



WHAT would you think if when you awakened on the morning of St. Valentine's day you saw standing beside your bed a tiny boy or girl who gave you a beautiful blue card with your name written on it in gold letters and announced that he had come to be your valentine?

That is one of the ways that Valentine's day used to be celebrated many years ago in England, and in his interesting diary Samuel Pepys tells about this old custom, which was in full force in the reign of Charles II.

"On Valentine morning," says Pepys, "there came to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it."

It was the custom of the times for the person who had been chosen as a valentine to give the one choosing him or her a gift in accordance with the wealth and station of both, and it was necessary for Mrs. Pepys to give such a gift to little Will Mercer.

Mrs. Pepys that same year chose Mr. Pepys to be her valentine, and so Mr. Pepys was obliged to give her a present. It cost him £5, about \$25 in our

money, but Mr. Pepys consoled himself by remarking that he must have paid out the money anyhow if he and his wife had not been valentines.

Mr. Pepys was also chosen by a child as her valentine. This little girl was the daughter of a friend of his. Sometimes the persons chosen to be the valentines of the others were deliberately selected, but usually they were drawn by a sort of lottery.

Among a certain group of persons who were all friends or who lived in

the same neighborhood the lottery would take place. All the girls' and women's names were written on slips of paper and all the boys' and men's names on other slips, which were kept apart from those of the women's. The slips of paper, twisted up so that the names could not be seen, were put in a pile, and the men drew the name of a girl or woman and the girls and women drew the names of men or boys. Whoever they drew were their valentines, and if they were children

they followed this up by going on the morning of St. Valentine's day to call upon the chosen ones. Both children and grown persons took part in this celebration and, as you have seen from Mr. Pepys' diary, there was no distinction of age at all in the drawing of the valentines.

Sometimes instead of the boys and girls walking to the houses of their valentines to make their calls, huge hampers were sent to the doors of the ladies who were to be honored, and out of these hampers, which were beautiful and much decorated, tiny boys dressed in fancy costumes came to present "St. Valentine's love to the little ladies fair." There were other huge parcels sent which, when they were opened, turned out to be simply jokes, with nothing in them at all after miles of wrappings had been taken off.

There were often mottoes, which came in the lottery along with the name of the valentine, and when the parcels were sent to a house there were almost always mottoes, whether the parcel was a real valentine or only a joke. One of the mottoes which was often used was, "Happy is he that expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." A rather unpleasant motto for St. Valentine's day. A motto which Mrs. Pepys drew was "Most courteous and most fair," which her husband thought a very nice motto indeed.

A Haul of Shad

There is no fish more toothsome than the shad, and the catching of it is an industry that employs hundreds of people. Delaware shad have gained a wide reputation, and when the first seine of the season is dropped in the river, a few miles below Philadelphia, the results of the haul are anxiously looked for, not only by fishermen, but by visitors.

Shad fishing along the inner coast of North Carolina, on Albemarle sound, is however, more picturesque than it is on the Delaware.

The regular season begins in February, and lasts until June, but early in the winter the nets are tarred and mended, and then hung on long poles and stretched along the shore to dry.

The opening of the season is not relished by the farmer, for labor is well paid at the fisheries, and colored men and women are eager to leave the field and the kitchen. But they are improvident; the women indulge so much in their love for finery, and the men in other extravagances, that when the season ends they have nothing to show for their higher wages.

There is always a great deal of uncertainty on the part of the owners of the fisheries as to what the returns of the season will be. They can never tell. Without any apparent cause one haul will be tremendously large, while the other will be so small that it is scarcely worth the trouble of landing it.

For days before the work begins the owners are kept busy. "Hands" have to be hired, boats chartered, and ice and provisions purchased. The post-office of one of the villages along the inner coast is a favorite spot for people to meet and talk business, as also is the porch of the hotel, where prospects are discussed and agreements made.

Close by the fisheries rough cabins are put up, containing from one to two rooms, that of the master generally having a writing table, with a comfortable bed and easy chair brought from home.

The surroundings are plain and simple, but when at night the deep fireplace has been piled high with oak and pine the scene is changed. There is a steady glow from the big logs, which touches floor and walls with rare beauty. Shadows chase each other along the smoky rafters, and over the fire bends the black faced cook, turning the fish and "flopping" the hoe cake, her gayly colored turban and crescent shaped earrings giving an oriental tone to the picture.

Sometimes the wives and children of the owners close up their houses in town and go to live in the cabin when the first pleasant weather comes. Then for the children there are glorious sails in the fishing boats and delightful games on the sand, while the mothers rest under the pines or on the sunlit beach. No need of dainties, either, to whet the appetite. Baked fish, corn bread and coffee make a dish fit to set before a king.

Easter Monday is always a great day at the fisheries. It is a school holiday, and the children come from miles around to see the fishermen at work. The girls are seated in wagons that jolt along through the sweet smelling pine woods, the boys are running and leaping and shouting, and then, when the village has been reached and lunch baskets are stored away, there is a

Valentine Folk Made From Nuts and Nut Shells



The Young Man from Peanutville



The Animaliwalicus



Chief Walnut Face

character to the whole thing, and some care should be taken in picking out nuts that are grotesque or picturesque, as the case may be, or that seem to represent the sort of figure to which it is to be applied.

In the peanut acrobat the large ends of the nut indicate the muscular development natural to a man of his physical prowess. With the dog the resemblance may be seen at once.

In attaching the nut to the cardboard lies the whole secret of making the funny nut figure. Every one wonders how it is done, but it is all very simple, like lots of other things once one knows how. And this is the way: Take a little plaster of paris and add a little water to make a paste. Fill the inside of the nut and quickly, before it dries, press into the soft paste the head of a paper clip. As soon as hardened the ends of the clip are pressed through the cardboard directly over the spot where it is intended to go, the ends of the clip separated and bent out flat at the back. This secures the nut firmly in place.

race for the beach to watch the haul. There are two small steamboats near the water's edge, laden with seine and manned by men clad in oilskin coats, sou'westers and long rubber boots.

The boats put off from shore and go straight out for a mile or two keeping close together. Then they separate and go in opposite directions, describing a semicircle and dropping the seine from the stern of the boat. When all the seine has been paid out, they return and wait for the nets to fill.

Soon it is time to make the haul. The boats go out and begin to draw the nets nearer. The ends of the seine are drawn up on the decks of the boats. Smaller and smaller grows the half

circle, the men pulling together, their voices blending in a cheery song, and occasionally a fish escapes from the net and leaps high up in air.

As the net is drawn nearer the shore, stalwart men wade out to keep it down, while they draw it up on the beach. At last it is landed, high and dry, and firmly secured by wooden pegs that are driven into the beach.

Thousands of fish wriggle and flop and twist in the sunlight, every color being reflected by their silver scales. They are thrown into crates and then put into a large trough, through which flows a stream of fresh water. Near by are the boxes into which they are to be shipped, and into them they go.

Planting Nails for a Crop

Before the arrival of Europeans in the South Sea Islands, the inhabitants or Polynesians as they are called, were not acquainted with metal. All their weapons and implements of husbandry were made of flint and stone, or even of hard wood. Though only savages, they ornamented their war clubs, canoes, household utensils and the outside of their houses with beautiful carving, all of which was executed with tools made either of jade or shark's teeth, and must have cost them immense labor.

When Captain Cook visited Tahiti and the various islands in the south seas he found that the natives would give anything for nails or pieces of old iron, so when he set out in A. D. 1772 on his second voyage around the world he took with him, besides other articles, a quantity of spike nails to exchange with the natives for provisions. A spike nail of superior size was the most highly prized present he could make to a chief; and as he cruised among the Polynesian islands, his supply of nails running short, he set his smiths to work to make more.

Now, as the natives knew nothing of metal, they at first imagined that iron must be some kind of very hard wood, and, as the nails resembled in shape the seeds of one of their fruit trees, they thought that these nails, brought by the wonderful white people, were the seeds of the iron tree which grew in their far off country.

So they carefully planted some in their gardens; but, after waiting for the nails to sprout, they were disappointed to find that it was only a nail still, and that there was no hope of its ever growing into a tree and producing iron. However, they soon found that they could kill each other more easily with iron than with flint or stone, so, instead of planting them, they turned their nails into weapons of destruction.

A metal needle, also, was better for puncturing the figures of coconut trees and other objects with which they delighted to adorn their persons, than one made from a fish bone; and a steel chisel took the place of the blunt instrument of jade formerly used in tattooing geometrical lines on the skins of New Zealanders.

An Incident of the Battle of Waterloo

An incident of the battle of Waterloo, heard from the great duke himself, was told by Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, to the late Sir George Burns, in whose biography it is given by Edwin Hodder.

At one moment in the battle the duke of Wellington was left alone, his aides de camp having been dispatched with messages.

A man in plain clothes rode up to him and said, "Can I be of any use, sir?"

The duke looked at him and instantly said: "Yes; take that pencil note to the commanding officer" (pointing to a regiment in the heat of the engagement).

The note was taken and delivered, its bearer galloping through the thick of the fight to execute his commission. After the battle the duke made every inquiry, but never could find out to whom he was indebted for this brave service.

He told Lord Shaftesbury that he considered this one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice, seeing that it was done without prospect of reward.