

ALBERTINE

o you this rhyme who sends, Love, the best of friends: I you scorn this waltz of song who loved in silence long,

Indian Ma send young Cupid home again; and he who loves with love forego Because Love's first reply is No!

But, sweetheart, when this message lies Beneath the heavens of your eyes, And looking into them above, Whispers the secret of my love: Be kind I pray—be kind I pray; Remember Valentine, his day, When he who loves may love confess And hope to hear Love answer Yes! —F. D. Sherman, in Harper's Weekly.

The Valentine He Sent

BY EMMA A. OPPER



BERNARD BENTLEY, the young artist from the city, snatched down his canvas, strapped his case and paint-box and camp-stool together, and strode toward home, or toward the Trumbull Hotel.

There was a black snow-cloud in the west, the wind was springing up sharply, and needle-like frozen specks were beginning to prick his cheeks.

Everybody in Trumbull knew all about him. It was known that he was a rising young landscape painter, that he was handsome in appearance but unpleasantly cuffed in manner, and that he was taking down in oils the February aspect of Lemuel Park's creek-crossed meadow; also, that he wore gloves every day, and possessed diamond studs and a smoking-jacket.

The flakes were coming down fast and thick now, and their stinging quality was increasing.

Bentley pulled his collar up and his hat down, lowered his head and hurried.

The Trumbull Hotel was not luxurious, but it was preferable to a February snow-storm. It was blinding.

He pushed around a corner forcefully. Somebody was turning the corner from the opposite direction quite as forcefully, and—

Bentley dropped his burdens. Sitting at his feet, in the prone attitude to which their violent collision had forced her, was a girl—a young lady, he saw with horrified eyes—and a young lady with the most charming face, framed in a soft, pink hood—quite the sweetest face, it seemed to the young artist, he had ever seen.

Just now the face was red as to the cheeks and angry as to the eyes—which did not look at him.

Bentley stood with both arms confusedly extended, but his victim took neither of them. She got to her feet deftly enough, and shook the snow from her blue dress energetically.

"Are you hurt?" cried the young man—the helpless query of all dis-

"Indeed!" said Bentley, savagely. He did not wait for the rest. He strode up to his room.

Once in it, he put on the renowned smoking-jacket, and sat down to think.

But calm reflection was most impossible. Teeny Wilson—postoffice—beaux. He saw her charming, indignant face wherever he looked—on the walls, the carpet, the ceiling.

Such a face! A girl with that face could be nothing but sweet and clever and good.

Where had he ever seen one like it? The actress the city had been raving over when he left was a simpering doll beside her. That statuesque model so admired by the fellows in his artistic circle was an expressionless iceberg in comparison.

And he had knocked her down like any clownish booby. Ape! Probably she wouldn't look at him again, even if he could manage to meet her.

Beaux, eh? Pooh! lanky, raw-boned hobbledehoys. Still she might like them—probably she did—undoubtedly she was engaged to one of them.

He got up, at this bitter termination, and tramped about the room with a heaviness which startled the landlord below.

The postoffice—didn't he need some postage-stamps?

He had his overcoat half on before his sterner judgment prevailed.

Whew! it was snowing furiously; he would get lost in it.

He poked the fire and lighted his lamp, in desperation, and his disquieted eyes fell suddenly on the calendar on the wall.

February—the twelfth. H'm! His enraptured heart bounded. By George! he would, anyhow. They were going out of style, he supposed, but that was all right; she wouldn't mind that. He would make a handsome one, a stunning one. Thank goodness that he brought his water colors!

Good! He would take all day tomorrow, if necessary. Lemuel Park's meadow was under the snow, anyhow; he couldn't go on with that.

He whisked his paper and colors out of his trunk, drew out the table, rubbed back his hair, executed a round dance in the centre of the room and went to work.

The young artist from the city walked into the postoffice, two days later, late in the afternoon.

It was a delightful day. The snow which had hurled itself down two days before lay white and still on everything; the air was pleasantly keen and bracing.

Bentley's cheeks were becomingly reddened and his eyes aight. Withal, there was an eager flutter, a pleasant agitation plainly visible.

Moreover, he was resplendent in the finest of his raiment—silk hat, satin-faced overcoat, heavy stick and broad-stitched gloves.

He advanced boldly to the little gate which led to that division of the postoffice behind the letter boxes. He took his hat in his hand, smilingly.

The person behind it turned from her assortment of a pile of letters, and came promptly forward, with a smile outdoing his own.

"Hello, little, elderly person. What shape she had was lost in the folds of the green-and-black shawl which enveloped her shoulders; visible below this was a rickrack-adorned apron. She was the possessor of a fat chin, cheerful, beady little eyes, and a tightly-drawn knot of hair not much larger than a walnut.

Delight and benevolence beamed from her face.

"You're that painter from the city, ain't you?" she said. "Wal, I've just been wanting to see you. Now, why hasn't you been in before? I says to Teeny I thought likely you'd be in by noon or so. Wal, I don't know as I was ever so tickled in my life as when that thing come. I just got home this morning, and there 'twas, a-waiting for me."

She shone upon him. He observed the leathery tint of her complexion and the large mole on her chin.

"I picked up the box and looked at it. 'For the post-mistress,' says I to Teeny. 'Now, wat on earth's that?' Then I got it open. Wal, I never saw nothing like it before. 'You ever see anything like that, Teeny?' says I—'ever?' No Teeny hadn't neither.

"Wal, we knew right off who sent it. 'There ain't but one that could do it,' says I. 'And that boy from the hotel brought it, too,' says I. 'It's that artist that's staying here,' says I; and Teeny she said so, too.

"Wal, I'm tickled to death with it. It's the prettiest thing I ever did see. How you could 'a done it I don't know. And me a perfect stranger, as I says to Teeny. I hung it right up there where you see it, and I showed it to everybody that's been in," said the post-mistress, in congratulatory tones.

"There! I ain't half done talking about it, but there's them letters got to be sorted. I'm jest as much obliged as I know how to be," Mrs. Demming declared, cordially, as she returned to her duties.

The young man stood where she left him, staring up at his Valentine, where it hung on a nail.

It was in truth exquisite—a charming design, finely executed, of a frosty valley, a frozen river, a snowy mountain; farther down the sheet, a summer field; and, in a modest corner, the time-honored design of an arrow-pierced heart, with some pretty, remembered verses beneath it.

His artist gazed at it in blank wretchedness.

He got out somehow. The day seemed to have darkened. It was hard to see the humor of the affair, though he dimly recognized it.

He was quite miserable. He had not known that he had been so hard hit; he had not realized that he was almost in love, and that with the

sweet-faced Trumbull girl he had upset in the snow, and to whose great-aunt he had sent a valentine; but he realized it now.

Well, it was all over now. What a balk from beginning to end! His heart thumped angrily. He would go home to-morrow. Home was the only fit place for such an idiot!

He thrust his hands into his pockets and fairly rushed in his vehement impatience.

"Oh, don't, please—not again!" somebody said, in a meekly-pleading voice.

Bentley gazed at the speaker. A pair of brightly daring dark eyes looked at him from out a fuzzy, pink hood, and a pretty voice laughed a little.

Their owner had swerved out of his path, and paused.

"I was afraid you were going to run into me—again. You weren't looking," she added, apologetically, and made as if to go.

But Bentley was squarely in front of her, his gloomy face suddenly aglow.

"If I lose this chance," he was saying to himself, tremulously, "I deserve hanging!"

"Don't you, then—not again!" he commanded. "Don't leave me again like that, and make me feel like a brute, and the most wretched of beings! Didn't you know I didn't mean to, Miss—Miss Wilson? You are not angry yet?"

They were looking at each other almost eagerly. Nor did they appear to find anything strange in their situation. They did not seem embarrassed over this their very first conversation.

She looked down at her muff.

"I know I owe you an apology!" she murmured. "I even thought of mailing you one; but then I thought I might—I might meet you. I was very rude that day and stupid. But you did hurt me a little, and I thought I wondered if you could have done it purposely. I had heard how—how peculiar you were, you know, and I wasn't sure; but afterward I knew better, I was ashamed of myself!" said Teeny Wilson, heroically.

Bentley smiled rapturously.

"And my Valentine?" he said. "Didn't you know it was yours?"

"The ex-post-mistress turned prettily red.

"I thought so," she confessed bashfully.

Then propriety asserted itself.

"I don't know you!" she said, with sweet, half laughing horror. "And here I'm talking to you in broad daylight, like—like an old friend!"

"Are you going to the postoffice?" said the artist from the city, valorously. "So am I. I want some postage stamps."

The fourteenth of February was some distance in the past by the time Lemuel Park's meadow was entirely and satisfactorily put on canvas. It was said in Trumbull by the more far seeing that if the artist could have made the task last all summer he would have.

If it had been necessary, undoubtedly he would. But it was, in fact, only on the edge of spring that the prettiest girl in Trumbull (or anywhere else, her lover firmly believed) promised to marry him.

Some Rare Coins.

Nemismatists have interesting objects of search in two coins which belong to the transition period between the French republic and the second empire. One of these is an extremely rare coin which was struck off at the moment of the assumption of the reins of empire by Napoleon III. Only the die for the obverse or head of a new imperial coin, had been completed, and by some accident, or possibly by mischievous design, a coin was struck off which bore the head of "Napoleon III, Emperor," on one side and "French Republic" on the other.

With the other coin a similar story is connected. While Louis Napoleon was "prince president," and just before he made himself Emperor, a decree was issued ordering a five-franc piece to be coined bearing his image.

The dies were made and the coin was struck off as a sample and sent to the "prince president" for approval. But some time passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a "love lock," or hooked lock of hair, on the temple, which he did actually wear at that period, but thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent representation of himself as an eilgy upon a coin.

The prince president sent for the director of the mint and ordered him to remove the "love locks." Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval, and the stamping of coins had commenced. The work was stopped and the image deprived of its undignified look; but the twenty-three coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed, and are now regarded of great value.—Boston Transcript.

Government Lights.

The United States has 1812 light-houses, 33 lightships, 23 electric buoys and 1389 lights on the Western rivers. The coast lights of this country require 1139 men to keep them in order; the river lights, 1503. Great Britain has 727 light-houses; France has 422; Germany, 183; Russia, 194; Austria, 63; Italy, 263; Spain, 178; Sweden and Norway, 387; Denmark, 63; Holland, 102; Belgium, 25; Greece, 59; Turkey, 184; India, 96; Australia, 343; Canada, 651.—New York Advertiser.

There are forty-five survivors of the War of 1812 on the roll of the Pension Office, of whom fifteen are one hundred or more years old. There are twelve pensioners of the Revolutionary War, but they are all widows.

MILITARY PARKS.

THE PEACEFUL FATE OF FOUR FAMOUS FIELDS.

The Government intent on Preserving the Scenes of Gettysburg, Shiloh, Antietam, and Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

AMONG the first bills passed by the House at the present session was one making an appropriation of \$75,000 for establishing a National military park at Shiloh and another appropriating \$20,000 for the dedication, next September, of the park already founded on the battlefields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, says a Washington correspondent.

The promptness with which these measures were acted upon is significant. Four of the most famous fields of the Civil War are now to be preserved for the wonder and study of future generations, and that, too, with a hearty co-operation and by the mutual desire of victors and vanquished on the field. It is doubtful whether there is anything quite like this to be found in history.

The first field to be set apart was naturally Gettysburg, the place of the most tremendous battle ever fought on this continent, one fraught with momentous consequences. A statement in Secretary Lamont's report of last year showed that, besides the large sums expended on the field by the Memorial Association and other bodies and by individuals, no less than \$863,017.82 had up to that time been contributed by States whose soldiers took part in the battle. Tracts of land have been bought, roads laid out and monuments and tablets erected. In this present report Mr. Lamont says that the movement undertaken by troops on both sides, as well as the lines which they held, have been in the main accurately established, and, after final verification, tablets will be placed at points on the flanks of each regiment in its various positions, while surplus cannon will in like manner identify the positions held by the batteries. When it is remembered that 253 Union regiments, with sixty-seven batteries and 189 Confederate regiments, with seventy batteries took part at Gettysburg, it will be seen how great is the labor involved. The suggestion, however, offers itself that care should be taken not to overdo the details, and so confuse by needless minutiae a study so impressive and instructive in its broader and more general aspects. It can also be understood from the figures just given why so large an expense has been laid out upon this field, and why so many monuments, some of them costly and beautiful, mark this wonderful spot.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park is to the West what the Gettysburg is to the East. Chickamauga was the bloodiest of the Western battles, and if Chattanooga is added it towers up with a great strategic importance. When the bill for establishing this park was before Congress the House Military Committee made an elaborate comparison, based on the losses of the combatants in Napoleon's great battles, such as Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo, and again on the losses at Sadova, in 1866, and at Gravelotte, Sedan and other battles of the Franco-German war of 1870, so as to show the deadliness of the struggle at Chickamauga. The committee declared that the "average losses on each side for the troops which fought through the two days were fully thirty-three per cent., while for many portions of each line the losses reached fifty per cent., and for some even seventy-five per cent." It concluded that such a field had "an importance to the Nation as an object lesson of what is possible in American fighting."

Mr. Lamont tells us in his present report that of the 5521 acres comprising the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park, 2109 have been cleared of underbrush to facilitate the work of the States locating the positions of their troops, and 600 remain to be cleared. So yet possibly the underbrush rather than the clearing may best represent the condition of the field in 1863. Roads aggregating forty-one miles have been completed. A committee from the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and twenty soldiers there, are expected soon to co-operate with the Park Commission in establishing the lines of battle, and Alabama, Connecticut, Kansas, Maryland and West Virginia, which also had soldiers there, are expecting soon to co-operate. Some of the lands on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, desired for the park, have been held at such exorbitant prices that the commission recommends the abandonment of efforts to purchase them; but the further purchase of about 1000 acres at Chickamauga is contemplated. The monuments of Massachusetts and Minnesota, and the fifty-five of Ohio have been completed, as have also the nine monuments to the regiments, while pyramids of shell mark where general officers fell. Various tablets for army headquarters and to mark corps, division and brigade movements are up, and seventy or more guns will denote the position of batteries by the end of the year. Thus far the sum of \$651,710.63 has been appropriated for this park alone.

Antietam is the third great battle field preserved by the action of Congress for determining and marking the lines of battle. Here, however, the task undertaken is different. The battle was fought on farms, and it is believed that by leaving the land in private hands, so that it may be used for farming, the best method will be taken for keeping it as it appeared to the combatants in September, 1862. The same considerations might profit-

ably be kept in mind in the management of the Gettysburg and Chickamauga fields, although there the establishment of a park requires somewhat different rules. Yet the purpose should be to keep them looking as nearly as they were in 1863, except for the monuments and identifying marks and the means of transportation. However, even at Antietam it is the purpose of the War Department to acquire certain lanes and roads along which the most severe fighting occurred, providing the land can be bought at a reasonable rate, and not otherwise. Then tablets and markers on such roads will be set up. The Antietam scene was, in fact, occupied with cleared fields and cornfields, and the famous "sunken road" ran from the Keedysville to the Hagarstown pike. It is to be hoped that the effort to acquire some of the old roads and lanes at a reasonable price may not be baffled. Still, at present it would not be correct to speak of the battle field as a park.

At Shiloh, however, a National military park is contemplated by the bill of Mr. Henderson, which the House has passed. Mr. Henderson explained that he and Mr. Black, of Illinois, and Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, had undertaken to look after the interests of the bill, and that options of the land had been secured at an average purchase price of \$12 an acre, whereas the Chickamauga Park had cost an average of \$28 an acre. The bill provides for a commission, to be selected from what were once known as the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Mississippi.

Thus two great battlefields at the East and two at the West will be appropriately marked for preservation, assuming that the Shiloh bill is to become a law. They will form a remarkable series of memorials for future generations. Gettysburg and Chickamauga were in the broadest sense National battle fields. The former included troops from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota on the Union side, and from Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas on the Confederate. Chickamauga and Chattanooga, chiefly the latter, brought in eleven regiments and two batteries from Pennsylvania, sixteen regiments and batteries from New York, two regiments each from Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, and an artillery battalion from Maine.

All four were battles which the survivors on both sides can look upon with memories of pride as well as sorrow, and with the feeling that military laurels were won for both parts of the country.—New Orleans Picayune.

Talking Timepieces.

There is no longer any necessity of asking, "What time is it?" as now the hour and minute are accurately spoken by a photographic attachment to clocks and watches recently devised by M. Sivan, of Geneva. The nearest approach to this has been the repeating watches having a striking arrangement to give the hour and minutes. This is monotonous and too much like counting the strokes of an alarm bell to locate a fire. Sivan's watch is free from all these objections; the photographic sounding plate is made of vulcanized rubber with striated furrows and a delicate point resting thereon as in the ordinary phonograph. On this rubber plate are forty-eight furrows, twelve of which correspond to the twelve hours and thirty-six representing the quarter hours traversed by the hands of the watch or clock in each circuit of the dial plate. The traversing point vibrating with the sinuities of the furrows translates the vibrations into spoken words as for instance; "It is 6 o'clock." "It is quarter of 8." "It is half-past 10," and so on through all the quarter-hours of the day. This rubber plate is only an exact reproduction upon a plain surface of the receiving cylinder of a phonograph. The possibilities of such a watch are immense. It can wake you in time for your early train or remind you that you ought to be hungry for your breakfast, or inform the long-winded statesman that he is wasting too much time and money on impracticable and tiresome oratory. What a welcome convenience such a pocket-piece would be to the convivial club man when in the wee small hours he could gauge his gait by the oral passing of time. However, this photographic watch is practical and has come to stay.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sneezing.

Dr. Seanes Spicer, reading a paper the other day before the Chemists' Assistants' Association on "Sneezing," told his hearers that the act of sneezing has always been regarded as supernatural, and by many races was held in reverence. Hence arose the custom, not even now altogether obsolete, of making some remark directly after sneezing. Sneezing was regarded as a sign of impending death during the plague of Athens. Many classical writers make especial reference to sneezing, and some supposed that during sneezing devils were expelled. Sneezing itself is a reflex nervous action, and is brought about by mechanical irritation to the ends of the nerve fibers which occur in the tissue of the nose. When this irritation occurs, whether it be due to a foreign body or change of temperature affecting the tissue of the nose, a nerve impulse is transmitted to the brain and certain nerve centres in the medulla oblongata are affected; this results in certain impulses being transmitted along the nerves to the muscles controlling respiration. By this means the egress of air during expiration is delayed, and the various exits are closed. When the pressure, however, reaches a limit, the exits are forced open, "a powerful blast of air is expelled, and the patient sneezes."—London News.

CURIOUS FACTS.

India has 25,000 acres in tea. Goldfish are of Chinese origin. Egypt prohibits tobacco culture.

Seeds 2000 years old have been known to sprout.

India in its Bo trees has the oldest treps in the world.

Orange trees were known to have existed in England in 1595.

San Francisco, Cal., is the third commercial city in the United States.

A man in Somerset, Mass., pays seven cents tax on a pet monkey nothing else.

The volcano at Cotopaxi while in eruption early in the century sent a mass of rock 100 cubic yards in volume nine miles.

An alligator with a perfectly emerald body was seen on the banks of Lake Okechobee, Fla., recently by a colored farm hand.

Dr. Alexander, of Wyandot, Ohio, fell into an unused well while responding to a midnight call, and before he was rescued the patient died.

London fire engines often have a stop on their way to a fire to take a turn-out, a liveried functionary, who is alone allowed to have the key to the fireplug.

The great hearth fire in the hall of Roby Castle, England, is said to have been permitted to go out centuries. That in Warwick Castle will burn a quarter of a cord of wood at once.

In Siam, when a funeral is passing the women take down their hair, unfasten their heads, and then tumble around in their pockets for little pieces of metal to hold between their teeth.

Rats must have access to water when they die. A trapped rat may easily be tamed by allowing no water but offering in a spoon, for the creature soon learns to recognize the spoon which supplies this all-important necessity.

Maine's oldest fisherman, Uncle Lyer, died at Portland a few days ago at the age of ninety-two years, worked at the nets almost up to the day of his death, and less than a year ago captured, single-handed, a halibut weighing 332 pounds.

The earliest known continuous weather record in the world, coming observations by the Rev. W. M. from January, 1337, to January, 1815, is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This record shows the weather to have been similar to what it is now.

Ben Cook, of the West Philadelphia Stock Yards, has in thirty years handled \$27,000,000 worth of goods weighing as much as 10,000 load-tives; enough to reach in a double from Hong Kong to San Francisco furnish a life of mutton for every son on this globe.

As far as is known, swallows' migratory flights are always carried out day. The fact that, though war and other migrants are constantly found dead around lighthouses, dashed themselves against the dows of the lanterns, swallows never been known to meet them in this way, furnishes strong positive evidence of this peculiarity of swallow tribe.

A Wonderful Light.

The idea of an electric light fed by a current from a dynamo, operated by a forty horse power engine and giving 7000 candle power, has its illuminating power increased 35,000 times, is not easy to grasp means the projection of a strong light of about 250,000,000 candle power, and it is no wonder that announcement that such a light about to be used in this country, been received with some interest in Europe. Yet this is the effect of the light which will be erected at Fire Island for the illumination of the adjacent coast and protection of the fleet of ships at New York Harbor. A remote station of the power of this lamp be arrived at by bearing in mind an ordinary oil lamp is about eight or forty candle power, and trying to imagine the combined of 3,000,000 lamps. The ordinary electric street light may be put at 1000 candle power, and 250,000 these would about represent strength of the Fire Island light. The most powerful oil lamp made is supposed to shine out clear night for a distance of five or forty miles, but the new light will flash its welcome rays to the coming European liners which are 120 miles away. The light involves rapidly and throws of beams with the intensity of sunlight. The motive power actuates it is a simple clockwork arrangement contained in a box of feet square, and although the portion of the light weights tons, the mechanism controlling so delicate that the pressure of fingers will turn it. The value of the marvelous lamp can only be estimated by practical working, promises to represent an important stride in the science of coast-house illumination.—Philadelphia Press.

Flax in Oregon.

There are two values in flax and the seed. Our Northwest States are the best flax-growing tract in the world. Many years the flax was extolled by experiment. But we were distant market and did not press this industry. Conditions are changing now, and the product of flax and seed or oil, will now, of bear transport. This is one of the industries to be studied in those States.—Portland Oregonian.