

GROWING OLD.

The fairest lilies droop at eventide, The sweetest roses fall from off the stem; The rarest things of earth cannot abide, And we are passing, too, away like them; We're growing old.

We had our dreams—those rosy dreams of youth; They faded, and 'twas well. This after- prime Hath brought us fuller hopes; and yet, for- sooth, We drop a tear now in this later time To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past— A saddened smile almost akin to pain; Those high desires, those purposes so vast, Oh, our poor hearts! they cannot come again; We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this earth is, too; Old wine is best, maturest fruit most sweet; Much have we lost, more gained, although 'tis true, We tread life's way with most uncertain feet. We're growing old!

We move along, and scatter, as we pace, Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand; At last, with gray-streaked hair and hollow face, We step across the boundary of the land Where none are old.

THE WHITE PHANTOM.

Major Merritt Hill, a "bold dragoon" in the service of his Majesty George III, found himself, one dark and blustering night in autumn, riding toward London on the old York road. He had supped with a friend who lived at a village some distance off the road, and he was unfamiliar with the country.

Though not raining, the air was damp, and the heavy, surcharged clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. A good horseman cares as much for the comfort of his steed as for his own ease. To add to the discomfort of the evening there was some chance of meeting highwaymen; but Major Hill felt no uneasiness on that score, as just before leaving his friend's house, he had examined his holster pistols, and freshly primed them. A brush with a highwayman would enhance the romance of a night journey.

The Major's horse began to give unmistakable evidence of distress, stumbling once or twice, and recovering himself with difficulty. At last a dim light suddenly appeared at a turn of the road. The horse pricked up his ears, trotted forward with spirit, soon halted beside a one-story cottage. The Major rode up to the door and rapped loudly with the butt of his whip. The summons brought a sleepy cotter to the door.

"My good friend," said the Major, "can you tell me how far it is to the next inn?"

"Eh? It be about seven mile, zur," was the answer, in the broad Yorkshire dialect of the district.

"Seven miles!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone of deep disappointment; "and my horse is already blown! My good fellow, can't you put him somewhere, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble."

"Eh! goodness sakes!" said the rustic. "I be naught but a ditcher. There be noa place to put the nag in, and there be only one room and one bed in the cot."

"What shall I do?" cried the Major, at his wit's end.

"I'll tell 'ee, zur," said the rustic. "There be a vaine large house on the road, about a mile further on. It's noa an inn, but the Colonel zee company vor the run o' the thing—'cause he loikes to zee company about 'em. You must a beard o' him—Colonel Lawrence—as used to be a cogger once."

"Say no more," cried the Major. "I have heard of this hospitable gentleman, and his having been in the army gives me a sure claim to his attention. Here's a crown for your information, my good friend."

The Major rode off, feeling an exhilaration of spirits which soon communicated itself to the horse. A sharp trot of a few minutes brought him to a large mansion, which stood by the roadside. Without dismounting he plied the large brass knocker till a servant in livery made his appearance.

"Is your master up?" asked the Major.

"I am the occupant of this house," said a venerable gentleman, making his appearance at the hall door.

"I am a benighted traveler, sir," said the Major, touching his hat, "and come to claim your well-known hospitality. Can you give me a bed for the night?"

"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house, and that happens to be in a room that does not enjoy a very pleasing reputation. In short, sir, one room of my house is haunted, and that is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal to-night."

"My dear sir," said the Major, springing from his horse and tossing the bridle to the servant, "you enchant me beyond expression! A haunted chamber! The very thing—and I, who have never seen a ghost! What luck!"

The Colonel shook his head gravely. "I never knew a man," he said, "to pass a night in that chamber without regretting it."

Pleasures of Walking.

We have people amongst us who consider walking to be vulgar, and who imagine that they would lose their dignity if they left their carriage to roll past in his carriage without having tasted such Arcadian sweets, for him is the flower-fringed by-path in the sheltering wood, and for him the moss-wreathed wayside well.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Colonel," said he, "for affording me such comfortable quarters. I shall sleep like a top."

"I am afraid not," answered the Colonel, with a grave shake of the head. "I never knew a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in this chamber."

"I shall prove an exception," said the Major, smiling. "But I must make one remark," he added, seriously. "It is ill sporting with the feelings of a soldier, and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they shall have cause to repent it."

And he laid his heavy pistols on the light-stand by his bedside.

"My servants, Major Hill," said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests. Good night, Major."

"Good night, Colonel,"

The door closed. Major Hill locked it. Beside the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some other room. There was no lock upon the second door, but a heavy table placed across completely barred it.

He threw himself into an arm-chair before the fire, and amused himself with building castles in the air, and musing on the attractions of the fair Laura, the host's daughter. He was far enough from thinking of spectral visitants, when a very slight noise struck on his ear. Glancing in the direction of the inner door he thought he saw the heavy table glide backward from its place. Quick as thought he caught up a pistol and challenged the intruder. There was no reply—but the door continued to open and the table to slide back. At last there glided into the room a tall, graceful figure robed in white.

At the first glance the blood curdled in the Major's veins; at the second he recognized the daughter of the host. Her eyes were wide open, and she advanced with an assured step; but it was very evident that she was asleep. Here was the mystery of the White Phantom solved at once. The young girl walked to the fire-place and seated herself in the arm-chair from which the soldier had just risen.

She raised her left hand, and gazing on a beautiful ring that adorned one of her white taper fingers, pressed it repeatedly to her lips. She then sank into an attitude of repose, her arms dropping listlessly by her side.

The Major approached her and stole the ring from her finger. His action disturbed, but did not awaken her. She seemed to miss the ring, however, and after groping hopelessly for it, rose and glided through the doorway as silently as she had entered. She had no sooner retired than the Major replaced the table, and drawing a heavy clothes press against it, effectually guarded himself against a second intrusion.

This done, he threw himself upon the bed, and slept soundly till a late hour of the morning. After performing the duties of his toilet, he was summoned to breakfast, where he met the Colonel and his daughter.

"Well, Major, and how did you pass the night?" asked the Colonel, anxiously.

"Famously," replied Hill, "I slept like a top, as I told you I should."

"Then, thank heaven, the spell is broken at last," said the Colonel; "and the White Phantom has vanished."

"By no means," said the Major, smiling; "the White Phantom paid me a visit last night, and left me a token of the honor."

"A token!" exclaimed the father and daughter in a breath.

"Yes, my friends, and here it is," and the Major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the meaning of this, Laura?" exclaimed the Colonel. "This ring I gave you last week."

Laura uttered a faint cry, and turned deadly pale.

"The mystery is easily explained," said the Major. "The young lady is a sleep-walker. She came into my room before I had retired, utterly unconscious of her actions. I took the ring from her hand, that I might be able to convince you and her of the reality of what I had witnessed."

The Major's business was not pressing, and he readily yielded to the Colonel's urgent request to pass a few days with him. Their mutual liking increased upon better acquaintance, and in a few weeks the White Phantom's ring, inscribed with the names of Merritt Hill and Laura Lawrence, served as a sacred symbol of their union for life.

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