

Best Fruit at the Top.

Oh, the apple trees up in the orchard!
Like wee chubby faces I see
The russets and pippins, sly peeping,
Between leaves a twinkle at me!
And on the crisp breeze, as I'm longing
In vain for the beauties to drop,
A blithe, haunting song seems to whisper,
"The best fruit is found at the top."

Oh, the garled and moss'd boughs upward
tossing!

They cradle me now in their arms,
And onward I gaze on the orchard,
The river, the uplands and farms,
So, gazing far, far out from childhood,
That blithe, breezy song ne'er will stop;
Fame, station, are won but by climbing;
"The best fruit is found at the top."

—George Cooper.

A SPANISH HEROINE.

Poverty is certainly a blessing in one respect, at least, inasmuch as a fool without money has fewer opportunities for manifesting his follies than the wealthier animal of the same species. It would have been a piece of good fortune if Geoffrey Kendall had been born to work for his living like many a better man, since it is to be presumed that hardship would have rubbed a little common sense into his soft brain. As it was, his father left him a large fortune, and the use he made of it was something between a joke and a tragedy. He was the legitimate prey of all sorts of sharpers. He got himself into terrible scrapes and had to buy himself out of them at enormous cost. Without any real wrong he acquired for himself an unenviable reputation among the scoundrelmongers of the town.

He was a vigorous young fellow, with a big beard, mild eyes, and hands as white as a woman's. He was, moreover, something of a dandy in his dress and manners. Yet, withal, a kinder, better-tempered soul you would not find in a day's walk.

What such a woman as Alma Thorpe could have found in him to love is a mystery, unless, indeed, it was on the principle of woman's tenderness for children, birds and other weaklings. She was quite his opposite—a quiet, sober little woman, strong-willed and quick-witted, with a wonderful fund of patience for her blundering lover. She seemed to have no object, no hope or ambition aside from his happiness. Yet, like the fool that he was, the time came when he flung away this jewel for a piece of glittering sham. Luckily, he was made to pay dearly for his folly.

Kendall and Alma had been engaged for nearly a year, and their marriage was to take place shortly, when a lady appeared on the scene, who created a sensation in the town. She called herself Donna Sanchica, and was accompanied by her brother, Don Marco Damas. They were supposed to be Spaniards of distinction making a tour for pleasure. Donna Sanchica was a woman of thirty, large and luxuriant figure, with coal-black hair and eyes of the same hue, as bold and keen as a hawk's. She was not long in working herself into the best circles, where she speedily became a great favorite. At the social gatherings her mellow voice and charming manners made her scores of friends and admirers. It was observed by the wiser ones, however, that she devoted herself to the younger and wealthier men.

"I have one passion stupendous for the American gentlemen," she admitted, with engaging frankness; "he is so brave, so superb, Santissima!"
It was at one of these gatherings that Kendall met her. She seemed to penetrate his character at a glance, and turned the batteries of her big black eyes full upon his weak head. It was simply a foregone conclusion. Like any other moth he flew to the brightest candle. She charmed, astonished, bewildered him. He had never seen such a brilliant woman—so brilliant, so unconventional. Moreover, she admired him. He could see that, and his vanity gave a great throb of delight. That night when he went home he felt that it was of the superb Spanish beauty that he dreamed, and not of the pale little American girl.

Without intending any treachery to his betrothed, he spent a good deal of his time with Donna Sanchica after that. He had a right to admire her, he said. She was his friend, his dear friend, that was all. So day after day he visited her, and came gradually to neglect Alma. The townspeople began to talk. Rumor said that young Kendall and the Spanish lady were engaged to be married. Some envied him, while others, more sensible, pitied Alma, and cursed Kendall's blindness and stupidity.

As yet Alma had said nothing to Kendall upon the subject, though it had not escaped her. But she patiently sought to keep him true to his faith by the thousand sweet devices of a loving woman.

At length even her patience gave out. One day, after a week's absence, Kendall found a few moments to spare from his Spanish infatuation to call upon his betrothed. He met her with a sheepish and embarrassed air, as if some con-

sciousness of his own mean unmanliness were troubling him. He bent to kiss her, as usual, but she stepped back and confronted him firmly, yet with a white face and trembling lip.

"All that is over between us, Geoffrey," she said, quietly. "This pretense is folly for you and pain for me—there must be an end of it."

The tone she spoke in startled him; he looked at her in alarm.

"I know I have treated you shabbily," he replied, deprecatingly. "I ought to have been here more, I know—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Alma, interrupting him. "You ought to have done nothing which your heart did not impel you to. I should scorn to hold you to me by my sense of duty. Now that I have lost your love, I give you back your word. Go your way and let me go mine."

"Donna Sanchica is only a friend," he attempted to explain. "Why should you be angry because she admires me?"

"I am not angry with anything which has passed between you and that woman," she answered, with a touch of irritation. "Neither is she your friend. A woman can see deeper into the soul of one of her own sex than a man. I see that hers is black and evil; I see that she does not love you, however skillful she affects it. She will ruin your happiness and embitter your whole life. Oh, my poor Geoffrey, can you not see where she is leading you?"

"You wrong her," answered Geoffrey, taking refuge from his own conscience in a pretense of anger. "She is a noble woman and you are jealous of her."

She turned and looked at him silently, with an expression of contempt; then, without a word, she walked quietly out of the room. But when alone she burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly over her sore heart and broken hopes.

As for Geoffrey Kendall, he stood for a moment bewildered with conflicting remorse, shame and repentance, hoping that she would return. But she did not, and in a very miserable frame of mind he left the house and sought the company of Donna Sanchica.

"Ah!" cried the estimable lady, running to meet him with both hands extended, "you have returned, my friend. Behold me happy, independent. But what has happened, senior? Your face is chalk and has agony into it."

"I am very unhappy," responded Kendall. "I have been ill-treated."

"So!" cried the lady, striking a dramatic attitude and grinding her white teeth. "Who has insulted my friend? Tell me his name and I'll have his heart's blood! Carai!"

"No matter," said Kendall, with a vague perception of something false and grotesque in all this extravagance; "It's all over, and I come to you for comfort."

"Ah!" said the donna, suddenly abandoning her fierce air for a languishing one. "It is sweet for to have the opportunity for to comfort my dear friend. Ah, Dios! would I not die for you?"

"I believe you would," said poor Kendall, looking into her dark eyes, where he fancied he saw unutterable things. "Here is a woman who loves me—why not secure the happiness in my power?" So on the impulse of the moment he spoke.

"Donna Sanchica," said he, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

To have witnessed the woman's face at that moment would have been a treat to a cynic. She looked modestly down. She managed to get a blush to her yellow cheek; her bosom heaved rapidly, and a tremendous sigh escaped it. Yet all the while the traces of a malignant smile of triumph rested upon her lips.

At last she looked up with some skillfully evoked tears in her eyes.

"No, senior," she replied, "I cannot. Oh, the heavens! what agony for me to say it!"

"Why not?" cried Kendall, aghast. "Do you not love me?"

"Ah, idol," she cried, "as my own soul! Ah, misery! But let me confess. We are poor, senior—my brother and I. We are exiles from our own country. Because we are noble and poor we cannot live among our equals. We have great pride. We leave our home and wander like the Arab."

"What difference does that make?" said Kendall, in a generous glow. "I have enough for both."

"But my poor brother?" cunningly interposed the donna.

"And for him as well," answered Kendall. "Will he not be my brother, too?"

"Santissima!" screamed the lady, flinging her robust person against him with such force that he reeled against the wall. "What noble! What superb! I adore you! Yes—yes, I will be your wife, and my brother shall be your brother, eh?"

"Of course," assented Kendall.

And so the matter was settled. Things took their natural course. The poor but noble Don Canais was to take Kendall into his favor, and, being given to the utterances of the highest sentiments, soon won the young man's perfect confidence.

There were times when Kendall's heart misgave him, when even his dull

perceptions were troubled with a vague distrust. At these times Donna Sanchica's passionate protestations sickened him and the brother's pompous airs maddened him. At such times the memory of the days when Alma's love was all to him would smite him with a miserable heartache. He would compare her sweet, pure presence with the lurid and unhealthy influence of the Spanish woman and wonder at his own blindness.

But Donna Sanchica was a diplomat. She knew how to deal with his dark moods so as to profit by them. At such moments she would look at him reproachfully and sigh as if her heart were broken. Then Kendall would melt, and cursing himself for a hard-hearted villain, submit more abjectly to her blandishments than ever.

They were soon to be married, and as the donna claimed his whole time, it came about naturally that the solemn don, her brother, consented to take charge of Kendall's affairs. He developed so keen a talent for business that in a very short time the young man's property quietly changed hands. Of course, being all in the family, it made little real difference in whose name the money was held.

But one morning Kendall called at the residence of the Spaniards and found them gone. A letter in the handwriting of the donna was given to him by the housekeeper. It ran as follows:

Farewell, most obliging of men! Business engagements call us elsewhere. Sorry that you have been disappointed. We have leave our most distinguish regard in place of the money that we have taken. How say you—the fair exchange is not the robbery? Santissima! No. We have the pride and the honor. Aha! Also my husband, Don Canais, have remark that it is the just payment of you to him for the long privilege of making me, his wife, the love. Is it not so? Your devoted
SANCHICA.

Kendall read the letter in a state of stupefaction; then quietly tore it to pieces and went away with his head drooping and a deep frown upon his face. The smallest examination into his affairs showed how egregiously he had been duped. Of all his patrimony not enough had escaped the clutches of the adventuress and the husband to afford him a decent subsistence. In spite of his overwhelming shame and anger there was a feeling of intense relief in his heart. He had imagined that he loved the Spanish woman, but now he felt that it would have been a sacrifice could he have married her. He was really quite satisfied to pay even so high a price as financial ruin to have escaped it.

His resolution was speedily taken. He wrote a long letter to Alma explaining everything, but offering no excuse and asking for no hope. He then left town silently. For two years he was not heard of. At the end of that time he returned, a grave and thoughtful man, with lines of sorrow and hardship in his face. Misfortune had come late, but it made a man of him at last.

He had not yet called upon Alma, when he met her in the street one day. He made no attempt to avoid her, but took her hand quietly.

"Alma," said he, "I have come back solely for the purpose of seeing your face and taking new courage from it before I go out in the world again."

"Are you going away?" she asked, with a faint shadow upon her face.

"Yes," said he. "My repentance is not yet worked out. I have repaired the ruin caused by folly, but I have not suffered enough for my treachery to you. There is a worthy and admirable life before me. I must attain it."

"Can you do it alone?" she queried, with sweet gravity. "Do you need help?"

"None could help me but you," he replied, tremulously, "and I have sinned too grievously against you for forgiveness. I need it—oh, how sorely! Not once in all these months have you been absent from my mind. I have labored with your image at my heart, to be worthy of your pardon and approbation, but I fear it was a hopeless task."

"I am the best judge of that, Geoffrey," she replied.

There must have been something in her downcast face of a deeper import than her words, for his face suddenly brightened and he took her by the waist.

"It is true, then, Alma! I am forgiven?"

Of course he was. And some one said that, woman like, she loved him all the dearer because he had so nearly broken her heart. That may be, but I advise him never again to mention in the hearing of his wife the name of Donna Sanchica.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

A Princess' Riding Habit.

The change in the riding habit worn by the Princess of Wales has been the subject of much talk and discussion among ladies in England, and may be interesting to horsewomen here. The new riding habit is made with a short skirt gored to the knees, so that the position of the rider is safer in the saddle, being unincumbered with the heavy folds and useless length of drapery hitherto worn. The skirt cannot be blown about, and is thus prevented from revealing the foot and ankle, which can never look graceful when stretched over the side of the horse to reach the stirrup. The skirt worn by the princess is not much longer than an ordinary drawing-room costume, and light, easily raised by the wearer without the danger of causing a stumble, which so continually happens with the riding habit usually worn.

Cheviots.

Of all the dress stuffs in the market the cheviots are the favorites of the season. These come in checks, plaids and stripes of every color, the prevailing tones being dull reds and browns with a cross of yellow, neutral grays with blue and invisible green and negative reddish-purple shades. Some are rather large in the square or stripe, and perhaps a trifle loud, but the average run in warm combinations of color, which, by giving the effect of a single tone, lend an air of simplicity at a distance. Cheviots are never combined with other materials. A certain rigid air is maintained in these costumes by the avoidance of bouffant draperies in the overdress and a strict adherence to the Amazon cut in the basque—a severity which is favored, and well suited to this fabric. It is not becoming to the face, and is a hard material for unskilled hands to manage, besides being somewhat heavy for midsummer wear; but the English rules which govern so many of our toilets at present have ordained its use and may not be disobeyed.—*Bazar.*

News and Notes for Women.

A Buffalo girl wore a \$150 pair of hose to get married in.

A barber shop at Jackson, Mich., has four girl apprentices.

One stock raiser of Texas expects to send 20,000 head of cattle to market this year.

Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of Nellie Grant Sartois is said to make her look like a girl of fourteen.

Mrs. Howe, the mother of the wife of the late Vice-President Henry Wilson, is living at the old homestead at the age of ninety-four.

The majority of the girls married in Warren county, Ky., last year were mere children, their ages running from thirteen to eighteen.

A New York physician of extensive practice has been effecting many cures of his lady patients complaining of lame backs by prescribing slippers and woolen stockings for a week, to be followed by wearing low, broad heels to their shoes, in place of the high French heels that had caused their ailments.

The Duchesse d'Alencon, the ex-queen of Naples, and the present empress of Austria, have often ridden horses standing, and have uttered those strident cries which come from the throats of the nymphs of the ring. They have dashed through the classic hoops with paper and without paper.

A woman belonging to the sect called Perfectionists undertook to run herself to death at Dallas, Texas. She got the idea from a Scriptural passage about "running the race to the end," that if she ran till she died she would go direct to heaven. She could not kill herself by pedestrianism, however, and resorted to drowning instead.

Fashion Fancies.

Duster cloaks have gone out of fashion.

Terra cotta shades will be much worn.

Red is the prevailing color in fall goods.

Low coiffures and close hair-dressing are in fashion.

Long mitts are the favorite hand-wear at this moment.

White toilets are destined to great popularity this fall.

Small broken checked suitings and plaids will be worn.

Women with long, stick-like arms should not wear tight long sleeves.

Skirts and their draperies continue to give the figure a lance-like shape.

Shaded effects will probably appear in the heavy plushes to be worn next winter.

In England mourning is worn only one year for the nearest relatives and crape but six months.

Terra cotta in all shades from dark salmon to deep copper is the favorite color for fall cashmires.

New plush goods have extremely long pile, which is cut in irregular depths, to form the figures of the fabric.

Plaid, striped and shaded goods will be combined with plain or self-colored

fabrics in the composition of the fall dresses.

English spy is the name of a new color in silk stockings intended to wear with black gowns.

Heavy satin in rich shades of color, with stripes of long pile plush or chenille, will be used for the most expensive dress accessories.

A pretty way of fastening the straps across a puffed or shirred waistcoat is to fasten them high on one side and low on the other, instead of straight across.

Some of the new silk goods show moire stripes alternating with stripes of brocade or damask flowers and leaves encroaching on the edges of the moire stripe.

Muslin dresses with embroidered flourishes reaching from belt to hem, and neckchiefs embroidered to match, are pretty for the country or for watering-places.

The demand for ostrich feathers has increased and seems likely to go on increasing, for the fall hats are not likely to be less abounding in plumage than those now in wear.

White lace stockings are worn over colored ones of silk or Lisle thread matching the dress for evening toilets. The low slipper displays all the beauty of the lace inserted in the instep or up the ankles.

The latest tablecloths are of fine linen moccie cloth with fringed edges, and sham openwork six inches above the fringe. Some intended for luncheon cloths have color introduced in the open work and in the fringe.

The latest novelties in stockings show shaded (ombre) effects; for instance, a shaded stocking has a toe of the most delicate shell pink tint, shading gradually to deep crimson on the calf of the leg, and again to shell pink at the top where it is sometimes finished with a lace frill.

The earliest water-color designs of dresses for fall show no decided departure from the general make up of costumes worn this season. Plated collarettes of mull, plain white and dotted, lace edged, embroidered, and perfectly plain, are much worn, with scarf bows to match.

A Novelty in Money Orders.

Postmaster-General James has hit upon a plan of facilitating the transmission through the mails at a cheap rate of small sums of money. The new device is an improvement upon the system of postal orders recently adopted by the English postal authorities. The improvement consists of three columns of figures, one to represent dollars, the second tens and the third units. Two denominations of these orders are to be issued—one for all sums within \$2.50, and the other for all sums within \$5. The \$5 card has four figures and a cipher in the dollar column and all the numerals in each of the other columns. The postmaster selling the order will designate the amount to be drawn by punching the figures in the respective columns. The orders will be payable to bearer, and the postoffice will not be responsible for their safe delivery any more than for fractional currency, for which they are intended as a substitute. Both sets of orders are to be printed on bank-note paper, to be finely engraved and other precautions taken against counterfeiting. It is expected that the department will be able to sell them at from two to three cents for a \$2.50 order, and from four to five cents for a \$5 order. The postmaster will enter the amount of the order in writing on a stub, which will be the only check the department will need, and will contain only the amount of the order, the date of issue and the name of the office upon which the order is drawn. This will do away with a great deal of clerical labor, since the names of the remitter and payee will not be entered at all in the records as is done in money order transactions, nor will any advices be issued. In order to prevent the use of the postal orders as currency, they are to be redeemable only for three months after date of issue. The bill introduced by Mr. Money at the last session of Congress providing for a reduction of the charges for money orders and allowing an increase of amounts that may be sent through the mails from \$50 to \$100 will be reintroduced next winter. It met the approval of the postoffice committee last winter, but Mr. Money did not get a chance to report it. The reduction of charges will be about one-half and the passage of the bill will be coupled with measures looking to the adoption of the system explained above. In this way the two systems will supplement each other, money orders being available as now for any purpose, and the small orders being for service for newspaper subscriptions and for other purposes for which fractional currency was formerly used. The reduction in the price of money orders will also make the price of safety but a trifle more than that which it will be necessary to pay for the proposed new postal orders, with their attendant risks.—*Washington Letter.*

Flies are caught by molasses. Men and women by "taffy."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing is so good as it seems before hand.

Love dies of disgust and is buried by oblivion.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

He who has lost his honor can lose nothing more.

There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in distress.

Politeness is the expression or imitation of social virtues.

Never anything can come amiss when simplicity and duty tender it.

When one gets so much humility that he is proud of it, he is just too good to live.

Deliberate with caution but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

There is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of fear and grief, that does not find relief in music.

It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world, than to think half an hour of a trifling thing.

Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he makes his wings shorter.

Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; but they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

There never were in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains. The most universal quality is diversity.

Talent is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry, and it is a voluntary power, while genius is involuntary.

A man has no right to occupy such high moral grounds that he is constantly so far above his fellows that he can be of no earthly assistance to them.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deeds, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly without hurry or confusion; as if the short spring days were an eternity.

What Ancient Religions Taught.

Women were admitted to the Grecian priesthood, sharing its highest dignities. In Sparta was a law that men should worship the gods with as little expense as possible.

Of the Roman Sibyls it is said that Apollo threw them into a kind of ecstasy in which they could foresee the future.

With the Greeks, superior power, not moral excellence, was the essential element in their conception of divine beings.

So fearful were the Athenians that they should omit the honors of worship to some deity, that they even erected altars to unknown gods.

The Greeks offered sacrifices, but no prayers to their deities, for it was believed that not even Jupiter himself could change their inexorable decrees.

It is claimed that Zoroaster received his book of laws, the Zenda Vesta, upon a flaming mount from Ormazd himself; also that he finally ascended to heaven on a thunderbolt.

The Greeks believed that departed human souls lingered around their former habitations and families to protect them; and hence their Lares and Penates, household gods.

The idea that heavenly luminaries were inhabited by spirits of a nature intermediate between God and man, first led mortals to address prayers to the orbs over which they were supposed to preside.

Among the Greeks the unity of God, the immortal progress and destiny of the soul, and other sacred doctrines, were taught in the sanctuary to an initiated few, but elsewhere they were veiled in symbols.

The Parsees were a persecuted company of the followers of Zoroaster, who fled to India. They are a poor, harmless people, industrious in their habits and honest in their dealings. They worship one God and detest idols.

A sect of devil worshippers exists among the Parsees. They believe in one God also, and that Satan was once at the head of the angelic host, and will eventually be restored; hence they think it well to conciliate him.

Orpheus, one of the old sages and bards of the Greeks, taught that souls are in this world as a punishment of sins committed in a pre-existent state; that the body is a prison in which the soul is kept till its faults are expiated.

During the last ten days of the year the Parsees believe that the spirits of the dead come to the earth to visit their relatives, therefore they never leave their homes at that season but make great preparation for their reception.

The ancient Persians worshipped fire with peculiar reverence because they thought it represented, though imperfectly, the original fire from Ormazd, the vital principle of life and motion. Also, because it is the most purifying of all things.