Lincoln's Boyhood

Writer in Eastern Paper Makes Public Some Interesting Facts Relating to the Life of the Great Emancipator.

A great many writers in the last few years have written short sketches of Mr. Lincoln's birth and early history, none of which agree in all particulars. For the sake of proper information many of these writers have jumped at conclusions.

First of all was the shameful, damaging report that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were never married. They lived in Hardin county, Ky., now Lauer county, and were supposed to have been married there. No marriage license could be found on record, hence the false report—no marriage.

The article appearing in the Larue Herald says:

"Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married in Washington count, Ky., came to Larue from Washington county, and their oldest child, Sallie, was probably born there."

So far so good. It also says Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks lived in Laura county "until Abe was about 15 years old."

Frequent mention has been made, too, in articles or sketches referred to of Mr. Lincoln's associates in Larue county. These could have been true—but for facts in history. Mr. Lincoln was born in 1809, and his parents moved to Indiana in 1816. There was an uncertainty about Mr. Lincoln's birthplace, claimed in Larue county, and on inquiry of Mr. Lincoln about it he said he was not born at the place suggested in letter; was told by his parents it occurred at another place, and his recollection was of the Knob Creek place.

An article of recent date about "Lincoln's Neglected Birthplace" says: "There never would have been any question about the place if it had not been for a fact which is perhaps generally unknown. There is no record in Hardin county or Larue of Thomas Lincoln as a land owner."

It says they claim a document in the form of a bond for $100 from Thomas Lincoln for the support of Nancy Hanks.

Now the facts are these as related by Mr. W. F. Broker and William Hardesty—Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married in Washington county, Ky., June 10, 1806, at the home of Richard Berry. Thomas Lincoln did not realize the importance this marriage could be to his son and failed to impress upon him the date and place. It had been forgotten and the prominence of Mr. Lincoln brought it to the recollection of the few living when it came to be a matter of great moment.

To Mrs. C. H. Vawter of Indianapolis, Ind., must belong all the honor for the finding of the marriage license of Thos. Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. First she visited an old lady, Mrs. Litsey, living near Buchland P. O. and got a statement from her of the marriage of Thomas Lincoln to Nancy Hanks. This was the first statement ever published in regard to the marriage. Mrs. Vawter, then Miss Charlotte Hobart, boarding in my father's house and teaching school in Washington county, continued her pleading for a search in the clerk's office for said license until they were found.

Mrs. Vawter wrote the first article in vindication of Nancy Hanks when it was stated she was never married. Twenty years after this she received a letter from a lady in Cambridge, Mass., saying she had done more to vindicate Nancy Hanks than any one.

In a letter to me last fall she says: about thirty years after Mr. Lincoln's death.

Mr. W. F. Booker was clerk of Washington county, Ky., when Mr. Lincoln first came into prominence. Has held the office continuously since, and probably there is no man now living more familiar with the early history of Thos. Lincoln, his marriage and the birthplace of A. Lincoln. The records in the clerk's office were not kept then as now—there were no dates and the great question was: When and where did marriage occur?

This information was furnished by Wm. Hardesty, an old man living near the Lincoln home. He told of the year in which the marriage took place

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

between Thos. Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, and Dr. Graham, whose statement has been published, says Mr. Hardesty was present at the wedding.

During Mr. Lincoln's presidency this Mr. Hardesty and a great granddaughter of Richard Berry, Miss Jennie Redding, were passing the old Lincoln home, talking of the President, and Miss Jennie said: "Mr. Hardesty, history says Mr. Lincoln was born in Larue county." He replied, saying: "I don't care what history says—I know better."

Mr. Broker, now living and clerk of Washington county, says: "It has been a disputed question between Washington county and Larue regard to the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, but from the record evidence in office and the statement made by Mr. Hardesty, there were two children born to Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks in the cabin now standing in this county. The first was a girl, who died in her infancy, and the second was a boy. This would bring it up to about 1809, the year A. Lincoln was born, and that Thomas Lincoln moved to Hardin county when this boy was about 18 months old."

Richard Berry, whose name is connected with a history of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, was uncle to Nancy Hanks, and she was living in claiming great intimacy with Mr. Lincoln when a boy in Kentucky, claimed the widow Johnson, his stepmother, as his real mother.

To correct this mistake Mr. Lincoln wrote from Illinois saying his father's name was Thos. Lincoln and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. Again he said he never knew who his grandfather was—"was more concerned about what his grandson would be."

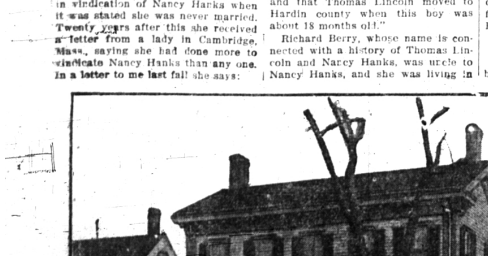
Mr. Lincoln had a mission to perform, and he seemed conscious of it. He started in the race with a heavy burden upon him. He was never rid of it. There were those who could have given him relief, but he knew them not. He was looking forward, not backward—mindful all the while of "what the grandson should be."

Mr. Lincoln was making history—not writing it. He did not live to see the end, but few, if any, great leaders ever do. Their leave names to be honored and places in history of remembrance. Washington county, Kentucky, comes in for a large share in connection with Mr. Lincoln when the facts are all known.—Evah Rogers, in Boston Globe.

Snail's Sense of Smell.

The sense of smell in the snail has been found by Emil Yung to be limited, as a rule, to a distance of about an inch.

Beware of the barber who illustrates his stories with cuts.



HIS HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

"Mr. W. F. Booker gives the best reasons ever given for believing that A. Lincoln was born in that old cabin in Washington county, Ky.—in fact which she never heard disputed until his house when she was married, and his name is signed to the marriage certificate as guardian of Nancy Hanks.

There have been many statements

Lincoln's First Precipe.

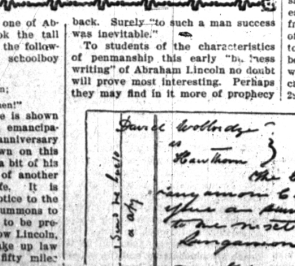
In a corner of a page of one of Abraham Lincoln's copy book the tall rail splitter once scrawled the following rude and prophetic schoolboy rhyme:

"Abraham Lincoln,
His tongue and pen;
He will be good
But God knows when!"

A facsimile of this page is shown in a history of the great emancipator's life. Apropos of the anniversary of his birth, there is shown on this page another facsimile of a bit of his writing at the beginning of another important epoch in his life. It is Lincoln's first precipe or notice to the clerk of the court that a summons to open his first law case is to be prepared. It is an old story how Lincoln, when he determined to take up law as a profession, trudged fifty miles from his home in Sangamon county, Illinois, to borrow a copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries," and read a hundred pages while he was walking back. Surely "to such a man success was inevitable."

To students of the characteristics of penmanship this early "business writing" of Abraham Lincoln no doubt will prove most interesting. Perhaps they may find in it more of prophecy than was rhythmic scrawl in his copy book.

Within one month the people of the United States celebrate the anniversary of the birth of three of its greatest Presidents. Not to name them from the calendar, but in their order of living, they are: George Washington, born Feb. 22; Abraham Lincoln, born Feb. 12, and William McKinley, whose birthday anniversary was recalled to every school child on Jan. 29.



THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"To-day is Tuesday. There is a little shabby prayer book somewhere among my belongings. I will put it once and for all out of my power to procrastinate further by fixing upon a certain date and swearing to carry out on that, and no other, the purpose which has been in my mind so long.

"To-day, as I have said, is Tuesday, —on Friday, then, without further delay, I will insert my duplicate key in the lock of that door—first of all ascertaining that it will fit—and make, what Dr. Jeremiah would describe as a felonious entry.

"Meanwhile, I have to consider Perkins.

"She has not shown me so much open animosity since my return; but it will not do to count upon this. She may be only—as she would, no doubt herself express it, 'biding her time.' 'You don't deceive me,' she said, when I crept down stairs like a thief in the night and was nearly discovered through her instrumentality.

"What was the threat she employed toward me on that memorable occasion? 'I'll find out what you are up to as sure as name's Maria Ann Perkins!' And she is a woman who looks as though she would not mind to what pains she put herself, or what time elapsed, so that she could avenge herself for her fancied wrongs.

* * * * *

"Since writing the above lines some hours ago, I have made another discovery. My master has remained shut up in his private room for the greater part of this time and I, in accordance with my position as spy, have hung about the door on the chance of hearing some sound, however slight, or catching sight of his face as he left the room.

"I have often wondered as to the manner in which he employs himself on these occasions when he remains locked in this chamber for hours.

"To-day there has been no room for doubt. He has been writing on and on, ceaselessly. Evidently he uses a quill and writes a heavy hand, for I could plainly hear the sound the pen made in traveling over the paper.

"Let me relieve you of those things."

"There is another subject for consideration.

"He has made his will and now he is writing. Writing what?

"Apparently something of importance.

"Once, too, I heard the unmistakable sound of the tearing of paper. Was he dissatisfied with what he had written and tearing it up? Did he find the composition of the document difficult, and, if so, for whose eye was it intended, that so much time and trouble were lavished upon it?

"If he is now occupied in writing letters of an undoubtedly private nature, shall I be intrusted with the task of carrying them to the post when completed? Or, if the work upon which he has been engaged is of some other description, what will become of it when finished, and what will he do with the pieces of paper which he has torn up? Will they be committed to the flames, or simply to the waste paper basket?"

"Which," said the cook at dinner the next day, "ditchwater is the honly word as will eggspress the presint company, no offense bein' meant and not hinsinyatin' nothink agin nobody, feelin's bein' things as is not to be kin-trolled by the best of us, and better be low in your mind than in your hideers is my motter, but when it comes to not a word being' spoke for five minits by the kitching clock, makin' allowance for its being twenty-two minnits fast by railway time, it do seem as somever oughter hinterfere in a friendly sort o' way."

How much longer she would have rambled on in the same key it is impossible to say, had not another note been struck by the parlor maid, who remarked that, "Miss Agnes hadn't seemed particler cheerful the last day or so."

The young man, Edwards, seemed as though his attention was arrested by this trivial remark and glanced across the table inquiringly.

"Yes," added the parlor maid, addressing herself to him, as she perceived that what she had said had, somehow or other, interested him, "I've caught her, sighing to herself more than once lately, as though she'd something on her mind. P'raps"—with a sudden inspiration—"p'raps she's in love—folks generally sighs a deal, when they're in love"—and she directed what ought to have been a killing glance at the good looking young man opposite her and breathed a sigh on her own account.

It apparently missed its aim, but something in this last remark seemed to excite great derision in the breast of Perkins, the housemaid.

"In love!" she exclaimed. "Ha, ha! I like that," and she, too, sent a glance, which might, in a sense have been described as killing—if looks could kill—across the table. "In love, indeed!"—with withering contempt—"Who with, I should like to know? You forget there's never been such a thing as a young man as she'd look at, or touch with the tips of her fingers"—(it are was a strong malicious emphesis on this)—"inside the door once since they've been living here!"

"Ah!" said the parlor maid, still showing an inclination to hold her own, "p'raps not. But how about before that?"

"Well," replied the housemaid, suddenly showing an inclination to go over to the enemy and side with her rival and invariable opponent, to the latter's vast astonishment, "I don't say as you mayn't be right. Anyhow, whether she's in love or whether she isn't, it's no good it he ain't her equal. For you may be sure her pa'll never hear of her marrying beneath her."

"And quite right, too," put in the cook, who thought it was nigh time she introduced another of her experiences. "Unekal marriages is most always a failure, as 'as bin proved over and over again. But for all that"—with a startling and instantaneous change of the subject—"I should like to know why that there will, as I 'elped to drore up, should be called a Testament'? which I thought there was but two, the Hold and the New?"

"Lor, cook!" cried the housemaid, with a sniff, "how your mind do run on that will! Anyone would think as it was the only one as ever was and nobody never signed their names to nothing before."

"Wills there may 'ave bin," answered cook, majestically, "but seldom one as the cook were sent for, all of a hurry, with 'ardly time to rinse the flour hoff 'er 'ands, to put 'er name to, which it's all very well for some people to try and run down wills," she added darkly and defiantly, "and pertends to think small beer of witnesses but Time's a pleasman as is always a-movin' of us on, and we should make our harrangements accordin'."

Just at this point the parlor maid pushed back her chair and said, "Well, she mustn't sit there gossiping any more, as she'd got her work to do, which was to dust the master's room, where he kept his papers and books, which you don't dare to lay a finger

A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John La Rue, of 115 Paterson avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered none will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the backache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The nagging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head, and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

When All the World was Sad.

"Was there ever a time in your life," a gushing young lady once asked a popular comedian, in tones of the tenderest sentiment, "when all the world appeared to you a dreary waste, when your heart sank as lead within you, when all the sweet springs of your life seemed turned to bitterness, when all light was dark and all friends false, and death seemed the greatest boon the gods could offer?" The actor took a mental but unsentimental journey into the realms of his past life and replied gloomily: "Indeed there was, and I can remember it as though it were yesterday. I was only 12 years of age at the time, and I resolved from that moment never to smoke another cigar until I was a man."

Earliest Green Onions.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., always has something new, something valuable. This year they offer among their new money making vegetables, an Earliest Green Eating Onion. It is a winner. His Farmer and Gardener!

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 15c, and they will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages.
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In all over 10,000 plants—this great offer is made to introduce the last their warranted vegetable seeds and

ALL FOR BUT 15c POSTAGE,

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower (W. A. S.)

As a rule of life, one finds that the truth it has somehow been first impressions and final decisions.

Feet Comfortable Ever Since.

"I suffered for years with my feet. A friend recommended ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. I used two boxes of the powder, and my feet have been entirely comfortable ever since. ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE is certainly a real send to me. Wm. L. Swormstedt, Washington, D. C." Sold by all Druggists, 25c

AUTHORS OUT OF DATE.

Many Writers the Present Generation Has Forgotten.

How long is it since Swift was one of, the most popular writers in the English language? Say 150 years. Who now reads "Gulliver's Travels," or "The Examiner," or "Arguments Against Abolishing Christianity"? Who reads the works of Sir William Temple or of Lord Bolingbroke? Who reads "Pamela" and "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison"? Who reads "Tristram Shandy" or "Don Quixote"? Who reads "Tom Jones" or "The Adventures of a Guinea"? Who reads "Lavater's Physiognomy" or Addison's "Spectator"?—papers which for a long time amused and instructed the whole reading community of Great Britain.

World's Coffee Plantations.

There are 49,000 coffee plantations in the world. The total annual production of coffee amounts to 21,500,000 bags, of an average weight of 124 pounds each, or 2,881,000,000 pounds. This production represents a total value of more than $225,000,000 annually from more than 1,800,000,000 coffee trees in full bearing. The land used exceeds 3,600,000 acres. The value of the property is more than $1,350,000,000. The industry gives employment to 2,220,000 men, women and children.

WELL POSTED.

A California Doctor With 40 Years' Experience.

"In my 40 years' experience as a teacher and practitioner along hygienic lines," says a Los Angeles physician, "I have never found a food to compare with Grape-Nuts for the benefit of the general health of all classes of people. I have recommended Grape-Nuts for a number of years to patients with the greatest success and every year's experience makes me more enthusiastic regarding its use.

"I make it a rule to always recommend Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee when giving my patients instructions as to diet, for I know both Grape-Nuts and Postum can be digested by anyone.

"As for myself, when engaged in much mental work my diet twice a day consists of Grape-Nuts and rich cream. I find it just the thing to build up gray matter and keep the brain in good working order.

"In addition to its wonderful effects as a brain and nerve food Grape-Nuts always keeps the digestive organs in perfect, healthy tone. I carry it with me when I travel, otherwise I am almost certain to have trouble with my stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Strong indorsements like the above from physicians all over the country have stamped Grape-Nuts the most scientific food in the world.

There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Bird Migration.

It was supposed formerly that migrating birds traveled very rapidly, some covering the distance between the southern and northern states in an incredibly short time. Some were even said to fly at the rate of fifty and sixty miles an hour and to keep this up for eight and ten hours a day, and if anxious to get back to their winter and summer haunts. The very contrary has been found to be the case. The migration journey is a period of intense joy and celebration for the birds. It is a period of feasting and oftentimes of song. The birds move slowly, if the food is abundant, lingering in one place for days and weeks where the harvest is particularly good. Instead of travelling rapidly in their great migration, they frequently in the autumn move only at the rate of a few miles a week.

LIZARDS THAT LIKE MUSIC.

Tuataras of New Zealand Very Fond of Rollicking Choruses.

A curious fact has lately been learned about the tuatara, the large native lizard of New Zealand.

It is a great fat, sleepy thing, from a foot upward in length, with a measurement around it of about twelve inches. It is kept tamed, about rocks. Wild specimens are growing rare, though one island off the coast still swarms with them.

These harmless things come out as a rule only for food. But some one in Christ church has discovered a way of bringing them out at any time. This is by singing to them.

They have preferences in music, too. They evince much more satisfaction at a rollicking chorus than at a solo.

One day a song sung by a girl brought some out, but only their heads were visible, their sleepy eyed opening every few minutes. Then the charmer tried "Soldiers of the Queen" and when all joined in the chorus there was no doubt about the effect on the tuataras.

They wriggled about on the rocks, almost dancing in their excitement and joy, until the repertoire of the singers was exhausted, when the lizards sneaked back again to their home among the rocks.

New Zealand is the only place in the world where these great lizards are found, and they are said by biologists to be out of their place in this stage of the world's history. They belong to the coal period, and like the moa, ought, by natural laws, to have become extinct long ago.—New York Sun.

A Strange Sea Fish.

Near Santa Catalina island, off the coast of California, was caught recently the largest sunfish ever taken or perhaps seen. It was literally impossible, even with all the available tackle used in lifting huge tunas and black sea bass, to weigh this fish entire or to lift it from the ground, so that its weight was guessed at a ton, while conservative estimates placed it at from 1,800 to 1,900 pounds. The captors discovered it while fishing from a launch. It was swimming with its huge shark-like fin above the surface; yet the launch was steamed alongside and a boatman thrust a heavy gaff into it. Immediately the fish began a series of elephantine struggles which more than once threatened the boat. After three hours the fishermen subdued it and with no little difficulty towed it into port.