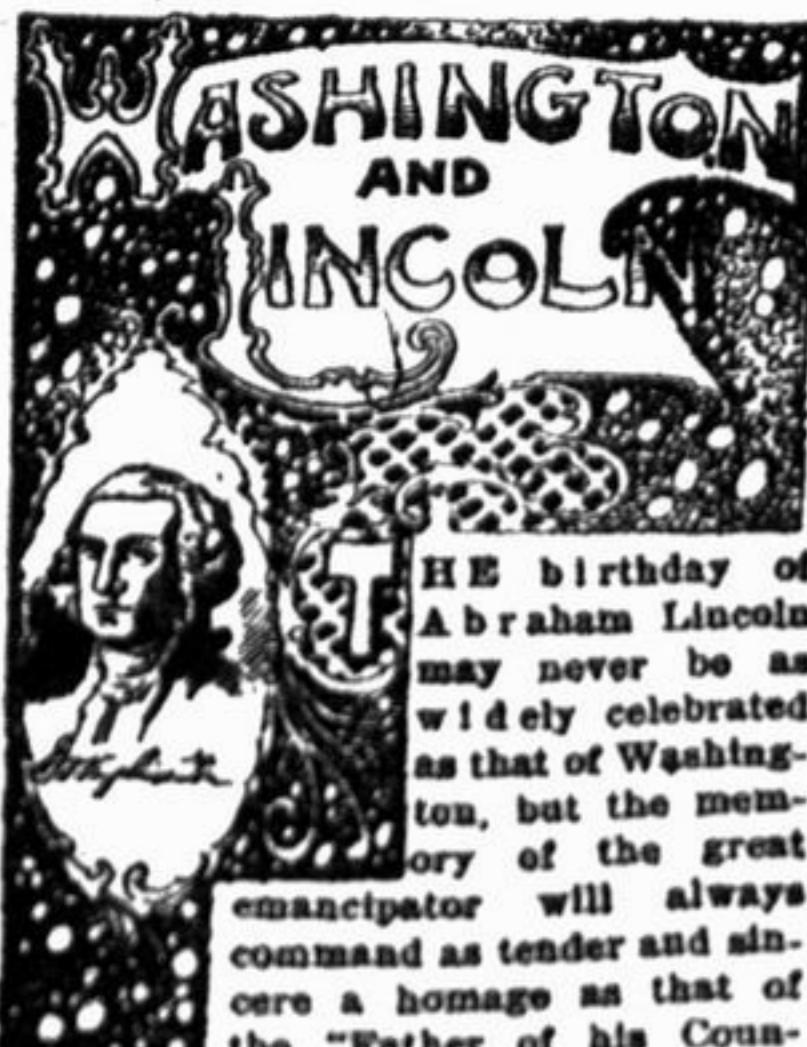


# LINCOLN THE EMANCIPATOR



LINCOLN AT RICHMOND.



THE birthday of Abraham Lincoln may never be as widely celebrated as that of Washington, but the memory of the great emancipator will always command as tender and sincere a homage as that of the "Father of his Country."

Opinions will always differ as to which was the typical American, Washington or Lincoln. Washington was the product of the monarchy under which he was born, and in spirit, as well as in fact, belonged to the aristocracy. Lincoln was a child of the republic, and in the strictest sense a man of the working classes.

Two years ago the venerable Nathaniel Hamlin, then "the surviving standard bearer of 1860," journeyed from Bangor to New York, in spite of his eighty-one years, to attend the Lincoln anniversary banquet.

legal holidays in the full sense of the word is the spirit of greed that exists in business men, who only become patriotic when it suits their best financial interests.

Lincoln's Chance for a Shave. John J. Janney, who was a personal friend to Lincoln, called on the president one day in behalf of the reinstatement of Captain James, of the army, who had been refused further hearing by Secretary Stanton.

Finally they all left but two, a young woman and myself. She beckoned me forward, and I saw she wanted the last chance at the president. I shook my head and she went forward. Upon being addressed, instead of replying she produced a tablet and pencil and commenced a conversation with the president in writing, proving to be a mute.

He asked me if there was anything he could do for me, to which I replied there was, and commenced a statement of the case of Captain James, omitting the name to see if he would remember the case. Before I had proceeded far, he said to me, "Why, that is Captain James' case, isn't it?"



I had forgotten to ask him at what hour I should call. "Call at 9 o'clock. I'll be here." I went to the war department, and upon inquiry was told they did not understand the president as having ordered Captain James reinstated, that they thought the case had been referred to Assistant Secretary Watson, but upon inquiry, it was found, as I suspected, that Mr. Stanton had pigeon-holed it, so that his decision should not be interfered with.

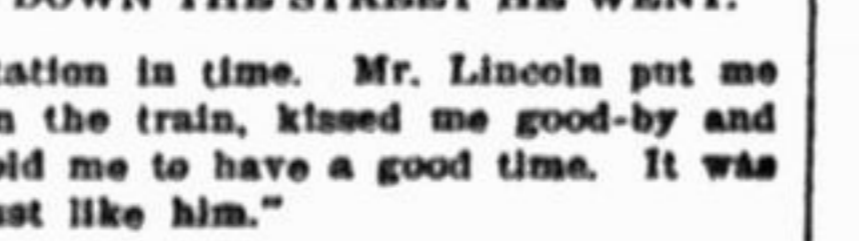
ney." At that somewhat familiar salutation all eyes were turned on me with wonder as to who I was that the president addressed so familiarly.

Lincoln's Kindness to a Little Girl. Many an act of kindness has been left undone because it carried with it a seeming loss of dignity, says an exchange. The following letter of a lady of Springfield, Ill., published in McClure's Magazine, shows the self-forgetfulness and kindness of the great man we delight to honor.

"The very children," the lady writes, "knew him for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. My first impression of Mr. Lincoln was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. And I poured out all my story. "How big's the trunk? There is still time if it isn't too big," and he pushed through the gate and up to the door.

"My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. 'Oh, oh!' he cried. 'Wipe your eyes and come on quick.'"



DOWN THE STREET HE WENT.

station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-by and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

Lincoln and His Callers. I recollect as perhaps the most interesting hour of my life one spent with President Lincoln in his office on one of his reception days. Captain James, quartermaster at Fort Mifflin, had been dismissed by Mr. Stanton, secretary of war, for a technical violation of the regulations. Stanton refused to hear any explanation in defense and the president was appealed to.

Lincoln to a Slave Boy. A young lad presented himself before Lincoln in the famous Blue Room in July, 1863. "Well, my lad, what do you wish?" He wanted to go to West Point. "How old are you?" On his answer the president said, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, "Oh, they won't receive you at West Point. You are not old enough."

SOME MEMORIES OF BLAINE. His Friend Homan. I knew Mr. Blaine. For twenty years as boy and man in Augusta I lived near him, a single home intervening. The Homans live in that home still. Tall, spare, erect in figure and upright in life, though well past 80 years of age, "Uncle Joe" Homan outlives his hero. Mrs. Homan is an aunt of Joseph Manley, and the Homan home was the rallying place for both families.

## JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE. [ANNIVERSARY SERIES.]

James Gillespie Blaine, statesman, was born in West Brownville, Washington County, Pa., Jan. 31, 1830. His great-grandfather, Ephraim L. Blaine, was colonel of the Pennsylvania line, and a commissary-general in the Revolutionary army. After receiving an education in Lancaster, Blaine was graduated at Washington College, Pennsylvania, in 1847, and afterward became a professor in the Western Military Institute, Georgetown, Ky. After two years he returned to Pennsylvania, studied law, was admitted to the bar, but did not practice, and became a teacher in the institution for the Blind in Philadelphia. In 1854 he removed to Augusta, Maine, where he took charge of the Kennebec Journal.

Blaine's Magnetism. He was a sincere man; his cheerfulness was genuine; he loved his fellows. His love bubbled over like a fountain. Critics with no flame in their own hearts have denounced him, but those who knew him and were free from envy never blamed him. Disappointed office-seekers loved Blaine. They, best of all, knew whether he trifled with them. There was pride in the family, but Blaine was an Olive of human affection and drew men to him. As one Maine man put it, commenting on Tom Reed's intellect: "When you meet him you feel yourself standing off as to a mountain and saying, 'What a giant of greatness you are!' And when you talk with Blaine, you just want to throw your arms around his neck and hug him."

Blaine was a large man and needed room. He needed exercise and he took it. He was fond of walking. His favorite exercise, however, was to march up and down his lawn (well concealed by trees) with a stout stick held under his arms behind him to force his shoulders back.



JAMES G. BLAINE.

which he upheld protection to American industry, and deepened the opinion regarding his powers. After his defeat by Grover Cleveland, he retired to his home in Augusta. He took an active part in the Maine canvass in 1886, opening it on Aug. 24, in a speech devoted to the fisheries, tariff and third party prohibition movement. In 1887-8 he traveled in Europe, and in 1889 was appointed secretary of state in President Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Blaine is the author of "Twenty Years of Congress" (2 vols., Norwich, Conn., 1884-6). In June, 1892, Mr. Blaine resigned the office of secretary of state and became a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, but was defeated. On Jan. 9 following he died in his home at Washington. His remains repose in Arlington. The grave is as yet unmarked. Some day the people will build a monument to the great man's memory.

Blaine the Journalist. Blaine was a giant from the first. I have explored his early editorials in the dusty files of the Kennebec Journal with delight. Blaine moved to Augusta in 1854 and did newspaper work and promptly got into politics. One year was enough to give him state fame as a political orator, and within four years of coming to Maine, a complete stranger, he was chairman of the state committee. He was then but 23 years of age. This post he held for twenty years. But it is of his editorials I was speaking. Day after day the paper was adorned and strengthened with his work, and one is charmed and im-

pressed by the articles. He displayed the statesman even then. They were long and judicial and exhaustive. They were dignified and unanswerable. To compare them with the hurried, fragmentary swallow-skimming editorial of today is to make the heart sick. Blaine had, to be sure, connections that equipped him for exact and full utterance beyond most of our editorial writers of today. From 1858 to 1863, when he was doing some of his best editorial work, he was a member of the state Legislature, and the last two years speaker of that body. Then he went to Congress. Dingley and Hawley are congressmen who have written a good many authoritative editorial articles from the scene of forensic battle.

A Good Joke on the Statesman. I remember, as a boy, Mr. Blaine in the office of the Kennebec Journal on election nights. It is needless to say he was in supreme command. He always carried himself as a great man. Even at 3 o'clock in the morning he was dignified. He was always "Mr. Blaine." There was, however, one man who called him "Jim Blaine"—a classmate in Ohio. Mr. Blaine told the story to the neighbors—I believe it is new to the types. He was on his way through the buckeye state at a time when he was especially conspicuous in the nation's eyes. I do not recall the year. He received a pressing telegram from an old schoolmate whom he had not seen for years to tarry for a few hours at the latter's home. It was heart-appeal for "old time's sake." Mr. Blaine had lost sight of his old mate in the intervening years, and it proved, much to his embarrassment, that the friend had degenerated into a "town character" and was rarely sober. Mr. Blaine was met at the train by half the population, at the head of whom was the mate of other days hilariously inebriated. After a warm embrace, accompanied by vociferous exclamations of intimacy for the benefit of the crowd, Mr. Blaine was escorted under convoy of his guest all over the town, every few steps pausing to be introduced as "My old friend, Jim Blaine." It was a proud day for the Ohio man and an embarrassing one for Mr. Blaine. His relief on feeling the train move out of that community, which no doubt even now has a qualified admiration for the statesman, judging him from the company he kept, can be imagined.

The Haughty Coachman. Blaine was a large man and needed room. He needed exercise and he took it. He was fond of walking. His favorite exercise, however, was to march up and down his lawn (well concealed by trees) with a stout stick held under his arms behind him to force his shoulders back. Mr. Blaine had a coachman, Fred Brown, a colored gentleman, who was very proud of his connection, and on the box of the simple vehicle with which the statesman drove about town presented an imposing figure. The story goes that as the two passed the Augusta House veranda, Mr. Blaine was pointed out to a drummer as an object of interest. The drummer noted the lofty air of the driver and dryly asked, "Which is Mr. Blaine?"

AMOS WILDER.

### PNEUMATIC SWEEPERS.

You Can Now Sweep the House With a Rubber Hose.

One of the greatest aids to the modern housekeeper is the pneumatic sweeper. All that is necessary to fit the pneumatic sweeper to any hotel or private house is a pipe connection for compressed air. When pneumatics sweepers have completely won their way, pneumatic tubes may be carried into every house from a main in the street, as is now done with gas and water. With such a connection the whole house could be cleaned from cellar to garret in a few hours and the labor of several could be dispensed with. The pneumatic sweeper can even be applied to dusting the furniture. The new sweeper consists simply of a long nozzle attached to the end of a rubber hose. The nozzle is about the same size as a broom handle. One end of this pipe is inserted into the rubber hose, and the other carries a brass arrangement about a foot in width across the face. Here there is a narrow slit running from side to side and not more than one-thirty-second of an inch in width. Through this narrow aperture the compressed air is forced at the rate of seventy-five cubic feet a minute. The housemaid using the pneumatic sweeper passes it back and forth over the surface of the carpet.

### A Literary Problem.

Salesmen in book-stores are so much accustomed to having people mix up authors and titles that an inquiry for Noah Webster's orations or Daniel Webster's dictionary no longer disturbs their equanimity. But a clerk in Chicago was surprised not long ago when a young lady came into the store and said to him:

"I want to buy a present of a book for a young man."  
"Yes, miss," said he; "what kind of a book do you want?"  
"Why, a book for a young man."  
"Well—but what kind of a young man?"  
"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties!"

### Ignoble Sport.

Hunting in Great Britain must in some cases be sham hunts so far as killing the game hunted is to be considered, to judge from the following advertisement, said to have been taken from a Cork newspaper: Red Deer.—The Carbery Hunt is anxious to dispose of two red deer which they have hunted for the past two seasons. Must be sold, as they know this country too well; no other fault. Apply, Secretary of Hunt, Glosakilly.