

IT WAS UNEXPECTED.

A STORY FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



HEN my dear Aunt Maud died - she died the very summer I graduated-I was really too heartbroken to care what ecame of me. Still, I had to be disposed of in some way, so it was decided that I go to live with my brother Richard.

I had always lived with my aunt, had known no other mother, therefore her death was the greatest blow possible to me. And this brother Richard I knew only slightly, and that when I was a mere child. If I had been in a state of mind to care about anything, I should have hated the idea of going very much. As it was, I went without a murmur. I took the journey alone, simost clear across the continent, and subsequently, after many ups and



RECEIVED A TELEGRAM. downs, arrived at Dick's town, a queer little village in South Carolina.

Dick is a moderately young bachelor. He is an attorney-at-law, and has a very fair practice indeed. Anterior to my advent, he had lived by himself in a pretty cottage on the prettiest street, and was rather a central figure, and was quite the most eligible young man about town. He was not spoiled. though. I found him to be a very dear old fellow, and determined in my heart to be to him such a faithful cooperator and satisfactory housekeeper, that he would never need or desire any

We got on famously together, so famously that in all probability the last chapter would have found us still there, he a grizzled old bachelor, I a grizzled old maid, had not something occurred which brought about a change.

It all grew out of what happened one St. Valentine's eve.

On this day, memorable above other days, just about an hour after dinner Dick received a telegram to go up that evening to A-, a city fifty miles away, to meet an important client. He did not have time to come home, for the train was then in sight, but he scribbled me the following note, which I did not get until nearly night, because the office boy neglected to bring it until that time.

3:10 p. m.

Dear Girl-Have to leave on next train to meet a man in A Probably won't get home until to-morrow Spend the night with the Ancient (a dear old lady friend of mine.) Be sure to put that money in the bank before it closes at 4. Don't fail.

It was such a bore to lock up at that late hohr and go out for the night. It had been such a gloomy afternoon, and looked like it would rain. Altogether I did not feel like it. I was not afraid, though I had never stayed alone all uight in a house. And the moneyseveral thousand dollars collected for a tient-surely i could not at 7 put the Ancient's, and I certainly could not

I had never heard of any burglaries in the village, so I made up my mind that scon, when I unsuistakably heard the would stay at home that night and blinds dragged back and the eash creak take the rick, if there were any, because as it was pushed up. Someone was the chimney. Not a hobgobilin-that sublesome to do otherwise. sed not want any ten, so I let the

servant-girl go early; and sat, neglecting even to light the lamps, before a big oak fire in the sitting-room "thinking up" one of Dick's cases. It was a murder case, that had a great deal of circumstantial evidence leading in various directions.

I soon became deeply absorbed; so deeply that I presently went to sleep at it, and in a dream saw our poor man tried, convicted and actually sentenced to be hanged, and was myself possessed of a frantic desire to attend the hanging in person, my non-appearance being wholly due to the fact that I could not find my shoes, being separated from them for some unexplainable reason.

I woke up suddenly, frightened to find myself enveloped in darkness, relieved only by an uncanny red glow from the fast-dying coals upon the hearta. Everything was so still. Not the smallest sound except the ticking of a little clock in my darkened bedroom, and the clicking of the dying coals.

I was possessed of a strange, sinking fear. I was afraid to move, afraid to turn my head to left or right lest I see something terrifying lurking in the gloomy corners. I was cold, too, and trembling. The room was chilled; I fancied it must be just before dawn.

My fear increased rather than diminished as the moments dragged by. I could hear my heart beating. I soon became enthralled by terror. I had a kind of instinctive animal fear of impending danger. I thought of the money. It was locked up in the cabinet at my right hand, not two yards away. I found myself listening painfully, tor-I swallowed in gulps.

I endeavored to rally my courage, to persuade myself that I had awakened from a nightmare, and was nervous; that there was nothing to fear, and that I was making a baby of myself. All to no purpose. Something was going to happen; something was happening at that moment which would bring me hurt.

I could not throw off the notion. Just then it began to rain—a regular downfall, as if the bottom had suddenly fallen out of the clouds. I had never known it to rain so heavily. A perfect deluge, and every drop seemed to pene-trate my soul. I did not move. I lay back in my cushioned chair helpless, and felt that I could not have raised my hand to my face if my life were the forfeit. Such pouring! I found myself listening behind the rain-behind all the pattering noise-listening for another sound. I had a grotesque idea that the elements and this something that was coming to me, were colleagued together, the one to screen the approach of the other.

I was listening with every fiber of



GETTING IN LIKE A BURGLAR. my body drawn taut. Listening for what? I did not know. Something beyond, behind the rain. Then I heard A sound distinct from the rain patter. A sound emanating from our ney in the bank that closed at 4. I little drawing-room-a scraping, drawould not very well carry it with me to | ing sound. It came from the front portico. I knew someone was cutting Imagine him piling into the first bed he through the Venetian blinds into the house. My faintest doubt vanished scon, when I unmistakably heard the entering the house! This person, who- were better-but a young woman, be-

sence. Good heavens! I thought of Henry, our office man. He brought the note-an open note. It was he who caused the delay which prevented my depositing the money. It was as clear as day. I rose rigidly to my feet. In a twinkling my mind was acutely active, and a thousand ways of escape surged through my brain in a moment. I unlocked the cabinet and grasped the large pocketbook which contained the notes, and thrust it into my bosom. To what purpose I did not know. I retreated into the dense darkness of my own bedroom, where I stood uncertain and shivering.

The windows were too high from the ground to admit of my jumping therefrom without incurring the risk of a broken limb; besides, there was no time. At the first sound of my putting up the sash, I would be detected and overpowered. I heard a heavy tread along the hall. An idea flashed into my head like the incision of a blade. I clutched the money in my bosom and stepped into the empty fireplace. In another moment I was scrambling up the sooty chimney with the agility of a



HEAD ACROSS HIS HELD MY KNEES.

finished chimney sweep, and I kept scrambling until I had made a stronghold for myself.

What went on down below I did not know. In the cessation of the rain I could hear the heavy tread passing to and fro in a search, I knew, for that money. But I, from my lofty vantage ground, could only thank heaven again and again for such a blessed deliverance.

I was so benumbed with cold and fright that I think I lost consciousness, and would probably have tumbled down the chimney but that I was so rigid and so walled in I could not.

The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and seeing the square of wan light above me. Then realizing all, my strength gave way, and I fell heavily striking my head against something which left me senseless for hours. When I came to myself, I was in the arms of a young man whom I had never seen before. He sat upon the floor, and held my head across his knees, while he wiped the blood from my cut forehead with a pocket handkerchief, which every now and then he would squeeze out in a basin of water at his elbow.

I don't suppose there was ever a more terrified young man upon this earth of ours. Imagine an ineffensive young man turning up in a town where an intimate friend lived, coming in on the very train that takes his intimate friend out. Imagine the intimate friend cordially inviting the newcomer to his house, telling him that there was nobody in it, but that he could put up there, make himself lord and master. find plenty to eat by foraging around, and get a good bed. Then to make the thing complete, give him the wrong keys by which to let himself in. Imagine this newcomer booming about town until 11 o'clock, then striking out for his friend's abode; overtaken by the rain; at last to arrive at his intended abiding place to discover he has the wrong keys, which necessitated his climbing into the house like a burglar. cames to, very soon sinking off into the untroubled slumber of the innocent at heart, to be awakened at the peep of day by a something tumbling down But I don't care; they haven't ene ever 8 was, knew of my brother's ab- spattered and grimy, but still a young | To have a valentine!

woman, and one probably more dead than alive. Imagine it all if you can, for that is what happened to the misguided young man, who held me across his knees and wiped the blood from my broken forehead on that memorable St. Valentine's morning.

Imagine it, and tell me if men through stupidity don't cause half of all the trouble in the world. We explained it all to each other as best we could, for I was really ill, and quite ready to go off into another swoon. When the servant girl came he went

for the doctor, and Mary got me to bed. Dick came at noon, and was horrified at what had happened. But the doctor had pronounced me more frightened than hurt; an a really, but for the dreadful cold I had caught, and my wounded forehead, it did not amount to anything, and soon became a tremendous

And it turned out that this friend of Dick's, whose acquaintance I made in such an unconventional fashion, was the very client whose money I de-

joke.

And it also came about that-thathe-that I-that we have we have grown to know each other very well; and Dick-Dick is to look out for another co-operator before next fall; because-well, for reasons best known to



Winds that roam, with a homeless sound,

Under a sky all leaden gray; ice on runnel, and snow on ground; Leafless branches that bleakly sway-In winter days, for hearts that pine, Hast thou no balm, Saint Valentine!

Where are the crickets' castanets, Where are the songsbirds' melodic floods?

Where now slumber the violet, Where hide the pussy willow buds?-Whisper within this ear of mine Such secrets, kind Saint Valentine!

Alas! the saint shall never tell The mystery of all these things; Yet round one his name weaves a spell, Charming as waft of elfin wings, Whence lads and lassies may divine The presence of Saint Valentine.

Kind is he, yes, but old, they say, With hair and beard like yonder snow. Perhaps young folks would feel dismay, Were he to them his face to show, When they, with wax or gilded twine, Seal missives marked "Saint Valen-

Hush! through the frosty atmosphere What steals to earth? A radiant boy! Whose eyes do look so sweetly queer They make one blush yet fill with joy-Ha, ha! Come quaff, in sparkling wine, Good health to rare Saint Valentine!

The First Valentine. And Antoinette has nine; wonder if the next will be My own dear valentine?

've watched the postman most all day, And now it's nearly eight; go to bed at seven; this once Mamma said I might wait.

He's coming 'round the corner now; Oh, dear! he's going past! No, no! he's coming in to bring My valentine at last.

know it must be mine this time; It is! It's 'dressed to me-'Miss Dorothea Helen Brown," As plain as it can be.

It's just as pretty as a pink, With angel boys with wings, And rosy wreaths and ribbon knots. And hearts and other things.



AND LOVELY GOLD LACE ON THE

EDGE." And lovely gold lace on the edge, And poetry in line; It says: "My love, I love but thee, Thy faithful valentine."

My sisters said that valentines Were not for little girls, Whose dresses did not reach their boots Who wore their hair in curis.

That's half so nice as mine;

How glad I am I'm old enough

LINCOLN AS A GROCER'S CLERK.

His Sense of Chivalry and Love of Fal: Dealing.

The precise date of the opening of Denton Offut's store is not known. We only know that on July 8, 1831, the county commissioners 'court of Sangamon county granted Offut a license to retail merchandise at New Salem; for which he paid \$5, a fee which supposed him to have \$1,000 worth of goods in stock. When the oxen and their drivers returned with the goods, the store was opened in a little log house on the brink of the hill, almost over the river.

The frontier store filled a unique place. Usually it was a general store, and on its shelves were found most of the articles needed in a community of pioneers. But to be a place for the sale of dry goods and groceries was not its only function, it was a kind of intellectual and social center. It was the common meeting place of the farmers, the happy refuge of the vil-lage loungers. No subject was un-known there. The habitues of the place were equally at home in talking politics, religion or sport. Stories were told, jokes were cracked and laughed at, and the news contained in the latest newspaper finding its way into the wilderness was discussed. Such a store was that of Denton Offutt. Lincoln could hardly have chosen sur roundings more favorable to the high est development of the art of story-telling and he had not been there long before his reputation for drollery was established.

A man came into the store one day, who used profane language in the presence of ladies. Lincoln asked him to stop; but the man persisted, swear-ing that nobody should prevent his saying what he wanted to. The women gone the man began to abuse Lincoln so hotly that the latter finally said, coolly: "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whipped, I suppose I man," and, go-whip you as any other man," and, going out doors with the fellow, threw him on the ground and rubbed smartweed in his eyes until he bel-lowed for mercy. New Salem's sense of chivalry was touched, and enthusiasm over Lincoln increased.

His honesty excited no less admira-tion. Two incidents seem to have par-ticularly impressed the community. Having discovered, on one occasion, that he had taken 6 1-4 cents too much from a customer, he walked three miles that evening after his store was closed, to return the money. Again, he weighed out half a pound of tea, as he supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before closing up. On entering in the morning. he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw his mistake, and, closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea.—McClure's Magazine.

NOISELESS MACHINES.

Gearings of Rawhide Supplanting Metal Shafting .

Every day sees an increase in the use of modern raw hide gearings because of their many excellent advantages. A striking illustration of their operation is afforded at the plant of the American Book company in New York. In their new building on Washington Square, all the presses, fold-ing machines, cutters, etc., are operated each by a separate electric motor. The speed of the presses is adapted to different kinds of work by changing the pinions in the motor shafts, which engage with the operat ing gear of the press, the motor being adjustable in position to an extent sufficient to compensate for the difference in diameter. On machines where no other gear-

ing is employed there is no noise beyond a soft purr, while on the presses and other machines where metal gears are used in contact the contrast between the noise of the ordinary and the smooth, quiet running of the rawhide gear is so decided as to impress one very forcibly with the advantage which a press fitted with raw-hide pinions throughout would possess.

Rawhide as a material for gears has been through the experimental stage and its practicability and durability is an established fact. By compression and elimination, in the process by which the pinions referred to are manufactured, the discs of which the gear blank is made up are rendered more like horn than leather in their composition, retaining, however, a tough-ness which allows them to bend double without cracking. They run without lubrication, and in the plant referred to above show no deterioration after several months of use. Their extensive use in street railway work is a sufficient demonstration of their durability. There are many directions in which their use can be extended to advantage.-Power.

Esquimnu Ruina.

By far the most interesting ruins on the coast were those we found near the entrance to Nachevack bay. It was evident, from their appearance. that they had never been visited by desecrating strangers, and even the natives disclaimed all knowledge of

Upon a narrow strip of beach at the foot of a precipitous ravine, cutting the crest of the mountain cliffs which overhang the sea, half-buried in shin-gles and weighted with a covering of heavy turf and moss, are the well preserved remains of what was once the residence of a populous tribe.

The main entrance had been formed by setting upon end the lower jaw-bones of a whale. This led into a broad passage way, from which smallor one branched at irregular intervals. and which terminated at the various family apartments or habiteleens Whales' bones entered largely into habitelans. the construction of the whole, no ather material having been used for supports. Nachvack is far beyond the northern tree limit of the coast, and these were doubtless the best tutes for timbers which could be procured for the purpose. The vertebrae of whales had been used as stools and for various other purposes; the frame-work of kayaks and komatika, skin work of kayaks and komatiks, and boats and sledges were of bone and horn; the weapons and implements were of stone, bone, horn and ivory. Enough of these were present to have filled a ship ,but not a scrap of fron or other metal could be found. Outing.

Nervous

why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent head-

aches, indigestion and Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect diges-tion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

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