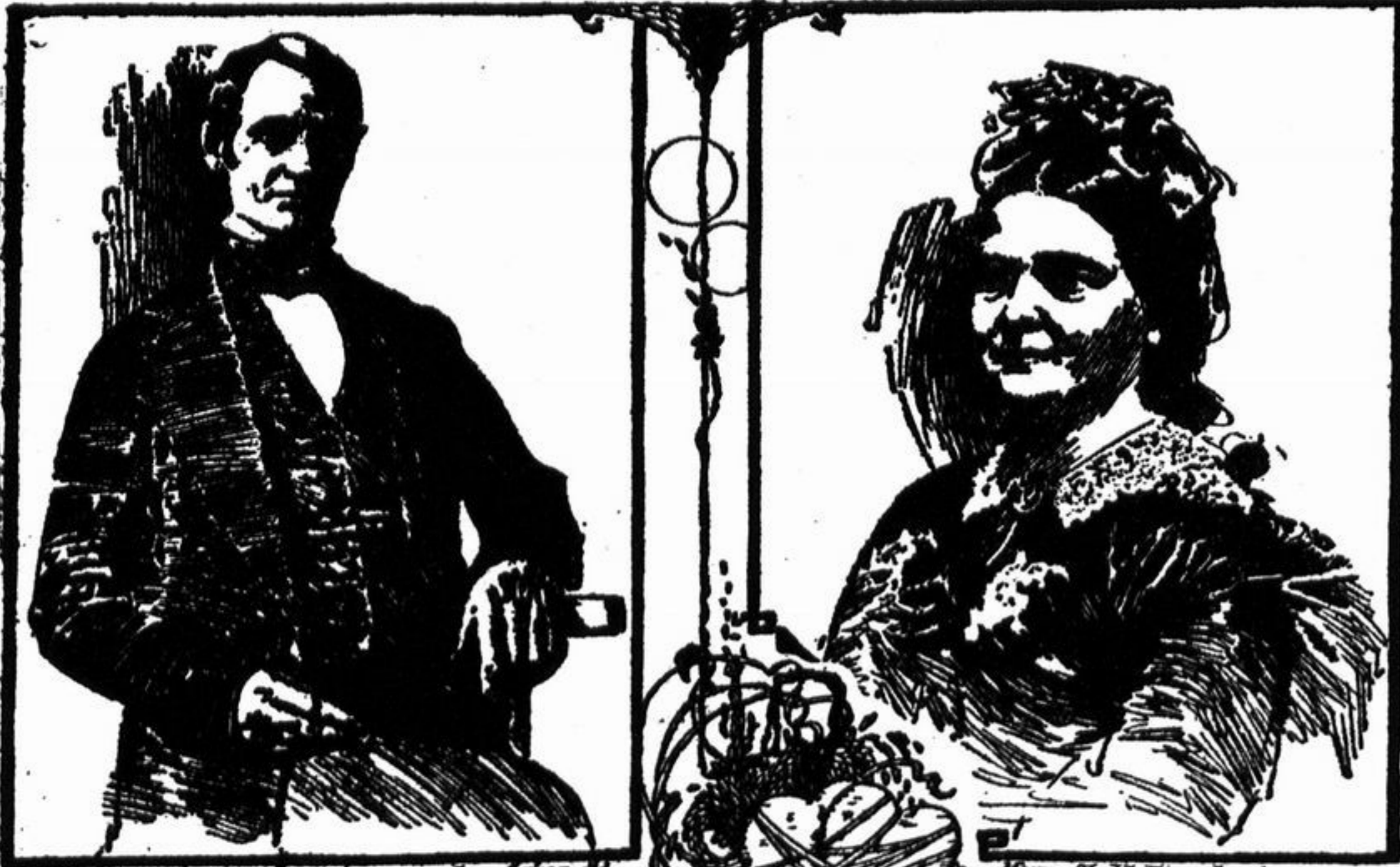


COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF LINCOLN



Portrait of Lincoln. Reproduced from the original portrait of Mrs. Lincoln. Mary Todd Lincoln, from a photograph made about 1864.

There was a vein of strong and true romance in the makeup of the man Lincoln, as there has been—no matter how deep—hid—in the natures of most men who have made history, writes Fullerton L. Waldo in the Philadelphia Ledger.

When "Abe" was 22 years old he became clerk in the store of Denton Offutt, at New Salem, Ind. He was made postmaster, and carried the letters in his hat, and hungrily read every one of the newspapers before he let them go.

ter he would marry her. Mary Owens accepted Lincoln's offer as being seriously intended, but to his relief later wrote: "I have come to the conclusion never to think of marrying."

THE BIRD'S VALENTINE.

Little love, little love, Will you go North with me, When the snow is gone and the buds swell out.

Pooley's Valentine

There was no good reason why the comic valentine should have hurt young Pooley, and it did hurt him, though he hugged the mortification and laughed so much at it that no one in the family circle suspected that he did not enjoy it as much as they evidently did.

and distrustful air. The evil influence lasted for exactly one year. For some months before the St. Valentine's day following he had been more than slightly under another influence. It had pretty golden hair and blue eyes and its name was Margaret.

It was a pleasant surprise to him, therefore, when he found nothing worse than Margaret—not that she had the appearance of awaiting him; in fact, she seemed rather surprised than otherwise to see him, though of course it was natural enough that he should be at his own home.

At the least, Pooley thought, it showed that somebody disliked him—probably honestly believed that he was snobbish and bumptious, so that his maligned ears tingled and he burned with resentment every time the comic valentine met his eye.

a different Valentine's day to last year's to me. Did you ever see that thing? Do you think it looks like me? I'd like to know what idiot aunts it!

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want; it is wise, therefore, never to go abroad in search of our wants.—Punshon.



LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The French law prevents doctors from receiving money bequeathed to them by patients.

India's gold output in 1908 was worth \$12,000,000, or about an eighth of that in the United States.

The British Protectorate of northern Nigeria, Africa, has an area of 300,000 square miles, and a population of at least 9,000,000.

Trade of the United States with the Republic of Panama in the last five years amounted to about \$95,000,000.

Turkey is to have a new national bank on the credit foncier system, with headquarters at Constantinople.

Some queer advertisements appear in the Australian papers. Here is one from a recent issue of the Sydney Morning Herald.

Brazil grows several kinds of English potatoes as well as the sweet potato. Our English potatoes are of various colors, red, white, violet and yellow.

The necessity of the rotation of crops is well recognized among modern farmers, and now it appears that in India nature is seen practicing the same thing in the forests.

South Boston boasts the most modern type of portable schoolhouse, which has just been put into commission.

The Bureau of Statistics announces that in 1878 the number of pairs of boots and shoes exported from the United States was but 351,000.

When knights were clad in complete armor from top to toe it was essential that they should bear some sign by which their followers could distinguish them in battle.

Olive trees live to an extreme age, and trees are known which are many centuries old. Plato's olive tree is one of the oldest upon record.

But there were those who were not so determined, and would buy forecasts indiscriminately, so she left him and told others plainly she to make a smile and pleasantly spared them.

Then she said that she had been holding back for them, and that she had been out the night.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

The old resident of Alton takes the visitor to the river bank in front of the City Hall and, pointing across the Mississippi to an island heavily wooded with willows, informs him that there is the "Lincoln-Shields Park."

As soon as the ferry reached the island Mr. Lincoln was taken in one direction and Mr. Shields in the other. They were given seats on logs and left to themselves while seconds and peace-makers discussed the situation.

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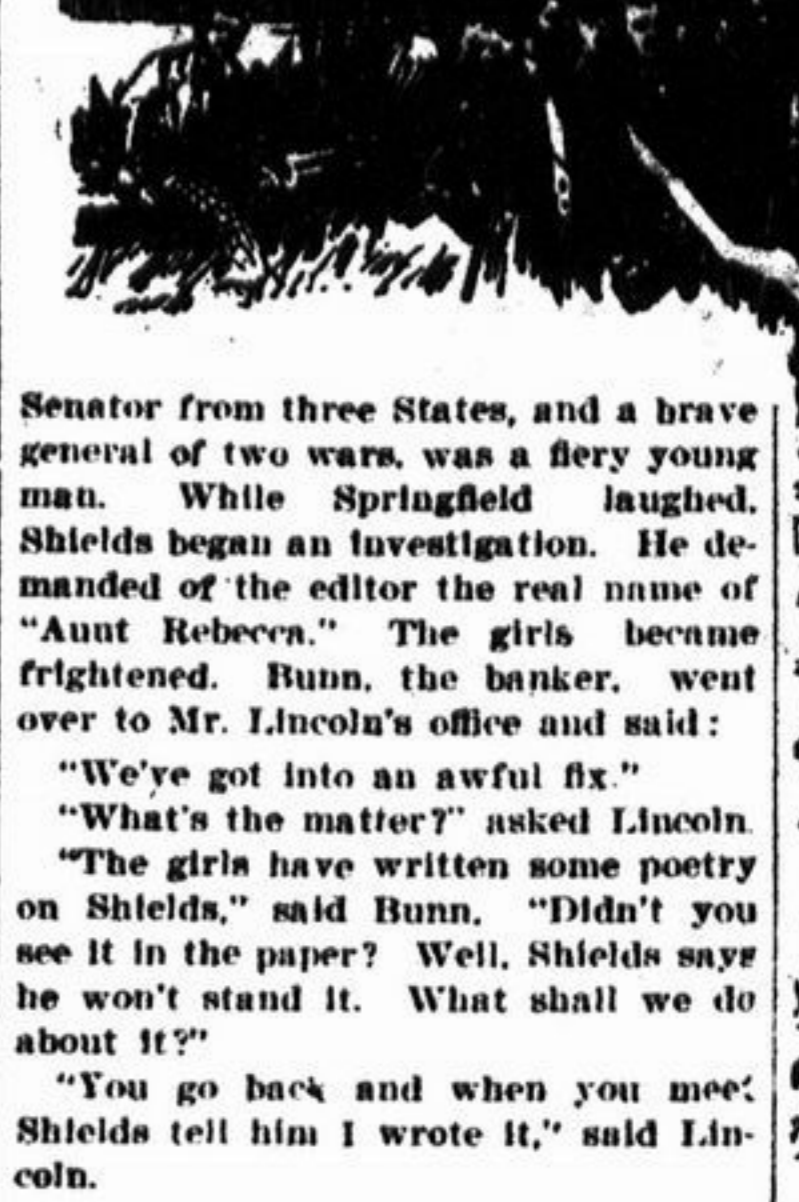
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Senator from three States, and a brave general of two wars, was a fiery young man. While Springfield laughed, Shields began an investigation.

Shields accepted this without verification and sent the challenge. The peace-makers, hurrying to Alton, brought the true story of the authorship.

Shields reached on the river bank looking across the channel and having a good view of all the movements.

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The Gypsy's Gem

The first notes of the Toreador song called a group of idlers and sightseers near and cordial handclapping followed the final note of the gypsy's music.

Within the public houses were heavy discourses of the stock, and clinking of the glasses, and boisterous applause when one would make attempt at wit.

These were momentous days. The court was come. In brave array were courtiers and warriors and sailors about, all picketing.

The latter, friendly ones, socked up to hear the gypsies sing, and when the song was ended clapped and sought to know from members of the band what good or ill future held for them.

A gypsy lass made bold to ask him: "Sir, have your future told for gold; a bright career may wait here; I'll tell them whom for friends to hold, and who they are that hate thee."

"May, lass, but are all the members of my company in sight?" he asked. "All but one maid who readeeth palms," she answered him.

"Then will I wait," he said, "and see if she can tell me what I wish to know. It is the one who is the most demanded must know the most, and I will wait to have her peer into the dark for me."

But there were those who were not so determined, and would buy forecasts indiscriminately, so she left him and told others plainly she to make a smile and pleasantly spared them.

Then she said that she had been holding back for them, and that she had been out the night.

The Gypsy's Gem

been in demand—a riot of the gypsy colors, with burning eyes that melted into mischief in a flash, and teeth and lips so perfect one could guess they never would foretell unhappiness.

He ran to her, "Now read my palm," he said, "and I will pay thee well."

"It is my line," she answered him. "The good cause needeth funds, and I will tell thee truly what the future holds for thee. I pray thy palm be smooth and hard, then hast thou fortune's high regard. But if it be lined and crossed, then shalt thou be a wretched man."

"Alas," she said, "tis lined and crossed; thy calling works thee overhard. But hard means triumph at the last; thou shalt be rich ere years have passed."

"So rich that I shall own a stone like that?" he questioned. "There is not wealth enough to buy it—'tis my luck stone, lad," she said. "Now this line here, a bold, full curve, denotes a trained and steady

nerve; it is of intersections free—thou must a gallant sailor be."

"All but the gallant," he broke in. "I have never done a gallant thing. The sailor's life is one of good, hard toil and sudden perils. If you will, but landmen are the ones to whom are offered chances to conduct themselves with gallantry."

"Thou dost not read thy life and duties right," she said. "Each time thou swingest mid the lofty sails or flyest up and down the ropes thou comest nearer to the captaincy, the goal of thy highest hopes. The stone I wear upon my finger tells me where thy thoughts most linger."

A peal of laughter startled them and they looked up to see more of the gypsies, listening. "She hath a promising subject," whispered one. "Aye, he has a simple hand," the second said. "Beth, tell him true," another counseled, "or he'll haunt your days. Let him know the worst and best; clear away the haze."

in such uncertainty as has cursed my voyages of late. I am a man"—he said it as a youngster doth who feels the blood bounding in him each day more swiftly than before—"I am a man; I pray thee bid me take my trouble by the throat and strangle it."

"Best take it by the hand and plead with it," she said, "or look it in the eye and say your inmost thought."

"Aye, look it in the eye—and be ashamed," he answered. "I cannot say my inmost thought without some help. Is there no firmness or no readiness of speech writ in my palm, dear gypsy?"

"A great deal," she said, "but the owner's purpose always fails," she hummed. "A miserable outlook," he said, and set his face.

"But thine hath no careless nor falls, nor anything but well-defined and proper lines—a lifetime long and red and deep, denoting friendship good to keep. Thou lovest one who is sickly!" she asked pointedly.

"I cannot tell," he said. "I mayhap should have brought her palm as well?" "It is not needed now," the gypsy said. "Come, here's an arrow well defined, sharp-pointed, short and blunt at end. What is the message fate denoted by this war token to us send?"

"The arrow must mean the service of the king," he said promptly. "I am in the navy."

"The arrow means not service," she returned. "It signifies, rather, loyalty. Thou art a loyal man," she asked. "Always, everywhere," he boasted. "Then why seekest thou information of thy love affairs of soothsayers?" she persisted.

"Thy writ that soothsayers know," he answered vehemently, "and I do not. I cannot tell if I am cherished in her heart or if in my absence I am half forgot. I cannot even tell if I am present in her mind when I am near, for then converseth she most flagrantly with other and less worthy men."

"Less worthy men, indeed," she said. "I deem them so."



"THEN TRY PALM IS WRONG."