



LINCOLN

The Religion of Lincoln

SURPRISE has often been expressed that so many of our public men are unprofessed Christians. Lincoln until the last days of his life was such, and yet he believed, no doubt, the principal tenets of the Christian faith, at least those he expressed in the Apostle's creed. His life was pure and if a black spot ever stained his character the historical cynic has failed to put it on his printed pages. During his administration as president one of the lady members of the Christian commission had several interviews with him in regard to certain government matters concerning the cause she represented. At the close of one of these interviews Mr. Lincoln said to her:

"Madam, I have formed a high opinion of your Christian character, and now, as we are alone, I have a mind to ask you to give me, in brief, your idea of what constitutes a Christian."

Her reply was at some length, but, in substance, she said that it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness and the personal need of Christ as a Saviour. She said that views in regard to doctrine might and did differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of Divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satisfactory evidence of his having been born again.

Mr. Lincoln listened to her with deep attention and visible signs of emotion, and when she had concluded said: "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say, with sincerity, that I hope that I am a Christian. I had lived, until my boy Willie died, without realizing fully these things. That blow, however, overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before."

In many of his utterances, and in many of his documents, the president showed his trust in Divine providence and his religious nature. In a cabinet meeting during the darkest days of the war he said to Secretary Chase: "I made a solemn vow before God that if



LISTENED WITH EMOTION

Gen. Lee should be driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves." That he believed in prayer comes as a confession from his own lips. When the fearful cares and responsibilities of his office were pressing him most, he said:

"I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day. I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One Who is wiser and stronger than all others."

The Strength of Lincoln

IN the winter of 1864 between 40 and 50 women connected with the Sanitary commission met in Washington to "talk it over." After the business had been concluded, about half the delegates decided to call upon President Lincoln. To one of their number, at least—Helen Everson Smith—the interview offered a wonderfully impressive illustration of Lincoln's trust in God, and the strength and comfort he derived from it.

There was no special reason for the call, except, perhaps, a pardonable



"LADIES, GOD BLESS YOU ALL"

curiosity on the part of the women to see "Old Abe" at close hand, and to hear his voice. The demand upon his time was a matter that probably had not occurred to them.

The Youth's Companion says that each one of the women, as she shook hands with him, had tried to say some pleasant thing, and he had gravely and perfunctorily replied with an expressionless "Thank you." The moments were getting fearfully long, and trying to the president.

"Could we not get out?" a lady asked, in a whisper.

Just then a dear old Quaker lady took the long-suffering giant's down-stretched hand. She had to rise on tip-toe, and as she did it her sweet voice uttered some words difficult to catch. But their effect was easy to see. As when the lights suddenly blaze behind a cathedral window, so the radiance illumined those rugged features and poured from the wonderful eyes. The gaunt form straightened. The mouth became beautiful in its sweetness. It is not possible to give the words of either exactly, but this was their support:

"Yes, friend Abraham, thee need not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of all the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. The Lord has appointed thee, the Lord will sustain thee, and the people love thee. Yea, as no man was ever loved before, does this people love thee. We are only a few weak women, but we represent many. Take comfort, friend Abraham. God is with thee. The people are behind thee."

"I know it." The great, soft voice rolled solemnly and sweetly forth from the trembling lips. "If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining and will sustain me until my appointed work is done, I could not live. If I did not believe that the hearts of all loyal people were with me, I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago."

"You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. Ladies, you have done me a great kindness to-day. I knew it before. I knew that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired I had almost forgotten. God bless you all!"

The Humor of Lincoln

LINCOLN was remarkable for his humor and his fund of anecdote, both in his conversation and his public addresses, used to illustrate some point or argument he was endeavoring to impress upon the mind of his hearers. He has often been accused of coarseness, sometimes vulgarity, in this respect. Secretary Seward once said in reply to this charge: "I am convinced that Mr. Lincoln has been greatly wronged in this regard. In all his intercourse with men, embracing governors, senators, congressmen and others I never heard him utter a remark that would have been out of place if uttered in the presence of ladies. The trouble is that many foul-mouthed men in the country have put these vulgarities in Mr. Lincoln's mouth in their own



THE BOY AND THE COON ("Don't You See That He is Gnawing His Rope Off?")

imagination, using his name to give force to their attempts at wit. Mr. Lincoln was the purest-hearted man with whom I ever came in contact."

After the confederacy had been crumbled into ruins and Jefferson Davis, its president, had been captured, and confined, the government was worried with the question as to what they should do with him, and it came to be a pretty general remark that "we had an elephant on our hands." He was guilty of treason and hanging was the punishment for this crime, but there were few of our statesmen who favored that, although it was hard to see how they could consistently give him his liberty. One day a leading minister called on Mr. Lincoln and asked him what he was going to do with Jeff Davis.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe I can answer that question by telling you a story. There was once a boy in Springfield who bought a coon, which, after the novelty wore off, became a great nuisance. One day, after he had been dragging the coon through the streets with a rope attached to the animal's collar, he sat down on the curbstone completely fagged out and disconsolate. A man passing by stopped and asked him what was the matter. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'the coon is such a trouble to me.' 'Why don't you get rid of him, then?' said the gentleman. 'Hush,' replied the boy, 'don't you see that he is gnawing his rope off? I am going to let him do it. Then I'll go home and tell the folks that he got away from me.'"

During the course of the war a friend asked Mr. Lincoln one day how many men the confederates had in the field. "Twelve hundred thousand," was the prompt and decided reply. The interrogator in amazement exclaimed: "Is it possible that they have that large



LINCOLN AND THE PREACHER ("I Know the Lord is Always on the Side of the Right.")

number?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Lincoln, "1,200,000; there is no doubt of it. You see all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them from three or five to one. I must believe them. Now we have 400,000 men in the field. Three times four make twelve. Don't you see? It is a simple problem in arithmetic."

In the beginning of the war, a Methodist friend once said to him: "I hope that the Lord is on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," said Mr. Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."



CHEAP OCTAGON SILO.

Built by a Western Farmer in a Few Days and Without Any Expert Assistance.

The first cost of a silo usually frightens the would-be builder from building, and the building is therefore postponed for another year. The writer saw this silo built by a farmer in a couple of days with no expert assistance—just built by the farmer and his ordinary help. The day before the erection of the silo the farmer had not a stick of material on hand. On the day mentioned, he brought a couple of loads of logs to a nearby sawmill and had them sawn into 2x7-inch planks. In the same afternoon, he went to town and brought home a couple of loads of hemlock boards and a roll of felt and some



PLAN OF OCTAGON SILO.

spikes and nails, and the next day began to erect his silo, and in two more days the silo was completed ready to receive the silage corn, remarks a writer in Hoard's Dairyman.

We see no reason why this silo is not a perfect silo in every particular, and as good in every way as one costing several hundreds of dollars, and which would take weeks to erect. When a perfect silo can be built as cheaply and as quickly as was this one, we see no reason why anybody may not have silage if he wills. This style of silo is the octagon shape, or eight-sided, and ceiled perpendicular with two thicknesses of inch hemlock boards with felt paper between. A silo, 12 feet in diameter and 24 feet high, will not cost more than \$25, foundation included. Such a silo calls for 2,000 feet of good hemlock boards, 900 feet 2x7s, with felt and nails. The expense of roof and foundation will be the same as for any other style of silo.

A low foundation of stone and cement is first built, then the silo is placed on and the corners nailed. Then the boards are set up at the corners and plumbed with a level that works vertically. One man holds the joist on the outside where it belongs, placed two feet apart and nailed from the inside. The joists are spiked together at the corners as the work progresses, for the first 12 feet; then the upper section is continued in the same way. A number of joists can be sawed with a crosscut saw, by bunching them together, thus ensuring even lengths. It will be seen that the joists and boards at the corners all have the same slant, or angle of 45 degrees. This style of silo saves latching with iron hoops, or the tedious method of making wooden hoops for the round silo. Each range of octagons forms the hoops, and the octagon avoids corners, and has every advantage that the circle has.

MOISTURE IN BUTTER.

Maximum of Water Content Fixed by the Government and Adopted by Many Municipalities.

Some time ago the government made a ruling on the water content allowed in butter and put 16 per cent. as the highest. Recently butter dealers in Chicago have had their attention called to this matter by the government officials having such matters in charge. Some creamery butter was found in Chicago having a water content of 24 per cent. Some ladle butter and some whey butter also came under the ban of the law. It will be well for all makers of butter for the general market to take heed to this ruling, as they may otherwise subject themselves to heavy fines. If butter is made that has too much water in it, it will be far better to keep it on the farm and consume it there than send it to market. Butter that is churned at from 50 to 65 degrees probably never has a moisture content in excess of that allowed by the law. It is far otherwise with butter churned at say 80 degrees, as the higher the churning point the greater the amount of water incorporated. In the past some butter makers have taken advantage of this fact to work into their butter an unusual amount of water. Hence laws were made establishing a maximum standard for the moisture content.—Farmers' Review.

A Manger for Each Cow.

We much prefer a separate manger for each cow. We have had opportunity to observe a number of stables where there was one continuous manger and have yet to see one of this kind where each cow got all that was intended for her and no more or less. The long-necked cow reaches over and helps herself at the expense of her neighbor, and when hers is gone calmly eats her own. It reminds us of the time years ago we saw a herd of elephants feeding on hay at Barnum's in Madison Square garden, New York. Not a single elephant save the one on the end was eating from his own pile, but all feeding at the expense of their right-hand neighbor.—H. G. Manchester in Rural New Yorker.



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. "The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman. "The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

\$100.00 Reward

will be gladly paid to anyone who will furnish convicting evidence against imitators and substitutes who try to sell you worthless preparations when CASCARETS are called for. Don't ever take substitutes, but insist on having



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