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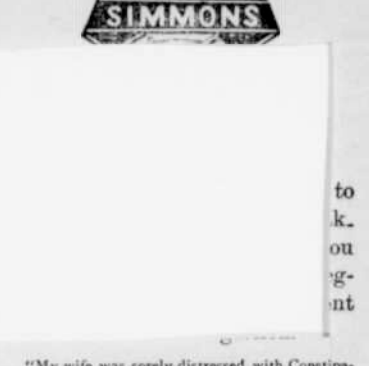
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**Captain Jim's Pard**  
THE STORY OF A VALENTINE  
BY WALT MASON

**RAILROADS AND WAGON ROADS.**  
The Improvement of the One Means the Prosperity of the Other.

The subject of "good roads" and how to secure them is one that is deserving of all the attention and agitation that it has of late received in this country, where the need of the article is most generally apparent in whatever part of the country one may travel. Among those gentlemen who have manifested deep interest in the matter, and who have contributed freely of their means, with a view to remedying the evil and bringing about the improvement so earnestly desired, stands Colonel A. A. Pope, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, who has long been active in his able efforts in this direction. One of his most recent moves in the premises has been to send to the presidents of different railroads throughout the country letters urging the establishment of a "good road" department by each company, for the purpose of adding in promoting the improvement of the common roads of the country. A copy of the letter appears below:

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to urge upon your attention the great importance of good roads as feeders to railroads. Throughout the United States the condition of the common country roads is the index to the prosperity of railroads. When highways are impassable freight and passenger earnings are necessarily diminished and the price of railroad securities lowered. When the roads are in good condition merchandise is accumulated at the depots, and in moving, a uniform good condition of roads would enable railroads to handle freight more expeditiously.

Good roads are the means by which a country is built up populous and prosperous. Bad roads delay civilization and cause districts to be sparsely settled, and poverty and ignorance to abound. The railroad companies of this country, representing millions of employees and billions of capital, and controlled and directed by men of high intelligence, have a commanding influence in every legislative hall in the United States.

Every railway corporation can request its officers, agents and employees to do what they can to create a right sentiment in regard to the improvement of highways in the respective neighboringhoods, and all along the various lines, depot masters and freight agents could report to a road department, established by the company, the conditions of the roads in their towns, and what is being done to improve them. These depot masters could be furnished from time to time with pamphlets containing instructions for the construction and maintenance of highways, for distribution to persons doing business at their stations, and thus educate them how to build better roads, as well as teach them that better highways effect saving in transportation. Any railroad running through a territory having good roads must have a great advantage over a competing line with poor roads from its stations.

**CUPID DISMAYED.**

Cupid one day on mischief bent  
Looked him to a post's den.  
Said he: "Here's too much sentiment!  
I'll stop this fellow's loveick pen."

And then in frantic, furious gloe  
He turned and twisted every line,  
"Oh, how that girl will laugh," said he,  
"When she deops that valentine!"

Next day he sought the loveick pair  
To see what mischief he had done,  
"Oh, my," said Cupid, "but this is rare!  
With these two hearts I'll have some fun."

Alas! young Cupid little knew  
How little written words denote,  
That maiden loved her post true,  
But never read the things she wrote.

TO K. O. G. I T.

"You're in love!"  
"Yes, of course I know. It's Ella Fanser, and she's a good girl—too good a girl for you to go away and leave her."

"But—but you don't understand." And Jim almost sobbed, and his emotion Illinois Central railroad; M. E. Ingalls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railway; C. J. Ives, Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railway; W. C. Van Horn, Canadian Pacific railway; and many others.—New York Recorder.

**St. Valentine's Day**

"Oh, I forgot. She said she thought I had been writing, and she thought I had only that she had vowed—vowed was the word—to marry a fellow that loved her as she loved him, and she hasn't heard from him since, but she will marry no man until she knows he is dead or untrue."

"What foolishness! Did she say that, Jim?"  
"She did, and I honor her for it. If I had, I'd want her to be just the same. Perhaps the fellow is in the mountains, where he can't write, you see, and he may come to her some day when he has made a pile, and then what could he think if some chap had taken his ranch and proved up at the land office?"

"I don't know, but I sort of think she does, but what's the difference? She'll not marry until the fellow she promised is proved dead, and so that's the only thing I can do."

"And that's to stay here and wait until she changes her mind."  
"No—great alliteration! I don't want her to change her mind, Nellie," and Captain Jim arose and shook back his masses of hair.  
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When the boarder the hotel had eaten their breakfast and departed on their way, the two men sat at the table and a silent pretense of eating. Mrs. Evans' eyes were moist with tears, and she was gazing at her like a stranger.

"What Valentine's Day mean? Oh Jim, that runs the sawmill!"  
"I guess you know what Valentine's Day is, don't you?"  
"No, I don't. I don't know much of any thing."

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**THE LOTTERY OF LOVE.**

The Acta Sanctorum, or record of the doings of the saints, furnishes no authority for connecting the modern epistolary practice of February with the ancient custom of the early Christian church is said to have suffered martyrdom at Rome more than sixteen centuries ago.

Saints and sinners alike in our day suffer a species of annual persecution through what are called "comic valentines"—a species of coarse and often brutal lampoon which affords opportunity for no witless all to express their opinions of us with all the freedom that anonymity grants. But among the strains of extra mail matter which threatens to swamp the postoffices during this first half of the month of February there is a large and interesting mixture of real sentiment. "Hearties" and "darts" in rhyming juxtaposition might no doubt be discovered beneath at least half the envelopes, while forgotten notes and true love knots on the outside of many prople claim the soft impeachment to the whole world.

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 basis from which the modern custom has developed. Still it is reassuring to remember that Shakespeare knew all about "choosing a valentine," and for aught we know may have spent long winter evenings at Stratford in wearing "Anon and thithward" into his flights of juvenile verse.

Ages ago in France and England the day was celebrated by the drawing of a "valentine lottery," in which there were no blanks. An equal number of youthful bachelors and maidens would inscribe their names on little billets of paper, which were duly shaken up in an urn and drawn. Of course it befell that every maid drew a bachelor, and vice versa, and so he or she became his or her valentine.

Beyond any manner of doubt it is to Cupid, and not to St. Valentine, that the feast of the day owes its survival and perennial freshness.

**The Rivals.**  
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. He was a bishop and was noted for his love and charity. He lived in wicked, cruel old Rome. Centuries before the Christian era the Romans had feasts in the month of February called the feasts of the Lupercalia, and one of the customs peculiar to these feasts was the placing of the names of the young women in a box, from which they were drawn by the young men. Later, upon the rise of Christianity, it was made a festival of the church, and good St. Valentine was fixed upon as the proper person whom the custom should honor and the day celebrate.

**Ye Rebuff.**  
"I come with burly love, sweet maid,  
Thy valentine to be."  
"Nay, comic valentines," she said,  
"Are not yet kydle 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 hollow lip  
Of one who long hath slumbered with the dead.

The faintest outline of a portrait,  
The shadow of a semblance—nothing more—  
Of her who in the springtime of her youth  
A diadem of matchless beauty wore.

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

Assurance of my dear I once had craved,  
From the dim hope of her I would—  
Some true love token I might clearly read,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, I would.

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

Oh, yes; but yet, alas, 'twas not to be,  
For late untoward and unkind a will—  
A few sad, anxious days, and in the end  
A perished hope—a promise unfulfilled.

And through the vanished years which since  
Have passed, I still remember that  
One joy my dream, one consolation sweet  
Has been my dream, one thought by night.

A precious treasure in that realm remote  
Where no corruption is, of such rank  
One other on this earth below I have—  
The memory of her whose heart is dust.

—F. H. Farnham in Boston Budget.