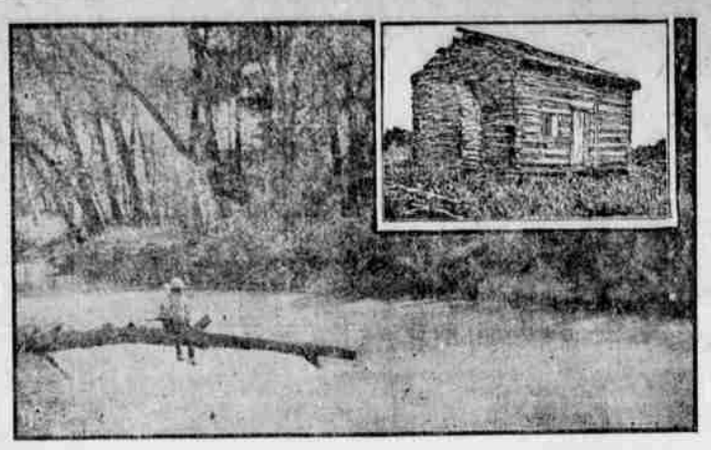


NOLAN CREEK, WHERE AS A LITTLE BOY LINCOLN FISHED.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE BOY OF THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS

Squire Josiah Crawford was seated on the porch of his house in Gentryville, Indiana, one spring afternoon when a small boy called to see him. The Squire was a testy old man, not very fond of boys, and he glanced up over his book, impatient and annoyed at the interruption.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

SARAH BUSH.
Lincoln's Stepmother.

The boy had pulled off his coonskin cap, and stood holding it in his hand while he eyed the old man.

"They say down at the store, sir," said the boy, "that you have a 'Life of George Washington.' I'd like very much to read it."

The Squire peered closer at his visitor, surprised out of his annoyance at the words. He looked over the boy, carefully examining his long, lank figure, the tangled mass of black hair, his deep-set eyes and large mouth. He was evidently from some poor country family. His clothes were made of skins, and the trousers were shrunk until they barely reached below his knees.

"What's your name, boy?" asked the Squire.

"Abraham Lincoln, son of Thomas Lincoln, down on Pidgeon Creek."

The Squire said to himself: "It must be that Tom Lincoln, who, folks say, is a ne'er-do-well and moves from place to place every year because he can't make his farm support him." Then he said, aloud, to the boy: "What do you want with my 'Life of Washington?'"

"I've been learning about him at school, and I'd like to know more."

The old man studied the boy in silence for some moments; something about the lad seemed to attract him. Finally he said: "Can I trust you to take good care of the book if I lend it to you?"

"As good care," said the boy, "as if it was made of gold, if you'd only please let me have it for a week."

His eyes were so eager that the old man could not withstand them. "Wait here a minute," he said, and went into the house. When he returned he brought the coveted volume with him and handed it to the boy. "There it is," said he, "I'm going to let you have it, but be sure it doesn't come to harm down on Pidgeon Creek."

The boy, with the precious volume tucked tightly under his arm, went down the single street of Gentryville with the joy of anticipation in his face. He could hardly wait to open the book and plunge into it. He stopped for a moment at the village store to buy some calico his stepmother had ordered, and then struck

into the road through the woods that led to his home.

The house which he found at the end of his trail was a very primitive affair. The first home Tom Lincoln had built on the Creek when he moved there from Kentucky had been merely a "pole-shack," four poles driven into the ground with forked ends at the top, other poles laid crosswise in the forks, and a roof of poles built on this square. There had been no chimney, only an open place for a window, and another for a door, and strips of bark and patches of clay to keep the rain out. The new house was a little better, it had an attic, and the first floor was divided into several rooms. It was very primitive, however, in reality only a big log-cabin.

The boy came out of the woods, crossed the clearing about the house, and went in at the door. He held up the volume for her to see. "I've got it!" he cried. "It's the 'Life of Washington,' and now I'm going to learn all about him." He had barely time to put the book in the woman's hands before his father's voice was heard calling him out of doors. There was work to be done on the farm, and the rest of that afternoon Abe was kept busily employed, and as soon as supper was finished his father set him to work mending harness.

At dawn the next day the boy was up and out in the fields, the "Life of Washington" in one pocket, the other pocket filled with corn dodgers. He could not read and run a straight furrow. When it was noontime he sat under a tree, munching the cakes, and plunged into the first chapter of the book. For half an hour he read and ate, then he had to go on with his work until sundown. When he got home he had his supper standing up so that he could read the book by the candle that stood on the shelf. After supper he lay down in front of the fire, still reading, and oblivious to everything about him.

Gradually the fire burned out, the family went to bed, and young Abe was obliged to go to his room in the attic. He put the book on a ledge on the wall close to the head of his bed in order that nothing might happen it. During the night a violent storm arose, and the rain came through a chink in the log-walls. When the boy woke he found that the book was a mass of wet paper, the type blurred, and the cover beyond repair. He was heartbroken at the discovery. He could imagine how angry the old Squire would be when he saw the state of the book.

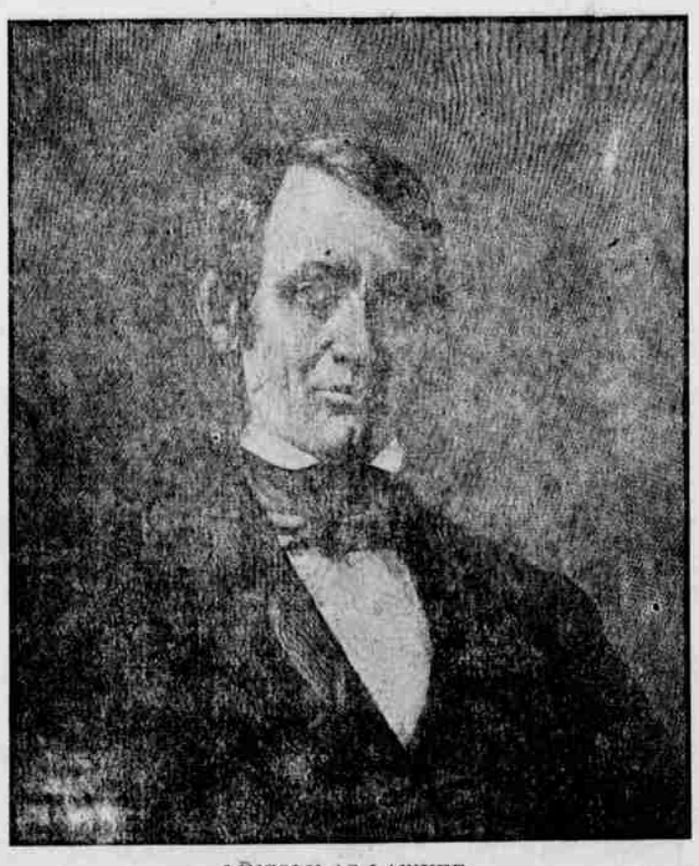
The next Sunday morning found a small boy standing on the Squire's porch with the remains of the book in his hand. When the Squire learned what had happened he spoke his mind freely. He told Abe that he was as worthless as his father, that he didn't know how to take care of valuable property, and that he would never loan him another book as long as he lived. The boy faced the music, and when the angry tirade was over, said that he would like to shuck corn for the Squire, and in that way pay him the value of the ruined volume. Mr. Crawford accepted the offer and named a price far greater than any possible value of the book, and Abe set to work, spending all his spare time in the next two weeks shucking the corn and working as chore-boy. So he finally succeeded in paying back the full value of the ruined "Life of Washington."

This was only one of many adventures that befell Abraham Lincoln while he was trying to get an education. His mother had taught him to read and write, and ever since he had learned he had longed for books to read. He said to his cousin, Dennis Hanks, one day, "Denny, the things I want to know are in books. My best friend is the man who will get me one." Dennis was very fond of his younger cousin, and as soon as he could save up the money he went to town and bought a copy of the "Arabian Nights." He gave this to Abe, and the latter at once started to read it aloud by the wood-fire in the evenings. His mother, his sister Sally and Dennis were his audience. His father thought the reading only waste of time and said, "Abe, your mother can't work with you pestering her like that," but Mrs. Lincoln said the stories helped her, and so the reading went on. When he came to the story of how Sindbad the Sailor went too close to the magic rock and lost all the nails out of the bottom of his boat, Abe laughed until he cried.

MRS. LINCOLN IN HER WEDDING GOWN.

Dennis, however, couldn't see the humor. "Why, Abe," said he, "that yarn's just a lie."

"P'raps so," answered the small boy, "but if it is, it's a mighty good lie."



LINCOLN AS LAWYER.
Mr. Robert T. Lincoln is of the Opinion That This Portrait Was Taken Between December, 1847, and March, 1849, During His Father's One Term in Congress.

The few books he was able to get made the keen-witted country boy anxious to find people who could answer his questions for him. In those days many men, clergymen, judges and lawyers rode on circuit, stopping overnight at any farm-house they might happen upon. When such a man would ride up to the Lincoln clearing he was usually met by a small boy who would fire questions at him before he could dismount from his horse. The visitor would be amused, but Tom Lincoln thought that a poor sort of hospitality. He would come running out of the house and say, "Stop that, Abe. What's happened to your manners?" Then he would turn to the traveler, "You must excuse him. 'Light, stranger, and come in to supper." Then Abe would go away whistling to show that he didn't care. When he found Dennis he said, "Pa says it's not polite to ask questions, but I guess I wasn't meant to be polite. There's such a lot of things to know, and how am I going to know them if I don't ask questions?" He simply stored them away until a later time, and when supper was over he usually found his chance to make use of the visitor.

In that day Indiana was still part of the wilderness. Primeval woods stood close to Pidgeon Creek, and not far away were roving bands of Sacs and Sioux, and also wild animals —bears, wildcats and lynx. The settlers fought the Indians and made use of the wild creatures for clothing and

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
In Chicago and Has Been Called "One of the Most Salient Statues of the World."

food, and to sell at the country stores. The children spent practically all of their time out of doors, and young Abe Lincoln learned the habits of the wild creatures, and explored the far recesses of the woods. He was fond of animals. One day at school some of the boys put a lighted coal on a turtle's back in sport. Abe rescued the turtle, and when he got a chance wrote a composition in school about cruel jokes on animals. It was a good paper, and the teacher had the boy read it before the class. All the boys liked Abe, and they took to heart what he had to say in the matter.

It was a rough sort of life that the children of the early settlers led, and the chances were all in favor of the Lincoln boy growing up to be like his father, a kind-hearted, ignorant and ne'er-do-well type of man. His mother, however, who came of a good Virginia family, had done her best to give him some ambition. Once she had said to him, "Abe, learn all you can, and grow up to be of some account. You've got just as good Virginia blood in you as George Washington had." Abe did not forget that. Soon after the family moved to Pidgeon Creek his mother died, and a little later a stepmother took her place. This woman soon learned that the boy was not the ordinary type, and kept encouraging him to make something of himself. She was always ready to listen when he read, to help him with his lessons, to encourage him. When he got too old to wear his bearskin suit she told him that if he would earn enough money to get some muslin, she would make him some white shirts, so that he would not be ashamed to go to people's houses. Abe earned the money, and Mrs. Lincoln purchased the cloth and made the shirts. After that Abe cut quite a figure in Gentryville, because he liked people, and knew so many good stories that he was always popular with a crowd.

The time came when the boy could no longer stay in the small surroundings of Pidgeon Creek. He tried life on one of the river steamboats, then served as a clerk in a store, at New Salem, where he began, in odd moments, to study law. A little later he knew enough law to become an attorney, and went to Springfield, and after that it was only a short time before he had won his clients. His cousin Denny came to hear him try one of his first cases. He watched the tall, lank young fellow, still as ungainly as in his early boyhood, and heard him tell the jury some of those same stories he had read aloud before the fire. When Abe had finished, his cousin said to him, "Why did you tell those people so many stories?" "Why, Denny," said Abe, "a story teaches a lesson. God tells truth in parables, they are easier for common folks to remember and recollect."

Such was the simple boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, but its very simplicity and the hardships he had to overcome to get an education, made him a strong man. He knew people, and when he came later to be President and to guide the country through the greatest trial in its history it was those same qualities of perseverance and courage and trust in the people that made the simple-minded man the great helmsman of the Republic.

"We all love great men—love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men; nay, can we honestly bow down to anything else? Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart."—Thomas Carlyle.

GOOD ROADS

Good Roads Movement Bears Fruit.

Frequent evidence is forthcoming of the fruit of the Georgia good roads automobile endurance contests inaugurated by The Constitution and held just a month ago.

Not only is it apparent along the routes over which these contests were held, but other counties are busy with a view to securing improved and connected roadways which lead somewhere, and which bring them into closer contact and communication with other trade centres.

The routes themselves are now well established avenues of travel between Atlanta and Augusta, Savannah, Fitzgerald and Albany, as well as intermediate points, and are coming into daily and general use as such.

Realizing the importance, not only of maintaining these routes, but of improving them as rapidly as possible, the counties through which they pass have not been content simply with putting them in shape for the contests; they are still at work upon them and will continue to better them.

A word of assurance and appreciation in this connection comes from Mayor P. H. Lovejoy, of Hawkinsville, who, in acknowledging receipt of the first prize of $200, awarded to Pulaski County for the best roads between Fitzgerald and Macon, says:

"Our people are greatly pleased with the result of the contest and your courteous treatment in the matter. We not only appreciate the fact that Pulaski County won the prize, but we feel gratified that our effort in building good roads through the county will bear fruit in the future. For myself and in behalf of the citizens of Pulaski County, I wish to thank The Constitution for its noble effort in bringing about the good roads movement in the South, and securing a route through this section of our State."

The good roads contests and their attendant prizes were but a secondary, a minor feature in the movement.

The real prize is what each county has achieved in the direction of better roads.

Just to the extent that the competing counties have improved the roads passing through them, and, more particularly, those roads which give them access to the world beyond their own borders, in that measure are they enjoying a prize of lasting value, the fruits of their own effort.

That the contests, prizes and agitations attendant upon them have, in many instances, stimulated to greater and more productive effort cannot be questioned; it is because of this good effect that The Constitution has determined, as has been announced, to arrange other State good roads contests next year, with a view to bringing every section of Georgia into the movement.

We are, as yet, only upon the threshold.

There is a monumental work to be done and all Georgia should have a shoulder at the wheel.—Atlanta Constitution.

Modern Road Construction.

An address was delivered by Clifford Richardson, Member American Society of Civil Engineers, before the Oneida Historical Society at Utica, N. Y., in which the subject of modern road construction and the present limitations of its effectiveness were set forth.

"There are," says Mr. Richardson, "several points in connection with the road problem which have received too little and demand the most careful attention."

"We are, apparently, expending today very large sums of money in building a large extent of macadam and other improved forms of roadway. But England and Wales, with a mileage of 149,759 expended in the year 1905-6 $63,316,874 upon her roads, principally in their maintenance, or at the rate of $415 per mile. The mileage is about twice as great as in the State of New York, but the area is only twenty-two and a half per cent. greater. The amount annually being expended in New York is, therefore, comparatively small, although relatively larger than in previous years."

In commenting on the outcome of the International Good Roads Congress at Paris, and the opportunities afforded for examining continental highways, Mr. Richardson expresses satisfaction in the knowledge that American roads when opened to traffic are in no sense inferior to those of Europe; that it was the damage to French roads caused by heavy motor traffic, and the problem of how to meet it, which caused the congress to be called.

"From this point of view, it will be of interest to determine whether the macadam roads of the State of New York that are now being constructed are of the highest type, whether it is wise to construct such roads where they are exposed to motor traffic, and whether they are being economically constructed. The general opinions expressed at Paris by the ablest English and French engineers was that the road to meet modern motor traffic must be constructed with a more resistant surface, which is brought about by introducing into the wearing surface some bituminous cementing material."—Good Roads Magazine.

Training the Servant.

"Is your new girl getting so that she can understand English?" asked the caller.

"No," replied young Mrs. Keepouse, "but I am learning Hungarian rapidly."—Newark Evening News.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

BUSINESS IS EXPANDING

Jobbers Report Better Orders, Factories Busy, Collections Improving, Says Bradstreet.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says:

"Measured by such tests as bank clearings and railroad earnings, there is no visible diminution in the volume of industrial and mercantile transactions; and yet, with such happenings as the English elections, the Paris flood, the agitation over the high prices and the rather violent break in the New York market, it would be strange if the trades did not in some degree feel the effect of these disturbances.

"This irregularity was displayed to some extent in the iron and steel trade, although an event of the week was the declaration of an extra dividend by the principal producer.

"Dry goods jobbers report an improvement in house trade. Fall cottons, such as flannelettes, have been priced close by the largest producers at advances of ⅛c and ¾c per yard, and business tendered is large. Print cloth trading is light, with some recessions in the open market on wide goods. Export trade continues light, but shipments on old orders are substantial. Business booked on men's wear staples and semi-staples by the largest producer for fall has been large, and advances of 2½c per yard on some numbers were announced.

"Dress goods trade is very moderate, although the large corporations have booked fall orders. Cotton yarns are easy.

"Wholesale dealers in shoes are placing initial fall contracts for later delivery with New England footwear, also with supplementary spring contracts."

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Wheat—No. 2 red	$	
Rye—No. 2		
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear	73	74
No. 2 yellow, shelled	72	73
Mixed ear	67	68
Oats—No. 2 white	51	52
No. 3 white	50	51
Flour—Winter patent	6 25	6 30
Fancy straight winters		
Hay—No. 1 Timothy	20 50	21 00
Clover No. 1	17 50	18 50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton	32 00	33 00
Brown middlings	27 00	28 00
Bran, bulk	28 00	28 50
Straw—Wheat	9 00	9 50
Oat	9 00	9 50
Dairy Products.		
Butter—Elgin creamery	$ 39	40
Ohio creamery	33	36
Fancy country roll	26	28
Cheese—Ohio, new	18	19
New York, new	18	19
Poultry, Etc.		
Hens—per lb	$ 17	19
Chickens—dressed	20	22
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh	26	27
Fruits and Vegetables.		
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu	60	70
Cabbage—per ton	12 00	14 00
Onions—per barrel	1 80	2 25

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent	$ 5 60	5 70
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	
Corn—Mixed	70	71
Eggs	27	28
Butter—Ohio creamery	26	28

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent	$ 5 60	5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red		1 14
Corn—No. 2 mixed	63	69
Oats—No. 2 white	46	47
Butter—Creamery	26	27
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts	27	28

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patents	$ 5 70	5 80
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20	
Corn—No. 2	68	69
Oats—No. 2 white	46	48
Butter—Creamery	25	29
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	25	30

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

CATTLE		
Extra, 1450 to 1600 pounds	6 50	@ 6 65
Prime, 1300 to 1400 pounds	6 25	@ 6 50
Good, 1200 to 1300 pounds	5 90	@ 6 15
Tidy, 1050 to 1150 pounds	5 60	@ 5 75
Fair, 900 to 1000 pounds	4 50	@ 4 25
Common, 700 to 900 pounds	3 70	@ 4 40
Bulls	3 10	@ 4 10
Cows	2 00	@ 4 50
HOGS		
Prime, heavy	8 60	
Prime, medium weight	8 60	
Best heavy Yorkers	8 55	@ 8 60
Light Yorkers	8 30	@ 8 35
Pigs	8 15	@ 8 25
Roughs	7 50	@ 8 15
Stags	6 50	@ 7 00
SHEEP		
Prime wethers	5 90	@ 6 10
Good mixed	5 40	@ 5 75
Fair mixed ewes and wethers	4 75	@ 5 25
Culls and common	2 50	@ 4 00
Spring lambs	5 50	@ 8 25
Veal calves	8 00	@ 9 75
Heavy to thin calves	6 00	@ 7 00

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. NEFF
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Pension Attorney and Real Estate Agent.

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BROOKVILLE, PA.

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