## The Lost Valentine

Miss Lavinia Dart was in her kitchen one morning in February.

Miss Lavinia rarely lost her self-poise under any circumstances, and she had not, at the age of forty-six years, become the victim of that slayer of peace and happiness of womankind—nerves.

"She's the easiest person to fit in this town," said Miss Dodd, the Harleyville dressmaker. "An' she's dreadful tasty."

Then Miss Dodd, having once "got started" on the subject of Miss Lavinia, would go on and say: "I'd jest like to know why she never got married. I've often been on the point of askin' her, but somehow I never could quite fetch myself to it."

It was well enough that Miss Dodd could not quite "fetch" herself to the point of questioning Miss Lavinia regarding any possible lover of the past, for there were limitations to Miss Lavinia's patience and gentleness, and these limitations were reached when any appeared to take liberties with her private affairs.

Presently there was a knock on the kitchen door, and when Lavinia opened it she [illegible] uneasiness, and in manifest perturbation of spirit, entered the kitchen. Dropping heavily into a small rocking-chair near the shining stove, and allowing the shawl she had thrown over her head to slip to her shoulders, she said gaspingly and with a suggestion of tears in her voice:

"I do' 'no' what you'll think, Laviny Dart; I do' 'no' what you'll think, but it wu'n't his fault. He couldn't help it—glim' sake! It wu'n't his fault that his sled overturned on the way home, an' he never spoke again after they got 'im to the house. I don't blame an' you can blame him none fo' me either. I do' no' what, I'm sure, I've done to upset by [illegible] to, Mrs. Rice?" asked Lavinia. "I have not the least idea of what you are talking about."

"I don't suppose you do, Laviny. I'm so upset I hardly know myself what I'm sayin'. But I guess it'd give most anybody a quiver turn to find that they'd had something ten years that didn't belong to 'em, an' that the owner ought to have had it ten years ago. That's what's happened to me, an' the thing that had belongs to you."

"No, no!"

"Yes, to you, Laviny Dart."

"It cannot be anything of any consequence."

"I know it can't, I'm sure I do. But [illegible] Present, my little my attic [illegible] to think [illegible] you that about [illegible] the poor little [illegible] the shawl [illegible] to slip to her shoulders, [illegible] said gaspingly and with a suggestion of tears in her voice:

street from each other, my husband used to always fetch your mail from the office when he'd see any in your box—you remember that, Laviny?

"Well, as I figger it out, he'd been to the post office and got this letter for you an' put it in his inside coat pocket. I remember now, as one will remember the last things their dead said, an' done, how he told me 'fore he left home that morning that there was a big hole in that coat pocket. I offered to fix it then, but he was in a hurry an' he said he would wait until he come home an' I could fix it then—poor man! You know, Laviny, how he never spoke after they brought 'im home after his sleigh upset an' he fell out an' hit his head on a bowlder by the roadside."

"I know," said Miss Lavinia, sympathetically.

"Well, he'd ev'dently got this letter for you an' slipped it into his pocket, forgetting how the pocket was all ripped out at the bottom, an' the linin', an' so I never come across it when I looked through the pockets of the coat before I put it away. It did give me such a turn to come across it today."

"I do not suppose that it is a matter of any consequence. My letters seldom are very important," said Miss Dart.

"I hope this one ain't," said Mrs. Rice, as she drew it forth from the capacious pocket in her dress shirt and handed it to Miss Lavinia.

The rather large envelope had once been white, but it was now of a yellow tint. Lavinia Dart's face turned

IT HAD BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE SHE SAW WRITING LIKE THAT.

pale and then scarlet as she looked at the address written in large but well-formed and graceful letters. It had been ten years since she had seen writing like that, but she recognized it instantly with a quickening of the pulse and a start.

"Lo, Laviny, what is it?"

"It is—nothing, Mrs. Rice. I—I—my raspberries need attention, I think."

Knowing that her curiosity was not likely to be gratified, Mrs. Rice finally went home, feeling not a little aggrieved.

No sooner was the Widow Rice out of the house than Lavinia picked up the letter and opened it with trembling haste. She drew forth from the yellowed envelope a folded sheet of fancy paper embossed at the top with a wreath of [illegible]. Below the wreath was written in the same [illegible] hand that was on the envelope:

"[illegible] MY VALENTINE."

[illegible]

"Ten years ago he sent me this, and it comes to me now. Oh, Nathaniel! Nathaniel!"

She bowed her head on the table in front of her and cried softly, saying over and over again between her sobs:

"Oh, Nathaniel! Nathaniel!"

For ten years she had wondered why he had gone away, leaving unspoken the love she believed that he had in his heart for her. She remembered so well that night ten years ago—the night on which Nathaniel Dorton had looked for the red rose in her hair and had not seen it. There had been a valentine party at Squire Drake's, and Lavinia recalled how some spirit of mischief had prompted her to tease Nathaniel by allowing his acknowledged rival, Joe Drayton, to pay her almost constant attention and to take her out to supper. She recalled how she had taken a pink carnation from Joe's buttonhole and had thrust it into her hair, and how she had laughed lightly when Nathaniel had said to her just before the party came to an end:

"Good-bye, Lavinia. May you be happy with him."

She had never seen Nathaniel since that night, and she had never cared to see Joe Drayton again.

Lavinia was still sitting with her head bowed on the table when Miss Dodd come hurrying down the street and turned in toward Lavinia's gate. Lavinia had hardly time to hurry to the kitchen sink and dash cold water over her tear-stained face before Miss Dodd was in the kitchen, saying volubly:

"You'd never guess who's down to Squire Drake's house. Some one that ain't been in Harleyville for ten years. You'd never in the wide world guess who it is, so I may as well tell you that it is nobody more nor less than Nat Dorton. You remember him, don't you, Lavinia?"

Lavinia Dart's own heart told her who was coming when she heard her front gate creak that evening and heavy footsteps fell on the board walk leading to her door. Her own heart told her that he would come, and when she heard the gate open she went quickly to the red rose bush in her window and breaking a full blown rose, tucked its stem in her shining hair. She had put on a soft gray silk dress and a dainty little white dotted Swiss apron with strings of red satin ribbon and little satin bows on the pockets, and the tint of the rose in her hair was in her cheeks as she opened the door and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Nathaniel?" she said, simply and naturally. "I am so glad to see you."

"Lavinia!" he said, clasping her hand in both of his own. When he was in the hall and the door was closed he took both of her hands in his own and drew her toward him, saying:

"Lavinia, it is ten years ago today since I asked you to be my valentine—my wife. I have thought all of those years that you were another man's wife. I think God that you are not! I came straight today that perhaps my poor, shrunken little valentine went astray and that you never got it, after all. Did it come to you, Lavinia?"

"Yes, Nathaniel; it [illegible]."

"Today?"

"Yes, just today. It has been [illegible]

[illegible]

## CUTTING TEETH.

**Sixth to Sixteenth Month Critical Time for Babies.**

The time of the first dentition, which lasts usually from the infant's sixth or eighth month to the sixteenth, is one of the critical periods of life, yet its dangers have been greatly exaggerated. Formerly it was custom to refer every imaginable disease affecting a baby during eruption of its teeth to this process as the cause. Now medical belief is perhaps inclining too far the other way and some doctors refuse to credit teething with producing any other than merely local troubles. The process of cutting teeth is undoubtedly a normal one, and in a healthy infant is usually accomplished without any great difficulty or disturbance; but in puny and sickly children it is sometimes laborious and the cause of much distress. Among the many affections formerly regarded as provoked by teething the most common are diarrhoea, cough and convulsions; but probably the last named is the only one caused directly by this process. When a tooth comes through with difficulty the child's nervous system is worn upon by the local irritation, and it may become more and more irritable, until finally an explosion occurs and the child has convulsions. This is, however, a rare occurrence, and it is probable that the nervous constitution of such children is already weak and needs only some slight irritation whether from the teeth, the stomach or the skin, to become convulsively excited. The diarrhoea and the cough are no doubt both due to indigestion, caused by nervous irritation. Local disorders of teething are more common. They consist for the most part in inflammation of the gums, which are red, swollen and hot, and in the drooling of a ropy saliva. In order to prevent inflammation the mouth should be kept perfectly clean, being washed out often with a solution of borax or boric acid, fifteen or twenty grains to the ounce. The baby's desire to bite should be gratified by providing it with a hard rubber, ivory or silver object on which to exercise its jaws. The general health should be carefully watched. Any tendency to diarrhoea or especially to constipation should be corrected, and the child should be kept in the air as much as possible. If the nervous symptoms are threatening, sedatives are needed, and it may be necessary to lance the gums. It should be remembered that a teething infant may have an illness quite independent of the teething process, and hence one should never neglect to call a doctor under the theory that its troubles are all due to the teething, and consequently are of little moment.—Youth's Companion.

## DEER IN CONNECTICUT.

**Their Number Probably Greater Now Than 150 Years Ago.**

It seems to be a fact, proved by almost daily observation now, that the deer are returning to Connecticut, and in good numbers, too. Reports are heard almost daily of one or more of these graceful animals being seen in one or another part of the good old state, under circumstances which fix it that they are new arrivals. There are probably more deer in Connecticut today than at any previous time within the last 150 years, says the Hartford Times. They are seen on railroad tracks in fields and gardens and even feeding with the domestic cattle. Where they all come from and what is drawing them here seem not to be very clear. They are not only seen in most unexpected places, but appear to be singularly free from fear of human beings. They are seen, too, in nearly all parts of the state. A few days ago a young lady down the river below Middletown succeeded in photographing one of them by a snap shot. At almost any time within the last 100 years down to 1900 if a hunter wished to shoot a deer he made a long trip to find his game—going either to the Adirondacks or the far backwoods of Maine. Their appearance in such numbers might be accounted for by the disappearance of the wolves that formerly destroyed them; but the wolves have been gone in almost all parts of New England, for a long time, and their disappearance cannot now be relied upon to account for the deer. Whatever may turn out to be the cause of their sudden and rapid increase in numbers here in old Connecticut, it is a pleasant thing to see them returning to this neighborhood. What a pleasant addition to the neighborhood of our forest patches their graceful presence would make if their seeming trust in human kind is permitted to take root and stay.

**Prices of Bogus Money.**

Prices of bogus money, as discovered by Chief Wilkie's men, are quoted as follows: For coin to a face value of $25, price $10; coin to face value of $50, price $20; bills, 35 per cent to 65 per cent face value. Mr. Wilkie says that no larger amount than $50 in coin is offered to one customer. The green goods men who do not intend to deliver the goods offer $1,000 in bills for $400; $2,000 for $800 and $10,000 for $1,000. Then they change the satchels and the victim after feasting his eyes on bills in the first grip gets nowhere in the second.

**Great Scientific Gentleman.**

Great Britain, after many years of speculation about the matter, has finally agreed to permit Russia to send a vessel to Dogger. Hitherto the idea of an expedition to a shoaling [illegible] has prevented the [illegible] from [illegible]


# CAUGHT BY THE GRIP.

## Released by Pe-ru-na---Congressman Howard's Recovery---Congressman Geo. H. White's Case

La Grippe is epidemic catarrh.—It spares no class or nationality. The cultured and the ignorant, the aristocrat and the pauper. The masses and the classes are alike subject to la grippe. None are exempt—all are liable.

Have you the grip? Or, rather, has the grip got you? Grip is well named. The original French term, la grippe, has been shortened by the busy American to read "grip." Without intending to do so a new word has been coined that exactly describes the case. As if some hideous giant with woful Gaze had clutched us in its fatal clasp. Men, women, children, whole towns and cities are caught in the baneful grip of a terrible monster.

**Pe-ru-na For Grip.**

Mrs. Dr. C. D. Powell, President of Epworth League, also President of Loyal Temperance Legion, writes from Chehalis, Wash.:

"I have used several remedies in cases of severe colds and la grippe, but none I consider of more value than Peruna."—Mrs. Dr. C. D. Powell.

**After-Effects of La Grippe.**

Miss Emma Jouris, President Golden Rod Sewing Circle, writes from 40 Burling street, Chicago, Ill., as follows:

"This spring I suffered severely from the after-effects of la grippe. As the doctors did not seem to help me I bought a bottle of Peruna."—Miss Emma Jouris.

**Congressman Howard's Letter.**

*Fort Payne, Ala.*

*The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio*

*Gentlemen:—"I have taken Peruna now for two weeks and find I am very much relieved. I feel that my cure will be permanent. I have also taken it for la grippe and I take pleasure in recommending Peruna as an excellent remedy to all fellow sufferers."—M. W. Howard, Member of Congress.*

**La Grippe Leaves the System in a Deplorable Condition.**

D. L. Wallace, a charter member of the International Barbers' Union, writes from 15 Western avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.:

"Following a severe attack of la grippe I seemed to be affected badly all over.

"One of my customers who was greatly helped by Peruna advised me to try it, and I procured a bottle the same day. Now my head is clear, my nerves are steady, I enjoy food, and rest well. Peruna has been worth a dollar a dose to me."—L. D. Wallace.

**Grippe Causes Deafness.**

Mrs. M. A. Sharick, chaplain G. A. R. Women's Relief Corps, writes from Fremont, Wash.:

"When la grippe was the prevailing illness in this Western country I was laid up the whole winter, I partially lost my hearing, and had a very bad case of catarrh of the head and throat.

I read of Peruna, tried it and had my hearing restored and catarrh cured. I cannot speak too well of Peruna."—Mrs. M. A. Sharick.

**La Grippe Cured in Its First Stage.**

Lieutenant Clarice Hunt, of the Salt Lake City Barracks of the Salvation Army, writes from Ogden, Utah:

Two months ago I was suffering with so severe a cold that I could hardly speak.

"Our captain advised me to try Peruna, and procured a bottle for me, and truly it worked wonders. Within two weeks I was entirely well."—Clarice Hunt.

**Congressman White's Letter.**

*Tarboro, N. C.*

*Gentlemen:—"I am more than satisfied with Peruna and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."—Geo. H. White, Member of Congress.*

**Remained in Feeble Health After Cured of La Grippe.**

Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer Independent Order of Good Templars, of Everett, Wash., writes:

"After having a severe attack of la grippe I continued in a feeble condition even after the doctor called me cured. My blood seemed poisoned. Peruna cured me."—Mrs. T. W. Collins.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., for a free book on catarrh.

**Anyone—Anywhere**

Our vehicles and harness are shipped to any point in the United States on approval, and for comparison with any other goods. We are willing to take chances on pleasing you. Are you willing to save money without taking any chances? Our Split Hickory Vehicles are right in style, in quality and in price. Write for our new catalogue and prices on seventy-six (76) different styles in vehicles and large assortment of harness. Buy direct from us, and save all dealers' commissions and profits. We are manufacturers of the famous Split Hickory Vehicles.

Ohio Carriage Manufacturing Company
Station S. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

**WINCHESTER**
"NEW RIVAL"
FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

[illegible] PATENTS [illegible]