

Reports from Dawson City say there is food enough on hand to last all winter. Such being the case, the ice diet, so popular last winter, will probably fall into disfavor.

Illiteracy in Great Britain has decreased from forty to seven per cent. during Victoria's reign. During the same period in Spain illiteracy has continued over 60 per cent. Education and national life, growth and success go hand in hand.

An interesting departure in our export trade promises to be the sale of automobile vehicles. The announcement is made that a company has been formed in Paris expressly for the sale of these carriages of American manufacture, and that large orders have been placed in several American cities. No matter how novel the article may be, American skill and ingenuity are ready to supply it to any applicant and to any market cheaper and better than it can be produced anywhere else in the world.

Who shall say to what extent the exposures and the comments of the newspapers have prevented abuses and deterred wrongdoers? Call it newspaper scolding if you will, yet who can maintain that it does no good? Thousands of people would never follow the straight and narrow path were it not for fear of the publicity of the newspapers, says the Milwaukee Journal. Besides, the newspaper serves to hold up before the young and those active in life some sort of a standard of right doing.

Trade relations with the United States will compel the people of Porto Rico to learn the English tongue, no matter what their preference for the Spanish language. Most of the trade of this island will be with this country, and if the people are to do business successfully, they must learn the tongue that is spoken here. For this reason there is likely to be little objection to teaching English in the Porto Rican public schools. It is the earnest way of fitting the coming generation of that island for industrial and commercial usefulness.

The wonderful growth of the telegraph business can best be shown by quoting some figures. Thirty years ago there were only 3000 telegraph offices and little more than 75,000 miles of wire strung throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the present time there are about 26,000 offices and over 1,000,000 miles of wire. The annual number of messages handled thirty years ago was 5,879,282; today it is 80,000,000. The average cost to the sender thirty years ago was \$1.047; the average cost today is 30.9 cents. At the start the cost to the company was more than twice what it is today to the sender.

Four thousand mills in the world produce annually 7,900,000,000 quires of paper. England uses the bulk of this. The United States comes next in the amount consumed, followed by Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Mexico, Russia and Spain, in the order named. Six hundred million quires are required by the newspapers. As a consumer of this sort of paper the United States stands first. Truly this is a big advance upon the times when letters or public documents were necessarily written on papyrus, sheepskin or wax tablets, or even on that age when Bibles were priced so high, that only the wealthy could possess copies of their own.

One of the latest examples of the ability of the United States to successfully display its practical independence of the rest of the world is furnished by the course of prices in the iron and steel industry, says Bradstreet's. In most European countries the tendency of the iron and steel market has been upward for some years past, active demand furnishing satisfactory reasons for this price development. In this country, however, the contrary has been the case, and the tendency has been toward the lowering of the price of both the crude and manufactured product. Attention has been called to this feature by some foreign iron-trade papers, which contrast the upward movement in prices which has occurred abroad with the even more pronounced downward movement occurring in iron and steel products in the United States. In the case of Germany advances have been particularly marked in pig iron, but it is to be remarked also that the price of iron and steel in other countries, not excepting Great Britain, have all been toward a higher plane. In this country the contrary has been the case, and on a total volume of business, unprecedented in size, values have shown little improvement over one or two years ago.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(1809-February 12-1865.)

When o'er the land, from strand to strand, the drum beat near and far,
When from the shop, the field, the erop, men crowded to the war,
When in the South, from the cannon's mouth, shell rained on Sumter's wall,
The summons then for loyal men went forth—the battle call—
Red war's alarms—to arms, our land and flag to save—
By one proud stroke to break the yoke—to manumit the slave.

Then stalwart men from vale and glen to arms came promptly forth,
And faithful sons with swords and guns thronged proudly from the North.
The glowing West, her bravest best, heard the wild war trumpet sound,
And formed in lines, with hope divine, to fight on freedom's ground;
Proud, patriot men from the land of Penn. from valley, hill and crag,
For equal laws, for freedom's cause all circled round the flag.

To freedom true, the Jersey blue, the Knickerbocker brave,
And many a band from Maryland, came forth our land to save,
From Maine's green pines, Missouri's mines, and from the land of Clay
Kentucky sent, on victory bent, her sons to join the fray—
The brave and free from Tennessee, and all the sunny South
Sent men to fall at their country's call, at the grim cannon's mouth.

For freedom's land, with heart and hand, New England's faithful host
Like Spartans came to breast the fame or fall at duty's post.
From mine and mill, from knoll and hill, came forth the mountaineers
From the prairie sod, with shoulders broad, the gallant volunteers.
The campfire's blaze shone through the haze by rivulet and rill,
And freedom's lamp shone o'er the camp where squadrons thronged to drill.

And who the wan, unglorious man, who marshaled all the free,
Like marble stood while war and blood oppressed by land and sea;
His one firm word, the people stirred; "Union!" for evermore;
One land, one sky, to live or die, one flag from shore to shore,
No arms, no fates can part the States, no cause the Union sever—
Preserve this soil for men who still forever and forever!

This soul that God picked from the sod to stand in freedom's van,
The land to save, to free the slave and fight for trampled man;
To check the pride—to stay the tide of fell despotic power,
He held the reins—he broke the whip—in freedom's trial hour,
The Spartan hero that drew the sword to him gave up the brand,
And Lincoln died in freedom's pride the savior of our land!

—Charles J. Dentle.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

The following article, giving some anecdotes of the early life of Abraham Lincoln, is taken from Success:

"I meant to take good care of your book, Mr. Crawford, I did, indeed," said the boy, in great trepidation; "but I've damaged it a good deal without intending to, and now I want to make it right with you if I can. What shall I do to make good the damage?"

"Why, what's happened to it, Abe?" asked the rich farmer, as he took the copy of Weems's "Life of Washington," which he had lent young Lincoln, and looked at the stained leaves and warped binding. "It looks as if it had been out all through last night's storm. How came you to forget, and leave it out to soak?"

"'Twas this way, Mr. Crawford," replied Abe, shifting uneasily to the other foot; "I sat up late to read it; and when I went to bed, I put it away carefully in my bookcase, as I call it, a little opening between two logs in the wall of our cabin. I dreamed about General Washington all night. When I woke up I took it out to read a page or two before I did the chores, and you can't imagine how I felt when I found it in this shape. It seems that the mud-daubing had got out of the weather side of that crack, and the rain must have dripped on it three or four hours before I took it out. I'm real sorry, Mr. Crawford, and want to fix it up with you somehow, if you can tell me any way, for I ain't got the money to pay for it with."

"Well," said Mr. Crawford, "being as it's your book, Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn three days, and the book's yours."

Had Mr. Crawford told young Abraham Lincoln that he had fallen heir to a fortune, the boy could hardly have felt more elated. Shuck corn only



PRESENT CONDITION OF LINCOLN'S BIRTH-PLACE, NEAR HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

three days, and earn the book that told all about his greatest hero!

"I don't intend to delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails and the like always," he told Mrs. Crawford, after he had read the volume. "I'm going to fit myself for a profession."

"Why, what do you want to be now?" asked Mrs. Crawford, in surprise.

"Oh, I'll be President," said Abe, with a smile.

"You'd make a pretty President, with all your tricks and jokes, now, wouldn't you?" said the farmer's wife.

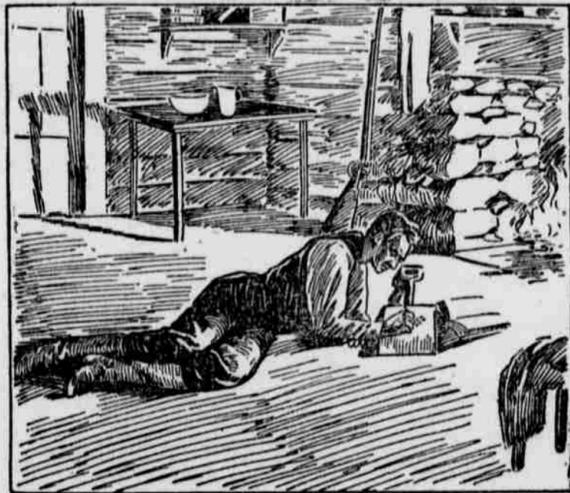
"Oh, I'll study and get ready," replied the boy, "and then maybe the chance will come."

"Perhaps people a hundred years hence," writes Jesse W. Weik, one of Lincoln's latest biographers, "will hesitate to believe that the speech at Gettysburg battlefield and the inaugural address delivered from the portico of the Capitol at Washington, March 4, 1865, were written by a man whose school days, all told, did not amount to one year, and who was never in a college or academy as a student, and never inside a college or

academy building, till after he had become a practicing lawyer, in his twenty-eighth year."

Mr. Weik says that Lincoln found "pieces to speak" in "The Kentucky Preceptor," containing a number of useful lessons in reading, compiled for the use of schools by a teacher.

"We are indebted to his stepmother for the information that his mathematical instruction came from Pike's arithmetic; but he was unable to buy the book, and was therefore obliged to borrow the copy which belonged to



YOUNG ABE LINCOLN IN TRAINING FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

"Oh! I'll study and get ready, and then maybe the chance will come."

a neighbor—presumably Josiah Crawford.

"In order to possess the essential parts of the book, he resolved to copy them. Having procured certain sheets of unruled paper, nine inches wide and fourteen long, he sewed them together at one edge with string, so that they would open like a book. Then, with a quill pen, he patiently copied the essential parts of the entire arithmetic. Along the edges and in the unused corners of many pages are found snatches of schoolboy doggerel."

"Not only were books in some cases out of his reach, but paper and like supplies were not always to be had; so that the practice of writing was not at all times an easy matter. Oftentimes when at work plowing in the fields, the boys would—when the old, flea-bitten gray mare stopped to rest at the end of a long furrow—draw from his pocket a piece of smoothly planed wood and cover the impromptu slate with words and figures, written with the pencil he had made of soapstone or clay. His stepmother tells us he would cover the smooth side of every log and board about the cabin with his rude essays and arithmetical calculations. The door was a study in hieroglyphics."

"As I was once riding to mill with my father," said Captain John Lamar, "I saw, as we drove along, a boy sitting on the topmost rail of an old-fashioned stake-and-rider worm fence, reading so intently that he did not notice our approach. My father turned to me and said: 'John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words, he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true.' That boy was Abraham Lincoln."

One of Lincoln's Kind Acts.

One summer morning, shortly before the close of the Civil War, the not unusual sight in Washington of an old veteran hobbling along could have been seen on a shady path that led

from the Executive Mansion to the War Office. The old man was in pain, and the pale, sunken cheeks and vague far-away stare in his eyes betokened a short-lived existence. He halted a moment, and then slowly approached a tall gentleman who was walking thoughtfully along. "Good morning, sir, I'm an old soldier, and would like to ask your advice."

The gentleman turned, and, smiling kindly, invited the poor old veteran to a seat under a shady tree. There he listened to the man's story of how he had fought for the Union, and was severely wounded, incapacitating him for other work in life, and begged directions how to apply for back pay due him and a pension, offering his papers for examination.

The gentleman looked over the papers, and then took out a card and wrote directions on it, also a few words to the Pension Bureau, desiring that speedy attention be given to the applicant, and handed it to him.

The old soldier looked at it, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked the tall gentleman, who, with a sad look, bade him good luck and hurried by the walk. Slowly the soldier read the card again, and then turned it over to read the name of the owner. More tears welled in his eyes when he knew whom he had addressed himself to, and his lips muttered: "I am glad I fought for him and the country, for he never forgets. God bless Abraham Lincoln!"

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, hating 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 as one with them in heart and manner, in retirement as in power a happy specimen of the men whom Liberty and democracy train in the log cabin and by the rudest hearth to guide the

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Magic Pillow.
What! Bedtime come again for me?
Well, what care I for that?
It may be I'm not weary yet
Of all my play and chat;
It may be I would like to stay
Here at my daddy's knee,
Yet, since 'tis bedtime, I'll depart
As happy as can be.

And let me whisper in your ear
Why I'm prepared to go—
Most boys are never ready when
Their bedtime comes, you know—
But as for me, as long as I've
My pillow 'neath my head
You'll never find me sitting up
When I should be in bed.

For when I tuck it with my fist,
To make it sort of soft,
And lie down, then, I see
More stars that glow aloft,
And every star that lies therein
Holds lots of wondrous things,
Like big paradises, and circuses,
And animals, and kings.

And some are filled with brownies bold
Who graze with main and might;
Another's filled with peck-a-boos,
Who peck-a-boe all night.
So why should I prefer to sit
Downstairs, a sleepy-head,
When I can see these wondrous things
Whenever I go to bed?
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Woman's Home Companion.

The California Lakes.

Of all the treasures and surprises California holds, none so enchant the traveler's eye as the glacier lakes. Set in the cañons and mountains of the Sierra, they seem like rare gems sparkling in the golden rays of the sun.

One of the most striking and interesting is the beautiful Shadow Lake, which lies eight miles from the Yosemite Valley, 7350 feet above the sea. It is very small, being about half a mile long, and one-fourth of a mile wide, and 98 feet deep. It is surrounded by towering cliffs, which are reproduced on the glassy surface of the lake.

The rugged south wall is feathered along the top with silver firs, and the passes which lead to the shore are dotted with picturesque junipers.

Another beautiful spot is Orange Lake, which lies a mile and a half to the northwest of Shadow Lake. It is even smaller than the first-named, but in its wild beauty, it seems like a fairy rendezvous. It is bordered by trees and shrubs of various kinds, back of which the bare grim granite rises, making a suitable framing for the picture.

Its feeding streams are very shallow, and flowing noiselessly along the cliffs, fall into the lake below.

One which must be mentioned is the Lake Starr King, which, instead of being encircled by the narrowing of trees like Orange Lake, lies buried in a dense forest.

Strange to say, fishes are not found in any of these lakes, but down in their still blue depths are the larvae of numberless insects and beetles, while the air above is thick with humming wings.—Detroit Free Press.

How Birds' Feet Differ.

Widely differing in shape are the feet of birds. They serve the birds much the same as hands serve human beings. Birds of prey, such as kill other birds and animals for food, have strong, sharp claws. An owl swallows a mouse whole, and next day the bones and fur are thrown up in the form of a small gray pellet. The amazing number of bones to be found in these pellets goes far to prove the value of owls as rat and mouse destroyers.

Those birds which seem to be links between the water and the land fowl—that is, those which can swim short distances—have a membrane on each side of their toes, although most of their lives is spent in treading their way through the sedgy grasses which grow on the margin of lakes and pools.

A ptarmigan is a specimen of a bird well protected against the effects of cold by having its feet thickly furred to the very claws. Its plumage is pure white in winter, so as not to be readily seen upon the snowy ground, but in summer the feathers change to gray and brown, colors which make the bird inconspicuous among gray rocks and lichen.

Grain eating birds, such as turkeys, fowls, pheasants and a large number of other species are provided with very strong feet, armed with horny toe nails to enable them to scratch up the earth to find their food. The foot of a common chicken affords an example of this class of birds.

There are more than 10,000 species of birds, inhabiting every variety of situation and fitted to every climate, so one may form some idea of the need of adaptation in their structure.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Robert B. Nelson gives a very good idea of the magnificent display of Henry VIII of England and Philip I of France when they met in good-fellowship on the plain of Guisnes, 380 years ago.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his three hundred followers, headed the escort, and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops, and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered four thousand horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly two thousand persons and eight hundred horses. The French king had an equally splendid retinue. King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that, and erected one for his king. The palace was the most beautiful place imaginable; it had so many glazed windows that it

looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace, for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suites were to lodge. The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres, and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them, and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling. Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gaily. So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."—St. Nicholas.

The New Play.

Elsie, Chester, Valentine and Annie had made up an overland train in the diningroom, and were taking a trip across the United States. They had the straight-backed chairs for cars and the big rocker for the engine. Chester was engineer and fireman. Valentine was conductor, brakeman and porter. Elsie and Annie were the passengers.

Mamma was lying on a couch in the next room. She had the headache, and wanted to sleep. But, if she dropped into a doze, Valentine was sure to rouse her by bawling, "Dinner is now ready in the dining car!"

Mamma could not bear to stop their fun. But she kept hoping that dinner would be over. At last the appetites of the passengers seemed to have been satisfied, and then she heard them planning to have a wreck.

"That is more than I can stand," thought mamma.

"Children!" she called.

"Would you like to try a new play?" said mamma. "I will give five cents to the one who will sit still the longest."

Elsie wanted to try it. She told the rest.

Chester said he would just as soon play that as to play "wreck."

"And we can have the wreck afterward," said Valentine.

"Let's sit in the cars," said Elsie. "We'll give Annie the engine," said Chester. "She's the littlest."

Annie laughed and clambered into the big rocker. The others took their places, and the play began. Elsie felt like laughing at first, but she looked away out of the window and soon grew serious. Chester gazed steadily at the cap't. Annie looked straight ahead of her. Her eyes were dull, and now and then the lids dropped. Valentine fixed his eyes on the clock. Five minutes were slowly ticked away.

"It seems like a whole forenoon," thought Valentine.

He wondered how long the others could keep still.

"Not so long as I can," he said to himself. "Elsie will laugh; she's always giggling. And Chester will say something; he's such a talker. And of course Annie's too little to keep still long."

So Valentine reasoned, and resolutely held his tongue, waiting for the rest. He made up his mind they could not hold out longer than half an hour. "Annie will soon begin to jabber," he kept thinking. "And then Elsie will laugh, and Chester will speak out; and then I'll say, 'I've won the nickel!'"

Valentine watched the clock. "I know they can't keep still more'n half an hour," he said to himself over and over again.

At last the half-hour was almost gone. There were only two minutes more. He could hardly wait. Then there was only one minute. He grew excited. The time was up. He forgot himself altogether. He jumped from his chair.

"I've won the nickel!" he shouted. Elsie and Chester burst out laughing. Then they all looked at one another in dismay.

"Did Annie laugh, too?" cried Elsie. "And is the game spoiled?"

She peeped around the back of the rocking chair.

"Why, the darling!" she said softly. "She's asleep!"

"The nickel belongs to her," said Chester. "Well, never mind. She's the littlest."

"I'll go tell mamma," said Elsie. "Mamma!—Why, she's asleep, too!"

"Don't let's wake her," said Chester. "You know she said her head ached."

"We'll play outdoors till dinner time," said Elsie.

"And we can have the wreck this afternoon," said Valentine.—Christian Register.

In Washington.

"Why, those men are fighting!"

"Oh, don't mind them."

"But one of them has the other by the hair!"

"That's nothing."

"And the other has his opponent's ear between his teeth!"

"Oh, come along."

"But wait. It may be a murder!"

"Will you come along?"

Tell me first what they are fighting about.

"They are not fighting."

"Not fighting? What are they doing?"

"Arguing over the constitution."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.