

AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS.

BY ELIZA M. SHEPHERD.

It was the twilight hour;
Behind the western hill the sun had sunk;
Leaving the evening air with fragrance and sound;
High in the tops of shadowy vines wreathed trees,
Graves and silent bents were twittering good-night songs.

To still their voices, here and there,
A noisy little brook made pleasant
Music on the water, and faint sound
Of Whippoorwill falls rose on the air and fell.

With the scent of mimosa and rose,
And blossoms bedewed the tall
Walls like pink curtains, and rose upward,
Casting on the air incense sweet,
That brings to mind the old, old story
Of the rose, that bears the name of Mary
Broke upon the Master's feet.

Upon his vine-wreathed porch
An old white-haired man sits dreaming
Happy hours past, and there are no more;
And listening to the quaint old song
With which his daughter's old child to rest.

"Abide with me," she says;
"Fast falls the eventide;
The world is thine, Lord, with me."

And as he listens to the sounds that fill the
Summer air, sweet, dreamy thoughts
Of his "lost youth" come crowding thickly up;
And the old man sighs again.

With feet all bare
He wades the rippling brook, and with a boyish
shout, "I am a man!"

Gathers the violet blue and nodding forms
That wave a welcome on the other side.

The company of life and a Nell, a neighbor's child,
The company of sorrows and his joys,
Sweet, drowsy Nell, with whom life
Seemed early linked with his,
And whom he loved with all a boy's devotion.

Long years have flown,
No longer boy and girl, but man and woman,
They stand again beside the brook, that murmured soft
For hours past, and the old story
And the old, old story.

Again the years roll on,
And they are young again.
And let it while as are the chaliced lilies,
Children, whose rose lips once claimed
The rose of life, and whose looks dyed on,
Have grown to man's estate, two have
Whom God called early home, to wait
For them in heaven.

Again the years roll on,
And she is young again.
And sweet as half-remembered dreams
Old Whippoorwill falls down murmur soft
In the shadows of the vine, whose leaves
Pointed up the way Carl had gone, God called the wife and mother home,
And bid him wait.

Oh! why is it so hard for
Man to wait? To sit with folded hands
And hear the buzz and hum of toil around,
To see men reap and bind the golden sheaves
And know he may not join
But only wait! God has said, "Enough!"

And calls him home?

And thus the old man dreams,
And then awakes, to wait to hear
The sweet old song just dying
On the evening air.

"When other helpers fail,
And comforts flee,
Look for me in the quiet of my chamber
Or close beside me."

BRODHEAD, Wis.

THE DEATH CHARM.

A Story of Love and Crime.

Along a broad highway in the State of Maryland rode two persons, mounted upon two spindid animals, with the easy grace of equestrians accustomed to the saddle.

One was a maiden of scarcely more than 16, with a fresh, lovely face and a form developing into perfection, wearing a dark-blue habit and a slouch hat with heavy ostrich plume. Gauntlet gloves encircled her tiny hands, while about her there was an air of high breeding.

Her company was nearly double her age, attired in the undress uniform of a Captain of cavalry. He was a striking-looking man, with a frank, fearless face that was very fascinating.

That there was a love affair existing between the two—youth as the maiden—their glances indicated, and the court of true love, in their case, seemed to bring smooth sailing.

Presently they came upon a crowd of men in the roadway. A youth lay bound upon the ground, his face pale and bleeding, and about him a half dozen rude fellows, talking in an angry tone.

"Carter, what means this disturbance?" asked the maiden, sternly, addressing one of the men.

The man touched his hat politely and replied:

"It means, Miss Lulu, that we've caught a Tarlar here, but we've got him tight now."

"Well, you say so, I saw him coming out of the forest, where, you know, your father allows no gunning, and I called to him to stop and have his attention to me, so I calls the boys from the field and we gave chase and caught him, though he fought like a tiger."

"Any have had a hard attack in the public road, sir? My father shall hear of this at once," said Lulu Sanford, angrily.

"He's nothing but a gypsy, miss, flying over the hill yonder," sullenly said the man.

The young officer now sprang from his horse and quickly released the youth, who was secured with a rope, and said kindly, "Get up, my man, and return to your camp."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I have no desire to see your brown curls taken off by an Indian's scalping-knife," he said.

"She is dead, lady; our tribe sentenced her to die by her own hand, and he has lost heavily of late, he wrote me."

"Yes. You'll not get the rich heiress you expected to, as papa is now nearly blind off."

"I cannot tell, father." "Then we will drive to their camp tomorrow and have a talk with Capt. Carl, who seems to be a splendid fellow."

And the next day Lulu felt so much better that she drove to the gypsy encampment with her father; but the wanderers had departed, and when they returned again to the neighborhood, five years after, Lulu was Mrs. Fred De Lancy, and had a little boy whom they had named Carl, after the chief, who, with his son, came to Sanford Hill to visit his old master.

"I thought so once; now I believe she only admires and respects him."

"He has lost heavily of late, he wrote me."

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"I would like to see Miss Sanford—my boy has sent her some little trinkets he made for her," said Capt. Carl, the gypsy chief, appearing at Sanford Hill one day, two years nearly after his first.

In his hand he held a basket, in which were some shell and wooden ornaments, and when he saw her, he said, "I am sorry, sir; I am badly hurt."

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