It semeed a long, long time to the little

The first faint light of morning was creep-

face. It was swellen and stained with the blessed tears, but it smiled at him bravely.

"Dear boy—poor boy, I am glad I remembered for your sake," she said gently. "And—and we have each other, dear boy."

Christians.

In the early evening, just at early Christ-mas tree candle light—for Marjorie would have it so—all the little Coopers formed in awed procession and crunched through the

new snow to the Queer Lady's. And the Queer Lady met them at the door and led them into Enchanted Land. She was smiling

down at them.

Afterward Nip confided to Tuck that tha

smile looked just en if she was crying.
"But she didn't look 'queer' a bit—no
even kind of so," said Ann Sophy softly.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL

The Petty Annoyances to Which He Was Subjected. Austin Gollaher, the only living childhood

ompanion of President Lincoln, is slowly but surely dying at his home near Hodgens ville, Ky., relates the Cincinnati Tribune

"Uncle Austin," as he is familiarly known, has reached the ripe o'd age of 91 years, and until very recently has been in the best of health and spirits.

Mr. Gollaher gives some charming tales of the martyr president's schoolboy days, He says:

FOOD IN TINS.

It cannot be doubted, says the Lancet

proper authorities

ever since!"

in his pockets to hide their trembling. "We must humor her still, doctor?" he

anked. "You mean that?" You must bumor her still-I mean that. I mean just that. Humor her-humor her. Believe what she believes-if you can. If you can't, make believe. I tell you--"

The fitted finger tips parted and the shapely white hands came down resoundingly on the learned doctor's knee.

"I tell you, Graham, you've got to do it if you'd save her. It's the only way in a case

other paim. The doctor's face was solemn.
"She-must be humored! Any rude shock—any forced awakening—will be her death—or something worse. She must awaken She must come out of her delusion by herself of herself—naturally and quietly."
"B-b-ut—" the little man's lips stammered helplessly. The rest of his question would not ask itself, but the doctor read it in his anxious face. He got up and forced the little man into a chair gently. Then he stood over him with his big square bulk and gave him

comfort, "Man alive," he said, "are you going daft. too? 'Will she come out of it?'—that's what you want to ask, eh? Well, then, listen— I believe she will. I—believe—she—will. I believe there will be a quiet, natural wak-lng up of hr own accord—when the time comes. But watch over her constantly and see to it that no lubbering idot breaks the spell of her dream for her. I told you what that would mean. You've got to wait—and the Lord give you patience!" "It is terrible—the waiting," Marshall Graham said slowly.

"It is terrible to see her so happy, doc-"Good Lord, man, wouldn't it be worse to see her miscuble?"

'In one way-in one way," groaned the stricken little man.
The doctor settled back into his pivot-chair

and adjusted his finger tips once more pre

"It's an unusual case-an unusual case my dear sir," he slid in his stilled pro-fessional tone. "The shock was so severeit is selfom one loses four children at a single blow. And then her terrible illness that followed-it sapped her constitution and put a tremendous hindrance on nature's method of cure. It is only what you would expect, that the cure is delayed immensely—immensely. By the way, Graham, are the servants all trustworthy, eh?"

He wheeled around and put the question

abruptly. Marshall Graham awoke from his deep preoccupation.
"Perfectly—every one of them, doctor," he
said briskly. "I can trust them down to the
last lota. They are all devotedly attached
to Marjorie—to Mrs. Graham."

"Good! That's of the utmost importance. Humor her, do they! Fall in with all her vagaries about the children?"

il. Poor things, it's terrible for them They were all so fond of the—the little ones,"
"Is the children's nurse still with you?"
"Roxy? O, yes-Mrs. Grahem will not think of letting her go. She is walting for

them to come home. The little man's voice broke pitifully. He caught up his hat and hurrled toward the

shoulder. He shut the door behind him and when it got the little nervous, tense one in its grasp, how it gripped!

Marjorie Grahim, his pule, sweet wife net there at all, behind her own pretentions im at the door. She was holding out both and some home. They were the only blot on her pretty "view."

Today she was not thinking of them really

cried; "and here I've been waiting and waiting! You bad boy, to stay so long!" She was to get for the children's Christman. The drew him into the hall and blew the flecks of decorations for the tree—of course—those drew him into the hall and blew the flecks of decorations for the tree—of course—those drew him into the hall and blew the flecks of decorations for the tree—of course—those drew him into the hall and patted his face. drew him into the hall and blew the needs of show from his shoulders, and patted his face gently. He saw at once the look of delightful seem to remember—

some her face and steeled himself for seem to remember—

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SHE LED THE LITTLE COOPERS INTO THE ENCHANTED LAND.

soft hair lying on her brow were almost white, but she was very far from old. Her white, but she was very far from old.

whole aspect was happily expectant. A
stranger looking at her sweet, pleased face
would have told himself she must be expectwould have told himself she must suld have told himself she must be expected and the same beautiful happening—and the ranger would have been right. Marjorie cham was expecting her four little dead sce me a little while? I want to ask you something."

The children stopped their play and looked children to come home in a few days. She was getting ready for them. Only the rest-less, wistful eyes betrayed any mental disorder, and even in them it was hardly apparent to ordinary notice.

"I've got a secret to tell you—and some-thing I want to do," the sweet voice cried gayly in his ear.

posite haggard with anxiety.

"Is the one I have prescribed all along.
There is no change."

The little man, Marshall Graham, got on to his feet and began to pace the floor with nervous little runs. He plunged his hands

you'd save her. It's the only way in a case like hers, and, good Lord, man, haven't I been studying these cases forty years. I tell you—i—tell—you——"

Lao't that a good tree? Look, Marjo!"
Marshall Graham interrupted quickly, pointing with his whip, and the little crisis was post. They bent their attention to the choice ou—I—tell—you——"
One long forefinger timed the words on the other paim. The doctor's face was solemn. "She—must—be—humored! Any rude of a Christmas tree after that and nothing more was sald about the children's coming home—the little children that never would

The tree was found at last that sulted Marjorie—that had straight enough, symmet-rical enough, low enough branches and was just big and just little enough. She was very hard to suit-"for," she insisted gently, "it must be a perfect one this year-

just a perfect one, dear boy."

It was marked plainly and the locality distinedly noted, so on the morrow the



HE SAW THAT SHE HAD REMEMBERED.

crisp winter twilight, they role home. next door build a deformed snow more. There were four of them, all sizes, and they shoulder. He shut the door behind him and his heavy steps sounded down the long hall. But Dr. Sperry was at the outer door a second later and called him back. The big white right hand was held out to him, and when it got the little nervous, tense one in when it got the little nervous, tense one in the little nervous and later and called him back. The big white right hand was held out to him, and when it got the little nervous, tense one in the little nervous and later and called him back. The big was a later than the little mittens were dazzling and new Mrs. Graham's eyes followed them in the little nervous, the little stout red mittens. Every-thing else they were was old and worn and shall. When the little cooper house itself, but all the little mittens were dazzling and new Mrs. Graham's eyes followed them in "Good day, Graham," was all the doctor said, but the little man's heart was lighter in proportion to the tingling of his hand, and he went away home with footsteps that range less heavily on the stone payements.

Marjorie Graham, his pulse street was been with gentle vexation because they were there at all, behind her own pretentious,

what he knew must be coming.

Marjorie Graham was tall—half a head have." she murmured, wistfully. "Thut's above him—and delicately frail. The rings of why, but I should think I'd remember. I should thick I'd know what Elsie'd like, and the Girlie twins and little Peck. Mischiefch, I don't see why I'm so stupid I can't re-member-I can't decide. Oh, dear!"

Roxy, the children's nurse, came into the room on an errand—or was it to make sure the children's mother was quite safe?

"Roxy," the children's mother said abruptly, "did you ever have any libile sisters and brathers?" and brothers?" "Me, mem? I had a little brother once

but he di-he west away when he was a baby," the girl answered quietly.
"Oh. Then you can't help me. I thought you might be able to remember."

Marioric bears her.

Marjorie began her restless rocking again, with a little sigh of disapointment. Then her eyes fell once more on the little red-mittened band outside. They were just putting on the snow man's head. The oldest girl was holding the baby up to do it. Mechanically the pale woman at the window counted little cold blue noses. "Why," she cried softly, "why, Roxy,"—but Roxy was gone—"there are four Roxy,"—but Roxy was gone—"there are four of them! There are just four and—why, they are almost the same sizes, too! One, two, three—three of them girls and the little one's a boy!"

She sat up, mildly excited. Little red spots blossomed out in her white cheeks. Just four and just—almost—the same sizes! Then she had an inspiration.

"O, yes, they'd know," she cried. "They'd know everything!"
She raised the window a little way and

side him on the flowr, with her face in his arms, and cried the terrible, beautiful, lifeshe cried, "with plenty o' buttons! An' a book with pictures of cows an' trees an' when you're nothing but a man, poor boy?

It's different with mothers—there, you needn't kok so grieved, dear! Of course, you've missed them, too," the little turbulent flood of eloquence. The Queer Lady's pencil could hardly keep up with it. saying tears he bad longed for. An hour-two hours—they never knew how long they lasted. It may have been but a short time. country in it—ici a music box—an' side combs, an'—' her tongue was loosened. She poured out her cherished dreams in a little "Elsie and the girlle twies are bad chough," ren on the sweet voice in his ear. "but, oh, the baby! You can't think how I do miss that little peck o' mischief, Murshall! It makes me ache. I keep all his horses and things lying round to keep me patient till he comes. I don't see—I can't understand—"

"Iso't that a good test of their saying, but said it all over, "She's a-goin' to give us a Cheleton." and we have each other, dear boy."

Christmas morning ushered in the most wonderful, the most glorious day in all the short lives of the little Cooper children. Their wildest hopes were realized, and though Nip said, "I told you so" in gleeful triumph, for once Tuck failed to echo her.

"You never!" she cried in scorn, "you never told me so, Nip Cooper. You couldn't 'ave told it all if you'd been tellin' me so ever since!"

"She's a-goin' to give us a Christmas!" shouted Nip in an ecstasy of delight, "She's a-goin' to!" echoed Tuck. "Hush, she'll hear you!" Ann Sophy cau-timed them, but her staid little face was

quitely raidiant. She was almost ready to believe it herself.

don't know-it looks kind of so," she wistfully. The next afternoon Marjorie sat by her "Huh, course it's so. What's she want window, absently watching the little Coopers us all to choose things for, then?" said Nip "Yes, what'd she want us to for" "Well, I don't know—it kind of looks honest," repeated Ann Sophy clowly. "Hoor-ray! An' we warn't go'n' to have any Christmas before—not a single thing,

Ann Sophy Cooper, 'cause the coal bin's "No, we warn't-not a single. Ann Sophy

"Hoor-ray!

"I can't help it-it looks kind of so," mur mured Ann Sophy's wistful voice again.

The Queer Lady, left alone, was looking over her list. It was not altogether satisfactory. She was a little disappointed. Some of the things were so queer. If she could only remember—did children really want such things as those?

"Well," she said, folding the list carefully, "I'll get all these things, anyway, and perhaps they'll suggest others that aren't so

The few intervening days went past on swift wings. Marjorie Graham was very busy and happy. The children would come on Christmas eve, just in time to hang up their stockings. And, meantime, there was so much to do-so many beautiful things to

Two days before Christmas Marshall Graham came home unusually early in the after-noon. Twilight was just beginning to fold in the mery Christmas world. He hurried up the steps. Roxy let him in. "Where is Mar-where is Mrs. Graham?"

he asked anxiously.

The girl's pleasant, buxom face quivered suddenly. She pointed toward the parlor "In there," she said huskily. Then she

sank down on the stairs and broke into hushed sobbing, swaying back and forth and

"She's fixing the-the-it," she sobbed un der her breath. The little man braced himself as for a blow, and went into the parlor Marjorie to meet him with a laugh of tri-

umph. lovely? It's all ready but lighting the can-dles. I couldn't wait till Christmas to fix it. You see, I can keep the parlor door locked—the children wont know, and I can keep coming in to admire it. No, come over this side—there! that's the best view of it. Now, you dear boy, says it's the loveliest tred you ever saw—say it! Begin, "it's the loveliest—"."

She was darting in and out among the laden

branches readjusting and relooping. Her eager eyes shone like candles to him.

"Say, darr boy, why don't you begin?" she cried gayly. And the little man drew a long, sobbing breath and said it as well as he could. It satisfied her. She was too preoccupied to think his voice was stilled

see me a little while? I want to ask something."

The children stopped their play and looked at each other with round, actonished eyes.

"O, my!" said Nip, excitedly.

"O, my!" said Tuck,
Nip and Tuck always said the same things.

"Let's go tell mother," advised Ann Sophy wisely. "I'll ask my mother, ma'am," she what funny little things they were! There, it's quite done. Tie my hands so I won't touch another thing! And over here, see, on this sofa, are the stocking things.

"Each other with round, actonished eyes.

"These litte Cooper children helped quite a lot. I called them in. You can't think what funny little things they were! There, it's quite, quite done. Tie my hands so I won't touch another thing! And over here, see, on this sofa, are the stocking things.

thing I want to do," the sweet voice cried galyl in his ear.

"You didn't know—you funny, absent-minded boy not to!—that next Saturday's Christmas! Obristmas, do you hear, Marshall Graham? To think I had to tell you! And the children coming just in time! Those people—where they are, you know—the planned look in her eyes—'must have planned look in her eyes—'must have planned just right. They must have remembered Christmas if you didn't, forgetful boy. I'm so chankful—why, Marshall Graham, what kind of a Christmas would it be without the children! And that makes me think of the rest of it. That's the secret, and now what I want you to do is—can't you guess?"

She tilted ber head and looked at him archly, He made a brave attempt at smiling and shook his head.

"Gan't do it, ma'm. I'm not as good a guesser as I am forgetter."

"Well, then, take your wife out in the sleigh to choose a Christmas tree!" she called up to the washing up, the small coopers went, in a solomn little procession, to the glow were going to get off this year? Not a bit of it, sir! We'll go right after lunch—you were going to get off this year? Not a bit of it, sir! We'll go right after lunch—you were going to get off this year? Not a bit of it, sir! We'll go right after lunch—you were going to get off this year? Not a bit of it, sir! We'll go right after lunch—yay out in the country, you know. I'm going

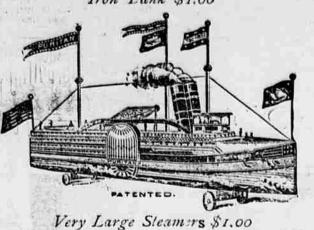
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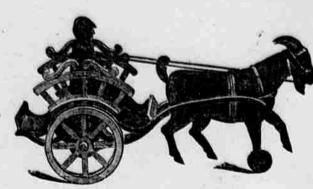
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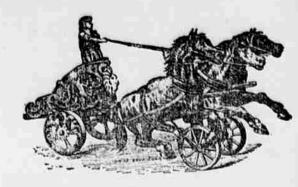
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Mr. Golkther gives some charming tales of the martyr president's schoolboy days, He says:

"I am the only living boyhood playmate of President Lincoln. I was 12 years old and Abe was 9 when the Lincolns moved here, and Abe and I started to school together up there on the fail.

"Abe always remained at the head of his class, and I never knew him to be turned down. His studious habits made him a favorite with the teacher, which caused a great deal of jealousy among his classmates toward him, and not being generally liked anyhow, it made him very unpopular. At school the boys older than himself would tantalize the poor hoy nearly out of his senses, but he would always walk away and leave them alone—not because he was afraid of them, but for the fact that he wished to avoid trouble. They woud tease him about his ragged clothes and snatch hold of them and tear them, and then run away, leaving Abe alone to patch up his torn clothes the best he could. They would stand back and call him hard names—they didn't dare to come in his reach. After school hours I would often find Abe in a fence corner crying as if his heart would break at the mean remarks. He would never hint to his mother that his clothes were being made fun of, knowing that it would hurt her.

"But finally a climax was reached, and Abe was made the hero of the day, It happened in this way. One evening during recess the boys were teasing Abe more than usual, when one of them who was much larger than he walked up to him and pushed him backward into a mud puddle, and all the boys began to yell. This was more than Abe could stand, and walking over to where the youngster stood he administered a severe thrashing to him, and not one of his comrades dared to interfere in his behalf. Abe's temper was up now, and going over to the other boys he dared any one to speak, and you can just be that they kept slient.

"In the summer time Abe would work hard through the day and at pight would heap brush upon a log and s'art a fire, making a light The Alaska Transportation and Development Company

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