

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

St. Patrick's day in the morning there—
'Twas many a year ago—
I traveled a road to Donaghmore
With a girl I used to know.

THE LIGHT IN HER EYES.

No, Sir, Tommy's father would say,
'I never had any advantages, and Tommy's
all we've got, and he's going to have
everything I missed, every blame thing!

At fourteen he crossed the Rubicon,
burned his bridges behind him, and put
away childish things. The pants were
pretty long, but he was growing—why,
you could see him grow!

It seems that when you put on long
pants, you've got to get culture. Tommy
announced it as he drew the sugar-bowl
from under his father's newspaper and
spiced the rice in the thirteenth
page: "I want take lessons."

"Well," said his father belligerently, as
he propped his paper against the water-
pitcher,—"he wouldn't have a bottle on his
table, no matter how stylish it was,—I
guess there's nothing to hinder! I never
had any advantages myself, and your's
going to! I'll tell you that, young man,
right now an' here. You're going to have
advantages whether you want 'em or
not! What kind o' lessons?"

"Tommy! I always did want you to
learn to dance!" His mother laid her
finger on the place in the Sixbest-seller
where Donovan Fitzbrown was whirling
her in the mazes of the waltz and the
dream music floated through the fragrant
palms.

"No, no, Ma! I don't want to dance!"
No, sir! You catch me huggin' the girls,
an' all that—ugh!" Tommy shivered as
with a chill, "I wanta learn to be a
musician."

lar. He worked like a beaver, because
when he went with his five-dollar bill to
Professor Paleochoux, late from Vienna,
it was nice to be told that he had a good
idea of time.

He was learning rapidly; and he was
growing rapidly. Sitting on the little
gilt chair in Marie's parlor, waiting for
her to get ready to play, he had to tie his
feet in a knot to keep out of the way
when she went by, always so plucky
close, switching her skirts and fooling
with her sash.

"Now here," said the Professor, "is an
exquisite little thing I want you to learn.
The music was written for these words,
and perhaps it will help you to think of
them. They run like this." He repeated
them, the words running on about how
the moon and the stars shine in the
skies, and how they're dark, and everything
void, compared to the light in Her eyes.

"Exquisite little thing," said the Professor.
"Now learn it."

Tommy came back in a week and played
it in perfect time. When it said double p,
he pianissimoed, and when it said double f,
he fortissimoed, and yet the Professor said
it was music. When a man with his
right hair and a name ending with hay-
fever says a thing isn't music, why, it
isn't, and that's all there is about it.

The Professor interpreted the poem.
Hadden't the young man noticed the moon
and stars, how marvelous they were?
Hadden't he ever felt it, the magic of the
night? Tommy hadn't. And the light in
her eyes, now. He must try to imagine
the way the man felt who wrote the
lines.

"Now repeat the words after me," said
Professor Paleochoux, a trifle impatiently.
"You can't play it until you can say
it! Repeat the words and get some
expression into them!"

Tommy repeated them and got some
expression of a page in the almanac.
And then one day, when Tom didn't
pass in his room, and he had tonsillitis,
and green paint on his new trousers,
Marie Murphy came tripping by on
her little clicking French heels and
sang out, "Oh, Tom, I can't play your
cumpnamunts-to-night; I've got a en-
gagement. I'm sorry, but you'll have
to excuse me."

She tossed her curly head and looked
over her shoulder, looked anxiously,
biting her dimples into position, wondering
how her scheme would work; for Tommy
was very fair to her eyes.

"Gee, she hates me! Hates me like
poison!" growled Tommy, as he threw
his geometry into the Boston fern.
"Whatever I done to her now, to make
her so mad, I'd like to know! Aw, I don't
care, I ain't wanted to practise for a long
time! I don't care! It can all go hang!"

And he went up to his room and banged
the door.
A different Tom came out. They didn't
know he was different at first, so gradual
was the change, but they remembered
afterward that it—whatever it was—had
been coming on for a long time. He
stopped taking lessons. He wouldn't
finish the year at school. He stayed out
nights. Now and then he smoked a
cigarette—and it would have been often,
had he not, in spite of his brave efforts,
been so sickening. He compromised on
a pipe. He wore his hair as the barber
did his, shiny, flat to his head, his hat a
trifle to one side. His mother found
queer-looking things in his pockets,
round, like little cookies, about the size
of a half-dollar, red, and white, and blue.
He did not look one straight in the eye,
and he walked with a slouch. He didn't
care if his heels were run over. "He didn't
care!"

She wasn't fashionable because her
sister Manje was going to marry a board-
of-trade man, and Mame didn't want a
bill full skirts in her trousseau, or waists that
hadn't stylish peasant sleeves. So Celia
wore hand-me-downs.

At the party she cleverly kept Tom
from blossoming into the common or gar-
den variety of wall flower.
"Shall we sit here?" she asked, or,
"Shall we walk over there?" and he
obeyed as though she were Czar of
all the Russias. And during refresh-
ments she told him about it in a
tender little whisper when he spilled
some of his ice-cream and it went in a
strawberry Niagara over his knees and
onto the Oriental rug. There is some-
thing about a woman who has seen a
man in such mental dishabille and
thrown the mantle of charity over him!
Once I saw a man empty a plate of hot
soup over his knees, and the woman who
was with him had a sense of humor—
but never mind that. Celia gave him her
face handkerchief because he couldn't
find his, and told him to use a little ben-
zine, and it wouldn't leave a spot, and
Oriental rugs were more valuable after
that sort of thing,—it made them look
old,—and she almost always spilled hers.

And then, pretty soon, they went home.
The moon floated like a silver boat in
the sea of blue. A million stars winked
solemnly like kindly eyes. The katydids
were contradicting each other: "Katy
did, she didn't; Katy did, she did." A
little breeze stirred the white clematis,
and mixed its fragrance with the night.
But he kept swallowing and swallowing,
like a miser, and he was something
intangible, ineffable. You know.
They walked slowly; there was no
hurry. They went around the block,
Celia talking in a low voice like a strain
of remembered music,—things that didn't
amount to much; how rainy it had been,
and how lovely now that it had
cleared off; and her sister Mame was
going to be married soon, and live in the
city; and the Allen's collie was dead, and
she nearly cried.

As they walked under the whispering
trees, Tom's eyes smarted; his throat
ached; he kept swallowing and swallowing,
but he couldn't get it all swallowed,—
that awful lump you get in your throat
when you've been part way to the dogs,
and you wish, and wish—He wished he
had always been good, as good as Celia,—
Celia in white, with a misty white shawl
swaying like wings of cloud; and he
wished he could do great things,—un-
utterable, unheard-of deeds of white glory,
things no one ever did in all the world.

They came to her door. The moon-
light fell full on her uplifted face, and
her eyes were full of light. He looked
at her, and he thought, "for asking me."
She held out her hand, but he didn't
shake it. He just held it; and it took
him quite a while to think it out: Celia's
white hand in his! The light in Celia's
eyes shining on him!

"Good-night,"
They whispered the word, though there
was nothing to hear it but the wind blowing
in the lilac-trees. She opened the
door and closed it softly after her.
He went home slowly,—around the
block, back under the whispering trees.
He lifted his wings of cloud; and he
loosened the waving hair from his tem-
ples; and when the hat went back, it was
straight on his head.

His mother was waiting for him,—she
was always waiting, no matter how late
it was. Tom looked at her a moment,
trifle to one side. His mother looked
more, but turned shyly away and went
softly up the stairs. She sat with his
sock stretched over her old hand, pricking
it idly with her darning-needle, smiling
through dimmed spectacles.
Tom woke in the morning—and re-
membered. He combed his hair as he
used to do, got out his violin and tuned it
up.

"Well," said his pa, at the foot of the
stairs, chuckling foolishly, so that Tom
wouldn't know about the tear that was
trickling down in the wrinkle in his
cheek—"You're looking good! I knew
we'd be hearing that again!"
"Who's going to play your cumpnamunts?"
said Ma, her apron at her
twisting mouth.

"Celia. She's pretty busy just now,
sewing,—her sister Mame's going to get
married,—but she'll have plenty of time
after that."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Just love! Love something, some one.
And friends will flock
Like snow-birds to the window-ledge
Where lies the crumb.

What kind of a blouse are you going to
wear with your new spring suit? Maybe
you are the kind of individual that clings
to white ones, no matter what the season
nor the fashion. To be consistent along
any line of fashion is to be envied, for if
you have chosen well in the beginning
and then persist in carrying out that
style the public attaches it to you and re-
sents it if you depart from it.

The modern blouse of today is a sister
to the man's shirt of a century ago, with
its exquisite handwork that did not show
in embroidered flowers and butterflies,
but in minute stitches, carefully taken
with the point of a cambric needle and a
thread you couldn't see.

The sleeves are finely tucked and long,
with a turnover cuff, or a frill that falls
on the hand. The small pearl buttons in
front may show, but they are usually hid-
den under a fold of the fabric. There is
a frill of fine lace and muslin in front or
one edged with embroidered scallops.

No stiff turnover collar of linen is al-
lowed to top this soft bit of lingerie.
There is a stock of the fabric, finely
tucked, held up with serpentine feather-
bones and finished with a flat turnover of
a lace a quarter of an inch deep. The
finish in front is quite simple; usually a
tiny black taffeta bow with some fanciful
ornament of brilliants in the middle.
The horseshoe of diamonds or rhinestones
has given way to a horse's bit in the
sauce-gems, and it is a relief, for they
were very tired of the emblem of good
luck. The woman who is not of the
stable and hunting field prefers a small
slender circle of diamonds or pearls to
hold this black bow in place.

Much thought has been expended on
designing petticoats to be worn with nar-
row skirts. They are made perfectly
plain, on the drop-skirt order, and the
majority are not trimmed at all. The few
that are trimmed have lace or insertion
put on flat so that there will be no bulki-
ness whatsoever. Then the new petti-
coats are short, reaching to the shoe
tops. Messaline is the favored material
used; also silk jersey with a scant messa-
line flounce.

Bands of black velvet are again being
worn around the neck. Directly in front
a clasp with a pendant is fastened to the
velvet band.

Brocade coats are worn with cloth, silk
and satin gowns for teas and calling. A
favorite model for these coats is a short
cutaway with a rolling collar and long
sleeves. The coats are now being finish-
ed with fur collars and some of them
have waistcoats also of the fur. Later
handsome lace will be used instead of
the fur.

Wet a towel in cold water and cover
all kinds of roasted meats, turkey and
chicken to prevent drying. They will re-
tain the flavor and keep moist a long
time.

FARM NOTES.

—Do not expose the fowls to strong
March winds.

—Never set a thin, lousy hen. She
won't stay her time out.

—On cold evenings the hens must be
sent to roost with full crops.

—Careful feeding is necessary to the
economical use of the oat bin.

—Manure and dinking will renovate
the worn out pasture or meadow.

—Especially at this time of the year,
the fireless brooder is to be recommend-
ed.

—Blanket a horse warmly, and brush
well to thoroughly clean and stimulate
the skin.

—The most successful growers of alf-
alfa recommend sowing the seed in the
spring.

—Look out for drafts under and
through the floors. They are about the
worst kind.

Get Close to Nature.

Says a philosopher: "Observe nature.
When you come to a barnyard look
in and see the pigs and fowls
and the cows. Climb a fence now and
then, and go into the cattle. I know of
no place where there is more philoso-
phy than in a barnyard. You can
learn much from animals. Within
their circle they know much more
than we do."

Good Hint.

Those who keep up a regular corre-
spondence with several friends will
find it a good plan to keep envelopes
addressed to each of them in some
convenient place, and into these to
slip newspaper cuttings and notes of
things which will interest each par-
ticular correspondent. When the time
comes to write the letter it will be
found that the task is practically ac-
complished.

Source of Her Cold.

As papa didn't come home for lunch,
mamma and little Katherine always
ate a cold repast, which Katherine
didn't like. One morning the little girl
woke up with a very hoarse voice.
"Where could you have caught that
cold, dear?" asked mamma. "I think
it was from eating that cold meat yester-
day, mamma."

In Right Places.

A witty woman once said that house-
keeping consists in taking things out
and putting them back. One might
elaborate the statement by saying
that good housekeeping consists in
getting the things back in the right
places, and easy housekeeping con-
sists in having places enough for the
things.

Longevity of the Earth.

That the age of primitive man in
France runs back at least two hun-
dred thousand years has been satis-
factorily proved by Lyell and other
geologists, who showed that it has
taken at least this long for the rivers
to wear away their beds below the
caves where they once flowed.

Rivalries.

"Why do so many musicians speak
disparagingly of instruments that play
mechanically?" "I don't know," re-
plied the gentleman with Circassian
hair. "But I don't see why we should
be more generous toward a mechanical
instrument than we are toward each
other."

Adhere to Lofty Ideal.

Never allow yourself to live habitu-
ally beneath your loftiest ideal, for,
if you do, that ideal will fade from
before you, as a painter's who might
paint sunsets, but contents himself
with painting signboards.—Henry Van
Dyke.

Architecturally Speaking.

"I am the architect of my own for-
tune," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "Well,"
replied Mr. Holden Howes, "by being
your own architect you're liable to
save some curious effects, but you do
get a lot of money on plans and spec-
ifications."

Rare Optimism.

"There are very few real optimists,"
remarked the contemplative citizen.
"Whatever is your idea of a real opti-
mist?" "A man who can walk to work
just as cheerfully as if he were chas-
ing a golf ball."—Washington Star.

Practical Domestic Science.

"What is this domestic science?" in-
quired the engaged girl. "It consists
of making hash out of the left-over
meat and croquettes out of the left-
over hash," explained her more ex-
perienced friend.—Pittsburgh Post.

Australia Claims Healthiest City.

Sydney, Australia, is claimed to be
the healthiest city in the world. At
the Australian Medical congress, held
recently, it was stated that the town
has the lowest death rate of any city
in the world.

Leave it to Her.

"I asked your husband last evening
if he had his life to live over again if
he would marry you, and he said he
certainly would." "He certainly
wouldn't."—Houston Post.

Put Away Despair.

Fight like a good soldier, and if thou
sometimes fall through frailty, take
again greater strength than before,
trusting in My more abundant grace.
—Thomas Kempis.

Making Up Natural Defects.

A French physician has discovered
the means of planting artificial eye-
lashes and eyebrows. The former op-
eration is very painful, but the latter
less so.

Good Sign of the Times.

The determination of the masses of
the people to better their conditions is
one of the most healthy signs the
country can have.

Time's Greatest Evil.

The greatest evil of the times is not
the love of pleasure, but the love of
ease.

Burden-Sharing a Duty.

It is the duty of each generation to
bear its own burden.

—For high class Job Work come to
the WATCHMAN Office.