Clue-veined the lilies are, I know, And darkly red the roses glow But I have sent the ironweed. Uncouth and harsh, whose dusky seed The palms of unseen sowers sow

Not rude my emblem, if you find My meaning here, though faint outlined, struck from sudden clash thought

No purer fire can be wrought Than flint-steel spark of mind to mind.

Nay, as you touch it time shall bring glimpse of low horizon-ring. And dreamy sweep of pliant breeze That undulates o'er grassy seas-The rustle of the wind's broad wing.

From my rough hand to lay in thine send this offering-'i is a sign Of love until my latest breath Of iron faith that holls through death-A sunburnt Western valentine, Ernest McGaffey in the Woman's Home

MISS NANCY'S FIRST VALENTINE

By MARIE BOTHILDA.

Miss Nancy Larkins, up to her fortieth anniversary, had never received a valentine; moreover, the lady had of their own, over which they had always declaimed against such "sentimental nonsense." Perhaps the former clause of the foregoing proposition may explain the reason for the and his bow, and "good morning," and latter, and then, again, the latter peculiarity may have been a case of sour grapes. Her friends were divided in her window which overlooked the opinion.

The village gossips had dubbed her "old maid," sometimes alluding to her as "peculiar," both favorite epithets which wise people bestow upon those who venture to disagree with public opinion.

She lived with an orphan niece, somewhat secluded, seldom left home to gad about, never gossiped with her neighbors, and positively refused to attend the weekly reunions of the "L. S. C.," which initials she sarcastically interpreted to mean "Ladies' Scandal Club," instead of the authentic one of "Ladies' Sewing Circle." Miss Nancy is cold and unsympathetic, so the village gossips said, but regardless of consequences, she audibly sniffed her contempt at their pet traditions and amusements.

There was one, however, whom her cold, forbidding exterior could not deceive. Her next-door neighbor, Colonel Watson. He had traveled, he had seen the world-and women-and was able to look deeper than cork-screw curls and a tip-tilted nose to find the jewel that others were too obtuse to

The colonel had settled in the village some three years previous to this in fact, he could look over the fence and see that maiden-a thing he often did-whenever she came out to trim her rose bushes, loosen the earth around her pet plants or "shoo" the chickens out of the lettuce patch. So, also, she could look over the fence and see the colonel-a thing she often did slyly, for he was a comely person to look at-and see him fussing about his garden. There was generally a "good morning," or a mere nod, as is customary with close neighbors, but there was no lolling on the fence or gossiping. The acquaintance went no farther than circumspect formality.

What their elders lacked in cordiality, the two girls made up in close intimacy. It did not take three years for them to become chums, and their constant chatter about the affairs of each household, put both the colonel and Miss Nancy in possession of every little secret. Trifling confidential communications by his daughter, small scraps of information concerning Miss Nancy, and his interpretation of village tattle, which he treated like dreams as always meaning the contrary, created in the colonel's breast a warm regard for the woman who possessed the courage of her own convictions and the bravery to live her life



She looked over toward the colonel's

garden. in her own way regardless of the ambitious desires of the public to manage it in their way. He had also discovered certain peculiarities of Miss Nancy which were not generally known. It appeared that she had been feeding and clothing a poor woman and her two children while the husband and father was lying sick in a hospital in a strange city. He had also followed her at a distance one Christmas eve, when she was carrying a heavily laden basket of good and cheerful things. He would have

ling, and, after tapping gently, scurry ment, and his heart went pit-a-pat lest she should catch him in the act of spying upon her.

lins sing her praises, with tears in her honest eyes?

"Whin Mickey bruk his leg last win- she read: ter, an' I wor thot bad wid the asthmy couldn't wurruk, the two of us'd abeen in the poor house but for thot same Miss Nancy. Whin I kissed the hand of her an' said: 'May the good Lord bless ye, Miss Nancy, mayourneen, an' may ivery hair of yer head be a mould candle to light ye to glory,' she scowled at me till I wor scairt. But 'tis the warrum heart she has, alanna, an' 'tis angered she is whin tould of it."

These and many other little telltale incidents affected the sensitive heart of the colonel, and he sought opportunities to make a closer acquaintance with the lady who was evidently fanning into a bright flame the dying embers in his bosom. But the fates were against him until a brilliant idea occurred to the youthful minds of the two girls, a little scheme many a giggle. They had noticed the colonel looking over the fence furtively when puttering about his garden, they had also noticed the staid Miss Nancy peeping out of the corner of garden of her martial neighbor. In



In fact he could look over the fence. fact, they caught her in the act one day, and her explanation, "I do believe story, with a young daughter. His it is going to rain," did not deceive garden adjoined that of Miss Nancy; them in the least. They saw the beginning of a romance and, girl like, they schemed to help it along.

Valentine's day was approaching. and this gave them an idea and an opportunity to conspire against their elders with safety. They knew that Miss Nancy had never received a valentine, and that she was a violent opponent of such sentimentality.

"And do you really mean to say that you never got a valentine, Aunt Nancy-not even a small one-when you were young?" Lottie asked the question. She had reached the mature age of nineteen years and had a collection of those tender missives of all shapes and sizes which were the envy of her less fortunate friends.

"Never," sniffed Aunt Nancy with a scornful toss of her head. "I'd like to have seen a young man dare to send me one of the silly things when I was a girl. I never could see any sense in Valentine's day.

"It is positively infamous, girls. Do you know that St. Valentine had nothing to do with the absurd custom, and it is a shame to fasten it upon him. Are you aware what it means?" The girls shook their heads. "I thought not, most girls do not, or they would scorn the horrid things. It began in an old heathen custom of celebrating a festival on the 14th of February on account of the return of spring. The birds at that time began to prepare their nests, twittered on the tree limbs, where they cuddled up close, sat on the house tops and rubbed their little beaks together, or chased one another about. In the dar's ages, flirts and lovers, called 'galantines,' sent love letters to their charmers on that day, and we call the day 'Valentine' because it sounds like the name which means a flirt, a gallant. It is wicked for Christians to have anything to do with it."

Lottie looked over at Mabel, the Colonel's daughter, and slyly winked. "But, Auntie," persisted the girl, 'you had lovers when you were young, didn't you? They were queer lovers not to care enough about you to send you one."

Miss Nancy's corkscrew curls flut-

tered impatiently. "I never had a lover, child. wouldn't have the idle fellows hanging around me, so they kept away because wasn't silly enough to suit them. Pooh! the idea of running around to waist! That was something I never fancied. I shudder when I think of

such a thing." When Mabel went home she told her father all about Miss Nancy's views on the subject and her learning. "Dear me, she must be a blue stocking." was all he said, adding, however, so that Mabel did not hear it: "She's

a fine woman all the same." Bright and early the postman came, and as he was obliged to deliver whatbeen glad to help her carry the bur- ever Uncle Sam hands him to deliver, den, but he was afraid of being whether acceptable or not, he handed snubbed, the brave colonel that he Miss Nancy a missive with a sus-

was. When he saw her deposit her picious edging of lace around the enbasket at the door of a humble dwel- velope. The girls snickered and ran away, watching, however to see what away to avoid being caught in such a Miss Nancy would do with it-she selshameful act, he stared in astonish dom received letters, and this was something unusual. Turning it over and over suspiciously, she looked around furtively and put it in the box Had he not heard the Widow Mul- om of her dress without opening it. By and by she went up to her own little room and opening it, this is what

This heart I present to Miss Nancy, Dare I hope that some day she'll be mine?

For her I have long had a fancy,

I confess it in this valentine.' Her usually pale cheek flushed a vivid scarlet, but she looked over toward the colonel's garden. Lottie bursting in upon her, she hastily hid

the missive in her bosom. "Oh, Auntie, Auntie, did you get a valentine? What fun, a valentine at last. I saw the postman deliver it, and it looks just like one of mine."

"No, it is not a valentine,' said Miss Nancy stiffly, "it is a letter from a friend." She blushed again at the prevarication, for Nancy was truthful, too much so, some said. Lottie saw it and rushed over to Maoel's.

"She's got it, Mabel, she's got it, and she says it is from a friend. Come over and we'll finish our scheme."

The horrid girls danced in upon Miss Nancy and actually caught her studying the tender missive. Witnout listening to her protestations, they each gave her a good hug, and seized the valentine.

"Who is it from?" queried Lottie. Mabel examined it critically, and whispered mysteriously in her friend's ear, loud enough, however, for Miss Nancy to overhear:

papa's writing." Then handing it back, she said aloud: "What a beautiful Englishmen, and many of them born valentine. It is actually hand painted. See, dear Miss Nancy, it is like a heart, with little pink hearts all over king, lords, nor commons can take it and sprigs of lovely forget-me-nots intertwined. Whoever sent you that loves you truly. I wonder what it can

"I know," said Miss Nancy shortly, "the impudent fellow."

Clapping on her hat, she went straight up to the colonel's front door, which he happened to open at that moment to go out. With an indignant toss of her head and without uttering a word, she cast at the amazed colonel's feet the poor innocent valentine. and, turning, fled home again with her heart going pit-a-pat and her knees shoking under her. Within an hour, a special messenger handed Miss Nancy a plain envelope. Opening it, the same valentine dropped out, but written in a bold hand in penmanship unlike the rest, were the words: "I accept the authorship of this val-

entine and stand by it." Miss Nancy, with a woman's intuition, perceived that she had made a mistake, and in her confusion rushed up to her little room, locked the door and dropped the curtain, probably to keep the impudent colonel out. But he was watching and accepted the signs as favorable, for he called that

evening to apologize. "Miss Nancy," he said, "permit me to call you that, everybody else does; was amazed that you should even suspect me of such an underhand act as sending a valentine when I have a tongue to talk with and express my sentiments. I saw immediately that somebody-I will not say who"-he looked at the two girls sharply, who blushed and stole away-"but as I have long held the same sentiments in your regard, I accept the situation and resolve to speak my mind, the opportunity presenting itself. Can you forgive me, my dear Miss Nancy?"

Miss Nancy evidently did forgive him, for the neighbors, not so very long afterward, were astonished to see the belongings of one house moving into the other, the girls superintending the matter, the colonel and Miss Nancy being mysteriously absent on a trip somewhere.

Home-Made Valentines. Sometimes the valentines made at home find greater favor than any one can buy. Hearts may be cut from wa-

ter-color paper and painted red, or



gilded and a verse written on one side. By a little ingenuity and folding of paper quite a packet may be made in heart shape. A box of candy hearts is a pretty valentine. Original rhymes are acceptable and not so hard to make after all. Cakes neart shaped dances and parties and sitting in dark | may be sent as valentines, and ribcorners with their arms around my bon bows pulled to represent a heart are pretty.

Valentine Gifts.

A heart-shaped cut glass flask for perfume, or a heart-shaped box with silver top for the toilet table, or a ring with a true lover's knot encircling a whole pearl, a turquoise, or an amethyst, which is the February birth stone, would please a young girl. A heart-shaped locket with a single pearl and having a place for hair and a photograph inside, is a pretty gift, as is also a pendant of the same shape for the watch chain.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc. Copyright, 1886, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Turn of the Tide.

occur in epochs. After Hyde's and fully described the handsome cavalry Katherine's marriage, there was a officer that was her devoted attendant long era noticeable only for such that Katherine could have no difficulty vicissitudes as were incident to their in recognizing her husband, even withfortune and position. But in May, A. D. 1774, the first murmur of the returning tide of destiny was heard. For the trouble between England and her American colonies was rapidly culminating and party feeling ran throughout the royal regiments. before the king from the Americans then resident in London, praying him not to send troops to coerce his subjects in america, and, when Hyde entered his club some members were engaged in an a angry altercation on this subject.

table, as it ought to have been," said Lord Paget.

"You are right," replied Mr. Hervey; "they ought to petition no longer. They ought now to resist. The Duke of Richmond spoke warmly for Boston last night. 'The Bostonians are punished without a hearing,' he "It looks like papa's writing; it is said, 'and, if they resist punishment, I wish them success.' Are they not on English soil? When have Englishmen submitted to oppression? Neither away the rights of the people. It is past a doubt, too, that his majesty, at the levee last night, laughed when he said he would just as lief fight the Bostonians as the French. I heard this speech was received with a dead silence, and that great offence was given by it."

"I think the king was right," said Paget passionately. "Rebellious subjects are worse than open enemies like the French."

"My lord, you must excuse me if I do not agree with your opinions. And the fight has begun, for Parliament is dissolved on the subject."

"It died," laughed Hyde, "and left us a rebellion for a legacy.' "Capt. Hyde, you are a traitor."

"Lord Paget, I deny it. My sword is my country's; but I would not, for twenty kings, draw it against my own countrymen,"-then with a meaning glance at Lord Paget, and an emphatic touch of his weapon-"except in my own private quarrel."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Hervey, "this is no time for private quarrels; and,

Hyde glanced at the message. "It Capel is at the death point, and to her it was in his power to do so. requests I am first bounden."

Lady Capel had been edath-stricken upon a sofa in the midst of the deserted tables, yet covered with scattered cards and half-emptied teacups.

At this hour it was evident that, lady had loved her wild, extravagant grandson. "Oh, Dick," she whispered, "I've got to die! We all have. I have left you eight thousand pounds-all I could save, Dick. Arabella is witness to it. Dick, Dick, you will think of me sometimes?"

And Hyde kissed her fondly. "I'll never forget you," he answered, 'never, grandmother. Is there anything you want done? Think, dear grandmother."

"Put me beside Jack Capel. I wonder-if I shall-see Jack." A shadow, gray and swift, passed over her face. Her eyes flashed one piteous look into Hyde's eyes, and then closed forever.

And while in the rainy, dreary London twilight Lady Capel was dying, Katherine was in the garden at Hyde Manor, watching the planting of seeds that were in a few weeks to be living things of beauty and sweetness.

Little Joris was with his mother, running hither and thither, as his

eager spirits led him. Katherine had heard much of Lady Capel, and she had a certain tenderness for the old woman who loved her husband so truly; but no thought of her entered into Katherine's mind that calm evening hour. Then her maid, with a manner full of pleasant excitement, came to her and said:

"Here be a London peddler, madam; and he do have all the latest fashions and the news of the king and

the Americans." In a few minutes the man was exhibiting his wares to Katherine, and she was too much interested in the wares to notice their merchant particularly. There was a slow but mutually satisfactory exchange of goods and money, and then the peddler began to repack his treasures, trifles and the piece of satin her mistress had bought. Then, also, he found time to talk, to take out the last newspapers, and to describe the popular dissatisfaction at the stupid tyranny of the government toward the Colonies.

Katherine was about to leave the room, when he suddenly remembered a scarf of great beauty which he had | came a knock at her chamber door. not shown.

"I bought it for my Lady Suffolk," he said; "but Lord Suffolk died sudden, and black my lady had to wear." A singular look of speculation came | ine's face; she asked no question, but | in another.—Coiton.

into Katherine's face, and as the peddler detailed with hurried avidity the town talk that had clung to her reputa-The great events of most lives tion for so many years; and he so out the clews which her own knowledge of the parties gave her.

Suddenly she turned and faced the stooping man: "Your scarf take; I will not have it. No, and I will not have anything that I have bought high, not only among civilians, but from you. All of the goods you shall receive back; and my money, give it cently, also, a petition had been laid to me. You know that of my husband you have been talking-I mean lying. You know that this is his house, and that his true wife am I."

She spoke without passion and without hurry or alarm; but there was no mistaking the purpose in her-white, resolute face and fearless attitude. "The petition was flung upon the And with an evil glance at the beautiful, disdainful woman standing over him, the peddler rose and left the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon.

Katherine sat down and remained what had been told her. There had been a time when her husband's conher, and when she had been a little borne in one's own home." jealous of the apparent familiarity which existed in their relations with her fears, and she had taken a pride | self in the presence of manya torturin putting his word above all her suspicions.

It was also a part of Katherine's allowances for the life by which her told her that there were necessary you a moment's wrong, Katherine." This explanation it had been the duty both of love and of wisdom to accept; and she had done so with a faith love-token inside became greater which asked for no conviction beyond

And now she was practically told pledge from Lady Suffolk, then I go that for years he had been the lover of not; nothing shall make me go. If in another woman; that her own exist- it there is no word of her, no mesence was doubted or denied; that, if it | sage to her or from her; if her name were admitted, it was with a supposi- is not there, nor the letters of her tion that affected both her own good name-then I will go to my own. A captain, here is my Lady Capel's foot- name and the rights of her child. Hyde new love, one not a year old, I can put man, and ne says he comes in urgent | was the probable representative of an | aside. I will forgive every one but ancient noble English family, and its | my Lady Suffolk." influence was great; if he really wishis a last command, Mr. Hervey. Lady ed to annul their marriage, perhaps

She was no craven, and she faced the position in all its cruel bearings. while at whist, and was stretched She asked herself if-even for the sake of her little Joris, she would remain a wife on sufferance, or by the tie of rights which she would have to legally enforce; and then she lifted | indeed, her first "wife" letter; and above everything in the world, the old | the candle and passed softly into his | room to look at him. She slipped down upon her knees by the sleeping boy, and out of the terror and sorrow of her soul spoke to the Fatherhood in heaven. The boy suddenly awoke; he flung his arms about her neck, he laid his face close to hers and said:

"Oh, mother, beautiful mother, I thought my father was here!"

"You have been dreaming, darling Joris."

"Yes; I am sorry I have been dreaming. I thought my father was heremy good father, that loves us so much."

Then, with a happy face, Katherine with kisses sent him smiling into dreamland again. In those few tender moments all her fears slipped away from her heart. "I will not believe what a bad man says against my husband-against my dear one who is not here to defend himself. Lies, lies! I will make the denial for him."

And she kept within the comfort of this spirit, even though Hyde's usual letter was three days behind its usual time. On the fourth day her trust had its reward. She found then that the delay had been caused by the necessary charge and care of ceremonies which Lady Capel's death forced upon her husband. She had almost a sentiment of gratitude to her, although she was yet ignorant of her bequest of eight thousand pounds. For Hyde had of the cost of rubber. The method of resolved to wait until the reading of "bleeding" the balata tree is entirely the will made it certain, and then to different from that used to extract the resign his commission and carry the double good news to Katherine himself. Henceforward, they were to be employed. The trees yield many times together. So this purpose, though unexpressed, gave a joyous ring to his one man can gather as much gutta letter; it was lover-like in its fond- percha in a day as twenty man can ness and hopefulness, and Katherine thought of Lady Suffolk and her emisand Lettice to carry away the pretty sary with a contemptuous indifferward" was upon every face.

Alas! these are the unguarded hours

which sorrow surprises! But no thought of trouble, and no fear of it. had Katherine, as she stood before her mirror one afternoon. She was watching Lettice arrange the double folds of her gray taffeta gown, when there "Here be a strange gentleman, ma-

A startled look came into Kather-

went down stairs. Scon she came back slowly, with a letter in her hand. She was white, even to her lips. Fully ten minutes elapsed ere she gathered strength sufficient to break its wellknown seal, and take in the full mean-

ing of words so full of agony to her. "It is midnight, beloved Katherine, and in six hours I may be dead. Lord Paget spoke of my cousin to me in such terms as leaves but one way out of the affront. I pray you, if you can, to pardon me. You I shall adore with my last breath. Kate, my Kate, forgive me. If this comes to you by strange hands, I shall be dead or dying. Kiss my son for me and take my last hope and thought."

These words she read, then wrung her hands and moaned like a creature that had been wounded to death. Oh. the shame! Oh, the wrong and sorrow! How could she bear it? What should she do? Capt. Lennox, who had brought the letter, was waiting for her decision. If she would go to her husband, then he could rest and return to London at his leisure. If not, Hyde wanted his will, to add a codicil regarding the eight thousand pounds left him by Lady Capel. For he had been wounded in his side, and a dangerous inflammation having set in, he had been warned of a possible fatal result.

Katherine was not a rapid thinker. She had little, either, of that instinct which serves some women instead of all other prudences. The one thought that dominated all others was that her husband had fought and fallen for Lady Suffolk. All these years she had been a slighted and deceived

"To London I will not go," she decided. "There is some wicked plan still as a carven image, thinking over for me. The will and the papers are wanted, that they may be altered to suit it. I will stay here with my child. stant talk of Lady Suffolk had pained | Even sorrow great as mine is best

She went to the escritoire to get the papers. When she opened the senseeach other; but Hyde had laughed at less chamber of wood, she found hering, tender memory. In an open slide there was a rude picture of a horse. It was little Joris' first attempt to just and upright disposition to make draw Mephisto, and it had been carefully put away. The place was full of husband was surrounded. Hyde had such appeals. Among them was a ring that Hyde's father had given him, his events in his daily experience of mother's last letter, a lock of his son's which it was better for her to be hair, her own first letter--the shy, ignorant. "They belong to it, as my anxious note that she wrote to Mrs. uniform does," he said; "they are a Gordon. Then she began to arrange part of its appearance, but they never the papers according to their size, and touch my feelings, and they never do a small sealed parcel slipped from among them.

She turned it over and over in her hand, and the temptation to see the every moment.

"If in this parcel there is some love-

So Katherine decided as she broke the seal with firmness and rapidity. The first paper within the cover made her tremble. It was a half sheet which she had taken one day from Bram's hand, and it had Bram's name across it. On it she had written the first few lines which she had the right to sign "Katherine Hyde." It was, within it was the precious love-token, her own love-token-the bow of

orange ribbon. She gave a sharp cry as it fell upon the desk; and then she lifted and kissed it, and held it to her breast, as she rocked herself to and fro in a passionate transport of triumphant love.

(To be continued.)

NEW GUTTA PERCHA TREE.

Valuable Discovery Recently Made in the Valley of the Amazon.

Up to quite recent date the world has relied on the rubber tree for its supply of gutta percha, and on account of the limited area in which this plant grows the product has been exceedingly expensive. A short time ago a gutta percha merchant in the Guianas in examining the Amazon region in South America found the balata tree growing in abundance near Para and on the Amazon and its tributaries for thousands of miles. The Brazilians had no knowledge of its gum-producing properties and were found cutting down the trees for firewood and building material. A concession was bought and the practical work of producing gutta percha for the market begun.

There is practically no limit to the supply of gutta percha on the Amazon and it can be produced at a fraction gum of the rubber tree and only expert "bleeders," it is said, can be as much sap as the rubber trees and extract from the rubber tree. Each tree will average three and a half pounds and one competent "bleeder" can prepare forty to fifty pounds per day. The gum is fermented and then dried in the sun, after which it is ready for shipment.

Fully Covered.

A woman on the death of her husband telegraphed to a distant friend: "Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."

Nothing more completely baffles one dam, to see you; from London, he who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity