

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State, but throughout America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as Mayor of the town in which he lives, during which time he became widely known as the founder of the Meekison Bank of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to Dr. Hartman as the result:

"I have used several bottles of Peruna and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

The season of catching cold is upon us. The cough and the sneeze and the nasal twang are to be heard on every hand. The origin of chronic catarrh, the most common and dreadful of diseases, is a cold. This is the way the chronic catarrh generally begins. A person catches cold, which hangs on longer than usual. The cold generally starts in the head and throat. Then follows sensitiveness of the air passages which incline one to catch cold very easily. At last the person has a cold all the while usually, more or less discharge from the nose, hawking, spitting, frequent clearing of the throat, nostrils stopped up, full feeling in the head, and sore, inflamed throat.

The best time to treat catarrh is at the very beginning. A bottle of Peruna properly used, never fails to cure a common cold, thus preventing chronic catarrh.

While many people have been cured of chronic catarrh by a single bottle of Peruna, yet, as a rule, when the catarrh becomes thoroughly fixed more than one bottle is necessary to complete a cure. Peruna has cured cases innumerable of catarrh of twenty years' standing. It is the best, if not the only internal remedy for chronic catarrh in existence.

But prevention is far better than cure. Every person subject to catching cold should take Peruna at once at the slightest symptom of cold or sore throat at this season of the year and thus prevent what is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh.

Send for free book on catarrh, entitled "Winter Catarrh," by Dr. Hartman. "Health and Beauty" sent free to women only.

Ask your druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac.

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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.

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 Hingham ancestry, never till now has Massachusetts been conscious of the presence in this locality of any living connection between the immortal rail-splitter and our own soil.

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

their bill of fare the greater part of the time.

"My grandparents, Levi Hall and Martha Hanks, both died of the milk-sick, 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, just 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 1820 induced Thomas Lincoln, Dennis Hanks and my 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 at that time, samples of which did much to arouse the enthusiasm in the Illinois convention in 1860, which secured the Presidential nomination for Lincoln.

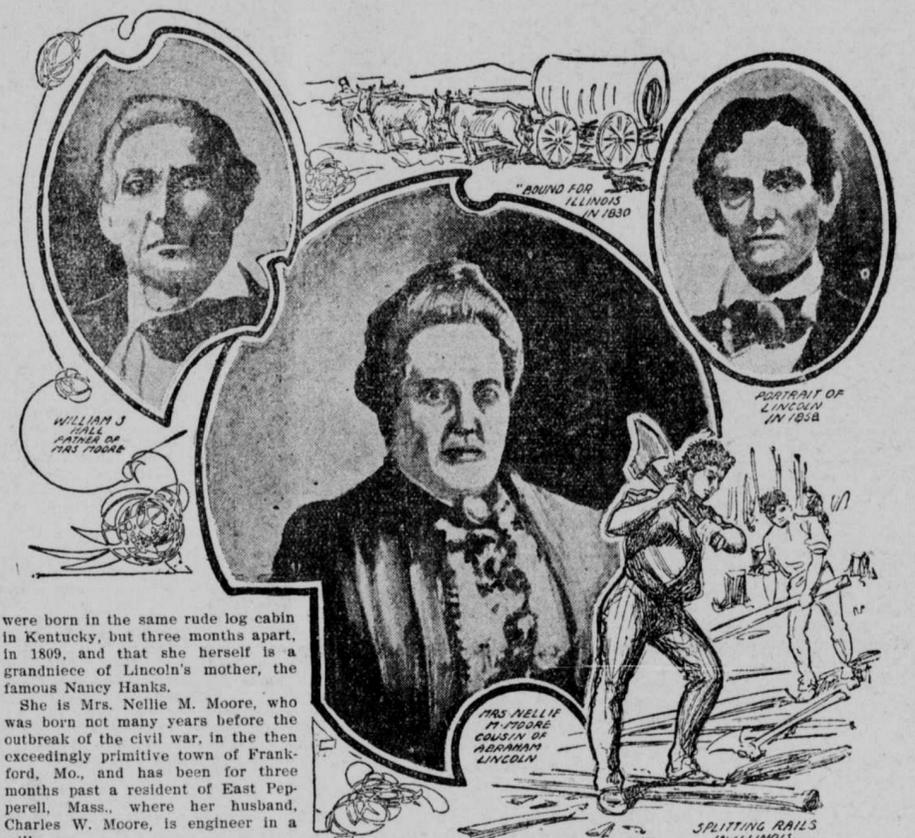
"After serving as major in the Black Hawk war, in which Abe Lincoln was captain, my father became one of the earliest settlers in Missouri, and during the greater part of his life kept a tavern, first at Hannibal and later at Frankford.

"Frankford used to be visited by Indians sometimes, and if they didn't find whisky before they arrived, they were harmless, and their presence caused no uneasiness. But if they were drunk the news would quickly spread and school would be dismissed for the day.

"After a while a brick schoolhouse was built one and one-half miles from town, and to get there we had to fight our way through wild animals and snakes, for Missouri takes the blue ribbon for snakes. At the brick school we were furnished with a horn, and if wild animals or Indians were seen prowling about we blew the horn and the neighboring farmers got their guns and came to our rescue.

"When I was a little girl Aunt Sally, Abraham Lincoln's stepmother, used to visit us, and she frequently put me to sleep in her arms, but I never thought much about it till I was grown up and others reminded me of the distinction I had enjoyed.

"I often visited around among the Hankses in my childhood, too, and my especial 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 skein 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 freshet such 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.

"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 industriously engaged in the performance of her allotted stint, when some of the younger 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.

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 "Clary Grove" boys. It was who had 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 one night a short distance 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.

There was a great commotion as soon as Metzger died, and it was declared that Armstrong and another man had deliberately murdered him, with malice aforethought. Armstrong was arrested and placed in jail, first at Havana, and later at Beardstown, where the trial was held. At this time Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield.

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 then produced an almanac 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 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 enlisted in the army. He was the only support of his mother, the other children 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. Armstrong still lives at Ashland. He has supported himself largely since the war by raising horses.

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, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing 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."

Miss Hall, for that was Mrs. Moore's maiden name, spent only the first thirteen years of her life in Missouri, having been sent to a Kentucky boarding school at that age. She was married and lived in Louisville for some years, later removed to Cincinnati, and after the death of her husband came East, married Mr. Moore, a native of Massachusetts, and they lived for seventeen years in Atlantic, a part of Quincy, until they removed to Pepperell.

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, Rosanne 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.

"Aunt Rosanne said that Abe Lincoln's mother used to walk five miles to mill to have her corn ground, or to buy a side of bacon, which, with corn-meal mush or johnnycake, comprised

their bill of fare the greater part of the time.

"My grandparents, Levi Hall and Martha Hanks, both died of the milk-sick, 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."

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