

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE MOTHERS.

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Fruit of our age-long mother pain. They have caught your life in the nation's mesh.

Emperson! Kings! On your heedless throne. Do you hear the cry the mothers make? The blood you shed is theirs, and theirs is the shame.

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone. Hope of the pang we bare alone. Sinew and strength of the midnight hour. When our dreams had come to flower.

ANNE RUTLEDGE.

This is a True Story of the Life Romance of Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

[Concluded from last week.]

Weeks, months passed, painfully long to Lincoln and full of torturing doubt for Annie. The consuming heat of the fire through which she was passing only a woman could endure.

Rejoicing, yet fearing, Lincoln consented, and knew that she had written not once, but many times. Patiently did he wait, his first glance through the daily mail being to catch sight of a letter from John McNeil.

"Will you, Annie, will you?" It was his last appeal. She turned her face toward his and did not say him nay, but the pallor of her cheeks made a shadow on his joy.

apron and resumed her work. Annie's father simply pressed Lincoln's hand warmly; he could not venture upon speech.

That evening, in the little parlor of the tavern, seated by Annie's side on the sofa near which he had found the inventory of McNeil's wealth, Lincoln told Annie what she already knew—that he was hopelessly poor.

"But give me time, Annie; give me time to earn a little money to live on till I can be admitted to practise law, then nothing on God's footstool can keep us apart."

"Next morning she spoke freely of her engagement. "As soon as his law studies are over," she said to her brother, "we shall be married."

The news of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in New Salem, because it was expected. Public opinion had long since uttered its voice in condemnation of McNeil, and now with equal conviction praised Lincoln.

But Annie was not living in paradise. Lincoln knew she was not. Public opinion had long since uttered its voice in condemnation of McNeil, and now with equal conviction praised Lincoln.

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear." It was her favorite hymn. So deeply was Lincoln moved he could not remain, and for the first time the great fear which drives out every other fear in man's heart entered his own.

He, too, had changed, for her sickness had fallen upon him like a blight. He hastened to her side; the door closed behind him and they were alone. There was the sound of muffled sobs; there was the cry of prayer.

For weary weeks Lincoln trod a doubtful, narrow path—that invisible way which divides reason from the unrest which is worse than death. Alarmed, his closer friends formed a protective band that should ever be near him in his wanderings up and down the riverside; through the forest; out into the open prairie—everywhere, anywhere—only ever swiftly to move toward the strange and indefinite shore.

"Nancy," said Bowling Greene to his wife the day after the funeral, "I'm going to bring Abe here to our cabin and take care of him; he'll do himself harm if we don't look out. He's as near crazy as a hare."

"Poor fellow! I don't wonder; and Annie was such a nice girl. It does seem powerful strange to me that the good Lord always wants her kind first and early. But I reckon they're kind o' scarce in heaven, and that's the reason."

All New Salem and the people for miles around were at Annie's funeral. Elder Cameron touched with delicate friendship on the grief of the living, but human eloquence and sympathy could not heal the wounds of the man who would willingly have given his own life that she might live.

himself. But the iron had entered his soul, and the tender melancholy, the inexpressible sympathy of his passion, never lifted from his life.

"Abe," said Dr. Jason Duncan, one of his dearer friends, to him one day, "I have something for you to read that you will like, and he gave him the lines told Annie what she already knew—that he was hopelessly poor."

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The mournful stanzas, made immortal by Lincoln's love for them, seemed to him a balm for his wounds.

Two years after Annie's death, while a member of the legislature, he said to a friend, but there was a part which he could confide to no man; it was too sacred for revelation. The great physician had written the secret thought of the sufferer, and Lincoln seldom revealed his secret thoughts.

One day John McNeil, or McNamee, true to his promise to Annie Rutledge, drove into New Salem, bringing with him his mother, brothers, and sisters, having come all the way from New York by wagon.

Amazed at his return, her thoughts conflicting, her grief stirred anew, Mrs. Rutledge told him she had been dead nearly a week. Distressed beyond power of speech, the desolate man stumbled back to the wagon and told his mother the terrible news.

Thinking on these things, he drove now in the gathering twilight to the farm which, as he had told Annie, should become a home for his mother and her children.

One gray November day, toward evening, a stranger was seen walking toward Concord. The wind was raw and cutting, and flakes of snow now and then fell on his cheek.

Clasping hands across the grave, the two strong men knelt in silence together and mingled their tears in a common sorrow.

Many years later, in the Governor's room at the Capitol at Springfield, a man was walking slowly and fast, his hands behind his back, his face weary with reflection. He was alone.

That humble hamlet was no more. Hardly a vestige of it remained. But his heart yearned for a glimpse of the scenes of his youth, and he kept on his journey, meeting many old-time friends who had known and had helped him in his days of struggle.

families of New Salem and recalling old times—"Isaac, I loved Annie Rutledge; I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife. I did honestly and truly love the girl and think often of her now."

Then, pausing, a look of inexpressible grief overspread his face the five-and-twenty years which had passed since her death seemed to roll back and the agony of that day again came over his soul.

With an effort he regained his composure and said, half whispering the words, "And I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day."

Some Little Talks on Taxes. The Best Way to Get Rid of Things We Do Not Want is to Tax Them. A good way to get rid of things we do not want to have around is to tax them.

Brumbaugh Wants Swift Action on Suffrage Bill. Governor Brumbaugh has not only heartily endorsed the plans of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association to get the suffrage resolution through both Houses early in the session, but has made the significant assertion that "no loyal Republican could vote against it."

THE TALE OF A COW. According to Mme. Schwimmer, the famous Hungarian journalist who is now on a lecture tour of Pennsylvania, a Swiss man teacher gets, in addition to his salary, fodder for his cow.

Originally a Chinese Bird. Pheasants, notwithstanding their aristocratic magnificence of appearance, readily interbreed with humbler kinds of birds, including the common barnyard fowl, the guinea hen and the black grouse.

FROM INDIA. A night to rave about—the moon is nearly full and the temperature just like a June night, but would you believe it, we have been talking of coasting and truly this silver radiance is like that which we get on a clear, frosty night with snow on the ground—when we used to go coasting.

Japanese Woman Pearl Divers. For centuries past one of the curious customs of Japan has been the employment of woman as divers in the pearl industry. Formerly whole families became divers, but later the prerogative became more and more that of the women until now fully ninety per cent of Japanese pearls are gathered by Japanese women divers.

Apply with a brush. Gleaning animals which damage fruit trees may be discouraged, and sometimes killed, by a wash made of Portland cement watered to the consistency of paint, mixed with Paris green.

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Dear Home Folk: A night to rave about—the moon is nearly full and the temperature just like a June night, but would you believe it, we have been talking of coasting and truly this silver radiance is like that which we get on a clear, frosty night with snow on the ground—when we used to go coasting.

How can you remember the season when never a turkey or a goose appears, and there is not a shop to jeer at your empty purse, no little half-starved, cold children looking with longing eyes at impossible toys.

Yesterday one of the nurses had her engagement party. It is such a strange custom—this girl, a merry, happy, light-hearted maid has seen the man once, but has never spoken to him.

For two weeks I have had no letter from you people, but of course know that the elections are just now absorbing all your time.

Remember that during the entire year they should not be fed a kernel of whole grain, as they will produce the most eggs on a diet of cooked vegetables mixed with bran and a little corn meal, also a liberal amount of meat scraps.

Water cross lakes shallow, slow-moving water and a sandy bottom, and yet will often thrive when these conditions are only approximated.

It is important that water cross be grown only where the water is pure, the cross may easily be contaminated by sewage. If grown where the bottom of the stream is muddy the flavor of the leaves is greatly impaired.

Have your Job Work done here. Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

—Even if the sod-mulch system is followed in the orchard, it is well to make a little clear space close about the foot of the tree. Mulch, and even cover crop, furnishes a fine covert for mice and shrews.

—A dog is property in Nebraska, and his owner is personally responsible for any damage he may do. What good reason is there why this should not be the rule everywhere? In Nebraska a dog which runs out upon the road may be shot by people annoyed by his barking.

—There is a trick to the job of burning the carcasses of dead hogs; and where they have died of cholera the trick should be learned. Dig two trenches crossing each other. Make them several inches deep. File the fuel at the crossing of the trenches.

Planning the High Hatch.—First, the housing of the breeding stock is important. Good drainage around the house and yards, plenty of light and ventilation, absence of drafts and vermin, abundance of clean litter to encourage exercise, and good sanitation throughout are all essential.

—Don't Keep Ducks too Long.—After five years of careful experimenting I have found that Indian Runner ducks will give the best results if the following rules are observed: Do not shut them in a closed house. The front should be wire mesh, with the exception of about eighteen inches at the bottom, which should be of board.

—Where conditions are right, water cross may easily be grown and is a fairly profitable crop. It is more of a commercial product in Europe than in this country, and much water cross sold here comes from plants that grow wild. The common variety is really a native of Europe, and yet it is now found all over this continent.

There are two pests which damage water cross. One is a pest described in a bulletin issued by the U. S. D. A. One is called the sow bug, and the other is known as the water-cross leaf beetle. The sow bug is combated by drawing off the water. The pests follow it and are collected in a pool where a preparation is applied which kills them wholesale.

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