

SKETCHES OF LINCOLN.

The Old Story of How He Fell In Love.

DESCRIPTION OF ANNE RUTLEDGE.

Young Men Who Laid Siege to the Heart of This Attractive Maiden—Case of John McNamar—Death of Anne—Effect on Lincoln's Mind.

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VIII.

Since the days when in Indiana Lincoln sat on the river's bank with little Kate Roby, dangling his bare feet in the water, there has been no hint in these pages of tender relations with any one of the opposite sex. Now we approach in timely order the "grand passion" of his life—a romance of much reality, the memory of which threw a melancholy shade over the remainder of his days. For the first time our hero falls in love. The courtship with Anne Rutledge and her untimely death form the saddest page in Mr. Lincoln's history.

James Rutledge, the father of this interesting girl, was one of the founders of New Salem, having come there from Kentucky in 1829. Besides his business interests in the store and mill at New Salem he kept the tavern where Lincoln came to board in 1833. His family, besides himself and wife, consisted of nine children, three of whom were born in Kentucky, the remaining six in Illinois. Anne, the subject of this chapter, was the third child. She was a beautiful girl, and by her winning ways attracted people to her so firmly that she soon became the most popular young lady in the village. She was quick of apprehension, industrious and an excellent housekeeper. She had a moderate education, but was not cultured except by contrast with those around her. At every "quilting" Anne was a necessary adjunct, and her nimble fingers drove the needle more swiftly than any one else. Lincoln used to escort her to and from these quilting bees, and on one occasion even went into the house—where men were considered out of place—and sat by her side as she worked on the quilt.

He whispered into her ear the old, old story. Her heart throbbled and her soul was thrilled with a joy as old as the world itself. Her fingers momentarily lost their skill. In her ecstasy she made such irregular and uneven stitches that the older and more sedate women noted it, and the owner of the quilt, until a few years ago still retaining it as a precious souvenir, pointed out the memorable stitches to such persons as visited her.

Handsome and Good.

"Miss Rutledge," says a lady who knew her, "had auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. She was pretty, slightly slender, but in everything a good-hearted young woman. She was about 5 feet 2 inches high and weighed in the neighborhood of 120 pounds. She was beloved by all who knew her. She died, as it were, of grief. In speaking of her death and her grave Lincoln once said to me, 'My heart lies buried there.'"

Before narrating the details of Lincoln's courtship with Miss Rutledge it is proper to mention briefly a few facts that occurred before their attachment began.

About the same time that Lincoln drifted into New Salem there came from the eastern states John McNeil, a young man of enterprise and great activity, seeking his fortune in the west. He went to work at once and within a short time had accumulated by commendable effort a comfortable amount of property. Within three years he owned a farm and a half interest with Samuel Hill in the leading store. He had good capacity for business and was a valuable addition to that already pretentious village—New Salem. It was while living at James Cameron's house that this plucky and industrious young business man first saw Anne Rutledge. McNeil fell deeply in love with the schoolgirl—she was then only 17—and paid her the usual unreturning attentions young lovers of that age had done before him and are still doing today. His partner in the store, Samuel Hill, a young man of equal force of character, who afterward amassed a comfortable fortune and also wielded no little influence as a local politician, laid siege to the heart of this same attractive maiden, but he yielded up the contest early. Anne rejected him, and he dropped from the race. McNeil had clear sailing from this time forward. After several years McNeil, having disposed of his interest in the store to Hill, determined to return to New York, his native state, for a visit. He had accumulated up to this time, as near as we can learn, \$10,000 or possibly \$12,000. Before leaving he made to Anne a singular revelation. He told her the name McNeil was an assumed one; that his real name was McNamar.

McNamar, after much vexatious delay, finally reached his birthplace in New York, finding his father in the decline of years and health. He provided for his immediate needs, and by his assiduous attentions undertook to atone for the years of his neglect, but all to no purpose. The old gentleman gradually faded from the world and early one winter morning crossed the great river. McNamar was thus left to settle up the few unfinished details of his father's estate and to provide for the pressing needs of the family. His detention necessitated a letter to Anne explaining the nature and cause of the delay. Other letters followed, but each succeeding one growing less ardent in tone and more formal in phraseology than its predecessor Anne began to lose faith. Had his love gradually died away like the morning wind? was a question she often asked herself. She had stood firm under fire before, but now her heart grew sick with hope

deferred. At last the correspondence ceased altogether.

At this point we are favored with the introduction of the ungainly Lincoln as a suitor for the hand of Miss Rutledge. Lincoln had learned of McNamar's strange conduct, and no doubt when he began to pay her attentions she was the most attractive young lady whom up to that time he had ever met. She was not only modest and winning in her ways and full of good, womanly common sense, but withal refined in contrast with the uncultured people who surrounded both herself and Lincoln. "She had a secret, too, and a sorrow—the unexplained and painful absence of McNamar—which no doubt made her all the more interesting to him whose spirit was often even more melancholy than her own."

McNamar seems to have considered Lincoln's bashfulness as proof against the alluring charms of Miss Rutledge or anybody else, for he continues: "Mr. Lincoln was not to my knowledge paying particular attention to any of the young ladies of my acquaintance when I left my home in New York. There was no rivalry between us on that score. On the contrary, I had every reason to believe him my warm personal friend. But by and by I was left so far behind in the race I did not deem my chances worthy of notice. From this time forward he made rapid strides to that imperishable fame which justly fills a world."

A Pathetic Event.

Lincoln began to court Miss Rutledge in dead earnest. As he pleaded and pressed his cause the Rutledges and all New Salem encouraged his suit. McNamar's unexplained absence and apparent neglect furnished outsiders with all the arguments needed to encourage Lincoln and convince Anne. Although the attachment was growing and daily becoming an intense and mutual passion, the young lady remained firm and almost inflexible. She was passing through another fire.

A long struggle with her feelings followed, but at length the inevitable moment came. She consented to have Lincoln, provided he gave her time to write to McNamar and obtain his release from her pledge. The slow moving mails carried her tender letter to New York. Days and weeks, which to the ardent Lincoln must have seemed painfully long, passed, but the answer never came. In a half hearted way she turned to Lincoln, and her looks told him that he had won. She accepted his proposal. Now that they were engaged he told her what she already knew—that he was poverty itself. She must grant him time to gather up funds to live on until he had completed his law studies. After this trifling delay "nothing on God's footstool," argued the emphatic lover, could keep them apart. To this the thoughtful Anne consented. To one of her brothers she said, "As soon as his studies are completed we are to be married." But the ghost of another lover would often rise unbidden before her. Within her bosom raged the conflict which finally undermined her health. Late in the summer she took to her bed. A fever was burning in her head. Day by day she sank until all hope was banished. During the latter days of her sickness her physician had forbidden visitors to enter her room, prescribing absolute quiet. But her brother relates that she kept inquiring for Lincoln so continuously, at times demanding to see him, that the family at last sent for him. On his arrival at her bedside the door was closed, and he was left alone with her. What was said, what vows and revelations were made during this sad interview, were known only to him and the dying girl. A few days after ward she became unconscious and remained so until her death on the 25th day of August, 1835.

The most astonishing and sad sequel to this courtship was the disastrous effect of Miss Rutledge's death on Mr. Lincoln's mind. It operated strangely on one of his calm and stoical makeup. As he returned from the visit to the bedside of Miss Rutledge he stopped at the house of a friend, who relates that his face showed signs of no little mental agony. "He was very much distressed," is the language of this friend, "and I was not surprised when it was rumored subsequently that his reason was in danger." One of Miss Rutledge's brothers says: "The effect upon Mr. Lincoln's mind was terrible. He became plunged in despair, and many of his friends feared that reason would desert her throne. His extraordinary emotions were regarded as strong evidence of the existence of the tenderest relations between himself and the deceased." The truth is Mr. Lincoln was strangely wrought up over the sad ending of the affair. He had fits of great mental depression and wandered up and down the river and into the woods woefully abstracted at times in the deepest distress. If, when we read what the many credible persons who knew him at the time tell us, we do not conclude that he was deranged, we must admit that he walked on that sharp and narrow line which divides sanity from insanity. To one friend he complained that the thought "that the snows and rains fall upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief." He was watched with special vigilance during damp, stormy days under the belief that dark and gloomy weather might produce such a depression of spirits as to induce him to take his own life. His condition finally became so alarming his friends consulted together and sent him to the house of a kind friend, Bowlin Greene, who lived in a secluded spot hidden by the hills a mile south of town. Here he remained for some weeks under the care and ever watchful eye of this noble friend, who gradually brought him back to reason, or at least a realization of his true condition. In the years that followed Mr. Lincoln never forgot the kindness of Greene through those weeks of suffering and peril. In 1842, when the latter died and Lincoln was selected by the Masonic lodge to deliver the funeral oration, he broke down in the midst of his address.

A POPULAR MISTAKE.

You may think that all wisdom will perish with you. It will not. Or that men of your standing are probably few. They are not. That the plans you bring forward are clear as the day. You may think that your judgments are always O. K. That all men who oppose you wear long ears and bray. They do not.

You may think that your debtors are rogues, one and all. They are not. That your creditors fiendishly plot your downfall. They do not. You may think that most men are the devil's own kin. And that all they desire is to save their own skin. And you only are guiltless in this world of sin. But you're not.

No heart that still beats is beyond love's control. Surely not. There's a spark from above in each wandering soul. Is there not? Try to touch the warm spot in your fellow-man's breast. You will find the heart warmer than you ever guessed. And your heart will not suffer, my friend, in the quest. Surely not. —William S. Woods, in Ram's Horn.

MY CHARMING LODGER.

To a young curate not long from college, and accustomed to a home, that remote Fellside parsonage at Brigend was essentially exile, hard enough to bear, if not quite as bad as Siberia. I had no one to whom I could fall back as a companion. My sister was bound to remain at home with my mother; and she and I composed the family. For her own part, my mother was too delicate to undertake the long journey from London to the north, or to endure the roughness inseparable from such a place as Brigend, when she got there. We were eight miles from a station, and the road we had to travel was more like the dry bed of a river than a civilized highway which had once been macadamized, and was presumably still kept in repair by the ratepayers and occupiers.

Things being so, and the long autumn evenings daily deepening and lengthening, with the prospect of that dreary, lonely winter before me, I determined to advertise for some young man to whom plain living and high thinking, with plenty of leisure and little to pay, would be powerful inducements to come—thus sharing while lightening my solitude, as well as halving the very moderate expenses of my housekeeping. Moderate, however, as they were, my exiguous stipend could barely meet them; and a company in the weekly bills would be a gain.

I therefore put into the paper an advertisement for a paying companion, and in due course received a reply. As it was the only one I did receive I had no difficulty in making a choice, and was thus spared both trouble and responsibility. After the interchange of a few letters, setting times and terms, the die was cast and things were arranged and Montgomery Somerset was booked to come on October 21—which day, pace the Thirteen club, I will remember fell on a Friday. Meanwhile I undertook to meet him at the station—with some difficulty securing a fly for his transit to the parsonage. The roads were so bad that few jobmasters cared to send their cattle along them. Which fact added to the desolation of the place.

Unpunctual as usual, and a good half-hour late, the train drew up at the little Fellside station which served this desolate tract of country. The one solitary first-class passenger alighted, I was pleasantly impressed by his appearance. Tall, good-looking, well-dressed, he was also well-mannered—in a way—not wholly so, but quite passably. He was a trifle nervous, for I noticed how sharply he looked about him, and how rapid but eager the glances which scanned the carriages behind his own and the few loiterers on the platform. Even Bob Lant, the stolid old constable of the district, came in from a look which seemed to take him in from his helmet to his boots. Of the two I thought at the time that Montgomery Somerset was more of a detective than our own local Sherlock Holmes, and more likely to track a criminal and hunt him down. Be that, however, as it may, in a short time we were both seated in the rattle-trap old shandydan, which was all that Fellside had to offer, and jolting over the dry watercourse to the isolation of Brigend.

As the days passed by I had cause to congratulate myself on my good fortune; though, indeed, it was so good as to make me wonder how it ever came about. My lodger was simply charming, always good-humored, complaisant, contented. He was not, perhaps, so well educated as might have been expected, and knew less than an ordinary gentleman of classics, mathematics and the rest of the subjects known as of course to educated men. In fact, he knew nothing at all of these things, and his reading was not above the average of a schoolboy's blundering pronouncement. He explained this by saying that he had never been sent to any good school—at least not for long together. His father had been in the army; he was the only child, and parental love had got the better of parental foresight, for neither father nor mother would part with him. Hence his education had been desultory—and he had learned nothing from the root upward, having forgotten, indeed, all that he had ever acquired. As he was anxious to know more than he did, his ignorance was not so much a barrier as a spur, and we passed the long evenings in study, which I strove to make as interesting and little irksome as I could.

Meanwhile, I was glad to see how, under the regular regime and brisk Fellside air, my lodger's nervousness gradually subsided, and he became less watchful, more composed and, as one might say, sleeker altogether than he had been when he came.

One thing struck me: Montgomery received no letters. He had been with me now for six weeks, and he had not had one single letter. He seemed to think I must find this strange, for one day when the bag had brought me two letters from home and others from friends, besides circulars and papers, he said, with a laugh: "Do you notice I never have a letter from anyone?" "Yes," I answered, frankly. "Why is it?"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked, a queer, quizzical kind of expression about his mouth; but his eyes were not quizzical. They were too searching, too anxious, to fit well with the "wreathed smile" about those thin and mobile lips. "Certainly, yes; tell me. I see there is a story in it," I answered, laughing, too.

"A highly romantic story, you bet your bottom dollar on that!" he said. "I am a fugitive." "Merely?" I cried, startled. "A fugitive from what—justice?" "No; love!" he said.

I suppose I looked puzzled, for he went on to say: "An old woman—at least she is old to me, as I am only thirty, and she is past fifty. Well, this old woman, as I must call her, Lady Asplin, has done me the honor to take a fancy to my unworthy person. She has persecuted me for more than a year now, insisting on my taking her presents, on my accepting her hospitality, on my attaching myself to her service. I give you my word, I no more saw her little game at first than I see now into the middle of next week. It took it all as the innocent maternal love of an old woman for a young man making his way in the world—a woman glad to be of use to one without too many friends, and sadly in need of bankers. And I accepted all her kindnesses as I would have taken them from my own mother. When she could not give me money she loaded me with jewelry to turn into money. I have a small portmanteau full of jewels that she gave me. But I was never so hard up as to be forced to spend these treasures; and I kept them, meaning to give them back to her as she gave them to me, when I could truthfully tell her that I had established myself so far in my profession as to need no more help from the outside. Did I not tell you I was on the Stock exchange? No? But I am. I am, for my business is a stockbroker. So things went on for about a year or more, when the lady's feelings either changed or became too strong to be concealed. From maternal affection, as I had thought, she passed to girlish coquetry—to a young lady's arts and fascinations—and later, too, declared passion. She flung off the mask and made me a distinct offer. I was staying with her at the time, and I declare to you I was as innocent as a dove of her intentions, till she told me in plain language that she loved and wanted me to marry her. Then I was frightened. I confess it. I am the son of a soldier, and a brave one, too, but I was fairly frightened by a woman! In the middle of the night I made up my packets and stole out of her house—like a thief. When I saw your advertisement, I said to myself: 'That's the ticket for me!' I answered it and came down, as I say, literally a fugitive from a woman's love, and—I know the sex—her certain vengeance to come if she finds me out. So, Mr. Waring, there's my story, sir, complete in a nutshell; and I think you will agree with me in saying a pretty queer one it is, too, and fit to go into a three-volume novel, if ever there was one."

"Why, yes, it is queer enough," I answered; "and I scarcely know what to say to it. It seems a pity that you should leave London and your business just for this. Why not pack up all these jewels that you speak of and send them back to the lady, saying you cannot keep them because you cannot marry her, and then go to work with your hands quite free? That's what I would do if I were in your place. I would not let myself be frightened or banished for any old woman in the world."

"He sighed. "Ah! you don't know women as I do," he returned. "Nor have I told you quite all. There is another woman in the case—Mary Edwards, Lady Asplin's orphan niece, whom I love and who loves me. If I were to do this she would turn poor Mary out of doors, and I do not know what would happen then! For the dear girl has no money, and she would be ruined. No, I dare not do that!"

I confess I did not see the logical consequence which seemed so clear to my charming lodger, but I supposed he knew his own business best, so I did not urge my side of the question. It was evidently a danger, take it how one would, and too delicate a matter for the interference of a stranger.

But I did not like the idea of those jewels given in friendship and kept in estrangement. It seemed to me as if the very elements of honor demanded their return; and for my own part I could not have slept another night with them in my possession had I been in Montgomery Somerset's place. To him, however, this seemed to be not only Quixotism, but even actually criminal, in view of Mary Edwards, and that curious non sequitur—her probable dismissal from the house should they be returned.

This story perplexed me a great deal. There were features in it I did not like, and it puzzled me how to make it hang together. And, more than all, it seemed to take away a certain portion of the reliance I had had on my charming lodger, to rub off some of the glamour which he had thrown over me. Well-mannered he was, certainly, but I saw for the first time a certain artificiality in his good breeding, as if it had been an art acquired and not inherited, a certain dash of obsequiousness in his complaisance which hitherto I had taken simply as good temper and quasi-carelessness. I remembered his restlessness, his watchful anxiety when he first came, and those eager glances scanning the small world on the platform when he arrived—restlessness and anxiety which I had put down to the overstrain of London life and the nervousness resulting. But

now I scarce knew what to think. The story, as he told it, did not explain things to my satisfaction, and this lessened glamour gave me a clearer insight. But I was in a cleft stick and without grounds for hostile action had I even the wish to take it.

It was in the bitterest time of the winter months when Montgomery one day said to me quite suddenly: "I must go over to Lancaster to-morrow." "You'll have a cold drive," I said.

"He could not ride, so I knew he would not ask for my pony. "How can I get a trap?" he asked.

"Oh! I'll manage that," I answered; "and I'll come with you for the sake of the outing."

I thought he looked disturbed at this, but I had an uneasy feeling about this trip. I did not want to lose sight of my charming lodger, who by this time owed me for nearly three months' board and lodging, and I wanted to see the end of the drama.

"But I mean to stop a few days," he said. "Do you? Well, I can come back before you," I continued. "At all events the jaunt will not be unpleasant, even in this bitter weather, and we shall enjoy it better together."

"All right," said Montgomery, in a tone that suggested it was all wrong. I got the trap, and we set out over the rough road which the winter rains and storms had made worse than before. We were a little behindhand to start with. Montgomery had taken an unconscionable time to dress, and by his bulky appearance had stuffed all he possessed into his pockets. This delay lost us our train, and when we got to the station there was nothing for us but blankness and disappointment. There were but two trains out in the day—this at noon which we had lost, and one at four o'clock to catch the up mail train at Lancaster.

"What shall we do?" I said, when our fiasco was made apparent. "To my surprise and indignation, my lodger's only reply was a torrent of about the foulest oaths I had ever heard from human lips.

"Swearing won't help us," I said, gravely, "and please remember I am a clergyman."

Montgomery seemed to pull himself together upon this, and made an apology of a sort. "Let us go for a drink to the pub," he said.

"All right," I answered. "You have your drink and I'll have some tea." We turned up to the little village where the Wheatsheaf held out all manner of promises of good cheer for man and beast. In the bar parlor we found among others old Bob Lant, lounging about as usual. As we entered and gave our orders—Montgomery for his brandy and I for my tea—I saw the old fellow's eyes fixed on my companion with an anxious scrutiny. After a minute he went out, and I could see through a small pane let into the door what Montgomery could not—the old constable alternately reading a sheet of paper and looking at Montgomery.

Then he went into the street, and I watched him go into the post office, which was also a telegraph office.

Was there any connection between this and his scrutiny of my lodger? We were lingering about the place, Montgomery resolute to go to Lancaster by the four o'clock train, and I as resolute to wait at Fellside with him—I thought to his chagrin—when the noise of an engine panting into the station was heard. It was at an entirely unconscionable hour, and it meant a special. It meant something more; for presently two policemen walked up the cobble-paved street and turned into the Wheatsheaf, accompanied by Bob Lant. My lodger and I had gone back there for shelter from the rain, which was falling steadily.

When they entered I saw Montgomery start, turn white, and as it were cower. The elder of the two came up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I arrest you in the queen's name," he said, "for stealing Lady Asplin's jewels."

"Stealing!" I cried; and I knew that I was as white as my friend, my charming lodger.

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "This man, Jim Brown, was Lady Asplin's confidential butler, and made off with her jewels on October 20 last. Since then we've missed him, and only to-day came up with him. But now he's safe," he added, clicking the bracelets sharp and firm.

So I had taken to my home as an equal and a man of honor a clever and unprincipled thief, and confounded the superficial "gentility" of a sharp butler's quick study, with the gentlemanhood of one of the purple born. It was a lesson never to be forgotten nor repeated. Since then I have elected to bear my solitude unaccompanied and to give myself away no more to lodgers, charming or otherwise. For the bargain was a bad one, and I lost by the arrangement all round.—Chicago Post.

An Apt Explanation. Sir John Macdonald, the first prime minister of Canada, was fond of relating this story to illustrate the need of an upper house:

"Of what use is the senate?" asked Jefferson, as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into a saucer.

"You have answered your own question," replied Washington. "What do you mean?"

"Why did you pour that tea into the saucer?"

"To cool it."

"Even so," said Washington, "the senate is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."—San Francisco Argonaut.

To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds here and there, who trust and whom we trust, some who know us and whom we know, some on whom we can always rely and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. This makes our life really life.—James Freeman Clarke.

STOP IT NOW!

Stop It Quickly, Just the Same as Did Mr. Charles H. Hoffman, of 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson.

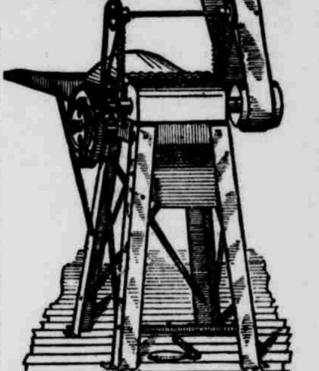
If you have a pain in your back, stop it! A lame back, stop it! An aching back, stop it! Do you want to know how? Let us tell you! In the first place, never try to rid yourself of pain without knowing the cause. If pain or ache exist there is reason for it. Find out this reason and get after it. Strike cause a stiff blow with the right weapon, and its allies, pain and ache, will flee like chaff before the wind. To get right down to it, back-ache is indicative of kidney disorders, a spy placed there by nature; listen to his warnings and take up the weapon, strike before disease is reinforced with allies that can not be routed by hand of man, such as Bright's disease. Let us introduce to you this weapon! Let us prove its superiority to all others! Here is a blow it struck!

Mr. Charles H. Hoffman is a fireman on the M. C. R. R. and resides at 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson, Mich. He says: "I have suffered for a long time from a kidney and bladder disorder which has at times rendered me incapable of work; have been at the hospital for my complaint and discharged from there as cured, but the old complaint has invariably come back again. Some time ago I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, and I began taking them, with most gratifying results. Urinary complaints which bothered me greatly are very much improved, and the pain I suffered in my back has entirely left me, my general condition is much improved. I would not like to be without Doan's Kidney Pills, I think others should know what a valuable remedy it is."

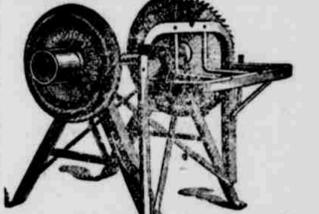
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