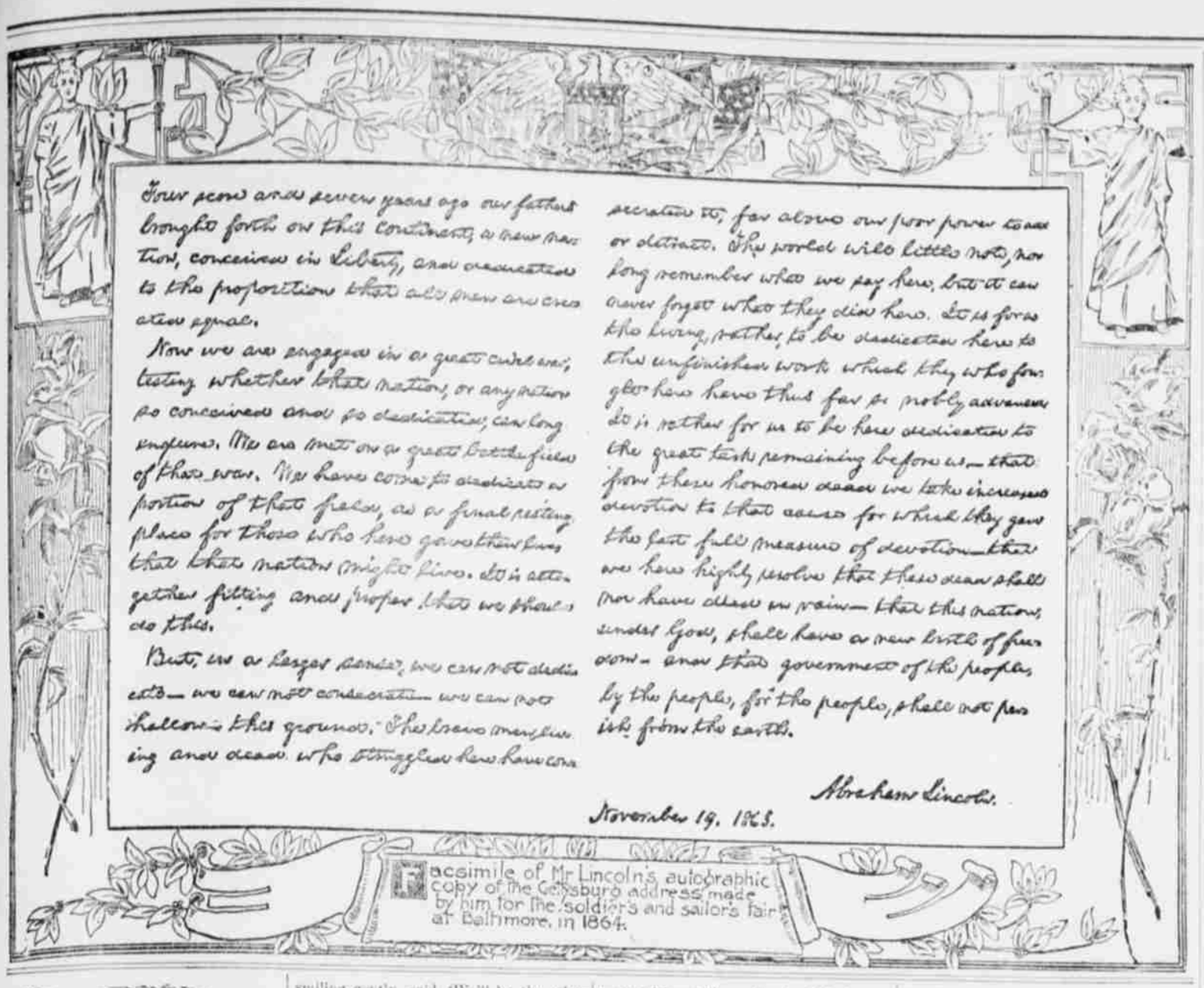


ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR

By

Col. GILBERT A. PIERCE

"They're talking nowadays right smart about the great Napoleon," said Uncle Dan, "but when t'other day the boys asked me who I thought the greatest man, I says 'I don't know. There's Washington, an' Alexander, an' Napoleon, an' lots of others, but, my way of thinkin', Old Abe Lincoln is ahead of 'em all.'

"Greatness isn't jest a bein' stern and solemn-like. Now, Uncle Abraham could hoe his row with any of 'em argyin', an' yet some way he had the swing of them old prophets. That struck me when the war broke out, an' afore I knew it I caught the fever, carried coal oil lamps around with the rest of the crowd, got howlin' about John Brown's body moldering in the ground, and 'By Jinks,' says I, 'I'll jine!'

"Of course, Billy must stay at home to plow and sow and make the corn and hay. He'd just turned fifteen, but as I marched away, blest if there wasn't ma cryin' in his arms, an' Billy yellin' like mad, 'I want a chance to strike for liberty!' Bless me again! in less than a year if I didn't hear one day that Billy had enlisted, too.

"How I watched that boy! Sometimes praying when he kept by my side in battle, sometimes swearing, too, maybe, when he exposed himself too carelessly. At Vicksburg he fell back, crushed and maimed by the parapet fire, and I took him in my arms and bore him back, an', half crazy with fears, dashed at the fort again. Well, he rallied from the wound, but somehow he never seemed so sound as before. There was a wandering strangeness in his manner, like he didn't 'zactly know his mind, and one night, when skirmishes were daily, an' Sherman an' Hood was trying to get the chance for a winning fight, Billy was placed on picket duty where danger hovered thick. I told him to keep his eyes wide open, but after I'd got into my blanket in camp I couldn't sleep. I took my gun and hurried silently to the outposts, reached a spot close underneath the hill, and my heart stopped, for there was a scuffle, a cry, and I saw the forms of half a hundred men. It wan't no time to think. I raised my gun. The good old musket rang out the alarm, the rebels turned and ran. The boy? There he lay, his form stretched out upon the ground, asleep at his post!

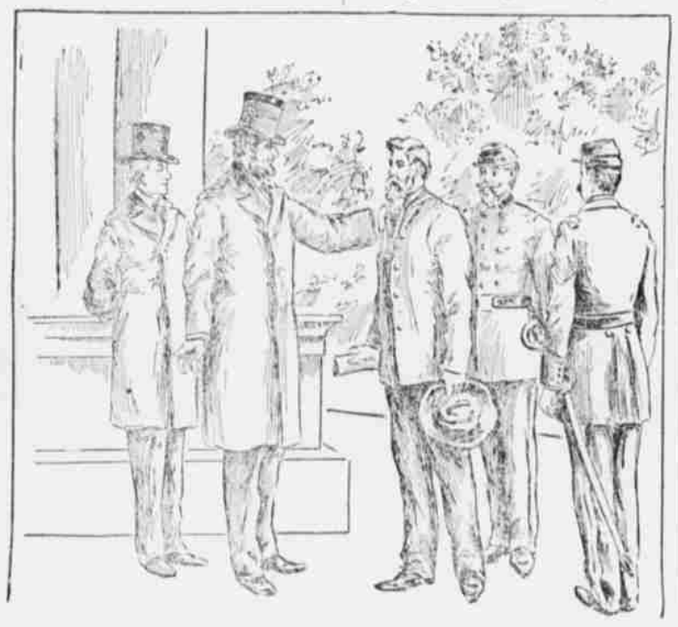
"He turned to me an' put his arm around me lovingly. 'I couldn't help it, dad,' he said, smiling his old boyish smile, and marched away between the guards. I begged, I plead, I swore that Billy wasn't like himself. No use. The sentence came. I appealed to the generals. I got only one answer: 'The death sentence of the court has been approved.' Then I went to Washington to see the President.

"It was my last hope. They wouldn't let me in. They even pushed me back as a carriage drove up. I saw who got out: I tried to attract his attention. 'Who is this man?' says he. 'Only a soldier after an interview,' says the officer. 'Only a soldier?' says he, musingly. 'Perilling his life! Only a soldier, fighting the battles of this awful war! Thank God! to speak to me you need no other name. Only a soldier? Come in, my man.' And he led me up the stairs, while ministers and generals waited outside.

"I told him, with sobs half choking me, the story of my grief. His face was sad and furrowed, and he bowed his head as he listened. He looked over the papers carefully. Then he turned, and smiling gently, said, 'We'll let the other fellows do the killing. I think the country will get along with this young fellow running 'round alive.' And then he wrote: 'This sentence disapproved. Restored to his company. A. Lincoln.' Just there I lost my grip. I only cried like a baby. 'You tell your boy,' says he, 'I count on him to fight.'

"In six months Billy stood upon the roll as second corporal. Then he became color bearer of the regiment. We marched through Georgia until we faced the guns of Fort McAlister. A charge was ordered, but at first the rebels fired at such a rate that the ranks wavered. Billy, with face aflame, carried the flag far up in the advance. 'Bring back the colors to the regiment!' cried the colonel. Amid the crack and crash of the guns, the boy replied, 'You bring the regiment to the colors!' Then, with shouts and cheers, the brigade rushed madly on, and before they fairly sensed it, the day was won.

"Billy had gone down. They had to pry his fingers loose from the flag. There was a smile on his face a thousand years can't make me forget. 'Redeemed at last,' the general came and said, and placed his name among the heroes. They wrapped the Stars and Stripes around my son. When they put him in his new uniform that night, they found his treasures, and among the rest was a picture of Old Abe, and written on its back were the words, a prophecy, 'I've fought, great friend, and died for liberty!'"


"ONLY A SOLDIER? COME IN, MY MAN."

HIS FORM STRETCHED OUT UPON THE GROUND.

"I TOOK HIM IN MY ARMS AND BORE HIM BACK."

LINCOLN'S SWEETHEART.

She Was a Beautiful Kentucky Girl and Had Many Suitors.

Lincoln first met Ann Mayes Rutledge in 1832, when she was 19. She was a beautiful girl and as bright as she was pretty. So fair a maid was not, of course, without suitors. The most determined of those who sought her hand was one John McNeill, a young man who had arrived in New Salem from New York soon after the founding of the town. Ann became engaged to McNeill, but it was decided to put off marriage on account of Ann's youth. After a while McNeill left for his home in the East, saying that he would return in time with his parents. Then it came out that McNeill's real name was McNamar. The New Salem people pronounced him an impostor. A few letters were received from him by Ann, but finally the lover ceased to write to her.

In the spring of 1835 Ann zareed to become Lincoln's wife. New Salem took a cordial interest in the two lovers, and presaged a happy life for them, and all would undoubtedly have gone well if the young girl could have dismissed the haunting memory of her old lover. The possibility that she had wronged him, that he might reappear, that he loved her still, haunted her so persistently that she took to her bed. Her death speedily followed. Lincoln's grief was intense. He was seen walking alone by the river and through the woods, muttering strange things to himself. He seemed to his friends to be in the shadow of madness. They kept a close watch over him; and at last Bowling Green, one of the most devoted friends Lincoln then had, took him home to his little log cabin, half a mile north of New Salem, under the brow of a big bluff. Here, under the loving care of Green and his good wife, Nancy, Lincoln remained until he was once more master of himself.

But though he had regained self-control, his grief was deep and bitter. Ann Rutledge was buried in Concord Cemetery, a country burying ground, seven miles northwest of New Salem. To this lonely spot Lincoln frequently journeyed to weep over her grave. "My heart is buried there," he said to one of his friends. Strange to say, McNamar proved to be an honest man and a faithful though careless lover.

THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

An Apotheosis in His Memorable First Inaugural.

In an epoch of convulsion and cataclysm and chaos Abraham Lincoln was introduced into presidential power. He held to the syllogistic and spurned figurative speech. No tustian found favor in his prejudices.

Coming to the end of his first inaugural, Lincoln reached these words: "In your hands, my fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Lincoln's Trust in God.

"What I did I did after a very full deliberation and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility," said Lincoln with reference to the emancipation proclamation. "I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment, and may be take action upon it."

A Natural Phenomenon.

A party of woodchoppers recently cut down a fine white oak tree near South Charleston, O., which was at least three and a half feet in diameter and seemingly solid. They found, however, before cutting very far, that it was hollow. They then cut around it a few inches deep. It fell, when it was discovered that there was a black, charred snag inside about fifteen feet high, showing that ages ago it was burned, but enough vitality remained at the roots to grow a new tree. The tree is remembered by the oldest inhabitants and it was very large even fifty years ago. The supposition is that it was burned by the Indians.

Looking a difficulty square in the face will often kill it dead.

SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

ONE WHO WITNESSED THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

Story of the Man Who Was the First to Reach the Side of the Wounded President—His Clothing Stained by the Blood of the Martyr.

Our Nation's Darkest Day.

There now lives in Philadelphia a gentleman who saw the whole scene of Lincoln's assassination, and was the first to reach the wounded man in the prevailing panic. William Flood is the gentleman's name, and he gave the following graphic account, which is taken down in his exact words:

"At the time the President was shot," said he in answer to a query, "I was in the United States navy and was acting ensign and executive officer on board the steamship Teazer. Captain Silas Owen was the commander, and the ship was located at the navy yard on April 14. That evening Captain Owen, who had been over in the city during the day, came to the ship and suggested that we go to the theater that evening, as Laura Keene was to play 'Our American Cousin,' and the President was to be there. We went to the theater and secured seats in the parquet or orchestra chairs. The President occupied the second box up from the orchestra and second from the stage. Just as the curtain fell on the first act I heard a shot and saw a man jump from the President's box to the stage. As he jumped his foot caught in the folds of the flag that draped the box, and he fell sideways on the stage. It was quite a good jump, and he came very near falling back into the orchestra. He got up and limped away across the stage, brandishing a great long knife in his right hand, and shouted, 'Sic semper tyrannis.'

"In less time than it takes to tell it I was on the stage. How I got there over the heads of the orchestra I really don't remember. Just as I reached the stage Mrs. Lincoln looked out of the box. She was crying and wringing her hands and said: 'They have shot papa; will no one come?' I answered that I would come, and immediately climbed up the side of the boxes to the one the President occupied.

"The President was sitting as if he had fallen asleep. He was breathing, however, and we at once laid him on the floor of the box. I looked for the wound, but at first did not discover it. Miss Keene brought a pitcher of water and I bathed his forehead with that so as to revive him. I then discovered the wound in the back of his head, where the ball had entered, and the blood ran out on my arm and down the side of my coat. Some army officers brought in a stretcher and he was placed on that and carried out. I then went to the front of the box and motioned for the audience to remain quiet. Every one was talking, and there was a general uproar. As soon as it ceased for a minute I told them that the President was still alive, but had been shot, and was no doubt mortally wounded. Captain Owens and I then went out to the front of the building and found a platoon of police in the street. The sidewalks were so crowded with people that we had to get out in the middle of the road to get down the street. We went to the National Hotel, and by the time we got there the mob was so dense we could get no further, so a couple of police took us through the hotel to C street, at the rear, and we got a cab and were driven to the navy yard. I was so bloody from the wound, my right hand and arm being covered, that it is a wonder that I was not hanged by that mob. They were intensely excited at the time, and it would have taken very little to have driven them into a frenzy.

"The next day our ship went down the river to head Booth off, and did not return until after he was killed. I was then sent for to go down and identify him. I recognized him very readily as he jumped from the box as J. Wilkes Booth."

The Tree.

The Christmas tree was almost unknown in England until introduced by Prince Albert from its home, in Germany. The vegetable creation has retained many features of loveliness apart from these decorations. The "naked majesty" of the oak, the gracefulness of "the cold-place loving birch," and the willow, whose pendent branches "trembling touch the water's brink," elicit the admiration of the observer; while, with the exception of the larch, the numerous species of fir and pine retain their leaves, and variegate the disrobed grove with their unfading verdure.

Talleyrand never was in love but once, and that was when he was about 16 years old. When Napoleon ordered him to marry and picked out a wife for him, he pleaded this youthful attachment, which was immediately scoffed at by the great match-maker as a piece of nonsense.

From Cuba to Kingsburg.

RAISIN CULTURE IN FRESNO

What Brought Success Out of Failure to Hon. Z. T. Maxwell.

From the Republican, Fresno, Cal.

The Hon. Z. T. Maxwell, in 1887, having just finished a term in the Missouri legislature, was compelled by ill health to seek change of climate, and after traveling for some months on the Pacific slope, settled in Kingsburg, Fresno county, California, and engaged in raisin culture.

The change from Cuba, Mo., Mr. Maxwell's old home, to the balmy air of Kingsburg, for a time seemed to benefit the invalid, and, for a while, in addition to his labors on the raisin farm, he began to take a prominent part in the county politics, and held several offices of trust in his new state. But ill health was the drawback which prevented him from arriving at the highest political honors, and his active mind chafed under the restraint of an impaired constitution, so that instead of improving he became worse. These facts concerning Mr. Maxwell's health were so well known among the people of Fresno county, that when he lately reappeared on the busy scenes in apparent health, he was warmly congratulated by his numerous acquaintances, and among others the writer of this article.

In response to a request to give the reporter particulars as to the course of his illness, symptoms, cure, and indeed all there was in it, he said:

"You have asked me for more than I could describe. Sometimes I have looked over an alphabetical index of diseases, and fancied I had them all, but general debility, weakness, insomnia, indigestion, constipation, partial atrophy of muscles, headaches, pain in the back and limbs, and general wretchedness was my lot.

"My horizon was contracting, and I supposed that the circle of my vision would never again have anything but my bed for a center, for on top of my previous ill health, in 1895, I caught la grippe, which brought me so low that I was very nigh the grim portal.

"New Year's day I was despondent and unhappy, not knowing there was such good fortune in store for me, for I had hardly ambition to read the newspaper that was brought me, and threw it on the bed in disgust. As I did so my eye caught the announcement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and half in anger and half in contempt I read what it said and again threw the paper down. But I could not get this announcement of Pink Pills out of my head, and at last I determined to try them, and I did so. I began to use the pills, following directions carefully, and by the time I had taken the first box my appetite had returned, and I was so invigorated that it almost seemed as if I were renewing my youth. I kept on taking the Pink Pills until I was thoroughly recovered, and now can do more work than for twenty years before.

"I will say that not only have they saved me much expense in doctors' bills, but my life, and I am only too glad to publish this testimonial to the virtues of Pink Pills.

(Signed) Z. T. MAXWELL."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Written History.

The question whether there is any written history which antedates the Hebrew Scriptures is one that has given scholars no little trouble. The first books of the Bible were, according to the statements of the most capable critics, written some time between B. C. 1491, the date of the Jewish exodus from Egypt, and B. C. 1457, the date of the settlement in Palestine. Egypt, at the date of the exodus, was a powerful civilized state, and to judge from the allusions made by ancient authors, undoubtedly then possessed a great body of literature. It has, however, with the exception of a fragment here and there, all perished. The monumental history of Egypt, that is, the annals recorded on monuments and memorial stones, began during the third Memphite dynasty, which, according to Mariette, commenced to rule B. C. 4449, according to Brugsch B. C. 3966. Though many interesting facts have been culled from the monuments of those very ancient times, their records can not properly be called a connected history, and the Hebrew historical writings are thus the oldest authentic and connected documents known to the scholar.

Composite Roads Should Be Popular.

People in the vicinity of Pittsburg have started a movement in favor of composite roads, consisting of a macadamized track a dozen feet wide, with a dirt road alongside of it. It is well known that dirt roads in summer afford pleasanter driving than any other kind, but in winter or continued wet weather they are at the other extreme. It is stated that this combination road can be built for $10,000 a mile, or about half as much as one macadamized full width. The idea seems to be one worthy of general attention and careful experiment.

Your tea-trade for the next ten years is worth having. We want it.

Try all five flavors of *Schilling's Best* tea, and get your money back (of your grocer) on those that you don't like.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

Good Roads in the East.

If the League of American Wheelmen as a whole will work for good roads this coming year as will the New York division of that rapidly growing organization, then cyclists generally will rise up and praise the L. A. W., and give it their dollars and their material aid. Highway improvement is acknowledged to be the greatest work the League has before it. And good, or even fair, roads are in such small proportion to the bad ones in this country that a small beginning in this direction will give the League a prestige that it just now lacks. Chief Consul Potter of the New York division has framed a road improvement bill with the approval and co-operation of the State Grange officials, and with the combined influence of the wheelmen and the farmers it is confidently believed favorable legislation will be secured. The work will be pushed vigorously and no doubt will be aided much by the good roads congress to be held at Albany in February in conjunction with the National Assembly of the L. A. W. This will be an event of widespread importance, since gentlemen prominently identified with highway improvement in all sections of the United States will be in attendance.

Possible Cure for Cancer.

A Russian physician, Doctor Denlsenko, has been experimenting with the sap of the "wartwort," a plant of the spurge family, as a possible cure for cancer. In a St. Petersburg medical journal he gives particulars of seven cases in which he has applied the treatment with apparent success. The sap of the wartwort is of a poisonous nature, and can be used only under careful medical supervision.

THE SEARCHER.

The searcher after truth is generally rewarded, although it is said that "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." We need something when we are afflicted with neuralgia to search out the seat of the pain, or the pain spot, and as St. Jacobs Oil's mission for good is to penetrate and search out the hidden misery, it goes through like an "X" ray, and conquers and subdues the pain. All pain trouble of a nervous nature needs careful treatment and patience. The afflicted nerves must be soothed into submission, and stimulated into healthful action, so as to restore. This is the virtue of the great remedy for pain, and it is, therefore, well known as the best. It may be called the searchlight after the truth of our bodily ailments.

A scientist claims that there are only seventy-two different kinds of venomous snakes in this country.

THE STRONGEST FORTIFICATION

Against disease, one which enable us to undergo unscathed risks from hurtful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malarial, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble.

Smokeless powder, made of ammonia and two forms of potastium, has been invented by a Californian.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, 1895.

HELPS IN ECONOMY.

HOW TO MAKE A FEW DIMES SAVE A GREAT MANY DOLLARS.

Stylish Gowns of Handsome Color at Small Cost—New Clothes for the Whole Family—No Need of Looking Shabby Even in These Hard Times.

"I hope to help many who are trying to economize," says a writer in the Ladies' Journal. "With a few packages of diamond dyes wonders can be done in making old dresses look like new. In my own family we actually did not buy a single new dress or cloak last fall, yet we dressed comfortably and in style, by dyeing over clothes that had been cast aside."

Diamond dyes come in convenient packages which color from one to ten pounds of goods for ten cents. Full directions make it impossible for one to have "poor luck" with the diamond, and they are so simple to use that perfect, non-fading colors are obtained without any experience in dyeing.

A book of free directions for home dyeing will be sent to any one by the proprietors, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Everybody Wants Good Roads.

The good roads movement away back in the beginning of the agitation was something akin to a real joke. Just because a few bicyclers wished smoother highways whereon to indulge their new-found hobby of wheeling, it seemed absurd that they should ask to have the highways of the land improved.

For a time the movement didn't move worth a cent. People looked upon bicycling as a passing fad or craze, and they considered the good roads movement a companion-piece to it.

But the bicycle "fad" doesn't pass away. It seems to be here "for keeps," and so the demand for good roads on the part of wheelmen is a fixed and lasting one; but beyond this is a stronger, broader demand for improved highways. A road that is good for the bicycle is good for all people, and were the bicycle to pass away, the lesson it has taught would remain in the minds of thinking people. Good roads are a logical, happy necessity for all—not a luxury for the few.

Procyon's Companion.

Many years ago the great German mathematician, Bessel, announced that both Sirius and Procyon—popularly known as the dog-stars—possessed invisible companions revolving around them. He was led to this conclusion by studying the motions of those stars. In 1862 the companion of Sirius was discovered with the telescope, and during the present year it has reappeared, after being invisible for six years through too close proximity to its brilliant comrade. Quickly following the reappearance of Sirius' companion has also come the discovery of the companion of Procyon, which had never been seen until Professor Schaeberle caught sight of it with the great telescope of the Lick Observatory a few weeks ago. It is a very minute star, of only the thirteenth magnitude.

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

Cheapest Power.....

Rebuilt Gas and .....Gasoline Engines.

IN GUARANTEED ORDER..... .....FOR SALE CHEAP

1-1 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-2 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-2 H. P. Regan, Gas or Gasoline.
1-3 H. P. Oriental, Gas or Gasoline.
1-4 H. P. Otto, Gas or Gasoline.
1-4 H. P. Pacific, Gas or Gasoline.
1-6 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-10 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.

State Your Wants and Write for Prices.....

405-7 Sansome Street
San Francisco, Cal...

Hercules Gas ....Engine Works

Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H. P.

When you plant seeds, plant FERRY'S Always the best. For sale everywhere. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

WHEAT. Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, Spokane and Seattle, Wash.

EVERY HEN Hatched in Petaluma Incubators has started right, and is better prepared to give profitable returns because these machines automatically supply the features which produce the greatest number of vigorous Chickens. Incubators from $10 up. We pay freight. Illustrated Catalogue Free. Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

INDISPENSABLE TO ANY PIPE SMOKER. "AWAY WITH MAKESHIFTS." Dealers' Best Seller. SAMPLE, 10c. ONE DOZEN, 80c By Mail. ECLIPSE MFG. CO. Agents Wanted. Portland, Or., U. S. A.

SURE CURE FOR PILES Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itching, allays to tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 828 Market St., San Francisco.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver ore, lost or hidden treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 327 Southington, Conn.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by Druggists at 25c. a box. Samples mailed free. Address Dr. Bosanko Med. Co. Phila. Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS LEBANON, OHIO.

N.P.N.U. No. 688.—S.F.N.U. No. 765