



Tell me, dear one, as I pray you,  
Would you be some warrior brave,  
Crowned, perchance, with leaves of laurel,  
Borne upon fame's highest wave?

Would you be a mighty sovereign,  
Empires trembling at your nod,  
Life or death held in your glances,  
Millions writhing 'neath your rod?

But the warrior brave, beloved,  
Tho' his name is heard afar,  
Gives his life in one short battle  
And his deeds forgotten are.

And the king of power, beloved,  
Never his scepter can lay down;  
Tho' the royal head be weary,  
Still the king must wear his crown.

Then be neither king nor soldier,  
Power and fame so soon depart!  
Shrined in perfect love immortal,  
Dwell thou here within my heart!  
—Kate A. Bradley.

### UNCLE PETER'S VALENTINES.

**T**is true no doubt that the custom of sending valentines is going out of fashion, doubtless to the great relief of the postman; but it is only a few years ago that everybody was obliged to send a valentine to somebody under penalty of being considered nobody.

At that period there lived in Bunting, village situated no matter where, a number of jolly young people who were very fond of playing sportive tricks, and who never let Valentine's Day go by without making merry at their neighbors' expense.

The village stationer, for some two weeks prior to the 14th day of February, was kept busy selling grotesque labels on creation in all the colors of the rainbow, bearing funny, and sometimes cruel, verses.

The Hanley family led in that sort of thing, being composed of two boys and two girls, all lively, ingenious and witty. They were adepts at making sarcastic verses, and they made a large proportion of the village squirms with their valentines.

On this particular Valentine's Day, of which I am going to tell you, there was a visitor at the Hanley homestead, an old man, very rich and very eccentric, and likewise very fond of his nieces and nephews.

"What's this?" asked Uncle Peter, as he saw the young people clustered around the table, busily writing, cutting and pasting, about a week previous to Valentine's Day.

"Making valentines, uncle," said Alfred Hanley. "We have ever so many to send out next Wednesday."

"Let me see some of them," said Uncle Peter, taking up a florid wood-cut of an ugly old woman, and reading aloud:

You are old and ugly as sin,

And your tongue is full of deceit.

You ought, at your age, to reform.

Your manners, you wicked old cheat.

"Ahem!" coughed Uncle Peter. "Who is this?"

"Aunt Nannie Woods, who lives in the old shanty near the creek," said Alfred. "I tell you that will make her jump."

"I have no doubt," said Uncle Peter, with a grim smile. "But is she a cheat?"

"Not that I know," said Alfred; "but you know that makes no difference in a valentine."

"Maybe not," said Uncle Peter. "What have you got, Fanny?"

Fanny had a picture of an ugly girl, dressed in outrageous fashion, under which ran these lines:

You think you look so fine,

You dowdy little miss;

But everybody knows you're poor—

That's why you look like this.

"That's for Nellie Baker," said Fanny, with a laugh. "Her folks are poor, and she does wear the awfulest clothes!"

"Yes; I have heard of her," said Uncle Peter. "Let me look at some more."

Bert Hanley had a valentine representing a schoolboy kissing the schoolmaster's boots, with these lines:

You are as dull as a farmer's hoe,

And yet you think you're very smart.

You'd be the last in the very last row,

If the teacher didn't take your part.

"That's for Johnny Rice," he explained. "He really is smart, and all the boys like him, but I want to stir him up a bit."

Uncle Peter made no reply, and after examining several more, he said, suddenly:

"I want to make a proposition to you. Give me all your valentines and let me deliver them; or, better still, we will all go together on Valentine's Day and deliver them in person."

"That would never do!" they cried, in chorus. "People who get valentines must not know who sends them."

"Never mind; I'll fix all that," said Uncle Peter. "I'm going to the city tomorrow, and I will return next Tuesday, and Wednesday is Valentine's Day."

The children clamored for an explanation, but Uncle Peter only smiled and said nothing.

He went to the city, and when he came back he was accompanied with a great number of bundles, all of which he had carried into his room, and would not let any one examine.

After breakfast, on Wednesday morning, Uncle Peter went out, and in a short time returned with a large sleigh, drawn by two horses, and amply supplied with robes.

"Come, jump in, boys and girls," he cried, "while I bring down my valentines!"

"Funny-looking valentines!" said Alfred, when the bundles were all tucked away.

"I warrant they will make people laugh," replied Uncle Peter, as he cracked his long whip, and the team started off at a rattling gallop. "Now, let me see—

here's my list, and the first name is Aunty Woods. Where is her valentine? Ah, yes!—ugly old woman. We will go there first."

"I say, uncle," said Alfred, plucking his sleeve, "you are not going to give Aunty Woods that ugly picture, and tell her I sent it?"

"How—what?" said Uncle Peter, sharply. "You ain't ashamed of it, are you?"

"Well, yes," admitted Alfred, with a very red face. "Come to think of it, I wish I hadn't sent it."

"Well, then," said Uncle Peter, with something like a chuckle, "suppose I give her my valentine instead?"

"Your valentine, uncle?"

"Yes. Here we are, I declare. Jump out, Alfred, and put these bundles on her doorstep. This one contains sugar, this tea, this is a roll of flannel, and this is a shawl. Now knock at the door real hard and then jump in."

Alfred did as he was directed, and away went the sleigh.

When they had gone a hundred yards, they looked back and saw the old woman at the door, holding up her hands in evident surprise.

"Ha! ha! good joke!" laughed Uncle Peter. "Now, Fanny, where does Nellie Baker live?"

"Just down this street, uncle," replied Fanny; "but, oh, uncle, please don't give her—"

"Keep quiet, miss. Here we are. Now, take this bundle and do as Alfred did. You can't break it—it's only a cloak and a hood, and material for two nice dresses."

"Oh, uncle—"

"There, there! See the card on it—To my dear schoolmate. How that will make her laugh! Won't it, Fanny?"

Mrs. Baker caught a glimpse of the retreating sleigh, and I think she suspected who sent that valentine to Nellie.

Then Bert hung on Johnny Rice's door-knob a package containing a pair of skates, and got away unobserved.

The horses dashed on, stopping here and there, as indicated on Uncle Peter's list, mostly at the doors of poor people, and such a distribution of caps, hoods, gloves, shawls, comforters, blankets, and even shoes, was never seen before.

When the people visited were pretty well off, they got handsome cards containing pretty verses, whereas the other package only had on them something like: "When this you see, remember me," "Good luck and good wishes," "To my Valentine," and so forth.

The children had never had such a jolly time in all their lives, and Uncle Peter got so upasious that he nearly went off in a fit of laughter on several occasions.

But all things must come to an end, and in this case the end came when the sleigh was empty of bundles. Then Uncle Peter tumbled out the children at their own door and took the sleigh to its owner.

When the boys and girls gathered around the table that night as usual, Uncle Peter laid down all their valentines before them and asked:

"What shall I do with these?"

"Put them into the fire," said Fanny.

"And into the fire they went."

"And what do you think of my new fashioned valentines?" was the next question.

"Beats the old-fashioned Valentine's Day all out of sight," cried Alfred.

And all the others agreed with him.—Golden Days.

**A Old Man's Valentine.**

The young birds are a-mating, dear,  
And old birds own the selfsame feather,

Why should we pine that skies be dreary?

Hearts are not thrall to sunny weather;  
We'll face the Autumn's cold together.

I love thee, dear, I care not whether  
The skies be dark or clear above us—

Our sunshine lies with those who love us.

When Ago's snows come down in showers—

And thicken all the bitter air,  
We'll call them, dear, our last white flowers—

The final blooms that we shall wear;

And I will deem them passing fair  
When time hath twined them in thine hair.

Come, be my love as I am thine,  
And take me for a valentine.

—Southern Magazine.

**ST. VALENTINE HIS DAY.**

**Hints for a Merrymaking in Honor of the Venerable Saint.**

A charming little party might be given by young women who are clever with their needle and brush and imagination. Of course, in honor of the day, it must be a "hearts" party. The invitations must be written on note paper, ornamented with the device of two hearts caught together with a ribbon, which little bit of decoration can be easily done at home. When the guests arrive give them tally cards, each cut in the shape of a heart and decorated with a tiny pen-and-ink sketch of cupids. The counters must be small red hearts. These, I think, can be bought at any shop that keeps the familiar stars of progressive euchre.

After playing hearts for a shorter or longer time award your prizes. Of course, they, too, must be heart-shaped. You can make sweet little double photograph frames in this shape, both the outside and the coverings for the pictures. Two turtles would be better known as squabs, but not so suggestive of "billowing and cooing." The ice cream may be made of any compound preferred, provided that it is white.

### THAT IS LOVE.



—Life.

it must form a contrast with the heart-shaped cut, which must be lined with vivid red silk. When the frame is open it suggests two abnormally large acres of hearts. A silver-framed heart pin cushion could be used for a prize. Indeed, one need not seek far through the shops to find many a pretty arrangement of hearts in jewelry or fancy articles.

Booby prizes are usually a source of



A TALLY CARD.

### MONEY MELTS AWAY.

#### UNITED STATES TREASURY IS ALMOST EMPTY.

**Government Finances in a Worse Condition than at Any Time Since the War—Little Prospect of Relief Through Congressional Action.**

#### Gold Flows Out.

Washington correspondence:

**T**HE condition of the United States treasury on Saturday morning was worse than it has been at any time since the close of the war. If the Government were a national bank the Comptroller of the Currency would close its doors and place a bank examiner in charge. If it were a private firm or corporation it would be placed in the hands of a receiver. Not only have the entire proceeds from the sale of bonds last November been exhausted, and the reserve fund depleted way below the danger line, but the gold coin in the treasury has been reduced to about \$12,000,000, and the difference between that amount and the total of gold is represented by bullion—bricks of uncoined metal. When the first bond issue was ordered last January there was \$65,650,175 in gold in the vaults. In November, when the President issued the second loan, it had again dropped to \$57,667,709. Friday the reserve fund was officially stated to be \$58,924,000.

It has taken just about a year to exhaust the \$116,000,000 of gold that has been borrowed by the Government to meet the difference between its revenues and expenditures, leaving the treasury in a worse condition than it was before, because the annual interest charge has been increased indefinitely at the rate of \$5,800,000. Of the \$116,000,000 in gold that was brought into the treasury by the sale of bonds it is estimated that \$76,000,000 has been shipped to Europe and \$40,000,000 concealed in the vaults of banks and trust companies, the tin boxes of speculators and timid people and the stockings of misers, who expect to see gold at a premium soon. There has been a deficit of \$44,500,000 in the public revenue during the five months past, and even the most sanguine student of financial affairs will not venture a prediction that this condition will soon improve. In the meantime the gold in the Bank of England has increased from \$136,920,000 on Jan. 25, 1894, to \$176,790,000 on Jan. 25, 1895, and in the Bank of France from \$34,500,000 to \$421,620,000.

Senator Aldrich believes that a bill authorizing the issue of treasury certificates or exchequer bills from time to time in order to cover temporary deficiencies in the revenue can be carried through the Senate as a separate measure, but other members believe that action will finally be taken by means of amendments attached in the Senate to the sundry civil appropriation bill. A provision for a bond issue at a lower rate and for a shorter term than existing law might possibly be carried as part of an appropriation bill, although some of the Republican Senators doubt whether such a proposition could receive a majority in both houses or would be allowed by the silver men to pass the Senate.

**Expect a Sensation.**

A sensation is expected when the Howgate case comes to trial. Capt. Howgate of the army, formerly assistant chief of the weather bureau, was indicted some years ago for forging vouchers by which the Government was robbed of several hundred thousand dollars. He managed to escape before his trial and lived in New York under a false name until last November, when he was arrested by a detective named Drummond, who had shortly before been dismissed from the secret service force. It is said that Howgate's whereabouts have been known to the Government authorities for several years, but for some mysterious reason he was permitted to remain at large, although a reward of \$5,000 was offered for his arrest. Drummond learned Howgate's fictitious name and location while he was in office, and as soon as he was dismissed from the service arrested him in order to secure the reward. The fraudulent vouchers, upon which the indictment was found, have disappeared from the files of the treasury, and the District Attorney has been unable to find any trace of them. Nor is he able to discover who is responsible for their disappearance. There are whispers to the effect that the reputations of certain men of high position, both dead and living, are involved in the case, although no names have been publicly mentioned, and it is not believed that the District Attorney will be able to convict even Howgate for lack of evidence. It may be shown that he did not enjoy the results of his frauds alone, although the influence of those implicated may prevent the real truth from being disclosed, and will certainly prevent any one from being punished.

#### Relics in the Rubbish.

In the file-room and document-rooms at the Capitol, secreted under piles of useless Government publications and the accumulated dust of years, lie many precious papers and books whose existence is forgotten, or at least is unknown. Not long ago one of the file clerks of the House of Representatives found eight autograph letters of Washington in the midst of a pile of old records which his superior officer thought he "might just as well get rid of."

At another time he discovered in a pigeon-hole the original of the letter Martha Washington wrote in response to a resolution declaring it to be the sense of Congress that the father of his country should be buried in the crypt of the Capitol, in which she gives her objections to that plan. Last summer the assistant librarian of the Senate discovered on the top of a bookcase in a dark store-room a dozen volumes of official reports that could not be duplicated for love or money, and were snatched to be out of existence.

Many a man's gravest mistake has been attempting too much.

There are doubtless other books and manuscripts of equal value in the dust and dark that should be carefully preserved. It would be a good thing for Congress to employ some man who knows all about such things to go through the files and select the chaff from the wheat. The rubbish can go to the paper-mill, but the important records should be arranged for preservation. As it is now, every new clerk that comes in, and every new clerk that comes out, makes the room he needs by throwing out what he considers useless.

#### Uses New Money.

The President of the United States always uses new money. He never gets any old notes, except in change when making purchases. His salary is paid him in installments of \$4,166.66 each on the last day of every month, and the treasurer always makes it a point to send him notes of the latest issue.