

A Valentine

If all the hearts in all the world could just love one another,
If all of us where'er we met would call each man his brother,
How happy each of us would be,
From turmoil and from strife set free,
And then, each day, O heart of mine,
Would be a great big Valentine.

If each of us would do his part and not shirk in the doing,
There'd be no space for angry words,
nor time for trouble brewing.
But each would say to each "God speed,"
And mean it, living by his creed
Of perfect love; O heart of mine,
'Twould be the world's great Valentine.

If we united tried to walk, the right way,
altogether,
Yet halted for the fair'ring ones who felt
Fate's stormy weather;
If all the strong would firmly stand
For right, and lead the timid band
Of weaker ones, oh, heart of mine
'Twould be the world's best Valentine.

Her Helpful Valentine

By Lee Shippey

FELDON had found the one girl—Nellie Hastings. Nellie had great, lustrous eyes. When Felton recited his own poetry she would gaze intently into his face with a rapt expression, as if thinking of a new hat she would like to buy. And probably she was.

When he finished reciting she would be silent a moment and then murmur: "How exquisite!" She didn't say what was exquisite, but Felton thought he knew. But I would wager a little on the hat.

Felton's family and I looked on his romance with extreme disfavor. But he would brook no criticism from his relatives. That was why he happened to be lodging with me in the studio, temporarily. Being only a friend I knew Felton much better than his family did and was wise enough not to show my disfavor for his suit.

I knew Nellie, too, and felt sure her union with Felton would not be best for all concerned. Felton was really a fine chap. He was original. He did not even imitate other men in their vices, as most otherwise original men do. He had a fine scorn for philandering and excesses. He did not love to eat and drink or indulge in any other common appetite. His appetites were spiritual. I felt sure the girl for him would have to be a modern Pallas.

But that is just what he thought Nellie was. "She has a wonderful soul!" he would cry. "It looks out of her eyes. Every glance is a lyric, every steadfast gaze a perfect poem!"

When a man who tells you his love is too deep for words gushes forth like that about thirty times a day it usually ends in a life sentence. There's no saving him.

Still we tried hard, the family and I. The family pleaded, stormed and threatened. I tried sundry strategic moves. But all proved futile. Felton and Nellie decided to marry in May. They wouldn't be married in June because so many people get married then. It was early in February when they definitely decided on the date, and then the family and I lost hope.

But a few days later he came in looking so agitated I felt hopeful of calamitous news. His hair was disheveled, his collar awry, his tie humped. He paid no attention to me, but began at once to pace the floor feverishly, muttering unintelligibly as he walked and stopping frequently to claw his hair frenziedly. I waited patiently for the floodgates to burst, but nothing happened. Occasionally he would stare at me, but did not seem to see me. Finally he sat and began to write. I could not restrain an exclamation of profound disgust.

"So it's a mere poem you're working on?" I sneered. "I thought something had happened."

He looked up dazedly a moment. Then he seemed to recall where he was and that I was a human being. Then his excitement flooded back.

"A mere poem?" he cried. "This poem should be an echo and a light unto eternity! It should symbolize the most perfect love which ever existed

between human beings. St. Valentine's day is coming, you dolt. That day I am to pour out my heart in a poem to Nellie and she hers in a poem to me. "The deuce you say!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know she wrote such stuff."

"Her every thought is a poem," he declared. For a week, Felton labored incessantly over that poem. He would hop out of bed in the middle of the night to change a word or put in a comma. He revised it a dozen times every day. It was a truly beautiful thing when he sent it away by messenger the morning of St. Valentine's day. The same messenger brought back Nellie's valentine.

What sounded like the gasps of a dying man called me to Felton's side five minutes later. He had fallen back pale and limp, on a couch. I propped up his head and ran for a stimulant, but he waved me away. "Don't save me," he pleaded. "Life is all too taunting a mockery. I thought I had found a soul perfectly responsive to harmony and melody and beauty and symmetry. But just look what she wrote!"

He held up Nellie's valentine, and I read:

This valentine
To you doth say
I'm yours all the time
For ever and for aye;
So when this you see
Do not forget
To remember me
Your own
Nellie.

I read the valentine through twice, believing I saw possibilities in it. Felton groaned steadily the while.

Felton shamelessly deserted Nellie, leaving for an extended trip through



Would Gaze Intently Into His Face.

the West without stopping to say good-by. Both his family and I felt greatly relieved. Shortly afterward I married Nellie myself. And ever since then the dear girl has made a handsome living for both of us by writing "lyrics" for popular songs.

"Cupid's Morgue."

"Cupid's morgue" in the city post office is not the gruesome place of blasted hopes and affections that one might imagine it to be, but is in reality the most interesting and cheerful department in the mailservice; the greatest amount of trouble is taken in discriminating where the different matter shall be sent, and no books or printed valentines are distributed without first being carefully looked over.

Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

The Armenian and the Kurd

By J. W. MULLER

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The everlasting strife between Armenians and Kurds in the territory where Russia, Persia and Turkey adjoin, is the theme of the Armenian story given here. Its scene is in the present field of war. It is from Akaroneau's tale, "Blas the Ox."

Chsro, the Armenian hunter, cared for weather as little as did the bears and wolves that he fought. He suffered nature's cruelties as stubbornly as did the rocks of his native mountains. His continual strife, his continual shedding of blood, had given him not only the courage of a beast of prey but the silence of one.

Silent and unsmiling, he brought his trophies to the village. Silent and unsmiling, he bore them past the admiring people. Silent and unsmiling, he departed.

But one day he entered the village smiling. On his back was a strange, a horrible burden. It was not a dead wild beast, but prey heavier and far more noble. And Chsro smiled under this burden. With a terrible, fatal smile Chsro smiled as he stooped beneath the body of his only son.

"See Chsro's trophy!" he cried, when the villagers gathered. "Whose prey is this? Is it the prey of the Kurds? I hunt wild beasts! They hunt Armenians!"

The son had been killed by Kurdish raiders while he was trying to defend from them the pair of oxen with which he had been plowing.

And Chsro went back to his mountains and lay in wait—but not for animals. He did not turn his steps homeward again until he had drunk out of his hollowed hand the blood of the Kurds who had slain his son.

When he re-entered the village the neighbors clamored that it had been raided in his absence and that his daughter and his son's widow had been carried off. Chsro listened. Without a word or a sob, he listened, turned away, and disappeared.

After many days he came back and did something that struck the village dumb. He gathered his possessions, piled them in his house and set all on fire. When the last glowing rafter had fallen, he took his little grandson Trumo by the hand and went away.

None of the village ever saw him again, but before many days they learned of the terrible deed that the iron man had done previously to burning his house. He had crept to the Kurdish stronghold and had stabbed the two captured women to death, that the outrage to his family honor might vanish from the earth.

Chsro and his little Thumo wandered, clinging to existence by every means that misery could devise. As they went on, begging, starving, freezing, the old hunter's mind became sick. Thumo's great, blue eyes made him shudder; for they were the eyes of his unhappy mother, whose innocent blood had poured dreadfully over the hunter's hand when he stabbed her.

He began to forget why he had slain his dear ones. Only the horror, the heartlessness of his deed survived in his memory. He suffered dim torments by day. Vivid phantoms tormented him at night. If it had not been that he must remain alive to care for little Thumo, his practiced hand would have sent the steel into his own throat, and he would have gone to God to tell his tale—such a tale, thought old Chsro sobbing, that heaven would shudder, the angels would wail and the splendid stars lose light.

Wearily, wretched and ragged, they came at last into a town where there was a bazaar. Chsro and Thumo sat down against a wall to get the warmth of a meager sun. Suddenly the old man, looking at the busy market scene, began to weep.

Little Thumo looked in the direction of his grandfather's gaze. He saw a Kurd with a beautiful ox.

"Blas, grandfather, our Blas!" screamed the child. He ran to the ox and began to kiss the broad forehead between the soft, gentle eyes.

The Kurd, suspecting instantly that these must be the previous owners of the animal, tried to drive it away; but the child clung to the great, silken ear, and the powerful brute stood obstinately still, seeking Thumo's cheek with his muzzle.

"It is not mine!" said the Kurd softly. "My life on it! Come, child, and let him go!"

He tried to loose the boy's hold on the ox. "Grandfather! Grandfather!" wailed Thumo.

A crowd had gathered. Chsro could not see what was happening. He could only hear his grandchild scream. Instantly fury seized him. He sprang up, broke through the crowd, and leaped at the Kurd, gripping his throat.

The Kurd struggled. He tore the hair from Chsro's head. But the nervous old hands were as iron rings, and with a hoarse growl the Armenian's fingernails dug deeply, deeply.

The bystanders tried to pull him off, but he clung to his victim like a leech. As if a leech were sucking at the Kurd's throat, a dark stream of blood

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Glance Into the Future.
Knicker—What will follow the war after the war?
Bocker—The peace after the peace.



There was a young lady named Bosker, who slept while the ship lay at anchor. She awoke in dismay when she heard the mate say, "Now hoist up the top sheet and spiker." It's enough to frighten anybody to awake uncovered out of a sound sleep with the first symptoms of a cold clutching at the throat and lungs, with that chilly creepy feeling all over. Quick action is necessary at such times to nip it in the bud and thus prevent bronchitis or serious lung troubles. If you will always keep a bottle of old reliable

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W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 5-1917.

MISTOOK HUNTER FOR STUMP

Nimrod's Peculiar Experience With a Lynx Who Had Been After a Squirrel Dinner.

I was once teaching school, writes a Companion reader, in a backwoods region, where game was very plentiful. One afternoon in the hunting season I made my way to a small valley about a mile from the settlement, down which ran a well-beaten deer trail.

I took my post on a small hill that commanded a good view of the valley. In front of me, and about 12 feet distant, was a large pine tree; behind me was an old stump. As the evening was cool, I wore a gray sweater, and my hat was also gray.

After waiting for nearly an hour, I noticed a movement in a small clump of bushes to my right. Then the horns and head of a large buck appeared, but he drew back before I had a chance to fire. With rifle cocked and finger on the trigger, I crouched, waiting for him to show himself again.

A squirrel chattered sharply from the stump behind. Then he landed squarely on the top of my head, from which he sprang to the tree. Immediately after I was thrown violently forward on my face by some heavy object that descended with great force on my back. The blow almost drove the breath from my body. My rifle was discharged as I fell.

Very much surprised and considerably alarmed, I scrambled to my feet, but nothing living was in sight. I peered behind stumps and fallen logs, more mystified every moment. No owl swooping down upon the squirrel could have inflicted such a blow, neither had any limb fallen from the tree. I looked up among the thick foliage, but there was nothing to be seen. I walked round to the other side of the tree. On a large bough, but well hidden, I discerned a dim, gray shape. It was a full-grown lynx. I brought him down by a well-directed shot.

Now I understood the situation. Near the stump on which the squirrel had been sitting lay a large log. Behind this the lynx had crept on his prey. In escaping, the little animal had leaped to my head, and thence to the tree. His enemy had followed him, and he must have been mightily surprised at landing on a man, and also by the report of my rifle.

Naturally I saw nothing more of the deer, but was richer by a fine lynx skin and a most uncommon experience.—Youth's Companion.

A Wise Boy.

"Boys" said a teacher to her Sunday-school class, "can any of you quote a verse from scripture to prove that it is wrong to have two wives?"

A bright boy raised his hand.

"Well, Thomas," encouraged the teacher.

Thomas stood up. "No man can serve two masters," he said, proudly

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The Toiler.
"Does a farmer have to work hard?"
"Yep. But not as hard as the average person who has to buy what us farmers raise."

HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is a serious matter with housekeepers as food prices are constantly going up. To overcome this, cut out the high priced meat dishes and serve your family more Skinner's Macaroni and Spagetti, the cheapest, most delicious and most nutritious of all foods. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book, telling how to prepare it in a hundred different ways. It's free to every woman.—Adv.

If we didn't have to work there would be no fun in loafing.

The whole universe is nothing but a trace of the divine goodness.—Dante.

Argentina is not taking kindly to foreign soft drinks.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.
A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

The American farmer is the hope of the nation.

Infections or inflammations of the Eyes, whether from external or internal causes, are promptly healed by the use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring. Adv.

Any man becomes an ideal husband the day his wife becomes a widow.

Why Rheumatism Comes With Cold Weather!

BY VALENTINE MOTT PIERCE, M. D.

A close connection exists between these two—cold weather and rheumatism. Prof. Alex. Haig, of London, has the most followers in the medical profession in the belief that the presence in the system of uric acid, or its salts in excess, is the real cause of rheumatism. Everyone has recognized the difference in the appearance of their water as soon as it gets cold; there is often a copious sediment of brickdust.

Several causes may lead up to an accumulation of uric acid in the system, which, in turn, causes rheumatism or gout, or creaky joints; or swollen fingers, or painful joints. For one reason the skin does not throw off the uric acid, by profuse sweating, as in the hot weather, and the kidneys are unable to take care of the double burden. Another reason is that people do not drink as much water in cold weather as in summer, which helps to flush the kidneys. Again, they eat more meat in cold weather, and some people are so susceptible that they soon develop rheumatism after eating meat.

At all such times persons should drink copiously of hot water, say, a pint morning and night, and take Anurio three or four times a day. This Anurio comes in tablet form and can be had at almost any drug store. It dissolves the uric acid in the system and carries it outward. I would advise everyone to take Anurio occasionally, and continue for three or four weeks, and in that way avoid rheumatism, gout and many of the painful disorders due to uric acid.—Adv.