JEDDLYWINKS'.

A Children's Story. fellow, with beauti-

FRAID? O, no! I'm not afraid of any four-legged crea ture that ever grew!" said Tiddlywinks.

Tiddlywinks was a Partridge Cochin, a tall, fine-looking

ful red and gold

plumage, which

Motomed brightly in the spring sunohine.

His tail feathers were long and glosmy, 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 pecked the Guinea-fowls unmercifully, picked a quarrel with the White Pekin duck on every possible occasion, and would not allow the younger fowls to eat a morsei, until he had crammed his own crop with all the corn or oats it would hold.

He kept a respectful distance from old Fudladeen, the bronze gobbler, and the White Leghorn rooster, who were Jarger and stronger than himself, and would not have hesitated to give him a good drubbing if they had caught him at his pranks; but he was selfish and sowardly 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 explaits to a group of fowls who were gathered near. Some were pluming 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 ta 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 fax 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 snuffcolored hen, who was wallowing in the ash-heap. "I'd run into the henhouse 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-know and a ruff around her neck, "I'd fly mp into that big oak tree, double-

"Cluck! cluck! I'd hide under the Burdock bushes, with my chickens under my wings," said Madame Feathering anxiously.

: "I dare say," sneered Tiddlywinks, "You are old hens, you know, and its the nature of heas to be cowardly. But I would not show the white feather!

I'd just-" "Cut, cut, cut!" cackled



HOLDING HIM BY THE TAIL legged pullet, running full tilt from behind the barn. "Cut, cut! O! I've had | yard. such a fright!"

"What-what-what-what was it?" stammered Tiddlywinks, while the hens chastered anxiously around him, as if for protection?

"O, dear! I don't know," panted the suflet, still trembling with fear. "I-I was scratching-near the barn-when pounced right at me! Such a terde creature, with legs and teeth! And it opened its mouth, and went T-r-? and I ran away so fast T've lost my breath!"

Was it a a fox," gasped Tiddlywinks, looking up at the oak-tree as if he were enleulating the distance to its howest branches?

"No. it w.sn't a fox. It had a short tail," said the pullet. "Perhaps it was a 'possum." anggested the snuff-colored hen, ruffing her feathers.

"No, it ran too fast for a 'possum-Of O! here it comes now! Look, look! Out cut, cut?" and the frightened pultried to hide under Queen Anne's an a small, brownish-colored simal came frisking and frolicking

mm behind the barn. The fowls flew wildly about, some in and direction and some in another. The white Pekin duck scuttled away hid herself behind the hen-house. The Guinea fowls flew up to the comb the barn, chattering with all their might, and Tiddlywinks was just preading his wings to take refuge in ank tree, when the strange animal

denly rushed towards him. It was a small brown creature, not large as a full grown cat, but so me as to be almost round. It looked deed, more like a live cushion, with ers and a white nose and tall,

white teeth. Tiddlywinks, we he was, certainly seemed to

be quite as much frightened as the LINCOLN'S OLD CABIN. hens. He was just flapping his wings, to fly up into the oak tree, when the strange animal made a sudden dart at TO BE REMOVED FROM CHICAhis toes.

"Boo-woo-woo! Gr-r-r!" it cried, savagely.

And flop! went Tiddlywinks, spraddling his long legs, while "bee-weewoo!" 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

"Take that for your impudence," she

"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 shrill voice that the poor Cochin stood still with terror, while the savage foe seized him by his handsome tail feathers and stood shaking them and crying, "gr-r-r" trlumphantly.

Poor Tiddlywinks, more dead than alive, could do nothing but stand stock-still and cry "Squak! squak-awawk!" 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 Cochin 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, Roy," 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 pluming 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 ben, 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

"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?"

"It's only natural for hens to be cowardly," said a yellow-legged pullet. who owed the Cochin a grudge for robbing her of a dragon-fly that morning.

Even the guineas flew boldly down from the barn-roof, where they had been sitting in a row, acreaming "potrack! pot-rack!" during the contest.

"If it had been a great big dog, like Farmer Dill's Howser," they said, "It would be different. But a little puppy, no bigger than a kitten! And Tiddlywinks equawked as if a whole pack of foxes were after him!"

And Tiddlywinks felt so shamefaced, that he did not venture to crow for half a day. But he was never heard to boast of his own bravery again. And what was still better, he was cured of his other bad habits, and was never again guilty of pecking the guineafowls, nor quarreling with the Pekin duck, or robbing the pullets of their

And in time, Tiddlywinks and the other fowls became quite friendly with Roy, the shepherd puppy, who grew to be such a good watch-dog that not a fox, possum, or any other midnight prowler, dared venture near the barn-

Quite a Stamping Ground.

"We are blessed with a domestic who keeps us in hot water half the time for fear we will lose her," said an east end householder, "and, naturally, she is welcome to all the usual and a good many extraordinary privileges. Not long ago she decided to buy a bicycle and when it arrived it was a nine days' wonder for all the girls in the neighborhood. Every evening they came over to admire it. My back yard is large and nicely sodded and it speedily became a cycle circus. Our girl did most of the riding, with two or three other girls to hold her on and a half dozen more sitting on the fence to keep out of the way. You never heard such squealing and giggling in your life. Our girl would pedal her way along for a dozen feet or so and then she and her side partners would go down together in one struggling heap and three or four of the girls on the fence would

tumble off in sheer excitement. "I never had more fun than I did last evening watching them through the screened window of our pantry. They didn't notice me, of course, and the merriment was quite unrestrained. Some of the girls are decidedly attractive and I was pleasantly taking in the swift flashes of well-filled hosiery when I felt a sharp grip on my ear and

my wife led me back to the porch. "But the performance goes on just the same every evening."-Cleveland afterwards died. Plain Dealer.

Too Greedy.

Walker - This "middle-of-the-road" platform won't catch any of the bicycle vote. Wheeler-No? Walker-Naw, worked out all of the problems till and occupied his parlor. r. It said, showing two rows | They want the whole darn road and the sidewalk thrown in.-Cincinnati | mind; then he set out from the hum-

Is Where Grant and Lee Met and Signed the Terms of Surrender-Will Also Be Preserved.

GO TO WASHINGTON.



(Special Letter.) ASHINGTON which possesses so 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.

Chicago, but it is but the question of a short while before it will be brought McLean house will stand in the same museum which will be the property

fought under General Banks, is the

of the cabin being with the rest of

the gentlemen who are organized un-

in the shadow of the capitol, will be

just the same rough frontier abode

as it was when built of unhewn logs

in 1836. Every bit of timber, every

nail, every shingle has been relig-

iously preserved, so that there will be

the rude but with its fireplace of brok-

en bricks, its pegs running up the

walls which had no ladder to mount

to the garret, its tumbling door and

ill-shapen window just as they stood

when Lincoln paid his farewell visit

to his home before leaving for Wash-

an early age and it was in Spencer

ington and his inauguration.

and Museum Company.

yer in Springfiera. 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 be 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 cabla then passed through several hands, but was at last bought by an association in Chicago, and from this it was obtained by its present owners. Among the relics of the family which will be placed in the hut will be the bed on which Lincoln first slept, the wheel on which the yarn for his clothing was spun and the axe which he used in cutting fence ralls.

The McLean house is yet at Appomattox, but is not standing, as some The Lincoln log cabin is now in years ago it was carefully taken down with the view of moving it to Washington. But just at that time the on and erected in Washington. The financial panic came on and the project was postponed, but it is certain lot and both will comprise part of a that it will now be successfully carried out. Prior to the dismantling of the of patriotic Washington gentlemen. place, Colonel Dunlap had a series of prominent among them being Colonel photographs taken as well as a great M. E. Dunlap, to whose energies is due many blue prints showing the exact

was torn down. Even the plastering

rels, so that it can be again mixed

and used in mortaring the bricks.

are closely guarded, so as to prevent

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. Ne-

gotiations have been opened with Mr.

Gunther looking to the bringing on

of his famous collection of war relica

and the storing of them in the house,

so as to make a most interesting mu-

seum. If this is accomplished, mos-

of the furniture will be restored to its

up, which is owned by Mr. Gunther,

Chesp Excursions to the West and North-

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. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

16 to I.

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

Curiosity 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?" darling, what a question!" "Don't try to evade me, Henry! I'm no liquor law."-Puck.

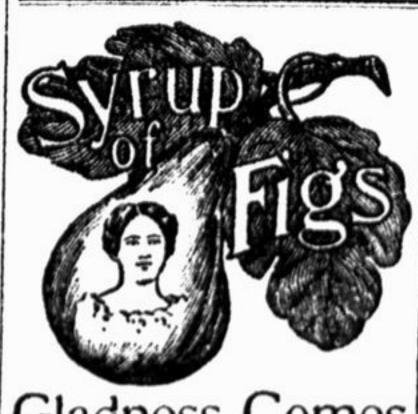
I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.-John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1893.

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

cycle. What you need is something to cure

you. Get Dr. Kay's Renovator. See ad.

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



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant effortsrightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant | MORRIS PERFECTION WELL POINTS family laxative, Syrup of Figs. promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with milliograf families, and he everywhere exteened so highly by all who value good hearth. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get ita beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine artiele, which is manufactured by the fallfornia Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by

all reputable druggists. If in the enjoyment of good health. and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of September way for excursions of September 29th, to the south for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local agent or address Jas. Barker, Gen'l Pass, Agt., M. K. and T. R. R., St. Louis, Mo.

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 in Stockbridge, Mass., from 1759 to 1818."---Exchange.

Great

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ODIIIA Habit Cured, Ed. in 1971. Then and cure til heapeer and hest cure Fazz Tutat.



Lincoln was born in Kentucky, but | old chambers, and the table on which

moved with his father to Indiana at the terms of agreement were drawn

THE LINCOLN LOG CABIN.

the preservation of these souvenirs of appearance of the rooms, and each bit

the most memorable epoch of Ameri- of boarding is numbered so that the

can history. Colonel Dunlap, who house will be just as it was before it

owner of the McLean house, the title has been preserved and stored in bar-

der the name of the National War These bricks now ite in a heap, but

The Lincoln cabin, when it stands the depredations of relic hunters.

THE M'LEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX.

county that his mother, who was a | will be placed on the very spot it oc-Miss Nancy Hanks before marriage, cupied in April, 1865. died. Young Abe was then a lad of ried a second time, his last wife be-As Miss Bush she had won the elder

for a Mr. Johnson.

being a widower, the affair of old times | tox, thinking that the tide of conflict was renewed and in a short time the | would not flow so far south. But, by second Mrs. Lincoln was ensconced in a strange coincidence, the very last her new home in Coles county, Illi- act in the drama was in his parlor. nois. Here it was that Mr. Lincoln, with the help of young Abe, erected thousand strong, reached Appomattox the cabin. In this hut the future at dawn on the morning of the 9th of president slept for the first time in his | April, and after an ineffectual attempt life in a bed, for as a small boy his to break through the slowly cononly couch was a pile of leaves in a tracting lines of the enemy, gave up corner. The second wife, who proved in despair. Lee decided that it to be a most devoted stepmother, would be a useless waste of life to probrought with her from her old Ken- long the struggle, so arrangements tucky home a common bedstead on were made that the two commanding which the boy w: put to sleep and generals should meet in the village on which his father and stepmother and agree upon the terms of capitula-

When Lincoln was studying law be the whole book was clear as day to his ble abode to begin his career as a law- troops agreed upon.

The house was owned at the time about eight. The father subsequently of the surrender by Mr. Wilmer Mcreturned to Kentucky, where he mar- Lean, who used to boast that the war opened and closed on his premises. ing a sweetheart of his early youth. While living at Manassas the battle of Bull Run was fought almost on his Lincoln's heart, but she discarded him farm, and it was to get out of the theatre of active hostilities that he Mr. Johnson died, and Mr. Lincoln | moved his family down to Appomat-

The Confederate army, about ten

It was near 11 in the morning when spent part of his time at his father's Grant and Lee met in the road, and, cabin, employing himself by mastering as there was no convenient place the books of Euclid. With a bit of pa- | where writing could be done, the parper held on the back of a shovel he ty went to the house of Mr. McLean

Here the terms were discussed and the final disposition of the Southern



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.