

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The hour was on us, where the man? The fatal sands unflinching ran, And up the way of tears He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain. Forth he came, As one that answers to his name; Nor dreamed how high his charge, His work how fair and large—

To set the stones back in the wall, Least the divided house should fall, And peace from men depart, Hope and the childlike heart.

We looked on him: "Tis he," we said, "Come crownless and unheralded, The shepherd who will keep The flocks, will fold the sheep."

Unknightly, yes; yet 'twas the mien Presaging the immortal scene, Some battle of His wars, Who sealeth up the stars.

Nor would he take the past between His hands, wipe valor's tablets clean, Commanding greatness wait Till he stand at the gate:

Nor would he cramp to one small head The awful laurels of the dead, Time's mighty vitæque cup, And drink all honor up.

No flutter of the banners bold, Borne by the lusty sons of old, The haughty conquerors, Set forward to their wars;

Nor his their blare, their pageantries, Their goal, their glory, was not his; Humbly he came to keep The flocks, to fold the sheep.

The need comes not without the man: The president hours unceasing ran, And up the way of tears He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook The spear into the pruning hook, The simple, kindly man, Lincoln, American.

—New York Independent.

Aunt Selina's Valentine

THE postman's whistle was clear and shrill that morning, the 14th of February, and as he lifted the knocker on Aunt Selina's narrow green door the sound echoed through the house and reached the ears of the little lady, who hastily threw aside the brush she was using and, shaking the dust from her long print apron, opened the door with a pleasant smile.

The smile vanished, however, and a look of surprise took its place as she was given a large square envelope, pure white, and tied with dainty pink ribbons and quaint little bows, which even her nimble fingers found it hard to untie; but a little later it was spread out on the table before her, a valentine, all lace and flowers and satin bows, with two angels bearing up a line of love.

Aunt Selina's face was a study. Indeed, she made a picture sitting there by the old fireside trying to solve this mystery, and when evening came and when she went to feed her chickens and dog Rover, her only companions, she was still asking herself over and over:

"Who in all the wide world can care enough for me to send me such a message of love?"

Aunt Selina's life had been a quiet one; her mother had died while she was a child, and, with the help of an old nurse, she had been housekeeper for her father and one brother, older than herself, and when this brother married she was Aunt Selina, not only to his children, but to their little friends as well, for her sunny nature made her a favorite with them all. When her father died she was left with the cottage and little garden and enough money to live comfortably in a quiet way.

But, though 30 years of age, she had never had a lover, so now as her mind ran over the gentlemen whom she knew she could think of no one who would send her a valentine. Still there was the Bayville postmark, the town where she lived, and once again she went through her list of acquaintances.

"There's Deacon Hayes—but he is so old and gray it can't be he. And Charles Brown, he sits in the pew at my right, but he is really too poor to think of taking a wife."

For, some way, Aunt Selina felt that it meant that, else why should one send so costly a valentine to an old maid?

Once she thought of asking the postman, and then laughed at the idea. As if he would know!—He was a bachelor of middle age, and rumor said that he had no liking for ladies' society, owing to some experience before coming to Bayville.

Aunt Selina thought that his manner bore out this statement, as he had made few friends and seemed not to care for the cheerful "Good morning" which she gave him whenever he stopped at her door.

It must be confessed that when the next Sunday came, Aunt Selina was unusually careful of her dress. She wore her new black silk, and her wavy brown hair was neatly coiled beneath the small velvet bonnet, which she had freshened up with a new satin bow, for she felt sure that her valentine friend would be at church that morning and as she entered the color rose in her fair face, for she felt that the deacon had spoken more kindly than usual, as she came up the gravel walk, Mr. Brown had taken her hand in greeting and "Squire Watkins, her father's old friend, had inquired for her health.

As she went back to her quiet home she wondered if a brighter future were in store for her, something besides the loneliness that had been her lot for many years.

Time passed, and at length, hearing nothing more from the sender of her valentine, she decided that either he did not wish to be known, or had not the courage to carry the matter farther, so the little token was laid away, the one romance of Aunt Selina's life.

One day a boy came running to her door with a message, which read: "I am very sick; will you come to me? Your postman, JOHN MOORE, "Bleak House, Bayville."

Yes, Aunt Selina would go, she was always ready to help the suffering, but when she entered the room where John Moore lay, the nurse came quickly toward her, telling her that he had not long to live, and she thought the same when she saw what a wreck the fever had made of the once strong man.

Perhaps it was his constitution that brought him through, or it may have been Aunt Selina's cheerful face and gentle ways, for John Moore did not die, although it was many weeks before he could travel his rounds again, and during that time Aunt Selina learned how much he had cared for her, and that it

was he who had sent the valentine, hoping the little message would, in some way, help him to gain her love, for it was not true, the report which the gossip of Bayville had brought against him, but more a reserved nature which had made him seem indifferent to those who would like to have been his friends.

Aunt Selina soon found that he was a noble, true-hearted man, one she could trust with her whole love and life, and when he asked:

"Will you share the home I have made ready with the thought of you?" she did not refuse, but a little later went quietly into the church which the children had filled with flowers, and when she saw the sweet blossoms and realized that all this had been done for her, tears of happiness filled her eyes and she thought:

"How fair is life and all changed for me by the aid of a valentine."—Indiana Sun.

LINCOLN'S LIFE.

Characteristics of the Great Emancipator as Told in Paragraphs.

The familiar cabin of Lincoln's childhood could more properly be termed a camp, for, instead of being made of logs, it was built of poles, was about fourteen feet square and had no floor.

In youth he was an ardent advocate of temperance, and delivered discourses on cruelty to animals and the horrors of war. He liked stump-speaking much more than the ax he had to wield so often.

Among the first situations he obtained after coming of age and striking out for himself was as a flat-boat hand to New Orleans. The slave auction he witnessed there bore the ripe fruit of after years. It is said that then and there, in May, 1831, the iron against slavery entered his soul.

Tall, lanky, sallow, dark and slightly stooping he was in appearance, being a muscular 6 feet 4 at 17. His dress in those days was all tanned deer hide, coat, trousers and moccasins. The luxury of wearing garments of fur and wool, dyed with the juice of the bitternut or white walnut, was just being adopted in his neighborhood, and Lincoln was not a person to take the lead in elegance.

Lincoln had very little actual school education, his first goings, at the age of 10, were in Indiana, to a woman named Hazel Dorsey. He was often taken from school to work or hire out. At 14 he went again to Andrew Crawford's school, and at 17 he saw the last of his school days under a man named Swaney. All the education he obtained afterward was through his own exertions. "Education defective" was his own definition given to the compiler of the Dictionary of Congress, although it was not a pleasant thought to him.

Being raised in a community superstitious in the extreme, Lincoln believed in supernatural portents all his life. Friday he considered fatal to every enterprise, and, as it turned out, well he might. He had many dreams which he considered forecasts of coming events, once sending a telegram to his wife to take away "Dad's" pistol, as he had had a bad dream about him. A good dream presaged the victories of Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg and Vicksburg. He related an ill one just before his assassination.

Too Many Bills.

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln may well recall the principles which he represented, for which he labored and for which he endured a martyr's death. There is no more popular figure in American history than that of Abraham Lincoln. He was pre-eminently a man of the people. Sprung from the people, he always remained one of them. Men admired George Washington, but it was an admiration mingled with awe. The people both loved and revered Lincoln. President or rail splitter, he was the same plain American citizen, in whom honesty was an instinct, and whose patriotism was part of his very soul.—Charles A. Dana.

"Lord Needmonseigh asked me if he could be my valentine."
"And you told him—"
"That there was too much postage due on him."



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—New York Independent.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Beggars and Charity.

A CLERGYMAN in an Iowa town tried an experiment not long ago. Returning from his summer vacation he determined that, before shaving the beard which formed an effectual disguise for his features, he would further disguise himself and go calling as a tramp. He put on a suit of very old and ragged clothes and went from one house to another among his parishioners, asking for food. The results were discouraging. Then he went home, shaved himself, put on his proper raiment and preached a sermon on the lack of Christian charity in his congregation.

There was a time when the wayside beggar had some reason to accuse those who refused him aid of being untrue to the name of Christian citizens. Fifty or seventy-five years ago, in this country, the poor and helpless had no way to save themselves from starvation but by begging. If they wanted to go from one place to another they had to walk, and depend for food on the charity of people who lived along the road. This charity could be dispensed with little tax on the giver, because the people lived on their farms, and could often give work as well as food.

The modern tramp is too often a deliberate parasite, with no excuse for his vagabondage. Times have so changed that it is easy for the undeserving to prey on society. It is true that in a Christian community it should be impossible for any worthy person to suffer from want of the necessities of life, and even the undeserving ought to be taken care of somehow, but private charity is not equal to the task. At any rate, the way to extend private charity is not to give indiscriminately to anybody who comes by and neglect those whom one knows to be really helpless, and most people have not money enough to minister to both classes of dependents.—Washington Times.

from interest in the labor at hand. What is sheer drudgery to one man will be a delight to another; hard work in the form of recreation is only play; and, therefore, the importance of choosing one's work wisely, so that it be in conformity with one's tastes, inclination and capacities, is very great. But after every effort has been made to select a pursuit wisely, it still remains a fact that the man who has made the wisest choice will have to do much unpleasant work; while for the vast majority freedom of choice is greatly restricted. Hard work must be done, and he who thinks or hopes that his days are to "flow on in ever-gentle current of enjoyment" is generally doomed to disappointment. Even the idle are disappointed in attaining that kind of happiness, because they are deprived of the chief interest of life, which comes from the consciousness of work well done, and are beset by the weariness which is called ennui.

Happiness, in the modern view, does not consist in mere pleasure—which the experience of the world teaches is more elusive the more eagerly and sedulously it is pursued, but in the improved circumstances, "in the development of new capacities of enjoyment and in the pleasure which active existence naturally gives." If this discontent takes the form of pessimism and unbridled ambition, it means misery; but the aim should be to attain reasoned and regulated discontent, which is the spur to endeavor, together with a due realization of the reasons which we have to be content and happy.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New Wheat and Cotton Fields.

AMONG the most remarkable movements of our time on the part of the principal industrial and commercial nations of Europe are their efforts to free themselves from dependence on outsiders for their food supplies and the raw materials for manufacturing. Chief among these are wheat and cotton, and the two countries that are giving the most attention to the subject are England and Germany.

For some time India afforded a respectable supply of cotton. To increase the revenue the Indian government put an import duty of 5 per cent on manufactured cotton, but the outcry raised in Lancashire brought pressure from the British government, and a 5 per cent export duty was imposed on Indian-made cotton, with disastrous results to the Indian cotton-mill owners, many of whom have had to go into liquidation. The increase of raw cotton exports from India is, therefore, probable.

The British Colonial Office has been turning its attention to cotton growing in its east and west African crown colonies, in all of which the conditions for the production of that staple are eminently favorable. Then, on the Nile, great expectations are formed from the exploitation of the new territory to be brought under irrigation through the new dam at Assouan, and to assure that the output of raw cotton from Egypt shall not be diverted, an export duty of 8 per cent on manufactured cottons has been imposed by the British-Egyptian administration, the duty on imported cottons being the same. The export duty on raw cotton is 1 per cent.—New York Sun.

No Use for Bachelors.

THE Argentine Republic, or, rather, one of the small States that compose it, has no use for bachelors. The law holds that a man is marriageable in Argentina when he is 20. The Exchequer gives point to the opinion by taxing all bachelors of between 20 and 30 \$5 a month. After 30, and up to 35, the tax increases 100 per cent. Between 35 and 50 single blessedness costs \$20 a month. From his fiftieth to his seventy-fifth year a bachelor may follow his own wild road by paying in \$30 a month. After that comes relief. The vicious example of an unmarried man of between 75 and 80 is considered to be neutralized by a payment of only \$20 a year, and when the eightieth birthday is passed, the treasury finally ceases from worrying. A widower is given three years in which to mourn and choose a successor, but a man who can prove that he has proposed and been refused three times in one year is considered to have earned immunity. Here, one would think, is an easy loophole, but the law is said to act like a charm.—London Chronicle.

Canada Very Much Alive.

THE Canadians would make very good Americans if they were not so obstinately Canadian. This is shown by the present wonderful prosperity of the Dominion. In ten years her trade has increased by nearly \$200,000,000. In a single year the increase is \$40,000,000. Exports of manufactures are \$18,500,000 in 1902, against \$7,000,000 in 1893. In the same period agricultural exports have doubled. The tremendous energy and success of the Canadian workers are indicated in the fact that deposits in savings banks have doubled in four years. Assets of Canadian banks grew in that time from \$243,400,000 to \$448,300,000, the note circulation showing a like increase. Six years ago Canada was thought to be losing population by emigration to the United States. Massachusetts was complaining of the influx of peasants from Canada, and all along the line to Oregon there was said to be an incoming current. Now this is all changed. Immigrants are flocking into Canada from the United States—farmers, ranchmen, miners and other active classes. From 11,000 in 1897 the immigrants have increased to 75,000 in 1902, one-third of these being active workers from the United States. As respects the creation of needed railways across the continent and in the far Northwest, Canada is very progressive, as also in establishing transoceanic steamship lines and submarine cables to connect with Europe on one side and Asia and Australia on the other. Our Northern neighbor seems to be very much alive.—Baltimore Sun.

Monotony and Work.

IT is only natural in the busiest age the world has ever seen that there should be murmurings of discontent at the burdens of life, and that, while all the world is at work, the workers should find occasionally their unvarying toil in fixed occupations in some degree monotonous. The complaint of monotony is not confined to the workers in any craft, profession or pursuit. The lawyer, the doctor, the mechanic, the factory worker, the farmer, the housewife, the day laborer, are at times disturbed by the questioning, whether, after all, they are getting adequate return, not merely in money, but in happiness and human satisfaction, from their endeavors.

More task work is harder to do than that which is undertaken with enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm comes

ONE OF ETHAN ALLEN'S EXPLOITS

Ethan Allen will always be remembered as the man who took Fort Ticonderoga, though he did other notable things during the Revolution. Professor Justin H. Smith, in an article in the Century Magazine, "The Prologue of the American Revolution," tells of a less familiar adventure of Allen's.

Ethan Allen was a large specimen of a man, with a big heart. He was a patriot, a fighter, rash, given to swagger, but very far indeed from witless. After the Ticonderoga affair he was ousted from his command by his enemies, and was therefore eager to make good his brilliant reputation.

He planned an attack on Montreal in the fall of 1775. Through the failure of his fellow plotters to come to his assistance, Allen and his handful of men were captured after a daring but futile resistance, and led before General Prescott in the barrack yard at Montreal.

It was an extraordinary scene. On one side stood a British officer, handsomely uniformed, sword at side. On the other was Allen, a son of the forest, in deerskin jacket, cowhide boots, a red woolen cap on his unruly hair all stained with mire and smoke.

"Who are you?" demanded Prescott, in a tone to make the most courageous quail.

"My name is Allen."

"Are you the Allen who took Ticonderoga?"

"The very man."

At this Prescott "put himself in a great fury," as Allen said afterward, brandished his cane over the prisoner's head, and loaded him with hard names.

Allen shook his mighty fist at him. "Offer to strike, and that's the beetle of immortality for you! I'm not used to being canded!"

Prescott turned his eye upon the captured soldiers and ordered a guard to bayonet them.

Stepping between his men and the British, Allen tore open his waistcoat and shirt, and cried to Prescott, "I am the one to blame, not they! Thrust

your bayonet into my breast, if anybody's. They would have done nothing but for me."

The commandant hesitated, but finally told the prisoners he would let them live to grace the halter at Tyburn.

Allen's courage saved both his own life and that of his men. It won the admiration even of Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor of Quebec.

MISSOURI IS ANCIENT.

Alps Are Infants Compared with the Age of the Ozarks.

Men speak in wonderful words of the beauty of Jura, of the grandeur of Everest, of the awe-inspiring canyons of the West, of the Andes and the Alps; but no man has ever looked upon a scene more incite to thought and profound meditative imagination than the rugged hills of the lower Ozarks. He who climbs the Jura stands upon a peak of the modern world, but the man who stands upon the highlands of Ozark county looks upon land so old that the brain becomes weary in attempting to measure its ages, though measurement be made in epochs—not in thousands of years, says the St. Louis Republic. The Himalaya mountains have during some thousands or millions of years, poured their deposits into that body of water which we know as China sea, and by filling the basin of that sea have deposited so much alluvium that the empire of China, with its untold population, now occupies the space over which the water once flowed unrestrained. Look to your maps and note how large the lowlands of China are; conjecture the depth of the alluvium deposit in those lowlands and then comprehend, if you can, the ages during which the Himalaya mountains have been busy filling up the basin of the sea, and by the wash of the tides and overflow of the rivers building the land of China as we know it to-day. The brain wearies of the effort. We are incapable of comprehending such almost infinite time; and yet we do know that the mountains of Aëla are the youngest mountain ranges on earth, and that the lowlands of China belong to the last days.

We may grasp a suggestion of facts

by comparison, sometimes. If the Himalayas are the youngest the Ozarks are the oldest of the mountain ranges, and between the dates which gave them birth the Rocky mountains, the Appalachians, the Apennines, the Alps, the Andes, the Nevada, the Circassians, the Caucasus, the great mountain ranges of Australia and Africa had birth. Yet these were not reared suddenly by some continental creating explosion, but slowly, surely, tenderly, as it becomes mother earth to develop her giant children.

Juvenile Gallantry.

He was a tiny little fellow, surely not more than 5 years old, and as he called for his afternoon papers at the corner of 12th and Market streets many people gazed at him with mingled amusement and pity. He had long brown curls, wet with the drenching rain, and his shrill little voice had a baby lisp. A very stout, elderly woman, apparently weighing close to 200 pounds, paused at the south side of Market street and looked askance at the miniature river of slush and water and at the passing procession of wagons and trolley cars. The little newsboy was quick to size up the situation. Running up to her he exclaimed:

"Don't be afraid, lady, I'll help you across." Reaching up his tiny little hand he clutched her by the arm, and together the ridiculous pair threaded their way to the opposite curb. Then the stout woman opened her purse, gravely handed the little fellow a coin and disappeared into the Reading Terminal.

Royal Fads.

"The papers say that Queen Alexandra's hobby is clocks."

"Yes, and I noticed the other day that one of her royal sisters is very fond of fine poultry."

"Well, I fancy it requires a much higher degree of intelligence to set a hen than to set a clock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Getting married," the women say, "means so much to a girl; intimating in a side-swiping sort of a way that it doesn't mean more to a man than getting shaved."

—New York Independent.