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Why pay fancy prices for cheap stuff, you can buy Pure Whiskey direct from the distiller, four full quarts for \$2.50, express free. Order of The Hayner Distilling Co., Dayton, Ohio, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

As Usual. Visitor—Who is that youngster? Editor—That's our new office boy. Visitor—Oh his face seemed familiar. Editor—Perhaps it is, but his manner is more so.—Philadelphia Press.

His Preference. Head of Foreign Missionary Bureau—Where would you prefer to locate as a missionary? Young Missionary—Well, if possible, where the natives are vegetarians.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Good, but Lonesome.  
Willie Hard  
Is his father's joy.  
He's fourteen and  
Is a smokeless boy.  
—Chicago Tribune.

HOW DIFFERENT.

Mr. Stubb—Confound it! We are going through a tunnel! I hope it isn't long.  
Mrs. Stubb—Ah, John, I remember the time when you told me you wished the whole distance was through a tunnel.—Chicago Daily News.

Blessed Among Women.  
"She is happy in her home life?"  
"Presumably. She has had the same husband for ten years, and the same cook almost as long!"—Town Topics.

Power of Wealth.  
Freddie—What's a kleptomaniac, dad?  
Cobwigger—A person who has money enough to pay for what he steals.—Judge.



**Uncle Sam's Mail Service**  
requires physical and mental ability of a high degree to withstand its hard labors. The high tension to which the nervous system is constantly subjected, has a depressing effect, and soon headache, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, etc., develop in severe form. Such was the case of Mail Carrier S. F. Sweinhart, of Huntsville, Ala., he says:  
"An attack of pneumonia left me with muscular rheumatism, headache, and pains that seemed to be all over me. I was scarcely able to move for about a month when I decided to give  
**Dr. Miles' Pain Pills**  
and Nerve Plasters a trial. In three days I was again on my route and in two weeks I was free from pain and gaining in flesh and strength."  
Sold by all Druggists.  
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

The Editor's Little Joke.  
Reporter—Here is the notice of two chums marrying two sisters.  
Editor—Head it, "Putting Two and Two Together."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Views.  
"She is what I call a breezy girl."  
"Yes, I notice she has a good many airs."—Tammany Times

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
BEST FOR THE BOWELS  
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.  
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

In the Boarding House.  
"This now the festive breakfast hash. That once was so intruding. Is missed; but soon will reappear Disguised as new plum pudding!"  
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Trustful in Some Things.  
Brown—It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths.

Black—Yes, I've noticed it. There's Greens, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash; but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him.—Boston Transcript.

An Impression.  
"I am very much afraid," said Miss Cayenne, "that I am losing my reputation as a keen observer and a satirist."

What makes you think so?  
"Several people yesterday said they were glad to see me as if they really meant it."—Washington Star.

His Insinuation.  
The breakfast didn't suit him.  
"What a pity it is," he said, "that love's young dream never can live to grow up."  
"Why can't it?" she asked.  
"It's killed off by acute dyspepsia," he answered.—Chicago Post.

"Leonard, why wouldn't you come upon the roof with me?"  
The man flushed, laid down his book and looked up at her silently for a moment or two. Then he spoke slowly:  
"I was afraid."  
"Afraid of what?"  
"That I would fall off the roof."  
"But there was no danger of that. It is a great, broad roof."  
"That makes no difference. It seems to me I would have fallen off, somehow."  
"Was that the reason you would not climb the mountains in Switzerland? Was that why you were alarmed at the Ferris wheel?"  
"Yes." He hesitated, and then resumed.  
"I'm glad you've spoken of it. We should have talked the matter over long ago. Where heights are concerned I am a coward, and I can't help it. I've tried and failed. I know others affected that way, but I thought I could show enough force of character to gradually overcome the weakness. I haven't done it. What are you going to do about it, my girl?" and he laughed vexedly.  
"Nothing," she answered, cheerfully.  
"It's only a queer physical weakness. Maybe I can help you. Anyhow, we'll try together. But how did it ever come upon you?"  
"I could not have answered you definitely until this very afternoon," was the reply.  
"I've been thinking backward since I came down the stairs and I realize, now, just when this trait in me began. I'll tell you all about it."  
"When I was a small boy," he resumed, "I climbed trees as recklessly as did the other boys; I scampered along the beams in the barn, and heights did not affect me more than they did any other healthy youngster. My family, as you know, lived in Springfield, Ill. It was one day late in the '40s, when I was a boy of about ten, I believe, that I wandered into the old state house, now the courthouse, and upstairs into a big room where a group of attorneys and officials were gathered, talking politics and telling stories. A story was in progress as I sidled in, and it was being told most graphically by a gaunt young attorney, a man of extraordinary height, who was sitting in the open window. I had hung about to hear him tell stories before and knew his peculiarities. He had a way of working a story up to a climax, then, at its close, rising suddenly from his chair, uplifting his arms and bringing them down with a sweep as some droll point was made. Then he would drop lazily back into his chair. I stood listening this afternoon, open-mouthed and fascinated. The story-teller went on, reached his climax, rose, threw up his arms and sat back suddenly, not into his chair, as he imagined in his absorption and unconsciousness, but into the open window! He shot backward and outward, but at the same instant, two enormously long arms shot upward and the outstretched hands with the fingers barely clutched the edge of the sash above! The man drew himself upward and inward with a grim smile upon his face, but the faces of the others in the room were white, and hearts stopped beating. Finally some one spoke:  
"Abe, if your arms hadn't been five inches too long, you'd be a dead man!"  
"Somehow, I've never recovered from the effect of that strange scene. I've been afraid of heights and death. Had that man fallen, one of the grandest figures in history would never have loomed to its splendid height. The history of the United States would have been changed. Mary, that man was Abraham Lincoln!"

into the farming lands. For thousands of years the lake has cast up its sand on its eastern shore, the winds have carried the great drifts inland and so has been built gradually this singular plateau. Centuries ago, vegetation found a place in the huge uplifted sand dunes and held them together until now there extends a mighty forest where was once only a bare and dead ex-

### Lincoln's Clemency

WRITING on "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency," Mr. Leslie J. Perry says, in a recent issue of the Century, that in all his many-sided aspects Abraham Lincoln is perhaps better understood and more thoroughly appreciated than any other great American, for his life was as open as the day. His heart went out spontaneously to the lowly, whose hopes and aspirations he understood. He was very approachable. With a cause to plead, the meanest as well as the greatest could reach Lincoln's ear at all times. Lincoln hated strife and bloodshed, yet his career culminated in the greatest war of modern times. He was made miserable by the trials and misfortunes of his country; his honest heart was wrung by cases of cruelty and hardship incident to a state of war that were daily brought to his attention on appeal in some form. The tender-hearted president was the terror of military despots and brutal jailers everywhere. Through appeals to him



PRESIDENT SAVES A LIFE.

many criminals richly deserving punishment were allowed to go free.  
It was almost impossible at first to secure Lincoln's consent to the execution of a soldier for desertion, and through impunity for this crime the army just after Fredericksburg was actually threatened with dissolution. He could not withstand the agonized tears of fathers, mothers and friends of the condemned; seemingly would not understand why a man who had enlisted to be shot by the enemy, perhaps, should be shot in cold blood by his own friends.  
In some respects the foregoing would appear to characterize an essentially weak, womanish nature; but Lincoln's fear from being a weak man, though easily moved by misery and suffering, and apparently totally free from every sort of prejudice. On occasion he could be as firm as a rock when he thought justice should be vindicated, and especially so when the well-being or lives of the struggling soldiers at the front were involved. In cases of the wanton murder of union soldiers it was seldom that an appeal for clemency was successful.



### ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ARMS

By STANLEY WATERLOO

A Hitherto Unpublished Incident in the Life of the Martyr President.

It was one of the most wonderful of days in the wonderful life of that splendid thing among man's creations, the White City of 1893. The lake, almost waveless, lay extended like a vast expanse of blue satin till it blended with the eastern sky, the green of trees and grass was vivid, the air was perfect and the moving thousands and tens of thousands visiting the great world's fair stepped lightly as they walked, and were full of life and laughter. Among all the myriad groups there was none in greater spirit than one made up of half a dozen people, led by a middle-aged man and woman, who were evidently the host and hostess of the occasion. The woman's face shined with intelligence and refinement, that of the man intellect and strength of character. That the two, husband and wife, had not tired of each other throughout the years, that they were in perfect accord and lovers still, was manifested by the many signs recognizable to those who have the eyes to see such things. There was understanding, deference and thoughtfulness in glance and word in any suggestion regarding the movements of the party, now on its way toward the Ferris wheel. Certainly to be congratulated upon their partnership in life were Mr. and Mrs. Gentil.



HE SHOT BACKWARD.

The proposal to ride in the Ferris wheel had not come from either Mr. or Mrs. Gentil, but from one of the young ladies of the group, though readily acquiesced in. None had yet made the aerial journey in the steel monster and, as they strolled along, much curiosity was expressed as to what the sensation would be when lifted so far aloft. Mr. Gentil alone did not express himself. His wife was observing him narrowly and there grew a look of concern upon her face, as was already apparent upon his. He was perturbed.

Singularly enough, this soil thus brought from the lake's bottom proved the one thing for the nourishment of the beech, and the beech woods there are made up of nonster trees not exceeded in size by those growing elsewhere upon the continent. They tower aloft like oaks and crowd out other growths. Standing splendidly upon the lone highlands, they tempt visitors to exploration of their dusky corridors and to the coolness of their depths. Upon the lake side have been built summer cottages and resorts of more pretension. One of these, visited by the Gentils, had a broad flat roof, from the water side of which was a sheer fall of a hundred feet. From this roof was afforded a wonderful view of sunsets on Lake Michigan and here the visitors thronged each evening. It chanced that Mrs. Gentil wished to enjoy the view with others, and her husband accompanied her up the long, tortuous stairway. He reached the roof, gave one quick glance about, turned pale and stumbled back to the stairway, his wife assisting him. She said nothing, save to ask him if he were ill, and he but replied that he would be better in a few moments. She returned to the roof alone.



"I WAS AFRAID," SAID MR. GENTIL.

Perfect as had been the life of the Gentils, there had existed one little mar. Very proud of her husband was Mrs. Gentil, as she had a right to be. He was, and is, a man among men. His record was not of the present alone, but extended back almost to boyhood. He was young when he led his company gallantly in some of the fiercest battles of the civil war. He never flinched. The war over, coming back as did so many thousands of good men to a future prospect without much definition, he showed the same unflinchingness. He completed a college course under exceptional difficulties, helping others in the meantime. He took up a professional career and fought it out as bravely as he had fought out anything before. When he fell in love he was not to be denied, and the woman he sought, the one with him now, found herself his wife almost before she had become accustomed to the breath of his swift wooing. He had won fortune and some fame.

He looked the man he was, too, this Leonard Gentil. Broad forehead, keen eye, stern of jaw, erect of figure and decided of movement, his wife admired him as she must, and yet she sometimes wondered and was troubled. She wanted him perfect, and he was not quite that. He exhibited, at times, what seemed a sort of cowardice. She could not understand it. Once they had made a trip to Switzerland and he had stayed in the chalet below while even she, a woman, had done mountain-climbing with her friends. Time and again strange things had happened, but there had been no explanation. She knew her husband's sensitiveness, but, to-day, some impulse led her to speak outright. It might be that she could aid him. She found him in their room at the hotel, where he was smoking tranquilly and reading. She advanced to his side, patted his head and then put the question simply:

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