

From Saginaw to the "Sea," to Iron Mountain, St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Yellowstone Park, Montana, and her Capitol, Butte the great mining camp, The Gem of the Mountains, From Nampa to Ogden, Salt Lake City, Gardiner, Idaho, and the Snake River, through the Queen City of the Plains, Through the garden of the Gods,

FROM DENVER TO KEARNEY.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

There is an old saying that "Time and tide waits for no man," but railroads do. Our train from Manitou and Colorado Springs was due in Denver early in the evening, but it was heavily laden and lost time in climbing over the mountains, therefore it was about 11 o'clock when we reached the city. We were to leave the city, leave the grand old mountains, the deep and rock-riven canyons, the beautiful parks where the sun shines forever, and after three weeks of continual surprises in the much talked of yet little known great and inspiring west, were to begin our homeward journey.

We hardly knew whether we wished to return or not; we longed to see our families and friends, we very much needed the quiet rest of our own homes, yet there was much to be seen in the limitless west, and lessons to be learned from nature that filled us with a desire to tarry yet a while and had it not been for the efforts of our secretary we would have been given the opportunity, as the train on which we were to leave the city was due at 9:15. There was a wreck on the main division, so the train was held until we arrived and then we proceeded eastward by way of Boulder.

When we awoke the next morning near the line of Colorado and Nebraska we saw the full effects of a genuine western drouth: The South Platte was as dry as the fields adjoining and corn and grain was stunted in its growth as though nipped by a hard frost. The suffering of the people was already severe and how they were to get enough to carry them through the winter was a problem yet to be solved. But after traveling a hundred miles or more eastward the scene changed and green fields were seen once more and everything bore a most prosperous look.

At about 2 o'clock p. m. we arrived at Kearney, which is said to be just half way from Boston to San Francisco, 1733 miles each way. It is also in the center of Nebraska and the great wheat belt. When our train drew up at the depot we were received by the mayor and other dignitaries of the city, besides a band of music and a large number of citizens. Electric street cars were in waiting to take us to the Midway hotel, located pretty well out of the city towards the water-works station.

The large first-class hotel which was Kearney's pride burned down only a few months before and the proprietor was thereby financially ruined, but recognizing his worth, the citizens raised a purse of \$10,000 and presented him. He rented the new French flats near the suburbs, furnished them superbly and is doing business there pending the erection of an elegant large house on the site of the former hotel.

We can never forget the cordial greeting that was given us by the people of Kearney. They acted more like old acquaintances than strangers and we were made to feel so much at home that we really regretted the necessity of our short stay.

The Midway hotel was in holiday attire, flowers of rare excellence were used in abundance in adorning the dining tables, walls, mantels, etc., and the "M. F. A." monograms were seen everywhere. The parlors and halls of the hotel were as pretty and comfortable as one could wish. Each guest was presented with a menu printed on tinted silk handkerchiefs which made neat souvenirs of our visit. The tables were loaded with substantial and dainty luxuries to which all did ample justice. There was no pomp and ceremony, only a cordial, jolly greeting which all seemed to appreciate and enjoy.

After dinner we were taken first to the power house, which is a large brick building in which are located great and powerful engines, electric dynamos, etc. Now do not get the impression that all this is done by steam, for it is not. We know that you are aware that Kearney—near the sight of old Fort Kearney—is situated on a vast and productive plain; but agriculture alone was not deemed sufficient to build up and maintain a city, so the people conceived the idea of tapping the Platte about 18 miles above the city and bringing a supply of its water in a wide and deep canal ending in a large artificial lake near the city limits. Powerful water wheels are placed in a building 40 feet below the surface of the canal and the water conducted down through massive conduits to the wheels, then fall 40 feet through a vacuum into the wasteway below. What a power is here secured and transmitted to powerful electric dynamos, thence throughout the length and breadth of the city, to run the various manufacturing, street cars, electric lights, etc. A water power like Kearney's drawn from the valley and stored among the hills is something we had not seen before and is not only a marvel but a wonderful feat of engineering and a brilliant stroke of western enterprise, and we hope that they may soon reap the full fruition of their labors.

We gazed upon the great column of water that swept down over the apron and through the sluice running to waste and forming a pretty cataract ere it reaches the race through which it is again carried to the Platte, and were impressed with the thought that here is a suitable location for some of the great manufacturing of the east to establish a western branch. The city has donated thousands of dollars to induce cotton mills and other factories to use the power so abundantly provided and freely given!

After viewing the lake upon which a steamer is run during the summer, we were taken in carriages to the Reform School which occupies an elevated plateau just outside the city limits. We did not have time to enter any of the large brick buildings but the boys' band gave us a sample of the fine music they know so well how to dispense, and we drove back through the principal streets of the city which are broad and well-kept, passing many fine residences, business places and public buildings. We can safely say that Kearney is the "slickest" place we were ever in. Everything looked new, tidy and neat; there was not a dilapidated fence or sidewalk in the town and it ought to be called The gem of the plains. They have 10 miles of electric street railway, operated and in course of construction, 300 miles of wire strung for heat, light and power; 20 miles of city water mains, good sewerage, gas, telegraph, telephone and an enterprising and well-to-do population of 9,000 people. How is that for a live, western town?

They claim to have short, mild winters, cool summers, and 25 days of sunshine every month. Personally we are under obligations to lawyer John Hartman for the pleasant and profitable ride in his fine carriage. By the way, they have some elegant horses and carriages in Kearney and they love to drive on the smooth, level roads and boulevards.

Returning to the Midway hotel we were again served with an excellent luncheon, after which we listened to some fine singing and piano accompaniment by Mrs. Mandeyille, then we went for a short stroll about the city and were then escorted to the city hall where the evening was most pleasantly spent in getting acquainted with the people whom we found most hospitable and charming conversationalists. We had the honor of meeting Miss Maude Muffett, the young lady reporter who had the distinguished honor of "scooping" all the other reporters by getting the first and only interview with Nellie Bly when on her return from the trip around the world.

Dancing and speech-making were indulged in until about 11 o'clock, when we quite reluctantly said good bye, returned to our cars and were soon on our way to Omaha, our next stopping place. But we shall not soon forget the beautiful city of Kearney, the gem of the plains, and her jolly, big-hearted people.

To California, Oregon, Washington and other Western points in Pullman Colonist Sleepers. The constant demand of the traveling public to the far West for a comfortable and at the same time an economical mode of traveling, has led to the establishment of what is known as Pullman-Colonist Sleepers.

These cars are built on the same general plan as the regular first-class Pullman Sleeper, the only difference being that they are not upholstered. These cars are furnished complete with good comfortable hair mattresses, warm blankets, snow white linen, curtains which secure to the occupants of a berth as much privacy as is to be had in first-class sleepers, plenty of towels, combs, brushes, &c. There are also separate toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and smoking is absolutely prohibited.

Each car is in charge of an experienced uniformed Pullman Porter, who is required to keep the car in good order and to look after the wants and comforts of passengers.

Another fact not to be overlooked is that these Pullman Colonist Sleepers are attached to the daily fast express trains, thus enabling passengers occupying these cars to make the same time as occupants of first-class Pullman Sleepers.

Passengers holding both first and second-class tickets are allowed to ride in these cars. A charge of \$3.00 for a lower or upper double berth is made between Council Bluffs, Omaha, or Kansas City and San Francisco or Portland. Fifty cents per berth per night between intermediate stations.

For those furnishing their own bedding free berths are given in Pullman Colonist Cars running between Council Bluffs, Kansas City, and Portland. The Pullman Colonist Sleeper is especially commended for the use of the homeseeker who is moving to the west with his family and who desires comfortable sleeping accommodations en route but cannot afford to pay the first-class Pullman Sleeping Car fare.

For matter descriptive of any state or territories through which the Union Pacific runs, or for rates, time of trains, etc., apply to D. W. JOHNSON, Mich. Pass. Agt., 62 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

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Montana, Oregon & Washington. Colonists for Montana, Oregon, Washington or British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific Railroad.

This railroad with its main and branch lines, has brought into communication with the east all prominent sections of the great northwest! It is the only line traversing Montana and Washington. It is the only line running through trains from the east and through the state of Washington. It is the short line from St. Paul to Butte City and Helena, Mont., Spokane Falls, Wash., and Portland, Oregon, and the only all rail line to Tacoma and Seattle, Wash.

Under present car arrangements Pullman sleeping cars and furnished tourist sleepers are run via the Wisconsin Central, and Pullman Palace Sleepers via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Northern Pacific from Chicago through to the Pacific coast without change.

In addition to this service, the Northern Pacific runs on its through express trains regular day coaches, dining cars and free colonist sleepers from St. Paul to Tacoma and Portland.

The Northern Pacific line allows the holders of second-class tickets to stop at Spokane Falls, Wash., and at all points west thereof, ten days at each place during this will enable settlers to thoroughly examine all lands for sale in the new state before selecting a permanent location. No other line offers holders of second-class tickets an opportunity of examining all sections of this great state without the payment of additional fares of from \$5.00 to \$20.00.

For maps, time tables and illustrated pamphlets, or any special information desired, address your nearest ticket agent, or CHAS. S. FREN, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent St. Paul, Minn.

By a new regulation of the post office department the remitter of a money order may relieve the payee or endorser from the inconvenience of proving his identity at the office of payment by simply signing a waiver of identification at the issuing office which the postmaster writes across the face of the order. Those who have received money by draft or order when away from home can appreciate that this waiver of identification is a great convenience.

Refusals expects to begin filling his big ice house on Monday.

Tramps seem to be unusually numerous in the neighboring cities.

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Everything in Proportion.

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ACTS

ON THE

BOWELS.

I write this you may know the good I have you from the relief I have given you and others of your condition and illness. I tried other medicines, but they did not do any good, until I bought a bottle of B. B. B. and took it and now I feel well and work as well as ever.

One Dose! Debison's

Tourist's Tags!

For attaching to Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c. 10c.

With stout strings, ready to the on

sent by mail on receipt of six 2c stamps,

or sold at the

Enterprise Office.

JUST RECEIVED

Japanese Napkins!

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Samuel Decker, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased and that they will meet at the office of Samuel H. Perkins, Esq., in the village of Manchester, in said county, on Tuesday, the 15th day of January and on Monday the 17th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive, examine, and adjust said claims. Dated, Oct. 18, 1890.

MARCO D. CASE, JAMES KELLY, Commissioners

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 29th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Pauline Helena Rounsel, deceased.

(On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of Christian Greder, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to himself or some other suitable person.

The petition it is ordered, that Monday the 29th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the holder at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)

Wa. G. Doty, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 28th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Clark, deceased.

(On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Elizabeth Clark, praying that a certain instrument now on file in the court purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administration on said estate may be granted to herself as executor, or to some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the 29th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the devisee, legatee, and heir at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)

Wa. G. Doty, Probate Register.

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SAVE MONEY BY

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We are prepared to manufacture on

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Neck Scarfs, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs,

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Fur Gloves in many Different Styles

New things for the Holiday Trade never excelled in this Market. We

have the best display of

50-CENT CAPS!</

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

It was a very sickly autumn. Nineteen of the inhabitants of our little village on the Wabash river—near the worst kind of swamps—were down or had been down with chills and fever or intermittents. Several had died with sinking chills.

ere with it. May He (pointing up) bless you and keep you. May He lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace!

A BRAVE WARRIOR. DE. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT JOSHUA'S MIGHTY VALOR. The Man Through Whose Instrumentality Jordan Was Parted, the Walls of Jericho Were Blown Down and the Sun and the Moon Stood Still.

Investigation is going to overthrow the Moslem account of Creation. Fall back! Friends of the Church have never had any right to fall back.

S. S. LESSON—DEC. 23. FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW. Home-Readings. M.—Parable of the vineyard, Luke 20, 9-19.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY AT KEMPF DRY GOODS CO. Beautiful Table Linens, Stamped Goods, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Neckscarfs, Neckties, Furs, Rugs, Table Covers, Bed Spreads, Picture Throws, China Silks, Cushions, Chair Pillows, Dresses, Cloaks, Etc., Etc. Also Kuhn's Celebrated Confectionery. If you want Choice Things for Christmas to be found at no other store call on us. KEMPF DRY GOODS CO.

You will find it on the News Stands To-Day. The Ladies Home Journal. For APRIL contains: Gray-Gold, A Story; An Ascension Lily; How to Act Before the Camera; An Evil of American Daughters; A Man's Idea of a Good Wife; A Story From Longfellow's Works; Latest Fashions; How to Dress For Church; How to Dress For Young Mothers; Things For Children's Wear; How To Dress For Church; Philidia. A Romance. Chapters XIII-XV; How Strange It Will Be; April. (Poem.) How To Treat Lace Curtains.

DR. F. A. KOTTS, DENTIST, Manchester, Mich. Office over Roller & Blum's store. TEETH INSERTED WITHOUT PLATES. By a new patent process, which costs but little more than an ordinary Plate. (See Cat.)

By Mat D. Blosser.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1890.

THE supply of dressed meat imported into Great Britain has, in two years, increased fifty per cent. A thirteen-fourths of all of it were sent from the United States.

It is not fair to put science against the obstreperous individuality of the American. If we lived as actively as did our fathers and added to the simplicity of their wholesome regimen the advantages that science now gives us, in sanitation and medicine, we should live to be 100—but we will not.

OUR Indian policy proceeds on the theory that it is better and cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them, but there is a fatal weakness in its application. The men who must fight them in case of trouble have nothing to do with feeding them. That is wholly under the control of politicians.

MANY of the churches in New York, Brooklyn and Boston are connected with a considerable number of the houses of members by telephone. With electricity with its telephones and phonographs, and steam with its railroad cathedrals, the gospel is disseminated in a way that would have astounded the early evangelist.

You cannot expect men to cherish high aspirations and develop grand and noble characteristics in a tenement in the slums, surrounded by filth and degradation. The first step to a higher life is freedom from cramping and debasing material conditions and the dark shadow of poverty, either actual or prospective.

FINANCERS who would like to follow Jay Gould's methods might take a useful lesson from one of his latest reported sayings, which is: "I'm not buying anything I can't pay for." It is a homely remark, but it has a world of wisdom in it about this time. Following this "pointer" the man of moderate means may not get rich, but on the other hand the rich man will not be reduced to poverty.

SO FAR from the hankering after cheapness being un-American, it is held everywhere to be one of the special glories of American genius that its mechanical inventions have enormously lowered the cost of production of not a few of the most important necessities of life. The snobocracy may declaim against cheapness; but the American people will never be deluded into believing that an article which can be produced and sold at a price which is higher than when it is marked up at \$1.50.

INDIAN corn or maize is an indigenous American product, not known in Europe until introduced there from this continent. But there are large districts in southern Europe where corn thrives, and it is being grown in much greater quantities than a few years ago. It is likely, however, that Southern Europe will never grow more corn than is needed for home use, while England and all northern Europe must be supplied, except in seasons of our own scarcity, from this country.

The editor may be the most humane, aesthetic, public-spirited man in the community, but as an editor he must hold all these nobler impulses in abeyance or subordinate them to the primary object of his paper, which is to make money by the sale of news. The kind of news required is determined by the sentiment of the people and not by the peculiar character and temperament of the editor. He will be the best editor, that is, will have the most success at paper, who divines with keenest intuition the wants of the people. The people themselves do not by any means always know what they want, yet it is none the less the part of the editor to find out that want and meet it.

It is the accepted opinion among those who have given the matter careful attention that one-third of the increase in railroad capital stock in the last seven years is covered by additions to equipment value alone, and that the necessary two-thirds can be accounted for in betterments and appreciation of values. The conclusion therefore follows that the 46,000 miles of new roads in the last seven years have been added to the aggregate wealth of railway property in this country. In a word the country is actually richer to-day by the value of 46,000 miles of railroad than she was seven years ago. There is certainly nothing in this to justify the lugubrious view of things the bears of Wall street are taking.

MONEY crises have not been confined to the modern era, but the term panic did not begin to be applied to them until comparatively recent times. As the intelligent reader would naturally infer, the term is derived from the word Pan, a god of the old Grecian mythology. Pan is supposed to have whirled away a good many of his spare hours in sailing forth suddenly from the mountain fastnesses in which he dwelt and frightening passing travelers. The abruptness of his appearance excited terror to such an extent that all sudden and uncontrollable frights at length began to be attributed to the visitations of Pan. At first the word panic, in the Greek orthography, was applied to sudden and general manifestations of alarm in armies and large assemblages, and it is used in this connection still in several of the European languages. It was not until our own time, broadly speaking, that the term began to denote financial crises in which confidence suddenly vanishes in the business world and a feeling of distrust in the stability of values and the solvency of individuals takes its place.

MATTERS AND ITEMS OF INTEREST TO FEMINITY.

Going Away—A Sensational Elopement—Pleasant Paragraphs and Fiftieth Points.

Going Away. Lean closer, darling, let thy tender heart beat against mine that aches with heavy woe. Drop thy quick woman's tears to soothe thy smart. Ah, my dear, I could ease my sorrow so! But men must work, sweetheart and woman weep. So sings the song, so runs the world's best; yet time will pass, and tender comfort creep with hope in company unto thy breast. Now ere we part, while yet thy cheek glows like a rose, clasp me in thy arms, and there is a farewell word love fain would speak. A tender thought love labors to translate in earnest words, whose memory through the years shall calm thy soul, and dry thy falling tears. —Ladies' Home Journal.

A Sensational Elopement.

Passengers on a southbound train, well up on the Hudson, had a genuine sensation a few days ago. Just as the train pulled out of a way station a well-dressed young woman rushed toward the track from the direction of the river, violently signaling the conductor. The train was stopped, and the young woman got on, but when the conductor was about to signal for a new start she seized his arm, pointed to a tall, slender young man, who came dripping out of the river, and exclaimed: "Wait for him! Wait for him!" The obliging conductor waited, but the train had barely got under way when a third party leaped up from the direction of the river. This time it was a roughly dressed old man who was as eager as the others to be taken aboard the train. The passengers took in the situation hastily, conjectured an elopement, and were instantly in a fever of sentimental excitement. The old man got aboard, but instead of snatching his supposed daughter from the arms of her abductor, merely demanded and received a sum of money from the dripping young man. The supposed elopers were a newly married couple returning from their honeymoon in the mountains. They had hired the old man to row them across the Hudson, but had grounded on a sandbank just as the train reached the station. The old man had hastily carried the bride astride, but in essaying to do this, like the groom had "dropped him" into the river. Finally, in their haste and flutter, the young couple had forgotten to pay the ferryman.

Break of a School Girl.

The Chief of Police of Norfolk, Va., was called on by Colonel William Lamb, who asked his assistance to rescue a sixteen-year-old young lady who had given her teacher the slip, left school behind her and taken up life on a coal barge. The young lady was a pupil at one of the leading institutions in North Carolina, and ran away from school about four weeks ago. Her parents traced her from Elizabeth City to Norfolk, where it was learned she had taken up her residence on board of a coal barge running between Lambert's Point and northern ports. It was said that the runaway was induced to try life on the coal barge by a woman whom the captain of the barge claimed as his daughter. Detectives went down to Lambert's Point after the young lady on the yacht Spray. When they moored alongside the barge, the captain, an aged man named Lima, swore that they should not have the young lady. If they took her, he said, it would be over his dead body. But when the detectives covered him with three shining revolvers he changed his key and willingly surrendered the runaway. The young lady was turned over to friends, who will escort her home.

A Dead Wife to Him.

I was at the depot in Louisville, writes a traveler, standing in the doorway of the ladies' waiting room, when a stranger beckoned me out and said: "I want you to do me a favor. See if there is a woman about 40 years old in there, wearing a black silk dress, a brown wrap and a hat with two white feathers in it." I sauntered in and looked around, and returned and reported her there. "Anybody with her?" he asked. "Yes, a man and a little child." His face was pale and betrayed great emotion, and his voice had a queer sound to it: as he considered for a moment and then said: "Take this pistol. I am her husband and she has eloped. I was going to kill the man at first, but I have thought better of it." He entered the room and the guilty pair rose up and turned pale as he approached. He did not look at either of them but walked straight up to the child, took her in his arms, and went out saying: "We haven't any home now, darling, but we will go away somewhere and make one." "Come, mamma," called the child. "Hush!" he whispered. "You have no mother. She died two days ago!"

Marriage a Serious Affair.

The Judge in the City Court, Brooklyn, decided that Anna C. Plunkett is the wife of Samuel C. Davis. Davis sued to annul the marriage on the ground that he participated in the ceremony in fun and wholly in jest. He had been acquainted with Miss Plunkett only a short time, and one evening in February, 1881, somebody proposed that they should go out and get married. They visited the house of the rector of St. Mark's Church, with Miss Plunkett's sister and a young man, who were also to marry, but after the wedding between Mr. Davis and Miss Anna the other two refused to be married. This was the story told by Mr. Davis. Miss Plunkett declared that the visit to the rector was solemnly pre-arranged, and Judge Osborne believed her. He wrote on the papers: "On the merits of the complaint is dismissed and judgment ordered for the defendant. No costs."

A Lady's Reward for Honesty.

Some years ago there lived in London an ingenious lad, 10 years old,

ABE LINCOLN IN SPRINGFIELD.

How the Presidential Candidate Got His Malt—His Wife's Ambition.

"Yes, as you say, new yarns about Lincoln are hard to find. Nevertheless, his was such a striking personality that it is not easy to exhaust the material he offered to the story-teller." So spoke a middle-aged man a few nights ago to the writer. "You see," continued my friend, "I was born in Springfield, Ill., and lived there until the war. From my earliest boyhood Abe Lincoln was to me an impressive figure. He used to come to my father's store, stick his feet on the counter and talk about the affairs of the nation. I was present one night when Abe came in looking as melancholy as a man whose hens won't lay. 'What's the matter, Lincoln?' my father asked. 'Oh, nothing much. I'm discouraged a bit. I fear my tilt with Douglas was not very successful.' 'Nonsense, Abe,' remarked my father. 'Your words have electrified the country. They will bear rich fruit for you. Your reputation has been merely local heretofore; now it is national.' 'Do you think so? Well, I hope you're right.' Then the President stalked out into the night looking more cheerful than when he entered. I will never forget the first few days after he was nominated. At that time Springfield had no postal delivery, and we were in the habit of going to the postoffice later in the afternoon for our mail. I remember that one day I gathered in and near the postoffice. This evening after he was chosen presidential candidate by his party Abe came to the postoffice as usual for his letters. He was dressed in the homely fashion of the time and place and greeted his neighbors in his usual democratic way. He found his box full of letters and newspapers. The next afternoon he came again. This time the mail filled three boxes. He was dressed with more care than he had been the day before. On the third day after his nomination he appeared at the postoffice with a basket on his arm. He went away with his basket, pockets and hat overflowing with letters, newspapers, campaign documents, etc. After this he was obliged to employ a secretary, who collected his mail, and we saw but little of the great man. Whenever he appeared in public, however, we noticed that he wore what gossip called 'his Sunday best.' Those were lively times in Springfield. Till then we were over the prominent men from all parts of the country. It was my privilege to attend the reception given to his fellow-townsmen by Lincoln after his election. I shall never forget the picture he presented as he towered above his wife and greeted his old friends. There was not in his manner the slightest air of conceit or of self-importance. He was dressed in a simple, plain, and homely way. Mrs. Lincoln was very gracious and made a fine impression that night. I heard Abe say to my father in the hallway as we were about to leave: 'I guess Mary will carry herself right well in Washington, old man.' 'Speaking of Mrs. Lincoln reminds me of an episode that took place some years before Abe came to a national arena. There was a well-to-do tailor in Springfield who owned a handsome house just across the street from the Lincoln's. Mrs. Lincoln did not feel pleased that a tailor should live in a finer residence than that occupied by a leading lawyer. When Abe was off on a circuit, therefore, she had a stonemason build a new house for her nearby. He strode down the street, gazed at the house in surprise, and then crossed to the tailor's side of the road. 'Who lives in that palatial mansion over there?' he asked of his neighbor. 'The widow Lincoln,' answered the stonemason. 'Then was heard a voice from the top story of the Lincoln house: 'Abe, Abe, come to dinner. You're late.' 'It Didn't Take Long. A big man who looked like he might be a senator or a rich merchant, a retired banker or something of that sort, walked down the street a few evenings ago, and stopping under a lamp post, looked intently upward. A postman came and stepped over to that side of the walk to see what it meant. The next man who happened along also stopped and, after catching what he thought was the proper range, began to look. Another man came up and did the same thing. Pretty soon a young fellow and his girl, caught sight of the stargazer and they began to see what the matter was. Presently one of the two in the rapidly increasing party spoke up: 'What's all this mean?' he asked the policeman. 'Git along wid yez,' responded the official. Just then the big man turned around. 'My goodness!' he exclaimed, 'what an eye this one has! He can see through the wall of that building! What are you looking at?' asked one of the bystanders. 'Looking at?' echoed the gentleman. 'Why, bless me, I was only absorbed in figures.' 'About what?' 'I was wondering how long it would take me to block the sidewalk by saying nothing.' Compliments Worth Having. We have heard of the lady of rare beauty who said upon a certain occasion that the only real, disinterested compliment she ever received was from a coal-bearer who asked permission to light his pipe in the gleaming of her eyes. Another compliment, true and genuine, according to a good old school story, was paid by a sailor who was sent by his Captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor having delivered the missive, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the face of the lady, for she was very beautiful. 'Well, my good man,' said she, 'for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned.' 'Lady,' the sailor returned, with humble deference, 'I would like to know your name.' 'Did you not see it on the letter?' 'Pardon, lady—I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life.' 'And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?' 'Because,' answered the old tar, looking honestly up, 'in a storm at sea, with danger of death before me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in life. There'd be sunshine in it, even in the thickest darkness.'—N. Y. Ledger.

An Old Thanksgiving Dinner.

How well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end, mother at the other, and the children between wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. Oh, that proud, grunting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus the gobbler. Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before, at school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but at the table we found that turkey was bounded by Greece. The brown sauce waited for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife, sharpened on the jamba of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one disposed to music the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion, the "patron's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies, in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only a sort of profaned hash! Not mince pies with ground mysteries of origin! But mother made them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through, till light and airy surface upon the substance beneath. No brandy, for the old folks were stout for temperance, but cider about halfway between new and hard. Dear me! what a pie!—Dr. Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

American Girls to Europe.

The German girls are beginning to complain with considerable bitterness that American and English girls are encroaching upon their preserves. Very many Americans and English send their daughters to Germany to be educated; the pretty dears not only master the language in a short time—quite as quickly and as easily they make a conquest of the hearts of the susceptible German officers. The number of army officers in Germany with American and English wives is very large, and the fact appears to be increasing. In Dresden particularly the English and Americans are in great demand; the native madchen (be she ever so pretty) seems to have no chance at all. In Berlin there is a fancy for a peculiar style of feminine beauty; the Berliner admires brown eyes and hair and a dark, clear complexion; these features agree amiably, fidelity and gentle breeding, they claim. The German girls complain that the American girls are natural adepts in affairs of the heart—that they seem endowed by nature with all the arts, the audacity and the confidence of the average young widow. By the way, the wife of Count Waldensee is an American, and she is the only person at the German court who declines invitations to dances on Sundays, and who is permitted to do so without offense.

Girls and Thanksgiving.

The time has come for every girl to make thanksgiving. Somebody sighs and wonders what they have to be thankful for; somebody else, is very positive that it is certain she has nothing to be thankful for; but there isn't a human being on the face of God's earth who can't find something for which to say, "I thank Thee, O God." One girl has that greatest of all blessings—good health; another the blessing of a bright, happy home; another, though she lies on an invalid couch, the blessing of sunshine and the consideration of those who are less afflicted. One is glad because on her third finger is a bright ring that means that she has become mistress of somebody's heart, and another is glad because worry and troubles are all swallowed up in that great pacifier—work. It will do more for you and for me when our hearts are full of sorrow, and our eyes sore with unshed tears, to feel that the hands must be busy, and the brain must be at work. If on Thanksgiving Day you can do nothing else, then get down on your knees and thank God for work. It is the best gift that out of His plenty He can offer you. Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Faith Finding.

We recall a school-mate who began by suspecting and finding fault with his fellow students. He was ever on the lookout for occasions for exercising his faculty of satirical criticism. He who looks for such occasions, finds them, and my long ago friend developed a faculty for discovering and denouncing faults that were preternatural. It became not only a habit, but passion with him. When he was forty the faculty of fair judgment was dead in him; he had become incapable of justice.

ABE LINCOLN IN SPRINGFIELD.

How the Presidential Candidate Got His Malt—His Wife's Ambition.

It is true that philosophers are wise men, but the Bull of the South Sea is wiser than they because of the greatest of philosophies. Associated banks of New York city have \$2,000,000 in gold. An exchange states that the male was doing no thing. To one investigating the truth of this assertion, we would advise our readers to see a bottle of salt-water cure. One who is a philosopher who has no more than one standard applies when one has no more than one. Female Weakness Positive Cure. To The Future. Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousands of ailments which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address. Dr. J. B. MARSH, 188 Greenleaf St., Chicago, Ill.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Deafness Can't be Cured.

The knowledge of the charms one possesses for relieving the sufferer from the most distressing of ailments, is not so widely known as it should be. I find that many women are so despondent of relieving their ailments.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. EPPS'S COCOA. GRAPEFUL-COMFORTING. LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. PRICE 10 CENTS. For BOTH THE BIG TOES. Full descriptive catalogue sent free on application. Address, mentioning this advertisement, THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE, 25 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent by mail, we will deliver to you a complete set of personal hygiene articles. All the following articles carefully packed in a neat box. One ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts. One ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade 10 cts. One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream 10 cts. One case of Vaseline Cambric 10 cts. One case of Vaseline Soap, unscented 10 cts. One case of Vaseline Soap, scented 10 cts. One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.

DRINK LION COFFEE.

A True Coffee of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO. Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere. Value Six Cts. Pack.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

With Double Wire Suspensory. PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887. IMPROVED JULY 29, 1890. DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY. For all Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Stomachic, Catarrh, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Nephritis, Neuritis, Paralysis, Weakness, Debility, Indigestion, Irritation, and all other ailments of the system.

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CURES BRUISES, FROST-BITES, INFLAMMATIONS.

AND ALL HURTS AND ILLS OF MAN AND BEAST.

SICK HEADACHE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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