THE WOMAN WHO SHAPED A WONDERFUL CAREER

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN

HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN

INTERIOR OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S ILLINOIS HOME

THE LINCOLN HOME IN COLES COUNTY, ILL.

THE history of every great man, declares a well-known writer, begins at his mother's knee. Behind every great endeavor and unselfish deed, every noble career of every illustrious man will be found a woman—the frail and gentle creature whose name, perhaps, remains obscured behind the glory of her son, but who began to teach him high thoughts and ideals and to lisp the words of "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Abraham Lincoln's career began at the knee of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother. It was she who taught him to read from an old Bible he came to know so well, who told him the stories in Aesop's fables and helped him to study the "Kentucky Perceptor."

It was she who taught him the letters of the alphabet and first trained his hand to scrawl them. It was she who instilled in him a hatred of slavery and by her own gentle loveliness inspired a regard and esteem for women which lasted throughout his life.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, one of the great president's historians declares, was "stoop-shouldered, thin-breasted, sad—at times miserable;" a gentle, kind, uncomplaining woman, whose life had been one of hard labor, with few enjoyments, and who died before her prime. This was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who lay on her deathbed, tired and worn, her face wan, her thin, bony hands clasping those of a nine-year-old lad, whose deep-sunk eyes were filled with tears, and who, when he later became "a liberator of a race of men," declared:

"All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother. Blessings on her memory."

From his mother Lincoln once told his friend and law partner, William H. Herndon, he believed he inherited his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity and his ambition. Her memory remained with him, one of the dearest things of his life—"a noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

Nancy Hanks was five years old when her parents sold their farm in Virginia and went pioneering westward toward Kentucky. Nancy was the youngest of a family of eight children. Her father was Joseph Hanks and her mother Nancy Shipley, a daughter of Robert Shipley. Nancy was born February 5, 1784.

The journey westward was a perilous one, and it is said Nancy was stolen by Indians while her parents were on the way. Roads were bad; in fact, there was only a footpath through the wilderness, where passed the long procession of women and children on horseback, men trudging behind driving the caravans.

Picture to yourself the procession, described by Justice Robertson—"through privations incredible and perils thick, thousands of men, women and children came in successive caravans, forming continuous streams of human beings, horses, cattle and other domestic animals, moving onward along a lonely and homeless path to a wild and cheerless land.

"Cast your eyes back," he continues, "on that long procession of missionaries in the cause of civilization; behold the men on foot, with their trusty guns on their shoulders, driving stock and leading pack horses; and the women, some walking with pails on their heads, others riding with children in their laps and other children swung in baskets on horses, fastened to the tails of others going before; see them encamped at night, expecting to be massacred by Indians; behold them in the month of December, in that memorable season of unprecedented cold called the 'hard winter,' traveling two or three miles a day."

And imagine little Nancy Hanks, spindly-legged and golden-haired, shivering as she snuggled under blankets, pursuing the road of the pioneers. In the child who was to become the mother of Abraham Lincoln was now developed a courage and perseverance which was to be inherited and which afterward marked one of the greatest of men.

The family settled in Washington county, Ky., in winter. Hard work confronted them, even privation. Trees had be be felled, a log cabin built, and shelter erected for the stock.

Little Nancy, with her sisters, Elizabeth and Polly, helped their mother, cooking and sewing and preparing the rude home, while the brothers, Charles, Joshua, William, Thomas and Joseph, went about with the father, clearing the land for cultivation in the spring. They hunted animals and fished in the cold streams. And when spring came they dug the hard, stony ground and planted wheat and corn.

Thus four years passed—four years of hard toil and hard living—and then Joseph Hanks died. Not long afterward the mother, worn with toil, followed; the brothers and daughters married, and Nancy, left alone, was taken in by her Aunt Lucy—a sister of her mother, who had married Richard Berry. This home was a happy one and Nancy grew up, cheerful and pretty.

When Nancy's father died he left a will. It is still on the records of the Bardstown clerk's office, and as will be seen, Nancy was the proud heiress of one heifer, a pet called Peidy. The quaint will, which was probated May 14, 1793, runs:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Joseph Hanks, of Nelson county, state of Kentucky, being of sound mind and memory, but weak in body and calling to mind the frailty of all human nature, do make and demise this my last will and testament in the manner and form following, to wit:

"Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Thomas one sorrel horse called Major. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Joshua one gray mare Bonny. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son William one gray horse called Gilbert. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Charles one roan horse called Tobe. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Joseph one horse called Bald. Also the land whereon I now live containing one hundred and fifty acres.

"Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Elizabeth one heifer yearling called Gentle. Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Polly one heifer yearling called Lady. Item: I give and bequeath unto my daugnter Nancy one heifer yearling called Peidy. Item: I give and bequeath unto my wife Nanny all and singular my whole estate during her life, afterward to be equally divided between all my children. It is also my wish and desire that the whole of the property first above bequeathed should be the property of my wife during her life."

Here, too, can be found a record of the seed which budded so nobly in Joseph Hanks' grandson. Joseph Hanks, unlike most of the pioneers, owned no slaves. When Nancy Hanks later married Thomas Lincoln they bought no slaves and never owned any.

Nancy's life while she lived with her Aunt Lucy was happy. She grew into a young miss of unusual beauty and became the belle of the countryside. She learned to read and write, and was considered exceptionally accomplished. When she married Thomas Lincoln she taught him to spell the letters of his name.

There are but few and meager descriptions of Nancy Hanks. One learns that she was slight of figure, that her hair was pale golden, almost flaxen, and her eyes were blue. Her wit was nimble.

Suitors thronged the parlor of Aunt Lucy's farm. But Nancy lost her heart to none; she laughed gaily at their protests, parried their importunate proposals with jest and was so good natured, so mirthful and funny about it that all remained her friends.

Nancy often went to the farm of Joseph Hanks, at Elizabethtown, where she saw her cousin, Thomas Lincoln. Thomas was a carpenter, and if the records are true, the best in the country for many miles.

He not only hacked and hewed and chiseled wood with skill, but he did what none others had succeeded in doing—chiseled his way into the heart of Nancy.

Thomas Lincoln had a varied career. He was strong as an ox, temperate in his habits, an attendant at church and was bitterly opposed to slavery. Both he and Nancy agreed in that. The couple entered into a marriage bond on June 12, 1806. On June 14 the couple were married by a Methodist preacher, the Rev. Jesse Head, who besides being a clergyman, was an editor, country judge and carpenter.

And a wedding it was—with merrymaking and feasting. There were present the Mitchells, Shipleys and Berrys, Nancy's cousins, relatives and friends from the country roundabout. In a pit near the house a great fire was built, over which a sheep was placed and barbecued. During the morning it roasted, covered by green boughs, and after the wedding it was cut and served for dinner. There were venison, too, and wild turkey and ducks. The wedding was remembered for years.

"There was no hint of future glory in the wedding or bringing home of Nancy Lincoln," wrote Nicolay and Hay. "All accounts represent her as a handsome young woman of twenty-three, of appearance and intellect superior to her lowly fortunes. She could read and write—a remarkable accomplishment in her circle—and even taught her husband to form the letters of his name. He had no such valuable wedding gift to bestow upon her; he brought her to a little house in Elizabethtown, where he and she and want dwelt together in fourteen feet square."

For two happy but needy years the couple lived in a log cabin on the banks of what was then known as Mill creek. Picture to yourself that home of the young bride—a single room, with a huge fireplace, where logs burned in winter; an iron pot suspended from a crane, rough chairs hewn by the carpenter husband of logs, a number of crude benches, a bed made of rough trees from which the bark had not been removed, a spinning wheel by which the industrious wife sat and wove the material for clothing; a room lacking in comforts, typical of the pioneer cabins of those days, with an opening above into a loft, reached by a ladder, where things were stored.

There, one day in 1807, Nancy's first baby was born. It was a little girl, and was called Nancy, after the mother. Later the little girl's name was changed to Sarah. That was when Thomas Lincoln married his second wife, Sarah Bush.

Thomas Lincoln owned a farm near Buffalo, which he had bought in 1803. During the two years he lived on Mill creek he cultivated the farm, improving the ground, and there he moved the spring following the birth of Sarah. In their life of Lincoln Nicolay and Hay write:

"Thomas Lincoln settled down in this dismal solitude to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known; and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809."

The family, however, could not have been extremely destitute, for, we are told, they had a cow and a calf, milk and butter and a feather bed. What wealth! When Abraham was four the family moved again—this time to a cabin, situated on Muldraugh's hill. There a third child was born, which died when a few months old.

Of the life of Nancy Lincoln at this time nothing has been written. Of his boyhood Lincoln himself seldom spoke. But one can imagine the patient woman, alone and unassisted, performing the work of her household, tending the cows and milking them, making butter, cleaning the meagerly furnished cabin in which the family lived, cooking and spinning cloth of which she made the garments for her husband, little Sarah and Abe.

Nancy Lincoln's beauty faded; the roses fled from her cheeks, her body became wasted and her shoulders stooped. But her happy spirit never left her; she had a word of cheer for all her neighbors. Stories are told of how she visited the sick and comforted them, and how, when her neighbors were in difficulty, her tender heart was moved and she helped them as best she could.

Her life was hard. But there was cause for joy in Nancy Lincoln's life. Little Abe was her constant delight. At night, when her work was over, she would open the "preceptor" book and teach the two children the letters of the alphabet. With what tenderness and love she must have watched them as they studied—so hard to memorize the A's, B's and C's—and with what doting fondness she must have trained little Abe's tiny hand to trace the letters on a slate!

Dearly Nancy Lincoln loved the Bible, and there were readings from the sacred book; there was told the old, old story. And these stories Lincoln never forgot. When, in after life, he electrified the world by his eloquence, his mastery of pure and perfect English and his tempestuous oratory, he retold the same stories—the stories he heard at his mother's knee.

Life was not prosperous with the father. He left Kentucky and went prospecting in Illinois, where he took up land on Little Pigeon creek, in Spencer county. And again the hard-worked wife was called upon to move her home.

With their furniture packed in a wagon and their cow behind, the family started on their long pilgrimage in 1816. During the winter of 1816 and 1817 the family lived in a camp. The winter was rigorous.

Uncomplainingly the tender, gentle woman bore her lot, but her health slowly gave way, her face became more wan. A rough cabin was begun in the spring and life opened anew. Land was cleared. Thomas Lincoln plied his trade among the scattered inhabitants of the solitary region. They began to prosper. But the life had been too hard for the tender, loving wife and she sank under the burden.

One day in October, 1818, as she lay in her bed in the little cabin, she called her two children to her.

"She took the hands of Sarah and the thin, serious-faced boy. "Be good to one another," she said, brokenly, with infinite tenderness. Then she closed her eyes. The wonderful smile deepened. The sunlight faded into evening, and little Abe, leaving Sarah kneeling by the bed, crept away and climbed the pegs in the wall to the garret, where he flung himself on the mattress of leaves.

Night fell, and from the loft came a stifled sound of sobbing—sobbing repressed, checked, restrained, yet so poignant, so keen, so heart-forlorn that the father, returning home, paused hearing it, his heart sinking. He knew the sunlight of the boy's life had departed.

Many years afterward people wondered at the sorrow moulded indelibly on the face of Lincoln—like agony graven on a figure of stone.

Before the next December Thomas Lincoln married Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow, who, it is said, had rejected him many years before.

In later years, when Lincoln, again shrouded in sorrow, sat by the bedside of his little son, Willie, who was dying, he cried in despair: "This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?" A nurse who had lost her husband and children told him of her loss, adding, "But I trust in God. I rely upon his will." Lincoln shook his head sadly.

On the day of the funeral he asked the nurse and some friends to pray for him. "I will try to go to God with my sorrows," he said. "I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of. I trust God will give it to me."

Then his memory traveled back over the years and his first loss by death came to his mind. He told of his mother's confident belief in the wisdom of God. "I remember her prayers," he said in a low voice, "and they have always followed me. They have followed me all my life."

RECORD OF PLUNDER

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE TARIFF.

Facts That Account for the Voters Turning to Party That Will Afford Relief From Monopolistic Extortion.

In view of the history of the last 28 years one can hardly wonder that the people has lost confidence in the Republican party as an agent of tariff revision. In his message to congress in December, 1881, President Arthur said that there ought to be a revision of the tariff, and he recommended the appointment of a commission. The commission bill was passed, and the commission appointed. After an exhaustive inquiry it made its report in which a reduction of about 25 per cent. was recommended. Congress threw the report into the waste basket, and set about the work of revision in the old way. The new tariff, that of 1883, did not meet the demands of the people. Certainly there was no reduction of 25 per cent. or anything approaching it. The senate passed one bill, and the house another. In conference a third bill was agreed to in which the duties were higher than in either of the two bills passed by the houses.

This interesting tariff lasted just seven years. There was, from the protectionist point of view, no need for any extensive changes, and yet in 1890 the whole subject was taken up again and as a result we got the McKinley bill, which was one of the most extreme that the country had known. Perhaps it will be remembered that Mr. Blaine, then secretary of state, appeared before one of the congressional committees and denounced the measure, saying that there was not one line in it that would open a single market to American products. And he was quite right. Here, then, we see that the country was blessed with two extreme tariffs in the short space of seven years. The people rebelled against the McKinley tariff and the resulting high prices, and in 1890 and again in 1892 they struck a severe blow at the Republican party. The next tariff was the Wilson-Gorman tariff, but as the Republican party had nothing to do with that, we pass it over with the remark that it was defective chiefly in its failure to redeem the Democratic pledge.

In 1896 the campaign, as everyone remembers, turned almost wholly on the money question. Probably two million Democrats voted for the Republican candidattes, and they did it on the money issue alone. They certainly had no sympathy with the tariff views of Mr. McKinley. Yet when the Republicans assumed power they turned their back on the money question and took up the tariff, of which little had been said in the presidential campaign. The result was the Dingley tariff, which was more offensive even than the McKinley tariff. It was an extreme application of "protection." But there was a further breach of faith. Many of the Dingley duties were made higher than they otherwise would have been made in order to furnish a basis for trading with foreign nations through reciprocity treaties. This was publicly admitted by Mr. Dingley himself. But no reciprocity treaties were negotiated. All that were proposed were killed, yet the high duties were maintained. So for eleven years the country had to submit to these high taxes, though the intention and pledge was to trade them down.—Indianapolis News.

People Now in Power.

With only a few weeks remaining of the present session of congress, which marks the end of Republican control for at least two years, it looks as if it were going to be, in effect, a do-nothing congress, just as the political managers predicted. With each day the chances grow less for the legislation that was demanded at the polls and for the program that the president submitted for congressional consideration. Thus personal selfishness and party policy absorb the attention of our statesmen, and they fail to "give the business of the state precedence over the ambitions of men." This has always been more or less so, and probably always will be more or less so; but it must be much less so in the near future or there will be subsequent effects which no statesmanlike explanatory eloquence can prevent. Statesmen have been in the habit of running the country as they please. The demand now is that the country be run as the people please.—New York Times.

Party's Opportunity and Danger.

The Democratic party, as a party, is now being appealed to, both north and south, by all the special interests. If the tariff grip on the Republican party were definitely broken there would be far more attraction to powerful predatory interests in the Democratic organization than in the Republican.

One cannot tell what force is going to "get" the Democratic party. The story may be told, or pretty well foretold, by the conventions and the general political movement of 1912. That party has a great opportunity, as shown in the elections of this year, which registered the public dissatisfaction with the Republican control. But the opportunity is accompanied by a great temptation—the tempting of organized wealth and business power. There are inherent weaknesses in the Democracy—will the temptation or the opportunity win?—Kansas City Star.

Four Cents for Waterways.

The United States used 60 cents of every dollar spent last year for military purposes and for pensions. Compared to this amount the four cents applied to rivers and harbors sink into insignificance.

Whether all of this four cents was expended wisely may be a question. Certainly the government was not wildly extravagant in the comparative amount of its revenue devoted to great public improvements.

Not Convincing.

The president seems now to be thoroughly convinced that a fully empowered tariff commission is necessary, and he has urged it in his last message to congress. But it will take something more than the assurances of Mr. Payne or Mr. Aldrich to convince anyone that the right sort of provision will be made.

Wolves are reported to be using the residents of Alaska as an emergency meat supply; which is a degree worse than the Guggenheims contemplate doing to that territory.

CHANGES IN THE SENATE

Recent Happenings Seem to Promise Body More Responsive to Popular Opinion.

The death of Senator Elkins further reduces the Republican control of the senate, not only in numbers but in influence. The West Virginia senator, the unexpectedly-sudden fatal termination of whose illness shocked his colleagues, had had a picturesque career, and during his service in the senate had been a powerful factor in the framing of legislation, especially that dealing with the railroads and the tariff. The landslide which restored the Mountain state to the Democratic column had already made certain the retirement of the other Republican senator, Nathan Bay Scott, and the Republicans there now find themselves doubly stricken by the assurance of the election of another Democrat in place of Senator Elkins.

The long list of veterans who have retired or have been retired by political reverses or death within the past year or two leaves few of the old guard in the senate. Aldrich, Hale, Burrows, Carter, Dolliver, Flint, Kean, Depew, Dick, Scott, and now Elkins, on the Republican side, Daniels, McEnery, Clay and McLaurin on the Democratic. Their successors, so far as indicated, are as a rule men of whom little is known outside of their states, as Johnston in Maine and Pomerene in Ohio. The effect of these changes upon the senate and upon the popular attitude toward that body must be interesting. The retirement of senators who held their places by dominance of state organizations, and, through that control, of state legislatures, and the election of new men without the authority and influence of the old-timers, coming at a time when the demand for popular election is sweeping to the front, should mean a senate more responsive to popular opinion. Then, too, the narrow balance of power in the chamber itself must be an even more powerful factor to that end.

Sugar Trust Disgorgings.

Whether the ultimate limit of the "refundings" of stolen money by the sugar trust proves to be $3,000,000 or $3,500,000 is of comparatively small importance. The trust is too rich to feel the difference seriously, and the government does business on so vast a scale that the treasury will not be much affected, one way or the other.

The main thing to be kept in mind is the evidence which every dollar of plunder thus disgorged affords that the American Sugar Refining company confesses wide-reaching and shameless thieving. It is not a case of "difficulty in adapting established business customs to new standards of public ethics" or of "artificial criminality, created to meet the demands of popular clamor." There is no room for question as to the nature of the transactions from any point of view, ethical or legal. The whole case is plain, vulgar stealing.

There is no fraud older than cheating in weights and measures. There are few forms of thieving as mean and contemptible. The sugar trust has ben caught doing exactly that kind of stealing, on a wide scale and for many years in succession. The country will not forget this revelation of a criminal trust's methods.

No Reason to Be Alarmed.

In a recent statement President William M. Wood of the American Woolen company said:

"The situation as it occurs to me is that a majority of the people of the United States have deemed it wise to change from the Republican party to the Democratic party. This being the wish of the majority of the people of the country, it is fair to assume that the transfer must be a safe one, as it is backed by the people. There are wealthy Democrats as well as Republicans, men with large industrial interests, who are not going to have their interests sacrificed.

"For the last five years under Republican rule the furthering of the business interests in this country has been almost ignored, and there appears to have been almost constant interruption of business by the party in power. No party that is antagonistic to thei ndustrial interests of the counto the industrial interests of the country the incoming political party continues the policy of the last five years it will not be long before the party will be out of power. The country cannot go wrong for a very long time, and I do not feel any apprehension about the change in politics, although I am a strong Republican."

Tariff League Discredited.

The American Protective Tariff league has ceased to have any influence with the people—if it ever did have any. Today it stands pat on all the enormities of the present tariff law, including the cruel wool and cotton schedules. It is for taxation for the sake of taxation, and the heavier and more grinding the taxes the better it likes them. Of course, it opposes reciprocity, for its effect would lighten somewhat the burden of taxation.

For the Farmer to Consider.

For many years the American farmer has been heavily taxed to help out such infant industries as the cotton, steel and woolen industries. During all those years he has had his "protection" on wheat, though it is less effective even than it used to be—and it never was effective. Of the present high cost of food the farmer gets a very moderate share. Most of it goes to the elevator men, packers, commission men and middlemen generally.

Monopoly in the Saddle.

Why is it that the duties on wools and woolens are maintained at a level to give a practical monopoly to the American interests and to force the public to use inferior goods at high prices or to go without? The injustice, oppression and extortion of these duties have been shown so plainly that President Taft has been forced to confess that they should have been largely reduced. Yet they were not touched, because the men who profit by them control too many Republican votes.

Real vs. Phantom Tariff Board.

Representative Longworth has prepared a measure providing for the creation of a tariff commission. It is useless to ask why a bill of this character, originating in Republic authorship, should be necessary after all the talk by Republicans, from Mr. Taft down, uttered during the campaign about the tariff board already in existence. The phantom nature of this so-called tariff board, provided for in the act of August 5, 1909, has previously been pointed out.

MERIT WINS

There Is Probably No Other Known Remedy the Fame of Which Became World-Wide With So Little Advertising As Resinol.

Merit won. Resinol did the work. It cured where other remedies failed. Its grateful user told the next sufferer, and he in turn told another sufferer, and he another, and so on and on its fame spread by this magical verbograph until it encircled the world. The world knows now that Resinol will cure that torturing disease, Eczema. Your druggist will confirm it, and also will tell you that it is a quick and certain cure for Erythema; for Tetter, for Herpes, for Psoriasis, for Eruption of Poison Ivy, for Impetigo and all eruptive skin diseases. It is perfectly harmless and is the best application for the chafing of infants, for Milk Rash, Scald Head and other infantile skin troubles. It stops the itching of Pruritus Ani or Itching Piles instantaneously. Its efficacy for this trouble alone has made it indeed a boon to humanity. Resinol Soap contains the same medication in a modified form. It is delightfully refreshing for the bath, keeps the skin always pure and maintains the ruddy glow of health. It gives luster to the hair and keeps the scalp free of dandruff. Resinol Salve and Resinol Soap are for sale in all drug stores. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

FOR COUNTRY-WIDE EFFORT

Foes of Tuberculosis Have Plan to Use Most Powerful Weapon on Earth.

April 30 has been set aside this year as "Tuberculosis Day," and will be observed in 200,000 churches in the country in a manner similar to that of "Tuberculosis Sunday" in 1910, when 40,000 sermons were preached on the prevention of tuberculosis. In the first official announcement of the occasion, made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the leaders of the movement state that they hope to enlist all of the 33,000,000 church members in the country.

In one respect Tuberculosis day will differ from Tuberculosis Sunday of 1910. Instead of requesting the churches to give to the tuberculosis cause a special Sunday service, the national association is going to ask this year that meetings at which the subject of tuberculosis and its prevention can be discussed, be held on Sunday, April 30, or on any other day near that date, either in the week preceding or the week following. "What we want," says Mr. Livingston Farrand, executive secretary of the National Association for the Study report on this movement, "is to have this whole subject of tuberculosis discussed in all of the 200,000 churches of the United States at as nearly the same time as possible."

One's Own Heaven and Hell.

Most of our grief comes from within—we torture and torment our very souls. Each man makes his heaven—each man makes his hell. Each man knows when and where he is right, just as he knows when and where he is wrong. Each man realizes just where and when he is weak, and when and where he is strong. But many take entirely too many liberties with themselves.—Exchange.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

The manly man makes altogether the best woman's man.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

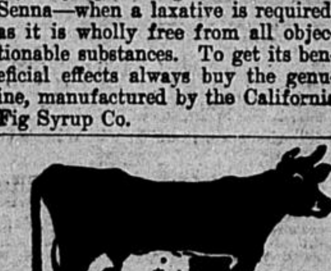
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.—Kingsley.

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

Be a live wire, but don't burn your associates.

A Mothers Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.


Kow-Kure

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. Barrenness, retained afterbirth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without "Kow-Kure." It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "What to Do When Your Cows Are Sick" sent free. Ask your local dealer for "Kow-Kure," or send to the manufacturers. Dairy Association Co., Lyndonville, Vt.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Women Need the Trivial

How Barren Would Be Most Feminine Life Were It Swept Clean of Trifles.

Marie Bashkirtseff's journal is full of laments that find an echo today in the wail of half the women who work. That young genius was furnished with a full complement of female relatives who did not work, and she suffered accordingly. "Marie! You are not going to work today! Why, we've planned to go shopping!" "Marie, put up your work now. We are going calling this afternoon." "Marie, you must not spend so much time over your easel. It is injuring your figure." "Marie, you must accompany your aunt. She is going to walk." And so on to the end of the story.

The old plaint of the literary wife who must wash the dishes before she wrote a sonnet is becoming the cry of half the sex. "Deliver us from counting the wash. Save us from afternoon teas, preserve us from knitting and crochet work! So shall our souls grow and the realms of art, business and politics be ours to command."

It has often been observed that the forbearance of Providence is nowhere more beautifully exemplified than in the fact that certain hymns imploring the speedy death of the singer, have been sung so long without fatal results. Womankind may still be grateful that they are are absolutely taken at their word. It is to be observed that Marie Bashkirtseff produced a number of fine canvasses though she died at the age of twenty-five. "Woman's work is never done" is a cry that has been pessimistically answered, "Nor ever will be as long as she is a woman."

Does not the heart of the matter lie in the fact that darning is still more important to the normal female mind than art, business or politics? How barren of entertainment would most feminine life be were it suddenly swept bare of the trivial! Nor, madam, is the trivial to be sneezed at. "The sum of life is in trifles," says the philosopher. But if women are to spend their lives in the pursuit of trifles, let them have the honesty to say, "Their importance is a sex habit of mind, and not a sex necessity."—New York Evening Sun.

The chief dealer in "spots and rots" in New York has been rounded up and punished.

Finger Prints and Crime

Incident Which Proved Correctness of Bertillon's System for Discovering Criminals.

Attempts to throw doubt on the system of M. Bertillon for discovering criminals by means of finger prints should be discredited by the actual capture of a man accused in the first instance of stealing a cow, and whose finger prints, it was revealed, tended to prove that he was guilty of a murder committed at Champigny 11 months ago. An old lady was put to death in her villa at that place last November, and the crime has always been steeped in a certain mystery, as no clue to the culprit could be found. Some weeks ago the gendarmes at a neighboring place arrested a man on the charge of having stolen a cow. The prisoner was photographed, as usual, at the Paris anthropometric department established by M. Bertillon, and then it was noticed that the photograph of the imprint of his fingers corresponded to the finger prints left on some bottles and glasses which had been found in the villa at Campigny. The man vehemently denied that he had a hand in the crime. The police meanwhile prosecuted their inquiry, and another strange fact was brought to light. When arrested the prisoner had in his possession certain papers of identification. The police allege to discover that these papers are not his at all, but are in the name of another man, who they suspect was also murdered. The prisoner in hand was called up before an examining magistrate, and is now accused of a double murder, and of having masqueraded in the name of one of his victims—and all this because his finger prints resemble those on the neck of a bottle found in a murdered woman's home.—Paris Correspondent London Telegraph.

Oldest of Musicians.

William Kuhe, the veteran pianist, who claims the distinction of being the oldest musician in the world, is 87 today, having been born at Prague of German parents in 1823.

Throughout his long career Mr. Kuhe has given concerts in association with all the greatest artists of the last half century and he introduced Patti, Trebelli and Christine Nilsson to the concert platform in this country.—London Evening Standard.