SKETCHES OF LINCOLN.

Remarkable Stories of His Boyhood Days.

HE READS HIS FIRST LAWBOOK.

A Terrible Backwoods Battle—A Wedding Song—Going to Mill—Restless Under Home Rule—The Trip to New Orleans and Encounter With Marauding Negroes.

[From the "Life of Lincoln" by William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik. Copyright, 1888, by Jesse W. Weik. Copyright, 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.]

IV.

Although imbued with a marked dislike for manual labor, it cannot be truthfully said that Lincoln was indolent. From a mental standpoint he was one of the most energetic young men of his day. He dwelt altogether in the land of thought. His deep meditation and abstraction easily induced the belief among his horny handed companions that he was lazy. In fact, a neighbor, John Romine, makes that charge. "He worked for me," testifies the latter, "but was always reading and thinking. I used to get mad at him for it. I say he was awfully lazy. He would laugh and talk, crack jokes and tell stories all the time—didn't love work half as much as

ABRAHAM'S STEPMOTHER.

his pay. He said to me one day that his father taught him to work, but he never taught him to love it." Verily there was but one Abraham Lincoln.

His chief delight during the day, if unmolested, was to lie down under the shade of some inviting tree to read and study. At night, lying on his stomach in front of the open fireplace, with a piece of charcoal he would cipher on a broad wooden shovel. When the latter was covered over on both sides, he would take his father's drawing knife or plane and shave it off clean, ready for a fresh supply of inscriptions the next day. He often moved about the cabin with a piece of chalk, writing and ciphering on boards and the flat sides of hewed logs. Whenever a bare wooden surface had been filled with his letters and ciphers he would erase them and begin anew.

The first lawbook Lincoln ever read was "The Statutes of Indiana." He obtained the volume from his friend David Turnham, who testifies that he fairly devoured the book in his eager efforts to abstract the store of knowledge that lay between the lids. No doubt, as Turnham insists, the study of the statutes at this early day led Abe to think of the law as his calling in maturer years. At any rate, he now began to evince no little zeal in the matter of public speaking—in compliance with the old notion, no doubt, that a lawyer can never succeed unless he has the elements of the orator or advocate in his construction—and even at work in the field he could not resist the temptation to mount the nearest stump and practice on his fellow laborers.

With all his peaceful propensities Abe was not averse to a contest of strength, either for sport or in settlement—as in one memorable case—of grievances. Personal encounters were of frequent occurrence in Gentryville in those days, and the prestige of having thrashed an opponent gave the victor marked social distinction. Green B. Taylor, with whom Abe worked the greater part of one winter on a farm, furnished me with an account of the noted fight between John Johnston, Abe's stepbrother, and William Grigsby, in which stirring drama Abe himself played an important role before the curtain was rung down. Taylor's father was the second for Johnston, and William Whitten officiated in a similar capacity for Grigsby.

"They had a terrible fight," relates Taylor, "and it soon became apparent that Grigsby was too much for Lincoln's man, Johnston. After they had fought a long time without interference, it having been agreed not to break the ring, Abe burst through, caught Grigsby, threw him off and some feet away. There he stood, proud as Lucifer, and swinging a bottle of liquor over his head swore he was 'the big buck of the lick.' 'If any one doubts it,' he shouted, 'he has only to come on and whet his horns.'" A general engagement followed his challenge, but at the end of hostilities the field was cleared, and the wounded retired amid the exultant shouts of their victors.

Keeping Close to History.

Much of the latter end of Abe's boyhood would have been lost in the midst of tradition but for the store of information and recollections I was fortunate enough to secure from an interesting old lady whom I met in Indiana in 1865. She was the wife of Josiah Crawford—"Blue Nose," as Abe had named him—and possessed rare accomplishments for a woman reared in the backwoods of Indiana. She was not only impressed with Abe's early efforts, but expressed great admiration for his sister Sarah, whom she often had with her at her own hospitable home and whom she described as a modest, industrious and sensible sister of a humorous and equally sensible brother. From Mrs. Crawford I obtained the few specimens of Abe's early literary efforts and much of the matter that follows in this chapter. The introduction here of the literary feature as affording us a glimpse of Lincoln's boyhood days may to a certain extent grate harshly on overrefined ears, but still no apology is necessary, for, as intimated at the outset, I intend to keep close to Lincoln all the way through. Some writers would probably omit these songs and backwoods recitals as savoring too strongly of the bacchanalian nature, but that would be a narrow view to take of history. If we expect to know Lincoln thoroughly, we must be prepared to take him as he really was.

In 1826 Abe's sister Sarah was married to Aaron Grigsby, and at the wedding the Lincoln family sang a song composed in honor of the event by Abe himself. It is a tiresome doggerel and full of painful rhymes. I reproduce it here from the manuscript furnished me by Mrs. Crawford. The author and composer called it "Adam and Eve's Wedding Song:"

When Adam was created,
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded,
And soon a bride was made.

The Lord then was willing
That man should not be alone,
But caused a sleep upon him,
And from him took a bone.

And closed the flesh instead thereof,
And then he took the same
And of it made a woman
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride,
A part of his own body,
The product of his side.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see,
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know,
To show she must not rule him—
'Tis evidently so.

The woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.

Poor Sarah, at whose wedding this song was sung, never lived to see the glory nor share in the honor that afterward fell to the lot of her tall and angular brother. Within two years after her marriage she died in childbirth.

His Physical Prowess.

By the time he had reached his seventeenth year he had attained the physical proportions of a full grown man. He was employed to assist James Taylor in the management of a ferryboat across the Ohio river near the mouth of Anderson's creek, but was not allowed a man's wages for the work. He received 37 cents a day for what he afterward told me was the roughest work a man could be made to do. In the midst of whatever work he was engaged on he still found time to utilize his pen. He prepared a composition on the American government, calling attention to the necessity of preserving the constitution and perpetuating the Union, which, with characteristic modesty, he turned over to his friend and patron, William Woods, for safe keeping and perusal. Through the instrumentality of Woods it attracted the attention of many persons, among them one Pitcher, a lawyer at Rockport, who, with faintly concealed enthusiasm, declared "the world couldn't beat it."

An article on temperance was shown under similar circumstances to Aaron Farmer, a Baptist preacher of local renown, and by him furnished to an Ohio newspaper for publication. The thing, however, which gave him such prominence—a prominence, too, which could have been attained in no other way—was his remarkable physical strength, for he was becoming not only one of the longest but one of the strongest men around Gentryville. He enjoyed the brief distinction his exhibitions of strength gave him more than the admiration of his friends for his literary or forensic efforts. Some of the feats attributed to him almost surpass belief. One witness declares he was equal to three men, having on a certain occasion carried a load of 600 pounds. At another time he walked away with a pair of logs which three robust men were skeptical of their ability to carry. "He could strike with a maul a heavier blow, could sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw," is the testimony of another witness.

After he had passed his nineteenth year and was nearing his majority he began to chafe and grow restless under the restraints of home rule. Seeing no prospect of betterment in his condition, so long as his fortune was interwoven with that of his father, he at last endeavored to strike out into the broad world for himself.

In March, 1828, James Gentry, for whom he had been at work, had fitted out a boat with a stock of grain and meat for a trading expedition to New Orleans and placed his son Allen in charge of the cargo for the voyage. Abe's desire to make a river trip was at last satisfied, and he accompanied the proprietor's son, serving as "bow hand." His pay was $8 a month and board. In due course of time the navigators returned from their expedition with the evidence of profitable results to gladden the heart of the owner. The only occurrence of interest they could relate of the voyage was the encounter with a party of marauding negroes at the plantation of Mme. Duchesne, a few miles below Baton Rouge. Abe and Gentry, having tied up for the night, were fast asleep on their boat when aroused by the arrival of a crowd of negroes bent on plunder. They set to work with clubs and not only drove off the intruders, but pursued them inland; then, hastily returning to their quarters, they cut loose their craft and floated down stream till daylight.

At a Critical Moment.

The result of the great conflict seemed to be in more doubt than ever just after the emancipation proclamation. Mr. Lincoln expressed his own view of the situation with: "We are a good deal like whalers who have been long on a chase. At last we have got our harpoon fairly into the monster, but we must look out how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will yet send us all into eternity."

WASHINGTON IN DANGER.

Reminiscences of the Early Days of the Civil War.

When the National Capital Was at the Mercy of the South—The Strain Relieved by the Advent of New York's Crack Regiment.

[Special Washington Letter.]

At the beginning of the civil war in 1861, the capitol building was not more than half completed. The readers who were born since 1860 know no more of that great struggle for the life of the nation than they know of the war with Mexico or the war of the revolution. It is all history to them save that it has been a home story about the firesides of the men of the north and of the south who participated in the grapple and carnage of battle. It was a wonderful spectacle, even as a reminiscence, to see two sections of a great nation engaged in such deadly combat extending over a period of years.

The capital city of the republic was so located that it was on the borderland of the seceding section, and south of the center of the loyal north. The public buildings, the official records

THE CAPITOL IN 1861.

and the national treasury were also almost wholly unprotected. The people of the south were in earnest about secession, and hoped for some sort of a peaceful compromise. They did not want to fire on the old flag, or they could have taken Washington city before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. They were prepared for war, and the north was not. I have always given them credit for conservatism at the outset, in keeping hands off of the capital, which was at their mercy. There was not a fort manned, nor a sentinel standing here for defense, until after Lincoln's inauguration.

The capitol building was a mass of tall derricks surrounded by piles of marble blocks. The central portion of the building was complete and occupied by congress. But the dome looked like an unfinished parachute. Its iron arms extended half way to their keystone, without covering, and the workmen, away up in the air, looked like dwarfs at play on the limbs of a leafless banyan tree with ruined trunk. There were many men in those days who believed that it would never be finished. One of them was Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, who said: "The building is on Maryland soil, and Maryland will secede with the other southern states. In the division of the country by compromise, it will belong to the south. We will take it down and remove it to Montgomery, Ala., or Richmond, Va. Of course we will not have our capitol so near to Yankee soil, for it would be exposed if there should ever be a war. Besides we will want it located nearer the center of the confederacy."

Many leading southern gentlemen had no clear idea that war was imminent. They were thoroughly imbued with the belief that the men of the north would not fight against secession. They sincerely regarded their right to withdraw from the union as a constitutional privilege. They possessed all of the Atlantic and gulf ports, with their fortifications and equipments, and the bulk of the army. Moreover, there were many people in the northern states who were like-minded, and who deprecated war. Hence there was a prevailing sentiment that the capitol would never be completed. The whole scene changed in the twinkling of an eye. The steamer "Star of the West," flying the stars and stripes, carrying supplies and reinforcements to Fort Sumter, was fired upon, and immediately thereafter Fort Sumter was bombarded and captured. That settled the whole matter, and we were in the presence of a crisis—an epoch of history.

The war began, the national capital was defended, the president and cabinet remained here, troops were called for, the congress assembled, and the work of completing the capitol building went on as though profound peace prevailed. The dome was completed, the senate and house wings were added, and, in 1864, while hundreds of thousands of our people were battling for supremacy of the principles they espoused, the marble building on the summit of the commanding eminence grew into what it now is, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

But there was great excitement here when Virginia's legislature passed an ordinance of secession on April 17, 1861. This was followed by news to the effect that the young men all over the south were meeting together in every village and hamlet and crossroads, and forming companies and drilling with muskets; and where muskets were not to be had they used pitchforks or other implements that first came to hand, and they declared that in less than a fortnight the southern flag should float over the national capitol. This fact alarmed everybody in Washington, for the capital was absolutely defenseless. The local papers called for meetings of loyal men to form companies and defend the city. It was fully realized that the troops called for in the proclamation of President Lincoln could not reach Washington in time to prevent its capture. President Lincoln keenly realized the situation, and all available troops of the small regular army were ordered here; but transportation was not so ready nor so speedy as it became with the exigencies of the times. This city was largely in sympathy with secession. But two companies were speedily formed, composed almost wholly of men of the north and west who were temporarily in the city. Many of them were prominent in political and official life. The company called the Frontier Guards was commanded by Hon. James H. Lane, of Kansas, of "border-ruffian" fame. This company guarded the white house. The other company was called the Clay battalion, and was commanded by Hon. Cassius M. Clay. The Clay battalion was quartered in Grace church, adjoining Willard's hotel, near the treasury.

For two days and nights these little bands of inexperienced men were the only guardians of the national capital. The Clay battalion marched to the navy yard and guarded the property there, as it was rumored that it would all be burned after midnight. A member of that organization, speaking of his first experience as a soldier, said:

"On arriving at the navy yard a guard was placed around the grounds, and the rest of the men, some forty or fifty, found quarters as best they might in a large ship building. I took lodgings in the fold of a large sail that was suspended hammock-like over a beam. At twelve o'clock a relief guard was called for, and being uncomfortably bent up and chilly in the sail, I jumped out and was the first to respond to the corporal's call; and for my promptness I was assigned the post of honor (as he told me, although I didn't know what it meant). My beat was next the river, and it was much more comfortable marching back and forth four rods under the starlight and with good musket than it was in the sail. We expected the attack would come, if at all, from Alexandria and by way of the river. We peered out into the darkness which hung over the broad waters of the Potomac, trying to get sight of an enemy that we hoped would not come. About sixty yards off lay a long, low, black steamer that had been captured, and which, about three o'clock a. m., showed signs of getting up steam. After holding a short council with the sentry next to me we concluded to report the fact that the vessel was making steam to the commandant of the yard, which we did through the corporal of the guard, and word was returned that it was all right 'and according to orders.' About an hour later Commander Dahlgren came out of his residence in full dress uniform, and being challenged gave the password, 'Massachusetts,' and then descended the steps to the water's edge, got into his gig, went on board the suspicious vessel and it moved slowly and silently

FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

away. I now understood what the corporal meant by the 'post of honor.'"

The arrival of the Sixth Massachusetts infantry, on April 19, did not relieve the apprehensions of the president and other officials. Rioters in Baltimore had killed four and wounded thirty-six members of that regiment, and the authorities of Baltimore declared that no more troops should pass through the city. President Lincoln declared that they should. During that night the secession leaders of the Baltimore mobs were busy burning bridges and tearing up the railroad track, thus cutting off all connection with the north. Without mail facilities, or other means of communication with the outside world, the gloom thickened. Men now had a great desire to leave Washington and some paid extravagant and almost fabulous sums to be carried north by livery teams. Others, of southern birth, were equally anxious to get south, and in a few days Washington was considerably thinned out of its transient population. This was believed, however, to be a time of real danger—when the days were filled with apprehension and the nights with dread.

This sense of danger, with its strain and tension of sleepless anxiety, was not relieved until the afternoon of April 25, 1861, when the famous Seventh New York regiment reached the city, and, as they marched up Pennsylvania avenue to the inspiring music of their fine regimental band, bearing at their head the stars and stripes, their well-filled columns, their regular step and soldierly bearing, won the admiration of all, and each one felt that the crisis was past and the capital saved.

At any moment, at any hour of the day or night, the Virginia boys could have taken Washington and won great prestige to the confederacy. After that date the troopers of the northland came pouring into the city on every train. But the war was not over in thirty days nor in ninety days. For four long years the national capital was the rendezvous, the bivouac and camping ground of hundreds of thousands of men, and tens of thousands of them spent weeks and months in hospitals here, sick, wounded and dying.

SMITH D. FRY.

New Use for Electricity.

A new method of determining the presence of metallic poisons in the body after death is to pass a current of electricity through it, discomposing the torsion and depositing the metal on one of the electrodes. It is said that in the cases of antimony, lead, copper, mercury, etc., this method will detect the presence of as small a quantity of the metal as one-thousandth of a grain.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for April 28, 1895—The Lord's Supper—Mark 14:12-26.

[Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22:19.

THIS SECTION of the narrative includes the whole story of the institution of the Lord's Supper, chiefly in Mark 14:12-31; and John chapters 13-17.

INTERVENING STORY.—After His discourses on the mount of Olives, Jesus continued His walk to Bethany, where He spent Wednesday and Thursday morning in retirement, probably at the home of Lazarus, while the Jewish rulers were conspiring against Him. Thursday afternoon He sent two of His disciples to Jerusalem to prepare for the Passover, and toward evening He went there with His disciples.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D. 30. It was the evening after the 14th of Nisan (the day of preparation, and hence called the first day of the feast), and therefore was the beginning of the 15th of Nisan (Friday, April 7), which, according to the Jewish reckoning, commenced immediately after the sunset of the 14th, and was the day on which the Passover was eaten.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matthew 26:17-30; Luke 22:7-39; 1 Corinthians 11:23-25. Compare John 13:1-30; and read John, chapters 13 to 17.

LESSON NOTES.

The Strife to Be First.—The strife probably began when the disciples were assembling in the upper room and were about to take their places at the table. Even in this most solemn hour, more solemn than they realized, there arose a contention among the disciples as to who should be the greatest, probably with reference to the places of honor at the table. "How like a mounting devil in the heart rules the unreined ambition!" But distinguish between the strong desire to improve, to have large usefulness, to grow in holiness and love, and the desire to have more honor and power, or even to be better than others. To do the very best we can in everything is our duty.

Jesus Washes His Disciples' Feet.—We gain a very erroneous idea of the meaning of this action if we imagine that it was performed for a mere example of humility, or even as an illustration. It was simply a humble, menial service that ought to have been done by the disciples, but which they refused or neglected to do. No wonder the conscience-smitten disciples were amazed, and that Peter could not endure that Jesus should wash his feet.

After this the Passover feast was celebrated in the usual Jewish manner. What is its significance? (1) It was the anniversary of the birth of the Jewish nation. (2) It marked the Divine favor and protection in preserving their firstborn from destruction. The destroying angel passed over the houses on which the blood was sprinkled, or, as some take it, the Jehovah angel passed over and stood over the door, and shut out the destroying angel. (3) It commemorated their salvation from the bondage of Egypt, and their separation to a holy life. (4) The sacrifice acknowledged their sin and need of atonement, (5) which they must apply to themselves by faith. (6) The absence of leaven denoted their putting away sin. (7) The bitter herbs were a token of their repentance. (8) The whole foreshadowed the coming of their Redeemer.

The Teachings of the Lord's Supper. The supper is a memorial of a departed Friend, a prophecy of a returning Friend, and a parable, and vision, and revelation of a perpetually present and ever-living and life-giving Friend. The celebration of this supper brings to remembrance the leading truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It holds up to our view the infinite love of God, Who gave His only begotten Son.

It brings to remembrance the life of Christ, all He was, and did and said. It makes Him a living reality to us. It is an irrefragable proof that He lived and died for us.

As the Passover to the Jews, so this supper helps us to realize the grievous bondage of sin from which Christ has redeemed us.

We must partake by faith, or it will be of no avail.

The simplest and most common things of daily life are employed to teach us of Christ, so that all may understand, so that everything shall remind us of Him, and the whole daily life may be sanctified and transfigured.

By eating together, we learn the blessing and power of the oneness of God's people. "Many as the waves, but one as the sea." Like the radii of a circle, the nearer we are to the center, Christ, the nearer we are to one another.

It implies a new consecration of ourselves to God in the new covenant.

It is a prophecy of Christ's second coming, of the perfect triumph of His kingdom; for we are to celebrate it till He comes. It contains a hope and a promise of victory and Heaven.

It is the holding up before the world the cross of Christ; not a selfish gathering of a few saints, but a proclamation of the Saviour for all, and that He is our Lord and Saviour.

Parting Words.—John 14. At the table, and 15, 16, after they had risen from the table, and were about to depart. These words are full of promises, of comfort and of instruction; and will ever be read with more interest and helpfulness when we remember the circumstances in which they were spoken.

Catherine de Medici and the Weed.

In 1572 somebody sent Catherine de Medici a box of powdered tobacco leaves. She acquired a taste for the herb, both chewing and snuffing, or rather smelling it, and for many years the plant was called in France herbe de la Reine.

"IT takes very little evidence to convince a man in the line of his prejudices. It would take more evidence than he will listen to to convince him against those prejudices. It is a man's attitude toward evidence, rather than the evidence itself, that ordinarily measures the practical value of evidence."—Trumbull.

ONE of the reigning beauties of English society is Lady Grey Egerton. She was a Baltimore girl by birth, and a descendant of Mad Anthony Wayne. Oddly enough, her maiden name corresponded with the heroine of one of Richard Harding Davis' stories. She was formerly Miss Eleanor Cuyler.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Related by a Keeper of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

(From the Jackson Citizen.)

Mr. A. E. Wing resides at 612 N. Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich. He is a keeper in the Michigan State Prison, a man of sterling integrity, and whose word is beyond dispute. He tells the following story of a wonderful escape, and the incidents connected with the dangerous position in which he was placed. He says, some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groins, which began to increase in size to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread down my legs to my feet, and I was bloated from my waist down, so badly that I could not pull my pants, over my legs, and I had to open my shoes fully two inches before I could get them on. Even my face became puffed up, and my whole system seemed affected. I could hardly drag myself upstairs to unlock my men. I consulted a physician, one of the best in the city. He said the swelling was caused by an irritation of the kidneys, and I commenced treatment with him. But I seemed to be getting worse. I was strongly urged by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I finally consented. After the first week I commenced to see a change, and felt much better. This was encouraging, and I continued their use. I took five boxes in all, with the happy result that I was completely cured. I have never heard of any medicine which had such a pronounced and radical effect, and yet not affect the system generally and leave it in such a good condition. I feel better now than I ever did. After the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until it was entirely gone. I regard Doan's Kidney Pills as a most wonderful agent in the curing of any form of kidney disorder.

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising, but before we were half through, **OUR ADVERTISEMENTS DISAPPEARED.** Why? Because **WE WERE OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS.** There was but one thing to do: withdraw the advertising and devote every energy to filling the orders with which we were flooded. This we did, and handled with reasonable promptness a most unprecedented year's business.

WITH ENLARGED FACTORIES, INCREASED FACILITIES, AND TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES FROM WHICH TO DISTRIBUTE OUR GOODS, WE CAN NOW CARE FOR ALL WHO COME. Last year we could not reduce prices because we were compelled in some way to limit the demand for Aermotor goods. We would have been satisfied with lower prices, but why create a demand which we could not supply? We have made the heaviest purchases of steel and material bought in America this year, and at unprecedented prices, and have made terms to dealers which enable them to make unprecedented prices.

In quality, character, variety, finish, and accessibility to full stock of goods and repairs, we are without competitors. In our plan of advertising last year, we proposed to furnish a feed cutter under certain conditions for $15. For reasons stated above we did not complete the advertising, and the feed cutter was not put out. We now propose to make amends in the following manner: We will announce in this paper our **NEW ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH**

$40 at $10

cash with order, f. o. b. Chicago. Only one to one person, he to furnish addresses of ten neighbors who ought to have something in our line. Cut, description and full information regarding it will appear soon.

*We especially desire to caution you against paying excessive prices for windmills. The temptation on the part of the dealer to overcharge is great. $20 added to the legitimate price is $10 clear profit to the dealer. To be sure that you get the proper price and article, write us of your needs and you will be protected. We are, and always have been believers in low prices. Because of the prodigious output of our factories we are enabled to have special tools for each piece, and thus reduce the hand labor on it to merely picking up the material and laying it down again. So small has become the cost of labor put on the material which we sell that it is not worth mentioning. We have become the largest dealers in the material, of course, being made up in the form of the steel galvanized-after-completion windmills, towers (all tilting and fixed), tanks, pumps, etc. To such an extent has this become true, and to such an extent has the price of our goods (and on that account the volume of our business rendered competition impossible), that **FOUR LARGE WINDMILL CONCERNS ARE BUYING THEIR TOWERS OF US THIS YEAR. THEY DO IT BECAUSE WE MAKE THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AND SAFE TOWER; BECAUSE THEY CAN BUY OF US CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BUILD; BECAUSE WE ALONE ARE PREPARED TO GALVANIZE EVERYTHING AFTER IT IS COMPLETED, AND COMPLETE EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT.**

These concerns are wise, for, even though they may not furnish the best of wheels, the wheel will have the best of supports. Send to us your name and address, and those of your neighbors who may need something in our line, and thereby do them a good turn. The Aermotor Co. is one of the most successful business enterprises which has been launched in recent times. In succeeding advertisements will be discussed and made clear the lines on which that success has been worked out. It was done by a farmer's boy. A careful following of these advertisements may suggest to some other farmer's boy a career.

Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN

IRRIGATION

Send me FOUR CENTS in stamps and let me send you something valuable on the subject.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn. NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK

DONE AT THIS OFFICE