Abraham Lincoln

Alone?
In wilderness of lofty, virgin trees,
That swayed t'ward the gentle, prairie breeze
Above his cabin home.
A lone, pathetic figure of the age,
Dying her oft-read, crumpled page
By feeble candle light—by moonlit hour—
Noting the seeds of truth that grew to power.

Alone— that wretched boy, misunderstood?
No, not alone—for by his side, those early years,
His Mother stood!

Alone?
Holding in trust his warring Country's fate,
When merciless rebuke and sullen wrath
Upon his head was bent.
Burdened by cares numinized and unknown;
Drowned by losses, touching his own;
Drained by the narrowness of minds so small
They could not see the Brotherhood of all.

Alone—that saddened man—that power for good?
No, not alone—for by his side, those darkest hours,
His Maker stood!

Alone?
Within the tomb of everlasting sleep
Where syllables of mind and spirit swept
Above his quiet rest,
While life goes on—resisted as the sea,
Sweeping the years aside, eternally.
Yet, looke we pause, and leave our tears, our mirth,
To keep again with him—his day of birth!

Alone—that martyred dead, with folded hands?
No, not alone—beside thee—millions strong—
A Nation stands!

Chicago, Feb. 12th, 1865

[Signature] Francesca Vehle Miller
A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

How to the Line, let the quips fall where they may.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Alone?
In wilderness of lofty, virgin trees,
That swayed to every gentle prairie breeze
Above his cabin home.

A lone, pathetic figure of the age,
Poring o'er oft-read, crumpled page
By feeble candle light—by moonlit hour—
Sowing the seeds of truth that grew to power!

Alone—that awkward boy, misunderstood?
No, not alone—for by his side, those early years,
His Mother stood!

Alone?
Holding in trust his warring Country's fate,
While merciless rebuke and sullen hate
Upon his head was spent.

Burdened by cares, unnumbered and unknown,
Sorrowed by losses, touchingly his own;
Grieved by the narrowness of minds so small.

They could not see the Brotherhood of all!

Alone—that saddened man—that power for good?
No, not alone—for by his side, those darkest hours,
His Maker stood!

Alone?
Within the tomb of everlasting sleep,
Where lullabies of wind and river sweep
Above his quiet rest,
While life goes on—resistless as the sea—
Sweeping the years' aside eternally.
Yet once we pause, and leave our tears, our mirth,
To keep again with him—his day of birth!

Alone—that martyred dead, with folded hands?
No, not alone—beside thee—millions strong—
A Nation stands!

Francesca Miller.
Denies Flyer Wreck
Was Bandit Attack

After completing a thorough investigation, G. B. Vilas, general superintendent of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, announced last night that a derailment on Saturday night near Clybourn Junction of three Pullmans attached to a St. Paul flier was caused by a defective rail. "All stories about a rail being removed by would-be bandits are false," he said. "One of the rails simply spread, throwing the coaches off the track." Several passengers were shaken up by the accident, though none was seriously injured.

ADA

so Delicious

Home, refreshing, beverage for all.

packed and aluminum.

[MIXED or GREEN]