My love is more than life to me And you look on and wonder In what can that enchantment be You think I labor under

Yet you, too, have you never gone, Some wet and yellow even, Where russet moors reach on and on Seneath a windy heaven!—

Brown moors which at the western edge A watery sunset brushes With misty rays you sullen ledge Of clouds casts down on the rushes?

You see no more but shade your eyes. Forget the showery weather; Forget the wet, tempestuous skies, And look upon the heather.

Ob, fairyland, oh, fairyland!
It sparkles, lives, and dances:
By every gust swayed and fanned, And every raindrop glances.

Never in lewel or wine the light Burned like the purple heather; And some in palest pink, some white, Swaying and dancing together.

Every stem is sharp and clear, Every bell is ringing: No doubt some tune we do not hear Nor the thrushes' alcepy singing.

Over all, lake the bloom on a grape, The lilac seeding grasses

Have made a haze, vague, without shape,
For the wind to change as it passes.

Under all is the budding ling, Grav-green with scarlet notches, Bossed with many a mossy thing And gold with lichen blotches.

Here and there slim rushes stand Aslant like carried lances; I saw it and called it fairyland; You never saw it, the chance is.

Brown moors and stormy skies that kiss At eve in rainy weather—
Pronounce on that. What the heather is
I know for I saw the heather.

### The Apothecary's Valentine.

It was a lonely house for a child to live in—only papa, who had been ill for many months, little Ida herself, the ten-year-old mistress of the establishment, and Mrs. Libby, the housekeeper. Across the street the postman had been income all law. Ida watching at the ringing all day. Ida, watching at the window, with a piece of red flannel around her throat, had seen little lads and lasses slipping envelopes under the doors; then little girls, and sometimes big girls, came out on the steps, looked up and down the street, and smiled as if

they were very much pleased.

"Why do they get so many letters to-day?" asked Ida, timidly.

Mrs. Libby was cleaning the nursery closet, and was answered shortly, "Those

are valentines; come away from the window. You'll get cold."

"Valentines," said Ida, thoughtfully to herself; "I wonder what that is?" She slipped down to the library and dragged the V volume of the encyclopedia beside the register. Ida bad long since adopted the plan of looking up Mrs. Libby's replies in papa's library. The child's head bent over the page: "Valentines-A declaration of affection between two people, sent on St. Valen-

tine's day, the 14th of February.
"A valentine must be something very nice," thought Ida, "the children over the way were so happy. I wish I could send one, but I only know Mrs. Libby." And with a sigh, she put the heavy book back. Mrs. Libby came down stairs with her bonnet and shawl on, and Ida, taking a small purse from her pocket. asked, "Will you please buy a valen-

"What for?"

"For me to give to you."

"Nonsense! Little girls don't send valentines to old women like me. Keep your ten cents and put it in the box, when you get well enough to go to church.

Ida sat still a long time after this. She wanted to be like other little girls, but all the little girls she had ever known intimately, were in books, and it so happened that none of these had ever spoken of Valentine's day. The telephone bell rang; Ida heard the housemaid order "five pounds of coffee-crushed sugar, to be sent up immediately," and then an idea came into the child's mind: "I can't go out to buy a valentine, but I can telephone one." She repeated again, "A valentine is a declaration of affection; yes! I can telephone a declaration of affection. Mrs. Libby is out. Papa can't hear in his room, and I'll get Mary to go down and look at the furnace." Thus Ida made her plans. The next question was, to whom

should she send her valentine? "I'd better look on the telephone list. Seth Bennet, M. D. That's the doctor who comes to see papa and me; he wouldn't be in-he is always out, John Dixon, grocer; Thomas Irving, baker; oh, here is R. H. Whitney! That's the nice apothecary man who brings the medicines. I'd like to send him a valen-

Richard Whitney's clerk stood at the telephone. Messages were coming in very fast that February afternoon. Sam Jones, the under clerk, was putting up the packages: "One porous plaster for Mrs. Lewis. Two ounces pulverized slippery elm bark sent immediately to 19 Spruce street. Some one wants to

speak to Mr. Whitney." "All right," he shouted back through the telephone. "He's in the back shop;

I'll call him." There was a smell of chloroform in the a step-ladder, was preparing a prescrip-

tion. "Lady wants to speak to you, sir," "Couldn't she give the message?"

"Said she couldn't." Mr. Whitney went to the telephone and called "What's wanted?"

To his astonished ears came back: send you a declaration of affection." "I do not understand," said the apothecary, not quite sure of his hearing.

The message was repeated, each word very distinct. "Who is it?"

"Your Valentine." case of strangling, convulsions or poisoning, had taken down his hat ready to run. "No matter, Sam," said his em-ployer, returning to the chloroform atmosphere of the back shop. It could not be -but he did not know any little girls, they have been for some time.

It might be one of the orphans at the asylum-probably was. Every Christ-mas Richard Whitney had been in the habit of sending a number of small bottles of cologne to the large brick house over the way. He did it from principle, not from any acquaintance with the children.

Valentine's evening there was an exhibition given at the asylum. Richard Whitney went. "Such a kind gentleman," said the matron; "he spoke to every child."

Then the public school examinations took place. Richard Whitney attended

He became a Sunday school superin-tendent; next, he got his sister to give a

little girl's party.
"Mr. Whitney has grown awful fond of children all of a sudden," said the head clerk to the second clerk. Ah, but no one knew he was listening for the voice of his Valentine. The apothecary and Ida's papa were old friends; of late years they had seldom met, but these last months of Mr. Hammond's illness had brought them together again. Ida was a sly child and kept out of the way

aware that he had ever seen her. One April afternoon he met a womanly little girl coming down stairs with a tray in her hand. "Miss Ida, I suppose," he said, passing her. Ida nodded gravely, and as Richard Whitney looked over the balustrade he thought, "What a lonely life for a child! I wonder if she gets out much. I will give her a drive to-mor-

of visitors. The apothecary was not

Mr. Hammond was very weak that night, and when Richard Whitney, bending over him, asked: "John, will you trust your little girl to me?" the only reply was a tighter clasp of the hand.

Early next morning Sam Jones left a parcel of gum-drops and a note for Miss Ida Hammond. Presently the telephone bell rang, and the head clerk said again: "A lady wishes to speak to you." The message was simply this: "Thank

you very much; I cannot go-papa is Richard Whitney started. It was the voice he had waited so long to hear. "Why, it's Hammond's little girl," he said, hurrying down the street. "Poor

child!" Papa died a few hours later, leaving his little daughter in the care of his old friend; and now, every day, a child in a black dress comes into the shop, to walk home with uncle Richard.

"Wonder why he calls her Valentine; thought her name was Ida," said the

"Perhaps Valentine is her middle name," suggested Sam Jones.
"That must be it," said the head clerk;

'yes; that certainly must be the reason.' -[H. B. B. W., in Wide Awake.

### Married at Eighty-four.

Gossips at Pittsburg were to-day furnished with a piece of very unusual news -the announcement that the fortunes of a gentleman of eighty-four years and a lady fifty years his junior had been uni-ted for life. Miss Maria Sanders and an older sister have lived for a number of years in the house, 132 Wylie avenue. and have been considered permanent fixtures by all the children of the neighborhood. To eke out their slender a combination of the galop and mazourka. income they rented furnished rooms to and is danced to six-eight time. gentlemen. A few mouths ago John Beabout, a wealthy farmer living at | Ahsland, O., had occasion to visit the city and remain a week or more. Mr. Beabont is estimated to be worth more than half a million, but he has always been noted for frugality. Not caring to put up with the discomforts of a cheap hotel, or to pay the rates of one of the first class, he sought accommodations in a private family, and was referred to the Misses Sanders.

In a few days the old gentleman gave signs that he was favorably impressed with the qualities of Miss Maria Sanders, and before the close of the week was so charmed with the comforts the sister provided for him that instead of returning to his country home at the appointed time he agreed to protract his stay indefinitely. Having no business to engross his attention and being quite hale for his years, he succeeded in making himself so agreeable to both ladies that when he finally made a proposal of marriage it was accepted. The gentleman returned for a short time to the Buckeye State, presumably for the purpose of acquainting his friends with his intention to marry, and yesterday he returned, and a few hours later the twain were made one. The marriage was not announced until to-day, and even now the relatives of the bride cannot be induced to say anything about it, save that the cere mony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Cowan, pastor of the Third Presbyterian church, the most fashionable in the city, and that immediately after the words were spoken the groom presented his bride with a paper which settled on he \$100,000 and a farm in Ohio.-New York Times.

### She Was Thirty and He Was Fifty.

The following "scene in the cars" is narrated by the Poughkeepsie Eagle: They were in a brilliantly lighted car of the night express bound north. She was apparently about 30 and he about 50. She was handsome and elegantly attired. He had his arm around her over the back of the seat, and she laid her head upon his shoulder. He turned and kissed her and she kissed him. back shop. Mr. Whitney, on the top of Four sents back sat a man 60 years of age and directly opposite him sat a woman also about 60 years of age. She saw the kissing and looked across the aisle at the old gentleman, drew her upper lip down, turned up her nose and glanced quickly from the old man to the loving couple. The old man took a look at the cooing pair, then glanced at the disgusted old lady and snorted. The loving couple ceased cooing and sat bolt upright, the old woman looked out of the car window- probably to see the transit of Venus-and the old man settled down for a nap. The loving couple was com-posed of a man who had left his wife in a'town on the Hudson and went to a Sam Jones, judging from the expression of Mr. Whitney's face that it was a and coming back married the woman who was with him, while his first wife has sued the second wife for \$50,000 for alienating the affections of her husband.

The reports from the rivers show that a joke; the voice was too sweet and true. they are in a very flourishing condition. A child's voice—a little girl's, he thought In fact, they are more solid now than

### New Dances and What They Are.

Now is time when the dapper youth who "dawnces the lawnces and all the fawney dawnces" experiences a severe palpitation of the sole. He looks back to his last season and recalls the number of times he was spilt on the slippery floor and the money he wasted on salve for his skinned knees, and forward with joyous expectation to the pleasures this season will bring him on the waxed arena. He has secured a lady love whose evolutions are the embodiment of grace and correctness of motion. She is a paragon of good sense, abhors confections, is too discreet to jeopardize her health by eating costly suppers at midnight and in "no wind that blows nor storm that grows" would necessitate the expense of requring a carriage. Another item of importance to this fortunate young man is the lucky star that directed him to the draper who will loan him a claw-hammer coat for fifty cents a week less than was charged by the artist whom he patronized last season. But he is still sore oppressed, much is dark within his breast, and as the cards for club and dancing parties continue to freight his mail bag, he is very apprehensive lest the intro duction of new steps and new quadrilles mar his pleasure. But he can ease his mind and sole too, for upless he is ambitious and anxious to be an authority, he will have no difficulty in deporting himself with credit.

If the casual dancer, who enters the set with so much trepidation, will remember to take up his position on the side, a slight degree of attention to the movements of the head couple will give him assurance and the requisite information. Quadrilles ol late have been subjected to very insignificant changes. It has been a habit in some of the very exclusive circles of society to rechristen the old square dances without modifying the figures in the least. Again, some of the German figures appeared on their programmes bearing the names of some favorites, and as all the nobodies were on the alert at the first glimpse of the card the upper ten was satisfied.

somewhat the same fashion new In round dances came to light. Some expert beaux, sipping an after dinner coffee with a few lady friends, put their wits to work, and a scrap of the old "Dip," with a few breathless steps of the galop, came to be known as the Racquet. The Rye originated in the same manner. Dancing masters were driven almost to desperation by the numberless applicants who came for private instruction in those novel round dances.

There is a very marked difference between the style of dancing used in Eastern and Western society. New York, Washington, Boston and the beautiful ladies of Philadelphia recognize no round dances but the waltz, slow polka, and redows. In square dances the minuet, plain and waltz quadrille and the Saratoga lancers are considered in good taste. In the latter the couples form in parallel lines, all dancing together, and the figures are not more complicated than those of the lancers. The german is reserved for private as-semblies, and the "downeasters" would be horrified to find themselves doing the Neither of the ladies is handsome, but rosette, or the double chain is a proboth are blessed with genial dispositions miscuous company. The La Russe, which is one of this year's dances does not find much favor in the East. It is

> Out West the young folks are so full of animal spirits and agility that waltzes, polkas and minuets are pronounced intolerably stupid. \* Every couple, as though electrified the moment a galop is preluded, gives one bound and away they all go in dire confusion, four long steps, a dizzy wbirl, four more in an opposite direction, and repeat the process, knocking smaller couples right and left, tearing dresses, crushing shirt bosoms and bouquets, until their legs fare weak, their breath exhausted, or the music ceases. Then there is a grand rush to the toilet room to straighten the coiffure, get some fresh air and a new supply of powder. So insatiable is the demand for this ungraceful dance that it appears in two or more figures of every fancy quadrille. The "Racquet," alias "The Society," and "The Ripple," alias "The Newport," received little or no popularity in the East, where all were, prudently forbidden in the best society and the standard dancing academies. They have struggled for their hideous existence in Chicago, but, although countenanced by genteel people, our first-class dancing schools

> have studiously ignored them. In regard to the positions, there is a marked improvement over those of three years ago. The gentlemen who, with perfect propriety a year ago, wrapt his partner up in his arms until she not only lost control of her movements, but was kept on the verge of suffocation by being pressed into the lapel of his coat, would not only provoke criticism now, but run the risk of being dismissed by the pro-fessor. The bodies, according to the standard, must have no contact. The gentleman encircles the lady's waist as well as he can with his right fore arm, permitting the hand to fall back from her waist loosely. The left arm is bent at the elbow, from where it is extended with slight curvature. To beat time by moving the arm up and down is in bad taste. Gentlemen protest against this loose, easy manner of holding the lady, but she is getting her first lessons in standing alone, and is expected and required to support herself and control her own movements independent of her

### Bidn't Do It.

"You really wish to break our engagement, then?" she asked.

Marmadake spoke no word, but the inclination of the head showed that the girl had not guessed amiss. "And you will marry Pansy? Again the head was bowed and the

dimpled chin hid his shirt front. "Then I give you the ring with ple asure," said the girl. "I could wish for no sweeter revenge."

"What do you mean?" asked the man, his face pallid with an undefinable fear. "I mean," she says, her every word falling upon his tinted ear as fall the earth clods upon a coffin, "that in addition to playing the piano she sometimes sings."- [Chicago Tribune.

A Philadelphia temperance society is very much discouraged because one of the members has discovered that even freight cars cannot get along without their bumpers.

### The Aged Millionaire Mechanic.

Regarding the venerable philanthropist, Peter Cooper, the scribe of the Rochester Democrat says he will be plump uinety-two on the 12th of this month. He is still able to attend to business, but the infirmities of old age are upon him and he is now rarely found at his office in the institute. Forty years ago, when the present philanthropist was merely a business man, says the correspondent, I used to see the sign painted upon the warehouse in Burling Slip, "Peter Cooper, Glue and Iron Wire." How little did I then imagine the distinction this name would hold, both in enterprise and benevolence. The office was very small, and everything had a quiet look, for in fact it was merely a place for taking orders which were served from the factories. The quiet methodical man who sat at the chief desk might have been taken by a stranger for a retired mechanic who had become a clerk. He spoke in a calm and subdued voice, and resembled one of the most favored members of the working class. Such, indeed, he was, and in that light he has always viewed himself, and hence he now stands before the public as one of the most wonderful mechanics in the world's

T.D. K. Osborn has jumped a portion of the governor's palace at Santa Fe, N. M., and swears he will hold it. The ground has always been in dispute.

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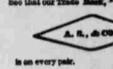
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