

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 arc 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-dared hose, drink the solitary "beverage," light his pipe, upon the chairy bottle of beer Hanora permitted him, and read the mighty accumulation of both morning and evening papers until the automatic spinster who ruled his abode suggested "a decade," and turned the lamp low by way of a gentle but quite sufficient hint.

Tobias was 40—plus five. He had a brickdust skin, pale brows, a pugna-cious 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, his was the only love that had ever come Hanora's way. She had never been guilty of that form of high-way robbery known as coquetry. Not that she was unspolitic. 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



HE HAD AN OLD MAID SISTER LIVING WITH HIM.

the law, but glories if she will in her guile and in the magnitude of her deed. Whether the bonds of inopportunity had shackled Hanora Ryan or whether she had preferred maiden triumph to the exultation of matronhood 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, begorrah—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 'rush' bus. He's a good wan. 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 rependence 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.

"You ain't eat a bite!" avowed Hanora. Tobias made a sweeping gesture across his Adam's apple. "Clear to here!" he declared with delicious mendacity.

After supper they went into the parlor. Hanora played on the organ—yes, and sang, too, in a sweet little voice. She sang "The Meeting of the Waters" and "The Kerry Dancing" and the "Wearing of the Green." No ragtime for Hanora.

"She's a jewel!" commented Dennis Maguire, addressing Tobias Ryan, when they parted on the sidewalk. "Ain't—ain't—timidly, 'there any wan a-cootin'!"

"Nivra wan!" returned Tobias. He felt so guilty upon his return he could hardly make the proper responses to the "decade" which Hanora was "giving out." He did not come home until 10 o'clock the following night—

nor yet the next. He explained his absences by mysterious allusions to "causes" and "primaries," thereby soothing Hanora and stultifying his conscience. It was not until Hanora found a rose in the buttonhole of his coat one morning and a little lace trimmed handkerchief 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 rheumatism, 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 accomplishment 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—Hanora 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 present he would take his meals at a restaurant until sure what could be done with the furniture—and so on.

All through her wedding journey, which lasted full three weeks, it troubled Mrs. Maguire to determine what was the matter with Tobias. She told her new-made lord all about his evening 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 maidenhood that she really discovered the truth about Tobias.

For the flat into which she let herself with her latch key was altered, decorated, illumined. There were curtains of rosy swissoline at the windows. There were a lot of flowers on the table. A canary sang in a gilded cage, and—what was that? A parasol in the corner—a hat on the sewing machine! Such a frivolous hat—all chiffon and daisies! Hanora turned quite faint. Could Tobias—

"Oh," cried a radiant little creature fluttering out of one of the Pullman car apartments which serve as bedrooms in the modern flat, "I did not know you 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 considering it for some time. I was in the ribbons, you know, and became acquainted 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 aghast 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 Secretary of State and one of the most widely experienced of American diplomats, tells in the Saturday Evening Post interesting and amusing instances of American diplomats and court costumes. 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 themselves ridiculous by securing an appointment in the State militia and making use of that uniform. A story is told of one of our representatives at the palace in the garb of a captain of a cavalry troop, a post he had filled at home, which led the monarchical diplomats, attracted by his metal helmet, quizzically to ask if he belonged to a fire company in America. The instructions 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 appear on state occasions in knee breeches, with metal buckles on their shoes, and in other respects in ordinary evening dress."

Really Too Bad. The fair young society lady was in an agitated frame of mind when she returned from a shopping expedition the other day.

"Why, Dorothy, what in the world is the matter?" asked her indulgent husband, who read distress in her pretty face.

"Oh, dear," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I've lost the receipt 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 reply, "but I'm afraid that some one we know will find that receipt and learn how much I paid for it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Profits of a Convict Mine. The Tennessee convict coal mine is a paying institution. The profits in the last six months will amount to more than \$100,000.

Men do not agree on what is the "unpardonable sin," but among women it is an unpardonable sin for one woman to recommend a dressmaker who ruins a garment.

SHE RESENTS "RULES."

Wife Says Her Husband Plasters the House with Orders.

George S. Edgar, of Allegheny, Pa., received a fortune of \$200,000 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 a habitual drunkard, posted notices throughout the house for her guidance, and she had to extract money from him to live on while he was in drunken stupor, 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 employed without consulting me. No servants shall be dismissed without consulting me. My wife shall not speak to servants unless it is extremely necessary. My wife shall not dismiss help without my consent, unless it is under extreme provocation; then she can dismiss them during my absence or without my consent. All purchases, such as vegetables, groceries, clothing for wife and children, to be bought with my personal consent or by written order. My children shall be taught to respect me. In correcting my children no pick handles, rolling pins or sad-irons shall be used. No presents shall be given to anyone nor old clothing disposed of without my consent. Nothing whatever shall be bought without consulting 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 Steitz, and saying I was drunk all the time; Mrs. Mary Bollenberg, for having me arrested for calling her a brazen hussy; Fred Bollenberg 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 1566 Chartiers 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, perhaps, more particularly to collectors; but the same remark applies, though in a lesser degree, to the average household 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 directly 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 advantage. When, however, a picture is "hung high," the angle at which it is placed from the wall should be carefully studied 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 engravings show best, if hung in Oxford frames of oak, light or dark, according to fancy, but always unvarnished. If light wood, small ebony pins at the corners, sides and top and bottom cross, are an improvement. Frames of ebolized wood harmonize with photographs. For water-colors I like a plain "bead" frame of dull oil gilt; but the "mount" 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 President of Wofford College, South Carolina, and counselor of the great Chattanooga system.

When 10 years old young Carlisle was attending a typical country school of the old South under the management 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 little 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 demanded 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 Corea tells that he asked a native priest: "Tell me why you people kneel down before a stone, or piece of wood, or any inanimate object, and pray to it? Why do you 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 a piece of stone or wood, as you imagine, but to the same good God, and select the inanimate object merely as an emblem. 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 Honor.

"I have known a man on a modest salary," said the Crafty Citizen, "to scrimp along for a month to save \$50 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 no credit for wisdom."—Denver News.

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

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

His Only 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—Monkerly is losing his interest in golf. Griggs—What makes you think so? Briggs—I saw him at his office yesterday.—Harper's Bazar.

Not His Father's. Sillicus—Henpeckke says his youngster is going to grow up to be a fighter. Cynicus—Inherits his mother's instincts, I suppose.—Philadelphia Record.

Must Keep Right Up. Flattie—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 considerable 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. "My wife learned French in five weeks."

Up with Her Class. "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 restaurants on the way from the theater and never said orders once. But papa had something for me to eat when I got home."—Denver News.

Plenty of Others. Blobsb—He doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Slobbs—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.—Denver News.

In the Wrong Pew. In a Waterloo, S. D., theater recently a man who had a seat between his wife and daughter left at the termination 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 saying when I went out, it's none of your business what other people wear. Because 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 Magazine.

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, handing out a check for the amount he had agreed to pay, "she told me she still had confidence in me and didn't believe I was half as bad as I was painted."

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. Housekeep—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 Breach of Etiquette. 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?—Harper's Bazar.

Regular Way. 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. Kindlman—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 bustling!"—Puck.

Sensitive Nature Wounded. "I was greatly mortified at Sylvia's wedding dinner."

"What about?"

"It was a pink affair, and she had pickled beets on the table."—Chicago Record.

Present Company Not Excepted. "Y-as-it's so twyng; some people are born freaks."

"And others have freaks thrust upon them."

Here's a rare Sign. "I must be getting old."

"What makes you think so?"

"Younger men have begun complimenting 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' placard on the parlor door."—Puck.

Up with Her Class. "My wife learned French in five weeks."

"Well, Prof. De Verges says her French is as good as any spoken in our neighborhood."—Indianapolis Journal.

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ST. VALENTINE'S WISDOM.

Cupid at near to St. Valentine. He was sorting out his darts, repairing his bow and quiver, and looking with broken hearts.

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

"Time was when a dart of elder pith Would pierce the velvet core A common heart, and the tougher ones It would make exceeding 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 would I had a modern method, If I'd make the business pay."

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

"And the very sweetest new design For stealing 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, Use 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, lent his name to the day which is now consecrated to youth and love, but it is an anachronism to connect him with the origin of the festival. Indeed traces of the celebration have been found among the traditions which come 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. Valentine's day.

This is one thing these wise books do not tell us, and which was always felt 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 decapitation of old St. Valentine himself the 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 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 Claudius, a merchant of a knock-kneed, wop-pet-jawed pirate who is surmounted with a tinsel crown and whose nose is painted with the tints of conflagration, while beneath it stood a bit of verse which more than intimated that Claudius, old boy, didn't know enough about the emperor's business to buy. And what would be more natural than for Claudius to call for his warders, hold and cut off Mr. Valentine'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 provided 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 gentleman living in Berlin, Germany.

Two hero worshipers had long desired to meet Abraham Lincoln, but when the coveted privilege was finally granted they were unspokeably 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 looking 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 common 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 iced 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 cardboard on which is written the name of a young man who is present. First someone lays down a slip of cake, then 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 tiny spoon a good housekeeper, a pea a literary woman, a small silver heart a marriage for love, a small brush 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.

She Married Him Because He Was the Ugliest Man She Ever Saw.

Lincoln used to take great delight in telling how he gained a knife by his ugly looks. That story has been published, 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 relished a joke even at her own expense. 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 a one, 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 who had seen her man. "The ugliest man I ever saw—Abraham Lincoln—and I am going to set my cap for him." That became a common saying in street gossip. When they were married, instead of taking a bridal trip, 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 received \$5,000 from his great railroad case he spent \$1,500 of it in putting a second story on his house, and there he lived until he went to Washington.

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

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND SCENES OF HIS EARLY LIFE.



In the winter before Lincoln was nominated for President he visited Kansas, and made speeches at Troy and Atchison. At the hotel in Atchison where he stayed, Gen. Stringfellow, John A. Hartig 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 propose to prove or disprove a thing he did it. A story told by United States Judge C. G. Foster, and printed in the Syracuse Standard, illustrates his logical faculty.

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

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

How the Immortal "Abe" Won His Early Successes at the Bar. A suit was brought in the United States Court in Springfield against a citizen for an infringement of a patent right. Mr. Lincoln went to the most skilled architect in the city, inquired how he spent his winter evenings, and received the reply: "If times are brisk I sometimes work; otherwise I have no special business." Mr. Lincoln said: "I have a patent right case in court; I want you as a partner, and will divide fees. I know nothing about mechanics—never made it a study. I want you to make a list of the best works