Reuben shook his head and smiled a "You are a foolish fellow," she said, "and almost as strange a man as your

streets," was the reply.
"What has brought you to Worcester?" "To see Aunt Eastbell," he replied, with smallpox that one wondered how he "and to discover, if possible, the mystery of my second-cousin Sarah. They are my relatives; I am more interested in them than I can explain. May I ask in return what Aunt Eastbell and my sec-

ond-cousin has to do with you?"
"I am interested in them more than I can explain," was the arch answer; "that's all." "I wish you would explain something.

Who are you, to begin with?"
"Ah, that's not worth elucidation." she "If I tell you that my name is Holland, will that make the position any

"It might," said Reuben, quickly. "My father yished me to marry a Miss Holland once, a young lady whom I had never seen, and whom I was to take upon trust. Are you the lady?" "Yes, sir."

"And have you married my father instend of me?" he asked, satirically.
"I would not marry either of you for twice your father's money," she said, frankly. "I am simply his housekeeper, at a housekeeper's wage. My father was his best friend, and your father has been kind to me, in his odd way, since my father's death."

"And now," said Reuben, "will you explain why you are interested in Aunt Eastbell, why the girl who has described her corresponds with you? why you pass yourself off as the nivce of that old woman who has left us?"

"I'll work backward, if you will allow me," she said, "I call myself Miss Mug-geridge because the name of Holland is familiar to your aunt. The girl corresponds with me because she knows that I read her letters to her grandmother, and that I am the grandmother's friend while she is away. I am interested in Mrs. Eastbell, and feel for the utter loneliness in which she is left by her friends. for some years now, for the matter of

"Indeed! and her granddaughter, Sarah Eastbell, also?"

"Of late days-a little. She was not very gracious to me-she never cared to see me here. When she got into trouble, she thought that she would make me her confidante, but it was too late." "When she got into trouble!" echoed Reuben; "what trouble was that?"

"Come with me, and I'll show you." She led the way out of St. Oswald's into the Tithing, crossed the road to the corner of the street leading to the prison, and pointed to the wall, in which several bills were posted. One was to the effect that a reward of five pounds was offered for the apprehension of Sarah Eastbell. Worcester, who had conspired with others for the unlawful issue of spu-

Reuben stared with amazement at the

"It is well that the old woman is blind," he murmured. "I did not think it was so bad as this."

"Neither is it."

"You mean that---"That her brother is at the bottom of it. You don't know what a scamp he is, I suppose? He gave her the money, I be- head against the wall like a woman tired lieve. She offered a sovereign in all good faith-it was detected as (faise coinshe was asked where she lived, and how fright and ran away.

'Is she with her brother?" "Yes. She wrote to me without giving her address, stating that she must remain with her brother Thomas for a while. He was in business, and was taking care of her. She left Grandmother Eastbell in my charge, she said. It's a responsibility," she added, "but I have accepted it."

Reuben related the story of his dis covery of Sarah Eastbell, of her flight from him, and the way in which he had lost her in the gardens of Saxe-Gotha. Miss Holland reflected for a few moments, then she said: "I wonder if her brother performs

there. He is an acrobat at times. When he was first in prison, he was arrested in his tumbler's dress.

"In prison—an acrobat?" Reuben Culwick remembered at once the tumbler who had been spinning round on the slack rope at the Saxe-Gotha, when he had first entered the gardens. Could that be Tom Eastbell, the scamp who had brought his sister into difficulties, who had caused her to fly from Worcester, in order to escape the charge

of attering base coin? On the following evening Reuben Culwick was in the Saxe-Gotha gardens again, waiting patiently for the appearance of Signer Vizzobini, who had post-pened his departure for Turin for six nights, by special request of the nobility gentry and public in general, and who was announced to appear every evening at half-past nine in his highly graceful and artistic entertainment, as perform ed before all the crowned heads of Eu rope, to the immense delight and manifest satisfaction of every crowned head among them.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Saxe-Gotha gardens were not do ing well. Even the re-engagement of Signor Vizzobini had not aroused the lo cality to enthusiasm. It was a terribly dull evening, even for the Saxe Gotha, entered for the second time on what the Sarah; "ask her." program informed him was a fairy tab enu of surpassing brilliancy and splen-

ordinary, owing to the scanty attendance. Mr. Splud, lessee, counted fifty-two with the babies in arms. Reuben stood under a shady tree, an old blue Scotch cap drawn down to his eyebrows, and a waterproof coat turned up to his cars. Mr. Splud mixed in a friendly way with the company. He was a tall, lank man, his stand under the tree where Reuben

This is a had night for our business. sir," he said at last. "So I should think," answered Reuben.

"Rain always keeps the people away; Reuben turned and looked toward the no matter what you offer them in the way Here the eyes remained so long in the

and she sobbed forth:

down in Worcester?"

o her sister-in-law.

"Of course I will."

ou only knew that-

being bolted and barred.

(To be continued.)

GOLDEN GATE CITY LEADS.

San Francisco Shows the Largest Per-

centage of Suicides.

it all over."

you for your own sake, as well as for the

"Sally," said her sister-in-law, slowly and emphatically, "I've been a thinking

think twice about doing you an ill turn. He's not so bad, you know, take him altogether. Go-run away-hook it," ex-

claimed Mrs. Eastbell, with increasing

excitement evidencing itself along with

will give me time to get away?"

slangy phraseology, "while there's

"I came here of my own free will, sir,

"Well?" said Sarah Eastbell.

"I have seen you somewhere, and that

Reuben did not tell him that he was "Mr. Culwick! you in Worcester! You lodging next door but two, and that they have repented; you are going to your had passed each other in the street with tolerable frequency; but the idea had suggested itself to put a few questions on his own account, when a third person joined them. The newcomer was a small, pare men, in a long, seedy great coat father is. Are you still living down that with big horn buttons, extending from his chin to his heels, and who wore a dirty yellow handkerchief tied loosely round his throat. He was a man of an unearthly pailor, and pitted so deeply

> "You don't want me to-night, I suppose?" he said to the proprietor. "Yes, I do want you. Because I pay ou," said Mr. Splud, sharply; "you don't want your money next Saturday, I suppose?" he asked, with so much biting

> sarcasm. "Yes, I do-and I'll take care I get it," said the other, far from civilly, "along with last week's. What's the use of dressing up and a parforming in the bless-ed rain before nobody? There's nobody here, there's nobody coming, and it5s a beastly shame on me."

"If I have the honor of addressing Signor Vizzobini, I may add that I have come here this evening expressly to wit-ness his performance," said Reuben.

"Have you, though?" said the acrobat, surprised in an extraordinary degree. 'Well, if you can't let a fellow off, I'll go and dress," and he walked away in deep thought.

"He is a vagabond not up to his work," said Mr. Splud. "I took him by adver-tisement, on the faith of his recommendations. He has fallen off three times this week, and if he breaks his neck one of these fine days it will be a happy release to the profession."

"What is that man's real name?" osk ed Reuben.

"I haven't the slightest idea; Jack Sheppard, perhaps." "You know his address, surely?" "Oh, yes. No. 2 Potter's court, Wal-

vorth road." "Thank you. Good night." Reuben knew nothing of Potter's Court; but he muttered, "Poor Sarah!"

as he went down the cavernous entry in search of No. 2. He knocked at a par-lor door with the handle of his stick, I have been interested in Mrs. Eastbell and a grim-looking individual in his shirt sleeves answered the appeal.
"What's up?" he said, in not too civil style of address.

"Do you know a Mr. Vizzobini?" said "He performs at the Saxe-Gotha gardens on the slack rope." "Oh!" said the parlor floor, disparagngly; "top of the 'ouse-front room."

rapped gently.
"Who's there?" said a faint, weak

e, which Reuben did not recognize "I come from the Saxe-Gotha." "Yes."

The door was cautiously opened, and there streamed through the aperture, through which a woman's face was peering-white and wan and pinched-a rush of hot air as from a furnace mouth.

"Is he locked up?" said the woman omewhat apathetically. No. He will be back presently, I

"Come in if you like, then; we charge any more," said the woman, with somber flippancy, and glided back noiselessly to the side of a big fire that was blazing in the grate, sat down in the chair she had quitted, and leaned her

But it was not her at which he gazed given. so intently as at the figure of a girl in ahe became possessed of it, and she took | a striped cotton dress, who lay face-foreost on the patch-work counterpane of the bed. It was a figure of despair that hrilled him; it was surely Second-cousin Sarah cowering from him in that hour of her discovery.

"I say, what's your message?" asked the woman. "What have you got to say about Tom, and what has Tom to say? "Are you Tom's wife?"

"Yes, I am."

"And that's Tom's sister?" Here the woman burst into a paroxysm of coughing, for the cessation of which Reuben waited patiently, keeping his eyes upon the figure on the bed, and doubtful dumb and passive. It was a violent cough, that of Mrs. Eastbell's, which was rending away all the life that was left n the sufferer, who carried consumption in her every look and fitful breath.

"You have come for her," said Mrs. Eastbell, in a husky voice. "Yes, I have come for her, if she'll

"You're just the chap for the likes of us to trust," said Mrs. Eastbell, ironically, "and poor Sally is sure to be uncommon glad to see you. Not that she'll mind much which way it is, for she's been awful down."

"Indeed! Has she?" "If it ain't Worcester prison, it'll be the Surrey canal. Here—hi—Sally!" screamed the woman, "you're fetched, my gal. Here's a cove says he wants you

The girl lying on the bed sprang of on her hands at once, and glared toward them both, shaking her long black hair from her head as she did so. Her face was flushed with sleep, but the pallor rapidly stole over it as she recognized Reuben Culwick standing by the fire

fallure.

imental person.

peculation?

Youth's Unrestraint.

on the fence and making faces at peo-

Legitimate.

Decidedly So.

"I should say so! They're so set

The Urgent Case-Yes'm.

egitimate business?"

p housekeeping yet?"

Philadelphia Bulletin.

place observing her. What can you want?" she murmured what has made you come in search of

"To help you," was the answer, "for am afraid that you are in bad hands, and wish to take you from them."

"There's no getting away," answered "Tom wouldn't like it," said Mrs. Eastsee you!" "-Washigton Star. ell, thus appealed to. "Sally's handy. "And Sally knows too much," added the girl, scornfully, "and if she moved one step away from home they would tell the

lice where to find me. "I wouldn't, Sally," said the woman, ising her head from the wall, and inining it forward in her self-defense.

"You know who would." "Ah! I can't answer for him," replied Mrs. Eastbell, leaning her head back of a melancholy aspect. He finally took again; "when his back's up he don't mind much what he does, certainly, and mis fortun' has soured him awful."

"I saw your grandmother yesterday, "You did?" exclaimed she-"at WorTO ST. VALENTINE

cester? I hope she was well-that she idn't know anything."

"No—she lay there just as I saw her "No—she lay there just as I saw her weeks ago, very patient, very gentle, and weeks ago, very patient, very gentle, and weeks ago, very full of love for you. She was waitweet full of love for you.

ing for her granddaughter to come back.
Couldn't she come to you? I don't mean at once," he added, as Sarah recoiled at the suggestion, "but after you had left here and got some situation, which might enable you to hire a room which might enable you to hire a room which might enable you to hire a room gray old world grows green grasses.

My ups are

O Valentine! Saint Valentine! Thou know'st this little maid of mine, This dainty savet, so pure and fair that when she passes our gray old world grows green grasses.

Beneath her feet; for her. A friend of mine has found you a situation stready, and I will be security

a situation already, and I will be security for your faithful service, until they learn to trust you for yourself."

Sarah broke down at last. The thin thin the property of the face. The trust wind takes it for a rose of the west wind takes it for a rose. Just newly born. O grant, sweet Saint, that to her knowledge of the control of the face. ing
But fragrance soft and bloom be showing.
Give me the thorn! little hands went up quekly to the face, "God bless you, sr; but don't-oh, don't

say another word."

But Reuben Culwick, carried away by his theme, seized his advantage and went on. He had one object in life how—to get Sarab Eastbell from that house, "Why he was a my cousin" he said. to get Sarah gasteen toon to the said "Why, you are my cousin," he said Yet—no, dear heart! The years will bring earnestly, "and why shouldn't I help a sweeter song than I could sing; So slumber on.

you for your own sake, as well as to the sake of that old woman grieving for you You will awaken to discover— When he shall come—that happy lover, And I am gone.
-New York Independent.

"And if you'd like to go, I'll not blab Aunt Madeline's Valentine. single word against you, even if he kills ne, and he's often said he would. He mayn't find you out, and if he does he'll

ND the girl clings to this silly no tion? It's preposterous: It you don't make her give up that poor Bufus Clark, I'll have fellow and accept Rufus Clark, I'll have Sarah wavered, for she turned quickly to-night unless the girl gives in. She's your daughter; make her obey!" "You-you mean this? You will not Aunt Madeline walked out of the room, tell Tom or Tom's friends—you will let leaving her niece—gentie, belpless Mrs. me pass from this place unwatched—you Price—in despair, for well she knew that her persuasions were powerless with loyal Kitty Price,

Kitty, the eldest of the widow's four not knowing where to go in my despair children, had been Aunt Madeline's proand fright," she said, turning to Reuben; tege for years. Ever since her father's but, oh, if I could get away again. If death the child had been clothed and educated by this aunt of Mr. Price's, a child-Her hands fell helplessly to her side, less widow, who, to be near her darling and she went backward step by step to Kitty, had for the last three years board the bed again, where she sat down with ed with Mrs. Price, her liberal payment a new horror on her countenance. and well-chosen gifts helping out the The door had opened and Ton East- widow's straitened income in a way all bell, with his long great-coat buttoned of them appreciated. That Aunt Maderound him, was standing in the doorway line "should go" meant that Jack must regarding them. Over his shoulder loom- leave school and go to business, that the ed the forbidding countenance of the man little ones could have no new suits that who had met Reuben at the entrance, winter, that only bare necessities could which, by the jarring and clanging that be bought, perhaps not even these. Yet dainty message. echoed through the house, was evidently Mrs. Price felt afraid to interfere further with Kitty's choice of a husband. It was true that the rich Rufus Clark opened the faded envelope with fastseemed to others fully as good a man, kind, steady and devoted, as Herbert Huntley, who had a small salary and no was her bonnie lover of those long years bright prospects. But Kitty unfortu-nately loved Herbert before Rufus ap-The number of people who volunta- peared on the field, and she did not berily shuffled off this mortal coil in lieve her aunt Madeline, who assured her

American and other cities during last let her support herself and her family year has been investigated by some delver in statistics and the following figures indicate the results: San Fran-herself, and it had not turned out well. cisco leads with the largest ratio, 39.1 She, too, had been loved by a rich man, per 100,000 population. Next comes and by one who, if not poor, was not another Pacific const city, Los Angeles, blessed with much of this world's goods. with a ratio of 29.8. The reader has She persisted in marrying her choice, rewith a ratio of 20.8. The reader has naturally been looking for Chicago, ter, could not bear trials, resorted to and that city does in fact come next stimulants to cheer him up, and at last with a ratio of 24.0, followed by the neighboring city of Milwaukee, whose for his home and support. The rich lovratio is 22.2. New Orleans was the er never married, and just when Mrs. Haven is next with 20.9, and then Aunt Madeline had some excuse for advocating marrying for money instead of 20.0, though greater New York as a for love; but "all lovers dou't turn out whole is well down the list with a so," Kitty argued, and was sure that ratio of only 13.6. This is less than manly Herbert, who had supported his Rochester, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, sister for years and was thoroughly tried

"I won't give him up. I ought not to. As to the foreign cities, Paris leads the I can't," the girl was just repeating. list with a ratio of 42, followed by Ber- when her gentle mother knocked at her lin 36, Vienna 28 and London 23. There door. Mrs. Price was one of those womwere more suicides in Saxony than in en who never entered a child's room withany other country, 31.1 per 100,000. In out knocking. She respected each one's Denmark the ratio was 25.8, in Austria privacy, and perhaps it was for that rea-21.2, in France 15.7, in the German empire 14.3, and Sweden, Norway, Bel-"Come in, Motherdy. I can see Aunt gium, Great Britain, Italy, the United Madeline has been tormenting you again. States and Spain followed in the order Why doesn't she come to me instead of worrying you? I think it mean, and I've

The table referring to American cities a good mind to tell her so." "You won't have a chance, my dear; is somewhat difficult to explain. Why the city of the Golden Gate, and Cali- your aunt is going to leave to-night." "Leave! for good? O mother! and I fornia, with its glorious climate, its have done this when you need the help sunshine, its fruit and its flowers, she gives so much! I wish-" and Kitsuicides seems a mystery, unless the Mrs. Price ventured one last appeal.

presence of a large Chinese population "Kitty, dear, it is a sacrifice, and one I Chicago is, perhaps, accounted for by your own free will you are doing a great the rush and struggle of that great and unselfish thing. Rufus Clark would the rush and struggle of that great take Jim into his employ, your aunt clity and the large foreign element it would see Jack through college, Minnie contains-a foreign element, moreover, would have a luxurious home with you, which comes mainly from those coun- moving in the best society, if anything tries where suicide is most frequent. happens to me-and Rufus is as good as still if it were sleep that kept Sarah so The same is perhaps true of Milwaukee Herbert-I cannot but think your liking Orleans may possibly be attributed to your early love."

The girl's face was witte and fixed. its relation to France and the ideas and She loved her brothers and little sister traditions brought here from Paris, the devotedly, and then, too, had not her dysuicide capital of the world. But New ing father begged her to be a true elder York City casts a cloud over some of sister to them? He might have forethese explanations. Here are the large seen some trial like this, for only a day foreign populations, the stress and or two before he died he said to Kitty, strain of living and working, the pov- when she sat alone with him,

erty, the excitement. Yet Philadelphia, the sleeping city of the humorous paragraphers, has a higher ratio of suicides than greater New York. And how is than greater New York. And how is brothers and sister; but do it cheerfully, It to be explained that New Haven bravely, and unselfishly and God will will teach her her folly!" and no one leads all the other New England cities make such sacrifice work out for you a in the number of suicides? St. Paul far more exceeding and eternal weight and Minneapolis lay side by side, but in of glory,"

Minneapolis the ratio was 11.4 and in | These words seemed ringing in the Minneapoils the ratio was 11.4 and in poor girl's ears. She must not drive St. Paul it is but 6.5. It seems that the poor girl's ears. She must not drive Aunt Madeline from her mother. She conclusions must be that there is no must not deprive her brothers of Rufus' method in suicide madness and that the aid, or Minnie of the safe refuge she effort to reduce it to rule is doomed to could command for her if she gave up "Don't you sometimes long for your while.

bildhood's happy days?" said the sen-"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "there are times when I would enjoy hanging ple I don't like, instead of having to say, 'How do you do, dear? So glad to betray her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Joyce was packing them! Mine, though precious, tells a her trunks and boxes, for she was a demixed tale of sorrow, hope, almost determined woman, and meant to keep her spair. But, through it all, hope tri word. A friend had repeatedly urged her umphs."
to come and keep "old maids" hall" with And I She-So you lost all your money in "But, beside that, didn't you have any "Oh, yes. I was a dealer in straight often said she would expect her "at any | -The Housewife. So now she telegraphed to Boston that she was to come by the night train, and went to work at her packing "Have that newly married couple set they won't notice their neighbors."-

"Government of the People, by the People, and For GEO. P. CROWE the People Shall Not Perish from the Earth."



Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. Died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1863.

mer days; but there was one paper she must get at and take with her. As she turned over a box full of papers she came across a pink envelope, worn and faded, but one that in its day was evidently chosen for its beauty to hold some

"Harry's valentine! poor fellow, poor fellow! My own loving Harry!" and she falling tears. It was not Henry Joyce, the drunkard, of whom she thought; it back. She seemed to be standing again, a loving, trusting girl of eighteen, and to see his blue eyes so full of love, so beautiful and true to her, beaming upon her,

"I wrote it myself, Pet, and I want you to keep it always-from your Val-

"Always-forever!" she had answered, with a blush. Ah, there is always one that gives, and one that takes, in love affairs. If she had been the giver, pouring out her very life in devotion and year on account of illness. He left a sacrifice for him, had she not found a wonderful secret happiness, even in her pain? Would she even now have her past life different? She pressed the faded valentine to her lips. "Aunt Madeline, I have come to say

Reuben went up the dark stairs, reached a front room door with his stick, and rapped gently.

"Who's there?" said a faint, weak scene of the self-destruction of 21.8 persons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and Cingo to work to earn her own support, he sons per 100,000 of population, and cingo to work to earn her own support her own

over my things on a rainy afternoon" (it died, but I remember seeing her and Mr. lady was hard put to it), "to take it for and Abe had a grammar in common and granted I am going! And as for Rufus took turns in studying it. After Ann's solemn, "God will help you, as he has had been delirious, but toward the end helped many another. narriages are not always the truestthe feeble ones. Keep your Herbert, as room I remember that he looked broken you love him, and God bless you."

is not feeble, and there won't be any he may have been studying in secret. He worse,' but all 'better,' in our marriage,' but she was wise, and let the old lady have the floor.

"There, this old valentine conquered some old book, to suit the lover's pur- and rebels, Lincoln replied; "Mere doggerel; but keep your should show the greatest number of ty's voice sounded so hesitatingly that valentines, dear, when they come from fer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted your true love; they may keep you from in such things, and I don't profess to being a heartless, meddlesome old be; but my only distinct recoilection of

as I came near doing. Kitty's mother went down to the teatable with bread. It would be almost as the visitor a chair and said, with an air had to learn that Aunt Madeline was to of patient waiting: stay and dear Kitty sacrificed, as to bid good-by to their one well-to-do relation. have to say." To her surprise, Kitty and Aunty entered the dining room together, the young girl and Cincinnati. The high rate at New would soon grow as warm for him as for beaming and blushing, the old lady with I merely called to pay my respects." a tender light in her eyes, and a delicate

flush on her withered cheek.
"It's all right, Motherdy," said Kitty. oyously. "Aunty isn't going away, and wait for Minnie "But-I-" began Mrs. Price, wonder-

"Mother, St. Valentine shall be my At which speech Aunty's flush deepen

ed, though she tried to come down grace-"I still think Kitty is foolish, but time argued to the contrary.

The wedding came off on St. Valentine's day, Kitty declaring that the saint would bring them luck. Minnie wore her first "long dress," and Mr. Clark seemed She so much struck with her wonderful resemblance to the bride that Aunty may still have one of her nieces "married well." Herbert in spite of Aunt Made Herbert. With pale lips, the girl said: line's fears, seems altogether "for bet "Wait a moment, mother; I'll speak to ter" and not "for worse." He may nev Aunt Madeline; only let me sit alone a er be rich, but he is loving and honora ble, and on each wedding anniversary The mother, frightened at the girl's he gives his wife a valentine, which is looks, yet knowing how good and true a carefully treasured. But Kitty begs in man Rufus Clark was, left the room, vain for the faded pink envelope and its though longing to uphold her girl in her enclosure. "I'll leave it to you, dear," first decision, and Kitty sat alone, not said Aunty, on the third anniversary of wavering now, only waiting until it Kitty's marriage, "but as long as I live have only sweet memories enshrined in

And Kitty, remembering the dying her, and sometimes when the boys were bed, where the poor weak man had reparticularly quarrelsome and noisy Aunt pented of his wasted life, felt that even Madeline had felt inclined to accept, and Aunt Madeline's choice had not been so had hinted as much to Miss Mills, who utterly a mistake as some would insist.

The Great Northern Railroad has substituted Italian workmen for the sick," remarked the philosopher. whelm her. She decided she would not pack all, but send or come for the rest, and thought with relief that she need on the she would not pack all, but send or come for the rest, and thought with relief that she need on the she need of the she need of the she need on the she need of the

Hiram W. Beckwith, from 1856 to 1861 a partner of Abraham Lincoln, died recently at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago, aged 72. Mr. Beckwith's father was one of the

LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER.

pioneers of Illinois, having helped to found the town of Danville in Young Beckwith studied law under Ward H. Lamon, the District of Columbia during Lin- news fit to print. coln's administra-

H. W. BECKWITH. tion. He was a close friend of Lincoln and later became his resident partner at Danville, while Lincoln was a circuit

From 1897 to 1902 Mr. Beckwith was president of the State Historical Society. He was compelled to resign in the latter

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

widow and two sons.

Anecdote Giving a Pen Picture of the Great President. In Fairfield, Iowa, lives Mrs. William Prewitt, who is a sister to Ann Rutledge, the early love of Abraham Lin-Aunt Madeline!"

"Stay! who talked of going? What sonsense! Just because I choose to look said: "I was only a little girl when Ann was perfectly dry outside, but the old Lincoln together much of the time. She Pittsburg, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Omaha and Louisville, besides all of those specifically enumerated above.

By repeated disappointments and re-Clark, let him go, my child, let him go, my child and the old lady's voice grew tender and the last time Mr. Lincoln saw her. She

The happiest became rational and asked to see her lover. He talked with her for a long ome one must bear with and sustain time alone and when he came out of the hearted. At that time we never thought The girl longed to say, "But Herbert of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer, though was a great story teller, even then, and was a universal favorite."

When, at the Hampton Roads conference, Feb. 2, 1865, Mr. Hunter, the Conne-mere doggerel, I suppose, the lines federate Secretary of State, referred to seem to you;" and Aunt Madeline read the correspondence between Charles I. the verses to Kitty, which were doggerel, and Parliament as a precedent for a neand probably only slightly altered from gotiation between a constitutional ruler

"Upon matters of history I must reexplains it. The high suicide rate of cannot ask of you, but if you make it of wretch, and separating two true hearts, the matter is that Charles lost his head." A clergyman of some prominence was ne day presented to Lincoln, who gave

"I am now ready to hear what you "Oh, bless you, sir," replied the cler-

gyman, "I have nothing special to say. "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am very glad to see needn't marry Rufus. He'll have to you, indeed. It is a relief to find a elergyman, or any other man, for that matter, who has nothing to say. I thought you had come to preach to me. On one fierce winter night during the war Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door of the White House, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection, for he was on his way to the War Department as the west corner of the grounds, where in times o hattle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry and, turning to him,

> "Young man, you've got a cold job to night; step inside and stand guard here." "My orders keep me out here," the ddler replied. said the President, in his ar-

mentative tone, "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here and you'll oblige me by going in. "I have been stationed outside," the dier answered, and resumed his bent. "Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again, "it occurs to me should grow dusk that her face might not I'll keep my one valentine. May yours that I am commander in chief of the ar-

Unnoticed. "You say you saw my sister at a scent wedding?" "Yes. It wasn't very long ago."

"But_I don't remember that she entioned seeing you." "Very likely. I was only the -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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