

Dave Robinson's Awakening

A VALENTINE STORY.

WHAT there's a mighty queer window to take your fancy, Sam." And the speaker, a tall, broad-shouldered farmer, gave a hearty laugh as Sam Scott, his neighbor, turned quickly around, with an embarrassed smile on his good-looking, sun-burned face.

"Why—you know, Dave—it's Valentine's day," he began, hesitatingly.

"Don't know nothin' of the kind," broke in his friend.

"Well, you know it now, old fellow, and I'm lookin' for some little fixin' to take Milly for a valentine. We began that way, you see, when we was first married—keepin' anniversary days, by me a buyin' her a keepsake. It pleases her, and don't hurt me. You know how women like to be remembered by their husbands. There's some ribbon in this window that'll just suit Milly to a dot. I'm going in to get it. See you later, Dave," and Sam Scott went into the store, leaving his friend staring after him with perplexity written in every line of his face.

"You know how women like to be remembered by their husbands," Sam was wrong; he didn't know. The words haunted him—haunted him all day. Went with him to the various places where he had business to transact; kept him company at the restaurant when he ate his dinner. Much to his surprise (and annoyance), he found himself doing some thinking in an entirely new line.

As far as he could remember—and his memory was excellent—he had never bought a present for Susan. Of course, she had the egg and butter money every week; but it suddenly occurred to him that it was generally spent for the house and the children.

"Susan's as good-looking a woman as you'll find," he thought. "She'd look a heap better than Sam's Milly if she was a little more fixy. I'm as able as Sam Scott to give my wife 'keepsakes,' as he calls 'em. I wonder what on earth she'd think if I took her by surprise to-night? I swan, I'd like to try it, but I don't want to look foolish. I'll go and see about that cultivator I've got to buy, and put Sam Scott's notions out of my head."

But that was easier said than done. "Sam Scott's notions" had evidently come to stay, and late in the day, much to his own disgust, Dave Robinson found himself actually stopping before shop windows, in which were displayed the "fixin's" that women like. Suddenly he drew up before a milliner's shop. "I've got it!" he exclaimed out loud, regardless of the amused looks of several passers-by. "I'll buy Susan a bonnet!" and wonderfully pleased with his happy idea, he went bashfully into the shop. He had never been in such a place before, and it was a terrible ordeal. He felt like the proverbial



Stopping before shop windows, in which were displayed "fixin's" that women like.

bull in a china shop. But he wasn't going to back out now, and went bravely up to the counter and stated his errand.

"A bonnet for your wife? Oh, yes, I think we can suit you," said the pretty young lady, with a smile. "What style is she? I mean, what color are her hair and eyes?" as poor Dave appeared helplessly dazed.

"Why—why she's got light hair, rather on the reddish order, and her eyes are blue," he stammered. As he spoke, he seemed to see Susan as she looked when he married her. Her hair was so fluffy and curly, and her eyes such a pretty, innocent blue. He hadn't thought of it for years; he had been too busy.

"Well, then," said the little milliner, "I feel sure this bonnet will be becoming to your wife. Blue is its prevailing color, and this particular shade goes nicely with such hair and eyes. Don't you think so, sir?"

Poor Dave was completely out of his depth, but he answered bravely that he agreed with her, and would take the bonnet, which the milliner

had really chosen with great discrimination. The price startled him considerably, but he wasn't going to say so. "I've just paid a good round sum for that cultivator, and I won't kick at this."

He carefully placed the bonnet-box under the wagon seat as he rode home that night. To tell the truth, he exceedingly dreaded the presentation. Susan wasn't accustomed to this sort of thing, like Sam's wife, and he didn't know how she'd take it. But in spite of these forebodings, there was a pleasurable excitement in the unusual sensation that he was taking home a present to his wife. "A valentine," he said, chuckling. (He pronounced it valentine, but what's the difference?)

He didn't produce the bonnet as soon as he got home. He waited till after supper when the chores were all done. Then he sat down by the table and began to read the weekly paper he had brought out.

But the reading was a failure, and he sat and watched his wife over the



"There, now! What do you think of that for a bonnet?"

paper till she said: "What in creation's the matter with you to-night, Dave Robinson? Is there anything wrong with my looks? You've been a starin' at me like all possessed."

Dave gave an embarrassed laugh and retired behind the paper again.

Suddenly he spoke: "Did you know it's Valentine's day, Susan?"

"Bless the man, does he think I'd be apt to remember Valentine's day, with all I've got to think of? I believe, though, I did hear the children a-talkin' about it. Whatever put it in your head, Dave?"

"Oh, heard about it down-town, and, Susan—Susan—I met Sam Scott to-day and—he was a-buyin' a present for Milly and callin' it a valentine. It struck me 'twas a pretty nice idee, and as I'm as able any day to buy my wife a present as he is, why—I bought—you—this bonnet!"

And here he produced the box.

"Open it, Susan. Why don't you open it? Here, give it to me," for the poor woman's hands were shaking so that she couldn't untie the string. "There, now! What do you think of that for a bonnet?"

Susan had found enough voice now to say: "Why, Dave! Why, Dave Robinson!" over and over. But she was pleased; it was easy to see that. "You oughtn't to have done it," she said, as she held the pretty bonnet on one hand, and turned it round and round carefully. "It's too good for me, Dave, and I expect it cost a heap."

"Never mind what it cost," answered her husband, heartily. "Put it on, Susan, and let's see if it becomes you. By George, that milliner woman just hit it. It suits you to a dot. You look ten years younger."

And truly she did. But I think something besides the bonnet brought that pretty flush to her cheek, and brightness to her eyes.

Happiness is a wonderful rejuvenator, and "women like to be remembered by their husbands."

Susan turned away from the little looking-glass and tenderly placed the bonnet in its box. "I'll fix my hair a little different when I wear it—more like I used to," she said. And then, going over to Dave, who was pretending to read his paper, she timidly—very timidly, for they were not a demonstrative couple—kissed the little bald spot on his head.

"Thank you, Dave, for remembering me," she said softly; and her husband had his reward.

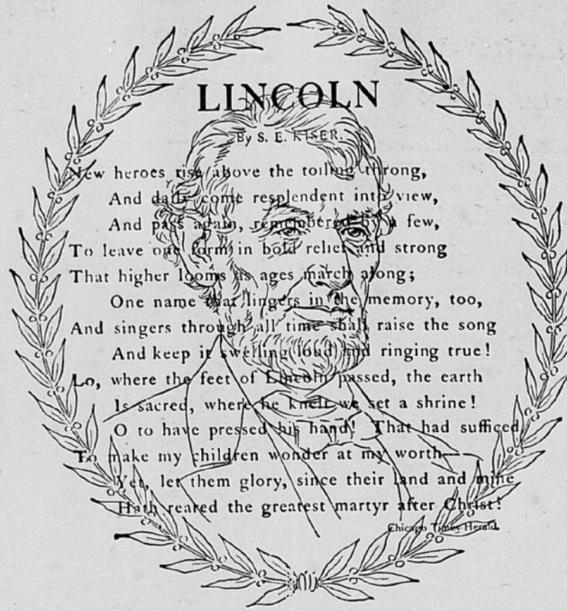
If he had told his thoughts, which were supposed to be on the paper, they would have been as follows: "Let's see, what's the next anniversary day? Oh, yes, it's Easter. Well, she shall have another keepsake then."—Ladies' World, New York.

A Vindictive Glee.

"I hope I shall get a few comic valentines," said Miss Cayenne.

"You hope to get some comic valentines?"

"Yes. Everyone you get is a sure sign that you have made some enemy feel perfectly wretched."—Washington Star.



LINCOLN

By S. E. KISER.

New heroes rise above the toiling throng,
And dare come resplendent into view,
And pass again, remembered by a few,
To leave our hearts in bold relief and strong
That higher looms as ages march along;
One name that lingers in the memory, too,
And singers through all time shall raise the song
And keep it swelling loud and ringing true!
Lo, where the feet of Lincoln passed, the earth
Is sacred, where he knelt we set a shrine!
O to have pressed his hands! That had sufficed
To make my children wonder at my worth.
Yes, let them glory, since their land and mine
Have reared the greatest martyr after Christ!

Born February 12, 1809. Died April 15, 1865.

STORIES TOLD BY AND ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

STORIES TOLD BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

ON the evening of his assassination Lincoln was asked by Marshal Lamont to sign an application for the pardon of a soldier:

"Lamont," he said, "have you ever heard how the Patagonians eat oysters? They open them and throw the shells out of the windows until the pile gets higher than the house and then they move." Adding: "I feel to-day like commencing a new pile of pardons, and I may as well begin it just here."

SOME one complimented the president on having no vices, neither drinking nor smoking.

"That is a doubtful compliment," answered Lincoln. "I remember once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting next to me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, but smoked for some time and then grunted out:

"It's my experience that folks who have no vices have few virtues."

ADmiral GOLDSBOROUGH was uncertain as to the feasibility of taking Norfolk by landing on the north shore and marching overland.

"That reminds me of a chap out west, who studied law," said the president. "Being sued, and not having sufficient self-confidence to manage his case he hired another lawyer. At last, fearing that his lawyer was not handling the opposing side very well, he lost his patience, and springing to his feet cried out: 'Why don't you go at him with a "capias" or a "surrebutter" or something, and not stand there like a confounded old "judumpactum"!"

A PROPOS of his renomination, Mr. Lincoln was reminded of a story of Jesse Dubois, who had charge of the state house at Springfield.

An itinerant preacher came along and asked the use of it for a lecture.

"On what subject?" asked Jesse.

"On the second coming of Our Saviour," answered the Millerite.

"Oh bosh!" retorted Jesse, testily. "I guess if our Saviour had ever been to Springfield and had got away with His life He'd be too smart to think of coming back again."

LINCOLN once told this story of a lawyer:

"When I took to the law I was going to court one morning with some ten or twelve miles of bad road ahead of me and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his wagon and gave me a seat.

"Presently I looked out and saw that the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat, so says I: 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a drop too much this morning.'

"So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted: 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!'

"Upon which the coachman replied: 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you've given in a twelvemonth.'"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once replied to a deputation asking him to change the entire cabinet because he had retired Gen. Cameron from the war department:

"Gentlemen, your request reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks.

"One moonlight night he loaded his old shotgun and stationed himself in the back yard to watch for the intruders. After some time his wife heard the shotgun go off, and in a few minutes the farmer entered the house.

"What luck had you?" said she.

"I hid myself behind the woodpile," said the old man, "and before long there appeared not one skunk but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and there was such an awful stink raised that I concluded to let the other six go."

STORIES TOLD ABOUT PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AT the time when Mr. Lincoln was attacked by varioloid he had been very much worried by people asking favors.

"Well," said he, "I've got something now that I can give to everybody."

"MR. LINCOLN," said a member of congress once, "I believe you would have your joke if you were within a mile of hell."

"Yes," said the president, "that is about the distance to the capitol."

WHEN J. L. Scripps, of the Chicago Tribune, begged Lincoln to give him material regarding his early life, Lincoln said:

"It can be condensed into a simple sentence. 'The short and simple annals of the poor.' That's my life, and that's all you or anybody else can make out of it."

TO a committee that had wearied him with a long drawn-out report of a newly-invented gun, Lincoln said:

"I should want a new lease of life if I read this through. If I send a man to buy a horse for me I expect him to tell me his points, not how many hairs there are in his tail."

THE president made one of a party to inspect a newly-invented gun. In the middle of the inspection he caught sight of an ax, and observing:

"Here is an institution I guess I understand better than any of you." He held out the ax at arm's length by the end of the handle, a feat not another person in the party could perform.

A COMMITTEE once waited on the president and urged the removal of Gen. Grant on the ground that he drank too much whisky.

"By the way, gentlemen," rejoined Mr. Lincoln, "can any of you tell me where Gen. Grant procures his whisky? Because if I can find out I will send every general in the field a barrel of it."

WHEN the presidential party was on its way to dedicate the Gettysburg cemetery a crowd at one of the smaller stations demanded a speech from Lincoln.

The president was trying to get some rest and declined. "Seward," he said, "you go out and repeat some of your poetry to the people."

A GREAT many people were surprised when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. None more so than the old Englishman in Springfield, Ill., who said:

"What, Abe Lincoln nominated? A man who buys a ten-cent beerstank for his breakfast and carries it home himself!"

Court Scandals That Are Entertaining Europe

Little Dan Cupid Seems to Be Playing Many Sad Pranks Among the Nobility.

NOT for a long time have there been so many dispatches relating to the love affairs, escapades and scandals of European royalty as have lately been printed. Accounts of these affairs have been given important space in European newspapers, which have vied with each other in printing every possible detail of the royal episodes. A glance at almost any recent metropolitan daily in America also will reveal the fact that any story about royalty, good, bad or indifferent, is News with a big N.

Saxony and Austria are now represented in the center of the stage of notoriety, the former by its crown prince and princess, and the latter by one of its archdukes, Leopold Ferdinand. Old King Leopold of Belgium may be seen dodging in and out among the flies with the apparent intent of marrying himself to King Alfonso's young sister. Even Princess Victoria of England is said to be waiting her cue, and may soon appear as the infatuated sweetheart of the son of the English colonial secretary, Joseph Chamberlain. King Edward is in his dressing-room, practicing his sternest expressions and mumbling over his words of condemnation. There are enough other royal figures scattered about, some of whom have done their turns, and others of whom are now cutting minor capers to give an idea of the magnitude of the performance, which is a continuous vaudeville, with all the world for spectators.

By the terms of the decree of divorce between the crown princess of Saxony and her husband, which the court, it is expected, will soon formally grant, the crown princess agrees to abandon all her titles, rights and dignities. She will be at liberty, then, to marry



The Crown Prince of Saxony.

If she chooses, Prof. Giron, the man with whom she is infatuated. Prof. Giron, it seems, has been keeping a diary since the beginning of his romantic episode with the crown princess, and portions of it, so it is claimed, have been made public in Paris.

Prof. Giron says that after traveling in Italy and Switzerland he had come by chance to the Saxon capital. Having then recently refused a legacy, it was necessary for him to find employment, and he was finally offered a position in the Saxon court. His pupils were the two children of the crown prince, and mathematics he received a large salary and the privilege of dining with the crown prince and his beautiful and intelligent wife, the crown princess. The latter took an interest in the lessons given by Prof. Giron, and was often present while he instructed her children. This was last winter. When summer came, and the royal family went into a summer home at Wachwitz, the relations between the crown princess and the French professor became more intimate. The crown princess had an unhappy home life. She had married the crown prince, who is described as a coarse and narrow-minded man, on the orders of her mother and against her own inclination. The domestic martyrdom that resulted is said to have been responsible for her lack of conscience as to her relations with Prof. Giron.

The mistress of the robes in the crown princess' establishment was the first to discover the nature of those relations. She immediately advised Prof. Giron to leave the city, in order to prevent a scandal, and declared she would inform the king if he did not go. Prof. Giron then departed, and the crown princess soon left Dresden for Salzburg. At this point a bit of Prof. Giron's ingenious diary comes in:

"December 13.—In the night of the 11th to 12th the crown princess left Salzburg with the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand of Austria, her brother, who arrived at the palace shortly after midnight. She took with her a small quantity of linen and some jewelry in a valise. A carriage with two Arab horses was waiting. It was a magnificent moonlight night and very cold. At Berchtesgheim the station was closed. They waited in the third-class waiting room and finally reached Bruck and Zurich.

"December 14.—I arrived at Zurich 24 hours later than was expected. She had passed a terrible night. We left for Geneva. "December 21.—We went to the theatre and made some purchases.

"December 22.—I bought a Christmas tree for her."

It is the hope of the runaway pair that the court will ask the vatican to annul the marriage contract of the crown prince and princess. Meantime, says Prof. Giron, "we are in the most complete uncertainty." Prof. Giron, who has given evidence of his entire

willingness to elucidate the details of his own scandal for the benefit of the public, decidedly objects to having his affair mixed up in any way with that of Archduke Leopold of Austria, who helped his sister, the crown princess of Saxony, to escape to Prof. Giron. Leopold is having a parallel affair with Frauline Adamovics, whom he proposes to marry despite the displeasure of Emperor Joseph.



Crown Princess Louise, of Saxony.

Concerning the emperor's demands Archduke Leopold said:

"The emperor of Austria wrote to me a few days ago to inform me (1) that he had struck my name from the roll of Knights of the Golden Fleece, and had stopped my annual allowance of 40,000 kronen, (2) that he had expelled me from the army, (3) that I am forbidden ever to return to Austria, and (4) that he formally authorizes me to become a naturalized subject of another sovereign, which means that he consents to my renunciation of my title of archduke. All this delights me, for I want never to hear of a court again. I have written to my father the grand duke of Tuscany, for I now have very little money. If he consents to help me all will go well. If not, I will help myself. I shall shortly marry Frauline Adamovics. She has never been a singer or an actress or anything of the kind. People have mistaken her for her sister. She exercises no profession and studies art for her amusement only."

Mention of the Hapsburg family, of Austria, brings to mind the recent tragic death of Crown Prince Rudolph and the love affair of his fiancée, Princess Stephanie of Belgium, who, against the will of her family, married Count Lonyay, a Hungarian nobleman. The anger of King Leopold over this match was recently brought forcibly to public attention by his refusal to allow Stephanie to attend the funeral of her mother, Queen Henrietta. Nevertheless, it is now declared that Princess Stephanie, or rather Countess Lonyay, as she is now called, has inherited the jewels of her mother, who forgave her before she died. It has been frequently asserted that she has separated from her husband, Count Lonyay, but this is denied. It is said that the count has a pretty hard time of it owing to his wife's exactions and temper. He is out of health, is devoted to her and altogether is completely in subjection to her; hence there is no likelihood that a divorce will be asked for.

As for Countess Stephanie's father, King Leopold, there have always been scandals connected with him, and there is little news in them. Queen Henrietta's life was made miserable by his wild escapades. Frequently, it is asserted, he brought his mistresses



Princess Victoria of England.

home, introduced them to his wife and compelled her to entertain them in a sumptuous manner. Now he is chiefly interesting to newsgatherers because of his reported desire to marry Infanta Maria Theresa, young sister of King Alfonso of Spain, in order that he may have an heir and thus defeat the house of Flanders, which is waiting to place Prince Albert, his nephew, on the throne of Belgium.

This marriage, if it occurs, will unite him with a family that has been rather unjustly slandered of late. That is to say, there is no truth in the statements scattered abroad by the Don Carlos faction, that the queen mother has been having an affair with her master of horse, nor is there truth in any of the similar stories from the same source. Not that the Spanish royal family has not had its scandals. Gossip tells some pretty bad stories about Queen Isabella's escapades with an American dentist, and it is even asserted that the late king was an illegitimate child.

DANIEL CLEVERTON.

Undoubtedly.

Miss Giddy—I suppose you medical students have some gay times.

Young Mediens—Yes, we do cut up quite a good deal.—Chicago Daily News.