



Charley and Willie were bosom friends—
dear friends—they knew not why.
Intimate, confidential friends of the
deepest dye.

Maye and Sue were likewise chums—
dear chums—so tried and true;
The fondest, loveliest chums, who told each
other all they knew.

With a happy smile Maye went to the Post,
with a heart so blithe and gay,
For the Valentine she knew would come
from her Willie dear that day.
And into her maiden bosom quick it went
as she straightway flew.

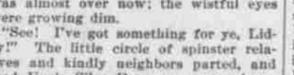
To open the same, and her trusting heart,
to her darling, loving Sue,
When Sue had scanned the shrewd hearts,
with Cupid's ringling sigh,
She gave a "sniff" and quirk her nose
turned upward to the sky.

"Why, darling Sue! how can you, dear? Why
do you treat me so?"
Quoth Sue: "I sent that thing to Willie
just a year ago."

"The wicked, horrid man!" cried Maye, with
vengeance in her eye,
But in humiliation deep she soon began to
cry.

"There, darling! pet! dry up those tears; it
circulates, you see,
For two years since it was that Charley
sent the same to me.

Done up, and safely stored away, 'twill
serve another day,
When the new love comes, with his vows
and tears, and the old has fled away."



HER LAST VALENTINE

They knew she was dying—the faded
little woman in the faded little bedroom.
She had clung to life as long as she
could, hoping for an answer to that wish-
ful prayer in her eyes. But the struggle
was almost over now; the wishful eyes
were growing dim.

"See! I've got something for ye, Liddy!"
The little circle of spinster rela-
tives and kindly neighbors parted, and
good Uncle Silas Peterson came wheez-
ing to the bedside, the snow still clinging
to his rough overcoat. He carried a let-
ter in his hand—a coarse and dirty en-
velope addressed in the crude, sprawling
penmanship of a man whom neither life
nor education had ripened or refined.

"It's from Orson—Orson, you know,"
Uncle Silas added, bending over the
couch and addressing the dying woman
with the tender directness one uses to
children—and death.

"Orson?" A smile flashed over the
ashen face, and the woman lifted a fee-
ble hand for the letter. She kissed it and
tucked it under the thin shawl that some
loving hand had wrapped over her shoul-
ders.

"Shan't I open it for ye, Liddy?" asked
one of the women.

"The dying eyes said "No."
"She thinks it's a valentine from her
husband," whispered one of the neigh-
bors.

"To-day is Valentine day, you know.
Last year I remember her telling me
how she wished Orson would send her
a valentine—just some little thing to
show her that he loved her the way he
did when they were first married."

"Most likely it's a note sayin' he'll stay
over night and see the races on the ice
to-morrow," was the guarded reply.
The dying woman folded her shawl
tightly around the precious letter. A look
of perfect peace lighted her face. "He
does love me," she whispered, "just as
he used to."

Uncle Silas turned away to wipe the
mist from his spectacles. There was a
little fluttering sigh from the bed. "Liddy"
had gone home.

When they drew the old shawl from
her shoulders, there, tight pressed against
her heart by both thin, blue-veined hands,
was Orson's crumpled, dirty letter. They
were scarcely able to take it away from
her slender, clinging fingers.

"Shall we open it?" asked Miss Penn-
man. The women looked furtively at one
another, their curiosity struggling with
their reverence.

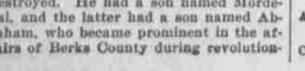
"No," said Miss Dargott, at last. "It's
hers—sacred. No matter what it says,
She died thinkin' it was a valentine. Let's
burn it up, so nobody will ever know."

The ashes of the unread letter fluttered
white about the stove for a few min-
utes, and then whirled up the chimney,
as a gust of February wind roared over
the house. And the little, worn-out,
heart-hungry woman lay smiling, as
death had found her.—James Buckham.

HOME OF ABE'S ANCESTORS.

Old House Still Stands in Exeter Town-
ship, Near Reading, Pa.

In the Lincoln exercises in the schools
of Reading, Pa., the fact was promi-
nently brought out that the ancestry of
President Lincoln, before their emigra-
tion to Virginia and then Kentucky, lived
in Berks County, and that the ancestral
home still stands in Exeter township,
eight miles below Reading. Here Mor-
decai Lincoln, great-great-grandfather of



HOME OF LINCOLN'S ANCESTORS.

the President, settled about 1725, and
built a stone house, which the ravages
of a century and three-quarters have not
destroyed. He had a son named Morde-
cai, and the latter had a son named Ab-
raham, who became prominent in the af-
fairs of Berks County during revolution-

ary war times. Another son of Morde-
cai, Jr., John, settled in Virginia. The
latter had a son Abraham, who was the
father of Thomas Lincoln, father of
President Lincoln. Numerous Lincolns
still reside in that section, and the old
home in Exeter of the progenitor of the
greatest of American Presidents, is an
object of interest to many.—Philadelphia
Ledger.

WHERE DOUGLAS LOST.

Lincoln's Long-Headedness Won Him
the Presidency.

Perhaps no anecdote ever told of Mr.
Lincoln illustrates more forcibly his
"long-headedness" in laying plans, not
even that incident when he asked the
"Judge" a question in his debate with
Mr. Douglas, which may be told as fol-
lows:

One afternoon during that joint de-
bate, says the Independent, Mr. Lincoln
was sitting with his friends, planning the
program, when he was observed to go off
in a kind of reverie, and for some time
appeared totally oblivious to everything
around him. Then slowly bringing his
right hand up, holding it a moment in
the air, and letting it fall with a quick
slap upon his thigh, he said:

"There, I am going to ask the 'Judge'
(he always called him 'the Judge') a ques-
tion to-night, and I don't care the odds
of a continental which way he answers
it. If he answers it one way it will lose
him the senatorship. If he answers it in
the other way it will lose him the presi-
dency."

No one asked him what the question
was, but that evening it was the turn
for Mr. Douglas to speak first, and right
in the midst of his address, all at once,
Mr. Lincoln roused up, as if a new
thought had suddenly struck him, and
said:

"Judge, will you allow me to ask you
one question?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Douglas.

"Suppose, Judge, there was a new town
or colony just started in some western
territory, and suppose there was precisely
100 householders—voters—there, and sup-
pose, Judge, that 99 did not want slavery
and one did. What would be done about
it?"

Judge Douglas beat about the bush, but
failed to give a direct answer.

"No, no, Judge, that won't do. Tell us
plainly what will be done about it."

Again Douglas tried to evade, but Lin-
coln would not be put off, and he insist-
ed that a direct answer should be given.
At last Douglas admitted that the ma-
jority would have their way, by some
means or other.

Mr. Lincoln said no more. He had se-
cured what he wanted. Douglas had an-
swered the question as Illinois people
would have answered it, and he got the
senatorship. But that answer was not
satisfactory to the people of the South.

In 1860 the Charleston convention split
in two factions, and it "lost him the pre-
sidency," and it made Abraham Lincoln
President.

What Lincoln Did for a Boy.
During the campaign of 1860, while
Abraham Lincoln was in Springfield, Ill.,
a youngster named George Patten was
introduced to him and shook him by the
hand. It was a very small matter to a
man as busy as Lincoln was that sum-
mer. Little George was but one of thou-
sands who received similar honor, and
with most men the incident would quick-
ly have passed from memory. But Lin-
coln was not given to forgetting trifles.
Proud of his distinction, George lost no
chance of parading the affair before his
schoolmates, and for a time was looked
upon as a most important personage. But
gradually his prestige faded, and after
the President had taken his seat at the
capital several of George's older compan-
ions openly poohpoohed the story. This
stigma well-nigh broke his boyish heart,
but he was resourceful and resolved to
obtain clear proof of his meeting with
the great man. So he wrote a letter to
Washington, keeping silent the while,
and in course of a month a reply came
which read:

—Executive Mansion, March 19, 1861.—To
Whom It May Concern: I did see and talk
with George Evans Patten, last May, at
Springfield, Ill. Respectfully,
"A. LINCOLN."

Those were trying times for the lonely
man who was carrying one of the heav-
iest burdens ever laid upon a statesman.
War was in the wind, every minute of his
time was golden and little George Pat-
ten's misfortune was a matter that could
easily have been sent to waste basket
oblivion. But Abraham Lincoln loved
justice, and somehow he found the five
minutes necessary to write to the school-
boy and set things right in his troubled
world.

A Riddle.
I sent a note to pretty True
and asked her to be mine,
To be my sweetheart fond and true,
Likewise my Valentine.

And then I went to her by say
The word I longed for, "Yes,"
But first a riddle deep and hard
She asked, and bade me guess

Why that aforesaid note is like
Fallowmen? I declare
I'm never good at guessing, and
it really wasn't fair.

Then an idea dawned on me,
My anger knew no bounds;
I thought her meaning surely was
That it had "gone the rounds."

But lest her teasing hurt me,
She whispered, low and sweet,
That close to her own loving heart
She'd placed it "on a beat."

A Valentine Diversion.
A "sale of hearts" made a pleasant di-
version at a recent valentine party. The
hearts were cut from water-color paper,
and on each was written one line from a
couplet appropriate to Saint Valentine,
such as, "This better to have loved and
lost," "My love is like a red, red rose,"
"Two souls with but a single thought,"
etc. These semi-couplets were read
aloud in turn, each heart being sold to
the person who first succeeded in completing
its couplet. The guesses were made orally,
duplicate hearts being given in case
there were more than one guessing the
correct line at the same instant. When
all the hearts had thus been auctioned
off, the couple who had won the greatest
number were proclaimed the king and
queen of hearts, and an American Beau-
tiful, certainly the queen of roses, was
presented to each. The two who were least
successful were given small heart-shaped
boxes, filled with the finest of red candy
hearts.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Billville Valentine.
I'll say to you
My love is true,
An' I have loved no one since;
For this here line,
Called "a Valentine,"
Cost a dollar an' forty cents!

HOUSE MOVING IN CHICAGO.

Work Still Done by Old-Fashioned Methods.

Last year 473 houses were moved in
Chicago, says the Chronicle. Thus
there was an average of more than one
house moved every day during the en-
tire twelve months. Frame houses,
brick houses and even stone structures
are moved from one place to another by
those experts who make a business of
this particular kind of real estate trans-
fers. That house-moving is still an im-
portant feature of the city's indus-
tries is attested by the fact that there
are fifty firms in the city devoting spe-
cial attention to taking dwellings from
their foundations and carrying them
bodily to some other point. The opera-
tion has been reduced to such a science
that during the journey of the house
not a timber or a brick in the structure
is disturbed. The trip is regarded as
so safe and so certain to be free from
accident that often families do not
move out of the dwellings at all, but
remain in them perfectly secure while
the houses change locations.

House-moving seems a very simple
process, but there are in reality more
complications connected with the pro-
cess than a man who has never moved a
house could conjure up in the wildest
flight of his imagination. In the first
place, a house cannot be moved except
by movers who hold a city license
granting them the privilege to engage
in such work. Before a man is given
such a license he must file a \$5,000 bond
with the city housemoving department.
This bond is a safeguard demanded by
the city to protect the municipality in
case an accident should occur during
the moving and a damage suit should
follow to which the city of Chicago
might be made a party to the defense.

The housemoving department has sole
power to lay out the route along which
the house must be taken. Whenever it
is possible the movers are compelled to
effect the transfer by way of streets
that are little used. A fee of \$5 for the
privilege of moving the house must be
paid to the city.

This does not end the mover's trou-
bles or those of the owner of the house
by any means. All of the rules and
regulations of the moving department
of the city must be complied with and
an inspector is always around to see
that these are observed. The house
owner does not have to reckon with the
neighbors from whose midst he is go-

ing to extract his house, but he is com-
pelled by city ordinances to figure pre-
tily carefully with the neighbors among
whom he proposes to plant his building.
If a majority of the residents in the
block and on the same side of the street
where the man wants to put his house
object to the proceedings then the
whole affair might as well be declared
off, for an insurmountable barrier has
been encountered. Or if the property
owners for 150 feet in either direction
on the opposite side of the street object
the efforts of the mover might as well
be discontinued. The law requires that
the majority of the property owners in
the block on the side of the street to
which the house is to be moved and the
majority of those within 150 feet in
either direction on the opposite side
must first give their consent to the
placing of the house in the new local-
ity.

After all of these matters have been
looked after and settled satisfactorily
then the actual active preparations for
the moving of the house are begun.
Houses are still moved by that same
old simple process that has been in use
for decades. The house is raised from
its foundations on jackscrews, or
"jacks," as they are called, and after-
ward placed upon broad, heavy rollers
of solid wood. A great windlass is
strapped fifteen or twenty rods down the
street and is anchored by heavy pins
driven into the ground. A big, thick
rope, strong enough to pull many tons,
is then pulled from the windlass to
which one end is fastened. The other
end is fastened to the house. A horse
is attached to a shaft connected with
the windlass, and as the animal walks
round and round the center pin the rope
is wound about the latter and the house
is pulled forward. When the house has
been pulled up to the windlass then the
latter is set forward again and the
pulling process is repeated. This opera-
tion is performed over and over again
until the house has been drawn to the
new location which it is to occupy.

"The housemoving business isn't
what it used to be in this old town—
not by a long shot," said a professional
mover who has been moving houses in

Chicago ever since the fire. "You see
a fire, or frame house, built was estab-
lished a long time ago, and nowadays
there is hardly ever a single move with-
in those bounds, for you see most of the
buildings inside of it are permanent in
the extreme, the frame houses are get-
ting scarce and big brick and stone
houses are not moved as often as the
wooden ones. Most of the house mov-
ing is now confined to the outskirts of
the city and people are getting so well
settled that there are comparatively few
occasions for transplanting a
dwelling."

Steel Wool in the Arts.

"Although steel wool has only been
used as a substitute for sandpaper dur-
ing the last six years, it is now very
extensively utilized for polishing pur-
poses by metal workers, carpenters,
cabinet-makers, house painters, sign
painters and grainers throughout the
United States," said a wholesale dealer
in the material to the writer recently.
"Steel wool is an article of regular
manufacture and it is put up in one-
pound packages very much resembling
rolls of cotton batting. It is composed
of sharp-edged threads of steel, which
curl up like wool or the familiar wood
fiber known as excelsior, but it is much
finer in texture than the latter material,
the finest quality being not much
coarser than the coarsest of natural
wools.

The superiority of steel wool over
the ordinary sandpaper consists in its
great pliability, which enables a work-
er to polish or smooth down irregular
parts of moldings or ornamental wood-
work. Such work can be done with
steel wool far better and much more
expeditiously than with sandpaper. The
latter clogs in use, but steel wool al-
ways retains a more perfect polishing
edge or surface. The wool is made in
various degrees of coarseness, the
coarser grade being best adapted for
taking off old paint or varnish and for
smoothing and cleaning floors like those
of bowling alleys. The wool is gener-
ally used with gloves to keep the sharp
ends from sticking into the workman's
fingers.—Washington Star.

An Unfortunate Mash.

An amusing accident occurred on a
Front street cable-car the other even-
ing. It happened just as the car neared
the turn at Pike street and 1st avenue.
Away up toward the front end of the
car a lady was sitting. She had a large

basket, and bundles galore. One she
carefully deposited on the seat beside
her. Just as the car neared Pike street
a young man jumped aboard—a very
homely young man to others, but to
himself a veritable Beau Brummell.

He started to walk the length of the
car to take a seat. He seemed perfect-
ly satisfied with himself in every par-
ticular. Then the car rounded the
curve, and with that jerk we are all so
familiar with he was precipitated very
suddenly into a seat next to our friend
with the bundles; in fact, he was
thrown against her as he sat down.

"Sure, and you have mashed me
cake!" she exclaimed.

"Well," he replied, with a brilliant at-
tempt to be funny, "I am sure of one
mash, anyhow!"

"Yes, indeed!" was the quick reply;
"and, sir, judging from the looks of ye,
it's the first wan ye lever made!"

The young man left the car at the
earliest opportunity.—Seattle Mail and
Herald.

Prominent Women Suffragists.

Here is a list of some of the distin-
guished men who have advocated the
ballot for women: Abraham Lincoln,
Charles Sumner, William H. Seward,
Chief Justice Chase, Henry W. Long-
fellow, John J. Whittier, Wendell Phil-
lips, John Stuart Mill, Phillips Brooks,
Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Quincy
Adams, George W. Julian, Joseph Cook,
James Freeman Clarke, Charles Kings-
ley, Thomas Wentworth Higginson,
Rev. David Gregg, George W. Cable,
George William Curtis, Bishop Row-
man, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles F.
Twing, Bishop Hurst, Bishop Simpson,
Bishop Gilbert Haven, George F. Hoar,
Rev. Minot Savage, Rev. John Pier-
pont, William Lloyd Garrison, Theo-
dore Parker and James A. Garfield.

Association of Ideas.
"See, mamma, the lively little lamb."
"Nonsense, child! Those are not
lamb—they are little pigs."
"Why, mamma, what did they do?"
"Flegende Blaetter."

It is better to receive a \$10 bill than
a bill for \$10.

ATOHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genius.

The plain, ordinary man is a good
deal better than the ideal man.
Put your name in your umbrella, and
nine out of ten people who find it will
return it.
In dealing with the men, the women
should lay aside clubs, and try tears
and honey.

After a man becomes old, times flies
so fast that the monthly magazines be-
come dailies.
It is fortunate for most people that
salaries are not regulated by their use
of saw and seen.

We know a man who owns an um-
brella, and never raises it when there
is rain or hot sun.
The women think they have a right
to be consulted in every love affair
within five blocks.

When a woman returns home from a
trip, and no one meets her at the train,
it breaks her heart.
No woman truly loves a man unless
she laughs at his jokes, and really
thinks they are funny.

When there is a rain after a long dry
spell, every church member claims that
his church prayed for it.
To get into a story book, a girl must
be either a winsome little blonde, or a
cold, statuesque brunette.

When a woman remains cheerful in
getting over a love affair, it is a sign
she is starting in on another.
When a guest refuses dessert, the ap-
plause of the children at the table is
sincere, though it may be silent.

There is only one excuse for buying
on credit: the hope that the merchant
will forget to charge your purchase.
A woman does not make as much of
her troubles as she might unless she
speaks of the "iron entering her soul."

The latest man in every country
town rides to the depot at least once
a day with the driver of the hotel "bus."
There seems to be as little excuse for
some people as there is for weeds and
bugs; and they are as hard to get rid of.

It is the hardest thing in the world
to give an old maid a good time after
she has settled down to traveling in
a rut.
The day after a girl gets her engage-
ment ring, she goes down town with
her mother to look at muslins and em-
broideries.

When it is necessary to test the sin-
cerity of a church member's desire to
do good, she is sent out to solicit sub-
scriptions for a church social.

There are many beautiful things in
the world, but none of them compare
with a young dining room girl wear-
ing a white dress and blue sash.

When you give a boy a nickel, he
usually reaches for it with his left
hand, and his mother says: "Which
hand?" and "What do you say?"

If a girl is seven, and her father
calls the piano hers in a joke, she re-
members it when she marries twenty
years later, and steals it from her sis-
ters.

A woman, to please a man, should
tell him early and late that she is only
a poor, weak foolish thing, and he will
have no trouble in remaining an idol if
he confesses and repents once every
day.

It is funny, but in reading, women
fairly gloat over a heroine who meets
the hero, both fall in love without in-
terduction and are married, while in
real life the average woman will scream
if her daughter speaks to a man she has
met every day in ten years, but to
whom she has not been introduced.

When you sit on a porch in the even-
ing, and rip open your neighbors, and
put salt in their wounds, you do not
hurt your neighbors, but you do give
the impression that you have a low,
malicious nature. Try speaking well
of people. They enjoy it, and kindness
will do you no harm. You can find
something commendable in everyone
of your acquaintances.

Will Be Hurried Away.
A young fellow employed in one of
the downtown offices came to work late
yesterday morning and looked as if he
had left his boarding house in a hurry.
He explained it in this way:
He has the bad habit of "sneering at
the mental abilities of women. Yes-
terday morning he remarked, shortly
after arising, that women were the
only animals extant known to be de-
void of mental power. The dispenser
of viands for the establishment, who is
a woman, inquired if he really believed
that.

"With limitations, yes," he replied.
"The human body is so constructed
that it must have a governing influ-
ence for the muscles of locomotion in
the female as well as the male, hence
the presence there of the cerebellum.
The cerebrum in women is a great deal
like the third eye which the aborigines
are supposed to have had. Having
fallen out of use, it has disappeared."

He left the house hastily and without
breakfast.—Cleveland Leader.

Quick-Witted.
It was a cold, damp morning in De-
cember, and as Jones took his morning
paper from the hands of an equally
cold and damp newsboy he said, "Are
you not afraid you will catch cold on
such a wet morning, my son?" Quick
as a flash the little lad replied, "Selling
newspapers keeps up the circulation,
sir." That boy ought to grow up to be
a humorist.

Name for Voting Machines.
A name for voting machines has been
invented. They are now called vote-
meters.

There is no end to the zings a woman
ears.

RESULT OF A FALL.

SAN FRANCISCO ATTORNEY STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

Shock to the System Brings on Nervous
Prostration—How a Cure Was
Effectuated.

It is doubtful if anything could be
written more convincing than the in-
teresting story related by Mr. Edward
T. Dudley, a practicing attorney for 25
years in San Francisco, with offices at
83 City Hall avenue. Mr. Dudley
lost his balance while standing upon
the rear platform of a street car, causing
him to fall, striking the ground with
the back of his head, which brought on
a feeling of numbness and eventually
paralysis. Mr. Dudley tells his ex-
perience in his own way as follows:

"After the fall from the car I passed
it by as an accident that had left no
apparent ill effects; yet a few weeks
later, in endeavoring to get on a car, I
found I could not raise my foot. From
this time paralysis began in my feet
and in time my lower limbs became
numb. I became pale as a ghost and
it brought on a bloodless condition of
my system. From being a strong,
healthy man of 180 pounds, I was re-
duced to 145 pounds, and my doctor
told my wife that it was only a ques-
tion of time when I should have to
take my bed. Medicine prescribed
by the doctors did no good, and, at the
time I started to take Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills for Pale People, if I fell
down I could not possibly get up again
unassisted. I could scarcely walk
a block. Now I can walk three
or four miles without fatigue, and as
you see, an altogether a different man
—and all from eight or nine boxes of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-
ple.

"After trying Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, I could see in a very short time
that I was picking up color and my
health and general system was much
improved. I did not change my diet,
nor did I take any other medicine, and
my increase in weight from 145
pounds to 185 pounds I can lay to
nothing else than Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People. Signed,
EDWARD T. DUDLEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 10th day of July, 1900.

Justin Gates, Notary Public.
At all druggists or direct from Dr.
Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady,
N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per
box; 4 boxes \$2.50.

REALISTIC SONGS.

**Queer Questions Evoked by Henry Rus-
sell's Halted Singing.**

Henry Russell, the well-known Eng-
lish vocalist, relates in his autobio-
graphy that on one occasion he gave, at
Hanley, England, an entertainment for
the benefit of the Staffordshire potters,
who were in great distress. After he
had sung his song, "There's a good time
coming, boys; wait a little longer," a
man in the crowd arose; greatly ex-
cited, and shouted: "Muster Russell,
can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan
in the reserved seats stood up and said:
"Shut oop, man; Muster Russell 'll
write to ye!"

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mr. Russell
sang "The Gambler's Wife," in which
the wife is represented as awaiting the
gambler's return to his home. The
clock strikes 1—it strikes 2—it strikes
3. As it strikes 4 the young wife, clasp-
ing her child to her bosom, dies in hope-
less despair. At this point a woman
stood up and shrieked in shrill tones:
"Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me,
wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

In earlier days, as the same vocalist
was singing, "Woodman, Spare That
Tree!" an old gentleman cried: "Mr.
Russell, was the tree spared?"

"It was, sir."
"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the
old gentleman with a sigh of relief.

When "The Newfoundland Dog" had
been sung—a piece which describes the
dog saving a child's life—a North coun-
tryman exclaimed: "Was the child
saved, mon?"

"It was, sir."
Then, with the anxious look of one
asking a great favor, the man pleaded:
"Could ye tell me where to get a dog
like that?"—Philadelphia Saturday
Evening Post.