

TIDDLYWINKS.

A Children's Story.

FRAYD! O, no! I'm not afraid of any four-legged creature that ever grew!" said Tiddlywinks. Tiddlywinks was a Partridge Cochon, a tall, fine-looking fellow, with beautiful red and gold plumage, which glistened brightly in the spring sunshine.

His tall feathers were long and glossy, proudly arched above his back, with a graceful droop towards the ends, and he had a handsome red comb, which little Rosy declared looked like a scarlet poppy.

Tiddlywinks was quite a favorite with little Rosy, but he was not much liked in the barn-yard, on account of his tyrannical disposition, and his boastfulness.

He kept a respectful distance from old Faddeen, the bronze gobbler, and the White Leghorn rooster, who were larger and stronger than himself, and would not have hesitated to give him a good drubbing if he had caught him at his pranks; but he was selfish and cowardly enough to seize a fat bug, or a fine, plump cricket which some poor pullet had industriously scratched up, and devour it himself, before her very eyes.

And when one of the hens laid an egg, Tiddlywinks would invariably cackle louder than she did herself, and make so much noise you would have thought he had laid the egg himself!

Then, too, he was always boasting. He was standing on one foot, under a tall pokeberry bush, one warm day, recounting some of his own brave exploits to a group of fowls who were gathered near.

Some were plucking themselves, others taking a dust-bath in the side of the ash heap, and others again leisurely picking gravels from a pile of sand, which had been dumped in one corner of the barn-yard, expressly for that purpose.

"No," said Tiddlywinks, holding up his head and looking proudly around. "I'm not afraid of any four-footed creature that ever grew! Why, if a fox were suddenly to pounce over the fence into the barn-yard, do you know what I would do?"

"I know what I'd do," said a snuff-colored hen, who was wallowing in the ash-heap. "I'd run into the hen-house and scramble up on the roost as fast as ever I could!"

"And I," said Queen Anne, a motherly old hen, with a black top-knot and a ruff around her neck, "I'd fly up into that big oak tree, double-quack."

be quite as much frightened as the hens. He was just flapping his wings, to fly up into the oak tree, when the strange animal made a sudden dart at his toes.

"Boo-woo-woo! Gr-r-r!" it cried, savagely. And flop went Tiddlywinks, spraddling his long legs, while "hee-woo-woo!" went the enemy, diving past him and seizing a respectable top-knot hen by the tail.

"Squawk!" cried the hen who had a temper of her own, and ruffling up her feathers she flew at the saucy stranger, and gave it a savage peck between the eyes.

"Take that for your impudence," she cried. "Yelp!" howled the aggressor, half frightened out of his wits, but spying Tiddlywinks streaking towards the hen house as fast as his long legs would carry him, it suddenly turned and scampered after him.

"Boo-woo-woo!" it cried in such a shrill voice that the poor Cochon stood still with terror, while the savage foe seized him by his handsome tall feathers and stood shaking them and crying, "gr-r-r!" triumphantly.

Poor Tiddlywinks, more dead than alive, could do nothing but stand stock-still and cry "Squak! squak-aw-aw!" at the top of his lungs. The hens cackled in sympathy, making such a racket that Aunt Peggy looked out of the back door to see what on earth could be the matter.

"Run, Rosy," she cried. "Something is disturbing the fowls!" And little Rosy ran quickly to the rescue of her feathered favorites.

But when she reached the barn-yard and espied the tall Cochon squeaking with terror, while a tiny shepherd puppy stood holding him by the tail, and growling savagely, she burst into a hearty laugh. "Come here, Rosy," she cried, and the fat puppy let go his victim's tail, and went frisking to her with a shrill little bark of delight.

"For shame, Tiddlywinks," said Rosy, "to be afraid of a little bit of a dog like Roy, who only wanted to play with you!"

But Tiddlywinks, finding himself free, hurriedly sneaked off around the barn, and began plucking his ruffled feathers. He was well twitted by the other fowls, when they ventured to come forth from their hiding places.

"You wouldn't run from a fox, would you?" sneered the snuff-colored hen, maliciously? "Of course not," put in Queen Anne, shaking her feathers, and hopping over the pig-trough to pick up a grain of corn on the other side. "He is not afraid of any four-footed creature that ever grew!"

"Quack, quack, quack," said the Pekin duck, waddling out from a bunch of tall grass, where she had been hiding during the affray. "Pray, Mister Tiddlywinks, do tell us what you would do if a fox were to pounce unexpectedly over the fence?"

LINCOLN'S OLD CABIN.

TO BE REMOVED FROM CHICAGO TO WASHINGTON.

The McLean House at Appomattox—This is Where Grant and Lee Met and Signed the Terms of Surrender—Will Also Be Preserved.

(Special Letter.)

WASHINGTON, which possesses so many historic treasures, is to be further enriched by two relics of national importance about which are entwined most closely memories of the two great Union and Confederate leaders, as well as of the president who fell just as his dreams of a re-united land were being realized.

These relics are the log cabin, which was built by Lincoln and his father, and the McLean home at Appomattox, Virginia, the place in which Lee and Grant met and signed the terms of surrender.

The Lincoln log cabin is now in Chicago, but it is but the question of a short while before it will be brought on and erected in Washington. The McLean house will stand in the same lot and both will comprise part of a museum which will be the property of patriotic Washington gentlemen, prominent among them being Colonel M. E. Dunlap, to whose energies is due

THE LINCOLN LOG CABIN.

the preservation of these souvenirs of the most memorable epoch of American history. Colonel Dunlap, who fought under General Banks, is the owner of the McLean house, the title of the cabin being with the rest of the gentlemen who are organized under the name of the National War and Museum Company.

The Lincoln cabin, when it stands in the shadow of the capitol, will be just the same rough frontier abode as it was when built of unwhewn logs in 1830. Every bit of timber, every nail, every shingle has been religiously preserved, so that there will be the rude hut with its fireplace of broken bricks, its pegs running up the walls which had no ladder to mount to the garret, its tumbling door and ill-shaped window just as they stood when Lincoln paid his farewell visit to his home before leaving for Washington and his inauguration.

Lincoln was born in Kentucky, but moved with his father to Indiana at an early age and it was in Spencer

THE McLEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX.

county that his mother, who was a Miss Nancy Hanks before marriage, died. Young Abe was then a lad of about eight. The father subsequently returned to Kentucky, where he married a second time, his last wife being a sweetheart of his early youth.

As Miss Bush she had won the elder Lincoln's heart, but she discarded him for a Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson died, and Mr. Lincoln being a widower, the affair of old times was renewed and in a short time the second Mrs. Lincoln was ensconced in her new home in Coles county, Illinois. Here it was that Mr. Lincoln, with the help of young Abe, erected the cabin. In this hut the future president slept for the first time in his life in a bed, for as a small boy his only couch was a pile of leaves in a corner.

The second wife, who proved to be a most devoted stepmother, brought with her from her old Kentucky home a common bedstead on which the boy was put to sleep and on which his father and stepmother afterwards died.

Lincoln's father was dead, and the president-elect picked up from the ground a bit of old scantling, broke it in two, sharpened one end, and, walking over to his father's grave, drove the piece of wood on which the father's initials were cut, at the head of the grave, remarking that when he could afford it he would get something better.

When the money was afterwards sent so that a tombstone could be erected, the recipient of the fund pocketed it, and had it not been for the generosity of Mr. C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, the grave would have long ago sunken out of sight.

After the death of the elder Lincoln, the stepmother, who was much loved by Lincoln, lived in the cabin with a near relative, John Hall, who remained with her till her death in 1869.

The McLean house is yet at Appomattox, but is not standing, as some years ago it was carefully taken down with the view of moving it to Washington. But just at that time the financial panic came on and the project was postponed, but it is certain that it will now be successfully carried out.

Prior to the dismantling of the place, Colonel Dunlap had a series of photographs taken as well as a great many blue prints showing the exact appearance of the rooms, and each bit of boarding is numbered so that the house will be just as it was before it was torn down.

When brought to Washington, the house will be rebuilt exactly as it was on the day on which the articles of surrender were signed. Much of the old furniture has been secured, and as far as possible the rooms will look just as they did thirty years ago.

Negotiations have been opened with Mr. Gunther looking to the bringing on of his famous collection of war relics and the storing of them in the house, so as to make a most interesting museum.

If this is accomplished, most of the furniture will be restored to its old chambers, and the table on which the terms of agreement were drawn up, which is owned by Mr. Gunther,

will be placed on the very spot it occupied in April, 1865. The house was owned at the time of the surrender by Mr. Wilmer McLean, who used to boast that the war opened and closed on his premises.

While living at Manassas the battle of Bull Run was fought almost on his farm, and it was to get out of the theatre of active hostilities that he moved his family down to Appomattox, thinking that the tide of conflict would not flow so far south. But, by a strange coincidence, the very last act in the drama was in his parlor.

On September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest.

A Kansas City man gave his wife one dollar to buy a calico dress, and spent sixteen dollars himself on a second-hand wheel. This is a year of object lessons.

It is said that there are only two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

Henry, do you love me? "Why, darling, what a question!" "Don't try to evade me, Henry! I'm no liquor law."—Puck.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1893.

Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is regaining his health by riding a bicycle.

What you need is something to cure you. Get Dr. Kay's Renovator. See ad.

No matter how God warns the sinner he always does it in love.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of September 28th, to the south for Homeseekers and Harvesters.

In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a bible, the inscription in which reads: "This bible was used in the pulpit by the Rev. Steven West, pastor of Stockbridge, Mass., from 1769 to 1818."—Exchange.

After Years of Service. In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a bible, the inscription in which reads: "This bible was used in the pulpit by the Rev. Steven West, pastor of Stockbridge, Mass., from 1769 to 1818."—Exchange.

Curiously in Language. It is said that there are only two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Henry, do you love me? "Why, darling, what a question!" "Don't try to evade me, Henry! I'm no liquor law."—Puck.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1893.

Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is regaining his health by riding a bicycle.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of September 28th, to the south for Homeseekers and Harvesters.

In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a bible, the inscription in which reads: "This bible was used in the pulpit by the Rev. Steven West, pastor of Stockbridge, Mass., from 1769 to 1818."—Exchange.

After Years of Service. In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a bible, the inscription in which reads: "This bible was used in the pulpit by the Rev. Steven West, pastor of Stockbridge, Mass., from 1769 to 1818."—Exchange.

Curiously in Language. It is said that there are only two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Henry, do you love me? "Why, darling, what a question!" "Don't try to evade me, Henry! I'm no liquor law."—Puck.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1893.

Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is regaining his health by riding a bicycle.

What you need is something to cure you. Get Dr. Kay's Renovator. See ad.

No matter how God warns the sinner he always does it in love.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of September 28th, to the south for Homeseekers and Harvesters.

In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a bible, the inscription in which reads: "This bible was used in the pulpit by the Rev. Steven West, pastor of Stockbridge, Mass., from 1769 to 1818."—Exchange.

After Years of Service. In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a bible, the inscription in which reads: "This bible was used in the pulpit by the Rev. Steven West, pastor of Stockbridge, Mass., from 1769 to 1818."—Exchange.

Curiously in Language. It is said that there are only two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Henry, do you love me? "Why, darling, what a question!" "Don't try to evade me, Henry! I'm no liquor law."—Puck.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1893.

Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is regaining his health by riding a bicycle.

Great Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sales naturally result from the great merit which makes the thousands of wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hot Springs, Va., Via "Big Four" and "C. & O." Routes. Perfect Fall Climate. 2,500 Feet Elevation. Magnificent Mountain Surroundings. Most Curative Baths Known.

Syrup of Figs. Gladness Comes. With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to an actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes.

ITCHING, BLEEDING, and BLEEDING. PILES. Rossman's Pile Cure. At all drugstores of A. McKeon & Sons, Hudson, N.Y.

MORRIS PERFECTION WALL POINTS. STEADY WORK. PATENTS, TRADE MARKS. Dr. Kay's Renovator. Guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, etc.

Battle Ax Plug. "Check it!" If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him. There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.



HOLDING HIM BY THE TAIL. Pullet, running full tilt from behind the hen.



THE McLEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX.



"Check it!" Battle Ax Plug. If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him. There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.