



St. Valentine's Day

CUPID DISMAYED. Caught one day on mischief bent...

And then in traffic, various give...

Alas young Cupid little knew...

THE Valentine's day of Febru-...

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respect—his pronunciation was not...

"You're in love!" "Yes, of course I know. It's Ella...

"What foolishness! Did she say that, Jim?"

"She did, and I honor her for it. If I had a girl I'd want her to be just the same."

Then the captain left the room, and Mrs. Evans looked her head upon her hand and cried.

that ruin the scene!" "Nonsense! You know what Valentine's Day is, don't you?"

"Poor little girl! I reckon I'll have to stay when you put it that way."

"Don't ye laugh at that," he cried. "My parol painted that the night he died."

"I knowed him in Artoony. We drifted around the country a good deal together."

"The words were scarcely spoken, Nell, when plang went a rifle, and Billy rolled over dead."

"I don't know, but I wotter think she does, but what's the differ w' her?"

"I don't want to keep this picture any more; I can't stand it, ye see, to look at it."

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know who it came from; it's only nat'ral. And now, Nellie, I'm going to take a long walk and try to forget my parol Billy and think about what's to be done."

"When he descended to the breakfast room his sister greeted him warmly and announced that she had a message for him."

"That's pretty fair," he mused. "Now I want something about eyes and cheeks and fair hair."

"I am sorry, Ella, I sent it," he stammered. "but ye see my parol painted it, and I thought—"

"My lover, William Clark," sobbed Miss Fansler, "he whom I promised to marry and be true to. Oh, I thank God you were with him that cruel night, and that you buried him!"

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WORKING AGAINST ODDS. "I've just got an order to write two dozen assorted valentines for Scripps & Co., Maria," said Pennecop to his wife.

"Where in thunder is that parol?" "All right," mumbled Penn as his wife disappeared and the baby started to crawl after her.

"There's one longing in my heart. One wish you may divine. It is, oh, Cupid, take my part! To be—"

"This time Alcibiades had crawled back on the floor and over to the dinner table, where the dishes were set for the evening meal."

"My dear, said his wife as she looked hopefully around at the scene of wreck age, 'why I only left you ten minutes.'"

"He hears Cupid's burdens. See that stack of mail approaching, big as any load of hay?"

"The faintest outline of a portraiture. The shadow of a semblance—nothing more—Of her who in the springtime of her youth A child of matchless beauty was."

"I don't want to keep this picture any more; I can't stand it, ye see, to look at it."

THE LOTTERY OF LOVE. The Acts Sanctorum, or record of the doings of the saints, furnishes no authority for connecting the modern epistolary practice of Feb. 14 with St. Valentine.

We fancy that the young ladies and gentlemen who throng 'St. Valentine's market' and scan its quotations with eager interest concern themselves little about the traditional heads from which the modern custom has developed.

"Hello, there! What are you up to now?" Alcibiades had crawled over to the gas stove and was having a lot of fun with the rubber tube that hung down from the jet overhead when he accidentally put his dear little foot on the back of the stove and set up a howl.

"I come w' the burryage love, sweet maid. Thy valentines to be, 'tis my desire. 'Nay, come valentines,' she said. 'Are not ye kynde for me.'"

An Old Valentine. Only a pallid brow, from which the light Of soft and loving eyes has long since fled; Only the faded cheek and haggard lip Of one who long hath slumbered with the dead.

Her own fair miniature she gave to me. And with a blush that sweet confession made Called it my valentine, and sweetly said Perhaps I knew the meaning it conveyed.

"I don't want to keep this picture any more; I can't stand it, ye see, to look at it."

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"WHERE IN THUNDER IS THAT PAROL?" "All right," mumbled Penn as his wife disappeared and the baby started to crawl after her.

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But still for me it hath a spell beyond The fairest face that ever yet hath shone Beneath the washing of the master's touch. Or painted canvas, or in sculptured stone.

Aurora of my hope I once had craved. A gift from the dear hand of her I wooed—Some true love when I might clearly read. And half in earnest, half in jocund mood.

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Clara—Harry asked me today to be his valentine. Agnes—I didn't know he wanted a comic one.

Origin of Valentine's Day. Like many another man St. Valentine—or plain Valentine before he died—was not appreciated until after he had passed from earthly scenes.

Ye Rebel. "I come w' the burryage love, sweet maid. Thy valentines to be, 'tis my desire. 'Nay, come valentines,' she said. 'Are not ye kynde for me.'"

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