WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

Above Judea's purple-mantled plain,
There hovers still, among the ruins lone,
The spirit of the Christ whose dying moan
Was heard in heaven, and paid our debt in pain.

* * * * *

Within this house—this room—a martyr died,
A prophet of a larger liberty,
A liberator setting bondmen free,
A full-orbed MAN, above mere motal pride.

The cloud-rifts opening to celestial glades
Oft glimpse him, and his spirit lingers still,
As Christ's sweet influence broods upon the hill
Where the red lily with the sunset fades.

—Robert Mackay, in Success.

Eighteen years are but a short span for the life of any mortal, but for that of a sweet maiden, it is a mournful recollection, the memory of a fragrant breath.

Many live out their allotted three score and ten without accomplishing aught but trifles. Looking back along the line of their long career, they see nothing but a weak haze, a few faint spots, and then they pass away with no other sign that they ever filled a niche on earth, than a line on a tombstone which soon crumbles into dust.

Many have made a loud noise, hoping to thrust themselves upon the pages of history; a variety of vanity that ends as does the beatings on a bass drum, in dismal silence when the hand of the drummer is still.

There are many who have been the lowly of earth, but they have accomplished more than great conquerors, whose names are sweeter in the ears of the multitude than those of ephemeral heroes. From them have radiated good; vibrations of force and energy that have gone on down to posterity in great waves. The influence of a loving, tender mother does not end with her, the impress of her character molds her children and her children's children unto untold generations. The mourned McKinley's mother made her son. Garfield, also, was subject to the gentle sway. These men loved their chains, gloried in following the admonitions of home love, and when they came to die, and die ruthlessly, there was nothing but resignations in their souls, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," on their lips.

But for Abraham Lincoln, the mother hand that guided his steps, relinquished its clasp at a time when he needed her most. A boy of ten, and after that a heart strange to his blood. No mother of his own to witness his success; no homely, smiling old face that radiated love. Perhaps the memory of his mother kept him strong until he met one to whom he gave his whole heart, and she, taking up the thread of his life strengthened it for all time.

Abe Lincoln worshiped the ground Ann Rutledge trod, but her heart was not her own, it had gone into the keeping of one unworthy. Still the youthful Abe pleaded his cause, and in his simple, uncouth way, offered her his heart and hand.

It was a balmy June day in 1839. A lovely maid and a homespun youth were sitting beneath the shade of a maple tree; he flinging pebbles into the waters of the Sangamon; she poking the point of her parasol into the yielding sod.

"With you by my side, Ann, I can become something. Sometimes the fire of ambition burns strong within me, but I have no incentive, and it turns to ashes. I am studying, Ann, studying all that man can know, and my muscles are strong for work."

He arose and stood over her, swinging his long, lanky arms. The ungainly figure, like some huge bird flapping its wings, brought a smile to her lips, but the smile was changed to a tear, which Abe, looking down, noticed, and down he sat in front of her, taking her unresisting hand in his own. The girl hung her head.

"Ann, sweet Ann, could you not love me in time? I will wait years if I must, but the hope that the waiting will end in your love will nerve me to scale the heights of man's ambition."

But still the girl held her peace and sat with hanging head. A thought passed through Abe's mind; it was a spasm, it chilled him, but he was brave.

"Am I unlovable, Ann? Am I so uncouth, so ungainly that a woman cannot find it in her heart to love me?"

This brought the face of Ann Rutledge up, and she faced him with her sweet eyes swimming. Placing her hand gently on his shoulder she said:

"You are a man, Abe, that some women would die for. I see in what you are pleased to call your ungainly form, a soul superior to its mortal shell. I look beyond your body and see a great heart, a man. My little knowledge of history has told me that it is such men as you who accomplish a high destiny. I have watched you, Abraham Lincoln, and if I did not feel and know that you are above other men, I would never have trusted myself to your companionship. But my heart, Abe, my heart has gone from me. It has followed the way of all women's hearts and must follow its destiny. I love another, Abe."

Lincoln's head dropped upon his breast and he was silent for some moments. At last raising his eyes he looked down into her soul.

"Ann Rutledge, you are truth itself and I must believe you, but your words are as bitter as death to me. I feel helpless, Ann, and I despair."

Ann Rutledge looked at him earnestly for a moment. She knew his history; his struggles, his privations and that he was self-made. Her heart yearned toward him, but her love was another's. Taking his great hand between her two soft ones she smiled, though a tear drop was glistening on her eyelid.

"Be a man, my friend; the wind bloweth where it listeth, you taught me that, and the thistle down of a woman's heart is at its beck. You love me, Abe?"

Lincoln looked at her with so pitiful an expression mingled with entreaty, that she broke into tears.

"I understand you, my friend, and though I cannot fathom the depth of a man's love, yet judging from the affection I have for another, I would die if bereft of it. Do not think, my friend, that I do not love you, for I do, but not in the way you wish. If I can not be that, must our hearts be severed, or shall they stand upon the same plane and be a mutual help to each other? If aught fateful should come to me, I will send for you as the only one I would care to confide in. Will that comfort you?"

"It must, Ann, since there is no other way, and though I pray that nothing will ever bruise your heart and make it bleed, I am selfish enough to feel a suspicion of hope that if it will bring me to your side to be the healing physician, it can come none too soon."

Ann's loving friendship somewhat relieved Lincoln's despair. He knew the man she loved, and suspected that the lover would prove recreant. This gave him hope which still further took the weight from his heart. But he did not know Ann Rutledge. She was truth itself, as Lincoln had said, and when her lover betrayed her, as he did without compunction, her broken heart wrecked her frail body and she gradually faded away into the shadows. She sent for Lincoln and he hurried to her bedside.

Little is known of this last earthly interview between two hearts that understood each other when too late. Small glimpses of it were caught by Lincoln's most intimate friend at various periods of his after life, just enough to show that the influence of Ann Rutledge guided him always.

The friends of the dying girl left the two alone, and it was then that she, with the prescience of the departing, soothed and strengthened him to bear the burdens that were to fall upon his shoulders. There was stillness for at least two hours, when loud sobs and broken utterances called in the family, who found the stricken man holding the inanimate clay of his beloved in his arms begging her to return to him and not leave him alone.

For many days after that, Lincoln wandered about alone, moody and misanthropic, sometimes working himself into such a frenzy that his friends watched him closely, fearing that he would try to follow the girl. He refused to attend her funeral, preferring to wander in the forest, swinging his long arms and muttering to himself.

By and by he grew calm and less morose, but there was always a cloud

He rose and stood over her.

of melancholy hanging over him, its shadow often passing over his face when conversing with intimates. At such times he would cease talking, his eyes would close and an expression of sadness spread over his countenance. After remaining thus for some moments, he would open his eyes, give himself a shake and resume the conversation where it had stopped, or perhaps say: "I must tell you a little story."

In 1840, Lincoln wooed Mary Todd, a Kentucky girl, and the wedding was set for January 1, 1841, but Lincoln did not appear. The bride, guests and supper were waiting, but the groom came not. He was found the next morning wandering the streets of Springfield, overcome by one of his attacks of melancholy, forgetting his obligation to his betrothed.

His explanation to Miss Todd, so far from inducing her to repudiate him, as her friends advised, drew her closer to him.

"Mary," he said, "I have already told you about her who left me. I loved her then and I love her now. My heart faints and sinks sometimes because I feel her presence by my side and I can not grasp her to my arms. I am trying, Mary, to do as I promised her when she lay in my arms, panting away her life. I am not heart whole, Mary, but I am now and always will be true to you. Help me, Mary, not to forget my angel wife, for so she will always be to me, but to fulfill her wishes."

"Abraham," was the reply, "you are the man of my heart. I honor, esteem and love you, and whenever it shall please you to join your fortunes to mine, I will be ready, and try to be to you what Ann Rutledge would have me be."

Overcome with emotion, Lincoln rushed from her presence and did not call upon his betrothed for weeks, but she knew him and waited.

At last, on November 5, 1842, Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd became man and wife. The spirit of Ann Rutledge hovered near them and blessed them. During Lincoln's stormy life she was always with him, guiding him and directing his heart and mind.

A young soldier, nothing but a boy, was caught sleeping at his post. He was tried and sentenced to death in pursuance of an order of the President himself, who declared that this sort of thing was becoming too frequent and must be stopped, and that he would not interfere with the sentence imposed.

The young soldier had a little sister, who had read about "Uncle Abe," and she knew that he loved children. So she said to herself:

"If Uncle Abe knew how I love my brother, he wouldn't let him be shot." She went to the White House, and with the courage of innocence, passed the guard, the secretaries and the crowd of generals and visitors, straight up to Mr. Lincoln.

He smiled and took her hand. "What can I do for you, my little maid?"

She told her plain, simple story—how her brother, whom she loved, had been sentenced to be shot, that they were all mourning for him, and that if he was to die in that way it would break her heart.

Lincoln smiled kindly and laid his hand on her head.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Why, don't you know? Everybody knows me. I am Ann—"

She got no farther, for the strong arms suddenly raised her close to his breast, his cheek against hers. The brother was safe after that.

LETTER WRITTEN BY LINCOLN.

Illinois Man Prizes Relic of the Great President.

Cassius Irving of Metamora, Ill., recently obtained possession of a letter written by Abraham Lincoln, Oct. 3, 1863, from Pekin, Ill., to Peter Doty, circuit clerk at Metamora at that time. The letter refers to a suit pending in the Woodford county court. The epistle is written on blue paper, being so folded as to answer without the necessity of an envelope. It is fastened with a red wafer and is marked "Paid three cents," no postage stamp being used. The rating stamp is very plain. Mr. Irving has refused an offer of $100 for the letter.

He also has a four-post bedstead of black walnut which stood for fifty years in the parlor of the Metamora house, built in 1843. Lincoln frequently slept upon this bed. Mrs. Spears, an English woman, was the proprietor of this hostelry for many years. Lincoln always stopped at Mrs. Spears' tavern. When some of the effects of the hotel were sold recently Mr. Irving bought most of those with Lincoln associations.

Appreciated Girl's Honesty.

During the Civil War Miss N——, a high spirited Virginian young lady, whose father—a Confederate soldier—had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the President, but warned his young and rather impulsive young friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the South. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden, and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his [illegible] line or two, and handed [illegible] paper. With a bow the [illegible] view terminated. When they left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it," he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N—— made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

"Pass Miss N——. She is an honest girl, and can be trusted.—A. Lincoln."

Deepening the Thames.

The Thames, between London bridge and Milwall dock, is to be deepened to fourteen feet at low water, leaving but fifteen feet above the roof of the new East London railroad tunnel.

WHY IT IS THE BEST

is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Shad roes by any other name would be as scarce.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

Lots of people love their neighbors for what they can get out of them.

WHEN YOUR GROCER SAYS

he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

It is the auctioneer's hammer that rivets attention and clinches bargains.

Any one can dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYE; no experience required.

Conscience is a still, small voice that tells a man when his liver is out of order.

HIGH RAILROAD POSITION FOR JOHN SEBASTIAN.

John Sebastian, one of the best known railroad men in the United States and who for a number of years has been connected with the Rock Island system's various roads, has just received an appointment which greatly enlarges his powers and places him practically at the head of one of the great railway systems of the country.

He has been made passenger traffic manager of the entire Rock Island system, comprising, in addition to those formerly under his management, the following roads: Choctaw, Gulf & Oklahoma Railroad and the St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado Railroad.

John Sebastian entered the railroad service thirty-four years ago as a ticket clerk on the Santa Fe.—Chicago Examiner.

Luck never comes to the man who depends absolutely upon it.

DR. COFFEE

Discovers Remedies That Restore Sight to Blind People.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, a noted oculist, 360 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered medicines for the eyes that people can use at home and cure Cataracts, Scums, Granulated Lids, Ulcers or Blindness and restore sight.

Dr. Coffee has published an 80-page book on Eye Diseases which he will send Free to every reader of this paper. This book tells how to prevent old sight and make weak eyes strong. Write Dr. Coffee today for his book.

Love intoxicates some fellows and sobers others up.

ALTON RESUMES FAST ST. LOUIS TRAIN SERVICE.

Passengers destined to St. Louis and points east should go via the Kansas City gateway, thereby securing the advantage of the Chicago & Alton's fast night train, leaving Kansas City at 9 p. m., arriving in St. Louis at 7:08 a. m. Chair cars free of extra charge. Compartment sleeping cars. The Alton keeps their light a'shining just ahead of the rest. Write to L. D. Cooper, Traveling Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Kansas City, Mo., for lowest rates.

Some women dress to please their husbands and some to bankrupt them.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A pain that doubles a man naturally increases his sighs.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is bad enough to know you are a fool but it is far worse to let others know it.

Seeking a New Home?

Why not try the great Southwest? Low colonist rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Ask for particulars and literature. Address James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 101 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

It's a good thing to count the cost, but don't forget to pay it.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

The bunion's progress is painfully interesting to the pilgrim.

SAVE MONEY

Buy your goods at Wholesale Prices.

Our 1,000-page catalogue will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents. This amount does not even pay the postage, but it is sufficient to show us that you are acting in good faith. Better send for it now. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you also?

Montgomery Ward & Co.

CHICAGO

The house that tells the truth.

Slang in the Pulpit.

A West Philadelphia clergyman mentioned church money matters in a public prayer in this wise: "O, Lord, you know that we are up against it now, and our only hope is from you." He closed abruptly, but the break did not escape unnoticed. The university president who had advocated a little slang for children has never urged its use by ministers in the pulpit.

Valuable Find in Pawnshop.

James Window, a barber at Lynn, Mass., bought an old violin at a Boston pawnshop the other day for $4. This instrument proved to be a Stradivarius made in 1715, and he was offered $500 for it by a connoisseur. The offer was rejected, however, Window preferring the fiddle to the cash.

Want Special Cars for Dogs.

The managers of the Paris metropolitan underground railway have been persuaded by lovers of dogs to consider the question of providing special cars on their trains in which dogs and their owners can travel together, instead of the dogs being separated from their masters or mistresses, as at present is necessary.

Col Higginson Still Writing.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has turned his eighty-first year and is still in fairly good health, passing considerable time at his writing table. Among New England men of letters only Dr. Edward Everett Hale is his senior.

Best Time for Work.

Tolstoy believes that the best time for literary work is between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., and he seldom writes at other times.

The Highest Church Spire.

The cathedral at Ulm, Wurtemburg, possesses the highest church spire in the world. It is 533 feet high.

Murder Statistics.

There are 2,470 murders yearly in Italy; Russia 2,400, and Spain 1,600.

Oldest Settler in Iowa.

Louis W. Thronburg of Ottumwa, Ia., is the oldest settler in that state, and his wife was the first white child born in Iowa.

Long Service as Missionary.

Mrs. Marilla B. Ingalls, who went to Burmah as a missionary in 1851, has just died at Thonzze.

Fireflies Not Prey for Birds.

Birds never eat fireflies, and really seem to shun their vicinity.

Few Old Men Can Say This.

Lakefield, Minn., Feb. 2d.—Wm. E. Gentry of this place makes the following statement:

"For over forty years I suffered with misery in my back and at times I could not pass water without great pain and a burning sensation. I have had to make water as often as sixteen times during one night—just a little at a time. I tried many kinds of kidney medicines, but all without any good result, till at last I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my pains are all gone."

"I took six boxes and I am cured completely. I am 77 years of age and I feel better now than I have for over fifty years and I attribute it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have made some remarkable cures in this part of the state, and many old men and women are praising them highly as a cure for lame back, kidney and bladder troubles.

An innocent looking banana skin is often the first step in a downward career.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

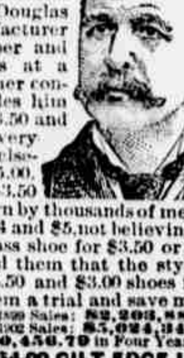
The steam roller gathers no moss.

Melancholia seldom comes to a busy man.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Goodyear Welt (Hand-Sewed Process) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.



Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $4 and $5.00.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 and $3.00 shoes are worn by thousands of men who have been paying $4 and $5, not believing they could get a first-class shoe for $3.50 or $3.00.

He has convinced them that the style, fit, and wear of his $3.50 and $3.00 shoes is just as good. Give them a trial and save money.

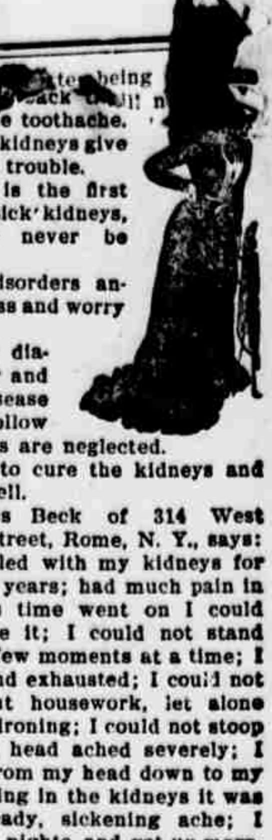
Notice Increase: 1899 Sales: $1,103,820 ... 1902 Sales: $3,024,340 ... A gain of $2,820,000 in Four Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 GILT EDGE LINE, Worth $6.00 Compared with Other Makes.

The best imported and American leathers, Heyl's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets.

Caution: The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



...ing ... being due to ... back ... ache, ... the toothache.

A wo... s kidneys give her constant trouble.

Backache is the first warning of sick kidneys, and should never be neglected.

Urinary disorders annoy, embarrass and worry womankind.

Dangerous diabetes, dropsy and Bright's disease are sure to follow if the kidneys are neglected.

Read how to cure the kidneys and keep them well.

Mrs. James Beck of 314 West Whitesboro street, Rome, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my kidneys for eight or nine years; had much pain in my back; as time went on I could hardly endure it; I could not stand except for a few moments at a time; I grew weak and exhausted; I could not even do light housework, let alone washing and ironing; I could not stoop or bend; my head ached severely; I was in pain from my head down to my heels; centering in the kidneys it was a heavy, steady, sickening ache; I could not rest nights, and got up mornings weak and tired. I thought I was about done for, when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised for kidney complaints, and got them at Broughton & Graves' drug store. Within a week after commencing their use I began to improve, and from that time on rapidly grew better. I used five boxes in all and was cured. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many others, and my case ought to convince the most skeptical sufferer to give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mrs. James Beck, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

Name Easily Written.

A St. Louis merchant uses but two letters in signing his name, although one of the pair is brought into requisition four times. His name is A. A. Aal.

THE K. C. S. ALMANAC FOR 1903.

The Kansas City Southern Railway's Almanac for 1903 is now ready for distribution. Farmers, stock-raisers, fruit-growers, truck gardeners, manufacturers, merchants and others seeking a new field of action or a new home at the very lowest prices, can obtain reliable information concerning Southwestern Missouri, the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations in the Indian Territory, Western Arkansas, Eastern Texas, Northwestern Louisiana and the Coast country, and of the business opportunities offered therein.

Write for a copy of the K. C. S. Almanac and address, S. G. Warner, G. P. A., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

There is always some one to sneer at genius.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

THE BEST QUALITY STRAIGHT 5c CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE

SALZER'S SEEDS

Beardless Barley is prodigally prolific, yielding for Mr. J. E. Wells, Orleans Co. N. Y., 121 bu. per acre. Does well ev'rywh're.

20th Century Oats. The oat marvel, producing 200 to 300 bus. per acre.

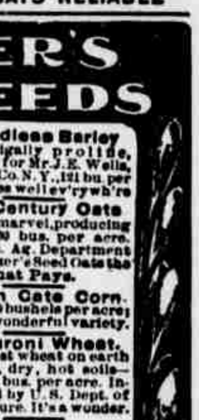
Golden Cate Corn.

Macaroni Wheat.

Speltz.

Victoria Rape.

Bromus Inermis.



$10.00 for 10c.

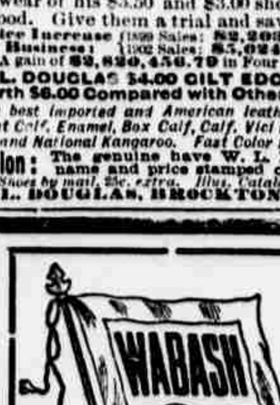
John A. Salzer Seed Co. La Crosse, Wis.

WESTERN CANADA HAS FREE HOMES FOR MILLIONS.

Upwards of 100,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past 5 years. They are CONTENTED, HAPPY, AND PROSPEROUS, and there is room still for MILLIONS.

Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. The best grazing lands on the continent. Magnificent climate; plenty of water and fuel; good schools, excellent churches; splendid railway facilities.

HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE, the only charge for which is $10 for entry. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, as well as for certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.: Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. S. Crawford, 214 West Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo., the authorized Canadian Government Agent.



"Follow the Flag."

5 TRAINS 5

Kansas City to St Louis

The Wabash is the only line running directly through the World's Fair grounds. Wabash train No. 8, leaving Kansas City 6:15 p. m. daily, saves a day's travel to Buffalo, New York, Boston and the East.

L. S. McCLELLAN,

Western Passenger Agent,

903 Main Street, Kansas City Mo.