A USEFUL VALENTINE

By BERTHA D. ALSOP.

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Delia Thorpe was passing out of the age when girls send or expect valentines. At least she personally considered them as more fitted for children than for growing young ladies of seventeen like herself. But Delia was rather a dignified young person with old ways.

There is a place in all girls' hearts vacant until it is filled by some young fellow. This place had been filled for Delia, but neither he who filled it nor any one else knew of the fact. Delia herself was afraid even to breathe his name in her prayers, fearing some ordinary mortal without sentiment or sympathy would hear.

Henry Robbins, a bank clerk, was the youth whose image had found a pre-eminent place in her [illegible]. After all, in youth is it not the image that makes the impression? Marriage among very young people is certainly a lottery.

When Delia on the morning of the 14th of February received a valentine addressed in Henry's handwriting she had received one note from him and treasured it, locked in her jewel box. She was surprised. She tried at first to make herself think that she was displeased. Henry was five years her senior and it occurred to her that his sending her a valentine indicated that he considered her a child. There was one redeeming feature. If it had been mailed in a plain envelope. But presently this feeling wore off and there was something very delightful about the little stamped thing destined with cupids notwithstanding. [illegible] recalled Henry's [illegible] person of such [illegible] self. Pasted to [illegible] silver gewgaw [illegible] was written [illegible] the address [illegible] unmistakably [illegible] quite certain [illegible] the star was his. [illegible] the hand of a [illegible] But she preferred to think that it was Henry's work and who else did it? Did he since he had addressed the envelope? Why had he called it the star of hope? Because it expressed a hope that she would be his valentine, of course. Well, what next? Why he expected that if there was hope for him she would let him know. And how would she do this? By sending him the star. It was all plain as the sun in heaven after she had thought it out.

Some crusty bachelors, most of them woman haters, assert that women have not logical brains. This process of reasoning on the part of one of the sex no older than her eighteenth year is an excellent refutation of these men's assertion. Ten to one if a man had received such a missive he would never have suspected that the star had any meaning whatever. Would have thrown "the thing" into the wastebasket and left the sender to find out whether or no there was hope for her by asking him point blank.

Pardon this digression. Delia Thorpe knew in her heart that there was a great deal of hope for Henry Robbins and she deemed it her duty, it was certainly her pleasure, to inform him of the fact. So she detached the star, put it in a little envelope such as is used for sending cards and slipped it in a letter box.

"Tim," said Henry Thorpe on the morning of the 15th of February to an office boy. "There is some mistake here. You were sending valentines the other day. Do you know anything about this?"

"It's a star that was on one of the valentines I sent."

Henry had been very busy with the mail on the 13th. Tim Butler had that day been addressing valentines on Henry's desk. Henry had written Delia Thorp an invitation to go to the skating rink with him on the evening of the 15th, and it was evident that Tim's girl had been invited to the rink while Henry's girl had been sent the star of hope valentine.

The practical part of all this Henry reasoned out very readily. But as to deducing what the star meant he was as stupid as an owl. There was nothing for him to do but explain the matter to Delia. He did so in a note stating that a valentine belonging to an office boy had got into an envelope intended to contain an invitation to go with him to the skating rink, adding an apology for having sent the valentine. He would call at 8 o'clock to take her to the rink.

Such brutal treatment, though unintentional, naturally had its effect upon Delia. She received him very coolly when he called and declined to go out. He sat down with her and tried to find out what was the matter, but he was not up to the work. To reason out the problem as Delia had reasoned out the star of hope matter was an impossibility with him. Supposing that Delia was miffed at his sending her a valentine, he apologized for doing so, declaring that a man of his age who would send a girl a paper made star should be relegated to the nursery. This didn't improve matters. Delia's eyes flashed; then tears stood in them. And yet Henry was not aware that every moment he was stabbing her right in the heart.

"Do little girl," he exclaimed, "do tell me what it is."

"I can't," she moaned.

"Do, please!"

"I thought you sent the star of hope to learn something from me. I've returned it to you."

A glimmer struggled inside Henry's thick skull. He took her in his arms, and it was all over.

WHAT IS SEEN NOWADAYS.

Quantities Used in Making Plaitings. Separate Waists Still Liked.

Now that ruchings of ribbon and other fabrics are used so much on hats the following table of approximate quantities required for plaiting may be a guide for amateur sewers. Single plaiting requires from three to four times the necessary length; single box plaiting the same amount. Double box plaiting takes five to six times this amount, triple box plaiting six to seven times, fourfold or rose plaiting seven to eight times.

Judging from the variety and the number of separate waists in attractive styles seen in the shops I fancy the one piece gown has a monopoly in the wardrobe of the well dressed woman this year.

Probably the most popular jabot of the moment is the one sided affair. It

OVERBLOUSE WITH GUIMPE.

fills the [illegible] where the [illegible] used yet. It is not fussy.

Some boys [illegible] pewter embroideries are available.

The overblouse is one of the developments of the late season and is being used in a number of ways. The one illustrated shows it at its best. It is made of thin silk with trimming bands and applique and is worn over a guimpe of tucked net. The guimpe is a plain one with front and back portions, and it can be made with or without the long sleeves. The cap sleeves are made in one with the overblouse.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6555, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Long Net Veils the Vogue—Eccentric Pockets.

Closely following the vogue for long chiffon scarfs comes the long net veil which is tied at the back, the long ends falling to the waist. In the plain chiffon veiling the paste shades are favored.

An eccentric application of the pocket scheme is shown on some new Parisient models. They are of the Louis reigns large and much trimmed with

FANCY EVENING BLOUSE.

buttons, cord or braid. Such a decoration gives a dignity to a dressy coat that is very charming.

Bows of gold and silver are worn with linen collars, and, by the way, the linen collar is back again in first favor.

Blouses that are made with narrow square openings are very much sought after. The evening waist illustrated is adapted to daytime use by substituting a yoke and long sleeves. For the yoke and undersleeves net, lace, chiffon and all similar transparent materials are used.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6545, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

A GEISHA GIRL.

By SADIE OLCOTT.

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"By the spirits of your ancestors I beseech you to hide me!"

The words were spoken by a young Japanese who rushed into a tea house where stood a startled geisha girl. It was more than forty years ago, when the followers of the mikado and the shogun were struggling for the supremacy in Japan.

"What is it, Herobumi?" asked the girl quickly.

"The shogunites! They are after me! If they catch me they will kill me! Quick, Nikama!"

The girl darted glances in every direction, and finally her eyes lighted on what she at once recognized as the best place for concealment. In every Japanese house is a dust hole. The ground floor is raised about two feet above the earth and a square hole is cut in the floor into which the dust and litter of the rooms are swept.

"Get in there quick," cried the girl pointing to the hole.

Herobumi sprang into the hole doubling himself up to occupy the space. Nikama put a board over it, and on the board she placed a brazier thus concealing the hole and making it appear that the brazier rested on the floor. Then she sat down before the brazier in which was a fire and appeared to be lazily warming herself. In another moment a band of armed men rushed in. The girl looked up at them in feigned surprise.

"A man is here," said their leader, "whom we seek. We saw him enter. Where is he?"

[illegible]

"[illegible] Herobumi? You had better remain where you are for when he in case they come back."

"Thank you, Nikama. You have saved my life. I knew when I came having been here at times for ten that I would not be betrayed, but I did not know that I would find one who by her presence of mind would keep my head on my shoulders."

The girl went out and looked about and finding all pursuit of the fugitive in that vicinity had been abandoned returned to the house, removed the brazier, and Herobumi came out of the hole. He did not think of the dust with which he was covered, but Nikama did, and getting a wisp broom, she brushed his clothes. Then he took both her hands in his and said to her:

"You are but a poor geisha girl, while I am of a far different rank, but I promise that you shall never regret the act of this day."

When it was dark he slipped out of the tea house and found a more permanent place of safety.

One day it was after the shogun had been permanently defeated and the mikado securely placed upon the throne of Japan a [illegible] stood before the tea house. Nikama was standing at the door and who should she see alight from the jinrikisha but the young man whose life she had saved. He came up and led her out to a veranda.

"I have not seen you for a long while," she said. "I feared that the shogunites had caught you at last."

"No, I was too slippery for them. But all my inventive powers and there are those who esteem them considerable—are as nothing compared with yours. Had it not been for your quick acting brain I should not now be here."

The girl, naturally pleased at his appreciation of her act, smiled and blushed.

"I told you that you would not regret your act of that terrible day," continued the visitor, "nor shall you. I wish to make you a present. I will first offer you that which I value most highly and which will include within itself all I can give you. Then if you prefer a part rather than the whole you may ask for what you like and I will give it."

"You speak in riddles, Herobumi, or rather you speak like the mikado when you say you will give what I ask. Are you, a young man not yet thirty years old, so powerful that you can give me anything I ask?"

"I can at least give you that which I prize most."

"And that is"—

"Myself."

The girl stood looking at him in astonishment. No high caste young man in Japan was likely to marry a geisha girl.

"I am the whole," resumed the young man. "If you don't find me to your taste you may take a part."

"But I know you only as one who has come here to drink tea and be amused," said Nikama.

"Oh, you wish for my credentials. Well, then, know that when our new government was formed it was I who was principally intrusted with its formation. Then I was made prime minister by the emperor, and that office I hold at the present time."

It is true that Prince Herobumi Ito of Japan, who was recently assassinated, married the geisha girl who more than forty years ago saved his life by hiding him in a dust hole, put a board and brazier on it and then invited the followers of the shogun to search the house.

The Pip and the Slip.

Too much mane pie had done the trick.

Little Maimie got a pain in her side and had to go to bed.

The family physician and his top hat rattled and prescribed a pill. Maimie's mother said very well, but the family physician did not know Maimie, and she was quite sure Maimie would not take the pill. The family physician said he would make it a sweet pill, but Maimie's mother replied that as long as it was a pill it would be no use.

Then the family physician was struck with a brilliant idea. The pill should be carefully concealed in the center of a preserved pear and sent up to little Maimie to eat.

An hour later Maimie's mother went to see how her sweetest dear was going on. She appeared to be going on excellently.

"And did my pet eat all her pear?" inquired the fond mother.

"Yes, mumsie," replied the little darling, "all but the nasty seed."

There's many a slip 'twixt the pear and the pip. London Answers.

Bituminous Coal.

The first bituminous coal mined in the United States states the United States geological survey was taken from what is usually termed the Richmond basin, a small area in the southeastern portion of Virginia near the city of Richmond. This basin is situated on the eastern margin of the Piedmont plateau, thirteen miles above tidewater on the James river. It lies in Goochland, Henrico, Powhatan and Chesterfield counties. The coal beds are much disorted and the coal is of rather low grade when compared with that from other districts with which it has to compete. The [illegible] was known in the Richmond basin [illegible] as [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] states. At present what it [illegible] is not [illegible] this [illegible] is [illegible] only.

Scientific American.

Movement of Icebergs.

In the [illegible] around the east of Newfoundland it has been observed that [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] the surface currents and the winds which [illegible] the other parts of which are submerged to a great depth follow only the movement of the ocean water as a whole and are uninfluenced by the winds. In consequence a huge berg may often be seen majestically maintaining its slow advance in opposition to the wind and across the general motion of the fields of flat ice surrounding it. The seafarers often take advantage of this fact by mooring their vessels to an iceberg in order to prevent a drift to leeward.—Philadelphia Record.

Hunting the Kangaroo.

When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for the hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick mattress. Armed with a spear with a cross attachment at the other end they ride upon swift horses into a herd. With the skill and equipoise of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs.

The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and gagged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camps. Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 apiece they return back to civilization.

Why He Searched.

The old man had evidently dropped something in the muddy road, and he began searching for it. In three minutes about thirty strangers had joined in the search, and every additional minute brought additional searchers, till at last one bolder than the rest plucked up heart and spoke.

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

"My friend," mumbled the old man, "I have dropped a piece of taffy candy."

"But great Scott," cried another of the crowd angrily, "why do you go looking for it where it will be covered with dirt?"

"Because, my inquisitive friend," replied the old man, "my false teeth are sticking to that taffy."

Strange Hiding Place.

False teeth are occasionally used for secretive purposes. An eccentric old lady boasts of a roof plate which consists of two thin sheets of gold between which a miniature copy of her will is inserted. In a similar manner a dyer preserves a prescription which he declares he would not disclose for a large sum.—London Mail.

Envious.

"Just think of it!" said the student of immigration. "Many men who come to this country cannot write their own names."

"Yes," answered Mr. Pinchpenny, "and when I get down my check book on the first of the month I am inclined to envy them."—Washington Star.

Fixing the Break.

"They were both broken up by their separation."

"But I understand they've effected a reconciliation and are now repaired."—St. Louis Star.

There is no teacher like necessity; it has been the making of man; it wakes up his dormant faculties and stimulates to action his latent talents.

AN ODD WEDDING.

By ROCKFORD KING.

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One day as I was about to leave my study a young couple came hurrying in and asked me to marry them. I dislike very much to marry persons thus hurriedly about whom I know nothing, and in this case I especially hesitated. The man, though refined looking, was dressed in clothes more befitting a workingman than a gentleman. He was pale faced either from ill health or because he had not been accustomed to the sunlight; otherwise he seemed to be in good health.

However, since there seemed to be no objection to my uniting them, both being of age, I told them to come into my study and I would accommodate them. We had barely got inside and the couple taken position before me when quick footsteps were heard without.

The man lost what color he had before.

"Go on," said the lady to me impatiently.

But before I could do so two men rushed in. One of them, glancing at the groom expectant, said, "All right, we've got him." Then to the man to whom he referred he said, "You come along with me."

"What's all this about?" I asked.

"He's an escaped convict," said the man who had been speaking.

"Is that a fact?" I asked of the man I had expected to marry.

"Yes," he said. "I am."

He spoke without the slightest appearance of shame or regret. The lady went up to the men who were prison officers and begged them to permit the ceremony to proceed before taking her lover back to prison.

"But you don't wish to marry a jail bird do you?" he replied.

"I wish to marry this man. It will [illegible] a few minutes. Come, let [illegible] proceed."

"Well, I [illegible]," he asked of his companion.

"It could go," said the other, "but [illegible] I don't see as it is any business of ours. We've got him safe enough and two or three minutes won't make any difference."

"All right," said the other. "Go ahead, parson."

It was my turn to demur, not liking the business of uniting a lady to any man under such circumstances.

"I reckon she's with him," said the officer called Tom. "Some one sent him a saw in a cake, and I expect she's the one that did it."

"I'm go on," said the girl pleadingly.

I felt constrained to take the same view about the matter the men did, that it was none of my business, so I yielded and married them. The girl took out a portemonnaie and gave me a twenty dollar bill. Then she threw her arms about her felon husband's neck and said cheerily: "It's be all right now, dearie, we're married. I can now tell the whole story. I would have done it before only you wouldn't let me. It won't be long now. I assure you. I won't say goodby, but only adieu." And with several more kisses she relenced him and he went away between his captors, each holding on to a hand cuff the prisoner wore about his wrists. After they had gone I gave the lady a certificate of marriage. She was going away without it, but I detained her.

"Would you mind explaining this to me?" I asked as she was about to leave me.

"Not yet," she replied. "Thank you ever so much. You don't know how far you have been instrumental in untying a knot by tying one. Couldn't you date the certificate back a year?"

"I couldn't do that," I said.

"Well, I don't know that it is necessary, though it might make the rest of it easier. Goodby. Some day you'll hear from us."

With that she went away, looking far happier than when she had entered. Six months passed, during which I heard nothing from either of the couple I had married. Then one day a gentleman called on me whom I failed to recognize.

"You don't remember me," he said.

"I confess I do not," I replied.

"That's not remarkable. The last and only time I saw you I was an escaped convict in borrowed, or, rather, stolen, clothes. You married me before I was returned to the penitentiary."

"And may I ask how you have secured your freedom?"

"By a pardon from the governor. You see, it was a case of conviction under a misunderstanding."

"Please be seated," I said to him, "and make your explanation."

"The matter which has puzzled you is very simple when you get the facts. I courted my wife clandestinely, she being engaged at the time to her father's partner in business. I persuaded her to elope with me. The night we were to make the elopement I went to her house and met her at a rear door. At the moment our egress was cut off she admitted me to the house and closed the door. To escape detection we went upstairs and into a bedroom. We heard some one coming, and the girl told me to go into an adjoining room. Her father came into the room I had entered and, supposing me to be a burglar, called the police.

"I must either be content to confess myself a thief or the girl's reputation would be ruined. I chose the former course. Since my marriage my wife has confessed the whole story to her father, and I have been pardoned both by him and the governor."

Before leaving me he presented me with a check for $3,000 for a European trip from himself and wife.

[illegible] took care [illegible] it serving [illegible] and that at [illegible] very one laid as[illegible] [illegible] to it [illegible] his pipe, the mas[illegible] [illegible] with them and teaching the [illegible] to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

In England at the time of the great plague it was reported that no one living in a tobacconist's house fell sick of the disease. This caused a great demand for tobacco. Hearne says in his diary: "I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle, say that when he was a schoolboy at Eton that year when the plague raged all the boys of that school were obliged to smoke every morning and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking."

In the Nick of Time.

The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cab in the far distance, and it soon became evident that the driver was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cab's chances looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it!"

"No, he'll just do it!"

"Come on!"

"He won't do it!"

"Yes, he will. He's done it! Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cab arrived, its occupant sprang out and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.

It was the captain.—Pearson's Weekly.

An East Indian Verdict.

In a case in one of our Indian courts a jury had before it evidence that could not be in any way shaken. When the concluding stage had been reached the following interchange of conversation took place between the judge and his colleagues in the administration of justice:

"Gentlemen, are you ready to give your verdict?"

"Yes."

"What is your verdict?"

"Our answer is, sir, that you can do as you like with the men that have confessed, but we acquit all the rest."

"But is it possible that you have weighed the evidence?"

"Evidence like this can always be fabricated."

"Do you find that as regards these prisoners it has been fabricated?"

"Evidence can be fabricated."

"So the evidence is untrustworthy?"

"Unless a man confesses who can tell he is guilty?"—Bombay Gazette.

The Fun of the Farce.

It is related that the manager of a theater consented to hear in his room a young man who had an unfortunate impediment in his speech read a short farce the sole condition being that it should not occupy more time than it took to finish the cigar the manager had just lit. They both started, the one reading, the other smoking, but as the mild Havana gradually grew shorter the worse the young author spluttered. They finished together. Of course the question was immediately put, "What do you think of it?"

"Well," replied the manager, "it's not a half bad idea. Father, mother, lover, daughter, all stuttering, will be novel!"

The author, furious, exclaimed: "They don't stammer! It is only my misfortune."

"Oh, then, the play isn't funny at all! Sorry that I can't accept it," returned the manager.

Above Her Business.

The tall man came into her little blue kitchen and looked over the shelves which were just beneath the level of his head, but above hers. He ran his finger over one shelf, then showed it to her. It was pretty black.

"You are a nice housekeeper," he said.

"This kitchen wasn't made for tall people," she explained falteringly. "It was made for little ones."—New York Press.

Crude Logic.

It is told of an East Indian law student that he once threw his examiners into confusion by declaring matrimony to be an illegal state. "How so? How so?" he was asked by the perturbed examiners, many of them married men. The student smiled beatifically. "Marriage," quoth he, "is a lottery, and lotteries are forbidden by law."

A Frequent Insincerity.

"The man's own words prove him a prevaricator," said Mr. Quibbles.

"In what way?"

"He writes me an insulting letter and signs it 'Yours respectfully.'"—Washington Star.

Politics.

Novice—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest. Old Stager—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by concentrated common sense.—Frances E. Willard.

ROCHESTER