



Valentine's Day is on its way;  
 'Twill be here very soon.  
 For so I heard Aunt Susie say  
 To tell this afternoon.  
 But I'm afraid nobody'll think  
 To send me even one.  
 'Cause I was only seven years old  
 When the new year began;  
 And so I'll write one to myself  
 (I couldn't bear to be)  
 Without a single valentine,  
 And play 'twas sent to me.

"Dear Gracie"—that's how I'll begin  
 "You are a lovely child;  
 You never drive your mother or  
 Your grandma nearly wild;  
 You never tease the baby, nor  
 Refuse with him to play;  
 You study hard and know by heart  
 Your lessons every day;  
 You keep your dress and apron neat  
 Your hair is always curled,  
 And you are just as nice a girl  
 As any in the world."

There! that sounds very pretty, and  
 I think that it will do.  
 But 'pears to me it isn't quite  
 Exactly truly true.  
 But then it ought to be, and that's  
 Almost, I think, the same.  
 And so down in the corner here,  
 I'll sign a make-believe name.  
 —Detroit Free Press.

ONE LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE 12th of February, 1865, dawned bright and clear in Washington. Into a little house on one of the side streets near Pennsylvania avenue the rays of the sun brightly shone, gladdening the hearts of those who lived there, an invalid father and his two little children, Madge and Bennie.

"Madge, you'll have to take the basket out to-day; Bennie is too sick," the father said.

"All right, papa, I guess I'll get along alone."

Little Madge went to work getting the basket of sandwiches, apples and flowers ready. Such sandwiches as they were, too. Every messenger boy, page and Congressman knew Madge and Bennie and the sandwiches they sold on Pennsylvania avenue every day at lunch time.

Since their father's return from the war, a cripple, Madge and Bennie had supported him, and the little basket with which they started in business had been changed many times, until a very large one was used now.

Little Madge had become an expert at making sandwiches; never getting the slices of bread too thick and always having just enough meat between them.

She felt rather timid about going out alone; but what was there to do? Somebody had to go, for they needed the money; so she buttoned up her coat, pulled on her gloves and bravely started out.

By keeping away from the crowded streets little Madge soon reached the place where she and Bennie always stood.

She had never seen so many people out before. Everybody was hurrying along and all were talking about the latest news of the war. It seemed as though all Washington was expecting to hear that peace had been declared and the war over.

"Good morning, Madge," a deep voice called, and she looked up to see Congressman Chambers close beside her, waiting for his usual bunch of victuals.

"Where's the brother?" he asked.

"Sick, sir, but I guess he'll be out again soon."

"Buy him something good with this," the kindly Congressman said, and pressed some change into her hand.

"Thank you, sir; I'll tell Bennie, and when he's well he'll thank you himself."

"I wish the President would come by to-day; I haven't seen him in two months and pap always asks about him when I go home; but maybe he's too busy to walk the way he used to, and—"

Her thoughts were interrupted by a Senate page with a terrible appetite, who wanted two chicken sandwiches in a hurry.

Soon the clerks from the different departments began to pass by on their way home to dinner. Some of them stopped to buy a sandwich from Madge and then passed on, talking and laughing.

"Well, little Madge, where's that brother of yours to-day? It seems strange to see you here without him," a tall newspaper correspondent said as he picked out a large apple.

"Bennie's not well, and so I thought I'd come alone. I knew I'd get along all right, and so I have," she proudly said.

For the next half hour she was kept busy, as all the clerks and messengers needed waiting on. Then there came a little rest and Madge looked up and down the long avenue.

As she looked up a second time she caught sight of a tall form coming her way. Madge knew it well, for no other man in Washington walked like Lincoln.

She kept her eyes fastened on him as he drew nearer, so as to have lots to tell her father when she returned home. Her little heart was beating with excitement. "Oh! If he would only stop,

just for a minute, so I could speak to him. He looks so sad. I wonder why?"

Just then a boy stopped to buy an apple. He gave her a ten-cent piece and Madge did not have pennies enough to make change.

"Wait a minute, please, and I'll get it," she said, and started to run across the street to the news stand for change.

She had only covered half the distance when a team of carriage horses swung around the corner.

Too late the coachman saw her. There was a little scream, two horses jerked back on their haunches and Madge lay on the pavement, unconscious, with one little arm broken.

Men rushed to pick her up; but one tall form was ahead of them all. Lincoln, with all the tenderness in his great heart aroused, stooped and picked the little form up in his arms.

"Where does she live?" he asked, and a man standing at his side, with Madge's basket in his hand, volunteered to show the way to her home.

Lincoln could have called an ambulance or sent her home in a carriage, but that was not this great man's way.

Where help was needed he gave it himself, and so it was that those who were on Pennsylvania avenue that Lincoln's birthday saw the President pass along with a little injured girl in his arms.

A short walk and they reached the house, where Madge's father, steady himself on crutches, met them at the door.

"Your little girl has been injured; show me a bed and I'll place her on it," Lincoln said.

A doctor was called and soon Madge opened her eyes and said:

"Papa, the President is here and only waits to know you're all right, before leaving."

Lincoln bent over the bed and placing one arm around little Madge said: "Won't you give the President a kiss before he goes?"

Madge raised her head and Lincoln, lover of all children, kissed her and said: "Good-by, little one. I shall look for you when I pass down Pennsylvania avenue again."

Many times after Madge was well the President passed and gave her a pleasant greeting. Then came the night of the 14th of April, when the news spread like wildfire that Lincoln had been shot.

PRESIDENTIAL VALENTINES.

Large Number of Cartridges Reached the White House.

Quite a lot of valentines reaches the White House by mail at this season every year. There are always a good many people scattered over the country who are ever anxious to write to the President and the festival of the patron saint of lovers affords them a great opportunity.

The senders of these missives, as a rule, believe that the President will personally open them, and if they are intended to wound his feelings, that he will personally grieve over the slurs they cast.

Presumably in some cases they obtain great satisfaction from dispatching such anonymous cartoons, with their accompanying derisive verses. But, unhappily for their aims, the chief magistrate never sees any communications of the sort, all of which are opened by a clerk and promptly consigned to the wastebasket, save only a few notable ones that are deemed worthy of being put on file as curiosities.

However, it is only the rare and exceptional presidential valentine that is in any way malicious. Of course, every President of the United States has enemies—a rule to which Mr. Roosevelt is no exception—and now and then a disgruntled office seeker or some person who has been put out of a job in the government employ, considers that he is entitled to nurse a grudge against the occupant of the White House.

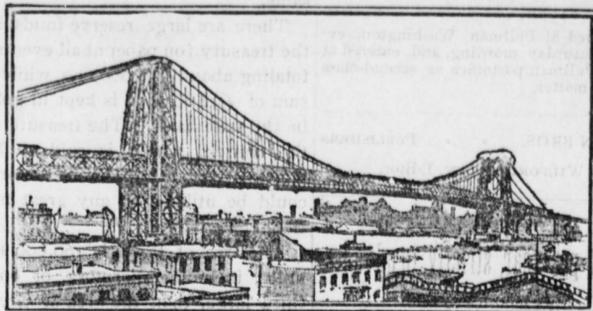
Such individuals may occasionally resort to the expedient of sending a wenny valentine of an insulting character as a means of venting their spleen. But nearly always the valentines are merely playful.

It may be said in a general way that the comic valentines sent to various Presidents have reflected the aspects of each President which have aroused criticism.

For example, Chester A. Arthur, who was a bon vivant and always a well-dressed man, was regarded as a fop by many people who did not happen to admire him. Consequently—at all events, such is the recollection preserved at the White House—the valentines addressed to him representing most extravagant dutes. Doubtless they would have amused him greatly if he had had a chance to see them.

Many of Mr. Harrison's valentines had reference to the grandfather's hat in one way or another. It is always some per-

BRIDGE WHICH IS GREATER THAN THE FAMOUS BROOKLYN STRUCTURE



The new Williamsburg bridge is the second and greater bridge across the East River at New York. The new bridge, construction on which was begun Oct. 28, 1896, is about a mile above the Brooklyn bridge, which it greatly resembles in type and appearance, though much larger. Its length between terminals is 7,200 feet and its width 118 feet, the Brooklyn bridge being only 85 feet wide. The bridge proper cost about \$11,000,000, and the condemning of land for approaches brought the total cost to about \$21,000,000.

The length of the bridge between its terminals is 7,200 feet, or over one and one-third miles. The main span, from the center of one tower to that of the other, is 1,600 feet long. The width of the structure is 118 feet, as compared with 85 feet, the width of the old Brooklyn bridge. The minimum height above high water at pier head lines is 122 feet and its minimum height for 200 feet on either side of the center of the main span is 135 feet. The height of the cable on the top of the towers is 333 feet at their center.

Three thousand and forty-eight tons of steel have been used in constructing each of the towers, while nearly 17,000 tons have been put into the great approaches. In each of the suspension cables, which are 18 1/2 inches in diameter, there are 7,696 separate wires, these wires being 3,500 feet long and 3-16 of an inch in thickness. Six and one-half million feet of timber were required to construct the bridge, and the steel employed amounted to 40,000 tons. It was necessary to excavate 125,000 cubic feet of earth and to tear down several hundred buildings and houses.

Both of the towers are planted on solid rock foundations. For the Manhattan anchorage 3,500 piles were driven through clay and sand until they reached a solid foundation. The anchorage on the Williamsburg side is said to rest on natural sandstone. The bridge is provided with two drives for carriages, four trolley tracks, two elevated tracks, two footwalks and two bicycle tracks.

GRAVEYARD OF THE LAKES.

One Little Pile of Sand that Causes a Serious Wreck Almost Every Year.

"Graveyard of the Great Lakes" is the name that has been applied to break Long Point island, which has its beginning a few miles east of Port Burwell, Ontario, and thrusts itself unwelcomed twenty miles out into the middle of Lake Erie, fetching up some sixty-four miles west of Buffalo.

Graveyard indeed it is, as the spars and deck timbers and iron work that cover the whole south beach testify, but it is also the finest fishing and hunting preserve of the great lakes. On the sand hills there are thousands of deer; in the marshes in the fall and spring wild ducks and geese congregate in millions, and off the north shore there are as game bass and pike as fisherman ever threw line for.

Of this sport, however, only a few know, and fewer still can take advantage of it; while there's not a sailor from North Tonawanda to South Chicago who does not fear and avoid the treacherous bars and persistent southwest winds that make the south shore of the island deserve the title they have given it.

The island is triangular, twenty miles long and about six miles broad at its widest part. Of the 18,000 acres contained in it 16,000 are purely marsh, under not more than six feet of water all the year, and overgrown with quill reeds, through which hundreds of narrow waterways run. A few hundred yards back from the south beach are the sand hills, continuous from point to mainland, sending off at half a dozen points short ridges, that reach out into the marsh like the teeth of a gigantic comb.

The sands are surmounted by a thick growth of red cedar, and through these scurry innumerable red foxes. Through these also the deer have their runways, having worn off the lower limbs to a height of four feet and beaten the ground under-foot to a firmness not exceeded by that of paved streets.

South of the sand hills there is the beach, on which one can walk half a day without being required to step from wreckage. For half a mile from shore yellow bars extend, in parallel lines, changing with every breeze, and ever waiting for unwary vessels that may be blown in their direction.

It was United Empire loyalists who first made use of the island. A certain captain Ryerson obtained it from the English government to complete his grant of land on the mainland. For many years it formed an admirable breakwater for the excellent harbor of Port Ryerse, on the north shore of the bay.

The channel between the island for the fifty years following the war of the revolution was very wide and very deep, and the boats of the lake entered it fearlessly. There was a good trade in iron ore and fish, and Captain Ryerson thrived exceedingly.

By the time of the civil war, however, the upper channel had been drifted full, and the harbor itself was so shallow that only vessels of very light draught could enter. Port Ryerse, of which it had been predicted that it would become the greatest port on the lake, had shrunk to a village of a few hundred indigent fishermen.

Already it had earned its title of Graveyard of the Great Lakes. More than one vessel had been wrecked off

the south shore. Amateur scientists advised the captain that the removal of the pines would leave the sand hills at the mercy of the strong winds, which would soon blow them over into the bay. He was so convinced of the soundness of the theory that he ordered the island denuded of every tree.

Hardly a living thing was left upon the sand hills. All one winter the lumbermen worked, and when spring came the hills were bare.

Occasionally a strong wind sent a few basketfuls of sand into the marsh, and when the captain saw this his heart rejoiced. By the following spring, however, millions of red cedars had obtained a foothold. Two or three damp summers sufficed to clothe the hills again in green, and before the old man was taken to his grave he was forced to admit that Long Point was not to be removed by the hand of man.

Most of Long Point's fame has come from its tragedies. The island lies in such a position as to be a natural menace to navigation, no matter from what direction a gale blows. The prevailing wind on Lake Erie is from the southwest, and the long waves, getting their impetus at Toledo and paced by a sixty-mile breeze, strike the south shore with tremendous force. A ship caught in a strong wind cannot avoid being forced from its course, and if it fetches up against Long Point there is little hope for it. All along the south shore the bottom of the lake seems to be quicksand, and a thousand anchors could hardly prevent a boat from drifting.

In the hundred years of navigation it is estimated, and the estimate is probably low, that 1,500 men have been drowned near Long Point. Nearly every year there has been a serious wreck off the island.—Washington Sun.

A CHARMING ENGLISH WOMAN.

Wife of the New British Ambassador Widets a Clever Pen.

Lady Durand, wife of the new British ambassador to Washington, belongs to one of England's oldest and most aristocratic families. She is the daughter of Teignmouth Sandys of Cornwall, whose family has lived on the same estate at Saint Kerem since early in the 15th century.

She was married to Sir Henry in 1875 and was with him in India for almost fifteen years, during the time he was connected with the Bengal service. She is not only a most charming hostess socially, but, like her distinguished husband, she is very clever with her pen. They have two children, a son, who is a cavalry officer in the British army, and a daughter. Washington will be enlivened by the addition of this charming English woman to its ranks.

Hard to Bear.

Mrs. De Style (fond of novels)—Did you do as I directed, and tell everybody who called that I was engaged.

Domestic—No one called, mum.

"What! Not one?"

"Not a soul."

"Mercy! Such heartless neglect is outrageous."—New York Weekly.

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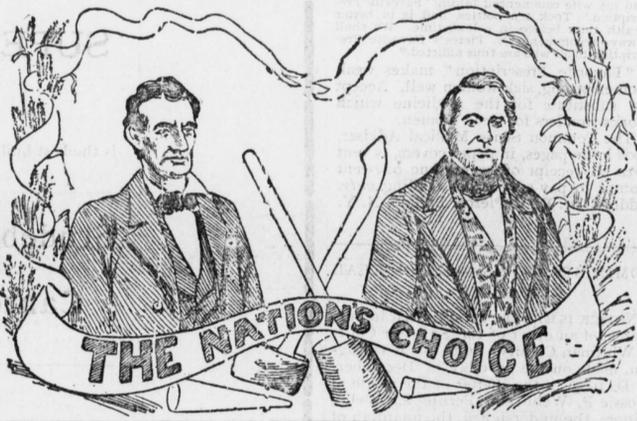
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AN OLD CAMPAIGN BANNER OF 1860.



and when the story of his death was told the next morning one pair of eyes were filled with tears and one little heart was full of sadness at the passing away of the great, kindly man, whose heart was filled with love and tenderness for all mankind.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lincoln as a Village Orator.

Abraham Lincoln had only a few months of "schooling," but many years of education. A writer in McClure's tells how the future President was educated in his boyhood as a debater and an orator.

One man in Gentryville, Ind., a Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common sense.

It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group, and the one listened to most eagerly.

Young Lincoln was not only winning a reputation as a debater and story teller, he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator.

He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school readers; he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump.

The applause he won was sweet; and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been at work—so thought his employers and Thomas, his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard-pushed farmers, to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their sickles or axes to group around a boy whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat, with variations, yesterday's sermon.

In his fondness for speechmaking he attended all the trials of the neighborhood, and frequently walked fifteen miles to Boonville to attend court.

He wrote as well as made speeches, and some of his productions were even printed through the influence of his admiring neighbors; thus a local Baptist preacher was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance that he sent it to Ohio, where it appeared in some local paper. Another article on "National Politics" so pleased a lawyer of the vicinity that he declared the "world couldn't beat it."

Enough is better than too much.

sonal attribute or characteristic that conveys inspiration in such matters.

While Mr. Cleveland was in the White House practically all the valentines received represented enormously fat men. That was too obvious a physical trait to escape attention.

A New Lincoln Story.

W. E. Curtis tells this new Lincoln story: President Lincoln once invited a famous medium to display his alleged supernatural powers at the White House several members of the cabinet being present. For the first half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character. At length rappings were heard beneath the President's feet, and the medium stated that an Indian desired to communicate with him.

"I shall be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say," replied the President, "for I have recently received a deputation of our red brethren, and it was the only delegation, black, white or blue, which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war."

The medium then called for a pencil and paper, which were laid upon the table, and afterward covered with a handkerchief.

Presently knocks were heard, and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows: "Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy. Use every means to subdue. Proclamations are useless. Make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparations, less parade and policy talk, and more action—Henry Knox."

"That is not Indian talk," said the President, "Who is Henry Knox?"

The medium, speaking in a strong voice, said: "The first Secretary of War."

"Oh, yes; General Knox," said the President, "Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor. You should like to ask General Knox what this rebellion will be put down?"

The answer was oracularly indefinite. The medium then called up Napoleon who thought one thing, Lafayette another, and Franklin differed from both.

"Ah!" exclaimed the President, "opinions differ among the saints as well as among the sinners. Their talk is very much like the talk of my cabinet."

The heat developed by the firing of heavy guns is remarkable. During some recent trials in Germany a gun that had been fired seventy-five times melted solder placed upon it, while another was not enough to soften lead