

The Comforter
A Story of President Lincoln
Founded on Fact
By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great struggle between the northern and southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire and ardor...

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the gibes, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth.

When Allan was fifteen he begged his mother to let him go to fight for the Confederacy. Naturally she clung to her son, and the matter was compromised between them.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated of in his textbooks.

In the early spring of 1865 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to all the boys in the southern ranks.

His companions in arms went on and were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side.

Later he was picked up by a Federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother goodbye!

"You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

Humble as the cockle is, it gives employment to several hundred men, women and children on the coast of Lancashire, England, and seems to have bred in them alliance and superstition.

Women are the inheritors of the oldest, most universal human wisdom. They have more sense than men, for the simple reason that a man has to be a specialist, and a specialist has to be a fanatic.

The Caribbean tropics are a garden of delight for the rich man and an El Dorado, in sugar, in cotton, in cattle pastures, that would hold treasure to-day greater than the treasure shipped by the Spaniard through Panama the golden.

It is not due only to the risks of the crop. It is due to the social conditions that forbid the white man in the tropics from laboring with the hands.

The red-headed and disheveled boarder was a large man with a large appetite. After dinner he went out into the narrow yard, shook both his fists at the silvery moon.

A Scottish farmer paid a visit to a south of England cattle show and while walking around got talking with a native farmer.

George Washington's personal expense accounts during the Revolution amounted to \$7,000 and his balance was within 30 cents of right.

Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior.—Emerson.

Jimmie's Valentine Ruse
By EDITH V. ROSS

"Ma," said Jimmie Wilkinson, aged seven, "how much are you going to give me for valentines this year?"

And Mrs. Wilkinson remembered that three days after the day—the 17th of February—she would pass another birthday, and this year would bring a round figure; she would be thirty.

"Mutton pie" was the name given to the mutton pie as early as 1567. They were also known as stews and Christmas pies.—London Answers.

An Italian psychologist maintains that as an orator's gestures are involuntary, they afford a test of his sincerity.

People who go to apothecaries to have their diseases prescribed for occasionally get very strange diagnoses.

Aviators are still performing on the theory that aeroplanes will help to solve the practical problems of aerial navigation.—Washington Star.

A mahogany skin for the hull of the cup defender? Why not slippery elm?—Chicago Tribune.

He broke the record. "She broke the record," said the man who had broken it. "She broke the record," said the man who had broken it.

Each of us owns the labor and milk. Long ago I laid claim to the forests and mountains of the west, the northern woods and southern swamps, and the best part of my life has been spent in making good these claims.

How to Make Frumenty. One of the old time delicacies in England was, frumenty, frumenty or frummenty.

According to the most ancient formula extant it was concocted in the following manner: "Take clean wheat and dry it in a mortar; that the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds or sweet milk of kine and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boil it a little and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton."

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The fact just disclosed that William H. Taft has thirty-seven pairs of trousers, each of which was made to fit his unexpurgated size last year, throws a flood of light on the scarcity of material of men's clothing in the market and the consequent high prices for "gent's goods" at that time.—New York World.

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One of the newest arts (to be taken up by women in that of bookbinding and the latest entry into the art is Mrs. James Montgomery Flagg, wife of the artist, who has already twenty beautiful hand-tooled volumes to her credit.

Hampson Court palace may become the home of Lady Scott, widow of the south pole explorer, King George, it is said, having decided to make the offer. These apartments are occupied principally by the widows of men who have greatly distinguished themselves in the service of the country in a naval, military or civil capacity.

To Victor D. Brenner, the sculptor and designer of the Lincoln cents, has been awarded the order for new work in granite and bronze for the entrance to Schenley park, Pittsburgh, in honor of Mrs. Schenley.

Flippant Flings. The high cost of living is not always an ill wind. An actor reports that not an egg has been thrown at him this season.—New York American.

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George Washington's Address. Miss Wood, the new lecturer, was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the new scholars, she asked, "James, what was Washington's farewell address?"

Wonders of the Sea. She dropped a penny into the water. "The king had ordered, she said, 'There was an arrow from the king of the many times around.'"

Again Pride Goes Before a Fall. "Belle—I can claim a high family name!"

These and More. It need be the naughty boy? Would you seek the contrary? And from an aviator's shadow? Would rudely game and game and game?

Aviation. The claim is made that the world's first airplane was built by the Wright brothers in 1903.

The Rival Yachts. A mahogany skin for the hull of the cup defender? Why not slippery elm?—Chicago Tribune.

Trust Thursts. If trusts are not dissolving they are at least diminishing.—Chicago News. Unscrupling is now proceeding to the tune of "Everybody's Doing It."—New York Tribune.