

NELLIE'S VALENTINE.

BY JENNIE F. MERRICANT.

It chanced on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, As homeward I wearily would my way, I thought I would call on my friend Nellie Stone—

Of "old maids" the dearest and best ever known, We chatted of this, of that and the other, Till tea was announced by her rosy-faced brother; And scarce were we seated at table before A violent ringing was heard at the door.

Then Nellie's good mother went into the hall, But Nellie herself had to answer the call; Very soon she returned with a box set in hand And carefully set it upon a table stand.

The cover removed, what thin! you we found? A sweet, smiling baby with eyes blue and round, And pinned to its dress was a note which soon told That the babe should be Nellie's—to have and to hold.

"O, come to me, Nellie! I'm dying, and now I long for a touch of your hand on my brow; Forgiveness from you and your blessing I crave Ere passing away to my rest in the grave."

The note was signed "Nelson," and Nellie's tears fell, As she thought of the man she once had loved well; But he loved the wine-cup—her prayers were vain; From the demon of drink he would not refrain.

So Nellie said "Nay" when asked to delecte What day and what hour he might make her his bride; Then Nelson went off, and years later he was—"Now baby is motherless," so the note said.

It did not take long for Nellie to go, That Nelson at once her forgiveness should know; A clasp of the hand—a fluttering sigh—And Nellie then knew it had been a "good-bye."

Long years have gone on since the mem'orable night When Valentine Nelson, in robes long and white, A "cute dimpled darling," to Nellie's home came, And now he is winning his way toward fame.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

In Ancient Rome,

Their style of dress the Romans followed in a great measure the Greeks. The costume of a Roman lady consisted of three parts, the tunica, interior, the stola, and the palla. The former was a simple garment, over which was worn the stola. This had sleeves, generally open, showing the entire arm, and confined on the shoulder with a button or clasp. It was sometimes ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with stripes or embroidery. The



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

palla was a protective garment worn only out of doors. The materials of these garments were wool, silk, linen, and cotton, the former being most commonly used. At first, silk was worn only by women, men being prohibited from wearing it; and it was some years before the restriction was removed. These textiles were usually of a solid color, as violet, madder, crocus and the like, ornamentation being given by embroidery and stripes. At one period women were not allowed to wear Tyrian purple, but gradually they assumed this royal shade. The wedding dress was white, the veil, or flammen, yellow, the shoes of the same color, and the hair in a yellow net.

By reference to the picture, it will be seen that the Roman women wore their hair in various ways. The most common, however, and the simplest was to draw it away from the forehead and arrange it in a plait or knot at the back. As her extreme was a storied edifice built up on the head, and worn with hands to keep it in place. A sort of cap was also worn and hair nets composed of gold thread.

Like the women of all countries, the Roman women were very fond of jewelry. Their necklaces and chains often reached to their waists, and were rich and elegant. A necklace was found at Pompeii composed of a band of interlaced gold, on which were suspended seventy-one jeweled pendants, the clasp being of gold set with rubies. Bracelets were much worn, and were called *armillas*, the serpent bracelet, with ruby eyes, being especially popular. One large pearl was the favorite style for ear-rings, in fact, the Roman women were especially fond of pearls, and were often reproved by the philosophers for the money they spent on "these glowing children of the sea."

The shoes worn were sandals, which were often of bright colors and richly adorned with gems. The pre-eminence dress of the Roman gentlemen, which distinguished them from the Greeks, was the *toga*. This

was at first worn by women as well as men, but they soon relinquished it in favor of the latter. Not until the Roman Empire was transferred to Constantinople was the *toga* superseded by the more Grecian dress, the *pallium*. The *toga* hung in graceful folds, and was ample enough in the back to pull over the head in case of rain. It was made of wool, of the original color, Generals, however, wearing them purple, while knights' were of striped purple and those of priests and magistrates were bordered with purple, gold stripes intermingling with the same. The *tunica*, such as the young man in the picture wears, came half way down the thighs, and had ample folds in the back, which could be drawn around the arms if desired.

The shoes were of various kinds, sandals being the most common. They were usually scarlet and purple. Those of the wealthy were gorgeously painted, and adorned with glasses. The Romans generally went bare-headed, but they sometimes wore a low-crowned hat, or a woolen cap, or a sort of scarf, called a miter, tied around the head.

The picture gives a good idea of the costumes worn in ancient Rome on Saint Valentine's day. Saint Valentine was a priest at Rome, who was martyred there in the year 270. It was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of ladies on a year at least. It is said that this drawing took place on the 15th of February, but the priests, frowning on the custom, substituted the names of saints, and changed the day of drawing to the 14th of the month. It is not to be supposed that the young gentlemen approved of the substitution, nor found it easy to change their allegiance from earthly angels to heavenly saints.

For fancy balls and tableaux this costume study will be found very useful.

A COMIC VALENTINE.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

"Valentines! Valentines! Call at Potter Brothers! Everything from the sentimental to the ludicrous, at prices ranging from one cent to one dollar." The above advertisement appeared in the *Midland Recorder*, and the next few days were busy ones at the counters of Potter Bros.

dreaming bright dreams over a token of his favor. She could not, did not blame him; oh, no—but it was hard. And then this blow! Did she look that to others? Her friends had been very kind, and tried to keep her from realizing the truth.

Gently her mother strove to gain possession of the hideous (so-called) "comic" valentine; but the deformed figure seemed to hold a fascination for the poor girl, and over and over she read the silly, insulting inscription beneath.

Gradually the first stern calmed, and Percie at last folded the paper and put it aside. "I am so tired," she whispered, as her mother bent over her. "Try and sleep some, darling, while mother gets supper."

"I'll try."

Even as she turned away, Mrs. Wilton noted a flush on the delicate cheek, and her heart misgave her.

A little later a messenger left a box of beautiful flowers for "Miss Percie," and the mother knew the same hand had sent it that had underscored the lines one year before. With it she hurried to her daughter's side, hoping the timely remembrance might prove a panacea for the wound of the afternoon.

"See, darling!"

But one glance at the feverish face and wild eyes caused the mother to utter an exclamation of dismay. "She is in a raging fever and delirious; that dreadful valentine has proven more than she can bear. Oh, who could have been so cruel as to have sent it!"

Quickly Ben was dispatched for aid. "Brain fever, induced by some sudden mental shock," the doctor said.

Sweet little Percie! She was too frail; she could not rally, and in less than a week she lay once more in the sunny front room with the flowers she never noticed on her breast, while he who had sent them knelt by the simple casket and prayed Heaven to forgive him for his tardiness.

"Potter Bros." is not the only firm that defiles its shelves, counters and windows by displaying the vile, senseless nuisance known as the "comic valentine." Youthful taste is depraved by coming in contact with them. They are educators of evil, seeds of impurity, and the man who hands one across his counter and takes the boy's penny in return is not giving his customer the value of his money.

In examining the stock of "Potter Bros.," one thoughtless lad had remarked to another:

"Oh! see this humped woman; Percie Wilton's gettin' to look like that."

"Let's send it," chimed the other. "She won't know who did it."

The sequel has already been given. The results of always prove as serious to the recipient as in this case, but they hurt at best, and the sender has performed an act the thought of which must forever be a detestable memory.

Conundrums.

Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep off the chaps.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other preals from the steeple.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

What kin is the door-mat to the door? A step-father.

What is the board of education? The schoolma-er's shingle.

What is the difference between an old woman and a pretty girl? One is hairless and cappy and the other is careless and happy.

What is the difference between a soldier and a pretty woman? One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? He has been to sea.

Why is a doctor never seasick? He's used to sea sickness.

What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

A Centipede Going to Sleep.

A centipede is afraid of a tarantula, and when he lies down to sleep he always takes the precaution to build a cactus in front of him. A tarantula will never crawl over cactus; and thus, securely hedged in his own corral, the centipede knows he may sleep as long as he wants to, and his enemy can't get at him. It is laughable out on the Mojave Desert to watch the security of these centipedes as they lie and sleep, while their arch enemies, the tarantulas, nose around for hours before getting it up. But the cactus is a sure barrier. When one of them becomes satisfied there is a complete barrier they go away and use a third for the rest of the centipede. The latter, however, always takes a careful look around before he removes the cactus and ventures forth.—*Exchange*.

An engineer on the Walsh Railway, whose run is between Louisville and Springfield, has a cat which he would not part with for love or money. Ordinary it sits perched up in the cab window before its master, but occasionally it scrolls out to the pilot, where it will ride for hours at a stretch, winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the crossroads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sand-box and calmly roosts there, undeterred by the shriek of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The engineer has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look upon it as a mascot.

Saw Every President.

Miss Mary Macribbin, who died recently in Washington, claimed to have seen every President from Washington down to Cleveland. She was born in Annapolis, Md., and lacked but a few years of being a century old. During the war of 1812 she was living in Baltimore city and witnessed the memorable bombardment of Fort M'Henry. She was well acquainted with John Howard Payne, and witnessed his first appearance on the stage at Baltimore. She first went to Washington by stage in 1821, the journey from the Monumental City occupying twelve hours.

FOR THE LADIES.

DEVOTED TO THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF LAMENTED EVE.

Reasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress—How the Fashionable Art Themselves—Becoming Yet Not Costly Toilets.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

BUTTON, who's got the button? That query of the old-fashioned juvenile game may well be asked again in relation to the new-fashioned house-gowns. The intricate folds, shirrs, and pleats of these robes conceal the fastenings and exclude the useful button from view. Especially is this true of the latest developments in the tea-gown line. Sometimes the buttons are there, although the outside observer does not see them, but often they are replaced by hooks and other fasteners. The wearer herself couldn't locate them from memory, and sometimes it is a downright puzzle to her to find them at all. One belle, of sufficient pretensions to possess elaborate toilets, but not rich enough to employ a dressing-maid, declares that she uses a diagram with each involved and single gown, else she wouldn't be able to get it on or off in accordance with the design of the maker. It is said that in the forthcoming spring fashions buttons are to be restored plentifully to handsome bodices, and that, moreover, the new buttons are to be so fine as to be worthy of places in jewel-caskets.



THE PORTIA.

But for the present, and in such tea-gowns as this article illustrates, buttons are rarely seen.

The first of the gowns depicted is the "Ceres," and made in a combination of black plush and pale yellow silk, with very rich trimmings of gold embroidery on the collar and cuffs, and similar ornaments to finish the graceful sash of yellow silk which is artistically draped round the waist, and falls a most to the hem of the skirt. The bodice part is arranged in full folds, which are very becoming to the figure. The second is called the "Portia," and is made in rich black plush or velvet, with long angel sleeves from the shoulder to the hem of the skirt, lined with silk in a pale shade of heliotrope. The under-leaves and the softly draped front are also of heliotrope silk, ornamented at the throat and wrists with bands of heliotrope passementerie. A very handsome silk girdle is knotted around the waist and tied in long loops on the left side. The third is the "Violette," a very simple design, but one which is exceedingly graceful and universally becoming. The gown is made with bodice, train, and long sleeves of dark-gray plush, opening over a draped front of palest silver-gray, and cut with very pretty square fronts, arranged with revers of the same material. The long sleeves



THE CERES TEAGOWN.

are lined with pale gray, the under-leaves being also of pale gray silk. The garments from which these drawings are made are chiefly composed of plush as to the heavy portions and of silk as to the light, and the average cost is from \$40 to \$50 apiece. But the design may be worked out in a variety of cheaper fabrics, such as a combination of cashmere and silk, but the idea of sharp contrast in the colors and weights of the goods must be kept in mind. Not only in such house robes as these, but in the most luxurious and elegant costumes for evening wear, the heaviest and the most diaphanous fabrics are brought together in striking contrast. Velvet and tulle are often combined in ball dresses. As to colors for tea-gowns, the newest shades come in what are called art shirrs. Only to look at them is to conjure up visions of the most charming toilets for blonde and brunet alike. Starting from the exquisite Gobel in blue, and the delicate steel gray, which would look beautiful in combination with the silver passementerie now so fashionable. A deep but brilliant shade of red is suitably known as

Nihiliste, and will make up handsome in combination with pale-cream pomegranate silk, or with black silk applicable, for those who like a more somber coloring. The shades of pale-coral, pink of bois, buttercup yellow, and electric green are all beautiful in their way, and suggestive alike of handsome dinner-gowns, made with graceful trains, or smart opera cloaks and theater wraps, bordered with fur. The mordore and the ponce are also lovely tints. There is a beautiful moss bronze, in a shade which seems distinctly to recall the days of the empire, and among the other colors suitable for Directoire gowns we must also mention castor, mouse, heron, slate, and an almost indescribable tone of terra cotta, known as "Egypte clair."

Has Mrs. Grover Cleveland dropped out of public consideration? Politically, perhaps; fashionably, not if she is really going to New York City to reside. The writer has by chance been enabled to know all about two articles of apparel lately bought in Gotham by Mrs. William C. Whitney for the outgoing mistress of the White House, and they happen, too, to be in the line of this fashion article. One is a tea-gown all billows of bright, soft red crinkled lisse, over silk of the same shade. A short zouave jacket in velvet of an exactly similar tint is embroidered very lightly and delicately with fine gold, not the heavy, military-looking gold that is so loud and self-assertive. On the shoulders, particularly, these touches of gold are most effective. A sash of the red velvet is knotted in a deft little bow at the right side of the waist, and from it fall ends of velvet, the extreme points of which are embroidered and fringed with pale gold. It seems almost wicked to call this too delicious gown red, so exquisitely soft and refined is the shade. With Lady Frankie's dark eyes and hair, nothing could be better suited or more becoming, thought Mrs. Whitney on seeing the robe in a fashionable store; and, as she was commissioned to buy something of the kind, she took it on sight.

There are some pretty jewelry trifles about just now that cannot fail to attract the eye, and among these are the gold and silver kittens, which have replaced the poodles and pigs where-with we were wont to decorate ourselves a while ago. These are made in all sizes and of all values, but the oxidized silver specimen, with polished spots here and there, and ruby eyes, is most frequent. Another new ornament is the combination ring, which consists of four rings, each set with a different stone in a different place, and connected by means of a slight golden band. Bangles are growing thinner and thinner—in fact, they are scarcely visible upon the arm, but they are made remarkable by their pendants, which consist of such odds and ends as a row of small diamonds or large cat's-eyes set with brilliants, or, maybe, a ruby



THE VIOLETTE.

heart enshrined in diamonds.—*Daisy Part, in Chicago Ledger.*

FASHION NOTES.

Women's Styles.

OPALS are very fashionable gems. STRIPES will be worn again in the spring.

MILK-WHITE is more in vogue than cream color.

SHORT puff sleeves are worn for evening dresses.

VELVETS are fastened at the back with an ornamental pin.

GRAY-GREEN and metal-blue will be popular spring colors.

THERE is a revival of the old-fashioned baby-waist for dancing dresses.

A SQUARE Rhinestone buckle is considered the best taste on black satin evening slippers.

LEAFLESS flowers, particularly roses and poppies, are liked for trimming full dresses.

CHARMING theater toques and opera bonnets are made entirely of velvet flowers and leaves.

PROVIDED the cut of the corsage and the hang of the skirt are just right, the more simple the make of young ladies' evening gowns the better.

Men's Attire.

ALL reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the black silk skull-cap continues to be the popular head protector for railway traveling.

The same materials and patterns that will be seen next summer in ladies' blouses will also appear in men's tennis and lounging shirts.

In many quarters Roman stripes in sashes, mufflers, etc., have been well received, and found useful for household decorative purposes.

BLACK and steel-gray are effectively combined in silk mufflers. The result produced is a happy medium between the "loud" and the sober.

The attempt to revive scarf rings is a failure. Puff scarfs of extreme size in white ribbed silk are a decided "go" for afternoon wedding wear.

An observer of fashion's whims predicts an early revival of the old-time ruffled shirt-bosom. As a prophet he is, we are bound to say, a failure.

LETTER FROM THE CORNERS.

Mary Hanner's Gingersbread.

NEEDS ON NORTH HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS.



M. EDITOR.

Just as I had got my work all done on last Saturday, who should cum a drivin' up but Timothy Perkins, from over onto Spider Creek, after me to get an stay all day to his maws. So I set out some cole pig's feet an beens an pie fur the min olks, a snack to eat, an went along home with Timothy.

Mis Perkins was dretful glad to see me, an so was Mary Hanner an the other gals.

After I had took off my wraps an talked a bit, Mis Perkins tole me thet Mary Hanner was a goin to be married next day to a lawyer man thet she had got acquainted with when she wroff to school to the cemetery.

Ses Mis Perkins, "Mary Hanner woodn't hev hed him if it hadn't a ben fur her jaw an me; he's rite rich," ses she, "but Matie she liked another feller better, but he was pore, an so she tuk up with the rich ones."

They air my tickled about it, her paw an maw, but sum how they is a look aroun her eyes anmost made me cry, it wer so pitiful.

Mis Perkins she wer as gay an frisky es a lam fresh from the fold, she was awful busy, an so I tuk right a hold an helped her; she made a hull lot o gingersbread; hear is her resete.

Sum of Miss Perkinses accessories ses poets, an they write the resete in poetry, it is:

Mary Hanner, run this minnit, Git the pale with lassies in it; Fetch the shortin on the flour, Hurry! Don't be gone an our. Bring the salt an soda—hear me? Bring the paw an put on near me. We must never hev it so. Mary Hanner Perkins wed. Fore she lar her gingersbread, Run an fetch your mother's glasses. There! Now look; a cup o lassies; Next a table-spoon o salt; Stir it in an bet it hard. Now a little drap o water—Git it at the pump, in a dozer—Now desolve thet soda in it. One sig whipped fur hat a minnit, Pinch o salt; now stir your flour in. There! Take keer—yove got a power in. Stir it, beat it, whip it—see? Lite an rite es do lin be. Where's the citiger, that's well tho on, Strange it was so nigh forgotten, Without that it can't be said As gingersbread is gingerbread!

Mr. Editor, your wife needn't be afraid to try this resete, fur it makes awful nice gingersbread. Arter dinner Mary Hanner tuk me up-stairs to see her close. They air all awful nice. She hed three silk dresses an a weddin dress, an I don't no how menny cash-amerer, but she didn't seem to take much pride in em. I do hope Mary Hanner'd be happy an git a good man, for she air a awful good gal.

When they tuk me home at nite, the schoolmarm hed got the min's supper fur em an fed the huns an calks. I was awful glad of it, fur I was clean beat out with my visitation.

I was a goin to tell you about the quiltin an woodchoppin in this letter, but I aint got time. So good-by.

HESTER ANN SNOOPER.

P. S. Did I ever tell you thet it wer all a mistake about Moses Parson's wife a throwin bilin suds over him? It wan't only a deap'er o cold suds thet she throwed onto him by mistake; so Mis Parsons tole me to the school.

H. A. S.

Timing Horses by Clockwork.

The chronograph clock, tried at the Coney Island meeting, should be adopted by all racing associations. The dial of the clock, which shows the minutes and the one-fifth seconds, has a diameter of thirty inches, thereby allowing divisions of time to be seen at a great distance. The chronograph gear is made on the level-wheel principle, similar to the one used in the Waltham watch chronograph, thereby making a perfect instrument. The minute hand and the one-fifth second hand are started, stopped, and returned to 12 through an electrical appliance, either from the judges' stand or from any part of the track. Should the horses start from a point distant from the judges' stand the hands are started by an electric button behind the wire on the judges' stand.

As many buttons as necessary can be placed on the track, and any one or all of the three operations can be made from any of the buttons. The starting and stopping of the hands are instantaneous, being obtained by a slight touch of the button. Both hands are returned to the starting point (12) by means of any of the electric buttons. The motive power is obtained by a weight of ninety pounds attached to the great wheel, which has a maintaining power, to allow the running of the clock to remain undisturbed while winding it. When the hands are at rest the clock keeps on running, thereby allowing the clock to be perfectly regulated. The clock will run one day or more if necessary, and the hands may be operated an unlimited number of times.—*Detroit Free Press*

A Little Twisted.

"John, you've been smoking again. Your clothes are reeking with the odor."

"Maria, you are mistaken. I rode home in a smoking-car, had to do that or stand up."

Next day: "John, you've been drinking again."

"Maria, 'pon my word I haven't. I rode home in a (hie)—with a—(No, that won't do this time). Maria, I shelp me Joshua, I'm straight as a str-str-string. You're thinkin' bout that other time I come home kind o tired out 'fore I swore off."—*Boston Republican*.

A German Exposition.

The sum of 5,000,000 marks has been raised by the Export Society of Germany for a floating exhibition palace in the form of a steel ship 564 feet long, with four engines and four screws. It is expected that this vessel will start from Hamburg on its first voyage in 1890. If the anticipated profit of 2,000,000 marks annually is realized, floating exhibitions will be likely to become common during the next few years.—*Arkansoe Traveler*.