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SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

Saint Valentine's Day! And midst old recollections,
That rank in my heart in an eager joy,
I remember once more the old hopes and deceptions,
When you were a girl, dear, and I was a boy:
When I sent you a rose on that February morning,
And with it a passionate, rhyme-halting lay,
And met your reproaches and well-acted scorn;
By whispering: "Sweet, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!"
And the sky was so blue, and the sunshine so yellow,
And the soft southern wind blew so shrilly and sweet,
And each tiny bird sang so loud to its fellow,
While the snowdrops and crocuses bloomed at your feet,
Small wonder our hearts broke so tremulous beating,
As we learned in the woodruff, old-fashioned way,
What the earth, and the sky, and the air were repeating.
In mystical cadence of Valentine's Day,
And now that the crazy-sweet babble and laughter
Of golden haired children have rung in our ears,
And brought us the hope of a tender hereafter,
To link to the thought of those far-away years—
Once more in the words of the happy boy-lover,
I vail deeper meaning in whimsical way—
& meaning your heart will be quick to discover—
By whispering: "Sweet, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!"
—Chamber's Journal.

GEORGIE'S VALENTINE.

The Trouble a Doll Caused, and What Came of It.

On St. Valentine's Day there was no five o'clock tea in Mrs. Croft's drawing-room. It was swept and garnished. Many waxen candles gleamed in the candelabra, but they were unlighted, only the bright firelight lit up the room and threw its flitting glances on the fresh-cut flowers and bric-a-brac that adorned it.

Evidently, something unusual had occurred or was about to do so. Such was in truth the case.

Oh this evening Mrs. Croft was giving a ball to everybody—everybody who was anybody in the town was bidden.

A clink of tea-things sounded in the hall and proceeded up-stairs to Miss Croft's boudoir, where she and her cousin, Mary Croft, who had arrived an hour previously, were sitting in all the luxury of dressing-gowns and unbound hair.

"And he sent you this, Georgie?" said Mary, holding up a wonderful waif of art composed of lace and swan's-down with a hummingbird nestling in the center.

"Yes," answered Georgie, laughing. "It's a beauty, isn't it?"

"And you really sent him that one, as you said you would?"

"Yes, I posted it this afternoon before I came to meet you."

"Well, you are a brave young woman," she laughed. "I dared not have done it; however, I suppose you disguised your handwriting?"

"Well, yes, I should think I did," responded Georgie. "I wouldn't have him know who the letter was to. However, we shall see what he looks like to-night. I say, Mary, it's a quarter to seven—we haven't much time to dress."

In the town of Mellington, where the conversation took place, and in the principal inn known as the Royal, on the night in question sat St. Michael Delaney, close to the fire of the cheerless sitting-room.

Mr. Delaney was an Irish gentleman of good family, who was blessed with a handsome fortune, and, moreover, a handsome presence. Both being taken into consideration, it was not strange that he was soon admitted into the limited society of Mellington in which the Crofts moved.

To-night he had returned wet and weary from the hunting-field and was now giving himself up to a pipe and his own thoughts.

Would it not be better, he thought, for him to have a nice home in the "old country," with a nice little wife, instead of knocking about the world at the mercy of his valet and the hotel people? And then he fell to picturing the little wife, and somehow he always thought of her in connection with Georgie Croft.

"He had an idea Georgie rather liked him. Suppose?"

At this moment the fire burst into a bright blaze, and he perceived for the first time a little packet lying on the mantel-piece.

"A valentine by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps it's from Georgie?" but as he examined the direction a cry of disappointment escaped him. "Goodness!" he ejaculated in wrath. "That lean Bingham girl!"

Some moments elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to open the packet; but at length he did so and disclosed a tiny pill-box; on the lid was written: "This pill to be taken once in a lifetime."

Inside the box was a wee doll attired as a bride, beautifully dressed, even with a wreath and veil. I am sorry to say that Mr. St. Michael Delaney crushed the pretty toy in his hand and dropped it with a gesture of contempt in the fire, saying, with a somewhat dismal laugh: "By Jove! that would be a pill and no mistake."

Three hours later Mrs. Croft's rooms presented the appearance of a kaleidoscope, so brilliant were the rich jewels and dainty costumes worn.

It is, perhaps, well to say that Delaney was there and was mostly seen at the side of Georgie, who looked very sweet in her simple gown of white silk. At the supper table, where he had the fortune to take Miss Croft in, they had for their vis-a-vis Mary and a young

Irish officer called Neil O'Brien. This young gentleman, much to Mike's advice, began a bantering conversation with Georgie across the table.

"Get many valentines?" he asked.

Georgie laughed. "Yes a few."

"A few?" ejaculated the young man. "Ah! Mike, that's the way our hearts are trampled. And which did you like the best?" he continued.

Georgie blushed. "Oh—ah—I don't know," she stammered. Here Mary Croft laughed. "I don't know who they're all from," said Georgie, in a happy inspiration.

"Could you not guess?" murmured a deep voice by her side.

Before she could answer, O'Brien's bantering voice broke in again. "How many had you, Mike?"

St. Michael's face darkened as he thought of his disappointment. "Well, I had, as Miss Georgie stated, a few; but you saw them this morning."

"Was there none this afternoon?"

"One," said Mike, shortly; "a most bold and unladylike affair. However, I wasn't surprised when I saw who it came from."

"Oh, Michael! Michael! I think had you known that poor little valentine came from Georgie you would have thought it the most charming idea in the world."

As this point of the conversation Mary Croft dropped her spoon with a loud clatter, and in the laugh that followed her crimson cheeks were unturned. Poor Georgie, on the contrary, turned pale and neither moved nor spoke.

Mary Croft was in agony. Every moment she expected to see her fall with a crash to the ground; yet she dared not say anything.

Very soon the guests rose from the table and Georgie escaped from the room where Mike followed her.

"You will have this waltz with me?" he asked.

"No," she answered hoarsely. "I couldn't. My head!"

"You are not well," he said eagerly; "let me get you some wine."

"Don't," she gasped; "go away."

"But you are ill," he pleaded.

"Come into the cool conservatory. But, no, you are shivering. Go and lie down."

"I am not ill," answered Georgie, with an effort. "I am only—"

But the words died away on her lips and her eyes filled with tears.

A sudden thought flashed across St. Michael's mind.

"Why, you never," he stammered, "you never sent?"

"Yes I did," cried Georgie, her voice quivering, "but I am bold and unladylike, and you were, of course, not surprised when you saw where it came from."

"But I thought"—he began, but Georgie had vanished.

Not one word would she say to him when she returned to the drawing-room. She was flushed and excited, and Mike saw when she was standing alone that there was a weary look in her hazel eyes.

He went up to her.

"Miss Georgie, won't you say good-night?" but she turned away her head without a word, and when the last adieu had been said she dragged herself wearily to her bed with a heavy heart.

St. Michael Delaney went home to "The Royal Inn" in a most unenviable state of mind. What a fool he was, he thought. Why couldn't he have seen that the innocent joke was too piquant to have emanated from that Bingham girl.

Now he had mortally offended the only woman he had ever loved. What was to be done? He would write her a letter. Yes, that was best.

He began his letter and tore it up; three other drafts followed, but none gave him satisfaction. So at last, having scribbled until almost daylight, he gave up in despair and went to bed, resolving he would call in the morning.

At nine o'clock he rose and dressed with more deliberation than usual and started on his visit. He found Mrs. Croft in the drawing-room and she greeted him with a smile of welcome.

"Georgie's in the morning-room," she said in reply to his question.

"May I go to her?" he asked. "I dare say you know what about?"

Mrs. Croft nodded and laughed.

"Well, you shall have ten minutes. She is really too tired to do much talking."

He crossed the entrance hall, passed up the staircase and knocked at the door of a room on the right. Georgie's voice cried "Come in," and a very weary, listless voice it was.

He entered. She, thinking it was a servant, did not turn around. Mary Croft was sitting by a table writing, but rose and left the room when she had shaken hands with Mr. Delaney.

Georgie started and colored violently when she saw who the visitor was.

"Miss Georgie," he began, abruptly, "won't you forgive me?"

No answer.

"Will you not believe that I had no idea that it came from you? That if I had known—"

"I would not make matters worse if I were you," she said, her face flaming with indignation. "Of course, if you had known it came from me you would have thought me bold and unladylike all the same, only you would not have said so. But you did know—and to say that when you saw where it came from that you were not surprised. Oh, that was the most cruel of all!"

"But," he cried, not knowing what argument to adopt. "I did not know—I had not the slightest idea!"

"If you thought it bold and unladylike in any one else, why should you think it different in me?"

"Georgie," he exclaimed, passionately, "can you not see that I think you perfection in all you do?"

But her pride had raised a barrier between them that was not easy to demolish. Poor St. Michael blundered on:

"Will you not forgive a few hours

words? When I found that little packet on my mantel-piece I thought it might be from you, but the writing was so like Miss Bingham's and so unlike yours that I thought it must be from her. You know, Georgie, I couldn't have swallowed that pill."

"Why?" asked Georgie.

"Because," he answered, laying his hand on her arm, "this is the one I prefer."

"Oh!" was all she found to say. St. Michael saw his opportunity.

"Then you won't think any more of it?"

"I don't know," she said. "Laura Bingham will be well gilded."

"And so is the pill I want, Georgie. Gilt with everything tender and true, with every good quality that a man could wish his wife to possess."

"Who gave you leave to call me Georgie?" she asked.

"Why, I took it," he replied, laughing.

"It seems," she said, "you take a good many things without leave."

"Your heart, for instance," he said, frankly.

After a while Georgie asked, gravely: "And the doll—what became of that?"

He looked very much ashamed.

"Well," he confessed, "I put it in the fire."

"Poor little doll," said Georgie. "Mike, we must never have a misunderstanding again."

"No, my love," was the grave reply. "Once is enough in a life-time."
—N. Y. Journal.

LOGIC OF EVENTS.

A Husband Who Believes in Betting on Sure Things.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Catson, putting aside a newspaper and turning to her husband, "a pair of earrings caused the Burmese war. I never heard of anything so strange."

"Oh," said Mr. Catson, "I have heard of stranger things."

"Nonsense."

"Well, I have, and I'll give you an example. One night, in Boston, a young man, meeting an acquaintance, said: 'Come, let's have a drink.' I was never in Boston, but the remark brought about our marriage."

"Why, Georgie," exclaimed Mrs. Catson, "you are foolish. Neither of us were ever in Boston. You must be losing your mind."

"Tell you what I'll do: I promised to get you a new cloak, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, now I'll bet you the cloak that I can prove my assertion."

"All right."

"If I succeed, you don't get the cloak."

"I understand."

"Well, one night in Boston about ten years ago, a young man, meeting a friend, asked him to come and have a drink. The friend, a drug clerk, did so. He took several drinks and got drunk. That settled it."

"Settled what?"

"The fact of our marriage."

"How can you be so foolish?"

"Never mind, I'll explain. The drug clerk got drunk and went to the store. Shortly afterward, a servant girl entered and handed him a prescription. In putting it up he used morphine instead of quinine. The girl went away, and delivered the medicine to Mrs. Potter, who took it and died."

"Oh, what's the use of prolonging this foolishness?"

"Hold on. The death of that woman drew you and me closer together than we ever were before."

"We were not acquainted with each other ten years ago."

"That is very true, but wait. Mr. Potter, the lady's husband, was almost crazed by grief. He could stay in New York no longer, so he came down to Kentucky and, after awhile went into business. Don't see any light yet, do you?"

"Oh, hush."

"Wait a minute. He had not been in business long until I met him. He took a fancy to me and gave me employment. After I had been with him several years he sent me to Arkansas. I had been in this State but a short time until I met you. Summary: If the friend had not asked the drug clerk to drink on one certain occasion he would not have got drunk. If he hadn't been drunk he would not have made a mistake in filling the prescription, and had he not made a mistake, Mrs. Potter would not have been killed, and had she not died, Potter would not have left New York, and had he not left that city I should not have met him, and had I not gone into business with him—"

"Oh, for goodness sake, hush. You are enough to drive anybody crazy."

She arose and left the room. Her husband mused: "I'll make her another bet. I'll bet she doesn't get that cloak. I have always thought that the logic of events failed to meet with proper appreciation in this country."
—Arkansas Traveler.

CANARIES.

Value of These Household Pets as Companions for Lonely Persons.

A pet canary in a house is a sunbeam. Always busy, never having an idle moment and always doing something new it enlivens the dull and encourages the stolid to industry. Young girls or wives with a long and lonely afternoon of mending before them can set the cage on the table beside the work-basket, chat to the bird, sing with it and teach it new notes as the needle is plied. Patience and continual instruction only can teach a bird tricks. Because it sometimes gives no outward sign of imitation is not to be accepted as a belief that it is not learning. It is practicing the trick in private, and not until after a perfect rehearsal will it give a public exhibition. To teach a bird to kiss, hold him lightly, chatting in soothing tones till he is quiet; then kiss the bill repeatedly, still soothing him with gentle talk. Kiss the bill again and again till he ceases to struggle in fear of the salute; then bestow a final one—a kiss of approbation—and release him to partake of his enjoyment. Repeat this the next day—several times a day if you wish to teach him quickly—and he soon resorts to this performance as a method of coaxing, opening and closing his bill between your lips exactly as you have done by him, so nearly as bird imitation is possible. If he picks your lip do not notice it before him. The cage of a nervous bird should never be touched without first calling the tenant's attention, because, being always engaged in some project, an abrupt action startles him just as it would a human being who is occupied upon suddenly.

To teach him to sit upon your finger, draw a chair up near the cage, hold a conference with him and then introducing a finger between the wires near his favorite perch hold it there, patiently reading your book or paper meanwhile. The new object showing no disposition to harm him, he goes up cautiously for an examination. Then he picks to ascertain the material—may be he fights it. Repay him with some choice morsel and cheerful words for his courage. Try him again in the afternoon. He may go further and light on it. Possibly the trick may take several days. Be patient. Once the step is attained, vary the programme by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Next try thrusting the fingers under the door. Next time fasten it open, blocking egress with the rest of the hand and as one finger extends within, he will perch on it draw him forth

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

Truly Deplorable Failure of a Wife's Mother's Mission.

Nothing is more thoroughly mistaken than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of an overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household can not be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil, without making life a treadmill of labor, then for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the higher duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both children and husband turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, and the tender, confident and helpmeet of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, and, as a natural consequence, in mind also, to perform either of these constant strains too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirit and hopefulness, and more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her. It is no matter how old she is in years; she should be young in heart and feeling; for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself.

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question. Her disposition is often ruffled, her temper soured, her very nature changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is only dragged along. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to train and guide her children, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing is for the rest and sleep that will probably not come, and even if they should that she is too tired to enjoy. Better far let everything go unattended, and live as best she can, then to toil on herself and family the curse of overwork.—Sanitary Magazine.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Book-keeping on the farm.

Book-keeping on the farm is a most important part of the farmer's education. It is the key to success in the business of the farm. It is the only way to know exactly what one is doing, and where one stands. It is the only way to know where one is going, and what one needs. It is the only way to know how to improve one's methods, and how to increase one's profits. It is the only way to know how to manage one's money, and how to save one's money. It is the only way to know how to buy one's supplies, and how to sell one's products. It is the only way to know how to keep one's books, and how to make one's reports. It is the only way to know how to run one's farm, and how to make one's money.

—It is much easier to keep an animal fat than to fatten it; hence stock should always be kept in good condition and they can be then more readily fattened for market.—Times.

—It is said to be an established fact that rotten and rotting potatoes are prolific cause of diseases of the potato. No potato should be used which has the least indication of rot.—N. Y. Enquirer.

—When the ground is frozen there is but little snow, it is an admirable time to cut brush in the fields and elsewhere; there is also no better time for going through the wood lot and cutting those old trees that have commenced to decay and working them into stove wood.—Albany Journal.

—A correspondent of the Western Rural succeeds in keeping his flock of sheep in good health. By so means the least important of his appliances counts a Winchester rifle, two good shot-guns and a bottle of strychnine. The sheep live, but there is a frightful mortality among dogs at times.

—Applies and other fruits, says Dr. Cutler, should be gathered and saved, however low the price, since they are at least worth gathering for their feeding value. If left on the ground they are positively injurious, the acid of the fruit poisoning the soil and destroying all vegetation beneath them. A dressing of lime will correct this acidity and restore fertility.

—It can easily be seen that the big cow needs more food than the smaller one. So does the cow giving milk want more food than the dry one standing by her side. Yet it is a common practice to feed all alike, great and small, the workers and the idlers. This is all wrong. Common sense teaches us to feed each individual cow according to its needs. This is also economy.—Tulsa Blade.

—A writer in the *Russians Monthly* says that he has had great success in the cure of over three hundred cases of acute and chronic catarrh or cold in the head by the use of ice-cold water. The legs from the knee downward are washed with it in the morning and at night and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. It is necessary to do this for two days only, and many patients are said to have been cured in one day.

—Remember that all the butter made by a cow no matter how good the breed, if the animal is sheltered by a rail fence or on the lee side of the straw stack, and if it gets exercise by shivering after fertilization and six or eight days of gestation, they are developed into embryos, which, when expelled within the intestines of an animal, commence at once their migration. The hog is especially liable to trichinae, but it has been found in horses, dogs, sheep, birds, cattle and cats. After uncooked fish has been eaten, containing the undeveloped trichinae, the worms remain in the intestines, and by the second day become fully developed and freed from their capsules. By the tenth day they find their way through the connective tissue and by the blood into the voluntary muscles, and the fourteenth day find them encased throughout the muscles. As many as ten or fifteen trichinae have been found in a cubic inch of hog flesh. Prof. Dalton estimates the number of trichinae in a human body to be eighty-five thousand, and that from one million to two million may exist in a single human body, according to examinations made in several cases.

The most startling case was at Hettstadt, Prussia, in 1863. Out of one hundred and three persons who were dining at a nobleman's house and had eaten sausages, smoked and warmed, but not cooked, twenty died almost immediately and eighty were ill for many weeks. The sausages that were left over after the victims were found to be swarming with trichinae, and the muscles of the victims were found to be swarming with them. The first case reported in America was discovered by the doctor of this city, in 1864. In 1865, a committee of physicians was organized in Chicago to examine the result of the examination of about one thousand hogs, fifty contained trichinae. A year later at Brunswick, Germany, a similar examination showed that about one thousand hogs had the disease. In 1878 from ten to twenty per cent of American hogs contained it, and in the same year out of one hundred Westphalia hogs only one contained the worm.—Star.

The young gentleman who has been of age," generally feels the dignity of his manhood. In a railway station one day a man of fifty, dressed as a woman, was seen occupying a seat under a twenty-cent ticket. You ought to have seen the young gentleman when, straight-limbedly up and looking at his neighbor, he asked: "Are you a lady, sir?" The man of fifty got away and took a book seat, of course.—Chicago Journal.

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