

ST. VALENTINE'S WISDOM.

Cupid sat near to St. Valentine,
He was writing out his darts,
Repairing his bow and his quiver,
And toying with broken hearts.

ABOUT ST. VALENTINE.

St. Valentine, whose head was rolled into a basket one bright morning in the year of our Lord, 270, lent his name to the day which is now consecrated to youth and love, but it is pretty generally conceded by wise men that it is an anachronism to connect him with the origin of the festival.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND SCENES OF HIS EARLY LIFE.



types which are now observed on St. Valentine's day.
There is one thing these wise books do not tell us, however, and that is where and when the comic valentine originated.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

How the Immortal "Abe" Won His Early Successes at the Bar.
A suit was brought in the United States Court in Springfield against a citizen for an infringement of a patent right.

tion so scientifically that many witnesses were bothered to reply. When his witnesses were put on the stand, so skillful were his questions that the court, the jury and the bar wondered how "Abe" Lincoln knew so much about mechanism.

A CLEVER LINCOLN STORY.

Travels All the Way from Berlin for This Year's Celebration.
Here is a new Lincoln story that has never been published. It was told to a Chicago man a few weeks ago by a gentleman living in Berlin, Germany.

HOW LINCOLN WON HIS WIFE.

She Married Him Because He Was the "Fighting Man She Never Saw."
Mr. Lincoln used to take great delight in telling how he gained a knife by his ugly looks.

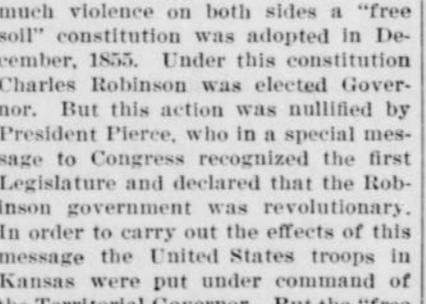


The burning at the stake of a negro on the soil of Kansas will strike many people as being a historical paradox, says the Chicago Tribune.

When the first Legislature met at Pawnee the pro-slavery members at once drove out the few "free soil" members and changed the seat of government.

WON A TITLE WITH HIS GUN.

Hiram S. Maxim Is Now a Knight of the British Empire.
Hiram Stevens Maxim, upon whom the order of Knighthood was conferred by Queen Victoria, became a naturalized British subject on September 16, 1899.



matic guns but has paid attention to electricity and other branches of mechanical art. His time now is devoted largely to attempts to perfect a flying machine, and he has spent no inconsiderable part of his enormous fortune in experiments along this line.

Not Very Guilty.

Somewhat suggestive of the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," is the judgment rendered in a Western town when, says the Green Bag, the most popular citizen had soundly whipped a tough character.

What He Meant.

"That was the year," said Jesse Sparhawk to the little group of listeners who had gathered to hear his reminiscences of war times, "that was the very year that my cellar was so unmercifully overflowed."

As Odd as a Woman.

One of the oddest bequests on record is that of the late George Russell, the well-known sculptor, of Aberdeen. He left \$75,000 for the benefit of scavengers and policemen.

House of Representatives voted to admit Kansas as a State under the so-called Wyalotte constitution. The bill was passed by the Senate in January, 1861, and immediately approved.

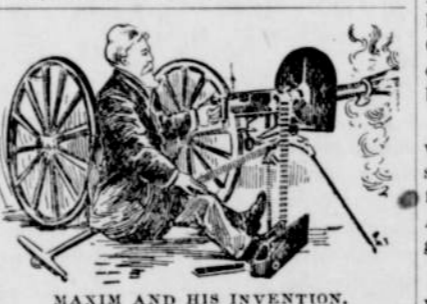
A WILD RIDE.

Broken Harness Gives a Stage-Coach a Perilous Descent.
The descent from the easiest pass across the Blue Ridge Mountains thereabouts, known as Snicker's Gap, to the Shenandoah River is long and steady.

Every time he reached one of the mounds across the road he had to exercise the greatest skill in steering over it squarely; but by cooness and presence of mind he brought his load safely, although at a tremendous speed, down the mountain.

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"A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it." "Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him."—Chicago Record.

Sunday School Teacher—Who is meant by the father of lies? Johnny (with recent history in his mind)—Some Chinese, I guess.—Baltimore American.

A Dreadful State of Affairs: He—Well, we can't believe more than half we hear. She—Oh, worse than that; I can't believe more than half I say.—Life.

"Is the box in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store. "No," replied the absent-minded clerk; "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

Corrected.—Lady Tourist (doing the Cathedral of Scotland)—This is Gothic, isn't it, John? Juvenile vendor of "Guides" (severely)—No, mem; this is Presbyterian.—Punch.

Cause and Effect.—"No wonder Gilsey is good natured. Everything comes his way." "Perhaps everything comes his way simply because he is good natured."—Boston Transcript.

Jester—There's one good thing about an ice trust—it can't afford to shut up shop like the mill trust, for instance. Jenkins—Why can't it? Jester—Why, the ice'd melt.—Ohio State Journal.

"Did you ever hear anything against his honesty?" "No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But he eats chicken mighty reg'lar on Sunday an' he's allus got an umbrella when it rains."—Boston Herald.

Right in His Line.—"The first American to enter Pekin was a soldier-musician who scaled the wall." "Well, say, a musician ought to be an expert on the scale, hadn't he?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He (in his wrath)—When I married you I had no idea what a fool you were. She (in her equanimity)—The fact that I was willing to marry you should have removed all doubts on that point.—Boston Transcript.

The Indignant Citizen.—"Don't drag my name into print in connection with this absurd affair," cried the indignant citizen; "but if you do, be sure to spell out my middle name in full."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Rise in Life: Casey—Since the Hooligans got rich, I sh'pore they're 'trowin' on all kinds av shottle. Murphy—I sh'd say so! They've changed the 'old's name to Nannette, b'gob!—Baltimore American.

"Stimson is a mean man." "Why so?" "He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change." "How's that?" "He spends it all before he gets home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Resting His Eyes.—Exchange Editor—I am sorry to say my eyes have gone back on me, and I can't read any more. Can't you give me something else to do? Managing Editor—You might do book reviews.—Exchange.

Very Aggravating: Wife—Oh, doctor! will John pull through? Doctor—Can't say, ma'am. The crisis will not arrive for at least a week. Wife—Oh, dear! And that bargain sale of mourning goods ends to-morrow.—Judge.

Clark—I wonder how a man feels when he finds himself hopelessly bankrupt. Clerk—Say, didn't your wife ever insist upon having the dressmaker in to make her fall clothes right after getting home from the seashore?—Life.

Quickly Told.—Friend—What was your graduation essay about? Mabel—"What the Astronomers Know About Mars." "Dear me! Why did you choose that subject?" "Because I didn't have time to write much."—New York Weekly.

The Cheerful Idiot: "I wonder," said the shoe-clerk boarder, "why they call it mistletoe?" "It is so called because the miss'll toe the mark every time she sees a bit of it suspended it anywhere." said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Press.

Tommy—Pa, what does "disagree" mean? Pa—Well, when two people think alike they are said to agree. Now, you can guess what "disagree" means. Tommy—O, yes, that's when only one people thinks alike.—Philadelphia Press.

Scandal: "She seems to me one of the most distinguished-looking young women in Boston!" "They tell dreadful stories about her!" "Indeed?" "Yes, they say, for instance, that the lenses of her spectacles are plain glass, with no magnifying power whatever."—Detroit Journal.

"See here, Willets, I hear a lot of you young fellows have organized a suicide club." "You are the fourth man to spring that remark on me. I don't see how it started. All we have done is to club together to do our own cooking while our wives are away."—Indianapolis Press.

"We are just holding a love feast," said young Mr. Linger, audaciously, to Mr. Frisbie, when that father of an engaged daughter put his head in the parlor doorway at 11:35 p. m. "I thought it must be a protracted meeting," said the old gentleman, as he withdrew.—Harper's Bazar.

"Did you ever get religion?" asked the revivalist. "Well, I should say so—138 pounds of it," replied the man. "A hundred and thirty-eight pounds of religion!" cried the revivalist. "How did you get that?" "The only way that a good man ever get religion," was the reply. "I married it."—Chicago Post.

RESULT OF A FALL.

Shock to the System Brings on Nervous Prostration—How a Cure Was Effected.

It is doubtful if anything could be written more convincing than the interesting story related by Mr. Edward T. Dudley, a practicing attorney for 25 years in San Francisco, with offices at 83 City Hall avenue.

"After the fall from the car I passed it by as an accident that had left no apparent ill effects; yet a few weeks later, in endeavoring to get on a car, I found I could not raise my foot.

"From this time paralysis began in my feet and in time my lower limbs became numb. I became pale as a ghost and it brought on a bloodless condition of my system.

"From being a strong, healthy man of 180 pounds, I was reduced to 145 pounds, and my doctor told my wife that it was only a question of time when I should have to take my bed.

"Medicine prescribed by the doctors did no good, and, at the time I started to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, if I fell down I could not possibly get up again unassisted.

"I could scarcely walk a block. Now I can walk three or four miles without fatigue, and as you see, am altogether a different man—and all from eight or nine boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"After trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I could see in a very short time that I was picking up color and my health and general system was much improved. I did not change my diet, nor did I take any other medicine, and my increase in weight from 145 pounds to 185 pounds I can lay to nothing else than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Signed,

EDWARD T. DUDLEY. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1900. Justin Gates, Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes \$2.50.

REALISTIC SONGS.

Queer Questions Evoked by Henry Russell's Ballad Singing.
Henry Russell, the well-known English vocalist, relates in his autobiography that on one occasion he gave, at Hanley, England, an entertainment for the benefit of the Staffordshire potters, who were in great distress.

After he had sung his song, "There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little longer," a man in the crowd arose, greatly excited, and shouted: "Muster Russell, can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan in the reserved seats stood up and said: "Shut oop, man; Muster Russell 'll write to ye!"

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mr. Russell sang "The Gambler's Wife," in which the wife is represented as awaiting the gambler's return to his home. The clock strikes 1—it strikes 2—it strikes 3. As it strikes 4 the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. At this point a woman stood up and shrieked in shrill tones: "Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him home?"

In earlier days, as the same vocalist was singing, "Woodman, Spare That Tree!" an old gentleman cried: "Mr. Russell, was the tree spared?"

"It was, sir." "Thank God for that!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a sigh of relief.

When "The Newfoundland Dog" had been sung—a piece which describes the dog saving a child's life—a North countryman exclaimed: "Was the child saved, mon?"

"It was, sir." Then, with the anxious look of one asking a great favor, the man pleaded: "Could ye tell me where to get a dog like that?"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

There Was a Mistake. "I think," he began, as he halted a pedestrian; "I think I made a mistake with the cabman who drove me to the Corcoran Art Gallery. I am quite sure I gave him a \$10 bill, but he must have mistaken it for a \$2 bill."

"And you hope to find him again?" asked the man of the stranger to the city. "Why, yes, I have hopes."

"Well, you are about as green as they make 'em. That cabman deliberately swindled you out of many dollars."

"I can't hardly believe it. He looked so honest and truthful that I—"

"That you ought to have asked him to hold your watch and the rest of your money! My dear old Josh from the cornfields, let me say—"

At that minute a cab rattled up, and the driver dismounted and said: "See here, old man, there is a mistake. You probably meant to give me a \$2 bill, and I thought it was one when I gave you a dollar in change."

"But I think it was a \$10, my friend." "No, it was \$20, and I have been driving about for half an hour to find you and restore the money. Here it is."

"And what was it you were going to say to your dear old Josh from the cornfields?" asked the old man, as he turned to the wise person.

But the wise person was there no longer. He was flying for a car as if running for his life.—Washington Post.