

The Truth About Tobias.

It took Hanora quite a time to find out the truth about Tobias. Not that Tobias could ordinarily be considered a mysterious individual. Indeed, he was precisely the reverse. From the cool dawn hour in which he arose to go forth and drive the team for Twist & Taffeta, of which firm he was trusted collector, until his return at 6:30 to the modest flat where his sister—and supper—awaited him, his life was a clean and commonplace page, spread wide for every casual or interested glance. His nights, if less exposed to the are lights of public scrutiny, might as well have been so. For, after eating heartily of the food Hanora had prepared and referring to the same in admiring terms, he was wont to remove his shoes as unnecessary impediments, place his feet in their well-darned hose upon the chair "beyond," light his pipe, drink the solitary bottle of beer Hanora permitted him, and read the mighty accumulation of both morning and evening papers until the autocratic spinster who ruled his abode suggested "a decade," and turned the lamp low by way of a gentle but quite sufficient hint.



HE HAD AN OLD MAID SISTER LIVING WITH HIM.

Tobias was 40—plus five. He had a brickdust skin, pale brows, a pug-nose, and a smile of such sudden, suffusing, apologetic radiance it explained his love for his fellow-men in general and for Hanora in particular. Indeed, he was the only love that had ever come Hanora's way. She had never been guilty of that form of highway robbery known as coquetry. Not that she was unsophisticated. She knew that a woman quick of perception and adroit of finger may appropriate the purse of one who walks her way and suffer incarceration. And she knew also that one who possesses herself of an unappropriated masculine heart not only goes free in the sight of

the law, but glories if she will in her guile and in the magnitude of her deed. Whether the bonds of inopportunities had shackled Hanora Ryan or whether she had preferred maiden triumph to the exultation of matrimony dependent sayeth not. Anyhow, to get back to the truth about Tobias. On one memorable midsummer eve he devoured lemon pie without protest. Hanora knew he loathed lemon pie. On the following morning he meekly ate the French toast she set before him, instead of his regulation potato and rasher. This was her second test. For Tobias had frankly declared only two weeks ago that he would eat no more French, or Flemish, or—no, begorra—Boer toast, that was made of stale bread dipped in egg and fried! So there! She began to feel suspicious. He was a good brother, but alarmingly docile when presented with viands for which he possessed an aversion.

She was like the parrot which its owner declared "said little but done a devil of a heap of thinkin'." She thought a good deal in those days. When Tobias suggested bringing a friend home with him to dinner she thought more than ever, albeit she possibly said less.

"To be bringin' a man here for a male!" quoth she. "What kind of a man might he be now, Tobias?" "Straight as they make 'em!" promptly responded Tobias. "He drives the 'rubb' bus. He's a good wun. He'd relish one of your raspberry rolls—that he would, Hanora." Whereat Hanora blushed in a wintry sunset sort of way and said he might bring his friend.

He did bring his friend. And to tell the truth—Hanora looked exceedingly well. She had given her old black silk skirt a "dip," whatever that mysterious phraseology may mean. And she wore with this a shirt waist of softest lawn, which she had bought at quite an absurd figure because it was one of the smaller sizes. This she had duly and delicately laundered. Not that "the household art was the only dower she would bring for a gift to him she wed."

But the household art shone up in re-splendence on that particular night. Never, thought treacherous Tobias, with a glow at his heart, had any man such a sister, and if it were not for the—here he broke off in an agony of deception which made him temporarily oblivious of the merits of the raspberry roll.

nor yet the next. He explained his ab-sences by mysterious allusions to "cau-suses" and "primaries," thereby soothe-ing Hanora and stultifying his con-science. It was not until Hanora found a rose in the buttonhole of his coat one morning and a little lace trimmed hand-kerchief in his pocket that her direct doubts were aroused. But even these Tobias explained away.

"Sure the flower cost nothin', Hanora. 'Twas from a bush I was passin'. And the handkerchief was on the sidewalk. I thought belike you could make use of it."

He was rapidly becoming a beautiful liar. A week later he refused to go out with Hanora and Dennis on account of the night being damp. He had rheu-matism, he said. So his sister and his friend went to the theater and Tobias settled himself to the composition of a long and fervent letter, the accomplish-ment of which necessitated frequent reference to the pocket dictionary he had bought for this purpose. To make a long story short—and it was not such a long story when all was said—Hano-ra married Dennis Maguire. Tobias was desolate—disconsolate. He might go to live with them. Dennis had won a treasure. Yes, he might go to live with them after a while. For the pres-ent he would take his meals at a res-taurant until sure what could be done with the furniture—and so on.

All through her wedding journey, which lasted full three weeks, it trou-bled Mrs. Maguire to determine what was the matter with Tobias. She told her new made lord all about his even-ing absences, his mild acceptance of distasteful viands, his abrupt and eager hospitality toward Dennis—even about the rose and handkerchief. It was not until she had returned to Chicago and went out to the flat where had been passed her years of mature maiden-hood that she really discovered the truth about Tobias.

For the flat into which she let her-self with her latch key was altered, decorated, illumined. There were cur-tains of rosy swissoline at the win-dows. There were a lot of flowers on the table. A canary sang in a gilded cage, and—what was that? A parol in the corner—a hat on the sewing ma-chine! Such a frivolous hat—all chiff-on and daisies! Hanora turned quite faint. Could Tobias—

"Oh," cried a radiant little creature duttering out of one of the Pullman car apartments which serve as bed-rooms in the modern flat, "I did not know any one was here. Take this chair. You are Mrs. Larch, I know. Tobias said the wife of his friends in the shipping department would call. We are not really fully settled yet. Our wedding was quite a surprise to our friends, but really we had been con-sidering it for some time. I was in the ribbons, you know, and became ac-quainted with Mr. Ryan while at the store. But it seems he had an old maid sister living with him, and having a girl's natural distaste for relations-in-law—though doubtless some of them are kind enough, I suggested to Tobias that it would be better to marry her off if possible before—why—what—"

"For Mrs. Dennis Maguire had risen in aguish and stately discomposure. "I am his sister," she said. "Dear, O, dear! I'm so sorry! I didn't know—nor suspect—I wish I had kept still! Take off your things! Stay to supper! There—there! You're sweet as you can be—and I'll love you if you let me—indeed, I will."

Americans in Knee-Breeches Hon. John W. Foster, former Secre-tary of State and one of the most widely experienced of American diplomats, tells in the Saturday Evening Post in-teresting and amusing instances of American diplomats and court cos-tumes. The ladies will be interested in knowing that in diplomacy extreme consideration is given to the kind of clothes which the representatives wear. In the course of the article Mr. Foster says:

"Some ministers have made them-selves ridiculous by securing an ap-pointment in the State militia and mak-ing use of that uniform. A story is told of one of our representatives at a European court who appeared at the palace in the garb of a captain of a cavalry troop, a post he had filled at home, which led the monarchical dip-lomats, attracted by his metal helmet, quizzically to ask if he belonged to a fire company in America! The instruc-tions of the Department of State now in force construe the law to allow of such a departure from a simple dress as will secure our diplomats welcome admittance at court ceremonies.

"For instance, the members of the United States embassy in London ap-pear on state occasions in knee breech-es, with metal buckles on their shoes, and in other respects in ordinary even-ing dress."

Really Too Bad. The fair young society lady was in an agitated frame of mind when she re-turned from a shopping expedition the other day. "Why, Dorothy, what in the world is the matter?" asked her indulgent hus-band, who read distress in her pretty face. "Oh, dear," she said, her voice trem-bling with emotion. "I've lost the re-ceipt for my new hat."

"Well," the husband replied, "it is very easy to go back to the store and get another receipt. I don't see why you should let a little matter like that worry you."

"It isn't that," was the sobbing re-ply, "but I'm afraid that some one we know will find that receipt and learn how much I paid for it."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE RESENTS "RULES."

Wife Says Her Husband Plasters the House with Orders. George S. Edgar, of Allegheny, Pa., received a fortune of \$300,000 from his father's estate several years ago. Recently his wife appealed to the courts to have the money placed in her care for the support of herself and family, alleging her husband was an habitual drunkard, posted notices throughout the house for her guidance, kept wealthy friends from visiting her, and she had to extract money from him to live on while he was in drunken stupors, says the Syracuse Herald. Part of the rules posted by Edgar were read in court, as follows:

"I am to be boss of the house. I am to be master and head of the house, and must be respected. I am to handle all moneys. No servants shall be em-ployed without consulting me. No ser-vants shall be dismissed without con-sulting me. My wife shall not speak to servants unless it is extremely nec-essary. My wife shall not dismiss help without my consent, unless it is under extreme provocation; then she can dis-miss them during my absence or with-out my consent. All purchases, such as vegetables, groceries, clothing for wife and children, to be bought with my personal consent or by written or-der. My children shall be taught to respect me. In correcting my children no pick handles, rolling pins or sad-iron shall be used. No presents shall be given to anyone nor old clothing dis-posed of without my consent. Nothing whatever shall be bought without con-sulting me.

"All parties whose names appear on card in hall rack shall be excluded from my house, and other parties that I mention hereafter, namely: Dr. C. J. Knauer, for having me come to R. B. Scandrett's office, an old schoolmate of mine, thereby humiliating me; Mrs. C. J. Knauer, for going to Joe Walts, friend of mine, and Walter Ship and saying I was drunk all the time; Mrs. Mary Hollenberg, for having me arrest-ed for calling her a brazen hussy; Fred Hollenberg for writing me a challenge to fight a duel; Mrs. Maggie Hopkins, for saying I lived in Millionaires' row, which I consider is between Ridge and Western on Irwin avenue, while I live at 1506 Charters street, so I cannot live in Millionaires' row, and that my wife was not living with me because I was always drunk."

Beautiful and Suitable. "Show me a man's pictures and I'll show you his character," a well-known statesman once said. He referred, per-haps, more particularly to collectors; but the same remark applies, though in a lesser degree, to the average house-holder of the present day. A few—very few—good engravings, with a nice water color drawing or two, tell a tale of refinement, especially if they are well hung. For, take a picture, in from the left, and hang it where the light from the nearest window is thrown on it from the right, and the beauty of the work cannot possibly be appreciated. Pay some attention, too, to the height at which the artist's light has come di-rectly your pictures are suspended. Some are seen at their best when on a level with the eye, while others require some altitude to show them to advan-tage. When, however, a picture is "hung high," the angle at which it is placed from the wall should be carefully stud-ied and regulated by the distance from the top of the frame at which the two screw rings for its wire are fastened. Tastes in frames vary, and no hard-and-fast line can be laid down. The hideous old "massive" gilt frames, with their detestable carving and moulding, are a thing of the past. They always seemed to be rivaling the picture itself in attracting notice. Prints and en-graving show best, I think, in Oxford frames of oak, light or dark, according to fancy, but always unvarnished. If of light wood, small ebony pins at the corners, sides and top and bottom cross, are an improvement. Frames of ebonized wood harmonize with pho-tographs. For water-colors I like a plain "bead" frame of dull oil gilt; but the "bead" must be large, and the drawing sunk a little if it is to show to advantage. Finally, have too few rather than too many pictures on your walls.

His Reply. The following incident is related by a correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer in the South. It is told of Dr. James H. Carlisle, the venerable Pres-ident of Wofford College, South Caro-lina, and counselor of the great Chautauque system. When 10 years old young Carlisle was attending a typical country school of the old South under the manage-ment of a typical teacher of the time, a stern and scholarly old gentleman. One day little James found considerable difficulty in some of his work, and his teacher, becoming impatient, took the boy's slate and, writing upon it the words, "I am a fool," gave it to the lit-tle fellow, saying, "Here, James, sign your name to that."

The learned pedagogue proceeded with the other lessons, but on coming back to his young charge after a time noticed that the name had not been written. Becoming angry, he deman-ded in thundering tones: "James Carlisle, why did you not sign your name to that, sir?" And little James Carlisle slipped from his place on the high, rough old bench, and, looking his teacher squarely in the eye, replied: "Because it is a lie, sir!"

How Koreans Pray. A returned sojourner in Korea tells that he asked a native priest: "Tell me why you people kneel down before a stone, or piece of wood, or any inani-mate object, and pray to it? Why not pray to God, as Christians do?" "I will explain," said the devout idolater, "Christians close their eyes and look up without seeing anything as they pray. The Koreans do not pray to the piece of stone or wood, as you imagine, but to the same good God, and select the inanimate object merely as an em-blem. Instead of seeing nothing, they gaze upon God's handiwork, for God made the stone."

About the worst thing you can say about a man is that he is "smart," and a "great reader." The trouble is, he will do nothing but be smart, and read. Be sure you are right—then pause a moment for reflection.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"I have known a man on a modest salary," said the Crafty Citizen, "to serrip along for a month to save \$30 and then blow \$40 of it on a hunting dog when he doesn't get to go shooting once a year."

"Sometimes the wife of this same scrumpy man," observed the Invertebrate Thinker, "takes the money and puts \$45 of it in a love of a tailor-made gown, when she never goes any farther than two squares to see her cousin's wife. If there were not real foolish people on earth you and I would get to credit for wisdom."—Denver News.

Apperared to Be True. Wigwag—A New York doctor comes out with an article in which he claims that American women are declining. It's stuff and nonsense.

Sapphic—I don't know about that. Three of them have declined me recently.—Philadelphia Record.



He On's Trouble. Does your wooden leg ever give you trouble? "Only once. Wife struck me with it."

Proud of It. The Haughty One—You ought to be proud to have me recognize you. The Common Person—I am. It shows I have money.—Indianapolis Press.

Sign. Briggs—Monkery is losing his inter-est in golf. Griggs—What makes you think so? Briggs—I saw him at his office yes-terday.—Harper's Bazar.

Not His Father's. Sillicus—Hempeckke says his young-ster is going to grow up to be a fighter. Cynicus—Inherits his mother's in-stincts, I suppose.—Philadelphia Record.

Must Keep Right Up. Flatte—Is your boarding house up to date? Rooms—You bet. A fellow can't be behind a single week.

Slow About Going. "It has always been my rule," said Mr. Borem, "to spend as I go." "Indeed," exclaimed Miss Sharpe, glancing significantly at the clock. "In that way I suppose you have saved con-siderable money."—Philadelphia Press.

A Necessary Lesson. "Isn't it kind of these people, ma," remarked the young fish, "to drop us lines with food on 'em?" "Don't you believe it," replied the mother fish. "You must learn to read between—the lines."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Show His Nose. Lady—Didn't I tell you not to show your nose around here again? Peddler—Vell, did I nod gomply mit your request?

Always in Practice. Mrs. Wunder—We never hear of woman train robbers. Mr. Wunder—And yet the ladies are always holding up trains.—Baltimore American.

The Sidewalk Drama. "Strutter has gone on the stage." "This time o' year?" "Yes; he's playing with an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company in that depart-ment store window."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Explains. Mamma—Why do you call him "Jonesy?" Johnny—Well, you see, his name is Jones, but we call him "Jonesy" for short.—Puck.

The Best He Could Do. "Give me a penny, oh, sir," said the mendicant, "and you will give me joy." "While I cannot give you joy," said the millionaire, "I may perhaps give you misereunt, for I will give you the laugh."—Indianapolis Press.

Personal Items. From the Plunkville Bugle: "Colonel Erastus Jarvey was in town between Friday Tuesday and made us a call. Perry Pattetic came in between cars and struck us for a handout."—Indianapolis Press.

One Way of Looking at It. "It is said that the Czar of Russia dislikes more than anything else to speak in public." "That's a nice tribute to his wife." "How so?" "He probably gets a chance to say all he wants to at home."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Suggestion.

Mrs. Housekeeper—See here, I've been getting a dozen eggs from you every week and in every dozen lately I've found at least two bad ones. What's to be done about it? Bright Clerk—Suppose you only take half a dozen hereafter. Maybe you wouldn't find so many bad ones then.—Philadelphia Press.

A Branch of It quite. He—I notice you don't speak to the Uptowns any more. What have they done? She—Done? Vulgar things! Lost all their money.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Don't Lengthen. "What do you think of the idea of broadening the present course of school studies?" "I don't care how broad they make 'em," answered Tommy, "so's they don't lengthen 'em."—Indianapolis Press.

Practice Makes Perfect. Angela to whom Edgar has been proposing—Tell me, Edgar, did you ever say anything like this to any woman before? Edgar (in a burst of honesty)—My dear girl, do you think that it could be done like that the first time? Har-per's Bazar.

Regular Wax. Young Mother to butcher—I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him? Butcher—Yes, ma'am; bones an' all. I's pose!—Tit-Bits.

Quite the contrary. Kindlinan—What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in great pain. Little Boy (groaning dismally)—No, I ain't, but dey seems ter be a great pain in me.—Philadelphia Press.

Memory. When, having become rich beyond the dreams of avarice, he came back to claim his bride, he found Elise awaiting him.

"Then you remember me?" he cried folding her in his strong embrace. "Remember you, Harold? Why, I remember your middle initial even!" Devotion, this!—Detroit Journal.

The Great Obstacle. "Each of us," said the moralist, "could do something to make the world better." "Yes," said his friend, with a sigh; "only our personal affairs do seem to keep us hustling!"—Puck.

Sensitive Nature Wounded. "I was greatly mortified at Sylvia's wedding dinner?" "What about?" "It was a pink affair, and she had picked beets on the table."—Chicago Record.

Present Company Not Excepted. "Ya-as; it's so twying; some people are born freaks." "And others have freaks thrust upon them."

Here's a Sure Sign. "I must be getting old." "What makes you think so?" "Younger men have begun compli-menting me on being spry."—Chicago Record.

Pointing the Way Out. "What do you think Miss Popkins did when I staid late last night?" "What?" "She got up and hung an 'Exit' plac-card on the parlor door."—Puck.

Up with Her Class. "My wife learned French in five weeks." "Does she speak correctly?" "Well, Prof. De Verges says her French is as good as any spoken in our neighborhood."—Indianapolis Journal.

Love an Appetite. "But, Della, we should not let our father's prejudice stand in the way of our marriage. What is money to true love?" "I know, Alfred, that money is not all, but hunger is something. Last night you walked past three restau-rants on the way from the theater and never said oysters open. But papa had something for me to eat when I got home."—Denver News.

Plenty of Others. Blobbs—He doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Slobs—That's nothing. Several thousand years ago there was only one man in all the world that did. His name was Noah.—Philadelphia Record.

Contingent. Dobson—If you marry my daughter how long will it be before you call on me for aid? Hobson—That depends on how long it is before she strikes me for cash.—Den-ver News.

In the Wrong Pew. In a Waterville S. D., theater recent-ly a man who had a seat between his wife and daughter left at the termina-tion of an act for a trip down-stairs. When he returned he found a vacant seat between two women, and dropped into it with the remark, "As I was say-ing when I went out, it's none of your business what other people wear. Be-cause some one else makes a fool of herself by wearing cotton stockings in winter it doesn't follow that you must do the same."

"Sir," came from both sides at once; and the way he vacated that seat made the soles of his boots red-hot. He was in the wrong pew.—Northwest Maga-zine.

Encouragement for the Struggling. "Well," asked the artist rubbing his hands, "what did your wife think of your portrait when you got home?" "Oh," said old Mr. Packinham, hand-ing out a check for the amount he had agreed to pay, "she told me she still had confidence in me and didn't be-lieve I was half as bad as I was painted."

ST. VALENTINE'S WISDOM.

Could not bear to St. Valentine. He was sitting out his date. Repairing his bow and his quiver. And trying with broken hearts.

Said he to the saint, with weary sigh, "I'm tired of this fruitless hunt. From solid, leathery hearts to-day My arrows fall dull and blunt."

"Time was when a dart of elder pith Would pierce to the very core A common heart, and the tougher ones It would make bleeding sore."

"Now naught but an arrow tipped with gold Will reach to a vital part. And no such thing can be found to-day As a flaming, burning heart."

Said the aged saint, "you quite express The thing that I meant to say. And we're gull to use modern methods, If we'd make the business pay."

"The turtle dove it has quite gone by. And wedded hearts are passe. But any battered old concomb. Has a cluck to win the day."

"And the very sweetest new design For sealing lovers' letters. You would hardly guess? 'Tis the dollar sign And a pair of golden fetters."

"Then take advice, if the game you'd bag. I've only a golden dart. And draw a bead on the scheming head— Don't aim at the shrunken heart!"—Augustus L. Hanchett, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

ABOUT ST. VALENTINE. St. Valentine, whose head was rolled into a basket one bright morning in the year of our Lord, 270, lost his name to the day which is now consecrated to youth and love, but it is pretty generally conceded by wise men that it is an anachronism to connect him with the origin of the festival. Indeed traces of the traditions which came down from the pagans of ancient Europe, and in several directions may be detected evidences that it was not a custom founded in Rome, but rather inherited there.

In the long ago there was a custom among the youth in Rome to draw from a golden box a slip of paper on which was written the name of a girl. This was done in the name of Pan and Juno, and was called the Lupercalia. Later the priests substituted the names of saints for those of young women, and the 14th of February was fixed upon for the feast of Lupercalia. Out of this grew the cus-

tom which are now observed on St. Val-entine's day.

There is one thing these who look do not tell us, however, and that is where and when the comic valentine originated. If you will take from its shelf any one of the standard works of this description you will also discover that it maintains a discreet, yet significant, silence upon the causes which led up to the decapita-tion of old St. Valentine. It simply tells morning in the long ago. It simply tells you that he was executed in the midst of the Claudian persecutions, but never for a moment should it be forgotten that even persecutors must have a cause. There has long been a private suspicion that old St. Valentine was himself the originator of the comic valentine, and that he expiated his crime in about the proper manner. It does not require any undue stress upon the imagination to see him forwarding to the Emperor Clau-dius, a picture of a knock-kneed, whop-per-jawed pirate who is armed with a tinsel crown and whose nose is painted with the tints of conflagration, while beneath it all stood a bit of verse which more than intimated that Claudius, old boy, didn't know enough about the emperor's business to hurt. And what would be more natural than for Claudius to call for his warders, ho! and cut off Mr. Valen-tine's head?

The writers tell us that the romantic features of St. Valentine's day are being revived, particularly in England. We are glad of this, because we have always felt that one day at least should be set apart in honor of that single passion which dwells with man and beast alike. Love is just as much entitled to a festival as labor. To the latter we have given a legal holiday, and the day is coming when old St. Valentine will find himself recognized in the statutes made and provid-ed as well as through the pictorial rash which breaks out upon humanity once in every year.

A CLEVER LINCOLN STORY. Travels All the Way from Berlin for This Year's Celebration. Here is a new Lincoln story that has never been published. It was told to a Chicago man a few weeks ago by a gen-tleman living in Berlin, Germany.

Two hero worshipers had long desired to meet Abraham Lincoln, but when the coveted privilege was finally granted they were unspenakably disappointed in the personality of the rail-splitting President. They gazed at him in silence and then one of them exclaimed in a dissatisfied voice: "Why, Lincoln is just a common look-ing man like us."

The great emancipator turned to the speaker and said genially: "Yes, my friend, but I have the consolation of knowing that God loves com-mon looking men."

"How do you make that out?" queried the other interestedly. "Oh, because he made so many of them."

For a Valentine Party. A "Valentine cake" may be introduced with good effect at a Valentine party. This can be gotten up in two ways; the first, a nicely leek cake, decorated with candy hearts having sentimental mottoes on them. Let the cake be divided into the requisite number of slices. In the slices the young girls draw or make a small slit with the sharp blade of a knife, and insert into the opening a slip of card-board on which is written the name of some young man who is present. First the gentleman selects one. In those slices the latter draw are such small articles as denote the sort of wife Fate has chosen to be each young man's partner for life.

Thus, a silver coin signifies wealth, a scrap of silk a fashionable wife, a penny poverty, a silver spoon, a good housekeep-er, a pen a literary woman, a small silver heart a marriage for love, a small brass an artistic wife, a tiny mirror a vain woman, a piece of crumpe a widow, etc.—Woman's Home Companion.

HOW LINCOLN WON HIS WIFE.

He Married Her Because He Was the Ugliest Man She Ever Saw. Mr. Lincoln used to take great delight in telling how he gained a knife by his ugly looks. That story has been pub-lished, but I have not seen another in print, telling how he gained his wife, says a well-known writer. Mrs. Lincoln was a beautiful lady, attractive, sharp, witty and voluble, thick with her own expanse. She was staying with her sister, Mrs. Edwards. She had not been there long before everybody knew Miss Mary Todd. She often said: "When a girl I thought I would not marry until I could get one of the handsomest men in the country, but since I became a woman I learned I can't get such men, which has caused me to change my mind. I have concluded to marry the ugliest-looking man I can find."

Later on Lincoln came to town. She had never seen him before she met him on the street. She was told who he was and went home and told her sister she had seen her man, "the ugliest man I ever saw—Abraham Lincoln—and I am going to set my cap for him." That be-came a common saying in street gossip. When they were married, instead of tak-ing a holiday, they went to a hotel and took board at \$4 a week.

When he got able he bought a lot for \$200 and built a four-roomed house costing less than \$1,000. When he re-ceived \$5,000 from his great railroad case he spent \$1,000 of it in putting a second story on his house, and there he lived un-till he went to Washington.

Lincoln's Logic. It is said that Lincoln's acuteness in analysis and logical powers were trace-able to his complete mastery of Euclid's propositions. Certainly whenever he at-tempted to prove or disprove a thing he did it. A story told by United States Judge C. G. Foster, and printed in the Standard, illustrates his log-ical faculty.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND SCENES OF HIS EARLY LIFE.



Lincoln's early life scenes, including his birthplace, schoolhouse, and splitting rails.

In the winter before Lincoln was nomi-nated for President he visited Kansas, and made speeches at Troy and Atchison. At the hotel in Atchison where he stayed, Gen. Stringfellow, John A. Martin and Judge Foster called upon him. In the course of the conversation Mr. Lincoln turned to Gen. Stringfellow, who played a prominent part in the effort to bring Kansas into the Union as a slave State. "Gen. Stringfellow," he said, "you pro-slavery fellows gave me one reason why slavery should not be prohibited in Kan-sas; that only the negro could break up the tough prairie sod. Now, I've broken hundreds of acres of prairie and in my time, and the only question which re-mains to be decided is whether I am a white man or a negro."

Gen. Stringfellow laughingly admitted the force of the quaint argument, and congratulated Mr. Lincoln upon his point-ed, logical way of putting things.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

How the Immortal "Abe" Won His Early Success at the Bar. A suit was brought in the United States Court in Springfield against a citi-zen for an infringement of a patent right. Mr. Lincoln went to the most skilled ar-chitect in the city, inquired how he spent his winter evenings, and received the re-ply: "If times are brisk I sometimes work; otherwise I have no special busi-ness." Mr. Lincoln said: "I have a pat-ent right on that clock; I want you as a partner, and will divide the fees. I know nothing about mechanics—never made it a study. I want you to make me a list of the best works on mechanism, as I don't suppose they can be purchased here. I will furnish the money, and you can send to Chicago or New York for them. I want you to come to my house one night each week and give me instructions." In a short time they were thoroughly drilled. When the trial commenced, Mr. Lincoln put his questions at the cross-examina-tion so scientifically that many witness-es were bothered to reply. When his witness was put on the stand, so skillful were his questions that the court, the jury and the bar wondered how "Abe" Lincoln knew so much about mechanism. His witnesses could reply promptly. He gained the suit and a reputation such that Mr. Lincoln was sustained in every patent right case brought into that court, up to the time he went to Washington. He went to Chicago, St. Louis, Iowa, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan to try pa-tent right cases, and the last year of his practice did little else.—Thomas Lewis' "Recollections of Lincoln," in Leslie's Weekly.

A Valentine. The north wind is a cold. Soothing behind the hill; The world seems white and old. For the winter hath its will. And there is no thrush in the hazel brush To flute with a silvery trill.

The pale dawns come and go, And the chill auras flare; While the spirit of the snow Moves warlike through the air. And we know that death of the lay breath Is about us everywhere.

And yet, and yet, and yet. Why should we grieve or pine? Or have gloom-eyed Regret, Your hand dear heart, in mine? We're all the veriest mirth of the earth With Love for Valentine.

—Clinton Scollard, in Collier's Weekly.

As Old as a Woman.

One of the oldest bequests on record is that of the late George Russell, the well-known sculptor, of Aberdeen. He left \$75,000 for the benefit of scavenger and policemen.