



A HAPPY VALENTINE.

If I could be a valentine,
I know what I would do.
I'd get into an envelope
And travel straight to you.

And if the postman didn't know
Your name is Baby Dear
And where you live, I'd shake his bag
As soon as he was near.

And then with all my might I'd jump
And run across the street.
(I'm sure that he'd jump, too, to find
A valentine had feet.)

I'd ring the bell and ring the bell
A minute and a half,
And when you came and saw 'twas I,
Oh, my, how we would laugh!

—Anna M. Pratt.



They say she is out of date in this
end of the nineteenth century, but that
is wrong. She may be more coy, more
reticent, more elusive, but she is still
with us. On each St. Valentine's day
she peeps from her casement window,
either literally or figuratively, with
just as enticing a glance; her smiles
are no less alluring; her sighs create
fully as much havoc.

Perhaps she no longer pins bay
leaves to her pillow to tempt fate, or
makes a pretense of drawing her lot
from a bundle of names written upon
slips of material paper—all that was
but form at best. The Sprite of the
Valentine knew well who was her fate
without such expedients. And she
knows it now.

The eyes of common mortals might
be blinded, but her bright eyes looked
clearly into the future and saw there
the chained captive who reveled in his
chains. She read some tender verse
and smiled at its innocence—she who
was all innocence herself, yet gifted
with that present sense of prophecy,
or foreknowledge, against which the
clumsy reason of mortal swain was as
helpless as the wiles of an infant. She
smiled and no mystic rite could be
more potent. She gave one glance
from beneath the witching fringe of
her long lashes, and no other sorcery
was needed. The same is true today.

Good St. Valentine was a martyr,
they tell us, and some can see no prop-
riety in naming this lovers' day for
him; but to my mind the fitness is
most striking. How many a tortured
heart has gone to its martyrdom at the
eventide of this day! Even escaping
that, how many a soul has been placed
upon the rack by the coquetry of some
maiden sweet at this same crucial
time! For the Valentine Sprite is true
to her sex, in spite of the traditions
that hem her in and fix her place as
some meek captive awaiting the decree
that shall send her rejoicing into
whatever arms are stretched out to
receive her.

Be not deceived. She has decided
upon the arms long before, and they
are held forth at her will. She may
have spoken no word save of the coy-
est, but she has willed. Ah, how de-
luded are they who cast a pitying eye

upon woman for her lack of the power
to choose and to plead! Know ye not,
my lords of creation, that by far the
most frequently ye are the chosen and
not the choosers? If she wills you to
come you come. If she wills you to
speak you speak, and, more than that,
she has the added power to send you
away empty if so her caprice decides.

This in the common life of every
day. What, then, might be expected
in the mystic time when love rules all?
At least, Valentine Sprite holds royal
sway. If she wills your missive flies to
her. If she wills she even binds a
snowy message to the wings of Mer-
cury and bids him speed with it to her
chosen valentine, for who shall say her
nay? The Valentine Sprite mistakes
not—whom she chooses him she holds.

Heretofore, my brothers, I have
warned you, though the warnings were
vain, but against this enchantress I
cannot bid you steel yourself, for the
soft witchery of her innocent smile has
sealed my lips, and I know not whether
this maiden with the childish grace
and the woman's wiles be most a bless-
ing or a snare to you. I can only tell
you this—your struggles against her
will amount to naught but your own
complete captivity, for with each
plunge you sink deeper the arrow that
has pierced you.

This much of the mystery, however,
I can reveal to you: Mortal maid is
the Valentine Sprite until that fateful
morning when the little winged god
flies from chamber to chamber and
touches sleeping eyes with the feather
end of his arrow, then speeds him on
his way before the white lids unclo-
se in wonder and the sweet glances go
forth with the wisdom that Cupid
alone can give and each one is touched
with the power of his arrow point.
Mortal maid she is not from that hour
until the going down of the sun, and
man is utterly helpless against the
subtle witchery of this mystic, love-
created being who beckons him into
Elysium.

And you, O youth, who scoff at the
time-honored privilege of sending to
some lady fair upon this day of days a
plea from your heart, hidden and
shrined within some dainty, perfumed
nest of beauty, or who turn with a



laugh from the memory picture of
your great-great-grandfather buried
deep in the lover's ecstasy and the
poet's rapture, as he pens the words
which shall be his heart message to
his heart's desire, do not too lightly set
aside the good old custom; at least,

put it away with tender reverence, for
the spirits of those olden rites are not
to be flippantly consigned to oblivion.
On every hand the Valentine Sprite
uprises, an avenger for any slight,
however small, which is offered to her
patron saint.

In the midst of your scoffing you
hear a whisper at your heart. You
blush and sigh and frown, but you lis-
ten, and you feel the pressing of the
arrow point.

"Love, love, be wholly mine;
Come and be my valentine!"
How did the music of it get into your
brain? From that time forth you sigh
and serve. But this is vengeance that
the Valentine Sprite exacts. In the
end you are left walling in the solitu-
de of your twentieth-century superi-
ority:

"Love, love, be wholly mine;
Come and be my valentine!"
But it may not be.

While for you, spirit of manly love,
with the reverence of tradition in your
heart and the loyal longing in your
soul, there is a kinder fate. The Valen-
tine Sprite, with her dower of mystic
wisdom, shall not beckon you but to
taunt. In the far distance of the future
years that bind you to her I hear the
echo of a tender strain:

"Love, love, so wholly mine,
I am still thy valentine!"



O poor Mr. Postman, you never will
know
What fine things you're carrying
there!

What dear little doves, just as white
as the snow,
What roses so blushing and fair,
What nice little Cupid's, so smiling
and fat,
What sweet little verses, all rhyming
so pat.

O poor Mr. Postman, I'm sorry for
you!
'Tis a very hard lot, I must say,
To carry such lovely things hidden
from view,
Nor get one peep inside them all
day;
And when merry St. Valentine's ended
and done,
To have given them all away, every
one!

E. H. THOMAS.

A NEW KIND.

'Twas just the nicest valentine
That came to me today;
A pretty box, and on the top
A little letter lay,
Which said:
'I know a little maid,
She isn't far to seek;
No dainty wild rose petal
Is pinker than her cheek;
There is no shining hazelnut
That's browner than her eye,
Just look within the box, my dear,
This little maid you'll spy.'
Of course I was in haste to see
So fair and sweet a lass.
I raised the lid, within I found—
A tiny looking-glass!

—Helen S. Perkins.



Death of Lincoln

"Now he belongs to the ages."
The curtain had just been rung down
over the life of the martyred president
in that humble little room opposite the
theater where the president had, a few
hours, before received the bullet of
the assassin Booth. E. M. Stanton,
secretary of war, gave utterance to the
words quoted. How prophetic; how
true. Centuries hence the name of
Abraham Lincoln will still retain its
rightful place in history.

The president had been carried up
the high steps, through a narrow hall,
and laid, still unconscious, still im-
motionless, on the bed of a poor, little,
commonplace room of a commonplace
lodging-house, where surgeons and
physicians gathered about in a desper-
ate attempt to rescue him from
death.

While the surgeons worked the news
was spreading to the town. Every man
and woman in the theater rushed forth
to tell it. Some ran wildly down the
streets, exclaiming to those they met,
"The president is killed! The presi-
dent is killed!" One rushed in a ball-
room and told it to the dancers; an-
other, bursting into a room where a
party of eminent public men
were playing cards, cried, "Lin-
coln is shot!" Another, run-
ning into the auditorium of Grover's
theater, cried, "President Lincoln has
been shot, in his private box, in Ford's
theater." Those who heard the cry
thought the man insane or drunk, but
a moment later they saw the actors
in a combat called from the stage, the
manager coming forward. His face was
pale his voice agonized, as he said,
"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel it my
duty to say to you that the announce-
ment made from the front of the the-
ater just now is true—President Lin-
coln has been shot." One ran to sum-
mon Secretary Stanton. A boy picked
up at the door of the house where the
president lay was sent to the White
house for Robert Lincoln. The news
spread by the very force of its own
horror, and as it spread it met other
news no less terrible. At the same
hour that Booth had sent the ball into
the president's brain a man had forced
his way into the house of Secretary
Seward, then lying in bed with a
broken arm, and had stabbed both the
secretary and his son Frederick so se-
riously that it was feared they would
die. In his entrance and exit he had
wounded three other members of the
household. Like Booth, he had es-
caped. Horror bred rumor, and Secre-
tary Stanton, too, was reported wound-
ed, while later it was said that Grant
had been killed on his way north.
Dread seized the town. "Rumors are
so thick," wrote the editor of the
National Intelligencer, at 2 o'clock in
the morning, "the excitement of this
hour is so intense that we rely entire-
ly upon our reporters to advise the
public of the details and result of this
night of horrors. Evidently conspira-
tors are among us. To what extent

does the conspiracy exist? This is a
terrible question. When a spirit so
horrible as this is abroad, what man
is safe? We can only advise the ut-
most vigilance and the most prompt
measures by the authorities. We can
only pray God to shield us, his worthy
people, from further calamities like
these."

The civil and military authorities
prepared for attack from within and
without. Martial law was at once
established. The long roll was beaten;
every exit from the city was guarded;
out-going trains were stopped; mount-
ed police and cavalry clattered up and
down the street; the forts were or-
dered on the alert; guns were manned.

In the meantime there had gathered
in the house on Tenth street, where
the president lay, his family physician
and intimate friends, as well as many
prominent officials. Before they
reached him it was known there was
no hope, that the wound was fatal.
They grouped themselves about the
bedside or in the adjoining rooms, try-
ing to comfort the weeping wife, or
listening awe-stricken to the steady
moaning and labored breathing of the
unconscious man, which at times could
be heard all over the house. Stanton
alone seemed able to act methodically.
No man felt the tragedy more than the
great war secretary, for no one in the
cabinet was by greatness of heart and
intellect so well able to comprehend
the worth of the dying president, but
no man in that distracted night acted
with greater energy or calm. Sum-
moning the assistant secretary, C. A.
Dana, and a stenographer, he began
dictating orders to the authorities on
all sides, notifying them of the trag-
edy, directing them what precautions



**DEATH OF LINCOLN—HE NOW
BELONGS TO THE AGES.**
(From the Painting.)
to take, what persons to arrest. Grant,
now returning to Washington, he di-
rected, should be warned to keep close
watch on all persons who came close
to him in the cars and to see that an
engine be sent in front of his train.
He sent out, too, an official account of
the assassination. Today the best
brief account of the night's awful work
remains the one which Secretary Stan-
ton dictated within sound of the moan-
ing of the dying president.

And so the hours changed without

perceptible change in the president's
condition, and with only slight shift-
ing of the scene around him. The tes-
timony of those who had witnessed the
murder began to be taken in an ad-
joining room. Occasionally the figures
at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln
came in at intervals, sobbing out her
grief, and then was led away. This
man went, another took his place. It
was not until daylight that there came
a perceptible change. Then the breath-
ing grew quieter, the face became more
calm. The doctors at Lincoln's side
knew that dissolution was near. Their
bulletin of 6 o'clock read: "Pulse fall-
ing;" that of 6:30, "Still falling;" that
of 7, "Symptoms of immediate dissolu-
tion," and then at 7:20, in the presence
of his son Robert, Secretaries Stanton,
Welles and Usher, Atty-Gen. Speed,
Senator Sumner, Private Secretary
Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor and several
physicians and friends, Abraham Lin-
coln died. There was a prayer, and
then the solemn voice of Stanton
broke the stillness, "Now he belongs
to the ages."

Two hours later the body of the
president, wrapped in an American
flag, was borne from the house in
Tenth street, and carried through the
hushed streets, where already thou-
sands of flags were at half-mast and
the gay bunting and garlands had
been replaced by black draperies, and
where the men who for days had been
cheering in excess of joy and relief
now stood with uncovered heads and
wet eyes. They carried him to an up-
per room in the private apartments of
the white house, and there he lay until
three days later a heart-broken people
claimed their right to look for a last
time on his face.

LINCOLN AND THE SENTINEL.

In an article in the Century entitled
"Our Fellow Citizen of the White
House," Mr. C. C. Buel told the follow-
ing story of President Lincoln:
"There have been no soldiers as guard-
ians under the shadow of the great
Ionic columns since war; and even
then, on one fierce winter night, the
boy in blue who was on guard was not
allowed to maintain professional de-
corum. Mr. Lincoln emerged from the
front door, his lank figure bent over
as he drew tightly about his shoulders
the shawl which he employed for such
protection, for he was on his way to
the war department, at the west cor-
ner of the grounds, where in times of
battle he was wont to get the midnight
dispatches from the field. As the blast
struck him he thought of the num-
bers of the pacing sentry, and, turning
to him, said: 'Young man, you've got
a cold job to-night; step inside and
stand guard there.'
"My orders keep me out here," the
soldier replied.
"Yes," said the president, in his ar-
gumentative tone, 'but the duty can be
performed just as well inside as out
here, and you'll oblige me by going
in.'
"I have been stationed outside," the
soldier answered, and resumed his
beat.
"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln,
as he turned back again; "it occurs to
me that I am commander-in-chief of
the army, and I order you to go in-
side."