

# Miss Varina's Valentine.

By Kate M. Cleary.

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MISS VARINA was about to set aside the large square box the postman had just handed her with the mental decision that, of course, it was for Laurel, when she caught sight of the superscription, written in a bold masculine hand, "Miss Varina Ellington."

"It's—It's for me!" gasped Miss Varina. "A real valentine—for me!"

Miss Varina had seen her thirty-fifth summer and not unkindly winter. But it was many a year since she had received a valentine. The last she could remember receiving was sent when she was nineteen and used to go to singing school with Ambrose Mead. She and Ambrose had not been formally engaged, but they had understood each other, and it had been taken for granted by both that when the new house on the half section was finished it would be as Mrs. Ambrose Mead that Varina Ellington would enter the same. But, alas, a pretty city girl came to visit in the neighborhood, and where is the country youth who can resist the dazzling charms of a city girl when she appears, starker, in the monotony of his rural solitude? Ambrose was attentive to Miss Thyra Morse. Varina imperiously protested. A lover's quarrel followed, and the city girl went into the new house as Mrs. Ambrose



"IT'S—IT'S FOR ME!" Mead. An indifferent housekeeper and an unsympathetic wife she proved to be. She was dead these five years now, and Ambrose, whose farm joined Miss Varina's own, had been getting along as best he could with such housekeepers as he could hire.

Miss Varina's thoughts now flew over all the town men she knew who might have sent her this valentine.

"No," she decided as her trembling fingers fumbled with the string. "There ain't one of them that thinks of me."

She held up the box and rapturously contemplated the glowing object before her. A cottage covered with pink roses overhung a blue stilet lake. The inevitable verse on the inner page read:

My heart is thine,  
If thine were mine,  
Then would I know  
All bliss divine!

"What is it, Aunt Varina? A valentine? Oh, how lovely! For me?" A girl came eagerly forward. She was a very pretty girl.

"It's for me!" declared little Miss Varina. She was suffused in blushes—



"I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE A FLIRT!" drowned in them. "You're not the only one, I guess, who can get valentines!"

"For you? Of course, you're young enough and pretty enough to get them by the dozen! Isn't it perfectly gorgeous? Who do you suppose sent it—the new minister?"

"No; I don't know as I ought to tell you. But if you look real close you'll

see there's two initials written just under the verse on the inside."

With an air of the most vivid interest Laurel lifted the rose-covered cottage, the blue lake, the cupids, the violets, the hearts and the doves and bent eagerly over the inner page. She straightened up with a rallying cry and a deprecating pink finger pointed at her aunt's glowing countenance.

"Oh, Aunt Varina! I never knew you were a flirt! 'A. M.'—that's Ambrose Mead, of course. And to think that all the time he has been vowing Charlie must not marry until he was twenty-six, and you've been saying you would ignore me all the rest of



"SOME ONE HAS SENT ME A VALENTINE." my life if I married Charlie, that his uncle and my aunt have been carrying on this—this lively flirtation!" She broke off with a little despairing gesture. "I'm—I'm really astonished at you, Aunt Varina!"

Miss Varina, flustered, flattered, agitated, clasped and unclasped her hands in nervous ecstasy.

"But—but you're mistaken, Laurel! Indeed you are! It was because I detested—yes, detested—Ambrose Mead that I did not want you to marry his nephew. Why, we haven't spoken for fifteen years—not since he married that poor, shiftless, good for nothing—there! She's dead—the Lord forgive me for forgetting!"

"Well, all I can say," averred Laurel in a voice of brisk finality, "is that he has evidently kept you in his heart all this time. And—don't be too hard on the poor fellow, Aunt Varina!"

Miss Varina preened herself, patting the bow on her neck coquettishly.

"You're a good child," she murmured, her eyes on the wonderful object prop-



"NOR I, VARINA. IT WAS FATE." ped up on the cottage organ. "I may have been a little severe about you and Charlie, and if—"

But, deeming it best to let well enough alone, Laurel had slipped from the room.

Charlie Mead, a stalwart young fellow, coming home that night from his work in the town bank, found his uncle, a grim visaged, sad eyed man, brooding above a delicate piece of rice paper foamed over with forget-me-nots. It was a trivial little thing, but pretty and in good taste.

"Charlie, look here! Some one has sent me a valentine."

"Well, why not, sir? I'm sure you're younger in heart and better looking by a long shot than many of the men to whom it is the custom, I am told, for girls to send valentines today! You can't expect to remain a widower all ways. The girls of Thomastown are not too dense!"

The elder man raised a perturbed face.

"No girl in Thomastown sent me this! There are initials signed"—He broke off in embarrassment.

"By Jove! So there are!"

"They are V. H. E." The young man looked interrogatively at his uncle. "I can't think of any one having those"—

"It might be Varina Hildegarde Ellington," said Ambrose Mead.

"Why, uncle! And after all your opposition to my marrying Laurel. What a concentrated fraud you are!"

"I—I may have been—a bit severe," the elder man admitted. "I fancied Miss Ellington disliked me very much on account of—well, that's past and

gone now! But—I think, as a mere matter of neighborly courtesy, I ought to go over after supper and find out if that fine mare of her's is getting over its broken knee all right."

Charlie grinned, vanished and executed a war dance in the hall.

"Better wear your most becoming gown tonight—the crimson cashmere," urged Laurel. "It is quite likely Mr. Mead will follow his valentine with a visit. I'll do the dishes."

And Mr. Mead, in best Sunday attire, did call. But hardly had Miss Varina received him in the parlor when a tall young man, whisking in at the back door, caught a slim maiden up to her arms in soapy water and carried her from the kitchen sink to the china closet. He laid a compelling hand over her lips.

"It won't be eavesdropping," he whispered, "to hear if we get out scot free about those valentines. It was the only way to get the antagonistic couple to release their grip on us—to set them thinking about a love affair of their own. Listen!"

This they heard through the sliding door between the china closet and dining room:

"If it were not for that valentine, Ambrose, I'd never!"

"Nor I, Varina. It was fate. Promise never again to refer to the means of our!"

"I promise. I, too, feel sensitive that it should have taken such a trifle to bring us together and make us understand how foolish we have been. We shall never mention valentine in our house! But—those young people we have been keeping apart—I'm willing to give them this house and the quarter section. Eh, dear?"

"Right! You'll turn my shack into a home—eh, dearest? Bless those children!"

The Dress of General Washington. This great man was very particular about his personal appearance. He took pains with everything he did and showed off his clothes to advantage. There have been some interesting details of late given of what he wore from 1783 to 1793. The general writes himself in ordering his clothes, "Plain clothes with a gold or silver button if worn in genteel dress are all I desire." He imported his best clothes from England, but on ordinary occasions wore native homespun when out of uniform. For receptions he had a black velvet coat and breeches; the coat a long cut-away, square at the ends, having a small standing collar. There were ten breast buttons of silver or open work steel on the right breast, with blind buttonholes four inches long made of black silk braid on the opposite side. The coat had pocket flaps treated in the same way; also cuffs, which were five inches deep. There were two hip buttons at the back. This garment was very long waisted, and the top of the pocket flaps and hip buttons were on a line with the lowest of the breast buttons. It was lined with white satin, accompanied by black velvet breeches, with small buttons and knee buckles; the waistcoat of white or pearl colored satin, with a small standing collar and indented pocket flaps; a fine muslin shirt, with standing ruffles, repeated at the wrists, and the stock of the period; white silk stockings; low cut shoes, with large silver buckles. A dress sword, with silver hilt, suspended by a chain from a belt worn under the waistcoat and a linen stock completed the costume. He wore a bag wig, but not powder.

Goat Mutton. "When you get a leg of mutton and find on trying to cook it that it seems likely never to get done, it's goat," says a local housekeeper.

"The only way of distinguishing kid from lamb or goat from mutton is that the goat flesh requires longer to cook and even when thoroughly done has a reddish appearance as though it were slightly rare. When properly prepared goat flesh is just as tender, just as nutritious as mutton and has exactly the same flavor. There is a prejudice against it, which, however, is entirely ill founded, and it is likely enough that this feeling is due more to the comic artists than to anybody else. In a comic picture representing the goat the old Billy is usually shown munching a tomato can or a straw hat or a lot of clothes stolen from the line, but as a fact the goat is just as particular about his food as the sheep, eats about the same kind and in spite of the comic artist in about the same quantity. The animal is just as cleanly as the sheep, and the only reason why the butchers do not openly avow their sales of goat meat is on account of the unfounded prejudice against it. It is sold under the name of mutton."—Exchange.

Science For Its Own Sake. A prominent feature in Faraday's character was his absolute love of science for its own sake. He freely gave his discoveries to his world when he could easily have built up a colossal fortune upon them. He once told his friend, Professor Tyndall, that at a certain period of his career he had definitely to ask himself whether he should make wealth or science the object of his life. He could not serve both masters and was therefore compelled to choose between them. When preparing his well known memoir of the great master, the professor called to mind this conversation and asked leave to examine his accounts, and this is the conclusion the professor arrived at: Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder had to decide between a fortune of \$150,000 on the one side and his unadorned science on the other. He chose the latter and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific banner of England for a period of forty years.

RAILROAD STORIES.

The Man Who Paid the Conductor and the Name on the Ticket.

An old time traveling man was talking of experiences of former days on the road. "Frequently," said this traveler, "I journeyed to Cincinnati. The fare from my city to that place was then about \$3.25. I saved something by handing the conductor \$2 in cash. One day there was an excursion, and I bought a round trip ticket for \$1.25 or \$1.50—I've forgotten the exact amount, but that circumstance need not cripple this story. When I handed this ticket to the conductor as he tore off the return coupon he looked at me and in a voice betraying how deeply he was hurt he remarked, 'My young friend, don't you know that I can afford to haul you much cheaper than this company can?'

"On another occasion, when in Chicago, a colored man met me at the entrance of the station, asked me where I was going and offered to sell me a ticket for \$1. The ticket was to Louisville, but I was only going to Indianapolis. Cheap enough.

"When the conductor came along to take up my ticket he asked me my name. It was usual to write one's name on the ticket in the presence of the conductor. I told him my name was on the ticket. He grinned as he handed it back and asked me to look at it and say if that was my name. I looked. The name on the ticket was 'Mary Flaberty.' He grinned again, somewhat sarcastically, but he took the ticket."—Pittsburg Press.

SNORING.

One of the Evils We Acquire With Our Civilization.

It is a truism that no one ever heard of a snoring savage. In fact, if the wild man of the woods and plains does not sleep quietly he runs the risk of being discovered by his enemy, and the scalp of the snorer would soon adorn the belt of his crafty and more quietly sleeping adversary. With civilization, however, we have changed all this. The impure air of our sleeping rooms induces all manner of catarrhal affections. The nasal passages are the first to become affected. Instead of warming the inspired air on its way to the lungs and removing from it the dangerous impurities with which it is loaded the nose becomes obstructed. A part of the air enters and escapes by the mouth. The veil of the palate vibrates between the two currents—that through the mouth and the one still passing through the partially closed nostrils—like a torn sail in the wind. The snore, then, means that the sleeper's mouth is partially open, that his nose is partially closed and that his lungs are in danger from the air not being properly warmed and purified. From the continued operation of these causes—the increase of impure air in sleeping rooms and permitting habitual snorers to escape killing and scapling—some scientist has predicted that in the future all men (and all women, too) will snore. It goes along with decay of the teeth and baldness.—Health.

Natural Kindness.

At an out of the way railroad junction a traveler found himself hungry, but with only two minutes to spare before his train left. "I'll take a cup of coffee," he said to the young woman in charge of the restaurant. "I've no time for anything else."

"You can take all the time you want, sir," said the young woman cordially. "You look at this bill of fare, and I'll telephone to the superintendent to delay the train a little while."

"Why, can that be done?" asked the traveler in amazement.

"Certainly," said the young woman. "Of course it can. It's a branch road and no other train coming or going over it today, and the superintendent would want you to have a good meal. He owns this restaurant."—Youth's Companion.

The Influence of Bath.

Is there any town in the world that has so imposed itself as much as Bath upon the life and language of the nation? For some there are Bath buns, for others Bath Olivers, and the militant ladies who find the buns too soft may throw Bath bricks at office or other windows if they disapprove of the Bath chaps. When we become infirm it is the Bath chair we seek. And that "thousand years" of the middle ages "without a bath" seems now horrible.—London Chronicle.

Separated.

"Some men are fond of work, and others are not," said Wilber. "Take Dawson, for instance. He is wedded to his work."

"Not now," said Hickenlooper. "He's been divorced."

"Divorced? What do you mean?" asked Wilber.

"He was bounced last Saturday," said Hickenlooper.—Lippincott's.

Just Suited Him.

"Miss Pansy, yo' subtingly has got well developed ahms, ef yo'll pabdon ma sayin' so."

"Ah developed dem ahms workin' ovah de washtub, Mistah Rufus."

"Um—um—er—Miss Pansy, will yo' be ma wife?"—Denver Post.

The Entomologist's Boon.

Professor (to his aged cook)—You have now been twenty-five years in my service, Regina. As a reward for your fidelity I have determined to name the bug I recently discovered after you.—Fliegende Blätter.

Speak with contempt of no man. Every one hath a tender sense of reputation.—Burton.

THE PLOT OF A PLAY.

How Sardou Came to Write "Les Pattes de Mouche."

Sardou sat working at a scenic adaptation of Voltaire's "Candide," and it hung fire not because there was no prospect of a dinner, but because his pipe was empty and he had not a penny wherewith to buy tobacco. Suddenly on opening a drawer of his table he uttered a cry of joy at the sight of five or six tickets of a wine company which gave its customers a voucher for 20 centimes for every bottle purchased. A quarter of an hour afterward he was the happy possessor of a silver franc piece and some sous besides.

Picking up a scrap of paper off the sanded floor of the tobacco shop, he was about to light his weed when the words "Marie Laurent" caught his eye. The "unconsidered trifle" turned out to be the fragment of a letter from the well known actress to her son Charles. Sardou put his find in his pocket, but on his way home his plot weaving faculties, stimulated by the fumes of the tobacco, at once reasserted themselves.

"This is the innocent letter of a mother to her boy," he said to himself. "Supposing, however, it had been the letter of a woman to her lover and, falling by a similar accident into the hands of the woman's husband, wishing to light his cigar?"

The suggestion led to his play "Les Pattes de Mouche."—London Chronicle.

A HUMAN GIBALTAR.

The Story That Is Told of the English Colonel Burnaby.

In the biography of Colonel Fred Burnaby there is a characteristic story, told by his friend Lord Blinny, of that soldier of heroic frame and reckless courage:

We were engaged in a football match on the green inside Windsor cavalry barracks, and the verandas were crowded with onlookers as the colonel, dressed for London in frock coat and tall hat, with a cigar in his mouth, came out of the officers' quarters and proceeded slowly across a corner of the ground, apparently oblivious of the fact that a match was in progress at the time. At this moment our fullback, a gigantic Yorkshireman named Bates, who must have weighed nearer fifteen than fourteen stone, charging impetuously for the ball, dashed full into Burnaby. The impact was terrific, but while the Yorkshireman, buried backward by the shock as though he had collided with a mountain, lay gasping on the ground, neither Burnaby's hat nor the angle of his cigar was in the smallest degree disturbed. In fact, he scarcely seemed to realize that a collision had taken place. When he did so he removed his cigar from his mouth and, with his pleasant smile, said, "Dear me, I do hope I am not interfering with the game." The shout of delight which went up from the verandas was a thing to remember.

Studying the Crowd.

"There doesn't seem to be any difference between a crowded train in the morning and a crowded train at night, does there?" queried a subway traveler of his companion. "But I could distinguish one from the other even if I had no idea of the hours."

"Ask the guard!"

"No. All you need to do is to measure the buzz of conversation. In the morning, when the crowd is fresh and on the way to business, the conversation is at least ten times in volume what it is at night, when the crowd is tired and on the way home. Oftentimes at night I've been in a crowded car for ten minutes without hearing a sound save the rattle of newspapers and an occasional cough. That same crowd in the morning would be full of dialogue, punctuated here and there with laughter."

"It's just a wee study in human nature, that's all."—New York Globe.

An Unsocial Pedant.

"At Trinity, Cambridge, the great Dr. Whewell was the incarnation of masterful unsociality," says Mr. Tollemache in his reminiscences. "A Trinity friend told me in the fifties that Whewell's evening parties went by the name of 'perpendiculars' because the undergraduates were expected to remain standing all the time, though he himself sat down whenever he chose. It is also related that, being shortsighted, he inspected each man in turn at unpleasantly close quarters, and it was a high crime for any one to speak until he was spoken to. On one occasion under the trying scrutiny an unwary freshman remarked that the weather was fine. 'Sir,' replied the pedant, 'are you not aware that if you have any communication to make to the master of your college you should make it through your tutor?'

Secondhand.

"Can't I go out into the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—Life.

## GROWS HAIR ON BALD HEADS

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Remember, we are basing our statements upon what has already been accomplished by the use of Resall "93" Hair Tonic, and we have the right to assume that what it has done to hundreds of others it will do for you. In any event you cannot lose anything by giving it a trial on our liberal guarantee. Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00.

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