

IN LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Woman Living in New England Whose Father Was Born in the Historic Log Cabin—Stories of the Early Days.

Lincoln has been dead thirty-eight years. Most of those who personally knew him have also passed on into silence, and, like Washington, he has become in the popular mind a sort of mystical figure, associated with a bygone age of dramatic heroism, a patron saint of the New Englander.

Although New England loved Lincoln as much as any other section of the country did, when it came to know him, yet he was always regarded as a characteristic product of the pioneer country, and, although efforts not altogether successful have been made to show that he was of English ancestry, never till now has Massachusetts been conscious of the presence in this locality of any living connection between the immortal rail-splitter and her own soil.

Nevertheless for seventeen years one of the sons of Boston has harbored a woman who makes the proud boast that her father and Abraham Lincoln were first cousins; that both

were born in the same rude log cabin in Kentucky, but three months apart, in 1809, and that she herself is a grandniece of Lincoln's mother, the famous Nancy Hanks.

She is Mrs. Nellie M. Moore, who was born not many years before the outbreak of the civil war, in the exceedingly primitive town of Frankford, Mo., and has been for three months past a resident of East Pepperell, Mass., where her husband, Charles W. Moore, is engineer in a mill.

When asked to define her relationship to the martyred President, Mrs. Moore said:

"My father, William S. Hall, was a son of Martha Hanks, sister of Nancy Hanks, who married Thomas Lincoln and became the mother of Abraham Lincoln. So, you see, my father was first cousin and I was second cousin to the President.

"My grandfather, who married Martha Hanks, was Levi Hall, and they and Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were living together in the little log cabin in La Rue county, Ky., in 1809, when Abraham Lincoln was born there. My father was born three months later in the same cabin."

When questioned as to the antecedents of the Hanks, Lincoln and Hall families, Mrs. Moore says it is a tradition of all three families that they emigrated together from New England about 200 years ago to Pennsylvania, from there to Virginia and later to Kentucky, as they eventually did to Indiana and finally to Illinois and Missouri. She has been for some time engaged in investigating the possible early connection of the families with New England, and intends to prepare a genealogy embodying the results of her labor.

Continuing her story of the vicissitudes of the Lincoln, Hanks and Hall families, Mrs. Moore says:

"My aunt, Rosanna Hall, who rode from her home in Maryland to Kentucky behind her husband on his horse, told me that there were Quakers among my ancestors, as there are said to have been in the Lincoln family. She also said that my great-grandfather was killed by the Indians at the same time that Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was, while they were clearing the ground to plant corn, on their arrival in Kentucky. It was she who told me my father was born in the Lincoln log cabin."

"My grandparents, Levi Hall and Martha Hanks, both died of the illness, in Indiana, in 1818, about the same time that Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, and her uncle and aunt Sparrow died. All were buried together in rude coffins constructed by Thomas Lincoln, who was now a widower with two small children. After Lincoln became President, someone erected a monument over his mother's grave in the wilderness, but Aunt Roseanne told me that the selection of the grave for the monument must have been mere guesswork, since none of the graves had ever been marked, and there was no means of identifying any one of them."

Coming to the subject of the migration of the survivors of the three families from Indiana to Illinois Mrs. Moore says:

"Joseph Hanks, who taught Thomas Lincoln, Abe's father, the carpenter's trade, but 100 years ago, was one of the first settlers in Illinois, having gone there from Kentucky about 1820. It was his son, the famous John

Hanks, still living in Missouri, who in 1830 induced Thomas Lincoln, Dennis Hanks and his father to pull up stakes and also remove to Illinois, where Abe was destined to achieve that fame that gained for him the Presidency.

"Having arrived in Macon county, Ill., the party, which numbered thirteen, settled for a while. My father and Abe Lincoln were in their 21st year, and they with John Hanks, Abe's second cousin, built the log cabin which some say was exhibited on Boston Common thirty years or more ago. They also split the famous fence rails that at that time, samples of which did much to arouse the enthusiasm of the Illinois convention in 1860, which secured the Presidential nomination for Lincoln.

"After serving as major in the Black Hawk war, in which Abe Lincoln was captain, my father became one of the earliest settlers in Missouri, and during the greater part of his life kept a tavern first at Hannibal and later at Frankford.

"I often visited around among the Hankses in my childhood, too, and my special favorite was Grandma Hanks, as we called John Hanks' mother, who lived in what is now known as Quincy, Ill. I used to hold her skin of yarn for her when she wound it into a ball, and during the operation she would tell me stories of her early life in the pioneer days in Illinois.

"One story was in regard to a freshly cut as used to come almost yearly to those who lived along the river bottoms eighty years or so ago. Grandma went several miles down the river on a raft, one day, to the mill, to have some corn ground, leaving the children in the log house. The river had been threatening to rise for several days, but the children well knew from former experiences, that if the river invaded the house they were to climb up on the roof for safety.

where the ancient old structure is now no one seems to know. For many years after the Lincoln vacated the cabin was used as a schoolhouse. There are several of the old-timers of Macon county who attended school there. They say that an elderly lady named Macintosh was the teacher. Nobody has been found who knows what became of her.

Harris' first white settler was a relative of Abraham Lincoln. He was William Hanks, who located on section 23 in 1828. Three years later, according to a Macon county historian, "Mr. Lincoln, John Hanks, Mr. Lincoln's father, and John Johnson, Mr. Lincoln's step-brother, erected a log cabin on section 28 in the edge of the timber along the Sangamon river." It is hoped soon to agree upon a design for the monument designed to mark the spot where the cabin was constructed.

His Solitary Childhood. Of all the years of Abraham Lincoln's early childhood we know almost nothing. He lived a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lone some little games to his cheerless

"The river rose while grandma was away and she toiled laboriously to get home as soon as she could. When she got nearly home she found everything afloat, and as she passed a tree that was well submerged she thought she heard a cry from the branches. She paddled to the tree, and there found her baby, John Hanks, afloat in his cradle, which had been washed through the door of the cabin, and had drifted about till it found lodgment in the top of the tree, where his mother found it.

"Another of her stories was about Guinea niggers. I suppose you don't know what Guinea niggers were, do you? Well, they were not uncommon in the days when slaves were brought from Africa. They were very small in stature and very unprepossessing in appearance and they were said to be cannibals.

"Grandma said that in her youth she knew a young couple who bought a pair of Guinea niggers. One day their little child disappeared and it was

never seen again. They afterward found that the cannibals had eaten the child, and they were hanged for it.

"Grandma, like most of the Hankses and Lincolns, was an ardent Methodist. In her old age she always knitted just so much on a stocking every week day. One morning she was indistinctly engaged in the performance of her allotted stint, when some of the young folks came in with their best clothes on.

"Why, grandma! What are you doing? somebody asked. 'Only knitting,' she replied, with some surprise. 'What, knitting on Sunday, grandma?' 'Is this Sunday,' asked grandma, in amazement. When convinced that it was she unraveled every stitch she had done that morning, in order to atone as far as possible for her desecration of the day."

Mrs. Moore describes having seen with some amusement Abraham Lincoln making a political speech in Missouri, arrayed in a long and exceedingly crumpled linen "duster," and a tall hat of ancient pattern. She says that when Lincoln was nominated for President his humble relatives among the Hankses held up their hands with amazed incredulity and exclaimed with practical unanimity: "Abe Lincoln for President? I don't believe it!"

"There was always something queer about the Hankses," she says, "for although they were among the earliest settlers in Illinois and had their pick of the land, and plenty of it, and some of them had large, productive farms, yet every one of them turned out as poor as Job's cat.

"My mother owned slaves before the war, but my father never did, nor did any of the Hankses, and for that reason they were called 'poor whites' by their neighbors who had slaves. All the Hankses were staunch supporters of the union during the civil war."—Boston Globe.

Lincoln Letter Recovered. Solled and faded, torn and frayed, a letter written by Abraham Lincoln a few months before his assassination has been found in some rubbish and papers on Broadway, New York, near the postoffice. It reads as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.—To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.: I have been shown in the file of the war department a statement of the justice general, Bush, in which you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of the just and generous. I cannot refrain from tendering you my consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only the cherished memory of your lost and loved and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully, 'A. LINCOLN.'

Lincoln Letter Recovered. Solled and faded, torn and frayed, a letter written by Abraham Lincoln a few months before his assassination has been found in some rubbish and papers on Broadway, New York, near the postoffice. It reads as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.—To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.: I have been shown in the file of the war department a statement of the justice general, Bush, in which you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of the just and generous. I cannot refrain from tendering you my consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only the cherished memory of your lost and loved and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully, 'A. LINCOLN.'

WINNING A LAWSUIT

INCIDENT IN LEGAL CAREER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Simple Scheme Evolved in His Shrewd Brain by Which He Saved His Client, "Duff" Armstrong, from Death on the Gallows.

There have been so many garbled versions of the famous incident in Abraham Lincoln's legal career in which he by an almanac saved the life of a man charged with murder that it is appropriate just now to narrate the correct one, as told by R. W. Armstrong, a barber of Mason City, who is the son of the man defended, and who was known as "Duff" Armstrong. He is very familiar with the case, as but a short time before his father, who, by the way, is still living, had related to him the exact facts in the affair.

In all the histories of Lincoln and in most of the school books it is told how Lincoln defended Armstrong and cleared him by proving that the moon was not shining when the murder was committed "by the light of the moon."

The father of Duff Armstrong was Jack Armstrong, who lived near New Salem, and who was the leader of the "Clay" Grove boys, who were the celebrated wrestling match with Lincoln back of the old store at New Salem.

Afterward they became great friends. The home of Jack Armstrong and of his wife Hannah was always open to Lincoln, and he visited there many times.

It was during the summer of 1857 that Duff Armstrong, with a number of other young fellows, attended a camp meeting twelve miles south of Mason City. The young fellows were drinking, as was the custom of those times. Duff became involved in a quarrel with a companion named Metzger on the night of a storm from the camp meeting. Duff claimed that he struck Metzger with his fist just under the eye. The stories in so many books that he used a club or slingshot or other weapon, he insists are false. The next morning Metzger was out and around, but it is presumed that he caught cold in the injured eye. At any rate, the injury affected his brain in some manner, and he died.

The elder Armstrong had just died and the mother of the prisoner was in great trouble. She, in her poverty and distress, thought of her old friend and occasional boarder, Abraham Lincoln, and asked him to defend her boy. Lincoln willingly agreed to do so. The evidence seemed all against him. One witness swore that he saw Armstrong strike Metzger with a slingshot and others corroborated the story. Lincoln asked each one how he saw the fight, and the invariable reply was, "By the light of the moon."

Lincoln knew the moon was not of the current year and proved by it that at the time they swore they saw the assault in the moonlight the moon was invisible. Lincoln then addressed the jury, making it, it is said, one of the strongest and most eloquent pleas ever made in that court. At the close he turned to the weeping mother and said: "Aunt Hannah, you can have your boy again before the sun goes down." And she did, for the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Lincoln received no fee and asked none. Afterward Armstrong supported his mother, but she was always being small. When Lincoln became President Mrs. Armstrong wrote to him, asking him to release her son from the army that he might come home, as she needed his services.

Neighbors told her that it was nonsense to write to the great Lincoln about such a small matter as the discharge of a soldier out of such a great army, and especially when Lincoln was so deeply immersed in the momentous affairs of state. She only replied: "Please God, Abe will give back my boy to me once more." As soon as Lincoln received the letter he ordered a discharge made out for William Armstrong, and within ten days he was at home with his mother.

The President and His Boys. It was a frequent custom of Lincoln's to carry his children on his shoulders, says the Literary Digest.

He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father and the species of tyranny they exercised over him are still the subjects of talk in Springfield. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, in a letter to the Literary Digest, was called to the door one day by a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

Lincoln Letter Recovered. Solled and faded, torn and frayed, a letter written by Abraham Lincoln a few months before his assassination has been found in some rubbish and papers on Broadway, New York, near the postoffice. It reads as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.—To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.: I have been shown in the file of the war department a statement of the justice general, Bush, in which you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of the just and generous. I cannot refrain from tendering you my consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only the cherished memory of your lost and loved and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully, 'A. LINCOLN.'

Mr. Jones's Valentine Story

HOW TO GET UP AN ENJOYABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

The young author seated himself with that nonchalance which may be expected in one who is introduced by the editor in chief to the mere editor of a department.

"What kind of stuff do you want?" he inquired.

"I'd like a good valentine story," said I.

At that my visitor assumed a smile suggesting the earlier stages of seasickness.

"Oh, I say," said he, in a tone of languid protest, "that sort of thing played out, don't you think? Who cares about valentines? There's no romance in them any more. In society, if people notice the day at all, they send flowers, not picture cards."

"Our circulation exceeds 400," said I. "We have outgrown society. Give us something about young men and women."

The talented author blew a green Egyptian cloud into the air and slowly shook his head.

"We're going to have a lot of valentine stuff in the issue of Feb. 13," said I, "and most of it is rattling good, but, of course, if it doesn't appeal to you—"

"Valentine stories! Good Lord!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I inquired.

"Now look here," said he, "I try to keep pretty close to life, to write the thing that is, and not the dream. Do I make myself clear? Well, such being the case let me ask you one question. In the last ten years have you known or heard of any human creature who has attached any serious importance to a valentine or had any really romantic adventure connected with one?"

"Yes, sir, I have," said I.

He shook his head slowly and sadly. I could have cuffed him for that insolence, and yet his question, his method of getting at the matter, appealed to me.

"I will spin you a little yarn," said I. "A true yarn, and not a bad one."

"Delighted," said he, lying back in his chair and closing his eyes.

"This happened to a fellow named Jones," said I. "He was a newspaper correspondent in the Philippines. He had been out there six months and hadn't had a letter from a girl."

"Particular girl?" queried Breck.

"Any girl," I replied. "There was a particular girl; not so very particular either, and yet he'd have been mighty glad if she had remembered him on the other side of the world. Most fellows, of course, would have found a romance of some kind suited to their individual tastes and fancy out there."

Jones didn't have the luck. He'd been brought up in a little sociable city where everybody knew everybody else, and though he no longer had any close relatives there—very few, indeed, on earth—there were his old friends, including some very nice girls, whom he had traveled a hundred miles but of his way to say good-by to just before leaving his native land. They'd all promised to write to him—

"Including the girl," said Breck.

"Yes," said I, "and the fact is that a considerable package of mail for him, sent through the publishers whom he represented, and cordially replied, had gone to the bottom of the Pacific ocean, but he didn't know that."

In Manila he met a young fellow named George Templeton, from the same town as himself.

"Templeton was a sergeant of volunteers, and a homesick soldier if ever there was one. He excited Jones' sympathy, which became acute when Jones learned that there was a girl at home who had stopped writing to Templeton for an unknown reason."

In the latter part of January Templeton's company was sent up into the interior to a little, forsaken village where there was a peck of trouble. A mail steamer came in the day before the detachment marched, but it brought no letter to Templeton.

"A few days later Jones learned entirely by accident that a letter for Templeton had really come on the steamer and had been delivered by mistake to a surgeon of the same surname."

"Jones had had it in his mind to try to get through to this place where the trouble was. He thought he saw a good story in it. He told the surgeon of his intention and was permitted to take the letter. By pulling all kinds of things he got leave to join a small party that was going up with dispatches, and the result was that he

had adventures enough to fill a book.

"He found Templeton flat on his back and raving with fever in a quaint century old church that had been turned into a hospital. The surgeon in charge told Jones that it was practically all over; the man was as good as dead. 'Will he be conscious again?' asked Jones. And the surgeon said that it was possible.

"When is it likely to happen?"

"Heaven knows," answered the surgeon.

"I'll wait," said Jones. And he sat down on the foot of the bed. Of course they tried to take him away, but he wouldn't go, and everybody was pretty busy he was presently forgotten.

"Templeton raved and tossed, and he said some things that might go to a feeling man's heart, considering the circumstances, but he mentioned no name. About 3 o'clock he became quiet, and from that hour till morning he seemed to be sinking down to death. Then he stirred and half raised himself.

"Hello, Jones," said he. "Where did you come from?"

"I've got a letter for you, George," was the reply. "It came after you left."

"Give it to me," said Templeton, extending a weak, thin hand.

"He took the letter and raised it to his breast as he sank back against the pillow. Jones waited, but Templeton did not move. He lay there smiling, with the letter on his breast. The man was dead.

"This is a valentine that some one has sent to him from home," said Jones when the surgeon came. "I think we ought to bury it with him."

"We ought to open it," said the doctor, "in order to communicate with the writer. Some one might want to know that he got it."

He took the envelope out of the dead man's hand and opened it. "Dear George," he said in a whisper. "Mail this to Frank Jones if you know where he is, and never tell him who sent it. I don't know how to address him, but you can find out."

"That's mine," said Jones in a dream.

The doctor put the inclosure into his hands. It was in a separate envelope, unaddressed.

"This is a friendly letter from a mighty fine girl," said the doctor. "I'd like to take something of this kind with me when I go."

"He put it back into its envelope and laid it inside the rough woolen shirt which was the dead man's garment."

"He has delivered your message," little girl," said he, "and he'll never tell who sent it."

"So that's the whole story. Jones has come back to this country, and he has that valentine—a pretty card with a little love verse on it, but not a scrap of writing. He doesn't know who sent it, but if he did I think he would find that girl. I feel quite sure that he would find that girl."

"Not had, as such things go," said Breck, rising, "but conventional."

"Conventional be—I beg your pardon," said I. "Way, the thing is true."

"I don't see that that helps it any," replied Breck. "However, that's neither here nor there. I'm hard up, and if a valentine story's what you want I'll go home and see what I can do for you. By the way, it wasn't Templeton's girl, of course?"

"The one who sent the valentine? Certainly not," I replied. "When Jones got back to this country he looked up Templeton's affairs a bit to see whether he could do anything for his family and that sort of thing, and he happened to discover that the girl for whose letter he had waited was really waiting for him—waiting, as I have faith to believe, very near that rude church in Luzon where she man closed his eyes so happily to open the eyes of his soul next moment in her presence."

"You mean she had died," said Breck.

"Precisely," I replied.

Breck lighted another of his deadly cigarettes.

"Why can't I write this thing for you?" he inquired.

"Not for your life, my friend," said I. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I am Jones," said I, "and at present the matter is sacredly confidential. When I have found that girl I shall write the story myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

color. The larger figure in the center should have dark hair and the little one light. One dress should be pink and the other blue.

When it is printed cut it out carefully, and if you have a piece of stiff colored paper or white cardboard, paste it carefully to this at the two upper corners only.

The card should be an inch or two larger all around than the picture.

Party for St. Valentine's Day. A novel Valentine party given last year is available for any celebration of the day devoted to this patron saint. The company included an equal number of young women and young men, the former seated around the room, each having a vacant chair at her side. To this came in turn every young man, making in the two minutes allotted him a proposal of marriage to the young woman. If she liked the way he did it, she gave him a little red paper heart, while, if his proposal was not up to her standard, a white mitten was bestowed upon him. In the end the young man to receive the most hearts took the prize, a consolation trophy being bestowed upon the unfortunate individual who accumulated the greatest number of mittens, says the New York Post. Both mittens and hearts were concealed in 90 tiny sealed envelopes, which the 250 client was not allowed to open, posting them all in a little bag provided for the purpose. These were turned over to the committee ASKAWARD at the end of the contest. This way the fun was heightened, and embarrassments avoided.

A VALENTINE PARTY

HOW TO GET UP AN ENJOYABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

Pink the Prevailing Color for Decorations—"Hearts" a Good Game of Cards for the Day—Matching Partners for Summer Table—The Dining Room.

Each year finds old St. Valentine becoming more popular, and hostesses welcome the 14th of February, as it gives an opportunity for novel entertainments. If one cares to peer into the annals of history it will be found that nearly every country has its own Valentine day legends and customs. To carry out a valentine party "a la Denmark" would make a most interesting and pretty affair. In that country of snow and ice the little snow-draped has from time immemorial been sacred to St. Valentine, and the sentimental Dane sends his lady love a bouquet of the immaculate blossoms, with a card bearing an appropriate verse. On the card are as many pin pricks as there are letters in his name. If the lady fair is unable to rightly guess the name she is in duty bound to give the sender some colored eggs at Easter, which is considered to be in the nature of a forfeit. But to return to our party. Pink is the color for decorations, with hearts, bowknives, horseshoes and wishbones used wherever opportunity offers. Portieres of pink hearts cut from a light quality of cardboard and strung on ribbons are very effective, with bunches of them suspended from gas jets, pictures and draped over lace curtains. The rooms should have the rose color predominating, for on this one night in the year every one must look through rose colored glasses.

If cards are played the game must be "hearts," with score cards heart-shaped and the markers be candy hearts with a hole in them to fit on to the score card with pink ribbon. The mottoes inscribed on the old-fashioned candies affords much merriment.

After the cards present each lady with an arrow tied with a ribbon, the gentleman with a bow decorated in the same manner. The colors are matched and partners thus selected for the supper table. With very little trouble a heart-shaped target of white muslin can be prepared with a heart painted of green on the outside, one of black, a third of yellow, fourth blue, fifth red. This will look like a series of hearts. Fasten target against the wall and give each guest a "fate" card. When the arrows are shot the color upon which they hit determines the fate of the shooter. For instance, the arrow striking the green indicates that:

"Love and riches wait, I ween, Him or her who hits the green," "Should your arrow pierce the blue, Love is on the wing for you," "She who passes colors all Has lovers many at her call," "Loveless, weeping little maid, If her arrow pierces red," "Into the black, Nary a smack," "He who passes one and all His chance to wed is very small."

A valentine dining-room is a dream of beauty with the walls hung with green vines and pink hearts. In the center of the table have a heart of white snowdrops with pink ribbons running to each plate, which is also marked by a pink heart name card ornamented with a bunch of snowdrops for the ladies and a pink carnation for the gentlemen.

Serve oysters or chicken in heart-shaped pastry shells, tomato or "love apple" salad, ices or cream in heart-shaped forms and cakes in the same shape lead in pink.

This picture, prettily colored, will make a very sweet valentine. Paint the leaves green, the flowers yellow, with orange centers, the vine stem greenish brown.

The cupids should be a delicate skin color. The larger figure in the center should have dark hair and the little one light. One dress should be pink and the other blue.

When it is printed cut it out carefully, and if you have a piece of stiff colored paper or white cardboard, paste it carefully to this at the two upper corners only.

The card should be an inch or two larger all around than the picture.

Party for St. Valentine's Day. A novel Valentine party given last year is available for any celebration of the day devoted to this patron saint. The company included an equal number of young women and young men, the former seated around the room, each having a vacant chair at her side. To this came in turn every young man, making in the two minutes allotted him a proposal of marriage to the young woman. If she liked the way he did it, she gave him a little red paper heart, while, if his proposal was not up to her standard, a white mitten was bestowed upon him. In the end the young man to receive the most hearts took the prize, a consolation trophy being bestowed upon the unfortunate individual who accumulated the greatest number of mittens, says the New York Post. Both mittens and hearts were concealed in 90 tiny sealed envelopes, which the 250 client was not allowed to open, posting them all in a little bag provided for the purpose. These were turned over to the committee ASKAWARD at the end of the contest. This way the fun was heightened, and embarrassments avoided.

color. The larger figure in the center should have dark hair and the little one light. One dress should be pink and the other blue.

When it is printed cut it out carefully, and if you have a piece of stiff colored paper or white cardboard, paste it carefully to this at the two upper corners only.

The card should be an inch or two larger all around than the picture.

Party for St. Valentine's Day. A novel Valentine party given last year is available for any celebration of the day devoted to this patron saint. The company included an equal number of young women and young men, the former seated around the room, each having a vacant chair at her side. To this came in turn every young man, making in the two minutes allotted him a proposal of marriage to the young woman. If she liked the way he did it, she gave him a little red paper heart, while, if his proposal was not up to her standard, a white mitten was bestowed upon him. In the end the young man to receive the most hearts took the prize, a consolation trophy being bestowed upon the unfortunate individual who accumulated the greatest number of mittens, says the New York Post. Both mittens and hearts were concealed in 90 tiny sealed envelopes, which the 250 client was not allowed to open, posting them all in a little bag provided for the purpose. These were turned over to the committee ASKAWARD at the end of the contest. This way the fun was heightened, and embarrassments avoided.

color. The larger figure in the center should have dark hair and the little one light. One dress should be pink and the other blue.

When it is printed cut it out carefully, and if you have a piece of stiff colored paper or white cardboard, paste it carefully to this at the two upper corners only.

The card should be an inch or two larger all around than the picture.

Party for St. Valentine's Day. A novel Valentine party given last year is available for any celebration of the day devoted to this patron saint. The company included an equal number of young women and young men, the former seated around the room, each having a vacant chair at her side. To this came in turn every young man, making in the two minutes allotted him a proposal of marriage to the young woman. If she liked the way he did it, she gave him a little red paper heart, while, if his proposal was not up to her standard, a white mitten was bestowed upon him. In the end the young man to receive the most hearts took the prize, a consolation trophy being bestowed upon the unfortunate individual who accumulated the greatest number of mittens, says the New York Post. Both mittens and hearts were concealed in 90 tiny sealed envelopes, which the 250 client was not allowed to open, posting them all in a little bag provided for the purpose. These were turned over to the committee ASKAWARD at the end of the contest. This way the fun was heightened, and embarrassments avoided.

color. The larger figure in the center should have dark hair and the little one light. One dress should be pink and the other blue.

When it is printed cut it out carefully, and if you have a piece of stiff colored paper or white cardboard, paste it carefully to this at the two upper corners only.

The card should be an inch or two larger all around than the picture.

Party for St. Valentine's Day. A novel Valentine party given last year is available for any celebration of the day devoted to this patron saint. The company included an equal number of young women and young men, the former seated around the room, each having a vacant chair at her side. To this came in turn every young man, making in the two minutes allotted him a proposal of marriage to the young woman. If she liked the way he did it, she gave him a little red paper heart, while, if his proposal was not up to her standard, a white mitten was bestowed upon him. In the end the young man to receive the most hearts took the prize, a consolation trophy being bestowed upon the unfortunate individual who accumulated the greatest number of mittens, says the New York Post. Both mittens and hearts were concealed in 90 tiny sealed envelopes, which the 250 client was not allowed to open, posting them all in a little bag provided for the purpose. These were turned over to the committee ASKAWARD at the end of the contest. This way the fun was heightened, and embarrassments avoided.



Spot Where Lincoln First Lived in Illinois Will Be Marked. The Illinois State Historical Society is pushing a movement to erect a monument on the site of the log cabin in Harris township, Macon county, which was the first home of Abraham Lincoln when he came to Illinois. Nobody knows what has become of the famous old structure. It was a but of one room, about fourteen feet square. It had loose boards for a loft and a clapboard roof. The logs were chinked with mud.

The old structure first attracted public attention when it was sent to the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. It was brought back from there, and a cabin, which was said to be the same one, was on exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago, although its authenticity was disputed at the time.

The exact size of the old cabin is in doubt and for some time has been made by historians to determine the spot. It is now practically settled that the cabin stood on the spot now occupied by an old farm house on the Scribner farm, near Harris town. Just

where the ancient old structure is now no one seems to know. For many years after the Lincoln vacated the cabin was used as a schoolhouse. There are several of the old-timers of Macon county who attended school there. They say that an elderly lady named Macintosh was the teacher. Nobody has been found who knows what became of her.

Harris' first white settler was a relative of Abraham Lincoln. He was William Hanks, who located on section 23 in 1828. Three years later, according to a Macon county historian, "Mr. Lincoln, John Hanks, Mr. Lincoln's father, and John Johnson, Mr. Lincoln's step-brother, erected a log cabin on section 28 in the edge of the timber along the Sangamon river." It is hoped soon to agree upon a design for the monument designed to mark the spot where the cabin was constructed.

His Solitary Childhood. Of all the years of Abraham Lincoln's early childhood we know almost nothing. He lived a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lone some little games to his cheerless

home. He never talked of those days to his intimate friends. Once, when asked what he remembered about the war with Great Britain, he replied: "Nothing but this: I had been fishing one day, and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier in the road, and having always been told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish."

This is the only faint glimpse, but what it shows is rather pleasant,—the generous child and the patriotic household. But there is no question that these first years of his life had their lasting effect upon the temperament of this great martyr and melancholy man.

He had little schooling. He accompanied his sister, Sarah, to the only schools in their neighborhood, one kept by Zachariah Riney and another by Caleb Hazel, where he learned the alphabet and little more. But of all those advantages for the cultivation of a young mind and spirit which every noble now offers to its children, the books, toys, ingenious games, and daily devotion of parental love, he knew absolutely nothing.