# The Girl Who Drove the Cows to Pasture

## A Story For St. Valentine's Day

By SARAH BAXTER

"Grandpa, won't you tell us a valentine story?" said a miss of fourteen. "You told us a story for Christmas and I think you might do the same now that St. Valentine's day has come around."

The old gentleman cleared his throat, the children gathered about him, and he acceded to their request.

"St. Valentine's day has changed from what it was when I was a young ster. It is now a day for little children to send and receive valentines.

"I see no reason why the sending of valentines when they are in good taste should not be observed today among those of the mating age. The only objection is the abuse of the custom but I admit that it is a serious objection. There are special cases where a valentine may bring two persons together in a happy marriage. For instance, suppose a young man adores a girl he does not know and has no means of knowing."

"Never mind all that, grandpa. We want the story."

"I would not consider all that essential had it not been for the change that has come over the custom of sending valentines, warping it from its original purity. However, I have no more to say by way of preface and will begin.

"There was once upon a time a young fellow—well call him Jim—who lived in the country. He had never had anything to do with girls and knew nothing about them. He was red headed and freckled and when he looked in the glass it seemed to him he was so homely that he would have to live all his life without a wife or children to love him, for no girl would have him—so he said to himself, 'I'll always keep away from girls, because I might fall in love with one of them, and in that case I might die of a broken heart.' It seemed hardly necessary to make such a resolution, for Jim was never thrown in with girls, and if he had been he was too bashful to become at all companionable with any of them.

"What was Jim's surprise one day to receive a valentine. It came in an envelope—the same as you children use now—covered with Cupids and arrows piercing hearts and was addressed to him in a girl's handwriting. He stared at the outside, for a time not realizing that it was for him and wondering if there was not some mistake about it. Since he did not know a girl how could a girl send him a valentine? But there was his name written out in full, with his usual address at the village, a mile away from the farm. Still doubting, he opened the envelope and took out the prettiest valentine you ever saw. In its center was a colored picture of a young man and a girl sitting in a bower, and the very sight of it made Jim's finger tips tingle. In each of the four corners was a Cupid with a bow and arrow and every arrow was aimed at the couple in the bower. Jim has seen many a valentine since, but they have no such effect as this first and only valentine he ever received when he was young and was conscious that with all his red hair and freckles and ungainly farm walk there was a girl in the world who thought enough of him to send him a valentine. Today valentines are to him nothing more than cheap stamped pieces of paper with colored pictures."

"How do you know how he feels about the valentines, grandpa?" asked a little girl.

"How do I know it? Because—if you care to hear the end of the story you musn't interrupt me."

The old gentleman chuckled and proceeded with his narrative.

"Jim, who had made a resolution that he would have nothing to do with a girl for fear he might fall in love and die of a broken heart, found himself all of a sudden dwelling continually on a girl he had never seen. He formed a great many mental pictures of her, which gradually settled down to one that remained always the same—a girl with golden hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a dimple in each and a sweet smile. If he was following the plow this girl walked beside him. If he was milking she was milking another cow near him. When he ate his meals she sat opposite him at table. Indeed, wherever he was, whatever he was doing, she was with him.

"One thing Jim couldn't understand. If there was a girl in the world who fancied him, with all his red hair and freckles, why didn't she put something on the valentine to give him a clew to whom she was? Not knowing anything about girls, he was ignorant of the fact that a girl's great delight is to bother any young fellow she happens to fancy, and the more she fancies him the more she likes to tease him.

"Of course there were girls in that part of the country, though Jim didn't know any of them, else how could he have received a valentine? After its receipt every girl he met he looked at to see if she showed any preference for him. He was too unused to them to understand their tricks and their manners and did not know that the girl who fancied him would be sure to try to make him think she didn't or if she showed a preference one day would probably show indifference the next.

"There was a girl who lived half a mile up the road from Jim who drove her father's cows to pasture every morning and back to the barn every evening. One evening Jim was up that way and passed her on the road while she was driving the cows. She was about fifteen years old, straight as an arrow and wore her dress to the tops of her boots. Her hair and eyes were black. There was something about the way she carried herself that took Jim's fancy, and he hoped that when she come near him she would take enough interest in him at least to look at him. What was his disappointment to see her while he was passing her look up at the sky. 'Well,' said Jim to himself, 'she can't be the girl who sent me the valentine, sure. She didn't take enough interest in me to see what kind of a feller I am.'

"But somehow Jim after that frequently found it convenient to be up that way in the morning, sometimes in the evening, but always about the hour that the girl was driving the cows to or from pasture. Every time he passed her she looked up at the sky. Gradually Jim from meeting her so often came to cease to be afraid of her, and one morning while passing he said:

"'Mornin', Miss. Look in the Air.'

"The girl turned her big black eyes full upon him and made a face at him. After that for awhile when Jim passed her he looked up at the sky himself, but one day suddenly dropping his eyes, he caught the girl looking straight at him. She at once switched her eyes sidewise.

"This was the first time in his life Jim got on to the fact that you can't always tell how a girl feels by what she does. From that time forward he became brave when he saw a girl coming and ceased to feel a desire to climb a fence to get out of the way. He took pains to meet the girl who drove the cows, and one evening when one of the animals broke away and galloped up a side road Jim ran after her and brought her back. This kindly act seemed to placate the girl, and she unbent so far as to thank him. The ice was broken, and an acquaintance was formed.

"Jim hadn't forgotten his valentine but the imaginary girl with golden hair and blue eyes gradually faded away, her place being taken by the brunette who drove the cows to pasture. He was seized with a desire to do something for her. When idle he dreamed day dreams of finding her chased by a furious bull and his receiving the animal's charge with a pitchfork. Another scene attractive to him was the girl swirling around in the river while he was swimming for her and finally carrying her to shore.

"Well, Jim gradually forgot his red hair and his freckles and his other deficiencies and sidled up to his new found friend. A year passed, and when another St. Valentine's day came around he wondered if the girl who had sent him a valentine before would send him another, but he didn't care much whether she did or not, for by this time he was engrossed with a girl he knew, and she was much preferable to one he didn't know. But with all the courage Jim had gained he hadn't enough to say to his cow driver what he wished to say—that his heart 'was just bustin' for her.'

"Happily St. Valentine's day let him out of that, at least he took it for granted it would, and he sent his real flame a valentine. Unfortunately Jim hadn't one handy and was too busy to go to the village to buy one, so he sent her the one he had received the year before.

"The next day he met his flame on the road, and to his chagrin she looked straight ahead without taking the slightest notice of him. Jim supposed that she had in some way learned that he had sent her a valentine and this was her answer. He took his medicine bravely at first, but his courage didn't last. When he was not at work he used to go into the barn and up in the hayloft and sit down and mope. It seemed to him that the bottom had dropped out of the universe. He didn't go up the road where he had been used to meeting the girl. Instead of wishing an explanation he was afraid to receive one. If her cutting him dead was so terrible to bear what would be suffer if she told him in plain words that he had offended her by offering her his love. And yet why should she know that the valentine he had sent her was from him?

"However, he suffered so that at last he mustered up courage to face the music and find out what he didn't understand. So he walked up the road in the evening at the exact time she was driving in the cows. He met her and said:

"'I'm sorry you didn't like my sendin' you a valentine.'

"'It wasn't your sending me a valentine I didn't like. It was the valentine I sent you last year.'

"You could have knocked him down with a feather. He was the most astonished fellow you ever saw.

"'Did you send me that valentine?' he asked.

"'Didn't you know I sent it?'

"'No.'

"She blushed, and Jim went right up to her and said:

"'Hazel.'

"'Hazel!' exclaimed several of the children at once.

"Yes. Didn't I say her name was Hazel?"

"No. Why, that's grandma's name."

"So it is. That's funny, isn't it?"

"Are you sure Hazel wasn't grandma?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know but that she was."

Off ran the children to find grandma to tell her all about the story of the girl who drove the cows to pasture.

# THE GIRL WHO WORE HIS COLORS

## Romance That Came of a Broken Shoe Lace.

A girl with an umbrella in her hand and a reticule on her arm was vainly endeavoring to tie her shoe on a crowded sidewalk.

"Will you permit me?"

A young man spoke the words in a well modulated voice and with a deferential tone. Then, without waiting for a reply, he dropped on one knee on the slippy stone, regardless of the mud, of the crease in his trousers, and endeavored to tie the shoestring. Alas, it was broken in the middle!

If an untied shoestring in the street is a misfortune, a broken shoestring is a tragedy. The girl, seeing the state of the case, would have been appalled but for that reliance on the stronger sex natural to women. She waited for him to get over the difficulty without in the least concerning herself about it. The gallant fellow looked at the broken string, thought rapidly, then plunged his hands into each of his deep pockets. From one of them he drew a corn colored ribbon that had bound together packages of cigars. Then, getting rid of the broken shoestring, he laced the shoe with the ribbon.

"There," he said, rising and standing with lifted hat; "that will serve till you reach home."

The girl gave him a smile and a "Thank you," and went on her way. Grafton Hatch watched her retreating figure till it had passed out of sight. He was not conscious of the impression she had made on him. It simply occurred to him that he would like to meet her again, and when it had occurred to him once it occurred to him again and again.

Months passed, before he was rewarded by another sight of the charmer. It was springtime, and he was riding in an open electric car. A car coming from the opposite direction sped past him, and he had such a vision as one may gain from a flash of lightning on a dark night. It was the girl whose shoe he had laced, and in a buttonhole of her corsage was the bow of corn colored ribbon he had used for a shoestring.

The fire smoldering in Grafton Hatch's bosom at seeing this evidence of the impression he had made burst into a blaze. But the pleasure he took in the discovery was marred by the thought that living as he did in a great city the chances were that he might never meet the girl again or, if he did, possibly under circumstances prohibitory to his having a word with her. This distressing complication well nigh threw him into a fever.

Hatch spent a great deal of time trying to conjure up a method of communicating with the girl who wore his colors, but could think of none except a personal advertisement, and from this he shrank. Nevertheless, after a long period of distress, he tried it, but whether his ad. never met the girl's eyes or she did not care to reply he did not hear it from her.

During the following summer Hatch visited the seashore. There were a number of resorts scattered along the coast, and the place where Hatch was stopping was separated from the one adjoining it on the north by an inlet. It was not very broad nor very deep, but there was no bridge across it, and unless a boat was handy there was no way to cross it except by swimming. One afternoon Hatch went with a party of friends to the inlet for crabs. The lines were baited, and the crabs were hungry. One of the ladies of the party, a girl who doted on Hatch, got a crab within reach of her landing net she was trying to land Hatch as well, but was unable to get the crab into it. She called on Hatch, who was also in the act of landing a crab, to help her. Hatch was about to relinquish his prize to hasten to her assistance when, suddenly darting a glance at a party on the opposite bank of the inlet who were gathering up their nets and crab lines preparatory to departing, he saw a sight that changed the whole current of his intentions: the girl whose shoe he had laced. And still she wore his colors.

Hatch took in the situation as a general who perceives that without a desperate sortie his enemy will escape him. The girl struggling with the crab heard a splash and, looking on the disturbed waters, saw Hatch swimming in a straight line for the opposite bank. She watched him till she saw him clutch the bank, draw himself up and dripping, hat in hand, stand before a girl with a bow of corn colored ribbon in her buttonhole. Then she gave up hope. The crab meanwhile had got away.

That was the last seen of Hatch by any of his party that season. He walked away with the girl with the bow of ribbon and did not return to his hotel till late at night. He was soaking wet, but the weather was hot, and he was soon quite dry. Besides, what were limp and rumpled garments to a man who had found his love?

The incident had been witnessed by so many persons that it was a commitment on the part of the lover, and the girl's friends were not slow in connecting him with the bow of ribbon she had long worn and of which she had persistently refused to give any explanation. A provisional engagement was announced before the lovers separated, which after Hatch had presented his credentials was verified. During the following autumn both crabbing parties were invited to the wedding.

### Persimmons as Food.

The only fruit, says a bulletin of the department of agriculture, which equals the persimmon in its value as a food is the date. Nevertheless many persons with fine persimmon trees in their possession are allowing the fruit to go to waste, either through ignorance of the many uses to which it may be put or through prejudice. There is a saying in the persimmon country that persimmons are "good for dogs, hogs and 'possums." This, however, is declared to be a gross injustice to a very valuable product.

One reason for the neglect of this fruit is the mistaken idea that persimmons are unfit to eat until they have been touched by frost. As a matter of fact, much of the best fruit is lost every year because it ripens and falls to the ground, where, not being touched by frost, it is left to rot. Such persimmons as are not edible before frost comes are a late variety of the fruit, and the reason that they puckering the mouth is because they have not yet ripened. In general, the best fruit is that which ripens just before the leaves fall.

### Remembering Faces.

Hotel clerks have a way of recognizing guests as soon as they sign a register. The most successful hotel keepers have to have this power of remembering the faces of their guests and all about them or they would soon lose their custom by the mistakes they would make.

Bank cashiers carry in their memories the faces and signature of most of the customers of the bank.

Detectives, too, get into the habit of remembering the faces of every one with whom they have to deal, whether criminals or not.

"I don't think I have ever forgotten a customer," a clerk in one of the big safe deposits recently said. "There are hundreds of safe deposit boxes rented in our vaults, and I can generally remember, without referring to our books, the name, number and password of each customer."—Exchange.

### Charley Horse.

"Charley horse" dreaded by ball players, is an ailment consisting of displacement and stricture of the muscles of the leg, often the sartorius muscle. The trouble is commonly brought about, not by running, but by quick stopping at bases. The player who "stops on his feet" is almost certain to acquire the ailment in a short time. The overworked muscle, slipping out of place, knots itself into a great lump and exerts pressure on the surrounding muscles, producing lameness.

Massaging will bring the muscle back to place, but the trouble returns at the next serious strain.

When you see a player make a long slide which appears unnecessary, the reason is that he prefers to scrape off a little skin rather than take chances on "horsing" himself by stopping standing up.—Exchange.

### Luminescent Illumination.

There are several substances that become luminescent after long exposure to the rays of the sun, although none of them emits a brilliant light. It is believed that this luminescence could be greatly increased, if the problem were investigated with as much care as that given to the development of the incandescent gas mantle. It has been suggested that if a luminescent paint were spread on buildings exposed to brilliant sunshine they would give off stored sunlight during the night and thus preserve one element of the radiant energy of the sun. One authority remarks: "The general use of such a paint would enable the more powerful methods of artificial illumination to be limited to special locations and confine the use of existing systems to indoor service and to spots where little daylight penetrates."—Washington Star.

### The Word "Derrick."

The word "derrick" for a machine used to lift heavy weights is curiously derived from a London hangman in the beginning of the seventeenth century whose name was Theodoric and who is often mentioned in old plays. "He rides circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host and Tyborne the inn at which he will light," occurs in "The Beggars of London," published 1616. The name thus corrupted came afterward to be applied by an association to the gallows and later still to any frame or contrivance resembling it in shape.

### No One to Do It.

"You say you have three small children. Can't you find work?"

The man with the three days' beard and the ragged trousers wiped away a tear.

"Alas, mum," he said, "it wouldn't be any good. They ain't old enough to work yet."

### Life's Dream.

Life is but a light dream, which soon vanishes. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself.—Napoleon.

### New Acquaintances.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

### An Artist.

Mr. Banks—Don't you think my wife paints very nicely? Miss Millburn—Charming! It makes her look so much younger, I think.—London Telegraph.

God sends a new duty to conquer each new pain.—Adelaide Procter.


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