

AN OLD VALENTINE.

In a little district school-house Overrun with grapevines wild, Sat two children close together...

WHEN ADVERTISING PAID.

"That's what I call some package," cried Hosmer proudly as he held aloft a round metal package decorated with a smiling face...

"It is pretty," conceded the head of the firm as he took the can into his hands and inspected it more carefully.

"Actress nothing," was the contemptuous retort. Hosmer could afford to be flippant when he scored a success.

"There's no reason for such drastic action," cried Hosmer, but Powers only smiled again.

"Yes, when you have something to sell," agreed the expert, "but I was trying to sell Dentola, not Miss Dentola."

"My dear friend, I beg you to lend me \$50," wrote a needy man to an acquaintance, "and then forget me forever."

becomingly for the first time in her narrow life.

With the purchase of better clothes she had seemed to acquire that indefinable charm which belongs to the woman who knows herself to be in demand.

In the office both men made the best use of their time, but once the closing time arrived Miss Pryor disappeared.

Early in the campaign Powers had suggested that the liberal use of her face had rendered the girl rather conspicuous, so the company paid for a carriage that took her to and from her work.

At first Hosmer had approved the suggestion, but now he went to the other extreme. There was no chance to walk home with Miss Pryor, and his request for permission to call was met with a polite negative.

Each pleaded his case, and then they stood waiting the decision with an anxiety that showed plainly in their faces.

"You both say that you have the right to Miss Pryor's services," he began slowly. "I'm afraid that you will both have to hire other typists."

"Yes, when you have something to sell," agreed the expert, "but I was trying to sell Dentola, not Miss Dentola."

Some of the greatest scholars have used their learning more as a weapon than a means of illumination.

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Where life is more terrible than death it is the truest valor to dare to live.—Brown.

Forty Years in Iowa.

(Continued from last week.)

The purchasing of a team of horses at Dakota, Illinois, necessitated a ten days overland drive with a covered wagon, which proved to be a delightful outing, and a kind of recreation that has been relegated to the past.

The Illinois side is generally given to low and in many places, wide marshy ground while on the Iowa side the surface is broken and rather on the bluff order, so that our route took us over some "ridges" country for perhaps ten miles before we came upon the broad expansive Iowa prairie.

The reader is asked to refer to our first article from that compare. The population was given (1869) as 12000 souls, domiciled over an area two miles square, a brick capitol scarcely noticeable, a small county court house, no postoffice building, no city hall, no jail or any other public buildings; but two railroads with small frame station buildings, about one mile of street railway from the court house to the capitol, with one or two accommodations twenty passenger, plying back and forth, drawn by one horse; a small gas plant, doing out meagerly a kind of illuminating substance at \$4.00 per minute, just four times present prices; no street paving whatever.

Lamentations and better denunciations against the city authorities, made the life of a mayor and alderman anything but rosy, up to five years later, when cedar blocks obviated the difficulty that at these periods amounted to almost complete obstruction of traffic.

One college, a female seminary, and a business college—the latter recently established by the late Jos. W. Muffley, a native Centre counsiller, supplied the meager home opportunities for advanced education.

As the stock in trade forty years ago, and as a means of cornering and capturing the advertiser of today, the subscription lists were not so openly heralded and "advised," as today, so we are unable to furnish a circulation comparison.

Perhaps the most successful and profitable newspaper venture is the agricultural publication. The Iowa Homestead, produced from a practically dead load to its owner of forty years ago, to a property worth over a half million today.

The postoffice receipts were \$12000 per annum. Parks as places of recreation were not thought of and had no place in our vocabulary as such and it has only been within the past fifteen years that our public beauty spots were given any consideration.

The general lay of the country in the two Dakotas is alike, and the same may be said as to climate. In the western part of both you get the Chinook winds from the Pacific, which melt the snow rapidly.

The rainfall is ample, and well water is easily had, while artesian wells or springs are quite numerous in the southern portion. Fuel is high, but when the railroads reach the vast lignite coal fields in the western portion of both States, the cost of this article will be materially reduced.

The famous granite quarries of the north-west are at Sioux Falls, Dell Rapids and vicinity. There is very fine sandstone of various colors and in great quantities in the Black Hills, and also a fair grade of marble and other varieties of stone.

Natural gas is found at and around Pierre, and is used extensively for fuel and for generating steam and electricity, but its development is only in its infancy as yet.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb 5th, 1909. (To be continued.)

We heard a man say the other morning that the abbreviation for February—Feb.—means Freeze every body, and that man looked frozen in his ulcer. It was apparent that he needed the kind of warmth that stays, the warmth that reaches from head to foot, all over the body.

First Bicycle Crank—No, I never carry an extra ounce of weight on my machine—not even a tool bag.

The best coliffares aim at Greek and Roman styles for the hair.

Something About Dakota.

Editor Watchman: I am going to write you a cold letter this week. I say that because it is about Dakota, for while I am writing one of the worst blizzards I ever saw is raging without.

The Dakotas—land of wheat and wheat—to keep the wheels busy turning in the great mills at Minneapolis. How insignificant the Phoenix and Thomas's in Bellefonte seem in comparison.

In the southern part they raise corn, but it is liable to injury from late spring and also early fall frosts, but it is the best wheat, oats, barley and flax growing country.

East of the Missouri river the soil, generally, is a deep, black loam, and of course very rich. This is especially so in the great Jim River valley. West of the Missouri it is more of an ash color, but yields well too. Here is where the great Indian reservations are, but each year these are diminishing and being thrown open to Homesteaders, mostly at about six dollars per acre.

The principal city in South Dakota is Sioux Falls, in the southeast corner of the state. Then Aberdeen, Mitchell, Yankton, Watertown, Deadwood, Huron, etc.

I do not think that I ever saw cattle and sheep take on flesh as they do in these two States.

The people are almost exclusively from the northern States, and north of Europe—Scandinavians. The Indians are on their reservations, and moose nobody, their war spirit is broken.

As to the prices of farms, I will simply say that they sell for all they are worth, and so of everything else.

It is too far north for a variety of fruits. The summers are short and hot, while the winters are long and cold,—blizzards don't come often, but when they do come it is, "Oh, my."

The fact that there is no bonded state debt will account for the low tax rate, as stated above. The limit of the state tax is two mills on the dollar.

They are grand, new States but the long cold winters and inability to raise much fruit is in my humble opinion, objections to living there.

Respectfully Yours, DANIEL McBRIDE, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

You must have a foundation before you can build a house. You must have a foundation before you can build your health. The foundation of health is pure blood.

Pastor—What are they going to name your new twin brothers, Willy?

—An Englishman, newly returned from America, was asked if he had visited Philadelphia.

A Historic Valentine.

One dull, rainy day I discovered an interesting-looking time-worn valentine, bearing the date "February 14, 1777," in Grandmother's old cabinet.

Grandmother sat knitting before the fireplace—the freight dancing merrily on her shining needles, and every now and then softly lighting up her kindly face and snow white hair.

"That valentine was sent to your great-great-uncle Faith by Donald Wentworth," she began. "My grand-mother was Faith's sister and I'll tell you the story as she told it to me."

"Girls married very young in those days. Faith was sixteen when she was engaged to Donald. Grandmother often said that few couples were better suited or happier."

"For a moment all was confusion and hurry. Good-bys were hastily bidden. And then Donald, accompanied by Faith's father and brothers, rode away to join Washington's army. While Faith, with mother and sister, watched—eyes dimmed with tears—until they were gone from sight."

"But with the men away twice as much work must be done by the women. So while my grandmother did twice her share of work in the house, Faith and her mother picked up the boxes dropped by the men and hoed the corn."

"It was in February that Faith received the valentine from Donald—the first she had ever had. Postage was expensive in those days and letters were seldom sent."

"The next September Donald fell in the battle at Brandywine Creek. "No, dearie, the grief did not kill Faith. Women were built of stronger stuff in those days."

"Faith was a good and brave woman, sweetheart. Although she lived to be forty-seven she never slighted a duty, and she won the love of all whom she knew."

"When the army so needed good, she gave her necklace—Donald's gift—saying her country needed it more than she. But what a sacrifice it was no human being ever knew."

"Perhaps without such women as your great-great-uncle Faith, the United States might not have maintained its freedom."

Out of the Ginger Jar. If a fool is out of his place anywhere on earth it is on a farm. The all-around man tries to be square with the world.

Will some one please step forward and tell us what the sea-man? Are your harrow teeth abating out of some snow-drifted fence corner? If so, why so?

The men who try to hide their light are few, while those who seek to shine in the light of others are many.

Good nature is so contagious as the measles. Put on your best smile when you get up in the morning and observe how everybody will greet you with a sunny face.