A Legend of Good St. Valentine.

St. Valentine at Peter's gate
Did knock with might and main,
Let me out for once, ere 'tis too late;
My time has come again."

Then Peter slowly turned the key,
And let the good saint go.
It was the fourteenth of Februaree,
And the ground was white with snow.

The saint he smiled as he paced Broadway.
His teeth gleamed clear and pearly,
For he actually hadn't been out in broad day
Since in the third century—early.

"But love," thought he, "and life and youth
Are surely the same as of yore,
I'll just go around and discover the truth,
And make things as nice, if not more."

He really expected to be amused
When he paid his first morning call;
But the ladies "begged to be excused,"
They'd been all night at a ball

So the saint in wonder turned away,
And bravely tried once more;
But here they all had visits to pay,
And the footman showed him the door.

But he still kept on, and tried all kinds—
The good, the grave, the busy;
He saw all sorts of brains and minds,
Till they fairly turned him dizzy.

For one was practising Mendelssohn
Alone in her maiden bower;
Another was carving an old dry bone,
While a third read Schopenhauer.

A fourth in water and oils could paint
All things beneath and above;
A fifth in good works was a perfect saint;
But they'd none of 'em *time* to love.

Sadly St. Valentine floated back
To the gate of good St. Peter.
"Alas!" cried he "of girls there's no lack,
And I must say I seldom saw sweeter.

"They're good and pretty, gay and wise;
They're nothing if not pedantic;
They know what they like and what they despise,
But they *don't* seem to be *romantic*."

Then St. Peter clanged the brazen gate,
And let in the dear old sinner,
Who'd been up early and stayed out late,
And probably wanted his dinner.

MORAL.

I pray, sweet maids and youths, beware,
And mind what you're about;
For now the saint's around, take care,
Don't let him "find you out."

A KING IN HIS CRADLE.

The Little Pink-Toed Twenty-Pounder at Madrid.

The baby king of Spain is a fine, handsome child who enjoys robust health, and does credit to the immense amount of care with which he is surrounded. Though court etiquette requires that the six-months-old Alphonso XIII. should be treated with the most rigid ceremony, his mother will never call him "the king" unless on very strict State occasions, but uses the simple term of "my child." His Majesty has his own vast suite of apartments next to those of the Queen Regent; and a special guard keeps his bed room door at night. His foster mother, the sturdy peasant Raymunda, feeds and amuses the baby; but he is washed and dressed according to traditional ceremony by a bevy of ladies of honor, under the direction of his "governess," who held that same office towards his father. Doctors visit the baby twice daily, and every day he drives out with his governess and Raymunda—sometimes with the Queen. In court ceremonies Raymunda must not carry the king; that is the duty of the Mistress of the Robes or of his aunt, the Infanta Isabella. Queen Christina is a most devoted mother, spending all her time with her boy, and the Infanta Isabella is equally attached to her nephew.—*London Graphic.*

Various Odd Trees.

A "Kentucky coffee-tree" bears a broad, flat pod, something like the tamarind pod, and is said to make a fair sort of coffee.

The Cornelian cherry, from Italy, has a flat scarlet drupe about as large as an old-fashioned ox-heart cherry.

Gerris oaks, from Turkey, keep their green leaves late. These outlast some of the green English oaks, and have even now only reached the falling stage that most of our indigenous trees reached more than a month ago. This Turkish oak bears a huge acorn. It is long, and grows on a long stem like a cherry.

The liquid amber tree and the Siberian pea grow in this country. The pea is in a little pod not bigger than the pod of the sweet pea, but its yellow bloom in spring, on a tree near the lake, makes one of the charming sights of the park in May. Bad boys break off its branches in winter for use as "shinny" sticks in their games on the ice, and thus mar the symmetry of the tree.

The jinko is a tree from Japan. It grows to a height of perhaps thirty feet, and has fan-like leaves, with serrated edges, and without any mid-rib or fibre, being a simple large expansion of the stem. Not until these leaves had fallen, in the year 1866, was it discovered in this country that the jinko was bearing fruit as well as leaves. Its fruit, when found, was spoiled by frost; but it was of a pale purple, looking something like a good-sized crab-apple, without the crab's bright hues. In its overripe and half-frozen state it had an unpleasant odor. But its large, glistening, satin-sheeny seeds, as broad as pumpkin seed and six times plumper, are really handsome. Some have been planted to see what will come of them.

How to Drink Water.

The leading medical journal of France has published a pamphlet protesting against the extravagant use of artificial mineral waters, which, it sets forth, do the double damage of cooling the stomach, thus laying the foundation for gastric catarrh, while the limestone held in deposit in the carbonated waters finds its way to the kidneys and eventually produces Bright's disease. The pamphlet also protests against ice-water as a provocative of catarrh in the stomach. It further says: "Water should be drunk cool, but not iced, with the juice of a quarter or half a lemon in it. Mineral water should also be drank with a dash of lemon. Water should always be swallowed slowly. It is not the stomach which is dry, but the mouth and throat. If you toss off a drink of water you throw it through your mouth into your stomach, without doing the former any good, while you injure the latter by loading it with what it does not require. Drink slowly, and keep the water in your mouth for a moment when you begin. If you work in a hot room in hot weather tie a damp cloth around your temples, and you will not experience half the craving for drink you otherwise would."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

JOTTINGS FOR THE LADIES.

Latest Fashion Notes.

The latest fancy from Paris is a little pompon of crisp tulle, from which rises a heron's plumes, to be worn in the hair with dancing toilettes.

The newest cloaks for little girls have waists reaching only to the arm-pits, more like a deep yoke than a waist, and skirts falling to the ankles.

Pleated fronts to basques are worn by persons who have very slender figures, even in the heaviest velvet materials. They have two pleats at the top of the shoulders next the collar, and then drawn to the middle, becoming plain at the waist line.

The new overcoats for young girls turned out by Redfern have the high, military collars fastened with a little irregular shaped strap, that is loose and buttons to a large button on either side of the collar.

For wear in wet weather are shown silk rubber cloth long wraps, with sling sleeves. These are in indefinite plaids, with the prevailing color shades of dark blue, red, green, brown and tan.

Nearly all the newest wraps have the fashionable "sling" sleeve, and those wraps made of the same material as the suit show, when the arm is raised, a lining of soft, striped surah; this same lining is employed for the little fancy muff also matching the suit.

The tendencies in draperies is to make them long and full and quite dissimilar to anything hitherto fashionable. These draperies have heavy, pointed fan folds and very little looping. The effect is obtained by the varying length of the points in which the drapery hangs rather than by loops. These modes are seen with plain skirts and large tournure.

Instead of folds or frills in the neck and sleeves, modistes now send home each dress waist finished off with ribbons, which may be white or in direct contrast with the dress material, such as rose-pink in moss-green dresses, or red, or orange in those of dark blue. The gauze ribbons, with looped or picot edges, are used. They are folded over not quite double so that both the fancy edges will show just above the collar of the dress.

All the French waists show an effort to make the shoulders as high and square and the waist as long and slim as possible. This effect is gained by a shirring across the chest and on the shoulder seams, and the fulness drawn down as far as possible to the waist and there shirred more closely again. This gives the slim effect seen in French fashion plates, and while giving an improved slenderness and grace to thin, angular figures, hides all the pretty curves of good ones.

The tailor gowns of dark copper red, trimmed with the same shade of plush, are worn to afternoon teas by young women with small red velvet turbans without a brim, and adorned with gray or brown wings and breasts of birds. The heads are not used. With these are worn with lovely effect breast knots of pink roses. For carriage wear red becomes more and more popular. Several dark red suits are shown with trimmings of black mink, and bonnets of red velvet and jet.

For wear to the theatres by those ladies who are prepared to adopt the English fashion of appearing without bonnets, are shown little Marie Stuart coifs of silk and plush, the face being surrounded by pearl beads matching the hue of the coif. Attached to it is a long scarf of surah that is drawn around the throat. These can be worn without disarranging the hair and thrown off and on more easily than a lace scarf, while thoroughly protecting the head and throat from the night air.

Shoes for balls are still very open on top, the ends are pointed and they are worked with beads. They are trimmed with a small bow or "strass" buckle. These shoes are of satin to match the dress. Black satin and velvet shoes for dinner wear are worked with gold beads or tinsel. Those used by young girls under light wool or gauze dresses are of cream, blue or bronze kid. They either match the dress or trimmings in color. It is not necessary the stockings should match the dress. The favorite colors are rose color and black.

Some Recipes.

Lemon Cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, juice and grate the rind of one lemon, one-half teaspoonful of soda; bake in small square tins and ice on sides and top.

Lemon Cakes.—Rub together in a dry state three-quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, then add three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon and two eggs; mix well together with half a wineglassful of brandy, and make into small cakes; bake in tins (previously buttered) for about 20 minutes.

Ginger Cakes.—Beat to a cream half a pound of butter with four eggs, add half a pound of flour, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces powdered ginger; mix these in by degrees; roll out, and to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch cut into biscuits with a tin cutter; bake in a rather cool oven for twenty minutes.

Lemon Turnovers.—Three dessertspoonfuls of flour, one of powdered sugar, rind of one lemon, two ounces of butter, two eggs and a little milk. Mix the flour, sugar and the grated rind of lemon with the milk to the consistency of butter, then add the eggs well beaten and the butter melted. Butter some tin saucers, pour in the mixture and bake them in a rather quick oven. When done take them out of the tins, cut them across, fold them together and place them on a napkin with sifted sugar sprinkled over them.

Chocolate Tarts.—A quarter of a pound of chocolate, one small stick of cinnamon, peel of one lemon, two spoonfuls of flour, six eggs, two spoonfuls of milk, sugar to taste, a pinch of salt, puff paste. Rasp a quarter of a pound of chocolate, the cinnamon, and add half the lemon-peel grated, then the salt and sugar. Well beat the yelk of eggs with two spoonfuls of milk, add it to the other ingredients and set them over the fire in a stewpan for about ten minutes, add peel of half a lemon cut small, and then set it to cool. Put the mixture into a tart dish lined with puff paste, cover with the whisked whites of eggs and bake it. When done sift sugar over it.

TAKING COLD.

An Old Soldier Relates His Experience During the War.

Writing to the *Scientific American* from Cincinnati, Andrew Van Bibber says: Reading in a recent issue of your paper an article of Dr. Brown Sequard on "Taking Cold," it occurred to me that colds are peculiar to civilized life and to our comfortable, warm rooms. I have had colds as frequently perhaps as any one, but during one period of my life I was entirely free from them, with one exception. I served through the war in the Fifth Ohio cavalry, beginning at Shiloh and ending my service with the march to the sea. We were an active regiment, always at the front and therefore always remarkably unencumbered with tents or comforts. We were exposed to all weathers and all seasons. Many a time we were rained on for a week or more. When the sun came out the next week or the week after, it dried us. Many a time, long after dark, after a march in rain and mud all day, we have been filed into miry woods, where we slept in the rain with the running water washing between us and our blankets. I have seen men wake in the morning with their hair frozen in the mud. But none of us caught cold. We swam the Tennessee river after midnight, when the mercury was at zero and among floating ice and came out with our clothes to our armpits frozen like sheet iron and then marched till morning. In the cold winter of 1863-64, we were in the mountainous country of East Tennessee, where it is as cold as Ohio. We were there from November until March, without any tents or shelter of any kind, moving every day and sleeping in a different place every night, with the temperature frequently below zero. I have, with my comrades, ridden upon the skirmish line when I could not lift a cartridge out of my box, nor even pick up a carbine cap. I have been on night pickets, mounted, when the pickets had to be relieved every fifteen minutes, because if left longer the men could not load and fire. But we never caught the slightest cold, nor did I ever in times of cold and exposure to wet see a soldier with a cold. But I did catch one cold in the army, and I never had such a one before or since. It came from excessive comfort, or what seemed comfort to us. We were at Camp Davies, Miss., the southern outpost of the great fortress of Corinth. Having been there some months, we began to build neat log cabins, with openings for doors and windows—no glass or doors, of course. One of our mess being a young bricklayer, we thought to surprise our neighbors in style and comfort, and we sent for brick, and he built us a large chimney and fire place, and we built a good fire. That settled us. Four of us had to go to the hospital with tremendous colds on our chests and in our heads. We never had such heavy colds in our lives. This was about the middle of our three years of service, and before and after that I never saw an exposed soldier with a cold. Of course a few days after our cabins were finished we got marching orders. I believe all old soldiers will bear me out that in active campaigns, where there was great exposure to the weather, no one had a cold. And, come to think of it, in my experiences in Colorado and Utah, in recent years, I never saw an Indian with a cold, though they stand more exposure than our cattle do. It is our hot rooms that give us our colds. If a person would camp out from fall till spring, exposed to the weather of a severe winter, he would never take either a cold, pleurisy or pneumonia, and would be absolutely free from them. But when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and take warm rooms and colds.

The Greatest Men.

A prize was recently offered by the editor of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* for the best list of the twelve greatest living men. The result was decided by the votes of the competitors; and, as the poll was exceptionally heavy, the following catalogue of the distinguished names that headed it may be of general interest. It should be stated that Mr. Gladstone's name found a place in about 99 per cent. of the voting papers. The figures show the number of votes given to each celebrity:

1.	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone	32,544
2.	Prince von Bismarck	32,245
3.	Baron Tennyson	23,064
4.	F. de Lesseps	19,776
5.	Gen. Viscount Wolseley	17,952
6.	Marquis of Salisbury	17,593
7.	Count von Moltke	13,968
8.	Rt. Hon. John Bright	13,741
9.	Lord Randolph Churchill	13,117
10.	John Ruskin	12,389
11.	Henry Irving	10,560
12.	H. M. Stanley	10,141
13.	Louis Pasteur	10,116
14.	T. H. Huxley	9,108
15.	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	8,232
16.	The Emperor of Germany	7,800
17.	T. A. Edison	6,648
18.	Rev. H. W. Beecher	5,295
19.	Grover Cleveland	5,280
20.	H. R. H. the Prince of Wales	4,981
21.	Sir J. E. Millais	4,885
22.	Charles Gounod	4,680
23.	C. S. Parnell	4,512
24.	Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain	4,200
25.	The Czar of Russia	4,152
26.	Sir Arthur Sullivan	3,912
27.	His Holiness the Pope	3,744
28.	Marquis of Hartington	3,552
29.	Sir Frederick Leighton	3,264
30.	Jules Grevy	3,133
31.	Sir Gen. Frederick Roberts	3,070
32.	Cardinal Manning	2,821
33.	Earl of Dufferin	2,629
34.	John Tyndall	2,592
35.	Cardinal Newman	2,437
36.	Baron Rothschild	2,256
37.	Oliver Wendell Holmes	1,837
38.	Canon Farrar	1,704
39.	Archbishop Benson	1,560
40.	Robert Browning	1,188

No other distinguished man received a thousand.

Full of Stitches.

A Vienna tailor, says the *Reichenberger Zeitung*, wagered recently that it took more than forty thousand stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work, as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,663; sewing collar on, 1,763; buttonholes, 2,520; sleeves, with lining, 980; pockets, 924; silk lining of body, with lining interior, 17,863; braiding, 2,726. Total, 39,619 stitches.

When a woman gets on a street car and spreads out her skirts so that she occupies two seats, you can make up your mind that her husband always sits on the edge of his chair and says "Yes, m'm," "No, m'm," to her.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Boy, a Man, a Gun and the Consequence.

No matter how strong may be every link in a chain of circumstantial evidence there is always a doubt, a lack of certainty, that should weaken it and cause us to distrust it. I remember a story my grandfather used to tell of a case in which an innocent life was sacrificed for a guilty person. A boy on a farm, for some misdemeanor, was sentenced by his father, a stern man, with an eye to saving a half price ticket, to be deprived of his annual circus privilege, and, in addition, he was to hoe so many rows of corn while the rest of the family took in the lady's pad act, the bare back riding of Jack Robinson, the club that killed Captain Cook and other attractions of the great moral show. The boy watched the waggon drive away, with tears in his eyes, and then he went at his corn rows with a determination to make a short crop, if it could be worked without detection. But he grew hungry after awhile and went into the house and investigated the pantry. There were seven pies—it was an American household—seven blackberry pies, baked for Sunday. The boy, who was not feeling very well himself, soon placed his person anterior to six of the pies, but paused thoughtfully, and with keen regret midway on the seventh. One-half of that he left. He then caught the family cat, thrust her nose and feet into the remains of the pie, and dropped her on the clean, white sanded floor of the pantry that she might track around on it. Then he went back to his corn rows. Evening brought the family home. The boy saw them climb joyously out of the big waggon. He noted how the overripe apples fell from the trees when his sister jumped over the side and lighted flat-footed on the ground. He saw his father let himself down over the double-trees and get himself kicked twice by the roan colt. He saw his mother waiting patiently until somebody had time and inclination to take the baby. He saw his grandmother perch herself on the hub of the hind wheel on one foot, while she made vague, circumferential, wandering excursions for the wide, wide world with the other. He saw his brothers let themselves down over the tailgate and sneak away to avoid doing any work. At last the waggon was empty, and there were visible signs of excitement about the house. "The raid is discovered," said the boy, cutting the roots of a healthy stalk of corn and carefully hilling up a vigorous large weed. Presently he saw his father come out of the house with the gun over his shoulder and the cat under his arm. "The culprit is arrested," calmly remarked the young robber, as he leaned thoughtfully upon his hoe, and watched his father disappear behind the barn. The sharp report of a gun rang out upon the quiet of the sunset hour. "There," said the boy, with the confident expression of one who knows what he is talking about, "there goes another victim to circumstantial evidence."—*Bob Burdette.*

Death of a Man Rescued by Grace Darling.

On Tuesday, in the little village cemetery of Whitburn, the grave closed over the remains of James Nicolson, who was perhaps the only remaining survivor of the crew of the steamer Forfarshire, who were so gallantly rescued by the English heroine, Grace Darling, in 1838. Nicolson was then a young man of 22, and acted as fireman on board the steamer, when she was wrecked on the Farne Islands. He was not inclined to be very communicative on the subject of the disaster, and never recalled the subject without being deeply affected by the recollection of the sufferings he and his fellows endured on that terrible night. It was gathered from him that for three hours he hung on to a rope, using his teeth and nails as in a death-grip. He afterwards got a footing on the rock, and on exploring it in the darkness was gladdened by finding a sea-fowl's nest containing the remains of eggs which had been hatched. This gave the unhappy man a ray of hope that they had gained an elevation on the sea-washed island where the devouring element would not reach them. He also related the first impression of the unfortunate men on seeing a boat with a woman in it approaching them through the morning mist, and over the foaming billows. They "thought it was an angel," and this sufficiently indicates the severe strain their minds had endured through the long, dark hours of night. After the occurrence Nicolson gave up the sea. He was twice married, and is survived by a grown-up family.

A Mayor Honored.

One of the penalties of greatness is the obligation of sharing one's name with a new invention or fashion. Brougham gave his name to a vehicle, Wellington to boots, and the late Premier to a bag; but all this is nothing to the fate of the Mayor of Bolton. A lioness in a menagerie recently gave birth to three cubs at Bolton, and, as is often the case with the human race, a difficulty arose as to naming the newcomers. Eventually, while one was called Stella (probably at the instance of the circus proprietor) and another Commercial (at the instance, let us say, of the advisers who dropped in to share the discussion over the festive glass), it was decided to name the third lion Fletchers, after the Mayor of Bolton. This gentleman is doubtless now as proud as most godfathers, although a great difficulty is likely to arise, as he can hardly present the infant with a fork and spoon or a drinking mug.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Chip.

Devoted mother—"No, dear little boy, you must go to bed. When you get bigger and older mamma'll take you to church with her."

Angel child—"But, mamma, when I det old and big, like papa, mebbe I won't want to go."

It costs the taxpayers of Boston on an average $10,000 a year to settle claims against the city on account of people who are hurt by falling on icy sidewalks.

Miss Elizabeth Ballart, a Christian girl, recently joined the Jewish Church in New York city in order to marry her Hebrew lover.

Lord Tennyson's eyesight is failing him to such an extent as to cause serious alarm among his numerous circle of friends.

TOO TIDY FOR COMFORT.

Don't Scrub the Floor Till You Fall Through it Into the Cellar.

"Recollections of My Mother," by Susan T. Lesley, gives an interesting picture of life in Northampton fifty years ago. The mother was Mrs. Lyman, famous for her hospitality and her devotion to reading. Here is a suggestive bit for housekeepers: "One day a friend came in who had just visited Mrs. ——, who was one of the exquisite housekeepers. She began to tell my mother about the perfect condition of that house from the garret to cellar, and rang the changes on the brightness of the brasses, the admirable shine of the glass and silver, the entire absence of dust on every carpet. My mother stood it just as long as she could, though fidgeting uneasily in her chair. Then she exclaimed: 'I think Mrs. —— is the dirtiest person I ever saw in my life.' 'Oh, Mrs. Lyman, what can you mean?' cried the friend. 'What I say is true,' said my mother, bringing down her hand with much force on the table. 'From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same that woman's mind is on dirt. She thinks dirt, sees dirt, is fighting dirt the livelong day. Now, I would rather see more of it on the carpet and less of it on her mind.'"—*Boston Record*

A Great Slave-Hunting Region.

The country between the Zambesi River and the lake regions of Central Africa is one of the great slave-hunting grounds of that dark continent. An English traveller who recently journeyed through the country says that every village shows the familiar sight of the slave in the yoke awaiting the departure of a caravan. This yoke is made from the forked branches of a tree; about five or six feet long—some are much longer—and from three to four inches in diameter at the thickest part. Through each prong of the fork a hole is bored for the reception of an iron pin. This ready, a soft fibrous bark is wrapped round until the whole forms a thick collar of bark, making a sort of pad much rougher than a horse's collar. It is often allowed to remain upon a slave for nine months or a year, night and day, without being once taken off. When a caravan is ready to start the men are coupled by the yoke being lashed so as to form a rigid pole, binding the pair from neck to neck together. With loads on their heads, they then turn their faces to the eastward and leave the homes forever.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Modern Samsons.

"Some of those Western desperadoes must be very strong men," observed Mrs. Snaggs.

"Why?" asked her husband.

"The paper to-day says that two of them held up a train yesterday."

"Oh, that's nothing. Even a weak woman like you can hold up a train when there is danger of some one's treading on it."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

You Can't Read This

without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $90 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

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Just what France wants to go to war for is not very clear. From the 1st of January to the end of June, 1886, there were only four more births than deaths in Paris. In Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse and Amiens the number of deaths was largely in excess of births. Peace and matrimony are what France needs, not war and widowhood.

I was so bad with lumbago and sciatica three years ago that I could scarcely rise from a chair or walk, other treatment failed, and I was entirely cured by taking McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant. W. Lowrie, Tilsonburg P. O.

His St. Paul Job.

"No, I don't care for hard work," said a tramp, as the manager of the Provident woodyard pointed him to a saw and an axe. "I'm not very strong, and I have to work easy or none at all. Up in St. Paul I applied for the job of driving flies out of the ice palace, but a snoozer from Fargo got in ahead of me. You don't happen to have an ice palace here, do you?"—*Chicago Herald.*

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