

April 30, 1872.

WON AND LOST.

(CONCLUDED.)

"There that will not when they may, When they will they shall have say."

Phil was the only patient passenger on board; for, strange to say, he had begun to think and seriously, too. Perhaps the bracing sea air affected his very easy-going ideas on many subjects; perhaps it was that he had nothing to do but to smoke, play whist, and think; but certain it is that the gallant, self-satisfied and careless Phil began to think his honorable self but doubtfully worthy of that true love.

It might be, too, that the last month had shown him more of his better nature than he ever knew before; that love was as necessary to his happiness as gold; and that a future yet lay before him, far holier and truer than a wealthy marriage could give. Phil Kerr was a changed and better man.

A year had passed before we see him again, and now it is in the capital of the world—Rome; a salon in the Hotel Costanzi, a scene of orange blossoms, and a lady and gentleman breaking the seals of their English letters—Philip and his bride the Rosebud.

A sad and fatal boat-accident had ended the lives of his two elder brothers, his father had died of a broken heart for the loss of "his bonny boys," and Lord Philip Kerr had resigned his commission and hastened to Florence, where Rose Amherst lived with her brave old soldier-father and her gentle mother.

He would and won the Rosebud of his dreams, and there was no complaint this time of a want of a love-like ardor; and now they sat side by side, in an attitude good Mrs. Russell would have highly approved of, reading their letters.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Phil, "Rose, look here. You know I told you that I was always getting anonymous presents after that foolish affair was broken off—you know what affair, don't you, dear?"

All here twisted his moustache, after the fashion of embarrassed Englishmen in general who possess such an appendage.

"I know all about it. You were a very naughty boy to think of selling yourself for gold. I only wonder you did not go behind the scenes and to qualify yourself for a junior partner—Bisbee, Alpa, Kerr & Co. How very distinguished it would have sounded."

Rose met her justly-merited punishment for this bit of sarcasm, and a reconciliation having been established, which included sundry pulls of chestnut locks, that much tried individual continued:

"Well, then, Rosebud, after that sad accident, I had a letter from old Mrs. Russell, asking me to stay there when I returned to England. I came off so hurriedly that I never answered; and then you see I started for Florence."

"I know all about that," replied Rose, nodding her head at a Burleigh.

"Now, you see, Phil went on, "the paragraph in the Times and Morning Post cannot be published in England till to-day; but it is more than a fortnight since I wrote to my agent, giving him my address here, and he has forwarded the letter. Read it, Rose, will you?"

Rose took the letter. The perfume of patchouli clung about it yet, and the monogram was gorgeous in green and mauve and gold. An irresistible smile broke over her bright, young face as she read it:

"MY DEAR PHILIP—or rather, I suppose I must forget the past and call you Lord Kerr—I do indeed congratulate you on your new honors, and they could call to no more intelligent and successful extended views of life, your liberal ideas on every point, render you peculiarly fitted to hold a high place in this age of progress."

"My father too has met with unexampled success since we parted, and nearly doubled his fortune. But what is it to me? He is an old man, and I have no more to do with him. I could I bury myself in that Highland castle, with his dreadful sisters (three confirmed spinsters), and his dogs and horses? No. Though he is a powerful man, he is not what we were to me! Nothing to what my father could have given me, less than nothing compared with one memory of the past! You know me. I could not live without intellectual society—intellectual and devoid of bigotry; a society in which you would shine. It was my parents that parted us; I yielded to their will. Forgive me, and at least let us be friends, even if we are never to be more than friends to each other. Write to me that you are well and happy. Ah, would that your happiness still depended upon me! It would be the hourly study of your devoted

"Theodosia."

Rose fairly laughed aloud.

"Poor old thing!" she said; "what a queer jumble of strong-mindedness and sentimentality! But, Phil, you never loved her."

"Never, darling, never; and I should have given the same answer—'Much obliged, but otherwise disposed of'—even if this precious creature had not come too late. She would have bought me with gold; little so-called, you have bought me with smiles and blushes and priceless love. Heaven be praised for that Scotch baroness! For I really believe he came to the rescue just in time; and thanks to him, I have lost an heiress and won a Rosebud."—*Timothy's Magazine.*

Speculations as to what the stage of the future will be like are not very often indulged in. It is a theme upon which those who know what the stage now is, hesitate to touch. Unless a man be endowed with a large quantity of hope, the prospect is apt to become depressing. When it is admitted that music is getting to be more generally appreciated in the higher forms of the opera and in concert, and that good acting and excellent plays are still to be enjoyed in a few theatres, nearly all that is favorable to the modern stage has been granted. For during the last few years a flaming dramatic monster has arisen, before which the legitimate drama shrinks and cowers away. The name of this monster is Burleigh. It is huge with spangles and coated with paint. It dresses the women in its train like men, and the men like women. It pols elegantly and with feminine mouths, and an unctuous vulgarity into the actions of its male retainers. It crushes the theatricality out of wit, and the gentility out of humor, and puts in their place the hard and brazen mechanism of mimicry. It waves its ballet in a coarse and lascivious arabesque of break-down and can-can, and its grotesque consists of rhythmic staccato which it would be a libel upon an idiot to describe him as laughing at.—*New York Standard.*

By the laws of Maryland, a marriage in that State is valid only when performed by a "minister of the Gospel, ordained according to the rites and ceremonies of his or her Church, or in such manner as is used and practiced by the society of people called Quakers." The result of this enactment is, that Marylanders are obliged to begin their wedding trip without the usual ceremony, and get married somewhere outside the State.

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