

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Great Lincoln died a martyr, with a bullet in his brain;
The good he wrought for Freedom's cause
wiped out a damning stain;
Mighty hosts in armed rebellion had yielded
on the field,
After four years' valiant fighting for the
blot upon their shield.
The manacles of slavery were forever cast
away,
And four million former chattels were re-
joicing on that day;
The cruel war was over; there was happi-
ness at hand,
When a distant shot a pistol that resounded
through the land.
Four hundred thousand loyal lives were
sacrificed in strife,
To give the starry banner a triumphant
lease of life;



The soldier boys were coming home, glad
that the fray was o'er,
And loud paens to the victors, Spring's
fragrant zephyrs bore;

When the ruler of this nation, the grandest
man of all,
Was called from his high station to repose
beneath a pall,
The gloom that then spread o'er the land
caused grief most hard to bear,
And in the loss each family were conscious
of a share.

His monument may crumble, as they tell
it has done,
But his name is on the tongues of men who
know the name he won;
And as his virtues come to light their lus-
ter floods the earth,
To teach our youths to honor him on the
day he had his birth.

So February twelfth will mark a date each
future year,
That calendars will bear to red to show
when we revere;
For the name of Lincoln calls to mind a
man of humble birth,
Whose faith is now exalted in the highest
niche on earth.
—John McComb.

A KNIGHT OF ST. VALENTINE.



It was to be a valentine party. That was what the girls decided after talking it all over half a dozen times, viewing all the schemes suggested from every possible light and rejecting all except the one Mabel Hurvine had made, that it should be a valentine party. Margaret had said she was dying for a sleighride, not just a poky old ride in a cutter big enough for two, but a good old-fashioned big straw ride, with lots of buffalo robes and all the girls and all the fellows in the crowd. But the sleighride was outvoted by those who feared the chill winds would make their noses red and blow their hair about until they would not appear to advantage in the eyes of those for whose benefit the hair was curled and the noses discreetly touched up at times.

Hinda could see nothing but a musicale. Some of the boys could play guitars and mandolins and the piano, she insisted, and everybody thought he could sing and that would make it nice. She even volunteered to arrange the program of mandolin music and get copies of the "rag time" coon melodies to help out those whose knowledge of the fascinating jingles was confined to enthusiastic bursts in the chorus. But the musicale idea had few friends. It was too much trouble and the girls who could not play mandolins or pose prettily with guitars hung from their shoulders on pale blue ribbons could not see where they would come in except in the chorus, and they each wanted to star, so the musicale was not a go.

Marjie thought it would be lovely to just meet at somebody's house and not have any old set program, but let things take their own course and sing and dance and talk and perhaps eat after awhile. But somebody suggested this might get poky in a short time, and when Mabel Hurvine came to the rescue with the valentine party suggestion it was pounced upon with delight and she was voted a wonder at conceiving schemes to help distressed maidens out of difficulties.

"But what do you do at a valentine party?" asked Aileen. "I never went to one since the days when we used to have a valentine box in school and the boys used to send the teacher horrible caricatures and some of the boys used to send some of the girls pretty little cards."

"Oh, well, never mind telling us about your childhood days," said Kathryn. "We want to hear about this party we are going to have. Mabel is sponsor for it and she will have to tell about it."

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world," said Miss Hurvine, who was small and dark and whose eyes twinkled behind pince nez glasses. "All you have to do is to invite a crowd of fellows and girls who know each other pretty well."

"That is easy for a starter," said Marjie, "for, positively, I don't think any crowd of girls knows as many boys as we do."

"Speak for yourself, please," said Aileen with a toss of her head, but before the controversy progressed further Mabel went on with her explanation of the plan of entrapping unwary young men on St. Valentine's evening.

"Well, you get the crowd together at somebody's house and then you have a small brother or somebody, a sister if you're about half out of brothers, dressed for a cupid."

"I hope he will be more thoroughly dressed than the conventional cupid," suggested Kathryn, "or the party is likely to break up right there."

"Not for a minute," said Mabel decidedly. "I do wish you girls wouldn't be silly or I'll never get through with this. He has a cute little wagon filled with pieces of white paper cut in heart shapes and to each one is attached a pencil."

"So we can write home for money," cut in Marjie.

Miss Hurvine silenced her with a look of disdain and went on: "He goes around the room with the wagon and each one takes one of the little hearts and pencils, and then they are called upon to write a verse or a valentine to someone in the party. When they all get through the cupid goes around again."

"And collects the garbage," said Kathryn, who had remained a silent listener up to this point.

"Let her tell it," said Aileen. "It's a good story. She's all right. Let her tell it."

"I won't tell you girls another thing and I won't have anything to do with the party if you don't behave yourselves, now," said Mabel. "Well, the verses are all piled up on a table and somebody reads them out to the crowd, and everyone has a chance to guess who wrote each one and to whom it was written. Of course if the verses sort of describe some peculiarity of the person addressed it would help some."

"Oh, that would be lovely," said Aileen; "I can see my finish when they get at my peculiarities. If anybody writes anything mean about me I won't play."

And so it was decided that it should be a Valentine party and that everybody should come and that the boys should not know anything about the scheme until they had reached the house, lest they might come "loaded" with verses culled from handy volumes of quotations.

Mabel Hurvine's home was ablaze with lights on the night of St. Valentine's day. The parlor was hung with smilax and ferns, and from the chandelier dangled a mighty heart pierced by a cruel arrow. Everything was ready for the Valentine party, and half the guests had arrived. Marjie was gayly singing "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back," while a solemn young man played rag time on the piano. Half a dozen other girls were sweetly tugging fibs to as many young men who hung over their chairs or sat beside them and seemed to be drinking it all in. The little cupid, proud of his importance, and immensely concerned over the success of his game-wings, was waiting in an inner room for his part in the game, when Lottie Meredith tripped gaily up the steps and kissed Mabel Hurvine, who met her in the hall.

"Wait a minute before you go in," whispered Mabel. "Tom is here."

All the dancing light died out of Lottie Meredith's eyes in an instant. Her cheeks turned deathly white a moment, and then flushed red as peonies.

"Tom?" she gasped. "Tom? You don't mean Tom Prince?"

Mabel shook her head solemnly in affirmation and took both Lottie's hands in hers.

"Yes, he came about twenty minutes ago. I was as much thunderstruck as you."

"But, Mabel," whispered Lottie, dragging Miss Hurvine into a bedroom, where they could not be overheard, "where did he come from? What on earth is he doing here? Oh, tell me what to do, dear. I can't face him before all this crowd."

"I don't know anything about it, Lottie," said Mabel slowly, "except he said he got to town to-day, and one of the boys told him there was a party here and all the old crowd would be here to-night, and he said he made bold enough to come up. Of course I told him I was glad to see him. What else could I do?"

From the parlor came the gay finkle of the piano and a full, deep voice was singing "O Promise Me." The chatter of many tongues and light laughter floated on the air with the singer's voice and came to the two solemn girls huddled there in the bedroom.

"That's him singing," whispered Lottie. "I'd know his voice anywhere and that was his song always, you know."

For a few minutes they stood there silently listening to the jollity in the parlors. Their hearts beat so loudly that they

heard the quickened pulsations as they stood in the darkness with clasped hands. Then Miss Hurvine said:

"I must go back, dear. They will miss me. Stay here until you are feeling better, and then go right out as if you did not know he was here." And then she slipped out and joined the merry crowd in the parlor.

Five minutes later Lottie Meredith walked out of the room with her head erect and a forced smile upon her lips. Carelessly she strolled into the room where the piano was sounding and let her eyes rest for only an instant upon the figure of Tom Prince, tall and handsome as ever, leaning over Kathryn, who was trying an accompaniment to a song under his direction. He looked up and their eyes met. Lottie tried to return his gaze coldly, as if she had never before looked upon him, but she felt her strength of will leaving her, she felt the hot blood mount to her cheek, her breath came quickly for an instant and she looked away to where Will Barnes was telling fairy tales to

Margaret. Prince had not changed countenance when he looked upon Lottie. It was not the gaze of a stranger nor was there a smile of recognition in it. To an observer it would seem almost like the curious look of a man who thought he recognized a face and was striving to recall it to memory.

"Now, all you people quit singing and talking and we'll see what cupid has brought us," said Mabel Hurvine briskly.

Tom Prince stooped over Kathryn at the piano and said, loud enough for Lottie Meredith to hear:

"I trust he will bring me something more acceptable than the Dead sea fruit with which in the past he has haunted me."

Kathryn looked up and smiled brightly. The words fell meaningless upon her ears, but Lottie heard and knew.

The door of the parlor was thrown open and cupid walked in with his freight of white hearts and tiny pencils and with gay badinage the plan of writing the valentines was explained by Mabel. A silence followed for a few minutes, brows were knitted in deep thought and the merry revellers strove to make rhymes and invent clever lines to carry on the entertainment. There were sly looks and side remarks from those who wished to let the objects of their devotion know that they inspired the muse. There was laughing protest from the girls that some of the boys were "pecking" to see what was being written. And at last Miss Hurvine said time was up, cupid made his rounds again and the white papers fluttered into the little wagon, each bearing its tender or humorous message. Quickly they were heaped upon the table and the boys and girls settled into their seats, when Barnes was called upon to read them.

"Here's one that ought to get at least second money," said Barnes, picking up a heart at random and reading:

My valentine, with storm and shine,
Is like a changeful April morning;
'Tis strange, but still I never will
Be found her frown or sunshine scorning.

"Are they all as bad as that?" queried Marjie ro mber perch on the arm of a big easy chair, where she sat leaning against Margaret.

"Wait till I read some more," said Barnes. "That one was just picked up at random."

"But who is it for?" asked Aileen.

"You can have it if you want it," said Kathryn. "I don't see anyone breaking any records trying to beat you to it."

Barnes had selected another heart from the pile before him and his face sobered a trifle as he glanced through the verse before reading it. Then he said:

"Hold on. This one is all right. I guess it's on the square, too."

O foolish heart that quakes with fear
And strives to burst with agony
For sundered ties, oh! ecstasy!
Be brave, be patient; she is near.

Throb not so dolefully and slow,
O heart of mine, so long bowed down,
No longer may you wear the crown
Of thorns for days of long ago.

At last the sentence is o'er;
At last thy heritage is won,
O heart! thy sorrowing is done
And joy is thine forevermore.

For a moment there was silence when Barnes had concluded the verse. The smiles had faded from the lips of everyone in the room and glances of surprise were turned from one to another. Tom Prince stood with his arm resting upon the piano and his head in his hand, looking steadfastly at Lottie Meredith. And she knew. She did not dare look across the room at the steady blue eyes which she knew were fixed upon her. She would not trust herself to return that gaze, for her heart was beating madly, although her face was pale.

"Well, we'll all have to give that one up," said Marjie. "Anyone who had that written at her ought to be picking out the bridesmaids."

The laugh relieved the strained situation and Barnes caught up a jocular verse and rattled it off glibly. There was some light comment from somebody and Lottie slipped out into the hallway. She was not missed and no one noticed when Tom Prince stepped leisurely to the door of the parlor and followed. He found her there, with wide, frightened eyes which would

HUNTING RABBITS.

Sport Abounds When Snow Is Light and Air Is Keen.

A rabbit hunt is a thing of yells and shouts and baying of hounds and wild excitement. About five hounds and a cur dog, four boys and a man and a light snow on the ground are the usual outfit. On the "crick" there are a lot of brush piles scattered about and any amount of cover and brush and hiding places for the game. The hounds are put in and in about five minutes there is a grand hullabaloo and a deep bay from one of the old hounds, followed by the excited "yap" of the cur dog, and the game is afoot. Very much afoot, for he is covering the ground with long leaps and endeavoring to put as much space as possible between him and his pursuers. It is not a very long chase. The rabbit turns, dodges and finally nears where the man with the shotgun is standing. There is a sharp "bang" as the right-hand barrel is discharged and the rabbit keels over and is grabbed by one of the boys just before the foremost hound reaches the spot.

The forces now begin offensive operations. The cur dog is sent into the brush heaps and the boys climb up on top of the brush and thrash around, stamping on the limbs and making as much noise as possible. The cur squeezes around in the maze of brush and pretty soon the rabbits begin to move. The first gun is fired by the boy with the musket, who has stayed with the dogs. It is an awful roar and it misses the rabbit. But an officious hound who happens to be close by grabs the rabbit and the boy slides to the ground and snatches it from the hound. Then he "hollers" triumphantly, "I got him!"

Then he gets on another pile of brush and starts to tramp around again. Meantime the hounds are nervously trying to make themselves small enough to get under the brush piles, but with poor success. It is the cur dog's inning and he is making the most of it. His eyes are snapping with excitement and he is full of nervous energy. Every hair on his back bristles with eagerness and his chief ambition is to catch just one rabbit all by himself. There are hurried slides under the brush, quick plunges and muffled barks, and the rabbits dodge the cur dog and dart out from under the brush heaps, only to be met by the accommodating hounds or a blast from a musket, and if they escape all these there is still the gantlet of the outer guard to pass. The hounds are jumping around among the brush piles, and whenever they nip a rabbit as it is driven out by the cur there is a squeal and a muffled growl from the hound and then a yell from the nearest boy. But the hounds do not worry the rabbit after he is dead; they drop him and wait until he is transferred to somebody's pocket.

After the clearing has been thoroughly overhauled there is a counting up to see the result, and late in the afternoon the party will be seen traveling slowly home, all of them, dogs, boys and man, thoroughly tired out. But over their shoulders and in their pockets are rabbits, as many as they can carry, and they are all serenely satisfied with the hunt. The boy whose musket went off accidentally does not say anything about it, for fear it might be urged against his carrying a gun at future hunts.

Rabbits adapt their habits to the locality in which they are raised, and this action on their part makes hunting them a question of geography, to a cer-



HUNTING RABBITS.

tain extent. In some portions of the country, where the ground is hilly, high and comparatively free from underbrush, rabbits can only be successfully hunted with ferrets. They feed mostly at night and lie in holes in the daytime, and the hunter who traverses such a country with the best of rabbit dogs will have his labor for his pains. Neither with beagle nor greyhound will he be able to get a sight of a rabbit, unless he accidentally runs across a stray one, and that particular "bunny" will "hole up" as soon as the dogs get on his trail.

The only way to get rabbits in that kind of a country is to go after them with a ferret. The ferret is kept in a box until the grounds are reached and the hunters begin operations. It takes at least two persons to hunt rabbits with a ferret, if the thing is done properly. One man to handle and "groom" the ferret, and the other to shoot the rabbits. A dog is sometimes taken along, but a dog is a nuisance under such circumstances.

When a hole is found, the box or bag is opened and the ferret is coaxed out. He comes creeping from his hiding place, and apparently very reluctantly. When he is urged to go down and interview the lodgers he goes most unwillingly. After a wait of perhaps three or four minutes the tip of his nose ap-

HON. NELSON DINGLEY.

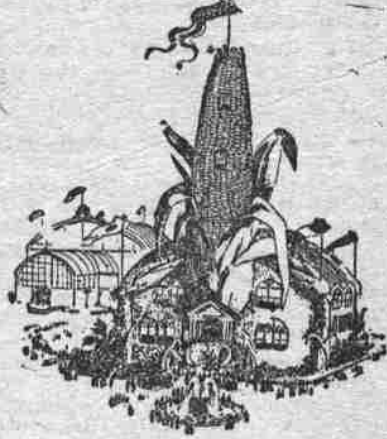


The death of Nelson Dingley, Jr., father of the present tariff law, ex-Governor of Maine and Congressman since 1881, removes a prominent man from the political life of the nation. Nelson Dingley, Jr., was born in Durham, Me., in 1832. At an early age he began school teaching, meantime preparing himself for college. In 1851 he entered Waterville College, subsequently becoming a student at Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1855. He then studied law, but instead of taking up the active practice of his profession he entered journalism, becoming the owner and editor of the Lewiston Journal. In 1861, '62, '63 he represented Auburn in the State Legislature, being Speaker in 1863. In that year he removed to Lewiston and was again sent to the Legislature. In 1864 he was again Speaker of that body and declined the honor in two subsequent years. In 1873 Mr. Dingley was elected Governor and was re-elected the following year. In 1881 he was sent to Congress to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of William F. Frye and he had been continuously in that body since that time. He was a most influential member in the lower house, being latterly chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and floor leader of the Republicans. His tariff bill, to which as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee he gave his name, lent him additional fame.

CORN WILL BE KING.

Western Cereal Has First Place at the Paris Exposition.

Corn will be king at the Paris exposition of 1900. The residents of the corn-growing section of this country have declared it; Ferdinand W. Peck,



CORN PALACE AT THE EXPOSITION.

United States Commissioner General of the Paris exposition, has approved of it, and the visitors to the great fair will do the rest. The old world is to be given a good idea at the Paris exhibition of what American corn is. A corn palace will be built showing a tremendous ear of corn rising tower fashion from its front, and in this palace it is proposed to have a corn kitchen and restaurant, in which corn bread, corn pudding, corn fritters, corn dodgers, Johnny cake, succotash and all other forms of this vegetable will be served.

Unexpected Honors.

A new version of an old story is told in Judge. The young man who had returned from the war was the youngest of the family. When he got home his father handed him the paper the first thing in the morning, his mother helped him first at the breakfast table, his brother offered him a cigar, and his sister asked him if her playing on the piano annoyed him. In the evening he was telling of the hard times he had been through.

"But I don't mind," he said; "it's worth it."

"You mean the experience was interesting?" said his mother.

"Not exactly that. You remember when Aunt Jane, or Uncle Jeff, or the minister, or my cousin from St. Louis came to town how anxious you all were to entertain them?"

"Yes."

"Well, ever since I was a little boy, I have been jealous of those people. I've resented the way I had to stand around and not speak until I was spoken to, and let my favorite piece of chicken go to some one else. I tell you war is a fearful thing; but, on the other hand, it's worth a good deal to come back and be treated like company in your own home."

A Real Success.

"That motor you are interested in never worked, did it?"

"Of course it worked," was the indignant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery. But it made money for its owners, and that's more than most inventions do."

After looking at her troubles up one way and down the other, a woman decides there is no other thing to do but put them on her shoulders, and trudge along. A man, however, will put them in a bucket and kick them over. Which is the better way?