After four years' vallant fighting for the in Marjie, blot upon their shield.

The manacles of slavery were forever cast And four million former chattels were re-joicing on that day; The cruel war was over; there was happi-ness at hand. When a dastard shot a pistol that resounded

Four hundred thousand loyal lives were 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 us It has done,

But his name is on the tongues of men who know the fame he won;

And as his virtues come to light their luster floods the earth.

To teach our youths to honer him on the day he had his birth. Bo February twelfth will mark a date each

uture year, calendars will bear to red to show whom we revere;
For the name of Lincoin calls to mind a man of humble birth. Whose fame is now exalted in the highest

A KNIGHT OF

ST. VALENTINE.



was to be a vai ntine party. That decided after talk ing it all over half dozen times. viewing all the schemes suggested from every possible light and rejecting all except

feared the chill winds would make their noses red and blow their hair about un til they would not appear to advantage in the eyes of those for whose beneat 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 volunteer ed 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 Hurving came to the rescue with the valentine party suggestion it was pounced upon with delight and she was voted a wonder at concocting 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 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 Margrowd of girls knows as many boys as we

"Speak for yourself, please," said Aileen controversy progressed further Mabel the parlor. 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."
"Don't be a goose," said Mabel sternly.
"He wears a cute white dress and gauze

"And carries a mandolin strapped over his shoulder," suggested Hinda.

"I do wish you girls wouldn't be or I'll never get through with this. He has a cute little wagon filled with there a smile of recognition in it. and to each one is attached a pencil." 'So we can write home for money," cut

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 tie Meredith to hear: to someone in the party. When they all "I trust he will bri 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

"I won't tell you girls another thing and I won't have anything to do with the paryou don't behave yourselves, now,' said Mabel. "Well, the verses are all hem out to the crowd, and everyone has a chance to guess who wrote each one and of the person addressed it would help

"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 now anything about the scheme until 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 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 telling 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 gauze wings, was waiting in an inner room for his part in the game, when Lottie Meredith tripped gayly up the steps and kissed Mabel Hurvine, who met her in the

"Wait a minute before you go in," whispered Mabel. "Tom is here. All the dancing tight died out of Lottie Meredith's eyes in an instant. Her cheeks

turned deathly white a moment, and then flushed red as peoples. "Tom?" she gasped. "Tom? You don't can Tom Prince?

Mabel shook her head solemnly in affirmation and took both Lettie's hands in

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

"But, Mabel," whispered Lottie, dragthey could not be overheard, "where did he come from? What on earth is he doing here? Oh, tell me what to do, dear. I were turned from one to another. Tom

can't face him before all this crowd." the one Mabel "I don't knew anything about it, Lot-the plane and his head in his hand, look-the rrine had tie," said Mabel slowly, "except he said ing steadfastly at Lottie Meredith. And should be a valen- told him there was a party here and all the room at the steady blue eyes which that It be got to town to-day, and one of the boys she knew. She did not dare look across tine party. Margaret had said she was the old crowd would be here to-night, and she knew were fixed upon her. She would for a sleighride, not just a poky he said he made bold enough to come up. not trust herself to return that gaze, for

many tongues and light laughter floated bridesmaids."

the bedroom.

"Not for a minute," said Mabel decid- Margaret. Prince had not changed coun tenance when he looked upon Lottie. It was not the gaze of a stranger nor was pieces of white paper cut in heart shapes 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 brought us," said Mabel Hurvine briskly. Tom Prince stooped over Kathryn at the piano and said, loud enough for Lot-

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

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 as much space as possible between him 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 oiled up on a table and somebody reads were knitted in deep thought and the merry revelers strove to make rhymes and invent clever lines to carry on the enterto whom it was written. Of course if the tainment. There were sly looks and side is grabbed by one of the boys just beverses sort of describe some peculiarity remarks from those who wished to let the objects of their devotion know that they spot. inspired the muse. There was laughing protest from the girls that some of the boys were "peeking" 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 mesage. Quickly they were squeezes around in the maze of brush heaped upon the table and the boys and and pretty soon the rabbits begin to they had reached the house, lest they 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 fro mher 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."

"You can have it if you want it," said Kathryn, "I don't see anyone breaking of it. His eyes are snapping with exany records trying to beat you to it."

Barnes had selected another heart from the pile before him and his face sobered

before reading it. Then he said:
"Hold on. This one is all right. 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 thy penitence 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 ging Miss Hurvine into a bedroom, where Barnes had concluded the verse. The were turned from one to another. Tom Prince stood with his arm resting upon

on the air with the singer's voice and came | The laugh relieved the strained situato the two solemn girls huddled there in tion and Barnes caught up a jocular verse and rattled it off glibly. There was some "That's him singing," whispered Lot- light comment from somebody and Lottle "I'd know his voice anywhere and slipped out into the ballway. She was not that was his song always, you know," missed and no one noticed when Tom
For a few minutes they stood there silistening to the joility in the par- parlor and followed. He found her there, lors. Their hearts heat so loudly that they with wide, frightened eyes which would

much noise as possible. The cur squeezes around in the maze of brush 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!" and starts to tramp around again. Meantime the hounds are nervously trying to make themselves small enough to get under the brush piles, 'But who is it for?" asked Aileen. a trifle as he glanced through the verse

but with poor success. It is the cur dog's inning and he is making the most citement 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 bounds 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

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 is

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, fol-

lowed 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

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 dis-

charged and the rabbit keels over and

fore the foremost hound reaches the

The forces now begin offensive opera-

tions. 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

Then he gets on another pile of brush

After the clearing has been thorough- sleep, some six or eight feet below the ly overhauled there is a counting up to surface.

dead; they drop him and wait until he

is transferred to somebody's pocket.

future hunts. them a question of geography, to a cer- of him, and he is away in an instant.

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 P. 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 Mcans Committee he gave his name, lent him additional fame.

pears at the other entrance to the burrow, and then a diplomatic dalliance commences with a view to getting the brute back into the box again. Sometimes he can be induced to get back to his quarters without much trouble, but at other times he gets crafty, and the hunters will sit around for half an hour or so trying to coax him to leave the hole. There are ferrets that will sometimes go down in a hole, grab a rabbit, gorge themselves with the prey, and then deliberately lie down and go to

see the result, and late in the after- If there is a rabbit in the hole when noon the party will be seen traveling a ferret is put in, the rabbit bolts out slowly home, all of them, dogs, boys of the place in a hurry. He is in deadly and man, thoroughly tired out. But fear of this creeping, rat-like little 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 sleightful was guard the shift winds was cuttored by those who carry and the shift winds was cuttored by those who carry and the plane and a full, deep voice was singular. The chatter of the plane and a full, deep voice was singular. Anyone who had that written at her ought to be picking out the musket went off accidentally does not the hunter may get rattled, and score over their shoulders and in their pock- beast, and he comes out with a bound, musket went off accidentally does not the hunter may get rattled, and score say anything about it, for fear it might clean misses. But the rabbits only be urged against his carrying a gun at scurry off to some other burrow, there to be routed out again and shot at. The Rabbits adapt their habits to the lo- rabbit gets out of the hole so quickly callty in which they are raised, and this that it is almost impossible to see him action on their part makes hunting come. He is in the air the first you see

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 WILL BE KING.

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 plano 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 brush, rabbits can only be successfully Tie rabbits in this kind of ground are when Aunt Jane, or Uncle Jeff, or the hunted with ferrets. They feed mostly swift of foot, and usually in the fall minister, or my cousin from St. Louis at night and lie in holes in the daytime, and winter very fat. There is a great came to town how anxious you all were

> "Yes. "Well, ever since I was a little boy, I and let my favorite piece of chicken go 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 indig-

nant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery. But it made money for its owners, and that's more

After looking at her troubles up one way and down the other, a woman decides there is no other thing to do but Good manners and good morals are ingly. After a wait of perhaps three Miss Osage, daughter of Mr. Hard in a bucket and kick them over. Which is the better way?



"WILL YOU TRY ME ONCE MORE, DEAR?" heard the quickened pulsations as they | dare to look at him now that they were

stood in the darkness with clasped hands | alone. Then Miss Hurvine said: "I must go back, dear. They will miss

me. Stay here until you are feeling beting with tears, "did you mean it? Did
ter, and then go right out as if you did
not know he was here." And then she "Will you try me once more, dear, and with a toss of her head, but before the slipped out and joined the merry crowd in see?" he asked.

Five minutes later Lottie Meredith walked out of the room with her head more from the parlor, the laughter and erect and a forced smile upon her lips, the chatter of voices arose and floated by Carelessly she strolled into the 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 s direction. He looked up and their eyes let. Lottle tried to return his gaze coldinate. As if she had never before looked upon im, but she felt her strength of will source! It is of interest only to yourself, always inclose a stamp. There's your sentlment, and bere's my autograph.

A. LINCOLN. met. Lottie tried to return his gaze coldly, as if she had never before looked upon leaving her, she felt the hot blood mount to her cheek, her breath came quickly for an instant and she looked away to where

"Lottie," he said simply. "Oh, Tom," she whispered, her eyes fill-

And as she slipped into his arms with . happy little sigh the piano sounded once

room them unbeeded on the night air. His Sentiment and Antograph. Abraham Lincoln once received a letter

asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied:

Will Barnes was telling fairy tales to sworn friends and fast allies .-- artol or four minutes the tip of his nose ap- Case.

HUNTING RABBITS tain extent. In some portions of the

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

such circumstances.

Some stretches of country are ridcountry, where the ground is hilly, high died with these holes, and fifteen or and comparatively free from under- twenty rabbits may be gotten in a day. and the hunter who traverses such a deal of uncertainty about this kind of to entertain them?" country with the best of rabbit dogs hunting, for sometimes there have been will have his labor for his pains, other hunters there before, and every Neither with beagle nor greyhound will hole drawn is a blank. It is splendid have been jealous of those people. I've he be able to get a sight of a rabbit, exercise, though; the climbing up and resented the way I had to stand around unless he accidentally runs across a down the steep hillsides and walking and not speak until I was spoken to, stray one, and that particular "bunny" through the woods in crisp weather will "hole up" as soon as the dogs get brings many sets of muscles into play, to some one else. I tell you war is a and the air is chuck full of ozone.

Queer Names for Women. The wives of some of the Indian

box until the grounds are reached and braves have names as odd and often as the hunters begin operations. It takes droll as their husbands. They seem to at least two persons to hunt rabbits have cognomens of their own, too, and with a ferret, if the thing is done prop- not to take those of their spouses only. erly. One man to handle and "groom" Some of the actual names given in a the ferret, and the other to shoot the census of the family of the scouts at rabbits. A dog is sometimes taken one place include Mrs. Short Nose, who along, but a dog is a nuisance under was before her marriage Miss Piping Woman; Mrs. Big Head, formerly Miss than most inventions do." When a hole is found, the box or bag Short Face; Mrs. Nibbs, formerly Miss is opened and the ferret is coaxed out. Young Bear; Mrs. White Crow, form-He comes creeping from his hiding erly Miss Crook Pipe; Mrs. Howling place, and apparently very reluctantly. Water, formerly Miss Crow Woman; When he is urged to go down and inter- also Mrs. Sweet Water, Miss Walk put them on her shoulders, and trudge view the lodgers he goes most unwill- High, daughter of Mr. White Calf, and along. A man, however, will put them