

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

Revell for the new tape for the old.
And the dawn of a better day,
And the gleam of a kerchief gay,
Where the women wash on the river bank,
The river that flows along,
And the sun that glazes for eyes
A deep-voiced welcome song.
Revell for the new and tape for the old,
And the trenches are leveled down,
Where the sun-flag waved defiance
To the legions clad in brown,
Where the Mauser spoke and the skrimshers
Charged down in road array,
And they who fell found a ready grave
In the lead-torn trench that day.
Revell for the new and tape for the old,
And the dawn of a better day,
When the bolo runs on the bamboo wall
And the tears are wiped away,
When the brown man finds a brother in
The white man firm and true,
One people, one God, and just one flag,
The old red, white and blue.
—Robert B. Carr in Denver Times.

all the Filipinos, and when Gen. Kobbé was informed that the people in the conditions he calls upon his friends for help. During the past year Gen. Kobbé asked his Morro friends to arrest a Filipino criminal for him. Several of the foot-footed Morros began the hunt, and they were terrified for they drove always in bright scarves. They were absent several days, and they came into Gen. Kobbé's headquarters carrying a basket. The general turned to them and asked: "Well, did you bring back your man?" They shook their heads and looked ashamed. Then one of them removed the cover from the basket and out rolled the head of the culprit. "We regret exceedingly, your excellency," said they with much Spanish ceremony, and bowing to the earth, "but this is all of him we could fetch back with us." The general accepted their apology.

Doubted the Boy's Sincerity

WHY JOHN WANAMAKER REFRAINED FROM AWARDED A PRIZE.

That John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant and former Postmaster-General of the United States, superintends a Sunday school in addition to his other interests is current history, but there is a chapter in that history which hitherto has not been published. It is called the story of the prize which was never awarded. Mr. Wanamaker's school had convened as usual on a bright Sunday morning, and Mr. Wanamaker announced before recitation that he would confer a substantial money prize upon the pupil who gave the best answer to the following question: "Whom do you love above all others?" Upon the announcement a number of little hands went up. Mr. Wanamaker selected one of the children, and said, "Well, whom do you love best?" "I love my little girl, my mother," replied a little girl, who looked up at him with a pleading expression. "My name," came the proud reply, "is Van Looy Guggenheimer!" The Philadelphia papers contained a report the next morning stating that John Wanamaker was seriously indisposed.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WANTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRI-CULTURISTS.

Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Fields. Theoretical—Practical, Viticulture and Horticulture.

From Farmers' Review: There are very few here who make anything like a specialty of fruit growing. The fruits which are a success at all are those that nature provides for those that are strong enough to breast the sudden changes of climate and insect pests. Perhaps the most successful of the small fruits is the strawberry. The reason for this is that they are easily covered with straw by the farmer, and the early winter protection by the rank growth of weeds that spring up after the fruiting season. This protects them from the sudden and frequent early spring changes in temperature.

Among the pears the Old Birckitt pear and the Kiefer are the most valuable. I have not mentioned the plum nor the raspberry and blackberry. The plum is too much affected by insects, especially the late plum. The wild goose plum gives very often a good crop. The dry weather seriously injured the summer money for the raspberry and blackberry when they escape the spring "freezing and thawing" period.

In the growing of bush beans a good deal of science can be used, but seldom is. This kind of produce is so profitable raised that the grower is not likely to be overdone. If more care were used larger and better crops would be grown. As a usual thing the beans are thrown into the land in any way, and they are covered without any special regard to the best depth. More care would indeed cost something in the long run, but it would give good returns. As to depth of covering, one to one and three-fourths inches has been found to be the best. In the row the stalks should not stand nearer together than four inches and four and one-half inches between the rows. The soil should be prepared to have good returns for the work done. In years of abundant rainfall it has been found to be detrimental, but has given some increase in very dry years. As a whole, it is perhaps of doubtful value for beans.

Trees that have been injured by frost-killing are seldom so valuable in the orchard. If such trees are to be kept in the orchard, they should be pruned back quite severely. This does not mean that the large limbs are to be cut off close up to the trunk. Any considerable amount of this kind of pruning is destructive to the vitality of the tree. But where the small, growth of new wood is encouraged, not only on the smaller branches, but in the large limbs. The hard frosts of several years ago gave opportunity for experimentation in this matter. The trees that were heavily pruned (the small limbs cut off) generally died. The trees that were not pruned at all broke down when the fruiting time came, while the trees severely but reasonably pruned made enough new wood to be able to bear their loads of fruit.

Some time ago the Iowa State Horticultural Society sent out circulars of inquiry as to the apples that can be raised in all parts of Iowa. About 15 answers were received. From the answers it appears that a good general-purpose apple, but not one of the best, is the Waltham—a long-keeping winter apple. That illustrates the trouble that apple growers have to get long-keeping apples.

Where game protection laws are enforced the supplies of game increase rapidly. This is a matter of considerable importance, as there are large stretches of country where the land is so valuable for the development of game, and the increase of game. These two may be developed side by side. While we are trying to preserve our forests we can at the same time increase their value and profit by increasing the returns they give us in the form of game. In the Northwest, where the game is so abundant, it is being fairly well enforced for several years, and all game has increased enormously. During the open season that closed about November 15, it is estimated that 6,000 deer were killed in those mountains. To most people this comes as a surprise, as it is popularly supposed that the hunters have long ago destroyed all of the larger game and most of the smaller. But these animals persist, and when given protection multiply rapidly. This is especially true of the game birds.

From Farmers' Review: Men have very different ideas as to the propriety of pasturing winter wheat. One man may pasture his wheat and justly think that it was not pastured if too close, and from the results conclude that pasturing wheat is a great disadvantage to it; in fact, he thinks he knows that he has injured his wheat very materially, although he knows that it has not pastured it very closely. Another man may pasture his wheat as closely as the other one did him, and perhaps closer, and at harvest conclude that he had greatly benefited his wheat by pasturing it. Now, I think it is probable that neither of these men were mistaken. The injured his wheat by pasturing it at the wrong time, and the other benefited his wheat by pasturing it at the right time. I think

that if grasshoppers or any other insects or any kind of stock after it comes out of the ground (any time before it is sown) it will injure it very materially and probably kill it. But if pastured very closely after it has made a good growth and is well stocked out it will do no harm, provided the stock is taken off before the wheat joints. Every stalk of wheat that is bitten off below the joint after it has jointed is killed. Sow wheat early enough so that it may get a good growth in the fall. Don't pasture it before it is well stocked out. Don't pasture wheat when the ground is very wet and muddy. Don't pasture it after it has jointed. Pasture wheat all you like after it is well stocked out and before it joints (but not in the mud). Pasturing wheat that is too thin on the stalks is a great advantage to it, because pasturing it makes it stool out much more than if not pastured.—S. M. Miles, Franklin County, Missouri.

Is There a Place for the General-Purpose Horse? From Farmers' Review: I propose to discuss this question from the standpoint of the small farmer, of the small farmer of a few acres, who raises a few colts yearly primarily for his own use, and, secondarily, to sell. And, of course, our point of view is quite different from that of the dealer, the city buyer and user of the stallion. I will just give my idea of the way the general-purpose horse should be a solid colored horse, deep blood bay preferred, weight anywhere from 1,100 to 1,500; he must be compact, have a short back, long square quarters, long sloping shoulders with long neck set right on top of the shoulders, round body, broad chest, rather broad, with good limbs under him and a clean head indicative of a good disposition. He must be a tough and hardy fellow with vim and courage, and all the style and action one can get, ditto speed; but I would place the early winter protection by the rank growth of weeds that spring up after the fruiting season. This protects them from the sudden and frequent early spring changes in temperature.

There is no place anywhere, except the horse, that he is not put to work. The horse. At the heaviest farm work he will knock the stuffing out of the drafter, and for road work he will be good enough for any farmer, and he is always salable. The average horse of this class will generally sell for a profitable price anywhere from anywhere. The fine drafter is a noble fellow and I love him, but we small farmers can't afford to raise him for what our market will pay. This may not be orthodox in theory, but I know it will figure that way in practice. With the mare we raise, and the stallions available to most of us, we raise so many that won't quite pass, which we hardly know what to do with, that an occasional prize, even if we get \$200 for him, won't pay the bills. The trotter and the thoroughbred are worse. We get a motley mixture of the two, and they are of no use in any place—not even for bolognas.

How is this horse most easily produced? I think this horse is more easily approximated in a profitable way than any other. We may produce him either by line breeding or by cross-breeding. Right here in Illinois we have a little, I believe the Greater holds us responsible for the right use of everything he entrusts to our care—our talents, our farms, and our breeding stock. If a farmer does not love his farm better than he got it he can't be a good farmer. If he doesn't love his stock as much as his own circumstances will permit, this alone would prevent me from cross-breeding, though I believe it still affords a very satisfactory result could be attained almost immediately; but for breeding purposes the stock would not be worth more at the end of one's life than it was at the start.

For the small farmer I think the (so-called) French Coacher is the horse. First, more of the qualities wanted are inherent in the breed and can reasonably be expected to be reproduced than in any other variety of horse. Second, the coacher is a good general-purpose horse, but he does not seem to be prepotent in style and action. I know of only one family of horses which are. Second, a fairly good stallion of this breed is available in almost every neighborhood. Wm. S. Febr, Stephenson County, Illinois.

Restoring Worn-Out Land. From Farmers' Review: Twenty-five years ago I was forced to practically ascertain the best way to restore the exhausted fertility of an Illinois farm. I had bought one of the best in this part of the state. The soil was naturally good, but it had been continually cropped and poorly tilled, so that we had to pull the longest of our first crop of oats and carry it for hands to tie the bundles. Our corn yielded 25 to 30 bushels per acre, and the other crops were not much better. By seeding with grass and feeding all that was produced and considerable purchased manure, I succeeded in increasing the crop of corn to 50 bushels per acre, and the other crops in six years. I consider this the only practical way to restore a worn-out farm. Mixed farming, with good tillage, rotation of crops and stock raising combined is the only way to maintain the fertility of any farm. Humus is necessary for the production of the plants of the soil. The only way to maintain the supply is to plow under vegetable growth or add decayed or decaying organic matter.—William West, Peoria County, Illinois.

Distance Apart to Plant Corn. For a good many years experiments have been made at the different stations in this country and Canada as to the distance apart to plant corn to get the best yields. Of course, much depends on the kind of corn grown and the purpose for which it is being grown. Corn for fodder can be planted closer together than can corn that is wanted to produce grain. Recent experiments in Canada would seem to indicate that corn can be profitably grown much closer than has ordinarily been supposed. The more common practice is to have the rows of corn 30 inches or 3 feet apart. In these Canadian experiments corn was grown in rows 21, 25, 35 and 42 inches apart. In the Northern provinces, Manitoba and the Northwest, the largest yields of corn and stalks were obtained from 21 inches apart. At Ottawa, Leamington corn sown in drills 21 inches apart gave a total yield per acre of 20 tons and 558 pounds per acre, when cut in the early milk stage. Such corn, however, is suited only to the silo or to be used as fodder for cattle.

Cranberries are grown in bogs that cost from \$200 to \$500 an acre.

FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS.

Lincoln's Impressive Speech at Springfield on His Departure for Washington.

On the 11th of February, 1862, the arrangements for Mr. Lincoln's departure from Springfield were completed. It was intended to occupy the time remaining between that date and the 4th of March with a grand tour from state to state and city to city. Mr. Wood, recommended by Senator Seward, was the chief manager. He provided special trains to be preceded by pilot engines all the way through. It was a gloomy day; heavy clouds loomed overhead, and a cold rain was



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

falling. Long before eight o'clock, a great mass of people had collected at the station of the Great Western railway to witness the event of the day. At precisely five minutes before eight, Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood, emerged from a private room in the depot building, and passed slowly to the car, the people falling back respectfully on either side, and as many as possible shaking his hands. Having finally reached the train, he ascended the rear platform, and, facing about to the through which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces, and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he has often met, and which he never needed more than he did then. There was an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shriveled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were a full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. "What did he think of? Of the mighty changes which had lifted him from the lowest to the highest estate on earth? Of the weary road which had brought him to this lofty summit? Of his poor mother lying beneath the tangled underbrush in a distant forest? Of the quiet grave in the quiet cemetery? Whatever the particular character of his thoughts, it is evident that they were retrospective and painful. To those who were anxiously waiting to catch words upon which the fate of the nation might hang, it seemed long that he had mastered his feelings, and silently to speak. At length he began in a husky tone of voice, and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell to his neighbors. Imitating his example, every man in the crowd stood with his head uncovered in the fast-falling rain.

young, until now I am an old man. How the years have passed! How the earth has changed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them has buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. All the strange, cheerless past seems to crowd upon my mind. To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which I have just discharged. Upon the great God, who sustained him, shall be with and aid me, I must fall; but if the same unclouded mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fall.—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that with equal success and faith, you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you; for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectional farewell.

"It was a most impressive scene," said the editor of the Journal. "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years; we have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which was so full of strength and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour."

At 8 o'clock the train rolled out of Springfield amid the cheers of the populace. Four years later a funeral train, covered with the emblems of splendid mourning, rolled into the same city, bearing a discolored corpse, whose agonies were being celebrated in every part of the civilized world.

Bovine Green's Funeral.

HEN Bovine Green, a life-long friend, died, in the city of New York, on the 11th of January, 1862. He was one of the most eminent of his countrymen, and his death was a great loss to the world. He was a man of great intellect, and his death was a great loss to the world. He was a man of great intellect, and his death was a great loss to the world. He was a man of great intellect, and his death was a great loss to the world.



BOVINE GREEN

Every heart in the audience was hushed at the spectacle. After repeated efforts, he found it impossible to speak, and strode away, openly and bitterly sobbing to the widow's carriage, in which he was driven from the scene. Bovine Green had loaned Mr. Lincoln books from their earliest acquaintance, and on one occasion had taken him to his home, and cared for him with the solicitude of a devoted friend through several weeks of great suffering and peril.

Would Save Maoris from Extinction

Movement to Preserve an Australian Aboriginal Race.

Considerable progress is being made in connection with the movement for providing a school for Maori girls. His Excellency the governor and Lady Ranfurly have, in furtherance of the scheme, recently had a most interesting gathering in the ballroom at Government House, Wellington. At one end of the room was a group of Maori chiefs, their dark faces and grizzled heads forming a picturesque study round the gleaming amber-colored walls. To some of the chiefs present their surroundings must have been strange, though they never lost their self-possession or dignity, and their eyes never wandered down the rows of people in line curiosity. A few of the Maori women were clothed in European dress, and the natives in their own. The governor in a short opening speech impressed on his hearers the necessity of educating the Maori girls, the future wives and mothers of the race. Among the more prominent items of the programme was a Maori song by the chiefs. Then Rev. F. Bennett (of the native race), who is devoting his life to this crusade, addressed the gathering.

In picturesque metaphor he showed the necessity of aiding the Maoris today, who, if official returns are to be believed, and no aid comes from their white brethren are dying as a race. In speaking about the question of dress, Mr. Bennett told a humorous tale of an old Maori who came into a northern town from a village some miles away, one hot summer's day. He had a little money and wanted to buy European clothes in the store. He stood puzzled by the choice of raiment. At last his gaze fell on a yellow oilskin coat, gay with red flannel linings. To this he added a comforter and a sou'wester, and, thus attired, strutted in the sunshine outside, his bare legs showing beneath the coat. He suffered from the heat in the streets, but in the evening Mr. Bennett found him sitting outside a hut with nothing but a shawl twisted around his waist. "Where are your clothes?" asked the clergyman. "Too hot; no good," said the old man. "I have suffered from the heat in the streets, but in the evening Mr. Bennett found him sitting outside a hut with nothing but a shawl twisted around his waist. "Where are your clothes?" asked the clergyman. "Too hot; no good," said the old man.

Woman Owner of Magnificent Texas Ranch.

Cattle-Raising Trade of Land Thirty Miles Square.

Mrs. C. N. Whitman of Denver owns the largest ranch of any woman in the West. It is located in Texas, near the town of Lubbock, and is called the L. S. ranch, after Lucien Scott, the first owner. The ranch is thirty miles square, and is devoted entirely to cattle raising. Hundreds of cowboys are employed upon it, and boarded at houses some miles distant from the residence. The weather gets very hot in summer, and dust storms blow for weeks from the same direction. It is also a difficult place to bring up children because of the lack of educational advantages. Therefore Mrs. Whitman makes her home in Denver, although she is absent a great deal, both at the ranch and in Europe.

This great tract of land was originally owned by Mr. Scott by the state of Texas, in return for funds advanced for the state capital building. Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived there for many years. Mrs. Scott's brother, Charles Whitman, being connected with the place. After a time Mr. Scott died. Mrs. Scott put her brother in charge, and he instituted a new policy of management which vastly increased the value of the property.

A Restaurant Incident. It was in a fashionable restaurant and at about 7 o'clock in the evening, says the New York Post. A young man of ordinary appearance sat at a table, and after studying over the bill of fare for some time, ordered canvas-back duck. After a long wait it arrived in its glory of trimmings and was set before him. The gorgingness of the celery-fred fowl roused his suspicions and he said to the waiter: "How much?" He turned pale when the waiter said, "three fifty." and rushed to the desk with the bill of fare in his hand. The proprietor happened to be there and the young man showed him where a printer's blunder had been made, and the amount dropped from the bill, and explained that he had but 35 cents to pay with. He was excited and talked so loudly that all in the neighborhood heard him as he begged to be let off. The proprietor said it was all right and to do so, and under what he could afford. The young man, however, was too badly scared to remain, and left the place. An hour later the dish was served to some one who really wanted it.

Day of Different Nations. Each day of the week is observed as Sunday by one nation. The first day of the week is our Christmas Sunday; Monday is the sacred day of the Greeks; Tuesday is the holy day of the Persians; Wednesday of the Assyrians; Thursday of the Egyptians; Friday of the Turks, and Saturday of the Jews.

Record of Boiler Explosions. In 1900 there was about one boiler explosion daily, on the average in the United States, and there were 788 victims of explosions during the year. In Great Britain during the same year there were only twenty-four persons killed by boiler explosions and only sixty-five wounded—eighty-nine victims.

The Only Thing He Didn't Get. "Well, my little man," said the preacher, the day after, "did you get everything you expected to on Christmas?" "Nope, I didn't get one thing my ma told me I was going to get." "Indeed! And what was that?" "The stumuck arch."

Army Organization. In regard to organization we have learned some lessons. For instance, it is known that our commissary and transport systems in China were excelled by those of no other nation except possibly Japan. The Germans, whom Mr. Postnikov highly holds as our model, were notoriously badly off, and it is said that our quartermaster department actually provided them with overcoats. It must be remembered that any system, even the best, is likely to go to pieces in actual war. The Germans have not been tested for thirty years. Further, it can not be too strongly insisted that we do not want any such system as that of the Germans. Our theory is totally different. We think it better and cheaper to take some chances, and to meet emergencies as they arise. "War is not our business," we can not make our people believe that it is. Of course, we were not ready for it, and fought it through to victory—conducting operations on opposite sides of the globe in the same month.

A Fighting Regiment. Back of the simple announcement that the Twenty-third United States Infantry arrived at New York on December 1 on the United States transport Buford, there is a story which constitutes one of the most picturesque chapters in the history of the Spanish war. The 23rd Infantry was sent to Manila from San Francisco for Manila this regiment has fought in nearly every island of the Philippine archipelago which has been entered by the American army. It has taken part in more than fifty battles and has received many honors, and though fighting a half-savage enemy in an unknown country, it has never known defeat. For eighteen months it has pursued the treacherous insurgents through strange islands, thrashing them wherever it found them, and it has done so with the distinction of being the only regiment of the regular army of the United States that has ever circumnavigated the globe.—Army and Navy Journal.

A Doctor's Novel Plan. The principle embodied in the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, that the Philippines are a part of the United States, was recently applied in a novel way by the secretary of the navy. He was called upon to rule in the case of an enlisted man who deserted from the navy in the Philippines nearly three years ago, and who claimed immunity from punishment under the regulation which provides that a deserter who remains within the boundaries of the United States for two years cannot be prosecuted after the expiration of that period. The secretary decided that as the Philippines are American territory the plan was good, and the complaint was thereupon dismissed.—Army and Navy Journal.

The Late Lieutenant Frick. After a service of twenty-one years in the United States navy and a long period of honorable retirement, Lieut. Horace F. Frick died recently at Philadelphia. The late cruise of Lieut. Frick was on the Niagara, which was attached to the United States squadron at Apia, on the island Upolu, Samoa group, at the time of the destructive hurricane of March, 1899, when several warships were sunk and many lives were lost.

Military Schools Got a Boost. Adjutant General Phisterer of the New York National Guard has discovered an old law forbidding the imitation of chevrons and soldier straps used by the militia, and has notified the various military schools of the state that they must abandon the practice.

Wine Output of the World. In the supplement issued with the Chamber of Commerce Journal of this month there are given special reports on the Paris international exhibition of last year. In the report on wine culture Sir James Blyth enumerates the quantities of the world's wine industry in 1900. The total production of wine in 1900 is put down at 2,618,700,000 gallons. Of this total, 2,403,000,000 gallons were produced in Europe and 215,700,000 gallons in America, while the British empire, with a vastly larger area than Europe, and embracing every variety of soil and climate, is only represented by a production of some 9,000,000 gallons, or a four-hundredth part of the whole. France with a yield of 1,482,000,000 gallons stands easily first as the leading wine producer. Her contribution was about half the yield of all Europe and considerably more than a third of that of the entire globe.—London Chronicle.

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Thoughts of a Soldier. One of the officers stationed at the Front tells the following story about Gen. Kobbé while he was warring in the Philippines, on the San Francisco to Hong-Kong. The Moros are friendly to the United States government, and their chiefs and the officers of our army exchange civilities often. The Moros are the most intelligent of

any heart in the audience was hushed at the spectacle. After repeated efforts, he found it impossible to speak, and strode away, openly and bitterly sobbing to the widow's carriage, in which he was driven from the scene. Bovine Green had loaned Mr. Lincoln books from their earliest acquaintance, and on one occasion had taken him to his home, and cared for him with the solicitude of a devoted friend through several weeks of great suffering and peril.

Women who want more rights don't need any legislation to get them; all they've got to do is to take them.

Advice to a Clerk.

CITIZEN of Springfield, says the New York Tribune, a life-long friend of Lincoln, "who visited our office on business about a year before Mr. Lincoln's nomination, relates the following: "Mr. Lincoln was seated at his table, listening very attentively to a man who was talking earnestly in a low tone. After the would-be client had stated the facts of his case, Mr. Lincoln replied: "You need no reasonable doubt, but I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs to it. It appears to me, much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things that are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice, for which I will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Two Good Stories.

Mr. LINCOLN was one who to adventure in which pigs were the other party. A very popular and well-known one is from the pen of Miss Anne D. Here is another, from an incorrigible humorist, a lawyer, named J. H. Wickizer: "In 1855 Mr. Lincoln and myself were traveling by buggy from Woodford County to Bloomington, Ill., and in passing through a little grove, we suddenly heard the terrific screeching of a little pig near by us. Quick as thought, Mr. Lincoln leaped out of the buggy, seized a club, pounced upon the old sow, and beat her lustily; she was in the act of eating one of her young ones. Thus he saved the pig, and as he remarked, 'By jing! the natural old brute shall not devour her own progeny!' This, I think, was his first proclamation of freedom."

But Mr. Wickizer gives us another

Lincoln's Striking Ministry.

LINCOLN possessed the judicial quality of mind in a degree so eminent, and it was so universally recognized, that he never could attend a horse race without being importuned to act as a judge, or witness a bet without assuming the responsibility of a stakeholder. In the spring of 1852, says Henry McHenry, "I had a horse race with George Warburton. I got Mr. Lincoln, who was at the race, to be a judge of the race, much against his will and after hard persuasion. Lincoln decided correctly, and the judges said, 'Lincoln is the fairest man I ever had to deal with; if Lincoln is in this country when I die, I want him to be my administrator; for he is the only man I ever met with that was wholly and unconditionally honest.'"

Whatever be your talents, whatever be your prospects, never speedily away on a chance of a palace that which you may need as a provision against the workhouse.—Balwin.

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A poor view well taken is more satisfactory than a good view poorly taken.