

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.

"CROPE THROUGH A CRACK"

Uncle Eph Had at Least One Idea of How His Hogs Might Have Got Away.

Uncle Ephraim had two hogs, which he kept in a pen at the rear end of his little lot. They were of the "razor-back" variety, and although they were bountifully with kitchen waste, it seemed impossible to put any fat on their attenuated frames. One morning when he went out to feed them they were not there. They had disappeared, leaving no clew to the manner by which they had made their escape.

"What's the matter, Uncle Eph?" inquired a neighbor, noticing the deep dejection with which the old man was looking down into the empty pen.

"My hawgs is done gone, sah," he answered.

"Stolen?"

"No, sah. I don't see no signs dat anybody tuck 'em."

"Did they climb out over the top?"

"No, dey couldn't 'a done dat."

"How do you think they got away?"

"Well, sah," said Uncle Ephraim, "my plinon is dat dem hawgs kind o' raised doirselves up on sidge an' croke through a crack."—Youth's Companion.

HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee: "It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails."

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drunk no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more with insomnia."

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ills and take up Postum."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

LINCOLN'S Bodyguard & His Relics

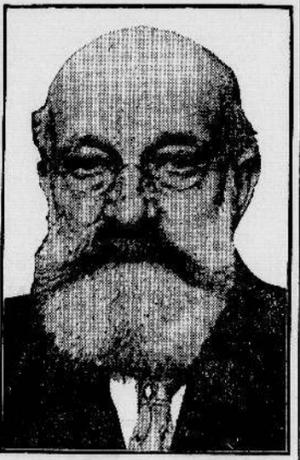
By Russell Woodard

HERE are yet living from half a dozen to a dozen men who may be said to have known Abraham Lincoln intimately and personally. Of all these former associates of the martyr president, however, none can rival Col. William H. Crook in the possession of vivid and unique recollections of the war president. Moreover, Col. Crook's reminiscences of the most interesting portion of his long public career have been kept ever fresh in his memory by continuous service at the White House in Washington, of which he has been an attaché for more than two-score years, and where he constantly sees objects and incidents that remind him of the kindly executive who occupied the presidential mansion when he first took up his duties there.

Col. Crook, who is now in his seventieth year, has been for a long time past the disbursing officer of the presidential business establishment, but during the Lincoln administration he was the president's bodyguard and thus, naturally, came more closely and continuously in contact with the great American than did almost any other individual. Crook was little more than twenty years of age when the civil war broke out, and as soon as he was 21 he enlisted in the union army. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he secured a position on the police force at the national capital, and it was while serving in this capacity that he was chosen as the principal bodyguard of the chief magistrate.

Under present conditions the president of the United States need scarcely exchange a word with his secret service protectors, who usually walk or ride some little distance behind him, but Lincoln was wont to insist that his bodyguard walk by his side, after the manner of a personal friend rather than an official protector. The president took quite a fancy to Crook, who was young and, as he confesses, a trifle bashful at the outset. In his walks about the capital and his nightly tramps from the White House to the war department—there was no telegraph office at the White House in those days and the president went to the department to get the war news at first hand—Lincoln talked on a variety of subjects with bodyguard Crook, and even discussed at times the possibility of some person attempting to do him harm. Col. Crook's recollections of the president on these night pilgrimages to the news center portray a tall figure, wrapped in a rough gray shawl and wearing a tall beaver hat. Often the kindly, sympathetic chief magistrate would draw his bodyguard to his side and walk hand in hand or arm in arm with the younger man.

When Crook was on duty at night at the White House he would take his station, after the president retired, in the corridor on the second floor of the mansion upon which the president's



Col. W. H. Crook—Lincoln's Bodyguard.

bedroom opened. Often as he paced up and down he could hear the great man sigh or moan in his sleep after a day of unusual anguish and anxiety. Occasionally he would have to awake the sleeper to deliver some important telegram, but Crook declares that Lincoln never displayed any irritation at such interruptions. On one occasion, when he entered the president's room in response to the usual "Come in," he was surprised to find Lincoln busily engaged in sewing a button on his trousers. "Just repairing damages," explained the droll president, with a half smile.

Crook, who had been on duty all day with the president, did not accompany Lincoln to Ford's theater on the night of the assassination. He always refers to his absence on this occasion with deep regret, for he had a special system of his own for guarding the president or of such public appearances, and as he is convinced to this day that if he had been at his usual station at the door of the president's box, Booth could never have passed him. There would seem to be some ground for Crook's confidence, for the bodyguard did frustrate the plans of a man who sought to gain audience with Lincoln during the latter's famous visit to City point, and who, when refused admission, made threats against the president. At the time the man gave the name of Smith, but Crook has always been confident that it was none other than the notorious Surrat, with whose appearance under normal conditions he was familiar through having lived in the same county in Maryland before the war.

The home of Col. Crook in the city of Washington is a veritable museum of relics and mementoes of Lincoln and other presidents. Probably the most prized of all the keepsakes is a card in Lincoln's handwriting which the president addressed to the provost marshal general when Crook and another bodyguard, Alexander Smith, were drafted for service in the army. The president wrote that he could not spare the men and asked the above-mentioned official to "please fix" the matter. This precious bit of paper reposed for years in the war department.



Mrs. W. H. Crook.

ment flies, but when Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyr president, was secretary of war, he gave it to his father's old guard.

Another of Col. Crook's souvenirs is a mahogany cane made from the rail of the little spiral stairway whereby Lincoln reached his office on the second floor of the White House—a stairway long since torn away. Col. Crook has some almost priceless specimens of the china service which Mrs. Lincoln selected for the White House, and which Col. Crook declares to have been more beautiful than any tableware purchased before or since for use on the presidential table. Among the pieces are a cup and saucer which Lincoln used. These, like all of the pieces of this service, are ornamented by a broad maroon band and adorned with the American eagle and coat of arms in colors.

The Living Lincoln.
How well I remember when Lincoln lived at Petersburg, Ill., carrying the chain for a surveyor's party and working for 75 cents a day. The surveyor's wife told me that she often saw him studying at night, seated on the cellar door, reading Blackstone often until midnight by the light of the moon.

Lincoln always took note of the light and dark of the moons, as is shown by an incident which occurred during his early practice of law. A murder was committed in the neighborhood of the village, and the son of the surveyor's wife was arrested on suspicion from the testimony of an "eye witness." In the meantime Lincoln had swung out his shingle as a lawyer, at Springfield, and on this occasion nobly did he prove that the kindness of the surveyor was not forgotten by the student who read Blackstone by the moonlight.

He went to the jail and questioned the young prisoner, who asserted his innocence, and Lincoln took up the case.

At the trial the witness swore that he saw the murder committed.

"Might you not be mistaken?" asked Lincoln. "A dim light is deceptive, and it was a dark night."

The witness hastened to reiterate that it was bright moonlight, whereupon Lincoln promptly pulled from among his books an almanac, and said calmly:

"It is not necessary for me to make a plea, for no jury can place any reliance on a witness who will swear that it was a moonlight night when the almanac proves that it was the dark of the moon."—Daniel W. Ayers, in the National Magazine.

Lincoln's Repartees.

Uncle Joe Cannon tells this new and characteristic one on "Honest Abe" Lincoln: "It was the Illinois state convention at Decatur, held to name delegates to the national convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency. After the prayer a cry was started on the platform: 'Open a passageway! Open a passageway! Let Dennis Hanks and Dick Oglesby through! They have some rails that Dennis Hanks and Abe Lincoln made in 1830.'"

"They came up with the rails, which had a piece of cotton cloth rolled round them bearing the legend: 'These rails were made by Dennis Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830.'"

"They were walnut rails, such as would be hard to find now, but there was plenty of that kind of fine hardwood in those days. 'At this stage of the proceedings some fellow yelled out: 'Abe, did you split them rails?' Said he: 'Dennis Hanks says I split those rails. I don't know whether I did or not, but I have made many a better one!' That the crowd yelled."

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

NATHAN HALE AND ALICE RIPLEY

There is a statue at the western edge of City Hall park, New York. It represents a slender, handsome lad, Nathan Hale, standing bound, yet unconquered; overpowered, yet unafraid; awaiting death at the hangman's hands. The pedestal's lettering records his last defiance to a harsh fate; his regret at having but one life to give to his country. Of the countless thousands who hourly hurry past that statue, comparatively few pause, nowadays, to look at it or to note the faded wreaths that occasionally adorn its base. Still fewer know of the sad, sweet love story which alternately brightened and darkened Hale's short life and urged him to deeds of reckless daring. Here is the story:

Hale was a Connecticut boy. His mother died while he was very young. His father, Deacon Richard Hale, then married a widow who had one daughter, Alice, a pretty and talented girl, who was about Nathan's own age. The two young people were brought up in the same house.

A Boy and Girl were brought up in the same house. It was not natural that they should fall in love with each other. It was equally natural that parental opposition should strengthen their love. Deacon Hale had great ambitions for Nathan. The lad was tall, handsome and unusually clever in study and debate. It was arranged that he should prepare for the ministry. After he left Yale he taught school at East Haddam, Conn., in order to raise funds for his course in the theological seminary.

His father was resolved that so promising a career should not be injured by early marriage to a penniless girl, even when that girl happened to be the deacon's own lovable stepdaughter, Alice. So the old gentleman set about his self-appointed, disagreeable task of making such a marriage impossible. In East Haddam dwelt an elderly merchant, Elijah Ripley, who also wished to marry Alice. Deacon Hale commanded his stepdaughter to accept Ripley's proposal.

Girls in those days obeyed their parents. To a pair of dutiful, obedient children like Nathan and Alice, the deacon's word was law. So Alice, though she loved Nathan devotedly, married Ripley and made the old man a good wife, even though her heart was with the gallant youth she had been forced to give up. Nathan, in despair, threw aside his plans of becoming a clergyman and sought forgetfulness by throwing in his fortunes with the revolution. The battle of Concord and Lexington had just been fought (April, 1775), and the American colonies were rushing to

arms against their British oppressors. Hale joined the army as a lieutenant. The almost foolhardy courage with which he risked his life and the skill he showed as an officer led to his quick promotion to a captaincy. Life held no hope for him now that he had lost Alice, and he delighted in taking risks that would have appalled a less unhappy man.

Then came a turn in his fortunes. Alice Ripley's husband died. There was no longer a barrier between the lovers. For Alice was a widow and independent. Nathan himself was 21. Both had thus passed beyond the bounds of Deacon Hale's authority. The path to their happiness was at last clear. They became engaged. The date for their marriage is said to have been set. Yet, to win honor in his sweetheart's eyes, Nathan sought to accomplish still braver deeds than before. Soon the coveted chance for distinction came.

The American army had been forced to abandon New York. The city was in British hands. It was important for Washington to learn the plans, fortifications, numbers, etc., of the English forces garrisoned there. So he asked for a volunteer to go to New York in disguise and gain this information for him. Nathan Hale eagerly offered his services for the dangerous mission and entered New York dressed as a simple Dutch schoolmaster. He well knew the peril he faced. To enter the enemy's lines as a spy, disguised, is punishable by instant death upon detection. The fate of a spy is thus established by all laws of warfare. Yet Hale was not dismayed. He went to New York, gathered the information Washington wanted, and was about to depart in safety when he was recognized. He was arrested and condemned to be hanged on the following day. The night before his execution he was imprisoned in a greenhouse at Fifty-first street and First avenue. There he asked for a Bible. The request was refused. Then he wrote a long letter of farewell to Alice. The letter was torn up before his eyes by the brutal jailer. At dawn on September 22, 1776, he was led forth to an orchard at East Broadway and Market street and there was hanged. He was only 21, and stood on the very threshold of all that makes life beautiful. His fate, by the rules of the iron game of war, was just.

Arrested as a Spy. He was arrested as a spy, disguised, and entered New York dressed as a simple Dutch schoolmaster.

Alice Ripley never married again. She lived to be an old woman, but her heart was in the grave with her hero lover. As she lay dying, nearly half a century later, she started from unconsciousness for a moment and gasped: "Nathan!"

MAJOR ANDRE AND MISS SNEYD

Because he could not marry the girl he loved, a London merchant's son came to America in early revolutionary days, to win such fame as a soldier as might induce his sweetheart's parents to change their minds about the match.

The man was John Andre. When he was only 18 he had met Miss Honora Sneyd, a pretty girl whose family was somewhat better than his own. He and Miss Sneyd fell in love at first sight. Andre asked her to be his wife. She accepted. Then came the first and great obstacle to their happiness. The young lady's parents did not care to have their daughter marry a tradesman's son. They positively forbade Honora to think further of Andre. Tears, prayers and arguments proved useless. The Sneyds were obdurate. The engagement was broken.

Andre was set to work in his father's counting house in London. But the young man speedily decided that a business life was not only too tame for him, but that it brought him no nearer to marrying Miss Sneyd. To drown his grief as well as in the hope of making for himself a name that even the Sneyds must respect, Andre secured a commission in the British army and came with his regiment to America. Just before he sailed the lovers managed to steal one farewell interview. Their parting was infinitely sad, yet hopeful, for both believed the future held great things for the young soldier. When she said good-by to Andre, Miss Sneyd hung around his neck a miniature portrait of herself. He vowed to wear it as long as he lived. Then the weeping girl went back home to wait for her lover's return, while he sailed westward to begin his task of winning fame for her.

A Farewell Interview. He vowed to wear it as long as he lived.

Almost as soon as he arrived in America Andre began to attract attention in the British army circles. Handsome, graceful, full of fun, clever, and with a peculiarly gentle charm of manner, he won all hearts. He was the center of the social life at every garrison he visited; and a score of girls are said to have fallen head over heels in love with him. Though he was chivalrous and attentive to every woman, he remained true to Miss Sneyd. He wrote exquisite poetry addressed to an unnamed woman. The poems were applauded, but only his closest friends knew they were dedicated to the girl who was waiting for him in England.

He won quick advancement in the army. Brave as he was handsome, he rose rapidly to the rank of major and adjutant general. While serving in this capacity, in the autumn of 1780, when only 29 years old, he was chosen by Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, as agent to arrange with Benedict Arnold for the yielding of West Point to the English. Arnold, angry at injustices he had received from congress, proposed to sell to the enemy the West Point stronghold, of which he was the commandant. Andre was sent, under flag of truce, to make the arrangements. The British ship on which he went up the Hudson river to visit Arnold was later driven away, and when the bargain was completed, Andre was forced to return to New York (the British headquarters) by land.

Near Tarrytown Andre was arrested by three American militiamen who searched him and found the papers. Miss Sneyd's miniature they failed to discover. For while the militiamen were searching him Andre managed to hide the picture in his mouth. He was taken to the nearest American garrison. There he succeeded in sending a warning to Arnold, which enabled the latter to escape in safety to the British lines.

The news of Andre's capture caused a tremendous sensation. The British commander and Arnold both wrote to Gen. Washington, protesting that the young man was not a spy, and begging that his life be spared. But, caught as he had been, carrying treasonable dispatches from Arnold to the enemy, there was but one fate for him. Washington would not interfere to change the court-martial's verdict of death. Accordingly, on October 2, 1780, Andre was led forth to be hanged. As he opened the neck of his shirt for the hangman's noose, Miss Sneyd's portrait still rested on his heart. He went to his fate unflinchingly, turning to the men near him, as he mounted the scaffold, and saying:

The End of a Romance. "Gentlemen, bear me witness to the world that I die like a brave man!" The whole British army went into mourning for Andre, and a tablet to his memory was erected in Westminster abbey. Miss Sneyd did not live to hear of his tragic death. A few weeks earlier she herself had died of a broken heart, having gradually lost health and hope, through the long waiting for her absent lover.

WORTH KNOWING.

Simple Remedy That Anyone Can Prepare at Home.

Most people are more or less subject to coughs and colds. A simple remedy that will break up a cold quickly and cure any cough that is curable is made by mixing two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. You can get these in any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle. The mixture is highly recommended by the Leach Chemical Co. of Cincinnati, who prepare the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure for dispensing.

VERY LIKELY.



Nelly—They say he has turned over a new leaf.
Ned—He's so economical I'm afraid he'll use the same one over again.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLIP THIS OUT

Renowned Doctor's Prescription for Rheumatism and Backache.

"One ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla compound; one ounce Toris compound; Add these to a half pint of good whiskey: Take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time; Shake the bottle before using each time." Any druggist has these ingredients in stock or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. This was published previously and hundreds here have been cured by it. Good results show after the first few doses. This also acts as a system builder, eventually restoring strength and vitality.

Not the Proper Atmosphere.

Overheard outside St. Ann's church yesterday:
First City Man—Are you going in to hear the archdeacon to-day?
Second City Man—No, I think not. It puts me in the wrong frame of mind for business for the rest of the day.—Manchester Guardian.

Dr. A. A. Ames, four times Mayor of Minneapolis, the well known and very successful physician, who has practiced his profession for the past forty years in Minneapolis, is still actively engaged in practice and may be seen at his offices, 54 So. 3d St., opposite Post-office, daily. All patients receive personal care and attention of Dr. Ames.

Counter Irritants.

Fuddy—Well, I suppose men and women both have their troubles.
Duddy—Yes, and I've noticed that the chief trouble of one is generally the other.

Impolite Papa.

"Mamma, what makes papa make that funny noise?"
"His snoring, dear."
"But you always tell me it ain't polite to blow my nose out loud."

ALLEN'S LUNG BALM

will cure not only a fresh cold, but one of those stubborn coughs that usually hang on for months. Give it a trial and prove its worth. 50c. per bottle.

He who gives better homes, better books, better tools, a fairer outlook and a better hope, him will we crown with laurels.—Emerson.

Why suffer with eye troubles, quick relief by using PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

He loves his country best who strives to make it best.—Ingersoll.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

Time cannot remove kindly acts from a grateful heart.—Riverton.