

WORTH KNOWING.

Simple Remedy That Anyone Can Prepare at Home.

Most people are more or less subject to coughs and colds. A simple remedy that will break up a cold quickly and cure any cough that is curable is made by mixing two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. You can get these in any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle. The mixture is highly recommended by the Leach Chemical Co. of Cincinnati, who prepare the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure for dispensing.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF LIFE

Liberal Contribution in United States and Canada for Work of the Foreign Missions.

In spite of the financial depression the offerings of the United States and Canada for foreign missions increased last year \$600,000. The increase of income from the foreign field was even more remarkable, being \$1,380,000. The total gifts on the foreign field was \$1,844,000, and this amount was 48 per cent of the total amount contributed for foreign missions by the Protestant churches of North America. The increase of native converts last year was 164,674, or over 450 a day. The cumulative effects of the foreign mission enterprise is shown by the fact that it took 100 years to gain the first million converts. The second million were secured in 12 years, and they are now being added at the rate of a million in six years. The percentage of the increase of the church membership of America was one and one-half, while the increase of American missions abroad was 12 per cent. Two members were added in America for each ordained minister, while 41 were added in the foreign field for each ordained American missionary.—The Missionary Review of the World.

They Win.

"Do you look for a favorable outcome to your lawsuit?"

"No, but the lawyers do"—Houston Post.

The fellow who says he could never love a woman with money may discover that he can't successfully love a woman if he hasn't any.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of GASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

His Broad Charity.

Imogene—I know papa is cross and early sometimes and says things that are unjust, but you should judge him, Philip, by his best.

Philip—Oh, I do, dear. You're his best.

Impolite Papa.

Mamma, what makes papa make that funny noise?"

"His snoring, dear."

"But you always tell me it ain't polite to blow my nose out loud."

When one woman has a grudge against another she tells the neighbors how sorry she feels for the woman's husband.

Work is the grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done.—Thomas Carlyle.

Quaker Oats is the world's food

Eaten in every country; eaten by infants, athletes, young and old.

Recognized as the great strength builder.

Delicious and economical.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A convenient and effective remedy for Coughs and Hoarseness. Available in Bronchial and Lung Trochets and in Sippers and Speakers for clearing the voice. Entirely free from opiates or any harmful ingredients. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample mailed on request.

Children's Coughs Cause Little Ones Much Unnecessary Suffering

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Cures instant relief—soothes and heals the little throat and prevents more serious illness. Children like it too—no pleasant to take and does not upset the stomach. All Druggists, 25 cents.

Early Conspiracies Against Lincoln by John W. Nicholls



Abraham Lincoln



ABOUT the middle of August, 1862, Company K of the One hundred and fifth Pennsylvania volunteers, known as the "Bucktail" regiment, of which I was a private, was detailed as a bodyguard of President Lincoln and continued in that capacity until his assassination in the spring of 1865. During the three years of my stay in Washington, the most critical period of the nation's history, I saw and heard many things that have never found their way into the public prints. Some of the bodyguard were constantly with the president and his family, whether at fashionable levees, receptions to foreign legations or private interviews. At all such functions we were silent spectators of all that took place. We were always treated with the highest respect by the Lincoln family, who regarded us as a part of the household. Every private of the guard received the same attentions of courtesy as the most famous statesman or diplomat at the capital. We all formed a strong personal attachment for the president and when the grand old man laid down his life in behalf of the cause that had been his life work we felt as if we had lost the dearest friend we ever had.

During the first two years of our term of service the most rigid discipline was enforced. Sometimes we would be ordered to use extraordinary vigilance and to let no one enter the grounds of the White House without the proper passes and to be very particular as to who approached the president. Often the order would come for the guards on duty to be doubled. It was seldom that he knew the direct cause of these extra precautions, but we supposed that the officers of the secret service were in possession of information of some plot that brooded harm to the president.

Up to 1864, owing to our vigilance and the protecting hand of Providence, our beloved chief had escaped the hand of violence. The back of the confederacy was broken, a good feeling pervaded all Washington and consequently the strict watchfulness that had prevailed grew into laxity. This was the fatal period, for it was at this time that conspiracies were hatched and confederates overran the city, comparatively unmolested. The president and family spent the summer at the soldier's home, situated about three miles north of the city, and thither the bodyguard always accompanied them.

It was in the summer of 1864, while we were up at the home, that an incident happened that came very near culminating in just such an awful tragedy as followed only a few months later at Ford's theater. It was the custom of the president to remain late at the war department when anything of great importance was happening in the army, consulting with the secretary of war and transmitting and receiving dispatches, and after his work was finished he would ride out to the soldiers' home. That summer he had persistently refused an escort, imagining himself perfectly secure.

One night about the middle of August I was doing sentry duty at the large gate through which entrance was had into the grounds at the home. The place is situated about a quarter of a mile off the Bladensburg road and is reached by a devious driveway. About one o'clock I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the city and shortly afterward could hear approaching hoofbeats. In two or three minutes the horse came near, enough so that in the dim moonlight I recognized the rider as the belated president. The horse, a

very spirited one, belonging to Lamou, the marshal of the District of Columbia, was Mr. Lincoln's favorite saddle animal and when he was in the White House stables he always chose him. As horse and rider approached the gate I noticed that the president was bareheaded. After I had assisted him in checking his steed the president said to me:

"He came pretty near getting away with me, didn't he? He took the bit in his teeth before I could draw the reins."

I then asked him where his hat was and he replied that somebody had fired a gun off down at the foot of the hill, which scared his horse, and the lurch of the animal toppled his hat off. I led the horse to the cottage where the president and his family was staying. There he dismounted and went in.

Thinking the preceding a little strange, a corporal and I started in the direction from which the report of the gun had been heard, to investigate. When we came to the place where the driveway meets the main road we found the president's hat—a plain silk hat—and on examining it found a bullet hole through the corner of the crown. The shot had been fired upward and it was evident that the person who had fired it had secreted himself close to the roadside. We listened and searched the locality thoroughly, but to no avail.

The next day I gave Mr. Lincoln his hat and called his attention to the bullet hole. He unconcernedly remarked that it was put there by some foolish gunner and was not intended for him. He said, however, that he wanted the matter kept quiet and admonished us to say nothing about it.

The next fall, after we had taken up our winter quarters at the White House, a conspiracy to kidnap the president was unknowingly frustrated by us. Had the truth of the affair leaked out at the time it doubtless would have created great excitement. Our quarters were immediately in front of the south porch of the Executive Mansion, a position which placed us at about equal distance from the treasury building on the east and the war and navy building on the west.

the walk they were to seize, gag and carry him across the river into Virginia. Thence he was to be taken to Richmond or some other confederate stronghold, where he was to be held as a hostage. The members of the bodyguard always supposed that the conspirators were frightened away when they saw our guard tent and abandoned the plan of kidnapping.

Not long after the attempted kidnapping another episode took place, which afterward was found to have been planned by a band of assassins who made their headquarters in the city. Bourke, the veteran coachman, who had served at the White House through Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations and thus far into Lincoln's, was taken sick and compelled to be off duty.

Immediately a stranger, who represented himself as an experienced coachman from Baltimore, applied at the White House and was employed as coachman. From the first he was domineering and after a few weeks became so important that he was discharged and Bourke reinstated.

One night shortly afterward, just about dusk, the discharged coachman was seen sneaking around the stables by some of the guard. The stables had been locked for the night and it was not supposed that he could do any damage and consequently the men who saw him did not go to the stables. Presently the whole interior of the barns was found to be on fire. The guard was called out and by dint of great exertion we saved the president's coach and team, but Tad Lincoln's ponies and Col. Hay's carriage team perished in the flames.

The plan was to have this man fire the stables and thus to distract our attention. During the excitement some of the conspirators were ready to rush into the White House and murder the president, but instead of remaining in the house Mr. Lincoln ran out among us and thus in all probability frustrated another attempt at assassination.

What makes this appear more likely now is the fact that, after the incendiary was arrested he produced several witnesses, who later found employment at Ford's theater, to testify that he was down in the city during the whole of the evening. These were the persons who doubtless planned the final conspiracy that brought the great benefactor to the grave.



Mrs. Lincoln

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman. I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from these distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

"CROPE THROUGH A CRACK"

Uncle Eph Had at Least One Idea of How His Hogs Might Have Got Away.

Uncle Ephraim had two hogs, which he kept in a pen at the rear end of his little lot. They were of the razor-back variety, and although they were fed bountifully with kitchen waste, it seemed impossible to put and fat on their attenuated frames. One morning when he went out to feed them they were not there. They had disappeared, leaving no clew as to the manner in which they had made their escape.

"What's the matter, Uncle Eph?" inquired a neighbor, noticing the deep dejection with which the old man was looking down into the empty pen.

"My hawgs is done gone, sah," he answered.

"Stolen?"

"No, sah. I don't see no signs dat anybody tuck 'em."

"Did they climb out over the top?"

"No, dey couldn't 'a done dat."

"How do you think they got away?"

"Well, sah," said Uncle Ephraim, "my 'pinion is dat dem hawgs kind o' raised darselves up on aidge an' crope through a crack."—Youth's Companion.

An Educational Problem.

Little Margery has just begun to go to the kindergarten, and is filled with a due sense of the importance of her studies there and the solemn value of the attainments that have thus been put within her reach. The other afternoon, after coming home from school, she remained in a brow study for a time, and then said: "Mamma, do I know as much now as I don't know?"

He who gives better homes, better books, better tools, a fairer outlook and a better hope, him will we crown with laurels.—Emerson.

HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee: "It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails."

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more with insomnia."

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.