a moment upon the character of the lovely pupil as he knew it, he would have known that she could not descend to sport with his feelings. Then he still might

'Alas!" he murmured, choking down his indignation, "you know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and pledge me your hand. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not re-fuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff. And then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon—don't talk so any more. It's foolish in you to do so. I do begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so any more-truly, I don't."

Then you will never love me?" "Why, I love you now, cousin. I have slways loved you. Why will you be so

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness! You have done thus much. Now, in mercy, take my dagger and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed, and let my soul escape the agony it must endure while near thee when thou art not mine!"
"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maid-

en, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony. "I can't be your wife; I never can. So there's an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly hissed Lobois, as soon as he could so far recover from his utter amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in sur-ise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well-exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years after your birth. Now..."
At this moment Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she

started up.

"You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you won't think anything more of this-will you? Put off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can and then come out and join us in our so-cial enjoyment. There—he calls again. Here I am-coming!" And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl tripped out from the room. For some moments, Simon Lobois stood

Ilke one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing, as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made its transit. Then he started back

apace and clenched both his fists.

"By heavens!" he attered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmiy by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp that wealth which I have upon as mine, now wrested from me? For years I've cherished this fond hope-this picture of wealth, and now it must not be blown away thus. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all-they shall not?"

CHAPTER V. A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the mortifying repulse he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it. and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Gou-part and Louis started off on a hunting expedition. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting shirts, so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the clearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and upon creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupart, "here are his tracks." Louis looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden

start caused Goupart to ask him its "That's the track of a man," said

Louis. "Some of the negroes have been out

here," suggested Goupart.
"No, no," returned the other. have not been out here to-day."

"But that may have been made yes terday, or several days ago." "No," said Louis, still gazing upon the track. "This was made to-day. Just

look, and you will see that these leaves are still damp on the upper edges where the foot has pressed them up. other leaves, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then here-see this broken twig; see where it has been pressed down. Now look!" And as he spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed the place where it laid was perfectly whereas, had it isin there even over night, its bed would have been damp.

"Then there's been an Indian here, "Yes." Well, never mind. Let's secure this

deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louis."

"Very well. Blaze away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring him down."

Accordingly, Gospart brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment more he fired. The noble animal gave a leap backward, and while he stood for a moment as though about to start on, Louis fired, but even as he pulled the trigger the deer gave a leap forward and plung-

"Your ball killed him, Goupart!" cried

gether. And it was found to be even so, Goupart's bullet having entered just back of the shoulder, and of course penetrated

the heart. Louis had made a wound for the puroose of bleeding the animal, and Goupart was kneeling by his side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull "chunk" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them. With a quick cry, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"Here's a scrape," utteerd Goupart, starting back. "What does it mean?" "I'll find out." returned Louis, calmly. But don't show your pistols, for they know we've discharged our rifles, and the hope to take us at a disadvantage." Then turning to the red men, he asked: What now, red brethren? What seek The Indians consulted a moment to-

gether, and then one of them advanced a single pace, and replied: "We seek the young white chief and his friend. We would speak with them kind-

"Then why did you send that arrow at

"We saw you not then. Only the head Now Louis simply knew that they were ying to him, and as this became apparent he knew that they meant him harm.

"If you have anything to say to us, say it at once," he said. "Let our white brothers not fear. If they will come with us, we will tell them what shall be to their good." "I will speak with my friend." And thus saying, Louis turned towards his

"Goupart," he said, speaking quickly, and in a low tone, "those are Chickasaws, and they mean to take us prison-In all probability they hope for a high ransom from my father for us. We have two pistols each. You never missed your mark yet in my sight. Are

your nerves steady now?" "As steady as ever," returned Goupart, not a little surprised to see how calm and fearless his youthful companion was. "Then have them in readiness, and mind my word, for I know those fellows well. Yet keep your rifle, for you'll need it for a club." Next Louis turned to the Indians and

"We have concluded not to follow you: but if you have anything to tell us, we

will listen.' Upon this, the red men conversed together again for a few moments, and then, with quick, wild gestures, and a low howl, not unlike the voice of a hungry wolf, they sprang forward with their tomahawks uplifted. In all probability they supposed this would be sufficient to awe the white youths into immediate submission. The pale boy they thought an easy prey, and very likely they knew that the other was a newcomer into the country, and hence imagined that their terri-ble appearance and fearful antics would

strike him with terror. the two men on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hour after hour, and day after day, had they practiced together at pistol shooting, and their sim was as quick as it was sure. The two outside men staggered, and on the next instant, the youths fired again. At had fallen, while the fourth had received away from them. a ball in his neck and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupart and Louis saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward. and in a few moments more the six Indians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the work they had done, and then Louis turned to his companion and said: "If we's killed 'em all, we shall never

know surely what this all meant." you?" returned Goupart. "They may be

only stunned." We'll see; but I think you'll find the one I struck with his brains rather dis-

turbed." And so it proved with both of them, for upon examination it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged they heard a groan close at hand, and on turning they that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a sitting posture against a tree, and was once, when they found that he had re-ceived a ball through the neck.

"Water, water!" he groaned, "Stop," uttered Louis, as his companon started towards the brook. And then turning to the dying Indian, he said: "If we'll get you water and turn your eyes to the setting sun, will you tell the

"I will-I will!" The water was brought in Goupart's canteen, and upon drinking, the poor felow seemed to revive. Goupart bound up his neck, which was bleeding profuse ly, and just as he had finished the job the Indian put out his weakening arm, and laid his hand upon Louis' shoulder.

"The pale boy has the heart of a great varrior. He would not have escaped us had we known how brave he was." "But why did you try to do this?" asked Louis. "Remember now, you prom-ised to speak truly."

"White man brought gold here, and we have learned to love it. Much gold had been ours, and we—" The Indian stopped, for he was weak, and he made sign that they should turn his face towards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so.

"Look yel" cried Louis, grasping him by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupart stood by reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in the earth and you shall be buried with your head down. You know very well where you'll go to then. Now tell me,

who sent you to kill us?" "We didn't mean to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and with difficulty. "But who sent you to capture him? Re-

member-head down!" "You had known better, had you spared another. That man was our chief;

"But you know something. Tell me all, or, as sure as I live, you go in feet up!" ""Twas white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the

"Speak plainer! Tell me-Louis stopped, for he saw that the death shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the now heavy hand, the body fell over sideways

eagle's nest."

upon the turf. "Is he dead?" asked Goupart, "Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our Louis, as the two started forward to means of arriving at it are concerned. sation, as against £100 a day in 1850.

Goupart, there's something here we had better understand!

But St. Denis knew not what to reply. for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. So the two hunters stood for some moment

and gazed upon the dead men in silence. "Well," said Louis, after a while, "let's leave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our venison, and then start for home, for we've had adventure enough for one day. You begin now to see some of our Louisiana life, How do you like it?" St. Denis gazed upon his companion

some moments in silent admiration, and then he said: "O, this is much better than nothing,

though once a year would be often enough for such sport." "So it would. But now for our other game."

They went to where the deer still lay, and having removed the skin from the head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home. (To be continued.)

CASEY'S HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Had a Bad Scare in a Hostile Indian Country.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medler mines, was one of a party of old-time New Mexicans who happened to congregate at Clifton a short time ago, and naturally fell to telling stories of their early life. At last it came Casey's turn, and the Clifton Era reports his version of a thrilling experience with the Indians. The reminiscence was called forth by a comment upon Casey's snow-white hair.

Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened, boys. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were killed by the Indians in the Burro Mountains-'83 or '84, I've forgotten which. It was some time after that affair, however, when things had quieted down a bit. I had been in the hills, and was re-

turning to Silver City through the Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle, tied him to a tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. was soon fast asleep, and how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve or fifteen Indians. They all carried weapons, and had them in their hands.

Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move-I was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the ludians, and they looked at me. I felt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that it was standing straight up.

I thought of every mean thing I had done in my life. Pray? No, I couldn't "Now!" whispered Louis. "You take lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me, and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could al- child, and, with the help of an old nurse, most feel their lances sticking through she had been housekeeper for her father my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me, and I looked at them.

Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd to-day, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one this movement, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm. Three of their or two other Indians fooling with my number were shot through the head and horse, as he was too sick to try to get

Presently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader. After the others had all gone he addressed me in good English and said: "Good day, Dan Casey!" How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit "Are these two last ones dead, think and he could read, as many of them

After he had gone I sat still there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. Then like a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and, though my horse was sick, I heat all records to Silver City.

I have been blown up in a mine, and had my body crushed with dynamitecaps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like now trying to work further around, so as an Indian scare. Well, inside of a to get his face towards the west. Both week from that time my hair was well Louis and Goupart hastened to him at sprinkled with gray, and inside of a

Title of the Finder.

Information concerning the law of finding may be useful on some occasion. The finder has a clear title against all the world but the owner, and the proprietor of a coach or railway car or ship has no right to demand anything which may have been found upon his property or premises. Such proprietors may make regulations with regard to found property with their employes, but they cannot bind the public." The law was declared by the highest court more than one hundred years ago, on which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing some money on a shop floor. He returned it to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them up on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held as above set forth, that "against all the world but the true owner the title of the finder is perfect."

Benefit of the Bute Docks.

The late Lord Bute owned the Bute docks at Cardiff, which cost nearly £4,-000,000 to complete. The construction of these docks had a magic effect on the little township of Caer-Taff. In the first half of the last century Cardiff added only 10,000 to its population of 2,000 in 1800, but to-day it has a still growing population of over 130,000. London and Liverpool.

What Dreams Come. Bobbs-Old Titewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to Dobbs-Does he fear burglars?

"No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money."-Baltimore American. Paid in Compensation.

The railways of Great Britain pay

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The hour was on un; where the man? The fateful sands unfaltering ran, And up the way of tears He came into the years,

Ger pastoral captain. Forth he came As one that answers to his name; Nor dreamed how high his charge, His work how fair and large— To set the stones back in the wall Lest the divided house should fall, And peace from men depart, Hope and the childlike heart.

We looked on him; "'Tis he," we said, "Come crownless and unheralded, The shepherd who will keep The flocks, will fold the sheep."

Unknightly, yes; yet 'twas the mier Presaging the immortal scene, Some battle of His wars Who scaleth up the stars.

Nor would he take the past between His hands, wipe valor's tablets clean, Commanding greatness wait Till he stand at the gate; Not he would cramp to one small head The awful laurels of the dead, Time's mighty viotage cup, And drink all honor up.

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

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

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

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook
The spear into the pruning hook,
The simple, kindly man,
Lincoln, American,
—New York Independent.

Aunt Selina's Valentine •+++++++++++++++++++++

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

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

Aunt Selina's face was a study. In-

deed, she made a picture sitting there by the old fireside trying to solve this mys tery, and when evening came and when she went to feed her chickens and dog Rover, her only companions, she was still

saking herself over and over: "Who in all the wide world can care enough for me to send me such a message of love?" Aunt Sellna's life had been a quiet one; her mother had died while she was a

and one brother, older than herself, and when this brother married she was Aunt Selina, not only to his children, but to their little friends as well, for her sunny nature made her a favorite with then When her father died she was left with the cottage and little garden and enough money to live comfortably in a quiet way.

But, though 30 years of age, she had ran over the gentlemen whom she knew she could think of no one who would send her a valentine. Still there was the Baysville postmark, the town where she lived, and once again she went through her list of acquaintances.

"There's Deacon Hayes-but he is so ild and gray it can't be he. And Carlos Brown, he sits in the pew at my right, It is said that then and there, in May, ut he is really too poor to think of sking a wife." For, some way, Aunt Selina felt that

it meant that, else why should one send er costly a valentine to an old maid? Once she thought of asking the postman, and then laughed at the idea. As if he would know. He was a bachelor of middle age, and rumor said that he had no liking for ladies' society, owing to some experience before coming to Bays-

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

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

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

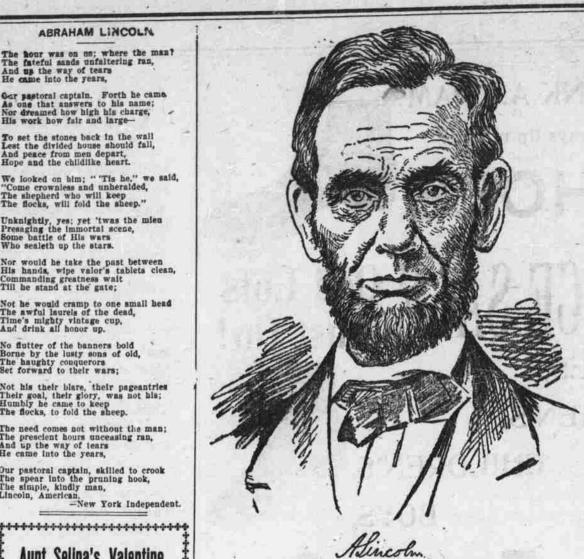
Time passed, and at length, hearing nothing more from the sender of her valentine, she decided that either he did not wish to be known, or had not the cour age to carry the matter farther, so the little token was laid away, the one romance of Aunt Salina's life. One day a boy came running to her

door with a message, which read: "I am very sick; will you come to : Your postman, JOHN MOORE. "Bleak House, Baysville."

Yes, Aunt Salina would go, she was always ready to help the suffering, but when she entered the room where John Moore lay, the nurse came quickly to-ward her, telling her that he had not ng to live, and she thought the same when she saw what a wreck the fever had made of the once strong man. Perhaps it was his constitution that

brought him through, or it may have been Aunt Selina's cheerful face and genways, for John Moore did not die, although it was many weeks before he could travel his rounds again, and during that time Aunt Selina learned how much he had cared for her, and that it was he who had sent the valentine, hopwhile its export trade exceeds that of ing the little message would, in some London and Liverpool. was not true, the report which the gossips of Baysville had brought against him, but more a reserved nature which had made him seem indifferent to those who would like to have been his friends. Aunt Selina soon found that he was a oble, true-hearted man, one she could

when he asked: "Will you share the home I have made ready with the thought of you?" she did not refuse, but a little later went quietly into the church which the children £1,400 a day on an average, in compen- had filled with flowers, and when she saw the sweet blossoms and realized that all



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

this had been done for her, tears of hap- HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN piness filled her eyes and she thought:
"How fair is life and all changed for me by the aid of a valentine."-Indianapolis Sun.

A Valentine. The February sun is coldly slipping
From ridge and frozen rill.
A February wind is rudely whipping
The hedge-row on the hill.
But rude winds can not chill,
Nor cold suns blight, nor still
The new-born joy that through my heart
comes tripping.

Full well I know that spring is Cupid's playtime—
Rare mornings decked with dew
And scented eves—while summer with its
haytime
Brings joy to lovers, too.
But, dear, my love for you
Shall flower all seasons through,
And find in each a summer and a Maytime.

To-night, aglow with royal winter roses, Your radiant face I see. Beneath your wind-blown lashes love dis-

closes
Its treasures, timidly.
Dear, though the years should be
Unkind to you and me,
Joy can not die in hearts where love reposes. -Criterion.

LINCOLN'S LIFE.

Characteristics of the Great Emancipator as Told in Paragraphs. When 19, in building a fence, Lincoln split the rails that played so prominent a part in his first presidential campaign, wenty-eight years after.

war. He liked stump-speaking much more than the ax he had to wield so often.

Among the first situations he obtained after coming of age and striking out for himself was as a flat-boat hand to New Orleans. The slave auction he witnessed there bore the ripe fruit of after years. 1831, the iron against slavery entered his soul.

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

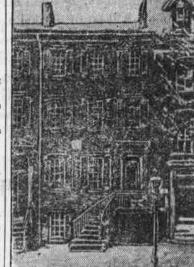
Thought, conversation and observation were his preferences, and when growing up he had rather a reputation for laziness and forwardness, because he loved reading and thinking so much. from a boy he liked to have the first extracted a promise that he would imme word, and to converse with any one near diately deliver her request to the Presi nough to talk to, even to strangers desiring to be directed. He is described most peculiar odor that appeared to ema when just reaching early manhood as nate from his companion, and hastened to exceedingly talkative, yet elemental, un- get rid of her without creating a scene sifted and raw. Lincoln had very little actual school

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

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



"Lord Needmonneigh asked could be my valentine." "And you told him-"That there was too much postage due DIED GOING TO DECAY.



The rapid decay of the house in Washngton in which Abraham Lincoln died is attracting public attention, and it is probable that something will be done to preserve it. It contains the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics, and until recently was in the care of private tenants, who charged a small admission fee to visitors. Now it is in the care of a society, but nothing has been done to pre-In youth he was an ardent advocate serve or repair the walls or the interior. of temperance, and delivered discourses The house is directly across the street on cruelty to animals and the horrors of from the site of Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was shot.

LINCOLN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Flendish Plot to Incculate Him with . the Smallpox. The demand for an additional bodyguard around the White House recalls an incident of the civil war within the memory of many residents. During the exciting period of '61 great fears were entertained for the safety of the President, and every precaution was taken to insure

One morning there appeared at the White House a woman, closely veiled, demanding an immediate interview with Mr. Lincoln. Approaching Messenger Perkins, who guarded the door of Mr. Lincoln's private office, the visitor made known her request and pleaded earnestly that she be admitted to a personal interview. The doorkeeper's orders were, however, very strict, and finding her eloquence all in vain, she finally compromised by confiding her message to the courteous but firm employe. Taking him to one side, the veiled lady took both his hands Even in hers and tenderly rubbed them as she dent. Perkins was almost overcome by a

No sooner had be accomplished this than he confided to one of the household the effect produced upon him while in conversation with the importunate visitor A physician who was present promptly divined the truth and instituted a search for the woman, when it was learned that she had driven rapidly away in a carriage, mediately ordered to return to his home and await developments.

Within the usual period he was taken ill with one of the worst cases of virulent smallpox on record, and for weeks lay at the point of death. Upon his recovery the faithful messenger, whose devotion to duty doubtless saved the life of the President, was appointed by Mr. Lin coln to a permanent position on the clerical force of the War Department, which office he has continued to hold up to date.

Lincoln's Logic. A man who heard Abraham Lincoln

speak in Norwich, Conn., some time before he was nominated for President, was greatly impresed by the closely knit logic of the speech. Meeting him next day on a train, he asked him how he acquired his wonderful logical powers and such acuteness in analysis. Lincoln replied: It was my terrible discourage-ment which did that for me. When I was a young man I'went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer's business is largely to prove things. I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. What constitutes proof? Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? I groaned over the question, and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought, 'what use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved? So I gave it up. and went back home. Soon after I returned to the old log cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion of what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I therefore be gan, at the beginning, and before spring I had gone through the old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition in the book, Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know when a thing is proved? and I am swered, 'Yes, sir, I do.' Then you may go back to the law shop,' and I went.'

GEO. P. CROW

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Grocer Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, et

This old-established house w tinue to pay cash for all its pays no rent; it employs a ci does not have to divide with a All dividends are made with cr in the way of reasonable prices.

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