The place where Mrs. Nancy Hanks Lincoln
rests can scarcely be called a cemetery as there
are but few graves beside hers on the hill.
Yet inside the iron enclosure is another
body laid to rest & until judgment day it
will not be positively known under which
mound lies the mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. Bronner a neighbor, was very sick.
Mrs. Lincoln called to see her. The sick
woman was very despondent & said: "Mrs.
Lincoln I am going to die. You will not see
me again while living." "Put to tut, you
must not say that. Why you will live longer
than I, so cheer up," answered Mrs. Lincoln.

Then after a few parting words Mrs. Lincoln
went home. The next day she was very
ill & in two weeks she died. Mr. Thomas
Lincoln made her coffin from green timber.
This took two days; then the neighbors
fired her to her narrow home on the hill.
A few days afterwards Mrs. Bronner died
& they who were such good friends were buried
side by side. Then the tombstone was
placed at Mrs Lincoln's grave no one could state positively which was Mrs Brooner's grave & which Mrs Lincoln's.

Mr. Allen Brooner gave his opinion & the stone was placed, but the wire fence encloses both graves. If the U.S. government owns one-half acre of land on the hill—this is simple justice.

Mr. Allen Brooner became a minister of the United Brethren church & he moved to Ill. He received his mail at New Salem when Abraham Lincoln was the postmaster at that place. If Mr. Brooner is also authority for the story that is told about 'Ab' walking six miles before breakfast to make right a five cents mistake he made the day before in a trade with a woman. If when the Lincolns were getting ready to leave Ind. & move to Ill. Abraham & his step-brother, John Johnson came over to our house to swap a horse for a yoke of oxen. He was always a quiet fellow. John did all the talking & seemed to be the smartest of the two. If anyone had been asked that day which would make the greatest success in life I think the answer would have been John, but the God that made him went up to the president's chair & John drank himself to death.
ill—he was just recovering from a stroke of paralysis—when I asked if he would allow me to take his photograph. He said, "If it will add one bit of interest to the article on Abraham Lincoln, I would let my picture be taken if I were ten times as sick. Anything I can do to honor Abraham Lincoln, I am not only ready, but glad to do."

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