

NEW YORK CITY.

Big and busy New York City, Blend of ugly and of pretty, Blend of splendor and of squalor. Harbor for the weary sailor, Gateway for the world's sad peoples Flinging to the sky your steeples, Writing in your daily history All life's joys and pain and mystery!

Always when I come to visit I am struck by scenes exquisite, Here is everything that's human Done on earth by man and woman, Here is grim and stern faced duty, Driving, striving, blind to beauty, Here among the millions teeming Are all things which men are dreaming.

Here they come with strange pale faces From the far off troubled places. Dragging with their fresh traditions Blended with their fresh ambitions, Here the richest and the gladdest Shoulder with the worst and saddest, Here is laughter, here is sighing, Here each minute some are dving.

Here the sky line tells the story Of man's constant strife for glory: Here is Broadway with its night life Gaily picturing our bright life, With its dull, cold hint of warning In the early after-morning. Big and busy New York City Blend of ugly and of pretty! -Edgar A. Guest

THE UNHAPPY STORY OF MARY TODD, THE WOMAN LINCOLN LOVED.

(Continued from last week.)

When she learned that Congress, if pressed, would make an adequate appropriation for renovating the Executive Mansion, Mary took steps to hurry the appropriation.

But this brought the newspapers about her ears. They declared that Mrs. Lincoln was meddling in politics and one enterprising journalist re-ported that she constantly forced her way into the Cabinet room to row with the members over their policies. For a while it looked to Mary as

if all the years of fighting for selfcontrol were to be useless in the face of this type of torment.

Summer was calling on Mary one summer evening. Charles Summer, Senator from Massachusetts, was one Charles Sumner, of the few noble personalities in Washington. Physically as well as mentally he was superb. He was six feet four inches tall, with fine blue eyes and regular, clean-cut features of the sober New England type.

Mary and Sumner had met at the Inaugural Ball. They liked each other immediately. Sumner was other immediately. Sumner was Mary's type of man, intellectual and of the polite world. In his turn, Sum-with them, offering what seemed like ner was astonished to find in Lin- unlimited credit. Shopkeepers campcoln's wife a woman of exceptional intelligence and breadth of education. steps urging dress fabrics, furs, jew-Their mutual fondness for French elry and objects d'art upon her con-was an immediate bond and they sideration. Job-hunters and political made the most of it. By midsummer panderers filled the White House with made the most of it. By midsummer

of my husband and myself will always be gratefully remembered. With kindest regards, I remain always, yours very truly, Mary Lincoln.

the window at the raw, unfinished shaft of the Washington Monument. Then he went on sadly: "When I was assaulted in the Senate Chamber in 1851, no one thought I would live. In the weary months of illness that followed, my thoughts were much on my unfinished fight against slavery, but in the midnight watches my keen. but in the midnight watches my keen, Lizzie Keckley. Lizzie was all sym-heart-gnawing regret was that if I pathy and when Mary stated that the were called away, I never had enjoy- clothing and jewelry, with the objects pathy and when Mary stated that the were called away, I never had enjoy-ed the choicest experience of life, that d'art she had accumulated, might as a last resort be sold to pay the debts, 'I love you.' When I recovered it was with the determination that as soon as I could afford to marry I would. Alas, it seems, however, I'm not the turne data a last resort be sold to pay the debts, Lizzie approved and offered her help in the disposal of them. With this idea in mind, Mary de-turne data a last resort be sold to pay the debts, Lizzie approved and offered her help with the determination that as soon as I could afford to marry I would. With this idea in mind, Mary de-turne data a last resort be sold to pay the debts, I'm not the termined to take back to Chicago with turne approved and offered her help with the determined to take back to Chicago with

type women wish to marry. But I her every scrap of personal adorn-have friendships with some noble wo-men. You are one of them. I intend furnishings she took not one stick, not to sacrifice a single friendship for save a little dressing stand used by all the gossip in America." Sumner's fine declaration could but of it and had once told his wife that

hearten her and she staggered on if tand had once told his wife that hearten her and she staggered on if the Commissioner would consent to with her social burden. But she did not go far. Early in 1862 she re-ceived a blow that for a time com-pletely submerged her. Willie died death, Mary obtained the Commis-of typhoid in Februray. After Wil-sioner's consent to the exchange and lia's death Mary never again wort the little table means the Chinese the Chinese the consent to the sector of the sector o lie's death, Mary never again went the little table was sent to Chicago into the room where the child died. for Taddie to use.

For months she never went out. The packing, under Lizzie Keck-Sumner now suggested that she ley's supervision, was a helter-turn her splendid executive ability to skelter affair. The Government sent Mrs. Lincoln's Ward hospital work. The suggestion was monopolies thus far projected. hospital work. The suggestion was monopoles thus far projected. exactly in tune with her state of an enormous number of boxes, fifty mind. Before sive had been at the work a week, the crowded, ill-organ-ized hospitals in and around Wash-ington began to feel the impulse of her helping hand. even discarded bonnets she had her helping hand. Young Stoddard tried to persuade even discarded bonnets she had brought from Springfield were put her to allow the reporters to go with into the boxes. Sometimes, with the her on her hospital rounds and pub- inane extravagance of servants, a inane extravagance of servants, a lish the story. He told her it would help enormously to counteract the talk against her. But Mary had had enough of publicity, good or bad, and the beautiful story of her hospital whole box contained but one bonnet. The presents that she and the chil-dren had received; elaborate furs, toys, pictures, books, statuary, wax wreaths, hunting trophies; all went into the packing-cases, to be stored in Gossip now included Lincoln and Chicago until such time as the settlehis domestic life. Stories of terrible ment of her husband's estate told her quarrels between the Lincolns became whether or not they must be sold. current. Lincoln-who did not drink Late in May, 1865, Mary Lincoln, in a widow's bonnet, with a great -was widely believed to have beaten his wife while he was drunk, and at black gauze veil that fell to the hem another time to have thrown her bodof her enormous black silk skirts, acily out of the Cabinet room-whither companied by twelve-year-old Tad in she never came. It was asserted that Lincoln had forbidden Sumner the a black rounabout and black velvet cap, with Robert, who had just left Grant's staff, boarded a Baltimore & is singularly grotesque that Ohio train for Chicago, and for a litwhile the gossips were so busy with

tle while the gossips forgot her. Her means were very much ham-pered. Congress, at the time of Lincoln's death, alloted her \$22,000, the sum remaining of the current year's salary. Mary used \$3,590 of this to clear up domestic bills in Washington. She made a substantial payment on her debts and with the residuum prepared to carry herself and the boys until the estate should be settled. But there was a long delay in the settlement of Lincoln's estate. Her money dwindled and dwindled and in the spring of 1867 Lizzie Keckley received a letter from Mrs. Lincoln asking the colored woman to meet her New York in September, to help in her dispose of her wardrobe and jew-elry. She impressed on Lizzie the necessity for absolute secrecy in the

blunder, Mary, fearing recognition, went out on Long Island for a few days. Here she received word from Keyes that his efforts with Seward apply for a pension for you. You unparalleled speech for the Emanci-and the others had failed. He re- shall hear from me about it. This pation Proclamation. And here, it counted some of their comments on is my station, I fear." her White House career. The revival of the old lies upset

Mary completely. She flew to her train, and Mary went on to face Chi-pen and dashed off a note to Keyes in cago alone. which she denounced these several distinguished men in a biting sentence or two that carried back of them all or two that carried back of them all iment in his spech. He was fourteen ner. But for many months his op-her old years of suffering. Having now, tall and with his mother's win-supplied Keyes with priceless mater-ial for completely ruining her, she down the long platform and gathered and attitude raise abolition from a her old years of suffering. supplied Keyes with priceless mater-ial for completely ruining her, she left for Chicago. Keyes, still fatu-ously believing he was starting a campaign that would raise funds for Lincoln's wife, sent all of her letters a mouncement that Mrs. Lincoln's ef-announcement that Mrs. Lincoln's ef-sist reading it than one can resist a some view at 607 Broadway. ing Indiana that Mary learned what letter Thurlow Weed had written had happened to her letters. A man the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. who had been sitting beside her left, a newspaper in the seat. Mary pick-ed it up. It was a copy of the Spring-field (Massachusetts) Republican. She glanced idly up and down its columns. Then a heavily leaded cap-

Mrs. Lincoln's Wardrobe for Sale! That dreadful woman, Mrs. Lincoln, who is in the open market with her useless finery will not let people forget her or remember her as the widow of a beloved patriot but insists on thrusting her repugnant personality before the world to the great mortification of the nation. The sheet then went on to quote from the New York World and several neighboring papers. The World had published all her

letters to William Brady and Company including an inventory of her effects, and her furious letter regarding Seward et al.

The Rochester Democrat, the Al-bany Journal, the Pittsburgh Com-mercial, the Cleveland Herald—a dozen papers were quoted in which Mary was accused of everything from indiscretions in a social way to actually having stolen the articles she was trying to sell. They said she had dishonored herself, her country and her husband. They said she was in-sane and a vertiable Xantippe.

Mary read until the last slurring word was burned indelibly into her brain. She was conscious of feeling faint, but she dared ot ask for aid lest her identity be disclosed. The train pulled into Fort Wayne and the brakeman bawled that twenty minutes would be allower for supper. Mary waited until the car was emptied; then she dragged herself into the station for a cup of tea.

The dining-room was filled with a gulping crowd. The long table near the packed counter showed but one empty place. Into this slipped Mary. A man at her left offered her bread. There was a familiar look about the huge, beautiful hand that held the plate. She dared not look up as she murmured her thanks. But she could not wholly disguise her voice. The

pressure of his great hand left the

Tad met her at the station. Excitement always increased the imped-

Mrs. Lincoln treated the President's friends with studied insolence and indifference. She falsified a bill for entertaining Prince Napoleon . . . Mrs. Lin-coln's propensity to sell things was manifested early and before any necessity was foreseen. If our information is reliable, eleven of Mr. Lincoln's new linen shirts were sold before the remains which were enshrouded on the 12th had started for that bourne from which no traveler returns. Individually we are obliged to Mrs. Lincoln for an expression of her ill will. It is pleasant to remember that we always were out of favor in that quarter . . .

Mary finished the clipping and tore it into a dozen pieces while she mingled her tears with Taddie's. She gathered that he was going to take his father's cane and beat to death the editor of every paper that had maligned her. They had reached the house before she extracted from him a promise that he'd do nothing to add to her trouble.

his sturdy and spotless career. was utterly devastated by this horrible publicity. It was a pitiful group from Massachusetts why he has in-there in the little house—not really a ed on the sum of five thousand dol-home, for Mary had been obliged to take roomers—a pitiful group. "Certainly," replied Sumner. "Five thousand dollars was in my mind be-thousand dollars was in my mind be-thousand dollars was in my mind becould hide from the scandal-mongers.

My dear Lizzie: I am writing this morning with a broken heart after a sleepless night of great mental suffering. Rob came up last evening like a maniac and almost threatening his life, looking like death because the letters of the World were published yesterday evening. I could not re-frain from weeping when I saw him so miserable. But yet, my dear, good Lizzie, was it not to protect myself and help othersand was not my motive and ac-tion of the purest kind? Pray for me that this cup of affliction may pass from me or be sanctified to . . . Only my darling Taddie prevents me from taking my life . . . Tell Messrs. Brady and Keyes not to have a line of mine once more in print. I am nearly losing my reason. Your friend, M. L.

men refused to have anything to do with the proposal. While Keyes was making this pre-liminary flourish to his next colossal Brooks, the South Carolinian, had beaten him into insensibility, and while the liars empty themselves. Brooks, the South Carolinian, had When this furore in the papers has beaten him into insensibility, and been forgotten, you must allow me to from yonder spot he had made the He rose as he spoke and with a last justice to the wife of the author of what he felt to be the greatest document struck off by the hand of man since the Christian era began.

In this mood and this attitude of mind, there was no defeating Sumcult to half a nation's religion.

On this morning he introduced a bill asking for a pension of \$5000, with a letter from Mrs. Lincoln to the Vice-President.

Sir :--- I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable Senate of the United States an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of Unit-ed States whose life yas sacrificed to his country's service. That sad calamity has very much im-paired my health and by the advice of my physician I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters and during the winter to go to Italy. But my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the advice giv-en me nor can I live in a style becoming to the widow of a Chief Magistrate of a great nation although I live as economically as I can. In consideration of the great services my deeply lament-ed husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his "ntimely death, I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition.

Mrs. A. Lincoln, Frankfort, Germany.

After the bill and letter had been read there was an uneasy rustle in the Senate Chamber. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, sprang to his feet and took a hasty step toward the Presi-dent's desk. He was a Republican Rob was older and just beginning and Chairman of the Pensions Com-He mittee.

cause that was the salary just voted by the Senate to its members, and Rob solved it as far as he was con- five thousand dollars is the interest cerned by going out to the Rockies on on the seventy-five thousand dollars a hunting trip with his friend Edgar Welles. Mary wrote Lizzie Keckley on Sun-day morning, October 6: Cont the seventy-nye thousand donais Lincoln would have been paid had he not been killed. I hope that this bill may soon be put upon its passage." Senator Morrill of Vermont cried: "I am bitterly opposed to such a pen-

• sion. I____," He was interrupted by Senator Howell of Iowa: "I too am against such a sneaking fraud on our pension

such a sheaking tradid on our pension system. Lincoln never was really Commander-in-Chief. He performed no service in the field." "Mrs. Lincoln was not true to her husband!" shouted Senator Yates of Illinois. "She sympathized with the Bebellion. She is not worthy of our Rebellion. She is not worthy of our charity." "Tut! Tut!" This in a loud groan from Senator Cameron of Pennsyl-vania, the handsome veteran of many Senate battles. Sumner spoke clearly: "You are speaking of the wife of Abraham Lincoln. Senator Tipton of Nebraska rose. "Mrs. Lincoln's indecent and spectacular effort to sell her clothes lately brought no gestures of sympathy from the tender heart of Illinois. That is proof that Mrs. Lincoln has no actual need of financial help. She has a large income from her late husband's estate. This she is spending in Europe instead of in her native land where it should be spent." "This is absurd," cried Oliver P. Morton of Indiana. "The nation spent one million dollars on Lincoln's funeral. The Congress has just voted ten thousand dollars for a monument to him. Yet it now grudges a pension to his widow." Something in this strident sneer stopped the debate and the pension bill was referred to the Pensions Committee-exactly where Edmunds, who hated Mary Lincoln, wished it to go. It would not come out, he assured his friends, until he was cer-His first maneuver was to postpone Her means were very much re- making a report on the bill. Day stricted. The executors of her hus- after day Sumner rose in his place band's estate still delayed and for a to make inquiry, but Edmunds had re-Sumner spoke clearly. "Before the to outdo themselves in malignancy, reports of the Pensions Committee pass away, I wish to ask my honor-able friend when there will be a rewas superseded by their indignation able friend when there will be a re-toward the news sheets. Mary's sis-port on the bill for Mrs. Mary Lin-ter Elizabeth now took a hand. She coln?" won from Mary the story of her With a smile of the utmost suavity, debts. She brought about a settle- Senator Edmunds replied, "We are at With a smile of the utmost suavity, ment of the estate and arrangements work on the report and will make it Sumner returned the smile. "I hope that the bill may soon be put upon its passage." We cannot report until we have gether. How it hurt her to go with-out him! finished an inquiry into the lady's necessities," said Edmunds. Trumbull of Illinois looked up from been in Europe a year that Charles a memorandum he was making. "I Sumner ventured to bring before the United States Senate the matter of the bill will be passed unanimously her pension. "I "It will be passed graciously, if at "T her pension bill. Not only was he suggest that we take up the matter a great idealist, but also he was a su-perb politician. He had survived the decorating national cemeteries." Sumner's great mellow voice suddenly filled the Chamber. Visitors in 1850 to 1865. If anyone was fitted the gallery craned forward. "The to force that pension bill through, it object of this kindness, this benefi-was Sumner. But even he did not cence on the part of the Congress is Edmunds leaped into the aisle. It The Senate was full of veterans would never do to allow Sumner to still racked by the tempests of the launch himself into a real speech! "I rise to a point of order!" Someone in the gallery clapped. The Vice-President pounded on his desk. Sumner gave Edmunds a smile gesture, of persons of the sould be that was at the same and keen. The Senate Chamber, Sumner told ening and keen. The senate that snowy February "Very well, Sir," said Sumner, "then let us have that report without

hanging French books tongue.

actually had brought a shout of laughter from the serious-eyed Sumner by her mimicry of Horace Greeley in his favorite act of lecturing her husband. But she did not allow him to laugh long, for she added af-ter the mock Greely had disappeared:

"He had the impertinence to warn Mr. Lincoln also against my intrigu-ing with the South! Senator, do you know they say I am a spy because I have half-brothers in the Rebel army ?"

'You too are a victim of slavery," replied Sumner sadly. "The ruling social set here prides itself on being bent on your social ruin."

Mary swept up and down the room then paused to shake a small finger before the enormous Senator's vest suggestion: button. "Tell your creditors that if your

"I'll fight them inch by inch!" she cried.

your husband's great problems." "I'll try," replied Mary, through set

teeth.

It was an inevitable aspect of her the piper. bitter fate that the very qualities in her that helped to make her husband an immortal hero, fed the malignant tongues that ruined her fame. Her indomitable will and ambition would not allow her for a long time to give up the social struggle. She planned the social side of the White House life with her usual skill, but she got nowhere. It was said and generally believed that she was a coarse parvenu, without social training, utterly unbalanced by her sudden elevation to grandeur. She was called low, coarse, gaudy, loud and a snob. She was threatened with assassination. Anher husband.

She said to Sumner, one evening he called on her several times. But early in 1862: "Senator, do you realize that I am one of the most hated persons in this unhappy country? it is like a fog pressing about me day and night. I believe it will kill me, this hatred.'

"Can you not give up all but the essential official entertainments, dear Mrs. Lincoln, and-

"And dress in a bag without a crinoline," interrupted Mary with a sad little laugh, "and give up your friend-ship—you've heard that gossip?" "A little. No one dares say very

much to me, I assure you." "They call it an affaire d'amour

and write Mr. Lincoln dreadful things, signed 'An eye-witness.' If it is hurting your prestige, dear Mr. Sumner, I'll understand if you never call on me again." But her eyes were full of tears.

"I wouldn't understand," returned Sumner grimly. "Frienship is an

transaction and wrote that she hergifts for Mrs. Lincoln and the little and frequently conversed in that boys. And Mary lost her head. She opened accounts in the shops of Wash-

lies there was an essential weakness of character which Mary was showing which they did not discover that

would have been unspeakably unc-

tuous on their tongues. This was her

When Mary Lincoln became mis-tress of the White House, every

temptation imaginable was brought to

bear on her love of beauty. As soon

trades-people of that city and of New York besieged her to open accounts

ed on her doorstep, haunted her foot-

the

as she reached Washington,

service never was told.

house.

love of finery.

eternal matter with me. Such pres-

tige as I have has survived the worst that human tongues can say. Let us forget it." He paused and stared out

On this particular evening Mary ington and New York. ctually had brought a shout of The President's salary was adequate for everything but his wife's wardrobe. After a couple of years bills began to bother Mary. She ignored them. Finally one of her New York creditors threatened to sue her. She would rather have died than have her husband learn the extent of her extravagance. In fact she did not learn the extent of it herself until the creditors frightened her. Then she gathered the bills together, added them up and took to her bed. The total was nearly \$20,000.

This was in 1864 and Lincoln was social set here prides itself on being running for a second term of office. Southern. Its members, male and fe-male, hate this administration vio-Lizzie Keckley, who frequently acted lently. They say you are a renegade Southerner—one of themselves, gone over to the other side. I tell you frankly, dear Mrs. Lincoln, they are her to the other side. I tell you frankly, dear Mrs. Lincoln, they are wife.

When Mary, half hysterical, had in her trailing gray and pink velvet, confided her troubles to the mcdiste, is in this ring." that astute person had a practical

"Tell your creditors that is pay husband is reelected you will pay husband is reelected you will plan "You can't fight malicious gossip, from his salary. If he's not re-elect-l've found." said Sumner. "Ignore ed, he'll be a great lawyer with enor-it, Mrs. Lincoln. Give your mind to mous fees and you can pay your bills easily."

Mary took the advice. Lincoln won the election and Mary planned to pay

In April came the irreparable loss to Mary and the nation—Lincoln was assassinated. The shock put Mary to bed for five weeks. Lizzie Keckley took care of her. She would see no one save Bob and Tad. When she was at last able to creep about, she began preparations for leaving the White House.

All of us who have had to do with death will understand Mary's state of mind when she utterly refused to en-ter her dead husband's bedroom, when she could not bear to see his clothing. She told Lizzie Keckley to gather Lincoln's clothes together and give them onymous letters warned her that her away. One or two mementoes she boys would be kidnapped as well as disposed of herself. She could not bear to see Charles Sumner although

> she sent him two souvenirs of her husband, one a likeness of John Bright, which Lincoln had said he "prized as representing so noble and good a friend to our cause," and the other the President's cane, with this

Executive Mansion, Tuesday morning, May 9, 1865.

My dear Mr. Sumner:-Your unwavering kindness to my idolized husband and the great re-gard he entertained for you, prompts me to offer for your ac-ceptance, this simple relic which, being connected with his blessed memory, I am sure you will prize. I am endeavoring to regain my, strength sufficiently to leave here in a few days. I go hence, brokenhearted, with every hope al-most in life crushed. Notwith-standing my utter desolation through life, the cherished friend

self was going to take the name of Mrs. Clarke while she was in New York.

So, heavily veiled, Mary Todd Lincoln late in September, 1867, regis-tered as Mrs. Clarke at the Union Place Hotel in New York and waited for Lizzie to appear. Lizzie arrived promptly and having with much fluttering settled themselves, the two women sallied forth into Union Square, bought newspapers and began to seek a place to sell their wares.

They finally determined to try the firm of W. H. Brady and Company, of 609 Broadway. Still veiled, with Lizzie carrying the jewelry, Mary presented herself at this place of business and asked to see a member of the firm. She was introduced to a Mr. Keyes, who undertook to appraise from the ring he was examining and

said to her abruptly. "You are Mrs. Lincoln! Your name

Startled and troubled, Mary admitted her identity but begged Keyes to keep her secret. He agreed to do so and asked her to leave the jewelry for his partner to examine. He was sure they could be of real help to this distinguished patron. Much cheered, Mary returned to the hotel and there, a little later, Mr. Keyes followed her, not with a proffer of money but with a scheme. He urged Mary to allow him to use some discreet publicity in connection with her belongings. He declared that if she would permit him to do so, he could raise \$100,000 for her in a few weeks.

her in a few weeks. Mary refused. She'd been scorch-ed too often by publicity. Keyes told her that an ordinary sale of all that she possessed wouldn't bring her \$10,000 while a public auction would net her ten times that amount.

Deeply distressed, Mary still re-fused

go to some of the leaders of the Republican Party and inform them that the wife of Lincoln is in dire need. They are fattening now on the pres-tige your husband gave the party. They will gladly back a movement for raising a public fund. Let it be known that the wife of the Great Emancipator is trying to raise money by selling her clothes and the whole country will rally to you."

He had no idea how sweet his last words were to his hearer. How sweet they were, only one who had witnessed her sufferings in the White House to you." could know. She flung common sense Mary

away and gave Keyes the permission he sought.

At his suggestion she wrote sev-eral letters making W. H. Brady and Company her agents, harmless and \$1700 a year. You may be sure she made no mention of the debts.

was hastily set down and Charles Sumner stooped to look into her face!

"But you!" he exclaimed. "Here! And alone?"

Mary had not met the Senator since her husband's death. The sound of that familiar voice, the extraordinary and familiar gentleness of the blue eyes, the whole elegant outline of "this noblest Roman of them all" as Lincoln had called him, utterly undid Mary. She rose with a stammered excuse.

"I came out only to get a cup of tea-for-a friend who is ill," she said and fled back to the train. She cowered in her seat with two thicknesses of veil over her face. Had Sumner read the papers? Undoubtedly! Her old friend who had helped her bridge over so many moments of agony-now surely he would turn against her at last. "My tongue!

My traitor tongue!" she whispered. The train started but was scarcely out of the station when a cup of tea slopping over into the saucer was balanced on her knee and Charles Summer seated himself beside her. "I suspected who the friend might be," he said. "You ate nothing. Let me see you drink the tea."

The touch of kindness was too much. She flung tea, cup and saucer out of the open window and buried her face in her hands.

Oblivious to the gaping passengers, quite as though they were alone in the familiar White House sitting room, Sumner laid his hand on her arm and waited for Mary to get con-trol of herself. At least she would not make a scene for this last and dearest of her friends. She threw back her veil and smiled up at him. She had a lovely smile.

"What are you doing in the Middle West, Senator?" she asked. "I'm on a lecture tour. People are

very kind. And you-But Mary interrupted. "I received the announcement of your mar-"Then," urged Keyes, "allow me to riage last year and wrote you how

glad I was for you, as you may re-member. But now I can say to you that it made me happy to know that the thing you had desired so long had come into your life."

Sumner's leonine head drooped and the hand that still lay on Mary's arm trembled. "It was not to be,' said in a low voice. "We parted last month, never to meet again.

"Dear Senator, are you telling me your wife has died?" exclaimed Mary. "No! No! Our marriage is brok-en. I—I cannot talk about it, even

Mary laid her little hand on Sumner's huge one. "Oh, that is trouble indeed—after all your years of hope! I am so, so sorry!"

There was a little pause, then the Senator said, "And this new contumepathetic letters enough, telling of her needy condition and stating that her income when her husband's estate should be settled would give her but looked down on her with puzzled and

anxious eyes.

Chicago, Saturday, October 13. My dear Lizzie: Was ever such cruel newspaper abuse lavished upon an unoffending woman as has been showered upon my defenseless head? ... The Springfield Journal had an editorial a few days since with the important information that Mrs. Lincoln had been known to be deranged for years and should be pitied for all her strange acts. I should have been all right if I had allowed them to take possession of the White House . . . I am always so anxious to hear from you. I am feeling so friendless in the world . . . M. L.

She wrote to Brady and Company, withdrawing her goods, paid their bill of \$800, and the wretched venture tain of its defeat. was ended.

little while her relatives held aloof. reported on other pensions. Then, as the newspapers continued Sumner spoke clearly. "Be the family's indignation toward Mary were made to take care of the absurd soon.' and awful bills. And in January, ac-Sun companied by Taddie, Mary sailed for Europe—that Europe she and Lincoln always had planned to see toout him!

It was not until Mary Lincoln had her pension.

It would have been impossible for her to have had a better sponsor for all," returned Edmunds coolly. most intricate, the most trying moments of the Senate's history, from foresee the extent of the fight he was Abraham Lincoln's wife!" to precipitate.

Civil War. Scarcely a member could speak without a violence that made ordinary partisanship seem a feeble gesture, of persons or events of that

With these letters, Keyes went to several of Lincoln's old associates, Seward, Thurlow Weed, Raymond of the New York Times. These gentle-

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