

St. Valentine

When winter's at his oldest
And coldest
And boldest,
Then cometh good St. Valentine,
To show that love is burning
And sighing and yearning,
And breathe upon the wintry earth his
tenderness divine.

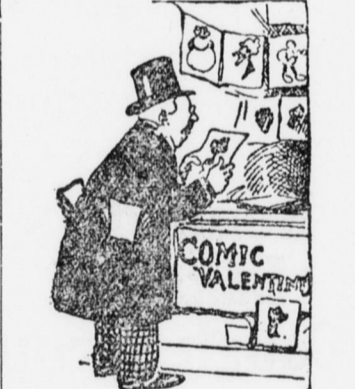
When life is at its bleakest
And meekest
And weakest,
Then cometh good St. Valentine,
To show that love is rosy
And sweet-eyed and cozy,
And breathes on every torpid heart his
tenderness divine.
—Good Housekeeping.



WONDERFUL day, the fourteenth of February. It is so wonderful that it spreads its charm over the preceding week and the week that comes after. For days and days the Small Person sneaks into the house with unnatural, unhealthy and suspicious quiet, holding queer shaped bulging packages under her coat or smuggled away in the innermost caverns of her absurd little muff. The paste pot appears everywhere in the house. The paste brush disappears entirely and is finally found in a state of suicide and the ink-bottle. You see something on the floor that looks like a cherry. You pick it up and it is a red paper heart. While you are looking at it the Small Person trots into the room, gives you one mysterious glance, immediately separates you from your treasure and scampers away to a hiding place under the dining-room table, where she sits for three straight hours in a billowy pool of white paper lace, big white envelopes and numberless samples of scissors.

dropped white envelopes. When school was about to be dismissed the Beautiful Lady who took care of all the children opened up the mysterious affair and took out the envelopes one by one, calling the name of the little boy or girl. You held your breath. When would yours come? Ah! exquisite moment of anticipation! Your heart—such a tiny little silly, lovable heart, too—fairly ceased to beat, for every moment you expected that your name would be spoken. The other children were busy showing their white lace valentines, and never noticed the wistful little face in a far-back seat. It was all over. The box was empty. The Beautiful Lady closed her desk. The children ran for their hats and coats. You placed two soiled fat little hands to two very moist-misty eyes and felt your first great sorrow. You did, didn't you? Well, if you didn't, I did. The heart of a child is so sensitive a flower. A thought will crush it—a tear will bruise it.

HIS ONE DAY TO GET EVEN.
Husband Sent Burlesque Valentines and Had His Wife Guessing.
"Say, old fellow," said Brown, as he laid his hand familiarly on Potter's shoulder, "didn't I see you in the stationer's a day or two ago looking at valentines?"
"You probably did, as I was in there," was the answer.
"Buying for some sister or niece?"
"No—for my wife."
"But you are over 50 years old and have been married a quarter of a cen-



"I Get a Hundred of the Meanest Burlesque Valentines I Can Find."

tury. You don't say that you are still romantic?
"I say this—that my wife can beat me at argument or scolding or doing as she pleases whether I like it or not. She's obstinate and pigheaded and touchy, and the only way I can get even with her is on Valentine's day. Then I get 100 of the meanest burlesque valentines I can find and send them to her, and for the next three months she's wondering who sent 'em and treats me fairly well. Try it once. It is a good deal better than threatening her with the family ax."

Love's Lottery.
One often wonders how St. Valentine's day ever got a start. It is said that in England and France the young folk were given to playing a game in which the names of all the girls and boys were written on tiny slips of paper, thrown into a general receptacle, and then drawn out lottery fashion, care being taken of course that each person draws the name of one of the other sex. The person thus drawn became one's valentine, and the allotment decreed by fate was supposed to impose upon the couple a sort of loyalty for the coming year. All of which sounds very romantic and beautiful, but which in plain fact must have mixed things up fearfully, and it is a question whether or not fate always selected the right maiden or the right beau.

The Retort Venomous.
"So this is your widely advertised dollar table d'hote dinner, is it?" said the indignant would-be diner, as he pushed aside an entree which he could not masticate. "Why, this is the last place in the world I would recommend to friends."
"Don't blame you, sir," said the sad-faced waiter. "Send your enemies here."

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Too Interesting to Bury.
There is a certain little southern girl who is very fond of her negro mammy. The nurse's name is Sally, and she is a large woman, so she is known as Big Sally. Ethel, however, calls her "Biggie" for short. One day her mother took her to a museum, where, among other things, there were some stuffed animals. Ethel was greatly interested, and for many days she did not tire of talking about them. Perhaps a week later, at the supper table, after a preoccupied silence, she said:
"Mamma, when Biggie dies I'm not going to have her buried; I'm going to have her stuffed!"

A Remedy for Neuralgia or Pain in the Nerves.
For neuralgia and sciatica Sloan's Liniment has no equal. It has a powerful sedative effect on the nerves—penetrates without rubbing and gives immediate relief from pain—quickens the circulation of the blood and gives a pleasant sensation of comfort and warmth.
"For three years I suffered with neuralgia in the head and jaws," writes J. P. Hubbard, of Marietta, S. C., "and had almost decided to have three of my teeth pulled, when a friend recommended me to buy a 25 cent bottle of Sloan's Liniment. I did so and experienced immediate relief, and I kept on using it until the neuralgia was entirely cured. I will never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my house again. I use it also for insect bites and sore throat, and I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who suffers from any of the ills I have mentioned."

DIFFERENT.
"Do you believe in art for art's sake?"
"No; I sell my pictures!"
OPENS GRAVE FOR A PICTURE.
Sorrowing Widow Had to Have Picture by Which to Remember Hubby.
To be exhumed after he had been buried for 20 days and told to sit up and "look pleasant" was the tough luck that befell a corpse out at Woodlawn cemetery, New York, the other day. Henry Brown, a train dispatcher on the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street elevated road, died December 6 of rheumatic gout and was buried decently and in order. Some two weeks after the funeral it occurred to Mrs. Brown that she would like a photograph of her husband, having none that did him justice. Immediately she petitioned the Bronx health department for permission to exhume Henry and snapshot him. The health department was somewhat dazed, but granted the request, and so, with a photographer and an undertaker, Mrs. Brown went to Woodlawn and had the three weeks' corpse dug up. Brown was taken both profile and full face.



PANTRY CLEANED
A Way Some People Have.
A doctor said:—
"Before marriage my wife observed in summer and country homes, coming in touch with families of varied means, culture, tastes and discriminating tendencies, that the families using Postum seemed to average better than those using coffee."
"When we were married two years ago, Postum was among our first order of groceries. We also put in some coffee and tea for guests, but after both had stood around the pantry about a year untouched, they were thrown away, and Postum used only."
"Up to the age of 28 I had been accustomed to drink coffee as a routine habit and suffered constantly from indigestion and all its relative disorders. Since using Postum all the old complaints have completely left me and I sometimes wonder if I ever had them."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

THIRTY YEARS OF IT.
A Fearfully Long Siege of Daily Pain and Misery.
Charles Von Soehnen of 210 A St., Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles, and the attacks laid me up for days at a time with pain in the back and rheumatism. When I was up and around sharp twinges caught me, and for fifteen years the frequent passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from this trouble and I cannot speak too highly in their praise."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

She Was In No Hurry.
Rev. Dr. Wallace, new pastor of the East End Baptist church, brought a new one to Cleveland with him.
According to the story, a Boston girl got on the street car one day carrying one of those muffs the size of an ordinary hassock. She had only one hand in the muff. A young man sitting next to her took advantage of the opportunity to slip his hand into the unoccupied end of the muff.
The Boston girl turned upon him severely. "I could have you arrested for such a familiarity," said she. "But," she added, "I'm from Boston and I purpose to keep calm. Now, I'll just give you ten minutes to let go of my hand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POOR JOHN!
Scrappeigh—I was a confounded fool when I got married!
Mrs. Scrappeigh—Well, John, married life hasn't changed you any!



For 12c
and this notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., in order to gain 250,000 new customers during 1908, will mail you free these great plant and seed catalog together with:
1 pkg. "Quick Quick" Carrot..... \$.10
1 pkg. Earliest Ripe Cabbage..... .10
1 pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber..... .15
1 pkg. La Crosse Market Lettuce..... .15
1 pkg. Early Dinner Onion..... .10
1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon..... .10
1 pkg. Thirteen Day Radish..... .10
1,000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seed..... .15
Total..... \$1.00
Above is sufficient seed to grow 35 bu. of rarest vegetables and thousands of brilliant flowers and all is mailed to you POSTPAID FOR 12c, or if you send 16c, we will add a package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. K. & W.

Generally Done.
"Did you know that the Downtown Merchants' bank had closed its doors?"
"Good heavens! Is that so?"
"Certainly. It always does when cool weather comes."—Baltimore American.

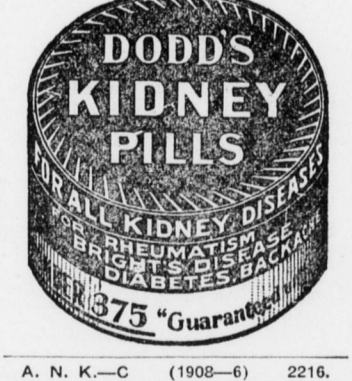
Eating Coconut-Custard Pie.
Everybody praises Coconut-Custard pie if it's made right, but a soggy pie will spoil the entire meal. Grocers are now selling "OUR-PIE," each 10-cent package containing just the proper ingredients for two pies. Get the Custard for Coconut-Custard pies.

Keep Tobacco at Home.
The Turkish government absolutely prohibits the exportation of the seed of Turkish tobacco.
Little wonder that Garfield Tea meets with approval everywhere—it is the Ideal Laxative; pure, mild, health-giving! It regulates the liver and overcomes constipation.

Beware of Debt.
Raleigh: Borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate.
PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZL OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Some finished orators don't seem to know when to quit.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Use a bottle.

Some men just can't foot a bill without kicking.



A. N. K.—C (1908-6) 2216.

HAD TO GET STRENGTH FIRST.
Hard Worked Woman Not Ready to Face Hired Girl Problem.
A Massachusetts man, whose business frequently takes him over the line into Vermont, says that one evening he was a guest at a farm house in that state when he observed that the wife of the owner—a poor, wan little woman—was doing every bit of the work around the house.
As he himself put it, she did an amount of work that would have put an ordinary Massachusetts horse to shame and he really felt like a villain sitting there watching her.
Feeling considerable compassion for the woman, who looked as if ready to drop from overwork, the visitor asked:
"Why don't you get help here? Surely you are not going to try to pull through the long winter without a hired girl?"
A sickly smile came to the pallid face of the woman. "Waal, I dunno," she said. "I don't feel as if I could just sit; but p'raps of I should get to feelin' a little better and stronger I might."—Illustrated Magazine.

Chickens in the Snowball.
Several boys at Tusten, Sullivan county, started a ball of snow rolling down a hill, and it went flying through Farmer Schneider's chicken coop.
The big ball gathered up nine of Schneider's fat hens. With the poultry packed into the ball, legs and heads of chickens sticking out of the mass, it rolled farther and brought up in the barnyard of the next farmer, on the opposite side of the Tusten turnpike, where the pigs ate first of the chickens.—Port Jervis dispatch to the N. Y. World.

A milkman doesn't cry over spilt milk if there is a pump handy.