CHANGED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Changed! Yes, I will confess it, I have changed;
I do not love you in the old fond way;
I am your friend still; time has not enstranged
One kindly feeling of that vanished day.

But the sweet clamor that made life a dream,
The rapture of that time, its glad content,
Like visions of a vanished home they seem—
And yet I can not tell you when they went.

Why do you gaze with such accusing eyes
Upon me, dear? Is it so very strange
That hearts, like all things underneath God's skies,
Should sometimes feel the influence of change?

The birds, the flowers, the foliage of trees,
The stars which seem so fixed and so sublime,
Vast continents and the eternal seas—
All these do change with every changing time.

The face our mirror shows us year on year
Is not the same. Our dearest aim of need,
Our lightest thought or feeling, hope or fear—
All, all this law of alteration heed.

How can we ask the human heart to stay
Content with fancies of youth's earliest hours?
The year outgrows the violets of May,
Altho', may be, it finds no fairer flowers.

And life may hold no sweeter love than this,
Which lies so cold, so voiceless and so dumb,
"And will I miss it, dear?" Why, yes, we miss
The violets always—till the roses come.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

When I first knew her she was fifteen years old; I was twenty-four. She was a schoolmaster's daughter; I a schoolmaster's son. We first met one September evening. Her father was a struggling pedagogue, with a family of seven children to support, and a few pupils. I had it in my head to become his partner, and went down first to see how things were looking. I arrived after a lengthy journey, and the first thing I saw when ushered into the room was a little girl seated in an old arm chair, with a big book upon her knee. She shook hands with me, and as she did so I noticed her eyes were blue, her hair was a golden brown, escaping from its bonds in rippling wavelets; and that she had a curiously winning smile, smiling not only with her lips, but with her eyes and face and all. Later on I was struck by the way her little head was poised upon her shoulders. She was upright as a dart; and when she moved it was with an infinite grace, as some tiny queen.

Her name was Emily; to her friends she was always Em.

She and I struck a friendship. She always did make friends with all male creatures, whether five years old or fifty. I was a scribbler even then, and I fancy the pride of authorship, even in so small a degree, had a certain charm for her, which set me up in her eyes. She wrote her name in my birthday book, and beneath it I wrote: "My little sweetheart." It lies before me at this moment.

She would fly through her work like a bird flinging unwelcome showers from its wing. She could not see that life was real. Yet she had good cause to see that it was so. It was the hardest struggle in the world for her father and mother to bring two ends together. Very little money was ever hers. Her wardrobe was of the scantiest. She knew nothing of pleasure as some people understand it; she had never been ten miles out of the town where she was born. Yet there must have been some fairy present at her birth, for she was like a summer's day—always bright. Not that she could not be grave. That was one of her rarest charms—her gift of sympathy. Only let some one whom she knew and cared for be in sorrow, and Em would not be far away. Dark, indeed, would be that sorrow which did not change to light when her sun was shining. Her voice, her eyes, her arms all joined to drive the shadows away and soothe the sufferer with the presence of her love.

Time sped. I had now known her more than two years. I was going on a rambling expedition to foreign parts, and though I knew I was a fool for my pains, it was a bitter parting. And so for a time I think it was to her, for in some way links had been joined between us without our ever knowing that they were being forged.

"Well," said I to her the day before I went, we being alone together, "Blue Eyes, how long shall I be missed?"

The only answer was to throw herself upon the hearth-rug, place her hands upon my knees, and turn her eyes up toward my face.

"Ah, Blue Eyes," said I, trifling with her sunny hair, "you'll have another sweetheart in a week."

"In a week?" said she, in that curiously clear voice of hers; "do you think so?" She looked up and watched me for a moment; then she turned and got upon her knees, kneeling in front of me. "Perhaps so," she said, "but"—leaning forward so that her breath mingled with mine—"he'll never be a sweetheart like you."

What could I do? I knew her so well! I knew that this was just what she would say to anyone by way of comfort. I knew that her words were as trifles, light as air.

"Make no vows," said I, "only to be broken. You and I have had happy times; why should I begrudge the same to another?"

She was silent. She was now nearly eighteen, but she was so small that it never occurred to me to think of her as anything but a little girl. She put her hand out and took mine, still in the same quiet fashion. "Would you like me to—to take another?"

"Em," said I, "what does it matter what I like? Before the sun has gone down upon my going, another day will have dawned for you." I looked at her. It come to me that this was very bitter, and however great a fool I might be I could not entirely hide what was in my heart. "Little sweetheart," said I, "of one thing be sure—I never shall forget you."

She came to me and I kissed her. She still kept her face near mine. "Bertie," said she—it was the first time she had ever called me Bertie; it had always been plain Mister before, and the name rang in my ears—"Bertie, I'll not forget you in a week."

I almost pushed her from me. I knew this dalliance was worse than folly; I knew her too well, and rose to my feet. "No," said I, with bitter mirth; "not in a week, but in eight days."

She made no answer, but still knelt at my feet. And so we parted, for the farewell on the morrow was but a formal one.

Two years passed by. Occasionally I sent her little notes, pictures of noted places, foolish curiosities. But I never gave her my address. I knew letter-writing was not her strong point, and for some reason I did not like to think she would not write, although she could. Through it all I bore her memor with me, and wherever I might be, at times would come the shadow of her sweet face. I would not own it myself, but now and again I hungered for a sight of her; and because I knew it was so, and that it was much foolishness, I stopped away longer than I intended. But at last I came back. One of my first visits was to B—; for, try now hard I could, I could not denying the longing for another sight of her. I found that the position of the parents of Em had little improved, and her mother told me that she had gone into the world as a governess. Such had always been the intention; but I always wondered what sort of a governess she would make. A staid gouvernant? with those blue eyes and that smile, that everlasting spirit of mischief, which would be bubbling out? Fancy her a sober perceptress! And who were her sweethearts now? Was there a pupil old enough to be made the recipient of her favors? Or was there some one who was not a pupil still more capable? Well what did it matter to me? She and I had each our way to go.

Her mother told me her situation was in the neighborhood of Ryde. Happening to have friends in that town, I made them an excuse for a visit there. Yet on my arrival I was in no hurry to find them out; and taking up my quarters in a quiet inn I prepared to have a day or two alone. It was a Saturday afternoon, lovely weather, and I set out for a walk, well known in years gone by, through the Lovers' lane, past Quarr Abbey to Fish-house, nestling by the water's side. It was so warm, and the country was so alive with beauty, that I took my time and lingered, nothing spots memory once held dear. Reaching Quarr woods, I wandered through the brushwood to the water's edge. Along the shore there runs or ran a wall, an old, moss-grown wall, and within this wall a garden so ancient it deserved no better name than wilderness. The weeds grew rank and thick, and no hand but nature's had much to answer for in it. There was an old, green gate at the bottom, which moved on rusty hinges; under the trees was a garden gate, much the worse for weather and wear; and on the left was an old summer house, damp and mildewy, with steps up the roof and seats upon it.

I entered the garden and climbed up to the old roof-seat. My pipe, in sympathy with the weather, was soothing to my nerves. Gradually substance became shadow; the soft wind sang sweet music to my languid ears, and a gentle charm came over me. I fancy it was sleep. Utopian to lie there, the wavelets ripping upon the shore, a dim suspicion of unclouded skies pervading my dreams.

Something woke me—a sound. I opened my eyes dreamily, conscious that voices were somewhere near. I lay listening with a sort of curiosity, and became aware that I was listening to the prattle of children; little voices were borne upon the breeze, children's laughter mingling with the rippling waves. But every now and then there was another voice; not a child's, yet childlike. It was familiar to my ears, and as I listened its sound woke within me chords of forgotten music. Before many seconds had gone I knew it was Em's voice I heard, but I did not move, nor did I turn to see. I lay as in a tower of strength, and it was a comfortable feeling to know that I had but to turn upon my elbow and there before me would be the little lady who once was my little sweetheart. But at last I moved. I rose upon my elbow quietly so as to make no noise and looked over the side of the summer-house on to the garden below, and there I saw her. She was on the seat under the trees; about her were four children, two boys and two girls. They stood at her knees, close together, watching her make a chain of daisy flowers. She had grown, but not much; she was still a little maiden, and it was plain she never would rank among big women. She was dressed in blue, a little blue cap perched daintily upon her head, still poised like a Queen's upon her shoulders, and a blue serge dress, which fitted her better, I noticed, than her dresses used to do. Even from where I was I could see her blue eyes flashing and that wonderful smile upon her face. She was certainly prettier than of old, and she looked like a maiden stepped down from fairydom.

I lay still and watched, content to be near her. I knew I had but to open my lips and she would be with me on the instant. But I did not choose. I preferred, like a child, to play with pleasure, spinning it out to its full length. It was a summer's ecstacy, and for a while I would not break the charm. But then the thought came to me, what would she do if she knew that I was there. Wondering what the answer might be, softly, hardly above a whisper, I gently called, "Em!" But she engaged with the daisy-chain and with her little ones, did not hear and paid no heed. So, smiling as I watched her, a second time I called a little louder, "Em!" But she did not hear. The daisy-chain and little ones seemed to engross all her thoughts and my voice blew past her with the wind. How would it do, I thought, since she was so obstinately deaf, to rouse her by confronting her. If she would not hear, she should see, and her eyes, if not her ears, be opened. With some such fancy I was just about to rise and intrude myself upon her presence, when I noticed the figure of a man coming down the path.

I had no objection to children witnessing our meeting, though I could have spared even them; but a third party, and a stranger, I did not want. So I waited till he should have none. He was a young man, a gentleman, beyond a doubt, good looking, dressed in a gray suit of Scotch tweed and bright red necktie. His was a fair young face. He had a promising moustache, which he fended with one hand, and he was smoking a mighty meerschaum. Instead of passing, as I expected, when he reached the wall he paused and looked at the group within. There was I, peeping over edge of the summer house, wondering what kept him there. There was he, leaning with one hand upon the moss-green wall. There was she, with her daisy-chain and children at her knees. Just as I thought he would be moving on, to my surprise he vaulted lightly over the wall, hiding behind the very summer-house on which I sat. Then quickly and quietly he passed from tree to tree, as though he wished to do so undisturbed, until at last he was behind where the unsuspecting maiden sat.

While I watched with angry eyes he darted from his hiding-place, ran to her from behind, drew her head back to him and kissed her twice or thrice upon the lips. The blood boiled within my veins.

I did not doubt that this was a dastard outrage, and that my darling needed a defender. In a minute vengeance would have been done, and he or I would have been lain low; but her answer showed I was mistaken.

"Charlie," cried she, with that sweet smile I knew so well, "how can you kiss me before the children?"

"Why not," said he; "don't I kiss them before you?" And to prove his words he snatched up a little girl and kissed her again and again, she laughing at the fun. Then he sat down by her side, and putting his arms about her drew her to him. The daisy-chain dropped to her lap, and she looked at him as though he was all the world to her. "Darling," said he (not loudly, but loud enough for me to hear), "I have spoken to my mother about you and me today, and she thinks I am very foolish; but since I have been and always will be so, she thinks I may as well take you to be my little wife—though you will be very foolish for letting me."

Her answer was to lay her head upon his shoulders and flash her blue eyes with a still softer blue upon his face. "Charlie," said she, "are you sure you love me?"

"Love you?" he returned, and he meant it; "my darling, more than I can tell!"

"And are you sure," she continued, "your mother will not be angry? I could not bear to anger her."

"Angry?" said he, closing her lips with kisses; "who in all the world could be angry with my little sweetheart?"

And so on. The children looked on at what was a new experience to them. What mattered? They would have to learn themselves some day, though perhaps they were beginning early. And I—I had to listen to it all. Who could have shown himself, placed as I was, at such a time? They cooed and made love, as love has so oft been made, until the afternoon was spent, and then they went. And I was free to go as well.

Was I disillusoined? Partly, though the fault was all my own. Once I knew her well. The knowledge which for a time was lost was only found again.

I have not seen her since. For some cause her happiness stuck in my throat, and I left Ryde that evening. I may never see her again. Ere this, doubtless, she is another's wife. But when I think of her, even to this hour, it is as My Little Sweetheart.

Geraniums in the Window Garden.

[American Agriculturist.]

It is very rare to see a well grown geranium in window culture. Even if the plants bloom fairly, they are often drawn up, misshapen things, not pleasing to look upon. In the majority of cases, plants have been set out in the garden for the summer are allowed to "go as you please." The roots finding an abundance of rich soil, the tops grow off at a famous rate. At the approach of cold weather the plants are taken up as they stood; if any cutting is done it is at the roots, to bring them within the limits of a pot, and the plants are placed in the window. As a consequence of such treatment the majority of the leaves fade and fall, and show a lot of long, lanky stems, with a small tuft of leaves at the top. This condition of the plants is due either to a lack of knowledge or to timidity. Amature cultivators, as a general thing, seems to fear to to use the knife; could the plants suffer pain, they would be more reluctant to cut. The proper method is to prepare the plants for taking in long before the time for lifting them; but it is too late to advise that as it is to suggest pruning them at the time of taking them up. Even at this late day it is better to cut back the geraniums to a good shape than to let them remain as they are. Of course each plant will have its own needs in this respect, and only general advice can be given. Cut back the long stems in such a manner that the plants will form a low, rounded head, and remove altogether such branches as will make the head too much crowded. In pruning the stems, cut just above a bud or leaf scar. If the cut be made just below a bud, or half way between to buds, the stem will die down to the next bud below, leaving an unsightly stub. New growth will soon start and the plant will, after a while, present an appearance so greatly improved that the owner will regret that it had not been done before. Geraniums are not the only window plants that need pruning to keep them in a neat form, but those who take proper care of their plants can do much of this by pinching with the thumb and finger nails, or removing altogether those buds that appear where a shoot is not desired.

The Letter to the Angels.

[From the French.]

Six years old, with fair, curly hair; a pair of saucer-like blue eyes that tried to smile in spite of tear-wet lids; a little jacket of stylish cut, but now hanging in shreds; trowsers to match, torn at both knees; a girl's boot on the right foot, and a student's shoe on the left—that was Johnny.

Shivering with cold, for it was a winter evening, and his wretched rags were no protection against the wind, he thrust his blue hands into his bottomless pockets and trudged along with the crowd that thronged the busy street.

He had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and so was hungry as well as cold. At the corner of the avenue, not far from the Esplanade, stood a shanty, with the word "Editor" scrawled above the door.

The "editor," or public letter-writer, was an old vetern—surly, brave, poor, and, unluckily, not sufficiently crippled to enter the "Hotel des Invalides."

Johnny peeped through the frosty window-pane as he passed, and saw him smoking his pipe while waiting for customers.

A happy thought came to Johnny. He entered the little office and said:

"Please, sir, I want to have a letter written."

"It will cost you ten sous," answered the gruff old soldier, Pere Bouin.

"Ah! then forgive me for troubling you. I cannot pay."

And bowing politely, he pulled at his curly forelock—for he had no hat to doff—and turned to leave.

"Not so fast, my little man," cried Pere Bouin, beginning to take an interest in the urchin. "Are you the son of a soldier?"

"No, monsieur; I'm mamma's son," was the innocent reply.

The "editor" smiled

"And you haven't ten sous?'

"No, indeed; I have n't got even one."

"Nor your mother, either, most likely. It's a letter to try and get something to eat—something to make the pot boil—eh, my boy?"

"Yes, sir—that's just it."

"Well, sit down. A penful of ink and a half a sheet of paper won't beggar me."

And going to his desk, Papa Bouin wrote in his best hand the heading, "Paris, Jan. 17, 18—." And beneath, "To Mr. ——."

"What is the gentleman's name, sonny?"

"What gentleman?" asked Johnny, blankly.

"What gentleman? Parbleu! but you are cool. The gentleman to whom you wish to send this letter."

"Oh, it is not a gentleman!"

"Well, lady, then! What lady?" snapped the testy old campaigner.

Johnny had somehow grown red. He lowered his gaze before the cross looks of Papa Bouin, and said, timidly:

"No, sir; no lady, either. I want to—that is—I mean—you see, sir, I want to send that letter to the angels."

Papa Bouin threw down his pen, took his pipe from his mouth and cried, sternly.

"You young monkey! I didn't think you came here to insult an ancient warrior. If there was enough of you there to take hold of, I'd give you a good shaking. Clear out, now! Right about, face! march!"

Johnny did not wait to be told twice, but started for the door. Seeing him so meek, Papa Bouin changed his mind, and calling him back, looked curiously at him.

"Mille canons!" muttered he. "There's misery enough in this Paris of ours. What's your name, bibi?"

"Johnny.'

"Johnny what?'

"Nothing but Johnny."

The old soldier felt his eyes unusually moist, but he only shrugged his shoulders.

"And what do you wish to tell the angels?" he asked.

"I would tell them that mamma has been sleeping since 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and ask them to be so kind as to wake her up. I have tried and can't."

Papa Bouin shuddered. He guessed and dreaded the truth.

"You spoke of food just now, Johnny?"

"Ah, yes! We want some so badly," said the child. "Before she went to sleep, mamma had given me our last bit of bread. She herself had not eaten anything for two days."

"How did you try to wake her?"

"As I always do—I kissed her."

"Did she breathe?"

"I don't know. Don't people breathe always?"

Papa Bouin did not reply. He turned his face away, for large tears were rolling down his furrowed cheeks. His voice trembled as he went on:

"Did you notice anything queer when you kissed her?"

"Yes; she was cold! It is so cold in our room!"

"And she was shivering, was she not?"

"Oh, no! She was beautiful—so beautiful! Her two hands crossed on her breast, and white—white like wax! But come and I will show her to you."

Papa Bouen took the poor little boy on his knee, and, smothering him with kisses, said, softly:

"Mon pauvre enfant, your letter is written, sent, received and answered. I, thank God, have more than enough to eat! Hence forth, you, dear child, will share it with me. Now bring me to your mother."

"Willingly. But why do you cry?"

"I—I am not crying," said the old soldier. "Men do not weep. But you, Johnny, you will cry when you learn—But you are my son, now. My comrades would laugh at these tears. Let them! I, too, had a mother—long ago—and her last words to me were, 'Bouin—Bouin—be an honest Christian.' I hope I have always been an honest man; as for the Christian I am not sure. But now, Johnny, all will be well. Your letter has gained and merited a double answer. You have a father, and I a gardian angle."

That is all. The poor mother had literally starved to death. Who was she? What matters it?

Suffice to say that somewhere in Paris lives a man who is "editor," but not in a shanty, nor for letters of ten sous. He edits good, beautiful and eloquent thoughts, in the form of articles, and they have made him famous.

We will call him Johnny, as in the olden time.

Papa Bouin is now a happy old man—always honest and brave—and, what is more a true Christian. He rejoices in the renown and glory of his adopted son, and he often says (for it was he who told me this story):

"I know not who the postman is that carries such letters as tiny Johnny wished to write, but they yet failed to arrive at their address in Heaven."

The Stubenville Herald says: "Two employes of the Dallas (Tex.) Postoffice, on returning from a hunt in the country, cut down a telegraph pole, mistaking it for a bee tree. The humming of the wire deluded them." The sort of "wire" that "deluded them" it is sold by the pint in Dallas, and a coil of it is strong enough to make a man take an axe and try to split rails off the end of an artesian well.

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In order that the public may fully realize the genuineness of the statements, as well as the power and value of the article of which they speak, we publish herewith the fac-simile signatures of parties whose sincerity is beyond question. The truth of these testimonials is absolute, nor can the facts they announce be ignored.

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July 2, 1881.

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Gentlemen—For months I have been afflicted with that terrible disease pronounced by my physicians to be Diabetes Moletus or Sugar Diabetes—all the alarming symptoms usually manifest in this disease were present the thirst became intolerable, the appetite excessive and the skin hard and dry, while the tongue became glazed and furrowed. The flow of urine rapidly increased in quantity, frequency and my health was completely undermined. I was treated by the best physicians but continued to grow worse. At length I heard of the remarkable results your Safe Diabetes Cure is effecting and I commenced the use of the remedy. There was a favorable change almost immediately. The symptoms subsided and I gained strength and improved in health each day. My disease being of long standing required a greater quantity of the medicine to subdue it entirely. My improvement is so marked that I am confident in a comparatively short time, I shall be entirely cured.

John Burk.

185 Indiana Avenue.

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Gentlemen—About 10 years ago I was attacked with a very severe form of Kidney disease, which caused me unbearable pain and suffering. My body was terribly bloated. The skin was hard and dry and not one drop of moisture was visible upon the surface, while violent pains darted across my back and about the loins. For over a year I was treated by our best physicians who exhausted their skill and experience, but I continued to grow worse daily. Finally I began to use Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and 4 bottles only, entirely cured me.

Mrs. E. M. Christy

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Edwin A Castor

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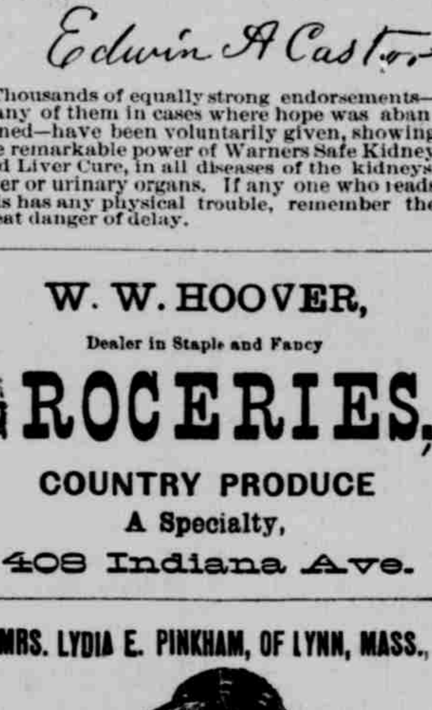

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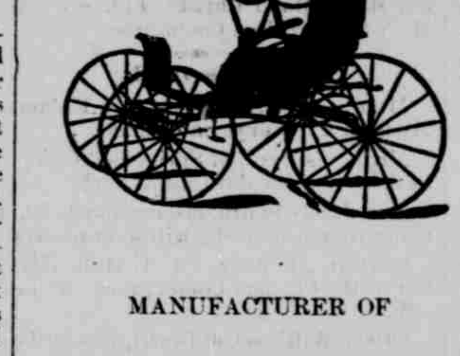

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Dear Sirs:—We have used and sold your work for the past three years and have found it first-class. Our customers are all well pleased. We have sold to several livery stables, and your buggies have stood the severe usage to which they are subjected equal to the highest priced buggies. Yours truly,

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Gentlemen:—I have bought of you several of your side-bar buggies. They are the best vehicles for the money, I ever saw. I have subjected them to the severest tests in my livery, and they wear better than any other work I have ever had. Yours truly,

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Dear Sirs:—From an experience of fifteen years in the livery business we are fully convinced that the durability, style, and finish of the carriages and buggies of your manufacture far excels any others in the United States for the money.

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