

The WORLD'S SHORTEST and GREATEST ORATION

Executive Mansion.

Washington, November 19, 1863

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal."

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who died here that the nation might live. She now says, in all propriety, that "But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it, far above our poor powers to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; while it can never forget what they did here."

It is rather for us, the living, to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that, from these honored dead we take up increased devotion to this cause for which they have, given the last full measure of our devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people for the people, shall not perish while the earth exists.

The GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, November 19, 1863.

BACSIMILE of the ORIGINAL FIRST VERSION AS IT WAS WRITTEN by LINCOLN HIMSELF.

HIS VALENTINES.

To Maud I'll send a valentine
All tinsel, bows and gilded lace;
She's such a young sweetheart of mine
That gifts like these will be in place;
She'll dance for joy, because, you see,
My sweetheart Maud is only three!

To my old sweetheart, grandma dear,
I'll send a parcel, trim and neat;
Contents I need not mention here—
Something to wear, or drink, or eat;
No matter! She'll consider it
The valentine for her most fit.

For quiet May I'll buy and send
A pretty book to read betimes
(She my good comrade is, and friend);
To saucy Lill some saucy rhymes;
To Ethel flowers; and then—ah, well,
To her whose name I will not tell,

Whose tender eyes before me shine,
Whose sweet face haunts me, angel-fair;
I dare not write a valentine.
I breathe, instead, a trembling prayer
(So dear she is, so far apart),
And send her, silently, my heart!
—Woman's Home Companion.

St. Valentine's Day.

The god of love has a day in this month. Cupid celebrates St. Valentine's day, when hearts are trumps and arrows are flying promiscuously about. St. Valentine was a Roman priest who suffered martyrdom at Rome about 270. He is a saint of most unsaintly way, whose sport it is to mate the birds as well as the lads and lasses. He is a grave wag in robe of priestly flow. Chaucer notices this saint in "The Assembly of the Foules," when they meet together to choose their mates. We hail thy returning day, good St. Valentine! "Thy name is great in the rubric of the saints; not greater indeed is any other father in the calendar; not Jerome, not Ambrose, not Cyril, not Austin, whom all mothers hate; not Origen, who hated all mothers. Thou comest, gay St. Valentine, attended with thousands of little loves, and the air is brushed with the hiss of rust-

ting wings." Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy preceptors, and instead of the croiser, the mystical arrow is borne before thee. Mysterious personage art thou, oh, thou immortal God-Between!"

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
COLLECTED BY DR. DIX

One war at a time.
Keep pegging away.
The majority should rule.
We cannot escape history.
War, at the best, is terrible.
I can bear censure, but not insult.
Important principles must be inflexible.
Towering genius despairs a beaten path.
Bad promises are better broken than kept.
It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.
Nothing is so local as not to be of some general benefit.
The government must not undertake to run the churches.
If I have risen, why should any be hindered from rising?
There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.
The smallest are often the most difficult things to deal with.
The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present.
We don't read that Hannibal had any money to prosecute his wars with.
People of any color seldom run unless there be something to run from.
Shall he who cannot do much be for that reason excused if he do nothing?
Gold is good in its place, but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold.

Persisting in a charge which one

does not know to be true is simply malicious slander.

Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this.

If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything.

We all declare for liberty, but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing.

Advancement—improvement in condition—is the order of things in a society of equals.

Why, as to improvements, magnify the evil and stoutly refuse to see any good in them?

THE OLD VALENTINE.

I have it still, tho' years have fled,
And she is numbered with the dead,
Once more upon my desk it lies,
With love-light in its dreamy eyes;
And while I read its simple rhyme,
I feel my old heart beating time:
"The rose is red, the violet's blue
No knife can cut our love in two."

One winter morning, long ago,
It came to me across the snow,
A little messenger in white,
Though faded now—my heart's delight.
Methinks I see the golden hair,
The eyes that held me in their snare;
And from the past, almost divine,
She speaks through this old Valentine.

Aye, from the past so deeply veiled,
Beyond whose mists our barks have sailed,
Steals forth a hand that seems to write,
Upon this same old page to-night,
As once 'twas writ, that homely rhyme,
So mercilessly touched by time—
"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
No knife can cut our love in two."

I wonder if beyond the blue,
That robes the sky for me and you,
The sweethearts of the oldest time
Respect to-day, the childish rhyme,
Like that which now before me lies,
With love-light in its thousand eyes—
It must be so, for I to-day,
Have heard a voice from far away.

—T. C. Harbaugh.

LINCOLN and the Southerner.

The Hon. George D. Wise, a former Congressman from Virginia, tells his friends an interesting story about Lincoln. In the spring of 1861 Mr. Wise and two other young Southerners, one of whom stood six feet four, were attending school in Washington. The morning the news of the firing on Fort Sumter reached them, they decided that it was their duty to return at once to Richmond, their home, and enlist in the Southern cause. As Mr. Lincoln was to give a public reception that night, young Wise proposed that they attend, to see what sort of man the President really was.

"No," said the tall fellow. "I for one won't go near the rascal."

"But," urged the third youth, who at once fell in with the suggestion, "there is going to be war, and Mr. Lincoln will undoubtedly rise to great prominence. We really owe it to ourselves to know something about the man."

More abuse followed from the tall fellow.

"Now look here," broke in young Wise, after the argument had gone on for a spell, "Fred and I here are going to that reception to-night, and you are going with us."

The upshot of the matter was that the three young men went to the reception and lined up with several hundred others to greet President Lincoln. Of the three friends the tall fellow stood first in line, with his hands held resolutely behind his back.

"I'll go," he had finally said, "but I'll never shake hands with him."

Slowly the three Southerners passed up with the line until the tall fellow stood opposite the President. His two friends waited breathlessly for the expected or the unexpected, they scarcely knew which.

The President reached out his hand. The tall fellow, with his hands still behind him, looked the President straight in the eye and with a proud toss of the head, passed on without taking the outstretched hand.

Across the sad face of the President flashed a look of surprise and inquiry, and then a merry twinkle leaped to his eyes, as he half-divined the cause of the slight.

"Just a moment, young man," he said, as the tall fellow was passing on. "How tall are you?"

"I—I—I'm six feet four," stammered the youth, utterly astounded at the question.

"I believe I can match you," returned the President; and then and there, before the assembled throng, he turned back to back with the Southerner to determine which of the two was the taller. The Southerner outmatched the President.

"Young man, I can't match you," the President was forced to admit, "but," he added, putting out his hand again and smiling kindly into the eyes of the young fellow, "I never let anybody taller than I am get by me without shaking hands."

And the Southerner, completely overcome, took the extended hand; nor did he ever again speak ill of Mr. Lincoln—Youth's Companion.

Smile of Fortune Grim.

Fortune Teller—You will be very poor until you are 35 years of age.

Impenituous Poet (eagerly)—And after then?

Fortune Teller—You will get used to it.—The Sketch.

TIME MAKES IT BRIGHTER.



Chicago News.

PRINCESS JULIANA.

Little Julian, the small princess of Holland, is the most important person in that happy kingdom, declares Frederick Palmer in Collier's. From all parts of that little country, so small that if a resident wished to be a commuter in our sense he would have to sleep in Germany or Belgium, pilgrimages are made for one glimpse of the marvelous child. Dutch grandmothers, with their barrel-like bundles of skirts and tight head-dresses, return to their villages, saying, "She's not a bit like her father. She's the picture of her mother." In Delft they say she looks like the Delft babies; in Volendam, like the Volendam babies.

There is no danger of Julian being spoiled. On the contrary, the whole nation of self-appointed parents are looking on critically to see that she is not.

Her daily life will be as carefully appointed as that of a West Point cadet. She may not go for vacations to Denmark where gather the royalty of half a dozen nations, the Netherlands among the rest, and enjoy a human, natural and restful time, like poor people at a picnic, or rich people at an Adirondack camp.

The average American girl knows more conventional gaiety in a week than she will know in a year. She is too much and too carefully beloved to have a good time.

Of course she must learn to knit, or offend all the women of Holland. Her mother, it is said, is the richest woman in her own right in Europe, which means that Julian will have a great deal to give to the poor, but little to spend on herself, if she follows William's example.

Her father is German, her grandmother Russian, but she is all Dutch to the Dutch. They have made her so by law and by faith. In her looks and acts they see a mirror of their national traits. Some even find a likeness to William the Silent, which is no compliment to her beauty, according to the standards of outsiders. She refuses to yield her rattle at the nurse's command, and stiffens her lips and sets her chin firmly. That is character, Dutch character!

Champ Clark's Views of Discipline.

When Champ Clark inherited the troubles of John Sharp Williams as minority leader in the House of Representatives he was told that Speaker Cannon had a rod in pickle for him. "So Uncle Joe's gwine to discipline him, is he?" he queried. "Well, I reckon after a feller's been brought up on the brand o' chastisement they deal out down in ole Missouri, he won't even shy at Cannon crackers. It reminds me uh old Noah an' th' feller 't got left out o' th' Ark. Ole Noah had been exhortin' an' a-pirootin' round till th' hull kit an' kaboodie was plumb sick o' him. By an' by th' flood come, right on schedule, an' th' ungainly ole Ark went a-sailin' down th' stream on th' topmost crest o' th' rise. Goin' long one day he spied one uh th' ole onregenerates that he kinda' hed it in fr' who hed clim' high up in th' tallest tree in them parts.

"Well, ye old hard-shell," Noah yells to him, "what do you think now?"

"Aw," sputters th' ole codger up th' tree, "this here ain't nary a flood.

Down in th' parts where I come from th' folks wouldn't think this here little sprinkles more 'n a spring shower."—Success Magazine.

Warning Royalty.

In many ways England is quite as real a democracy as the United States. A story about the young prince Edward, told in the Atlanta Constitution, illustrates well this point. He was sent to school at Osborne. He had just arrived, and was wandering about the grounds, when he was accosted by another small boy, who had already been at school at Osborne.

"Hello!" said the other boy who was the son of a captain in the navy. "You are a new boy. What's your name?"

"Edward," the little prince replied. "Edward what, stupid?" said the other boy. "You must have another name."

"Edward of Wales," said the prince. "Oh, so you're that chap," was his comment, as he walked away. "I hope you won't put on too much side."

In Pittsburgh.

The City Editor—Here's a mighty good story about a young fellow who runs away with a chorus girl.

The Night Editor—What's that? A good story? Why, it's been done to death.

The City Editor—This one hasn't. It's an absolute novelty. The young fellow is neither a millionaire nor a Pittsburgher!

Early Maine Match Factory.

Bath had a match factory 60 years ago, when every one thought there was a fortune to be made in their manufacture. Miss Jane Shaw of Bath has some of the matches manufactured in the Bath shop. They are of pine, shorter than the matches of the present day, and hand dipped.—Kennebec Journal.

Misanthropic Summary.

"People's ideas of Christmas cheer change as they grow older," said the observant citizen.

"Yes," answered Mr. Growher, "with a small boy it's a stomach-ache, and with a grown man it's a headache."—Washington Star.

Remember that the get-rich-quick scheme helps only the man who sells.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Those Loving Friends.

Maybelle—Do you think this photograph looks like me?

Gladys—Not in the least, dear; but it's a splendid picture.

Sore throats are not only painful but sometimes dangerous. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a good, honest remedy, prompt and certain. For aches, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, etc., there is nothing better.

Ancient Instance.

"Things are getting too hot for me!" gasped the phoenix, with its expiring breath. "Here's where I retire!"

Thus the historic bird set an example that mankind has been proverbially reluctant to follow.

It quit under fire.

Slightly Acquainted.

As an instance of the "marrying in haste" principle that obtains in some American cities an English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody.

One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress, "we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I can get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you; but, you see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."—London Answers.

HARD TO DROP,

But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:</