# HADJI-BABA.



Kate, what is a hadjibaba, before you go a step further / "Why, don't you know! You've traveled all over the

world, and been in all the outlandish places in it, and seen everything, and here you ask me what a hadji-baba is,

Why, I only called it that out of consideration for your superior enlightenment." "I am sure I am much obliged to you; but

I have a faint misgiving that there are one or two things in those far lands that I might have missed seeing.

"You know I have but one pair of eyes, and they are somehow so curiously constifuted that when one looks toward the right the other turns in that direction also, so that I may have lost sight of something on the left of my road.

"So now kindly take pity on me, and tell me in simple, plain, good Yankee talk what hadji-baba is?"

"Well, this particular hadji-baba is, I fancy, much like the rest of the race.

"In the first place, it is very solemn in its manner, mouraful in looks, patient and faithful, it is said; and it has a head, a back, neck-rather a long one-and it has a body and wings, and it has more legs than anything else except neck".

"Oh! I know now! Hadji, that means pilgrim, and baba, father, in Turkish; and pilgrim father is what they call a stork. How stupid!"

"Thank you for the compliment," said Kate, bowing.

"Katef"

"My worst enemy never called me stupid. It remained for you, who claim to be my friend, to call me so," continued Kate, rising from the rustic seat where she had seated berself during this conversation and looking very much vexed.

There was an angry spark in each of her bright blue eyes, and it seemed as if the red gold of her hair took a flery gleam in the rays of the afternoon sun, and every line in that graceful little body assumed an uncompromising dignity, and pretty Kate Osgood grew really angry with poor Harvey, as he stood a picture of distress beside her.

"But, Kate, you know I didn't mean you." "You did! You know you did! You'vo been putting on such airs ever since you came back, and-and-here's your ring, so there

And Kate, with all the dignity a little bit of a woman could summon, and hastily thrusting the gleaming ring into the hand outstretched in a dumb entreaty, turned and ran away up the garden walk, and into the house as fast as her tiny little feet could take her, and up the stairs to her own room, where she threw herself on the floor in a passion of angry tears.

She cried there to her heart's content; that is to say as long as the tears would come, and then she kept up a succession of dry little choking sobs, all the while feeling herself a much abused heroine.

She looked at her dimpled little hand. It looked so have now without the ring she had rible injury received while risking his life to | their billets several days upon their bosoms Paddy Molenv's seconth child

She wandered out into the garden, now almost dark, and from there on down toward the edge of the Susquehanna, which flowed along in beauty and peace at the foot of their garden, and she sat down on the bench that stood near the place where their little skiff was moored and gave herself up to her

misery fully and entirely! Harvey had received the ring, which was precious to him as the gage of Kate's love and the visible sign of her promise to be his precious little wife, his dear, quick tempered, impulsive little Kate, the sweetest and best of girls.

Was it all ended, as she had said? There was some mystery here

What had he done? How offended her? He could not understand; and yet he was very miserable, for he loved that young girl as few men love; and this made him wretched, and the only thing he could imagine was that Kate had grown tired of him during his absence, and perhaps loved some one else better; and he for a moment felt like drowning himself and his troubles together, and he started down to the river with that fell intention; but when he reached the bank he saw that the water was too shallow and that to drown himself there he would have to lie down flat on his face; and so instead he took out a cigar and began to smoke.

The more he smoked the less he felt like drowning himself, and he made up his mind to live, and show Kate that as much as he had, aye, and did love her, he could live without her. And then he smoked another, and he began to wonder if he were to blame, What had he said, etc. He went over the same series of questions, and he came to the conclusion that, pride or no pride, he would e Kate once more, and if she was forgiving, why he would be too, and they would be

happy again. Hie sat on a log and reflected, and watched the sun go down and darkness settle over all,

and he felt very unhappy. Yet he lingered still in her garden, and by and by he heard a little pattering step that he well knew by the beating of his own heart in time to it, and heard Kate come down the walk, and sit down on the bench, not two

log, with some shrubbery between them. Utter silence reigned, broken only by the wash of the river over the stones. But by

instant he had his arms around his fiery little and falls at the back in a large bow. Kate, and her tears spoiled his new cravat.

The ring soon took its old place, and these two happy mortals went arm in arm to the house, where Kate showed the valentine on

which she had spent such labor. He went into proper raptures over the valentine with its ungainly bird, and agreed that it was the most exquisitely graceful and lovely creature that was ever yet on land of sea, and that the name pilgritu father was wonderfully appropriate. And then he asked furs trim the lighter clocks, while black pas-Kate to set their wedding one month from that day, and Kate consented. B. M.

### In Olden Times.

Misson, a learned traveler of the early part of last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day, "On the eve of St. Valentine's he snys, "the young folks in England day. and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celchrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon eparate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl he calls his 'valentine,' and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he has worn there three years, while Harvey, her | fallen. Fortune thus divided the company Harvey, had been traveling to restore his into so many couples; the valentines give bealth, which had been shattered by a ter- balls and treats to their mistresses, wear

## WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

NEW YORK FASHIONS IN TOBOGGAN SUITS FOR ALL AGES.

Styles in Evening Cloaks, Including an Imported Opera Visite-New and Pleasing Dresses for Young Girls and Misses to Wear Indoors.

The indoor toilets for young girls, shown in the accompanying illustration, are both new and pleasing. The plaited stripes on the plaited bodice, which close diagonally, can either be cut in one with the material or made separately and gathered into the seams on the shoulders. The neck band, sleeve cuffs and bows are of black ribbon velvet, the toilet itself being of blue cashmere.



INDOOR TOILETS FOR MISSES

The standing figure in the cut shows a ostume with jacket bodice. The fronts of the bodice are made of strawberry colored cashmere lined with white cashmere and feet from him, as he sat behind her on the turned back to show a blouse chemisette of the same material. Both are ornamented with rows of pointed stitching in strawberry colored silk. A sash of silk or cashmere hides and by his heart gave a great leap as he the join of the skirt and chemisette; this is heard an unmistakable sob, and in one other contained under the basques of the bodice

### A Stylish Opera Wrap.

A variety of materials may be employed for the opera visite, illustrated in the cut, but plush remains the favorite fabric for evening cloaks, and is to be had in all the new pale and dark shades, in apricot, Nile green, gold brown and peach colors; also ... the dull red of Cordova leather and the ruby red which is so becoming. Crystal beading and light sementerie and black fur is placed in lengthwise rows on the rod wraps. The linings are rich brocaded, striped or shot silks wedded with down and very lightly quilted in par-



Bill Nye Makes a Speech, but Says Nothing He Regrets.

T IS now an his torical fact, established by means of research, acrostics and cryptograms, that when Demosthenes went on to the beach and practiced for weeks with his mouth full of pebbles, striving to outbellow the billows and patiently clinging to the thread of his discourse, even

marks and hurled them into space, he was not preparing to make an impression upon the history of his time, as we have been taught. He was simply rehearsing a speech which he hoped to deliver at the Clover club, of Philadelphia.

People who have formed the idea that Philadelphia is not given to sociability and a cheerful interchange of thought are unfamiliar with the methods of the Clover club, especially under the administration of Moses Purnell Handy.

For the information of those who may read this piece, yet have not had the pleasure of addressing this successful organization, let me say that it is a custom of the club to invite eminent statesmen, poets, judges, humorists and other freaks to come to its annual dinners and make speeches. The club assists in the delivery of these speeches, adding thoughts of its own as the orator proceeds, and also making inquiries regarding the personal characteristics of the speaker, which are calculated to divert his attention from what he was about to say.

The only way to speak successfully at a Clover club dinner, I believe, is to avoid saying what you were about to say.

I had the pleasure of holding a conversazione with the Clover club on the occasion of its sixth annual meeting. I had been led to believe that the air of refinement which people notice about me wherever I go would entitle me to the respect and kind consideration of the club. Even should that fail, however, I thought that no one could help admiring my unwavering confidence in myself, a confidence which is all the more heroic and praiseworthy on ey part, because it has

not been shared by the general public. It is no great honor to indorse a popular man, but it is certainly meritorious in any one to show influence in one who needs it very much.

But the Clover club is not constructed with a view to the building up and fostering of rhetorical industries. It is built upon the moral theory that a man who speaks publicly does so for the edification of the audience This is a quaint and extremely occentric idea. Generally it is otherwise. Public speakers arise and enjoy themselves, while the audience, though largely in the majority, has to suffer. If the members of the Clover club do not like the tendencies of a speech, they suggest to the speaker some other line of thought. They do not do so offensively, They approach him in a courtoous way, so as to avoid giving him pain. Perhaps they sing eleven or twelve verses in reference to the Derby Ram, a table delicacy of which the club is passionately fond, or in some other adroit way they intimate to him that the pleasure of the audience should be consulted before that of the speaker.

I did not know that. I had always before solfishly reveled in the wonderful cadence of my own melodious Skowhegan voice, forgetting that the audience had rights.

I enjoyed it very much, for I was down at the foot of the table having fun with Dr. Bedies, and I knew that at this rate, with a hundred guests to be gently seared half to death in that way, I would not be reached

# THE FIRST VALENTINE.

### BY OLIVE HARPER

"Mamma! mamma! where are you! Oh, up stairs! Well, will you please come down a minute?

"If it is anything very important I will." "Of course it is, or I wouldn't call you," mid my little 6 year-old boy, and I hurried down to see what was the matter.

"Well, what is it?" said I, as I looked around an instant, half expecting to see some person other than his small self, but there was no one. He did not keep me long in suspense.

"Mamina, to-morrow is Valentine day !" These words were uttered with a dramatic not to say tragic intonation, and the boy while the loud squared his shoulders and put his chubby boom of the breakers caught up his shrill re- fists into the pockets of his new knicker bockers, and looked up at me to note the effects of his words,

I looked at him and saw a very pretty picture as he stood there, his little feet set solidly apart, his long golden hair floating in pretty curls on his shoulders, his rosy dimpled cheeks, his deep blue eyes, high white forehead and his beautiful even little teeth gleaming whitely through his red lips, and altogether just the kind of a boy moth ers are proud of, and the sight did me good. I sat down partly from an inward wish that he would climb into my lap and give

me one of his usual bearish hugs, which generally scattered my hairpins to the four corners of the house and rendered a fresh collar necessary, and partly from fatigue, but he was too carnest in his plan, whatever it was, to indulge in any sort of byplay.

"It is Valentine day, is it! Well, what about it?"

"Well, mamma, it's Valentine day, Every body sends everybody else valentines. There's a new girl in our school. Her name's Annie Shepherd, and I give her my apple and she took it, and when I stood on my head at recease she laughed at me, and Johnny Nagle be gave her a crab's back shell, and I licked him after school, and he'd better not speak to her again, and she lives up on Fourth street, and I followed her home so's to see that nothing hurt her, and mamma she's got hair down to here, and I want to send her a valentine, and where's my four bits?"

I gravely informed my off-pring that he ought to know where his half dollar was, for he had himself authorized me to pay it out for a ticket of admission to the minstrels only a week before



"You must be mistaken, mamma, for I saw you give the man a \$5 piece, and you got the change; besides, my four bits had a square hole in it, and I should have noticed it if yon had spent it then."

"Besides, I have bought grapes for you twice, slate and pencils once, 'Jack' the Giant Killer' and lots of marbles. How much do you suppose they cost?

and then beginning to whistle giveruity and marched proudly home, but he hadn't come far before he found a number of boys stoning a little kitten. The rest he can tell. "Mamma, I didn't mean to tear my clothes

nor to get my nose bleeding, but them Nagle boys had this poor little kloodle of a cat and were stoning it with pieces of brick, and I said: 'Stop that" and they said: 'Who are you!' and I showed them who I was, and, mamma, here's the cat, and please gimme some milk for her, and some bread and butter for me with sugar on top. The valentine --oh, she didn't say a word, but I guess she liked it all the same. I learned the verse on it and I'll say it in school Friday. It's

Why should I blush to own my love? Tis love that rules the realms above; Why should I blush to say to all That virtue holds my heart in thrall? And he did, with a lordly, defiant air.



HANDED HER THE VALENTINE. All this was twenty years ago. That little lover is now the proud father of a little girl years old, and her mother's named used to be Annie Shepherd. What became of the valentine I don't know, but I believe my boy still thinks I have that half a dollar hidden away somewhere among my possessions.

THE MODERN VALENTINE.

iomething About the Skill and Labor Needed for Its Production.

It is in England and America now that St. Valentine's day is most observed, and on that day the postmen's labors are generally more than doubled by missives which have been sent as an outward sign. The skill and labor required in getting ready for market all those missives, which come under the general head of valentines, is far greater ban the majority of people imagine. There are five or six large establishments in the United States whose sole business it is to pre-pare Christians, New Year's, Easter and Valentine day cards, and they number among their paid list some 10,000 persons, ranging from the packers of the wholesale orders, porters, etc., up to the artists who design the often very beautiful pictures which adorn the cards.

The valentine of a few years ago was a cheap and tawdry affair, usually representing hearts transfixed by enormous darts, Cupids and buxom, red cheeked girls in impossible gardens, surrounded with lace paper and bearing some doggerel which makes frequent appeal to the muses for the inspiration they seldom had vouchsafed them. From those silly and garish things to the beautiful and artistic productions of to-day the evolution has been slow, but now a valentine is a thing of beauty in an artistic sense, and is also often mounted and prepared in sumptuous style.

A handsome valentine is now painted on satin, or printed from the lithographic plates of these houses and decorated with delicate silk fringe, tiny bows of ribbon, or perhaps silver or gold cord and tassels. Then th are laid in a box wrapped in soft cotton and sent to the proud recipient.

Aside from these lovely and artistic valentines it is quite permissible to send a pretty gift of not very great value, together with a bunch of flowers as a valentine. The lace perforated paper envelopes and flaring colored efforts in the way of Cupids and such cherubs are now bought but by little school boys, or some poor coachman whose artistic sanse is scarcely developed, to send to his Dulcinea of the basement floor, who thinks it lovely, of course. The arrival of the postman in the morning is always an event, where there are any young ladies in the house, and yet Bridget is at the door before them, and it is more rare for her to miss getting one, than for the young ladies, for the fashion is slowly but surely diminishing among those called the better class, apparently because they are trying to stamp out such silly things as sentiment. The comic valentias is vulgar and low and yet the supply of them is sufficient proof that there is a demand, and that there are many sent each year. They are sent from motives of petty malice and viciousness, as well as from an idea that it is "conning" to send a pictorial honor to some one as a practical joke or as a personal insult, secure in their incognita. Comic valentines usually are of the coarsest, most exaggerated burlesque upon whatever they wish to assail, and have verse below as witless and vulgar as the florid picture above it. If the person who receives one of these so called comic valentines could but know who sent it, it would not hurt their feelings in the least, for a person capable of such a thing is not to be either feared or respected; but unfortunately the recipient often thinks it came At last I gave him the coveted "four bit" from an entirely different source, and carries a wounded heart or pride for many days thereafter. Indeed, St. Valentine's Day has sadly degenerated from its original intention, away the sturyly little red legs flew toward and more's the pity, particularly in this In England, however, it is very generally observed, and though their finest valentines cannot compare with our first class ones, the sending of them is not confined to lovers, but members of families, and they are all satisfled. The little girl or boy away from home moved with care, I saw a picture of a little at school gets them, and the fathers and mothers receive them and there is much tender feeling over it all; and then the big brothers and sisters get some which usually are the themes of many pleasant thoughts, Isn't it splended: Now, please, undress it, and long after the day has past they are

AT THE CLOVER CLUB.



U

HIS ARMS ABOUND KATE Ah, well, it was all ended now! He had insulted her, his promised wife, and called her stupid, and-but had he called her stupid# And she sat up, and pushed the hair back from her tear stained face, and tried to think, to recall all their conversation.

The more she thought the more she seemed fost in a maze, and do her best she could not exactly remember; and she began to review all his tenderness and love, all his letters, and all his manly goodness, and his extreme gentleness toward all women, herself above all, and she began to wish she had not been so rash.

And then, the cause of it all! She, poor child, had been following him in mind all those weary months; had read books of travels, and brushed up her natural history for his sake, so that when he came home she would be able to talk with him intelligently about all that he had seen.

And then, too, she had wanted to surprise him with a specimen of her industry; and was there over a lumbsomer valentine than the one her skillful little fitters had painted, all one bewildering maze of and thil flags and Mue water, with a glorious but amoundly silver and gold stork just rising out of the pond for flight!

Did not every feather on that wonderful hird look as downy as if real? And did not the awkward legs have the true artistic straddle! And hadn't she taken over so much pains to find out its Turkish name! And now what did he caref He would never ace it now!

And two or three more tears fell on the have finger, and added another pang.

What would have happened no one can all; but just then the supper bell rang, and Kate found herself very hungry, though she mover would have dreamed of the possibility of hunger after such a dreadful experience; and she hurried and bathed her red oyes, and brushed out the rebellious kinks in her red hair-for red it was, and pretty too.

Kate's mother was in a hurry, as she always was, to go off after supper to see some poor sick creature or another, and carry a basket of dainties and necessities, and happily she did not mare Kute's humbrious visage. nor the absence of the ring Harvey Stone had placed upon her finger, with her full consent; and Kate was left alone with her thoughts and the remembrance that she had driven Marvoy away forever.

es, and this little and a love."

A young lady, who published a volume of essays in 1754, says in reference to this day:

"Last Friday was Valoatino's day, and the night before I not dive bay leaves and plane! four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle, and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I beiled an egg hard and took out the velk and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed ate it shell and all without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lover's names upon bits of paper and colled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man? I lay abed all the morning and kept my eves shut till be came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world." St. Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakespears and by Chaucer, and Liso by the Poet Lydgate, who died in 1440. One of the earliest known writers of valentines, or rather love poems for this day specially, was Charles, duke of Orleans. Drayton, a poet of Shakes-peare's time, also wrote some charming some charming verses having this day's observance as a

WHISPERINGS OF ST. VALENTINE.

OV E. M. TYNG

St. Valentine! thy old, old song To hope and youth doth still belong; To haughty Constance, quiet Prue, And dusky, loving Susan, too, Good saint be kind; Implore stern Fate For each a tender, faithful mate. . . . .

Pipe, pipe, little birds, thy sweetest lays, Thy deepest, truest, tenderest notes, But know I dream, I long, I place To call my love and greet the day



Speed, speed, little birds, with swiftest wings, She must not linger, doubt nor wait, But know I dream, I long, I pine To be her true, true valentine

Tell her almit how weak are words To shadow forth my fallest heart; She is my queen, my pearl, my gem-Her royal robe I kiss the hem!

Say strong I il be and true I'll be.

Forever, ever, ever hers-Life may be abort, but love is long; Fly, fly, aweet birds, and bear my sons. 11智斯 多少儿 OPERA VISITE.

allel bias rows an inch apart. The brocaded velvets that are now sold so cheaply make handsome evening cloaks in the pale rose, blue and copper red shades bordered with feather triuming. The ends of our model are divided and terminate with fur tassels, the fur being arranged as a long boa.

### Toboggan Suits.

Fancy blankets with wid borders are used for toboggan coats and suits. The dark colored blankets are preferred-blue, red or gray-with plain centers or with large balls of contrasting color matching that of the border; there are, however, pale blue and pink blankets, and some ladies prefer the plain white blanket with bright red or blue border. These blankets are made up in one piece or two piece suits. The first is a long straight coat covering the wearer from head to foot, and completed by a gay sash and the peaked hood peculiar to toboggamers' attire. This coat is shaped very much like the long cloaks now fashionable for ladies; the straight fronts without darts are double breasted, and the back is adjusted to the figure, with fulness added to the middle forms just below the waist line,

These coats are also suitable for sleighing robes and for winter journeys or for sea voyages. A blue coat has a red striped border, a pink coat has white stripes, a red coat has black stripes, and gray coats have either red or blue borders. The two piece suits have a incket and skirt made with the border of the blanket as a trimming, with a pointed hood and gay sash. The skirt may be long enough to reach the ankles, and is plainly gathered to the belt; the genuine toboggan skirt is, however, much shorter, like a kilt, and is worn with full drawers, and gaiters and leggings of leather or cloth. Such suits are made for girls from 4 years

old unward, and are of the brightest colored blankets. Toboggnu caps knitted double have a pointed crown finished with a tassel to fall on one side, Gentlemen and boys have dark blanket suits made with a half-long cont and knee breeches, and with these they wear heavy ribbed stockings and toboggan moccasins. A peaked hood or cap and a tasseled sash of gay cashmere complete the costume .--- Harper's Bazar.

Echoes From the World of Fashion. The ulster and the long visite are popular shapes for outer garments, which are made of all classes of material.

Fur figures largely in fashion annals this season, apart from the formulation of outer Vests, girdles, epaulettes, plas garments trons, cuffs, etc., of fur embellish cloth and velvet costumes.

Velvet edged ribbon is a novelty: the middle of the ribbon is of Ottoman repped silk. the velvet forming a roll like a cord on each edge.

On invitation cards the initials R. S. V. P. have been superseded by the plain English, "An answer is desired "

Fairy hungs, placed in the center of a large party.

Ladies izelining to a degree of stoutness passing the comfortable period, prefer mantle shaped garments of sealskin to the closely fitting specimens which so actually outline the figure.

before Friday, and I thought that I could get away before that time. It was at this supreme moment, when saturated with a soothing sense of security and congratulating myself on the wonderful way in which Mr. Maltby's driss duit fitted me, that the president of the club, observing that I had my mouth full of ice which I did not know what to do with, introduced me to the brilliant assemblage.

I felt embarrassed and was about to say so, I believe, when ex-Governor Bunn, who was appointed and received the portfolious governor of Idaho solely by reason of his great powers as a conversationist, said something to me which did not bear upon what I was about to say myself.

While I was thinking of a bon mot which would wipe Governor Buen from the face of the earth, such as a reference to him as Bunny, and a request that I might be permitted to lay my head in his lap and have a good cry, or something like that, Mr. Jerome, a gentleman from New York, who is 69 years of age, said something which was highly enjoyable, but which, after Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, Col. McCaull and Col. McClure join in the same time, seemed to nows up an entirely new line of thought from what I had intended to follow.

I was about to administer a tart rebuke to Mr. Jerome, when 1 happened to remember his greater age and resolved not to do so. My attention was also at this time attracted by the sounds of music. It was a Tyrolean air, and referred to the Derby Ram, which seems to have a wild fascination for the gentlemen of the club, and when such voices as those of Wayne MacVeagh, Gen. Horace Porter refrain it is well worth going to Philadelphia and sitting up till long after 9 o'clock to hear. So I decided not to speak while these well

known vocalists were engaged in song. As they were encored, they obliged by singing 'Maryland, my Maryland," with improvisa-

tions by the great impresario, Mr. Jerome. I then stood on the other leg awhile and tried to recall what I had said, which had reminded the auditors of these songs, but 1 could not. In all my remarks so far, although I had been on my feet twenty minutes or so, I had carefully avoided saying anything that would call forth an attack of this kind. I had used no language which would naturally provoke such men as Col. Taylor or Col. McClure to song.

I was on my feet about twenty minutes, from me." but during that time I can say truthfully that I said nothing which I now regret, time? People afterward spoke of my impressive manner and said I also used rare discretion | I'm going to take it myself, and she'll know in avoiding so many unpleasant features who it is from." which are apt to stir up ill feeling at such a time.

They named whole columns of things which I had thus evaded, and every one said that if I had erred at all it was in the direction of conservatism. All the members of the club hair, something I had never known him to who expressed any opinion about it said that do before, and after daubing the kitchen floor

with a rubber stamp. There can be no more comfortable sensation, I fancy, than to be a guest at one of these annual dinners, with the personal recognizance of the president in your pocket binddish of flowers, is a table ornamentation now ing bimself not to call upon you for a speech on the occasion of a fashionable dinner and certifying that you have previously had a fair and impartial trial on the charge that that you have proved an alibi --Bill Nyo in New York World,

> Was Noah's celebrated vessel lighted by an we lamp!-Reston Barcon

"I can't see what that has got to do with the case at all, mamma. You just bought those things for me, like you always do, but Uncle Alfred gave me that four bits with the hole in, and you wouldn't keep your little boy's money what his uncle gave him."

Argument I knew would be useless, I might force him to be silent, but, if I did, the sense of wrong would rankle in his sturdy little heart so I made up my mind.

"Well, dear, let that pass. If I give you a half a dollar now, will you sign a paper saying that I don't owe you anything Yes, if it is the same one.

"But, suppose I have mislaid the other one, and don't know just now where to look for it?"

"All right, I'll sign the paper and you can give me one of your four bit pieces, and when you find mine you can give it to me. I'm in no hurry for that, only I want four bits right away to get a valentine that I saw at Hardy's. It has got a little angel that looks exactly like her. Oh, mamma, she is awful pretty!"

I took out my purse, thinking that I would lose no time in getting a square hole punched in a half dollar, or I would never get the debt paid, while he said:

"Oh, mamma, could you spare me that green silk bag you keep buttons in, for my marbles, It is strong and my pockets wouldn't wear out so fast."

I said I would try to spare it, when he said, blithely, "I knew you would say that, and so I took it yesterday, but I lost it.

piece, and in return got a dozen hearty boyish kisses all over my face, and a hug that stuck seven pins into me all at once, and the book store, where there were so many country. temptations in the way of valentines in the windows.

In about an hour back came my happy little son with a valentine full a foot long in his chubby hands. When the paper was unwrapped and the lace paper envelope regirl in a garden listening to a troop of little winged cupids, all of the most vivid coloring, and all of them evidently well fiel.

"What do you think of that, mamma! Here's the lok and pen, and is your hands treasured dearly. clean! Now write it nice, 'Annie Shepherd,

"Hadn't you better say, 'from her valen-

"No, 'cos my name ain't that, and besides I burched a little and finally wrote her ad-

dress as neatly as I could, but the poy thought I could have written it nicer if I had tried. Then he washed his round, pretty face, and bravely endured the curling of his

they were in favor of printing my remarks and three chairs with shoe blacking started off to deliver his valentine in person. He would not trust the postoffice with so precious a missive. He reached the house, as I afterward heard from the mother of the little girl, and walked bravely up the path to the spot where Annie was playing with her doll, and without saying a word edged up and handed her the big valyou were a good after dinner speaker and entine, which the little maid took and ran

quickly into the house to show the treasure to her mother. When Annie had disappeared he stood

### The Poet's Valentine.

There are valentines comic and valentines sweet. With greetings in verse and prose; There are valentines costly and valentines cheap, With meanings that nobody knows: But the best of them all is a valentine which hat the best of them all is a value inclose." Says, "A check for your lines we inclose." -T. M.

### Engraved Calling Cards.

It is becoming more fashionable day by day for ladies to use the engraved calling card instead of the written or printed, and to be up with the tames the COURIER now offers a line of these choice goods at eastern prices. During the past week we have taken no less than a dozen orders from the leading society ladieof the city, and it will afford us pleasure to show specimens of the work to all who may call. The engraving is done in the very fine-i style of the art, and the various shapes in cards are all represented. Ladies are invited to call on us in the new Burr block.

With prompt and courteous treatment. Hutchins & Hyatt solicit your orders for any thing in the line of hard or soft coal. Tele with his hands in his pockets for a minute, phone 225