



MY VALENTINE

BY FRANCES A SCHNEIDER

My love is like a rose, for in her heart
The secret of her sweetness folded lips;
She's like a violet, for its petals part
And show the tender blue of her dear eyes.

Love is like a willow, she doth move
With such a swaying, undulating grace;
She's like a golden heart-case, for her love
Shines with a peaceful glory in her face.

My love is like a pine tree, breathing joy
As pines give forth their spicy fragrant scent.
Her words are balsam, free from all alloy,
With pungency and sweetness fairly blent.

ST. VALENTINE'S VIOLETS

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH.

ON THE morning of St. Valentine's day I sent Betty a bunch of violets—big violets, single, and of a color like the sky on a summer night. Violets go well with Betty's eyes.

On the afternoon of that day I happened in about four. It is the hour when one is most likely to find her alone. The library was full of the odor of old gardens and of places where the wild flowers grow. There was a bunch of red roses in a jar on the table, and there was a cluster of violets in a cup on the mantel. Betty wore another cluster. The flowers in both these were of the double variety, and in color they tended more to the blue. They were well enough in their way, but I do not care especially for that sort myself. The single blossoms that I had hoped to see were nowhere in sight.

"You're just in time to make a call with me," she announced.

"That depends where you're going."

"To see a lady to whom you are very much devoted."

"For this why should we leave the house?" said I.

"It's Miss Lyons. She's ill."

Miss Lyons is a lonely old lady of 70, with very white hair and a saint's face. She has known both of us since we were little.

"Am I devoted to her?" I questioned.

"Aren't you?" said Betty, by way of answer. "I somehow thought you were."

"The word is with you," said I, as she got her coat.

"You may hold it," she said.

Although I have also known Betty since she was little, it is only on rare occasions that I am allowed to assist at the coat. I was a little surprised. I wondered what was coming. I was about to ask if the florist had made a mistake about the violets and hadn't sent them; but I changed my mind.

"Just why," I ventured, as I tucked in her sleeves, "just why are favors heaped upon me?"

Betty smiled enigmatically. "Do you like my roses?" she asked.

"Proctor Lee sent them."

"I am of the same mind with Mr. Dobson," said I. "I detest Persian decoration."

"Perhaps you like violets better? Mr. Brede sent those," and she motioned to the mantel.

"Blue is a cold color," I submitted.

"George Curtin sent these," and she touched the ones she wore.

"They are not of the sort which match your eyes," I declared.

"Have a chocolate," she answered. "I forget who sent them."

I selected a comfit with a pistachio tip, and held it up.

Betty looked at me out of the corner of her eyes, and smiled. I pulled down the corners of my mouth, and her smile fled into laughter.

"I'm ready," she announced; and we went out.

There was just a suggestion, a sense of spring in the air, although the ground was snow-covered. It was a little breath out of the warm south. Betty lifted her face to it, and the color came into her cheeks. We walked nearly a block without speaking.

"After all, valentines are nice," Betty broke out finally.

I nodded.

"They make you feel that you aren't quite forgotten by your friends."

"And if they take the form of chocolates one can eat them," I observed. I still had a taste of the pistachio-nut.

"It would be horrible if one had no valentines—and no friends."

"It is a situation that Miss Mallard will never know."

"When one gets old," said she, "if

people remember one at all it is only on holidays when they can send useful things."

"It is one of the penalties of age," said I.

"As if old people did not need flowers and bonbons!" said Betty.

"There is more virtue in gruel," I hazarded.

"I hate useful things," said Betty.

"We have to put up with them occasionally," said I.

We turned in toward the little house where Miss Lyons lived, and the woman who took care of her admitted us. Miss Lyons was propped up in a chair by the window. She was reading "The Imitation." In a glass on the window sill was a great bunch of violets; they were big, single and deep in color. A card lay near them.

"George and I stopped in to see how you were," said Betty.

The old lady beamed as she took my hand.

"I want to thank you," she said, pointing to the flowers. "You don't know how much good they did me—how I, an old woman, appreciate being thought of."

I had opened my mouth to speak when Betty's foot touched mine lightly and meaningly. I had one quick little glance from her.

"I'm so glad you liked them," I said.

"I fancied they might give you a breath of outdoors."

"And of youth," said the old lady.

"It was like," she smiled, "like a valentine. I wonder if you thought of it?"

"Quite like a valentine," I answered, and I was very much ashamed that I hadn't thought of it.

Miss Lyons was really quite merry, though to sit in the house must be rather trying. Also Betty outside herself. So we made rather a long call; and then an hour later we were in the library again.

I was sitting in the Morris chair looking into the fire, and Betty was getting out the tea-things.

"You might explain fully," said I, as she threw a glance in my direction.

"You have been patient," she declared, as she swung the tea-ball around her finger.

"Patience is not its own reward," said I.

"I heard only this morning that she was not well—" began Betty.

"But supposing you did send mine, why give me the credit for what I didn't do?"

"If you'd known, you would have thought of it. Don't you see? I could have bought some, but they wouldn't have served the purpose. They had to be from a man."

I looked at her.

"You see, we are all alike, we women. They meant twice as much to her to, have them from you," said Betty, as she slowly moved a lighted match over the alcohol cup.

"Wisdom is the better part of good deeds," I agreed.

She tossed the half-burned stick into the grate, and I watched the wood flare. The silence lasted a full minute; sometimes a minute is very long.

"I might have sent Lee's roses," she said, suddenly.

I pursed my lips.

"Or one of the other bunches of violets," she added.

I drummed with my fingers on the chair arm.

"But—" She put her chin in her hand and looked across at me. "Wonder if I could have explained it to them," she finished, with a little coax in her tone.

"He that is last shall be first," said I, relaxing.

Betty carefully put the kettle over the flame. Then she walked over to her own private writing desk in the corner. There she picked up a little cut-glass vase of a finger's height. There were three violets in it. They were big and single and of a color like the sky on a summer night.

She touched the flowers to her face. "But I was sure you'd understand," she said. The laugh on her lips subsided, and a smile came and played in her eyes.—Woman's Home Companion.

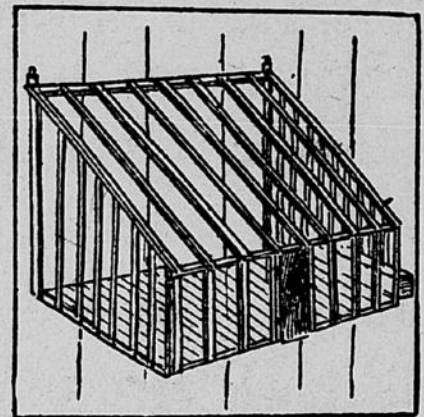
POULTRY AND BEES

HANDLING BROODY HENS.

A Humane and Expeditious Method of Preventing Them from Wasting Their Time.

There is a whole lot of mistaken notion afloat about the best way to break up a broody hen. It is true that ducking her in the water trough will make her think of other things than hatching chickens, and throwing her over the fence by the tail will jar her some, and may "break her up" (or to pieces) if persisted in; but is that the real thing we are after? Most of us keep hens for the eggs they lay. Therefore, the only correct method of handling broody hens is not only to stop their desire to sit, but to induce them to begin laying again in the shortest possible time. Many people believe the thing to do is to shut the broody hens in coops without food or water and "starve them to it." Others don't do anything. They just let them sit it out, and incidentally feed the lice. They seem to go on the theory that a hen sitting is a hen resting, and ought to grow fat doing nothing. Perhaps she ought to, but she will not.

Why does a hen get broody? There! You tell. It is a question of heredity. It would seem that there is a condition

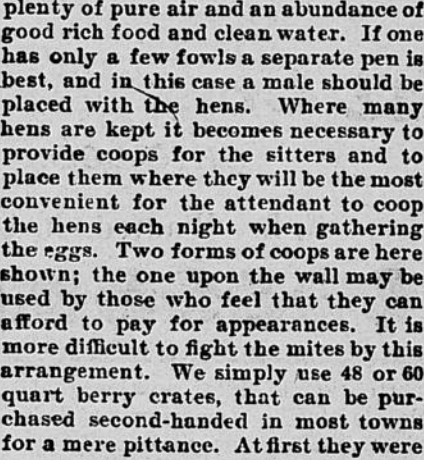


SPLENDID WALL COOP.

of nerve exhaustion after a long period of laying, though it does not follow necessarily that there would be a condition of fat exhaustion. Some of the fattest hens become broody. But whatever the theory, the fact is that the quickest and best way to break up broody hens and to get them to laying again is to remove them from the nests when they first show signs of getting broody. If they are permitted to stay on the nests for several days their desire to remain increases, and they are more persistent than if they had been removed promptly. They should be placed in coops or in a pen by themselves, where they can have plenty of pure air and an abundance of good rich food and clean water. If one has only a few fowls a separate pen is best, and in this case a male should be placed with the hens. Where many hens are kept it becomes necessary to provide coops for the sitters and to place them where they will be the most convenient for the attendant to coop the hens each night when gathering the eggs. Two forms of coops are here shown; the one upon the wall may be used by those who feel that they can afford to pay for appearances. It is more difficult to fight the mites by this arrangement. We simply use 48 or 60 quart berry crates, that can be purchased second-handed in most towns for a mere pittance. At first they were

used without alteration, being placed on the floor of each house. But the confined fowls would persist in flying out whenever others were added. The crates were then suspended like a cage by wires from the rafters, with a sliding slat fixed for a door. This worked better, but the motion spilled the water from the dishes, and the other hens would persist in flying on the top of the crates to lay, even though the product would roll off a minute later and be broken. They were also hard to clean. We now simply knock off the top or the bottom of the crate, turn it upside down on the floor, fix a sliding slat on one end for a door, and all is ready. It is easy to white-wash inside and out, and quick to clean by lifting to a new place, there being no floor space to the coop. It is not high enough for the hens to want to lay on it. By placing it next to the general water pan we do not have an extra water basin to fill. It is our practice to keep broody hens confined three or four days. A few of these go back to the nests and we have to re-sentence them to three days more imprisonment on full rations. With some breeds (jars are leghorns) a longer confinement will be necessary.

The things to bear in mind to break up the desire to sit are to act promptly and to so feed and care for the hens that they will be filled with new life and vitality, so that they will quit their nonsense and go to laying as soon as possible. This will save time, hens and patience.—James E. Rice, in N. Y. Tribune-Journal.



RUNNING AN INCUBATOR.

Not a Hard Thing to Do for One Who Understands the Principle of His Machine.

I have run two incubators, one hot air and one hot water. I start the incubator by lighting the lamp and running the heat up slowly to 103-4 degrees, then put in eggs and set the regulator at 103 for hot air and 104 for hot water. Let it run 24 hours, then begin to turn eggs once each day and twice every other day. I turn them by hand, as I think it is best. I put a pencil mark on one side of the egg, so I am sure it is turned. I continue thus until the 18th day.

As for cooling them, if the incubator is in a cold room, they will be cooled enough in turning; if in a warm room or in hot weather, they should be cooled longer, say down to 75 or 80 degrees. I do not turn the lamp up to make them come up to 104 quick, but let them come up with the light as it was before I took them out.

I use no moisture in the hot water machine, but I do in hot air machines from start to hatch, with ventilator half open at start, increasing as hatch proceeds. Following this plan I have fairly good hatches, and strong, healthy chicks.

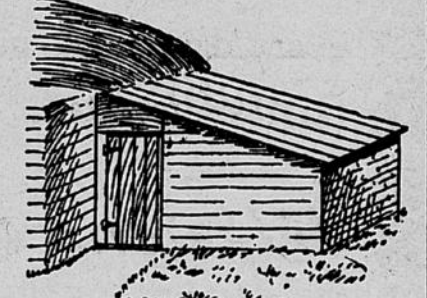
I have run only one kind of manufactured brooder. If I am to put the chicks in at night, I light the lamp in the morning, let the heat come up slowly all day, then I put the chicks in and watch them. If they spread out and settle down to sleep I know the heat is all right. If they crowd together it is too cold, and I turn the light higher.

I give the chicks nothing to eat or drink for 24 hours, then make them a Johnnycake baked in oven, made of two-thirds corn meal, one-third sifted ground oats, with a little meat meal in it. I give them this every two hours on a board or tin pan, with milk or water in a shallow pan with flower pot inverted in it to keep the chicks from getting wet. I feed them this with a little oat flakes for say two weeks, then scatter a little cracked corn and wheat until they are old enough to do without Johnnycake. On this plan, my chicks have done well.—Frank Dransfield, in Farm and Home.

SOD POULTRY HOUSE.

Nebraska Farmer's Wife Tells How She Made the Hen and Egg Business a Success.

We have 477 acres of land, an enclosed cattle shed 30x60 feet, two tanks of 28 and ten-barrel capacity, sod stable 12x24 feet with chicken coop built on east end. The coop is made of lumber and sodded all around as the cut shows. The roof is of lumber. I



SOD POULTRY HOUSE.

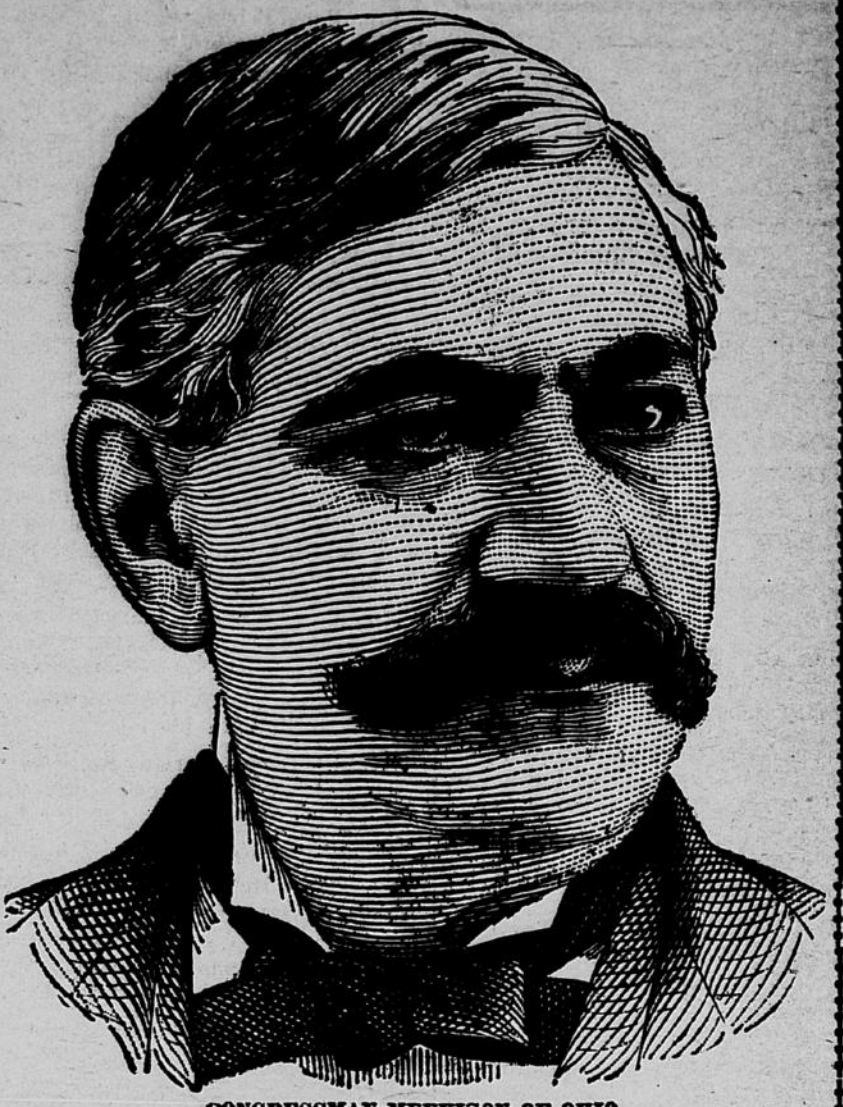
have five nests in coop, a dirt floor and a slant roost made from two 2x4's, six feet long, with nails driven in to hold in place five round poles five feet long. My hens lay in the coop, on the stable wall, and in end of manger, hay stack, etc. They are shut up every night and let out about seven a. m. and fed. At noon they get scraps from the table, or shorts, and are fed again in the evening. They have free run to lime, brit and coal ashes, have plenty of fresh, cool water in summer and warmer water when needed in winter.

My chickens are mixed Brown Leghorn and Black Spanish. They are too wild to suit me, and I believe the Plymouth Rocks, dark and light Brahmas are as good layers and better sitters than the above breeds. I have had a ready sale for all the eggs and chickens I could spare, and could have sold many times the amount I did. I gather the eggs every day.—Mrs. J. S. Allen, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Green and Dry Bones. There is a wide difference between green bones from the butcher and the dry bones that have become bleached. The former are flexible, cannot be ground easily, contain the natural juices and are digestible; the latter are brittle, can be ground into meal, and have lost the larger portion of their nitrogen. The green bones must be reduced with a bone cutter. The fact that green and dry bones differ demonstrates that during the process of drying there has been a rearrangement of particles, and portions that were very soluble are no longer so. Dry bones are excellent for poultry, but the better results may be obtained by the use of green bones, which contain not only lime but a large proportion of nitrogen, making them valuable as food for laying hens.

Egg Is a Complete Food. Like milk, an egg is complete food. If fed on eggs alone, young animals are furnished with all the necessary elements for the growing of bone, muscle, and all that goes to make a perfect animal of its kind. A hen may possibly lay 200 eggs a year, but ought certainly to produce 120. Eight eggs will weigh a pound and 120 will weigh about 15 pounds, at the cost of about one bushel of corn, worth on an average about 50 cents. At this rate the eggs cost, so far as food is concerned, about three and one-third cents a pound, or four and 16 hundredths cents a dozen. They usually sell for 12 to 15 cents a dozen, and are better for food at this price than meat.—Farm and Fireside.

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known, not only in his own State, but throughout America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as Mayor of the town in which he lives, during which time he became widely known as the founder of the Meekison Bank of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to Dr. Hartman as the result:

"I have used several bottles of Peruna and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

THE season of catching cold is upon us. The cough and the sneeze and the nasal twang are to be heard on every hand. The origin of chronic catarrh, the most common and dreadful of diseases, is a cold.

This is the way the chronic catarrh generally begins. A person catches cold, which hangs on longer than usual. The cold generally starts in the head and throat. Then follows sensitiveness of the air passages which incline one to catch cold very easily. At last the person has a cold all the while seemingly, more or less discharge from the nose, hawking, spitting, frequent clearing of the throat, nostrils stopped up, full feeling in the head, and sore, inflamed throat.

The best time to treat catarrh is at the very beginning. A bottle of Peruna properly used, never fails to cure a common cold, thus preventing chronic catarrh.

While many people have been cured of chronic catarrh by a single bottle of Peruna, yet, as a rule, when the catarrh becomes thoroughly fixed more than one bottle is necessary to complete a cure. Peruna has cured cases innumerable of catarrh of twenty years' standing. It is the best, if not the only internal remedy for chronic catarrh in existence.

But prevention is far better than cure. Every person subject to catching cold should take Peruna at once at the slightest symptom of cold or sore throat at this season of the year and thus prevent what is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh.

Send for free book on catarrh, entitled "Winter Catarrh," by Dr. Hartman. "Health and Beauty" sent free to women only.

Ask your druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac.

The Department Must Be Glad.

Since David Kapohokohokimohokewoanah resigned his office as postmaster at Keolu, Island of Maui, Hawaii, the fourth assistant postmaster general has been unable to find anyone to take the office. David of the unpronounceable name has been holding down the office ever since Hawaii was made a territory, but some time ago he got more lucrative employment on a sugar plantation at three dollars a month and left the government service, where he received \$24 a year. Mr. Kapohokohokimohokewoanah is said to be a lineal descendant of the famous King Kalitapokamikiokewaeha, who, tradition tells, was "very fond of missionaries."—N. Y. Sun.

Proverb Wrong.

"Think twice before you speak once," said the man who quotes; "that, sir, I think, is a good motto."

"I don't think so," said the Cynical Coddler. "While you're thinking of those two things some other fellow will have a chance to get off the brilliant remark."—Baltimore Herald.

To Be Well Spoken Of.

Uncle George—If you would have men speak well of you after you are dead, cultivate a sunny disposition and be kind and sympathetic with all.

Pom—Yes; and if you would have men speak well of you while you are alive, be rich and prosperous.—Boston Transcript.

Giving 'Em Stones.

A man has been selling tarred stones for coal to people of Connecticut. That story about wooden nutmegs can't be true.—Philadelphia Record.

Every time the unexpected happens the I-told-you-so person is on the spot.—Indianapolis News.

When jealousy claims a woman, Love and Hate shake hands.—Town Topics.

Why He Is Called a Martyr. Teacher—Jamie, can you tell me why Lincoln is called the martyred president? Jamie—"Cause he has to stand for all the Lincoln stories."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ignorance. De Style—Have you ever heard of ping-pong? Gunbusta (innocently)—Oh, yes; I frequently take my laundry to him.—Smart Set.

As She Understood It. He—Miss Fadden is getting to be quite famous as an antiquarian. She—Indeed! Why, I had no idea she was that old.—Chicago Daily News.

"Yes, they call it a 'rural play,' but it seems to me there's something lacking." "Why, so there is. There's no mortgage on the farm."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Look at the crowd of women going into Mrs. Gabbie's house. What's the attraction?" "Detraction. The sewing circle meets there to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

"What are they arresting the man for?" "They caught him selling coal in short measure strawberry boxes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As to His Hair.—Tess—"She declares her beau's hair is natural. Is that straight?" Jess—"Straight as a dye."—Philadelphia Press.

"Being a theatrical manager comes natural to him." "Yes; he was born with a cast in his eye."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some people take a great deal of pains to choose the lesser evil when they could get along without either.—Puck.

There is no education like adversity.—Disraeli.

With the old surety,
St. Jacobs Oil
to cure
Lumbago and Sciatica
There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c. and 50c.

Hard Work makes Stiff Joints.
Rub with
Mexican Mustang Liniment
and the sore muscles become comfortable and the stiff joints become supple.
Good for the Aches and Injuries of MAN or BEAST.