I Heard a Thrush

I heard a thrush in the morning singing,
(O pleasant was the world when the dawn came up!)
And over the meadows the day came bringing
Fresh dew and dreams for the rose's cup.

Bleak was my heart on that shining morning,
(O white was the world at the break of the day!)
Beauty and rapture the earth were adorning,
Yet the grief on my heart, how heavy it lay!

But I heard a thrush in the morning singing,
(O blithe was that voice that shamed mine own!)
And I sang with him, until joy came bringing
Peace from the darkness where grief had flown!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

ONE VALENTINE'S MYSTERIOUS CAREER

BY CORA STUART WHEELER

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"I don't know why I should n't," said Harrie Arnold, slowly.

"Nobody thinks much of valentines unless they are—truly in love"—with a quick blush—"and if he is that," vaguely, "why, he will be just too pleased to think of criticising me, even if he guesses who sent it. I wonder if that simpering clerk has sold it by this time; oh, I hope not!"

About this time, Clayton Dukes was taking life comfortably in his sister's luxurious library.

"February 14!" he exclaimed, "St. Valentine's day—I see—hence the cupids! Why anything so suggestive of the burlesque stage should recall Miss Arnold, I have no idea; but the fact remains that I am reminded of that fascinating young person and would like to send her some flowers."

A few hours later, at The Kensington on the "Noble side" of Gramercy park, a very blonde young man was standing in an unmistakable bachelor's den, gazing with helpless bewilderment into a box which he had just received from the florist's boy.

"Jove! what superb roses!" he exclaimed, "fitter for a girl than a great fellow like me. No mistake, however, there it is—Mr. Harry Arnold"—who could have sent them? I've only been in town a week. I wish I dared send them to my dear little Coz." Here he bent over the fragrant box, searching vainly for a clue.

"Who could—ah—m—m—m—it must be that my fair cousin has taken this way to let me that I am not forgotten. What a joke, if I had sent her back her own roses! She's only a second cousin, anyhow, and I don't see why her mother should object."

Mr. Clayton Dukes, having left his card and given the address: "Miss Harrie Arnold," verbally, to the florist's clerk, waited in some suspense an opportunity to learn the reception of his flowers. To his surprise, instead of having appeased the sudden memory of pretty Miss Arnold, which stirred him on Valentine's day, that mischievous saint had kindled a bit of flame which every breeze of circumstance blew to greater height.

St. Valentine, who evens up matters usually in a manner mysterious to mortals, made an exception in this case, since while in town, young Dukes watched in vain for Miss Arnold, Second Cousin Harry hugged himself with glee at finding himself one of the guests at the Cawnthorpes in Lenox. Being tacitly turned over to his charming relative, he was left quite at liberty to make hay in the sun of her smiles.

All these days, two very inferior beings were playing a most important part in this comedy of three, albeit unconscious of the mischief they were brewing, as were their victims, who, in that lofty and uplifted region called "swelldom," vainly imagined they were having things their own way. In the first place, Tompkins, the florist's clerk, had a young woman awaiting him at the moment when he was called upon to arrange the box of roses for Miss Arnold. That waiting young woman certainly weakened Tompkins's mind temporarily to such an extent that he slipped Mr. Dukes' card into his waistcoat pocket, and when he saw the name "Harry," which he had written, with its masculine termination, he at once decided that his ears had deceived him, and that the gentleman had said Miss Kensington," Gramercy park, where it was duly delivered.

The other "inferior being" was a district messenger boy to whom Miss Harrie Arnold had intrusted her votive offering to St. Valentine as being safer than the post, while, lest her writing betray her, she printed name only, on the package, and faintly in one corner of the valentine, giving the boy one of Mr. Clayton Dukes' own cards, upon which was the address of his club, with instructions to deliver it into his hands.

Now, Teddy Bowles, at the instant of receiving the package, was an inflammable volcano of fire on the eve of eruption, at a fellow-messenger, for the double offense of having called Teddy's grown-up sister a "carrot head," and reporting Teddy at the office the day before for taking a letter, a message at both ends of a trip. Unluckily, as he raced along toward the club, round a corner came his enemy, who greeted him with an exasperating grin. That was enough. Out went a dirty fist, flung into the grin, whose proprietor made a vengeful snatch for the precious package, with which he made rapidly off.

"He'll catch it now for losing of it," said the victor, when at a safe distance. "Don't look like much though. Here the young rascal loosened the delicate blue ribbons and peeped within. "Mebbe it's some gal to her feller. If 'twere Tilly, now, she'd most likely cry. 'C. Dukes'—that mus' be 'is name. I'll ask in here for a directory, that'll find him, likely."

The "directory" proved, even with the druggist's assistance, to hold no "Dukes," save a certain Clay the son of Peter," to whose address the boy carried his crumpled package as a salve to his conscience. When Peter Dukes returned to 98 Clavers place that night, he found his little sickly daughter, Rosy, turning over the valentine with wistful interest.

"Who'd ever think o' sendin' me a valentine?" said Peter, pleased in spite of his persistent widowerhood.

"What becom' o' the wrappin', Rosy dear? Mebbe I'd know the handwrite."

"'Twasn't hand-write, daddy, but just like the newspaper, and I give it to Mis' O'Grady when she came in for somethin' to start up her fire a bit."

"Printin"—that settles it," said Peter, "for Mary Patterson can write a name as good as the next one; but Sarah Collins—well, I do believe she's knowiner than I thought.

Unconsciously to herself, Harrie had expected that Clayton's own heart would suggest to him that she had so carefully hidden; young Dukes, on his part, as he had made no effort to conceal the fact that his ten-dollar bill had paid for the magnificent roses, felt perfectly justified in expecting some acknowledgment.

A dinner-dance at Mrs. Carrington-ford's was at last to bring them together.

Things fell out all criss-cross as

"Where Did You Get It?" She Gasped.

they often do. Miss Arnold, whom he met unexpectedly descending the staircase, made such an effort to appear perfectly natural, that a quite unnatural hauteur distinguished the carriage of the head, startling into equally unnatural coldness the greeting of Mr. Dukes. The latter said to himself, "She takes this manner of showing her disapproval of such costly attentions. Well, Clayton, old man, there's only one thing for you to do; accept your conge without making a further fool of yourself."

Harrie was not quite so precipitate, but after a dance which in no wise thawed their dignity into friendliness, she, poor child, was ready to spell into tears of mortification, to hide which, she retreated into the conservatory. Even her unhappiness was not allowed its way, for her Cousin Harry came upon her, breathlessly, and only desisted from bearing her back to the ballroom, upon being convinced of her refusal.

Harry Arnold was not a young man to lose such an opportunity as this; if he could not dance with her, he could propose to her, and where would he have another such a chance? It was all done before either of them quite knew how, and somehow, after that, his little fingers seemed to have no occasion for the tearful scene for which she had prepared herself.

It was a year afterward that Mrs. Henry Arnold, as she chose to write herself now-a-days, came hastily into her friend Gertrude Carrington's room, one morning, to carry her away to the flower show. She found her laughing over something which she had just received from her maid, Tilly Bowles. To Mrs. Arnold's intense dismay, the object of her amusement was none other than the valentine dispatched with many hopes a year before by her own hand.

"Where did you get it?" she gasped.

"Why, Tilly just brought it in," was the reply. "She says that Peter's little girl, Rosy Dukes, you know, to whom I have sent food so often, because of her name, gave it to her yesterday. She told such a funny story.

"Peter his married again, and married a foolish kind of a good girl, whom he never thought of until he got this valentine which he supposed she sent. Now, she says, she never sent it, and as they don't know any other Dukes,' Tilly asked her to let her bring it home to me, and here in the corner we found 'C. Dukes,' so I'm going to accuse Clayton (we're not married yet, you know) of having a sweetheart somewhere of whom he has never told me!"

Pretty Mrs. Arnold smiled a little, blushed a good deal, but as she was a happy little bride, and Gertrude soon to be one, she simply said:

"How very mysterious!"

And Second Valentine laughed in his sleeve as he counted up three weddings from one valentine's mysterious career.

For Young People

A KITCHEN FOOD CLOSET.

Directions for the Help of the Home Carpenter in Making One.

The handy man's efforts being directed toward the making of household devices that will save labor in housekeeping, he will recognize something quite worth his while in the making of the kitchen food closet shown in Fig. I. It is something more than a food closet, for there will be space below for the accommodation of a great many kitchen utensils that should be close at hand when needed

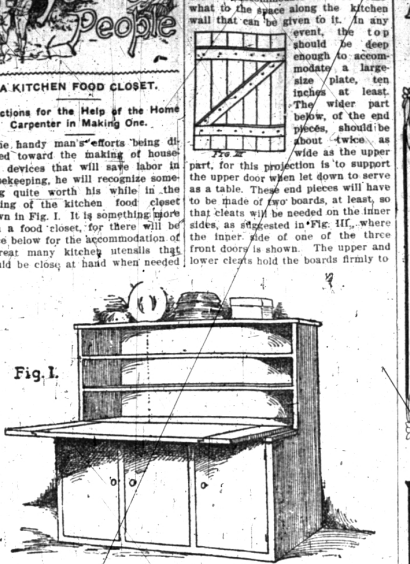
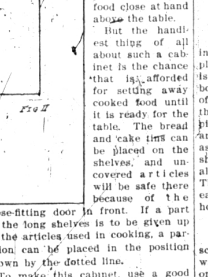


Fig. I.

The Food Closet Complete.

for use, while a part of the space above can be partitioned off to provide space for the storing of articles used in cooking, the idea being to use the broad door that lets down in front as a table for mixing articles that are to be baked and boiled, while having all



the articles that are used in the preparation of the food close at hand above the table.

But the handiest thing of all about such a cabinet is the chance that is afforded for setting away cooked food until it is ready for the table. The bread and cake tins can be placed on the shelves, and uncovered articles will be safe there because of the close-fitting door in front. If a part of the long shelves is to be given up to the articles used in cooking, a partition can be placed in the position shown by the dotted line.

To make this cabinet, use a good quality of pine boards, or whitewood, if more easily procured. Fig. II shows the shape of the end pieces. The dimensions must be left to individual circumstances, since the cabinet will need to accommodate its size somewhat to the space along the kitchen wall that can be given to it. In any event, the top should be deep enough to accommodate a large-size plate, ten inches at least. The wider part below, of the end pieces, should be about twice as wide as the upper part, for this projection is to support the upper door when let down to serve as a table. These end pieces will have to be made of two boards, at least, so that cleats will be needed on the inner sides, as suggested in Fig. III, where the inner side of one of the three front doors is shown. The upper and lower cleats hold the boards firmly together, while the diagonal cleat will keep the door from sagging. In making the large door above, three wire boards can be used, or a greater number of narrower ones tongued and grooved together. The method of holding these in place is shown in Fig. I., where two end boards are "halved" onto the lengthwise boards, thus holding them in place and supporting them. A simpler method, perhaps a stronger one, is shown in Fig. IV., where the end boards simply "butt" against the ends of the lengthwise boards, to which they are firmly secured by wooden pins driven through the end boards and well into the ends of the others, as suggested in the cut. The joint should be glued and the pieces should also be glued before being driven in. There should be one or more pins for each board. Use a bit for boring the holes for the pins.—David Webster.

Ulysses S. Grant.

Ulysses S. Grant first went to school at Port Pleasant, O. The school was a crude affair, which he attended only in winter and at other odd times when there was no work on his father's farm.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

A Clever Trick with Which You Can Fool an Evening Company.

This game, which is really a trick, is played with a confederate, and if cleverly done a goodly company may be deceived.

A showman, armed with a long, pointed stick, stays in the room, and his confederate, the guesser, is shut out, while the company thinks of a word. The guesser is called in, and the showman proceeds to spell out the word on the floor with sundry taps and strokes of his stick.

The solution is simple enough. The taps represent the vowels; one tap for a, two taps for e, three for i, four for o, five for u, and the guesser need pay no attention to any other talking. Suppose, for instance, the company selects the word "book." The cue is given in the sentence which the showman uses to call the guesser in. He would say, in this case, "Better come in," and the guesser would know, at once that the first letter of the first word in that sentence will be the first letter of the word to be guessed. The showman taps four times with his stick and makes a lot of misleading strokes and signs; then he taps four times more for the second o, then he says, in an offhand way, "Kind of hard, isn't?" or in any other sentence introduced by the letter k. He finishes up with more signs and strokes, as if to puzzle the guesser, who, of course, has already secured his word.

The showman must be quick and clever in picking his consonants at the beginning of spicy sentences, otherwise the humor of the trick is lost.

A Boy Who Was Looking.

In Medina county, Ohio, a farmer found a boy in his melon patch and hooked him out. The boy's father sued the farmer for assault and battery. The farmer contended that the boy was after his melons, while the boy contended that he was just looking around. The farmer was beaten and had the costs and a fine to pay.

It therefore seems to be a settled thing that a boy and a watermelon may get within a foot of each other without meaning anything in particular, and farmers will have to be careful after this.

Getting Information.

"How do you spell knee, mamma?" asked the small boy, looking up from his slate.

"K-n-e-e, Johnny."

Silence for several moments, while the letters were going down laboriously. And then he asked:

"How do you spell grow?"

"G-r-o-w."

"Now I've got it!" Johnny exclaimed. "K-n-e-e, g-r-o-w, groneegro!"

The Reason.

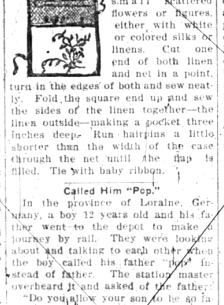
Visitor—How is it that you are always such a good little boy, Harold?

Harold—Because I am always put to bed when I'm naughty

HAIRPIN CASE.

Something You Can Easily Make for Yourself or Friend.

A most convenient little case, and one easily slipped into the traveling



satchel, is this hairpin case. It is very easy to make, and will be a most acceptable gift, says Philadelphia Ledger. Cut a strip of linen 18 inches long and four inches wide, and another strip of coarse white cotton or wash-net the same size. Embroider the linen with leaves, or small scattered flowers or figures, either with white or colored silks or linens. Cut one end of both linen and net in a point, turn in the edges of both and sew neatly. Fold the square end up and sew the sides of the linen together—the linen outside—making a pocket three inches deep. Run hairpins a little shorter than the width of the case through the net until the flap is filled. Tie with baby ribbon.

Called Him "Pop."

In the province of Loraine, Germany, a boy 12 years old and his father went to the depot to make a journey by rail. They were looking about and talking to each other when the boy called his father "pop" instead of father. The station master overheard it and asked of the father:

"Do you allow your son to be so familiar with you as that? If so, then we must see about it."

He had father and son taken into court, and the father was fined 50 cents and the boy was put in jail for three days for being too familiar with each other. And the boy called his father "governor" or, "old man," as some American boys do, perhaps he would have been hung.

Looks Like Fun.

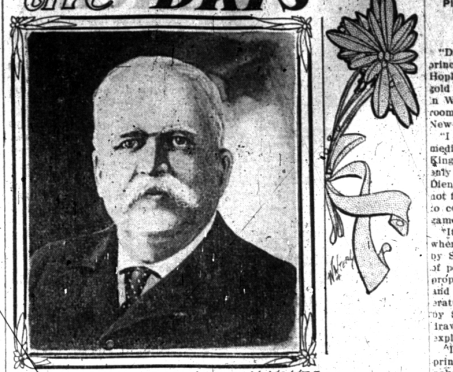
There is no hod-carrying in Japan. The native builders have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds' weight, which he tosses to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly catches the ball, and tosses it up to a man who stands on the roof.

The Wise Man.

A wise man made a balloon
And thought he would sail to the moon,
But the moon went away
At the dawn of the day,
So the wise man came down before noon.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Men drink least in February—it has only 28 days.

The "DAY OF THE DRYS"



JOHN D. LONG, PRESIDENT TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY

A story as is possible concerning the present conditions of this temperance movement. As the temperance workers would put it, they are cleaning up the map of the United States and making it look white. There are five great big white spots which stand out like beacon lights. North Dakota, Kansas, Oklahoma, Georgia and Maine are wholly within the prohibition camp, and all the rest of the states except a western tier—Montana on the north and Arizona and New Mexico on the south, with Idaho and Wyoming, Nevada, Utah and Colorado sandwiched in between—are marching under some form of local option banner which means that these states are more or less dry, in many cases more rather than less. In fact, in the south, the local option standard means practically prohibition in most of the states.

In the south, where prohibition has spread like a tidal wave, the chief reason has been the determination of the whites to suppress negro lawlessness. A majority of the crimes of violence which have resulted in lynchings have been begun by drink, and it was argued that if liquor be placed beyond the reach of the negro it would be a more effective way of restraining his brutal and criminal instincts than any number of lynchings.

There are now five prohibition states—Maine, Georgia, North Dakota, Kansas and Oklahoma—and seven territories—Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico—saloons are licensed with virtually no restrictions, although some of these have recently passed Sunday closing laws. In all the other states there is some form of local option. In nearly all these local-option states the "dry" territory has been steadily increasing for the last ten years. In the south as a whole it has doubled, in Texas it has tripled; in Kentucky it has spread so widely that the prohibition is confidently made that within three years the state will take its place beside Georgia in the prohibition column. To-day 97 out of the 119 counties of Kentucky are wholly "dry," and of the remainder only four are wholly "wet." This seems an extraordinary condition for Kentucky, the home of blue-grass whisky, the state in which $100,000,000 is invested in distilleries.

Stepping over the border into Tennessee you cannot get a drink anywhere except in the cities of Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, and it looks as if Tennessee would race Kentucky to get into the ranks of prohibition states.

Georgia became a prohibition state on New Year's day, and the law is so drastic that wine cannot be used at communion services in churches, nor can druggists sell any form of liquor except pure alcohol.

In Alabama 75 per cent. of the state is dry under a county option law.

In Mississippi 68 out of 75 counties are already dry, and a state prohibition campaign is being waged with every prospect of success.

Florida has 34 out of its 47 counties dry, and Gov. Broward is actively leading a campaign for state prohibition.

South Carolina recently repealed its famous dispensary law and substituted local option by counties. A movement for state prohibition has just started, and 17 out of 41 counties have voted for no saloons. A larger percentage of North Carolina has no saloons and the the prohibition campaign is active.

Virginia has 72 dry counties out of 118. West Virginia has 30 out of 55, and Gov. Dawson is actively fighting the liquor traffic.

Fourteen of Maryland's 23 counties are dry; in Delaware the election last month resulted in about half the towns going dry.

Louisiana has 18 dry parishes and parts of others are also dry, and it is illegal to solicit orders for liquor in any of the dry districts.

Missouri's local-option law has made 44 of her 115 counties abolish saloons. Sunday closing even in St. Louis is rigorously enforced.

Texas is one of the most notable examples of the revolution, for 147 counties are absolutely dry, 53 are partly dry and only 17 are totally wet. The sale of liquor on dining cars is forbidden, and a traveler on a train may not even drink from his own flask.

Oklahoma has just adopted a constitution that forbids the sale of liquor.

Kansas is a prohibition state, and the last of the "speak-easy" saloons has just been suppressed by popular opinion.

Nebraska has local option by villages and cities; 400 are dry, 600 wet. South Dakota is about one-quarter dry.

North Dakota has been a prohibition state so long that in some of the counties there no jails.

Minnesota has 123 dry towns and rigid Sunday closing.

Iowa, once a prohibition state, has 85 out of 99 counties dry and 11 other counties have only one saloon each.

Wisconsin has 650 dry towns. Michigan, under a county option law, has only one dry county.

A prohibition wave is rolling through Illinois; eight counties are totally dry while six allow saloons in only a few precincts.

Six hundred and eighty of Indiana's 1,016 townships are dry, and the temperance people expect to increase the license fee to $1,000.

In Ohio 1,100 out of 1,376 townships are dry and 60 per cent. of the municipalities.

Pennsylvania seems little affected by the temperance wave, but there is one dry county.

New Jersey has no local option, but has recently begun a vigorous closing of saloons on Sundays.

New York has township option, and in which 603 towns in the state have no saloons.

Only 24 towns in Vermont allow liquor to be sold. New Hampshire is nominally a prohibition state, but only 62 per cent. of the population lives in really dry territory. Massachusetts has 250 dry and 100 wet towns. Connecticut has 96 dry towns out of 176

PLEASANT FOR THE "JASSAX."

His Trip Down the Mountain Made Easy for Him.

He was a newcomer in the mining town, and as everything he saw appeared novel and interesting, he kept up a rapid fire of questions that seemed mighty foolish to the boys.

The placid little pack burros, mistaken for jets and voice, pleased him immensely, and he supposed they were kept as pets or else as camp scavengers to nibble the fabels from old cans and eat stray newspapers. He came across one packing a wheelbarrow secured on its back, with wheel and handles in the air.

"My good man," he asked the owner, "can you tell me why the little donkey is tied to the wheelbarrow in that odd fashion?"

"I shore can, stranger," replied that accommodating individual. "This here jackass has been acquired by old Walapai Huggins for a house pet at the Bully Boy mine, an' bein' as the animule is too dellycat to walk all the way over them rough trails, the old man drives him up hill an' at the summit jes' natcherly turns him down the other side. Yessir, it do come hard on old Walapai, but it's mighty restin' for the Jassax."—Success Magazine.

Actor-Managers.

If Lillian Nordica finally carries out her project for an American Bayreuth she will not be the first singer to emerge as a manager. Jean de Reszke has a private theater in Paris, acoustically perfect, and there the other day Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was sung by the owner, his brother, Edouard, Adelina Patti and Maggi Arkona, and many people remember the ill-fated venture of Van Dyck, a Wagner tenor once almost the idol of a section of the Metropolitan opera house public here. Last season he gave German opera in London.

H. W. Putnam, of the Harvard class of 1869, was elected president of the Germanic Museum association of Harvard at a recent meeting of the association, in place of Carl Schurz, deceased

TOOK PRINCE'S CASH

TEXAN'S POKER GAME WITH THE HEIR APPARENT.

Rules of Etiquette Observed Until Player's Sporting Blood Was Up, and Then He Started Out to Win.

"Did you ever play poker with a prince of Wales?" asked Col. Tom Hopkins, of Texas, now promoting gold mines and formerly a buccaneer in Wall street, as he sat in the grill-room of the Bresjin talking with a New York Telegraph man;

"I have," continued the colonel meditatively. "I sat in a game with King Edward when he was entitled to only three ostrich plumes and the 'Ich Dien' motto. It was at a house party not far from London, and I am willing to confess that it was not a pleasing game at all in the early stages.

"It was during those delightful days when our government was represented by Schenck, a past master in the art of poker and one of the first men to properly hedge in the game with rules and laws. Some of the best poker literature we possess has been written by Schenck, and the popularity of draw in England is wholly due to his exploitation of its merits.

"It was he who first initiated the prince of Wales into the beauty of poker, and Albert Edward soon became quite fond of the game. It was Schenck who introduced me to the prince, and made it possible for me to meet his royal highness at one of the most old manors in one of the prettiest counties in all England.

"Before the game began Schenck took me to one side and impressed me with the necessity of observing the many rules of etiquette that obtain when playing with the prince. He laid particular stress upon the fact that I was not to raise unless Albert Edward had raised and showed a disposition to stay. Even in that case it was regarded as proper to simply see his raise and allow him to take the bridge and set the course. There were other minor regulations to be observed, but that one in particular was impressed upon me.

"I stuck to that rule for four hours, and it cost me money. I laid down many a strong hand just because I did not want to be regarded as lacking in courtesy to the prince, but finally I got tired of seeing whole bundles of good American money going across the table, and my sporting blood was aroused. It hurt me to see my blue and red bits of ivory going across the blaze to the first gentleman in England, and I felt that while the privilege of playing with the prince of Wales was worth a great deal, I did not care to pay for it in that way.

"It was while I was in this mood I picked up a hand that looked almost too good to be true. Four kings nestled together by themselves, crowned a pair of little tray. I looked over the hand carefully and then announced I would stand pat.

"The prince was unlucky enough to get a full house in the draw and another player filled a flush. Of course, such a run as that made for a killing, and, in my ordinary game, unhampered by the presence of a prince and heir apparent, the betting would be lively.

"When I started in placing my chips on the table I forgot about the rules of etiquette. The prince made a tentative raise of a pound, just feeling out the lay of the land, as it were. Of course, it was expected that I would see the bet, but I gave it a slight raise of £5 and the man with the flush stayed in. The prince also got in for £5 and raised and when it came my way I lifted it £20.

"Well, it's a terrible story. The prince tried to intimate to me by dark looks and other evidences of discontent that he was not pleased with my methods, but it was a table-stakes game and he couldn't easily slip away without showing a trace of the white feather, and when, after another raise, it came my way again, I made it cost the prince a level hundred pounds to call.

"I won, of course, but I could see in a minute that I had made a bad break. The prince really took it better than the others, for they looked frightened and hurt. He was a bit vexed, but when the game was over he shook hands and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the rup I had given him."

Sheep Herder's Dog.

"A good dog is better than a dozen men out on the sheep ranches of the west," said J. H. Dayton, a Montana sheepman. "Of course, the sheep's business without dogs would be very expensive. Taken when very young, the dogs are trained to follow sheep and hunt them when they go astray. The dog will climb cliffs where a man cannot go, find a stray sheep and bring it down. If it were not for the dogs there would the many instances of 'the ninety and nine,' only it would be more like nine than ninety.

"One herder usually takes about 1,000 sheep and two dogs. The herder is armed with a good gun. The custom is to round up the flock every night and have one particular place for shelter. The sheep are anxious to get together, for they seem to realize that it is for their safety. The herder has a tent and sometimes a log hook. If there is a disturbance at night the dogs are the first to discover it, and at once set out to find the enemy. In many ways they are more valuable than men."

Conscientious.

The stranger wandered into the police station.

"I like to see effort rewarded," he began.

"Well"

"Last night I was robbed," he continued, "and the fellow who did it left behind a scrupulous desire to get all I had. I find he overlooked this two-dollar bill. If you run across him, give it to him with my compliments."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Size of Human Brain.

The size of the brain is not an index of a man's capacity. It is a matter of climate. Small brains are the rule in tropical countries.