



cere a homage as that of the "Father of his Country." Congress has not yet made the 12th of February a national holiday, but the State of Illinois has done so, and each recurrence of the day will, by formal public observance, serve to recall the example and the lesson furnished by the character and sareer of the great war president.

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, se well as in fact, belonged to the aris-Screey. Lincoln was a child of the republic, and in the strictest sense a man of the working classes. The one possessing heroditary wealth and the graces of eminent social culture—the other bern to the inheritance of hard work, and from the age of seven to seventeen years employed as a simple farm laborer it would be difficult to find two men of more widely different spheres and characteristics. To ilhustrate, is it possible to think of Washington, at midnight, dancing about his chamber-with long, lean legs protruding from an abbreviated night gown as Lincoln did when Stanton carried him the news of Gettysburg? Gen. Washington would have arrayed himself in regimentals before receiving the tidings; or he would have said: "Mr. Stanton, I shall be in the president's office to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, if you have any communication to make." Yet as a man of affairs, a pratical statesman, charged with the duties of a momentous time, and in all that constitutes the highest elements of character, of personal force, of perception of the thing to be done, and of how and when to do it, Lincoln was the peer of any of the great leaders recorded in history. It will always be the glory of this country that it could offer two such men as Washington and Lincoln, who is monarchal or aristocratic states could never have reached the destiny for which they were created,

Two years ago the venerable Hanathal Hamlin, then "the surviving standard bearer of 1860," journeyed from Bangor to New York, in spite of his eighty-one years, to attend the Lincoin anniversary banquet. When complimented by the teast-master, he repiled: "I came here to testify to the worth of Abraham Lincoln, and to say one thing only. We speak of the worth and wisdom of George Washington. We have a day set apart by congress to celebrate the memory of him, the Father of his Country. Why not have a day set apart to celebrate the Savier of his Country? Old as I am in years, shame covers me when I see how disracefully our senators have deserted their duty. See that the birthday of braham Lincoln is made a national aliday!" If the honored guest of that afon were still living he would reoles to know that this demand was omplied with by the state of Illinois, the last legislature having passed a Mill making Feb. 12, Lincoln's birthday, a legal heliday. The occasion was parlenely honored in Chicago by Grand Army posts and other civic organizalons, and the Auditorium was filled an anthusiastic audience to listen to he glowing periods of Robert G. Ind over the achievements of the amaneipator. But making egal holiday does not seem to its observance in the least. All dness should be shut down on Sunday. All public.

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. If we are to have real holidays in which the true spirit of patriotism finds full play, the plain people will have to take some sort of initiative.

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. About 100 persons were admitted to the executive private office at the same time. Mr. Janney remained till the last. He writes as follows of this visit to Mr.

Lincoln:

Finally they all left but two, a roung 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. She occupied more than half an hour, and when she left I arose and went forward and was met with: "Why, Mr. Janney, have you been waiting here all this time? Why didn't you make yourself known sooner?" My reply was that I had waited for the purpose of hearing and seeing him try all those cases, and said it had been the most interesting hour of my life. He replied that it was sometimes tiresome to him, and frequently very trying, for he had to refuse appeals which it would give him pleasure to grant if justice would allow it. That girl, he said, had no business that brought her here, but she will live happier because she has met the president; and it is better at times to let a woman have her way, and so let her talk. He mid he had heard everybody that wished to be heard, and usually heard all they had to say.

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 preceeded far, he said to me, "Why, that is Captain James' case, isn't it?" replied it was. He said he had ordered him reinstated, and finally asked m to go over to the war department to see how the case stood, and let him know the next morning. I left the room, but after closing the door opened it again without knocking, for which I apologized, and found that the president had thrown his head back in his chair, and his barber, who had evidently been watching his opportunity, had spread a towel over his breast, in order to shave him. I said



LINCOLN'S SNAP SHAVE

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 | are not old enough." The boy's counhad 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.

Next morning I went to the White House and took a seat in the antercomwith a newspaper, in a gostition that said greating the boy's hand, "go back would enable me to see the president to your regiment and do your duty, as when he came up the stairs. In a few I know you will, and, when you are old minutes the president come up the enough come back have une I will send stairs, and as he turned to so to his you to West Point." That seemed to room he looked over his shoulder add several inches to the lad's height,

and me me, with "Come in Mr. Jan- and he left with a proud step.

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,

When I reported what I had learned at the war department he took his pen and wrote an order reinstating Captain James and handed it to me and said to me to take that over to the department and see if they would understand it.

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 Mc-Clure's Magazine, shows the self forgetfulness and kindness of the great men we delight to honor. The incldent took place after Mr. Lincoln had been to congress. We might query how many representatives of 250,000 men would forget themselves enough to do the same thing.

"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. had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks.

"The day came, but as the hour of the train approached the backman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'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

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

"And before I knew what he was going to do he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went as fast as his long legs would carry him, I trotting behind drying my tears as I went. We reached the



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 in-

teresting hour of my life one spent with President Lincoln in his office on one of his reception days. Captain James, quartermaster at Fortress Monroe, 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. I asked if I could be of any service in Washington, and upon an affirmative answer I went at once, I tried two days to get an audience, but found cabinet meetings or members of congress occupying all the time. By the third day the antersom had become full of people waiting to see the president, men, women and boys, white and colored. I had by this time made the acquaintance of the doorkeeper. who said to me that he thought if I would wait a few minutes the whole crowd would be admitted, for that was the custom of the president whenever a crowd like that was there if there was no cabinet meeting nor anything of that kind. In a few minutes the door opened and the crowd poured in, men, women and boys. I did not count them, but there were surely 100. As soon as I entered the room I cast my eyes over it and saw a seat, which if I could reach, would enable me to see and hear all that took place, secured the coveted seat and saw and heard Mr. Lincoln decide their cases. The president patiently heard all they had to say and his good nature, kindness and wisdom were so manifest that all could but admire the unerring judgment and humanity with which they were all dismissed,

Lincoln to a Brave Boy. A young lad presented himself be fore 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 tenance showed great disappointment. Mr. Lincoln asked him where he lived and what he was doing. He gave his residence and said he was fifer in certain regiment. "How long have you been with the regiment?" "Ever since the war commenced." The president

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

[ANNIVERSARY SERIES.]

James Gillespie Blaine, statesman, ration; to that family circle, too, were 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. On the formation of the Republican party in 1855 he became noted as a public speaker, and in 1858 was made chairman of the state committee, a post which he held for twenty years. From 1858 to 1862 he served in the state Legislature, and was for two years speaker. In 1857 he removed to Portland, Me., to edit the Advertiser, and in 1862 entered Congress, where he served for eighteen years. He achieved a reputation as a ready debater; his alert perceptions, unfailing memory it is the statesman's part to deal with peal for "old time's sake." Mr. Blaine and accurate knowledge of political history giving him great advantages. After the death of Thaddeus Stevens he became the leader of the Republican party. In all important matters regarding reconstruction after the civil war, he has had a prominent share. Mr. Blaine was chosen speaker of the House in 1869, and twice re-elected, serving bubbled over like a fountain. Critical briated. After a warm embrace, accomuntil March, 1875. He was a candidate for President in 1876, at the convention in Cincinnati, and received the highest number of votes on every ballot, except the last, which gave the nomination to ers loved Blaine. They, best of all, few steps pausing to be introduced as Rutherford B. Hayes. In 1876 he was appointed to the United States Senate, There was pride in the family, but a proud day for the Ohio man and an to fill a vacancy, and in the Republic- Blaine was an Olivet of human affection | embarrassing one for Mr. Blaine. His an Presidential convention held in Chi- and drew men to him. As one Maine relief on feeling the train move out cago in 1880 he was again a candidate. | man put it, commenting on Tom Reed's | of that community, which no doubt When General Garfield became Presi- intellect: "When you meet him you feel even now has a qualified admiration for dent, Mr. Blaine was made secretary of yourself standing off as to a mountain | the statesman, judging him from the state, and while the President lingered and saying. 'What a giant of greatness | company he kept, can be imagined.

on his deathbed, he was the represen-

1881, Mr. Blaine retired from the Cabi-

carried bulletins hourly, as in the oncoming years of disappointment, disaster and death came flocking in heaven's providence to enrich and dignify -perhaps to school and soften-the last years of this man of giant heart and brain. Mr. Homan was the first man to publish a penny newspaper in Boston. He began, as begin all men over 80 years of age whose heritage is wealth and honor, with nothing. Once as a lad distributing an early morning paper he fell asleep and went his rounds without waking. Mr. Homan was the man to write Blaine's life, if personal knowledge is the touchstone of qualification. But it is not. Like Miss Dodge, his admiration is too unbounded. The historian who will dispassionately delineate the personal traits of this man and properly weigh his public services must be one who has never come under the spell of those great eyes or entered into the eternal intimacy of a casual meeting. I have known many great men, and the infection of insincerity corrodes the majority. Their hearts are not big enough to carry the affairs of so many thousand people. They come to believe that scopes; the details and petty remembrances and unexposed kindnesses must

be left to smaller men. Blaine's Magnetism. But it was not so with Blaine. He him and were free from envy never knew whether he trifled with them. you are!' And when you talk with tative of the government. On Dec. 19, Blaine, you just want to throw your arms around his neck and hug him." net, and was thus, for the first time | The nation has many brilliant men. in twenty-three years, out of public life. They shine and sparkle in the Senate In 1884 he was Republican candidate and at the banquet board and in the affor President, he took the stump in fairs of all our great cities. There are Ohio, Indiana, New York and other | profound men. too. The universities states, giving a series of speeches, in I teem with them, and the printed page

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 teday is to make the heart sick. Blains had, to be sure, connections that equipped him for exact and full utterance beyond most of our editorial writers of today. From 1858 to 1862, 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 cailed 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-apoutlines and generalities and trends and 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 popuwas a sincere man; his cheerfulness was I lation, at the head of whom was the genuine; he loved his fellows. His love mate of other days hilariously inewith no flame in their own hearts have panied by vociferous exclamations of denounced him, but those who knew intimacy for the benefit of the crowd, Mr. Blaine was escorted under convoy blamed him. Disappointed office-seek- of his guest all over the town, every "My old friend, Jim Blaine." It was

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 pneumation sweeper. All that is necessary to fit the pneumatic sweeper to any hotel or private house is a pipe connection for compressed air. When pneumatic 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



JAMES G. BLAINE.

which he upheld protection to Ameri- reflects their depths. There are some can industry, and deepened the opinion | at Washington. 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 1887of 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.

MEMORIES OF BLAINE. His Friend Homan.

hero. Mrs. Homan is an aunt of Joseph Manley, and the Homan home was the rallying place for both families. Thither the glad tidings of his succomes from the early days in the Legis-

lature to his climacteric in the conven-

Brilliant Yet Profound. But Blaine's greatness lay in a combination of brilliancy and profundity. The century develops only a handful of such statesmen. Roscoe Conkling seemed to be one, but where are the evidences in statutes or in federal poli-8 he traveled in Europe, and in 1889 cies of a masterly, comprehensive, prowas appointed secretary of state in found grasp of affairs? Hiram Barney. President Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln's collector of the port of New Blaine is the author of "Twenty Years York, defined Conkling for me as a "gifted fault-finder." His career in Congress, like Blaine's, demonstrated his brilliancy. But read Blaine's "Twenty Years" and know his depth. That book was a revelation to thousands who had viewed him as a pyrotechnic. Its reading explains why the mugwump of today is embarrassed when the origin of the independent movement is recalled. History has no decorations for the man who vaunts his opposition to Blaine.

Blaine the Journalist Blaine was a giant from the first. 1 he always wears blue neckties!" have explored his early editorials in I knew Mr. Blaine. For twenty years | the dusty files of the Kennebec Journal as boy and man in Augusta I lived with delight. Blaine moved to Augusta near him, a single home intervening, in 1854 and did newspaper work and The Homans live in that home still. promptly got into politics. One year Tall, spare, erect in figure and upright | was enough to give him state fame as in life, though well past 80 years of a political orator, and within four years age, "Uncle Joe" Homan outlives his of coming to Maine, a complete stranger, he was chairman of the state committee. He was then but 28 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 be sold, as they know this country too adorned and strengthened with his well; no other fault. Apply, Secretary tion of 1884 were hurried for first nar- work, and one is charmed and im- of Hunt, Clohakilty.

A Literary Problem.

nneumatic sweeper passes it back and

forth over the surface of the carpet.

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

"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and

Ignoble Sport. Hunting in Great Britain must in some cases be sham hunts so far an 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 auxious to dispose of two red deer which they have hunted for the past two seasons. Must