BIRCHBROOK MILL.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A noiseless stream the Birchbrook runs
Beneath its leaning trees;
That low, soft ripple is its own,
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone
The distant church-spire's tip,
And, ghost-like, on a bank of gray,
The wan sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,
It wanders at its will;
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell
Where once was Birchbrook Mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed
Long since a farmer's fires;
His doorsteps are the stones that ground
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here; but Nature lost
No right of her domain;
She waited, and she brought the old
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves
Falls on its motionless, green soil,
And wakes the violet bloom of spring
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The gray song-sparrow sings.

—November Atlantic.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"What a strange girl Miss Wayne is! Don't you think so?"

Miss Casilear asked the question of Hoyt Graham one morning when they were standing on the steps together, Miss Wayne was tying up rose-bud carnations in one of the beds down the path.

"I think her a very charming girl," answered Graham, looking at in the direction Miss Casilear's eyes had taken. "She seems quite different from most young women I know."

"How, may I ask?" said Miss Casilear. "In what does the difference consist?"

"She seems wholly truthful," answered Graham. "I see nothing artificial about her. She is frank and never flatters."

"She seems frank," said Miss Casilear, "that there is something about her that I do not understand and I doubt if you could if you knew of it."

"Tell me what you mean," he said.

"I cannot now," she said, "Miss Wayne is coming."

Cecile Wayne came up the path, and joined them. She had a sweet, true face, frank eyes, and an air of artlessness about her that Hoyt Graham felt sure was not assumed.

Prently Miss Casilear left them, and they sat talked pleasantly for an hour. Those quiet talks of theirs were always pleasant ones In them they were learning the old lesson that is ever new—the lesson of loving.

One day, not long after that, Hoyt Graham asked Cecile Wayne to be his wife. She put her hand in his answer, and he felt that he had won a true and faithful woman for his companion in the journey of life.

"I wonder if Beechwood is haunted?" Miss Casilear asked the question one morning at the breakfast table.

"I never heard of any ghost about the place," answered Mr. Wayne. "Why did you ask, Miss Casilear? Have you seen one?"

"I hardly know," answered Miss Casilear. "If not a real ghost I saw something that marvelously resembled one, last night, near the old cluster of cedars at the end of the lawn. Did you see it, Miss Wayne?" she asked, turning suddenly to Cecile, who was sitting in your room after that, and thought perhaps you might have been looking out when I was."

"I saw no ghost" answered Mrs Wayne. Hoyt Graham saw that her face had grown a trifle pale, and had a troubled look in it.

"Tell me what you saw, Miss Casilear," said Mr. Wayne "Was your ghost in traditional white, and did it melt into thin air?"

"Perhaps it is not a ghost," answered Miss Casilear. "I might have been deceived by my eyes, but I think not. I with another keen look at Cecile, who kept her eyes upon her plate and pretended not to hear what was being said. But Hoyt Graham knew she did by the look in her face

What could Miss Casilear mean? There was evidently something at the bottom of the affair that he could not understand.

One day he and Cecile were in the parlor, reading Tennyson He read the little song of Vivian to Merlin:

"In love, if love be love, if love be love,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers.
Unfaith in aught, is want of faith in all.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

"It is not worth the keeping—let it go;
But shall it Answer, darling, Answer to,
Answer to us in all, or touch at all?"

He laid the book down, and there was a little thoughtful silence between them, side by-and-by he broke.

"I think there is a world of truth in that little rhyme. We can trust fully so long as confidence has not been shaken, but the moment distrust creeps in, all trust is gone. It must be perfect trust, or no trust at all. "Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."

"You can trust me," she said, with a half-shy earnestness. "You believe that, don't you?"

"How could I believe otherwise?" he answered, kissing her.

"I do believe the place is haunted," said Miss Casilear the next morning. "I saw the ghost again last night."

She looked across the table with that inexplicable smile on her face that Hoyt Graham had seen there before when the ghost of Beechwood was being talked about.

And again he saw Cecile Wayne's face grow pale, and her eyes fall.

"Did you see any thing last night?" Miss Casilear asked. "I heard you moving about long after that."

"I saw no ghosts," answered Cecile

A half-scornful look flashed across Miss Casilear's face. What could it mean? There was a mystery here. It began to interest him.

"It must be the place is haunted," went on Miss Casilear, as if anxious to cause Cecile as much embarrassment as possible, for she directed her remarks to him. "I was sitting as near dark as about 11 o'clock when I saw a white figure gliding down the avenue, and another figure, or perhaps rather we you choose to call it—met it there. I don't think it can be that I imagined all this, for this is the third time I have seen the mysterious figures, and always after the house has grown quiet."

She kept her eyes on Cecile's face. Cecile never once looked up.

Hoyt Graham, watched both, saw all that passed. The triumphant look on Miss Casilear's face, the pale, half-frightened one on Cecile's.

"I wish you would tell me what you mean by your ghost stories," he said to Miss Casilear, when he met her on the veranda after breakfast.

"What would you think of a woman who, engaged to one man, kept stolen interviews with another?" she asked, a world of meaning in her tone.

"Tell me what you mean," he said.

"Watch and see," she answered, and would have no more to say about it.

That night fell dark and rainy. Now and then lightning flashed vividly across the inky sky, and long, terrific peals of thunder shook the house. The guests seemed in no mood for social intercourse, and went to their rooms at an early hour.

Hoyt Graham did not feel like going to bed. He sat down by the window and looked out into the wild, black night.

Suddenly as a flash of lightning made everything as light as day, he started, for there gliding down the avenue, was Miss Casilear's ghost.

He waited for another flash.

Pretty soon it came, and by it light he saw, down by the stunted old cedars at the end of the lawn not one figure, but two. A man and a woman, and the man's arms were about the woman's form, and, as the lightning lit the landscape with a fearful, white light, he saw that the woman was Cecile Wayne.

He staggered as if a shaft of lightning had struck him. He had trusted her so true, and she was false. He know, now, what Miss Casilear meant.

Suddenly a line of the song he had read rang through his brain. Like a accompaniment of a long roll of far-off thunder.

"Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."

Going down the hall next morning, Cecil Wayne met Hoyt Graham with a traveling shall over his arm.

"I am going away," he said, in answer to her questioning look. "I hoped I should not see you, I have left a letter for you. Of course after what I saw last night there can be no more between us."

She turned pale as death.

"Let me explain," she said.

"Do not attempt to," he answered coldly. "Good morning."

"Oh, wait, wait! listen to me, for the love of God!" she cried, "let me tell you the truth, and you can not blame me so much."

But the man she appealed to with such agony in her entreaty, never turned. He went down the path, stern and implacable, with no answer to her beseeching and she fell prone upon the floor, with such a cry as comes from a breaking heart.

Years after, Hoyt Graham stopped at a little rude cabin on a Western prairie, and asked for shelter for the night. A man was the only occupant of the place.

"You can stay," he said, and Graham sat down beside the door to rest himself after his long day's tramp.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon a gravestone with a white board at its head. He got up and went to it. Bending down he read:

"CECILE WAYNE, AGED 22.

He turned toward the cabin door where the man stood watching him.

"I knew a woman by that name was Cecile Wayne," he said, and his face was pale with old memories.

"It is my sister's grave," the man made answer.

"The Cecile Wayne I knew had no brother, I think," said Graham, coming back to the cabin. He sat down on the doorway and let his thoughts go back to that dead summer. The hand of the man whose sister was sleeping in the lonely prairie grave, worked the rude trellis over which some some wild flowers ran as they clambered up about the door. He caught the letter of a ring upon it, and his face grew pale.

"Was that your sister's ring?" Graham asked.

"Yes," the other answered, "What made you think that?"

"The Cecil Wayne I knew, and the Cecil Wayne whose grave is yonder, were the same person," a swered Graham. "I saw that ring upon her finger often. Tell me about her and her death."

"She died of a broken heart," Cecile Wayne's brother answered. "I was a wild and reckless fellow, in my younger days, and my father turned me out of doors and threatened to send out any of the family after me who ventured to have anything to do with me. My sister managed to see me once in while, in spite of my father's threats. She had took t nto my head to come West and she tried to help me. It seems that the man she was engaged to saw her meet me one night, and he believed she was false to him. He refused to listen to any explanation of her conduct. My father found out that she had been trying to help me, and bade her leave the old home. She came to me, and together we came here. She lived about a year, and died like a broken flower.

"My God! and I believed her false, while all the time she was true to me!" groaned Graham. "Oh, I have wronged me!" and the strong man threw himself in passionate sorrow on the grave of the woman he had misjudged so cruelly, and all night long he lay there asking her who slept beneath the grasses to forgive the wrong he had done her.

Perhaps she did. Who knows?

A New Game for Children.

We mention this game, which we believe has never appeared in print, because not only many may take part, but, like really good games, amusement and perhaps instruction may be derived in playing it; and any member may play at the same time. Let us suppose that ten children decide to play this game of "Names." Each should be provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the parties has such an article at hand, better; if not, a clock must be used. The commences by calling out: "Girls' names commencing with A; two minutes allowed." Each player must then write down the girls' names that he (or she) can collect, and at the expiration of two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say Amy, Annabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, and the other young players, as the names are read out, cancel any such name. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one; but if only two, say, also have Annabel, and four have not, each of the six count one mark, those who have had Annabel cancel Annabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children skill and body speed. Each player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say Amy, Annabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, and the other young players, as the names are read out, cancel any such name. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark; but if only two, say, also have Annabel, and four have not, each of the six count one mark, those who have had Annabel cancel Annabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children skill and body speed. When the marks have been allotted for all the names the total of the marks are read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in the same manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, etc. The game can be continued till all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted, but practically young players rarely care to "do" more than thirty names, or fifteen for each consecutively. Various games crop up and the memory is well exercised, and children generally vote it great fun. Anyone is excluded (pet or fancy names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, etc., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they be allowed.

A Hair-less Remedy for Insomnia.

Herald of Health.

I am usually a good sleeper, I was about to say, a perfect sleeper, but twice of late I have failed to do my whole duty in that line. Once was because two or four nights since the other time was last night. On both occasions I awoke soon after midnight, and sleep refused to come back to me, though I made my best endeavors to win that sometimes fickle goddess. On the first occasion I remembered having a short time previously read in the New York Tribune a statement that relief for sleeplessness could be found by setting a linen handkerchief, folding it and placing it under the back of the neck, with a dry cloth under the kerchief to protect the pillow, I thought I could improve on the idea, which I think by folding the kerchief to the right width, wetting it and wrapping it around my neck and enveloping that with a dry towel, folded somewhat wider than the kerchief was. Last night I repeated this treatment. In both cases very soon after returning to my bed I was lost in sleep, as perfect as that which comes to us in childhood's happy hours. If I were habitually a poor sleeper I would try such an envelopement of the neck on retiring, and if I should become

A Pies for One in Adversity.

Bill Nye in Courier-Journal.

I learn with much sadness that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's once princely fortune has shriveled down to $150,000,000 This piece of information comes to me like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Once petted, fondled and caressed, William H. Vanderbilt, shorn of his wealth, and resting upon his foundation but his unswerving integrity, must struggle along with the rest of us.

It would be but truth to say that Mr. Vanderbilt has had more of my sympathy from the world now in the days of his adversity and penury, when the wolf is at his door. There are many of the former friends who gave companiment of a long roll of far-off thunder.

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The Buffalo Must Go.

N. Y. Tribune.

The extinction of the buffalo, or bison, in this continent, was only a matter of time, but it appears to have been accomplished sooner than it was thought from St. Paul which was published yesterday is accurate. The extension of the Pacific railroads laid open a great tract of country which had been previously been difficult to approach. The Plains at once ceased to be distant. The hunting grounds of the Indians were made accessible no; only to genuine sportsmen, but to pot-hunters and hide-hunters. From that period of date a merciless and unreasonable war was waged against the last remnant of them have been driven to take refuge in practically inaccessible regions. It is true that the buffalo is not inconsistent with American civilization; that in fact it was one of the last remaining evidences of a state of nature which cannot come again and that the Indians who subsisted upon the animal have either perished or obtained some other means of living. All this is conceded and it is well that it has it probably been discounted already. There is no difficulty in making efficient substitutes for the carrion robes which were the principal articles derived from the great bison of the plains. Viewed from a purely material point, therefore, it is not important whether the buffalo stayed or die appeared. But there is a other aspect of the case.

In the first place, the reckless slaughter of the great herds of buffalo that a few years since ranged the plains has been one of the most shameless and culpable rapacity. Little less blameworthy than the conduct of the hidehunters has been that of the so-call sport-hunters. Very few have been the best game every where on the globe. These foreign sportsmen are answerable for much of the destruction wrought upon the buffalo, though no doubt the ruthless and greedy hide-hunters have done the lion's share of the extinction. We hope that in the waste of our forests, however, we are doing our best to leave the country something more than we found it, and our descendants will perhaps not bless us when they learn how we disregarded their interests and denied their rights, whenever any could be the destruction of our own blind and reckless selfishness stood in the way.

Husbands Scare on Inoculation.

New York Sun.

"What's the reason so many English women come over here to join the Mormons?" said a Castle Garden policeman in response to an inquiry. Because they don't have half a chance to get married in England. Don't you know. Why, one of 'em was telling me that, out of 100 women folks in her native village between the ages of 20 and 35, there are twenty more than men. Fourteen of the other fifty four had owned husbands once, but they had died. The remaining twenty had never any, and had no hopes of getting any. She seemed to have made a study of the question, for she told me that there were less than 4,000,000 women between 20 and 40 years in all England and Wales, and nearly 2,000,000 were unmarried. So when the English learnt about Utah, and the glorious opportunities it afforded them in a marital way they became impressed with the place at once; and that's why they keep coming over with Mormon missionaries.

All About Eyebrows.

Harper's Bazar.

When the eyebrows are far from each other at their starting point between the eyes they denote warmth, frankness and impulse—a generous and unsuspicious nature. A wonderful feature such eyebrows would never be causelessly jealous. Eyebrows, on the contrary, which meet between the eyes in the manner so much admired by the Persians denote a temperament ardent in love, but jealous and suspicious.

Eyebrows arching very close to the eyes, forming one direct clear line on strongly defined eyebones having the same arch, slow and steady, will use extreme determination of character. This sort of eyebrow appears on the heads of Negro; but there is no opinion of determination are deepened with cruelty by the massive jaw and the development of the cheek bone by the same. This form of eyebrow in conjunction with other good indications would mean only constancy in affection and power of carrying out a project despite all difficulties

Eyebrows that are strongly marked at the commencement, and also delicate and arbitrarily without sweeping past the eyes, show an irrscible and impertinent nature.

Eyebrows slightly arched show sensitiveness and tenderness of nature; but eyebrows that are so much arched as to give the appearance of being high at the corners of the eyes, denote a person who is totally deficient in the science of flirting, while eyebrows which are close to the eyes at their termination show mathematical talents

When the hair of the eyebrows is rubbed and flying upward in contortions, it denotes an energetic, easily irritated nature, unless the hair of such eyebrows is thin and disappointing (sometimes, but not often, seen), in which case this ruffled growth would only indicate an ardent but tender disposition.

When the eyebrows are formed of short hairs, all lying smoothly and in good formation, they denote a delicate sense of a firm mind and good, unerring perceptions.

Eyebrows that bend downward close to the eyes, so as almost to cover the eyelashes when they are raised, denote tenderness and melancholy. The beautiful arch of Antinous has this form of eyebrow

Angular, strong and sharply interrupted eyebrows close to the eyes always show a strong and productive mind. I have never seen a profound thinker with weakly marked eye brows placed very high on the forehead. Want of eyebrows or very thin eyebrows is a sign of mental and bodily force.

The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes, the more curious, deep and full the character, the more they are from the eyes, the more volatile and less resolute the nature.

Eyebrows coarser than the hair show a weakness and indecision. Eyebrows much darker than the hair denote an ardent and passionate but somewhat inconstant temperament.

Eyebrows the same color as the hair show firmness, resolution and consistency. In judging of the eyebrows it must be remembered that if form and color give different indications, the form will always be the more reliable. Form gives the most important indication, the color and texture of the eyebrow being secondary to its position as regards the eyes and forehead.

Management of Sheep in Winter.

In the American Agriculturist for October appears the following, a few timely words upon the above subject:

Sheepherds, like poets, are born, not made. They have a natural aptitude for can be trusted to take care of horses, cows or pigs, to one who is fit to be intrusted with the management of sheep. Why, we do not know. The great sheep-herders of the world have given much of their own time and labor to the care and improvement of sheep. We have not space here to go into details, and in fact it is not necessary, as these vary greatly, according to circumstances. But the sheep-herder, from mon sense and experience of the sheepherd. If any of our readers are going into sheep-husbandry, and have little or no experience, we would advise them to consult some good farmer in the neighborhood, and in addition to this, the following hints may be acceptable. Sheep must have dry quarters. Nothing is so injurious as damp, ill-ventilated cellars, barns or sheds. We think you can make such places warm and dry and comfortable by the liberal use of straw for bedding. This only makes the matter worse. There is nothing always dislikes more than a fermenting manure pile. The compost is a fertile source of ewes to lie on a mass of damp straw and manure several inches deep, is almost certain to be followed by a weak, puny, and sickly crop of lambs. Some of the valuable flock of South-downs that has entirely disappeared. Gotire destroyed, and the Long-wool breeds, the