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AT FORTY-FIVE.

"Halt!" cry the bugles, down the column's length.
And nothing loth to halt and rest am I.
For summer's heat had somewhat taxed my strength,
And long the dusty ways before me lie.

The dew that glittered when the echoing horn
Called reveille to greet the waking day;
The cool sweet shadow of the cheery morn,
The birds that thrilled the bugles' roundelay;

The scented violets, with eyes of blue,
That breathed sweet incense when we trod them down;
The wild wood buds and blooms of brightest hue,
Fair prophecy of honor's radiant crown;

And all that made the earlier marching light,
Have passed like incense of the rosy hours,
And many a beaten field of fiercest fight
Lies between noonday and auroral flowers.

For all its promise, morning brought us care,
So soon its songs and pleasant shadows passed;
Our ambushed foes lurked in each woodland fair;
On every smiling plain we saw them massed.

Our standards gay, war's bright, heraldic page—
Our uniforms, with gold and silver dress,
Are rent and torn in battle's furious rage,
Blood-stained and marred with dust each glittering crest.

The light, young hearts that made a jest of life
And laughed at death when we broke camp at dawn—
Changed are their merry songs for shouts of strife,
Or hushed where valor mourns a comrade gone.

And loitering here awhile, at "rest at ease,"
I note the shadows falling to the east;
Behind me, plume crowned, looms the hill, whose trees
Promised us glory, wealth, and love and peace.

Beckoned us on when morning time was bright
To certainty of victory and rest;
And now—'tis afternoon; 'twill soon be night;
And I have passed the green hill's waving crest.

"Forward!" the bugles call; ready am I;
For though my step hath lost its springing gait,
I am more prompt to march; quick to obey;
Less apt to question or to hesitate.

Yet, when some belted trooper gallops by
I lift my eyes, warned by the swift hoofs' tramp,
And hail him with the infantryman's cry:
"Ho, comrade, tell me how far is't to camp?"

—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

AUNT BECKY'S REMEDY.

A Case in Which It Proved an Effectual Cure.

"Henry, Rue does not seem at all well. She has been growing pale and hollow-eyed for some time; and now she does nothing but mope about and read and sigh. I don't understand it."

"I had not noticed it, Ellen. Perhaps she reads too much, I see she is a perfect book-worm. It rather runs in my side of the family to be literary and I have thought Rue was inclined that way, too."

"I can't imagine what ails her. She seems low-spirited and unhappy, and she surely has no reason to be so."

"Of course she hasn't, Ellen. What an idea—a girl not yet sixteen unhappy! It must be her blood is out of order. Spring is here and she needs some sort of toning up. Let Dr. Miles fix up some sort of tonic for her."

"I've been thinking that perhaps a change of air would do her good. What do you say to sending her out in the country to Becky's? The fresh country air must surely help her; and I am really too busy with all my household cares to care for her properly."

"That is just the thing, Ellen. Why didn't you think of it before? Becky will be in her element to have one to coddle. She used to dose me the whole time when I was small, and she cured me quicker than a doctor could, too. Send her to her at once."

This was the conversation I overheard between my father and mother as I lay upon the sofa in the parlor.

I was delighted. But it was not so much at the prospect of going to Aunt Becky's as I was at the fact that the family seemed at last to be convinced of my declining health. For nearly a year I had been suffering from what I felt to be a neglect to comprehend the workings of my finer nature, mental and physical, and I had been growing most delightfully miserable. I was a great reader, as my father said; and the class of books I enjoyed most was that of romance—wherein the heroines were pale, and sad-eyed, sickly and interesting, full of trouble and woe, and who pined away from various causes, such as unrequited affection, an unsympathetic world, and a general misunderstanding of their inner longings by those who surrounded them.

I doted upon poetry, and the more dismal and soul-harrowing and obscure the more I doted upon it. I was particularly fond of those passages which referred in vague terms to early death, though I could not have explained what there was about them that gave me so much pleasurable pain. I only knew, as I have said, that I was delightfully miserable. I had tried to be as much like my heroines as possible. A copious supply of chalk, cloves and slate pencils, in which I indulged my appetite secretly, had aided me in it so far as to cause me to grow quite pallid. My features were near enough to the regulation type not to be a source of anxiety to me; and hair and eyes being black as the "raven's wing" and a "sloe," individually, I considered it unnecessary to attempt any improvement on nature in the former, while the latter I simply penciled about the eyebrows in order to make them more lustrous. As a consequence my countenance at this time was quite striking. So it pleased me much to see that I had attracted attention to my decline.

The next few days were occupied in preparations for my departure to Aunt Becky's. The suddenly awakened family solicitude at my condition was evinced by indulgence in all the luxuries—fruits and other delicacies—which could be procured, while younger children were repeatedly told to "wait on sister Rue while she is here;" and the ambiguity of this command was as gratifying as the constant attendance which all danced upon me for those few days.

"She can hardly last through another winter," one caller said to another in a guarded whisper, thinking me asleep in the hammock outside the window.

She need not have guarded the remark at all, for it would not have troubled me in the least. I was lying meditating upon the affinity of souls and my lack in finding one in this world to respond to my own; and such a thing as not lasting through another winter was perfectly in accord with my pleasant thoughts just then.

Not that I was so miserable that I wanted to die, but that it was part of my programme to die young. Did not all my favorite Arabellas and Ethelindas do so, or came so very near it that it amounted to the same thing as far as sentiment was concerned? And as for reality I thought very little about it. Death in the abstract was what held fascination for me.

So in this frame of mind I started for Aunt Becky's, accompanied by my father, who, as he placed me in her care at the country station—for he had to return immediately to the city—said to her in an undertone:

"Becky, do all you can for her. Cure her, if possible; but humor her, as she seems not long for this world."

She gave a sharp glance as she seated me in the low basket phaeton and gathered up the pony's reins; and she kept up her swift glances as we rode out to the farm, varying them by occasional terse questions.

"Been sick long, Rue?"

"For nearly a year," I languidly replied.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Have aches and pains or cough?"

"No—that is, not much." I had forgotten that a cough was usual in cases of decline, and forthwith proceeded to give a little one—a very unnatural one I felt it to be at the time.

Another sharp look.

"That ain't any consumption cough! Well, how do you feel, any way?"

"O, Aunt Becky, just as if it would be perfectly heavenly to lie right down and die."

My far-away look as I contemplated the blue sky was intended to settle forever the question as to my condition; and it seemed to, though not in just the way I had expected.

"Pish!" was her contemptuous ejaculation. "Die! Well, you ain't going to just yet—not from any thing you've got now."

I had no chance to reply to this unfeeling remark, as we had reached the farm.

For several days I wandered idly around, swinging in the hammock I had brought with me, arrayed in clinging white wrappers and slippers. When the weather permitted I took my naps out of doors in the most approved attitudes—a book of poems clasped in one hand, one arm thrown gracefully above my head while the other hung limp by my side, and one slippered foot peeped from beneath my skirt over the hammock's edge. I felt that my affinity might possibly hover near me unawares and it behooved me to keep my lamps always trimmed and burning; for even if I could not live, we must at least recognize each other—and how could that be if I did not live, while I lived, up to my ideal?

But a few days after my arrival, ready for my day-dreams, I missed my favorite poems; in fact novels as well were gone.

"Where are my books, Aunt Becky?" I asked, as she was about to drive to the village.

"I've put them away. The doctor says you mustn't read much," she answered as she drove off.

I had not heard of that edict before; but I knew some poetry by heart and that would do as well; so I lay thinking—my breast swelling with emotion as I made myself the heroine of a most romantic tale passing through my brain. My eyes were wet with tears and I was sobbing with the excess of emotional excitement to which pitch I had worked myself when she returned.

"What are you crying about, Rue?" she brusquely exclaimed.

"O, nothing! only—" I paused undecided how to express myself.

"Only what? Homesick?"

"No, indeed, Aunt Becky! but you can't understand me. It is delightful to cry sometimes. I do love when I am alone to lie and think and—feel—that's all."

"Fiddlesticks! Well, I got something to-day for you to take that'll make you *feel*—better," was all she said.

That night she came to my room.

"Two of the slats are out of my bedstead, Rue; I guess I'll have to sleep with you," she announced, tying on her nightcap as she spoke.

"What's these?"

She had opened one of the bureau drawers in an ostensible endeavor to close it properly.

"Only some soft slate-pencils I have with me," I answered, faintly.

"Well, now, child, I'm going to take them every one. I ain't going to have you figgerin' one bit while you are here," she shrewdly remarked as she confiscated my whole stock upon the spot.

"Cloves, too. Why, Rue, your ma must've sent these to me. Enough to last a housekeeper a year, and I want some in my pickles to-morrow! I'll take them right out, because you don't want your clothes scented up by them—sweet clover's best for that."

I could not say a word; but I wondered how I should keep up my pallor without those condiments to nibble. Then, too, how was I to enjoy my sentimental soliloquies which often kept me awake far into the night and left me so interestingly wan-eyed in the morning? I should have to forego this sorrowful happiness, or happy sorrowfulness, with which my romantic imaginings filled my solitary hours, if Aunt Becky was to share my privacy.

But she did not seem to dream that she might be intruding. She chatted on in her cheerful, quaint strain until I found myself laughing in spite of me. She kept it up, too, far into the night until I dropped asleep—too utterly exhausted to answer her frequent question: "Gone to sleep, Rue?"

It was five o'clock when I was awakened next morning.

"Rue! Rue! It's time to get up. Here is a dress and a pair of shoes I want you to put on and come right out with me."

She would not let me lie a minute longer, and I had to obey; so I slipped on the gingham dress, which was a surprisingly good fit, and the thick-soled shoes, and followed her out into the garden.

"Now, Rue, there is any amount of work to be done 'mong the flower-beds, and I've got to take mornings to do it in mostly, and I must have your help. I got these yesterday just for you to work with. They ain't heavy, and we'd better get right to work for a pansy bed first thing. I've got seed enough for a big one, and they are beauties, too. You dote on pansies, you know."

She had opened a neat box of light garden tools as she talked and now handed me a rake. I did dote on pansies, and urged on by her example and cheery talk I raked away in the mellow earth until breakfast time and went in absolutely hungry.

Day after day she kept up this course. She gave me hardly a minute alone and she had me read aloud to her when I wanted a book.

"I haven't time and you mustn't read much, the doctor says; so we'll have to carry it out together;" and she produced "Huckleberry Finn," which she alternated with "Rudder Grange," so that between the remarkable humorous adventures in the former and Pomona's performance in the latter I had no time to think of love or sentiment except in the most ludicrous light. Then the flower-beds needed so much hoeing and scratching and weeding, and the old pansy bed opened up in such marvelous beauty that I began to be quite worried for fear the new one would not rival it, so renewed hoeing and weeding had to be kept up. I had to keep on my thick shoes, for it was supposed that the dog had carried off one of my slippers, and my hammock came to grief and uselessness by the calf's chewing a big hole in it; so that really I was obliged to do nothing but work out in the garden day after day—and how my flowers grew!

My pansies outrivaled the old ones, and I forgot every thing, even my affinity, in the delight of watching for the new faces which peered up at me from the velvety blossoms, and I was too tired when night came to moon over myself, much less any Arabella or Ethelinda, so sound sleep visited me quickly.

About the time I reached this state and could outrival Aunt Becky in dressing and reaching the flower garden in the morning, she found time to fix up her own bedstead and leave me to my privacy again.

It was late in the fall when she said to me one day:

"Well, Rue, do you think you'll last through the winter?"

"Last! Why, Aunt Becky, I wouldn't do any thing else for the world!" was my convincing answer, for it actually struck a pang to my heart to think of dying.

"Well, I guess your folks want to see you home by this time;" and home I went, Aunt Becky with me.

They were all ready to receive me—with pillows in the carriage and tender, sorrowing faces; she had done all the corresponding, as I did not like to write letters, and had done it as she pleased. So, when I rushed in upon the family with my red cheeks and face as brown as a gypsy's, they could not have been more astonished if I had risen from the dead.

"I said you could cure her if anybody could!" father exclaimed, in delight, that night.

"But what did you give her, Becky?" my mother anxiously asked.

"Tools!" was her sententious answer.

"What!"

"Tools—rake and hoe and spade and trowel!—gingham dress and thick-soled shoes;—took away the cloves and pencils she was eating till she looked like a tallow candle;—hid her love-sick stories and death-wishing-for poetry and gave her something to laugh at instead—let the calves eat up her lazy hammock and broke down my old bedstead so't she couldn't be alone a minute to cry and take on over her sentimental fol-de-rol;—turned her right out into the open air and let the sky and the breeze and the flowers help me out in it."

"Was that all, Becky?" Mother was so surprised that she could not find any thing else to say.

"Wasn't that enough, as long as it cured her?"

"And do you mean to say that she was not going into a decline at all?" mother urged.

"Yes, and no. She hadn't any disease that's down in the books, though I don't know what eating that stuff would have done in time. But she was declining fast into a foolish, sentimental, romantic simpleton, with all her ideas of love and heroines and affinities and death, and she might have declined by this time into something worse, for she was fast getting where she could have been most easily led into something she would have had cause to regret perhaps all her days. Queer, that mothers can't see such things!"

"Why, Becky, how you talk! I had never thought of that!" Mother was horrified as well as alarmed.

"Yes, that's just it. You were too busy with your household affairs and, like most women, thought if any thing ailed your girl it must be something for the family doctor to prescribe for; so she was drifting right on down to ruin, like enough, unless her own hard sense got the better of her in time—all just because you didn't try to understand her. But Rue's cured, I'm pretty sure; now see you don't let Bess get on the same decline, that's all."

And Bess did not. Mother was awakened in time as well as I. I did not lapse into another decline; and mother saw to it that the other girls were safely guarded by her enlightened eye through the dangerous romantic period for which she found Aunt Becky's to be an infallible cure.—Sarah B. Scarborough, in Ladies' Home Journal.

BRAU-WYLLEEN.

An Uncanny Mansion and Its Ghostly Visitant.

"It lies within the shadows of an eternal tempest;" this was the thought that occurred to me, as, alighting from my horse, I tied him carefully to the old worm-eaten hitching post near by, giving him a gentle pat as I left him, his great intelligent eyes following me with seemingly unusual interest, and that low, coaxing whinny (which meant so much to us both) trembling on the evening air.

We were firm, loving friends, my steed and I.

"Be patient, old fellow," I said. Then, lifting the heavy gate, which hung by one broken hinge to the post, I placed it one side.

The sun in one conglomerate mass of beauty was sinking behind the far-distant hills, and far and near the glinting yellow sheen lay over the waving tree tops and grass-bound valleys in an untold amber splendor. Off yonder white roads wound away among the hills and dales, telling of human life beyond them, but not here, save for my own presence, and ah! shall I pass him by, "Black Dick," who was something more than human many times, and but little less at any time.

Purple and roseate clouds followed the sinking sun, and, over all, save this one spot, seemed bathed in a flush of joy.

Storm cursed! Just here in the presence of surrounding calm and evening beauty the great trees of "Brau-Wylleen" writhed and tossed their giant branches in the air, where above them lay a heavy cloud, dark and forbidding.

A something darker than the oncoming twilight brooded in the air, and, as I walked up the neglected path, so overgrown with weeds, one stumbled as he walked, I felt the chill of desolation, heart-hunger and death through the moan of the winds as they swept through the walls and halls of the somber building before me.

A large, low, long, quaint structure made of dark-colored stone, with many windows of all shapes and sizes, some placed just under the eaves, others midway and not a few close to the ground.

A flight of stone steps led to a huge door in the center. The roof was moss grown and broken, and over all twined vines in a wild, neglected, picturesque beauty.

A huge garden or lawn lay in front of the house, which, when well kept and trimmed, must have been very lovely indeed, but now overgrown with weeds and bushes, together with the trees and vines, made it a dense wilderness of neglect and decay.

Struggling through the interlacing of tangled boughs and leaves, I sought to walk around the old homestead. The old homestead! Was it ever possible?

Suddenly, without warning, I reached the brow of a hill. The back part of the house rested upon it, and before me lay a long flight of steps leading to the river.

Not a laughing river, winding its way to the sea with ripple and song, but a dark, sullen, muddy stream, moving sluggishly along, as though clogged with revenge and bitter memories. But hark! further on I hear a tinkling murmur, but here the stream lies in the grewsome shadow of Brau-Wylleen. No wonder!

"See Naples," i. e., Brau-Wylleen, "and die," so the good people of Weir Heights told me, as, sojouraing in the little Southern city for sweet health's sake, I inquired its points of interest. They were few and far between, and Brau-Wylleen, isolated, desolate, crime-stained and deserted, lay ten miles distant; had I known this I would hardly have mounted "Black Dick" at so late an hour. The spirit of adventure was strong upon me, however, and even as the night fell heavily about me I had no thought of returning until after going through the ole house.

With a shiver of disgust I turned from the stagnant, noisome stream, and, groping my way back, went half way down the weed-grown path to see if "Black Dick" was all right. I caught the gleam of his bright eyes, and, hearing me, again he whinnied coaxingly. This resolved me to bring him into the yard and tie him close to the house. How glad he was, the noble brute, to feel my caressing hands, and when I led him to the foot of the stone steps he would have mounted them and followed me as a pet kitten would had I not kindly but firmly told him "no." I always talked to "Dick" just as I would to you or any other dear friend, for I know he always understood.

Dear fellow, how wistfully he looked after me as I ran up the dark steps, covered here and there with still darker stains—so suggestive—ugh! "The key you will find in a niche in the wall near the door." This I was also told at Weir Heights.

Groping among tangled vines and leaves, though it was midsummer, the wall felt icy to my touch, and so clammy. I found it at length, the great hideous, rusty thing, feeling in the darkness (for I could not see it) like an instrument of torture.

With great difficulty I found the key-hole, and then it seemed full of rubbish, which felt like paper and leaves.

At first the rusty lock would not yield, but finally the great door creaked on its worn hinges and swung inward noisily.

There was fluttering and scurrying across the floor and from the walls about me, and a damp, musty odor greeted my nostrils. It was well for me that my hostess insisted on my taking my small traveling sachel, which I now held in my hand, for in its different compartments were things needful in an emergency. A small night lamp, matches, a small flask of liquor, a guide book, a needle case, thread, scissors and a thimble, and a good lunch. Thankfully I pressed the clasp, opened the sachel and found a match.

As I struck it the great door swung heavily to with a sharp bang. The lock clicked, but I thought nothing of it then. I heard a snort of surprise from "Dick," and then I hurriedly lit my lamp and held it above my head. What a vast, grand old room! Rare old tapestries hung from the walls, festooned in their moldy draperies with cobwebs and dust. Here and there paintings in massive gilded, tarnished frames hung upon the walls, with dust and mold so thick upon the faces thereon none might tell the features.

The floor was of tessellated marble, whose beautiful mosaic was nearly hidden by the ravages of time and dust.

Huge pieces of furniture were placed in admirable confusion about the room, and velvet rugs of a now indistinct pattern covered the floor in front of each chair or couch.

The windows were curtainless, but solid wooden shutters, iron-bound, kept out all prying eyes. Placing my lamp (which gave but little light in these huge dimensions) upon the tall lacquered mantel-piece, I looked at my watch. Seven o'clock. I had no thought of fear, but a feeling of awe crept over me as the moldy tapestries waved to and fro, without a rustle, probably from a broken spot in the masonry of the great walls, where, too, a piteous moaning of the wind kept crying.

Calmly, amidst the dead and gone "Brau-Wylleens" looking down upon me, able, no doubt, to see through dust-covered eyes, I sat down on one of the massive chairs and ate my lunch, for I was desperately hungry. Though not lacking in ideality or romance, it was an excellent time to be practical, and to appease an appetite was a good strengthener of the nerves. You see, I was just the least afraid I should be afraid.

My repast over, I took my lamp once more in my hand, and as I did so a creaking board somewhere made me start, and then I thought I heard footsteps.

Trembling slightly, and the least indignant without knowing why, I hastily crossed the wide room and entered a garret hall. Undecided, I stood for an instant listening. This room was mostly bare, and so full of dark shadows I quickly left it.

Turning to go out, I found the door would not open. Again and again I tried it, but in vain. Suddenly again I heard "Dick" snort, then champ his bits and paw the ground, and step. He, too, evidently heard or saw something to frighten or annoy. I must get back to him—but how.

A winding staircase next met my eye, and, trying to be brave, I began ascending the steps. Again the sound of footsteps. How foolish and nervous I was becoming. Reaching the top, a long, narrow corridor opened before me, and as I advanced another door near suddenly closed.

But on I went, peering into rooms and halls, quaint closets and cupboards, with a firm determination to do or die. I felt my courage rise and began to reason with myself. It was the wind, and the rats, and bats, and scratching of boughs and leaves against the window-shutters and roof whence came the noise which my nerves had conjured up into whispering voices and footsteps. Unaccustomed to the unusual exertion of riding so far and tramping about, I grew very weary.

Couches stood almost everywhere, as if the former inmates of the old house were only too fond of leisure and reclining. With my handkerchief I brushed the cobwebs and dust from one that had once been a thing of beauty, in its rich crimson satin covering and heavy golden cords and tassels, now so soiled and tarnished.

Gratefully I sank down upon it after placing a shawl over it, albeit the green mold and its odor were very suggestive of a tomb.

Somehow amid all this gloom and desolation I grew singularly calm, when raising my eyes I met two dark, beautiful, tear-filled eyes gazing full into mine from an opening in the floor overhead.

I did not start or cry aloud, and as if impelled by an unseen force, I raised my hand and beckoned to the form.

It quickly vanished, and soon after a slight girlish figure, with long light hair all unbound, with a darkly beautiful face and graceful form clad in lusterless black silk, made in the fashion of our great grandmothers, stood beside me.

I sat up and took the small white hand she extended towards me into my own and chafed it, for it felt cold.

Clearing my voice, I asked: "What is it and who are you?"

The slight form of the girl, for she was scarcely more than that, shivered, and her dark eyes sought the corner of the gloomy room with furtive apprehension.

"Do not fear," I said, bravely. "Nothing shall harm you," and yet I, too, was quaking with a startled, nervous tremor sadly akin to fear.

Apparently reassured, she gave a deep sigh, as though of relief, and dropped on her knees at my feet.

"No, no!" I said, "not there; sit here by my side," and moving along, I made place for her upon the couch. But she shook her head and raised her dark eyes to mine pleadingly, and laid her two little pale hands in my lap.

I took them again, the tiny fluttering things, and held them within my own warm clasp.

"I am so glad you have come," she said in a sweet, plaintive voice; "I have waited so long for one brave enough to come here alone that I might tell them my story." She paused. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and said in a fierce, intense whisper:

"His grave, his grave! Have you seen it?"

"His grave? Whose grave, dear? Be calm."

It came to me at once, seeing this creature and hearing her questions. I knew only too well that the dishonored grave of Crayle Brau-Wylleen in the old, disused, desolate cemetery near Weir Heights was the one to which she referred, but I caressed the slight shrinking form and waited.

"Crayle Brau-Wylleen's," she answered me, hoarsely, and then she broke into a torrent of sobs and tears.

Presently she grew calm. "He never did it!" she said, firmly. "It was all a false, bitter lie. He made me jealous, and I vowed revenge. I wrote those cruel letters and sprinkled the blood of a favorite hound (whose life I took) about my bed and over the floor and doorsteps." She shrieked and groaned and continued: "They thought he murdered his young wife; but no, she lived to see him hanged. Ah! revenge was sweet!" She uttered a low, blood-curdling laugh that chilled the marrow in my bones. Rising, I hastily thrust her from me.

"Don't, don't!" she moaned, piteously. "If you only knew what I have suffered, how I have atoned." Then raising her dark eyes heavenward, "Even such as I He forgives."

I took her to my heart again. It was not for me to judge.

"I could not rest in my grave," she went on, her long, light hair falling about her beautiful shoulders like a fleecy cloud, her bosom heaving with emotion. "You must clear his name from all stain. Crayle Brau-Wylleen was as guiltless as you of any crime. It was my hot-headed, jealous nature that did it all."

She paused and unfastened a single white rose that nestled in the folds of silk and lace upon her bosom and pressed it into my palm.

"Here, take this, and let it prove for me that I am speaking the truth."

The delicate perfume of the fragrant flower seemed to fill the air about us and intoxicated me with its sweetness. I raised my eyes dreamily to the dark orbs bending above me.

"Promise me," murmured the beautiful lips.

"I promise," I answered, with difficulty, as the dense fragrance seemed to overpower me.

White, pink and blue clouds appeared to encircle a fair, vanishing form, a sound as of many harps and singing voices lingered upon the air, and then came the slow, muffled beating of a drum. Nearer and nearer it came, louder and louder, and with the shrill tones of voices and the wild neighing of a horse.

"Black Dick!" I awoke with a start. Had I been sleeping and dreaming? The sun was shining in through a crevice in the old stone wall. The lamp stood on the floor by my side, the oil burned entirely out of it.

I recognized the voices of friends at the door, and, feeling dazed and bewildered, I arose to meet them; as I did so something fell upon the floor at my feet.

Pausing, I looked down.

A single white rose! I picked up the frail, beautiful thing reverently, and a subtle awe stole over me. It must have been true.

"You frightened us all nearly to death," came a clamor of voices.

"The idea of falling asleep in this haunted castle."

"Talk about nerves! Why, yours must be iron-bound."

I did not smile—how could I? and they joked me unmercifully all the way home, and "Black Dick," poor patient fellow, stood at his post all the long night through. He licked my hand and nestled his great head on my shoulder as I unfastened him and led him out of the old yard and sprang into the saddle unassisted.

It was nearly noon when we reached Weir Heights, and I for one was very hungry. After dinner, when I had rested, I gathered my friends about me and told them the story of the night before at Brau-Wylleen.

There was much laughing and chaffing, but my subdued air impressed the susceptible ones not a little, and when from the depths of my sachel I brought forth the wilted white rose, still dewy with fragrance, a silence fell upon all. That surely was a proof, and it went abroad far and near, these wonderful tidings, resulting in the removal of Crayle Brau-Wylleen's bones to his home-tomb in far-distant lands, and I still carefully hoarded among my most precious treasures the faded white rose of Brau-Wylleen.—Mrs. S. C. Hazlett, in Detroit Free Press.

The Inquiries Had a Purpose.

"Johnny," said the farmer to a lad who had arrived with the summer boarders, and who was watching him turn the grind-stone. "Kin ye read?"

"Yes, sir."

"And write."

"Yes, sir."

"And spell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, 'spose ye jest spell me a