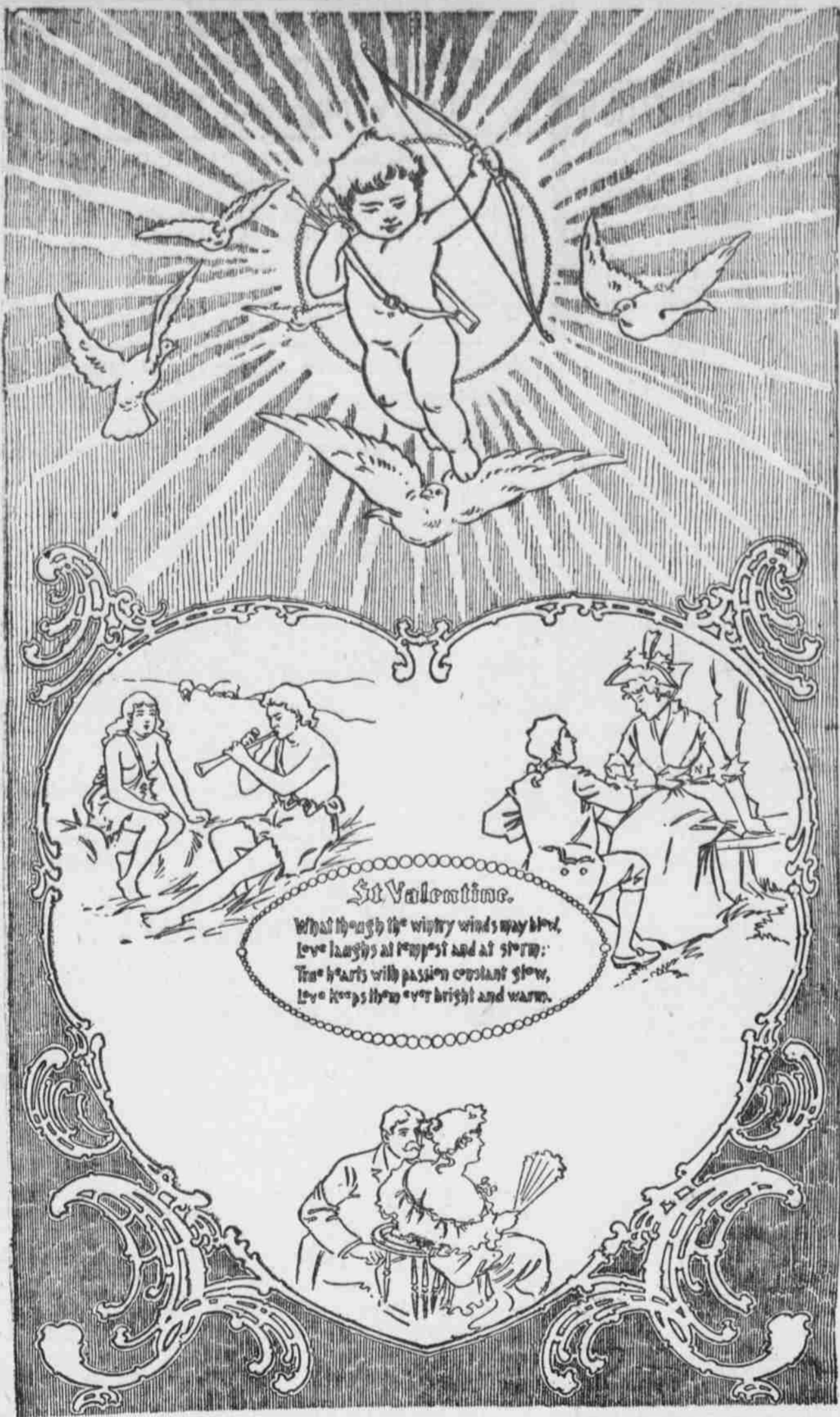


# ST. VALENTINE



## MY VALENTINE.

A valentine for father—  
And one, I think, will do  
For mother and for grandpa,  
And for Brother Willie, too.

I know that dear old grandma  
Would ask for three or four,  
And Sister Nell and Cousin Ned  
Would say they wanted more.

And then there's someone else I know  
Would prize it quite as well,  
Now can't you guess my valentine,  
Or must I really tell?

No envelope contains it;  
It bears no tell-tale line,  
Although two lips have sealed it,  
No postal clerk may find.

It has no gleaming golden hearts,  
Sly Cupid's tempting bait,  
Nor has it got the feathered shaft  
With which he shoots so straight.

And yet it brings this valentine,  
A thousand times the bliss,  
Now can't you guess? Of course you  
can—  
My valentine's a kiss.

## "LINCOLN THE MERCIFUL."

A characteristic story of Lincoln's kindly interference in behalf of young men who had rendered themselves amenable to the law, but in whose case there was reason to hope for reformation, is told in the Portland Oregonian by Mr. J. B. Montgomery, who was a witness to the circumstances.

One Michael Lehman of Williamsport, Pa., had a contract for carrying the mail from the railroad station. He was the personification of integrity, but his son, Michael, Jr., 16 years old, who drove the mail wagon, was induced by evil associates to take a letter from the mail bag, and was detected in the act of removing a check from it. He was sentenced to imprisonment.

Great sympathy was felt with the father, and a delegation of citizens, headed by Judge Hale, a member of Congress, including Mr. Montgomery, and accompanied by the elder Lehman, went to Washington to see the President. Mr. Montgomery tells what followed:

"As we entered the executive chamber, President Lincoln came sauntering in. He had on a faded and much-worn dressing gown. His slippers were run down at the heel. The President, as soon as we were seated, said:

"Well, gentlemen, what is it you want? Judge Hale handed him the petition. He scanned it carefully, names and all, and possessed himself of all the circumstances. He then said to Judge Hale:

"Judge, can I do so and so? stating a legal proposition as to his power to do a certain thing. Judge Hale, after a moment's reflection, replied:

"Mr. President, I don't think you can."

"Lincoln then said, 'I know I cannot, but I wanted to see if you knew. But,' he went on, 'I can do something else.'"

"He was sitting by his desk, and every one except this man, who swallowed all formulas, would have written on it, but he twisted his two long legs together like a whiplash, placed the petition on his knee and wrote these words, as near as I can recollect:

"To the United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania: You are hereby directed to enter a nolle prosequi in the case of the United States vs. Michael Lehman, Jr., in consideration that the said Michael Lehman, Jr., enlist in the army of the United States and serve three years, unless sooner honorably discharged.

"A. LINCOLN."

"What do you think of that?" he said, handing it to Judge Hale. It was all that was wanted.

"Lincoln got up out of his chair, shook hands with us all, telling us, 'A dozen Senators are waiting outside to see me, but this gives me more pleasure than talking to them about offices.' Then, holding Lehman by the hand, he said:

"Tell your son never to be tempted again, to be a good soldier, and how happy it has made me to get him out of his scrape. Dutchman, who was short and fat, made a pathetic figure. He was beyond the ability to express himself, or even to weep. He stood silent, his eyes almost bulging out of his head. His boy was saved.

### A Genuine Lincoln Anecdote.

The following anecdote is vouchered for by the editor of *Leah's Monthly*, who has it from a very old lady, Mrs. H. A. Baldwin, now living in Los Angeles, Cal., who was a close neighbor of the Lincoln family when they resided in Springfield, Ill.

"I can remember clearly a little incident which occurred one very hot Sunday morning in summer. It was just about the time Mr. Lincoln had received the nomination for Senator. My husband had come to church alone that morning, as I was not feeling well. I was sitting at the window looking out on the street, when I espied little 'Tad' Lincoln trotting down the walk past our house as fast as his little legs could carry him. He was between two and three years of age at that time and was the sharpest little chap imaginable. His father had nicknamed him 'Tadpole,' soon shortened to 'Tad,' as all the neighbors knew.

"Mrs. Lincoln had gone to church, leaving the children at home in charge of Mr. Lincoln, and the little fellow had escaped from the yard in some way or other. As I watched 'Tad' trotting past, I heard some one calling him from up the street. Glancing up, I saw Mr. Lincoln coming as fast as his long legs could carry him. As I have said, it was an exceedingly warm day, and people were wearing their thinnest clothes. As long as I live I shall never forget Mr. Lincoln's appearance. He was contentless, vestless, bareheaded and barefooted! Think of it! The man who was later to be President of the United States, actually striding down the street barefooted after his runaway child! It was the most comical sight I have ever witnessed.

"Tad" was soon overtaken, and Mr. Lincoln, grasping his rebellious son round the waist, tucked him under his long arm like a sack of meal, with his head to the rear, and started for home again. Unfortunately church services had just closed, and the streets were crowded with people, fashionably dressed, who stared in astonishment and with merriment upon the comical sight. Little 'Tad' was screaming, kicking and squirming in a vain attempt to escape. His little arms and legs were revolved in all directions and the sight of Mr. Lincoln, barefooted

and half-dressed, with that boy under his arm, would have sent his wife into spasms had she witnessed it. He, however, was not embarrassed in the least, but ducked and bowed right and left to acquaintances, responding cheerily to their 'Why, good morning, Mr. Lincoln,' with 'How are you, Mrs. Se-and-So,' or 'Fine day, Mr. Se-and-So,' all the time wearing a pleasant smile, while the spectators were nearly convulsed at the sight."

### How Lincoln Played Watchman.

James Etter, a doorkeeper in the War Department, frequently occupies a chair from which he could not be induced to part, because it was once occupied by Abraham Lincoln when he was President of the United States, although at the time he acted as watchman with a badge pinned on the lapel of his coat. Mr. Etter explains the incident by saying: "One day during the war I was sitting here, when a tall, angular gentleman entered the main door and asked if the secretary was in. I told him that it was too early for the secretary to be in his office.

"At what hour can I depend on finding him here?" he asked. I told him, and with a pleasant 'Thank you' he walked away.

"Promptly on the hour the tall gentleman ascended the steps, walked in the door, and I was almost struck dumb when he asked me if I would not go into the secretary's room and tell him to step out in the hall. I could not leave my post of duty, and even if I could I did not

think the secretary would come out to see him.

"He replied: 'O, I guess he will, and as for leaving your post, I will be personally responsible for that. I am Mr. Lincoln, and I will simply take your badge and keep door while you step in for me.'"

"Well, I wouldn't doubt him, and he pulled off my badge, placed it on his coat, and took my chair, just like an old-time watchman.

"A smile played over his face as I left him, and you can rest assured it was not long before he and the secretary were holding a quiet talk in an out-of-the-way corner in the hall."—Washington Special.

### His First Sight of Lincoln.

An interesting ahead-of-remembrance could be collected under the general heading, "First Glimpse of Lincoln." The first sight of a great man is likely to be recalled as more vivid and more significant than any other, except possibly the last. A gentleman whose friendship with Lincoln dated from 1852, and lasted till the very day of his death, describes as follows the beginning of their acquaintance:

I had been invited to make a speech in the old State House in Springfield, Ill. Five minutes before I stepped on the platform the committee asked me to change my subject,—the Maine temperance law,—as they wished for some reason to defer it to another occasion. Under the spur of the moment, therefore, I made a patriotic address.

After I had finished, the audience called vociferously for "Lincoln! Lincoln!"

He rose to respond, and I shall never forget his appearance. Before the meeting he had been consulting some law books in the basement of the building, and the janitor, whom he had requested to call him, forgot his duty, and at the last moment rushed in and cried out to Mr. Lincoln that the speaking was going on.

Lincoln turned out the light and grabbed the first coat he touched, which proved to be that of the janitor himself, who was a short man. Lincoln, on the contrary, was a very tall man.

On this occasion he wore, as usual, a faded red woolen shirt, buttoned neither at the neck nor at the wristbands. There was a space of eight or ten inches between the top of his trousers and the lower edge of the coat, and his trousers were rolled up at the bottom, so that there was a space of nearly a foot of bare leg between them and the tops of his stockings.

He had one suspender, and the sleeves of the coat reached little more than to his elbows. His hair looked as if it had never been brushed or combed since he came from the woods of Kentucky.

He began to speak. His subject was law, its design, its essence, its mission, its power.

He spoke in a low, thin voice. I had heard Beecher, Gough, Phillips, Chapin, Starr King and Webster, but I had never before heard anything like this speech of Lincoln's. Nor did I ever see an audience so scorched and kindled—so held breathless! His speech lasted twenty minutes, and for fine logic and the most touching pathos I have never heard its equal. When he got through he touched me on the shoulder and said, "Come home with me."

We talked all night, so oblivious of time that when light came I looked out of the window and asked if there was a fire. Mr. Lincoln replied, "It is sunrise."

### McClellan's Talent.

President Lincoln one day remarked to a number of personal friends who had called upon him at the White House:

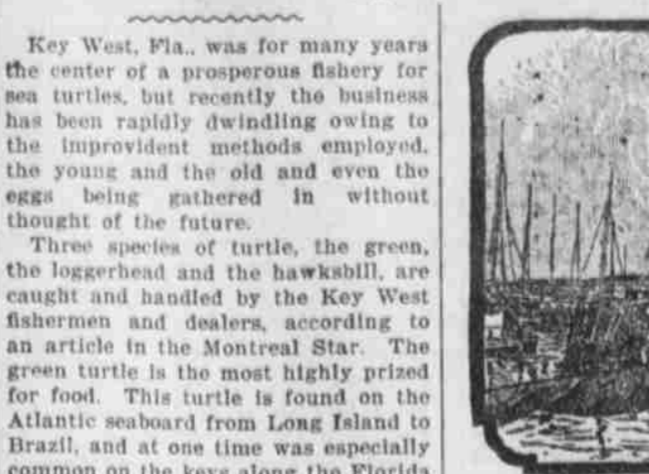
"General McClellan's tardiness and unwillingness to fight the enemy or follow up advantages gained remind me of a man back in Illinois who knew a few law phrases, but whose lawyer lacked aggressiveness. During the trial of the case, the man finally lost all patience and springing to his feet vociferated:

"Why don't you go at him with a fl. fa., a demurrer, a capias, a sur rebutter, or a ne exeat, or a nundam pactum, or a non est, or any old fool thing?"

"I wish," said Mr. Lincoln, "McClellan would go at the enemy with something; I don't care what. General McClellan is a pleasant and scholarly gentleman. He is an admirable engineer; but he seems to have a special talent for a stationary engine."

Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1852.

# TURTLE FISHING off the FLORIDA COAST



Key West, Fla., was for many years the center of a prosperous fishery for sea turtles, but recently the business has been rapidly dwindling owing to the improvident methods employed, the young and the old and even the eggs being gathered in without thought of the future.

Three species of turtle, the green, the loggerhead and the hawksbill, are caught and handled by the Key West fishermen and dealers, according to an article in the Montreal Star. The green turtle is the most highly prized for food. This turtle is found on the Atlantic seaboard from Long Island to Brazil, and at one time was especially common on the keys along the Florida coast.

The female turtle lays from 300 to 600 eggs in a season, burying them in the sand and leaving them to hatch without further attention. Owing to their many enemies it is probable that few of the young turtles survive. The loggerhead turtle occurs along the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Brazil and is common on both the east and the west coast of Florida. It is more common than the green turtle, which is undoubtedly owing to the fact that it is the least valuable of the marine turtles and there is little demand for its flesh. More eggs of this species are taken for food, however, than of any other.

### Grows to Enormous Size.

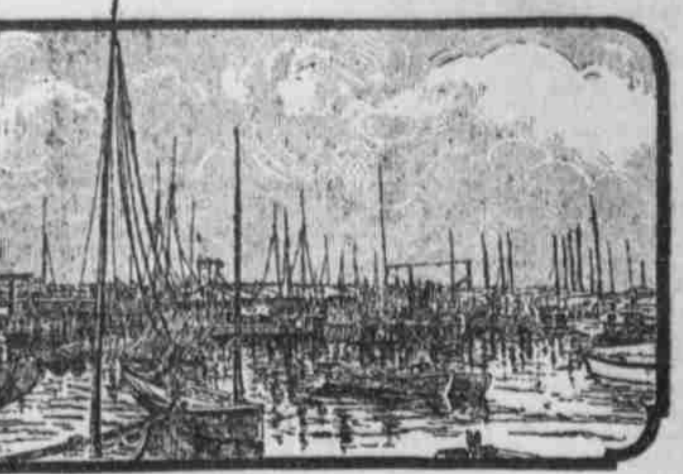
It attains an enormous size, far surpassing the green turtle. Examples weighing 1,600 pounds have been captured, but the average now is probably about 200 pounds.

The female of this species breeds during the summer, the first eggs being laid generally during the night of full moon in June. A peculiar feature of the laying process is that nothing apparently disturbs the creature or is sufficient to drive her away. Striking her with a stick or jumping up and down on her back produces no effect. After finishing, however, she is very timid and flees for the water at the slightest noise.

The hawksbill or tortoise shell turtle is found on the southern coast of Florida, and thence to the West Indies, the Bermuda and South American. The flesh is rarely eaten, although the eggs are gathered for food and for the manufacture of oil. The great value of this species is in its horny covering, which is the tortoise shell of commerce.

The hawksbill does not grow very large, the maximum weight not exceeding 400 pounds. Those with a greater weight than 100 pounds are not now common on the Florida coast. The shell of the smaller turtle is thin and of little use; it increases in thickness and value with the size of the animal.

In tortling gill nets and cast nets are generally used. The former are about 100 yards in length with a



stretch mesh of from 24 to 26 inches. They are either anchored or drifted at night, and the turtles swimming along get tangled up in them and fall an easy prey.

As the hawksbill turtles spend most of their time at the bottom in deep water, different apparatus must be used to catch them. The turtle first discovers their location by means of a water telescope, which is an ordinary water bucket with a wooden bottom removed and a pane of glass substituted. By putting this on the surface bottom down and placing the head in the upper part the bottom is clearly visible.

When found a round iron hoop with a bag of coarse twine is lowered over the animal and as he struggles upward he becomes entangled in it and is brought to the surface and drawn into the boat. A three tooth grapnel is also used at times. This is lowered and the animal is caught by the shoulder.

### Keeping Turtles Alive After Capture.

Turtles generally have special spots in shallow water close to shore to which they return every night, and each animal has its own wallow or burrow, where it remains when not eating or traveling. It is in these places that they are generally sought.

In pegging the aim is to drive the peg in the chimes of the carapace of the turtle, as this offers the best holding part and does the least damage to the animal. When a turtle is seen the pegger stands erect on the forward thwart with his miniature harpoon poised for a prompt throw at the right moment.

As soon as the animal is hit it dives and drags the boat forward at a rapid rate. It is very soon compelled to come to the surface to breathe and is then easily secured by means of a rope, if too large to be taken into the boat.

When landed at Key West the turtles which have been kept alive—all that die are thrown away as worthless—are placed in small, square pens of watted stakes, called kraals, built in the water, close to shore and in staked compartments under wharves, and

there kept until sale days or until they have recovered from the voyage. Here they are fed on a marine plant known as turtle grass, sweet potato vines, morning glory vines, mangrove leaves, etc. When a sufficient number of turtles have accumulated an auction sale is held.

The upper shell of the hawksbill is covered with thirteen plates, called collectively in the trade the head. The plates vary in thickness from an eighth to a quarter of an inch, according to the age and size of the animal, and weigh collectively from four to six pounds. These plates form the tortoise shell of commerce and bring about \$2 a pound.

In securing the plates the animal must be handled while still alive. The shell is first cut loose from the turtle with a knife. It is then put into a boiler of boiling water, and in about five minutes the plates can be ripped off with a knife. If allowed to remain a little longer in the water the plates would drop off of their own accord, but they would be injured by too long submersion in the hot water.

The Cubans use a knife heated almost white and with this tear off the plates and let the still living animal go. Formerly the plates were detached from the bony framework by laying the animal while alive on a hot fire or sometimes by soaking it while alive in boiling water. Fortunately these inhuman methods are rarely practised now.

The under shell of the hawksbill, called in the trade yellow belly and by the fishermen calipee, is also saved. After being dissolved by means of chemicals it is used in the manufacture of meerschaum pipes. The upper shell of the loggerhead is employed in the manufacture of cheap combs, glue, etc.

The proverbial nine lives of the cat are well known, but the cat is not in it with a turtle when it comes to hanging onto life. Signor Rodi of Italy, once cut a turtle's head off and noted that it lived for twenty-three days without a head, and another whose brain he removed lived for six months, apparently unconscious that it had suffered any loss.

## GOLDEN WYANDOTTES.

Product of Saller with Natural Gift for Breeding Fowls.

The commercial importance of the hen and her product has formed the theme of many a comment since Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture gave cackling femininity her due a few years ago in a book entitled "The Helpful Hen," but the hen as an object of the breeder's fancy is less considered by the great, thoughtful, chicken-eating public.

Breeding chickens is less expensive than breeding trotting horses, for the animals cost less on the hoof, the generations are shorter—about one-third as long—and variations are more easily secured, the St. Louis Republic says. There are no pedigreed chickens. The identification of a suckling colt as the offspring of a registered mare is simple and easy, but into the case of the chicken there are obvious difficulties. Not the least of these is the division of maternal labor, in the accomplishment of which it comes about that scarcely any hen of birth and consideration is permitted to sit on her own eggs. A freedom is therefore allowed to breeders in the introduction of fresh and alien blood into well-known strains of fowls which make the breeder of dogs or horses stare and gasp.

For example, the Golden Wyandotte (owl), as originally bred, has not a drop of Wyandotte blood in its veins. Joseph McKeen, a Wyandotte breeder of Onro, Wis., conceived the idea of a golden-colored Wyandotte fowl. Mr. McKeen was an old sailor with a natural gift for breeding fowls. He had one of the paraphernalia considered necessary for the modern breeder; he could accomplish more with a few old boxes, a sack of cornmeal and a few hens than can the average fancier with all his costly apparatus. A common barnyard hen in Mr. McKeen's flock seemed to his eye to possess certain qualities of size and shape which marked her for experiment. She was crossed with the Seabright bantam. This gave the rose comb and the laced feathers. A further cross with the partridge cochon fixed the color and increased the size, while an admixture of Plymouth Rock helped in the establishment of the general type and heightened the laying qualities. The fowls thus produced were golden Wyandottes, with rose comb, clean legs and feathers laced with black on a gold ground; but they had not one drop of Wyandotte blood. They were

## ISLAND COMES AND GOES.

Rises in August and Disappears Regularly in February.

One of Michigan's unsolved mysteries is the island that every summer comes to the surface of Lake Orion and every winter goes back again to the depths from whence it arose.

Its periods of appearance and disappearance are nearly regular. It comes to the surface about the middle of August and goes down again about Feb. 15. What causes it to act thus strangely is a conundrum that none has been able to solve, but to keep it above water or compel it to remain in the depths have been alike without results.

On one occasion a number of farmers and teamsters resolved to haul the island out of moving business. In their efforts to do so they hauled many loads of stone and deposited them on it during the early part of winter, believing that when it went down in February it would go down for good, weighted as it was with the stones. But the following August saw it bob up serenely from below—minus its load of stones.

At another time an effort was made to keep it on the surface, and it was chained to the surrounding country with heavy log chains. When its time for departure came it departed, and the log chains departed with it. The log chains were never recovered.

The island is composed of soft mud and rushes, and there are some skeptical souls who attribute its formation and appearance and disappearance to the gathering of vegetation in one spot by the currents of the lake and its subsequent decay.—Boston Herald.

## A CLOCK FOR THE BLIND.

The clock shown in this illustration is a rather ingenious assembling of an ordinary alarm clock minus its case, a discarded frying pan, and a circular sheet of copper, to form a timepiece by which the blind can tell the exact time. The copper sheet is the dial, and upon it are stamped the dots which form the numbers of the Braille system of letters and figures. It was made in the Missouri School for the Blind.—Popular Mechanics.

## A King's Old Clothes.

The posthumous sale of the wardrobe of King George IV. of England realized \$75,000. Greville, who attended the sale, says that the king "hardly ever gave anything away except his linen, which was distributed every year. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 200 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting coats and breeches. His profusion in these articles was unbounded because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by."

Someone has defined Faith as belief in what we know to be untrue.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a kingly cedar  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham