

# AN HONEST VALENTINE.

By virtue of the right bestowed by good St. Valentine I take this way of saying that I want to make you mine.

Presuming you are sensible and flattery despise I shall attempt to win you without telling any lies.

Although I may offend you, in the sweet conceit of youth, I mean to try and win you with the plain, unvarnished truth.

You have no gold or burn crown of sunshine on your head— You have the normal quantity of hair, and it is red.

You do not gaze with orbs of night immersed in heaven's blue— You simply see with common eyes and squint a little, too.

Your form is not a Venus, with a fairy's airy grace— It's rather short and dumpy, and it couldn't win a race.

You are not yet an angel to be worshiped as divine— You only are a mortal and to mortal ways incline.

Your face is not an artist's dream of beauty wondrous rare— It's plain and has some freckles as you, doubtless, are aware.

You are not always gentle and affectionate and kind— You have a woman's temper and you often speak your mind.

You are not "helping mother," when that duty you can shirk— You'd rather ride a "cycle, which is pleasanter than work.

Your head is not a storehouse filled with knowledge we adore— Yet, while there's something in it, there is lots of room for more.

Not all the fine accomplishments that charm do you possess— You drum on the piano and you sing—to my distress.

And now, because I see your faults and still would make you mine, I've proven that I love you. Will you be my valentine?

### MORAL:

A Love that is blind  
Doesn't last, you will find,  
But a Love that can see  
Never dies and will be  
A union forever in clover.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

# WAS IT AN OFFER?

II CAN'T stand it!" said Maj. Midgefield. "I can't, indeed! Breakfast irregular, dinner at no particular hour, and everything at sixes and sevens! I'm not used to it, and it upsets my digestion. Besides—there's that nephew of mine! I suppose boys must exist, but they're a prodigious nuisance. I told my sister I'd try six months with her, and I've tried 'em. Now I'll go back to old Mrs. Pry's boarding house, and my second-story front room, with the grate fire and the weather strips in every window. My six months are up on the 14th of February, and on the 14th of February I'll go!"

The major was a stout, short old gentleman, with a shining bald head, a bumpy forehead, light blue eyes, which always seemed as if they would touch his spectacle glasses, and a frost-white mustache. He was an inveterate old bachelor, with all the subtle ways and habits of old bachelorhood, and had money to leave—at least so said the tongue of popular rumor—and he had also a furtive suspicion that all the ladies were in league against his single blessedness.

"I'll write to Mrs. Pry," said the major; and accordingly he sat down and wrote, succinctly:

"My Dear Madam: I am heartily sick of this sort of life. Will you take me? If it isn't convenient don't mind saying so. I prefer the second-story front room. No piano practice, no cold dinners, no neglect about my shirt buttons—you understand my idiosyncrasies, and will doubtless accede to them. Please let me hear from you at once. Yours, very respectfully,

"MILO MIDGEFIELD."

"I think that expresses my ideas pretty fairly," said Maj. Midgefield, as he read the letter over, not without complacency. "Yes, yes, pretty fairly. Now, what is that woman Pry's first name? I've got it signed to some of my receipts upstairs, and I do like things to be shipshape and precise."

And, leaving his letter neatly folded on the table, in a shining, smooth envelope, the major trotted upstairs to find out whether old Mrs. Pry's name was Paulina, Patience or Parthenia, all three of which names buzzed, like familiar bees, in his brain.

"I know it's one of the three," he said to himself. "But I suppose it wouldn't do to write 'em all down and let the old woman take her choice!"

No sooner had the major vacated the study than in rushed Master Julius Carey, only son and heir of the Rev. Joseph Carey, and the aforesaid nephew whose boyish peculiarities were so trying to the major.

"Where is it?" bawled Master Julius, a promising youth of 14. "Where's my valentine? Mother wouldn't let us come in while Uncle Midgefield was here, and now I'll have to step lively to catch the post. Where is it, I say? I do hope Uncle Midgefield hasn't been sending it off to any pretty girl on the sly."

"My dear Julius," remonstrated Mrs. Carey, a pretty, faded little woman, with colorless eyes, hair in crimping

papers, and a shabby cashmere wrapper, trimmed with imitation lace. "It's just like him," said Master Julius. "No fox so sly as an old fox. Oh, here it is! I say, mother, can you lend me a postage stamp?"

And, anointing with his tongue the gummy flap of Maj. Midgefield's brief letter to Mrs. Pry, he addressed it with many flourishes to "Miss Adela Forrester, No. — street."

"Won't she be pleased," said Julius. "I picked out the very prettiest little valentine in the store—Cupid hiding under a wreath of roses, and 'I love you,' in golden letters, coming out of his quiver. I chose it because it was small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, and she'll never suspect until she opens it."

"Julius," said his mother, "what a goose you are. Miss Forrester is old enough to be your mother."

"Miss Forrester is just 20," said Julius, "and I'm nearly 15, and I've been dead in love with her these three years!"

And he scampered off with his letter, and the goodly, untidy matron heaved a

soft sigh and went back to the basket of unopened stockings which was the Nemesis of her life, and Maj. Midgefield came down stairs to the once more deserted study, quite unconscious of the raid which had been made upon it.

"Parthenia—that was the name," said Maj. Midgefield—"what could have induced me to think it was Patience or Pauline? Now where the very dickens is that letter? Surely, I didn't—oh, here it is, poked away under the inkstand. That housemaid has been in here dusting, as sure as I live, and it's a mercy she hasn't thrown it into the grate. 'Mrs. Parthenia Pry, No. 16 Green court, Foxsley street'—that's it, and I'll just put my initials in the corner, to insure a speedy perusal, M. M., with a flourish to the tail of the last M. I suppose my sister will be very plaintive and injured about this decision of mine, but she has only herself and her noisy lot of a boy to thank for it."

And Maj. Midgefield himself went out to drop his letter into the nearest post box.

St. Valentine's day came, bright and sunny, with hard frozen snow crusting all the streets, and a silver fringe of icicles on all the eaves and tree boughs, and old Mrs. Pry stared hard at the letter which the morning mail brought her.

"It's from Maj. Midgefield. I know it," said she, fumbling in her dress pocket for her spectacles. "I know them little curly-tailed M's of his'n as well as I know my catechism. I'll bet he wants to come back, and a good thing for me, too, with my best room standing empty for three weeks. Eh! What? A gilt Cupid with no clothes on to signify, and a lot of green leaves, and 'I love you'! It ain't possible, unless the major has gone crazy!"

"A letter from Maj. Midgefield," said Miss Adela Forrester, who was a tall, black-browed beauty, with cherry lips and a good high spirit of her own. "And he wants to know if I will take him."

"Nonsense!" said Mamma Forrester, who was buttering a Vienna roll with the serene calm.

"Read it for yourself, then, and see," said Miss Forrester, with a toss of her head. "He calls me 'dear madam,' the horrid old bachelor, and dictates as to his room, his dinner and his shirt buttons. My goodness," with a lifting of the jetty brows, "does he think the girls are ready to drop, like overripe plums, into his mouth?"

"Of course, you'll say no," said Mamma Forrester.

"Of course," said Adela.

"Then papa must see the major at once," said the elder lady. "Though if he were only a few years younger, the estate is—"

"I wouldn't marry that horrid old creature if he were the only man in the world!" cried Adela, with emphasis, as she remembered the young passed midshipman now pacing the deck of the Silvestra in the Caribbean seas, to whom her young affections were pledged.

So it happened that Mr. Forrester and old Mrs. Pry both met in Maj. Midgefield's room at the parsonage of St. Adolphine, on the afternoon of that radiant 14th of February.

"I am sorry, major," said the former, "that my daughter declines to entertain your very complimentary proposal."

"What proposal?" said the major. "I never proposed to anyone in my life,

and it is not likely that I shall come now!"

"Do you deny your own handwriting?" flashed out Mr. Forrester, who was of a choleric disposition, and did not relish his word being doubted.

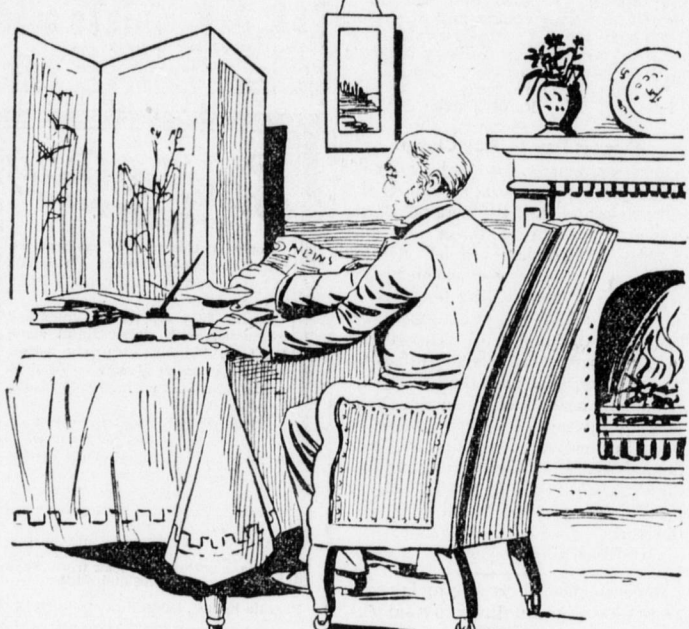
"I deny everything!" shouted the major. "Stop a minute, Forrester; here is the respectable female who has just called to see me on business. I'll just see what she wants before we go on with this discussion. Now, then, Mrs. Pry."

But Mrs. Pry was making amazonian efforts to get a letter out of her pocket, and turned very red in the face at this being directly addressed.

"I'm sixty-odd, major, if you please," said Mrs. Pry, "and a widow woman, with a small pension, as never thought of marrying again. And I never supposed as you could demean your dignity by making jokes at my expense!"

"Jokes, woman!" thundered the major. "What on earth do you mean? Is all the world gone mad?"

"I call valentines jokes!" said Mrs. Pry. "And, please, sir, here it is, with your own initials on the outside!"



"WHERE IN THE DICKENS IS THAT LETTER?"

Cupids and loves and wings, and not much of anything else, sir, saving your presence!" with a contemptuous sniff.

"I never saw the thing before in all my life," said Maj. Midgefield, eying it through his spectacle glasses as one might survey some noxious insect.

"Ain't this in your writing?" demanded Mrs. Pry, holding up the envelope.

"Of course it is," answered the major. "And is not this your writing?" sternly joined in Mr. Forrester, holding up the letter.

"Certainly it is," admitted the major. "And that letter and that envelope belong together, comprising a note written by me to Mrs. Pry to engage board at her house once more. If you will observe, Mr. Forrester, you will perceive that the letter and the envelope in your possession are in different handwritings."

"Then," gasped the bewildered Mr. Forrester, "how on earth came this letter directed to my daughter?"

"All I know," said the major, stoutly, "is that I never sent it."

And to the day of their death nobody solved the mystery. The only person who could have done so was Master Julius Carey, who had listened at the door during the whole colloquy, and who took particularly good care that no one should suspect his share in the confusion of letters and envelopes!

But Mrs. Pry got back her boarder and, to the end of time, Miss Adela Forrester always insisted that she had received an offer of marriage from Maj. Midgefield.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

### THE REMORSELESS BOY.

Mr. Wise—"What are you going to do with your penny your teacher gave you, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Goin' to buy a comic valentine an' send it to him."—Baltimore American.

To My Husband.

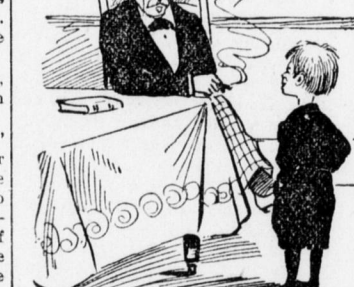
I used to send in days gone by  
Some verses sweet, a curl of hair,  
A necktie—that you wouldn't wear,  
I send you now, oh, husband mine,  
What best you like for valentine,  
With frosting kisses heaped up high—  
A custard pie.  
—Katharine Brainerd Barber, in Boston Budget.

Just Enough to Hurt.

The meanest part of a comic valentine is that it usually has a little truth under all the absurd exaggeration.—Chicago Daily Record.

The Year After.

Last year, false girl, I fool so rash,  
Upon lace paper gauds spent cash;  
This year, that folly I regret—  
A two-cent comic's all you get.  
—Chicago Daily Record.



### HE WASN'T WORRYING.

A Commercial Traveler Who Didn't Have Any Preference on the Road.

"Having traveled for so many years," he said to the drummer who boasted of having been on the road for 18 years, "I suppose you have come to think some one car in a train is the safest?"

"The idea has never occurred to me," was the reply, says the Chicago Daily News. "That's curious. I thought all men who traveled had a preference for a certain car. I know a Chicago man who always takes the first sleeper, and a Philadelphian who wants a right-hand seat in the middle car, or else he won't take that train."

"I have never heard of such instances before."

"But you must realize that there is danger," persisted the questioner.

"Oh, yes; but I never think of it. I get a seat opposite a staving-looking woman, if possible, do my best to render my passenger, and leave the accident business to Providence and the train dispatcher. My line rather protects me, anyhow."

"And what line of goods are you traveling for, may I ask?"

"Cardboard for Bible covers and prepared food for infants. I shall wait until I go into groceries or hardware before looking for the safest car on the train."

### Progress in Medicine.

Medical science grows apace with civilization and among the leading remedies, one that combines all the results of scientific study up to the present time and is put up in convenient and economical form, easy to take, easy to carry, is the famous Cascarets. Five years ago marked the time of the sale of the first box. Last year the sale reached the enormous total of over six million boxes. In this bustling, every day, busy life of ours people need just this kind of a medicine to stimulate their bowels and keep them regular. Cascarets act on the liver just enough to help nature without causing that awful sick, weakening feeling that usually follows the taking of Calomel and violent purges. Readers who have never tested the merits of Cascarets should give them a good trial.

### A Bad Blunder.

Mr. Kip (angrily)—That's a nice thing you say about my business in your paper this week.

Editor—What?

"Read it."

Editor (reading): "If you want to have a fit, wear Kip's shoes—Georgetown—also the press!"—Ohio State Journal.

### There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocers a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

### His Most Useful Book.

First Passenger—What book has helped you most in life?

Second Passenger—The city directory.

"The city directory?"

"Yes; I'm a bill collector."—Syracuse Herald.

### A Remedy for the Grippe.

Physicians recommend KEMP'S BAL-SAM for patients afflicted with the grippe, as it is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms, but get a bottle to-day and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected, the grippe brings on pneumonia. KEMP'S BAL-SAM prevents this by keeping the cough loose and the lungs free from inflammation. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

### A Distinction.

When a man is bilious he admits it, and takes pills; but a woman begins to talk about life being a struggle and the wretchedness of her environment.—Acheson Globe.

### An Innovation.

The Louisville & Nashville R. R. together with its connecting lines, has inaugurated the Florida Limited, which is a daily, solid train, wide vestibuled, steam heated, gas lighted, with dining car service for meals en route to Thomasville, Ga., Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Fla. The sleeper leaving Cincinnati at 11:15 a. m. is attached at Nashville, running via Birmingham and Montgomery, Plant System to Jacksonville, and Florida East Coast to St. Augustine, arriving at the latter city at 7:30 the next evening. Mr. C. L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R. R., Louisville, Ky., will answer all inquiries concerning this train and furnish printed matter concerning it.

"Poverty's no crime," said Job's comforter. "Maybe not," replied the poor man, "but it seems to be punishable by hard labor for life."—Philadelphia Record.

### A Demand from France.

When Mr. Herbert Nash was the United States Vice-Consul at Nice in France, he wrote: "Please to send me some of your Lotion for a friend, who finds great relief in its application for weak eyes." This is one of the many demands for Palmer's Lotion, the wonderful healer, which is always gladly recommended by the millions who have used it and whom it has never failed to cure. Palmer's Lotion Soap possesses all the medicinal properties of the Lotion and may sometimes be used in its stead. If your druggist don't have them, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

To be a well-balanced man, with ability to resist petty annoyances, is a greater accomplishment than to be governor of your state.—Acheson Globe.

### Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln.

An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his struggles with the war—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Gallagher—"Rumors fly, don't they, Miss Flannigan?" Mrs. Flannigan—"I didn't do; awfully this week we left me without payin' his rint."—Ohio State Journal.

The Grip of Pneumonia may be ward off with Hale's Eucalypti of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Some young men seem to be surprised that everybody doesn't stop dancing when they enter the ballroom.—Somerville Journal.

It doesn't pay to be obstinate. Neither is it wise to attempt to take all the advice offered.—Washington Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?—Shakespeare.

### Desert for To-Day.

You need not worry about it if you have Burnham's Hasty Jellycon in the cupboard. Only necessary to dissolve in hot water and stand away to cool to secure the most delicious jelly. Absolutely pure gelatine sugar and fruit flavors. Flavors: Lemon, orange, raspberry, strawberry, wild cherry, peach, also unflavored "calisfoot" for wine and coffee jelly. Your grocer sells it.

**DO YOU COUGH**  
DON'T DELAY  
TAKE  
**KEMP'S BAL-SAM**  
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. Williams' Indian Lotion will cure Blindness, Itching and Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching, and cures the disease. Prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. At druggists or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. PROPRIETORS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**PILES**

No Smoke House. Smoke most with KRAUSERS' LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. Made from hickory wood. Gives delicious flavor. Cheaper, cleaner than old way. Send for circular. E. Krauser & Bro., Milford, Pa.

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For 10 Cents and this Notice our big catalogue will be mailed you free, to other with 10 sample packets of the 40 best seeds. Wonder, the 40c Spring Wheat, the Million Dollar Grass with 15 tons of hay per acre, the Potato—a startling fact, the Victoria Rape Marvel, the astonishing 50 bushel per acre, Oats, etc. in all 10 packages fully worth \$10 to get. Start for 10c in stamps. Send to-day.

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And Rest for Tired Mothers

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A. N. K.—1851

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