

lot had a purpose, and when the stranger came up to Lincoln he saw that he had a large leather case in his hand.

"Hot day," said the stranger by way of making acquaintance.

"Yes," replied Lincoln. "Corn crop doesn't look as if it was going to be a paying vestment in these parts," added the stranger.

"No," said Lincoln. "Too much rain and cold weather for corn raising."

The man began to unstrap his case. "I want to show you some pictures of our grand heroes, that I'm selling through the country. Everybody wants these pictures, especially folks who stay at home and don't follow the fife and drum. There is something inspiring in them."

A picture of Dewey was unrolled. "Isn't that a fine face, though?" the man asked as he held the picture up over the corn lot so the sunlight fell upon it and made it glow and beam.

"And here is Sampson—strong character in his face. But here's another one that beats them all. This is Hobson—greatest hero of the war yet. His doings are unparalleled in the history of our country. Take the whole three of them, won't you?"

Lincoln Austin looked with admiration on these pictures of the three great heroes. It was some minutes before he spoke. Money was a great consideration in that big corn lot, where the stress of weather, quackgrass, and the cut-worm had worked such great havoc.

"What will you let me have the three for?" he queried.

"Twenty-five cents apiece is my asking price. I'll lump the three off to you for sixty-five cents."

Lincoln made no reply—he was calculating.

"I won't take all of the pictures," he said. "I'd like them all, but I can't afford it."

"Well, seeing it's just as it is with you, I'll let you have 3 pictures for fifty cents. It's a losing job, but yours seems to be, too, and 'misery loves company,' as the old saying is."

"Come down to the house, and I'll get you the money. I'll take the three for fifty cents."

The picture-peddler followed Lincoln to the house and sat on the porch while he went to an old earthen sugar-bowl in the kitchen cupboard and took out two 25-cent pieces. The stranger took them and put them in his pocket, picked up his leather case and went on his way.

"What's that peddler selling?" asked Lincoln's mother, as she came out of the buttry with a butter-bowl half full of butter, which she was working.

"Pictures," answered Lincoln.

"What kind of pictures? Well, now, if it don't beat all that you traded with a peddler and bought pictures! I hope they are not war pictures. I saw enough of those in the Civil War. 'Twas those kind of pictures that got my brother all stirred up, and he went off to

war just because of war pictures and he got killed."

Lincoln timidly unrolled his purchase, for he had not outgrown a respect for his mother's opinions and wishes, as some young men had in his native town.

"They are not war pictures, exactly, mother," he replied. "They are pictures of our three naval heroes, Dewey, Sampson, and Hobson. I thought I'd like to put them up on the sitting-room wall."

Mrs. Austin put her butter-bowl down on the table and looked at the pictures as her son unrolled them and spread them out on the table. They rolled up again, and his mother took some tumblers out of the cupboard and put one on each end. "Good-looking, smart-looking men," she said, as she stood and scanned the features. She lingered longer over the picture of young Hobson. Soon the tears came into her eyes; her son saw them. "Oh, dear! dear!" she exclaimed, "how his mother must

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