He fondly gazed in her freekled face, Then an arm he placed about Her waist, and gave her a fond embrace, And called her his pretty trout.

And her eyes with tears grew dim, As she said, "why call me such a name?" And she turned her back on him.

"Oh, to praise his girl is a lover's right," He said, "and a lover's duty, And I called you a pretty trout to night Because you're a speckled beauty." -Boston Courier.

A QUAINT PROPOSAL.

The lilac bush beneath the south window of Willow Brook Farm's wainscotted parlor nodded gracefully and Marthy and I will do our best to as a tiny zephyr swept gayly by, wafting far and near its incense of newmown hay. In its wake fluttered a purple and golden butterfly, to poise coloring somewhat, endeavored to a moment upon the window's ledge, then to sonr boldly forward until it lit upon a curious old vase beside an lots of room, and it will be real pleas softly in the half-darkened room. The butterfly and the vase mirrored themselves in the polished oak floor, and if the range had been right they could have repeated the picture in the shining surface of each article of furniture.

A younggirl was the sole occupant of the room, with the exception, of course, of the butterfly, who had winged his busily making his toilet, as his companion, humming a merry tune, dusted carefully a squatty teapot, whose fat little spout and comic tout ensemble that moment a voice calling "Marthy! followed by "Run-quick; old Tim's in the cornfield, and my hands are all over dough!"

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 dering this day, although not a sound meadow. In her hurry she failed to disturbed the the cool quietness of his 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 lookface, 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 with his clumsy hands. Martha, the blushes and dimples waxng deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in such a hurry

"Don't mention it. Wouldn't have missed the-the pleasure for anything. I-I like to be run into," averred the gentleman with considerable empha-

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. "Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, suddenly recollecting her errand. "I

forgot all about him," and away she sped, the gentleman burrying after, repeating: 'Cow! Himl Let me help you. I-I really am very clever with cows. In

tact 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 pusted old Tim. Martha turned her steps toward the house, thinking the

To her astonishment, however, he kept along by her side, observing: 'Are you acquainted with Willow Brook Farm?

centleman would proceed on his way.

"Why, yes; its my home. I was born there," answered Martha, sur-"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," | ing? I don't believe you have lookmaking a rough calculation of the ed at a book for two days"-this last, length of time it might take, all things it must be owned, with a slight air of lavorable, to place him on equally as | triumph as she continued, penitently: good footing with the daughter, while Martha's thought ran very much in but to morrow I will leave you free to

this wise so sallow. Wonder if mother will ask | me over to Dapleson to do some shophim to make us a visit. I neverheard | pin her speak of an old friend that had a

By this time they were proceeding up the path that led to the farm's pretty rose garlanded porch, and having ushhave allready been introduced to, with a demure little courtesy and the words "I will send mother," Marthaleft him.

In a few moments a comely, rosychecked woman came hurrying into the parlor with: Good afternoon, sir. Marthy tella-

me you have a letter for me from an | why he should dislike Joe so; Joe is alold friend

"Yes, from my mother," and the mutleman held toward her the letter, Having read it through interrupted rather a pussed look upon her fair with exclamations such as "Riess mel" "Who'd have thought it?" Mrs. Duncan, her pleasant face deepening into by the meadow gate caressing old · maile ejaculated.

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-todo 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, make you comfortable," and motherly Mrs. Duncan laid her hand with an approving pat upon Paul Dorsey's ightly stooping shoulders, while he,

thank her for her warm hospitality, but was cut short with: "Bless you, its no put out, we have organ, whose yellowed keys gleamed | ure to me to see Lucindy's son mak-

ing himself to home in my house. And thus it was that Paul Dorsey became a guest at Willow Brook

That evening after her visitor had retired Mrs. Duncan said to her daugh-

"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 way to a small oval mirror and was | books, 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, at once inspired a longing for tea it would do him a sight of good, and brewed in such novel quarters. At he'd never suspect it was for the sake of his health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed a low, pleased laugh, at the Marthy!" echoed through the house, 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 moraing 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 wansurroundings. 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 ing brown ones, gazing with evident with so pretty an owner. Suddenly, appreciation at the dimpled, blushing with a thud, 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 havoe of the dainty dimity curtains

> Martha, accompanied by a tall, stalwart fellow, was passing down the garden path, her intections laughter floating merrily upon the balmy air as she chaited 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 lencheon.

The days slipped into weeks, and still Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became no unusual sight to see him obediently fol-Iowing 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 ontrivaled them. Mrs. Duncan congratulates herself dpon 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 beau-

ideal of manly beauty heretofore. The sun burned scorehing hot upon the broad gravel path just outside of the farm's pretty parlor, but within that quaint room a restful coolnes. 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 seftly away, whirling round upon

her seat, Martha exclaimed: "Do you know, Mr. Dorsey, you have been wasting your whole morn-"I am afraid I have been to blame, spend the whole day with your books, "Would be nice looking if he wasn't for Cousin Joe has promised to drive

'Hang Cousin Joe-" "Mr. Dorsey!" from Martha's as-

tonished lips. "I beg pardon. I really-Ihopeyou will have a delightful time, Miss Duncred the gentleman into the parlor we can. I assure you I shall a-enjoy it immensely, being left to my books and -confound it! Excuse me-1 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 mys such a favorite with everyone. I hope I haven't offended him. I am sure I didn't mean to." And with

young face, Martha closed the organ. That evening as Marthastood down Doxey, the mare, her quick ears caught "So you are little Paul Dorsey. My! 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 myselfstill 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 tarm 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 drewnearer, then hesitated, as Martha continued.

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

"I am awfully glad-I mean I wish them joy, and all that sort of thing, and Paul Dorsey advanced still near er the little figure into whose eyes a sweet shyness had stolen

"Marthy, do you think there is a ghost of a 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 casy as you can," then gathering courage from Martha's half averted face, and the extreme pinkness of the one visible car, he laid his hand caressingly upon hers, adding:

"Marthy, do you think you can for-give me for-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—and you don't mind my being odd or—or anything" stammered

Paul, in his excessive joy.
"You are not a bit odd," was the in dignant reply; "I wouldn't have you a bit different," and Martha shyly touched the coat sleeve in close prox imity to her waist, from somewher in the region of Paul's waistcoat pock et a muffled little voice might have been heard ejaculating.

Oh, Paul! somebody is looking?" "I hope they are," was the auda cious reply, succeeded by a second disappearance on Martha's part.

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

"Deary me, Lucindy, you've no call to thank me. I had nothing to de with it. Not but what I am read 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 on half as good a woman as yourself. I am satisfied that Paul has won a

"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," ingirlish treble exclaimed. "Oh, Paul the rest of the sentence being lost by Paul daringly scaling his bethrothed's lips with his own.

An Apple Farm.

Mr. Prescott Williams of Williams burg. Mass., is the owner of an imnense 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 Baldwins, 16 Northern Spys, 16 Hubbardston's Nonesuch, 10 Bhode Island Greenings, 10 Lady Sweetings, six Congress, four Roxbury Russets, making a total of 2.172 barrels. Hundreds of trees yield one, 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 maginificent 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. Age of the man, 5. Age of the woman, 6. Residence of the man, Residence of the woman. 8. Parname-man, 9. Parenta' name-woman. 10. Guardian's name man. 11. Guardian's name-worman. 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, 1d. Date of divorce of woman at any time. 17. Color of parties. 18. Occupation of man. Occupation of

Therefork of the probate court must usk these questions, and will be liable to fine if he does not; while a false anower will subject either party to the mel mitten all tourists.

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.

Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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 During the summer the journey is deof 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 geographies 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 attitude 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 be-yord the point he reached; but no serious attempt has ever been made to explore the summit of Aconcagua, as the Chillanos 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 counsel-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 Aconeagua 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 Cumbre pass to Mendoza, on the enstern 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 Argentine 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 peace with the development of this part of South America, and to present accurate accounts of its condition, they should be re-written every Who knows, for instance except they who have been here, that a man can ride from Buenos Ayres across the panions 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 warhad 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, Bucnes 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.

ceremonies at the opening of the rails six luch hallstones on sky-bound road, with his cabinet, and toasted the and horizon-lenced Nebraska plain

so much more easily 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 blockaded with snow, and it is always dangerous and often impossible to make the journey. Na tive couriers who use snow shoes, go over the year around, carrying the mails, and find refuge in "casuchas, or hollows of the rocks during storms. Sometimes, often, indeed, they perish from exposure or starvation, or peranche. The passes are about 13,000 feet high, and are swept by winds that human endurance can not survive. lighted 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 gentine government, crossed the mountains to Chili, and had a lovely time. Plenty of mules and good guides can

their own food and bedding. There are no hotels on the way, but altitudes are attacked with a disease called "sirroche," from which they sometimes suffer severely. It comes in head, with vomiting, and so suddenly that people have been konwn 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 expectation of seeing some traveler or mule go tumbling over the cliffs. There are some bridges, too, that must be crossed whose 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 nides.

Travelers usually dismount, and lead their mules when they cross these tragile structure's 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 accustonied to giddiness will want to be down before he gets half way over. It is rather queer that so few accidents happen, and when they do occur it is ning. 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 threednys. Longchapthe conquest of Peru.

An Object Lesson.

From the Chicago News.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Sea-

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the lather. "Now, there are Germany and Spain-they came George, to take that kind of a job. 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. was because the Germans-"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was be-Peleg, you know better. You are

only trying toyour opinion was asked in this matter,

Well, I don't want my boy intructed by an old imoramus. "See here you impudent-"Put down your cane, you old brute. \$1,200 a year. Don't you darebristle up to me, or I'il

send this rolling-pin at your head, you "Never mind," interrupted Tommy, "I guess I know how wars begin."

Pat Donan's Wild Shrick.

From His Speech at the Tennessee Banquet. Earth's two greatest oceans, 3,000 ing oratorio their echo of the high and glad refrain; the vastest gulfs and randest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, huge pox," said the doctor." rolling floods, shall conspire to swel the giant pean; Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrents. Ningara's misty There was not the sign or mention of thunders shall rour it far and wide; a railway, when the Argentine Repul- the hurricane, crashing through ten lie has as good and extensive a rail- thousand mountain corres, from the way system as Kansas and Minnes Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierras, shall The President of Chili attended the chime it; the racing blizzards, harling Andes, but he didn't like it a bit. The road now runs to the boundary of thill, but will not go any farther. The gap of 150 miles over the mountain burden of its lightly bear shall grow; it; and the take very well to my programation, gap of 150 miles over the mountain burden of italishalishalibe: "Ameri | but now, I am happy to say, I have sees neight he easily supplied, but on for Americans! One country, one he Coverment of Chili will not allow that, their leger-from Greenland's by it. They do not want casy communist mountains to Daries's rollieus trands; desperate break for Pennsylvania cations between the two nations, bee E. Pinnian Union! Eain Go Breght avenue, which he reached on the cause the resources of the Argentine Naw, benesterth and forevernors, double-guick.—Bem Percy Pour in sawso much greater and attractive and | world without and -unate, a women!

LINCOLN'S FRIEND.

Making High Officials and Ladies Stand

George Clark, an eccentric man in

Aside. Correspondence Boston Jonrnal.

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 haps are buried under the awful aval- 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 a party of thirteen schoolma'ms from then in order to get it he must have the United States, who are down here \$12 to pay his fare to Washington. I teaching under contract with the Ar- told him it was a useless undertaking. He laughed at me. Abe would not refuse him anything he asked. He had be secured at the termini of the rail- made up his mind to have a post office. ways, but travelers have to carry I told him that \$12 would only pay his fare, and that everything was so only "shacks" or log houses, which high and the hotels so crowded that furnish nothing but shelter. Very often he could not live twenty-four hours people who are not accustomed to high in Washington. Again he laughed in my face, and then said: "What do I care for high prices and hotels? Abe'll the form of dizziness and pain in the 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 Washngton.

A reception was taking place at the White House, and a man of his plebian 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 condors that are always soaring the embarrassing situation served him around. These birds know the dans for more than an hour, when hunger gerous passes and keep guard with the 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 nim 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 us Mr. Clark approached Mr. Lincoln and was received with a contiality and warmth of greeting that had not been accorded any other guest of the eve-

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 inlined somewhat to exaggerate circumstances, it must be considered with some grains of allowance.

Mr. Lincoln, so Clark repeatedly ters might be written to describe the told his friends, was as familiar and scenery of the mountains, which is as off-hand as in their youth. Heleaned against the wall and laughed. and the whole route is historical, as it was like an overjoyed boy. "You has been in use for centuries. There is don't know," he said, "how glad I am scarcely a mile without some roman- to see you. The face of an old friend tic association, not a rock without its is like a ray of sunshine through dark incident, and tradition, incident and and ominous clouds. I've shook hands romance line the path before the Span- | till I'am tireder than I was splitting iards conquered the country, and rails." He inquired where Clark was Don Diego de Almaco crossed it 1535 stopping, and if he had been to supas he passed southward to Chili after per, 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 the White House afforded 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 solic-

ited the Lawrence postmastership.
Mr. Lincoln laughed at him and said: 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, remarked that he had a letter from his friend Abraham Lincoln, addressed to the gentleman for whom he had in-

This opened the doors. The letter said, in substance: "The bearer is my "Madam, I don't understand that friend George Clark. Give him the best position he can fill. If he fails in one place give him another." The Collector settled him as watchman on board vessels in the harbor-a berth in which he could sleep as much as he liked-

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 scated himself for a long interview, the President's physician happened to enter miles apart, shall roll up in thunder- the room, and Mr. Lincoln said, holding out his hands: "Doctor, what are those blotches?"

"That's varioloid, or mild small-"They're all over me. It is contagious, I believe," said Mr. Lincoln. "Very contagious, indeed!" replied

the Esculapian 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!" plac-

idly remarked the Executive. . Thank you, sir; I'll call again." replied the visitor, executing a masterly

something that everybody can take." By this time the visitor was making a

Sunny Booth.