

A LOVE SONG.

Thou art the white moon beaming,
And the world of night;
Thou art a clear star gleaming,
All silvery and bright,
And I a star-child dreaming
In some uncharted place,
Where love makes sweet
The heart's quick beat,
And dawn brings Love's dear face.

Thou art the red rose token,
And the lover-bird;
On Love's own lips unspoken
Thou art the longest word;
Thou art the secret broken
In Love's delightful way—
Fragrant and new,
And promise true
Of Love's long, blissful day.

Thou art of all things dearest,
And I a beggar, all;
Thou art my very nearest
To catch my heart's one call:
O Sweet, when this thou hearest,
Be love and mercy thine!
Answer my heart
And say thou art
My own—my Valentine!

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE MAGIC STONE.

For nearly a week a heavy fog had hung over the Kiya valley, completely veiling from the inhabitants in the straggling settlement the rugged peak of Tolo Mountain, around whose base clustered an occasional rudely constructed vine-covered cottage. Since early morning a cold, drizzling rain had fallen, making it impossible for Sardon Poolman to gather the remaining rows of juicy grapes that were still unpicked in the small vineyard, which furnished the little family with a livelihood.

There was much anxiety that day in the scantily furnished cottage, surrounded by its closely set-together cedar hedge, lest the rain might long continue, and so ruin the best of the season's grapes, which had been left on the vines longer than the others, in order that the sun might give their delicate and almost transparent skins a deeper shade of purple. It was thus that they would bring a larger price when sold in the Volva market town, a score or so of miles away.

And every cent was needed by the little family, at whose head was Sardon, barely sixteen years of age. He had a brave heart and strong, willing hands; and since the winter that his father had been carried away by the Ratoov avalanche, the son had worked untrillingly and uncomplainingly to keep his mother and the two sisters—Sotaw and Banva—from necessity and want.

Along toward night the clouds seemed to be breaking away, and there were indications that before morning the storm would be over. But as soon as it grew dark the rain fell more heavily than it had at any time during the day.

"I'm afraid the grapes will all be ruined," sighed Sardon, going to the door and listening to the storm outside. "If it continues long like this all the fruit will be beaten from the vines; we won't be able to save any."

"I hope not so bad as that," replied his mother, encouragingly, throwing her apron over her head, and stepping out on the porch. "It rains, though, worse than I thought!" anxiously. "But it's nothing we can help; so it won't do the least bit of good to worry and make ourselves unhappy."

"I know it," admitted Sardon, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "But if we lose them all, the cold winter coming on now in a few weeks will be a hard one for us!"

"Unless—" "What?" pressed Sardon, as his mother hesitated, and left unfinished what she had started to say.

"Nothing—only—" "But 'twas something—surely," demanded the boy. "What was it?"

"I was thinking—it is kind of foolish in me to mention it—of the 'magic stone.' Perhaps if the grapes are ruined you may be able to find that. And then, you see, there'd be no need of the grape crop; we'd have everything we'd want without it!"

"But how could I find it—a boy! Everybody else has failed—and hundreds have tried to discover it!"

"Not so many as that," chided the boy's mother. "Well, a good many have," persisted Sardon. "It may be, more than we know of."

"But what they have overlooked you might find; don't you see?"

"Perhaps," doubtfully. "Anyhow if we lose the grapes, I'll try! My! but doesn't it rain; it comes down harder and harder!" and Sardon hurriedly closed the door, to keep out the cold wind and the moisture from the falling rain.

Years ago there had been left a prophecy concerning the Kiya valley—nobody seemed to know where it had originated—the effect that there was buried at the foot of the Tolo Mountain a wonderful magic stone.

The place, too, had been clearly indicated. It was to be found beneath the overhanging boulder that, for centuries, had hung poised in mid air above a deep ravine, surrounded by a dense thicket of small spruce trees.

The prophecy which had been handed down, generation after generation, in the Kiya valley, was to the effect that there was buried beneath the granite boulder a marvelous magic stone, on whose side was written the word "Success." And whoever should find the stone—according to the legend—would be successful in his ventures in all his after life.

Many a dweller in the valley—and not infrequently an adventurer from a distant land, within whose borders the strange prophecy had penetrated—had tried to find the magic stone; but in every case he had at length given up discouraged and disappointed.

For rods the earth under the boulder along the side of Tolo Mountain had been dug up and left in an unsightly manner. So often, indeed, had the soil been worked over that in the place not a blade of grass, nor a bush had a chance to take root and grow.

Every succeeding generation of the simple Kiya people tried their luck at digging. But it was always with the same result that the fathers had met with—failure! Still, strange to say, there was no thought of regarding the prophecy as false. It was believed—even by those who had been doomed to disappointment in their quest for the precious treasure—that

somebody, sometime, would find the magic stone!

The next morning, when Lardon arose, his first thoughts were regarding the grapes in the narrow vineyard along the mountain side. It had stopped raining during the night, and as soon as the boy drew on his clothing he ran to the one small window in the room, and looked out. There hung over the mountain a dense fog, which fell in heavy folds about its side, completely hiding from view the grape trellises Sardon tried so hard to see.

Not being able to pierce through the fog from the window, Sardon hurried from the cottage, and made his way rapidly through the soft mud to the vineyard. A melancholy sight presented itself. There on the ground lay the rich, juicy grapes, partly buried in the loose soil—ruined! Hardly a cluster remained on the vines, and the few that did hang from an occasional "prop" were of the most inferior quality.

"It's what I—thought," he said, "they're gone—ruined!" and Sardon stood there a few moments, the picture of utter dejection; then he turned and went slowly back to the cottage.

"Well?" said his mother, questioning, as Sardon entered the creaking door. "They're gone; the rain's destroyed them all! We'd better have picked them when we gathered the others, and not tried to get a higher price for them in the Volva market."

"True, my son; but we thought we were doing what was best!" replied his mother, soberly. "But no good comes from fretting and bemoaning one's losses," heretically.

"I know; but was much needed the grapes," replied Sardon. "None in the valley more than we, I allow," and Mrs. Poolman turned some burning cakes from the stove. "But we'll manage—somehow!" Then quickly, "The magic stone, suppose you search now for the wonderful stone of the prophecy."

"I'd not find it; think of all who've tried!" gloomily.

"But you—haven't! Think of that!" replied his mother, encouragingly. "It may be left for you, after all, to find what the rest have overlooked, or failed to excavate. Perhaps, after a moment's reflection, they may not have dug deep enough!"

"I'll try, mother! You give me great encouragement; and if it's there I'll find it!" and Sardon went to the water-bench to prepare for breakfast.

"But," turning to the towel to dry his face and hands, "if I should only find the stone that the others have unearthed, with that hateful word 'failure' written on it, I'd wish I hadn't tried."

It was true that nearly every man and boy—those who had persistently dug long enough—had come upon a narrow stone, on which in rough, inartistic letters was engraved the ominous word 'failure.' This discovery, more than the exhausting labor, caused each one to turn away in bitter disappointment, thinking he had been unjustly fooled!

"If that's all the reward there is, here's where I end the search!" many a one had declared, in a tone—a mingling of anger and discouragement—and straightway left the mountain side.

It was too wet the next day after the rain for Sardon to go to the "digging place," as now the spot under the granite boulder was designated by the people in the valley. But the following morning, being bright and clear, he took his tools and started to find, if possible, the magic stone.

All day he dug but found nothing. For five days Sardon kept faithfully at his self-imposed task—and still it seemed to him that there was no nearer the longed-for stone than when he had removed the first shovelful of earth.

"If I don't find it tomorrow," Sardon was seated at the small pine table, eating his scanty meal, "I'll give it up. It's no use wearing one's self out for nothing!"

"Don't give it up too soon, my son," cautioned his mother, anxiously. "Nothing really great was ever achieved in a moment's time. Then, too, should you give it up now, think what a loss of endeavor and strength there'd be! You can't afford to cease the digging yet; indeed you can't!"

And so Sardon worked on—one week—two weeks—three weeks! It was Monday of the fourth week, late in the afternoon. With aching back and calloused hands, he was about to throw down the shovel—when—

"wonder," he exclaimed, excitedly, as the tool struck against something hard. Breathlessly he resumed the work, and in a few minutes he had cleared away the gravel from a long, narrow stone. There were letters on it, but as yet he couldn't make them out.

With wild beating heart he hastily scraped with his hands the dirt from off the stone, and then he read the word—in rough, heavy letters—"failure!"

Sardon looked at it resentfully for a moment.

"So you are what I have toiled for all this time!" with eyes fixed scornfully on the stone before him. Then, after a minute's silence, "I might as well go home!"

He was on the point of gathering up his tools when he suddenly stopped.

"That's only—one—side—of it!" and he began rapidly digging again.

"There," and Sardon paused to wipe away the sweat from off his forehead, "I'll turn it over!"

Stepping down, he slowly worked his hands under the heavy stone, and after much exertion he succeeded in raising it up on its edge. And judge of his surprise when on the other side of the stone he read the word "success!"

"I've found it—I've found it; the magic stone!" he cried, exultantly. "If the rest hadn't stopped with the failure side—they would have found what I have—'success!'"

That night Sardon removed the magic stone to his humble cottage at the foot of the mountain, and carefully placed it underneath the door for its sill. And every time he passed over it thereafter to engage in—it meant no difference what the undertaking—his efforts were always crowned with the most abundant and lasting success.—By A. F. Caldwell in Christian Advocate.

Greencastle, Ind.

—About the only hook worm that most of us know anything about is the married man who has to button up his wife's dresses.

—One of the reasons why a house is sometimes called a bungalow is because the architect has bungled it.

—A man's heart is usually touched through sympathy, his pocketbook through flattery.

—The prices of eggs these days are not what they are cracked up to be.

Lincoln in the War Office.

I think those who personally knew Abraham Lincoln will never tire of thinking of him and talking about him. His kindly and unpretentious nature, and his plain, simple, and friendly ways and manner, as well as his absolute integrity of purpose and breadth of mind, so far in advance of his time, more and more command the admiration, veneration and affection of all those whose privilege it was to know him while he lived—and of those, who did not know him, but who have learned most concerning his career as a citizen, and as a politician of the highest type, and as President of our beloved country during the period of its greatest peril. In the midst of difficulties and dangers that comparatively few realized at the time, and which threatened the destruction of the government, his rare wisdom and surpassing skill and diplomacy are more and more clearly revealed as the years go by.

I was one of three cipher operators in Military Telegraph service in the Old War Department Building, whom Mr. Stanton's secretary used to call the "Sacred Three." Charles Tinker and Homer Bates were my co-workers in this important and confidential duty. Much of the time I alone occupied the room adjoining the office of the great Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. This was often spoken of as the President's room for, when he came to get ready for his day, as he said, "to get rid of his persecutors." But he had another reason for these visits, which frequently occurred in the early morning, less frequently during the day, and often in the evening. In one of the top drawers of my desk I kept the tin box copies of the war despatches. This was known as the President's drawer. To it he came at all hours to review the latest news from the field. His constant anxiety for the various armies was the main object of his spending many hours in the War Department telegraph office, and the talks that he had there with the telegraph boys and Major Eckert, their superintendent, seemed to afford him genuine diversion.

Mr. Lincoln's anxiety to prevent the sacrifice of life that was in his power to save, on several occasions brought him to the telegraph office alone, late at night, to assure himself that a despatch ordering the reprieve of a soldier condemned to be shot was promptly and properly transmitted. It was apparent that the tendency of his mind was to the utterance of one innocent of wrong intention unless evidence to the contrary was entirely clear; and even then his disposition was toward clemency. While we of that historic office survive we shall celebrate more fully his memory, than most men, in our own minds and in the memories of a towering genius now so universally recognized as worthy of the deepest gratitude of his countrymen, and the anniversary of whose advent has become a national holiday no less revered than that of the immortal Washington.

Mr. Lincoln's fondness for story-telling, and the extent to which he indulged it, are well known, and have not, I think, been overestimated. His sense of the ridiculous was exceedingly keen, his memory surprising, and his power of illustration and even of mimicry was often demonstrated in the use of very simple, funny and sometimes undignified stories.

I recall one day when he had just seated himself at a desk with the latest messages before him when he heard a newsboy on the street crying: "Here's yer news! Here's yer news!"

"What's that?" he asked, looking up at the boy, and then said: "Did I ever tell you of the joke the Chicago newsboys had on me?"

Repeating negatively, he related: "A short time before my nomination I was in Chicago attending a law suit. A picture of me was taken for the purpose of a picture, and I did so. This coarse, rough hair of mine was in a particularly bad tussle at the time, and the picture presented me in all its fright. After my nomination, this being about the only picture of me that there was, copies were struck to show them what they never saw me how I looked. The newsboys carried them around to sell, and had for their cry: 'Here's your old Abe. I'll look better when he gets his hair combed.'"

On the evening of August 7th, 1863, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Lincoln came in, bringing a long message, which he had written with his own hand, addressed to Governor Seymour, of New York. He sat down at the desk and carefully revised it, and then called me to sit by him while he read it, so that I might understand it and see that it was properly transmitted. He explained to me something of the occasion of it, and about a special messenger having come down from New York with a long argument from Governor Seymour, urging among other things that the draft should be suspended until the United States Supreme court had decided as to the constitutionality of the draft law; and he told me a funny story about a Boston minister who had been drafted, and the criticism that he made upon that method of recruiting the army.

He then mentioned a bright saying which he had recently heard during the riots in New York, in which the Irish figured most conspicuously, as follows: "It is said that General Kilpatrick is going to New York to quell the riots, but that his name has nothing to do with it."

MEN DO MUCH FOR FLATTERY.

A friend of mine in New York City asked me by letter to obtain for him a good picture of Mr. Lincoln with his photograph upon it, so I got a couple of photographs recently taken of him and one evening handed them to him, repeating the request of my friend and remarking that I supposed he was frequently answered by similar applications. He said: "Well, I suppose you know that men will stand a good deal when they are flattered a little." I smiled doubtfully, and he said, without giving me time for a reply, and while writing his name on the pictures: "You haven't learned that yet? Well, you needn't remain any longer in ignorance of it, because it's so."

It had so happened for several days that Major Eckert had been out when the President came into the office. Coming in one day and finding the Major counting money at his desk, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he believed the Major never came to the office any more except when he had money to count. The Major declared that his being out when the President came in was a coincidence and reminded him (Major) of a story: "A certain tailor in Mansfield, Ohio, was very stylish in dress and airy in manner. Passing a shopkeeper's door one day, the shopkeeper puffed himself up and gave a long blow expressive of the inflation of the conceited tailor, who indignantly turned and said: 'I'll teach you not to blow when I'm passing,' to which the shopkeeper instantly replied: 'And I'll teach you not to pass while I'm blowing.'"

The President said that was very good, very like a story which he had heard of a man who was driving through the country in an open buggy and was caught at night in a pouring shower of rain. He was hurrying forward toward shelter as fast as possible; passing a farmhouse a man, apparently struggling with the effects of a bad whiskey, thrust his head out of the window and shouted loudly: "Hello, hello!" The traveler stopped and asked what was wanted. "Nothing of your kind," he replied. "Well, what in the devil do you want when people are passing?" angrily asked the traveler. "Well, what in the devil are you passing for when people are shouting hello?" replied the inebriate.

The only occasion on which I knew Mr. Lincoln to use a profane word was on receipt of a telegram from General Burnside, then in Greenville, Tennessee, announcing that he expected a portion of his command to be at Jonesboro at a certain time. Eagerly looking over the map to see the position of the force under Burnside's command, it seemed to him that the portion referred to was marching away from instead of to the rescue of General Rosecrans, as ordered. Mr. Lincoln reread the despatch, thinking there must be some mistake, and repeated to himself: "Jonesboro, Jonesboro, damn Jonesboro!" and he immediately addressed a telegram to Burnside, saying: "If you are to do as you are ordered, Rosecrans it will not do to waste time by Jonesboro. It is already too late to do the most good that might have been done, but I hope it will still do some good. Please do not lose a moment."

During my knowledge of him, Mr. Lincoln always dressed plain black, his clothes sometimes showing wear. I think I never saw him wear an overcoat—instead of that he wore an ample, plain but peculiarly figured gray shawl, and his usual way of disposing of it as he entered the office was to hang it across the door, and to always stand open, so high as to be out of the reach of a man of ordinary height. When sitting at his desk writing briefly he sometimes assumed a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, with one knee on the carpet. When composing at some length it was his habit to look out of the window and apparently unconsciously scratched his head, particularly his temples, often moving his lips in whispers until he had his sentence formulated, when he would put it on paper. He wrote slowly but quite legibly, taking care to punctuate accurately. His spelling was faultless, which is not true of all great men, even those of education, and yet on two or three occasions he asked me while writing as to the use of one or two "I's" or "is's." He rarely erred or underlined, and his diction, so peculiar to some length, was always simple and perfect of plain, simple English. He sometimes read aloud, and on one occasion I remember his reading to me at some length, rather slowly and thoughtfully, and purposely mispronouncing certain words, placing the accent on the wrong syllable and the like. He was at this time sitting opposite me beside the large table on which I was writing, his chair leaned back against the wall, his legs crossed, one foot resting upon the round of his chair and the other suspended in space. During this reading he stopped occasionally to remark upon the perfection of his reading—a detailed description of a battle—and one of his remarks I remember was upon the meagreness of adjectives in the language to express the different degrees of feeling and action.—By Albert B. Chandler.

Nicknames of Our States and Towns.

Yankee humor and high-flown oratory are responsible for the most of the nicknames by which the States and many of the cities in the United States have come to be known. As these nicknames are frequently encountered by readers, it may be just as well to recognize the fact that a knowledge of them is more or less of a necessity. For this reason the accompanying list is given.

STATES.

Virginia, the Old Dominion.
Massachusetts, the Bay State.
Maine, the Moose State.
Rhode Island, Little Rhody.
New York, the Empire State.
New Hampshire, the Granite State.
Vermont, the Green Mountain State.
Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits.
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State.
North Carolina, the Old North State.
Ohio, the Buckeye State.
South Carolina, the Palmetto State.
Michigan, the Wolverine State.
Kentucky, the Corn-cracker.
Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken.
Indiana, the Hoosier State.
Illinois, the Sucker State.
Iowa, the Hawk-Eye State.
Wisconsin, the Badger State.
Florida, the Peninsular State.
Texas, the Lone Star State.

CITIES.

Philadelphia, the Quaker City.
Boston, the Modern Athens; the Hub.
New York, Gotham.
Baltimore, the Monumental City.
Cincinnati, the Queen City.
New Orleans, the Crescent City.
Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances.
Chicago, the Garden City.
Detroit, the City of the Straits.
Cleveland, the Forest City.
Pittsburgh, the Smoky City.
New Haven, the City of Elms.
Indianapolis, the Railroad City.
St. Louis, the Monud City.
Keokuk, the Gate City.
Louisville, the Fall City.
Nashville, the City of Rocks.
Hannibal, the Bluff City.

—The Scrap-Book

St. Valentine's Post.

One child is selected as postman. This player is blindfolded, and the others sit around the room in a circle. The hostess, or some other grown person, acts as postmistress, and gives to each child the name of a city or town. The blind postman is led to the middle of the circle, and the postmistress of a position where she sits facing the player. She then calls: "I have sent a valentine from Boston to Denver," for example, and the children representing these cities change places as quickly and quietly as possible. The postman tries to catch one of them as they run, and if he succeeds in doing this, or in sitting in one of the empty chairs, the child who is caught or whose chair he has taken becomes postman. The retiring postman is rewarded by a heart-shaped valentine slipped into a little heart-shaped envelope and addressed "to my valentine." If a child remains seated when his name is called, he must take the postman's place.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

FROM LINCOLN'S GRAVE.

He was the Southern mother leaning forth,
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden, pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain;
He was the mangled body of the dead;
He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread,
He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing foolish;
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

If You Are Born in February.

You have good reason to be interested in this, the shortest month of the year, if it happens to be your birth month.

February was one of the two months which the Emperor Numa added to the calendar 713 B. C. In the name February comes from the Latin word Februarius, meaning to expiate, because at this season the Romans celebrated the festival of expiation.

The old Anglo-Saxons called it "Sprout-kale month," as the cabbages sprouted at this time. It was later named "Sol month"—sun month.

Piscis, the Latin word for fish, is the zodiacal sign for February, into which sign the sun moves on the nineteenth of the month. The sun is in the sign Aquarius from the first to the nineteenth. Both signs are said to influence you chiefly the sign prominent at the date of birth.

If you were born between the first and the twentieth of the month you will be blessed with strong common-sense, keen perceptions, conservatism and remarkable executive ability. If your birthday occurs between the nineteenth and the end of the month you are, so the wise oracles say, promised, in addition, an extremely poetic temperament. You will be thoughtful and studious, conscientious and faithful to duty, kind, but very obstinate in holding to your own opinions and economical to a fault.

February's birthstone is the amethyst, which signifies power of deep love. Let me repeat a comforting little verse about the amethyst:

The February-born shall find
Serenity and peace of mind,
Freedom from anger and from care,
If they an amethyst shall wear.

The February flower is the primrose. It means sadness.

February is the favorite marriage month in Italy; the first, third, nineteenth and twenty-first being especially favorable for tying the knot. You are warned, however, that you will be tempting Fate if you choose the eleventh of February for your wedding day.

There is a cheerful little prophecy if you have already chosen a February wedding day:

"Married in February's sleety weather
Life you'll tread in tune together."
February has some unlucky days—six in all: the eighth, tenth, seventeenth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth. The first three named are especially unlucky. A quaint old proverb says, regarding February weather:

"All the months in the year
Despise a fair February."
IF YOU WERE BORN ON ONE OF THESE DAYS

If your birthday falls on the first of February so does that of Victor Herbert, the composer, in 1859. The Federal Congress abolished slavery in the United States on the first, in 1865.

If your birthday falls on the third that was the birthday of Mendelssohn, who was born on the third, in 1809; and Horace Greeley on this day, in 1811. The fifth was the date of the birth of Ole Bull, the famous violinist, in 1810. The evangelist Moody was also born on the fifth, in 1837.

Were you born on the sixth of February? So was Sir Henry Irving, in 1838. President Filmore was born on the seventh, in 1800, and Charles Dickens on this day, 1812. Was the eighth your birthday? It was also the birthday of John Ruskin, in 1819, and of General William T. Sherman, in 1820. President William Henry Harrison was born on the ninth, in 1773. The "Weather Bureau" of the United States is said to date from this day, in 1870.

Were you born on the tenth so was Charles Lamb, in 1775. The tenth was the date of the late Queen Victoria's marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, in 1840. The czar of Russia declared war against Japan on the tenth, 1904. The eleventh was the date of the birth of Daniel Boone, in 1735, and of Thomas A. Edison, in 1847.

Were you born on the twelfth of February? Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin were both born on this day and in the same year, in 1809. This was also the date of the discovery of gold in Australia, in 1851, and of the birth of Eduard Strauss, in 1835.

Was the fifteenth your birthday? It was also the day on which Daubigny, the artist, was born, in 1817. Marcella Sembrich, the singer was born on this day, in 1838. The battleship "Maine" was blown up in Havana Harbor on the fifteenth, in 1898.

It was on the eighteenth of February that Paganini, the great violinist, was born, in 1781. George Peabody had this birthday, in 1795.

Were you born on the nineteenth? Adelina Patti was born on this day, in 1843. If the twentieth was your birthday it was also the day on which Joseph Jefferson was born, in 1829.

Cardinal Newman had a birthday on the twenty-first, in 1801, and Meissonier, the French artist, in 1815. This was also the day in 1871 that the District of Columbia became a Territorial Government, and the Washington Monument was dedicated on the twenty-first, in 1885.

The twenty-second is memorable as the birthday of George Washington, in 1732, and of the poet Lowell, in 1819. The great composer Handel was born on the twenty-third of February, 1685.

Were you born on the twenty-fourth? The piercing of the Simpson Tunnel was completed on this day, in 1905. Camille Flammarion had a birthday on the twenty-fifth, in 1842. Victor Hugo, the author, and Elihu Vedder, the painter, on the twenty-sixth, the former in 1802 and the latter in 1836. Henry W. Longfellow was born on the twenty-seventh, in 1807, and Ellen Terry on this day, in 1848.

Rachael, the great tragedienne, claimed the twenty-eighth, in 1821. Rossini, the composer, was born on the twenty-ninth, in 1792.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

A Valentine.

I tie three roses within your hair,
Oh, maid of the merry heart;
A white, and a red, and a pink bud fair,
And the cluster is bound with a kiss and a prayer.

That none of the three may part:
For the heart of the white is your purity,
And the heart of the red is my fire,
And the dear little bud is the mystery
Of the fullness of our desire.

Oh, love of today; and oh, love of tomorrow;
Guard the three hearts from all blighting of sorrow—
Alice Gray.

In planning to entertain on St. Valentine's Day or Washington's Birthday, there are many clever ideas which may be carried out successfully and with little expense, if the hostess is willing to exercise her brain and hands.

On either day, a luncheon or dinner is a popular mode of entertainment and the table decorations, place cards, etc., may be fashioned at home by deft fingers, and the dishes served bear some resemblance to the significance of the day, making it most interesting and pleasurable.

A luncheon on St. Valentine's Day can be most daintily arranged. The centerpiece may consist of a heart-shaped wire frame, artistically banked with red carnations and green foliage forming the base. The most appropriate place cards would be the old-fashioned, dainty lace valentines, or if these are not desired heavy red cardboard may be cut in heart-shapes and some clever verse and each guest's name written in white on them. Little cupid cards can be put on these heart-shaped cards with their arrows piercing a tiny heart on which is written the guest's name. If candelabra or electroliers are used, shades of red with a fringe of tiny hearts attached to the shades with red ribbons are most effective and are very easily made. With the following menu some dish of each course may be made typical of the day. For instance, the cream of beet soup is red and the croquons cut in heart-shapes, thus giving the desired shape and color. Currant, raspberry, or strawberry jelly can be made in the shape of a heart by a cookie cutter. The breast of chicken may be made to look like a heart if it is cut in front of the wings down to a point, in place of straight through the breast. The French fried potatoes cut in heart-shapes, in place of strips. Cranberry jelly molded in a heart-shaped mold with green leaves laid flat around the dish. If ices are served, they may be frozen in either heart-shapes, or cupid's, and with the St. Valentine's cake, all serve to carry out the scheme of the day and make a luncheon most successful.

ST. VALENTINE'S MENU.

Oysters on the half shell. Cream of beet soup. Stuffed Oysters. Sautéed Almonds and Peanuts. Breast of Chicken.

French Fried Potatoes, Pars, Cranberry Jelly. Grapefruit and Lettuce Salad. Strawberry Cream. St. Valentine's Layer Cake. Dessert.

St. Valentine's Cake.—Make a layer cake and fill the first layer with chocolate, the second with white and the top and sides with deep pink. In the center put a cupid with his bow extended and from the bow carry lines of red ribbon to the edge of the cake and attach it to the cake by his darts piercing a tiny heart. Serve on a piece of cardboard cut in the shape of a heart and dot small candy hearts all around the sides of the cake.

While the shops are full of quaint and novel valentines, the girl with clever fingers can make many a pretty token, quite inexpensively, at home. Beginning with the lowest card of the set, the pictures are: Painted card with automobile lamps in a heart, "to my auto girl;" unique souvenir in which is pasted a bit of court-plaster and above it the inscription, "I will stick to you when others cut you;" a pretty little place-card with a call to good cheer; a hand-painted valentine with a tulip in colors, and with a declaration that this is his favorite flower; a heart-shaped needle-case, with an emery bag attached; an attractive dinner card that shows Cupid piercing someone's heart; and a mocking little valentine that accuses a mislaid being "the eternal question."

An old-fashioned leap-year masquerade would be good for celebrating the birthday of Saint Valentine. Send out quaint little invitations written in old English on decorated parchment paper. The humorous curious extract, which I once stumbled across, could be stiffly inserted in the invitation:

"Whereas it hath now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that as often as Leap Year doth return, the ladies have the privilege during the time