

THE TRIBUTE DAY OF LIBERTY AND ENLIGHTENMENT.



WIDOW DARBY'S VALENTINE.

Widow Darby, fair, plump and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lamed himself that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in," and had asked the widow to ride with him.

Jared was what some of the people of the neighborhood called a "regular born old hand." He had flouted and scorned womanhood most of the fifty years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em," particularly when it came to "marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and had proclaimed it so boldly and so constantly that all of the match-makers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a boned-up man.

Jared was not, like most avowed women haters, a crabbed, cross-grained, sneering, cynical man, which made his cecily all the more unpardonable in the eyes of the match-makers.

"He'd make a real good husband if he'd try," said Mrs. Darby, who had the nicest farm in the neighborhood, with one of the best houses on it and money out at interest, although he's not a bit mean and stingy. He'll do his full share always for a neighbor in distress. It isn't because she's too stingy to support her that Jared doesn't get him a wife."

It was a clear, crisp morning in February when Jared rode to the village with the widow Darby seated beside him in his neat little cutter. The sleighing was fine and the air keen and exhilarating. It gave the widow's plump cheeks a beautiful crimson glow and made her black eyes sparkle. She was in high spirits and her laugh rang out frequently as merry and rippling as the laugh of a child.

But then the widow Darby was proverbially cheery. She had suffered keenly the loss of her husband and both of her children, but time had softened her grief, and she was too wise to spend her life in gloom and grief over the loss of those who were beyond all care and sorrow.

She had a comfortable little home and a few acres of land adjoining Jared Kent's. She had known Jared all of her life, but not once had she thought of him as a possible successor to Joel Darby.

"Jared will never marry any one," she had said. "He isn't of a marrying disposition. Some men are that way. It's all they lack to make 'em what God intended they should be. My husband and I used to talk Jared over a good deal, and we did our full share to get him settled for life with a good wife. We used to invite lots of nice girls, young and elderly both, to our house and then have Jared come over to tea and to play croquet with him. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came any ways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet, real good-looking girl of about 30 named Janet Deane from over Shelly way, who was visiting us. She'd made him an awful good wife, and I sang her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

"It's an elegant morning, isn't it?" said Jared, as he and the widow flew along over the hills and through long lanes in which the snow was drifted almost to the top rails of the fences.

"Oh, it's lovely!" replied the widow. "I like snow."

"So do I. You got much to do in town?"

"No; I'll be through with all of my errands in an hour. I can let something go if you don't want to stay in town that long."

"Oh, that'll be none too long for me. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be at Smith & Hanscom's dry goods store, any time you say."

"We'll call it 11 o'clock, then."

It was three minutes after 11 when Jared drove up to the appointed place of meeting. The widow had stepped into the sleigh and he was tucking the robes in around her when she said:

"There, Jared, I'm just like other women. I've forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to go around to the postoffice. I knew that there's nothing there for me, because one of the Stone boys brought my mail out last night, and there's no mail trains in until noon; but poor old Jane Carr came over just before I left and wanted me to be sure and see if there was a letter for her. Her daughter is very sick out West, and she hasn't had a letter for a week, and she's half wild. I couldn't bear to tell her I'd forgotten to go to the office."

"I'll drive 'round that way," said Jared. "It won't be three blocks out of the way."

Two or three boys stood idling in front

WANTED HIS HALF OF THE BERTH.

A Good Story Geo. M. Pullman Loved to Tell of Lincoln.

There was one story of his career that the late George M. Pullman of sleeping car fame used to tell with manifest delight. It was as follows:

"One night going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and a half berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed and his feet were stored comfortably for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

THE BOOMING CANNON

SAW a regiment of Sheridan's cavalry halted once by an old Virginian, who had no arms in his hands, and who didn't speak a word," said Julius A. Crosby, the giant sergeant of the Second District police force. "It was during the retreat from Petersburg, in April, 1865, the day before Gen. Lee surrendered. I had been stationed here as a military telegraph operator, but just before Richmond was evacuated I was ordered to skedaddle and join the army. I was supposed to be close to Gen. Lee's headquarters on the retreat, but I considered myself mighty lucky to get any place where I could keep a whole skin and get out of reach of Sheridan's cavalry, that didn't give us any peace for an hour at a time. It seems to me I was generally with the wagon train, and there the trouble was the hottest, for the bluecoats would dash in, destroy a portion of our wagons, and then have to get out to escape the fire our cavalry and infantry would pour into them.

"We were getting pretty well up the country, marching and fighting all the way, when one day about noon I was going it alone through a piece of woodland, and came on a beautiful spring just at the edge of a field. I had not had a mouthful to eat, except corn—sometimes parched and sometimes raw—for about four days, so I followed the path out into the open, thinking it would lead to a house. I wasn't mistaken, for when I got to the edge of the woods I saw a comfortable-looking farm house not far off. I went up to the front gate and into the yard. There was an old gentleman on the porch, but before I could speak his wife ran out crying the Yankees were coming.

"I told them I wasn't a Yankee, but a Confederate soldier without a meal for four days, and wanted something to eat. I was at once invited in, but before I had a chance to sit down hardly the old man came in off the porch, exclaiming the Yankees were coming along the road and up the winding carriage road to the house.

"You are my son," said the old man, and I caught on in a minute. I wasn't anything more than a boy, so I thought I could work something of a baby racket. I ran out and hid under the woodpile my telegraph instrument, which I carried slung over my shoulder, and then came back and sat down near the old man on the front porch. The old man started to give me some directions about how I was to conduct myself when he saw the soldiers tearing down the fence along the road and turning their horses into his wheat field. The wheat was eight or ten inches high, and, of course, several hundred horses with good appetites would ruin the whole patch in a mighty little while.

"My God! I can't stand that," the old fellow said, and he jumped up and started down the steps. He trotted down to the gate and climbed up and sat on top of one of the posts. He didn't speak a word, but he did something worth more to him than that—all the speeches ever made. He didn't have anything to shoot with, but he had something else that beat a cannon all hollow. I didn't know then what he did, but I know now that he made the distress signal of a Master Mason. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw those men begin climbing into their saddles and saw them ride out into the road and fix up the old man's fence.

"Then several officers came galloping up the drive and stopped at the gate. The old man clambered down from his perch on the post and then there was a most fraternal handshake all around.

"The old fellow invited all of them into the house, and I tell you I felt mighty queerish when they came up on the porch where I was. One of them said something about my being lucky enough not to have been born in time to have a share in all the trouble, and then they all went into the house and had a drink of old apple brandy. When they came out the colonel told his entertainer that a guard would be placed at the gate down at the road and that his property should not be disturbed. They galloped away and I went in and packed away under my belt as much cornbread and fat meat as I could hold. I then struck out and caught up with our army. The next day we surrendered at Appomattox.

"The really remarkable fact about this, it seems to me now, is that when I took the Mason's degree in Masonry and learned what it was that the old man did to hold Sheridan's troops in check, he himself helped to confer the degree."—Richmond Dispatch.

THE FOODS WE EAT.

Various Kinds and What They Are Severally Good For.

Nature supplies us with two complete foods, milk and eggs, which contain in the proper proportions all the necessary elements for the sustenance of our bodies. As these are the only complete foods, it is necessary in the absence to have mixed foods, and it is in the mixing that mistakes occur, because the fat forming, muscle forming, and other parts are taken in wrong proportions, some in excess and others the reverse. Left to his own taste primitive man invariably selects the best food. This instinct, however, is defective at the present day. For children, food rich in bone forming substances is necessary. Among muscle forming foods the following are the best and most common: Oatmeal porridge, with rich milk and wholemeal bread buttered; meat is a highly condensed food of this class. To men of sedentary occupation a free use of meat is injurious. For men engaged at hard manual labor a generous meat diet is admirable.

Vegetables contain but little nourishment, but are useful as blood purifiers, and also supply bulk to the food which is necessary to give the consumer satisfaction. Milk should never be taken with meat, because they are both rich in one substance. Tea should not be taken with meat, either, because it renders the meat tough and indigestible. Beef ranks first as a muscle former, and mutton next. Pork makes a very digestible dish, and fowl and bacon are a very useful and palatable dish. Cereals enter largely into our diet, and are of much value, because they supply food or starch as well as muscle food. Potatoes provide little nutriment, but with plenty of milk, which supplies the precise ingredients they lack, a good diet is formed.

Sugar is well worthy of notice, and the child's love of it is a perfectly healthy instinct, and should always be gratified in reason. Fruits are good blood purifiers, and should be considered as essentials rather than luxuries. Beef tea contains scarcely any nutriment whatever, and is almost purely a stimulant. A dog fed on beef tea starved to death, while another fed on refuse meat thrived. Tea, injurious if taken in excess, provides, if taken in moderation, a most refreshing drink. Many scientists recommend its use about two hours before our principal meal, and without food. Coffee is a stimulant, unlike all others, in fact that it is followed by no reaction. It stimulates the brain, and is called an intellectual drink. Cocoa deserves to be classed as a food.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

RECIPTS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Expeditions and Battle Scenes.

Gen. Grant, the Congressman insisted. "Yes, you are; they told me this was your room. Oh, save him, General; they're to shoot him this very day for desertion if you don't stop them!"

By this time Mr. Washburne had divined the nature of the situation, and tried to extract from her a coherent account of her troubles.

Her young husband, it appeared, in a moment of uncontrollable homesickness, had deserted from his post to go home and see her. He had been captured, court-martialed, sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was to be executed that very day; she had heard of it only just in time to reach camp and beg his life of Gen. Grant.

Meanwhile, the commotion had awakened the General, who slept in the next room, and he now arrived upon the scene from within, just as Gen. Porter, who had also heard the sound of excited voices, arrived from without.

"The spectacle partook decidedly of the serio-comic. The dignified member of Congress was standing in his shirt-sleeves in front of the pleading woman, his face covered with lather, except the swatch which had been made down his right cheek; the razor was uplifted in his hand, and the tears were starting out of his eyes as his sympathies began to be worked upon. The woman was screaming and gesticulating frantically, and was almost hysterical with grief. I appeared at the front door about the same time that the General entered from the rear, and it was hard to tell whether one ought to laugh or cry at the sight presented."

The poor wife soon had cause to cease crying, for her husband was relieved and afterward pardoned; but Gen. Grant frequently recurred to the scene in conversation, and teased his visitor good-humoredly about the extraordinary figure which he had cut in the presence of a lady.

BABY POTENTATES.

Great Britain Is Remarkable for the Number of Youthful Sovereigns.

Spain is always the land of the infant. To-day it is the kingdom of an infant, just as it was sixty-five years ago, when the King's grandmother, Isabella II., ascended the throne at the age of 3, assuming the actual government when she was 13. If our own Prince Alfred, says an English paper, had not declined the crown of Greece in favor of the Dane, he would have been a king at 10, and carried on the traditions of the many child-monarchs of Great Britain, including his mother, the Queen, who was only 18 when she was crowned at that historic night in June at Kensington palace to hear that her uncle, William IV., was dead, and that she reigned in his stead. Henry III. had become King of England at the age of 10; Edward III. at the age of 15; Richard II. at the age of 11; Henry VI. at the age of 8; Edward IV. when he was 20, while his son, Edward V., became king at the age of 13, which again proved an unlucky number, for he was murdered in the tower with his only brother, the Duke of York, after he had reigned less than twelve weeks. Henry VIII. was only 18 when he came to be king; his son, Edward VI., was just 10, and was dead before he was 15, while his would-be successor, the hapless Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen before she was 18, and lost her pretty head before she was 19.

She Was Astonished.

A Boston girl, who recently witnessed an Indian sham battle in the West, thought she would try to talk to a young Indian brave sitting next to her. "Heup much fight," she said. He smiled a stoical smile, drew his blanket closer about him and said: "Yes; this is, indeed, a great exposition, and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attraction here. May I ask who it is that I have the honor of addressing?"

The dear girl from Boston was thunderstruck. She blushed a rosy red—even Boston girls can blush. She was not aware that she had been addressing an Indian who had been graduated from the Carlisle Indian school.

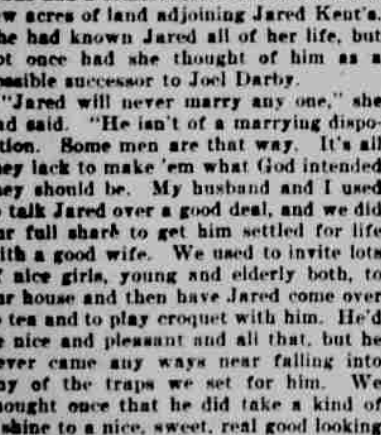
Pyramid Built by a Blind Man.

A great curiosity and something of great interest to veterans is the historical pyramid owned and built by W. H. Sallada, of Los Angeles, who lost both eyes in the late war. The pyramid is about seven feet high and two feet wide at the base. Each side of the exterior is completely covered with relics of all kinds, such as swords, pistols, cannon balls, pieces of famous war vessels, flags, and each relic has a history of its own, which is willingly told to you by Mr. Sallada, who, though unable to see, knows instantly by touch which article you desire information about. The interior is composed of six revolving shelves containing miniature ships, forts and soldiers.

One-Shell Oysters.

A voracious Western contemporary says that some oysters recently discovered in Puget Sound have only one shell. They lie close to the bottom of the sound, with their one shell turned up.

A drop of ink will make even a dude think—if he finds it on his trousers.



AT JANE CARR'S GATE.

of the postoffice and Jared said to one of them he chanced to know:

"Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop letter for me."

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said joyfully:

"O here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter. I know by the postmark. How glad Jane will be! And here—well, I declare!"

She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white, embossed envelope. The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter:

"She's got a valentine!"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's day. If it isn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine!"

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Jared.

"Oh, because I—but I guess some child sent it."

"Maybe not."

"No one else could have had so little gumption!" said the widow with another laugh. "Maybe there's one of these comic valentines inside of it—some ridiculous thing about a widow like me."

"I will."

She burst into another laugh as she drew forth a dainty creation of lace paper, tinsel and bright colored embossed pictures.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said. "The idea of any one being nitty enough to send an old woman like me a thing like that!"

"You're not an old woman."

"I'm forty-five!"

"Well, I'm older than that, and I don't call myself an old man. Many a woman around here would be glad to get a valentine like that if the sender really meant it."

"Yes, and if you were the sender."

"I'm not vain enough to think that and not foolish enough to say it if I did think it."

"No, I don't think that you are, Jared. But I wonder who could have sent me this. The writing on the envelope is evidently disguised, and—O here is something inside! Let's see what it says."

"O will thou be my valentine  
Forever and forever aye,  
And wilt thou take this heart of mine,  
And give me thine to-day?"

There was another verse, but before she had read it, the widow Darby cried out:

"Jared Kent, that's your handwriting and you need not try to deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it. You'll find my name signed in full to the next verse on the other page." This was the next verse:

"If yes, my answer is to be,  
My heart with joy will fill,  
If no, I yet shall be your friend  
And I shall love you still."

They had reached the outskirts of the town now. Jared brought the horse to a standstill and said:

"Is it yes or no, Lucy?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and laughing face for a moment. Then she laid one of her mitted hands on the sleeve of the great fur coat he wore and said:

"I think it is yes, Jared."

He turned his horse's head toward the town.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Back to the minister's. It's Valentine's day, you know, and if you are to be my valentine, I want you to-day."

An hour later they stopped at Jane Carr's gate. She came skurrying out for her letter with her apron over her head. "I brought you a letter, Jane, and I got a valentine," said Lucy, holding up the big white envelope.

"I got one also," said Jared, as he put an arm around his wife and kissed her.—Detroit Free Press.



AT JANE CARR'S GATE.

James Parton's Prediction.

In 1862, James Parton, the celebrated biographical writer, made the following prediction in regard to Abraham Lincoln: "History will say of Mr. Lincoln that no man of a more genial temperament, a more kindly nature, ever tenanted the White House; that he gave all his time, his thoughts, his energies, to the discharge of duties of unprecedented magnitude and urgency; that, having no man, he steadfastly endeavored to win the confidence and love of all the loyal and patriotic, and that, in spite of four chequered years of such responsibility and anxiety as has seldom fallen to the lot of man, he bore away from the Capitol the sunny temper and blithe frankness of his boyhood, returning to mingle with his old neighbors a one with them in heart and in manner, in retirement as in power a happy specimen of the men whom Liberty and Democracy train in the log cabin and by the rude hearth to guide the councils of the Republic and influence the destinies of the people."

Lincoln When a Boy.

An exhibition of Lincoln's practical humanity occurred while a boy. One evening, while returning from a "raising" with a number of companions, he discovered a straying horse, with saddle and bridle upon him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a well-known drunkard, and it was suspected that the owner was not far off. The fellow was found in a perfectly helpless condition upon the cold ground. Lincoln's companions intended to leave him to his fate, but young Lincoln would not hear of it. At his demand, the miserable man was lifted to his shoulders, and he actually carried him eighty rods to the nearest house. He then sent word to his father that he would not be back that night. He nursed the man until morning, and believed that he had saved his life.

Tear It Up.

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."—Standard.

Lincoln's First Speech.

Judge Bell of Mount Carmel, Ill., has a copy of Abraham Lincoln's first speech as a candidate. It was made near Springfield, and ran as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same."

The Man Was Pardoned.

Gen. Horace Porter relates an amusing incident of the visit of Hon. E. B. Washburne to the camp of Gen. Grant before Richmond, whether he had gone for the purpose of presenting the General with the medal which Congress had caused to be struck in his honor. Mr. Washburne was assigned quarters next to those of Gen. Grant. Rising early in the morning with intent to shave, he found himself unprovided

True Blessedness Consisteth in a Good Life and a Happy Death.—Solon.

with a looking-glass, and remembering that one hung in the anteroom of Grant's dwelling, he strolled across the grounds in his shirt-sleeves, razor in hand, to complete his toilet there.

Just as he had taken hold of his nose with his left thumb and forefinger, which he had converted into a sort of clothes-pin for the occasion," says Gen. Porter, "and had scraped a wide swath down his right cheek with the razor, the front door of the hut was suddenly burst open, and a young woman rushed in, fell on her knees at his feet, and cried: 'Save him! Oh, save him! He's my husband.'

"The distinguished member of Congress was so startled by the sudden apparition that it was with difficulty that he avoided disfiguring his face with a large gasp. He turned to the intruder, and said:

"'What's all this about your husband? Come, get up, get up! I don't understand you.'

"'Oh, General, for God's sake, do save my husband!' continued the woman.

"'Why, my good woman, I'm not Gen. Grant,' the Congressman insisted. 'Yes, you are; they told me this was your room. Oh, save him, General; they're to shoot him this very day for desertion if you don't stop them!'