

# A VALENTINE

HERE it is, its precious pages,  
Yellowed by the hand of time,  
Yet it takes me gently backward  
To the gates of childhood's clime;  
And I catch a glimpse of Edith  
Through the softly falling snow,  
As I read the simple verses  
Written in the long ago.

Little faces that have vanished,  
Little hands we see no more,  
Seem to come to us unbidden  
From beyond the misty shore;  
And the valentine I cherish,  
Old, and quaint and torn, you know,  
Is to me the sweetest chapter  
Found in life's fair long ago.

You can hardly read the verses  
By the childish fingers traced,  
Years that have forever vanished  
Have the gentle lines erased;  
But in memory's beautiful gardens  
Still the flow'rs of youthtime blow,  
And I still repeat the verses  
Penned—so long—so long ago.

Sunny links there are that bind us  
To the fair and storied past,  
Through the cruel years would leave us  
To the mercy of the blast;  
So the valentine she sent me  
Lends to life a sacred glow,  
And my heart repeats the verses  
Written in its long ago.

Bending o'er the crumpled pages  
I can see a vision fair,  
And a form from out the shadows  
Seems to seek my easy chair;  
Ah! a hand my boyhood cherished  
Strikes the chords of love, and lo!  
Quick my old heart thrills with music  
Crowned with thoughts of long ago.

Ere I fold the yellow pages  
Let me once more read her rhyme,  
Traced amid a fair cheek's blushes  
In the heart of childhood's clime;  
There! I put away my treasure,  
With the bright sun sinking low;  
For the valentine I cherish  
Blinds me to the long ago.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

# THE SWORD OF St. Valentine

—BY MABEL S. MERRILL—

TELATHA was skimming the milk. It was the hour for skimming milk in Eden—that was the name of the town—and as Telatha, in the capacity of hired help, took care of Dea Wright's dairy, you were always sure of finding her among the milk pans at that hour. Cephas Wheeler was sure of it as he came plodding up the lane, lifting his feet and setting them down with quite unnecessary force.

"There's sunthin' on his mind," murmured Telatha, tranquilly, watching him. "There allus is. It's lucky 'tain't never anythin' very heavy, or 'twould break down. His mind wa'n't built to carry much of a heft. I make no do'nt he's comin' to ask whether or no he'd better speak up to the Widder Payne. La, what a fool a man is!" and Telatha went composedly back to her skimming.

There had been a time when Cephas Wheeler had asked Telatha the question he was evidently intending to put to the Widder Payne. But that was ten years ago, and Telatha could not at that time leave her father, who was falling from day to day. So nothing had come of it, except that Cephas appeared to deduce the conclusion that since Telatha had refused him herself, she was bound to provide for him in some other way, to which end he had brought all his affairs to her for adjustment these many years. These affairs were mostly of the sentimental sort, for Cephas was continually "getting his eye" as he expressed it, on some particular charmer of Eden township. But somehow they all proved unsatisfactory on a closer acquaintance, though more than one had shown decided favor to the village beau, who owned two farms and a house at the Cross Roads.

This last affair, however, promised to be more serious. Widow Payne was 25, and a beauty, and she had money in the bank. "Look here, Telathy," began Cephas, bursting in among the milk pans and planting himself on a stool behind the churn; "I'm going to send a valentine." "I wanter know. Take the end of your comforter out o' the butter milk, Cephas," mildly admonished Telatha, the unmoved; "and don't glare like that; you'll sour the cream." "Telathy, this is a serious business," protested Cephas, looking as if he were going to be hanged; "an' I want some serious advice. This ain't goin' to be a common valentine. Now, Telathy, if you wanted to send a woman a valentine that would put it into her mind that you was ready to offer her your heart an' hand, what kind of a one would it be?" "You don't need to put it into her mind; it's there a ready," returned Telathy, literally. "You know what to say to her better'n I do, Cephas." "I tell ye, a valentine is the proper beginnin' this time o' year," insisted Cephas, irritably. "The only question is, what form of a valentine. Telathy, should you?" Cephas leaned forward with his hands on his knees, and his voice dropped to a ghostly whisper—"should you send one in the form of poetry?" "Poetry is some like peppercass," mused Telathy; "good in its place. Now, at a fun'ral—"

"The name on't," he announced, "is 'The Sword of St. Valentine.'" Telatha nodded and laid down her skimmer to listen. Cephas began declaiming with a vigor that made the milkpans vibrate. It was a rhymed outburst of devotion, fervent, but mercifully brief.

"I made it myself," said Cephas, modestly, when he had finished. "So I should judge," returned Telatha, serenely resuming her skimming. "Mebbe you don't understand it," said Cephas, loftily. "The feller, you see, goes and sings a song under her winder to tell her his heart's broke."

"If 'twas I don't b'lieve he'd make all that noise about it," observed Telatha, beginning on another pan. "When folks' hearts break they don't go off with a bang and hit the bystanders, Cephas."

Cephas was struck by the acuteness of this criticism. He looked a little blank. "Wal, darn it all, Telathy, she's got to have a valentine," he protested, "and paper ones with flowers on 'em hain't to my notion. There's nothin' original about 'em."

"Then buy her something nice," said Telatha, soothingly. "She'll understand that, if it ain't poetry." "I would if I only knew what," said Cephas, despondingly. "Then he brightened up at a sudden thought."

"Why, I'll buy it and bring it round here to-morrow, so's you can help me make up my mind," he said. "It won't have to be sent 'fore to-morrow night." And, looking mightily relieved at this solution of the difficulty, Cephas departed.

The next day Telatha, taking her pans down from the shelves at the usual hour, spied Cephas coming up the lane. He was floundering through the deep snow, much encumbered with parcels of all sorts and sizes. Telatha looked at him in some surprise as he came in and dumped the bundles in a heap on the floor. There was an air of determination about him that was rather new.

"Now, look here, Telathy," he began, opening one of the bundles, "how'd you think this would do?" He held up a plaster of paris shepherd, with startlingly blue eyes and a mouth that either by intention or a chance stroke of a maker was in the shape of a letter O. He was embracing the shoulders of a chilly-looking shepherdess who stood gazing into space with the unruffled calmness of Telatha herself.

"Ain't it a good hint?" said Cephas, romantically. "Land sake, Cephas," returned the unimpressible lady of the milk pans, "what's the use of a hint done out in earthenware? You'd better up and tell her all about it. You'd oughter be able to perpose as well as a graven image."

"Wal, look here, then, will this suit?" said Cephas, undoing another parcel with the same air of determination. "Wax flow'rs," murmured Telatha. "La, they're purty and no mistake. But them roses have got maple leaves, Cephas, and—"

"Wal, I can't help it. I didn't make 'em," snapped Cephas. "Here—look at that," displaying a red and green pin-cushion, shaped like a heart and prominently decorated with glass beads that might have been intended to represent teardrops.

"Don't know's it's best to give a woman a hint that she can stick pins in yer heart," he said, gloomily. "Slong's it's only stuffed with bran it don't make any pertickler difference." He opened the last and largest parcel and flung the folds of a shimmering silk across Telatha's shoulder.

"Take care, Cephas, it'll be into the cream pail," warned Telatha; but her eyes were shining with admiration of the beautiful fabric. Silk dresses were rare in Eden. "Wal, will that do?" demanded Cephas.

"I should think so," replied Telatha, cautiously, "but I don't know much about her tastes and notions. She's terrible stylish, Cephas."

"Do you mean will I have you if Widder Payne won't?" "Hang it, no!" shouted Cephas. "You hain't goin' to marry me to Widder Payne, unless I'm a mind to, air ye? It's you I'm askin'. Will you, Telatha Allen, have me, Cephas Wheeler?"

"La, yes, Cephas," returned Telatha, beginning to skim the pan, "if you're sure it's me you want." Cephas came around the table. "Put down that skimmer, Telathy," he said. "I've got on my satinet wescut. It's ten year sence I kissed you, an' then I was so all-fired mad I didn't appreciate it as I'd oughter."

"Cephas," said Telatha, pushing him away to look at him; "you didn't mean it for me when you made up 'The Sword of St. Valentine'?" Cephas looked abashed. "No, I didn't," he answered, truthfully. "I was layin' out to send it to Widder Payne—like a fool. But last night I went down to her house after I left here, and there she sot in a dress that reached half across the room, an' I fell over it—an' then I'm blamed if her tongue didn't go all the evening like that churn dasher, an' I couldn't get a word in edgewise, an' I sot an' thought of you, Telathy, skimming your milk and holding your tongue like a sensible woman, and I realized what a fool I'd been. I see now, Telathy, 'twas the thoughts of you that allus come between me and the rest of the women folks."

"I'm glad you didn't mean the poetry for me," Telathy said, placidly, "because 'twould have been such a bad beginnin'." "There hain't no other woman like you in the world, Telathy," exclaimed Cephas, looking at her with a burst of admiration.

"Wal, I guess I'll wash up the milk pans," said Telathy.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## ANONYMOUS VALENTINES.

The Charm of These Gifts Lies in the Fact That the Sender is Unknown.

St. Valentine, long the patron saint of courtship, has come in our day to belong almost as wholly to children as does our good old friend, St. Nicholas. The paper lace and tinsel, the gayly printed loves and doves and roses of ready-made valentines make pretty playthings, and signify a suitable exchange of childish attentions; but they are quite beneath the dignity of young folk old enough to take themselves seriously as lovers.

Indeed, the courting quality has quite vanished from the day, which used—as readers of Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth" will remember—to be a very important one to maids and bachelors of long ago. Most of the customs attendant on its old observance have perished also. But the opportunity for an anonymous gift remains; and whether it is to be given to lad or lass, little or big, whether it is a token of friendship or an offering of sentiment, the custom is a pretty and graceful one, and a pleasing survival from times gone by.

Christmas and birthday gifts are delightful because we do know the givers, but the charm of a valentine lies in the very fact that we do not. It is interesting to guess, agreeable to discover, exciting to have the mystery



"WAL, DARN IT ALL, TELATHY, SHE'S GOT TO HAVE A VALENTINE."

remain unsolved. There is also added satisfaction in the circumstance that being anonymous, the valentine is the sincerest and most disinterested of tributes, carrying neither an obligation nor an expectation of return.

Flowers, or—with reference to the early traditions of the day—a pair of gloves, or a book of lyrics make perhaps the most suitable gifts for St. Valentine's day, exclusive of the shop-made valentines. An attractive substitute for these can also be found in good photographs from any of the numerous Cupids so popular with artists of all centuries, from the sculptured marble grace of the Cupid of Praxiteles to the rings of dancing loves by Albani, and the countless flock of winged and dimpled babies of more recent art.

In old days gifts were not only anonymous, but sent in mysterious ways. An amusing scene of a famous drama represents the girlish heroine receiving a valentine from the hero; it arrives in the middle of a large plum cake, from which, too excited even to nibble, she rapturously extracts it, and holds it triumphantly up to view. It consists of two large hearts transfixed by a long, yellow arrow in the center of a plain sheet of foolscap.

## YOUNG THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Thought He Has Sufficient Vitality to Pass the Crisis and Recover.

Groton, Mass., Feb. 12.—The reports from the sick room of Theodore Roosevelt, jr., the eldest son of the president, who since Thursday last has been ill with pneumonia at the Groton school infirmary, tended to show an improvement and at 8 o'clock Tuesday night his condition was authoritatively stated to be better than it was at the same time Monday night.

Groton, Mass., Feb. 13.—If Theodore Roosevelt, jr., continues for the next twenty-four hours in his present condition his physicians have given the president and Mrs. Roosevelt to believe their son's vitality will be sufficient for him to meet and pass successfully the crisis in his disease, which is looked for some time Thursday, and on Friday morning he will be practically out of danger.

Wednesday night he is considered to be better than Tuesday night, and the same can be said of his two school mates, Howard F. Potter, of New York, and Wm. Cammal, Jr., of Providence.

At 3 o'clock word came that the status of the case was unchanged, but that the conditions continued favorable. At that time, however, no mention was made as to whether the crisis had been passed or was near. But after the examination by the doctors Wednesday night, Secretary Cortelyou frankly said that the crisis in the right lung, that in the left having been passed, would probably be reached before Thursday night. So confident are the president and his wife that their son will pass through this crisis in good shape, that the president is already making some slight preparations to leave for Washington.

It looks as if he might start some time Friday. Mrs. Roosevelt, cheered and comforted by a short but impressive service at 6 o'clock in the chapel, went to her nightly watch in the infirmary in good spirits.

## THE HOHENZOLLERN.

The German Imperial Yacht Arrived at New York Wednesday.

New York, Feb. 13.—The imperial German yacht Hohenzollern, sent here for the use of Prince Henry, of Prussia, during his forthcoming visit, arrived Wednesday from Kiel.

The yacht had some heavy weather in southern waters, but for the most part it was fair and when it was at its best she logged 16 knots an hour. She hove in sight off Sandy Hook a few minutes before the noon hour and an hour later was in quarantine. She got courtesy of port from federal officials and came on through the Narrows and on up into North river without delay. Passing Craft gave her a noisy welcome with their whistles. She stood high out of the water and looked impressive beyond her real size. She was painted white all over, save for a large black eagle at her figurehead, some touches of gold astern and a long streak of red that showed below her water line. She has a ram bow and in general type resembles a modern man-of-war.

Adm. Von Baudissen was formally welcomed to New York by a civic committee, a representative of Mayor Low and an officer of the United States navy. Private Secretary James Reynolds left the card of the mayor and Capt. Converse, of the battleship Illinois, made the formal call in behalf of the navy. Wallace Downey, builder of the yacht for the German emperor, for the launching of which Prince Henry is coming to the United States, also called. The officers of the Hohenzollern said that it would be impossible for them to accept formal entertainments until the arrival of the prince, of whose suite they are members. They can and will do so in their private and individual capacities, but when they come ashore it will be in civilian attire. Adm. Von Baudissen will return the calls of those who called or left cards for him.

## Gen. Egbert Brown Expires.

West Plains, Mo., Feb. 12.—Gen. Egbert Brown, who was in command of the union troops at Brazos, Tex., in the last battle of the civil war, after peace had been declared, died here Tuesday, aged 85 years. His burial will be at Cuba, Mo.

## Schley in Silver.

Baltimore, Feb. 12.—A solid silver statuette of Rr. Adm. Schley six inches high has been received by Isidor Rayer, counsel for the admiral. Mr. Rayer has no idea who sent him the statuette.

## A National Record Broken.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 12.—At the first indoor athletic contest of the Springfield Y. M. C. A. Tuesday night Frank Zumbrook in a running high dive broke the national record by one foot and six inches, diving 13 feet and seven inches.

## Will Enter Private Business.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Clarence E. Dawson, chairman of the civil service board of rural free delivery service, has resigned, to enter private business. He was for years secretary to the postmaster general.

## FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Senate—The Philippine tariff bill was taken up early in the senate Friday. The session was notably quiet. After the adoption of only minor amendments the pension appropriation bill was passed early in the session. The following bills in the western district of Missouri; appropriating \$200,000 for the enlargement of the public building at Nashville, Tenn.; to fix the fees of United States marshal in the Indian territory; to receive arrearages of taxes due the District of Columbia to July 1, 1900, at 6 per cent. per annum, in lieu of penalties and costs; to regulate the collection of taxes in the District of Columbia.

House—The house passed the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, the second of the regular supply bills. As passed it carries \$25,171,969, which is \$503,721 in excess of the current law. Only two amendments of importance were adopted. One provides for a commission to re-district the legislative districts of Oklahoma and the other authorizes the president, in his discretion to cover into the civil service the temporary clerical force employed on account of the war with Spain. There are about 1,250 of these clerks still in the service. By the terms of the amendment the president must place all or none of them under the civil service.

Washington, Feb. 11.—Senate—Throughout nearly the entire session of the senate Monday the Philippine tariff bill was under consideration. Mr. Turner (Wash.) concluded his speech begun last Friday on the legal and constitutional phases of the Philippine question. A bill was introduced by Senator Cullom giving to the Spanish claims committee the same power to compel the attendance of claimants and witnesses and to require the production of papers that is exercised by circuit and district courts. Authority is conferred on the commission to punish for contempt.

House—General debate on the oleomargarine bill was closed Monday. The friends of the bill have decided to offer an amendment to make the ten cent tax apply to oleomargarine in imitation of butter "of any shade of yellow."

Washington, Feb. 12.—Senate—A stirring debate on the general Philippine question was precipitated in the senate late Tuesday, the principal participants being Mr. Platt (Ct.) and Mr. Hoar (Mass.). Mr. Teller (Col.) had concluded for the day his argument against the enactment of the pending Philippine tariff bill. Early in the day the senate passed a joint resolution submitting a constitutional amendment changing the time of presidential inaugurations and the termination and commencement of congresses from the 4th of March to the last Thursday in April. The senate agreed to a conference on the pension appropriation bill.

House—The voting on amendments to the oleomargarine bill Tuesday indicated a considerable change of sentiment since last congress, when the bill had 106 majority. While passage of the bill is not endangered, it is not likely that the majority Wednesday, when the final vote is taken, will exceed 30. In committee of the whole two important amendments were adopted, one providing that nothing in the act should be construed to prevent the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine in any state for consumption entirely within such state, and the other to provide for the inspection and branding of renovated or process butter. Bills introduced: To provide for the selection of a site for a United States naval station and dry dock on or near Sabine Pass, or the Neches or Sabine river, Texas; requiring the payment of two per cent. interest on government funds in national banks.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Senate—With the exception of a sharp clash between Mr. Lodge and Mr. Patterson over the matter of admission of representatives of the press to the investigation which the Philippine committee is conducting, the discussion of the Philippine tariff bill in the senate Wednesday was quiet.

House—The house passed the oleomargarine bill. There was no division on the final passage, the real test of strength having been made on a motion to recommit, which was defeated by a majority vote of 34. The provision to require the inspection and branding of renovated butter, which was adopted in committee of the whole Tuesday, was retained on an aye and nay vote. War claims occupied the attention of the house after the passage of the oleomargarine bill and the day was made notable for the passage of the first bill for the payments of claims of United States citizens arising out of the Spanish war. It carried something over \$55,000 for the payment of 202 claims for property taken within the United States for the use of the army. An omnibus bill carrying claims aggregating \$2,114,552 for stores and supplies taken from loyal citizens during the civil war also was passed.

## PASSED AWAY.

Marquis of Dufferin, Ex-Governor General of Canada, Dead.

London, Feb. 12.—Marquis of Dufferin, former governor general of Canada and ex-viceroy of India, is dead in this city.

## Secretary Root Indisposed.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Secretary Root is suffering from a cold and was compelled to leave his office early Wednesday afternoon and go home for medical treatment.

## Gov. Odell's Mother Dead.

Newburgh, N. Y., Feb. 11.—Ophelia Odell, wife of ex-Mayor Benjamin B. Odell and mother of Gov. Benjamin B. Odell, jr., died of pneumonia at the family home here Monday morning. In April, 1900, she and her husband celebrated their golden wedding.

## Mexican War Veterans.

Washington, Feb. 11.—The senate committee on pensions Monday authorized a favorable report on the bill introduced by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, increasing the pensions of Mexican war veterans.

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