

CHANGED.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Love, once we stood where the branches lean,
Where nests were hidden and songs were heard,
While glimpses of sunlight fell between
And showed us the timid mother-bird.
We kissed in silence, yet who could hear
When only the leaves and the birds were near?

Ah, sweet are kisses, but sweeter yet
Are the tender tears that together flow.
Our hearts were beating, our cheeks were wet,
We blessed the sorrow that hurt us so;
And sweet as Heaven was the parting pain
That died in the hope to meet again!

But now how fares it? Green leaves are dead.
If we stood in that lonely place to-day
What should we find in summer's stead?
What should our tired hearts have to say?
Not so much as one dear good-by,
Where cold winds rustle and dead leaves lie!

ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The apple-orchards of Mr. Peck and Mr. Norris were adjacent to each other. Each comprised about thirty acres; and the fruit raised in them was not excelled in the country. These orchards, in fact, were models of pomology, and people interested in that pursuit came from considerable distances to inspect them. They were alike as to general appearance and number and varieties of trees. Their owners were alike in nothing, and resembled each other less in disposition than in anything else. This difference will be best illustrated by a conversation that occurred between them when they met in the road one pleasant October day.

"I think we are fortunate," said Mr. Peck, "in having so good a yield of fruit when the price is high."

"Indeed we are," said Mr. Norris. "And if it were not for one thing, I should be perfectly satisfied with apple-growing, taking an average of the seasons."

"Ah," said Mr. Norris, "what troubles you?"

"It is the thieving of the boys about here."

Mr. Norris looked amused.

"It is a great outrage," said Mr. Peck, making himself angry as he talked. "The little rascals understand perfectly well how I feel about it, for I have repeatedly refused to permit them to enter my orchard, even to pick up the wind-falls. But they defy me. I have lost a great deal of sleep sitting up nights and watching for them with a shot-gun loaded with powder and salt. The impudent scamps!—how I'd like to put a charge into their legs! But they're too cunning for me; either I get asleep watching, or they come nights when I'm not in. They steal my apples, break down my fences, and give me no end of worry. Sometimes I've thought of selling out on account of them."

"They never trouble me at all," said Mr. Norris.

"Well, I declare! How do you manage?"

"Very simply. When a boy comes to me for apples I take him out into my orchard, fill his pockets, and send him away as happy as a lord."

Mr. Peck elevated his nose, and uttered a contemptuous exclamation.

"And I tell him," continued the other, "that he may always pick up apples from the ground to eat, but that he must not climb the trees. In this way I have preserved my orchard from injury, and kept on the very best of terms with the boys."

"So you allow the young pirates to levy tribute on you as the price of good conduct?"

Mr. Norris laughed as he replied.

"We look at this matter from very different positions, Mr. Peck. The value of all the fruit given away in this manner during a season is trifling, and it seems to me a very slight concession to make for peace and exemption from damage. I believe most lads are naturally right-minded, when you can really get to their hearts, and I'd rather have them for my friends than my enemies—especially in apple time. And then I'm not ashamed to say that I used to be a boy myself, and that I have never quite got over it. Yes, I like to see the little fellows happy; and if a few apples now and then will make the world brighter to them, certainly I am not the man to refuse."

"All sentimental stuff, Mr. Norris. My apples are my own property; I don't choose to give them away, and I won't submit any longer to have them stolen. I shall get a savage bull-dog to guard them; and if that won't work, I'll set a spring-gun."

"I'm very sorry you feel so on the subject. The law will not justify you in such extreme measures—surely not in using firearms or spring-guns."

"But I'll do it—I'll be langed if I don't!" And Mr. Peck laid his whip emphatically over the backs of his unoffending horses and went on.

Mr. Peck was a man whose vindictive feelings would at any time overbalance his judgment, and he now proceeded without delay to fulfill his threats. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this story describes boys not as they ought to be, but as they were in the neighborhood where its scene is located. The apple crop was superabundant that fall, and the well-known and highly appreciated indulgence of Mr. Norris was sufficient to furnish all the fruit that the juveniles could desire; but because "old Peck" had driven them harshly away they were not satisfied short of eating his apples. In the convention held at recess he was unanimously voted "a stingy old hunk," and it was determined that his orchard should be robbed. The attempt was made one dark night soon after the conversation we have detailed. A dozen boys of from twelve to fifteen years secretly left their beds, and assembling near Mr. Peck's orchard, silently scaled the high wall and began their foray. It had hardly commenced when a deep growl from the distance warned them of impending danger. The retreat was hasty, but successful; one of the boys suffering a severe bite in the calf of the leg as he mounted the wall. It may be added that the same boy endured some of the pains of martyrdom in the next week, while resolutely keeping the knowledge of this occurrence from his parents.

Two days after this occurrence Mr. Peck's ferocious dog was found dead. He had been poisoned.

The rage of the owner was unbounded. He called at the school and emptied the vials of his wrath; but the master informed him that the case was clearly one for parental discipline—provided he could find the guilty parties. He then visited every home that sent a boy to school, and demanded the summary punishment of that boy. Mr. Peck was hardly more a favorite with the grown-up people of the neighborhood than with the boys; but this was a serious matter, and an investigation was made to find the culprits. It is unnecessary to say that they were not found. Boys who will do the things that I have described will never hesitate to cover up their tracks by lying; and so it was here.

Money was flowing into Mr. Peck's hands for the products of his orchard; so long as he felt that a single apple was being taken without payment, he was bound to be miserable. His next resort was a spring-gun, which he rigged up one afternoon and set in the orchard. A loud noise from it that night awoke him, and he rushed out, only to find the gun demolished and useless. It afterward transpired that the operation of setting it had been watched by some interested parties through a chink in the wall.

For one whole week following did Mr. Peck lie in wait each night for the thieves, and he did not see one of them. There was at least one old head upon young shoulders among the offenders, and the word had been passed round that the orchard must not be molested again until the proprietor had sufficient time to "cool off." That unhappy proprietor was enraged, disgusted and mystified. He had tried every remedy but on for the evils that afflicted him, and to this one he now resorted with reluctance. What it will appear further on.

It was a moonlight night when the boys next made an incursion into Mr. Peck's orchard. They filled their pockets with the fruit, they ate more than they wanted, and then they proceeded to hang up to a limb an effigy of the owner, which they had brought along with great trouble and difficulty. It was after midnight when they were safe in the highway again, and then their mischievous mood was somewhat disturbed by the near approach of a horse and buggy.

"Halloo, boys," cried a familiar voice. "What's going on? Nothing wrong, I hope!"

The young culprits hung their heads in silence—not afraid, but thoroughly ashamed, for the speaker was their kind friend, Mr. Norris.

"I don't like the looks of this, boys," he said, stopping his horse. "This night business is always bad; and how is it, when I have always been willing for you to come freely to my orchard and help yourselves, that you find any pleasure in going where you are forbidden?"

One very young gentleman attempted an answer, but his voice was so low that only the words "stingy old Peck" were audible.

"Well," said Mr. Norris, preparing to drive off. "I am very sorry to find you engaged in this way, after all that has passed between us. And perhaps it won't make you feel any better to learn that you have not been robbing Mr. Peck's orchard at all, this time; you have been robbing me. I bought this property yesterday, and took possession; and its late owner would not care if you had taken away every apple left in it to-night."

He drove away, leaving a very sorry and repentant lot of boys standing there.

Their sorrow and self-accusation were of more than momentary duration; their young consciences were touched, and on the following day they all waited on Mr. Norris, and very awkwardly, but still with genuine feeling, begged his pardon. The occasion was one that the kind-hearted man did not fail to improve, and his earnest words brought home very powerfully to the ashamed youngsters the great truth that wrong-doing, at some time and in some way, always brings its own punishment. He did something more than this. He told them that, after all that had occurred, he did not feel warranted in forgiving them until they had also asked Mr. Peck's pardon. This was rather more than they had expected, and they begged hard to be excused from this humiliation; but Mr. Norris was firm, and the matter ended by the boys taking the manly part, and doing just as they were required. I cannot say that Mr. Peck was mollified; he had one of these contracted souls that do not seem capable of any species of generosity; and I believe he enjoyed the abasement from which some of these lads suffered keenly. Certainly, the lesson was a most salutary one for them; and in their time nothing more was heard of orchard-robbing in that neighborhood.

Giving a Parson Points.

A young man who recently graduated from an Eastern theological school went out to Murray, in the Cœur d'Alene country, to take charge of a church. The largest gambling-hall in town was cleared for his accommodation the first Sunday, one table on which Spanish monte was usually dealt being left for him to stand behind. A large stock-register book was laid on this, which was supposed to represent the Bible. The whole town turned out and the young divine preached a powerful sermon. In it he strongly denounced gambling, horse-racing, drinking, and profanity. That afternoon he was called on by a committee of leading citizens, one of whom said:

"Pardner, thar's a little matter we'd like to talk over with ye. I am the Chairman uv the Vigilance Committee."

"Is it possible?"

"Mighty poss'ble, Captain; the cussedest possible thing ye ever seed. Wot we come here to say is that we don't approve o' your preachin'."

"I am very sorry that such is the case, but I can't see how I can change it."

"Can't, hey? Well, I reckon you'll hev to. Ye've got to let up on hollerin' 'gain gamblin', an' horse racin', an' swearin', an' liker. Them things air all 'lowable here, an' air highly recommended by the leadin' citizens, an' the clergy has got 'er fall inter line. As a committee we moseyed up here to warn ye, an' 'taint our style to warn more'n once."

"But, my dear sir what can I preach against—I must denounce something."

"What can ye preach ag'in? Well, I swar! Hain't there wickedness'nough in this country 'bout goin' outer yer way to jump outer sich things? Preach ag'in boss stealing and jumping mineral claims, uv course. Rip 'em up the back an' tramp on 'em. Then there's original sin—tech that up once in while. Jes' confine yerself to these things, and the boys will jes' crowd in to hear an' cheer yer every time yer make a good pint."—*Omaha Republican*.

A DOOR-KNOB lantern, on which is the number of your house, is new.



A Palatable Olla Podrida Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Fashions in Dress, Notes on Housekeeping Affairs, and Other Topics of Interest.

Facts and Fancies in Fashion.

NE may have at this season of the year as many hats or bonnets as there are days in the week, millinery has become so cheap. Most of the straw shapes can be bought for from ten to fifteen cents apiece, and the trimmings of ribbon and artificial flowers, or pompons, are very inexpensive indeed.

The newest Parisian bathing dresses are so *outré* and so extreme that there will be few ladies with temerity enough to wear them. Some of them are of jersey cloth, worn above corsets; they are all made with very low-cut necks and without sleeves, while at the same time the skirt is more abbreviated than ever; indeed, in some of them it disappears altogether. Cream white is a favorite color for a bathing-dress, and when trimmings of gold braid are added nothing prettier or fresher in appearance can be imagined.

Full-skirted, velvet-trimmed dresses for summer wear in light sprigged organdie lawns are very popular. The basque of such a dress is usually gathered, with sometimes a white chemisette set in. The trimmings merely consist of collar, cuffs, and belt. A square scarf of the material is added for street, as illustrated below.

Gingham dresses—combinations of plain and striped materials—are popular for rough wear out of town, for which their durability is extremely well suited.

Basque-shaped mantles are among the neatest freaks of the season. These



(with the exception of the sleeves, which are made full across the back) fit the form in the same manner and with as much precision as the ordinary basque, being of the same shape, but trimmed profusely with black lace and bead passementerie.

Box-plaited blouses of cashmere or other light material are much favored for in-door wear at home. The plaits are detached from the body, from the bust to a point below the waist, while beneath them is drawn a broad ribbon sash, tied in front, so as to allow the long ends to fall. A lace fichu worn with such a blouse adds greatly to the charming effect.

A neat house dress may be made by a combination of a plain with a striped



zephyr woolen. The plain material composes the skirt and basque and the striped forms the drapery, which is a very prettily shaped *tablier*, passing beneath heavy folds on the sides, and with *bourrant* back draperies. The basque is trimmed with broad revers of plain dark-colored velvet, which inclose a deep-pointed chemisette of

finely plaited and starched cambric. Cuffs and collar, together with tabs upon the skirt, and all the necessary trimmings, are of the same velvet.

Killed skirts are observable on nearly all children's and misses' dresses, but are not much worn by ladies.

Lace is a very important factor in all summer dresses, and justly so; for all costumes made from the soft materials and in the light, graceful styles appropriate to the season have their beauty greatly enhanced by the addition of lace upon some portions of them, if such garniture consist only of a jabot or fichu upon the front of the basque.

Full folds of tulle cover the bodices of dinner, evening, and reception costumes, being laid from the shoulders across the bust.

Low shoes for street wear and for wear at summer resorts are quite fashionable, stylish patent leather varieties, tying up the instep with a silken cord, being most chosen. They are always black, and worn with black, dark blue, or dark-brown checked stockings. For yachting suits, these stockings are embroidered with tiny yellow anchors, and for tennis little rackets may be embroidered upon them very effectively.

Plain and striped woolen materials were chosen for the development of a very natty street costume. An open basque with broad silk revers was worn, being of the striped fabric. The vest, which showed beneath, and to which the collar, of the same material, was attached, was fastened up the front by a row of very small round wooden buttons. Larger buttons, intended merely for ornament, appeared upon the basque itself. A coquettishly arranged drapery, drawing up on either hip, revealed a killed skirt, and was supplemented by an overlapping back drapery. The dress was an exceedingly appropriate and stylish production.

Hair Coiffure Diana.

The accompanying illustration furnishes a pleasing contrast of coiffure to the present very prevalent mode of



arranging the hair in a small braided knot, at the back of the head—a severe and in most cases unbecoming style.

The Diana coiffure here represented is especially suited to young faces, and may be dressed in two ways. The back hair is either to be combed over to the front—this can be done where the hair is short—where it is fastened with a plain comb and the ends arranged with the front locks cut about the length of two fingers, in a high toupet. The curls at the nape of the neck, in this arrangement, must be furnished by false hair. When one has a thick, fine growth of hair, the toupet and short front curls may be made entirely of the front hair, and the back strand arranged to fall down in curls. Ornamental pins complete the coiffure.

The Masculine Girl.

The sad thing about it, says an Eastern exchange, is that the girl is making an ass of herself, to use one of her own expressions, and in just this way: "Everything carried to its extreme becomes its contrary," says Hegel, and the girl beginning with the masculine costume goes on to please men more and more by adopting their slang and even their freedom of manner. The girl does not see that. Although men are amused by it, they are not made more respectful and courteous thereby. She only sees that she is a favorite with men, that she always has partners, and escorts and is invited everywhere. Men are at their ease with her, but, ye gods and little fishes! there is a mighty difference between the girl one loafs and smokes with and the girl one prefers for a wife or a mother.

The very fashion that in moderation was charming, in excess is disagreeable. The slangy, lolling, sprawling men-hunters—and some girls of the period are little more than that—have spoiled the liberty which it was delightful to see women accepting in moderation. There is a liberty that makes us free and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross well over the border into masculine territory, are not more free but more slavish than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the very means taken to gain it. There is one young woman in Boston who has been a belle for two winters. One day she remarked to the writer that now she was obliged to do the marketing; that her mother had always done it, but "at last I was kicked." When the writer said to a friend of that young woman that she would not get married for several years unless she changed her manners, he was told that she received more attention than any girl in Boston. Nevertheless, that young woman has had two seasons and is still disengaged. She is a type of the short-sightedness of some of her sex. She has men about her in plenty, and "she shall have music wherever she goes," but men are better than they appear. At bottom men love kindness, gentleness, modesty, purity in act and thought in women.

HUMOR.

TOO FOND OF their cups—Yachtsmen. A MANTEL SHELF—A girl's shoulders. OUT OF SEASON—An empty pepper-box.

It is a wise stock that knows its own par.

MICHELET writes: "Woman is the Sunday of man;" that is to say the other days are the weak ones.

ENGLAND may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never been able to fairly master the H's.—*Boston Gazette*.

A FRENCH philosopher says: "The surest way to please is to forget one's self." This is also the surest method of making an ass of one's self.—*Texas Siftings*.

The American Missionary Society sent 5,000 pairs of trousers to Burmah last year. This is charity that covereth a multitude of shins.—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal*.

"COME out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion. "No, madame," he replied calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house!"

FOGG—What do you think of Dole? BOGG—I think he is one of the biggest liars I ever knew. FOGG—Of course; he said I was a fool the other day. BOGG—Indeed! Well, I may have misjudged him.—*Tid-Bits*.

PHOTOGRAPH collector—"By the way, I've been making a collection of monstrosities lately." Friend—"Indeed?" P. C.—"Yes. And that reminds me: will you kindly let me have one of your photographs?"

"I HEAR," said Molecule, "that Trilobite has lost his mind." "Must have been one that he borrowed then," said Atom, "he never had one of his own." "Ah!" said Molecule, "I had forgotten he was married."—*Burdette*.

"I HEARD a capital story last night," observed an editorial writer of one of our esteemed contemporaries to his chief. "All right," replied the latter; "put stutler marks in it and credit it to the late Mr. Travers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

BOSTON girl—"Tell me, my friend, do you admire Hawthorne?" New York girl—"Oh, my, yes! I think it is great. When we were at Saratoga, I used to drink two big glasses of it every morning before breakfast."—*Lowell Citizen*.

EVA—"I suppose these extremely nice-looking young men are the students, or house surgeons or something?" MAUD—"No doubt. Do you know, Eva, I should very much like to be a hospital nurse." EVA—"How strange! Why, the very same idea has just occurred to me."

AMATEUR actor (to professional)—Have you ever been injured in any railroad accident while traveling about the country, Mr. Ham? Professional—I had a leg broken once, on my way from Chicago to New York. Amateur—How did it happen? Professional—Trying to get out of the way of a train.—*New York Sun*.

INSPECTOR (examining a class)—"What is a prophet?" No answer being given, he called upon the head scholar and put the question in this form: "If I were to foretell that you would be sitting in this school two months hence, what would I be?" Boy—"A leer, sir; for we're gawn to flit next week, and a'm no' coming to this skule after that."

GOVERNMENT clerk (to bosom friend)—Just got myself into a horrible mess! I went yesterday to see two doctors and obtained from each a medical certificate—one a certificate of health for the life insurance company, and the other a certificate of illness to inclose in my petition for leave of absence. And there, if I didn't go and put them into the wrong envelopes!

A Rich Altar in Mexico.

The great cathedral of Puebla, Mexico, is 523 feet long, 101 feet wide, and the interior height is 80 feet. In the tower there are eighteen bells and any one just dropping off to sleep when the hour is struck will readily believe that the largest weighs nine tons. One of the many ways of money-making which the Pueblans have found is in working the quarries, and the interior of the cathedral has been enriched with these products. The stone-workers have vied with the iron-workers in showing their skill. The floor is paved with colored marbles.

The great altar, which cost \$110,000, is a mass of Mexican marbles, intermingled with which is the onyx for which the State is famous. Underneath this altar is the tomb of the Puebla Bishops, and there again the onyx has been used as if it was common stone. Pulpit and sounding-board, too, are of carved onyx. In the sacristy are large tables, the tops of which are slabs of onyx.

In the midst of all this richness there are some highly prized relics, showing that the wealth and influence of the Puebla diocese have been recognized at Rome. In the shrine above the Bishop's seat is a thorn from the crown of Christ. An ivory crucifix sent by Gregory XVI. as a mark of his favor is in the chapel of San Jose, which is but one of the many little chapels opening out from the nave.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"HELLO, where's Jones, the catcher?" asked the manager, as the club assembled on the grounds. "Caught a bad cold and couldn't come," replied the pitcher. "Well, I'm glad he's found something at last he can catch."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.