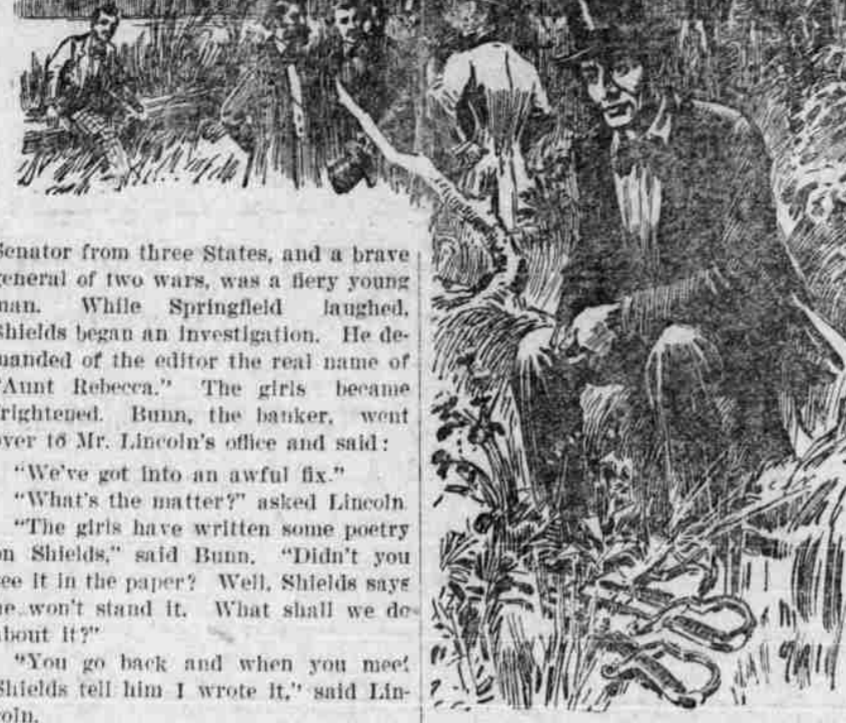


RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

The old resident of Alton takes the visitor to the river bank in front of the City Hall and, pointing across the Mississippi to an island heavily wooded with willows, informs him that there is the "Lincoln-Shields Park." On the 22d of September, 1842, writes Walter B. Stevens in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the stage coaches rattled down the long valley through the bluffs of Alton and unloaded an extraordinary passenger list at the Plaza Hotel. The people sitting and standing on the wide double galleries of the three-story, hipped roof, wooden hotel, looked and wondered as James Shields, the State Auditor, accompanied by Col. Whitesides and several other well-known Springfield politicians stepped down from the coach and went into the hotel. They were amazed when another vehicle delivered "Abe" Lincoln, the lawyer; E. H. Berryman and William Butler. About the same time Elijah Lott and J. J. Hardin and several others, well-known public men of Illinois, drove into town. "Jim" Shields had challenged "Abe" Lincoln and they had challenged "Abe" Lincoln and they were going across the river to fight on Missouri soil with "broadswords," the regulation cavalry sabres of the United States Army. These were the years of "dragons" in this country.

As soon as the ferry reached the island Mr. Lincoln was taken in one direction and Mr. Shields in the other. They were given seats on logs and left to themselves while seconds and peace-makers discussed the situation. In a short time a serious defect in the proceedings on the part of Shields came to light. The challenge had been sent prematurely. The mistake is explained quite clearly in the Alton traditions. Lincoln had amused himself and had entertained the Whites by writing funny letters to a Springfield paper about the Democrats, and signing his epistle "Aunt Rebecca." Mary Todd, who afterwards became Mrs. Lincoln, and Julia Jayne conspired to add to the gaiety of the community by getting up an "Aunt Rebecca" letter of their own composition and sending it to the paper along with some verses which they signed "Cathleen." The letter which the girls wrote went outside of politics and contained a burlesque proposal of marriage to Auditor Shields. Now, the Auditor, afterward a United States



Senator from three States, and a brave general of two wars, was a fiery young man. While Springfield laughed, Shields began an investigation. He demanded of the editor the real name of "Aunt Rebecca." The girls became frightened. Bunn, the banker, went over to Mr. Lincoln's office and said:

"We've got into an awful fix." "What's the matter?" asked Lincoln. "The girls have written some poetry on Shields," said Bunn. "Didn't you see it in the paper? Well, Shields says he won't stand it. What shall we do about it?"

"You go back and when you meet Shields tell him I wrote it," said Lincoln.

Shields accepted this without verification and sent the challenge. The peace-makers, hurrying to Alton, brought the true story of the authorship. The facts came out in the conference on the island, and the seconds began the interchange of notes. Shields saw the error of the proceeding further when he learned that Lincoln was not the writer. For an hour or more the writing and exchanging of notes went on. Meantime the population of Alton stood in a dense mass on the river bank looking across the channel and having a good view of all the movements. "Bill" Souther, a newspaper reporter, kept his eyes on the principals. He told that for some time after the landing Lincoln and Shields sat quietly on their logs. Lincoln said nothing, and Souther thought he looked serious. After awhile something happened, and Souther said that when he saw it he "nearly blew up." The bundle of sabres had been laid down near the log where Lincoln was sitting. Lincoln reached out and took up one of the weapons. He drew the blade slowly from the scabbard, and Souther said "it looked as long as a fence rail." Holding the blade by the back, Lincoln looked closely at the edge, and then after the manner of one who has been grinding a scythe or a corn knife, he

began to feel gingerly the edge with the ball of his thumb. By this time "Bill" Souther was tremendously interested. Holding the sabre by the handle, Lincoln stood up and looked about him. He evidently saw what he was looking for in a willow tree several feet away. Raising the mighty weapon with his long arm, Lincoln reached and clipped one of the topmost twigs of the willow. When he had thoroughly satisfied himself as to the efficiency of the broadsword he sat down. A few minutes later the correspondence was closed on terms "honorable to both parties."

As the boat put back to Alton the spectators on the bank were horrified to see lying prone upon the deck a figure covered with blood, while a well-known Altonian leaned over the figure playing a fan vigorously. Not until the boat was close in shore was it seen that the figure was a log of wood and that the "bloody" covering was a red flannel shirt. Wentworth dropped the fan, stood up and grinned.

Lincoln was 6 feet and 4 inches, with an arm length in proportion. Shields was 5 feet 6 inches, chunky and short-limbed. "Bill" Souther marveled much over the willow tree exhibition, and wondered how long Shields could have stood up against such odds.

of the king," he said promptly. "I am in the navy." "The arrow means not service," she returned. "It signifies, rather, loyalty. Thou art a loyal man?" she asked. "Always, everywhere," he boasted. "Then why seekest thou information of thy love affairs of soothsayers?" she persisted.

"Thy writ that soothsayers know," he answered vehemently. "and I do not, I cannot tell if I am cherished in her heart or if in my absence I am half forgot. I cannot even tell if I am present in her mind when I am near, for then converseth she most flagrantly with other and less worthy men."

"Less worthy men, indeed?" "I deem them so."

"But is thy judgment much to be depended on? Thou seemest but a youth; thy blood is quick to take offense; thy heart protesteth over trifles and standeth round in way of buffetings. When thou art older, thou wilt better know the other sex and realize that when thou art most flattered thou art most regarded—when thou seemest most madly to pursue, shouldst thou but hesitate, she would run unto thee." "Thou shouldst know women well," he said, "but how know I that thou sayest true of what my power will become with years?"

"The stone upon my finger tells me all—of thee and of thy maid who is so steeled; how that she seemeth firm as any wall—yet that if thou persist she shall yield."

"Thou wouldst counsel firmness and good hope?" "As I know the future and the sex."

"So be it, then," he said, "but I much fear thou knowest gypsy maidens only, and 'tis no gypsy maiden that hath cast her charm on me."

"No gypsy maiden? Then thy palm is wrong. Take back thy fee straightway and run along."

He shook his head. "She is no gypsy," he explained, "only a make-believe."—Buffalo Express.

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages.

A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place, and immediately after his arrival at the first house received a telegram calling him back to town. He, however, determined to have one day's shooting and to proceed to town by the night mail.

At the end of the day he gave the head keeper £1 and asked him to send his gun and cartridge bag over to the other place for which he had an invitation and where he proposed proceeding in three or four days' time.

On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., had not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he received a reply stating that when he (the keeper) had received the other £4 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detained till payment was made.

The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his guests and his servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman ascertained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

A Moral "Immortal."

It may be gathered from an anecdote found in the Gaulois that there was a time when some members, at least, of the French Academy shared New England's former respect for correct spelling.

One day Boissier arrived at Renan's house with a beaming face. "Now," he began, "I'll tell you a piece of news that will take down your crest. My autograph has fetched a higher price than yours."

"That does not surprise me," Renan said, serenely. "Where did you hear this?"

Boissier then explained that at an auction a day or two before a Renan autograph had sold for three francs and one of his own for five.

"Let me tell you the reason," said Renan. "There were three mistakes in the spelling of your letter, which is now lying here on my writing-table. A friend of mine was at the auction and made a high bid for the letter, after noticing the artificial gems that adorned your prose."

"He brought it to me in order that I might return it to you. If it got abroad," concluded Renan, smiling, "the public might get a bad impression of the accomplishments of members of the French Academy."

One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of top which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."—Youth's Companion.

(Mrs. Blunder has just received a telegram from India)—What an admirable invention the telegram is! she exclaimed, when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gun on the envelope isn't dry yet—Tit-Bits

Wonder of the Wireless



HENEVER men formerly went down to the sea in ships, whether the ships were wooden whalers or Gloucester fishing smacks; whether they were long Lucanias or Oregon-type battleships, the men who ventured to cut loose from land, whether for a period of months or days, they cut loose, and they were isolated, were cabined, cribbed, confined. From New York to Queenstown they heard no world news, were rimmed by monotonous horizons, were subject to the chance of burial in mid-ocean, leaving their friends to imagine, never to know, the manner of their taking off. Wireless supplies, as it were, a sixth sense. Wireless suggests the uncanny fourth dimension. Wireless arms a ship with an immensely extended tentacle that warns, that gives messages and sends them. That inset on the bosom of the ocean is no longer lost, is as much in the world's eye as a London hansom cab or a car upon Broadway. Wireless, the mysterious, robs the mysterious deep of its most insidious terror, loneliness, isolation.

There are now six distinct methods known by which messages may be sent between stations without metallic connections. These are: 1. By induction, in which the current, raised to a high degree of intensity, is enabled to leap, as it were, from one wire to another. In Edison's plan of telegraphing from moving trains the current is transmitted by induction. 2. By conduction, in which the earth is employed as the conductor of the message. 3. Mr. Tesla's invention, which utilizes the earth, supplementing the apparatus producing the current with a conductor running up a pole for a short distance and terminating in a flat metal plate. 4. Another method which has been used in Europe and is called the ultra-violet ray method. By it the ultra-violet rays sent out from an electric arc light at the sending station constitute the medium whereby at the receiving station sparks are set free, restoring the current in an interrupted circuit. 5. Still another method employs either the visible light rays emitted from a searchlight or their accompanying invisible heat rays, it being still uncertain which ray is actually the medium of communication. This method is the basis of Prof. Bell's photophone and the radiophone of Prof. Hayes. 6. Finally, there is the Hertz wave method, which is the one successfully operated by Marconi. In 1888 Dr. Hertz of Carlsbad, Germany, discovered that when an impulsive charge is passing through a conductor, other waves are radiated in all directions in the space surrounding the conductor, and that these waves are in all respects similar to those of light, except that they are much longer. These waves move with the same velocity as those of light, and have the same power of reflection and refraction, etc., as are possessed by waves of light. In the Marconi method of wireless telegraphy, by means of a Ruhmkorff induction coil, a stream of sparks is produced at a gap in an electric circuit, where these Hertzian waves are emitted in all directions sideways from the gap. By means of one of the sensitive devices known to electricians, these waves can be picked up, even at long distances from the transmitter. Marconi made the essential points of his method known in 1897, but it was not until March 29, 1899, that his success in sending messages across the English channel, a distance of thirty-two miles, called the attention of the world to the possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

LOVE AND FAME.

I looked for Fame,
And Love came flitting by,
But paused a while,
With bated wings, to sigh;
But still I looked for Fame,
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,
When hope was almost sped;
Fame came at last,
When youth and joy had fled;
And then I looked for Love,
But Love was dead.

—M. T. Marshall.

The Gypsy's Gem

The first notes of the Toreador song called a group of idlers and sightseers near and cordial handclapping followed the final note of the gypsies' music, for there were singers in the band who knew how to use their voices. The space near the cottage afforded a brilliant scene these gala days; there were always round about those curious ones who must have their fortunes told—men as well as women, skeptics and believers alike trying for a peep into the future through the eyes of the palm reader, the horoscope interpreter and the oracle.

Elsewhere in the village were merry doings—eating and drinking, all the rough diversions of the early days, the ways that men and women have ever sought for whiling away the time. Beneath a canopy were Mistress Madge and prim companions in sewing industry, while near the stilt Miss Betsy lingered for a word with stalwart Hugh. Crossing the village green in pairs and groups were others of the comely maidens, and all the small boys of the town, scanning more serious pursuits, played merrily at leap frog, quoits and other robust games.

Within the public houses were heavy discourse of the stock, and clinking of the glasses, and boisterous applause when one would make attempt at witticism. Behind his counter smiled the rotund keeper; among the tables and the benches supple John moved constantly with potatoes and lights. From all the meadow land and tenant houses round, the men were come to share the village cheer. These moved not at the notes of any song from near the Hathaway garden, but buried their coarse faces once again in cup or mug, and gurgled contentedly.

These were momentous days. The court was come. In brave array were courtiers and warriors and sailors bold, all plucking. The servants ran about in liveries resplendent, important personages stalked hither and away in heavy grandeur. Court ladies and their maids looked on the village and the country folk dislustrously in part, but some took interest and made acquaintance here and there.

The latter, friendly ones, looked up to hear the gypsies sing, and when the

song was ended clapped and sought to know from members of the band what good or ill future held for them. One visitor, a youth, a short and sturdy lad, with bearing and with bronze of open air and sea, looked in the faces of the gypsies and strayed about from place to place to hear what patrons of the soothsayers might have learnt.

A gypsy lass made bold to ask him: "Sir, have your future told for gold; a bright career may wait thee; I'll tell thee whom for friends to hold, and who they are that hate thee."

"Nay, lass, but are all the members of thy company in sight?" he asked.

"All but one, maid who readeth palms," she answered him. "Then will I wait," he said, "and see if she can tell me what I wish to know. It is the one who is the most demanded that must know the most, and I will wait to have her peer into the dark for me."

But there were those who were not so determined, and would buy forecasts indiscriminately, so she left him and told others pleasant bits to make them smile and mostly spared them what of



"THEN THY PALM IS WRONG."

painful truth she read that fate was holding back for them.

Then came that one to view who had been in demand—a riot of the gypsy colors, with burning eyes that melted into mischief in a flash, and teeth and lips so perfect one could guess they never would foretell unhappiness.

He ran to her. "Now read my palm," he said, "and I will pay thee well." "It is my line," she answered him. "The good cause needeth funds, and I will tell thee truly what the future holds for thee. I pray thy palm be smooth and hard, then hast thou fortune's high regard. But if it be all lined and crossed, then shalt thou be most tempest-tossed."

Together then they sat and, reddening, he stretched his hand where she might see the palm.

She reached to take it, and showed a sparkling gem upon her finger. And when he touched the gem he thrilled in all the nerves that carry shivers to and fro, but whether from her touch or from the magic of the stone he could not say.

"Alas," she said, "tis lined and scarred; thy calling works thee overhard. But hard means triumph at the last; thou shalt be rich ere years have passed."

"So rich that I shall own a horse like that?" he questioned

"There is not wealth enough to buy it—'tis my luck stone, lad," she said. "Now this line here, a bold, full curve, denotes a trained and steady nerve; it is of intersections free—thou must a gallant sailor be."

"All but the gallant," he broke in. "I have never done a gallant thing. The sailor's life is one of good, hard toil and sudden perils, if you will, but landsmen are the ones to whom are offered chances to conduct themselves with gallantry."

"Thou dost not read thy life and duties right," she said. "Each time thou swingest mid the lofty sails or flyest up and down the ropes thou comest nearer to the captaincy, the goal of thy highest hopes. The stone I wear upon my finger tells me where thy thoughts most linger."

A peal of laughter startled them and they looked up to see more of the gypsies, listening. "She hath a promising subject," whispered one. "Aye, he has a simple hand," the second said. "Beth, tell him true," another counseled, "or he'll haunt your days. Let him know the worst and best; clear away the haze."

And they danced away to other parts, telling one another of their windings and of how they had almost been trapped by some sharp-witted patron trying to deceive them with false information. Just to lead them on.

"I read, too, that thou art in trouble," said the girl.

"Thou art the first to know it," said the youth, readily, but wincing in her sight. "How can a man who is most times abroad have troubles? Tell me that."

"Thy trouble hides at home," she softly said.

"Then dost thou truly know," admitted the youth. "Now tell me what I shall do, for I will not longer sail the sea in such uncertainty as has cursed my voyages of late. I am a man," he said it as a youngster doth who feels the blood bounding in him each day more swiftly than before—"I am a man; I pray thee bid me take my trouble by the throat and strangle it."

"Best take it by the hand and plead with it," she said, "or look it in the eye and say your inmost thought."

"Aye, look it in the eye—and be abashed," he answered. "I cannot say my inmost thought without some help. Is there no firmness or no readiness of speech writ in my palm, dear gypsy?"

"A plain all curlycues and tails—the owner's purpose always falls," she hummed.

"A miserable outlook," he said, and set his face.

"But thine hath no curlycues nor tails, nor anything but well-defined and proper lines—a lifetime long and red and deep, denoting friendship good to keep. Thou lovest one who is fickle?" she asked pointedly.

"I cannot tell," he said. "I mayhap should have brought her palm as well?"

"It is not needed now," the gypsy said. "Come, here's an arrow well defined, sharp-pointed, short and blunt at end. What is the message fate designed by this war taken to us to send?" "The arrow must mean the service

TUMULT IN THE SEA.

Terrific Force of a Marine Upheaval Off Cape Horn.

A sailing ship rounding Cape Horn was caught in a dead calm, something almost unprecedented in that stormy latitude. The sky was filled with a light haze, and the sea was flat and lead colored. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the ship began to shake violently, the masts whipped and bent like fish poles, and everything movable above and below came down with a clatter. It was like striking a rock, only the shock was less pronounced at first, but increased in violence during the thirty seconds it lasted. The sea heaved in oily swells with a strange, hoarse murmur, and it continued to be agitated after the tremors ceased.

Half an hour later fish by the thousands began to rise to the surface until it was covered with them. Forty-seven whales were counted, many cowfish fully eight feet across, sharks without number and seals by the hundreds. They were evidently stunned with the force of some terrific marine upheaval, and when struck with a pole by one of the sailors showed only faint signs of life. In twenty minutes after the first fish arose to the surface they began to drop out of sight like pieces of lead. Whether they were stunned and, on recovering, immediately dived beneath the waves in a panic, or whether they died from the shock and, instead of floating as dead fish do, were drawn under by some submarine whirlpool, were scientific questions too deep for the skipper, but half a dozen of the smaller fish hauled aboard by the cook for dinner were quite dead when examined. The calm continued twenty-four hours longer before the ocean resumed its usual aspect and a wind from the southeast permitted the ship to continue its course.—New York Press.

The Narrow Path.

There are occasional doubts in the minds of the elders of the Morse family as to the quickness of Bobby's wits, but there has never been any doubt that a lesson once learned by him, however slowly, is forever after remembered.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Bobby?" asked one of his sister's admirers, but Bobby hung back.

"I don't care to," he said, with terrible distinctness.

"Don't you like me?" asked the unwise visitor.

"No, I don't," replied Bobby, and then there was a shocked chorus from the family.

"Bobby," said his aunt, reproachfully, as she withdrew him from the public gaze, "why do you say such a rude thing to Mr. Brown?"

"Because, aunty," said her wriggling charge, "I got spanked last week for not telling the truth, and I sha'n't never take any risks again!"

Encouraging Dream.

To dream that some one bears you malice foretells a pleasant prospect in your worldly affairs; and that you will soon be advanced to some important station.

The price of feed is so high that the woman who can make money by keeping a cow this winter, should be entrusted with the finances of the nation.