



St. Valentine

O MANY little gods there be Who help to keep this old earth bright! Thanksgiving cheer, and Christmas glee, And New Year's pleasure and delight, Has each its special deity Who sees that things are managed right.

And now comes good St. Valentine, The merriest god, if not the best. He helps the timid swains who pine To put their courage to the test, And soothes with love's delicious wine The doubts in many a maiden's breast.

No plea of worldly maid or beau St. Valentine's true heart can move; For he and Cupid long ago, Before they left the courts above, Went into partnership, you know, To try and keep mankind in love.

And Cupid travels far and near To get his patrons well in trim, Then sends his partner once a year To finish up the work for him. All hail the saint both kind and dear, And may his luster ne'er grow dim!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in N. Y. Sun.

A VALUABLE VALENTINE

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

SAY, stranger, I could tell ye er pooty good story 'bout that haouse up ther.' I was taking a trip through the country on my bicycle.

I had just passed through the pretty village of D—, and here on the outskirts I found a great, beautiful house, with a wide driveway leading between big stone posts and up to the pillared portico. It was such a beautiful place, up there in the sunlight, that I wanted to look longer at it, so I dismounted, and, leaning on the stone wall, I was admiring its fine proportions when I heard the rattle of a farm wagon and in a moment the rattle stopped just behind me, and then a voice which announced a story in connection with the mansion.

A good-natured looking old gentleman was sitting in a long farm wagon, such as is used to bring the potatoes from the field or the apples from the orchard. The horse was a dappled gray, so fat he could hardly move, and certainly if I had been in any hurry I should have kept to my wheel, but then time with me was of no consequence, and I did like stories, and there would be an unusual charm about this, for the old man had the peculiar pronunciation and queer nasal twang of that part of the country. So I loaded the wheel in behind and climbed in myself with the driver.

"Goin' fur, be ye?"

"Well, friend, I don't just know how far. I'm out for fun, taking my vacation on my wheel, partly because I want to be out of doors and partly because I haven't the money to lay out in car fare."

"Sho, neow. Wal, ye ken ride with me fur's I go, an' that'll save yer wheel some."

"I'm sure you are very kind to help—" and right there I had such a spell of coughing that the sentence never was finished. It seemed so funny that he never thought of the wear and tear on his equipage, but in his generous heart only sought to save me and my wheel.

"Consumptive, be ye?" and he looked at me anxiously.

I hastened to say that it was the dust or the heat that made me cough so.

"Wal, I'm 'farnal glad ter hear't. I've heard'said consumption, the kind thet hev neow, wuz ketchin'. I bet I wouldn't hev lived out half my days ef I hedn't er ben keeful ter steer clear er them diseases't I knew wuz ketchin'. I ain't but 80, but I bet ef scarlet fev'r er diptheriee should git holt er me I'd never'd git over't. Youth don't count fer nothin' with them things."

I looked at him to see if he was joking, but not a smile on his face as he spoke of his youth and the uncertainty of his recovery from either of those diseases. Did he really think himself a young man? I could not tell.

"Haven't you had any of the diseases common to children?"

"Wal, I should say't I hed. When Jane's baby hed ther chick pox I went down't Mollie's ter live in the village, an' I'll be pizen'd ef them blamed pox didn't ketch me ther'. I tell ye the blisters wuz suthin' ter see, an' I ain't never got over't yit an' I never shell. It ketches me somewheres every little while. Jane says it's rhumatiz, but I 'low young folks don't hev rhumatiz;

my granther wuz over er hund'ed an' he never hed it an' I say it's the remains er them pox."

I thought it time to bring his mind to the story he was to tell, so I casually asked if he was personally acquainted with the inmates of the great house.

"Wal, I should say't I wuz. I went ter skeool with the old man, but I ain't seen 'im fer years. He shet himself up an' don't go nowhere. I bet he ain't nigh ser smart's I be, an' he ain't ser old by two year; no sir, he ain't."

"His name was—"

"Flint, Jo Flint, an' 'twas er good name, too. I do' no none better around these parts. He run'er the idee that everybody wuz tryin' ter git ther best of 'im an' he wouldn't hev no dealin's with nobody, an' his haous-keeper she dooz the business fer 'em."

"He must have a good deal of money to run such a large place."

"I bet he's got more prop'ty 'n you can shake er stick at, an' ther story wuz 'bout ther prop'ty, that is in er sartain way."

"I would rather get the story from you, because, of course, you, having lived here all the years, know all about it, and can give me the little points of interest that younger folks might be likely to forget."

"Wal, I guess yer right, stranger. Wal, Jo Flint he had er uephy, er smart young man as you'd most ever see, an' of course Jo he'd likely giv' him all the money, an' he wuz pop'lar now I tell ye. Of course I believe in love an' all ther, but 'tain't er bad idee ter set yer feetions in er place where's thet's er little money. It com's pooty handy, I tell ye, an' so all the gels wuz er lookin' fer Harold Flint ter make up to 'em. But he warn't er doin' no sech er thing, an' he went off down ter Cassawaddy, down ter the south end ther state, an' got 'ngaged ter er gel 'thout any cash, an' he com' an' told his Uncle Jo, an' Jo he told him ef he wuz er goin' ter merry ther way he needn't never bring his wife ter see him, an' they hed an awful spat an' it ended weth Jo er tellin' him he needn't com' himself, an' Harry he jest went off an' merried the

see er lot er kerriges er waitin' 'raoun I warn't er takin' no part'lar notice, but I bet the ain't er pootler woman 'n this state 'n got often ther ears. She hed her boy with her, an' I knowed 'twas bern coz it favored her nuff to be hern. She hed er box 'n er bag, an' she talked er spell weth ther deapo master, an' then he came weth her aout to my team an' said she wuz er goin' ter ther Poore place, an' he thought I'd take her seein's I was goin' right by ther'.

"Naow who'd ye s'pose that woman wuz?" He waited a moment, and I opened my eyes to look as surprised as possible when he said: "Harold Flint's wife, an' his boy, tew, an' she'd gut er big frosted cake in thet box, an' she took off'n ther cov'r an' it hed er big red sugar heart in ther middle an' er little heart in all them corners, an' thet boy bought 'em weth his own pennies an' stuck 'em on himself fer Uncle Flint, and she thought he'd like it coz prob'ly he didn't hev no cake much wher' he wuz livin', and then she 'nounced she'd com' ter take him home weth her! Wal, sir, it struck me all of er heap. I wuz ser sick to my stomick I couldn't breathe; them pox I s'pose. Harold wuz dead, and she'd been er doin' 'dress-makin' an' takin' keer of herself an' thet boy, an' she'd hear'd his uncle had gone ter live on the poor farm an' she 'lowed Harry'd like ter hev her take care of him an' she wuz able ter dew it, an' ter-morrer wuz Valentine's day an' she thought they'd cel'brate. Wal, I jest couldn't say er word. Her' she'd com' ter tak' keer er the old man an' he wuth his thousands. Ye see she'd made er mistake. The place wuz the old Poore place, the Maj. Poore place; yas, sir, an' she'd gut it 'twas ther poor farm, the town farm. Wal, she kep' er talkin' on 'bout the nice room they'd gut fixed fer him and we drove in, an' she said she thought 'twould be pooty in summer, but 'twarn't like livin' weth yer own folks an' Uncle Flint hadn't nobody ter tak' keer an'— Wal, I earn't tell ye nothin' how I felt, seems 'ef I hed whol' streaks er shiv'rs down my back er thinkin' how she'd feel when she faound aout.

"Wal, I gut her ter hold ther boss,



"SHE TALKED ER SPELL WETH THER DEEPO MASTER."

gel an' went down ter live in thet part er the kentry, an' ther ain't never been up here sence. Leastways he didn't never com'."

"Ye see thet great piece er medder land an' thet low haouse out ther?" Wal, ther's wher' Jo Flint lived, an' 'tain't better'n a four year sence he moved onto the hill place. Th' old man like't ter died, an' the doctor he told him thet low land wuz rhumaticky an' he'd better mozy out, an' old Maj. Poore he wuz livin' on ther hill and Providence killed him jest in time ter let Flint hev his place. Jo Flint he made er bargain out, an' what dew ye think, I bet the ain't 'nother man in this taown 'twould er done it. He moved in ther night; yas, sir, in ther night. One day he wuz ther an' the next he warn't. He went in the fall, an' everybody gabbed 'bout it, but the doctor he sot it right by tellin' 't he'd got ter move er die, but I reckon majority ov 'pinion wuz he'd better died. Strange how little use some folks ken be; yas, sir, ain't it naow?"

I assured him it was, and he looked so astonished that I judged he was used to talking and receiving no answer, even though he did ask a question and seemingly expected an answer. I mentally agreed to keep still.

"Wal, long in February I wuz down. Ye see I ain't nothin' to do an' Jane she thinks its good fer me to be aout consider'ble, an' I guess 'tis, an' I gut ther old sleigh weth er back an' er place for com'fers, an' ye don't hev ter keep er tuckin' in an' er tuckin' in, an' then—I ken drive ther colt, but Jane she says what'd old Dobbin think ter see ye drivin' off ther colt an' leavin' him behind, an' I declar' Dobbin is the humanist critter I ever see. But, as I wuz sayin', I sot ther by ther deapo. Ef I'm down I most gen'y git ter ther deapo; it sorter advertizes er place to

an' I went 'raound ter ther side door, an' I gut hole er Mis' Bean an' I jes laid out all er bout it, and she cried. Women alwuz cry, whether it's good news or bad. They'd cry over er weddin' jes' 's quick ez er fun'al. Wal, Mis' Bean she said she'd fix it up, an' so she gut 'em in and they went ter bed pooty soon, coz ther old man warn't wal an' he couldn't see 'em, so Mis' Bean said, but I s'pose she wanted ter git er holt on him fust, an' she told me sence that ye never see nobody wuz broke up 'n he wuz when he knew't she had com' ter tak' him and tak' keer of him fer Harry's sake, an' the boy's name's Harold, an' he's smarter 'n his pa ever thought er bein', an' I 'spect old Jo Flint hadn't never hed no sich er val'n'tine 's they'd giv' him an' he won't never ergin hev ser s'prisin' er one I calk'late. I tell ye er lovin' er creter 'n thet boy ye never see, er buyin' sugar hearts fer the old man, an' ef his mar's heart ain't made er love she'd never er com' down here ter git the old man out'n ther poor haouse; no, sir, not by er long chalk!"

He stopped to think, and waited so long that I asked if Harold's wife went back?

"Oh, yas. Wal, she wanted tew jes' 's quick 's she faound aout 't he'd gut Jots er money an' warn't in the poor haouse, but the old man wouldn't hear to 't, an' she sent fer her things an' ther' they be naow, an' Mis' Bean she says ther old man's heart's jest all wound up in thet boy. Folks said when he sent Harold off his heart wuz jest like his name, Flint, but I guess they've hed 'easion ter think oth'wise sence."—N. A. M. Roe, in Good Housekeeping.

A Mistaken Youth.
He labored o'er it, line by line,
It was for her, this valentine,
His prudent rival hired one writ
And he it was who made a hit.
—Washington Star.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

AROUSING THE PUBLIC.

That is the First Great Duty of All Road Reformers.

At the meeting of the Evangelical alliance, held in Harrisburg, Pa., an address on "The Necessity of Educating Public Opinion" was made by A. B. Farquhar, and one of the first subjects he considered was the effects of roads on urban and rural population, and the importance of educating public opinion on the subject. This portion of the address was as follows:

"The rapid increase of our urban population is fraught with danger. Temptations increase with increased facilities and opportunities. Children are tumbled together in the streets as indiscriminately as garbage in the sewers, and they pass into the community a mass of filth. People are flocking to the cities, believing they can live a happier and a better life there, and were they not debased by concentration, there would be less disappointment. The evil conditions must be discovered and rectified. The thought that where society ought to exist in its highest state, with most congenial environment, it must lapse into vice and immorality is intolerable.

"Country life has a thousand charms and advantages over life in the city. Our bad highways have a great deal to do with driving the countryman to town. The mud ditches in place of the beautiful, smooth roads of civilization shut him out from society and make it cost him more to carry a ton of his produce a few miles to the nearest market than

(neither of which propositions can be questioned)—then why is it that the vast majority of our thoroughfares are badly located and worse managed; that country travel, instead of being accomplished with ease and pleasure, is usually a vexation to the spirit, a perpetual financial drain on our resources, and a disgrace to our boasted civilization?

"There can be but one answer. While all persons individually are well and painfully aware of these facts, yet, the people collectively have not been sufficiently impressed with their importance—in short, public opinion on this question has not been sufficiently educated."

FILTRATION OF MILK.

Sent Upward by Pressure Through Layers of Sand.

The control of the milk supplies at its source is a subject which is engaging much attention at the present time; but, while something has been accomplished, nobody can really answer for the cleanliness of the cows and the milkers at five o'clock on a winter morning on small homesteads in the country. The more conspicuous objects, as cow hairs, are indeed removed by straining through coarse muslin, but a quantity of fine dirt, which would suffice to render a transparent liquid visibly turbid, will probably remain.

Some of the dirt to be seen at the bottom of a pail, jug, or even a glass, consists of a mineral dust, but the greater part is neither more nor less than cow dung, a fact which furnishes an obvious explanation of the myriads of bacillus coli present in so many samples of milk; yet, strange to say, no one seems to think it necessary to filter milk, though it always contains a vast number of the bacilli, a fraction of which would be deemed sufficient to condemn any water as unfit for drinking, and the known outbreaks of typhoid fever traceable to milk are far more numerous than those attributable to public water supplies, for milk presents an excellent culture fluid for the bacilli of the bowel.

Sand filtration of milk on its arrival, whether by road or rail, at the central depot has been practiced for several years in some cities, as by the Copenhagen Dairy company and by Messrs. Bolle, of Berlin, whose arrangements, alike for the purity of the milk and for the physical and moral welfare of the persons (over 1,000 in number) in their employment, are well worthy of imitation. The filters used in this dairy consist of large cylindrical vessels divided by horizontal perforated diaphragms into five superposed compartments, of which the middle three are filled with fine clean sand sifted into three sizes, the coarsest being put into the lowest and the finest into the uppermost of the three chambers.

The lowest of all is partly occupied by a perforated, inverted, truncated cone, which assists in supporting the weight of the filtering material. The milk enters this lowest compartment by a pipe under gravitation pressure, and after having traversed the layers of sand from below upward, is carried by an overflow to a cooler fed with ice water, whence it passes into a cistern from which it is drawn direct into the locked cans for distribution.

It is the rule of this dairy, also, whenever any epidemic or epizootic occurs in the districts whence its supplies are obtained, to subject the whole before admission to the filter to temperatures first of 160 degrees Fahrenheit, and then about 220 degrees Fahrenheit, in two apparatus interposed in the course of the pipe supplying the filter. The filtered milk is not only freed from dirt, but the number of bacteria is reduced to about one-third, without sterilizing; the loss of fat is in new milk stated to be small, but the quantity of mucus and slimy matter retained in the sand—which is, of course, renewed every time—is surprising.—British Medical Journal.



STUCK IN THE MUD.
(The Horse Has Been Taken Home, "Played Out.")

to transport it a thousand miles on the railroad. The prosperity, contentment, intelligence and happiness of the rural population, depend largely on the condition of the highways. No wonder the value of farm land is decreasing. The best means of benefiting the agriculturists is to improve his roads. The countries of Europe, impoverished by their standing armies and their enormous debts, build thousands of miles of road, and wisely spend millions annually in keeping them in repair. What a transformation there would be in our country if we had this European system of highways! An aroused public opinion only can secure them.

"An accidental cross-path made—no one knows how—a century ago, widens to a wheel track, and becomes established as a country road, simply because the actual traveler has not time to look after the condition of his highway; the citizen who is not an actual traveler neglects what concerns other citizens equally with himself, and the county officer is not spurred to his duty of providing a suitable road by the pressure of a sufficiently robust public opinion. As a result every man, woman and child who has occasion to pass between one and the other of two important sections of the country is compelled to go considerably out of his way, and toil up and down more than one long steep hill.

"Day after day, week after week, month after month, summer and winter, year after year, decade after decade—it will soon be century after century, the patient thousands who pass that road submissively pay tribute (bill and square corner taxes) to the ignorant carelessness of their forefathers and present county officials. Were a band of robbers to infest that road and exact one-tenth part of the cost that our citizens now willingly pay for this extra time, labor and annoyance, an outcry would be raised that would resound throughout the globe.

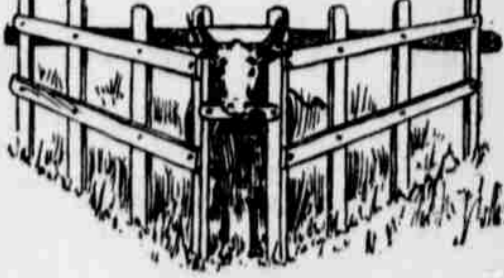
"What is best now and hereafter for the many must and should overthrow the personal preference or caprice of the individual. Other forms of improvement are temporary; buildings fall into decay, harbor and river courses are filled up with deposits, machinery becomes obsolete, inventions are superseded by new and better ones; organizations of men, whether social, educational, political or religious, are disrupted and scattered by the relentless processes of time, but a properly located and constructed road will prove an ever-brightening blessing to countless future generations.

"Then, granting the vital and far-reaching importance of having public roads where they are wanted, and of the best and most enduring character; granting the absolute power to accomplish this object, in the hands of agents chosen by the people themselves

PEN FOR DEHORNING.

Easily Built and Perfectly Effective for Its Purpose.

Kendall Perry suggests a dehorning pen easily built and perfectly effective for its purpose. The sketch is enough to show how built. But some of our folks think it dreadful to dehorn stock. Then try this plan: When the calf is not more than three weeks old, take an



DEHORNING PEN.

old pair of shears and clip the hair away around the little knob where the horn is coming. Wrap a stick of caustic potash in a piece of paper, leaving one end uncovered. Dip the stick in a little water, take the calf's head between your legs and bend its neck around against your side. Rub the horn thoroughly with potash. It will smart a little, but the pain will soon go away. So will the horn.—Farm Journal.

Dried butter on dairy implements is hard to remove. Wash off with cold water at once.—Western Plowman.

Moisten corn stover with water and sprinkle with bran to improve its flavor.