

of my youth
And the innocent
hours of play,
With a stick for a
horse, and a willow switch,
Whiling the time
away.

With balls of snow as hard as stone charged the enemy's hank, teed, forced back, 'mid boud hurrahs, he victors charged in rank.

But spring, with her rain and thunder showers And fleecy lambs at play, Brought lighter hearts to children folk Than ever the winter gray.

THROUGH IMPULSE.

Dr. Mills sat in his office casting up

Dr. Mills sat in his office casting up his yearly accounts.

"Yes." he said, after careful consideration, "I think next year I can get a carpet and some new chairs here. I want one new chairs, anyway," moving uneasily. "I ought to paper and paint, too. I wonder if I could afford to do both! If I made my old harness last, I could; perhaps I can find a second-hand one."

Like many other country physicians.

Like many other country physicians.

Dr. Mills was, though well educated and possessed of more than ordinary ability, very poor.

He was interrupted by a summons to a lady visitor at the rectory. In a moment he had stepped from the dingy office to a room filled with bits of the tropics, in the shape of rich, bright shawls and jewels, and on a sofia a woman pressing her hand to her brow.

Dr. Mills got down by her laid his

row.

Dr. Mills sat down by her, laid his nger on her pulse, and gazed down n her face.

Dr. Mills sat down by her, laid his finger on her pulse, and gazed down on her face.
Dr. Mills was a plain country doctor, thirty years old, just from calculations about second-hand harness; but, as he sat with his hand on that hot brow, I am afraid his reflections were not exactly of nerve disturbance and his infallible remedy.

"Have you been subject to these attacks?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," answered Miss Lyle, "for the last few weeks. This is the worst, though."

tacks? he "Yes," answered and "Yes," answered and last few weeks. This is the work though."
"There is serious derangement of the nervous system," said he. "It will take time to cure it."

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"" you, Doctor?"

nervous system," said he. "It will take time to cure it."

But you can give me something to relieve this pain, can't you, Doctor?" and the large, melting eyes looked my at him with infinite entreaty.

"Certainly," he replied; "but something temporary for to-night. I must see you again if I am to de you much good."

"It you will only give me relief now," said Miss Lyle, "I shall be so grateful that I shall be glad to see you again as often as you will come."

At home onet more in his shabby office, there came another knock, and his landlady appeared at the door.

"It's Mrs. Black's child again, sir."

"And what's the matter with Mrs. Black's child?" asked he, impatiently.

"His mother thinks he's eaten something that isn't good for him, and it's got tangled round his heart," replied Mrs. Podgkins.

"Tangled or ound his granny!" exclaimed Dr. Mills. "Is the woman out side?"

"Yes, she's here."

"Tell her to come in, Well, Mrs.

claimed Dr. Mills. "Is the woman outside?"

"Yes, she's here."

"Tell her to come in. Well, Mrs.
Black, what has your boy been gorging
himself with now?"

"Ican't tell, sir," said Mrs. Black.
"I've given him every remedy I know
of."

"No wonder he doesn't get better,
then," muttered the doctor, and sat
without speaking for some minutes.

"I'd been taking home some fine
things," pursued Mrs. Black, "that I'd
been getting up for the lady at the
rectory, and I see the light in nere, so
I thought I'd stop."
Dr. Mills faced round and stared
fixedly at the woman. She had the
handling, then, of the lace and frills
that clung to that soft, warm neck.

"She's quite poorly to-night," continued Mrs. Black. "Maybe you've
been there."

timed Mrs. Black. "Maybe you've been there."

"Yes, I've been there," answered Dr. Mills. shortly. "I'll come round and see your boy, Mrs. Black."

Two hours later saw him again seated by Miss Lyle's couch. His drops had failed to quiet that surging brain. He tried magnetizing her. While the hours of night throbbed away he sat with hands pressed on the knotted temples. Every now and then the snowy eyelids would tremble and half rise, and through his whole frame would run a thrill. When morning began to steal through the windows, he withdrew his stiffened fingers, and bent low over the sleeper. Did his lips touch her brow? Mrs. Everett, who sat in a chair by the fire, thought so, but the next moment he was tip-toeing his way out of the room.

"Can I know the outward cause of

at the next moment he was tip-toeing is way out of the room.
"Can I know the outward cause of I this?" he asked, the next morning.
"I do not think the knowledge would lide you at all; but the shock—for it as a shock—was not peculiar."
"I beg your pardon! Everything at happens to you must be peculiar."
"You are mistaken. I am not an un-more women." said Mass 18 an un-more women." said Mass 18 an un-more women." said Mass 18 ans 18 an

Tou are mistaken. I am not an uncommon woman," said Miss Lyle.

Immersed in his profession, Dr.

Mills had heretofore had no time for
love; in fact, he had regarded it only
as a scheolgirl pastime. But now,
after weeks which might have been a
hasheesh dream, he woke suddenly to
realize his folly.

One noming Miss Lyle are

hashesh dream, he woke suddenly to realize his folly.

One morning, Miss Lyle announced to him her departure the next day, and was startled by an abrupt, hoarse avowal of devotion. She turned around, looked at him steadily with parted lips and wondering eyes. Then she raised her hand and lifted away the dark-brown masses of hair from his brow, and let the warm, thrilling weight rest there, while she continued to gaze wistfully and intently.

"Do not try me too long," he said, with guivering lips.

"I might not," she said, "but......"
And then her face clouded. Dr. Mills understood it and took up his hat.

"Give me something of yours to keep?" he said, hesitatingly.

She took from her arm a little fancy bracelet tied with a knot of amber ribbon. He placed it next his heart.

The next morning, while sitting in his office, he heard the rumbling of a carriage, and stepping out upon the poorch saw the enchantress pass. She

carriage, and stepping out upon the porch, saw the enchantress pass. She waved her hand to him, He turned

into his den again and drew the bolt. How dark and dreary everything looked.

into his den again and drew the boit. How dark and dreary everything looked.

Five years rolled round. At a high window of the Grand Dome, in New York, stood Miss Lyle, in a sad and weary attitude. She had just returned from Europe. Suddenly she turned to her companion and said:

"Zaidie, you know I believe in impulses. I have one to go and see Mrs. Everett, the minister's wife, in Hazleton, for a few days. You will not be afraid to stay here alone without me?

"No, dear, if you will not remain there too long."

Nina Lyle turned and went into her bed-room, and next morning was on her way. Dr. Mills was sitting down to supper one night, after a long, cold ride among his patients, when suddenly the bell rang.

"Well," he said, wearily, as the servyant entered. The girl put a small parcel into his hand, saying: "A messenger brought it over from Mrs. Everett's." There was something in the dainty way in which the little parcel was tied up—a delicate fragrance that reminded him of his one dream of happiness.

"What a fool I am," he said, as he

was tied up—a deficate fragrance that reminded him of his one dream of happiness.

"What a fool I am," he said, as he untied the parcel. And upon opening the box he found a bracelet tied with amber ribbon.

The color rushed to his very forehead; his heart beat fast; his fingers trembled as he lifted the bracelet. It was the exact counterpart of the one laid away in his desk.

The Doctor put on his hat and strode rapidly down the street. He seemed ten years younger than an hour ago. Very soon he found himself in the presence of Miss Lyle. She received him warmly, and after a moment he said, "I have kept the bracelet, see! And you have come to reward me."

"Yes, I have come." That was all. A few days later Miss Lyle went back to New York.

"I am going to be married," she said to her friend.

"And that heart-break which happened just before you went to Hazlerend."

to her friend.

"And that heart-break which happened just before you went to Hazleton, five years ago?"

"There is the secret. I found one soon after who spoke as if his love was real, but the wound was not healed, so, after five years, I returned and found him waiting for me, and think I shall be happy."

be happy."

Two lives, through impulse, have certainly been made happy.

A Gallant Young Chinamar

A Secretary of the Chinese Embassy in Washington was introduced to a lady, who among other questions asked him: "What virtue do you most highly prize in your women?"

The virtue of domesticity," was the

The virtue of domesticity," was the reply.

"Then you do not like your women to move in society much?" she questioned.

"Not at all. Our law even recognizes cause for divorce when a woman—pardon me, madame—is inquisitive and talkative."

"Then I would be in danger of being divorced if I lived in China?" smillingly asked the lady.

"The very day that my country would have the luck to possess a womanly being like you," replied the gallant son of the heavenly realm, "every cause for divorce would be removed from the world."—Washington Post.

Cornfield Philosophy.

Cornfield Philosophy.

A bird in the hand is not worth two in the bush when the bird is a buzzard. Talk to a boy as though he were a man and he will be pleased, even if he does not understand you.

The man who can tell all about the next winter by looking at a corn shuck was ally has to borrow the shuck of a neighbor.

It is the bug's insignificant size that keeps him from being hurt when he falls from the top of the house.

Some men are so constituted that they would rather make a dollar by a sharp trade, which is in reality a species of swindling, than to make ten times as much honestly.

The long-haired man is not always a poet. He may simply be too hard up to afford a hair-cut.

White collars and cuffs are not signs of a white heart. Gamblers nearly always wear stylish clothes.

A snail cannot see the necessity for railway trains.

You cannot make a tramp believe that a barking dog will not bite.

A man cannot keep his head cool and his feet warm by trading good boots for bad liquor.

Too much knowledge is sometimes dangerous. The owl cannot see anything in the day time.

The toad is not valued for beauty, but for utility. He eats insects and is thus mankind's friend.

The mocking-bird sings a pretty song, but he is too small to make it profitable to gat him.

Married in a Twinkling.

Married in a Twinkling.

Justice Blackwell is a hustler when the occasion warrants it. He had just adjourned court yesterday for the purpose of beating a man out of a cigar at poker dice when a couple entered who wished to get married. Their names were S. R. Patten and Dillie Conners, and they stood anxiously awaiting the performance of the ceremony. The man who wanted to shake for the cigars was in a hurry, and started to leave.

"Hold on a minute," called out the Justice to the departing citizen. Then turning to the candidates he fired the following questions at them: "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" "I do." said Sam. "Do you take this man to be your husband?" "I reckon," said Dillie. "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

The ceremony occupied just two seconds by the watch, and the Justice to overtook his friend, beat him out of the smokes and was back into his office to collect his fee before the couple had sufficiently recovered to realize that they were married. —Memphis Avalanche.

Explosion in a Vest Pocket.

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An explosion in his vest pocket was what Mr. Fowler of Agawam experienced the other day. He had bought some chlorate of potash table's, and had put them in the vest receptacle with some sulphur matches. The mixture always causes commotion. But ummindful of this fact, Mr. Fowler sat down in his home to have a quiet smoke. Pretty soon he felt something warm in his pocket; he stuck in his fingers to see what was up; the matches ignited, the potash exploded, blowing open the front of his vest and burning his hands severely. Mr. Fowler jumped high in the air, and the work of stripping off his vest took but a moment. Now he carries his hand in a sling.—Springfield Union.

STYLES IN FOOTGEAR.

English Fancies Seemingly Accepted by the Great Majority of the Votaries of Mode – Perfumed Shoes for Women a New Fad and Laced Shoes Counted the Thing for Gentlemen.



demand is for a pertumed shoe in the medium grades, several of the leading manufacturers have adopted the plan of sprinkling orris-root powder, in which is sifted a favorite sachet, be-tween the leather and the lining of their patrons' shoes.

A slipper suitable for morning wear



or morocco, corresponding with the gown s with contrasting heels and rands, and either ribbon tying the side flaps together on the instep, or a handsome buckle. Gray silk or morocco, white heels, rands, and silver buckle: dark green with white, reseda, with pale pink, and till white, reseda, with pale pink, and till white, reseda, with pale pink, and low shoe (Fig. 4). The material for the quarter, which, as will gray have all been popular combinations.

The lace boot is again reinstated in favor, but it comes back in a more ornamental form. In some instances the

against him had the incident really oc-curred. Nor did he seek London sim-ply to provide for his increasing family. The parents of both were in good cir-cumstances, for the attempts to prove that his father became poor at this time are not entitled to respect, while

that his father became poor at this time are not entitled, to respect, while his wife's father is described as a substantial yeoman and property-holder. And were it otherwise, were he really in reduced circumstances, he would scarcely have gone to London to better his fortune as writer or actor—resources equally precarious at that time. His course was simply the natural consequences of his nature, the necessary result of the unerring promptings of his genius, and the spurring of the ambition which always accompanies its possession. Genius cannot be circumscribed—it will liberate and vindicate itself. We have no patience with the sickly sentimentality of the idea of genius being hidden and lost for lack of opportunities. It creates opportunities; or rather, it discovers them everywhere, and turns them to its advantage. In Shakspeare's case, genius was allied to business sagacity and shrewdness, and to the latter qualities he owed much of his prosperity.

Candid Hospitality.

"It ain't evyrbody I'd nut to sleep."

his prosperity.

Candid Hospitality.

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the 4astidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending a night in B—, at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; "my first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillars, and poor Mr. Jinks died sitting right in that



THE SPRING FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN

The Three-Button Cutaway Promises to Be the Most Popular Coat of the Season

The accompanying cartoon, displaying the spring fashions, has been reduced from the large drawing published by John J. Mitchell & Co., of New York. It shows the various fashions in which the best-dressed men of the country will attire themselves during the coming season. Soft finish will be the ruling mode of making up overcoats and coats, and the fabries shown are all of them particularly attractive. They include tweeds and fine diagonal cloth and all the range between. The Covert coat will be one of the features of the coming season, but the real attraction will be the three-button cutaway, which will be the most popular and most numerous coat worn in 1890. The equestrian costumes display the modes which gentleman and lady riders will employ if they wish to be thoroughly tailor-made.

all the range between. The Covert coat will be one of the features of the coming be the three-button cutaway, which will be the most popular and most numerou costumes display the modes which gentleman and lady riders will employ if they fronts are of patent leather, cut in scallops, and the silken laces of some bright color, as scarlet or yellow. A notable example is seen in a laced walking boot (Fig. 1) that has vamp and quarter cut in one piece from dark gray morocco and patent-leather trimmings that extend from the toes up the lace front and around the top. This trimming is made the subject of muchornamentation, being pinked and perforated in fanciful designs, and the stitching is with colored silk, which shows off to good advantage on the black ground of patent leather. Another peculiarity is that the patent-leather laps over the quarter deep enough to allow a row of buttons to be set in mock button-holes—worked with gray silk—and thus give the foot the appearance at a side view of the button boot while it has all the advantages of the lace.

Another novelty is the "blucher" (Fig. 2). They are made on the Piccadilly last, which gives that slim effect to the foot now so much sought after in the best grades of fine wear They are made in different combinations of leathers, patent call fand French enamel being most used. They are ornamented with to-ecaps of various designs in outline, with fancy perforations. On the ladies" bouchers" the front lace-piece instead of its being stitched on the contiside of quarters as of old. The effect is much handsomer. The functore instead of its being stitched on the contiside of quarters as of old. The effect is much handsomer. The functore instead of its being stitched on the contiside of quarters as of old. The effect is much handsomer. The punked and perforated



with fancy "Grecian" patterns, or pointed, and scalloped wheels.

In button boots the latest novelty is of French importation (Fig. 3), and first made its appearance on the return of the gushing belles that "did" the Paris Exposition. They are of a unique design that permits of variety enough in combination to suit the most ultra tastes. Besides being unique in design and color, its onle appearance is set off by the presence of three broad ribbons, one at the instep, a second at the heel, while the third spans the ankle, and each is clasped by a light silver buckle. The vamp, quarter, trimmings and ribbons may all be of different colors or shades to suit the fancy of the wearer.

A fad, and a rather singular one, to say the least, is to wear perfumed shoes. Many favor the Russal leather shoe on this account, as it has a distinctive cdor that is hard to imitate, although it is now being done to some extent. As the gennine Russia leather is quite expensive, and thus can be worn only by the wealthy, and as the



kinds to suit the taste or he wearer. The heel is cov-white leather, and the edge orned with white leather, and the edge of the sole, which is very thin, is finished white. In toilet slippers a great variety is shown, comprising a range of styles from which the most particular can make a selection. They are to be had in almost every known shade and color, and of choice selections of fancy leathers and cloths of any quality. They can be had with heels or without, to suit the fancy of the wearer, and with a plain inner sole, or one padded with the softest down and quilted with rich colored silk or satin vamp (Fig. 6), trimmed around the edge with a sort of box-plaiting, the whole surmounted with a neat bow or ponpon of gold or silver threads. Another novelty (Fig. 7) has French kid vamps and Louis XV, heels.

The lace walking shoe, or balmoral for gentlement sues, is the principal style of foot-covering now worn. The buttons and congress styles are losing their old-time popularity.

Shakspeare's Deer.

Shakspeare's Deer.

Shakspeare's Deer.

The story that Shakspeare went to London to avoid imprisonment for stealing a deer has no reliable fact to support it. In the first place, stealing deer was not at that time a punishable offense; then the story was not told during his lifetime, and we may well suppose his jealous contemporaries would not have neglected to use it

TO GROW WATER LILIES



FO GROW WATER LILIES

SOME CERTEL HINTS REGARDING
THIRICULTIVATION.

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pular Coat of the Season.

A CHEAR AGEARTS.

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A SKILLED MAIDEN'S ADVICE.