

TWO VALENTINES

"I TELL you, Dick, this is a good one and just
s the mark exactly, verses and all. Listen !"
Dick was stirring the fire and throwing in a
ck of wood.

"Wait a minute, Joe," he said. Then shut-
g the stove door and pulling the draught
en. "Now."

He threw himself into a rocking-chair by the
le, and the boy on the other side, holding up
laming picture, began to read.

THE COQUETTE.

" You think yourself a gay coquette ;
To win each heart you try ;
A crooked stick at last you'll get,
Or else a maid you'll die.
For though you'll make your silly boasts
And show the hearts you've caught,
They'll all belong to shallow dudes,
Whose brains were reckoned naught."

“That’s good. That’s first rate. Let’s see it again,” exclaimed Dick, reaching across the table.

The valentine was handed across. It was an absurd picture of a simpering maiden carrying a string of large red hearts on one finger and wearing one—the latest conquest, of course—at her throat. Dick looked at it enviously.

“Mine isn’t as good as that,” he said. “I’ve got to cut off the verse. It don’t fit.”

“No,” said Joe, “you couldn’t send that even if they did treat us as mean as dirt. The picture is all right, though, and that fellow looks like Canly, too.”

The second valentine in question was another absurd girl in street costume making eyes at an over-barbered and large-plaided gentleman in the distance, and was labelled “The Giddy Girl and the Masher.”

“Won’t Nell be wild when she sees that?” said Dick, with evil triumph in his eyes.

“Bess, too,” asserted Joe. “Do you s’pose they’ll know who sent them?”

“They’ll have a pretty good idea, and I don’t care if they do!”