Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 12, 1915.

NANCY HANKS.

Prairie child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
For horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time:

These, and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's raptures
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
Under the ground;

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew:

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
And the victor's bays!

—By Harriet Monroe, in *You and I.*

ANNE RUTLEDGE.

This is a True Story of the Life Romance of Abraham Lincoln.

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

[Continued from last week.]

"Abe, put me up two pounds of loaf sugar." A customer had entered. It was the Rev. John Cameron, the Presbyterian preacher—"Elder Cameron," as he was called.

"I've got to run over to Robert Johnson's—Sister Johnson has sent for me. I'll get the sugar on my way back; my wife wants it for her morning baking."

"Now, Elder, never you mind about calling for this sugar; Mrs. Cameron will want it right away and I'll slip down to your house with it myself. I see Berry coming, and he'll 'tend store."

The preacher thanked him and went on his errand.

"I say, Abe," called out Berry as he entered, "I reckon that business will be better with us, now our biggest rival is leavin' town; McNeil has shook the place, and Hill hasn't any head for business. McNeil is goin' back to Yankeedom."

"Well," drawled Lincoln, apparently intent only on putting up loaf sugar, "I can't honestly say that I wish him a bad passage." Tucking the sugar under his coat to protect it from the rain, he left the store to deliver it into Mrs. Cameron's hands. The errand took him straight past Rutledge's, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond.

"And you just took all the trouble to fetch me that bit of sugar, Abe? Well, I reckon I'm obliged to you summat. What is the old song?

'Sugar's sweet and so be you.'

And they do say, Abe, that John McNeil's goin' to leave town; sold out; made a heap o' money, they say, right here in New Salem. Well, if there is any money to be made in these parts I reckon a Yankee would get it; 'tis precious little I see, or you either, I reckon. I wonder how Annie Rutledge likes it, his goin'? Is she to follow, or is all that milk sour? 'Pears to me that if I was a young feller loose in these parts I'd see to it that Annie Rutledge didn't put on mournin' for John McNeil. Yes, Abe, I'm obliged to you for fetchin' the sugar: there's no knowin' when the Elder will get back." And the good woman turned to her baking.

The savory smell that poured forth from the open door reminded Lincoln that he had not been to breakfast, which with him was a somewhat movable feast; but usually, if the hour was not too late, he found something awaiting him for breakfast at Rutledge's, for Mrs. Rutledge, with whom Lincoln was a favorite, took an anxious thought for him—he seemed such a lonely soul, and she never failed to have a bite ready for him, come what time of day or night he might. When now he reached the dining-room at the tavern he found the last guest served and the room empty.

"Am I too late?" he asked Mrs. Rutledge, whom he met in the hall.

"Oh no, Abe; I'll find a plate o' somethin' for you, hot or cold, though our mornin' vittles is about clean gone, and me just a-bakin' more. I'm doin' an egg for Annie, and I'll get you up a dish o' bacon at the same time. I'll call you when things is ready."

Usually, when late to his meals, he waited in the barroom, that being the common resting-place for menfolks about the tavern.

"Jes' step into the parlor, Abe."

Mrs. Rutledge's pride in her parlor and her motherly feeling for him had led her to the politeness which he felt he must accept. He felt the warmth of the room as he opened the door. Going to the hearth, he raked out the coals and threw on a few sticks from the wood-box in the hall. The blaze quickly rolled up and he found the touch of comfort soothing. Annie often sat in this room, sewing by the west window. He went over to the window, thinking of her and of the vanished horseman. There was no one in sight, neither in the yard nor down the road; yet Lincoln was laughing a quiet, strange sort of a laugh to himself, as now, his hands clasped behind his back, he paced up and down in front of the fireplace. His chin was thrown forward, his eyes on the floor, and he seemed to gather cheerfulness as he moved about. A loose sheet of paper on the floor near the mohair sofa caught his eye. He picked it up; a sheet torn from somebody's account-book; thirteen thousand dollars' worth of property. Turning it over, he read on the back, "John McNeil." Then it all flashed across his mind; the embers on the hearth, the paper evidently dropped from the hand of some person sitting on the sofa. McNeil and Annie had spent the evening before together here; the paper inventoried McNeil's possessions.

"Ready, now, Abe." Mrs. Rutledge was in the door-way announcing his breakfast. "You won't mind eatin' with Annie, I reckon, Abe; she is a bit late this mornin' like yourself."

"If Annie will endure me"—he was smiling, inwardly delighted at the favor Fate was showing—"I think I can endure her."

"Good morning, Annie"—he bowed awkwardly as he accosted her. "Your ma says that if you'll endure me I may eat breakfast along with you. Is she right?"

"We keep open house here, Mr. Lincoln, and are always glad to have our guests with us." The even resonance of her voice gave no hint of the long, weary night she had passed.

Lighter in heart than he had been all day, he took the chair opposite her. But he soon discovered that Annie was not disposed to talk, though she was known to be the best talker of all the New Salem girls. And looking into her face, he detected dark lines beneath her eyes, and her cheeks seemed a trifle faded. Perhaps the horseman had not vanished, after all.

Finally he could keep silent no longer. "I reckon you are not feeling right pert this morning, Miss Rutledge?"

He usually called her Annie, but there was that look in her face which forbade so intimate a word.

"Oh, it's the weather; the wind howled so last night I could not sleep." She spoke slowly and with indifference.

"'Twas a noisy night; glad I'm not on the road." He was thinking of some of his journeys to and from Springfield in bad weather, but the look on Annie's face told him straightway that he had said the wrong thing. He saw that she was thinking of McNeil, and this now distant traveller brought to mind the paper he had found on the parlor floor.

"Annie"—he did not stop to weigh speech as he reached his hand across the table—"perhaps you know something about this; I found it a few minutes ago by the sofa."

She looked at the paper, but did not take it. Awkward and brusque as he was, his heart went out to her. "Annie, you are not well this morning. I didn't mean to stir you up so. I reckon I have made a mess of it. John's business won't last forever" (he was secretly wishing it might); "he will come back before long. He's the richest man in New Salem; he's honest; he'll do what he says."

He was pleading for McNeil, but his compliments somehow failed to restore her; rather they agitated her the more. Suddenly, with an effort, she arose, quickly picked up the paper, and, without saying a word, left the room.

His astonishment was complete. He had never seen her this way before; his memories of her were of laughter and song and high spirits and embodied happiness. He saw her cross the threshold and put her hands over her face, bursting into tears. Then he knew that something was wrong.

Had McNeil deserted her?

He caught up his hat and hurried from the tavern, knowing now too well that he loved Annie Rutledge, and that he could think of nobody else in the world. He went back to the store a changed man; the world put on a new face. Nature seemed changed. Everything now seemed possible to him, and a more ambitious man was never born. For the first time in his life he seemed to get a good look at himself. Something had happened that put him into new relations with the whole world.

His face must have reflected the transformation working within him, for Berry, his old partner, catching its new expression, said to him as he entered the store: "Why, Abe, what's happened? You look as if you were just elected President. What did Sam Hill say to you?"

"I haven't seen him."

"He was just in here askin' for you; wants you to 'tend postoffice. I told him I reckoned you'd take it. Better run right over and see Sam; a postoffice is dreffly desirable property."

"But liable to sudden change of tenants," added Lincoln; "think I'll investigate this claim"—and he turned his face toward the store, general merchandise, grocery, and postoffice, kept until a few days before by Hill & McNeil.

It was Elder Cameron who let out Annie's secret. The Rutledges were very friendly with the Presbyterian preacher and his wife, and a few evenings after McNeil's departure Mrs. Rutledge had them to tea. In a moment of confessional weakness the mother unveiled the state of Annie's affairs, winding up with:

"And I tell her it's a lucky escape, Elder. What do you think?"

"Providential, Sister Rutledge, providential; a clear case of desertion. Undoubtedly he has committed some misdemeanor in his younger days. Murder will out, you know. He knows that the law has got on his track and he has fled, probably to one of the Western settlements."

The Elder, like all New Salem people, always spoke of "out West" and "the West" with the easy speech of Boston or Savannah; New Salem had established its claim to classification with "the East" by existing five years.

"John McNeil go to one of the settlements?" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, disgusted. "Now, husband, if you don't talk just like a man. Do you think that after gettin' hold of all that money he would go West? No, sirree; no West for him. I say that this Mc-what-do-you-call-him has a girl somewhere else, and has simply cleared out of New Salem to go to her. Mrs. Johnson thinks so too, though she don't know all what we know now since Mrs. Rutledge has told us herself, and we must keep it to ourselves. But Mary Johnson is pretty pert, and I vow I believe she's right and she don't know it. As long as this miserable critter Mc-whatever-his-name-is was a-makin' money he stayed here, and he was sharp enough to pick out the finest girl in the place and pretend to court her. Now he's got his pile, he's shook her; that's all, the wretch! I wish I had hold o' him with a pair o' tongs; I wouldn't dirty my fingers a-touchin' him myself."

And Sister Cameron poised her head and tapped her foot on the floor and looked indignant and relieved.

The Elder's wife was harder than the Elder; the eternally feminine is sometimes that way. She was mistress of the gentle art of torture, and her opportunity had come. Even Mrs. Rutledge winced. But the Elder was quite convinced of the accuracy of his wife's stroke, and as they wended their way homeward, choosing their steps over the muddy path with practised skill, they explored still more thoroughly the mystery surrounding McNeil. While yet under the spell of the twice-told tale the Elder betook himself to Hill's store for his evening mail, and there embraced the opportunity to repeat the news to Hill, as the party most closely identified with the late McNeil. Sam listened to the end, as was his wont, without comment, and the Elder took his leave. Just before closing the store for the night Hill repeated the whole story to Lincoln.

"I don't believe that John McNeil is a dishonorable man," protested Lincoln; "I have said so before and I say so now." This was his only comment.

But he was conscious of a new order of sensations. What if Elder Cameron's interpretation of the situation was the true one?

All day long the line from the old hymn had been threading in and out of his thoughts, and all day long Annie's sad face had looked out upon Lincoln from everything before his eyes.

Locking up the store, he went up to the loft where he slept. The new joy within him waxed stronger and transformed the penury about him into indescribable wealth, and the chiefest treasure of all did not seem hopelessly beyond his reach. Rivals, poverty, toil—he was not thinking of these. Everything seemed possible and easy to him; he would finish his law studies and begin life in Springfield, with her, the fountain of his hopes.

It was with infinite contentment, the contentment of youth and hope and wealth, abounding health of mind and body, that he threw himself on his bed. How long he lay there he could not tell. He seemed to be in a singular, an indescribable vessel which moved with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. The strangeness of the vessel, the mystery of the shore, possessed him. So real was the vision, he started forward to penetrate the darkness just beyond—when he awoke.

The moonlight sifting through the cracks and crannies revealed only the barren loft over Sam Hill's store. Here was no mystery; he lay down again. But once more he was on that strange ship, traveling with incredible swiftness toward that dark and gloomy shore, and again he strode forward to pierce the mystery of that strange coast, again to awake suddenly.

Why had the dream come twice? His poetic nature was quivering—whether with curiosity or superstition he did not ask. Strange, strange premonition! He could not know that this same vision, this mysterious messenger from the unknown, should come to him, years later, just before the anxious journey to his inauguration as President of the United States; again, just before Antietam and Murfreesboro; again, before Vicksburg and Gettysburg; and, last of all, on the night before that day of tragedy, the ever-to-be-remembered 14th of April.

But now, sitting on his bed, in the loft of Hill's store, the second rising of the spectacle interested him strangely. He was deeply introspective, and now he turned upon himself that serious search so frequent with him, that self-examination so inseparable from his impassable melancholy. And the light of this search somehow seemed to fall on a balance-sheet whose items were basic and fundamental, not of broad acres or bank bills. His thoughts were running easily from the centre of that loose sheet which he had given to Annie Rutledge that morning at the breakfast table. He remembered Annie when at Mentor Graham's school she sat near him, and he used to think that her fair face filled the whole room with beauty. And now he ran over the whole course of his existence: he was meeting this beautiful spirit in the little intercouse of daily life—at the store, by the wayside, at meeting, and at the merry gatherings with the young folks of New Salem. And he could see the shapely little hand, the lustrous, tender eyes, and could hear that voice, that indescribable voice. How could he wait till he should meet her again? Would the dawn never come? He must speak to her, for to him she meant life—life.

The dawn broke; the new day came with inconsequential affairs; the sun sank down into the prairie—and he did not see Annie. Days passed; she seemed to have vanished away.

"Where is Annie?" he at last inquired of Mrs. Rutledge.

"Annie isn't feelin' well these days; I reckon it's the dreadful spell of weather"—a reply which carefully concealed all the facts save one.

A week, two weeks, three passed; Lincoln caught glimpses of her, but she seemed inaccessible to him. But her face betrayed her sufferings. Her mother insisted that Dr. John Allen be called, but Annie delayed with vague excuses from day to day.

About the end of the third week Lincoln unexpectedly found the opportunity he had been seeking. Toward evening she came down to the post-office; the mail-coach had discharged its bag and its passengers, and Annie had calculated nicely the time when the letters would be ready.

"Any letter for me?"

No one in the store save Lincoln heard the soft little voice.

"I think so."

Her face lighted with new life as he handed her several letters, but the light quickly faded; none was from *him.*

Lincoln saw the shadows gather and encompass her with gloom. With slow steps, her grief almost mastering her, she turned from the store. He could resist no longer. Catching up his hat, he left the office and was swiftly by her side. He said not a word, fully aware of the pit into which he had fallen; and thus in silence they walked on side by side.

Suddenly he burst forth in the most eloquent plea that ever fell from his lips. He argued that McNeil's silence confirmed the suspicions of her friends. He had deserted her; he was unworthy of her. But very lightly and slightly did Lincoln dwell on McNeil; it was the story of his own love for her he was telling. Never had she imagined that a man could talk as Abraham Lincoln now talked to her. Could the language of life yield such treasures and such a tribute? McNeil had been affectionate after a fashion, but this man's love was an ecstasy of passion, a transforming power. Not one word did he say of farms and shops and dollars, but life, life, companionship, devotion—endless, endless devotion to her. And then he told her his mysterious dream.

"Moving swiftly toward a strange, indefinite shore," the words took possession of her mind. "A strange, indefinite shore;" yes, on such a shore was she now wandering. Her heart sank within her.

This was the beginning of Lincoln's courtship of Anne Rutledge.

(Concluded next week.)

Wilson Phones Sanfrancisco Without Break.

"Hello, Mr. Moore," a voice said in a telephone receiver a few minutes after six o'clock on Monday night, and the wire passing through New York which had been guarded over every mile of the thousands between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was in use for the second time on Monday.

The voice was that of the President of the United States talking to Charles C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, President Wilson being at his desk in the nation's capital, and Mr. Moore in San Francisco.

"This is indeed a pleasure, President Wilson said, and then added that he was looking forward to his trip to the coast and the exposition when he would see Mr. Moore.

With Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, listening to the conversation from New York, and President Vail, of the American Telephone, & Telegraph Co., with his ear to a receiver at Jekyl Island, Ga., President Wilson continued to speak over the first telephone line to be operated without a break from one coast to the other.

Still speaking to Mr. Moore the President said:

It appeals to the imagination to speak across the continent. It is a fine omen for the exposition for the first thing it has done is to send my voice from sea to sea. I congratulate you on the fine prospects for a successful exposition. I am confidently hoping to take part in it after the adjournment of Congress. May I not send my greetings to the management and to all whose work has made it the great event it promises to be, and convey my personal congratulations to you?

It is a pleasure to be able to express my admiration for the inventive genius and scientific knowledge that have made this possible and my pride that this vital cord should have stretched asross America as a new symbol of our unity and our enterprise. Will you not convey my cordial congratulations to Dr. Bell? And I want to convey to you my personal congratulations, sir.

The President then spoke to Dr. Bell as follows:

May I not congratulate you very warmly on this notable consummation of your long labors and remarkable achievements? You are justified in feeling a great pride in what has been done. This is a memorable day, and I convey to you my warm congratulations.

The President said that he could hear Mr. Moore in San Francisco very distinctly.

President Wilson's conversation from Washington with San Francisco was overheard by scores of persons in the telephone company's offices, including city officials, business men and merchants, and representatives of engineering and civic organizations.

The trans-continental service will not be established for public use until about March 1. It will cost $20.75 for a person in New York to talk for three minutes with a person in San Francisco, and $6.75 for each additional minute.

An Important Decision.

An important decision affecting the banking law was made by the appellate division of the supreme court in Wulff vs. Roseville Trust company, in which the court vacates an attachment in this state against the property of a financial institution in New Jersey which has been closed by the commissioner of banking and insurance. The court held that New Jersey law relating to the closing of a bank by the commissioner is similar to the provisions of the New York banking law and that the commissioner "is deemed to have become vested with the title to the assets of said institution as the trustee of an express trust." The court says that "in such a case no creditor is permitted to obtain a preference over others or to obtain a lien upon the property of the banking institution after the commissioner has taken charge thereof."

Sneezing as a Diagnosis.

A sneeze is responsible for the discovery by City Clerk Newton that he had three broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder, says a Hanford (Cal.) dispatch to the Los Angeles Times. Several days ago Newton and a number of friends were returning from an automobile ride when the machine turned over. He was slightly injured, but thought nothing of it.

Later he sneezed vigorously and the pain increased; he sneezed again and then hastened to see a doctor. The physician, after an examination, informed him that he had three broken ribs and a shoulder out of joint. Since then Newton has been too ill to work. His friends are now wondering whether he would have felt the injuries if he had not sneezed twice.

"Our Friends the Enemy."

A zealous bobby captured a workingman and haled him into court on the charge of being an unregistered German. The man swore he had a Russian birth certificate, and produced it. Then said the magistrate severely:

"But why then have you for ten years been masquerading as a German?"

"Because," answered the man apologetically, "when I came to England ten years ago the feeling against Russia was so strong that I was obliged to pass myself off for a German." —Molly Best in Harper's Weekly.

Rapid Changing

"Well," said the janitor of the city hall in Dixmude, as he shoved another bomb off the bed coverlets preparatory to rising, "well, I wonder which flag I'll have to put up over the building today!"—Detroit News.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Potpouri of Speculations for the Homeward Trip. Waiting for the Last Feast, Etc.

JHANSI, DECEMBER 5th, 1913

Dear Home Folk:

Here it is again, a letter to write and nothing to say for although there have been clouds and many dark looking days yet only a few drops have fallen, and you know drops don't help to fill wells or grow grass.

"Cooks" sent me a letter today and I think I shall follow as nearly as my money will allow their itinerary, and it is this: Leave Colombo February 14th, arriving at Hongkong the 26th; March 3rd leave Hongkong and reach Shanghai three days later, and from that until April 10th I shall have for sight-seeing in China and Japan and leave Yokohoma April 15th, reaching Honolulu by the 20th; one week on shore and then reach San Francisco by May 3rd, and from there I am not sure just which way I will go East, but know you will hear of me soon enough.

I am dressed and sitting waiting to go out to dinner tonight and for once they know where America is on the world's surface—even Philadelphia has a place—and I really feel as though I belonged somewhere. So many times when told where I was from the hearer gave an incredulous stare and said, "Oh, yes!" and I felt as though I must be a waif—no home, no city, not even a country to offer as a back-ground; so you see I am really looking forward to this dinner with pleasure.

The days are flying past and I feel as though I could not get half ready, but of course when the time comes I will be quite packed up and the train will surely take me with it, even if I do travel in my ancient wardrobe.

Did K. ever get a small packet I sent to him in August? It was only a tiny thing but held four old Indian coins for cuff links for him. I am sorry if they are lost for I can't replace them, as they were gotten at a curio-dealers in Lucknow; they really were not beautiful, but were curious and I think he would have liked them.

Friday morning.—The rain came at last; not as much as we would like, but at least the dust is settled for the time and this morning it is delightfully fresh and clear. The dinner last night was a big success, at least, so far as pleasure was concerned, and the food was especially good, so all was well. The secret of these people's knowledge lies in the fact that they have relatives in New York and have many times visited there. I had a strange experience on the way home; I was stopped by a man (native) carrying a lantern and I asked, in a very nasty voice, "What do you want?" It was eleven o'clock at night and at a rather dark place on the road and I didn't intend to be scared out of my wits for any reason. As I spoke, a young Englishman stepped out of the shadows and said: "Do you speak English?" I nearly laughed aloud and bit my tongue to keep from saying, "Sure, its the only one I do speak," but realizing how obvious it was, waited for the man to make his wants known and then he said: "This is my first day in Jhansi and I can't find my way back to my bungalow." Fortunately I knew the place he mentioned to be only two bungalows further along the road and told him so. He of course thanked me many times, and I drove on, grinning at the absurdity of it all. It is strange, but to be lost in one of these English cantonments is not fun for the lost one since they are all roads and compounds, but few bungalows, and no really landmarks to help out, especially at night; but really he was within a few feet of the gateway.

The "Mohorram" festival is now in the air; the "tajiyas" (those bright-colored tombs) are appearing on every side, and the drums make the night hideous. It is the one festival in northern India that seems to excite the Mohammedans, and I always feel that those drums will some day tell a story of an uprising; and many of the missionaries who have lived here for a long time think the same thing, and it will occur just at the Mohorram season. I know I don't want to meet a group of frenzied Mohammedans unless I can't find another way around. They just seem to go wild—but I have told you all about this before, and it is really not due for ten days yet; there are only the mutterings now and we all stay as close in doors as we can during the three days it is in full swing.

Have I ever told you that these Indians have a custom very like the Mexicans. There are many date-palms about here and many of them have a triangular cut just under their leaves and I, of course, asked what could have hurt the trees so far above the ground, and was told it was done by man in his effort to make for himself a liquor, as it ferments and is very intoxicating. It is contrary to the teachings of both the Hindu and the Koran but of course, like others, they don't live up to their teachings.

But now I am going to write a Christmas thank-you and a congratulation to one of the girls, as she sent me word of her engagement two weeks ago, so will say good-bye.

(Continued next week.)

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

"I am not bound to win.
But I am bound to be true."
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

An attractive centrepiece is made of a round work basket, gilded and stood on a frame of three gilded drumsticks, crossed. In the centre of basket is stood a big gilded arrow with hearts dangling from the tops, strings of different sized hearts dangling from edge of basket to the cloth and surrounding the arrow are masses of flowers.

The strings of hearts can be cut from gilt paper, tied with ribbon to match flowers or they can be in colored paper in several tones of the decoration—which is usually pink or red.

A novel frame for a shallow entree or pudding dish is a covering of pasteboard shaped like a crown, with hearts rampant from the points of crown, also painted on the crown itself. These may be all in one color as of gold or silver paper, or the crown can be gold and the hearts red or pink outlined in raised gilt.

To do this raised gilt, first trace a line of paste very thickly, and when it has dried cover with gilt paint. The crown may be without a base and slip round the dish or can be provided with a bottom and the mold supped into it.

For ice or entree cups pretty home-made affairs can be made by pasting on ordinary paper pate cup to the top of a section of mailing tube—the smallest you can get. This is gilded and the opposite end is pasted to a heart-shaped base of cordboard.

DECORATIVE BASKETS.

The decorations for such a cup may be infinitely varied. It can be conveyed with frills of paper tied with baby ribbon, while round the standard is twined more ribbon, through which is thrust a single natural rose or carnation; again the cup itself is covered with paper petals to represent a pink or red rose, while tied to the standard are two cupids cut from gilt paper—as if supporting the cup.

Little silvered baskets, such as are sold to hold Easter eggs may be filled with moss with short stemmed flowers in it. On the handle perch a cupid cut from silver paper or a doll dressed to represent the God of Love.

Instead of using these flower baskets for place cards, the filling may be omitted and the basket lined with paraffin paper and filled with ices in the tint of the decorations.

An individual valentine candle makes a pretty place card. This may be an ordinary tin stick of good shape covered with gilt paint with hearts tied to the handle. Use unshaded candles in the color of table decorations.

A novel idea is to paste small hearts on these candles at irregular intervals. On each heart is a number which corresponds to a given number in a gayly decorated basket used as place cards. When the candle burns to a certain number the book is consulted and a fortune read.

HAVE FORTUNE TELLING.

To make this fortune telling more interesting, each booklet should have a different set of fortunes. Where the hostess entertains close friends, these may be amusingly personal, or they can be couplets culled from love poems.

Care must be taken against fire. As soon as the flame approaches too close to a heart it should be pulled off. A safer way, perhaps, would be to paint the hearts and number in raised gilt.

Improvised candlesticks can be made from heavy cardboard, with heart-shaped base, handle of bent wire and cup of four small hearts placed point up in the centre of the base. With gold and silver paint and a box of water colors, such candle-sticks can be colored to suit any decoration.

GARLANDS ON TABLE.

Dainty garlands hung on the sides of a tablecloth can be made of small pink rose-buds—artificial—festooned in scallops, with clusters of dangling gilt hearts from the points of the scallop. Similar garland can be draped from the chandelier to the edge of the table to form a canopy top, or they may end much nearer the centre to outline a round mirror, which holds a low bowl of flowers.

Attractive place cards may be two small hearts of covered satin, tied together with bows of baby ribbon and fastened with a loop. Those for the men may be penwipers with leaves of chamois on inside and a small calander pad pasted on outside; for the girls have leaves of fine flannel for needle book, with a tiny pair of scissors attached and a small pocket of satin on the under heart to hold a thimble.

It is sad for a child when illness confines him to his room on one of the holidays he considers especially his own. Unless he is too ill for any excitement special effort should be made to make up to him for his loss.

A Valentine celebration for a sick child can easily be arranged, and well managed will make all the other children sigh to go to bed next year.

Begin the day with a valentine breakfast tray. Let it be trimmed with a border of tiny red hearts or use one of the decorated paper napkins in appropriate heart designs that can be bought for a few cents.

Buy at the five and ten cent stores a few cheap dishes in heart shape, or make them of pasteboard covered with red paper. Cut the bread for toast with a heart cutter and shape thin bread and butter similarly, tieing it in packages with red ribbon, through which is run a gilt dart.

Under the plates and glasses should be tucked cheap valentines, only to be opened when the food and milk is all disposed of—as excitement is likely to prove hard on appetites.

In arranging for the invalid's day remember that quantity counts more than quality, so get numerous valentines rather than handsome ones. The penny postcards, cheap comics and oddities in lace and printings will be quite as much enjoyed as costly affairs.

The valentines should be delivered in various ways. Some of them can be mixed in each disagreeable task before the young invalid. Tucked in the towels for the bath may be a big envelope that is to be opened as soon as a good child is dressed; pills can be given in vivid heart-shaped boxes; bitter medicine should have on the tray with the dose a particularly interesting missive to be read just as soon as the dose is swallowed.

Great fun is it to have one of the other children dress as a postman with cap and cape and a school bag for a mail bag. He can approach the bed at intervals each day, first ringing a bell outside the door, to announce his approach. But one or two valentines should be delivered at a time as fun is much greater when prolonged.