

BEING SHORTY Mc CABE'S STORY OF HIS FIRST BUTLER AN ENGLISHMAN FROM CORSICA

THE PROUDLES OF COON BY SEWELL FORD.

SPEAKIN' about butlers, you ought to see Tiddon, that butler for us. Sure, I don't care how else you blow in your pants, but when it comes to providin' the latch-keys, that's up to me. And I'm on the job.

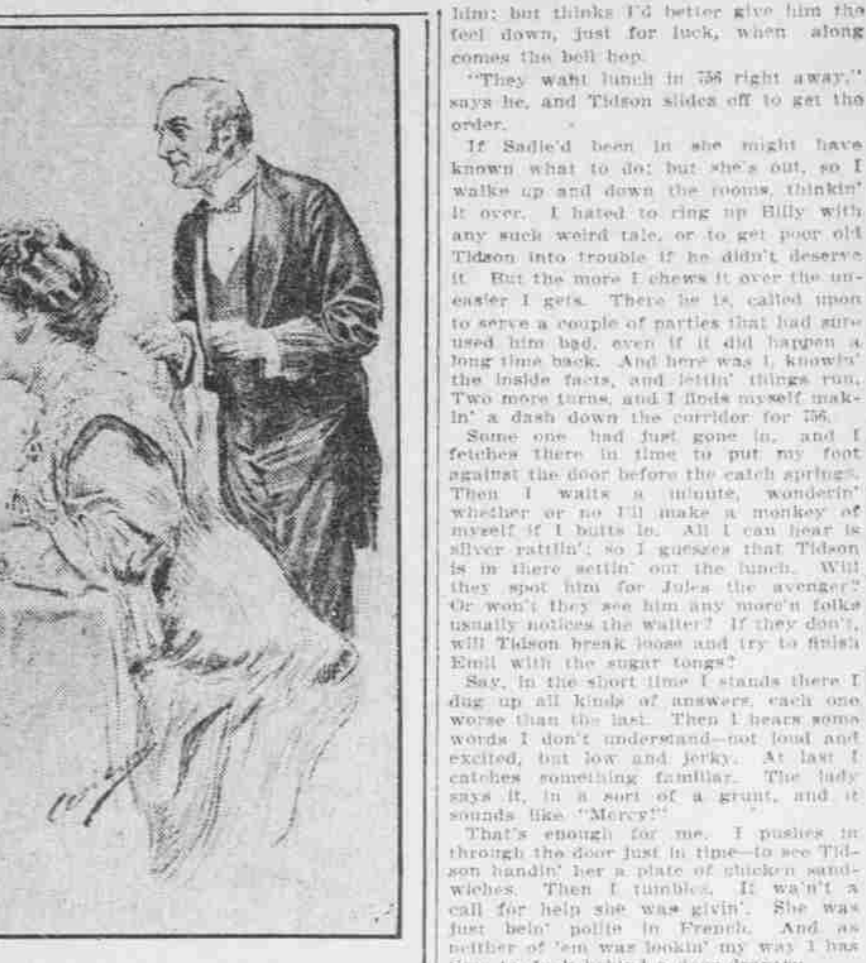


HE CHUCKS THE RIB TICKLER INTO THE COURT.



DRAWINGS BY F. VAUX WILSON.

Bourbonne, none other. New one on you, eh? Never mind. Look at the next bottle of brilliantine you see on the bar-ber's shelf—none genuine without the signature. That's him. He takes Jules into the shop, gives him a label—spasin' job with a chance to double an eight watch and sleep behind the boiler.



him; but thinks I'd better give him the feel down, just for luck, when along comes the bell boy. "They wait lunch in 156 right away." "They wait lunch in 156 right away," says he, and Tiddon slides off to get the order.

for a butler to be carryin' a round, carved bone affair, about a foot long, like the handle to something. I was just tellin' it, when my thumb hits some sort of a button, and out comes a long, slim, wicked looking blade, as sharp and shiny as a new razor.

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Lincoln's Three Love Affairs

Continued From Page Two.

this love-making, and she refused Mr. Lincoln's offer. She found him "deficient in those little things which make up the chain of a woman's happiness," she said. The affair seems to have been a rather vigorous flirtation on her part, while Lincoln, on his side, was a bit of a flirt.

so dull an exterior? Miss Todd knew Lincoln's own mind, however, and seems to have believed from the first in his future. Some time in 1848 they became engaged. But it was not long before there came the clash inevitable between two persons whose aims and purposes were so different. Miss Todd was zealous and exacting. Lincoln frequently failed to accompany her to the merry-makings which she wanted to attend. She resented this indifference, and finally, in a fit of anger, she wrote a description of the affair to a friend, in which he ridiculed himself unmercifully.

deed, did he ever have, any social relations with the families in which Mr. Lincoln was always a welcome guest. His only authority for the story is a remark which he says Mrs. Ninian Edwards made to him in an interview: "Lincoln and Mary were engaged, and he was ready and prepared for the marriage, even to the supper. Mr. Lincoln failed to meet his engagement; cause, insanity." Such a thing had ever occurred it could not have failed to be known, of course, even to its smallest details, by all those who were taken with both Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln. Nobody, however, ever heard of this wedding party until Mr. Herndon gave his Lincoln to his readers.

It cannot be told how it now thrills me to read your letter, and how glad I am to hear that you are far happier than you ever expected to be. I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space of time which has elapsed since we parted is a most pleasant one to me. I have been very happy, but for the never-absent idea that there is one still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills me. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise. She accompanied a large party on the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke, so that I heard of it, of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that.

Springfield was highly entertained by the verses sent you by Mr. Shields. Whitesides, to the paper, to ask for the name of the writer of the communications. The editor, in a squint, wrote to Lincoln, who ordered that his own name be given as the author of letters and poems. This was only about ten days after the first letter had appeared, and Lincoln left Springfield in a day or two for a long trip on the circuit. He was at Tremont when two of his friends, E. F. Merryman and William Butler, Whitesides were behind, they said, the Irishman vowing that he would challenge Lincoln.

Mr. Edward Lewis, and soon crossed the river to a sanitarium which at the time was by reason of the low water, a part of the Missouri reservation. This was taken to conceal them. Naturally there was a great desire among the male population to attend the duel, but the managers of the affair would not permit any but their own party to leave the city.

It's a week or ten days, though, before I makes any headway. And then one night after dinner, just as I starts to go into the next room, where Sadie was sittin' Mrs. Purdy Pell. I accidently brushes a fork off on the floor. Course, I don't know any better'n to make a dive for it. Tiddon dives too, my consarned Tiddon, says he. Sadie says it's because he knows his place too well.

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\$1,000,000 by Bull-Fighting.

London, Globe. The retirement of a popular bullfighter in Spain creates almost as much sensation as that of a prime minister. The latest to retire from the ring is Antonio Fuentes, in conformity with tradition, has just cut off his "coleta," the lock of hair worn on the crown of the head, which is only cut when the bullfighter has given up the ring and for a long time the celebrated matador is but 40 years old and made his debut at the age of 17. Since then he has figured in about 800 bullfights and made something like \$1,000,000 out of it.