

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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

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

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

We looked on him: "Tis he," we said, "Come crownless and unadorned, The shepherd's flock will keep, The flocks, will fold the sheep."

Unknightly, yet 'twas the mien Presaging the immortal scene, Some battle of His wars Who seeth on the stars.

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

Not he would cramp to one small head The awful laurels of the dead, Time's mighty vintage cup, And drink all honor up.

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

Not his their hie, their pageantries Their goal, their glory, was not his; Humbly he came to keep The flocks, to fold the sheep.

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

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

—New York Independent.

Aunt Selma's Valentine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One day a boy came running to her door with a very sickly, will you come to me? Your postman.

"Bleak House, Bayville."

Yes, Aunt Selma would go, she was always ready to help the suffering, but when she entered the room where John Moore lay, she saw a name quickly toward her, telling her that he had not long to live, and she thought the same when she saw what a wreck the fever had made him seem indifferent to those who would like to have been his friends.

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

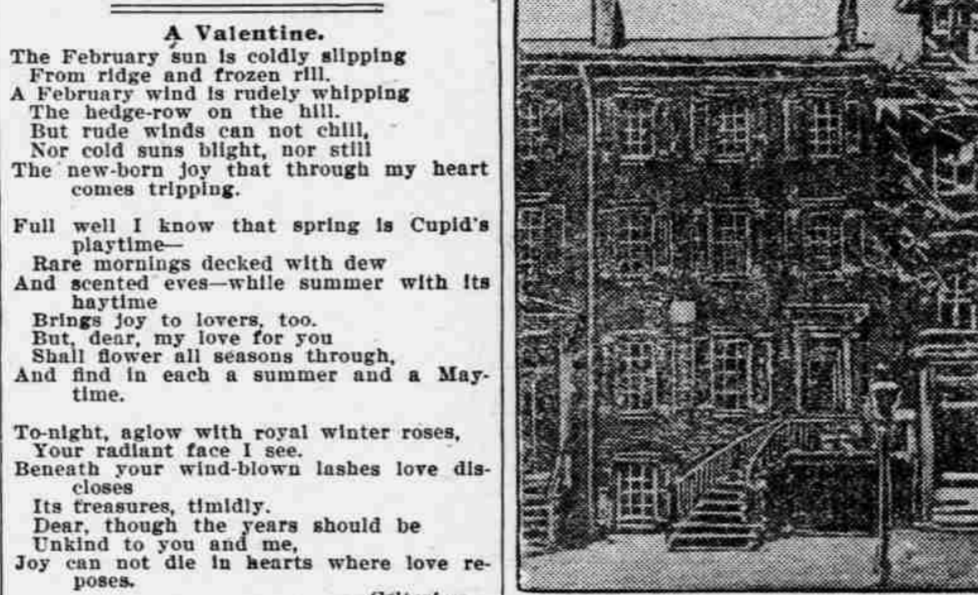
"Will you share the home I have made ready with the thought of you?" she did not refuse, but a little later went quietly into the church which the children had filled with flowers, and when she saw the sweet blossoms and realized that all



Lincoln. BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809.

"Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED GOING TO DECAT.



Lincoln's Life.

Characteristics of the Great Emancipator as Told in Paragraphs.

When 19, in building a fence, Lincoln split the rails that played so prominent a part in his first presidential campaign, twenty-eight years after.

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

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

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

Thought, conversation and observation were his preferences, and when growing up he had rather a reputation for laziness and forwardness, because he loved reading and thinking so much. Even from a boy he liked to have one near word, and to converse with any one near enough to talk to, even to strangers desiring to be directed. He is described when just reaching early manhood as exceedingly talkative, yet elemental, unsentimental and raw.

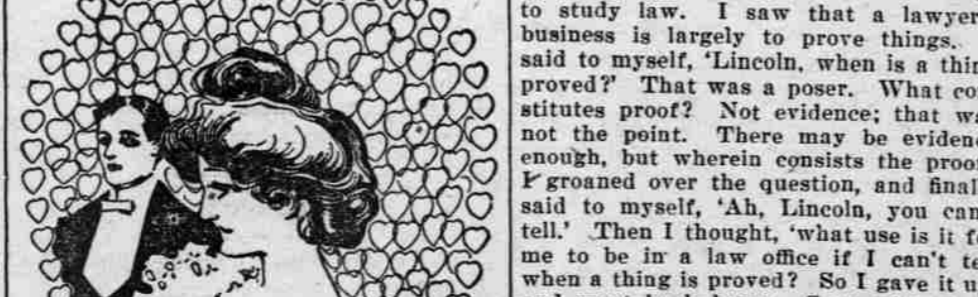
Lincoln had very little actual school education, his first goings, at the age of 10, were in Indiana, to a woman named Hazel Dorsey. He was often taken from school to work or hire out. At 14 he went again to Andrew Crawford's school, and at 17 he saw the last of his school days under a man named Swaney.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

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

Too Many Bills.

"Lord Neodmonneigh asked me if he could be my valentine."

"That there was too much postage due on him."



PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GOOD FIELD FOR AMERICAN CAPITAL.

By Thomas Nast, Late U. S. Consul General at Guayaquil. Ecuador is reasonably healthy, especially in the country, the prevailing diseases being malarial fevers. One soon gets acclimatized. In Guayaquil and along the coast the climate during the wet season (from January to May) is very unhealthy.

The chief industry of Ecuador is cacao growing, which is extremely profitable. The world's supply of cacao amounts to some 90,000 tons, and of this Ecuador produces 27,000 tons, or about one-third of the total. Land can be obtained at about \$1 per acre. It requires about five years to bring a cacao estate into bearing, at a cost of 15 to 20 cents per tree. The trees yield on an average one pound each. For a plantation of 100,000 trees it costs to bring into bearing, say, \$17,500. At the end of five years it is worth \$50,000; at seven years, \$75,000, etc. The production of 100,000 trees would be 100,000 pounds, worth \$11,000 at present. The cost of putting this quantity on the market, including labor, etc., would be \$4,000, leaving a net profit of \$7,000.

Estates are easily sold at the above figures, and if a capitalist can wait for results for five years he is sure of a good income. In the meantime, "catch crops," such as rice or corn, can be grown on the same ground, which is so fertile that for the growing of rice, etc., it is never necessary to plow; a hole is simply made with a machete and the seeds put in, and good returns are obtained.

The planting and growing of rubber trees is considered one of the best investments; but very few have been planted, on account of the large supply of wild rubber and the fear that some artificial matter might be discovered to take its place. There are plenty of good opportunities in Ecuador for the investment of money.

LABOR'S RIGHT TO COMBINE.

By Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. I cannot see why if capital may combine in corporations, labor may not combine in labor unions. Every corporation and every partnership is an aggregate of individuals. So when a single workman desires employment he has to make his bargain not with one employer, but with many employers acting as one.

He is also at another disadvantage. The thing he has to sell is his day's work. If he goes down in the morning to make his engagement, the thing he is to sell is perishing with every hour of delay in making his contract. These associations of capital frequently extend through the whole country and control under one head and with one will every establishment in the country in which a skilled workman might hope to find employment. So I can see no reason why the workman should not combine to make his bargain as to the rate of wages, as to the hours of labor and as to the comfort and safety of his occupation.

But, on the other hand, he has no right to interfere by violence with the freedom of any workman who does not choose to belong to his union. Of course where men act in masses and are under excitement there will be occasional and sporadic instances even of unlawful and violent action. These will always occur while human nature remains unchanged and are not to be considered too seriously or too harshly. But a republic cannot live if any body of men undertake to impose their own will upon the lawful freedom of others.

Subject to this condition I believe the sympathy of all true Americans is on the side of labor and its attempt to better its condition. Unless the American workman shall have good wages and leisure and comfort, shall have books in his home, shall send his children to school, can provide comfortably for his old age, the republic itself will be no longer worth living in. Capital and wealth will in the end take care of themselves, but to the elevation of labor, which is but another name for the elevation of citizenship, the whole force and power of the republic should be bent.

SHE CLAIMS \$40,000,000.

The Sum Left by the Man She Married on His Death Bed. In all probability Mrs. William H. Bradley, of Tomahawk, Wis., will come into possession of the \$40,000,000 left by her husband, William H. Bradley, a pioneer lumberman and the richest man in Wisconsin. Three days before his death he married Miss Marie Hannenager, who for twenty years was his private secretary and who knows more than any other person about his vast estate.

Bradley was an eccentric as he was wealthy. He was a native of Bangor, Me., where his father, as the son proved to be, was a successful lumberman. In the early 60s he went to Wisconsin and entered the lumber business in a small way. Then he got in with some Milwaukee capitalists and began operating near Muskegon, Mich. This venture was very profitable, and made him wealthy. He

moved to Milwaukee, but the inactivity of city life palled on him and he decided to found a city in the primeval forest. He traveled up the Wisconsin valley till he reached the place where Tomahawk now stands. There he built a saw mill and a large hotel, with appointments equal to those found in large cities. He started a newspaper, built and stocked a general store, and then waited for the population which he was sure would follow him. As the timber about his mill was cut down and shipped to market he built railroads, adding miles and miles as he needed them. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, and investments which to others seemed the height of folly brought him fortunes.

While Tomahawk was still in its infancy Mr. Bradley established another town at Spirit Falls, and in this, too, he was successful. He became fabulously rich, and the fortune left his widow is estimated at \$40,000,000.—Utica Globe.

His Notion of the West.

"This surely is a great country, since we have arrived at the point that geographical terms no longer convey any adequate idea of location," remarked

It is for this that we have schools and churches. It is for this that we have tariffs. It is for this that we have law. And it is for this that the republic must live or bear no life.

PRaise AND BLAME BOTH OF VALUE.

By James F. O'Brien. The two greatest factors in securing the best work from employees are praise and blame. I am sure that neither alone will answer the purpose.

The man who must be scolded and found fault with continually is of little value in any position. He is in disfavor with his superiors in office because they cannot trust him to perform his duties faithfully. As for the man himself, his many delinquencies cause him to lose confidence in his own ability; he becomes careless and forgetful, and finally loses his place altogether. A too frequent use of praise in the management of employees is productive of undesirable results of a different character. The man who is continually praised after a while becomes imbued with the idea that he is "IT." He has an exaggerated idea of his own importance and is liable to assume a patronizing air toward his associates and customers that is not at all desirable—in fact is decidedly harmful. Such a man is almost certain in the end to become so intolerable that he is at last notified that his services are no longer required.

Too much praise or too much blame is therefore equally harmful, though in a different way. A judicious use of both is highly desirable. When a salesman makes a good sale, it pleases him to receive a word of commendation from the manager and it spurs him to do better. On the other hand, if he is impolite to a customer or does something he ought not to do, he should be reproved gently but firmly. This will make him more careful in the future, and in the end he will be more valuable to himself and the firm.

Much depends upon the manager himself. If he possesses good common sense, has a fair knowledge of human nature, and has personal magnetism, he will have no trouble with his employees. If, on the other hand, he is unjust, hard, and unsympathetic, he will be unable to keep good salesmen or saleswomen in his employ for any length of time. No one of spirit will submit to being cursed and reproved before his shopmates by the man from whom he receives his orders. Dissatisfaction is certain to show itself among the other employees, and the entire force soon becomes demoralized.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

By Hamilton D. Maxwell. Many a young man falls to make his mark in the world because he does not make a choice of occupation. This is a very commonplace remark, and so also is the inquiry why is a choice not made?

The painful fact is that the young men who think and consult about the future, and come to some well-defined plan of life, are in the minority; while the men who take things as they come, care little for the future, and plan less for it, are in the majority. But there are a large number of men who are in perplexity about the future. They almost wish some overwhelming circumstances would force them into an occupation or a profession.

Man is endowed with the power of choice, and we must decide for ourselves. True, a man's choice will be modified by circumstances not in his immediate control, but, after all, one must act for himself.

The power of choice does not, of course, prevent the asking for that wisdom from above which will be liberally given to those who devoutly seek it.

The first inquiry is: What can I do? I may be able to do several things, and do them reasonably well, but there must be a selection, and hence the second inquiry: What can I do best? Then follows the question of opportunity. Where and how can one find not only opportunity, but the largest opportunity to do what one can do best? The man who finds "the largest opportunity to do what he can do best" has chosen his work, the method and the field.

MANY UNDERTAKINGS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN THE FARMERS' INTEREST.

THE National Geographic Magazine asserts that no other government in the world does so much as the United States to promote the agricultural interests of the country.

Through its efforts tea is now being successfully grown in South Carolina.

Through its encouragement Connecticut will soon be raising all the Sumatra tobacco consumed in the United States—\$6,000,000 worth annually.

A new variety of long-staple cotton, having nearly double the value of the old, has been created; new wheats and new rice, and even a frost-resisting orange has been evolved. And these are only samples of what has been done.

The American farmers have an invested capital of \$20,000,000,000. This is a great agricultural nation, and Uncle Sam doesn't forget it. Glance at some of the things he does to help and protect the farmer:

The bureau of animal industry made last year nearly 60,000,000 ante-mortem inspections of meat animals and about 39,000,000 post-mortem inspections. The meat inspection stamp was affixed to over 23,000,000 packages of meat. And this is only part of the bureau's work.

The land grant agricultural colleges have an attendance of 42,000. The export trade in fruit and vegetables is assisted by the introduction of improved methods of handling. Imported food products are examined for injurious substances. Important investigations have been made in the sugar laboratory with a view to improving the quality and quantity of table syrups. Weather bureau warnings are of the greatest assistance to agriculture. The Department of Agriculture is a worker for forestry, the bureau of forestry being a part of it. The bureau of soils employs over 175 persons. The department published last year 757 different publications, with a total circulation of 10,586,580. Although the cost of publications amounts to \$800,000 a year, it is inadequate to supply the demand.

W. S. Crouch of Tacoma, Wash., at the Raleigh. About fifteen years ago a tomb was opened at Capua, which contained a remarkable specimen of a well-made artificial leg. It was composed of thin sheets of bronze, riveted together, and fastened to a wooden core. Iron bars connected the leg with a bronze belt round the waist of the skeleton, and there were traces of a wooden foot. The iron band of Gotz von Berlichingen is historic, but among the German knights of his time there is record of one who had an iron foot which weighed nearly ten pounds, and with this pedicel extension he could kick so hard that his servants finally stole it and threw it into the Rhine. He had a second made which shared the fate of the first, and he then contented himself with a foot made of German oak. The servants and retainers of his castle did not apparently mind being kicked with an iron foot, but they drew the line at loken.

Famous Frosts in England. The lowest temperature recorded in London during the past forty years was in January, 1897, when the thermometer fell to 6.7, or nearly 28 degrees of frost, but this undesirable record was almost equaled during the famous long frost of 1895, when for one whole day in February the mercury never rose above 8 degrees. The coldest December was in 1890, the coldest February in 1895 and the coldest March in 1883. The warmest December occurred in 1868, the warmest January in 1884, the warmest February in 1899 and the warmest March in 1850.

Artificial Limbs. The manufacture of artificial limbs is of very ancient origin. The grandfather of Catiline in early life lost his right hand in battle, but made himself an iron substitute with which he could

NEW WAY TO KILL SNAKES.

Squirrels Have Devised a Method of Getting the Best of an Enemy.

A new condition of animal life has developed on Indian Island, in the State of Maine. As the Indians who inhabit the island never kill anything they do not eat, and as they eat neither squirrels nor snakes, both of these species have multiplied greatly of late years, and they have become as common as grasshoppers and as unafraid of man.

It came about in this way: The natural food of the large striped snake consists of insects with now and then a plump frog or a toad for a holiday feast. As the Indians do not kill snakes—unless they are very hungry—the reptiles increased so fast on the island that all the frogs and toads and most of the insects were exterminated, compelling the snakes to eat chipmunks or starve.

They chose the chipmunks. Though these small squirrels are found all over the island, they are most plentiful in the little cemetery at the south end.

The big striped snakes soon learned where game was thickest and began to make raids upon the undefended holes of the squirrels, catching them by the legs as they passed in and out, swallowing them whole as they do frogs.

For five or six years the struggle for mastery between the chipmunks and the snakes was a hard one.

The ratio between the two was decidedly in favor of the snakes, and the chipmunks were in a fair way to be wiped out, when an inventive squirrel discovered a way of killing the snakes without fighting them.

While a snake will enter any hole in the ground that is large enough to receive its body, no snake has yet been able to dig a hole for itself, and whenever a snake is plugged inside of a hole that snake remains where it is until it dies of starvation.

Somehow the chipmunks learned this weak spot in the defense of snakes and they began offensive operations. Every day they went leaping among the graves and snuffing at the holes to learn if there were snakes inside. As soon as one was discovered the squirrels carried earth in their cheek pouches until the hole containing the snake was filled with earth and beaten down level with the grass.

They kept close watch for prying snakes for two or three years in succession, and last summer there was hardly a large snake to be found on the island, while the chipmunks had increased so rapidly that they ate up many of the growing crops upon which the Indian depended for cash bounties from the State.

In digging among the graves of their ancestors to rid the island from a pest of chipmunks the Indians unearthed hundreds of dead snakes which had been buried alive by the squirrels. Then the world was enlightened as to a new way of killing snakes.

"LIKE 30 CENTS."

How a Current Slang Phrase Started on Its Travels.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but once in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it is certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting anything small, mean and contemptible in one's own sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer, who sometimes practices in New York:

"There is a vagrant law in New York under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that State that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has 'visible means of support.' Now there is no law in New York except the vagrant law under which pool sellers and gamblers may be held. Shortly after the decision just mentioned was formulated two gamblers were captured in a raid and taken to the Tenderloin station house. They sent for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. 'It will never do to make any show of money here,' he said. 'Give me your rolls. They handed their wads over to him and he gave each of them a quarter and a nickel, with instructions to produce the coins when he asked them to do so in court.'

"When their cases were called the lawyer got them off on the plea that they were not vagrants, each having the legal amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of his clients a messenger entered the court and required the lawyer's presence at the Supreme Court. He left without seeing his clients, and they wended their way to the nearest saloon.

"How do you feel?" said one. "I feel like thirty cents," said the other, "and probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it."

"And that's how that phrase was started in its travels."—New York Mail and Express.

Snuff-Taking.

In 1712 the London Spectator complained of snuff-taking as an impertinent custom adopted by fine women and equally disgusting whether practiced sedately or coquetishly. Some used the box only as a means of displaying their pretty hands; but the thorough-paced woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon and freely offered her best Brazilian to friends of either sex and asked the church warden to take a pinch as she dropped her money into the collecting plate. Thus for a time the snuffbox was as much a part of the "fine lady's" toilet as the fan itself.

More than once the snuffbox has played an important part in political life. After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with snuff scented with violets—his favorite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favored they would offer a pinch and significantly ask, "Do you like this perfume?"

Talleyrand always said that diplomats ought to take snuff, as it affords a pretext for delaying a reply and gave opportunities for covering any involuntary expression of emotion.