

A LOVER'S COMPLIMENT.

The girl with the freckled face is now fashionable.—Fashion Paper. He fondly gazed in her freckled face, Then an arm he placed about Her waist, and gave her a fond embrace, And called her his pretty trout.

A QUAINT PROPOSAL.

The lilac bush beneath the south window of Willow Brook Farm's wainscotted parlor nodded gracefully as a tiny zephyr swept gaily by, wafting far and near its incense of new-mown hay. In its wake fluttered a purple and golden butterfly, to poise a moment upon the window's ledge, then to soar boldly forward until it lit upon a curious old vase beside an organ, whose yellowed keys gleamed softly in the half-darkened room.

A young girl was the sole occupant of the room, with the exception, of course, of the butterfly, who had winged his way to a small oval mirror and was busily making his toilet, as his companion, humming a merry tune, dusted carefully a squat teapot, whose fat little spout and comic tout ensemble at once inspired a longing for tea brewed in such novel quarters.

Hastily replacing the ancient heirloom on a spindle-legged table, the young girl darted from the room, while the butterfly, startled at its toilet, spread its wings and floated swiftly out into the sunshine again. Snatching a snowy sun-bonnet from its peg in the hall, Martha flew down the garden path across to an adjacent meadow. In her hurry she failed to notice a gentleman slowly advancing in her direction, until two masculine hands stayed her progress.

With an exclamation of surprise, Martha raised her pretty blue eyes and met a pair of decidedly good-looking brown ones, gazing with evident appreciation at the dimpled, blushing face, from off which the sun-bonnet had slipped, disclosing a crop of reddish-golden rings lying close to the finely shaped head.

"I beg your pardon," murmured Martha, the blushes and dimples waxing deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in such a hurry."

"Don't mention it. Wouldn't have missed the pleasure for anything. I—like to be run into," averred the gentleman with considerable emphasis. Such a rippling laugh as bubbled over the lips of Martha at this speech! which she hastily apologized for with: "I didn't mean to, really; but what you said sounded so odd."

"You couldn't do it again, could you? I assure you I never appreciated being a—odd until to-day. I—"

"Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, suddenly recollecting her errand. "I forgot all about him," and away she sped, the gentleman hurrying after, repeating: "Cow! Him! Let me help you. I—really am very clever with cows. In fact I would like to make them a study."

However, when the field was reached no cow was to be seen, and remarking that doubtless some of the hands had ousted old Tim, Martha turned her steps toward the house, thinking the gentleman would proceed on his way. To her astonishment, however, he kept along by her side, observing: "Are you acquainted with Willow Brook Farm?"

"Why, yes; it's my home. I was born there," answered Martha, surprisedly. "Happy farm! I mean—a—it must be a lovely place. You see, the fact is—that is, I have a note for Mrs. Duncan of Willow Brook Farm."

"My mother!" ejaculated Martha, opening wide her blue eyes. Whereupon the gentleman scanned with newly awakened interest a square envelope he had extracted from his breast pocket, as he added: "I am an old—I should say my mother is an old friend of Mrs. Duncan's," making a rough calculation of the length of time it might take, all things favorable, to place him on equally as good footing with the daughter, while Martha's thought ran very much in this wise.

"Would be nice looking if he wasn't so sorrow. Wonder if mother will ask him to make us a visit. I never heard her speak of an old friend that had a son."

how time flies. When I last saw you, you were only a little shaver. It must be nigh onto fifteen years ago. And to think of Lucindy's remembering me all these years and sending her son to see me. Not that I have forgotten her—not a bit. Only with one thing and another one hasn't time to think much of old days. You see your ma and I went to the same academy, and we thought a sight of each other; only somehow after both of us married we sort of drifted apart. Your ma she married a wealthy city man, while I got married to a well-to-do farmer, and so gradually we each went our own way. Not to forget each other though, as you see, and now my dear, excuse the liberty, but it comes natural like, being your Lucindy's son, I'll send one of the men down to the village after your trunk, and you'll just stop along with us and be as welcome as my own son, if I had one, and Marthy and I will do our best to make you comfortable," and motherly Mrs. Duncan laid her hand with an approving pat upon Paul Dorsey's slightly stooping shoulders, while he, coloring somewhat, endeavored to thank her for her warm hospitality, but was cut short with:

"Bless you, its no put out, we have lots of room, and it will be real pleasant to see Lucindy's son, making himself at home in my house."

And thus it was that Paul Dorsey became a guest at Willow Brook Farm. That evening after her visitor had retired Mrs. Duncan said to her daughter:

"Poor, young man, he hasn't got a bit of appetite. I don't wonder Lucindy is fretted about him. She writes that he is always that taken up with nooks, that she can hardly ever coax him to go about with young folks and enjoy himself. I've been thinking Marthy, if you was just to kind of make believe you need his help now and again about the garden and such, it would do him a sight of good, and he'd never suspect it was for the sake of his health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed a low, pleased laugh, at the thought of the deception, while Martha exclaimed:

"Why mother! you are getting to be a regular conspirator. But I am afraid it won't work, he's so—so odd."

Paul Dorsey had been told to make himself perfectly at home; so the morning after his arrival he withdrew from the breakfast table to his own room, and forthwith commenced to unpack his books preparatory to a good day's study. Everything was at last arranged to his satisfaction, but somehow his thoughts were strangely wandering this way, although not a sound disturbed the cool quietness of his surroundings. A pair of blue eyes seemed to glance mockingly from the musty pages he fain would master, and he caught himself repeating aloud the old-fashioned name of "Marthy," which took unto itself the sweetest of sounds by reason of its connection with so pretty an owner. Suddenly, with the book fell from his hand, as, exclaiming: "By Jove! that's her voice," Paul Dorsey, with one stride, was at the window making sad havoc of the dainty dimit curtains with his clumsy hands.

Martha, accompanied by a tall, stalwart fellow, was passing down the garden path, her infectious laughter floating merrily upon the balmy air as she chatted away to the young man at her side, who appeared to be enjoying the subject under discussion as herself. As they disappeared from view, Paul, with rather a blank look, resumed his seat and sought to apply himself to his interesting task, but not with the old ardor did he work, and for the first time that he could remember, he listened anxiously for the bell to summon him to luncheon.

The days slipped into weeks, and still Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became an unusual sight to see him obediently following Martha's directions concerning the uprooting of certain weeds, or the fastening of some vine more securely about its support. An honest, brown tinge had replaced Paul's once sallow complexion, and the books—well, they had become secondary, a more potent charm having overruled them. Mrs. Duncan congratulated herself upon her happy forethought that she was working such a change in her friend's son, and Martha admitted with a slight blush, that Mr. Dorsey was getting to be almost as handsome as her cousin Joe—her beautiful of manly beauty heretofore.

The sun burned scorching hot upon the broad gravel path just outside of the farm's pretty parlor, but within that quaint room a restful coolness held sway. Lounging idly in the depths of a willow chair, was Paul while Martha, seated at the old organ, drew from its aged keys a low, plaintive melody. As the last note died softly away, whirling round upon her seat, Martha exclaimed:

"Do you know, Mr. Dorsey, you have been wasting your whole morning? I don't believe you have looked at a book for two days"—this last, it must be owned, with a slight air of triumph as she continued, penitently: "I am afraid I have been to blame, but to-morrow I will leave you free to spend the whole day with your books, for Cousin Joe has promised to drive me over to Dapleson to do some shopping."

"Hang Cousin Joe—"

"Mr. Dorsey!" from Martha's astonished lips.

"I beg pardon, I really—I hope you will have a delightful time, Miss Duncan. I assure you I shall—enjoy it immensely, being left to my books and—confound it! Excuse me—"

And ere Martha could reply, Paul Dorsey had left the room.

"How queer he is," soliloquized Martha, as Paul's departing footsteps echoed through the hall. "I don't see why he should dislike Joe so; Joe is always such a favorite with everyone. I hope I haven't offended him. I am sure I didn't mean to." And with rather a puzzled look upon her fair young face, Martha closed the organ. That evening as Martha stood down by the meadow gate earring old Dooxy, the mare, her quick ears caught the sound of a familiar tread advancing towards her, and a moment after a voice exclaimed:

"I am an idiot, Miss Martha, but I—I hope you will forgive me. I couldn't bear the idea of his monopolizing you all day. I know you could never think of an old book worm like myself—still I—I have been very happy, and I forget sometimes that—that there is such a difference between us."

Martha's cheeks had been growing rosier and rosier, while a strange, wild joy surged through her veins, as she answered, her tones trembling slightly. "Since I can remember cousin Joe and I have been playmates, and since father died he has been so good to mother, helping her about the farm and in every way, that he has become like a son to her, and as dear as a brother to me. Dear Joe! I don't know what we should have done without him." She paused, the tears gathering in her pretty eyes. Paul drew nearer, then hesitated, as Martha continued:

"Joe is engaged to my dearest friend, and they are to be married in just six weeks."

"I am awfully glad—I mean I wish them joy, and all that sort of thing," and Paul Dorsey advanced still nearer the little figure into whose eyes a sweet sadness had stolen.

"Marthy, do you think there is a ghost of chance for me? As it is my first attempt at anything of the kind, perhaps you will sum it up leniently, and make my sentence as easy as you can," then gathering courage from Martha's half-averted face, and the extreme pinkness of the one visible ear, he laid his hand caressingly upon hers, adding:

"Marthy, do you think you can forgive me for—loving you?"

"Why should I forgive you for what I have done myself?" came the low answer, followed naively by, "But I did not know it until to-day, when I thought I had offended you."

"And—no you don't mind my being odd—or anything?" stammered Paul, in his excessive joy.

"You are not a bit odd," was the indignant reply; "I wouldn't have you a bit different," and Martha shyly touched the coat sleeve in close proximity to her waist, from somewhere in the region of Paul's waistcoat pocket a muffled little voice might have been heard ejaculating:

"Oh, Paul! somebody is looking!"

"I hope they are," was the audacious reply, succeeded by a second disappearance on Martha's part.

A week or so later a stylishly dressed, middle-aged lady was sitting tete-a-tete with Mrs. Duncan, who was observing:

"Dear me, Lucindy, you've no call to thank me. I had nothing to do with it. Not but what I am real pleased that your son and my daughter should come together; but I had no more thought of it than yourself."

A slight smile stirred the lips of Mrs. Dorsey as she remarked:

"You are just the same as ever, Mary. Well, if Martha only turns out half as good a woman as yourself, I am satisfied that Paul has won a treasure."

"And he'll never forget, mother, that he owes that treasure to you, for if you had not sent him to seek out your old friend he'd have remained a bachelor to the end of his days," interrupted a masculine voice, while a girlish treble exclaimed, "Oh, Paul!" the rest of the sentence being lost by Paul darily sealing his betrothed's lips with his own.

An Apple Farm.

Mr. Prescott Williams of Williamsburg, Mass., is the owner of an immense orchard, probably the largest in the New England states. The orchard was set out nearly 20 years ago, and has been in bearing for many years, although the present is the largest ever grown. Mr. Williams estimates the crop at 2,500 barrels. Three hundred and sixty-two trees, it is estimated, will yield six barrels of apples each, of which 300 are Baldwin's, 16 Northern Spys, 10 Hubbardston's Nonesuch, 10 Rhode Island Greenings, 10 Lady Sweetings, six Congress, four Roxbury Russets, making a total of 2,172 barrels. Hundreds of trees yield two or three barrels, but these are not included in the count. A number of trees will give 15 barrels, and others eight or ten barrels of apples each. The orchard occupies a rocky slope of common New England farming land. When Mr. Williams began setting and budding trees many years ago, the old farmers laughed at him, but he persevered in his plan, and for a long time has expended more money in dressing for his trees than the average farmer clears for his entire farm. The orchard at present is a magnificent sight, the apples large, fair and of a brilliant color; the yield is probably the largest for the area in the history of New England. The trees are propped to keep the limbs from breaking off, and the trees are free from worms, being protected by troughs of kerosene oil about the trunks.

Marriage in Pennsylvania.

A new marriage law will go into operation in Pennsylvania on the 1st of October which requires a license which can be obtained only after answering questions on the following topics:

- 1. Full name of man. 2. Full name of woman. 3. Relationship of parties, either by blood or marriage. 4. Age of the man. 5. Age of the woman. 6. Residence of the man. 7. Residence of the woman. 8. Parents' name—man. 9. Parents' name—woman. 10. Guardian's name—man. 11. Guardian's name—woman. 12. Consent of parents or guardian. 13. Date of death of man's former wife, if any. 14. Date of death of woman's former husband, if any. 15. Date of divorce of man at any time. 16. Date of divorce of woman at any time. 17. Color of parties. 18. Occupation of man. Occupation of woman.

The clerk of the probate court must ask these questions, and will be liable to fine if he does not; while a false answer will subject either party to the penalties of perjury.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

A Trip Across South America—Climbing Over the Andes Among the Grandest Scenery in the World—Mountains Over Four Miles High.

He who wishes to make the journey from Chili to Argentine Republic and the east coast of South America, has a choice of routes. He may go to sea, around through the Straits of Magellan, which will cost him fifteen days' time and \$200 of money, or he may climb over the Andes on the back of a mule, a journey of five days, three of which only are spent in the saddle, amid some of the grandest scenery in the world.

The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere is Aconcagua, in Chili, which rises 22,415 feet to the northward from Valparaiso and Santiago, and in plain view from both cities when the weather is clear. Chimborazo was for a long time supposed to be the king of the Andes, and in the geographical published fifty years ago is described as the highest summit in the world. No one has ever reached the peak of either mountain, owing to the depth of snow and impassible gorges, but recent measurements taken by means of triangulation give Aconcagua an excess of about 2,000 feet over old "Chimbo."

Scientists have reached an altitude higher than the summit of either in the Himalaya mountains of India; where Mount Everest is claimed to rise between 27,000 and 30,000 feet. Humboldt made Chimborazo famous, and very few travelers have gone beyond the point he reached; but no serious attempt has ever been made to explore the summit of Aconcagua, as the Chilianos do not often go where their horses can not carry them. In mountain gloom and glory, Chimborazo is said to surpass all rivals, standing, as it does, within sight of the sea, and surrounded by a cluster of twenty peaks, like a king and his counselors. But Aconcagua is grand enough and has nothing near it to dwarf its size. The latitude in which it stands, brings the snow line much lower than upon Chimborazo and the other peaks of Ecuador, which are almost upon the line of the equator, and the purity of the atmosphere gives the spectator an opportunity to see its picturesqueness at a long distance.

From Santiago, Chili, there is a government railway as far as the town of Santa Rosa, passing around the base of Aconcagua and furnishing the traveler with one of the most sublime panoramas of mountain scenery on the globe. At Santa Rosa mules and men are hired to ride over the Currupe pass to Mendoza, on the eastern slope of the Andes, to which a railroad has recently been opened by the Argentine government. Here one can take a Pullman sleeper and ride to Buenos Ayres, as comfortably as he can go from New York to St. Louis, and the distance is about the same.

This railroad was opened in May last with a grand celebration, in which the Presidents of Chili and the Argentine Republic, with retinues of officials, participated. The event was as important to the commercial development of Argentina as was the opening of the first Pacific Railway to the United States, as it opened to settlement millions of square miles of the best territory in the republic and furnished a highway between the two seas. The people of the United States have very little conception of what is going on down in this part of the world. They do not realize that there is here a republic which some day is to rival our own—a country with immense resources similar to those of the United States, situated in a corresponding latitude, prepared to furnish the world with beef and bread, and stretching a network of railways over its area that will bring the products of the pampas, which correspond to our prairies, to market.

The geography publishers do not keep pace with the development of this part of South America, and to present accurate accounts of its condition, they should be re-written every year. Who knows, for instance except they who have been here, that a man can ride from Buenos Ayres across the pampas to the foot-hills of the Andes in a Pullman car?

An American merchant, Mr. Bowers, formerly of Boston, got a contract recently to furnish the schools of the Argentine Republic with text books. He ordered many thousands of the latest issue of the most revised geography from the most enterprising publishers in New York. When the books came he looked them all over and immediately shipped them all back. Why? Because these modern geographies represented the Argentine Republic as it was fifty years ago; and the people would have been insulted had they seen what was said of them. In the first place this country was called "The Argentine Confederation" and stands as such upon most of the modern maps. The geographer did not know probably that a bloody war had been fought to determine that the Argentine Republic was not a confederation, but a Nation, with a big "N." It was like calling the United States "The Confederated States of America." Then, again, Buenos Ayres was put down as a city of 75,000 inhabitants, when it has 400,000, and is as proud of its growth and greatness as Chicago. There was not the sign or mention of a railway, when the Argentine Republic has as good and extensive a railway system as Kansas and Minnesota.

The President of Chili attended the ceremonies at the opening of the railroad, with his cabinet, and toasted the success of the rival republic across the Andes, but he didn't like it a bit. The road now runs to the boundary of Chili, but will not go any farther. The gap of 150 miles which the mountain passes might be easily supplied, but the Government of Chili will not allow it. They do not want easy communications between the two nations, because the resources of the Argentine are so much greater and attractive and

so much more developed that the poor of Chili would move over as the poor of the old world are coming to seek homes in the United States.

From April to November the mountain passes are blocked with snow, and it is always dangerous and often impossible to make the journey. Native couriers who use snow shoes, go over the year around, carrying the mails, and find refuge in "casachas, or hollows of the rocks during storms. Sometimes, often, indeed, they perish from exposure or starvation, or perhaps are buried under the awful avalanche. The passes are about 13,000 feet high, and are swept by winds that human endurance can not survive. During the summer the journey is delightful and although attended by many discomforts, has its compensations to those who are willing to rough it and are fond of mountain scenery. Ladies often go and enjoy it. Not long since a party of thirteen schoolma'ns from the United States, who are down here teaching under contract with the Argentine government, crossed the mountains to Chili, and had a lovely time."

Plenty of mules and good guides can be secured at the termini of the railways, but travelers have to carry their own food and bedding.

There are no hotels on the way, but only "shacks" or log houses, which furnish nothing but shelter. Very often people who are not accustomed to high altitudes are attacked with a disease called "siroche," from which they sometimes suffer severely. It comes in the form of dizziness and pain in the head, with vomiting, and so suddenly that people have been known to fall off their mules and be seriously injured.

The road is always dangerous, clinging to the edge of mighty precipices and upon the sides of mountain cliffs, and only trained mules can be used on the journey. During the winter season the winds are often so strong as to blow the mules with their burdens over the precipices, and leave them as food for the condors that are always soaring around. These birds know the dangerous passes and keep guard with the expectation of seeing some traveler or mule go tumbling over the cliffs. There are some bridges, too, that must be crossed with care, for the construction is not satisfactory to nervous men. They are made of cowhide stretched across the ravines after the manner of modern suspension bridges, and the floor path, just wide enough for a mule to pass is laid of the branches of trees lashed together with hides.

Travelers usually dismount, and lead their mules when they cross these fragile structures for the hide ropes which are intended to keep people from stepping off, do not look very secure. The oscillation of the bridge is very great, and a man who is accustomed to giddiness will want to lie down before he gets half way over. It is rather queer that so few accidents happen, and when they do occur it is usually because a traveler is reckless, or a mule is green. The foxes sometimes gnaw the hides, but no accidents have occurred from this cause for many years.

The journey on mule-back usually takes five days of travel at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, but good riders with relays of mules often make it in less than three days. Long chapters might be written to describe the scenery of the mountains, which is as sublime as can be found anywhere, and the whole route is historical, as it has been in use for centuries. There is scarcely a mile without some romantic association, not a rock without its incident, and tradition, incident and romance line the path before the Spaniards conquered the country, and Don Diego de Almagro crossed it 1535 as he passed southward to Chili after the conquest of Peru.

An Object Lesson.

From the Chicago News. "Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But my darling," put in Mr. S., "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter, anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here you impudent—"

"Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling-pin at your head, you old—"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy, "I guess I know how wars begin."

Pat Donan's Wild Shrike.

From His Speech at the Tennessee Banquet. Earth's two greatest oceans, 3,000 miles apart, shall roll up in thundering oratorio their echo of the high and glad refrain; the vastest gulfs and grandest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, huge rolling floods, shall conspire to swell the giant psalm; Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrents, Niagara's misty thunders shall roar it far and wide; the hurricane, crashing through ten thousand mountain gorges, from the Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierras, shall chime it; the raging blizzards, hurling six-inch hailstones on sky-bounded and horizon-fenced Nebraska plains, shall whistle and rattle it; the cataclysm shall shriek it, the prairie wolf shall howl it, the lone owl hoot it, and the grizzly bear shall growl it; and the burden of it all shall be: "America for Americans! One country, one flag, one language—from Greenland's icy mountains to Darien's golden strands; E. Placibus Annis. Erin Go Bragh! Now, henceforth and forevermore, world without end—amen, a-women!"

LINCOLN'S FRIEND.

Making High Officials and Ladies Stand Aids.

Correspondence Boston Journal.

George Clark, an eccentric man in humble circumstances, was an early friend of Lincoln, who subsequently removed to New England. He met Lincoln in Boston during a stumping tour in the east. A few years passed, and Mr. Lincoln was the man of the hour. Clark, whenever I met him, was talking about him. "I can have any office I want," he said emphatically; "Abe will look out for me." I thought him a dreamer, and like all his acquaintances, doubted his claim. Shortly after Clark said he was going to have an office, and then in order to get it he must have \$12 to pay his fare to Washington. I told him it was a useless undertaking. He laughed at me. Abe would not refuse him anything he asked. He had made up his mind to have a post office. I told him that \$12 would only pay his fare, and that everything was so high and the hotels so crowded that he could not live twenty-four hours in Washington. Again he laughed in my face, and then said: "What do I care for high prices and hotels? Abe'll take care of me. All I want is money enough to get there."

Half in earnest, half in jest, the money was raised and Clark went to Washington. A reception was taking place at the White House, and a man of his plebeian appearance was not only "out of place," but was hustled about in an unceremonious manner and in one way and another deterred from approaching Mr. Lincoln. Clark's patience under the embarrassing situation served him for more than an hour, when hunger and anxiety about a place to "put up for the night" caused him to lose his discretion and become desperate. Mounting a chair just as the foreign minister was approaching Mr. Lincoln, he sang out, "Abe! Abe!" Mr. Lincoln instantly recognized the speaker. The passing pageant of chivalry and fashion became to his mind like the unreality of a dream from which he had been suddenly aroused and in all the brilliant assembly he only saw George Clark, the man who had shared with him the hardships and privations of frontier life in the days of small things. "Make way for my friend," exclaimed the President, and the surprised ladies and gentlemen paused in astonishment as Mr. Clark approached Mr. Lincoln and was received with a cordiality and warmth of greeting that had not been accorded any other guest of the evening.

A few minutes later Mr. Lincoln excused himself from the reception, and passed into another room with his old friend and closed the door. The scene that followed is known only through Mr. Clark, and as he was inclined somewhat to exaggerate circumstances, it must be considered with some grains of allowance. Mr. Lincoln, so Clark repeatedly told his friends, was as familiar and off-hand as in their youth. He leaned against the wall and laughed. He was like an overjoyed boy. "You don't know," he said, "how glad I am to see you. The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and ominous clouds. I've shook hands till I'm tired and I was splitting rails." He inquired where Clark was stopping, and if he had been to supper, and when Clark told him he was "stopping with Abe Lincoln and hadn't had anything of any account to eat since leaving home," he ordered the best of the White House around a set before him while he returned to "finish up the business he had in hand."

Finally he told Mr. Lincoln the object of his visit and solicited the Lawrence postmastership. Mr. Lincoln laughed at him and said: "You ain't quite up in education, George, to take that kind of a job. But I've fixed you all snug and right. Take this letter." The letter was addressed: "To the Collector of the port of Boston." Clark presented himself at the custom house one morning, and upon being snubbed by one or another when he inquired for the Collector, he marked that he had a letter from his friend Abraham Lincoln, addressed to the gentleman for whom he had inquired.

This opened the doors. The letter said, in substance: "The bearer is my friend George Clark. Give him the best position he can fill. If he fails in one place, give him another." The Collector smiled him as watchman on board vessels in the harbor—a berth in which he could sleep as much as he liked—\$1,200 a year.

President Lincoln's Visitor.

Mr. Lincoln was quite ill early in the winter of 1863, and was not inclined to listen to all the bores who, called at the White House. One day just as one of these pests had seated himself for a long interview, the President's physician happened to enter the room, and Mr. Lincoln said, holding out his hands:

"Doctor, what are those blotches?" "That's varioloid, or mild small-pox," said the doctor.

"They're all over me. It is contagious, I believe," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Very contagious, indeed!" replied the Eculepian attendant.

"Well, I can't stop, Mr. Lincoln; I just called to see how you were," said the visitor.

"Oh, don't be in a hurry, sir!" placidly remarked the Executive.

"Thank you, sir; I'll call again," replied the visitor, executing a masterly retreat from a fearful contagion.

"Do, sir," said the President.

"Some people said they could not take very well to my proclamation, but now, I am happy to say, I have something that everybody can take."

By this time the visitor was making a desperate break for Pennsylvania avenue, which he reached on the double quick.—Ben. Perley Poor in Sunny South.