

St. Valentine's Morning.

With a smile came the morning of Valentine's day,
And dazlingly white grew the snow 'neath the sun,
And the icicles gleamed in a wonderful way,
As though a young rainbow were frozen in each one.

When Nellie Lee drew her red hood o'er her head,
And wrapped up the baby in warm woolen cloak
(The mistress was still sound asleep in her bed),
And slipped out, never dreaming of Barney O'Roke.

Of course not! Why should she? She'd not know him long.
And when round the corner a smiling he came,
Dinner pail in his hand, on his lips an old song,
Her heart gave a leap as he called out her name.

"Och, well, sure it's luck to be meetin' you here,
The first girl I've seen on St. Valentine's day.
Did you meet e'er a boy 'fore you met me, my dear?"
"An' what if I did?" was all Nellie would say.

"Ask the wise little birds," and he laughed in her eyes,
Then bent o'er the baby and gave it a kiss.
A kiss?—three or four, till in baby surprise
It gazed at him, thinking, "What uncle is this?"

Then away went my lad, and my lassie flew home
In a moment to take off her hood and her shawl;
And the mistress not yet to her breakfast had come,
And so never knew Nell had been out at all.

And though not once that day rang the post-man's bell
With a fatter tender line or a bit of a verse,
"What matter? I know that the kisses," said Nell,
"Barney gave to the baby were meant for the nurse."
—Harper's Weekly.

A PYRAMID OF CABBAGES.

"Why, where are you going, Isabel Eastman? Not into the farm-yard, surely?"

"Yes, Miss Lottie Mayell, I am going into the farm-yard, surely," replied Isabel, with a mischievous light in her big gray eyes, and a charming smile on her prettily curved lips, as she opened the gate leading to that place. "Nowhere else can we be confidential without running the risk of being overheard. The farmer's family are in the orchard; Charley and a half-dozen of his playmates are playing in the flower garden; there's a young couple in the parlor at the piano, he making love, and she not making music, and a still younger couple whispering and giggling in the bay-window; auntie is in my room enjoying 'Splendid Misery,' and grandma is in auntie's room darning stockings. And so, if you really want to hear 'tight away' why I am here instead of at one of my usual summer haunts, you must e'en follow me to the farm-yard. Besides which"—speaking with increased animation—"I have lately, strange as it may seem to you, developed quite a passion for farm-yards."

"It doesn't seem at all strange to me, my dear, for during our ten years' friendship you've always been developing some odd passion or other. But I've never lost faith in you. Lead on; I'll follow."

And stepping daintily and gracefully, unimpeded by trains or demi-trains, the young girl threaded their way through the crowd of hens and chickens holding a loud and lively conversation preparatory to going to roost; past the cows waiting to be milked, and turning their heads to look after the intruders with great solemn brown eyes; and old Low-head, the white horse, slaking his thirst at the water trough—to the extreme end of the yard, where a pile of cabbages, neatly arranged in the form of a pyramid, confronted them.

"Behold," said Isabel, stopping before it, "how nature lends herself to art! (That sounds well, though.) I don't know now as it means anything.) This mighty structure, formed of the green and succulent cabbage, is no doubt the work of some humble field-laborer, who, having read of the pyramids of Egypt—incited thereto, no doubt, by the newspaper paragraphs about our own dear obelisk—has sought to vary the monotony of cabbage life by building as close an imitation as his material would allow. Let us hope that this flight of imagination may lead to a higher one, and that the cabbage man, like the butter woman, may meet with public recognition, and at last be crowned with a wreath of laurel. Often from the humblest sources springs the greatest works of genius. Burns—Lottie," breaking off suddenly, and assuming a cheerful tone—"why do you break in upon my eloquence with rude and unseemly laughter? I was about to repeat to you Longfellow's last poem; now I won't. See what your frivolity has lost you! And take a seat on the extrane base of the pyramid (I prefer the mound of sods in this secluded corner, sacred to somebody's rake and hoe), while I go back to the commonplace."

"Thank you, Bell dear, I'll share the

sods with you, if you please. I have an idea that a cabbage would prove a very uncomfortable seat under any circumstances. And do go back to the commonplace, that's a darling, for I'm dying to know what happened since we parted an age ago."

"An age ago! One year and a half exactly. I was then engaged to Claude Venner. Pretty name, isn't it? And he was a pretty little fellow, with nice curly hair, and lovely blue eyes, with lashes long enough for a bang, small dimpled hands, and not an idea in his little round head. My mother—with all due deference I say it—and his mother—to whom I accord much less deference—made the match when I was eighteen, and I unmade it at twenty. I never loved Claude. How could I? And he never loved me. How could he? We were the victims of circumstances and match-making mamma, and two mortals more unlike it would be hard to find. He was the most conventional of men, and would have nearly died if at one of those dreary dinner parties in which his soul delighted some day had whispered to him that his back hair wasn't parted straight, while I have often been strongly tempted to shock the full-dressed guests, at the very start, by asking for more soup."

"Well, last June, at Newport, my diminutive friend Eda Smythe, with a head the exact counterpart of Claude's, appeared upon the scene, and she and my betrothed fell in love with each other at first sight. Mamma fretted and fumed and scolded, and asked me, with tragic emphasis, how I could look calmly on and see so many thousands of dollars being lost to the family, for she was sure that artful mink would persuade poor dear Claude to elope or something; but I continued to look calmly on, until one evening Claude, with a deep sigh, kissed Eda's hand as he bade her 'good-night,' when I turned suddenly upon them, and bade them follow me to my room. There I forgave—quite in the manner of a stage parent—the infatuated midgets their base duplicity, gave them my blessing, kissed them both; and as soon as they, beaming with joy, had departed, I, also beaming with joy, and not quite in the manner of a stage parent, except perhaps a Pinaflore one, executed a pirouette—a mad, revolving pirouette—in honor of my newly acquired freedom. Mamma was awfully angry, but they're awfully happy, and they've named the baby after me. My chains (they were never very heavy, I must confess) broken beyond repair, I flirted more than ever, all the time growing as weary as could be of hearing the same compliments and making the same replies, and doing this thing in the morning, and that in the afternoon, and the other in the evening, and at last I fled from the old familiar throng precipitantly one rainy day, leaving my maid to pack my wardrobe and follow. And I determined that this summer I would try pastures entirely new. Auntie had often told me of the pleasant, old-fashioned farmhouse which she discovered years ago, and I coaxed mamma—promising to take Charley, our youngest, who is the 'worrit' of her life, with me—to let me spend three of my four out-of-the-city months here. And, Lottie, I have never been so happy before, and I am firmly convinced that here I have found the kind of life that would suit me best. I was born to love cows and chickens, to make butter, to build pyramids of cabbages."

"You!" laughed her friend. "I think I see you in the dairy, in neat cambric dress, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, stamping the pats of butter with your monogram—for that's as near as you'd ever come to churning; and in the hennery, scattering corn to the chickens from a dainty white apron, a curiously shaped rustic hat meanwhile shading your rose-and-cream complexion from the sun. You born to love cows and chickens—you who have reigned a city belle for four long years!"

"And for three been most ready to abdicate. By-the-bye—with assumed carelessness—"have you seen the young farmer, the only child of our host and hostess?"

"Certainly not," and Miss Mayell glanced at her watch. "I only arrived two hours ago, and have seen no one but you and your aunt. But I can see him in 'my mind's eye'—tall, ungainly, and speaks through his nose; eats with his knife; says 'How?' and stares at you as though you were a being from another sphere."

"Your mind's eye needs an eyeglass, Miss Mayell. Its vision is weak. Tall, broad-shouldered, and gainy, if I may use the word as I mean it. I saw him tossing hay to-day, and he looked like an Apollo who had exchanged his lyre for a pitchfork, and profited by the change. And his table manners are as exquisite as your own, Miss Mayell; and he has a deep, full voice, and does not say 'How?' and has scarcely looked, let alone 'stared' at me. I have an idea that he regards girls of our ilk with a quiet scorn, and thinks of us, if he thinks of us at all, as hot-house flowers not to be compared with the daisies growing wild in the meadows."

"How long have you been here, Isabel?"

"Six weeks."

"Quite long enough, I think. You'd better go away. You are regarding this young farmer, who never looks at you—I don't believe that, however—too sentimentally. You might come to believe that you had fallen in love with him."

"And if I did, what harm could result from that? He'll never come to

believe he has fallen in love with me. He is so different from the soft-voiced, perfumed darlings by whom I have been surrounded all my life that, to use your own words, with a different application, I stare at him as though he were a being from another sphere. The young farmer reads, Lottie, and reads books which, though printed in our native language, would be Greek to you and me; and he numbers the poets among his friends. I peeped into his room one day, and saw them all, in blue and gold, on his book-shelf. He is an honest, manly fellow, with no false pride about him. I was idiot enough to fancy that he might be the least bit confused when I first saw him at work in his red shirt and coarse very broad-brimmed straw hat, but he saluted me as calmly as though he had been arrayed in the finest garments. And his name is Nathaniel—not as pretty as Claude, but it means 'the gift of God.' The gift of God, indeed, his old mother says he has been to her, and so will he be to the woman he marries. And that woman must be a bee, not a butterfly. Lottie"—with sudden fierceness—"if ever you tell, I'll kill you."

"My dear, when I do, you may, Isabel, I begin to suspect that you are really in love with Nathaniel—another of your old passions—and that beneath your butterfly wings lurks the spirit of the bee. And I may live to see you helping the pitchfork Apollo to toss the hay, build obelisks and pyramids of cabbages, copy celebrated sculptures in beads, and heap turnips in imitation of classic old ruins."

"I fear me not, Miss Mayell. For though I would be proud to share in each and every one of those occupations as soon would I expect that compact mass of greens to suddenly tremble to its base and then topple over, separating one huge body into a hundred or more heads, as dream that Nathaniel Leigh would ever care for me."

The pyramid trembled to its base, and its apex tumbled to the ground. The girls rose quickly from their throne of sods, and with little shrieks fled to a safe distance, then turned to look again. It toppled over, its many heads rolling in every direction, and in the place it had occupied stood the young farmer.

"I bless your brother for building a pyramid to-day, Miss Eastman," he said, "though he did unload one of the wagons all ready for market for the purpose. And I bless the happy chance that kept me from the orchard, and sent me here to fall asleep behind it, to waken at the sound of your voice. Spellbound I remained concealed, half believing that I was still dreaming, to prove the falsity of the old proverb, 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves.' But can I—dare I hope that grains of earnest mingled with your jest, and that the pats of butter in our dairy may some day be stamped with our monogram? Stand my friend, Miss Mayell, and you shall not be forgotten when we make the best statues and the turnip ruins."

"Well, 'pon my word!" exclaimed Miss Maywell, with a frank glance of admiration at the handsome young fellow, and a smile that threatened to become a laugh in another moment.

"And 'Of all things!" said Miss Eastman, a lovely blush mantling her face; and then youth and fun conquered all three, and they laughed until the farm-yard resounded, and Lion, the watchdog, came bounding toward them, asking with loud bow-wows what was the matter.

A few weeks after Miss Isabel Eastman became Mrs. Nathaniel Leigh, her husband, lying at her feet in the orchard, and looking up into her face with adoring eyes, said: "I never would have gained courage to have told you of my love, though I loved you from the very first, had I not heard from your own sweet lips that you cared a little for me. What good spirit, my blessed, sent you of all places to the farm-yard that afternoon?"

"It was an imp sent me there," she answered, demurely. "Mother's youngest, who whispered to me, as I left the house with Lottie, 'There's something awful jolly 'way back in the arm-yard—a pyramid of cabbages—and Nat Leigh's fast asleep behind it.'"

—Harper's Weekly.

A Western Humorist.

Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial, is well known as an original and versatile journalist, and a politician of great independence and some eccentricities; but it is not generally known that he is the humorist par excellence of the West. Recently a fellow applied to Mr. Halstead for either work or a temporary loan of money. His application being declined, he undertook to enforce it by threatening suicide. He said he would walk out to the center of the Covington bridge, jump off, and drown himself.

"Well, now, that's a good thought," said Halstead. "I'd go right down and do that; it will relieve you and me of a great responsibility for your future support. Go right off and do it while you are in the notion."

The fellow struck out in the direction of the bridge. Presently Mr. Halstead rushed after him, and called him to stop. The fellow evidently thought he had won his point. "Stop! stop now! don't do that!" continued Mr. H. "It won't be safe; try some other plan. Come to think of it, the last two fellows who tried that were both got out alive."

—Editor's Drawer, in Harper.

Fair, the new Nevada senator, is assessed on \$49,000,000 in Nevada, alone.

A New Maseppa.

Lamar boys are nothing if not imitative. If they were to hear a man being ground up in a threshing machine, they would at once run one of their number through a fanning mill to "see how the old thing worked."

One of the boys had been reading Byron's Maseppa and he got three or four of the boys in a barn down in the southwest part of the town and they concluded to play Maseppa. From what we can learn—not having been provided with a complimentary—the play was rather more startling than instructive.

They got a cow and about forty feet of clothes line and a number seven boy with red hair and a freckled nose to do the Maseppa part, while a gentle youth of twelve or thereabout wrapped a saddle-blanket round his head and, as the jealous sheik, shouted:

"Bring forth the boss." They "fetched" her. In truth, she was a noble steed. A heifer of the muly breed, and wild-wild as seventeen kinds of Rocky Mountain William H goats. They got her on the barn floor and tied the boy on with the rope and turned her loose. She took in the situation and seemed to realize that her credit as an actress was at stake. Her acting was splendid, and brought down the house—by sections. Whenever she run over one of the boys you could hear the applause for four blocks.

Although the audience all had parquette and pit tickets, they thought they could look at the play better from the gallery, and so they slid up into the hay mow and tried to crawl out through the roof while the old cow was churning about fourteen years growth out of Maseppa and bawling like a steam calliope, while Maseppa passed most of the time yelling like a pig fast in a fence.

The play would probably have been in progress yet but for the fact that the neighborhood thought a cyclone was wrestling with the barn, and rushed in and got the cow up in a corner and amputated the boy.

The show wound up with that thrilling piece of music entitled "Sounds from Home," which was well played by an improvised band of several parents, several boys and several leather straps. The boys say that the music made by the straps was thrilling in the extreme.

—Lamar (Mo.) Advocate.

The Singing Valley.

In an essay on "The Singing Valley of Throncken," Herr H. Relau has described an enduring sound like the ringing of bells, which he heard while engaged in a deer-hunt in an elevated wooded valley in the Rhine province. He had before heard sounds in the valley resembling those which might come from a church in some town hidden in its recesses; but there was no such town in the neighborhood. On the occasion which he especially describes he took his place as one of the hunters in a wood of large beech trees lying against the slope of the mountain, and was treated all the time he stood there to a succession of peals as of bells, coming upon one another, swelling up and dying away, and sounding together in many varieties of modulation and in all the different stages of progress. At times the impression of the music was so strong as to hold him almost breathless; then a new wave would sweep up, beginning like the soft breathing of an organ pipe, rising to the swell of a harp, and closing with the overtone of the octave, as if it were drawn out by some master of the violin. When the hunter returned to the same place toward evening he heard the same sounds. One other of the hunters remarked them, but the rest were absorbed in their sport. A forester blew the tune of C on his horn, and it was repeated in the bell-peals. The tones evidently originated in the mouth of the valley and died away in its upper part. They were produced by the passage of the wind through the valley, and modified by its configuration, the character of the rocks, and, probably, by the wood.

—Popular Science Monthly.

Desiccated Apples.

The new method of rapid desiccation of fruit which is now followed on a large scale in many parts of the country, has led to a great improvement in the quality of dried fruits, and particularly of dried apples. By selecting the apples the product is exceedingly white in appearance, and while the flavor is not quite equal to that of the fresh fruit, it is far superior to that of the dried apples as usually prepared. It is said that when dried by the rapid process the apples may be exposed to the sun for hours without becoming discolored. The process of desiccation is very simple. The apples are peeled, cored and properly sliced by a machine, after which they are placed upon trays in the desiccating room. Here, by means of a mechanical arrangement, they are carried up on one side and descend upon the other, when they are taken out ready for packing. As soon as one tray is removed another takes its place, so that the operation is continuous. During the process the fumes of sulphur are used to bleach the fruit, but these are so perfectly absorbed by the apples that no odor of sulphur can be detected in the drying-room. The dried fruit can be packed in boxes, and it will keep for a long time, preserving all its excellent qualities. In water it swells up and forms a jelly in the course of a few hours. The rapidity and cheapness of the process, and the character of the product, insure for it a still wider application than it has yet received.

The Care of the Hair.

Some forty years ago there was introduced a preparation called "Balm of Columbia," which, when used according to the directions, produced remarkable results in preventing the hair from falling off, and even in causing a new crop to grow. Certificates might have been obtained from several excellent and eminent persons who, within the writer's knowledge, used this "Balm" with good results, had not the maker lived in England. The directions were essentially these. Before going to bed, rub the scalp with a stiff brush for (we think it was) ten minutes and go to bed. The whole efficacy of the "Balm" was due to the ten minutes scrubbing of the scalp before it was applied. If the stuff had been water, though it was no doubt some soothing application, it would, with all this rubbing, have done some good. It will be found that most of the applications for preventing baldness and encouraging the growth of the hair depend upon either a vigorous rubbing of the scalp, or they are preparations which are to be first rubbed well into the hair and then washed out, thus securing the cleanliness so essential to a healthy condition. Let any one with naturally dry hair try a persistent brushing with a stiff brush, or the use of a fine-toothed comb for some minutes, and unless there is some disease of the scalp the hair will become surprisingly moist. Of course those who curl and crimp their hair by the use of heated irons must expect it to become injured, and no help can be looked for so long as the practice is followed. With others, and in many cases, baldness in comparative youth is hereditary, and in such cases it is doubtful if any treatment can be of use. Where the hair has fallen on account of severe illness or from other temporary cause, some gentle stimulant to the scalp may promote or hasten the growth. One of the most useful preparations of this kind is half an ounce of the tincture of Cantharides (kept by the druggists) to a quart bottle of bay rum, using this upon the scalp with gentle rubbing on going to bed. When the barber kindly informs his patient that his hair is very badly filled with dandruff, and proposes to shampoo it as a remedy, it is safe to say "No" most positively; the majority of barbers use as a shampooing liquid, either a solution of "Salts of Tartar," alone, or mixed with borax. They are probably not aware that "Salts of Tartar" is but a name for purified potash. When a solution of this is put upon the head it combines with the natural oil of the hair and scalp, and forms a soap which makes a dense lather in the hair; this is washed out and while it effectually removes the dandruff and dust, it has also removed the oil which is needed to keep the hair in a healthy condition. Avoid all such shampooing. A teaspoonful of powdered borax in a quart of water form a safe shampooing liquid, but still better is the yolk of an egg, worked thoroughly into the hair, applying a little at a time, and then washing it out. The egg will leave the hair surprisingly clean and the scalp soft and free from dandruff.

—American Agriculturist.

A Dose for the Doctor.

Dr. X. is an eminent physician of Philadelphia, and, as is often the case with eminent physicians, is brusque and overbearing in manner. Among his office patients one morning was a gentleman who, after occupying exactly five minutes of the great man's time, took a ten-dollar note from his pocket, and inquired the dollar amount of the fee.

"Fifty dollars," said the impatient medical man.

The patient demurred a little, where upon the physician rudely remarked: "Well, what do you expect to pay? Give me what you have got," and on receiving the ten-dollar bill, turned scornfully to his colored servant, and handing him the money, remarked: "That is for you, Jim;" but lost his temper still more when his patient coolly said:

"I did not know before that you had a partner. Good-morning, doctor."

Bees in a Naval Fight.

"The little busy bee" was once used in a naval fight in the Mediterranean. A gentleman recently wrote to the San Francisco Social Science association, giving the story as he heard it from an eye-witness. It seems that a small vessel which was suspected of belonging to pirates, was chased by a Turkish man-of-war, on board of which was five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the man-of-war came up to the privateer, several hundred men were sent in small boats to take possession of her. When the small boats got alongside the privateer the latter's crew mounted the rigging, taking with them a dozen hives of bees, which they had stolen to sell on the Italian coast. At the word of command the bees were thrown into the boats among the Turks. The terrible time that followed was beyond description. Some of the soldiers jumped overboard to escape the furious insects, and in the excitement the privateer escaped. The scene was witnessed from the deck of an approaching English ship, which picked up two of the Turkish boats.

The governor of Idaho urges on the legislature of that Territory the advisability of passing a law to prevent the spread of polygamy within their borders, as the Mormons are emigrating therein great numbers.

Rotary Rhymes.

A little love,
A little glove,
A little rosebud for a token;
A little sigh
For days gone by—
A little girl heart-broken.

—Boston Courier.

Another man
Wooed Sarah Ann,
With bank-book well extended,
A social crown,
A house in town,
And Sarah's heart is mended.

—New York Commercial.

A little boot,
A little foot,
A little hugging closer;
A little tap,
A thundering rap—
Down the stairs he goes, sir.

—Reading News.

HUMOROUS.

Love is blind, yet the average young American doesn't object to that kind of blindness.

Young ladies who have a great number of beaux complain of having chaps on their hands.

It is astonishing how tall men suddenly become short when the January bills flock in on them.

There is a woman in Philadelphia who thinks so much of her husband that she commences warming him the moment he comes in the house.

A crusty old bachelor says the reason the female face is devoid of hair is because woman couldn't keep her tongue long enough for a barber to shave her.

The Philadelphia Herald announces that the fashionable spring bonnet will be composed of fifteen cents' worth of bonnet, and fifty dollars' worth of trimmings.

A young lady who lately gave a milliner an order for a bonnet, said: "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

"That's a steal engraving, isn't it?" Mahstick said to his neighbor Burin, suddenly coming out and catching him going off with the artist's ax. "Oh, no," Burin said, a little confused, "it's only a wood-cut."—Burdette.

A new style of wall paper is made without either figure or tint, so that it gives the walls of the room that vacant expression of subdued intellectuality that is so marked in the features of a man pianist.—Hawkeye.

Joseph Snow, of Indiana, told his wife to shut her head. That was twenty-one years ago, and she has not spoken since, though constantly living together as man and wife. Joseph is a course fat and contented.

A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man come to take the meter," was the reply. "Great heavens!" cried the household. "I hoped you were only a burglar."

A Chicago paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall street and lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or a bear. He replied: "Neither; I was a jackass."

There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise;
Whenever he has goods to sell
He straight doth advertise;
And when he finds his goods are gone,
He hurries in another lot
To advertise again.

After all the evidence was in, a Galveston judge asked the accused, who was charged with stealing a watch, if he had anything more to offer. "I did have an old silver watch to offer you judge, but my lawyer borrowed it and hasn't brought it back yet."—Galveston News.

A woman will work a month to fabricate a delicate protection for a chair, and then when it is in place an edict is promptly issued forbidding any man sitting in that chair, through fear of spoiling the tidy. It's the best chair protector that could be desired.—Rockland Courier.

"Say, boy—say, exclaimed a hot-looking man with a valise, "what is the quickest way to get to the cars?" "Run," yelled the boy, and the hot-looking man was so pleased with the information that if he could have got near enough to the boy he would have given him something. Something that he would have remembered.—Rockland Courier.

A Western town has a female sheriff. Recently she arrested a man, and he, hoping to flatter her into letting him escape, told her she was the handsomest woman he ever saw. And did she let him escape? No! She wouldn't let that man out of her sight, anyway, but wanted him around all the time. Trickery is sure to fail in the end.—Boston Post.

"Dearest Harold, I love you with all the deep devotion of my sex. Your image is ineffaceably engraven on the tablets of my memory, and in my heart the love I bear for you can never, never die. But I am extravagant, wildly ambitious to shine in society, to sit beside the jeweled queens of fashion, to dazzle all eyes with priceless gems, and so, dear, dear Harold, I must marry the plumber."—Central City Item.