A Mistake.

Adown the path she goes,
'Twixt pansy, pink and rose;
Her song is stilled,
Her eyes are filled
With unshed tears.

"Ah, it is better so
That he or she shall go;
They will forget
Their deep regret
In passing years."

She stoops and plucks two flowers,
Who from their perfumed bow'rs,
Have seemed to feel
Her eye's appeal,
Her sweet distress.

One flower is dark, and one
Is golden as the sun;
The dark will show
The answer "No!"
The yellow "Yes!"

And when he comes to-night,
Beneath the moon's soft light,
To him she'll throw
The answer, "No!"
And 'twill be done.

But when the time is come,
Her trembling hand is numb,
Her eyes grow dim,—
She throws to him
The yellow one.

—Carl Ernst.

From a Castle to a Cabin.

AST Thursday a party of hunters returning from a trip across Bear Ridge, called at the Hermitage. The Hermit could not be found, and they were about to push on, when one of their number stumbled across a half-imbedded substance that was partially disinterred by the act, and revealed a boot. The men all set to work and soon tore away the light covering of leaves and straw, and brought to light the stiffened corpse of Bill Grey, as he was commonly called. His body has been brought to town, and will be interred this afternoon. He came among us many years ago, and has led the life of a recluse ever since. Nothing is known of his history."

The above extract appeared in a Potter County, Penn., newspaper the other week, and brought back to the writer the memory of an autumn expedition among the hills of Northern Pennsylvania, and an interview with the unknown dead.

I had taken up my headquarters at a ramshackled farm-house, kept by a one-half hunting, one-half farming individual, who, among other virtues, kept a pack of hounds, and was a warm friend of anyone who possessed a gun and knew how to use it.

My host, after directing me to all the best localities for a shot, and throwing in some valuable reflections of his own on sportsmanship in general, told me of a "character" that had "fetched up in these parts," the excellence of whose shot and unsociableness of life had created a good deal of talk. "Don't yer put a word to him no-a-ways; yer won't git as much as beans for an answer, and yer mought as well start for hum ef yer cum 'cross him, fur thar's no luck arterwards. Iv'e bin thar."

Game was plenty, the weather fine, and the unerring shot and his general uncannyness did not again trouble my brain, until one particular Saturday, when the fates seemed to have opened all their batteries.

I started from the house after an early breakfast, with a comfortable luncheon stowed away in my pocket, intending to make a day of it. The weather promised fair enough, and I strolled on with a careful eye to the main chance, pausing now and again to admire the beauty of the forest scene, but no luck. I had been so fortunate before, that I was beginning to grumble over the time it took for a first shot, when I heard the low rumble of thunder, and looking up, found the sky completely overcast.

Though no "fair-weather sportsman," a soli-