

THE TRIBUTE DAY OF LIBERTY AND ENLIGHTENMENT.



WIDOW DARBY'S VALENTINE.

HE widow Darby, fair, plump and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lamed himself that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in," and had asked the widow to ride with him. Jared was what some of the people of the neighborhood called a "regular born old bach." He had hunted and scorned womanhood most of the fifty years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em," particularly when it came to "marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and had proclaimed it so boldly and so constantly that all of the match-makers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up as a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a benedict of him.

Jared was not, like most-avowed women haters, a crabbed, cross-grained, sneeringly cynical man, which made his calumny all the more unpardonable in the eyes of the match-makers. "He'd make a real good husband if he'd try," they said. "Then he has the nicest farm in the neighborhood, with one of the best houses on it and money out at interest, although he's not a bit mean and stingy. He'll do his full share always for a neighbor in distress. It isn't because he's too stingy to support her that Jared doesn't get him a wife."

It was a clear, crisp morning in February when Jared rode to the village with the widow Darby seated beside him in his neat little cutter. The sleighing was fine and the air keen and exhilarating. It gave the widow's plump cheeks a beautiful crimson glow and made her black eyes sparkle. She was in high spirits and her laugh rang out frequently as merry and rippling as the laugh of a child.

But then the widow Darby was proverbially cheery. She had suffered keenly the loss of her husband and both of her children, but time had softened her grief, and she was too wise to spend her life in gloom and grief over the loss of those who were beyond all care and sorrow.

She had a comfortable little home and a few acres of land adjoining Jared Kent's. She had known Jared all of her life, but not once had she thought of him as a possible successor to Joel Darby. "Jared will never marry any one," she had said. "He isn't of a marrying disposition. Some men are that way. It's all they lack to make 'em what God intended they should be. My husband and I used to talk Jared over a good deal, and we did our full share to get him settled for life with a good wife. We used to invite lots of nice girls, young and elderly both, to our house and then have Jared come over to tea and to play croquet with him. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came any ways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet, real good looking girl of about 20 named Janet Deane from over Shelby way, who was visiting us. She'd made him an awful good wife, and I sung her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

of the postoffice and Jared said to one of them he chanced to know:

"Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask for me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop letter for me."

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said joyfully:

"O here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter, I know by the postmark. How glad Jane will be! And here—well, I declare!"

She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white, embossed envelope. The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter:

"She's got a valentine!"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's day. If it isn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine!"

WANTED HIS HALF OF THE BERTH

A Good Story Geo. M. Pullman Loved to Tell of Lincoln.

There was one story of his career that the late George M. Pullman of sleeping car fame used to tell with manifest delight. It was as follows:

"One night going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and a half berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide.

"Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

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Your looks tell on you. Can keep it secret a while. Before it's too late, go and see or write to this old doctor. He has been treating such cases for over 20 years and perfectly reliable. Furnishes his own medicine and tells no tales.

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**READ THIS**

Take a clear bottle at bedtime and urinate in the bottle, set aside and look at it in the morning. If it is cloudy or has a cloudy settling in it, you have some kidney or bladder disease, and should be attended to before you get an incurable disease as hundreds die every year from Bright's Disease of Kidneys.

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Spokane Flyer 2:20 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ocean Steamships From Portland. Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues. Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	8:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues. and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.
Lv. Riparia 1:45 a. m. Daily Ex. Saturday	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 5:45 a. m. Daily Ex. Friday

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8:00 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:30 A. M.
8:32 P. M.	Lv	Oregon City	Lv	8:40 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	8:00 P. M.

The above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene, Creswell, Cottage Grove, Umatilla, and all stations from Roseburg to Astoria, inclusive.

**ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.**

8:30 A. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 P. M.
8:27 A. M.	Lv	Oregon City	Lv	3:38 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7:00 P. M.

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4:50 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A. M.
7:30 P. M.	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:00 A. M.
8:30 P. M.	Ar	Independence	Lv	4:30 A. M.

Rates and tickets to eastern points and Europe also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA, can be obtained from

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At Jane Carr's Gate.

denly disguised, and—O here is something inside! Let's see what it says.

"O will thou be my valentine Forever and forever aye, And will thou take this heart of mine, And give me thine to-day?"

There was another verse, but before she had read it, the widow Darby cried out: "Jared Kent, that's your handwriting and you need not try to deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it! You'll find my name signed in full to the next verse on the other page." This was the next verse:

"If 'yes' my answer is to be, My heart with joy will fill, If 'no,' I yet shall be your friend And I shall love you still."

They had reached the outskirts of the town now. Jared brought the horse to a standstill and said:

"Is it yes or no, Lucy?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and laughing face for a moment. Then she laid one of her mittened hands on the sleeve of the great fur coat he wore and said:

"I think it is yes, Jared."

He turned his horse's head toward the town.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Back to the minister's. It's Valentine's day, you know, and if you are to be my valentine, I want you to-day."

An hour later they stopped at Jane Carr's gate. She came skurrying out for her letter with her apron over her head. "I brought you a letter, Jane, and I got a valentine," said Lucy, holding up the big white envelope.

"I got one also," said Jared, as he put an arm around his wife and kissed her.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't judge a man by the character given him by his next-door neighbor.

**Lincoln When a Boy.**

An exhibition of Lincoln's practical humanity occurred while a boy. One evening, while returning from a "raising" with a number of companions, he discovered a straying horse, with saddle and bridle upon him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a well-known drunkard, and it was suspected that the owner was not far off. The fellow was found in a perfectly helpless condition upon the cold ground. Lincoln's companions intended to leave him to his fate, but young Lincoln would not hear of it. At his demand, the miserable man was lifted to his shoulders, and he actually carried him eighty rods to the nearest house. He then sent word to his father that he would not be back that night. He nursed the man until morning, and believed that he had saved his life.

**Tear It Up.**

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."—Standard.

**Lincoln's First Speech.**

Judge Bell of Mount Carmel, Ill., has a copy of Abraham Lincoln's first speech as a candidate. It was made near Springfield, and ran as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same."