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When the Woods Turn Brown.

How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink blooms of the summer-time
Will
That leans from the dell like a clique of a
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?
Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will
Blush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Whisper adieu from their fairest bowers?
When golden-rod and wild flowers and asters
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hillside nooks are empty and cold?
Then the forest tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped
down,
And crumbled to dust?

O, then as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking now gems for my
To will dream of green leaves, when the
woods turn brown."

—Lucy Larcom, in the Floral Cabinet.

THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

This Ogre's castle was a big white house set on a hill overlooking the village, and it had been a deserted castle, until one summer the owner suddenly appeared and took possession. He lived in London, and had not been to this quiet out-of-the-way place since boyhood.

And now he kept singularly secluded, and the girls from the seminary called him the Ogre. A party of them passed there every morning and afternoon, but not once did they see the mysterious stranger.

"Surely he has committed a murder, and is in hiding," said Nelly Blakesly, one afternoon, peeping between the bars of the gate.

She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl of about seventeen, rather wicked, quick-hearted, and a very imp for mischief. You would not judge so from her face so demure and sweet; but those bright dark eyes were sparkling with mischief, though they could be very soft and tender, and even fill with tears when her sympathies were aroused.

"Now, today, you said you could dare to do anything, Nell, and yet I wager my ruby ring you would not dare to enter the Ogre's Castle," said Sadie May.

"I would dare to do it."

"Prove it—prove it!" cried half-a-dozen eager voices.

The color rose to Nell's fair cheeks.

"Now?"

"Yes, now."

"Then take my books, and I will go in and ask the Ogre for some of those roses blooming by the window; and I will go in as the one opened down to the door, and not run the risk of being turned away from the door."

She raised the latch of the gate and pushed it boldly open. It creaked loudly on its rusty hinges. And the girls hurried away a short distance, all but Nell. She stood her ground bravely, and walked up. No one appeared. The curtains were drawn down between the windows of the room around it that was half-open, and no sign of the girl's tight school dress on the veranda, and her heart beat quicker in a sort of fear when she put her hands to the door-knob. The door was not fastened, and she entered.

Coming from the dazzling sunshine, she could not distinguish objects.

"Who enters?" suddenly inquired a deep voice, and a man who was sitting in a large armchair, with his head hidden in his hands, raised up and turned towards the window. Nell grasped her breath and retreated a step or two, secretly wishing herself outside of the gate again.

"The Nell Blakesly, a school-girl," she faltered then, plucking up courage, and stepping in, ventured to look at the ogre.

He was slender and handsome, with a refined face, and manly, well-cut features, but something in his expression puzzled the girl.

"Come in," he said, rising to his feet and speaking politely but coldly. "Excuse me for asking you to get your own chair, Miss Blakesly. I am blind."

"Oh, how sorry I am, sir!" cried Nell, with the deepest pity in her voice and eyes. "Pray pardon this intrusion. Mr. Chichester became so simply because the girls said I would not dare to do it."

"Ah, yes! I am the ogre," he said with a faint smile.

"Now how did you hear that?" exclaimed Nell in confusion.

"Ogre's have many mysterious ways of hearing remarks—particularly if they are about themselves. Do not be in haste to go. I am blind and harmless."

Such a look of gloom overspread his face, that in pity for him, the girl lost her embarrassment. She longed to do something for him in return for the light, if possible, that darkness which night and day, must envelop him.

"It has been a good while since I received a visitor."

What could she say to him—a stranger—who would comfort him? She saw a new good magazine on the table.

"Would you like me to read a little to you?" she said rather timidly.

"If you are a good reader you may, unless you have other and more pleasing engagements. Many young ladies make an effort to read; but her voice is weak."

It was not a very grateful acceptance, and for a moment Nell felt the color rise to her cheeks at her ogre, and consequently rose opposite her, She took a rose out of her belt, and twirled it in her hands to conceal her vexation; but it was quite unnoticed, as, and read with interest—in fact, the strange lady entered the room. Mr. Chichester introduced her as Mrs. Lanel, his aunt. She looked somewhat surprised at his company, but, as though he knew her thoughts, he quickly explained that Miss Blakesly called to gather a few roses, and kindly consented to read for him.

The lady seated herself on a chair near the door, and Nell, waiting a moment, gathered a handful of roses and hurried away, but her companions had gone on their way.

Next morning they gathered around her to hear the news, but she gave only a very brief, subdued account of her call.

"Girls, he is blind."

"How does he look?"

"Very pale and sad."

"Is he handsome?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He is a perfect gentleman. It must be a dreadful thing to be blind," said Nell with a shudder.

That afternoon Mrs. Lanel stood at the gate when the girls passed by, and she called Nell.

"Will you come, in again, my dear? Edward desires it."

The girl hesitated. She had no desire to call her home, and she would be willing to study her lessons at night if the slight sacrifice would benefit or add anything to the pleasure of that poor prisoner. She went in.

"He talked of you last night, and seemed more cheerful than usual. He thinks you are a little girl," said the lady, her eyes glancing over the young graceful figure at her side.

Nell smiled.

"How long has he been blind?" she ventured to inquire.

"Almost a year now. The doctors think there is hope that his sight may be restored. It was a dreadful blow to him, he was so strong, so full of life and the joys of life. He came here to get away from the world and his friends, but the loneliness is terrible."

She talked as one pleased to have a listener, and Nell looked so fair and sympathetic.

"You will not object to giving him at least one hour, occasionally, if he desires your company, will you? I know it is a great favor to ask, but anything to amuse and interest him, I will do."

"It will be a pleasure to me," said the girl earnestly.

Mr. Chichester welcomed her with a smile.

"You have come to cheer the ogre's loneliness again, have you, little friend? What is your name? Oh, yes, Nell. I may call you Nell, may I not?"

"Certainly, sir," and Mrs. Lanel nodded approval.

"Then come sit near me Nell, and read in this book if you are not tired."

So she settled herself in a low chair near him, while Mrs. Lanel took a seat by the front window.

She read a while, and then Mr. Chichester asked her some questions about her school-studies, and finally began to tell her of plays and people seen abroad.

"I'm not over thirty myself, Nell, and before this terrible darkness fell on me, I loved life as ardently as any one could."

He was a good talker, and Nell felt that in listening to him, she was repaid for her kindness.

The ladies of the village called on Mrs. Lanel, but none of them—except Mrs. Blakesly, Nelly's mother, saw the master of the house.

She was a good woman and not given to ambitious dreams, but she could not help looking forward to the future, and thinking how this acquaintance between her young daughter and Edward Chichester might end should his sight be restored.

It was a summer never to be forgotten by Nell Blakesly. From being one of the wildest, most daring girls in the school, she became one of the quietest.

The girls teased her a good deal, but she only laughed good-humoredly at it.

Early in autumn the doctors ordered Mr. Chichester abroad. He would spend the winter in Italy and go on to Paris in the spring, where a famous oculist had promised to try his skill on his eyes.

"I wish I could adopt you and take you with me, Nell."

"Wait till [illegible] and you can [illegible] for Edward," said Mrs. [illegible]

Nell felt as though she was very good, and even if they do not, I feel that you belong to me now. How old [illegible]

"Why, I thought her a child of twelve or thirteen."

He became silent, and, after waiting a little, the girl approached him.

"You are not angry, sir, because I did not tell you?"

"Angry, my best friend, no; but I must adjust myself to the new condition of things. I must plan a different future."

He stretched out his hand graspingly, and Nell laid her's in it. He carried the slender fingers to his lips.

"Can I ever repay you, Nell?"

"Oh, sir, you have more than repaid me already, she said, her tears falling. They were tears of pity for him, and tears of grief for herself. There was a dreadful pain at her heart, and she felt almost frightened at the gleam of the future. What should she do when her occupation was gone?

The Ogre's Castle looked very desolate when he went away, and Nell often paused at the gate to look in, and to sigh for the time when the ogre would return.

It was just a year from the time he went away till he came back. Nell saw the carriage coming up the street, and ran to the window, but its closed windows made her heart sink. Alas! he came back as he went—blind.

The girl had developed wonderfully in body and mind this year. Her school-days were over now, and she might have had lovers in plenty, but her true heart remained faithful to that friend so far away. And it did not falter now when her hopes were crushed. In the evening Mrs. Lanel came after her, and without a question she hastened to make ready for the visit. She put on her prettiest white dress and fastened roses in her hair, just as though he would see her.

"It is a foolish whim, but I cannot help it."

She could not trust herself to ask how he bore the disappointment of not having his sight restored, and Mrs. Lanel, for once, did not mention his blindness. In fact, she was singularly silent on the subject, and ushering Nell into the parlor, went away.

A lamp burned softly on the table, and there in the armchair sat Mr. Chichester, his head bent down, a bandage over his eyes. With throbbing heart the girl advanced towards him.

"Nell!"

He raised his head and stretched out his hands to her.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you again!"

"Ah, Nell, it has been the strongest desire of my life to see you for a year! Come closer, let me put my hand on your head."

She knelt down before him, and he passed his hand slowly, caressingly over her head.

"You are not a school-girl now. You will not care to read or talk to the ogre any more."

His helplessness put her shyness to flight.

"I will always care to be of service to you, sir."

"Would you be willing to sacrifice your life for the pleasure of a blind man?—for, if you stay, you will be sacrificing to the whims and idle fancies!"

"It would not be wasted," she said in a low firm tone.

"Will you be my wife, Nell?"

"Yes sir," unhesitatingly.

"From pity? sir yes"

"No, sir."

"Nell, my love, my darling, kiss me! Ah, there is, after all, some compensation in being blind," he said, as he folded her to his breast.

Tears of mingled joy and pain gathered in the girl's eyes. It would be no sacrifice to her to marry him, to devote her life to him, be eyes for him, light of his pathway, but his regret must be hers also.

"Do not think of being blind. Make me your eyes," she said softly.

"Nell, Nell, forgive me dear one, for thus trying you. The Paris doctor did cure me. I can see, and I must see you this moment."

He put her from him, and tied the bandage from his eyes, and looked at her with tenderness and love.

Nell shrank away, crimson with shame, then pale as death.

"It was not right to play on my feeling and take advantage of my ignorance," she said. "Oh, sir, how could you do it?"

"It was cruel, but I could not resist the temptation. You did not know it, but I took your picture with me, and it was the first thing I looked at when permitted to see the world again. Can you not forgive me, Nell? Love, do not turn coldly from me, for what will slight or life be if I must lose you?"

He stretched out his arms to her, but she stood still, too proud and shy to go to him now, and he went to her.

"Am I not to receive pardon, Nell?"

And Nell hid her face against his shoulder. That was answer sufficient.

Mr. and Mrs. Chichester spent their winters in London, but every summer they visited the Ogre's Castle, and Mrs. Blakesly feels satisfied.

Too Much Animation.

The blinds of a Main street residence were drawn upon Saturday, and looking out of the window was the lady of the house, with her eyes directed down the street. It was easy to see the look of anxiety. Even the pride of childhood's memory. The eye that passed down the street looked fiery enough to tan the hide on all the naughty boys [illegible]

Down the street fifty rods was a boy undoing a bundle. He was handling it intently over it. First he untied the string; then he untied that. Now he lifted his feet and stumbled along, occasionally he cast furtive glances homeward, as if apprehensive of something. He paid no attention to the man behind him or before him.

He was a good-looking boy. He looked just as good and angelic as small boys always do when stealing jam or robbing apple orchards or torturing the cat. His eyes were [illegible] but his teeth were sharp, and he undid the last knot. Then the whole business exploded. Then there jumped out on the sidewalk something in white with a hoop, a skip, and a jump, like the song said—Dance man, skipped up once or twice with a scream, looked like the old girl at the dancing school and then it stood there in its glory. It was a full-blown hoop-skirt, with its white ends of crinoline waving in the wind. How that boy laughed! He danced around the sidewalk and roared with glee. Then he took it up by one string and [illegible] then he put it down and danced on it and screamed with glee. Then he took it up and [illegible] for a month. [illegible] they can't get [illegible] we say: it [illegible]

—*Boston Herald.*

The Wisdom of a College "Grind."

The students at the Normal University were amused the other evening, which we regarded. When a lot of students, some of whom are so green they would give cows that might devour them be colic, and who do not know each other from a side of sole leather, go together and try to get acquainted, it is a "grind."

One of the chief "grinders" who knows everybody introduces all the others, and then they sit in the corners and blush a peck other, and look as if they had swallowed something they have to have in this business, and swallow the lumps as comes up in their throat, and examine the tops of their shoes.

After a while somebody proposes that a play be inaugurated, and in a moment or two a circle was formed around a male and female "grinder" and went marching, around singing, something about "down on this carpet you must kneel, as green as grass grows in the dell."

At a certain period in the song, the he "grinder" kissed the she "grinder" smack on the mouth, and it was a kiss that got up a good deal of sound, and seemed to have the desired effect, too. Where had got rid of his bashfulness, the "grinder" got so looking as happy as a man who has just had a quart of [illegible] and the "waitress" seemed to feel that she could use up enough kiss to build the walls of a school house.

In due time, somebody wanted to make a kiss with a ladder, and we kind of fell in over, as it were, and accepted an invitation from a pretty girl to be a paid the ladder. We knew that if she used the kiss up the ladder we would imperiously willing to have it tramp on our toes on the way up, but they put a [illegible] looked as if she had been washed in a solution of concentrated vitriol for two years [illegible] and then we all [illegible] kissed back and forth [illegible] for a month. [illegible] they can't get [illegible] we say: it [illegible]

—*Terre Haute Gazette.*

[illegible]

—*Chronicle.*

[illegible]

—*Republican.*

[illegible]

—*Chronicle.*

[illegible]

—*Republican.*

[illegible]

—*Chronicle.*

[illegible]

—*Chronicle.*

[illegible]

—*Chronicle