

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Great Lincoln died a martyr, with a bullet in his brain. He had a noble little woman filled with pieces of white paper cut in heart shapes and to each one is attached a pencil.

"Not for a minute," said Mabel decidedly. "I do wish you girls wouldn't be silly or I'll never get through with this."

"Let her tell it," said Aileen. "It's a good story. She's all right. Let her tell it."

A KNIGHT OF ST. VALENTINE.

"I was to be a valentine party. That was what the girls decided after talking it all over half a dozen times, viewing all the schemes suggested from every possible light and rejecting all except the one Mabel Hurvine had made, that it should be a valentine party."

Margaret had said she was dying for a sleighride, not just a poky old ride in a cutter big enough for two, but a good old-fashioned big straw ride, with lots of buffalo robes and all the girls and all the fellows in the crowd.

"But, Mabel," whispered Lottie, dragging Miss Hurvine into a bedroom, where they could not be overheard, "where did he come from? What on earth is he doing here? Oh, tell me what to do, dear. I can't face him before all this crowd."

"That's him singing," whispered Lottie. "I'd know his voice anywhere and that was his song always, you know."

"But what do you do at a valentine party?" asked Aileen. "I never went to one since the days when we need to have a valentine box in school and the boys used to send the teacher horrible caricatures and some of the boys used to send some of the girls pretty little cards."

"Oh, well, never mind telling us about your childhood days," said Kathryn. "We want to hear about this party we are going to have. Mabel is sponsor for it and she will have to tell about it."

"Way, it's the easiest thing in the world," said Miss Hurvine, who was small and dark and whose eyes twinkled behind pince nez glasses. "All you have to do is to invite a crowd of fellows and girls who know each other pretty well."

"The door of the parlor was thrown open and cupid walked in with his freight of white hearts and tiny pencils and with gay badinage the plan of writing the valentines was explained by Mabel. A silence followed for a few minutes, brows were knitted in deep thought and the merry revelers strove to make rhymes and invent clever lines to carry on the entertainment. There were sly looks and side remarks from those who wished to let the objects of their devotion know that they inspired the muse. There was laughing protest from the girls that some of the boys were 'peeking' to see what was being written. And at last Miss Hurvine said time was up, cupid made his rounds again and the white papers fluttered into the little wagon, each bearing its tender or humorous message. Quickly they were heaped upon the table and the boys and girls settled into their seats, when Barnes was called upon to read them."

"Here's one that ought to get at least second money," said Barnes, picking up a heart at random and reading: "My valentine, with storm and shine, is like a changeful April morning; 'Tis strange, but still I never will be found her frown or sunshine scorning."

"Are they all as bad as that?" queried Margie from her perch on the arm of a big easy chair, where she sat leaning against Margaret. "Wait till I read some more," said Barnes. "That one was just picked up at random."

"But who is it for?" asked Aileen. "You can have it if you want it," said Kathryn. "I don't see anyone breaking any records trying to beat you to it."

"Hold on. This one is all right. I guess it's on the square, too." "O foolish heart that quakes with fear and strives to burst with agony for a hundred ties, oh! set free!" Be brave, be patient; she is near.

"For a moment there was silence when Barnes had concluded the verse. The smiles had faded from the lips of everyone in the room and glances of surprise were turned from one to another. Tom Prince stood with his arm resting upon the piano and his head in his hand, looking steadfastly at Lottie Meredith. And she knew. She did not dare look across the room at the steady blue eyes which she knew were fixed upon her. She would not trust herself to return that gaze, for her heart was beating madly, although her face was pale.

"Well, we'll all have to give that one up," said Margie. "Anyone who had that written at her ought to be picking out the bridesmaids."

The laugh relieved the strained situation and Barnes caught up a jocular verse and rattled it off lightly. There was some light comment from somebody and Lottie slipped out into the hallway. She was not missed and no one noticed when Tom Prince stepped leisurely to the door of the parlor and followed. He found her there, with wide, frightened eyes which would

"Will you try me once more, dear?"

"Lottie," he said simply. "Oh, Tom," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "did you mean it? Did you really mean it?" "Will you try me once more, dear, and see?" he asked.

And as she slipped into his arms with a happy little sigh the piano sounded once more from the parlor, the laughter and the chatter of voices arose and sooted by them unheeded on the night air.

His Sentiment and Autograph. Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied: "Dear Madam: When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always include a stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's my autograph. A. LINCOLN."

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

"The door of the parlor was thrown open and cupid walked in with his freight of white hearts and tiny pencils and with gay badinage the plan of writing the valentines was explained by Mabel. A silence followed for a few minutes, brows were knitted in deep thought and the merry revelers strove to make rhymes and invent clever lines to carry on the entertainment. There were sly looks and side remarks from those who wished to let the objects of their devotion know that they inspired the muse. There was laughing protest from the girls that some of the boys were 'peeking' to see what was being written. And at last Miss Hurvine said time was up, cupid made his rounds again and the white papers fluttered into the little wagon, each bearing its tender or humorous message. Quickly they were heaped upon the table and the boys and girls settled into their seats, when Barnes was called upon to read them."

"Here's one that ought to get at least second money," said Barnes, picking up a heart at random and reading: "My valentine, with storm and shine, is like a changeful April morning; 'Tis strange, but still I never will be found her frown or sunshine scorning."

"Are they all as bad as that?" queried Margie from her perch on the arm of a big easy chair, where she sat leaning against Margaret. "Wait till I read some more," said Barnes. "That one was just picked up at random."

"But who is it for?" asked Aileen. "You can have it if you want it," said Kathryn. "I don't see anyone breaking any records trying to beat you to it."

"Hold on. This one is all right. I guess it's on the square, too." "O foolish heart that quakes with fear and strives to burst with agony for a hundred ties, oh! set free!" Be brave, be patient; she is near.

"For a moment there was silence when Barnes had concluded the verse. The smiles had faded from the lips of everyone in the room and glances of surprise were turned from one to another. Tom Prince stood with his arm resting upon the piano and his head in his hand, looking steadfastly at Lottie Meredith. And she knew. She did not dare look across the room at the steady blue eyes which she knew were fixed upon her. She would not trust herself to return that gaze, for her heart was beating madly, although her face was pale.

"Well, we'll all have to give that one up," said Margie. "Anyone who had that written at her ought to be picking out the bridesmaids."

The laugh relieved the strained situation and Barnes caught up a jocular verse and rattled it off lightly. There was some light comment from somebody and Lottie slipped out into the hallway. She was not missed and no one noticed when Tom Prince stepped leisurely to the door of the parlor and followed. He found her there, with wide, frightened eyes which would

"Will you try me once more, dear?"

"Lottie," he said simply. "Oh, Tom," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "did you mean it? Did you really mean it?" "Will you try me once more, dear, and see?" he asked.

And as she slipped into his arms with a happy little sigh the piano sounded once more from the parlor, the laughter and the chatter of voices arose and sooted by them unheeded on the night air.

His Sentiment and Autograph. Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied: "Dear Madam: When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always include a stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's my autograph. A. LINCOLN."

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

THE NEWEST THINGS.

WHAT THE GOOD DRESSERS ARE WEARING.

Cloth Skirts that Will Go with Different Waists are Popular—An Old Bodice that Stays, as Well as Some Late Arrivals.

New York correspondence: It is quite the fancy to have a gown of broadcloth, ladies' cloth, or some well-chosen novelty. Bodice and skirt are to match, but not in such a way that they may not be worn with other skirts and bodices.

The gown in this initial picture matched in its two parts, but the skirt was made with a view to its use with other bodices. Hosts of fine new gowns are planned along similar lines. While this trick of economy can be easily managed with sufficient adroitness to disguise it, it should be remembered that many women are up to the same game, so will be quick to discover it in another woman's gown. So it is especially desirable to employ some material that is superior to criticism either because of fine quality or newness. A good one to choose was that in which the artist found this dress. It was a new corded cloth intended for use with cloth of plain surface to match. In this costume the bodice was entirely of the corded stuff, the skirt plain except for trimming of bands of the corded material. The color of the dress was a rich red, which is so much worn this winter by women of all complexions. Such a skirt of red cloth is esteemed an entirely correct part of a dress costume when worn with a fancy waist of silk, satin or cloth elaborated with fancy yoke, and it was very attractive with its own bodice, so a deal can be accomplished by imitating such planning. The fancy bodice still lives fashionably.

women feel that they are fit only for that use. True, they are especially well suited to the promenade, but they are being worn indoors, too. A novel one is shown beside the jacket bodice just described. It was violet silk, the coat open over a tucked front of purple taffeta. Belt, bindings and coat strap were in a velvet darker than the violet of the silk. The skirt matched the coat. Costumes made of several shades of violet, or of blended violets and blues, are greatly in favor, and it can be said of them that when the blending is accomplished tastefully, every observer will be bound to give the wearer much credit for her judgment in colors. There are fine chances for economy in



CLOTH SUITS THAT WERE NOT PLANNED IN ECONOMY.

but when those of the current styles are compared with those women were a few seasons ago, one must admit that the garment's fancifulness has greatly diminished. The blouse open over a front remains a popular design, and a charming example of this is in the next picture. It was yellow corded taffeta, the revers turning back from the front with facing of white satin. The front was a pretty bit of white net with applied figures of yellow satin, all laid over white satin. Such a bodice may be worn with a black broadcloth skirt of fashionable design, or the skirt may be of cloth to match the taffeta, the resulting costume being a charming complete dress for reception or home wear. The very simple collar, just folded satin to match the taffeta, could be varied prettily by a collar and sash to match the turquoise velvet.

Though the round waist and blouse front bodice of the kind just described seems likely to remain in favor a long time yet, and certainly is not a bit out of fashion now, the little jacket bodice is newer. Beautiful ones are made of figured taffeta, a light ground sprinkled with small rosebuds being a favorite pattern in the silk. Often the jackets are cut very short in front, with suggestion of the zouave curve, or the fronts may be longer than the rest and hang down in panel fashion to the knees. Almost always the fronts are open, or turn back to show waistcoat or underbodice. Usually the cut about the chest is modified to show the yoke. A very pretty jacket of gray taffeta figured with tiny violet roses



A STYLE THAT LIVES.

was sketched for the left hand model of the next picture. It was made over a blue tucked muslin front, the collar of taffeta being prettily lengthened into yoke shape. At the shoulders was drapery of the silk over muslin sleeves, and it accomplished drapery there very ingeniously without breaking the rule for simple shoulder finish. The skirt intended to be worn with this bodice was gray broadcloth, and if it didn't have its own broadcloth bodice then its owner had missed a good chance for making her money go as far as it might.

Coat and skirt costumes appeared first on the street, and that fact makes some



NEWER TYPES OF FANCY BODICES.

There are fine chances for economy in women feel that they are fit only for that use. True, they are especially well suited to the promenade, but they are being worn indoors, too. A novel one is shown beside the jacket bodice just described. It was violet silk, the coat open over a tucked front of purple taffeta. Belt, bindings and coat strap were in a velvet darker than the violet of the silk. The skirt matched the coat. Costumes made of several shades of violet, or of blended violets and blues, are greatly in favor, and it can be said of them that when the blending is accomplished tastefully, every observer will be bound to give the wearer much credit for her judgment in colors. There are fine chances for economy in



Plants Killed by Heat.

The ordinary furnace-heated house is a bad place in which to grow plants. The air seems to have had all the dampness removed, and that moist condition so conducive to a good growth in plants is not found. This may, in a measure, be overcome by means of evaporation, which, while not supplying a great amount of moisture, should do something toward relieving the bad condition of the atmosphere. Place jars of pans of water in, around or about the furnace, hang buckets of water down inside the furnace pipes, below the registers, or place them anywhere that rapid evaporation may be induced. Keep all the plants in light, airy locations, but away from draughts. Never consign a well-grown specimen palm to a corner of the room, though it may look better there. Its beautiful appearance will last a short time only in the dark, close place. It may seem strange to some, but the very best place in the house, if the temperature there can be maintained at an even point, is the kitchen, because of the constant evaporation of the water as it puffs from the spout of the tea kettle.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Simple Test of Drinking Water.

An inquiry has been made as to a simple test for the presence of sewage in water. All drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently, as there are other impurities besides sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water is liable to be a source of blood poisoning—mice, rats and other pests must have water, and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state. To detect this impure condition is very simple and un-falling. Draw a tumbler of water from the tap or pump at night, put a piece of white lump sugar in it, and place it on the kitchen mantel-shelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 65 degrees Fahrenheit. In the morning, the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test and easily made.—Exchange.

Russian Cakes.

Two cakes, chocolate and sponge, are baked in fat, oblong pans. When cold they are sliced into fingers, which are dipped quickly into a thick syrup flavored strongly with wine, or, if preferred, vanilla or lemon. The fingers are then built up in a fancy shape. A favorite one is to pile them up in a square, filling the square with chocolate russe. The block house is then covered with the fingers, an icing being put on the top. Feed squares of sponge cake are used for chimneys. The chocolate russe filling should be made the day before, and the whole structure and contents thoroughly chilled before serving.

Delicious Cabbage.

Take a medium-sized head of cabbage and cut it the same as for cold salad, and place in a stewpan with boiling water enough to cover it; add a teaspoonful of salt and boil half an hour, then drain off the water and add one-half cupful of good vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar, then set it on the back part of the range to keep hot until the dinner is served. Just before sending it to the table, add half a cupful of rich cream. Cabbage cooked in this way is excellent when cold. The only trouble is, there is seldom any left to get cold, and all say it is delicious.

Sautéed Soft-Shell Crabs.

Wash the crabs thoroughly to free them from sand; lift up the flaps and remove the gills, sandbags and intestines. Dry thoroughly on a towel, dust with salt and pepper, and roll each in flour. Heat two or more tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, lay in the prepared crabs and saute on one side, then turn and cook on the other. Drain for a moment on unglazed paper, and serve in a hot dish, sprinkling them with finely chopped parsley.

Household Hints.

When anything has been spilled on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will quickly disappear.

To relieve the pain of a burn and prevent blistering, wrap in soft linen, wet with a solution of borax; if the skin is broken cover with powdered borax and bind securely to exclude the air.

The teeth should be brushed up and down rather than across from one tooth to another, as the particles to be removed are generally between the teeth. Remember also that the insides and the tops of the teeth need brushing as much as the outsides.

It is important to remove tar, wheel grease, etc., from wash goods before placing them in the suds, and soap should not be rubbed first on any stain, as it will tend to set it. To remove the tar or grease from white goods rub with oil of turpentine and soap, alternating with streams of water.

The abolition or rather the moderation of heavy winter fannels is part of the new doctrines of hygiene. Many doctors now advise a gradation of flannel underwear if they advise it at all, and point out that it is much better to increase the out-door wear as occasion requires than to keep the body incased in warm, muggy, winter days as well as on sharply cold ones in the same weight of fannels.