham attended her, in great excitement, and affectionate trepidation. Mr. Bayham came in, and patted her shoulder, and advised divers impossible remedies. In his opinion, burnt feathers were the only things to be entirely relied upon, and he was, with difficulty, restrained from going into the sitting-room, and plucking a stuffed owl, which ornamented a book case. Phil tried to protest, jokingly, though her laugh was somewhat nervous and hysterical.

"Take the wing out of my hair, Mr. Bayham," she said, "or the feathers out of Mrs. Grigsby's turban. She looks good-natured, and might be willing to sacrifice them to oblige us. Don't rob the poor owl."

She was not well enough to go back to the company, she said, and, at last, prevailed upon them to call a carriage, and let her go home. The girls bewailed her departure loudly, as they wrapped her up, and kissed her. Until she was in the carriage with Mr. Bayham, Kitty did not

know she was going; but, at the last moment, she discovered the fact, and came running out into the street.

"Oh, Phil, it is too bad!" she said. "Just when *he* came, too—Carnegie, you know. He says he has seen you before, and—"

"Oh, Phil!" interrupted 'Gena, coming out the door in a great hurry. "You almost left your roses."

"But they are Kitty's roses," said Phil, faintly; "and I don't want them, thank you."

"But you must keep them," protested Kitty, putting them through the carriage window, into her lap. "I meant you to keep them: and I am sure, it will please him to know you have them. You must be well by to-morrow, Phil; I am coming to see you."

"There, there, girls! Let her alone!" said Barnes Bayham.

And then the carriage drove off, and Philippa sat silent in the corner, with the red roses dying on her knee.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Phil reached home, she went up-stairs, at once. Her father was there, lying with closed eyes in his chair, and if she had been quite herself, she could not have failed to see that he looked more wretchedly ill than usual. But she was blind with the pain of the shock she had received. She believed that he had known all, when he encouraged the Bayhams to seek her out. He had had a purpose then, as he had had one before. He had not pitted her, in the least.

He opened his eyes, and looked at her.

"You have returned early," he said.

She laid her roses upon the table, and went and stood near him.

"I have seen Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," she said. "I came home, because he was there."

She hardened her heart against him, growing stern and unforgiving. He had not spared her, and she could not spare him.

"You knew that he would be there," she said, in a wild, tremulous voice. "You knew that I should meet him, face to face, and you let me go."

Perhaps, physical suffering made the man weak. For the first time in his life, he faltered miserably.

"If I did," he said, "it—it was for your own good, Phil."

"No, it was not," she cried out. "No, it was not. It was for your own good—to serve your own ends. You have never spared me all your life, when you have had an end to serve, and you could not even spare me now—this once

—this miserable once—when it was so hard to bear. Did you spare me, when you sent me to Brackenleugh? Did you spare me, when I began to be happy? Did you spare me, when you wrote to that man, asking for money—speculating on my chances of marrying a man, who—who loved me as he did? But for that, he would never have known, until I told him the whole truth, as I meant to do—and he would have believed me—yes, he would. And it was you, who broke his heart—and mine, too. And I—and I—” with sobs breaking her words. “I loved *you* once better than all the world, and I believed you loved me, too.”

“Phil—” he began.

“No,” she interrupted him; “I won’t listen—I can’t. My faith is gone; my hope is gone, and all my love is lost. You have made me so hard and wicked, that I cannot even forgive you. I do not think I shall ever forgive you. You have been too false and cruel.”

She caught up her flowers, sobbing still, and hurried away, up to her own room. She threw herself upon the bed, in all her finery, and lay there, holding fast to the roses, her tears falling hot and heavy upon them.

“Kitty will tell him that I have them,” she said. “And, perhaps, he will be angry.”

She looked very unlike the Philippa of the night before, when Kitty arrived the next morning. And she looked so ill and unhappy, that Kitty was glad she had been discreet enough to come alone.

“You have had a bad night, Phil,” she said.

“I have not had a good one,” Phil answered.

Kitty regarded her with honest sympathy. She did not believe in beating about the bush. She was an honest and business-like young woman. It was her way to be candid.

“And I could mention some one else, who has had a bad night, I think, Phil,” she said, courageously.

Phil’s eyes met her’s, with some unsteadiness and reluctance; but Kitty was not to be baffled by a momentary embarrassment so very natural.

“I mean Wilfred Carnegie, Phil,” she added.

It was evident to Philippa, that she might as well make up her mind to be frank, too. Evasion was not only out of the question, but would be unjust to the warm-hearted creature, who wished to be her friend.

“It is not so hard for him, as it is for me, Kitty,” she broke out. “He is not so unhappy as I am.”

“Yes, he is,” was Kitty’s answer. “Sit down, Phil, and let me tell you.”

It is needless to repeat what she did tell her

She had a great deal to say, however, and it all tended to one point. Hopeless and reckless as he was, Wilfred had not outlived his tenderness. The momentary glimpse of Phil’s face, as he stood in the doorway, had quite broken him down. Only Kitty’s presence of mind had saved him from betraying himself. Kitty Bayham had managed too many youthful love affairs, not to comprehend at once what his sudden agitation meant. And so she had managed to distract general attention, and had manœvered for a quiet seat, where they might remain unnoticed.

“And then,” she said to Phil, “I made him tell me the whole story, from beginning to end, poor boy. And when he had finished, I saw plain enough where the trouble lay, and I knew I could understand it better than he did. Bless you! I know the ways of the world—and I think I know you, Phil; and so I told him, and gave him a bit of a scolding, for being so foolish and passionate. And it did him good, I could see—just to feel that somebody had faith in you, and would not believe anything against you.”

Phil smiled sadly. It comforted her a little, to hear that he could not quite forget; but she was not at all hopeful.

“You are very good, Kitty, and thank you,” she said. “But I do not think we shall ever see each other again. Even if he forgave me, he could not forget, and I have nothing but my own word to defend myself with. And I could not marry a man, who might look back, and feel that his faith faltered—though he will never ask me again to be his wife, I am sure.”

“Well, never mind,” said Kitty, kissing her. “Never mind. Only keep up your spirits, and remember what I say—he loves you after all.”

“Thank you,” said Phil, again.

To her great relief, her father was absent during the greater part of that day: but the next he did not go out at all. It was one of his bad days, and he lay upon the sofa, fairly exhausted. He looked so ill, that Philippa’s heart began to melt towards him. She prepared a dainty dish or so to tempt his appetite, but he ate nothing, though he seemed truly grateful for her relenting. Towards night, he became feverish and restless, and could not be still. He left the sofa, and came to the fire, where Phil was sitting.

“I am weaker than usual, to-night, Phil,” he said.

“Yes,” said Phil, “I am very sorry.”

He gave her a faint smile.

“Are you sorry?” he asked, and then added, not ungently, “Yes, I think you are, my dear. You have been very unhappy, and you are very

young: but I think you would forgive me, if—under some circumstances, Phil."

She heard him coughing all the night, but in the morning, to her surprise, he came to breakfast, dressed as if to go out.

"You are not well enough to go out," she said, anxiously.

"I shall be worse, to-morrow," he answered. "And there is something I must do."

When she looked at his face, and saw how worn and sharp it was, how hollow and bright his eyes were, her fears increased. She could not let him go without making a last effort to detain him. So when he took his hat, she followed him to the door, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't go," she pleaded, "don't go, Governor."

Since her return from Brackencleugh, the old, childish name had never passed her lips: but at this moment, her anxiety and emotion got the better of her.

"Don't go, Governor," she said, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"My dear," he answered, evidently moved. "I am going for your sake."

"For my sake!" she said. "Then for my sake, don't go. Stay for my sake."

But he shook his head.

"I have something to do, Phil, my dear," was the reply. "And I must do it to-day." And he kissed her cheek, smiling, and went out.

It was night when he returned. Phil spent the dreary day alone. She was beginning to realize the truth. It could not be very long before she would stand alone in the world. He had been right, when he had told her, months before, that he was a dying man. He had been a dying man then, and to-day he stood upon the edge of the grave. And bitter as was the wrong he had done her, at least he had never been openly cruel. She might not forget the wrong, but she was too young and unselfish not to remember, sadly, that she had loved him dearly, and that he had seemed to return all her innocent affection. She had spent her life with him: she had shared his wanderings: she had obeyed him implicitly: she had sacrificed much for him through all her youth: and now the sight of his haggard, handsome face, and the thought of his wasted life, touched her deeply. What a wasted life it had been: how empty it was: how it had frittered itself away. It had been a long strife for money and ease: it had been a strife from first to last: and, in the end, it had come to nothing: he was dying without having attained his object. She thought of him all the day, and was full of sorrow and pity, when night came.

She felt that the time had come, when she must forget her own unhappiness.

"I can only be sorry for him," she said. "How could I remember anything but that he suffers, and that his life is over?"

At ten o'clock, she heard his latch key turn in the door, and she got up from her seat upon the hearth. As he came up the stairs, he stopped twice, as if his strength failed him. Philippa went to the top of the staircase, and waited for him in the darkness.

"Is that you, Governor?" she said. "I am so glad."

When the light in the room fell upon him, he made an effort to recover himself, and treat his fatigue lightly.

"I am tired," he said, "but not so tired as I expected to be. I will rest, to-morrow."

He did not remain up long, but took a glass of wine, and went to his own room. At the door, he paused, and looked back.

"I have been trying to retrieve myself, to-day," he said, quite airily. "I have been righting a blunder. You would call it a wrong, Phil, my dear. I was anxious to right it, if possible, before—before I was entirely invalidated. Good-night, my dear."

Scarcely half an hour later, Philippa, who had lingered in the room—she scarcely knew why—was startled by a little sound coming from his chamber—a sound not unlike a low inarticulate cry. She sprang to the door, and stood there for a moment.

"Governor!" she cried: "Governor!" And then too much alarmed for hesitation, she entered without delay.

He had flung himself upon the bed and lay there, his face drooping downwards, and the moment she approached him, Philippa saw what the sound she had heard had meant. His handkerchief lay upon the carpet, stained as she had seen it before, and the same stain was upon the pillow, and upon the coverlid, only that it was a stain much larger, and so much more terrible, that she cried aloud, when she saw it.

"Governor!" she said; "Governor! Oh! try to speak to me!"

She said it, even though she knew that all was over; that he would not speak again; that he had uttered his last words to her, when he turned, smiling, at the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE Bayhams came, the next day, and took charge of her, and were sympathetic as usual. Barnes Bayham took all responsibility off her

shoulders, and Mrs. Bayham and the girls cried over her, and petted her.

"You will go home with us, my dear," said Barnes, on the day of the funeral; "and Mrs. B. and the girls will do their best to make you comfortable. We are poor folks, Phil, and shabby enough at best, but there isn't one among us who isn't fond of you, and—well, as I say, we will do our best."

"Yes, indeed," protested Mrs. Bayham. "It isn't me, with six helpless girls of my own, as wouldn't try to be a mother to one, that's all alone in the world, without a soul to look after her."

"And we'll be sisters to you, Phil," cried the six, in chorus.

So they carried Phil home with them, and helped her to make her two mourning dresses, and Kitty trimmed her black hat, and, in fact, the whole family were as affectionate, and unselfish, and warm of heart, as it was possible for human beings to be. Kitty specially took Phil under her charge. She shared her room with her, and was almost motherly, in her constant attentions to the poor child.

It was not until several days had elapsed, that she spoke again of Wilfred. Phil was not very well, and looked sad and listless. She quite drooped, during the first week, in spite of all the efforts made to rouse her.

It was at the beginning of the second week, that Kitty referred to Wilfred Carnegie.

"Phil," she said, "you have not asked me where Wilfred Carnegie is."

They were sitting together, in the little back-room—Phil at her friend's feet, her black dress making her sad, young face appear additionally colorless, in the dim light.

"No," she said. "I have not asked. Why should I have asked, Kitty? What good would it do?"

"He has not gone away, yet," said Kitty.

"I wish—I wish he would," Phil faltered.

"But he won't," returned Kitty, "at least, he won't, until he has seen you again."

A certain significance in her tone caused Phil to start.

"Until he has seen me!" she exclaimed.

Kitty laid her hand on her arm, as if she meant to control her.

"Yes," she said. "And he is coming to see you, this evening. He ought to be here now—"

And she had hardly finished speaking, before there came a summons at the door, and they heard 'Gena answering. Phil sprang up, trembling, and faced Kitty, almost reproachfully.

"Oh, Kitty!" she cried. "I can't. What must I do?"

"You must do nothing," said Kitty, stoutly, "but stay here with me, and be a brave girl, and hear what he has to say. He has something to say, though I do not know what it is. He has heard something—learned something, and he has only stayed away, because I would not let him come, at first. And you must not be a coward, Phil; you must be a woman, and speak for yourself."

"They are in there," both heard 'Gena saying. "You can go in."

And then, as the door opened, Kitty threw her arm round Phil's waist, and Phil hid her face upon her shoulder.

"Don't leave me, Kitty," she said; "don't go away."

"No," said Wil, "don't go away, Kitty. I need you even more than she does. I want you to stand by me, too."

But really he did not seem as if he required any support. It was the impetuous, tender lover she had lost at Brackencleugh, who took one of Phil's hands prisoner, and held it fast, while he appealed to her.

"If you had not once told me that you loved me, Phil, dear," he said, "I should not have dared to come here, to-night. I have been wretched enough, but I deserved to be. I know now what injustice I did you—but if I had loved you less, I could have been cooler, and more patient—that is my only excuse. The day your father died, he came to me—"

Phil lifted her face, with a sob.

"Oh! Governor," she said, "was that it—was it that?"

"Yes," said Wilfred. "He said that he had made a mistake, and wanted to set it all right—and he showed me the letters you had written, and he proved to me that I had wronged you, after all. And he told me that he had come, because he knew he had no time to spare."

"Oh! Governor," cried Phil. "You did love me—you must have loved me."

"Yes, my dear," said sensible Kitty. "He loved you in his way—everybody's way is not alike, Phil, any more than people are alike themselves. But love of any sort is a good thing to have—anybody's love."

"And I should have come before," said Wilfred, "but Kitty would not let me. She said you ought to have rest."

"But when I saw you were not resting, I gave in," Kitty interposed. "There, Phil, you understand now, and you must forgive him, and make friends."

"But," said Phil, faintly, "what I told you at Brackencleugh, was true, Wil. I was bad enough

when I went there. It was only when—when I began—

"Kitty! Kitty!" Barnes Bayham called out, from the door of his studio. "Where's Kitty? Here's Ruthven asking for Kitty."

Kitty drew her arm from Phil's waist.

"You can spare me now," she said. "It's little Jack Ruthven who wants me, and he has a love affair in hand, too."

There was scarce a yard's distance between the two, when she left them alone together, but Wilfred found it too wide, and lessened it by taking a quick step forward.

"Shall we begin again, Phil?" he said, "just where we left off, that day upon the hillside?"

"If you can forgive me," said Phil, "I can forgive you."

* * * * *

When they were married at Brackencleugh, a

few months later, not a single Bayham was omitted from their list of invitations. The six girls were Phil's six bridesmaids, and from that day dated acquaintances, which terminated in making Barnes Bayham a richer man, by lightening his responsibilities to the extent of three daughters, at least, and after their respective marriages, Gena, and Letty, and Jenny did their duty to the rest, with a most laudable energy. Only Kitty remained unmarried, and Brackencleugh and five other establishments kept Kitty's hands full.

"I would rather attend to other people's love affairs, than to be kept awake by one of my own. The children will all come to Aunt Kitty, when they are old enough for heart aches. See if they don't, Phil. There ought always to be an old maid in a family—and I was born one."

THE END.

A WREATH OF SUMMER ROSES.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Oh, locust trees! with waves of odorous flowers,
Whose fragrance floats across the dreaming hills!
Oh, elm trees bending with your weight of glory,
While your sweet breath the evening air distills.

Oh, columbines! your purple trumpets waving,
And nestling tender in your dark green leaves!
Oh, robin red-breast! chorister of summer,
Chanting your hymn beneath the dripping eaves.

Oh, blue-eyed pansies! strewing summer's pathway,
With velvet blooms enshrined in wreaths of gold;
And wavelets, o'er the pebbled path low murmuring,
Never so sweet a song, 'though so oft' told.

Yet in my soul, despite this weird enchantment,
There dwells a heaviness I could not tell,

If I could gather from its wealth of sweetness,
One soothing thought, my sorrow to dispel.

Oh, trembling roses! listen while I whisper,
Of how I waited at my darling's side,
And heard from her fond lips the blushing answer,
That gave to me a proud, and happy bride.

While heaven bowed low, our hearts with love expanded,
And opened up to us a nobler life;
Till flushed with joy, we knelt before the altar,
And breathed the vows, that made us man and wife.

In one short year—ah! roses, sadly sighing,
And bowing low your crowns of waxen white;
With reverent hands, a wreath of summer roses
I laid upon my darling's grave to-night

WEARY.

BY MILTON M. SMITH.

THE gates of every earthly hope
Seem barred against my entering tread;
And gloomily my way I grope,
Through untried paths of care and dread.

Chill are affections soft, warm showers,
That make life beautiful and gay;
And all the wayside buds and flowers,
From my bleak path have died away.

No twilight lingers in the west,
Where pleasure's golden sun went down,
But winds wail out their wild unrest,
And starless skies in anger frown.

Alone I walk the dangerous way,
Trembling and faint with doubt and fear.

The night grows cold, the shadows grey,
There is no rest nor shelter near.

Oh! I am tired and sick and faint,
My heart, most heavily oppressed,
Moans forth its own, unvarying plaint,
"Oh, pitying Father, let me rest."

Father, hast thou forgotten me,
And left me in this dreary wild?
Thine eyes each falling sparrow see,
Have they o'erlooked Thy fainting child?

Father, life's wayside blossoms bright
Give or withhold: Thou knowest best.
I do not importune for light,
But, Father, Father! let me rest.