

THE LOVE LIGHTS OF HOME.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
When the night from the heavens falls dreary,
And love to the light in the windows of home—

MISS JEMIMA'S VALENTINE.

Two crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jemima's pale face when she heard the gate-latch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and as she entered the room, she bent lower over her work, her crochet needle flew faster and she coughed a slight, nervous cough.

"I reckon them young ones would think it was perfectly right of me to give a valentine at my time of life," Miss Jemima said, aloud, to her looking glass on the wall. It was the day before St. Valentine's of the year following her day of tears.

"But I'll show 'em," she added, with some resolution, as she turned to her bureau drawer. And she did show them. On the next day a great envelope addressed to Miss Jemima Martha Sprague came in with the package of lesser favors, and Miss Jemima suddenly found herself the absorbing center of a new interest—an interest that after having revolved about her awhile flew off in respect toward every superannuated bachelor or widower within a radius of thirty miles of Simpkinsville.

It had been a great moment for Miss Jemima when the valentine came in, and a trying one when with genuine old-time blushes she refused to open it for the crowd. How she felt an hour later, when in the secrecy of her own chamber she took from the envelope her own old self-sent valentine, only to find who has tender knowledge of maidenly reserves and sorrows will ever know.

There was something in her face that forbade cruel pursuit of the subject when she returned to the family circle, and so, after a little playful bantering, the subject was dropped. But the incident had lifted her from one condition into quite another in the family regard, and Miss Jemima found herself unconsciously living up to younger standards.

But this was ten years ago, and the mysterious valentine had become a yearly fact. There had never been any explanations. When pressed to the wall, Miss Jemima had, indeed, been constrained to confess that "certainly, every valentine she had ever gotten had been sent her by a man" (how sweet and sad this truth!).

bel her tired heart out over the old valentine. Is there a dead-hearted woman in all God's beautiful world, I wonder, who would not weep once more, if she could, over some of life's yellowing symbols—symbols of love gone by, of passion cooled—who would not feel almost as if in the recovery of her tears she had found joy again?

Miss Jemima had not found joy, she had at least found her heart again—and sorrow. Her life had been for so long a weary, treeless plain that in the dark depth of the valley of sorrow, she realized, as something only from sorrow's deep poor mortals may know it, the possible height of bliss.

From this time forward, as an offset to the budding romances about her, Miss Jemima would repair for refuge and a meagre comfort to that which while in its discolored and fading face it denied none of life's younger romances, still gave her back her own.

The woman of forty never realizes her years in the presence of her contemporaries. Forty women of forty might easily feel young enough to scoff at the bald head, and deserve to be eaten by bears—but thirty-nine with a budding maid for fortieth scoffer—Never.

Miss Jemima, in her suddenly realized young-love setting, had become to her own consciousness, old and of a date gone by. "Aunt Jemima" was naturally regarded by her blooming nephews and nieces, as well as by their intimates who wore their incipient mustaches still within their conscious top lips or dimples dancing in their ruddy cheeks, quite in the same category as Mrs. Gibbs who was sixty, or any of their aunts and grandmothers who sat serene in daguerreotype along the parlor mantle.

It was even dearer now than ever before the unopened envelope a valentine? This year's envelope, selected with secret pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair, profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jemima sat enjoying the luxury of meanness to her lover that she felt inclined to confront the far away romance typified by the yellow sheen within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hairpin carefully in the envelope, ripping it open delicately on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to the frail perforated edges. Then, carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all he knows—and sees. How Miss Jemima felt or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, but the details of the familiar thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful brand new valentine.

servant going there, to return next day—it must reach her on the day before Valentine's. This day had come and gone—and her valentine had not returned to her. Had the negro failed to mail it? Had it remained all night in the post office—in the possession of her love? Would she ever see it again? Would her brother ever, ever get through his trifling with the children and finish giving out their valentines?

Miss Jemima had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction. "Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever for Aunt 'Minnie this time—looks to me like," he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

"Don't reckon it's anything extra—in particular," she answered, not at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it; not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper bell. Then she took it, with her workbasket, into her upper room, and dropped it into her upper bureau drawer, and turned the key.

The moment when she broke the new envelope each year—late at night, alone in her locked chamber—had always been a sad one to Miss Jemima, and to-night it was even a sadder ordeal than ever. She had never before known how she cared for this old love-token.

She sat to-night looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them. It was indeed a meagre little embodiment of the romance of a life, but such as it was, she would not part with it. She would never send it out from her again—never, never, never.

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for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so, why, I'll haf to go." "Well, Eh," Miss Jemima answered, quite seriously, "ef you're libble to State's know but I'm worthy to go to a hotter place—for the deceit I've practiced."

"Well," said Eli, "I reckon of the truth was told, the place where we jest nachelly both b'long is the insane asylum—for the ejoits we've acted."

"When I reflect that I might a' been ez happy ez I am now eighteen years ago, an' think about all the time we've lost."

"How comes it that Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?"

Humors for Venezuela. The continued efforts to create in this country an impression that the Anglo-Venezuelan treaty is in danger of rejection at the hands of the congress at Caracas are probably without warrant.

Political conditions in South America are peculiar. Whenever a majority opinion adverse to the administration is developed in the national legislature, except on the eve of election, it means revolution.

A Mountain of Idle Money. Saturday's bank statement reflected a still further paralysis of business and industry.

Some Good in Sharks. Even sharks have their uses. The negroes of the Guinea coast eat the flesh and consider it very good. In the Mediterranean young sharks are considered good food.

Money for Agricultural Colleges. Under the law which applies a portion of the proceeds of the public lands to the support of the several State agricultural colleges, the Pennsylvania State college will receive for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, \$22,000.

American Army for Cuba. General Colby Will Lead 15,000 Men on the Expedition, All to be Fully Equipped.

The organization of an army of American volunteers in aid of the Cuban republic has been completed so far as the enrolling of 15,000 men is concerned, and the obtaining of requisite supplies is advancing rapidly.

The plan in general is to safely land on Cuban soil an American volunteer legion of not less than 15,000 able-bodied men, of which 10,000 will be infantry, 2,000 cavalry and 1,000 artillery.

General Colby is a man of enthusiasm and patriotic instincts. He is full of vigor and courage, and seems to know exactly what he is doing. He has seen active service during the rebellion and in a number of Indian campaigns in Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and other western states.

President Cleveland Signs an Order Reducing the Number of Large Salaries to be Expected—Where There are Now Eighteen Offices There Will Be Nine Only After the First of Next September.

The president has signed, on the recommendation of Secretary of the Interior Francis, an important order reducing the number of pension agencies in the United States from eighteen to nine.

The agencies abolished are: Concord, N. H.; Augusta, Me.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Pittsburg, Louisville, Knoxville, Detroit, Milwaukee, Des Moines and Topeka. A new agency is established at St. Louis.

Postmasters Unframed. A list of 185 nominations held in the Senate.

For two or three executive sessions recently the Post office Committee, of which Mr. Chandler is acting chairman, has been criticised for holding up nominations.

A count of the nominations show that there are still with the committee a total of 185 nominations that have not been reported, and of these 85 are offices that have recently become Presidential by promotion from fourth-class owing to increased receipts of the office.

—America does not seem as favorable to the longevity of trees as are many parts of the Old World, says Meehan's Monthly. It is said that pines in the north of Europe are known to have endured for nearly 500 years.

—Father—"Look here, Tommy; what do you think of the new baby brother the doctor has just brought?"

—Among the sincerest mourners at the funeral of King Humbert of Italy will be the life insurance companies. They care for him to the extent of \$7,500,000.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. Because the Pompadour coiffure is the fashion it does not follow that every woman can wear it and it is a wise one who knows enough to discriminate in favor of a less modish but more becoming style of hair dressing.

A heavy flat-iron, weighing seven or eight pounds, will do better work if it is passed over clothes once with a firm, steady pressure than a lighter iron hurriedly passed over the clothes two or three times.

What greater charm is there in woman-kind than that of an easy, graceful carriage? Would you acquire the art of standing, sitting and walking? Then hearken to the words of a celebrated specialist who has spent years in the study of the physical development of woman.

First, as to standing. The secret of the art of standing properly is to make the abdominal muscles do their work. If the stomach is held well in the rest is easy. The centre of gravity being attained, the shoulders are thrown back, the knees are straightened, the chin is held firmly in, the throat is elongated and the head poised gracefully erect.

Two-thirds of the beauty of a woman depends upon the grace of her carriage. It is well worth while to strive for such an end, but one must remember the axiom of the famous French woman; that it is necessary to suffer in order to be beautiful!

Occasionally nobility of carriage is natural, but almost invariably the ease of movement which we so much admire is the result of months—even years—of training of unmitigated watchfulness and perseverance. But the result is well worth the effort.

And so, too, may you, my sisters, if you but remember that eternal vigilance is the price of grace!

Dame Rumor has already made known that all the thin fabrics will be ruffled and flounced, and that the knee, or Spanish flounce, will be the feature of the summer gown of '97.

Fashion now decrees that women shall wear some white about the throat, and no longer are the dark ribbon and velvet collars in style, says Harper's Bazar.

Linen collars are once again fashionable, and are to be seen in many different shapes. Very few are wide, and it is considered much smarter to have just a narrow turned-down rim of the linen not over half an inch wide than to have the broad turned-down or equally broad standing collar like those worn with the shirt waists last year.

The great disadvantage that was formerly so trying with the linen collars when worn in winter, namely, the chapping of the skin, has been greatly done away with by the new shapes. In the first place, the band of the collar slips into the band of the waist, but is not quite so long, so the lower edge does not cut into the neck, and then the upper, being turned over, presents a smoother, softer edge.

Big bows of ribbon and tabs of lace are still used for the more elaborate styles of neckwear. These are still placed at the back, and sometimes are quite alarming in their proportions. Even the outside jackets of fur, as well as the capes, have big double bows of wide blue satin ribbon, which reach almost to the brim of the hat.

Of course this is an exaggerated fashion; but, oddly enough, has a smart look and is generally becoming. When used on gowns and not jackets, the bows are not so large, and tabs of velvet or satin, cut in rounded points, and with ruffles of lace between, are combined with them. It is quite difficult to put all the trimming now considered necessary around the throat and not give an ugly hunched-up look, but the lines are well studied, and even in the ready-made ruffles and collars are to be found a great variety that are eminently satisfactory.

Stocks of ribbon have lace points turned over from the inside, and at the back lace, ribbon and more ruffles of chiffon are tied in together to give the full effect. Sometimes, but very rarely, bunches of artificial violets are tied in the ruche, but this is a style so likely to become common that it cannot be recommended.