

could be, inquiring your way to Betterson's; but I never dreamed—excuse me, I would n't have played such a joke, if I had known!"

"What joke?" Vinnie demanded.

"Why, there's no Jenkins—Judkins—what did I call their names? I just wanted to have a little fun, and find you out."

Vinnie trembled with indignation. She started to go.

"But you have n't found *me* out," he said, with an impudent chuckle.

"I've found out all I wish to know of you," said Vinnie, ready to cry with vexation. "I've come alone all the way from my home in Western New York, and met nobody who was n't kind and respectful to me, till I reached Chicago to-day."

The wretch seemed slightly touched by this rebuke; but he laughed again as he finished his glass.

"Well, it was a low trick. But 't was all in fun, I tell ye. Come, drink your wine, and make up; we'll be friends yet. Wont drink? Here goes, then!"

And he tossed off the contents of the second glass.

"Now we'll take a little walk, and talk over our Betterson friends by the way."

She was already out of the room. He hastened to her side; she walked faster still, and he came tripping lightly after her down the stairs.

Betwixt anger and alarm, she was wondering whether she should try to run away from him, or ask the protection of the first person she met, when, looking eagerly from the door-way as she hurried out, she saw, across the street, a face she knew, and uttered a cry of joy.

"Jack! O, Jack!"

It seemed almost like a dream, that it should indeed be Jack, then and there. He paused, glanced up and down, then across at the girlish figure starting toward him, and rushed over to her, reaching out both hands, and exclaiming:

"Vinnie Dalton! is it you?"

In the surprise and pleasure of this unexpected meeting, she forgot all about the slim youth she was so eager to avoid a moment before. When she thought of him again, and looked about her, he had disappeared, having slipped behind her, and skipped back up the stairs with amazing agility at sight of Jack.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS IN VALENTINES.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

THERE was a time when valentines were simply love-letters written on very fancy note-paper, with some poetry and a bunch of forget-me-nots at the head. Years ago my dear old grandmother made me happy by sending one of these, which I have still, and very pretty it is, although the ink is faded to a yellow. The poetry is especially nice, but the punctuation marks are left out, as they did n't care about these troublesome little things in the good old days. I think it said:

"When the sunshine is around thee
In the dark and silent night
In the cottage and the palace
May thy way be always bright!"

Of course I could n't imagine who sent it, —nobody who gets a valentine ever can,—but I strongly suspected Sally Lawton, and she had a bite out of all my apples until I found out my mistake. Tommy Jones was her valentine, and I gave him a punching

for it, too, as he was mean, and pretended all the while that he did n't like her.

However, the old fashion has passed away, and valentines are now very elaborate things, employing thousands of skillful workmen in their manufacture. They serve as the covers of all sorts of costly presents, and some of them are real works of art. Clever designers are constantly employed in the invention of new combinations, pleasing effects of grouping or color, and whimsical surprises. The most careful labors of draughtsmen, lithographers, wood-engravers, painters, color-printers, card-board, artificial flower and feather makers are spent upon them, to say nothing of the assistance given by workers in silk, silver and glass. Even the tropical forests of Brazil and the depths of the sea are ransacked for fresh materials.

There is one firm in London which has three hundred and sixty-eight different kinds of valentines. The cheapest are two cents each, and the

finest cost nearly sixty dollars. All are pretty, and some are magnificent. One is called "Love's Photograph." A tiny mirror is hidden beneath a bunch of flowers, and some dear girl finds that the reflection of her own face is your love's photograph. There are true lovers' knots painted on the softest satin; birds of bright plumage under gauze; girls in silver frames; paper flowers which bloom when the valentine is opened and close when it is shut; more paper flowers hidden behind screens of silver and in little wicker baskets, with exotic flowers painted by hand on the finest silk and framed in silver lace.

No florist ever succeeded better than the modern valentine-maker does in putting together

More than this, marine flowers gathered from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea are used in valentines, and real birds are quite common. As Lucy opens the box that comes for her with a whole string of postage-stamps upon it, it is possible that she will find the cunningest of humming-birds in a little nest, holding a message in its beak. Not the picture of one, mind you, but a real one, that has been caught and stuffed for the valentine-maker.

The latest fashion in valentines is to combine them with useful articles. A lace or pearl-handled fan, costing sixty dollars, is secreted beneath flowers and mottoes and Cupids. A fine silk necktie, for a gentleman or boy, is wrapped in white gauze, with the tender sentiment: "Through



NUNS MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS.

the prettiest colors. Blush roses and forget-me-nots; camelias, with rich dark green leaves; lilies of the valley, water lilies, ferns and pansies are combined with a wondrous degree of taste and skill. Sometimes the valentine is the miniature of a transformation scene in a theater. It is folded and unfolded by an ingenious arrangement, which reveals a garden, with a flock of birds flying over it, and a lake of mirror-glass, with a swan upon its shining surface.

Sometimes, too, the flowers are neither painted nor made of paper or muslin.

Far away in Brazil, there is a large convent, in which the sedate nuns make gay artificial flowers entirely out of the feathers of the gorgeous birds that haunt the forests of South America. I cannot give you an idea of how rich and lustrous they are.

cloud and sunshine I am thine." Articles of dress or jewelry often are enclosed. Sometimes a smoking-cap or a pair of embroidered slippers. The descriptive catalogue of Mr. Rimmel, the London perfumer, includes valentines containing Japanese ornamental hair-pins, cravats, pin-cushions, chate-laine bottles, brooches, gold watch trinkets, lockets, turquoise and garnet rings, silver filigree brooches, ear-rings and bracelets, head-dresses and double smelling-bottles. Then, too, there are musical valentines in the form of glove and handkerchief or jewel-cases. One magnificent affair costs forty dollars. It is made of pale blue silk, and trimmed with gilt. At one side is a compartment for gloves, and at the other a place for handkerchiefs, with two beautiful smelling-bottles in the middle. As the lid is raised, a musical-box, hidden underneath,

plays a favorite air, such as, "Then you'll remember me," or an air from an opera.

I am not sure that the new custom of making expensive presents is better than the old one of writing a love-letter, and it certainly is not a proof of greater affection in the senders.

A pleasant improvement might be made upon both the old and new customs without sacrificing the observance of the day. Let the boys and girls make their own valentines, during the long winter evenings. All the necessary materials may be purchased for twenty-five or thirty cents at a stationer's store. Suitable designs are to be found in many books, and some tinsel, crayons, water-colors, and lace-paper would enable clever young fingers to produce very pretty things. There might, for instance, be a simple Grecian border around a sheet of lace-paper, and, inclosed within this, a lily, a rose, or some illuminated verses. Decal-

comanie would do very well, in case the valentine-maker could not draw; or, better still, pressed leaves might be called to the service. A red autumn waif or two, carefully dried, pressed, and mounted on tinted paper, and surrounded by a wreath of ivy, would be pretty. Or one might make something lovely out of very delicate grasses, mosses, and lichens, arranging them at the head of the paper, leaving space for a letter beneath. This would call for a tasteful box-envelope. A little care, taste and patience would work wonders with the simplest materials.

Valentines of this kind would be more highly prized by a sincere friend, too, than the finest productions of the professional valentine-maker. At the same time, their preparation would afford you many hours of amusement, and exercise in the use of color and form that would be profitable to you in countless ways.

THE LITTLE TORN PRIMER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MILLIE ran into the dining-room and threw her books down on the dining-table.

"I knew all my lessons to-day," she said, "and I want my dinner; and oh! *did* you have blackberry pie?"

But what I am going to tell is not about Millie or blackberry pie, but about the books after Millie and her mamma had gone out of the room and left them to themselves.

"Millie is a very clever little girl," said the Grammar, "and talks very well. I take great credit to myself for teaching her to speak so correctly."

"Yes," said the Arithmetic, "she *is* bright, and can't be beat in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. Really bright children always understand *my* rules; I make them so clear and plain."

"She should be very much obliged to us," joined in the Geography, "for without us she could not be clever at all. For instance, see how much *I* tell her. I describe all countries, including her own; all bodies of water, all mountains, the different kinds of people—thousands of things. In fact, *I* think the information *I* impart" (most books use

big words) "the most interesting and valuable she obtains."

"Pshaw!" sneered the History. "You're alone in that opinion. Where does she learn all the particulars about different countries, including her own, as you say? 'Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, discovered America in the year 1492. He set sail with three small —'"

"Oh, *do* stop that," interrupted the other books; "we've heard that until we are sick of it."

"Sometimes I wish he had never set sail," added the Geography.

"Where does she learn about the great battles,—the lives of the kings, queens, and emperors?" continued the History, waving its cover triumphantly; "about the illustrious Father of his Country, George Washington, who never —"

"Don't believe it!" interrupted the books.

"And if *he* never did, History does," said the Arithmetic—"many a one. It is only *figures* that *never* lie."

"From what does our Millie gain knowledge"—here spoke the *Natural* History—"of beasts and birds and fish? All things that walk, or fly, or