### Love's Only Change.

And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging,
Fresh as the buds that start
In spring, nor know estranging!
Listen! The buds depart:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love;
With day and night it alters,
And onward still must move
Like earth, that never falters
For storm or star above.
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days
How eagerly I sought you!
Youth, shining hope, and praise;
These were the gifts I brought you.
In this world little stays:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes
Here in our arms half-sleeping—
So passion wakeful lies;
Then grows to manhood, keeping
Its wistful, young surprise:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

When age's pinching air
Strip's summer's rich possession
And leaves the branches bare,
My secret in confession
Still thus with you I'll share:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

—*George P. Lathrop, in the Continent.*

## My Great-Aunt Elizabeth.

As I can remember my great-aunt Elizabeth—and I was a very little boy when I used to see her—she was a well-rounded old Quaker lady with the neatest of caps and a spotless kerchief folded across her breast. What most impressed me was that she knitted gray woolen stockings all the time, apparently never looking at them and never dropping a stitch. This struck me as a very marvelous feat, and to tell the truth I must still think it so, as I do not find ladies young or old nowadays who can do the same.

I never imagined that my great-aunt Elizabeth had experienced a livelier emotion than that consequent on dropping a stitch or having a baking spoil. Not till long after she was laid away in one of the tombless mounds in the Friends' burying ground did I learn from some old letters and papers what a whirlwind of passion and of pain had swept through her life half a century before I saw her.

She was the youngest daughter of my ancestor, her father, who, with due respect to his memory, must have been a choleric and tyrannical old fellow. She grew up a beauty, and as at that time marriages were formed early among the settlers of Upland where the family lived, her sisters were soon carried off and she lived alone with her father, then a widower. Naturally she did not lack admirers, some from the surrounding farms and some even from Philadelphia and Newcastle. Two, however, were particularly assiduous; the one, John Hatton, already the prosperous owner of a farm in the neighborhood, the other Thomas Ebsworth, a promising sprig of the law from Newcastle.

The latter was a dapper gentleman of the day, with a wig and black silk stockings, and with the courteous manners of the Established church, of which he and his parents were members. He showed to great advantage in Elizabeth's eyes in contrast to John Hatton, a heavy youth, slow of speech, wearing an ill-fitting Quaker suit of homespun, and inclined to surliness. But her father looked at matters differently. He had feigned business in Newcastle and found the Ebsworth family to be, as he expressed it, of the Maryland style of people, spending their incomes in fine living, buying wines and wearing imported goods. Altogether the future of young Ebsworth looked to him very problematical, so one evening he began:

"Elizabeth, I see thee has two followers who are coming often; I shall not urge thee to marry either, but I shall tell thee one thee shall not marry, and that is Thomas Ebsworth. Nor shall he come again into this house. I shall have no sparks in silk stockings enter my doors."

Elizabeth knew well the hard inflexible character of her father. She could never remember to have sat on his knee, nor to have kissed him. Yet she knew that in his way he loved his family before all else, and what rendered her case hopeless was that it was this very love for her that prompted his cruel action. She turned deadly pale, and sinking on a bench said not a word.

Her father had expected passionate remonstrance perhaps, but not silent acquiescence. He well knew that her affections were for Ebsworth. Many men would have worked themselves into a rage to justify their harshness. But he needed no such self-deception. He acted as Friends usually act, with perfectly clear convictions.

"Thee knows that in this I act for thy welfare. I cannot allow thee to enter a family where the hours are passed in wordly pleasures, where religion is a hollow profession, and whose goods are squandered in follies. Let this relation go no further, and now go to thy sleep."

Not till she was in her bed did Elizabeth give way to those wild choking sobs which she had stifled by a mighty effort. Life stretched before her a long and sterile blank. The light and the glory had utterly gone from it.

Next day she rose pale and haggard and went about her duties as usual. Her father made no reference to the conversation, but he was restless. He knew that on Fifth-day evening Thomas Ebsworth paid his usual weekly visit. This was Fifth-day, and the old man evidently had something on his mind. So had Elizabeth, fearing she knew not what.

Toward sunset Ebsworth entered the lane on horseback. He was dressed as usual with much care in the latest English fashion, and with the usual black silk stockings. As he entered the yard the old man went out and addressed him:

"Thomas, thee can turn round and go home and stay there. I do not wish more of thy visits."

The young man was taken aback by this language, but lost neither his presence of mind nor his courtesy.

"Friend James," he said, "may I ask why thee treats me thus? I have not deserved it." Thomas, though of the Established church, adopted out of policy the plain language with his Quaker friends.

"I will tell thee why. Thee comes for my daughter. Thee shall never have her;" and here the hot-headed nature of the old man got the better of him and he burst out: "I shall never give her to a worldling who thinks to get my money to spend on cards and wine, and," he added, looking scornfully at the shapely limbs of the young man, "on black silk stockings. Get thee gone. Neither she nor I want to see thee again."

A faint cry from an upper window led both of them to look up. There, prone across the sill, lay the fainting form of Elizabeth. The old man with an imperative gesture of anger bade the youth depart. Looking hopelessly at the house he turned down the lane and never was seen to enter it again.

But did he thus give up the chase? Ah! that is where a dreadful mystery comes in. Watched and lectured by her father, dogged by surly John Hatton, Elizabeth sank into apathy, the roses faded from her cheeks, and at last she was worried into consenting to a marriage with this persistent suitor.

A year passed, when one day John rode up to the old man's, a prey to some excitement which changed his whole features. His father in-law looked at him with amazement.

"John," he said, "what is the matter? what aileth thee?"

"Matter," he hissed, "matter—take thy daughter back. I want no false woman for my wife."

But he had not learned the temper of the man he was talking to. With a blow that would have done credit to an arm of thirty his father-in-law felled him to the earth.

"Take that, thou foul speaker, and may the Lord forgive me my anger. But none shall speak such lies of my children."

"A lie, is it?" said John, slowly rising, greatly cooled by this most inconsistent action of the old Friend. "Then what does this mean?" and he spread a crumpled piece of paper before his father-in-law's eyes.

It was with difficulty the old man could read it, although it was written in a clerkly Italian hand. It read:

"Will thee not meet me, dear Elizabeth, by the spring in the woods after sunset to-morrow? As we pledged each other our true love, let us keep our pledge in spite of the one man who stands in the way, no matter how near he is to thee. Thy own THOMAS."

It was not dated. The old man saw what it referred to and said:

"This was written years before thy marriage, when I drove Thomas Ebsworth from the house. But she never met him, as I watched her hourly for days afterward."

"Perhaps so," said John, "but it may have been written within a month." As he spoke he backed off to a respectful distance as he saw a dangerous light in the old man's eyes.

"John," said he, "anger me not. Thou art a fool, and thy wife is my daughter. I shall speak to Friend Rachel Wilson and she shall adjust this matter between us. But never speak to me again about it."

Friend Rachel was a local preacher of great force of character and discretion. She reported that Elizabeth had received this note from Thomas Ebsworth the day he was driven away, but her conscience was too much under a sense of duty to heed it. Unfortunately she did not destroy it.

This explanation—undoubtedly the true one—did not satisfy John Hatton, but he cared not openly defy it. He grew more and more surly, soon took to drinking, and after a few years of domestic unhappiness, he fell off his horse one day when strong liquor had weakened his brain, and broke his neck.

My great-aunt never married again, and for fifty years after his death led that placid existence which is nowhere found in such perfection as in the Society of Friends.

And Thomas Ebsworth, what of him? Able and ambitious, he falsified the predictions of my ancestor and illustrated again how foolish is the wisdom which would fence passion with prudence and love with calculation. He removed to Maryland, married late in life, and became a prominent figure in the early political history of our Union.

Once only did the lovers meet.

My great-aunt, left with straitened means and several small children, lived after her husband's death near the "Baltimore road," the main highway which in those days led from Baltimore to Philadelphia. One summer afternoon she took her work to a seat under a great oak tree by the roadside. She was still a comely woman with a fresh sweet face and brown hair untouched by gray. Her youngest daughter, a girl of eleven, was with her and it is her account of what happened that I shall give.

Looking down the road the child spied a delightful sight—a real private coach brilliant with shining lamps and varnish, and driven by a liveried coachman in the majesty of cockade and buttons.

As the coach reached the shade of the oak the coachman drew up to rest his horses. Suddenly the door was thrown open and a gentleman, dressed in the elaborate costume of the day, sprang out and holding out both hands cried:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"When mother heard him," said my informant, "I saw her turn white and lean back against the tree; her lips moved but she made no reply. 'Elizabeth!' he repeated, 'have I no place in thy memory? I have never forgotten, never can forget.'

"What mother answered I do not know. Something she said in a low voice, and for some minutes they talked together in an undertone. Then mother began to cry and she made a motion to him with her hand, as she did to us children when she wished us to leave her. I heard the words 'Thomas, thee has a wife.' With that the gentleman put his handkerchief to his eyes, entered the coach and was rapidly driven away.

"Mother sat crying for a long time under the oak, and I was so frightened I did not dare speak, nor did I say a word about it to her for several years. Then one day I asked:

"'Mother, will thee tell me who that gentleman was who spoke to thee under the oak tree?'

"'That, Anna,' she replied in her usual calm tone, 'was Governor Ebsworth, of Maryland. I knew him when I was a girl. But as he was associated with much that was painful in my early life, I should prefer that thee would not speak to me of him again.'

"And I never did."

—*Our Continent.*

### Well Posted.

He was a plain old man from the country; he wore an old-style, broad-brimmed hat, and his clothes were homespun; but when a slick-looking stranger stepped up to him on Vine street and professed to know him, and asked all about his wife and family, and wanted to know when he came down and when he was going back, the old man declined the proffered hand, and drawing back, said: "That's all right, young man; never mind the perliminaries; git right down to business 'twonce. You've got some goods at the depot and want to pay freight. Hain't got nothin' but a hundred-dollar check. Would I hold the check and let you have \$60.43 to pay the freight? Or p'r'aps you've just drawed a prize in a lottery, and would I jes' step around with you and see you git the money; or p'r'aps—" but the confidence man slipped away; the granger was too well posted, altogether. As the old man gazed after his retreating figure he chuckled out: "Slipped up that time, Mr. Bunko; I'm posted—I've read the papers."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

### Black as a Sign of Mourning.

"Black is the sign of mourning," says Rabelais, "because it is the color of darkness, which is melancholy, and the opposite to white, which is the color of light, of joy, of happiness." The introduction of writing paper blacked at the edge as a mark of respect to the dead, came into use at a very early part of the seventeenth century. Black wax was also used about this time, though persons about this period did not stand upon etiquette to the extent they do now, as they used red as well as black during the time mourning was observed. Paper with a black border is of a more recent date, and when first introduced as a token of mourning the border was of a reasonable width; of late years the sable border display has grown so obtrusive and so excessive that even visiting cards have been seen entirely black with the name only printed in white.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### Meaning of Fruits.

If one wishes to convey any message it can easily be done in the fruit one chooses. For example: the apple is the emblem of "family bond" and "prudence;" grapes, "friendship;" pears, "ambition" and hope;" plums, "independence;" cherries, "happy thoughts;" peaches, "love;" currants, "you please all;" pine-apple, "you are perfect;" lemons, "zest;" dates, "what will you?" chestnuts, "render me justice;" figs, "argument," etc.—*Bazar.*

### Women's Tears Not a Sign of Weakness.

Women give way to tears more readily than men! Granted. Is their sex any the weaker for it? Not a bit. It is simply a difference in temperament, that is all. It involves no inferiority. If you think that this habit necessarily means weakness, wait and see. Who has not seen women break down in tears during some domestic calamity, while "the stronger sex" were calm; and who has not seen those same woman rise up and dry their eyes, and be henceforth the support and stay of their households, and perhaps bear up the "stronger sex" as a stream bears up a ship. I once said to a physician watching such a woman, "That woman is really great." "Of course she is," he answered, "did you ever see a woman who was not great when the emergency required?"—*T. W. Higginson.*

### News and Notes for Women.

Ella Tunney ran heedlessly into debt for fine clothes at Seymour, Ind., and then committed suicide because she could not pay.

It is said that there are eleven nuns in the Hotel Dieu convent, Quebec, who have each completed over fifty years in the sisterhood.

A Bourbon county (Ky.) woman tells it on her husband that he courted her twelve different times, and that she rejected him on eleven occasions.

It was the wife of President Madison who gave a young woman the famous advice: "Give your appearance careful and serious thought in your dressing-room and forget it elsewhere."

In Wyoming, where woman suffrage is established, a man and his wife were run by the opposition parties for the same office, and they preserved perfectly amicable relations during the canvass. The husband was elected.

A Gilroy (Cal.) man had spread a pound and a half of damp powder on a bed to dry, and his two daughters were examining it, one of them with a lighted cigarette in her mouth, from which the powder was ignited, and both girls were severely burned.

The most elegant and expensive wrap ever made to order in America has been completed in Philadelphia. It is a fur circular of immense proportions, with large sized collar, all of real Russian sable, lined with handsome black satin, thickly quilted, and is valued at \$4,500.

Mrs. Dorothy Phelps, of Weld, Me., aged eighty-two, with some help from another woman, is taking care of eleven head of cattle and forty sheep. These two women, with the help of a hired man a few months in the summer, manage to carry on a large farm quite successfully.

When Queen Marguerite, of Italy, visited Naples lately, she found every doorway and window adorned with her favorite flower, the daisies. When she took the steamer from Naples for a Mediterranean port, she found every one on board the vessel, from the admiral to the scupper-scrubbers, adorned with button-hole bouquets of the same flower.

### Fashion Notes.

Sunflowers, lilies, poppies and peacock feathers are now in good demand.

The first spring wraps are short visite mantles, with long tabs in front.

Burano, a dotted embroidered silk lace, bids fair to be the rival of Spanish.

Neapolitan bonnets in black, white and colors are making for the summer trade.

Straw hats and bonnets will be worn almost to the exclusion of chip this spring.

Many small capote bonnets are seen among the first openings of spring millinery

The new cambrics come in similar colors and patterns to the percales and sateens.

The new batistes follow the colorings and designs of the new sateens and percales.

Thick and thin materials are much worn together this season in the composition of evening dresses.

Terra-cotta, mastic, fawn, moss and bronze green, coral and soft blue, yellow and pink seem to be the colors to prevail in spring millinery.

A wedding outfit recently made up in Paris contained no white petticoats except those of white satin, and no white stockings except those to be worn at the wedding.

Burano lace comes in clusters of large dots embroidered in satin stitch on a strong silk net. The edges are formed of clustered dots or buttonhole stitched scallops or points.

White Spanish lace bonnets are now made up over white illusion with a little cluster of flowers or some other bright colored ornament half-hidden in the folds on the left side.

Some of the new dress cashmeres are plaided or barred in almost invisible lines of a lighter shade than the ground color; for instance, bottle green with hunter's green, and dark bronze with gray bronze.

Here are some of the colors of the solid sateens for skirts: Shades of blue, from water to navy; red, from pale rose to deep crimson and bright scarlet; purples, from violet to mauve; olives, yellows and browns.

The liveliest and purest shades of rose, pink, blue, mauve, maize and other light colors are seen in spring sateens in addition to the sage grays, bronzes, olives, hunter's green, maroon, navy and turquoise blues, black and white.

Laces outlined in beads, or the patterns entirely composed of beads, are very beautiful and excessively fashionable. Their very high price puts them beyond the reach of every-day purses, so they will doubtless remain long in vogue.

Very fashionable New York ladies who adopt short-sleeved evening dress wear their bracelets above the elbow. These bracelets, with dog collars for the throat to match, are made of massive gold links set with real gems or semi-precious stones.

The empress of Austria has introduced a new coiffure, which foreign journals say is likely to create a considerable sensation. She wears her hair falling in wavy folds upon her shoulders, confined a la grecque or with bars of pearls.

Some of the new percales have grounds of navy blue and others of turquoise, on which in white are large and small dots, singly and in clusters, figures like the letter S, horseshoes, checks, tiny birds in flight in a mingled pattern, small cubes and other geometric designs.

Shirring still abounds in English costumes, entire collars being made of it, and draperies being shirred from front to back in lines running parallel with the borders of the basque. The one new thing in English dresses is wrinkles. Wrinkled sleeves and chemisettes appearing above velvet cuffs and vests have a very pretty effect, especially if made of satin.

### THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

REMEDY FOR HICCOUGH.—Dr. M. S. Leslie, of Lexington, Ky., says that the best remedy in ordinary hiccoughs is about twenty-five grains of common table salt placed in the mouth and swallowed with a sip of water.

ALCOHOL FOR BURNS.—Sydenham recommends the application of alcohol to burns, especially for children, where immediate relief is most desirable. The alcohol should be applied for one or two hours constantly, as the pain returns when dry. In case of large burns care must be taken lest the alcoholic vapors stupefy the child.

HOW TO MANAGE A COUGH.—A distinguished English physician, in a work on coughs and colds, says if we would know just how to manage a cough we must learn how not to cough. The inclination to cough should at any rate be suppressed until the secretion, the existence of which sets up the cough, is within your reach; a full inspiration should now be taken and the accumulated phlegm is then removed at a single effort; thus the mucous surfaces are not causelessly irritated, and a severe bronchial attack passes easily through its stages; whereas, if the membrane is irritated by violent and useless fits of coughing, it gets sore and relaxed. Again, by inhaling steam or sucking an ipecacuanha lozenge on first awaking, the dried secretion may be loosened or easily expelled, and the usual fit of morning cough partly prevented.

### Wedding Pipes.

The city of Gonda, so famed for the old stained glass in the cathedral, and more generally associated with the manufacture of Dutch pipes, is about fifteen miles from Rotterdam. Among the variety of pipes made there is one called the wedding pipe; it is three feet three inches long in the stem; the bowl is ornamented with coats-of-arms. The Dutch make festivals of the copper wedding, the silver wedding, the golden wedding and the diamond wedding. On the occasion of the copper wedding the stem of the pipe is ornamented with copper leaves twining all the way up the stem, and at each successive festival the leaves are renewed according to the date of the commemoration, which seldom passes the golden. In Amsterdam I once saw a diamond-leaved pipe which had been prepared for a seventy-fifth wedding.—*Good Words.*

Francis Murphy, the American temperance lecturer, is at work in Scotland.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Error tolerates; truth condemns.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.

Men should be tried before they are trusted.

To indulge a consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it.

Great men and geniuses find their true places in times of great events.

Troubles borrowed and stolen outnumber by far all others in the world.

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

We seldom find people ungrateful as long as we are in a condition to render them services.

The fortunate circumstances of our life are generally found to be of our own producing.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories—they are strongest for things a long way off.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

Happiness is perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

### A Chance for Inventors.

A machine is greatly needed in many parts of the country for twisting together swamp hay, the straw of grain, bushes and the small branches removed from trees in the operation of trimming them, for the purpose of utilizing them for fuel. Such materials are extensively employed in many parts of Europe for heating houses and for cooking food. They are twisted together or tied by hand. Although this country is well supplied with wood and coal, and the facilities for transporting them are excellent in most sections, still there are places where the inhabitants are obliged to rely entirely on the materials at hand for fuel for warming and cooking. They have an abundance of hay and straw, and sometimes bushes and the branches of trees that have been planted. If they are twisted together and bound they form very good and convenient fuel for domestic purposes. The materials as prepared should be nearly in the form of sticks of stove wood. In addition to being twisted they should be bound so that they can be conveniently handled. A machine that would accomplish these results would be of very great value in many portions of the West, and especially so in the treeless, coalless sections of the great wheat-growing region. It should be of ample construction, not liable to get out of order, and cheap. Large machines might be constructed that could be moved from one house to another, as thrashing machines now are, but small machines are more desirable, so that every settler could have one. The machines would be valuable in places where there is a supply of coal but no wood that can be employed for kindling purposes or for supporting brisk fires that are often required for cooking meals. With a suitable machine a substitute for wood could be obtained from materials now wasted, at the expense of a little labor.—*Chicago Times.*

### An Extraordinary Story.

A private letter published by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* tells the following extraordinary story: Not long ago the priest of one of the churches in Samara, Russia, in the course of a sermon, recalled the brutal assassination of Alexander II. His hearers became greatly excited, and at the close of the service left the church in a frenzy of rage, shouting that they would have revenge. Not finding one of the murderers ready to their hands they ran about the streets assaulting every one who was dressed after the manner of Europeans. That night a Nihilist committee having headquarters in the town met and decided that the priest who had unwittingly instigated the riot should be put to death. They cast lots and a young girl was designated for the bloody work. She turned deathly pale, but promised the committee should be satisfied and its sentence carried out. Two nights afterward the priest was awakened by the noise of an explosion in his daughter's room. He hurried to the spot and there found the girl lying just alive at the foot of her bed. She explained that she had been chosen by lot to murder the priest, but had preferred to kill herself rather than her father. She refused to divulge the names of her accomplices, and in a few moments was dead.