THE PUMPKIN.

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold;
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold.
Like that o'er Ninevah's prophet once grew
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire of rain.
On the banks of the Xerid the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold:
Yet with dearer delight, from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth;
Where crooknecks are coiling and yellow fruit shines
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.
Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west,
From north and from south, come the pilgrim and guest;
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before;
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like rich pumpkin pie?
Oh! fruit loved of boyhood! the old day recalling,
When the wood grapes were purpling, and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark, with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for a team
Then thanks for thy present! None sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
Fair hands never wrought a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine.
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never grow less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below
And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin vine grow;
And thy life be as sweet and its last sunset sky
Gold-tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin pie!

John G. Whittier.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

The story I am about to relate is strictly true. The adventure therein related happened to two of my nearest relatives —my father and uncle—both of whom are now living, and ready to bear witness to its truth. From my father's own lips I have received it, and I will endeavor to give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"In my youthful days I was called to the bar, as was also your Uncle Paul. We entered the law for different reasons; I, from choice and inclination; he for convenience. However, we began our career at the time, and it so happened that, 1828, we were both engaged on the South Wales circuit. The assizes were held in a town where a great friend of my brother's lived. He, therefore, proposed to make his house our headquarters, and wrote to say that, if convenient, both he and myself would partake of his hospitality for a few days.

"A letter in answer told us that Mr. Hawkins was from home; but having left servants in the house, and a housekeeper in charge, who would attend to all our wants, he begged that we would make ourselves at home there so long as might suit us. Accordingly, though Paul was disappointed at losing the prospect of seeing his friend, we agreed to go there, having no better arrangement in view.

"On arriving, we found a large, cheerful-looking villa on the outskirts of the town, facing a stream, backed by towering hills, and with a nice garden and pleasure-grounds surrounding it. Every thing, both inside and outside the house, wore an air of comfort and brightness not often to be met with in a bachelor's home. The household now consisted of three female servants—the housekeeper and two maids—the only man-servant having accompanied his master on his travels.

"The housekeeper, a tidy, comfortable old lady, showed us round the house, and having taken us down a long corridor lined with doors, asked us take one of two or three bed rooms already prepared for the reception of visitors. Last of all, she took us into a large double-bedded room at the end of the passage before named, with two fine bay-windows commanding separate views of the grand Welsh hills which were all around. We both exclaimed with delight as she ushered us into it.

"'This,' said the old lady, 'is where the master sleeps when his brother comes down here. They each have one bed. It is master's fancy, because they always slept in the same room as boys, and they like to keep it up. Master said that either this room or any of the other three was to be for you, sir, whichever you please to choose.'

"'Well, Ned' cried my brother, who was stationed in one of the windows, 'suppose we follow Hawkin's example, and take up our abode here? Where could one find a more splendid view? I positively cannot tear myself away from this window!" and I followed his gaze as he spoke, down a valley of exquisite beauty, indeed, bordered on one side by a long range of gorse-covered hills, with a rippling stream winding through its midst.

"I agreed gladly; and, having told our decision to the housekeeper, she curtesied and withdrew.

"I shall make a point of paying Hawkins a long visit next summer,' exclaimed Paul, when the door was closed. 'By Jove! what fishing there must be in that stream! It is enough to make one crazy to have to pore over those everlasting briefs this glorious weather! A waste of life, in fact, isn't it, Ned?'

"I smiled at the enthusiasm of my younger brother. He was, as may be guessed from the above speech, not wholly in love with his profession, and nature, as well as inclination, would seem to have designed him for a different calling. Strong, tall and athletic, high-spirited and daring, it seemed a sort of contradiction in nature to see him poring over old, dusty books of the law. Far better could I picture him at the head of a regiment, or leading an exploring party through the wilds of Africa. Nevertheless, fortune and the necessity of earning his bread had placed him were he was, and, all things considered, he made a good fight of it.

"We had some tough work to get through that evening preparatory to next day's business, before we could explore the lovely scene around us; and not until we had completed it and dined did we set forth upon our ramble. Then a brother barrister joined us, and we went out on an exploring expedition.

"We followed for a mile or two the windings of the stream, and Paul observed with longing eye, the lazy trout that lay asleep in shoals in its clear, deep pools. We watched the hawks and buzzards flying to their nests; and finally after a toilsome ascent of one of the highest mountain points, we sat down and watched the moon rise over as lovely a scene as ever delighted the eye of man.

"It was late in the night, or, rather, early morning, when we returned to Plas Mervyn, and the old housekeeper, who opened the door, looked as if she had been aroused from her first sleep; but she most punctiliously did the honors of the place, and having partaken of a cosy supper which she provided, we retired to rest.

"I was never more heartily tired in my life than when, having hastily thrown off my clothes (pausing to lock the door —my invariable custom both at home and abroad), I threw myself on the luxurious spring-bed which awaited me. The bed I had chosen lay along the wall at right angles to that occupied by my brother whose feet, as he lay faced to the door. I have said that I was much fatigued, and never did fall more quickly into a heavy and dreamless slumber. Heavily as I slept, however, I was awoke —suddenly and compleley awoke –by the word 'Ned!' uttered in my brother's voice. The moon was full—the room almost as light as day, and, raising myself in bed, I beheld Paul also half raised and reclining on his elbow, and between his bed and mine, but nearer to and facing him, I most distinctly saw somebody – a figure—a tall, large figure, whether man or woman I could not distinguish, with some sort of loose drapery hanging round it.

"'Hallo!' I called out, without a moment's reflection. 'What's the matter? Who is it?' and making a rush out of bed, I flung myself toward the unknown person with some vague intention of collaring a burglar.

"To my amazement I rushed past it; through it, as it seemed, to my brother's bedside; and when I reached it there was nothing to be seen, no one but our two selves visible in the room. I made a dash at the door; it was locked, as I had left it the night before; and that no one had lately passed through it I had the evidence of my senses to tell. For the first time, an uncomfortable sort of chill came over me, for I had not only seen, but had felt—so to speak—the presence of a third person in the room, and I knew Paul had seen it as well.

"'Paul, did you see him?' I asked.

"'Of course I saw him,' said Paul, 'that was why I called you.'

"'Who is it?' I exclaimed. 'What on earth does it mean? The door is locked, and no one came in that way. Are there any secret doors in this room? Do get up, and let us look.'

"Your uncle then got up, and we commenced a thorough examination of the whole place; moving the furniture, rapping on the walls, and searching every crack and crevice, but without the slightest result.

"It was a ghost, after all, old fellow!' said Paul, at length. 'Let us turn in again, and never mind it. They are very harmless creatures, and I am too tired to sit up, even for a ghost.'

"So we did as he said; and being very tired, were soon asleep again, and slept soundly till broad daylight streamed into our room.

"The assizes lasted a week; and we remained at our present quarters, enjoying to the full the brief snatches of country life, which our few leisure hours enabled us to enjoy. It was a treat after the stuffy air of London, and we were disturbed by no more ghostly visitations. We discussed the subject sometimes, and almost persuaded ourselves that it was a delusion—the result of being over-tired in mind and body, and that it was caused by an excited imagination and overtaxed brain. It required an effort on my part to imagine your uncle in any of the above conditions. He was about the last man that I should think likely to fall under an hallucination of any kind.

"'If it appears again, speak to it, Paul,' I said. 'It is perhaps some poor creature who cannot rest in his grave because of an unredressed wrong (the old tale, you know), and ghosts cannot speak until spoken to.'

"'I certainly will,' he replied, 'if it gives me the chance.'

"This was on the last day of our stay at Plas Mervyn. We were to start by coach early in the morning. I had a brief to attend to, and resolutely remained indoors that evening, while my brother took his ramble. I sat till very late in my room, writing busily. Paul had warned me not to wait up for him; so, when I had finished my writing, and found it was already twelve o'clock, I shut up for the night, and went to bed. I must have slept very soundly, for I have no recollection of hearing my brother coming to bed; but in my dreams (it must have been long after) I thought I heard his voice talking. I heard it again, more distinctly; and gradually arousing, I became conscious that there was talking in my room—my brother *had* spoken. I rubbed my eyes, and looked about bewildered.

"Between my brother's bed and mine, in exactly the same position, there stood again that same figure I had seen on a previous night. As I gazed Paul spoke again. I believe he said, 'What do you want?' or something of the kind. There was no answer, but the phantom moved toward the door, and a great long arm was extended under the drapery, and seemed to beckon him to follow. Next minute Paul was out of bed, and both he and the figure disappeared through the door. All this happened in a second or two. I thought I was dreaming; jumping out of bed to make sure of it, I saw my brother's bed empty. I was about to rush after him, when I bethought me of lighting a candle. It took but a minute to effect this, and then, candle in hand, I entered the long passage which led to our room. At the far end of it, in his night shirt, ghastly pale, and leaning against the wall, I beheld Paul. He was alone, and staring straight before him like a man in a trance. It was sometime before I could rouse him sufficiently to get him back into the room again. Even then he did not speak at first.

"'Paul, in Heaven's name, what is it? What have you seen?' I exclaimed, for he continued pale and trembling.

"'O! good heavens, Ned!" was his first exclamation, as he sank into a chair; 'am I asleep or dreaming—*could* I have dreamed such a thing? and I vow I wasn't frightened. You saw that—that thing—whatever it was, Ned?' (I assured him that I had seen it.) Well, I followed it to find out where it went, and I saw—'

"'Saw what?' I asked eagerly. He did not speak for a moment, and then he told me that the phantom had led him to the end of the corridor, where it paused, pointed with its finger to the ground and disappeared. There, lying full in the rays of the moon, which shone through an oriel window overhead, he beheld a coffin, and on it, in large white letters, the following inscription: 'Paul Merrell. Born June 5, 1800. Died October 10, 1328.' (It was now June of the year 1828.)

"What he told me made my blood run cold. In vain I told myself that it was a delusion—a dream. I myself had seen the apparition, and had seen it twice over. Determined, however, to find out if any trick had been played on us, I instantly went down the corridor again—this time without a light—and examined particularly all round the spot where my brother had described the coffin to have been. Not a trace of anything unusual could I find. All was still and peaceful, and so bright was the moon shining that I could perfectly distinguish the faces of the old portraits on the walls.

"My brother was visibly changed after this. He did not speak much on the subject after this night, and I observed that he became graver, and more silent and thoughtful, and his old boisterous spirits quite forsook him.

"For myself, though I was not, I believe, naturally superstitious, and I felt persuaded that in the end I should unravel the mystery and trace the strange apparition of that night to natural causes, still I feared for him, for the occurence seemed to have taken a hold upon his mind, and I had heard of cases where such warnings, merely through working strongly on the imagination, had brought about their own fulfilment.

"I set myself in every way to divert his mind from the subject, and affected to laugh at the whole thing, and to make sure of being able to sift it out; but I wrote privately to our friend Hawkins (my brother particularly wished it kept a secret), and told him the state of the case, beseeching him if he could hint at any possible explanation of the mystery, to do so without delay.

"His letter was most unsatisfactory. He had never heard of such an occurrence in his life. There was no 'haunted chamber' in his house, nor did it even boast an heriditary ghost of any sort; nor did he believe any of the servants (the old woman before mentioned and her two nieces, all of whom had lived with him for years) capable of playing a trick of any kind.

"I was forced to drop my investigations, but I kept an anxious watch over Paul, and, as far as business permitted, was constantly with him. To my great alarm, I saw that, as the months rolled on, his depression seemed to increase. I privately consulted a physician on the case. His advice but seconded the promptings of my own common-sense: 'Divert his mind in every possible way—change of scene—variety—society—anything to keep him from brooding over it.'

"It was now the end of September, 1828. The ill-omened day drew near. To my great vexation, I was summoned away from home just at this time. It was a call that I could not well refuse to obey. I pondered long, devising every possible means of remaining near my brother till after the 10th.

"Then, all resources failing, I committed him to one or two trusty friends, to whom I told all the circumstances, binding them to solemn secrecy, and with an anxious heart, set forth on my journey.

I had to pass not far from the scene of our summer visit. I made it my business to go to Plas Mervyn, and from thence (to give it more an air of truth) I wrote my brother the following letter, a fabrication from beginning to end—a falsehood, if you will—but surely a pardonable falsehood, if ever there was one:

"'Dear Paul:—I have solved the mystery of Plas Mervyn. You will laugh with me about it when I see you again (and so I hoped he would, dear boy). No time for particulars. Hawkins is well. We changed horses at B., and so I came here for a sight of him. Will write again from S. In terrible haste, Yours, NED.'

"This, I hoped, would buoy him up till the dreaded day was passed: and, that over, the danger was averted.

"My friend Hawkins sympathized kindly in my anxiety. Not content with expressions of sympathy, he insisted on making business in town for the second week in October and assuring himself of my brother's welfare, promising to let me know the 10th and the following day how he found him. Heaven only knows how, in a distant town in the north of England, I awaited those letters. They came surely enough, and poor Uncle Paul" (here my father would pause and shake his head sadly; while he pauses, I will take up the thread of his story and finish it for him)—"My poor Uncle Paul! what of him? Simply that he is alive and well at this moment—a hale old man of sixty five! That am I engaged dine at his house at seven o'clock this evening (by-the-by, it is now half-past five), and that on this day three weeks (the once dreaded 10th of October—now always kept as a day of jubilee in his family) I am to be married to his youngest daughter—the prettiest girl in England!"

So much for ghostly predictions!

Why He Loved His Teacher.

A schoolboy about ten years old was the other day halted by a benevolent-minded citizen, and asked if he liked to go to school.

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply.

"Then you don't love your teacher?"

"N– yes, sir. That is, I didn' until yesterday, but now I do."

"Why have you loved her since yesterday?"

"Well, you know Jack Cain? Well, he's the worst fighter in our room. He can lick me and two other boys with one hand tied behind him. Well, he was going to lick me last night, and he was shaking his fist at me in school, and showing his teeth and getting me all excited, when the teacher saw him."

"Did, eh?"

"You bet she did; and the way she took him out of that and welloped him and humbled him down, made me feel as if she were a mother to me. When school was out, Jack dasn't touch nobody. He was wilted down. And when I hit him with a hunk of dirt he never even looked around. I guess I'm going to try and lick him in the morning, before he gets over feeling humble."

Thoughts.

When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

Worrying will wear the richest life to shreds.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

Everything we meet with here below is more or less infectious. If we live habitually among good and pleasant people, we inevitably will imbibe something of their disposition.

REFLECTED.

Far on the hillside some resplendent blaze
Fronts the low sun, and blinds me as I gaze.
What sudden splendor all the cold air thrills?
What dazzling flames adorn these lonely hills?
Slow sinks the sun; I look, and look again;
'Twas day's last glory lit some casement pane.
A poor reflection, transient, but how bright,
Only a broken ray of heavenly light.
Father of lights! O let thy radiance be.
So mirrored in my soul that looks to Thee!
So let my spirit with Thy brightness shine,
That wondering man shall know the light divine.
Free me from stains of passion, grief and sin,
To glow without for Thee, and light my home within.

Rose Terry Cooke, in Good Company.

A STRANGE DREAM-STORY.

There is an inexplicable story—which I believe, has never been published—among the traditions of the fat, fertile hill country of Western Pennsylvania, the most unlikely quarter in the world to serve as a breeding-place of mystery. It was settled most wholly by well-to-do farmers from the north of Ireland, economical, hard-working folk—God-fearing too, after the exact manner described by John Knox, and having little patience with any other manner. Not a likely people, assuredly, to give credence to any fanciful superstitions, and still less to originate them. This story, indeed has a bold, matter-of-fact character in every detail which quite sets it apart from relations of the supernatural. I have never heard it explained, and it is the best authentical mystery in my knowledge.

Here it is in brief: Among the Scotch Irish settlers in Washington County in 1812 was a family named Plymire, who occupied a comfortable farm and house. Rachel, the daughter, was engaged to a young farmer in the neighborhood. On a Saturday evening in July, having finished her week's work, she dressed herself tidily and started to visit her married sister, who lived on a farm about five miles distant, intending to return on Monday morning. She tied up her Sunday gown and hat in a checkered handkerchief, and carried her shoes and stockings in the other hand, meaning to walk in her bare feet and to put them on when she came in sight of her destination, after the canny Scotch fashion. She left home about seven o'clock, in order to have the cool evening for her walk. The road to the farm was lonely and unfrequented.

The girl did not return home on Monday but no alarm was felt, as the family thought that her sister would probably wish to detain her for a few days; and it was not until the latter part of the week that it was found she had never been at her sister's. The country was scoured, but in vain; the alarm spread, and excited a degree of terror in the peaceable domestic community which would seem inexplicable to city people, to whom the newspaper has brought a budget of crime every morning since their childhood. To children raised in the lonely hamlets and hill-farms murder was a far-off, unreal horror; usually all they knew of it was from the doings of Cain and Jael, set off in the family Bible.

The girls get home on Saturday at seven o'clock. That night, long before ten o'clock (farmers go to bed with the chickens), a woman living in Green County, about forty miles from the Plymire farm, awoke her husband in great terror, declaring that she had just seen a murder done, and went on to describe a place she had never seen before –a hill country with a wagon road running through and a girl with a bundle tied in a checkered handkerchief, her shoes and white stockings in the other hand, walking briskly down the grassy side of the road. She was met by a young man—the woman judged from their manner the meeting was by appointment—they sat down on a log and talked for some time.

The man at last rose, stepped behind her, and drawing out a hatchet, struck her twice on the head. She fell backward on the wet, rotten leaves, dead. Presently the man was joined by another, also young, who asked, "Is it done?" He nodded, and together they lifted the body and carried it away out of her sight. After a while they came back, found the bundle of Sunday finery, and the shoes and stockings, all of which were stained with blood. There was a ruined old mill near the road; they went into it, lifted a loose board in the flooring, put the bundle, shoes etc., with the hatchet, underneath, and replaced the board. Then they separated and went through the woods in different directions.

The farmer's wife told her dream to her husband that night; the next day (Sunday), going to a little country church she remained during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services. The neighbors, who had come from a circuit of twenty miles to church, gathering according to their homely habit, in the churchyard to eat their lunch and exchange the news. Our dreamer told her story again and again, for she was impressed by it as if it had been reality.

After the afternoon service the congregation separated, going to their widely scattered homes. There were thus many witnesses ready to certify to the fact that the woman had told her dream the morning after the murder was committed at a distance of forty miles, when it was absolutely impossible that the news should have reached her. There were no telegraphs, we must remember, and no railways, in those days—not even mail-carriers in those secluded districts.

When the story of the girl's disappearance was told over the country at the end of the next week, the people to whom the dream had been repeated recalled it.

Now-a-days the matter would only serve as good material for the reporters, but the men of those days still believed that God took an oversight even of their dreams. Might not this be a hint from him? The Rev. Charles Wheeler, a Baptist clergyman of Washington, well-known in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia a generation ago, and Ephraim Blaine, Esq., a magistrate, father of the present Senator from Maine, and as popular a man in his narrower circle, drove over to see the woman who had told the dream. Without stating their purpose, they took her and her husband, on pretense of business, to the Plymire farm. It was the first time in her life that she had left her own county, and she was greatly amused and interested. They drove over the whole of the road down which Rachael Plymire had gone.

"Have you ever seen this neighborhood?" one of them asked.

"Never," was the reply.

That ended the matter, and they turned back, taking a little-used cross-road to save time. Presently the woman started up in great agitation, crying, "This is the place I dreamed of!"

They assured her that Rachel Plymire had not been upon that road at all.

"I know nothing about her," she said, "but the girl I saw in my dream came along here; there is the path through which the man came, and beyond that turning you will find the log on which he killed her."

They did find the log, and on the ground the stains of blood. The woman, walking swiftly, led them to the old mill and to the board under which lay the stained clothes and the hatchet. The girl's body was found afterward buried by a creek near at hand. Rachel's lover had already been arrested on suspicion. It was hinted that he had grown tired of the girl, and for many reasons found her hard to shake off. The woman recognized him in a crowd of other men, and startled her companion still more by pointing out another young fellow from the West as his companion in her dream. The young man was tried in the town of Washington for murder. The dreamer was brought into court, and an effort was actually made to put her on the witness-stand; but even then men cannot be hung on the evidence of a dream. Without it, there was not enough proof for conviction, and the jury, unwilling enough, we may be sure, allowed the prisoner to escape. It was held as positive proof of his guilt that he immediately married the sister of the other accused man, and removed to Ohio, then the wilderness of the West.—*R. H. D. in Lippincott's Mag.*

EDMUND KEAN.

How the Great Tragedian Played "Shylock."

[All the Year Round.]

The theatre was in great straits; the managers were as drowning men clutching at straws; otherwise they would not have ventured upon the desperate expedient of suffering Mr. Kean to appear. For weeks he had hung about the theatre, almost begging that he might have a trial. He was known to the scoffing stage-door keepers as the "man with the capes," because of the heavy coachman's cape he wore—it was bitter wintry weather, the snow two feet deep upon the ground. He was allowed his chance at last. But one rehearsal was thought necessary; this was on the morning of the memorable January 26, 1814, the day fixed for his first performance. He repeated his speeches with some intimation of the manner he proposed to adopt in delivering them before the footlights. His play-fellows predicted failure; the stage manager boldly denounced the innovations of the provincial actor. "If I am wrong, the public will see me right," said the tragedian of the Theatre Royal Exeter. The stage manager shrugged his shoulders. The actor dined liberally, for the first time in many days, upon steak and porter; than walked through the snow from his lodging in Cecil street to the theatre, carrying his properties, an old pair of black silk stockings, a collar, and a black wig,—for contrary to all precedent, his Shylock wore a black wig—tied up in a handkerchief, and thrust into the pocket of the great coat with the capes. The house was only a quarter full. The play began drearily enough. Yet Shylock's early speeches—as Kean rendered them they were "like a chapter of Genesis," Douglas Jerrold was wont to say—greatly impressed the audience, stirred to extraordinary enthusiasm afterward when the time came for the actor's superb outbursts of passion. Oxberry was surprised that so small an audience could "kick up so great a row!" The success of Edmund Kean's Shylock could no longer be questioned. The triumphant actor hurried home, crying exultingly to his wife; "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, and Charley, my boy," and he lifted the three-year-old baby from his cot, "you shall go to Eton!" On the actor's second night the receipts were just double those of the first—that is to say, the house was half full. The committee of management began to doubt whether a genuine success had been achieved; they had suffered so much from quasi-successes; they even contemplated the removal of Kean's name from the bills, and the trial of another candidate. Lord Byron sensibly expostulated: "You have got a great genius among you and you don't know it. But he will fall through like many others unless we lift him, and force the town to come and see him. There is enough in Kean to bear out any extent of panegyric, and it will not do to trust an opporaunity like this to the mere routine of ordinary chances. We must go in a body, call upon the proprietors and editors of the leading papers, and ask them to attend in person, and write the articles themselves. This advice was followed with the happiest results for Keane's fame and fortune. He appeared in Shylock fifteen times during his first season at Drury Lane, and the part remained to the last one of the most admired in his repertory.

A Light in the Window.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor stood a lone rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night, the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor, and weak: yet she said in her heart that while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through the window would guide them safely into the harbor And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept during the day; and when night fell she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from the sea, and guide him safely in harbor, she sat by the candle all night and trimmed it and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed early and slept.

As many hanks as she spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, old age, she has turned night into day; and in the snow storms of Winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she has saved by the light of her candle, and how many meals she won for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depended on it, have gone forth, can not be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fisherman had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; there was one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of safe entrance to the harbor.—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE PAST.

I fling my past behind me, like a robe
Worn threadbare in the seams and out of date.
I have outgrown it. Wherefore should I weep
And dwell upon its beauty, and its dyes
Of Oriental splendor, or complain
That I must needs discard it?

I can weave
Upon the shuttles of the future years
A fabric more durable.

Subdued
It may be in the blending of its hues,
When sombre shades comingle, yet the gleam
Of golden warp shall shoot it through and through,
While over all a faded lustre lies,
And starred with gems made out of crystal tears,
My new robe shall be richer than the old.

ELLA WHEELER.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

"So you won't go to church this evening, Malchen?" said Otto Von Polheim to his eldest daughter one Sunday in December, as he and the rest of the family were setting out for the market town to hear Parson Knopps preach an advent sermon.

"No, father, Dorothea can go in my stead, and I will keep the house."

"Keep the house alone? No, I will leave Hans to protect thee and the manse, too."

"I would rather not have Hans," said Malchen, with a little pout, as she glanced at an ugly gawk who was her father's head servant.

"Then thou shalt not have Karl," grumbled old Polheim, speaking rather to himself than to the girl; and, wrapping his ancient blue cloak tightly around him he struck his iron-tipped staff two or three times on the flags of the hall to intimate to the members of his household that it was time to be off.

They came clattering down-stairs and trudged out of different doors—a large and rather noisy troop. Otto Von Polheim was a landowner on a small scale—what would be called in England a gentleman farmer—and he had a family of ten sons and daughters, without counting two servant wenches and a couple of laborers whom he treated as his children. The eldest of these two laborers, a tall, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, named Karl, had shown signs of late of being "a bit soft" about Freulein Malchen, and this displeased her father, for though he was a kind master he had a 'Squire's pride, and would have kicked Karl straightway out of his house if he had suspected Malchen of cherishing any regard for him. At least this is what he had once said to Karl with more bluntness than prudence, for worldly wisdom would perhaps, have suggested that he should begin by turning off Karl before Malchen's sentiments toward him had ripened into affection

"Now, come, come, let's be off," repeated old Polheim, impatiently; "come wife, and you Bertha, Frida and Gretchen; you Hans, take one of the lanterns, and you, Karl, lead the way with the other."

Karl slunk out, looking very sheepish, but scarcely had he got into the open air before the candle in his lantern was blown out, and he ran back to get another. Malchen was standing in the hall and struck a match for him. She struck a second and third, for somehow the phosphorous would not act, and the operation of lighting was delayed a little. When Karl took the lantern his hand touched Malchen's hand and the girl blushed. "It's a cruelly cold night to go in," faltered she.

"And I don't like leaving you alone," whispered Karl. "I think I shall steal out of church and come back to see if you are safe."

"Oh, no, the door will be barred," exclaimed Malchen, in a flutter.

"Then I'll climb the orchard wall," answerd Karl, nothing daunted, and he executed a wink as he went forth into the cold.

"How very audacious he is becoming," muttered Malchen to herself; but she apparently thought that it was of no use to bar the door if Karl meant to get over the garden wall, so she simply shut it, and turned back to spend her evening in the kitchen.

Herr Von Polheim's farm stood in a lonely part of the country, about two miles from R——, in Bavaria. It had once been a castle, and all the rooms on the ground floor were large, windy apartments, with wainscoted walls, and old oaken furniture. The kitchen which served as the ordinary sitting-room to the family of an evening, was made comfortable by some screens which shut out the drafts, and by the large fires which roared in the immense chimneys all day long. There were two arm-chairs under the bulging mantel of the chimney on either side of the andirons, and in one of these Malchen took her seat. She began to knit; but soon her work subsided into her lap, and she begrn to stare at the fire in a soft reverie.

There were faces, of course, in the red embers of the crumbling pine-logs, and Karl's was chief among them. Malchen, who was a pretty, sentimental young lady of eighteen, but somewhat cautious, as becomes the daughter of a gentleman who can prefix a Von to his name, asked herself if she liked Karl. Did she truly feel for him more than she did for any other man? Would she grieve for him if he met with an accident? If he left her father's service? If he were taken away for military service, and forced to risk his life in the wars? After fencing a little with her conscience, the damsel decided that she did not quite know what she ought to think about Karl; but that he was a very bold, and not-to-be-easily-put-down young man, she admitted to herself frankly enough in her quaint German phraseelog.

Malchen, from being romantic, was a bold girl and felt no fear at being alone in the big house on a winter's evening. The soughing of the wind through the bare trees outside; the noise of draughts shaking doors that was loose on their hinges; the monotonous tick-tack of the kitchen clock, did not disturb her composure. She sat listening for footsteps, and conned over in her mind what sharp thing she should say to dismiss Karl if he had the impertinence to present himself before her. The worst of it was that Karl was just such a young man as might be indifferent to sharp things. His boldness really exceeded his belief. Why, that very evening in touching her fingers he had actually squeezed—but here Malchen gave a slight start, for she heard footsteps, and fancied that it was never-to-be-sufficiently-blamed Karl, who had played truant from church, faithful to his impudent promise.

She rose and stood coyly in the middle of the kitchen, her cheeks pink and her bosom heaving. She thought she would take to flight as soon as Karl's heavy tread was heard in the passage; but she waited two or three minutes without hearing the door open, yet there were steps outside, and, now that her ears were strained, she heard voices. Her relatives had not gone an hour, so it was not likely they could have returned so soon. Whose, then, could these steps and voices be?

The kitchen had a high window seven feet above the floor, and it was closed with shutters. But in the shutters lozenge apertures were cut. Malchen climbed on to the dresser, under the window, and looked out; what she saw would have made most timid girls jump down, squealing, and run away, half dead with terror.

Nine men- not one less—with black masks on their faces and house-breaking implements in hand, had entered the farm-yard, and were evidently holding a council as how they should commence their attack on the house. They stood in a group, and some of them pointed to the apertures in the kitchen shutters, where light was visible, as if they were taking note of the fact that the farm was not quite abandoned

Malchen remembered having heard that brigands had been infesting some of the districts in an adjoining Province, and she saw that if she hesitated to act she would be lost There hung over the mantleshelf two-double-barreled fowling-pieces and a horse pistol, which were always kept a protection of the farm against wolves in winter, and for the intimidation of poachers and tramps at other seasons of the year. Malchen had the same horror of fire-arms as most other girls: but at this moment her blood volted at the idea of leaving the farm to be plundered without striking a blow for it. Herr Von Polheim owned a good deal of silver plate and was accustomed to keep pretty large sums of money within the oaken chest in his bedroom. Among other reflections which rushed through Malchen's mind was this, that if her father were robbed of all his cash he would get into a vile humor, which would make its effects felt at the farm for weeks, and render the place uninhabitable. Now Malchen stood in great terror of her father when he was angry.

She ran to the chimney and unhooked the arms, then swiftly climbed on the table again. The little lattices outside the apertures in the shutters were open, so Malchen could thrust out the barrels of her weapons and fire at the malefactors. Before doing so, however, she put a coin into her mouth to alter the ring of her voice, and making a horn of both hands, shouted in a tone which sounded like a man's "Who goes there?"

No answer. The burglars stared at each other in astonishment, and were fairly dismayed when they heard the next exclamation, which conveyed the idea that the person who had first spoken was not alone, but had several men under his orders, "Now, then, when I give the word, fire sharp, and aim straight. Fire!"

Two reports instantly followed this command, and then came two others. When the report cleared away, Malchen, who looked out with haggard eyes, her heart thumping awfully the while, saw four men stretched out on the snow, and saw nothing else. The other five members of the band had taken flight. "The guns were loaded with slugs; perhaps I have killed them all!" ejaculated Malchen, in terror, for her combative ardor abated of a sudden, now that so easy a victory had been won. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

She had taken up the horse-pistol and glanced out to see if there was another shot to be fired. There was a choking sensation at her throat, and she began to whimper. It was all too dreadful. She could not bear the sight of those dead men, all killed by her hand. But one of them suddenly moved, and tried to rise to his knees. Immediately the sentimental Malchen aimed her pistol to give him his quietus; but luckily for himself, the man roared out: "Oh, Malchen! Malchen! help! 'Tis I—Karl!"

"Karl!" exclaimed the girl, as her voice seemed to expire in her throat, while her heart turned to ice. "Karl, is it thou?"

"Yes, and I am wounded; I am dying," sobbed the luckless fellow; "and it's all for thee."

Malchen tottered and might have fallen off the table had there been any one present to catch her in his arms. As it was, she scrambled down somehow and made for the door, still holding her pistol. One moment's hesitation as she touched the door-handle; but she surmounted it and went out. In another moment she could judge with her own eyes of the murderous effects of her volley. Three men lay on the snow stone dead; as for Karl, a slug had clean sliced off a part of his right ear and cheek, so that he bled like a pig, but he was otherwise unhurt.

"Oh, Karl, Karl, how camest thou hither in such company!" exclaimed Malchen, as she tore off her apron to staunch his wound.

"Mein Gott, it was for thee!" sniveled the unhappy Karl. "These men are my friends; we had all come for a lark, and meant to carry thee off; for I hoped that thy too-obstinate father would consent of neccessity to our marriage. Oh, oh, my ear!"

"Peace, Karl; but oh, how foolish of thee!" sighed Malchen. "How could'st thou think that nine men were required to carry me off?"

"Mein Gott. I thought thou wast romantic, was all that Karl could say between two squeaks caused by the anguish in his ear.

One is sorry to say that the tribunals of Bavaria took a one-eyed view of the affair and wanted to sentence Karl for burglary, but the attitude of poor Malchen had been so heroical that King Louis I I. sent for her to Munich, and having decorated her with the cross of Civil Merit, asked her what he could do to please her.

"Pardon my Karl, and give him a dower to marry me," prayed the faithful maiden, sobbing.

His Majesty pulled a slightly wry face at mention of dower, but courtiers were present, so he gave his royal promise. "Thou wouldst marry a man with one ear, then?" added he, laughing.

"Sire, he lost his other for me," responded Malchen, drying her eyes.

"Well this is a queer story," said the King, amused. "We will have it made into a libretto, and my friend Wagner here shall set it to music."

The composor of the future bent his head, as if the happy thought had already occurred to him.—*New York Star.*

Her False Teeth.

Terrible vengeance of a husband whose wife has gone off with a handsomer man: "Dear sir," he writes, "please hand the inclosed set of false teeth to my late wife, and ask her to be so good as to return my father's, which in the hurry of the moment she took by mistake."

"My darling," wrote a husband to his wife, "I shall not be home till very late this evening. Do not wait for me. It's for thy sake I work by the light of the pale, effulgent moon, as if it were the bright, dazzling sunshine." She didn't wait; she went and got a detective and hunted him up.