

A VALENTINE.

(Written by a married man.) Into my presence came just now A little child—I know not how. Familiar, too, he seemed, and yet I could not tell where we had met.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



On the 12th of February, 1809, in the wilderness, in Larue County, Kentucky, was born one of the best and greatest men that ever lived—Abraham Lincoln.

The young man, whose name was Atwood—"Mr. Thomas Atwood," as he was called by the landlady—was disposed to talk as he went on eating his breakfast, and Meg was the only one at the breakfast table he naturally talked to her.

No. 207, which was Tom's train, would be in at 3:20 o'clock, and at 6, in the presence of only one or two of the boarders and the landlady, the ceremony was to be performed.

When the Chicago and Alton Railroad was built through the county it did not pass through the new county seat, Mount Pleasant, nor the old one of Postville, but it did pass within a mile of the latter town.

At the sale of lots in the new town on Aug. 20, 1833, Mr. Lincoln was present and expressed his regrets at having no money with which to buy some of the town lots.

Crossing a field one day, the late President Lincoln, it is said, was pursued by an angry bull. He made for the fence but soon discovered that the bull was overtaking him.

When he handed her an envelope containing a letter—her first letter—that something had befallen her lover, and she felt her way back to the little parlor and with shaking hands tore the letter open and slowly spelled out its contents.

Meg dropped the letter, and with the calmness of one who has fast hold of despair she read Tom's last message which, with many breaks and almost illegible tracery, ran as follows: "Dear girl: I have made my last—run and—have got to say good-by—keep a title hold on the brakes, and with—love forever and ever, I am—your valentine."

That was all; only the story of two humble lovers, and to-day Meg is again in the factory. But, as I said, back of her soft gray eyes is a something which is too sad for speech, too deep for tears, and it will go with her all her days, and—who knows?—will fade only when she is no more lonely, no more heart-lunged. Death is not the end; it is the beginning. —Utica Globe.

MAKING LINCOLN PRESENTABLE

Mrs. Lincoln "Fixed Up" the President-elect to Meet a Delegation. In narrating "When Lincoln Was First Inaugurated," in the Ladies' Home Journal Stephen Fiske writes interestingly of the memorable journey from Springfield, Ill., to the national capital, and tells of Mrs. Lincoln's efforts to have her husband look presentable when receiving a delegation that was to greet them upon reaching New York City.

"The train stopped," writes Mr. Fiske "and through the windows immense crowds could be seen; the cheering drowned the blowing off steam of the locomotive. Then Mrs. Lincoln opened her hand bag and said: 'Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks.' 'Mr. Lincoln gently lifted her upon the seat before him; she parted, combed and brushed his hair and arranged his black necktie.

One of the most charming and at the same time plausible versions of the relation of the modern valentine idea to that devoted Christian martyr, St. Valentine, is the following:

The early Christian fathers, in their attempts to conciliate their pagan compatriots, with most commendable tact and insight utilized many of the popular forms of mythological celebrations to commemorate Christian events.

One of the festivals, dear to the heart of every Roman, was the feast of Lupercalia, when they did honor to their gods Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, dance and drama, but with a peculiar ceremony which provided a billet box into which were dropped slips of paper inscribed with the ladies' names. The bachelors drew out these slips and the ladies whose names were on their papers were henceforth installed as their mistresses for twelve months to command them as best suited their sweet wills.

WHERE ABE PRACTICED LAW.

Old Courthouse at Lincoln, Ill., Has Connection with the Martyr. The city of Lincoln, Ill., still contains one building in which Abraham Lincoln practiced law over forty years ago.

The first county seat of Logan County was Postville, and the old court house, which still stands in the western part of Lincoln, was occupied as such from 1839 to 1848.



Down in a West Virginia county is a grand jury which has made a record in the matter of liquor law violation indictments. It is not the number of the indictments, although they reached the generous total of 300, that constitutes the peculiarity of the case, but the fact that the whole 300 were issued against one man, and on the testimony of one man.

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A PERFECT HOME SECURED AT LITTLE COST.



Iran and Theodore St. Rioski, formerly residents of Michigan, but now living in Alameda, Western Canada, before taking up their home there visited the country as delegates.

"We have visited a number of most desirable locations, and are highly pleased with the country as a whole, it being beyond our highest expectations. We find here a prosperous and well-contented lot of people. They have comfortable homes, and their vast fields of wheat and other crops in addition to their herds of choice cattle, indicate prosperity in the full sense of the word.

The Messrs. St. Rioski selected the Alameda district, but what they say of it applies in a general way to most other districts in that vast country. They speak of the fuel, which is to be had in great quantities, of the water that can be had by digging from ten to twenty feet, and of the good grazing land to be had almost everywhere.

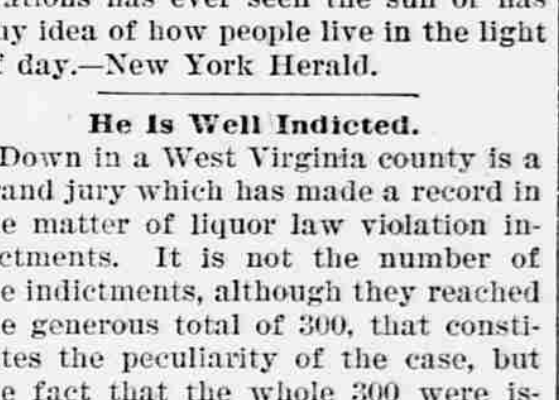
It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world. Lake Erie's Big Fish Supply. It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world.

Eruptions On the Face

"I was troubled with eruptions on my face. I thought I would give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial, and after taking a few bottles I was cured. I am now also free from rheumatism to which I have been subject for some time." C. E. BARRY, 726 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.



Farms in Western Canada Free

For information as to Low Railway Rates, Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the Department of the Interior or, Ottawa, Canada, or C. J. BROUGHTON, 1233 Madison Building, Chicago, Ill.; W. V. BENNETT, 115 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK. I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Pitcher on every bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Pitcher wrapper.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know. "The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Pitcher. Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

MEG'S VALENTINE.

M EG was only one of the "hands" in the great factory of Weaver & Co., and with about the same regularity as the machinery she performed her daily tasks.

Nobody in the factory had ever given her so much as a sympathetic glance; the whirl of wheels, the grind of machinery, the everlasting hum of moving belts and singing of spindles do not encourage sympathy, and besides Meg was quiet, even timid, and her companions, after the first day of now and then a half courtesan, half critical inspection, paid no attention to her.

And yet Meg's "trouble" had been a romance; a sort of a flower which blooms sometimes along the hedgerows with the same beauty and sweetness as in the conservatory.

Born was all Meg knew about her origin, brought up, at first in a charitable institution, later as the chore girl in a boarding house, which always smelled of dirt and rancidity; and still later as a boarder at the same place, because it was more like home to her after her long, hard day's work at the factory, where she had secured employment at the age of 15.

Meg was ignorant, her "schooling" having been encompassed by a six months' course at a grammar school in the neighborhood, and for which "educational advantages" she had toiled for the mistress of the boarding house until her health threatened to give way under the strain.

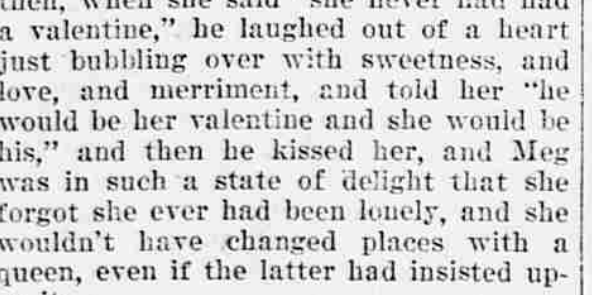
Once a sweet little girl, who was walking with her nurse, had looked up into her face and with that free-fantasy which knows nothing of rules and which has in it the element, nay, the very essence of fraternity, had pressed a tiny cluster of violets into her hand.

And so the days went on, to-day as yesterday, to-morrow as to-day, until one morning Meg overslept herself, by some method of calculation which did not consider time in the light of dollars and cents added to her income, and she went to her breakfast late.



Not that Meg in all the years she had worked for Weaver & Co. had been late to breakfast more than three or four times, but the landlady never quite forgot that Meg had at one time been her willing slave and any dereliction on her part which was savored of independence was not a thing to lightly pass over.

On the morning in question, the landlady, much to Meg's surprise, greeted her in an affable manner and her grim mouth quivered with something which might, under favorable conditions, have been mistaken for a smile, but which had had no little practice that it merely succeeded in being a grimace, as she told her to take her seat at the table and then proceeded to introduce her to a new boarder who had just paid a month's board in advance.



A TINY CLUSTER OF VIOLETS.



AND, AT LAST, SHE LET HIM GO.